

## VENGEANCE OF THE BROWNIE KING.

BY JAMES ANGEL.

The King of the Brownies came down in a very wonderful crown. And we ring a terrible sound.

With a screech more tremendous he too. And about him quicly fiercey did he.

Right royal his robe's silver sheen, A gleaming with jewels was seen.

He was a king, though he was poor.

"Hail to you, O King!" he said, "The sound you are, I've no doubt, Nor dream you of being found out."

He laughed in his mischievous glee, "Your puns in a tree I will see; Ah, what a comical there'll be!"

He came to a cavalcade and, then in the mountains he sleep. And in the night he did sleep.

The eye of the cavern could trace The face of each Brownie's woe-faced.

After through the moonlight spic.

Ah, me! What a frolic was there,

And a host of goblins most rare. What could with that banquet compare?

He sat down and thinking were done, When he looked every one.

Ah, ah! he belched all dismayed, His tummy, t'ye, t'ye, there displayed, In a rage and in tags all arrayed.

He sang like a lark in anger sound,

And the was the vengeance he vowed; And he wook on his tail and howl!

"You'll like me, for I'm a king," You'll like my character show, As monkeys greater than you'll go."

Your face alone you may keep,

On heads and feet too you a' a crep,

Whoo! you a long tail shall sweep.

And if much you wander about,

These card to it will say, "We no doubt,

You're with the brats all left out."

## BOUGHT OFF.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN.

I'm afraid I was very foolish, but if a woman is not to be had, then I'll take her where she is her best.

In those days, before time and trouble have made me the faded old young woman that you see, people said I was pretty, and I was very, very glad. Not from any weak, coquettish reasons, from fondness of admiration, but simply on account of Harry, who liked me the better, I knew, because I had no face.

People tell me, I was foolish to care for him, and that I had better look elsewhere; but my choice was made, and, though my own father and mother shrank their heads at me and said it was a mistake, I pleaded so hard on his account, that they ceased to find fault, and so matters went on.

I was in service in those days in a place that my husband's wife quotes a homely old saying, and should have been very happy indeed but for my love-affair with Harry. His troubles were, of course, my troubles, and when I used to run across from the town twice a week to see me, and tell me about how harsh and bitter his father was to him, used to have many a good cry on his account.

"I'm about the unluckiest fellow under the sun, Kitty," he used to say.

"Father said I'm no good, and sooner or later you'll be the best he'll have."

"But, Harry," I said, "why not be patient? Your father is old, and has had endless trouble; it makes him peevish and fretful. You should bear with him. Do, pray, for my sake, try."

"Try! I've tried till I am sick of it. Everything I make in the workshop is wrong, no matter how it's done, and the more I praise I take, the more he's going to be hard on me."

I whispered such comfort as I could, and full of pity for the man I loved, sympathized with him most thoroughly, thinking that he was hardly dealt with, but still urging patience and forbearance with those who, perhaps, were unduly tried.

One summer evening I had permission to go out, for Harry was to fetch me to his father's house, and I was to spend the evening there.

I was very, very flushed and excited for I'd dreaded meeting the old people, his father in particular, who was always so stern and harsh with Harry.

It was a delicious evening, and all seemed so bright and beautiful as I walked across the fields with Harry that evening seemed to be quite a new existence, and I was full of life. When he turned to me and began to say that my cheeks were quite flushed, and that "he" was very glad, because he wanted me to look longer, and that he had enlisted in the regiment of foot.

Harry's father was a carpenter and builder in a small way of business, and a tradesman seemed so high above me as a servant that, as I reached the house, the color faded from my cheeks, and I grew pale. Harry, seeing my fears, was quite good, and that "he" was good enough for their son.

And so it seemed, when I entered the snug parlor where tea was set out, and the evening sunshine was making the china and silver spoons glisten on the jolly-blown tray. Everything, from the flowers to the furniture, looked so bright that for a moment I could do nothing but sit in the piazza. Then I was, gazing in a half-dreaming fashion at the stern-looking gray eyes with such keen blue eyes, and at the gentle sweet-faced old lady who came to meet me at the door.

They were both very kind and polite to me, but it seemed as if they hardly liked my coming, and were distant and cold. This made this made me nervous, and I sat there trembling in spite of the rather boisterous way in which Harry kept on talking and bantering me for his own quiet and dull.

"Why, mother," he said, "she's generally as merry as a cricket, and goes about the house singing like a lark."

"Let the young woman bide, Harry," said his mother, in a rather cold way;

"We can speak plainly enough, Harry,"

she said, "she's eating her meal, and is singing nicely enough. What more do you want?"

"I don't want her to be a sum, as a girl with the toothache," said Harry. "I said I want you to see her as she really is."

"We can speak plainly enough, Harry,"

she said, "she's eating her meal, and is singing nicely enough. What more do you want?"

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