

and the Indian's trail, to drink at some new and more bracing fountain of the Muses, far in the recesses of the wilderness.

The kings of England formerly had their forests "to hold the king's game," for sport or food, sometimes destroying villages to create or extend them; and I think that they were impelled by a true instinct. Why should not we, who have renounced the king's authority, have our national preserves, where no villages

need be destroyed, in which the bear and panther, and some even of the hunter race, may still exist, and not be "civilized off the face of the earth,"—our forests, not to hold the king's game merely, but to hold and preserve the king himself also, the lord of creation,—not for idle sport or food, but for inspiration and our own true re-creation? or shall we, like villains, grub them all up, poaching on our own national domains?

MY CHILDREN.

HAVE you seen Annie and Kitty,
Two merry children of mine?
All that is winning and pretty
Their little persons combine.

Annie is kissing and clinging
Dozens of times in a day,—
Chattering, laughing, and singing,
Romping, and running away.

Annie knows all of her neighbors,
Dainty and dirty alike,—
Learns all their talk, and, "be jabers,"
Says she "adores little Mike!"

Annie goes mad for a flower,
Eager to pluck and destroy,—
Cuts paper dolls by the hour,
Always her model—a boy!

Annie is full of her fancies,
Tells most remarkable lies,
(Innocent little romances.)
Startling in one of her size.

Three little prayers we have taught her,
Graded from winter to spring;
Oh, you should listen my daughter
Saying them all in a string!

Kitty—ah, how my heart blesses
Kitty, my lily, my rose!
Wary of all my caresses,
Chary of all she bestows.

Kitty loves quietest places,
Whispers sweet sermons to chairs,
And, with the gravest of faces,
Teaches old Carlo his prayers.

Matronly, motherly creature!
Oh, what a doll she has built—
Guiltless of figure or feature—
Out of her own little quilt!

Nought must come near it to wake it;
Noise must not give it alarm;
And when she sleeps, she must take it
Into her bed, on her arm.

Kitty is shy of a caller,
Uttering never a word;
But when alone in the parlor,
Talks to herself like a bird.

Kitty is contrary, rather,
And, with a comical smile,
Mutters, "I won't," to her father,—
Eyeing him slyly the while.

Loving one more than the other
Isn't the thing, I confess;
And I observe that their mother
Makes no distinction in dress.

Preference must be improper
In a relation like this;
I wouldn't toss up a copper—
(Kitty, come, give me a kiss!)

THE KINLOCH ESTATE, AND HOW IT WAS SETTLED.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY Monday morning, Mr. Hardwick walked across the green to call upon Mrs. Kinloch. Lucy Ransom, the housemaid, washing in the back-yard, saw him coming, and told her mistress;—before he rang, Mrs. Kinloch had time to tie on her lace cap, smooth her hair, and meet him in the hall.

“Good mum-morning, Mrs. Kinloch!”

“Walk in, Mr. Hardwick,—this way, into the sitting-room.”

He took a seat quietly by the maple-shaded window. Mrs. Kinloch was silent and composed. Her coolness nerved instead of depressing him, and he began at once.

“I’ve ker-come to see you about the debt which my nun-nephew, Mark, owes the estate.”

“I don’t know what *I* can do about it,” she replied, in a placid tone.

“We’ve ben nun-neighbors, now, these f-fifteen years, Mrs. Kinloch, and never h-had any difficulty th-that I know on. An’ as the ler-law had been used per-pretty ha’sh toward Mark, I th-thought I’d see ef ’twa’n’t per-possible ’t some mistake had ben made.”

“I don’t know what mistake there has been. Squire Clamp must collect whatever is due. It isn’t harsh to do that, is it?”

“Not ha’sh to a-ask for it, but not jest the ker-kind thing to bring ser-suit before askin’. Mark got a word and a ber-blow, but the blow came f-first. We didn’t treat yer-you so when you was a widder.”

“So you go back to old times, and bring up my poverty and your charity, do you?” said the widow, bitterly.

“By nun-no means,” replied the blacksmith. “I don’t w-wish to open ’counts th-that ’ve ben settled so long; an’ more, I don’t intend to ber-ber-beg from you,

nor a-anybody else. We pay our debts, an’ don’t ’xpect nor don’t wer-want to do any different.”

“Then I don’t see what you are so flurried about.”

“Ef so be’ Squire Ker-Kinloch was alive, I could tell you ber-better; or rather, I shouldn’t have to go to yer-you about it. He allers give Mark to underst-hand that he shouldn’t be hard upon him,—th-that he could pay along as he ger-got able.”

“Why should he favor him more than others? I am sure not many men would have lent the money in the first place, and I don’t think it looks well to be hanging back now.”

“As to why yer-your husband was disposed to favor Mark, I have *my* opinion. But the der-dead shall rest; I sh-sha’n’t call up their pale faces.” He drew his breath hard, and his eyes looked full of tender memories.

After a moment he went on. “I don’t w-wish to waste words; I mum-merely come to say that Mark has five hunderd dollars, and that I can scrape up a couple o’ hunderd more, and will give my note w-with him for the balance. Th-that’s all we can handily do; an’ ef that ’ll arnswer, we should ler-like to have you give word to stop the suit.”

“You will have to go to Squire Clamp,” was the reply. “I don’t presume to dictate to my lawyer, but shall let him do what he thinks best. You haven’t been to him, I conclude? I don’t think he will be unreasonable.”

Mr. Hardwick looked steadily at her.

“Wer-well, Mrs. Kinloch,” said he, slowly, “I th-think I understand. Ef I don’t, it isn’t because you don’t mum-make the matter plain. I sha’n’t go to Squire Clamp till I have the mum-money, all of it. I hope no a-a-enemy of yourn