

## Poetry.

## WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

BY JOSEPHINE FOLLARD.  
I knew a man and his name was Homer,  
Who used to live on Grumble Corner;  
Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch Town,  
And he never was seen without a frown.  
He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that;  
He grumbled at the dog; he grumbled at the cat;  
He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night;  
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she  
Began to grumble as well as he;  
And all the children, wherever they went,  
Reflected their parents' discontent.  
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,  
Then Mr. Homer was sure to complain;  
And if there was never a cloud about  
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;  
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;  
Or else he hadn't had half enough.  
No matter how hard his wife might try  
To please her husband, with scornful eye  
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl  
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day as I loitered along the street,  
My acquaintance I chanced to meet,  
Whose face was without the look of care  
And the ugly frown that it used to wear.  
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,  
As, after saluting, I turned my head,  
"But it is, and it isn't," the Mr. Homer  
Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner."

I met him next day; and I met him again,  
In melting weather, in pouring rain,  
When stocks were up, and when stocks were down;  
But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.  
It puzzled me much; and so, one day,  
I seized him in a friendly way,  
And said: "Mr. Homer, I'd like to know  
What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear;  
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,  
And he said, with none of the old-time drawl:  
"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!"  
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Homer,  
"I wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,  
And so I moved; I was a change complex;  
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving Street!"

Now, every day as I move along  
The streets so filled with the busy throng,  
I watch each face, and can always tell  
Where men and women and children dwell;  
And many a discontented mourner  
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,  
Sour and sad, when I long to entreat  
To take a house on Thanksgiving Street.

## THE LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

"But it shall come to pass that at evening time  
It shall be light,"—Zechariah vi, 7.

The light of the sun is setting,  
And our hearts are sinking with fear;  
For the end of life is coming,  
And the unknown country is near.

And are we to die in darkness?  
In blindness our vessel to steer?  
Without any word of welcome,  
Or greeting, our spirit to cheer?

Surely, there's some one who loved us,  
Some loved one who held dear,  
Would have seen our vessel tacking,  
Must have felt our spirit wear.

We've lived the whole of our lifetime  
Believing the love that was here;  
But now is the hour of darkness,  
And our heart is failing with fear.

But, lo! a spark has been kindled,  
And its light is shining and clear,  
Dazzling our eyesight that was wander,  
And wailing with many a tear.

The light that has often led us  
In our darkness, year after year;  
The light that was ever promised,  
At length is the light that is near.

## The Fireside.

## COULDN'T BE BOUGHT.

John Baily was hurrying home from school when  
Mr. Giles hailed him. Mr. Giles was the proprietor  
of a sort of a store and saloon combined. He  
kept a stock of groceries and flour and a few other  
articles, and besides he kept beer on draught; and  
this last was, of course, the most profitable part  
of his business.

John stopped and turned back at Mr. Giles' call,  
and stood waiting.

"How would you like a chance to earn some  
money nights and mornings?"

"First-rate,"

"I thought so. Well, I need a boy to help me  
in the store, especially evenings, and I thought I'd  
give you the chance. You see, there are a good  
many coming in after working-hours for their beer,  
and serving them and weighing up the groceries is  
most too much for one to do, so I thought if we  
could agree on a price I'd like you to come in and  
help. You are a likely sort of a boy, I guess."

John's thoughts had gone speedily forward, and  
taken in a new coat for himself, a dress for mother,  
and no end of books and papers to be bought with  
money he should earn; but his hopes sank as  
rapidly as they had risen. He had not thought of  
the beer.

"I don't think that I could come," he said.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Giles in surprise. "I  
thought you would jump at the chance."

"No, I did, at first; but, come to think of it, I  
couldn't."

"But why?" said Mr. Giles, insisting upon an  
answer, John said, "I can't help you because I  
don't want to betray the cause which I am pledged  
to fight for."

"Cause? Pledged to fight for? What do you mean?"

"I mean the temperance cause. I can't sell beer,  
Mr. Giles."

"O, that is it. Well, John, I won't ask you to  
sell beer; you may confine yourself to the grocery  
department."

"I don't think that would do, either," replied  
John. "It would look bad, anyway, and hurt the  
cause. I guess I can't come at all."

But Mr. Giles persisted. "I will pay you well,"  
he said, and finally, as John became more decided  
in his refusal to entertain his proposal, he offered  
him large wages, and John, growing desperate,  
said, "Mr. Giles, I am not worth much, but I am  
not for sale, what there is of me; and with that he  
said good afternoon and hurried home to tell his  
mother the story of his interview, and get her approval;  
for he was sure she would approve."

When he had told her, she said, "John, you  
make me think of General Reed."

"Who was General Reed?" asked John, who  
was not very well up in history.

"He was an officer in the American army during  
the Revolutionary War. It was during the winter  
of 1777-78, the very gloomiest period of the war.  
The soldiers were getting greatly from privation,  
and many were getting discouraged. The English  
people were preparing measures of settlement of the  
difficulties; but the brave general who was at the  
head of the army had faith in the success of the  
cause, and would listen to no terms of peace which  
did not include an acknowledgment of the inde-  
pendence of the Colonies. Then bribery was tried,  
and General Reed was offered a large sum of money  
if he would use his influence to bring about an ad-  
justment of matters between the two countries.

His reply was: 'I am not worth purchasing; but  
such as I am, the king of England has not money  
enough to buy me.' And Mrs. Baily smiled  
encouragingly upon her earnest-faced boy, whose  
dark eyes kindled with true patriotic fervor as she  
added: 'I hope, John, you will always be loyal to  
the cause, and that there will never be money  
enough in all the world to buy you. Your name  
may not go into history alongside the patriot of  
1777, but truth and loyalty are worth more than a  
name in history.'—The Parag.

## SOME OTHER FELLOW'S SISTER.

"You seem to think a great deal of your sister,"  
said one of Jack's chums to him the other day, as  
if the fact was rather surprising.

"Why, yes, I do," responded Jack, heartily.  
"Kit and I are great friends."

"You always," continued the other, "seem to  
have such a good time when you are out to-  
gether."

"Well," laughed Jack, "the fact is, that when  
I have Kit out, I keep all the while forgetting that  
she isn't some other fellow's sister."

I pondered somewhat over this conversation,  
wondering what all the brothers and sisters in the  
world were as good friends as Jack and Kate  
Hazel, and wondering why they were not. It  
struck me that the answer to my query was  
contained in Jack's last sentence. Boys don't usually  
treat their sisters as they would if they were "some  
other fellow's sister." Jack is a shining exception.

He kneels to put on Kate's slippers as gallantly as  
if she were Bessie Dore, and Bosale Dare is at present  
Jack's ideal of all that is loveliest in girlhood. He  
keeps his engagements with Kate punctiliously;  
for instance, when Jack has Kate at a company, he  
takes her to supper, and carries her for in all ways as  
an escort should; and Kate knows what an escort  
of him, and what to do herself, and is not in dread  
of desertion, or of being left to the tender mercies  
of any one who notices her forlorn condition.

I don't wonder, when I see how nicely he treats  
her, that Kate declares that she would rather have  
her brother Jack for an escort than almost any one  
else in the world.

At home, too, Jack is a pattern. Though there  
is a constant merry war between brother and sister,  
and jokes and repartee fly thick and fast, yet it is  
always fair and true between them, all for sport,  
and not for malice; the wit never degenerates into  
rudeness. Then, too, if Kate does anything for  
him, her kindness is always acknowledged.

Does she take the trouble to make for him his  
favorite rice griddle-cakes, and then stay in the  
kitchen to bake them herself, that they may acquire  
that delicate golden brown which is so dear to the  
taste of all who love them truly, Jack never fails to  
acknowledge her efforts as appreciated.

Does she paint him a beautiful picture, or em-  
broider him a hat-band, he is as delighted as pos-  
sible. He does not take all these things as a mat-  
ter of course. On Saturday nights he is apt to re-  
member her by a box of candy, a bunch of flowers,  
or a bottle of her favorite violet perfume. Best of  
all, he talks to her. He tells her his thoughts, his  
hopes and fears, his disappointments, and his plans  
for the future. In short, they are, as he said, his  
"great friends."

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CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SET-  
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## STORIES.

GERTRUDE'S VICTORY.

FROM LOTTIE R. STEVES.

(Continued.)

"It is after twelve o'clock and Gertrude has not  
come home from school yet," said her mother. "I  
am anxious to know if she has the prize. I hope  
she did! It would be such a disappointment to  
her if she did not."

"Here she comes," said Daisy, who had been  
watching out of the window to see when Gertrude  
came.

In a few minutes Gertrude came bounding in the  
room, and throwing down her books she held up  
a 28, saying, "Oh, mamma! just see! I won the  
lovely prize!"

"I am so glad you did. I am sure you will  
Daisy will have a lovely feast on Christmas morn-  
ing," said her mother, in her gentle loving way.

"Indeed you must enjoy it with us," exclaimed  
Daisy and Gertrude. "We would not enjoy it,  
unless you shared it with us."

The long-lost-for day has come. It is Christ-  
mas morning and the sun is shining as bright as  
heart could wish it.

"Where are you going?" asked Gertrude's  
mother as she saw her opening the front door and  
going out.

"I am just going out to see how the shop win-  
dow looks."

"All right! But be sure and don't get run  
over."

"I'll take care that nothing happens to me," she  
answered.

As she was walking along she saw a poor old man,  
stooped with age, slowly walking along; and as he  
passed each person, who was hurrying home, laden  
with parcels full of Christmas presents, he begged  
for something to eat. But every one shoved him  
aside and hurried on to their rich homes. Gertrude  
watched him brush away the tears that were rolling  
down his cheeks, and her heart was touched with  
pity. She hurried on until she came near him,  
and then standing by his side she asked him if he  
was hungry.

"Oh, child, dear," he answered, "every one  
passes me by. I am old and feeble. Oh, how I  
would love to have some money to buy some  
bread!"

As she spoke, he shivered from head to foot.  
"Are you cold?" asked Gertrude.

"Cold?" he replied, "I am shivering all over;  
but no one cares for me."

Gertrude looked at the old man's tattered clothes,  
and then thought how cold and hungry he was.  
"Could I give you my 28 and miss the lovely feast?"  
she thought one moment; and then looking down  
the lump that seemed to rise in her throat, and  
bravely keeping back the tears, she dived her hand  
in her pocket, and pulling out the cherished money  
she handed it to the old man, saying, "Here!  
Take this. I suppose you need it more than I."

The old man eagerly took the money, but Ger-  
trude did not stop to hear the blessings that fell  
from the old man's lips. She hurried on trying to  
keep down the disappointment that she felt.

Gertrude had won a victory. There were no  
nice presents nor tempting dinner for Gertrude,  
nothing but a piece of bread for dinner. But Ger-  
trude had made one heart glad, and she went to  
bed feeling happy. Had she not indeed won a victory?

## THE MYSTERY.

No. 82.—LETTER ENIGMA.

Five hundred begins it,  
And five hundred ends it,  
And five in the middle is seen.  
The first of all letters,  
The first of figures,  
These take up their station between—  
My whole, the name of a Scriptural King.

Jerusalem, Queens.

## No. 83.—PI PROVERB.

Thine is the word which is a right toiling glow.  
Hampstead, Queens.

## No. 84.—BURIED TOWN.

1. It is a pity Regina went away.  
2. Come Susan, Maria and Julia will you hasten  
to school?  
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