Discount

20 What is the interest and discount of $796,00 ct payable in 8 months at 6 per cent per an

6 mo ½ 6 per cent Ans $31,84 cts interest
2 " ⅓ 3
4,
" $30.61½ ct Discount

$ ct
796,00
6
6 mo ½ | 477600 for 1 year
2 " ⅓ | 238800
796.00
$31.84.00 for 8 months interest

100 : 4 :: 796
104 | 3184
312
240
624
160
156
4

$ ct
30,61½ Discount

21 What will be the interest and discount of $980,75 ct payable in 9 months at 6 per cent per annum

6 mo ½ 6 per cent ans $44,13 ct interest
3 " ½ 3
1.50
" $42,23 ct Discount

$ ct
980,75
6
6 mo ½ | 588450 for 1 year
3 " ½ | 294225
147112.5
$44,13.37.5 for 9 months

100 : 4.50 :: 980,75
450
104.50 | 44133750 | 42,23
41800
23337
20900
2437 cts return

To raise the price of Goods so as to discount without loss.

Rule As 100 less the discount is to 100, so is the present price to the price required. Or as 100, less the discount is to the discount so is the present price or value to the sum to be added

Examples

1 The present worth of certain goods is $930 at what must they be valued to allow 7 per cent discount so as without loss

ans $1000

100
7 per cent
93 : 100 :: 930
100
93 | 93000
$1000, ans

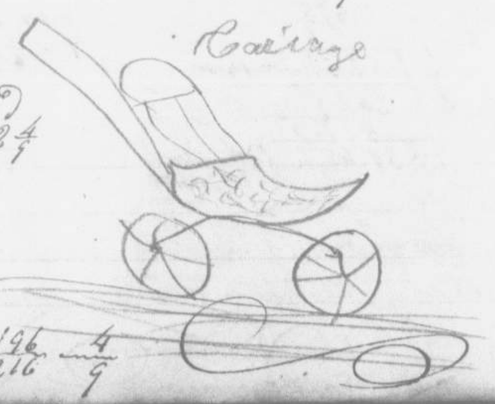
or " 93 : 7 :: 930
7
93 | 6510
70 to be added to 930
$1000

2) A parcel of goods is charged at £54.14.7 how must it be valued to allow 10 per cent without loss

ans £60. 16s 2 4/9

£ 20 12 d
100
10 per cent
90 : 100 :: 54.14.7
20 20
1800 1094
12 12
21600 13135
100
216.00 | 1313500 | 60.16.2 4/9
1296
175
20
216.00 | 3500 | 16s
216
1340
1296
44
12
528 | 20 d
432
96
over 24 96/216 4/9

Carriage



MY DAUGHTER GRACE.

I am deeply annoyed that I allowed myself to become irritated over a trifling matter of dress, but then it is so supremely foolish in Fanny Mason to insist that Gracie is old enough to wear a trailing skirt. My little girl! It is too ridiculous. And it was so pretty in Grace to decide it for us: "Just what pleases you, mamsy." And I am very sure it does not please me to dress my little girl like a grown-up woman; my only little one! "Seventeen," Fanny Mason keeps ringing in my ears. Well, seventeen is old for some girls, but Gracie-pet is such a wee thing, with her pretty child-ways and her long, golden curls,—Papa's little Goldie! Gracie, Gracie, come and sit with mother, in the twilight; and let us talk about father dear, in Heaven.

Fanny Mason is too absurd—Fanny is my dearest friend, but she has gone a little too far this time; and she has made me angry; yes really angry. How dared she talk to me of marriage! If John had been in Havana five years, would she have dared? Why then should she, he being in Heaven? And it is unjust to Robert Mayhew, too. Because he was a young friend of John's, and is kind to John's widow, and interested in John's little girl, must the gossips go to tossing our names about? I don't know when I have cried such angry tears.

Fanny need not tell me how grand he is; how worthy any woman's love; I know that. If I had a sister, there is not a man on earth to whom I would so soon give her. He is loving and loyal, tender and true. I know that he will make sunshine and a summer day, all the year round, for the woman who shall be his wife; but I am John's wife. The world is wide. Robert will find his mate sometime, and I shall love her for his true sake.

How very kind Mr. Mayhew is. He understands all my tastes, because he he knows how they were ministered to in my own dear home; and I think he tries to engraft the sweetness of my happy past on to the sadness of my lonely present.

I like to have him with us so much. I like to have his help in Gracie's education. I am so glad he is willing to go with her on her little sketching expeditions. The child enjoys it, and he seems perfectly willing to take the little trouble, and give her his time, and the benefit of his care, skill and taste.

I think it is simply cruel! Fanny Mason has been here again, full of her determinedly good-natured, but ill-timed raillery. I should like to know if I must turn Mr. Mayhew out of my parlor, just because the world dares to begin to whisper that he is my lover! I am ashamed of the world for its lack of sense. It is so clearly evident that Robert Mayhew's strongest motive in visiting us, is his interest in Gracie's studies. I am glad Fanny has delicacy enough not to let Gracie hear her nonsense. It would grieve my darling so.

Now, what shall I do? I can no longer blind my eyes to the truth. Robert Mayhew does not come here as an ordinary friend and guest! Lately his visits are frequent, and his attentions constant; they are not tender, but thoughtful; he seems to anticipate my every want. If he were my loving brother he could not be more watchful of my slightest wish.

But he must not love me; I cannot, must not let him; for now that danger tests me, I am more than ever sure that my heart is with my buried love. I will take my Gracie-pet and go away, where no living man can harass me with proffered, or implied, or dreaded love.

Gracie suspects! I fear, indeed I am sure she suspects. She has been ill at ease during Robert's last visits. She blushes when he comes in. She lifts her eyes to mine and they droop instantly.—She remains in her room till I call her down. Poor child, can she so distrust me? Can she think I wish her to leave us alone, I who dread to be alone with him a single moment. And I dread Fanny Mason's coming. I rashly promised her that if I ever believed he sought me in marriage I would tell her. And I will tell her, and she must help me to make some pretext for leaving here, suddenly and speedily. I must, if possible, spare him the wound of a refusal, for I never can accept him.

I am sadly disappointed. Fanny has written that her baby is sick and she cannot come. It is dreadful; a single day may be one day too late. What shall I, shall I do? Robert and Gracie have just gone to the lake for water-lilies, Gracie told him how fond I am of them, and straight-way go he must for them; and Gracie must go with him to help bring them home, he said. There they come. The crimson flush of the sunset makes roses of the lilies, and makes roses on my Gracie's cheek. How he bends over her, talking in low, sweet tones. Oh, cruel, if he is telling her what he means to tell me! The child will hate him, she loved her father so.

Gracie drops the lilies at the door, and flies up the stairway like a frightened bird; and Robert comes in, through the hall, across the long parlor, and straight to my seat in the curtained window.—Now, my poor heart, be strong! Better to bravely wound than falsely heal.

Midnight! Sleep your last baby-sleep my Gracie; mother's darling, father's Goldie! Soft lids lie, wet with happy tears across the lily cheek whose flush was heart's love and not the sunset glow. Rose-bud mouth, for the first time in seventeen dear years, sleep without mother's kiss; even that must not, this night, fall on the sweet lips where love's first sacred touch has placed its holy seal.

He crossed the parlor, he laid the lilies in my lap, "I crave a boon," he said. I lifted both my hands deprecatingly, despairingly; but he did not heed me. "Give me," he said, "Mother—give me *your one white lily, your daughter Grace!*"

M. B. C. SLADE.

For The Tribune.

The News of a Day.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

"Great battle—*Times Extra!*" the newsboy cried,
But it scarcely rippled the living tide
That ebbed and flowed in the busy street
With its throbbing hearts and its restless feet.
Again, through the hum of the city, thrilled
"Great battle—*Times Extra*—Ten thousand killed!"
And the little carrier hurried away
With the sorrowful news of that Winter day.

To a dreary room in the attic high
Trembled the words of that small, sharp cry;
And a lonely widow bowed down her head
And murmured, "Willie, my Willie, is dead!
O, I feared it was but an idle dream
That led me, last night, to that deep, dark stream
Where the ground was wet with a crimson rain
And strewn all over with ghastly slain.
The stars were dim, for the night was wild,
But I threaded the gloom till I found my child.

"The cold rain fell on his upturned face,
And the swift destroyer had left no trace
Of the sudden blow, and the quick, sharp pain,
But a little wound, and a purple stain.
I tried to speak, but my voice was gone,
And my soul stood there in cold, gray dawn
Till they rifled his body, with ruthless hand,
And covered him up with the reeking sand.

"Willie, O Willie! it seems but a day
Since thy baby head on my bosom lay;
Since I heard thy prattle, so soft and sweet,
And guided the steps of thy tottering feet.
And thou wert the fairest and last of three
That the Father in Heaven had given to me;
All the life of my heart, love, hope, and joy
Were treasured in thee, my strong, brave boy!
And the last, faint words that thy father said
Were, 'Willie will mind thee when I am dead;'
But they tore the flag from thy death-cold hand,
And covered thee up in the reeking sand."

* * * * * * * *

She read the names of the missing and slain;
But one she read over, again and again;
And the sad, low words that her white lips said
Were, "Company C, William Warren, dead."
The world tolled on through the busy street,
With its aching hearts, and unresting feet;
The night came down to her cold hearthstone,
And she still read on, in the same low tone,
And still the words that her white lips said
Were, "Company C, William Warren, dead."

The light of the morning chased the gloom
From the emberless hearth of that attic room;
And the city's pulses throbbed again,
But the mother's heart had forgotten its pain.
She had gone through the gates to the better land
With that terrible lie in her pale, cold hand,
With her white lips parted, as last she said,
"Company C, William Warren, dead."

Indianapolis, February, 1863.

A NEW ARITHMETIC.—Sick gent (walking into a whisky shop)—"Well, I believe I will spend my dime in crackers this morning."

Bar-keeper hands him some crackers, which he tasts.

"I cannot stand them; give me some brandy for the crackers."

Bar-keeper gives him some brandy.

He pours it out, smells of it, and shakes his head. "Don't think I can go that. Give me some whisky for the brandy."

Bar-keeper hands him out the whisky.

He turns out a full glass, drinks it down and starts out.

Bar-keeper—Hold on, there! you have not paid me for that whisky."

Sick gent—"I gave you the brandy for the whisky, sir."

Bar-keeper—Well, you ain't paid me for that brandy, sir."

Sick gent—"I gave you the crackers for the brandy, sir."

Bar-keeper—"Well, you ain't paid me for the crackers."

Sick gent—"Well, sir, you have your crackers yet."

Bar-keeper said no more.

For the Monitor.

Hymn before Communion.

BY C. S. B.

Jesus, I come to Thee;
Life's burden wearies me;
Thy help I crave,
Thou who hast died for me,
Help me to lean on Thee,—
Thine arm will save.

Thy Father reigns above,
Help me to trust his love,—
Thy God and mine.
Though shadows darken round,
With thee will light be found,
A light divine.

Thou who hast suffered so,
With Thine o'erpowering woe,
O pity me!
My strength is weak to bear
This weight of earthly care;—
O strengthen me.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!
No more sleepless nights! AGENTS WANTED for our new Baby's Safety Pin. Samples mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address DAVIS NOVELTY AGENCY, No. 1 Asylum street, Hartford. 1m* sept7

THE RISING SUN STOVE Polish.

For beauty of gloss, for system of toil,
For freeness from dust, and slowness to soil,
And also for cheapness, 'tis yet unsurpassed,
And thousands of merchants are selling it fast.

Nor yet in our own happy country alone,
All over the world its virtues are known;
And Morse Brothers daily are sending it out
In bulk and in package, by many a spout.

Of all imitations 'tis well to beware.
The half-clown from every package should bear
For this is the "trade-mark" the Morse Bros. use,
And none are permitted this mark to abuse.

'Tis retailed by grocers and furnished the "trade,"
By dealers or express from the place where 'tis made,
Morse Bros., Canton, Mass., is our address,
And we welcome all orders by mail or express.

In the course of the season several more excursion parties bound to Rocky Point will come over the Boston, Clinton and Fitchburg Railroad.

Lovers of good music will remember the concerts of the Brown Glee Club at Music Hall this evening.