THE COMING SEASON.

BY A "ZUMMERZET VARMER."

The following from a late number of the London Agricultural Gazette is a good study in the Somersetshire dialect, whatever may be its merits in the weather "forecasting" line.

All you that be varmin' t' year plaze cum hether,
An' I'll tell'ee ixacly what manner o' weather
You've a got cummin' on the saison avor'ee,
Ef you'll be but zo zind as to hear out my story.

I've told'ee avortime, again an' again,
O' saisons o' thunder an' lightnin' an' rain.
O' starms an' o' vinds, an' calamities sad,
An' too true they've a' cum an' bin terrible bad.

Now, I'm plazed to inform'ee, I've got better news.
The clark o' the weather have done wi' the blues.
He's a cummin' out handsome an' smilin' to year;
Ye can take thess vor gospel, I tell'ee no vear.

Not as how I sets up ver a prophet like they
As studies astrology all night an' day,
An' pretends tey a mestery they can explain,
How the stars in their coorses bring zunshine or rain

No wizard be I o' the north, east, or west;
My prophecies come vrom the source that's the best.
That's sheer calcalation o' cause an' effec,
Nine times out o' ten, zurr, you'll vind it correc.

Ef you takes care to chronicle cycles o' weather,
An' you knows how to putt all their lessons together,
That adage by statesmen so well understood,
That hestory repeats itzelf mostly holds good.

Mild wenters have generally brought, as a rule,
Vine zummers, tho' p'raps in the early part cool,
At zunshin en March we had better not holler,
No zummer's a made by the zight o' one swoller.

Et ull come very coold I'm aveard afore long,
An' kill off the plants an' the buds that beant strong.
Aist wends ull be tryin', an' wunt at all suit
The orchits an' them as depends upon fruit.

But take et all round an' all auver the nation,
The land will quite pay vor zum good cultivation;
Yer ground wunt be deluged weth auver much rain;
Agricultur thess year wunt be labor in vain.
A little coold weather in April an' May,
Weth showers and p'raps sleet, wunt much hurt vor the hay:
An' ef the hot zummer don't come in so soon,
As what you expected, 'twill come late in June.

July wull be hot an' remarkably dry,
An' to reap purty early thess year we mos' try;
Vor Augus' may bring zum electrical change,
An' ef harvests that's late shud be wet, 'twunt be strange.

Our loads will be heavy from meadow an' field,
Whate an' barley will give us a capital yield.
The turnups an' wuzzles 'ull do vury well,
With ear[illegible] market to zell.

Ef grain crops be early an' quickly got in.
We once more vrom varmin a profit might win.
I doant zay our prospects be bright altogether,
But they wunt be no wuss vor the nex zummer's weather.

E. G.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Drink not in winter, when the wind
Is fickle as a wandering mind—
When snow falls like a winding-sheet,
And clouds sail like a scattered fleet,
Wine makes the best blood blue and thin,
And chills the heart that beats within.
The blood that pulses through the veins
Beats best in him who best abstains.

Drink not in spring, when flowers arise
Clad in the rainbow varies dyes;
Their cups, more fine than porcelain,
They hold to catch the dew and rain.
The birds dip not their bills to slake
Their thirst with what wine-bibbers take;
They taste the dew and rain, and raise
Their little heads in grateful praise.

Drink not in summer, when the sun
Strikes with his lance the reckless one.
Can fire within keep off the heat
And make the heart with vigor beat?
Effect is sure to follow cause;
Nature has writ her code of laws
In characters of light, and plain
As truth: "From alcohol abstain!"

Drink not in autumn, when the chill,
Raw blast pipes loud upon the hill;
'Tis then Boreas, raving cold,
Scatters the leaves of red and gold.
With lips invisible at flues
He whispers of the wrecks of crews,
And shakes the shutters while he roars
Like drunken men at tavern-doors.

WIDOW APPLEDORE'S ROMANCE.

"A man that thinks of nothing but pep'mint oil an' price of wheat! No! Emma Jane; my life has been humdrum enough without my ending it with Deacon Bliss. I shan't have him!"

"Well, well, Rosetta, if you won't I don't know's anybody's goin'ter try an' make you," chirped plump, rosy, Mrs. Phlox, looking up from the stout blue woolen sock she was knitting. "I s'pose the Deacon thought he'd a right to ask you, seein' it's a free country. Caleb Appledore was an awful nice man, but so's the Deacon. Lone wimmin are put on. Job Wittamore neglects your gard'ning, an' just see what work you have with your fires winters an' keepin' roads broke out."

"I'm not going to marry just to have some one tend the garden and do the chores," said Mrs. Appledore. "I've never found fault with them that's dead and gone; but I know what it is to live with a person who does not care two pins for the things I do, and if I ever do marry again it will be some one who can sympathize with me. I can't say I can swallow all 'Lias Bradshaw says about the marryin' of souls and affinities, but there's some truth in it you may depend. Besides, I'd like a little romance in my life before I die."

"Ro-mance is all well 'nuff," said Mrs. Phlox; "but you're 39 next March, Rosetta, an' sech a man as Deacon Bliss don't grow on every bush. Bein' a good provider, an' a splendid farmer, an' a deacon, an' a pillar in the church may not be romantic, but they're good recommendations in a man you're thinkin' of marryin'. I hope you'll think twice."

"I have thought, and I shan't marry the deacon," said Mrs. Appledore decisively; "an' if that's being romantic, I'm not ashamed of it."

The little widow did not look romantic. Her complexion was a dull white, and her hair was a dull brown. Dull, too, were her large gray eyes that blinked behind short-sighted glasses, but her form, though meager and devoid of curve, was not without grace, and she had a clear, sweet soprano voice, which, though it was untrained, she could use with taste and feeling. The Harmonicum, the Dixville musical association, made her the head of all their committees, and relied upon her to sing all the solos. Indeed, without her it could not have existed. The wheezy melodeon, which was a dozen years old before it became the property of the society, had at last collapsed under the energetic fingers of Professor Jackson Jones, who did the accompanying, and they were trying to buy a piano. They had given concerts and had oyster suppers till Dixville was tired, when Dr. Ollapod suggested a lecture. It was whispered that the Doctor had expected the committee to invite him to read one of his papers on the Semitic tongues; but if he did he was disappointed. They corresponded with many popular lecturers, who all declined to visit Dixville on the plea of engagements, and the committee at last invited a certain Professor St. Clair Smith, about whom they knew nothing save that he had lectured in the neighboring villages, with acceptance, to address them. The Professor had suddenly appeared in Dixville mounted on a fine gray horse. The next day he was seen to enter the post-office with a green bag on his arm, and and the gossips immediately reported that he was wealthy and had come from Boston. He at once accepted the invitation of the Harmonicum committee, and announced that his lecture would be on the "Philosophy of Art." The meeting-house was hired and Mrs. Appledore, with a select few, began practicing some music for the occasion.

It was the afternoon before the lecture, and Mrs. Appledore had invited her sister to spend the day with her. Domestic duties seemed to be just what Mrs. Phlox was made for. Her husband and sister usually did all her thinking. In return she served them with her hands; but the few notions that did creep into her round head she clung to pertinaciously.

"The worst kind of a fool is a beetle-headed one," she said, after a long pause; "an' puttin' this and that together, Rosetta, I think, you're preparin' with your romancin' to be just that kind of a one."

"I don't see how sisters can be so unlike," and Mrs. Appledore drummed a harsh accompaniment to her words on the middle C of her piano. "To be sure, you are the oldest; but age need not make one's soul a clod."

"It would be well for you to remember that all the advantages are not on your side," cried Mrs. Phlox, rising with dignity. "There are bodies, yes, and dispositions, that are clods," and Mrs. Phlox jerked on her calash and went home.

The meeting-house was full, and the next day the Dixville *Times* declared the lecture to have been a most soulful and eloquent dissertation, but Mrs. Appledore's attention wandered, and she only knew that the entertainment was about to be concluded by Dr. Ollapod's sonorous call for "moosic."

"I am delighted," said Professor St. Clair Smith, bowing low before her, as soon as possible after the "moosic." "I never heard such a delicious voice."

Mrs. Appledore coughed behind her hand to conceal her flattered embarrassment, and turned a questioning look on Professor Jackson Jones, who stood near.

"You always sing splendid," said that gentleman, drawing himself up. "I didn't do myself justice to-night."

"You've always dragged," said Karl Leopold, who took every opportunity to criticise the Harmonicums doings.

Professor Jackson Jones pulled at his cravat, and Mrs. Appledore's face was full of resentment.

"I never heard anything finer in Boston," said Professor St. Clair Smith, coming to the rescue, "and I suppose you know what that implies."

The night after the lecture was a very stormy one, and Mrs. Appledore was slowly twisting her hair in crimping-pins, when the door-bell rang. "I could not endure the loneliness of the hotel, dear Mrs. Appledore," said Professor St. Clair Smith, making a courtly bow, "and have come to beg for just one song."

The Professor was, so far as outline and coloring go, a handsome man. His head was what is commonly called dome-shaped. His wavy hair and silky beard were a bright yellow red, and his rather large eyes were blue. He sat down in the big rocking-chair, and taking a twin on each knee, "I renew my youth in children," he cried, giving them a squeeze. "Do you know the song, 'The old times were the best times when you and I were young.'"

"Oh, yes," said the widow, nervously turning over her music, "but I can't say that I feel so very old."

"Dear me, what a blunderer I am," cried the Professor. "I was thinking of my boyhood. I've always hated being grown up. A man has so much to fetter his imagination. You must have lost your husband in the first flush of your youth?"

'I did,' murmured the widow, forgetting that she was 35 when the event occurred.

'The twins were babes.'

Song succeeded song till the Professor proposed duets, and Mrs. Appledore enjoyed the music so much that it was midnight before she knew it.

Two months passed away. The Professor came almost every evening. He had hired a small house a little out of town, that he might be undisturbed, he explained, and a relative had come to keep house for him. He did not know how long he should remain in Dixville. He was preparing a book for publication, and writing several lectures. When his literary labors were over he was going to take a trip somewhere and rest, though friends of his, influential in Washington, were anxious for him to accept a consulship at an important point.

The widow's neat white cottage stood by itself on the confines of the village. Deacon Bliss' fields of dark green peppermint and nodding wheat stretching along the country road for nearly a mile joined the garden. Before her abrupt refusal of him, the Deacon had been accustomed to drop in for a little visit or to bring a neighborly offering of apples or fresh vegetables. But these calls had ceased, and, cut off from all her sources of news and pleasure, Mrs. Appledore stayed closely at home, practiced her music and entertained the Professor.

But one sunshiny afternoon Mrs. Phlox came bustling up the prim graveled sidewalk.

'Rosetta Appledore,' she chirped, like an angry bluejay, as she opened the door, 'though a clod, which there are folks that think different, I've come to ask you if you know you're the town talk?'

'The town talk?' echoed her astonished sister.

'Yes, the town talk,' repeated Mrs. Phlox, with wonderful emphasis. 'Anybody would be who had spent two blessed months philanderin' with a married man.'

'Who is married?'

'Your Professor Smith.'

'I don't believe it.'

'I s'posed you wouldn't, but I've seen his wife,' said Mrs. Phlox with evident satisfaction. 'Miss Merrills, she 'twas Pearly Ann Truesdale, wouldn't miss a findin' out anything if she had to walk ten miles, an' she called on *her*, an' told me. That night I sez to John, 'John' sez I, 'a sister's a sister, 'specially if she's younger an' a widder, an' if I be a clod I'm goin' to the bottom of this;' 'an',' sez he, 'Emma Jane, I think you'd better,' an' the first thing he did the next mornin' was to hitch up an' take me over to the mile-strip where that fellow lives, in Tony Allerton's cottage. He wa't in, but she was, an' she was washin'.

'I'm Miss Phlox,' sez I, 'an' I come to call.' 'Thank you,' sez she. 'I'm Miss Smith,' an' she set out the only chair there was in the room for me, an' set down herself on the wash-bench.'

'Air you Miss St. Clair Smith, the wife of the Professor,' sez I.

'A sort of smile twinkled over her mouth an' she sez, 'Yes, Miss St. Clair Smith, though I didn't know Mr Smith had adopted the St. Clair name. That's my family name.' An' then she went on an' spoke of her husband, an' of how ambitious he is, an' how he feels his spear in public life, an' how she is willin' to do anything to help him. An' then she inquired if I thought she could get sewin' in Dixville when she feels a little better an' is able to do it.'

Tears of shame and anger gathered in Mrs. Appledore's eyes as her sister spoke. 'Is Mrs. Smith good looking? Is she an interesting woman?' she asked.

'I can't say how interesting she is. She seemed kind of trod on, so to speak. As for looks, she ain't any prettier'n you'd be if you worked hard an' didn't have half enough to eat,' said Mrs. Phlox calmly.

Mrs. Appledore sobbed aloud. 'What do people say about me? What shall I do?' she cried.

'They don't say nothin' yet, only that you're dreadful foolish,' chirped her [illegible], rising and putting [illegible] calash, for it was almost supper [illegible] 'I can't say as I know of anything for you to do except to tell Mr. Smith to stay t'home. 'Taint likely that Deacon Bliss will give you a chance to say yes a second time.'

There had been a good deal of pleasurable excitement in receiving the visits of the Professor. To dress herself in her best mourning and to sing her favorite songs to an appreciative listener, had been something to look forward to during the humdrum work of the day. The thought, however, of what her acquaintances were saying about her embittered her life, and when the Professor again called one glance at her face told him that she knew all.

'Dear Mrs. Appledore,' he began, but she checked him.

'You had better go home to your wife, Mr. Smith,' she said coldly.

Tears, real tears, came into the Professor's big blue eyes. 'But I love you,' he cried, 'and she has always been an incubus upon my soul.'

'But she's your wife,' persisted Mrs. Appledore.

'I know it,' moaned the Professor, rubbing his brow distractedly. 'It eats out my vitals when I think of it. She don't feel as I feel. There's no wings for me as long as I am tied to her. We've no affinity.'

Mrs. Appledore gazed at him in dull wonder. These were almost the words she had used to her sister, but they did not sound pleasantly now.

'I love you, Rosetta,' went on the little man, approaching her; 'and I want to ask you just one question: Were I a single man would you marry me?'

'I might,' admitted the widow, smoothing down a fold in her overskirt with a trembling hand.

'Enough!' and the Professor flung his arms about her and pressed a rapturous kiss upon her forehead. 'Bless you, my darling!' and before she could answer him he was gone.

The next evening when Mrs. Appledore was taking down her washing from the line she was suddenly clasped from behind by a pair of strong arms. 'You will soon be mine,' said the voice of the Professor. 'I've offered my wife $50 to leave me and she has accepted.'

'Accepted,' the widow cried, wrenching herself free.

'Yes, and as soon as I can sell my book she shall go. I've lived in soul isolation long enough. My heart has found its mate.'

All the men that Mrs. Appledore knew were quaint of speech and somewhat rustic in manner, but what they considered duty controlled their lives. 'You wretch,' she cried, dashing the clothes-pin basket at him. 'Fifty dollars! You ain't worth fifty cents. Go home and never dare to speak to me again!'

'Hear me,' he pleaded, catching hold of her gown.

'I can't stay here and listen to your philanderin' talk,' she answered resolutely, and twitching her dress from his grasp she entered the house. But the Professor's hand was upon the latch. Like most little women, the widow was a curious mixture of timidity and courage. She flung the door open. 'Don't you dare to come in!' she cried. 'I'll throw hot water on you! I'll—I'll kill you!' Then, slamming the door in his face, she bolted it securely.

All the evening the Professor paced up ve[illegible] a[illegible] tl[illegible] t[illegible] t[illegible] s[illegible] po[illegible] Th[illegible] nois[illegible] the c[illegible] Phlox [illegible] and awa[illegible] lock-up.

Mrs. App[illegible] night; she ima[illegible] was wide awake [illegible] and long before day[illegible] solved to sell her home [illegible] bank stock and move wes[illegible] my romance,' she groane[illegible] always been romantic, and wa[illegible] romance such as I've read about, I've had one.' About 8 o'clock in [illegible] morning there came a lively rap at th[illegible] kitchen door, and, unstrung by excitement and loss of sleep, she shrieked aloud.

'Only me; only Deacon Bliss,' cried a pleasant voice through the keyhole.

Mrs. Appledore slid back the bolt with trembling fingers. 'How thankful I am,' she said holding out her hand; 'I feel so in need of somebody.'

'Twas fortinet I come along jes' as I did then,' said the Deacon, taking off his straw hat and slowly rubbing his face with his ample bandana. It was a shrewd though benevolent face, framed in waves of iron-gray hair. 'I see ye look kinder peaked. The weather has been tryin'. I've felt it myself, an' ached in my jints the wust way.'

'It's my soul, Deacon,' wailed the widow, dropping into a chair and covering her face with her aporn. 'I've always hankered after a romance an' I've had one, an I wish I was dead and laid beside Caleb.'

'Oh, no ye don't Miss Appledore,' said the Deacsn in the caressing tone in which he would address a sobbing child. 'This world's a pooty good place, an', with a few exceptions, folks are pooty good. I come over to fetch a few sweetin's, and to tell you thet that there offer I made ye a spell ago holds good yet. I rally wish ye'd consider it again.'

Mrs. Appledore remained silent behind her apron.

'Ef ye'd have me,' repeated the Deacon, in a low voice. 'I know I ain't half good 'nuff and thet I'm kind uv an old fellow, but I've got a comf'able place an' comf'able things in it, and I've been sot on ye this long spell, as ye knows. I dare say I was 'tached to Lucy more'n I shall ever be to anybody agin. We sort uv growed together like, but so did you and Caleb, an' I'm sure [illegible] try to make ye [illegible] two [illegible] gals, as sweet as two pinks, 'll be to me jes' like the little gals I lost.'

Mrs. Appledore did not remove her apron, and after a pause the Deacon falteringly continued: 'I s'pose 'taint no use to argy. Folks has their own idees of such things; but anyways I'll stand yer friend.'

The widow rubbed her eyes and slowly let fall her apron. 'I've always had the greatest esteem for you,' she said, with a little shake in her voice, 'but I never knew how good—how much I think of you. I will—I——'

The Deacon started up, 'Will ye?'

Mrs. Appledore had taken refuge in her apron.

'Will ye really, Rosetta?' he repeated.

The bowed head covered in the blue gingham nodded.

'Ye shan't regret it,' said the Deacon, solemnly and awkwardly laying his big hand, coarsened by labor, on her shoulder. 'Lord bless the little woman—an' our home. Our home,' he spoke softly as if to himself.

In about a fortnight Dr. Ollapod attended a quiet wedding. 'You've had a ro-mance at last, Rosetta. I might better say two of 'em,' whispered Mrs. Phlox, as she gave the bride a sisterly kiss. 'The adoration of the Professor was like things in a novel book, but marryin' a man whose goodness and farm can't be paralleled in the county is a romance that has sense in it, an' I wish you joy.'—*Our Continent.*

Suddenly Weakened.

"I suffered with rheumatism of the back and hip for a number of years," said Mr. Thomas Morgan, Superintendent of Streets. "I was waited on by physicians, but they gave no permanent relief, and I resolved to try St. Jacobs Oil. My rheumatism weakened at the first attack of its great enemy, St. Jacobs Oil, and soon I was well.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

The Princess Louise is expected to return to Canada this month and to spend the summer there. With Lord Lorne, in September she will visit British Columbia.

Mr. Michael Robbett, 77 Sargent street, Cahoes, N. Y., was cured of a very severely injured knee by St. Jacobs Oil, says the Rochester, N. Y., *Sunday Herald.*

The Pope lately performed the marriage ceremony in the Vatican for a handsome young neice, Anna Pecci.

A Long Snooze.

Rip Van Winkle slept a good while, yet had his sleep occurred about 50 years ago, when Downs' Elixir first attained its reputation, on awaking he would have been able to recognize this friend of the afflicted, and might have taken another twenty years' nap, and waked up to find Downs' Elixir at the end of half a century the most popular and the best Cough Remedy known. Also Baxter's Bitters for Billious diseases, not so old, but good.

It is the opinion of Lieutenant Danenhower that Lieut. DeLong and his comrades landed near inhabited settlements, but were misdirected by inaccurate charts to the wilderness where they perished.

[illegible] editor of [illegible] how an artist [illegible] have accepted your [illegible] ou in your new quarters [illegible] this had not my old enemy, Mr. Rhe[illegible] pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived [illegible] Friday, and, without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Hatch's coal teams had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; he always swells and put on a great many airs, making himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in flesh and pocket. Last winter he came and stayed two months. I then decided that the next time he came I would change his diet. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of ST. JACOBS OIL—morning, noon and night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by to-morrow or next day; says he cannot stop any longer, as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and he intends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does, just give him the same fare that I did and he won't stop long. J. S. LEFAVOUR.

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