

Poetry.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear,
Hesper in the hollows of the grove, and Robin's hoarse
leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread,
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow thro' all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-
hood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race
of flowers
As lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good
of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold
November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones
again.
The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long
ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the
Summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the
wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in Autumn
beauty stood.

Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as
falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from
upland, glade, and glen.
And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still
such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
Winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
all the trees are still,
And twinkling in the smoky light the waters of the
rill,
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose frag-
rance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the
stream no more.
And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty
died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by
my side,
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the fore-
casts cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
so brief;
Yet not unmoved it was that one, like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

—William Cutler Bryant.

The Fireside.

A SENSIBLE PRESCRIPTION.

Mr. Bennett and the boys had hurried off to store
and school, and Mrs. Bennett paused for a moment
to collect her thoughts before beginning her day's
labor.

The poor little woman looked as if she needed
rest, but was not likely to get it; for the room was
in confusion, the uncleaned breakfast table stood
in the middle of the floor, the baby began to fret,
little Winnie set up her usual whine of "I want
supper to do," and a pile of work looked in the
corner waiting to be done.

"I don't see how I shall ever get through it all,"
sighed the despondent mother, as she looked from
one puny child to the other, and felt the weariness
of her own tired soul and body more oppressive
than ever.

Just then came a ring at the door, a
step in the hall, and a large ray of light came
bursting in, saying, in cheerful voice, as she set a
flower pot upon the table,—

"Good morning! Nice day isn't it? I came in
early on business, and brought you one of my Lady
Washingtons, you are so fond of flowers."

"Oh, it's lovely! how kind you are. Do lay
aside your work, and take a chair."

"So let me put the pot on your stand first; girls
are so careless, and I'm proud of this. It will be
an ornament to your parlor for a week; and I
opening a door, Mrs. Gray carried the plant to a sunny
bay window where many others were blooming
beautifully.

Mrs. Bennett and the children followed to take
admiration, while the servant cleared the table.

"Now, give me the baby, put yourself in the
easy chair, and tell me all the worries," said Mrs.
Gray. "I met your husband and he said the doctor
had ordered you and these chicks off to Florida
for the winter. John said he didn't know how to
manage it, but he meant to try."

"Isn't it dreadful! He can't leave his business to
go with me, and we shall have to get Aunt Miranda
to come and see to him and the boys while I'm
gone, and the boys don't like her strict, old-fashion-
ed ways, and I'll have to take that long journey all
alone, and stay among strangers, and these piles of
work to do first, and it will cost an immense sum
to send us, and I don't know what is to be-
come of me."

Here Mrs. Bennett stopped for breath, and Mrs.
Gray asked briskly, "What is the matter with you
and the children?"

"Well, baby is having a hard time with his
teeth, and is cranky; Winnie doesn't get over the
scarlet fever, and I'm used up; no strength or ap-
petite, pain in my side, and low spirits. Entire
change of scene, milder climate, and less worry for
me, is what I want, the doctor says. John is
very anxious about us, and I am really discour-
aged."

"I'll spend the day and cheer you up a bit. You
just rest and get ready for a new start to-morrow;
it is a saving of time to stop short now and then,
and see where to begin next. Bring me the most
pressing job of work. I can see and see to this
little fellow at the same time."

"Baby's frocks and Winnie's aprons are the
things I'm most hurried about; they are so many,
and I do like to have my children look nice," be-
gan Mrs. Bennett, unrolling yards upon yards of
ruffling for the white frocks and pinning-machine, with
a glance of despair at the sewing-machine, whose
click had grown detestable to her ear.

"Make them plain if you are in a hurry; child-
ren don't need trimming up; they are prettiest in
simple clothes. I can finish that pile of aprons
before dinner, if you will put the ruffling away.
Come now, do, it will be a load off your mind, and
Winnie won't know the difference."

"I always do trim them, and every one else
does," began Mrs. Bennett, who was wedded to her
tids.

"When I was in London, I saw a duke's child-
ren dressed in plain linen frocks, and I
thought I had never seen such splendid babies.
Try it, and if people make remarks, bring in the
English aristocracy, and it will be all right."

There was a twinkle in Mrs. Gray's eye that made
her friend ashamed to argue, so she laughed and
gave up the point, acknowledging with a sigh that
it was a relief.

"It is this mania for trimming everything which
is wasting out so many women. Necessary sewing
is enough; then drop your needle and read, rest,
walk, or play with the children, and see how much
you have lost heretofore by the everlasting stitching.
You'd soon get rid of that pain in your side
if you'd let the machine stand idle while you went
out for an hour every day."

"Perhaps I should, but I can't leave the child-
ren. Budget is so careless."

"Take them with you. Roll baby up and down

that nice, dry sidewalk, and let Winnie run before,
and you would be a different set of people in a
month."

"Do you really think so?"

"Not only so, but if you'd only change your way
of living, I don't believe you would need to think
of going to Florida at all."

"Why, Mary Gray, what do you mean?" de-
manded Mrs. Bennett, sitting erect upon the couch,
in her surprise at this unexpected remark.

"I have often wanted to say this before, and
now I will, though you may think I'm an interfering
woman if I do. In the first place, you must move,"
and Mrs. Gray gave a decided nod that the
other lady could only ejaculate, "Why? where?
when?"

"Because you want more sun and space—into
this room, because you will find both—and to-day,
because I'm here to help you."

Mrs. Bennett gave a gasp, and looked about her
in dismay at the bare idea of living in her cherished
parlor.

"But the back room does very well," she pro-
tested. "It is warm, and small, and handy to the
kitchen, and we always live there."

"No, my dear, it does not do very well, for those
very reasons. It is too warm and small and too
near the kitchen to make it a fit place to live in,
especially for little children. Why don't you put
your plants there, if it is such a fine place?" asked
Mrs. Gray, bent on making a clean sweep of her
friend's delusions and prejudices.

"Why, they need more sun and room, so I keep
them in here."

"Exactly, and your babies need more air and
sun and room than you, roses, geraniums, and
cassias. The plants would soon die in that close,
hot, dark north room; do you wonder that your
babies are pale and fretful and weak? Bring them
in here, and see how soon they will bloom if you
give them a chance."

"I never thought of that. I'm sure I would do
anything to see them strong and healthy. But it
does seem a pity to spoil my nice parlor. Wouldn't
the best chamber overhead do well?"

"I want that for the children. You and the
little one at the side for the children. You and the
back chamber now, and have the criss there, also,
don't you?"

"Yes. But Mary, would you have me turn my
house upside down, just for a little more sun?"

"Do you love your best room better than your
children? Wouldn't you rather see them spoiled
by daily use, than empty and neat, because the
baby little feet were gone, never to come back?"

"I'm in earnest, Lizzie, and I know you will agree
with me when you think it over. My own dear
little boy was killed by my ignorance and I have
learned by sad experience that we mothers should
make the study of our lives to keep home
healthy and happy for our boys and girls, no mat-
ter how much we sacrifice about and fashion. Come
now, try it for a month, and see if you don't feel
better for enjoying the best and the sunniest side
of life."

"How shall we begin?" asked Mrs. Bennett,
fired with the spirit of emulation, now that the
first shock was over.

"I should just move all the delicate things into
the little library there, out of the way of the chil-
dren. That room is rather bare. Leave the picture
frames, they are safe, and it is good to have pretty
objects for young eyes to rest upon. Put the
covers on your furniture, a large rug over your
carpet, and take the other bay window for Winnie
and baby's play corner. It is sunny and snug,
looking always amuses them; and at night you
can just drop the curtains before the recess, and
hide the little clutter without disturbing it. In the
other window there is room for your table and
chair, and close by the machine. There you can
sit as in a bower with your flowers about you, a
pleasant view outside, and everything cheerful,
wholesome, and pretty—three very important
things to a woman. Keep up the open fire, it is
worth a dozen furnaces, and have a thermometer,
to be sure you don't get too warm; that takes all
the strength out of you, and makes taking cold
easy."

"It wouldn't take long to make the change.
John isn't coming home to dinner, so we can be all
ready by night, if you can really stop and see me
about the job. Yes, I'll do it right away," said
Mrs. Bennett eagerly, finding her most powerful
impetus in the thought of pleasing "father and the
boys."

Working and talking busily together, the friends
soon made the necessary changes before the
great delight of Winnie and the more bewil-
dered baby, who fell asleep on the best sofa, as if
bound to make the most of his comforts while they
lasted.

A hasty lunch, and then, with Bridget to move
heavy articles, they re-arranged the chambers,
making a delightful nursery of the large one, and
a nice sleeping-room of the smaller one for the two
children.

"Now you see you can undress them in a cool, quiet
place, undisturbed by your older people.
Only be sure the little mattresses and bedclothes
get a good airing and sunning every day. You can
shut the door, and let them lie for hours as you
couldn't in the back room, and that is a great ad-
vantage," said Mrs. Gray.

"It is fortunate we seldom have guests to sleep
in winter, for that north room isn't at all my ideal
of a sleeping place. It does seem a shame to shut
up this big room and not enjoy it. Mary I have
been a foolish woman, and I'm glad you have
told me so."

Contented with that confession, Mrs. Gray took
her departure, with many last injunctions about
"air, oatmeal, broom bread, and sunshine."

When Mr. Bennett and the boys, who had been
enjoying a half holiday, came home, amazement
fell upon them at the sight of mamma and the
babies waiting in the new sitting-room, with the
announcement that there would be no best parlor
any more.

When the events of the day had been explained
and discussed, a sort of jubilee came; for all felt
that a pleasant change in the domestic atmosphere
had taken place, and all enjoyed it immensely.
Mrs. Bennett played, and the boys and Winnie
sang, and papa frolicked with baby, who forgot his
teeth, and cowered gleefully till bed-time.

Of course Mr. Bennett had his joke about women's
plans, and his doubts as to the success of the
plan; but anything that cheered his wife pleased him,
for his heart sank at the thought of home
without her. He expressed much satisfaction at
his improved quarters, however, and that repaid
Mrs. Bennett for the sacrifice she had made.

It took some time to get fairly settled, but the
sunny side of things grew more and more delight-
ful as the change of scene and better influences did
their quiet work. The children soon showed the
effects of the daily sunning, the well-aired cham-
bers, simpler food, and cheerful faces allotted to
them; for these little creatures show as quickly as
flowers their susceptibility to natural laws.

Now that the sewing-machine had long rested, and
the dual linen aprons needed only a bit of brain
to finish them off, Mrs. Bennett found many a half
hour to practice, read, walk with the children, and
help the boys, or play. In the evening it soon came
to be a habit to clear up the parlor, put the babies
coiled to bed, make herself neat and pretty, and be
ready to show her husband a cheerful face when he
came home. Being no longer worn out with un-
necessary stitching, languid for want of exercise,
and nervous for the need of something to break
the monotony of a busy house-mother's life, she
had spirits to enjoy a social hour, and found it very
sweet to be the center of a happy little circle who
looked to her for the sunshine of home.

To TAKE INK OUT OF LINES.—Dip the ink spot
in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow
and the ink will come out with it. This is said to
be unfailing.

When Chippmunk had stuffed his cheeks with
wheat, he ran through the fence, with his tail over
his back. The boys waited till, in a very short
time, he came leaping back, saying "Whew! His
cheeks were empty, ready to be filled again."

BABY'S TOLL GATE.

Knock at the door

Peep in;

Lift up the latch,

And walk in.

What funny door—

A forehead fair;

House with a roof

Of golden hair.

And tangled curls

From ridge to base,

Over the eaves—

Queue little place.

Two windows there,

And baby peeps in;

Finds the bright blue

Where the sky went in,

And a laughing elf

Looks out to see

Who raps so loud,

And calls for me.

A dainty nose

Turned up beware!

With thumbs and fingers

Lift it with care.

The portals open;

Don't walk in!

Bow to the dimple

On the chin

A kiss for toll

Now you must pay

Or not come in

At all to-day.

SHADOWS.

Little May Elliott's mother was a widow, and al-
though she was a perfect lady she was not at all
rich, and lived in a small house.

May received an invitation to go to a children's
party at the house of a school-fellow. She was very
eager to join in the fun, for there was to be a magic
lantern. Mrs. Elliott was only too pleased for her
little girl to have such a pleasure.

May was full of delight until one morning when
she met two companions, who described to her the
great dresses they were having made for the coming
party. May knew she was to wear her old dark
blue morning frock. She hastened home, rushed
into her mother's bedroom, and at once begged for
a new and smart dress. Very gently Mrs. Elliott
refused her, saying that she could not afford it.

May loved her mother so dearly, that she could not
go on pressing for it after she saw the pained look
come into the sweet blue eyes.

She marched down into the parlor with a very
sore heart, and sitting down in her mother's Ameri-
can chair, began to think it all over. She felt too
big to cry for the want of a new dress, but she
sighed her way very tightly in her little plump
hand to keep back the tears.

"It is very hard," she thought to be poor. How
it is Lucy and Carrie Goodman have a father, and
live in a fine house, and have every single thing
they want, and I have no dear papa and we are so
poor, and I can't buy half what I like! It is
hard."

She said something of this to her mother.

"Ah, my darling," answered Mrs. Elliott, "God
is kinder than you think. He has given you many
good things you do not seem to remember. It is a
much greater honor to be the wife of a poor man,
than to be the daughter of a rich one."

May was very proud of her good and noble father,
whom God had taken home to live with him, so she
could say nothing. All the same, she now disliked
the idea of going to the party because of her shabby
frocks.

When the evening came, she mounted the steps
of Mrs. Dark's grand house with a beating heart.

In a large room a number of bright little girls
were taking of their wraps before a bright fire, or in
front of the long wardrobe looking-glass. May
thought they looked like so many fairy queens,
and she could not help feeling how they stared at
her thick dress. She put up one eager prayer that
Jesus would keep her from the sin of envy, and then
went down stairs.

Mrs. Dark spoke very kindly to the poor child
looking so downcast. A fine looking, elderly gen-
tleman, who was standing by her hostess, turned
around at the sound of Mrs. Elliott's name.

"My dear," he said to the little girl, "was your
father the Rev. John Elliott, the missionary who
was killed by savages after doing such a noble work
in South Africa?"

"Yes," replied May, with flushed cheeks and
eyes bright with loving pride.

"God has given you great honor in such a father,
dear child, although He has taken him to live with
Himself."

Dark and told her the story of May's father. Every-
body took it up, and there was the only complete
stock of House Furnishings Goods ever offered in
this city.

We are showing a large assortment of Gold and Silver
Jewelry; Fine Gold and Silver Jewelry; Solid Silver
and Silver-plated Goods of every description; Specta-
cles; Gold and Silver Watches; Clocks; and a
large stock of House Furnishings Goods of our
own manufacture in Fine Gold or Silver.

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45 King Street.

1881.

My STOCK is now complete. I have
recently added 127 Packages Fur-
ture, 11 Crates Crochets, 72 Packages
Lamp Glass and Table Glass,
2 Packages Merchandise, Foot
taining Silverware, Household Hardware
and Fancy Goods.

I am now manufacturing Parlor Stools,
Lounges, Easy Chairs and Mattresses,
and selling them CHEAP! 600 Chairs received in the
"White." I am shipping them up and can save prices
away down below any other store.

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I have opened a BRANCH STORE in
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where may be seen the only complete stock
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of all kinds imported direct from Staffordshire. Table
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and Tinware; Parlor Lamps; Table Glassware;
New Silver Jewelry; Japanese Fan Goods and a
thousand and one Fancy and Useful Articles suitable for
Christmas, Birthday or Bridal Presents.

JAS. G. McNALLY,
Opposite City Hall, Woodstock, N.Y.

"I'm sure," said the oldest of the brothers as
they set off for home, "that he has as much as half
a peck of fathers wheat already stored away for
winter. It won't make much difference, and a
squirrel lives by eating, like you and me. If there
were many such thieves around, though, we might
have to trap or shoot them. The field will be reaped
to-morrow, then Mr. Chippmunk will be obliged to
finish his harvesting on nuts."—Our Little Ones.

ONE EXPERIENCE FROM MANY.

"I had been sick and miserable so long and had
caused my husband so much trouble and expense,
no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was
completely disheartened and discouraged. In this
frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and
used them unknown to my family. I soon began to
improve and gained so fast that my husband and
family thought it strange and unusual, but when I
told what had happened to me, they said 'Hurrah
for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they
have made mother well and us happy.'—The Mo-
ther.—Home Journal.

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Holiday Trade commences. I have on hand a large
assortment of Gold and Silver Jewelry; Solid Silver
and Silver-plated Goods of every description; Specta-
cles; Gold and Silver Watches; Clocks; and a
large stock of House Furnishings Goods of our
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