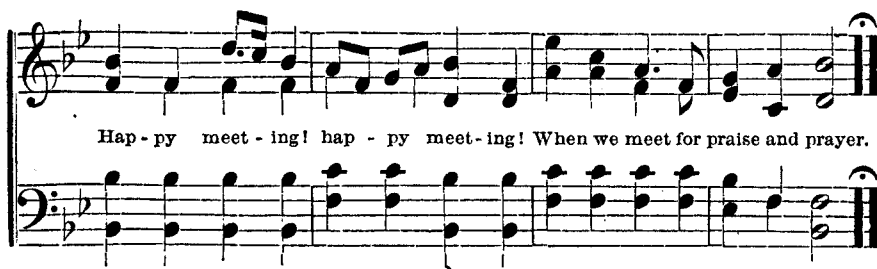
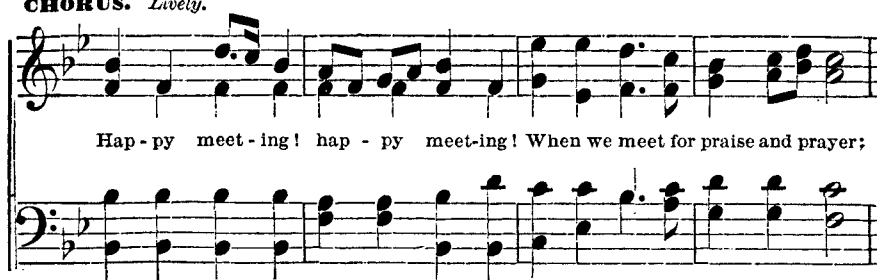


CHORUS. *Lively.*

Young Folks.

Original.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY NELL GWYNNE.

(Continued)

I had known Flora Teasdle for some time before I knew where she lived, although I had often asked her; but as we became more intimate, she took me to her home, and I became cognizant of the fact that her dwelling-place was on a back street, and was a small white frame-house, with green shutters, and a green door; all of which I subsequently became aware she was very much ashamed of, which was the reason for keeping me so long in ignorance of it. She told me of other days not long ago, when they lived in a beautiful house, and had a garden and an orchard, and horses and a carriage; and how she had once a pretty, grown-up sister, who went out horse-

back riding on a wet day, and took cold, followed by consumption, and she died. She also said she had a brother who studied for the ministry, and who also died of consumption. Her papa, Captain Teasdle, was a British officer, and had been "theven yerth a prithoner in France when he wath young." This was lucky for him, I should think, as he now earned his living by teaching French, acquired during his "theven yerth" imprisonment.

Captain Teasdle was an excessively polite little man, and always going on with a great deal of performance with his hat and his gloves, and his cane and pocket-handkerchief. Mrs. Teasdle was also small, and had a fair complexion, and a quantity of light yellow hair, which gave her a very youthful appearance. She was a sweet, kind lady, and must have been a model housewife, for their house was a temple of spotless purity and order. There were a