

THE BROKEN RING.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHENDORF.

In valley cool a millwheel
Sings as it turns around;
From valley has vanished the maiden
Whom thro' by the brook I found.

Her troth-ring on my finger
She put—the millwheel sang;
Her troth the maid has broken,
The ring in two it sprang.

I'd fain, a minstrel, wander
Far hence, the wide earth o'er;
And troll my doleful ditties,
And stroll from door to door.

I'd fain, a trooper, spur me
Into the thickest fight;
By silent watch-fire lay me
Afloat in blackest night.

Hear I that millwheel singing,
I know not what I will;
I'd fain the earth lie under,
'Twere then for once all still.

Cambridge, Mass.

L. M.

* The original is one of Mendelssohn's sweetest melodies, known under the name 'In einem Kuchlen Grunde.'

Original Story.

MY CLAPPERS.

BY FENN.

What young person, naturally sensitive and possessing a high appreciation of the beautiful and perfect in the forms and faces of others, upon becoming conscious of some personal defect or slight deformity will not therefrom date a whole series of petty annoyances and mortifications. And should this deformity or blemish be of a nature to excite in the beholder a sense of the ludicrous it is rendered doubly more painful and distressing.

Sometimes the blemish occurs in the shape of an overgrown nose, indescribably colored hair, cross eyes, etc.; but my particular trial was a pair of uncommonly large feet. And let no one smile at the idea, for never was any poor mortal so tormented, even with the knowledge of being as ugly as a hedge fence, as I, Jenny Colton, was with the size of my unfortunate 'pedal extremities.' From a child they had been a source of mortification, not only to myself but my mother and aunts, who prided themselves upon belonging to the Wyld family, and the Wyldes, among other honours, had been highly favored by nature in this particular. But I was an unruly sprout, a degenerated sprig from the main branch of Wyldes, more like a graft from some foreign tree. My face and figure were well enough, but my feet—there lay, or rather stood, all the trouble. I became peculiarly sensitive upon this point. When quite young and at school my short dresses only helped to show them off, and big, ugly Hat Moore called them 'my clappers.' Even my particular favorite Charley Brown, called me 'big-footed Jin,' and sometimes comforted me with the assurance that he could 'see them grow every day.' Oh, how I longed for the time when, as I fondly imagined, young-ladyism and long skirts would end my trials in this particular line.

But time, though it heals many sorrows and relieves many afflictions could not cure mine, but passed on bringing me into my teens with the pleasant consciousness that as I grew larger and taller my feet did not by any means stand still but increased accordingly. And about that time a family consultation was held, aunts included, the important query being 'What shall we do with our Jin?' All were in favour of having me sent to boarding school at once, all but papa, for as aunt Seraphina used to say, he never did or thought like anybody else, and papa declared he didn't see the need of making such a fuss about little Jin. She was doing well enough at home. Home was the best place for girls any way, and it would be no harm to let her keep on a while longer at Miss Boxen's. Miss Boxen seemed to be a clever sort of a woman—let the children have plenty of time to play and romp; and besides, he didn't think much of boarding schools generally. They were at best only second hand nurseries, boxed up concerns not fit to put any girl into, especially a mere child like Jenny.

'The mere child,' replies aunt Margaret, 'why she is almost as tall as her mother, and wears sizes already. When I was her age I wore ones, and none of the Wyld family before her wore anything over threes. I hope her feet will not grow any more at least.'

'Poor child,' said aunt Seraphina affectingly, 'it is really unfortunate, the size of her feet. If I may say it, quite a disgrace to the family; and she is getting to be such a romp, if not sent away from home soon we will never be able to make anything of her.'

So papa was finally over-ruled, the feminine side of the house being too much for him, and beat a retreat muttering to himself something about not seeing what difference it made whether a girl wore sixes or ones, so long as they answered the purpose they were intended for.

So without more ado, it being the early part of September, I found myself in a week's time an inmate of Miss Sharp's establishment in the town of B——, the same institute in which my aunts Margaret and Seraphina had been educated many years before.

I need not record my being home sick during the first few weeks of boarding school life. Nearly every bread and butter Miss is afflicted with the malady to a greater or less degree, during the first year away from the paternal roof, and my case was no exception. I had left a pleasant home, dear to me though there were some disagreeable associations connected with it, owing, I think, principally to the Wyld part of the family, and I was much grieved at

parting with papa, my dear, good, kind papa, with whom I had always been a favourite, and who never failed to take my part in any of the little domestic squabbles by which, I am sorry to say, our home circle was occasionally disturbed.

Often would papa take me upon his knee, and putting back my curls, gaze long and fondly upon my face with a half sad, half absent expression which I could hardly understand, and sometimes he would say, 'You have my mother's eyes, darling,' and then he would press me to his heart and whisper, 'my own little Jenny, what a blank my life would be without you.'

But new associations and plenty of hard study soon drew my thoughts away from home and absent friends, and I became in a measure reconciled to my lot.

Miss Sharp's seminary was an old establishment. It had long borne a name high in the annals of school history, and consequently was well patronized. At the time of my entrance there were about a hundred boarders, young ladies from all parts of the country. But the board part of Miss Sharp's establishment was no exception to the general rule. The bill of fare was usually: for breakfast—a very small quantity of bread, butter, and tea; dinner, first course—indescribable soup, small crust of bread, second do—small piece of obdurate beef or mutton, another crust, small spoonful of potatoes, and sometimes a morsel of turnip or cabbage; third course 'came up minus' during the first half of the week, after which first course 'came up minus,' and third consisted of indescribable pudding; supper—tea, bread, and butter again in small quantities, on Sundays gingerbread.

Perhaps deficiency in the edible department had something to do with my home-sickness, however, after furnishing for a few days I made a compromise as most of the other young ladies did, with a servant to smuggle supplies from without the walls, which compromise had a very beneficial effect upon my system.

My room-mate, Miss Halda Stone, who entered about the same time I did, was from New Brunswick. This was her first visit to a 'warmer clime.' She had never seen a great deal of the world at large, and being intellectually not of the brightest order, was often wonderfully surprised at anything that looked a little odd or strange to her.

One night after we had been dismissed to our rooms with the injunction 'just fifteen minutes, young ladies, every light must be out by ten o'clock,' we were hurriedly preparing for bed, and I had just pulled off my shoes and stockings when suddenly Halda ceased operations exclaiming, 'Oh my! did any body ever? what made it?' 'What,' I asked, astonished in turn. 'Why your feet, was it the warm weather did it?' 'What made my feet? An exceedingly nice question for a young lady of your age to ask,' I replied somewhat spitefully, for this was a tender point.

'But they are so large, was it the warm weather swelled them?'

'I wish you'd stop asking foolish questions,' I answered, getting a little vexed.

'But I want to know,' she persisted, 'cause if mine are going to get that way, I'll have pa come and take me home again right away.'

'Well, Halda,' said I, swallowing my indignation and assuming a wise look, 'if you won't mention it, I'll tell you how it happened. You see, when people in this country have too many brains if they all stayed in the head they'd get brain fever, so sometimes they shake them down into their feet. That's what the matter with mine, but you needn't be frightened, I don't think there's the slightest danger of your ever being troubled that way.'

'Hey, what?' she answered, her astonishment seemingly on the increase, and eyeing my poor 'clappers' with open-mouthed wonder, 'did you say it was your brains? well, I'm glad if you don't think I'll get it. What makes you think I won't? Is it catching any, like the small pox and the measles?' but here the bell put an end to our confab for the night.

The next day as I passed through one of the class rooms I noticed several of the girls eyeing me from head to foot somewhat curiously, and little black-eyed Kitty Grey, who sat next to Miss Halda, and to whom that young lady was whispering loudly, had stuffed nearly the whole of her handkerchief into her mouth, and her crimson face and other signs indicated some strong internal convulsions.

Of course it was rather annoying to be stared at so unceremoniously, and I was sure Halda had been repeating some of our last night's conversation, for from my short acquaintance with her I had already discovered her to belong to that unfortunate class of mortals who never can keep anything to themselves for twenty-four hours.

But I resolved to stand upon my dignity; for Miss Halda's story got all over the house in an incredibly short space of time and created quite a sensation. A few seemed inclined to pity me, but the greater number concluded I must be a jolly sort of a girl and became my friends at once. From that time I got the name of 'shake down,' which I carried during the whole of my school term, and as 'shake down' was an improvement on 'clappers,' I was quite reconciled to it.

The first school year passed rapidly away, and a day or two after the close of the term brought papa to take me home for vacation.

My native village looked very inviting in contrast to the hot dusty town, and my father's handsome mansion with the big elms clustered round it, the extended grounds and cool shady walks through them, was a very pleasant change from the confinement of the school room, and I must confess that something else pleased me not a little. That something also was the knowledge that my aunts, the Misses Wyld, had gone to the sea shore and would not return till September, so in all probability I would not see them that summer. Oh, glorious thought! I could romp as much as I pleased, and do just what I pleased, for there would be no one to scold me and box my ears, and call me 'Tom boy' now. Mamma never minded what I did any way, and papa, good soul, was always pleased to see me enjoying myself as I chose, so long as I didn't

'break my neck climbing trees and fences,' nor 'fall into the river and get drowned.' And I believe I would have been perfectly happy only for the presence of one of my old troubles—Hat Moore. Her father's place joined ours, and she made that an excuse for coming to see me every day.

I had always disliked the girl. When a child she had teased and annoyed me, and she seemed to become more and more hateful and ugly as she grew up. I will not say ugly looking, though not pretty. She was a brunette, rather tall for her age, with dark hair and bold, wicked looking eyes. Her brother, three years older, was the counterpart of herself, and I had always thought him good looking, though to me, his sister was positively ugly.

The first morning after my return, as I was making a tour of the kitchen garden, I heard steps on the walks behind me, and looking round, there was Hat, and no getting away from her.

'Halloo Jin!' she commenced, 'I've come to see you, how are you, and how are your clappers? As big as ever! aren't you glad to see me? how do you like boarding school? Look as though they had kept you on tater soup and gruel. How long are you going to be home? etc, etc,' talking all the time so fast I couldn't get in a word.

But I was on my guard usually; she was very partial to bright colours particularly yellow, and always had something of that hue about her dress, so whenever I saw anything yellow coming I generally found it convenient to slip into the first out-of-the-way place handy, and let her hunt till she was tired.

We had no visitors that summer as my aunts were away, and mamma did not care for company, no one came but a student, a son of an old friend of papa's, who stopped on his way home and spent a few days at our house. But I did not see much of him he was off hunting most of the time with cousin Joe or Ned Moore, Hat's brother, for which I was thankful, as there was rather a mortifying circumstance connected with our first meeting which I could not easily forget. I was not at home when he arrived but after my return going into the library for something found a pair of walking boots mamma had ordered for me laid by mistake I suppose, on the table, and as no one but papa was in the room, and I was very curious to get a peep at them as they were some new style, I pulled open the parcel and sat down on the floor in a corner to try them on. I succeeded in getting my foot into one of them by dint of considerable exertion, but the other could not be coaxed or persuaded to come on although I had broken one of the straps and damaged it somewhat in other respects, and in disgust I threw the offending article across the room.

'What's the matter dear?' said papa turning round to look at me.

'Matter' exclaimed I bursting into a very undignified fit of tears, 'those good-for-nothing old boots, mamma got me, won't go on, I've been pulling at them for half an hour, and it's just all because my feet are so big. I wish I'd never had any feet, or I wish I'd been born in China where they tie them up when they are little so they don't never get big. I do so.—' Just then I caught sight of a young gentleman standing in the door-way, with an intense ly amused expression of countenance. How long he had been there I could not tell, but papa saw him then and smiled as he said come in Donald. This is my daughter Jenny.' The young gentleman bowed and advanced a step or two 'I am happy to make your acquaintance Miss Colton.'

I had sprung up by this time and pretending not to see the hand he held out, and returning his bow stiffly made my way past him out into the hall with burning cheeks and so indignant to think that I should be caught in that way. I concluded immediately that I detested college students generally and this one in particular, and just then came near running over cousin Joe, only he was so much taller than I, as he was coming in. 'What's up, Jenny?' he exclaimed, 'your face is as red as a peony and you've been crying, hey! what is the matter?'

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A Love Poem.—I am thinking of the time, Mary, when, sitting by thy side, and shelling beans, I gazed on thee, and felt a wondrous pride. In silence leaned we o'er the pan, and neither spoke a word, but the rattling of the beans, Mary, was all the sound we heard. Thy anburn curls hung down, Mary, and kissed thy cheek, thy azure eyes, half filled with tears, bespoke a spirit meek. To be so charmed as I was then, had ne'er before occurred, when the rattling of the beans, Mary, was all the sound we heard. I thought it was not wrong, Mary, so, leaning on the dish, as you snatched up a hand of beans, I snatched a nectared kiss. And suddenly there came a shower, as I neither saw nor stirred, but the rattling of the beans, Maay, was all the sound we heard.

VERY SMART LAD.—As we were walking along the street the other day, we noticed a crowd of urchins standing around a boy who was sucking a piece of candy, "I say Bill," said one of them "give me that candy, and I'll make it come out of my ears, like Blitz did." Second youth shells over the candy. First youth very deliberately eats the candy—second youth watches the little fellow's ears—and after drawing himself into every conceivable shape, he said:—"well, if I hain't forgot the rest, as sure as rags."

When Lord Lauderdale laughed at one of Sheridan's jests and promised to repeat it, Sheridan begged him to refrain from doing so; 'for,' said he, 'a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter.'