

ENFOLDINGS.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

The snowflake lay soft, all night, is whitening
The arid earth suddenly rushing with darkness and
death to the hamlet.

The ray stealing in through the lattice to waken
The day-loving birds, the sun-beams tangle, and treacherous
our thicket of forest.

The happy west wind as it stirs some noon-laden
Dover from its dreams;
The hurrican crashing its way through the houses
and the life of the valley.

The play of the jets of flame when the children
left the house, the heart-throb, in a terrible, hissing
combustion.

The glide of a wave on the sands with its myriad
sparkle in breaking;

The roar of the fury of ocean, a limitless mastodon
of ruin.

The leap of heart into heart with blithe that can
never be spoken;

The pangs of love, the throb, and show how God may
be burst from his creatures.

For this do I tremble and start when the rose on the
vine tips my shoulder;

For when the storm beats down my soul

the ground trembles under my bolder.

—The Century Magazine.

JOHN'S LITTLE JOKE.

"Well, I sum'm!" exclaimed Uncle Phil, in his characteristic way, finishing the speech with a prolonged whistle.

"What's the matter, Uncle Phil?"

"Hoy?"

"What's the matter?"

"Why, your Aunt Susan just bought another bureau!"

The speakers were Mr. Philip Wheeler, an elderly man, and Uncle Phil, his lawless, dissolute care-nephew, John Langdon. Uncle Phil was standing under the big brown horse-chestnut tree, whittling a new handle for his hammer, when a hay-wagon, containing a bureau, stopped before the gate.

"Whose bureau's that?" demanded Uncle Phil.

"It's for Miss Wheeler," was the answer. "She bought it down at Squire Thomas's at auction."

"Well, I sum'm!"

John Langdon, just coming from the wood-house, armed cap-a-pie, and round and lined, heard the exclamation and inquired the reason.

"So Aunt Susan has bought another bureau, has she?" he remarked, after a moment's scrutiny of that awful piece of household furniture. "I guess, Uncle Phil, where's she going to put it?"

"Hey!" ejaculated Uncle Phil, staring hard at his nephew over his silver-bowed specs.

"Where is she going to put it?"

Uncle Phil shook his head and renewed his whittling.

"I'm blamed if I know," he said at last. "I reckon I'll have to set up a sort of sumthin' for I don't believe there's a floor room for it in the house."

"I've got three in my room, and I shall protest against a fourth," laughed John. "Aunt Susan," addressing that lady, who appeared on the piazza to superintend the removal of her newly-acquired treasure from the cart to the house, "where are you going to put that?"

"Well, John, if you want it, why of course you have it; but I did think I'd put it in the buttery, it would be so handy."

"By all means," interrupted John; "the buttery is just the place for it; there are as many as I can occupy, inasmuch as I only brought a hand-bag along on my little visit. If you're to give me four, I should be reduced to the necessity of remaining in bed in order to have room for it."

"Oh, go away, you rogue!" cried his aunt, looking lovingly at him: "and stop laughing at your old aunt. Here you," in alarm to the driver, "take care, there, you'll have that leg off! Hold on to the glass! My! my! How careless you be!"

After much anxiety on Aunt Susan's part, the hay-wagon was loaded, the bureaus and a good deal of hardware, swearing, such as "I sum'm," "by golly!" etc., on Uncle Phil's, the old bureaus was at last deposited in the buttery, where it took up just three inches more room than it could with any degree of propriety be accommodated with. Consequently, being of a firm and unyielding nature, a sharp and uncompromising corner was thrust obtrusively and often, and again and again, which was all probability frequently punished.

But Aunt Susan was not the woman to go forth to meet trouble, and no shadow rested upon her placid brow, nor misgivings annoyed or made afraid. The bureaus was a bargain, and that sublime fact shed such a halo of glory over its somewhat battered surface as to completely put to rest the inconvenience of its position.

Not long after, Aunt Susan rose again, sent for the woman who lived on the back road, and enjoyed a day of "putting to rights." Those days, in which she used to bring out from auctions innumerable, were dear to her heart, though abominations in the eyes of Uncle Phil, who wandered around amid the household gods in bitterness of spirit.

John watched the "cleaning" operation with an amused smile curling the corners of his handsome mouth, till at length a bright idea struck him.

"By Jove," he muttered, "I believe we might do it."

Five minutes later he might have been seen in earnest confab with Uncle Phil, who grimed and nodded his head in evident satisfaction and approval of the plan, whatever it was.

The day ended with great success in the cleaning line. Before sundown an array of spotless mahogany, brass, chinaware, britannia, etc., etc., might have been seen ornamenting Uncle Phil's front yard—articles which the wanining rays of the sun touched and caused to reflect like polished mirrors. Soon everything was replaced, the old woman depaired, and John crept over the old farm-house once more.

Next day John was to return home to C——, and Aunt Susan was to accompany him, for the double purpose of paying her sister—John's mother—a visit, and witnessing the ceremony which should give to John a wife.

This wedding was very near to her heart; first, because she loved John very dearly, and second, because he had bought a lovely little nest of a home close by her house and was, after a reasonable trip, to bring his young wife here, under Aunt Susan's motherly wing, with the blessing of the man which was to convey her to the depot.

John delayed a few moments to take special parting with Uncle Phil. What was said no one heard save the parties interested; but John's low words called forth a series of energetic words from his uncle, and a dry, hard chuckle, betraying an unusual amount of interest.

The journey ended safely, and Aunt Susan was beginning to feel at home on the road, to sleep in spite of the noise on the street, when a letter from home completely upset the good woman, and

threatened to start her on her homeward track without delay.

"The house has been robbed," wrote Uncle Phil. "I was down to see. May thy—holy stars!—it's so bad to see, so hard to stand I stayed all night. Wall, when I got home I thought things looked sorta queer, and sure enough, I found lots of things gone. The bureaus in the buttery, and all the things out of the summer kitchen, a whole lot of brass things from the stairway closet, and no end of fixin's all over. I can't see," wrote the old gentleman, "but I guess you'll know of your bargains and come for them special. I've heard you set stores by them in big places. I reckon at a ruff gass we've lost about five bureaus, three sophies and six or seven parlor stoves, to say nothing of chin and brass things."

To say that Aunt Susan was stunned would be faint to express her state of mind; but she did not discern by her amazement and grief, she succumbed in overcoming her despair, and drowsed into a sleep of a dream.

The happy west wind as it stirs some noon-laden

over from its dreams;

The hurrican crashing its way through the houses

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