

Little Mary's Story.

From the *New York Musical World*.

"Mary," said the younger of the two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlid, on a cold night in December, "tell me about Thanksgiving day before papa went to heaven. I'm cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep—I want something nice to think about." "Hush!" said the elder child, "don't let dear mamma hear you; come nearer to me," and they laid their cheeks together.

"I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a very nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the wall, and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and soft, like the green moss patches in the wood, and we had pretty gold fish on the side table, and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them. And papa! (you can't remember papa, Letty,) he was tall and grand, like a Prince, and when he smiled he made me think of angels. He brought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out of the stable and set me on Romeo's *live back*, and laughed because I was afraid. And I used to watch to see him come up the street, and then run to the door and jump in his arms; he was a *dear, kind* papa," said the child in a faltering voice.

"Don't cry," said the little one; "please tell me some more."

"Well, Thanksgiving-day we were so happy; we sat around such a *large* table—with so many people—aunts and uncles and cousins—(I can't think why they *never* come to see us *now*, Letty,) and Betty made such sweet pies, and we had a *big—big* turkey; and papa would have me sit next to him, and he gave me the wish-bone, and all the plums out of his pudding, and after dinner he would take me in his lap, and tell me "Little Red Rid-

ing Hood," and call me "pet" and "bird" and "fairy." Oh! Letty, I can't tell any more; I *believe* I'm going to cry."

"I'm very cold," said Letty. "Does papa know up in Heaven, that we are poor and hungry now?"

"Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping away her tears, unable to reconcile her ideas of Heaven with *such* a thought.—"Hush! mamma will hear."

Mamma *had* "heard." The coarse garment, upon which she toiled since sunrise, fell from her hands, and tears were forcing themselves thick and fast through her closed eye-lids. The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.

Dear reader, as you sit at your luxurious Thanksgiving table, and see no vacant chair or number, no missing one from your flock, as you lean *still* on the dear arm to which you trust; remember those who with chilled limbs and bleeding hearts, know of no treasure on earth, *save in the church yard*.

—FANNY FERN.

Profanity.

A quiet observer happened once to travel with two or three gentlemen, (so called) who to pass the time, entertained each other with reminiscences of the race course, cock pit, &c., and as they warmed with their subjects, emphasized their remarks with oaths and curses. Taking advantage of a lull, our quiet friend volunteered an account of a fight between two dogs, somewhat in this style. "Well sir, the bull dog seized the mastiff by one ear, and tobacco pipes! it was impossible to make him let go, but tobacco pipes! the mastiff managed to get hold of his leg, and tobacco pipes! he held on, tobacco pipes! like grim death, tobacco pipes! well