

The Chatham Record.

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All's at an End. The breach is made—fare thee, adieu; All's at an end between us two.

LUCY'S BURGLAR.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It was very lonesome at Aunt Jocasta's—lonesome, even though I had just come from the wilderness of a New Hampshire mountain home into the crowded streets of New York.

the cracks in the pavement, so insistently did they appear, collected around the door, in various stages of frantic curiosity.

your key, Mr. Harford," said my aunt; "but I clean forgot it. I don't suppose the child's so much to blame, after all; but it would seem as if one might know a burglar from a gentleman, anyhow you can fix it. And now, if you're done with Lucy's arm, director, do look after that cut on Mr. Harford's head—bleeding steady, all over his hair."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. The Land of Story Books. At evening when the lamp is lit, Around the fire my parents sit; They sit at home and talk and sing And do not play at anything.

AMERICAN GLACIERS. A Sublime Feature in the Mountain Landscape of the North. America's Icy Giant, the "Great Glacier of the Selkirk."

glacier belonging to the same system. These rivulets come from hollows that reach far under the ice—gleaming blue tunnels, lighted by the crevasses that let azure rays filter into their depths.

"Clear the Way." The city lies in hushed repose, The wintry night-wind freshly blows, As if to rock the cradle host In slumber's sweet oblivion lost.