

For The Family Circle.

To M. V. S.,

ROSE LAWN, NIAGARA.

I know a maiden fair to see,  
With eyes of deepest brown,  
Fair cheeks, pink-tinted, like the shell,  
And soft as peaches' down.  
Her lips are dewy, sweet, and red,  
As any rose in June,  
She smiles more brightly than the sun  
Smiles on the fairest noon.  
The storms and tempests of this world,  
Will never cloud her life;  
She'll be a perfect sun-beam, to  
The man who calls her wife.  
Her name is Minnie, and she makes  
It seem just twice as sweet,  
While she lingers in the border-land  
Where girl and woman meet.

MARY E. FOSTER.

Hamilton.

## SELECTED.

### A SIMPLE STORY.

"Here's a piece of good news, Sally," cried Tom Leveret to his wife, as he ran into the tiny kitchen where the neat tea-table was ready spread. "I'm to be foreman at the shop, and my wages are more than double after the first of the month."

"Well, that is good news, Tom," cried Sally, radiant with pleasure as she set the dish of ham and eggs before her husband, and poured out his tea; "but its no more than you deserve, if I do say it. I was saying to Martha Decker, when she was giving me the new pattern for your shirts yesterday: 'Martha,' says I, 'it isn't to be expected but what Tom's employers will see his value before long; and from what I hear they do already.'"

"Well, I have put my shoulder to the wheel," said Tom, "it's not my way to loaf; and now we can begin to save for a rainy day."

"Yes; and you won't want me to stitch shirt bosoms for old Mr. Isaacs, now that you are foreman," said Sally.

"I never did expect it. 'Twas your own thought, Sally," said Tom.

Sally had been able to make four dollars a week by stitching shirt bosoms at odd times, and it had been her own fund for her own dress, and nice things for the children. But that evening she took in the last of her sewing, and said to old Mr. Isaacs:

"I sha'n't need to sew any more; my husband is made foreman at the shop."

"That's good," said the shirtmaker, as he took her little bundle and counted out her pay. "That's good luck, no doubt; but you'd be all the richer if you went on doing the stitching. Four dollars is four dollars, and it's a big sum in the year counted all up."

"Well, perhaps it is," said Sally; "but I don't need it any more."

And so the poor widow who had been trying to get stitching to do was happier next morning than she had been for years; and Sally, singing about her work, made up her mind to have a little more pleasure now, and to walk out more and take tea oftener with Martha Decker.

That evening she began a new subject to Tom.

"Tom," she said, "this is an awfully ungenteel place for a foreman's family. Now, there's a flat in the next street, only five dollars a month more than this, that would be pleasanter. We'd have a little parlor there, and nicer neighbors. You'll feel like holding up your head a little higher now."

"Oh, I sha'n't take airs," said Tom; "but five dollars a month won't break me; let's have the flat."

The flat was hired, and the furniture from the old place looked—as Sally said—like nothing in it. The parlor was empty.

"Of course," said Sally, "we can't pay out money; but there is a furniture shop in the avenue where they take installments. Now I could get the things that way."

"I suppose we must have them," said Tom. "Don't be extravagant, Sally."

"I extravagant!" cried Sally.

And, indeed, she had never been so; but at that shop, where they know very well that Tom Leveret's salary was doubled, they were so obliging that before she knew it Sally had bought a hundred dollars' worth of furniture.

"Since you can't pay much down, Mr. Leveret," said the proprietor, "we must have ten dollars a month."

Ten dollars a month for a year! Sally gasped at the thought, but Tom asked her no questions, and she had the handling of the money. So the parlor shone resplendent with red rep furniture, marble-top table, mantel ornaments, and a "real oil painting" in a gilt frame, and the finest curtains possible.

Friends called and admired, and Mrs. Leveret felt that there was something inappropriate in the wife of the foreman being intimate with that shabby little Martha Decker. Martha took her first snub, and was seen no more at the new house, and Sally lost her truest friend.

"Mrs. Leveret, ma'am, now that your husband is in good business, why don't you get yourself a handsome silk suit?" asked the wife of the dry goods store keeper one morning of Sally.

"Well, we've spent so much for furnishing, I thought I'd wait awhile," said Sally.

"Pshaw! Why, we'd give you credit," cried the lady behind the counter. "We know your means. Here's some silk now, and velvet to match it—hunter's green, with gold buttons, and a hat trimmed to match. They're wearing everything alike now, and we've splendid gloves. Just choose, and pay when you like."

Sally hesitated, looked again, and ended by buying; and soon her bill at the dry goods store was a large one, for the children must be as fine as their mother, and then it was so easy to say to Mrs. Shaeffer:

"Send it down to-day," why not buy? And so, without Tom's knowledge, the day came when paying a little here and paying a little there, Sally was striving to stave off her creditors, and waited more anxiously for the payment of the big salary than she ever had for the small one.

It all came at once.

"Ma'am, you're no lady, and I'm going to your husband, with my bill," cried Mrs. Shaeffer: "he's an honest man, I hope."

"The meat and things has got to be paid for, and don't you forget it. I'll speak to Mr. Leveret," roared the provision dealer.

"Coals is coals, and I want the price of 'em," explained the coal dealer. "I don't believe your husband would cheat me."

"You're fine enough now; but when you wore cotton dresses, you paid for your shoes," remarked the shoemaker. "I'll go to Tom."

As for the furniture dealer, one day his dray was backed up to the door, and the Brussels carpet, the fine "suit," the marble-topped table, and the "real" oil painting went away upon it. Fifty dollars had been paid, but the dealer made no allowance for that, nor could Sally help herself at all. Oh, if Mrs. Shaeffer could but have taken back all her fury! But that was impossible.

One evening Sally sat crying on a little chair, while Tom, with a solemn face, counted up the bills.

"Three hundred dollars, Sally, not counting the fifty for the furniture," he said. "It will be a long pull, but I'll pay 'em all. I won't be spoke of as a thief by old acquaintances."

"I wish I was dead, Tom," said Sally. "Do you hate me?"

"No, my dear," said Tom. "I haven't anything but love for you in my heart. Only we've both learnt a lesson. Credit aint cash, and luck aint luck if you make poor use of it. We'll go back to the old rooms for a bit and save for a while."

"And I'll get some stitching," said Sally.

"I don't require it of you," said Tom.

But Sally did it. There was enough for her and the widow also, and she folded her silk away and wore calico again, and she went to work with a will, humbled by her downfall. It was a hard two year's work, but they did it,