

RARE BOGIES AND BIDS.

"Alas, alas, how the North wind grieves!" Said the black-bird tall, "I am losing my leaves!"

"Well-a-day," sighed the elm tree old, "I stand in a rain of my falling gold."

"Oh," cried the maple overhead, "On the dark ground rustles my robe of red!"

The birch tree shook in a yellow shower And glimmered more ghostly every hour, While the silver poplar wept overhead, As its shimmering leaves joined the flying crowd.

A sound of mourning filled all the land, For the trees grew bare on either hand. But the little buds laughed on the twigs so brown That sprang from the branches up and down,

As tucked in safe, and glad, and warm, Ready to weather the winter storm.

They waited so patiently and still Till the wild, cold wind, should have worked its will.

And blown the sad skies once more clear, And wakened from slumber the sweet New Year.

If you look my child, at the tree-top high, You'll see them clustered against the sky,

The little brown buds that rock and swing, Dreading all winter of coming spring!

And if when April comes again, You watch through the veil of her balmy rain,

she said, and drawing a rusty-looking pocket-book from her pocket proceeded to count out the money. As the bills were mostly fives and tens, they made a noble pile, and as John took them from her hand, he held them purposely so as to exaggerate their appearance, and skipped around among the clerks with great gusto.

"Nearly seven hundred dollars from my 'wooded friends,'" he exclaimed. "No last year beavers for them, if you please, and the girl is as sweet as the roses and the pinks in my mother's garden."

"This day's was a coup de bonheur for John Harvey. It gave him an importance in the eyes of his employers, who increased his salary and placed him at the head of the department. Two years later he wooed and won the girl."

"I had just to send you word, my dear," said Aunt Eliza, "but I could not tell positively whether I should be able to get away until this morning. Now that you are house-cleaning, and I am here, you must choose between two things."

"Well, then, you will please to help clean my room," she said, "for I cannot give you up."

"Where are you working at present, my dear?"

"Up in the attic; I am looking over things, and it's such a dreary work. I have to be on hand to wash the attic windows and mop the floor, so I would like to get every thing looked over to-day."

"Well, then, let us be about it," said Aunt Eliza. "I'll be ready in five minutes to help you, and you may go to Niece Rose Hunter's room, where I have a few things to look over for you."

that was faded and tarnished, and an old-fashioned bureau, "I wish I could pass them on."

"So you can, my dear, and they may prove a veritable mine of wealth to those who receive them."

And they really did. It was Dennis Manning, an avialid, poor and worthy, who recd the comfortable couch, and thanked God and Mrs. Stone heartily for it.

"I've a place for the children's clothes at last," she said, "my things, too, my Dennis, dear, 'an' mine; 'an' those nice drawers'll kape 'em so clean an' orderly as that nice coach, Dennis, 'll be gettin' better now, I'm sure. God bless them folks for their kindness to the likes of us."

"No, I do not use them at any time. I will conserve these strips of carpet to use, Aunt Eliza. I will pass them on."

The day was closing; everything in the attic had been looked over.

"I am so glad you came, Aunt Eliza," said Edith, as they went down stairs to gether; you have been a wonderful help to me, and have taught me a wonderful lesson."

"Aunt Eliza remained with her niece all through house-cleaning; and all through it, through her influence, things no longer needed were passed on. A shabby chair proved a boon to a sick child. A picture no longer desired brightened the way to the tomb of a worthy, suffering woman."

"I am so glad you came, Aunt Eliza," said Edith, as they went down stairs to gether; you have been a wonderful help to me, and have taught me a wonderful lesson."

ple in June, 1884, and in the following September he was sent to his tribe at the Shoshone agency, to carry to them the good things of which he had become possessed.

It was sixteen years since he was taken from his home; and when the news of his arrival spread among them, his people flocked from all directions to greet him as one given back to them from the dead.

Was not that a wonderful coming back for the little wild, ignorant lad? And what do you think the mother felt, whom he sought out instantly, as she recognized her son through all the changes those sixteen years had made?

John looked up and saw a tall boy coming across the street. In his hand he carried a curious looking box. He coolly stepped over the low fence which surrounded the yard, and seated himself on the grass a few feet from them.

"There! that's a miss," said Flora, holding it away from his outstretched hand.

"I am a miss, big or little," said John, getting very much in earnest. "Come, hand it over. It's my turn."

"You're a cheat—that's what you are," exclaimed John angrily. "I have struck her brother on the arm. He re-sented it by making an ugly grimace at her."

"Snap, snap, went the box in the stranger boy's hand; he was wondering surprise.

"What makes that thing do that? What is it anyhow?" John demanded.

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