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C. COURTENAY,

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ER, and Paper

GHER,

W. OF

SAMARBLE,

WANTED

col.

the night
pale affright
follow three stories high
little baby, with no one nigh
A stranger saw him, and stopped to stare:
A crowd soon gathered to watch him there:
A gleam! a flutter!—in airy flight
Came past the window a butterfly bright!
From fields of clover and perfumed air,
Wayfinding insect, what brought you there?
The baby saw it, and eagerly
Reached out to catch it with glowing gleam—
With fat, pink fingers, reached out—and fell!
The awful horror no tongue can tell!
Poor little baby, so sweet and bright!
Pale faces quivered, and lips grew white.
Weak women fainted; strong men grew wild.
Up rose one woman's heart, piercing shriek
Hurrah for the evening! Upon the fly
It caught the youngster and tossed him high.
The bonnie prodigious made baby rooey,
He caught his breath, air, and sent up shout.
All blessed the evening that had no flaw,
But a madder baby you never saw!

Madeline De Pierrepont.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM THE FOREST

In the woods forming what was
forest of Ardenne, about a mile
small village called Solent, a
leads from a high road to a
pied by charcoal burners,
ed. It was a gloom
for about an hour