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NO. 3.

I Shall Keep My Heart Warm for My Own Fireside.

I shall rise with the lark, at the break of the

morning.

With a love and bright hope that the day shall

adorn;

And from angels above gentle rays shall de-

scend,

With the bloom of my bosom their luster to

blend.

From the rise of the sun, till the set of the

same,

I shall seek for true bliss in the lap of my

name

By the child-lips I love; and, whatever betide

I shall keep my heart warm for my own fire-

side.

Fair friendships may greet me, as forward

I go,

And fame, for the moment, its guerdon bestow;

But the smiles of my babes are more dear to

my soul.

Than all this cold world or its friendships

decay,

And the star that I followed grow dim with

the day.

I'll turn from a world that's so mournfully

wide,

With a heart that keeps warm for my own

fireside.

As the rays of the sun give cheer to the earth,

Bright eyes of my dear ones lend bliss to m.

heart;

As the zephyrs at eve breathe calm to the

flowers,

The songs through my halls shed the fragrance

of flowers.

Those salves of joy, giving strength to m

will,

Whatever my grief, they're encouragement

still,

No sorrow, no torment, with me can abide,

While I keep my heart warm for my own

fireside.

I care not how dreary the night-wind may

proove,

To home I shall fly on the white wings of

love.

My reward shall be sweet in the greetings

I find,

That I smelt at the tempest, and left it be-

hind.

Let affection, and peace, and contentment be

mine,

Waile the revel I shun, and the quicksand of

vine;

Let me think of the mother who once was my

bride,

Till I glow with the charm of my own fireside.

—Hugh F. McDermott.

CAPTURING A WIFE.

Paul Cheney sat at his desk in the

schoolroom of a rural district, where he

had been teaching (to use a well-worn

adage) the young idea how to shoot.

His present task was that of writing a

letter to a chum in his city home.

"No doubt (he wrote) you imagine

I am dwelling in a sort of rural Arcadia,

and just as far as possible nature goes I

am, for there can be nothing more green

than the hills, nothing more clear, cool

or limpid, or musical than the brooks

that everywhere ribbon the valleys.

"A sort of gypsy encampment is

located near an isolated nook among

the hills. Among the tribe is an old

fortune-teller, and of course the pretty

heads of my female scholars are com-

pletely turned, and I have not only laid

down the law against visiting the camp,

but fixed a penalty thereto.

"Now I know you will raise your

hands in horror when I tell you that

after exhausting every other form of

punishment, from the dunce cap to

writing lengthy compositions (the bitter

abhorrence of every feminine heart),

and all to no purpose, I have in this

instance resorted to the old-fashioned one,

the fustell. And so help me fate, I will

carry it out to the bitter end, and make

every little hand smart whose owner

disobeys, or my name is not Paul

Cheney."

The school-house where our hero pre-

sided was situated some distance from

the village where he boarded, and he

walk, though pleasant, was lonely and

passing a graveyard. And of late weird

tales had been told of ghosts who walk

there by moonlight, and in one or two

instances, when the schoolmaster had

been beaten, he had observed an object

clothed in white flit at a distance before

him and in his very path. Though a

trifle startled, he had no doubt that it

was a riddle that he would unravel.

Therefore, upon the night when he had

remained wakeful to be in time for

work, he gave the matter no thought, and

had reached the boundary of the grave-

yard when he was confronted by the

white-robed apparition, approaching

him with extended arms.

The suggestions natural to its appear-

ance were the reverse of pleasant, yet he

never dreamed the gliding visitant was

other than earthly, and quickened his

pace to meet it, but to his astonishment

it disappeared as quickly and entirely,

as if swallowed by the earth. Not a

little startled and puzzled, he hastened

home, but kept his own counsel.

The next morning he proceeded to

school more early than usual and spent

some time in reconnoitering the walk of

the ghost, and evidently to his satisfac-

tion, for the broad smile that illumined

his face as he entered the school-

room appeared to assure the pupils that

their teacher was in the best humor,

and they would accordingly receive

many indulgences.

At recess a number of pretty heads

were in close consultation, and Sue Sal-

mon, a black-eyed beauty, said, with a

pout:

"Wasn't it mean of Mr. Cheney to

threaten to whip any one who went up

to the gypsy encampment? Just as if

he dared to do it!"

"I would like to see him ferrule my

hand," chimed May Ellis.

"Or mine, either!" exclaimed Kitty

Dalton. "What's the use of being such

cowardly ninnies, girls? Let us go in

spite of him."

"I will pay for any girl who will go

with me to-day to have her fortune

told," laughed Sue Salmon, merrily.

"Will you? Then we will all go,

even if we have to submit to the pun-

ishment," answered May.

It was decided to run the risk, and ac-

cordingly when school closed at noon

they marched off boldly to learn the

mystery of the future.

"It must be half-past one o'clock at

least," exclaimed one of the number, as

they were hastening back from their

visit to the gypsy camp, half repentant

and anxious to know what would be

the result of their breaking the law.

"I wish he hadn't gone," sighed Kitty,

recoiling. "It was all your fault, Sue."

"I know it," returned the young lady,

with a merry laugh; "and I am ready

not only to take my share of punish-

ment, but yours as well."

"It is all very well to talk," said

May, "but you are sure to get off with

the lightest penalty, and that you can

do anything you please with Paul

Cheney."

"Can I? Well, then I'll shield you

from your disobedience. So cheer up

and be brave. Here we are and school

has commenced."

They marched in and took their seats,

and diffused their guilty eyes to encounter

the indignantly flashing ones of their

much-abused teacher. Of all the schol-

ars Sue was the prettiest, most lovable

and most trying. She laughed his most

serious and just reproach to scorn, and

when she found he was really wounded,

her great black eyes would flash up to

him through tears and appeal to be for-

given. And somehow his voice always

turned itself lower he addressed her,

and in spite of himself she managed

to throw upon him the solving of all

her most difficult problems. She would

come up to him with such a pretty,

pleading pout, with "My head aches

so," and protest she could not do her

algebra unassisted; or "Might I not be

excused from writing that dreadful

composition for just this once, please?"

And promised to do anything else he

wished; and she looked so winsome,

pretty and bright when he yielded, that

she usually carried the day.

So, when the master, in a hard, cold

voice commanded the young ladies who

were late to school to leave their seats

and take places before his desk, to his

surprise Sue said something in a whis-

per and quickly forward alone, and

leaving her white arms upon his desk as

for support to her trembling limbs, said:

"Mr. Cheney, we have been to see the

gypsies, but I alone am to blame, and

am ready to take the punishment you

think the rest have merited, together

with what is my just due."

"Oh! you wish to make yourself a

sort of scapegoat for your companions?"

he questioned, with a flushed face.

"Yes, sir, if you please," murmured

Sue.

"Well, if I don't please? I think you

have sins enough of your own to an-

swer for without shouldering those of

others?"

"But really and truly," pleaded Sue,

with tears in her glorious eyes, "I am

alone to blame. They would not have

gone but for me, and you will make me

perfectly wretched if you punish them,

when the fault was all mine," and she

sobbed audibly.

"I should be sorry to do that," he

answered. "It is enough that you

make every day of my life wretched

without my retaliating, and if you will

answer for the good behavior of your

companions in future it shall be as you

desire."

"Now I know you will raise your

hands in horror when I tell you that

after exhausting every other form of

punishment, from the dunce cap to

writing lengthy compositions (the bitter

abhorrence of every feminine heart),

and all to no purpose, I have in this

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