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CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.

LOS ROBLES, NEAR LOS ANGELES, March 26, 1874.

Twenty-eight years ago General Geo. Stoneman, then a Lieutenant in the United States army, camped with his command, after a day's march, upon the spot which he is now converting into one of the most beautiful estates in California. To use his own language, the site which he has chosen as his homestead was "his first love"—that is to say, so far as regards his choice for a home. More fortunate than most men, he has lived to realize his dreams; and his selection does infinite credit to his taste. He purchased originally some five hundred acres, paying then for it an average price of $50 per acre. He has disposed of about one hundred acres in small tracts at $100 per acre, and the same land cannot be bought to-day for less than $150 per acre. The four hundred acres remaining he has named "Los Robles," the generic Spanish for "The Oaks," a beautiful natural park of which skirts the southern boundary of his lands, which form a portion of the old Gallardo grant formely known as "Pa-qualitos." A long and agreeable ramble, accompanied as I was by the General, over the entire estate led me to the conclusion that he was the fortunate owner of the most beautiful property I had seen in the county; but subsequent similar tours of observation over other estates in this section has convinced me that I am in a region where a man has no business whatever to concern himself in the least about degrees of comparsion, since he can go in no direction without finding fresh miracles of loveliness unfolding themselves in ever varying forms at every step he takes. I adverted in a former letter to "a bosky dell" which lay to the north of his residence, and spoke of

"A burnie wimplin' doon the dell."

Your compositor made it appear that

"A burriel boompled," etc.,

I saw no "burriel" on the place, (not even a *burro*) and heard nothing "boomple," so there must have been a mistake, but it is an old saying that mistakes will occur. I suppose my chirography was at fault. This same bosky dell is one of the loveliest nooks imaginable. If it is not like that "green nook" spoken of in "Festus,"

"Shaded by Larch and Hornbeam, Ash and Yew,"

it is nevertheless so mantled with the verdure of the indigenous trees of this section as to make it "a most fit place for musing men" and as it will be, when the carriage drives and walks, which will in due time follow its picturesque and irregular course, as charming a retreat as can be imagined. Numberless perennial springs keep the stream which winds through its dusky shade of even flow and temperature throughout the year; as I have previously intimated it is General Stoneman's intention to stock it thoroughly with trout. The reservoir into which it debouches, a deep, dark looking tarn where in due time the Black Bass of the Eastern lakes will find themselves domesticated. The present supply of water obtained from the springs and streams alluded to, amounts to about 800,000 gallons daily and can be increased almost indefinitely. Compared with some other estates in this neighborhood in some particulars, at least, "Los Robles" is but in the infancy of its productive capacities. Nevertheless, it is not idle. There are on the place 100,000 vines in full bearing, one hundred full bearing orange trees and nearly one hundred walnut trees. The vineyard is being rapidly enlarged by planting choice foreign varieties. His young orange, lemon and and lime orchard, embraces about 1,200 trees, to which new additions are being made each year. Upon the place are also to be found figs, pomegranites, olives, six varieties of apples, five of pears, three of peaches, four of plums, cherries, nectarines, almonds, apricots, citron and several varieties of berries. The General is also experimenting with bananas, guavas and tamarinds. His vegetable garden, moreover, without which no home ought to be considered complete, shows a goodly assortment of those homely but succulent adjuncts of the table of a thrifty housewife.

The vintage of "Los Robles" amounted last year to about 20,000 gallons of wine and a proportionate amount of brandy. General Stoneman having to commence *ab initio* in the construction of a wine press and distillery, selected a location in which he, to use his own expression, "determined to make steam power and the power of gravitation do all that could be done in the premises." His press, receiving vats, tanks, etc., were therefore built upon successive terraces and from the first expression of the mush to its final delivery into packages for market, a succession of easy falls supplies and takes the place of the repeated handlings and pumpings which take up so much of the time and so large a share of the net profits of other less well arranged establishments. The distillation of his brandy is effected by steam power, just exactly how I do not believe I can intelligently explain. The General, however, will take pleasure in explaining the *modus operandi*. He has provided himself with all the means and appliances for all necessary repairs to his farm tools and machinery; a portable army forge and complete kits of carpenters' and coopers' tools leave little room for delay when anything from a swingle tree to the piston rod of his steam engine gets out of order. He has introduced what seems to me a most marked and valuable improvement in the running gear of his ploughs. Instead of a swingle tree twenty inches wide with iron ends to hold the traces in their place, he passes a leather trace over and around a fourteen-inch swingle tree and the result is that the horse or mule passes through the vineyard with the plough attached without barking a vine or breaking off a bud.

Intelligence has set itself to work on General Stoneman's place with a view to "labor saving," and will accomplish the result aimed at. It is his intention to build large reservoirs at several points on his estate, but as the same design will be carried out by other proprietors, the future result of their united labors in this direction will be noted at a future time. At "Los Robles," I saw for the first time what I had often heard of, an orange tree upon which there were ripe fruit, fruit half-grown and orange blossoms lovely enough to adorn the brow of a bride.—Near by was another marvel of nature; a rose bush, the parent trunk of which is fifteen inches in diameter, some of the branches of which are full sixty feet in length, since they have climbed to the top of an oak tree and depending thence trail nearly upon the ground. The entire tree has been overrun by the rose bush, and in a few days will be a scarlet tint of perfume and of bloom.

The interior arrangements of the General's homestead are in keeping with the beauty and wealth of the exterior. Books, new and old; pictures and engravings, rare and elegant, in endless profusion; music; a hospitable and charming hostess, healthy and smiling and happy children, in short, all that can be desired to make a pleasant home, ought to make the possessor of "The Oaks" a contented man.

VIATOR.

THE RIGHT OR LEFT ARM?—The question, whether a gentleman walking with a lady, should give her his right or left arm, is frequently discussed. Custom and written etiquette are rather in favor of the right, although there are excellent reasons in behalf of the left arm. Either one or the other, permanently retained, is vastly better than the absurd habit of changing arms, so as to place the lady on the inside of the promenade. One advantage of giving the left arm is that the person on the right naturally takes the lead, so that, in the country or city, in the street or park, he thus readily directs the way, instead of waiting to consult with his companion, or causing a jostling by each of them trying to move in opposite points. Another advantage is, that in a crowded thoroughfare such as Broadway, for example, where the sidewalk is invariably encumbered with merchandise and thronged with people, a gentleman needs his right arm to remove obstructions and keep rude or careless folks out of the way.—*Scribner's for June.*

ON SHARES.—A good story, and all the better in its being true, is told of one of our citizens, who let a piece of ground to a man on shares. The man would hire the lot, but the owner, doubtful of getting any money of the tenant, proposed to let it upon the promise of receiving half the products. Occasionally during the summer he passed the spot, and was pleased with the cultivation it was receiving, and with its goodly show of vegetables. Harvest time came and passed, and he heard nothing from his tenant, till, in response to a hint, the latter sent to him one watermelon and three shriveled cucumbers. Indignant at this shabby treatment, he called upon the man, and asked him what it meant. "Why, you see, 'squire," replied the tenant, "the pesky boys stole all your half, but the melons and cucumbers."

☞ Muggins, the wit of Germantown, was one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been killed, lying in the gutter. Muggins paused instantly by the animal, and at last said, "Here is another shipwreck." "Shipwreck!—where?" "There's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled and passed on.

Why are ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steel their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their babies and hook their dresses.

Next to the sweetness of having a friend whom you can trust, is the convenience of having a friend who will occasionally trust you.

"De mortuis nil nisi *bum 'em*" is the way the Richmond Enquirer looks at the new mortuary movement.

I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

No, comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free!
I will go to my home and my children to-night
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,
And with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I made of her life!
"I have never refused you before!" Let that pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face!
Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze;
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass—
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed on my brow,
When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her pride,
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side;
But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,
Bidding *me* meet her *there*, and whispered "Good-bye."
And I'll *do* it, GOD helping! Your smile I let pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords wont wait
On a poor fellow who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill.
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!
And I begged for *one* glass—just *one* would have cured;
But they kicked me out of doors!—I let that, too, pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

At home, my pet Susie, with her soft golden hair,
I saw, through the window, just kneeling in prayer,
From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were strung down,
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;
And she prayed—prayed for *bread*—just a poor crust,
For one crust—on her knees, my pet darling plead;
And I *heard*, with no penny to buy one alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year old,
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,
There, on the bare floor, asked GOD to bless *me*.
And she said, "Don't cry mamma! H. will! for you see,
I *believe* what I ask for!" Then, sobered, I crept
Away from the house; and that night when I slept,
Next my heart lay the PLEDGE—You smile! Let it pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
I will make her words *true*, or I'll die in the race,
And *sober* I'll go to my last resting place;
And *she* shall kneel there, and, weeping, thank GOD
No *drunkard* lies under that daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.

RANCHO DEL MOLINO, NEAR LOS ANGELES, March 27, 1874.

One hundred and one years ago the San Franciscan fathers, who planted the Mission of San Gabriel, erected a building to be used as a store house and grist mill. The walls of the structure remain to-day intact, and enclose the hospital residence of Col. E. J. C. Kewen, who some dozen or so years ago selected some four hundred and fifty acres of the adjacent land as the site of his future residence.—He found the old building roofless, floorless, doorless and windowless. The massive foundation walls five feet thick, flanked by heavy butresses, and the upper walls scarcely less massive had, however, withstood the storms of nearly a century, and the building was soon converted into a comfortable picturesque residence, which, embowered as it is in a tropical wealth of fruits and flowers, forms one of the chief attractions of the tourist and the stranger. Not only the tourist and the stranger, however, take it in the round of visits.—Col. Kewen's friends and acquaintances (and their name is legion) count themselves fortunate in possessing the *entree* to the generous cheer, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," which he is ever ready to dispense with lavish hand. On my arrival at "The Mill" I found my host busily at work superintending and assisting the work of arranging the beautiful parterre in front of his residence, and was speedily made to feel at home. Books and cigars were placed at my disposal and I had nothing to do but "take mine ease."

A glance from the sitting [illegible] window revealed a beautiful [illegible] and most attractive feature [illegible] scenery, and at length, after a cosy [illegible] dinner, the accomplished mistress [illegible] mansion being absent on a visit [illegible] friends, I accompanied my host on a [illegible] through his grounds. Other estates [illegible] vicinity whose proprietors have [illegible] whole attention to their improvement [illegible] during the whole period which [illegible] Kewen has spent on his place, [illegible] productive; but only a few [illegible] before the mill ranch will [illegible] bors in affording a princely [illegible] genial proprietor, who [illegible] been wrangling in law courts, but who now finds himself nearly ready to bid adieu to their interminable labyrinths. Whereat he rejoiceth greatly and your correspondent congratulateth him. Two hundred acres of the ranch are enclosed, upon which there are 50,000 vines which last year produced ninety (90) tons of grapes which were sold to neighboring vintners. There are 100 orange trees in bearing and 2,500 of various ages which in a very few years will hang full of the golden fruit, 600 lemon and 500 lime trees and 700 English walnut trees all arrived at maturity, besides pecan, black walnut and hickory trees which will soon swell the list of products. There are also besides the fruits of the temperate zone enumerated in a former letter, two banana trees which are expected to bear fruit during the coming summer; they having already attained a height of about eighteen feet. The remaining two hundred and fifty acres are sown to wheat and barley, the stands of both of which grains have as favorable an appearance as could be desired. The Colonel is an enthusiast upon the subject of grain and fruit growing, and now that he is in a position to give his undivided attention to his farm it is as certain as anything can be that all its natural charms and advantages will be enhanced and developed by whatever a refined and cultivated and poetical taste can suggest in the premises. Already fountains, flowers and grassy lawns point to a future which will make "Rancho del Molino" a garden of Gul, and if the music of the "enamoured nightingale" shall be lacking, the mocking birds will furnish a melody to fill up the pauses of conversation of the cultivated men and women whose feet will instinctively turn thitherward as to one of the

"Delphian vales
The Meccas of the mind."

I write thus glowingly of the mill ranch not from a desire to indulge in fulsome adulation, for I think that nothing is more foreign to my nature than a disposition to wander in that direction; but as a simple tribute to the pleasurable emotions which I experienced during my sojourn with my host, who was a stranger to me until I entered within his gates, but in whom I seemed to have met one with whom I had wandered years ago among a thousand scenes of beauty familiar only to those who have lived as much among books as among men, if indeed not more.

"Rancho del Molino" is another of these favored spots which by location and surroundings is exempt from any impossibility of a failure in crops, the supply of water being perennial and capable of very great increase, not half the present supply being utilized. But of the water question more anon.

VIATOR.

A TRUE LADY.—Beauty and style are the surest passports to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood that the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and a woman with a kindly disposition, and a well balanced mind and temper, is lovely and attractive, be her face ever so plain and her figure ever so homely; she makes the best of wives, and the truest of mothers. She has a higher purpose in living than the beautiful yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher ambition than to flaunt her finery on the street, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by exacting flattery and praise from a society whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.

☞ A few days ago a hungry party sat down at the well-spread supper table of a Sound steamer, upon which one of the dishes contained a trout of moderate size. A serious-looking individual drew this dish toward him, saying, apologetically, "This is fast day with me." His next neighbor, an Irish gentleman, immediately inserted his fork into the fish and transferred it to his own plate, remarking, "Sir, do you suppose nobody has a sowl to be saved but yourself?"

☞ "There is one good thing about babies," said a recent traveller; "they never change. We have girls of the period, men of the world; but the baby is the same self-possessed, tearless, laughing, voracious little heathen in all ages and in all countries."

☞ An Essex street man bought a pig Saturday, says the Danbury *News*. "What do you feed your pig?" asked a neighbor. "Corn," he said. "Do you feed it in the ear?" asked the friend.—"Do you think I am a fool?" said the Essex street man, sarcastically.

It is now announced, on the authority, of course, of an "eminent physician," that it is not considered healthy to rise before eight o'clock in the morning. This applies only to man. Wives can rise at seven and start the fire, as heretofore.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Thou art sleeping, brother, sleeping
In thy lonely battle grave;
Shadows o'er the path are creeping—
Death, the Reaper, still is reaping—
Years are swept and years are sweeping
Many a memory from my keeping,
But I'm waiting still and weeping
For my Beautiful and Brave.

When the battle songs were chanted,
[illegible] stirring tocsin pealed:
[illegible]
And thy spirit, proud, [illegible]
Clamored wildly—wildly panted—
"Mother! let my wish be granted!
I will ne'er be mocked and taunted
That I feared to meet our vaunted
Foemen on the bloody field."

"They are thronging, Mother, thronging
To a thousand fields of fame;
Let me go—'tis wrong and wronging
God and *thee* to crush this longing;
On the muster-roll of glory,
In my country's future story,
On the field of battle gory,
I must concecrate my name."

"Mother gird my sword around me;
Kiss thy soldier-boy "good-bye."
In her arms she wildly wound thee,
To thy birthland's cause she bound thee,
With fond prayers and blessings crowned thee,
And she sobbed—"When foes surround thee,
If you fall, I'll know they found thee,
Where the bravest love to die."

At the altar of their nation,
Stood that mother and her son;
He—the victim of oblation,
Panting for his immolation
She—in priestess' holy station
Weeping words of consecration
While God smiled his approbation
Blessed the boy's self-abnegation
Cheered the mother's desolation
When the sacrifice was done.

Forth like many a noble other,
Went he whispering soft and low
"Good-bye—pray for me my mother;
Sister, kiss me;—farewell brother,"
And he strove his grief to smother;
Forth, with spirit proud and peerless—
Forth, with footsteps firm and fearless—
And his parting gaze was tearless,
Though his heart was lone and cheerless,
Thus from all he loved to go.

Lo! yon flag of freedom flashing
In the sunny Southern sky!
On—to death and glory dashing—
On—where swords are clanging—clashing—
On—where balls are crushing—crashing—
On—'mid perils, dread appalling—
On—they're falling—falling—falling—
On—they're growing fewer—fewer—
On—their hearts beat all the truer—
On—on—on—no fear—no falter—
On—though 'round the battle-altar,
There were wounded victims groaning—
There were dying victims moaning—
On—right on—death—danger braving—
Warring where their flag was waving,
And baptismal blood was laving,
With a tide of crimson water,
All that field of death and slaughter;
On—still on—that bloody laver
Made them brave and made them braver;
On—with never a halt or waver—
On—they're battling—bleeding—bounding,
While the glorious shout is sounding
"We will win the day or die."

And they won it—routed—riven,
Reeled the foemen's proud array.
They had struggled long and striven,
Blood in torrents they had given,
But their ranks, dispersed and driven,
Fled disgracefully away.

Many a heart was lonely lying
There that would not throb again;
Some were dead and some were dying;
Some were silent, some were sighing;
Thus to die—lone—unattended—
Unbewept and unbefriended—
On that bloody battle plain.

When the twilight, sadly, slowly
Wrapped its mantle o'er them all!
O'er those thousands lying lowly—
Hushed in silence deep and holy—
There was one—his blood was flowing,
And his last of life was going—
And his pulse faint—fainter beating
Told his hours were few and fleeting;
And his brow grew white and whiter,
And his eyes shone bright and brighter—
There he lay—like infant dreaming,
With his sword beside him gleaming;
For the hand in life that grasped it,
True to death—still fondly clasped it.
There his comrades found him lying,
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying;
And the sternest there bent weeping,
O'er that lonely sleeper sleeping.
'Twas the midnight-stars shone 'round him—
In a shroud of glory bound him;
And they told us how they found him
Where the bravest love to fall.

Where the woods like banners bending,
Drooped in glory and in gloom—
There, when that sad night was ending,
And the faint, far dawn was blending
With the stars now fast descending—
There—they mute and mournful bore him—
With the stars and shadows o'er him—
There—they laid him down, so tender,
And the next day's sun and splendor
Flashed upon my brother's tomb.

☞ A party of young men dined sumptuously at a restaurant in Atlanta, and each one insisted on paying the bill. To decide the matter, it was proposed to blindfold the waiter, and the first one he caught should pay the bill. He hasn't caught any of them yet.

OUR KATE'S WEDDING.

When Herman Gross came home from Germany, where he had completed his studies, and the new sign with "H Gross, M. D." was hung out on the window shutter, all the young girls in the town went wild over the event. "Such eyes! Such a figure! Such a manner!" they cried, while the old girls said little but many grew suddenly indisposed, and needed medical attendance! Later, when both young and old discovered to their keen disappointment how little the new comer cared for flirtation, in its general sense, they became more eager for his attentions, for the unattainable is precious to mankind, and maddening to girls!

Things stood in this manner, the all "pulling caps" (and each other's ears) for the "Her Doctor," and he calmly, coolly and composedly looked on at the tournament of "Cap and Belle," when just after Christmas times it was announced by the Doctor's sister that "Herman was to marry Kate Miller in the Spring, and take her to Europe on a wedding tour." A tidal wave of wonder swept over the community at this startling piece of news. "Where did he! How did she! Why did he!" were the breathless questions that surged far and near. And when the plain, true answer came following back on the ebb of the disturbed tide, that it all happened thro' the machinations of a little blind boy, Love, by name, the young girls determined to hunt up this same *enfant terrible*, while the old girls sickened again but needed no medical assistance this time. Some of the married people even "talked" and said his marrying was "extravagant," and a transatlantic tour "insane!" But Herman Goss was neither the one nor the other, and when he asked for our Kate, he proved to the mother that he was not only in a position to marry and take a wife to Europe, but to take care of her excellently well while there, and even after; and finding that she could not demur on that score, the mother promised our Kate's hand, for he already held her heart.

It was finally settled for the early summer, as Herman was to accompany a committee of physicians that were going abroad concerning some scientific subject, at that time, and so after the soft April showers had kissed the frost-bitten ground and the warm May sunshine had coaxed out the blossoms, June came with all her sweet summer airs, and flowers, and luscious fruits, and it was then we had "Our Kate's Wedding." Every one declared afterward that it was the very loveliest of weddings. We girls had agreed, long ago, when we had dreamed of the possible future—as all girls have a habit of doing—that when the "time" came no one should do a thing toward it but ourselves. Therefore, five pairs of hands did a great deal of work in a short time. For weeks there was a rattling of machines and merry tongues; for days there were wonderful beatings and stirrings going on down in the kitchen, and finally a general refreshing, refluting, and re-ribboning of curtains and drapery, and "the day" arrived. Early that morning, after we had arranged the parlors, each one declared that "it couldn't look prettier!" Whether a flower could be cluster bloomed.—We took off the piano cover, and in the centre, and on each four corners we placed shells, and filled their great white scalloped mouths with blossoms, which were all reflected back from its polished surface, as from the bosom of some woodland lake. On every bracket a bouquet breathed out incense for the bride, of rose and lilysyringa, and jessamine, and it was a very bower of Eden.

The minutes seemed to fly away that morning ("on the wings of love," Fan declared) and it soon grew time to hurry to the mother's room, where we were to dress our bride. We all helped at the "grand toilet." Nell brushed and curled and coiled the soft brown hair; Fan laced the little white boots, Lue looped up the long white drapery with lilies of the valley and orange buds. Some one knocked at the door at last, saying that "Herman and the minister were waiting." Then, as Nell hurried to place on the veil and wreath, Kate put up her hands, crying, "No, let mother," and turning to where she sat watching us with dim eyes, Kate knelt at her feet, and in half broken sentences asked pardon for her childhood's willful faults and follies, now fading into the past, and dimmed already by the glorious light of life and motherhood dawning in the distant future! The mother fastened on the bridal wreath, and asked a blessing. Then we all kissed one another and went down.

We had no groomsmen. Only we girls stood. Kate said it should be so, and Herman assented. The parlors were filled, and the rooms seemed to swim in a delicious sea of pretty flowers and faces, as we entered. The doors were wide open; and Dick, the canary, who hung out in the hall, sang loudly all through the ceremony.

When the minister asked "Who giveth this woman to be this man's wife?" Gyp, our little tan terrier, started up from somewhere and gave out one little shrill bark. Fan's white shoulders at this began to shake, but uncle Perry stepping forward and answering quickly, and Dr. Cheever's going immediately on, there was a check to the little ripple of smiles that threatened to break out into wavelets of nervous laughter. When it was all through, and everybody had shaken Herman's poor hand and kissed our Kate, and called her "Mrs. Gross," and seeing her dimples come out to laugh at the strange new name, Fan came rushing up with Gyp struggling in her arms, and said to Herman, "There, thank him, brother-in-law, for your wife." We all had our laugh quite out then and Gyp was "engaged for several weddings ahead."

We were rewarded for our "beatings and stirrings" and aching wrist, when everybody said our table was "so beautiful." The cakes were all wreathed and garlanded with flowers, the jellies one could "see through," and all were as delicious to the palate as they were to the eye. When the wedding cake was cut, and Kate helped each girl, and Herman each young gentleman to a slice, the girls all began to crumble the pieces up quite mysteriously, which curious way of disposing of bride's cake was fully explained to the gentleman later, when Fan cried out joyously, "Oh, look! it's me," and, sure enough, she had the ring? A hearty laugh followed her evident delight over the prospect of being the next bride, and it was considered a joke, with three elder sisters, and ten times three more marriageable girls in the room. We heard the carriage rattling outside and Herman began to consult his watch after the usual impatient manner of bridegrooms—is it because on such occasions they are of only secondary consideration, and want to hurry away from the scene?

All the girls went up with Kate, to help her change her white dress for the pretty traveling suit of dove color, and though we sisters laughed and chatted with the rest, we felt a pain at our hearts when we remembered the "How long?" before we should be together again, and the "Never more" that was already sounding through the vacant chamber of our girl days! When all were dressed and ready Kate looked all through the old rooms where we had slept and risen together all our lives, and with a trembling voice she said, half smiling, 'Good-bye, sweet home,—Good-bye, girlhood,—Good-bye!'

The trunks were on the carriage; kisses were given,—good wishes uttered,—some prayers went up to heaven for the happy new life started,—and soon they rode away. Nora threw the slipper after the carriage, crying, "and sure an' we will kape the mate for Miss Fan!"

Then the guests all departed, and we were alone again. We looked at one another with tearful eyes, and then the mother smiled a little sadly, saying, "It is but right,—so I did,—so will her daughters do some day!" And though we all declared we never would leave the dear old mother, she shook her head and looked incredulous.

HOW TO KEEP A WIFE'S LOVE.—Many men, I believe, would retain the warm affection and romantic love of the women they marry much longer, if they would express the tenderness they feel oftener. Women love to hear things talked about. They like to hear a husband say that he loves, over and over again. They like to have him tell them, in plain terms, that he misses them when they are absent. They like compliments that come from the heart, however free from vanity.—And a little praise of dress, or face, or manner is a mighty comfort to one who has given herself to one man for a lifetime.

It is said that women have more imagination than men, but in matters of love I scarcely think that it is so. Man will believe in women's love with far less visible token of it than is necessary to prove his tenderness to her. She wants more speeches and longer letters than he does. The moment of promise and vow must be supplemented by many fond words scattered all through her life, else grieving doubts creep into the soul. A term of endearment, a pet name, some little token that she is to him what no other woman is, will make her feel her matrimony a happier estate than the merriest time of girlhood. And if in public he shows other women that he esteems her and values her society, jealousy can never poison her life and his also.

There is a great deal of talk about women "loving forever," however the man they love may turn out. It is true in one sense; he may be a rascal to other folks and not alienate her tenderness; but once convince any highspirited woman that her husband is false to her, that he loves her no longer, has a "romantic friendship"—the worst of all flirtations—with another woman, and in place of love comes an emotion too cold to be called hate, and that puts a stronger barrier between them than anger can raise. Silence is apt to foster the doubts that bring this feeling with it. Often just saying, "You are better, sweeter, dearer than any one else," would save her. But man, after boyhood, rather shrinks from wordy love-making. He thinks that his wife should take his affection for granted, even if he sits in the corner whispering to Miss Flip with his back to her all the evening, and lets her put on her shawl herself while he interests himself in Miss Flip's boa.

Little words, little deeds, a little thoughtfulness, would ward off many of those 'separations' which blight so many lives. Truly, these come of great things, but little omissions often lead to them. By this neglect he spoils her temper, and the spoilt temper drives him from her at last, and turns her first foolish suspicions into realities.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his occupation, meet difficulty, and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathising partner is prepared.