

Poetry.

TAKE CARE.

Little children you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine on in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross and crabbed and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them too.

Goodness shows in blushing bright,
Or in eyelids drooping down,
Like a violet from the light;
Badness in a sneer or frown.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

—Alice Cary.

The Fireside.

TRIXY MIX,
AND WHAT SHE DID FOR MAMMA.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"I won't!"

"Oh, Trixy, dear! Don't do so. Do throw your orange away. It's getting all over your pretty new suit."

"I won't!" shouted the child, and in despair of her obedience, poor little Mrs. Mix, turned back against the car-seat and gave a sigh. Her gentle, pale face showed still more white and was against the black veil that shrouded it; but Beatrice did not care how her mother looked or felt. She wanted to finish her orange, and the juice ran down in drops and streams on her gray dress and jacket, so carefully stitched and braided, till the color was turned in spots and dashes all over the front, and the mix, and Mix had spent so many hours in making, entirely ruined.

Mrs. Mix was a widow. Her husband died from an accident, soon after her only child was born, and she had lived with her father and mother, in New Orleans, ever since. Beatrice had always been waited on and spoiled in every way. Her mother would not govern her at all, and neither of her grandparents tried to make her obedient or self-controlled; so she grew up to be ten years old as spoiled a child as any girl ever was.

Then both her grandparents died suddenly of fever, her mother was very ill for many weeks, and, when she recovered and looked into her affairs, she found that all Mr. Mix's money had been spent for a life annuity for his wife and himself. There was nothing left for her but the house, the silver, the linen, the furniture, and her small pension. She had not any courage. She broke down entirely, took Trixy in her arms and cried for hours, till, tired and frightened child began to scream, kick, and scratch with an energy that roused her mother, and gave her something else to do than cry.

After a while she brought herself to send for an old friend of her father-in-law, a lawyer in the city, and ask him what she should do. She had lived so entirely for her child since she came to New Orleans, from the distant first where Major Mix had died, that she had few acquaintances there and no friends. Mr. Treadway, however, was her father-in-law's old partner and she knew she could trust him.

"Have you no relatives at all, my dear?" he asked, for he knew Mrs. Mix had come from the North.

"Oh! yes. Mother has an uncle somewhere in Vermont. She was an only child and her mother had but one brother. He lives up there. I saw him once or twice while mother was alive. Oh! dear." And Mrs. Mix began to cry again.

"Trixy flew at her and hugged her."

"You shan't plague my Mamma. I'll—I'll scratch you!" And she rushed at him like a young tiger.

Mr. Treadway was an old bachelor, and not accustomed to children, good or bad. He quietly caught Miss Trixy's hands in one of his, lifted her by the waist with his disengaged arm, and put her outside of the door, which he shut and locked upon her. Then he went on as calmly as possible.

"If you uncle rich, Mrs. Mix?"

"Oh! yes. I believe he is. I know, when the Major died, he wrote and offered me a home; but Pa and Ma wanted me, and they wanted him; so—oh!" For Trixy screamed out loud and kicked at the door, and she could not bear to hear her darling cry. She rose to let her in.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Treadway, stepping before her. "I must have a few moments of quiet conversation with you. The young lady's lungs and legs appear equally strong. The exercise will not injure them."

Mrs. Mix sank down again, sobbing. She thought in her heart the man was horrid; but he was big and determined and paid no attention to her distress.

"And this uncle has no family?"

"Oh! no. He never had any children and his wife died last year."

"H'm! Then, my dear Mrs. Mix, I advise you to write at once to your uncle. Tell him how you are left and ask him advice what to do. Meantime, you can sell such plate and furniture as you do not need, and, if he invites you to live with him, you can sell this house, whenever you wish."

"Oh! don't go out of that door," said Mrs. Mix, eagerly. "Come by the veranda, please."

Mr. Treadway smiled, for Trixy was still screaming and kicking with rage, and he knew the poor little mother dreaded the encounter.

"I am not afraid of Madame'selle," he said; but, as he opened the door, the child flew at him and fixed her sharp white teeth in his hand.

This was too much. He lifted her again, boxed her ears soundly, shook her well, and went out of the front door, barking his handkerchief about his bleeding palm and heartily wishing he had flung the child into the river.

But Mrs. Mix flew in a temper of tears to pick up Trixy, soothe, kiss, and weep over her, and from that day on hated Mr. Treadway.

However, she took his advice, wrote to old Mr. Bullas, was invited to come on and spend the summer with him, a check being sent for her expenses, and was on her way to New Orleans when she introduced the trip. A hard time the poor woman had with Trixy, who had never traveled before, and, between heat, fatigue, and sea-sickness, behaved dreadfully all the way.

On leaving New York, Mrs. Mix dressed her darling in the suit she had made to be worn on this journey, for she wanted to show the child to Uncle Bullas at her best and Trixy was very pretty. Her fair hair waved all over her delicate head and fell curling below her ears, her eyes were large and blue, and if her skin was fair, her lips were red as fresh roses. In her graceful and slender dress of delicate gray, with a little gray straw turban, trimmed with the flowers that matched her eyes, and a cross of turquoise fastening her dainty collar, she looked like some picture of a mother's darling when she entered the train and attracted much notice and admiration; but oh! how cross she grew as the hot

day went on. How those blue eyes flashed and blazed when she was not allowed to put her head out of the window when a cinder got into her eye, and when her mother refused to buy every picture package or pictured paper thrown down by the boys who sell such things; a nuisance to most people, but a new and delightful chance to Trixy of obtaining her two joys, candy and stories.

At last Mrs. Mix did buy her orange, and Trixy proceeded to eat it after her own fashion. Having spoiled her dress she took off her hat, and insisted on crumming it into the receptacle above her head. Next she dropped one of her kid gloves out of the window, and, in her impatience, tumbled and tangled all her shining hair; till she arrived at Norton a dirty, cross, red-faced child, with bare hands, stained with orange-juice and grimed with cinders; a dress not only dirty, but spotted and splashed; a broken hat, with crushed flowers on it, and a sallow face, that matched her clothes in disagreeableness.

Uncle Bullas was at the station and welcomed Mrs. Mix heartily; but Trixy sulked and pouted and would not look at him.

"Don't mind her, Uncle. She's tired and sleepy," said Mrs. Mix, pitiously. So the old gentleman took no further notice of Miss Trixy; and, as soon as they reached the house and had supper, she was put to bed, and slept so soundly that neither mother and Uncle Bullas had time to have a long talk.

It was a pleasant, comfortable, old-fashioned house; and poor little Mrs. Mix felt at home directly, and thought in her heart how good it would be to live there always and have no more anxiety. But Mr. Bullas did not hold out any such prospect yet. He had asked her to make a visit and paid her expenses on; but he was too wise to offer her a home till he knew what she and her child were.

It was hard enough to get Trixy up at the early breakfast hour. She did not get down stairs till Delia, the housekeeper, was bringing in the coffee and rolls; and when she saw that worthy woman seat herself opposite Uncle Bullas, as she had done for the last twenty years, his wife having been for so long an invalid, unable to pour out tea and coffee, and part of the time bed-ridden, this ill-behaved young lady threw herself at full length on the sofa and refused to eat any breakfast.

"Oh! Trixy, dear! Do come. You must be hungry. See how nice the rolls are."

"I won't!" snapped Miss Trixy.

Uncle Bullas looked at her over his spectacles. "Niece," said he, "if the child does not want her breakfast, let her go without it."

Mrs. Mix did not seem to hear.

"Dear, don't you feel well?"

"Yes!" was the curt answer.

"What is the matter, my darling? Aren't you a bit hungry?"

"I won't!" she said. "I ain't used to sit at table with a servant."

Delia's placid face flamed, Uncle Bullas looked outraged, and Mrs. Mix felt as if she would like to hide her head.

"Oh, Trixy!" she cried; but, before she could get any further remonstrance past her lips, Uncle Bullas got up from the table, picked up the refractory child, dropped her quietly into his bed-room, and locked the door on her, saying:

"You can stay there till you want your breakfast enough to behave."

Poor Mrs. Mix choked with a mixture of distress and anger; but, being a lady, she apologized to Delia.

"Please excuse her," she said. "She has never been away from home before. She is tired and nervous."

"Well, if you can stand it, I can," said Delia, who was sensible and kind-hearted. But Uncle Bullas was not so easily appeased.

"Niece," said he, "I am afraid you have forgotten Solomon's rule: 'Spare the rod and spare the child.'"

Delia laughed.

"I guess Solomon didn't say it just so, Squire; though, he did say 'thine' to that purpose!"

"Well, I say it, then; if he didn't. I am afraid you haven't broken her spirit a mite, Niece Mix."

"Oh! I hope I haven't!" retorted Mrs. Mix, driven into a certain corner by Trixy's screams, and from the bed-room. Uncle Bullas looked across at Delia. He said nothing, but he spoke no more. Before everything was over he was from the table, Trixy brought out, tolerably reformed, and said:

"Now, look here, Miss!" said Uncle Bullas. "I don't allow no such goin's on here. Dey's a worth three thousand such mixtures as you be, and, if you can't behave yourself to her, you can't stay here a day. You just chew on that." And he walked off, leaving Trixy to her cold breakfast, which she swallowed, much as she did his good advice—very willingly. Then her mother took her upstairs and tried to reason with her.

"Oh, Trixy!" she said. "Dey's a rule a good girl. Mamma has only a very little money, but Pa's had anything to leave us but his position, and that won't buy you nice clothes and send you to a school where you can learn to play the piano; but, if you're good, Uncle Bullas will let us live here, and then you can have everything nice."

"I hate that old man. He slapped me on the back and he looked me up. I hate him! and I don't want to live here!"

"Oh, Trixy! What will become of poor Mamma, then? I shall have to wash all our clothes, and see my eyes out, and live in a little old house, and not even have enough to eat. Would you like to see Mamma starve and die?"

"I'll be good! I will be good!"

"Will you tell Uncle Bullas and Delia you're sorry?"

"I'll tell him. I won't be."

Mrs. Mix wisely forbore to ask too much. So she washed up her child's face, brushed out her tangled hair, and led her out into the garden, where Uncle Bullas was picking peas. She was a pretty child and the old gentleman had a kind heart; in a few minutes she was chattering to him like a blackbird, willingly carried the peas to Delia, helped both of them, and then walked out with Uncle Bullas, and was hungry enough at dinner. But oh! how she behaved! While Mr. Bullas carved the chicken, she eyed him like a starved thing, and presently went her fork into the platter.

"Give me that nice little white piece!" she demanded.

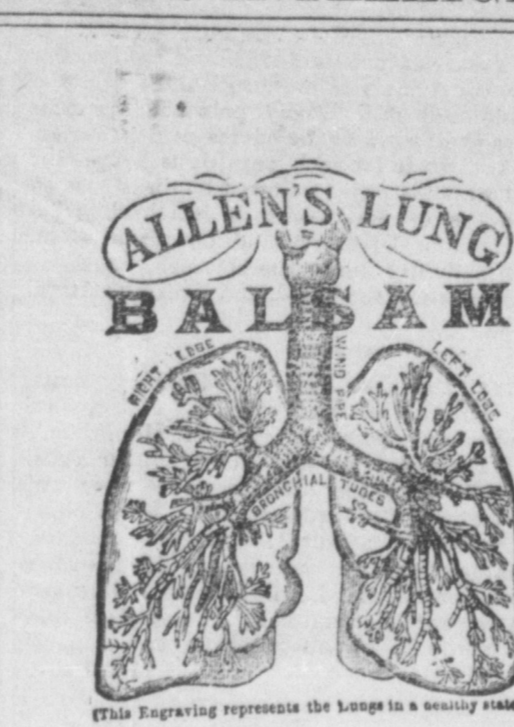
"Trixy!" said her mother, warningly.

"Well, I want it."

But she did not get it. Uncle Bullas was displeased. Then she must and should have three pieces of pie. So her mother went without any; Delia's face grew more and more stern. She foresaw trouble, and, indeed, trouble came. No matter what her mother said or how she cried, Trixy would not behave decently to Delia. She ordered her servants to go; stole her pound-cakes, her pies, and her jam, and, in a sly fashion, that it could never be brought home to her, though she told him and knew well no one else had access to these things; and, at last, Delia, in despair, had a lock put on the pantry-door and carried the key in her pocket Sunday, hitherto a peaceful, useful day in that house, was altogether ruined by Miss Trixy, who, having a taste for music, insisted on singing "Gospel Hymns" right through, from cover to cover, in her shrill, disagreeable, childish voice, till Delia's head rung, and Uncle Bullas, in despair, went out to the barn; for Trixy would not be silent for anybody, and it was the least of several evils, since when she was singing she could not chase the hens, torment the cat, or tease Delia for cake and pie.

Two months of this torment was too much for Uncle's patience, and it was the last straw added to his burden when Delia said, one day, after a worse experience of Trixy's temper than usual:

"Well, Squire Bullas, I've lived with you up 'ards twenty year, and we've fadged real sick; but I can't stand it no longer. I know you've got it that good to your folks an' want to help 'em; but if that Trixy Mix, as I call her, would behave decent, I shouldn't wonder that you're not on 'y' 'en a hum; 'an if I was younger'n I be, I'd stay by the



This engraving represents the Lung in a healthy condition.

Perry Davis' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

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for all diseases of the kidneys and liver.

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It approaches so near a specific that "Ninety-five" per cent. are permanently cured where the directions are strictly complied with.
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TAKEN INTERNALLY, it cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaints, Palter's Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sudden Colds, Sore Throat, Coughs, &c. Taken externally, it cures Boils, Felons, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores and Sprains, Swellings of Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Chapped Hands, Frost-bitten Feet, &c.
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THE SUBSCRIBER has removed to his New Brick Store, No. 240 UNION STREET, next building to GOLDEN BALL CORNER, where he will keep on hand LEATHER of all descriptions, and will receive and repair all kinds of Leather Goods, such as Saddles, Harnesses, Trunks, and Findings, Cud Oil, Lamp-black, &c. &c.
N. B.—Hides and Leather bought and sold on Commission.
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Do Not Buy

FURNITURE, CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, LAMPS,
CUTLERY, SILVERWARE,
AND FANCY GOODS,
Until you have examined Goods and obtained Prices at
J. G. McNALLY'S,
Opposite City Hall.

Queen Street, - - - Fredericton.
He saves no expense to obtain the very best value for the money.
Large Warehouses packed full of New Goods, and new arrivals by almost every steamer and train.

JUST OPENING:
7 Parlor Suits,
25 French Bedsteads,
4 Cases Wooden Ware,
2 Cases Plated Ware,
40 Cases Crockery,
40 Gross Table Cutlery,
100 Doz. Albatta Spoons and Forks,
15 Cases Children's Carriages,
1 Case Parlor Mirrors.

And hundreds of other made to order, and new arrivals by almost every steamer and train.

Branch Store:
CONNELL'S BLOCK, - - - WOODSTOCK,
June 16

CHRISTMAS, 1882.
PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON
BEG to thank their customers and the public generally for past favors, and would invite them to examine their
CHRISTMAS STOCK!

If needing anything in their line, which will be found well supplied, as usual, in every department.
JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER.
PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON,
43 King Street.