Barter.

Barter is the exchanging of one commodity for another on such terms as may be agreed on.

Examples.

1 How many quintals of fish at $2 per quintals will pay for 140 lbs of salt at $4,70 per lb? Ans 329 quintals

lb 140
4,70
9810
560
$ cts lb
$ — 2 : 1 :: 658,00 the amount of the salt
1
2) 658,00
329

2 A. buys of B. 4 Thd of rum containing 410 gallons at $ 4,17 per gallon and 255 lb of coffee at 21 cts per lb in part of which he pays $21 in cash and the ballance in boards $4 per thousand how many feet of boards did the ballance require Ans 12795 7/4 feet

gallons
410
117
2870
410
410
479,70
53,13 for the coffee
532,83
21,00 cts he paid
$ th
$ — 4 : 1 :: 511,83 ballance
1
4) 511,83 12795 7/4 feet
11
31
28
38
36
23
20
30
28
2

lb
255
21
255
510
$53,13 cts for the coffee

234
8
1
120

Barter

JUPIT'S FOI 'LES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES

THE FIRST LESSON IN LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Down through the greenwood Cupid went,
Cheerfully tripping along,
The while he trolled, with a merry voice,
A lively, rollicking song,
That echoed afar in the clear, crisp air,
And the grand old trees among.

The morn was fair, and the trembling leaves
And flowers with dew were wet,
The sun had hardly arisen, and
Very few were abroad as yet;
But coming to meet him, in the path,
A lovely young girl he met.

A charming creature, sweet and fair,
And pretty as she could be,
You might in a journey of many a mile
Not such another see;
And still, with his clear and musical voice,
His pleasant song sang he.

"Young sir," said she, "I pribee tell
What is the song you sing?
'Tis a pretty air, and the words are strange,
But I like their pleasant ring."
Then Cupid paused and slyly took
An arrow from under his wing.

"I sing," said he, "sweet maid, of love—
Can it be you've never heard
Such songs before? have never such
Your youthful pulses stirred?"
"Young sir," she replied, "of such a thing
I never have known a word."

"Ha! ha!" laughed he, "its passing strange,
Sixteen, and such things new?
Excuse me, pleasa, but 'pon my word
New this will never do!
Sweet maid, draw near, and lend your ear,
And I'll teach my song to you."

The maid approached the God of Love,
And her cheeks began to burn;
He sang to her a stanza or two,
And then she took her turn;
Not a word or a note she missed; said he,
"You are very quick to learn!"

An hour flew by—she was very apt,
And the God of Love his art,
Disclosed to a patiently listening ear,
And she learned it all by heart;
She knew as much of such things as he
When he turned from her to part.

"Farewell for awhile, dear maid," said he,
"For I must go my way;"
And he pinched her ovely, blushing cheek,
As he took a kiss for his pay;
And she never forgot—as long as she lived—
What she had learned that day!

J. H.

The Lovers' Retrospect.

"Father, where is our Jamie to-night
Jamie so bold and so gay?
The twilight shadows are falling now,
Why does he stay away?
Jamie is handsome and manly too,
And he will be good and great;
But, father, why is our darling boy
A staying away so late?"

"Our noble boy is a child no more,
He has grown to man's estate;
He has gone a courting Minnie Gray,
The reason he stays so late;
For her golden hair and her eyes of blue
Have stolen his heart away,
And he goes in the holy twilight hour
A wooing sweet Minnie Gray."

"Why does the maiden lure him away
Now we are growing old?
And we have shielded him all his life
Our love has never grown cold;
The maid can never love as we
Have loved him all his years,
Who have led him along the path of life,
Sharing his smiles and tears."

"But Mille, remember long years ago,
When I was laughing and gay,
And you a maiden so fair and sweet,
That you stole my heart away.
I had a father old and gray,
And a mother kind and true,
Who loved me fondly all my life,
But my heart went out with you.

A blush crept over her withered cheek,
Her eyes shone clear and mild;
No longer she chided the lovely maid
For winning away her child;
She thought of the long ago when she
Stood close to her lover's side,
In the little church, and the man of God
Made her a happy bride.

When he woke in the morning his landlady's voice was in his ears.

'Well, how do we find ourselves to-day, Sir? None the worse, I hope?'

He opened his eyes. She stood by his bedside, with her short arms set like the handles of an urn. It was a common face that rose from between them, red, and with eyes that stood out with fatness. Yet Thomas was glad to see them looking at him, for there was kindness in them.

'I am all right, thank you,' he said.

'Where will you have your breakfast?' she asked.

'Where you please,' answered Thomas.

'Will you come down to the bar-parlor, then?'

'I shall be down in a few minutes.'

'Jim Salter's inquirin' after ye.'

'Who?' said Thomas, starting.

'Only Jim Salter, the man that brought you in last night, sir. I told him to wait till I came up.'

'I shall be down in one minute,' said Thomas, a hope of his money darting into his mind.

He had to pass through the bar to the little room at the back. Against the counter leaned Jim, smoking a short pipe, with his hand upon a pot of beer. When Thomas entered, he touched his cap to him, saying—

'Glad to see you lookin' middlin', guvnor. Is there anything I can do for you to-day?'

'Come into the room here,' said Thomas, 'and have something. I'm rather late, you see. I haven't had my breakfast yet.'

Salter followed him with his pewter in his hand. Thomas disliked his appearance less than on the preceding evening. What was unpleasant in his face was chiefly owing to the small-pox. He was dirty and looked *beery*, but there seemed to be no harm in him. He sat down near the door which led to the ladder already mentioned, and put his pot on the window-sill. Thomas asked if he would have a cup of coffee, but he preferred his beer and his pipe.

'You wanted to see me,' said Thomas, opening a conversation.

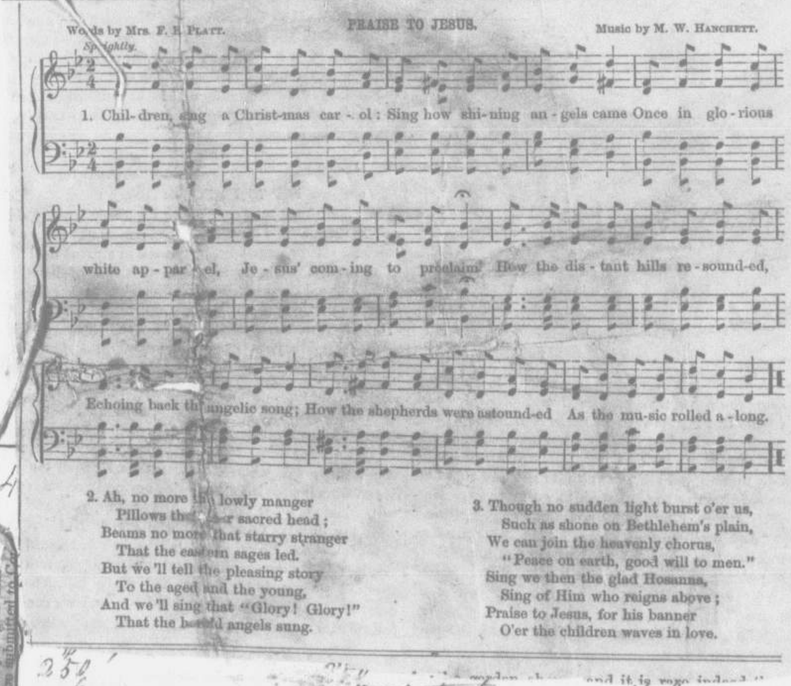
'Oh! nothin' particular, guvnor. I only wanted to see if I could do anything for you,' said Jim.

'I was in hopes you had heard of something I lost, but I suppose it's at the bottom of the river,' said Thomas.

$1041 66

THE CHILD'S PAPER. JAN., 1869.

Words by Mrs. F. R. Platt. PRAISE TO JESUS. Music by M. W. Hanchett.



2. Ah, no more the lowly manger
Pillows the dear sacred head;
Beams no more that starry stranger
That the eastern sages led.
But we 'll tell the pleasing story
To the aged and the young,
And we 'll sing that "Glory! Glory!"
That the heavenly angels sung.

3. Though no sudden light burst o'er us,
Such as shone on Bethlehem's plain,
We can join the heavenly chorus,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
Sing we then the glad Hosanna,
Sing of Him who reigns above;
Praise to Jesus, for his banner
O'er the children waves in love.

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