

"TOO MANY OF WE!"

BY CAROLINE B. LE ROY.

"Mamma, is there too many of us?" The little girl asked, with a sigh. "Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see, if a few of your children could die."

She was only three years old—the one who spoke in that strange, sad way. As she saw her mother's impatient frown, At the children's boisterous play.

There was half a dozen who round her stood, And the mother was sick and poor, Worn out with the care of a noisy brood, And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place For the little one, least of all; And the shadow that darkened the mother's face O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care, And pondered in childish way How to lighten the burden she could not share.

Growing heavier day by day, Only a week, and the little Claire In her tiny white trundle-bed Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low, Feeling tears that she could not see—"You won't have to work and be tired so When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away From the home that for one's was stilled, Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day, What a place she had always filled.

—Woman's Journal.

The Fireside.

FLOY'S "REMARKABLE MEMORY."

A True Story.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Farmer Neal came in to his noon-day dinner one warm spring day looking worried and annoyed, and his two sons—fine, well-grown boys of fifteen and seventeen—who followed him a moment later, were unusually grave.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Neal, looking first at her husband and then at her eldest boy, "and where's Tom?"

"The matter is that Tom has told a falsehood," answered the farmer, "and he won't be in to dinner. I have left him in the barn to make up his mind whether he will promise never to let me catch him in anything of that sort again."

"He's as mad as a hornet," said Ned, "and won't give in an inch. He sticks to it that he's told the truth."

"What was the falsehood?" asked Mrs. Neal. "I have always thought him a boy to be trusted in spite of the bad training he had before he came here."

"Yes; I am very much disappointed in him," rejoined the farmer, as he took his seat at the table. "You know I sent him to Miller's last Tuesday to order one hundred bushels of oats, to be delivered to-day; but on Wednesday I sent him to countermand the order, for I found I could buy the oats very much cheaper of Brady. Well, it seems he never went near Miller's, and must have spent the hour he was gone in the woods, for when I came in from the field to-day at noon I found Miller putting away the last of the hundred bushels. Of course I'm obliged to keep them now, and it makes a difference of twelve dollars to me—quite an item. But I regret the loss of confidence in Tom more than anything else."

Floy, the only daughter, standing in the doorway of the pantry with a plate of bread in her hands, had listened to her father with sparkling eyes, evidently impatient for him to finish, and the moment he paused she came forward.

"Papa, Tom did go to Mr. Miller's on Wednesday," she said, eagerly, "for I saw him there, and he talked to Miller some time."

"You saw him?" repeated her father, "How was that?"

"Why, I went over to Dolly Cone's that afternoon to learn a stitch in crochet she wanted to teach me, and from the window of her room any one can see into Mr. Miller's back yard. And Tom watered his horse at the pump there."

"Are you sure this was on Wednesday?"

"Of course she is sure," cried Harry, laughing, before his sister had a chance to reply. "This is only another instance of Floy's remarkable memory."

Floy's face flushed, and her sensitive lips quivered.

"Well, I am sure, Harry," she said, "and why shouldn't I say so? I know it was Wednesday, because when I went out I noticed that mother had finished all the ironing, and I thought how smart she had been."

There was silence for a moment, and then Mr. Neal said, slowly:

"I have never yet found Floy mistaken, and Miller is a sharp fellow, always up to some such trick. He probably wanted me to take the oats whether or no, and had no compunctions about telling a falsehood. It's just like him. You can go out and call Tom in, Harry."

Harry rose from the table at once,

giving his sister a laughing look as he passed her.

"I sometimes wish I didn't remember things!" exclaimed Floy, the tears filling her eyes.

But she didn't wish it when she saw the face of the bound boy when he came in with Harry a few minutes later. Tom had been crying, and his eyes were red and swollen, but he smiled faintly when he met Floy's kindly glance. Harry had told him that it was to her he owed his vindication, and he was deeply grateful.

"I couldn't do enough for you, no matter how hard I might try, Floy," he said after dinner, following her into the pantry, where he could speak without being overheard. "You just let me know when you want anything."

Floy had been teased and joked about her "remarkable memory" almost ever since she had been able to talk, and had grown very sensitive about it. She was an earnest, thoughtful little girl, and had early formed the habit of observation. The most trifling incidents made an indelible impression upon her mind, and as she often remarked, she "couldn't help remembering things."

Her brothers teasingly made a point of appealing to her "remarkable memory" on all occasions, and—boy-like—never lost an opportunity to ridicule her, even though they had more than once been glad of the accurate information she furnished.

Floy loved both her brothers very dearly, but Harry laughed at her so much after the affair of the oats that it was with a feeling of relief that she learned that her father had decided to send him to college in September. Harry was delighted. He had no taste for farming, and was eager to fit himself for a professional life; and having always been a hard student, he felt sure of being able to pass a successful examination. He studied harder than ever after he knew he was to go, and burned so much "midnight oil" that his mother told him she feared he would injure his health; but Harry declared that at any cost he was determined they should not be ashamed of him.

Two weeks before he was to start for college Floy went to visit her grandmother, who lived in an adjoining county, and when she returned after an absence of several days, she found the family in great trouble.

"Harry's not to go to college after all," was the first thing Ned said to her when he met her at the railroad station with old Baldface and the spring wagon. "He's had to give it up."

"Oh, Ned; why?"

"Because old Thompson's head of that preparatory school where he went three years ago, has sent in a bill for nearly five hundred dollars. Father declares he paid it the summer after Harry left there; but he has lost the receipt. He's hunted the house from cellar to attic, but he can't find it, and of course he's bound to pay the money over again."

"How dreadful! Poor Harry! he wanted to go so much!"

"Yes; but of course father can't stand the expense now. I tell you Harry's blue! Think how he's studied all summer!"

"Does father think Mr. Thompson wants to cheat him?"

"No; he says Thompson is very careless about his accounts, and probably never marked off the bill as paid. And he writes that he found out only a little while ago that the money was still due him."

"If father could find the receipt it would settle everything. I suppose, and Harry could go!"

"Why, yes, of course, but there's no chance of that now. If I were you I wouldn't say anything to Harry about it, Floy, and don't go telling him you're sorry for him."

Floy made no reply. There was a very thoughtful, anxious look on her young face, and when she reached home she hurried upstairs, scarcely pausing to kiss her mother, who met her at the kitchen door, delighted to have her home again.

"Take off your things, and come down as soon as you can, Floy," she said, "for I am just about to put supper on the table, and you must be hungry."

"Yes'm," answered Floy; but she passed the door of her own room without stopping, and went hastily up the rough flight of steps that led to the garret, a look of eager expectation on her face. When she came down again a few moments later and entered the dining room, there was a crimson flush on her cheeks, her eyes sparkled with excitement, and her breath came in short, quick gasps.

"Why, Floy, you have not taken off your hat and jacket," said her mother.

But Floy did not hear her. Trembling, she walked toward Harry, whose gloomy face did not brighten at her approach.

"Harry," she cried, as she laid her arm about his shoulders, "you won't tease me now, I know, and you'll be glad I came home, for—look here," her voice breaking a

little; and she held before his eyes a sheet of paper, on the upper half of which was the picture of a large brick building which Harry recognized at a glance as that of the preparatory school he had attended so long.

"Mr. Thompson's receipt!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Floy, where did you find it?"

"It is just another instance of my 'remarkable memory,'" she answered with a low laugh. "When Ned told me about the receipt I remembered that when I was up garret last spring cracking the last of the hazel nuts, I saw this paper lying on the floor under the eaves. I looked at the picture and wondered which room had been yours, but never thought of it again until to-day, when—"

"It must have fallen long ago from that barrel of papers I brought down from the garret last week to look over," interrupted her father. "Floy, child, you deserve the thanks of every member of the family."

"And she deserves an apology from me," said Harry, kissing the soft cheek so close to his own. "Floy, as long as I live I'll have reason to bless your 'remarkable memory,' and I'll never again tease you about it—rely on that."

And he never did.—Standard.

Make some poor saint glad for a year by the gift of the INTELLIGENCER.

"BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN."

The day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out in joyful tones, "Look, oh, look, papa, the sun is brightening all it can."

"Brightening all it can? So it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa? tell me how."

"By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good—that's all."

The next day the music of the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark. The little heart seemed full of light and love, and when asked how she was so happy, she replied laughingly, "Why, don't you see, papa, I'm the sun. I'm brightening all I can."

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Can not little children be like the sun every day—brightening all they can? Try it, children.—Child at Home.

We are looking for a great rush of renewals and new subscribers between this date and New Year.

A RAT-SKIN SUIT.

An ingenious inhabitant of Liskeard, Cornwall, exhibited himself some years ago in a dress composed of rat-skins, which he was collecting for three years and a half. He made the dress entirely himself, consisting of hat, neckerchief, coat, trousers, cape, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was six hundred and seventy; and the person, when thus dressed, appeared exactly like one of the Esquimaux described by Ross. The cape was composed of pieces of skins immediately around the tails, containing about six hundred tails. A lady in Glasgow had a pair of shoes of exquisite workmanship, the upper part of which was made of the skins of rats. The leather was exceedingly smooth, and as soft as the finest kid, and appeared stout and firm. It took no less than six skins to make the pair of shoes, as the back of the skins is the only part strong enough for use. The commercial value of the kindred chinchilla is well known.—True Flag.

This is the best time to work for new subscribers.

GO ON.

Arago, the French astronomer, tells, in his autobiography, how in his youth he one day became puzzled and discouraged over his mathematics, and almost resolved to give up the study. He held his paper-bound text-book in his hand. Impelled by an indefinable curiosity, he damped the cover of the book, and carefully unrolled the leaf to see what was on the other side. It turned out to be a brief letter from D'Alembert to a young man like himself, disheartened by the difficulties of mathematical study, who had written to him for counsel. This was the letter: "Go on, sir, go on. The difficulties you meet resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn and shine with increasing clearness upon your path."

Arago followed the simple suggestion. "Go on, sir, go on," and became the first astronomical mathematician of his age.—Chris. Advocate.

I have a good deal of respect for the old woman who, in the time of war, started out with a poker when the enemy was approaching. She was asked what she could do with that, and replied: "I can show them which side I am on."—Moody.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 47.)

No. 322.— s o f i
o m e n
f e l l
i n l y

No. 323.—Ephesians 6: 2
No. 324.—1. B—abel. 2. A—gor. 3
No. 325.— p
t
a l t e r
p o t a t o
p a t c h
r o w
e

No. 326.—1. Psalms 107: 8, 15, 21
and 31. 2. 1,853 times.
No. 327.—Horse. Horse.
No. 328.— P—au—L
E—mm—A
T—om—B
E—zr—A
R—al—N

PETER. LABAN.

The Mystery.—No. 50.

No. 338.—WORD SQUARE.
A girl; in music; a small article; the top.
GEO. N. BREWER.
San Francisco, Cal.

No. 339.—HIDDEN BIBLE NAMES.—30
This is a most delightful place for fowls. I last wrote Hamilton to bring Ann and Benny, with a sample of carbolic acid, before they go forward in—ah! I will not mention unless you wish. The chicken will be filled, and—do eggs keep well in winter? Joseph wants to know. But hush! Anna has heard you come very easily! Give her the berry ring; a dear girl is she. Roderick, do quickly assist Phoebe! No, some other is first, and you be-lated, for, so far, Donald is ahead. You may as well have a feeder, as tussle Dominique's though fields of corn. Eli, use more caution with those Leg-horns, I say—but Mercy rushed to his assistance. Sausage is good feed for them. Art has no effect. A march through the field is better; a chelly to eat is sometimes good for them.

"MARIANNE."
Kings.

No. 340.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
A consonant; to conquer; Scrip-tural city; an adverb; a letter.
FAY ROBINSON.
St. John.

No. 341.—ANAGRAM.
Thaw gerstorn etalptreab nath a earth detainut? Ericht at he demar, hatt hta hih leraur autj; Dan he tub deank, thugh dekol pus ni leste, Shoew ceneisone tiwh cutesunij si purorodet. "AMERICA."
Hampstead, Queens.

No. 342.—BIBLE QUERIES.
1. What king after witnessing the slaying of his sons, had his own eyes put out, and was then bound and carried to Babylon?
2. Is there any authority for supposing that the Lord permitted Satan to assemble with his children?
3. What instance is given when the angel of the Lord went forth at night and smote a camp, and how many did it contain?
"SALVATION ARMY."
Grafton, Car. Co.

No. 343.—PIED BIBLICAL ANIMALS.
1. Mstoeah. 4. Gndora.
2. Lecam. 5. Nyceco.
3. Trfree. 6. Somett.
7. Lewsae.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)
The Mystic Fountain.

A Christmas chat next issue.... Solve the puzzles given this issue!... Who shall we hear from first after this writing?... Help us in every way you can: all are welcomed.

Arithmetical Amusements.
A very amusing puzzle may be performed by means of this property of the figure 9. You select some sum that is capable of being divided by 9, as 365,472. Then, some person, being shown these numbers, is requested to multiply any figure he pleases to select of the series by any other figure he likes, without letting you know what are the figures he has chosen; then to omit one figure from the quotient, and let you know what figures remain in any order he prefers. Thus, suppose 365,472 are the numbers chosen, and the multiplier is 6; if then 8 is struck out will be

365,472
6
2,192,832

The sum of the figures will be 19; but 19, divided by 9, leave one, you, therefore, require 8 to complete another 9. 8, then, is the required number.

UNCLE NED.



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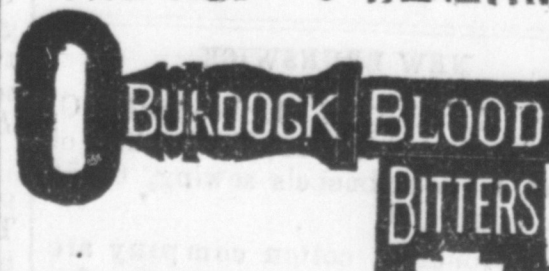
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