

THE LETTER CARRIER.

His daily round with patient tread
The trusty letter on his head
Through summer suns on his head

Attracted in suit of soft gray,
His leathern pouch upon his side,
And loitering never by the way,

Ye of a moment at the door
Of lowly cot or mansion proud,
He passes, from his varied round

But who may guess what faithful news
Each well-washed packet doth enclose?
Hard words, perchance, that beat and bruise

Shall we not ask for that smiling pray
What message for that smiling pray
That bright but not that smiling pray

So day by day, through lengthening years,
The trusty letter on his head
Through summer suns on his head

THAT TERRIBLE SCAR.

Midnight had tolled its solemn chime,
Yet still the weary watcher sat beside
The heartstones plying her busy needle.

Another hour passed and the clock
Struck one.
"Be sure to be here soon," whispered she,

"I will be here soon," she replied,
And with a gasp she turned to see
The light of the window gleaming there.

"There is to be a grand rally of the
Friends of temperance to-night—the new
and splendid hall is to be inaugurated.

"I will be in time—trust me for that,"
said she, hastening to perform her
duties to the little ones; but what was

"What is that?" she asked,
and so startled her mother, when he had
bandaged the boy's head.

"It is a ghastly and dangerous wound,"
said the surgeon; "only the eighth of an
inch deeper and it would have been fatal."

"Do you see that?" she asked,
and so startled her mother, when he had
bandaged the boy's head.

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ments, wholesome food and a soft bed
were freely offered him, and passive as a
child when worn and languid, he suffered

It was hours ere he awoke, and then
he seemed as in a dream. The filthy
gutter in which he had lost his consciousness

"Sick! ay, sick," he said, "but
you do not know how vile I am, or you
will not care to see me." Listen, I

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upon the platform. Trembling in every
nerve and muscle, he leaned against the
desk, and finally grasped it for support.

"The son has spoken," he said, "now
let the father. With the scar on his forehead

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rush begins. The one wolf is magnified
into a hundred, the hundred into a
thousand. Sharp, short bellows—notes

The waves rise higher and higher as
the confusion spreads. One instant it
seems as if 10,000 solid acres of prairie

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from three rifles, and a shout as each
bullet tells.

The roar and din shut out every other
sound, and the wagons jar and tremble
with the concussion.

"A stampede of buffaloes!" gasps one
of the men as he catches sight of the
advance guard under the awful cloud of

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