

this planet, we think that the question had better await developements.

Perhaps it would be imposing too much on the credulity of our readers, to ask them to believe that the word "news" was derived from the first letters of the four points of the compass, north, east, west and south, as the sources from which our information comes; hence we will add, that it is derived from the Latin *Novus*, French *Nouvelle* and German *Neu*.

The Soldiers' Gaining Home.

The war was over and in the half-starved southern city the poor people had done their best to decorate and beautify the streets as a cheerful welcome to the brave, though defeated soldiers, as they returned from their fruitless struggle. Women and children throng the streets through which the returning heroes are to pass. What a picture their anxious faces present! Some radiant with joy at the thought of so soon clasping in fond embrace the long absent father or husband or brother; others sad and sorrowful,—no fond loved one for them to welcome home, their dear ones have gone to another home, and all, even the most joyous, wear that pinched and care-worn expression which speaks only too plainly of the privations and hardships which had worked such havoc in their once happy homes.

At the window of a little cottage in the outskirts of the city stands a young girl of about fifteen summers. Near her propped up in a low rocking chair sits a woman on whose sweet sad brow the hair has turned before its time, to silver. The pale, thin, gentle face tells of suffering patiently borne, and of a sweet life fast ebbing away. The trembling hands move restlessly, nervously over her thin shawl.

"Mother dear, won't you lie down a

while? You look so tired, and you know the neighbors say that they cannot get here till evening."

"But oh! he may not come then! Oh! Jack, my boy, if I only knew that you were alive!" wailed the poor weak voice.

"Hush mother dear, of course Jack will come. If he had died we should have heard of it. Poor Jack! how I shall hug him when he comes, and we three shall have such a nice little home together, and oh! he shall never, never leave us again, shall he mother?" said the girl, leaning her face against the window-pane and peering down the street.

"If he would only come to-night dear, I could die in peace. Oh! Jack, surely if you could know how near the end your poor mother is you would not be so long in coming!" said the feeble voice sadly, "haste, you will be too late."

"Mother, mother, don't say that," cried the girl rushing wildly to her mother's chair. "You know it cannot be true, and oh! you hurt me so; and now that Jack is coming home we will all be so happy together. Always plenty to eat now and no fear of hearing every day that Jack is among the slain."

The mother only stroked the curly head on her knee and gazed longingly out of the window.

"Bring Jack's letters and let us read them again, Lucy, child," she said at last. Reluctantly Lucy took them from among her treasures. Selecting a few of those that were most torn and dirtied, she laid the others aside, and read them slowly over. They were those with the joyous tone of hope about them, which the poor soldier had written while there was still hope of defeating the North. Little did the brave strong soldier dream, as he sat writing in the light of his camp fire, that all these bright hopes were so