

WHICH SHOULD HE MARRY?
BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Send the world Fred to his Uncle Harry; it is really made up to marry, but cannot decide if he should be married. That Love or Uncle shall force the issue." "Fred, there'll always be stormy weather. Where two are unequally yoked together, Well, here's the case," said Fred with emotion: "I've been a slave to my devotion; But she has no money, and, Uncle Harry, You know 'would be folly for us to marry.' We said it, and said we kept it: tomorrow, And Fred, you'll always be stormy weather. I've a word of counsel to give you, which is, Marry for love and work for riches."

"But Grace, you see," said the anxious Fred, "I has a nice little housekeeping fund already, And will help along with my description. When money is scarce, and the wife is ailing, I tell you, uncle, it's plain sailing."

"I'm sorry, but the time's change and chance is easy, if you give in to your circumstances."

"Stop! stop!" with a frown, said Uncle Harry, "The girl that you love is to marry, and you are to work for her, and to care To live for awhile on water-gruel. She'll comfort you in the trials; And she'll be your self-sufficient; And cheerfully take the needed stitches— Who marries for love, and not for riches!"

"Don't think for a moment, Fred, 'tis better To bind the heart of a boy to a girl; And a girl's a girl, and a boy's a boy; And Love is a beautiful trifles to it! There's not a chance that they'll be together. When unequally yoked together, So turn your back when money bewitches; Marry for love, and not for riches!"

—*Baldwin's Monthly.*

KING WINTER'S WIFE.

There was no mistake about one thing—Charlie had the measles. He had been feeling a little out of sorts all the morning, and came home at noon from school with a headache, which he didn't like to own to, for wasn't to-morrow Washington's birthday, and weren't the boys all going to "celebrate"? Under such circumstances he felt, not the least comfort, while an old patriarch in high and spectacles kept striking a tuning-fork across one of his long legs, holding it high in air, that all might get "the pitch." In another department beautiful green locusts were manufacturing bubbles, and katydids and didn't have any rehearsals, in view of a tour of summer concerts.

"How strange all seemed!" Charlie thought this quite equal to Alice's Wondertown. The old lady was evidently satisfied with his interest, and hurried him out.

He was already leaning over and studying her little boy's face, while his sisters, Fan and Debbie, began despairingly to wonder.

"Charlie's got the measles; some of the other boys have taken it, O, Charlie!"

Nine-year-old Charlie didn't feel very heroic then; there was a lump in his throat, which almost made his head spin; but mamma's gentle hand was drawing away his chair from the table, and unfastening his coat.

"Come, my boy, we'll go up to the room, as fast as we can; and see if we can't feel more comfortable there."

Kind brother Claude picked him off his feet, and in a twinkling carried him up to the nursery far ahead of mamma.

"There, young gentleman," said he, laying him on the lounge, "circumstances alter cases, you know, and you'll have to celebrate the birth of the father to the boy, who has had his share, with sugar or camomile tea instead of taffy and pop-gum. But remember, one is a hero without a hatchet, Good-by, boy!" and away he went.

Mamma, full of sympathy, was a real comforter, and soon persuaded Charlie to go to bed. And once there, he didn't desire to get up and eat taffy or shoot pop-gum.

According to nurse's account next morning, "the measles had come out finely"; on hearing which, Claude sent up a teasing message to know if Charlie "would have his portrait taken." But all bad things have an end some time, and a day came when Charlie allowed to go down stairs again, though the temperature of the house was still the damp windy weather. Tea was just being served in the back parlor, and, as the room was very warm, Debbie had the desire to get up and eat taffy or shoot pop-gum.

"Come, my boy, we'll go up to the room, as fast as we can; and see if we can't feel more comfortable there."

Kind brother Claude picked him off his feet, and in a twinkling carried him up to the nursery far ahead of mamma.

That was a great episode, and the excitement kept Charlie awake long after he had been tucked in bed. Once asleep, however, he had the quietest dream. He found himself near the sea, and the sun was shining, and he had just been sliding down one of the paths on his sled, plump up to the fence, but as he touched it a heavy sigh caused him to look about sharply. Not seeing any one, he was about to get off his sled when he heard another sigh. Then he saw, to his surprise, sitting on one of the stones of the beach, the friend he had thought would come to him. She was not taller than your hand, and her face was brown, like leather, and full of wrinkles and seams; her eyes were like two bright black beads, and if she had any hair it was invisible, for she wore a white fur hood, with deep cape, which covered her shoulders. She also wore funny little boots, with very high heels, and tattered stockings, all tattered and tattered together, like little brown thorns from the wild rose-bush. A string of tiny bells hung around each ankle, and bells just like them were strung around the bottom of her scarlet petticoat. She had on beside an immense white apron which nearly covered her up, while a very big pair of shears dangled from her belt by a string of braided grass.

Charlie was too much astonished to say anything, but she spoke him in in a shrill, cracked, piping voice, so that he felt almost like laughing. He didn't, however, but answered respectfully when she said:

"Who are you?"

"My name's Charlie Hall." He wanted to add, "And who are you?" but there wasn't a chance, for she spoke up very quickly.

"You want to know who I am, I suppose? Well I'm King Winter's wife. Perhaps you don't believe me, but I am. I've always been a shrill, cracked, piping voice, so that he felt almost like laughing. He didn't, however, but answered respectfully when she said:

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