THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

"SWEETHEART."

There is a little bird that sings—
"Sweetheart!"
I know not what his name may be;
I only know his notes please me
As loud he sings, and thus sings he—
"Sweetheart!"

I've heard him sing on soft spring days—
"Sweetheart!"
And when the sky was dark above,
And wintry winds had stripped the grove,
He still poured forth those words of love—
"Sweetheart!"

And like that bird my heart, too, sings—
"Sweetheart!"
When heaven is dark or bright or blue,
When trees are bare or leaves are new,
It thus sings on and sings of you—
"Sweetheart!"

LETITIA'S LONG DAY.

"It will be such a very long day, auntie."

"That depends altogether on yourself, Letty."

"I am perfectly certain that it must inevitably be the very longest day in all my life."

"Well, well; you know best. At any rate you are provided with books, flowers, a piano, and a new frock—all that young ladyhood most ardently desires, I suppose. And you needn't see anything of Tom."

"How can I help it?"

"Go into the garden when he is in the house; go into the house when he is the garden. Shut the door of the drawing-room in his face (he is not likely to trespass in your domain, though); have your luncheon sent in to you on a tray, if you require absolute seclusion. I can think of nothing more at this moment."

"Oh, dear! it will be such a long day, auntie."

"So you said before. Well, I am truly sorry. 'What can't be cured must be endured,' you know. Good-by, child."

My aunt thereupon folded me in a voluminous embrace, and mounted up into the fly, a musty and antique vehicle which had been hired from the neighboring town to convey her and her dozen packages to the station. My aunt, a maiden lady of mature years and energetic habits, was going to spend the day with another lady of mature years, her sister, who lived at E——, preferring the gay vortex of a cathedral town to the simple pleasures of the country.

"Where's the basket of cowslips, Letty, and the bacon? And, oh the cream!"

"It's all right, auntie; cream and bacon and all. But, dear me, dear me, how I wish the day were over!"

"Never mind that, you foolish girl; it's positively wicked. And you might change your mind after all, before evening."

"Oh! no, indeed."

"Well, good-by, again; good-by."

The driver clicked his whip, the old horse started, the fly gave sundry creaks and lurches, my aunt waived her handkerchief, and I was left, standing lonely on the doorstep, while the departing vehicle meandered slowly between the trees, and was presently lost to sight.

Then I turned to go indoors, revolving in my thoughts how best I could avoid Tom. But ere I could solve the difficult problem, a loud, rough voice called out from the shrubbery:

"Hallo, Cousin Lettice, why I'm just a minute too late, ain't I? She's off, ain't she?"

"Aunt Mab has just gone," I replied with chilly dignity. Tom in his brief speech had already offended me twice. I did not like to be called Lettice; I could not endure the word 'aint.'"

However, he emerged from the shrubbery as unconcerned and cheerful as usual, and came up to where I stood. He was dressed in white flannel from head to foot, and was lazily swinging his long arms to and fro.

"I say, Cousin Lettice, come and play tennis."

"Thank you, Tom; I am busy, and would you please kindly remember to call me Letitia?"

"Certainly, certainly."

"'My dearest love, I could not wish her
A name more charming than Letitia.'

"Or shall I call you Tishy?

"'Little Miss Tishy
Her conduct was fishy.'"

"Tom!"

"Yes, Letitia."

"I am going in, and—and—I shall be extremely busy all day."

"Oh, indeed! Well, so shall I; too busy to talk to you, Miss Tishy. I know how to take a hint as well as anybody, believe me."

So saying, and with a very red face, Tom strode away, whistling "La-di-da" as he went.

What a bumpkin he was, to be sure, and what aggressively and irritatingly vulgar manners some unkind fairy godmother had bestowed on him! It was all very well that he pretended to study Latin and Greek while he spent the summer with Aunt Mab; he was far more likely to take a double first-class in boating or cricketing, or become a senior wrangler with a fishing-rod, than to excel in any purely mental struggle. As for myself, I was a young Londoner on a fortnight's visit to Aunt Mab, and a garden-party at Fulham or Chiswick (with plenty of strawberries and cream, a couple of laburnum trees and the Hungarian band), realized my notion of the country far more than this silent nook in the wilds of Devonshire, in which, however, I had already spent ten idle days, wandering about with my aunt, making uneatable cheeses under the supercilious direction of the dairymaid, and perpetually squabbling with Cousin Tom.

Tom had walked away now, whistling and aggrieved, and I went indoors, and opened the piano, and practiced a nocturne by Chopin. I could hear Tom in his study, stamping up and down, and banging the door of his bookcase. Then all was still, and I knew he had settled down to read; but I practiced diligently, for I reflected that music might annoy him, and interfere with his meditations on Horace or Euripides.

I distinctly hated Tom; I must have done so, for I often longed to do him an injury. It only irritated me to see that Aunt Mab liked him, and that the vicar, the housekeeper, the dogs and cats, and all the dirty little village children loved and idolized him. But, of course, in a sleepy and benighted village there is nobody for anybody else to like, and the one young man in the place must needs grow spoiled and overbearing.

An hour had passed, and my fingers grew tired and my head heavy. Had Tom been anyone but Tom I should have almost regretted my refusal of his offer of lawn-tennis. Lawn-Tennis! the very word was refreshing, and suggested pleasant pastime and good fellowship. I left the piano and turned to the open window; the garden was cool and green, the room was close and decidedly dreary. Finally I sallied forth, my complexion protected by the shady hat and gauze veil that Londoners deem necessary for rural life, and carrying in a basket the latest invention of yellow-brown art needle-work, intending to spend a pleasant hour in the shade.

But I had not gone a dozen yards before I came upon Tom, partly asleep, his legs and arms stretched over half a dozen chairs, two Latin books and a big dictionary lying on the gravel path, and the last number of *Punch* spread open on his knee.

"Oh, dear, I am afraid I have disturbed you," said I.

"Not in the least," answered Tom benignantly.

"I thought you were in your study."

"So I was, but the infernal noise of your piano—"

"I forgot you are not fond of music."

"On the contrary, I love music. It was music that drove me out of the house, and caused me to find this deliciously calm retreat. Have a chair?"

"No, thank you; I am going in."

"What, when you have only just come out? How restless you are! You had better sit down."

"Why should I?"

"It is your duty to entertain me."

"My duty, indeed?"

"Did not Aunt Mab bid you do so? Well, anyhow, she told me to entertain you, Cousin Lettice."

"She told you?"

"Certainly. 'Tom, dear boy' (Aunt Mab always calls me dear boy)—'Tom, my dear boy, you are bucolic, and Lettice isn't anything of the sort. She must tame you.'"

"Aunt Mab never spoke like that."

"She did; to that effect, at least. And she added: 'Tom, dear old man, it's your manifest duty to be tamed.'"

"Oh, Cousin Tom!"

"Oh, Cousin Lettice (Letitia, I mean), I do so want to be tamed!"

But Tom, as he made this apparently humble speech, looked up with so defiant and impertinent an expression on his countenance, that I turned angrily from him and walked quickly and in silence across the lawn toward the house. As I went I heard a peal of derisive laughter, and I knew that Tom was mocking me. Oh, how I hated Tom!

I meditated on revenge, however, and when the luncheon hour approached, I determined to follow out my aunt's suggestion, and therefore I gave orders that I should be served on a tray in the drawing-room. Five minutes after I had given the order, there came a knock at the door, and Tom walked in.

"You are ill," he said abruptly.

"Not at all."

"What is the matter then?"

"May I not wish to be alone?"

"Oh, certainly."

As red as fire, Tom retraced his steps, but, equally suddenly, he changed his intention, and recrossed the room rapidly to where I sat.

"This is all nonsense, Letty. You are really ill."

"I am not ill."

"Either you are ill, or you must be able to walk into the dining-room. I shall send for a doctor at once."

"You will no such thing, Tom; I will not have it."

"I shall do what I think necessary. In my aunt's absence I am the only responsible person in the house."

"You are not my keeper."

"I am so long as you require one, and when there is no better person to watch over you. Come, Letty, don't be silly. Let me feel your pulse."

"I will not; I am perfectly well, I assure you."

"Then you have been humbugging."

"I don't know what you call 'humbugging.'"

"Letty, Letty! But these are London manners, I suppose, or what people used to call the vapors."

"In the time of Queen Elizabeth?"

"No, later than Elizabeth. Now come to lunch."

"I will not."

"You will not? Why, you can say nothing else! and you are half crying! These are hysterical symptoms; I must certainly send for a doctor."

Tom sat down at the table, squared his elbows, and proceeded to indite in a large, bold hand the words: "My dear sir."

He wrote no more; unable to contain my rage and indignation, I seized the sheet of notepaper on which he had begun to write, and, crumpling it up in my trembling hands, I threw it violently in his face.

He rose up quickly and stared at me.

"The devil!" he began, and then, with sudden coldness, "I think you are quite right not to come into the dining-room, cousin Lettice," he said, and thereupon he stalked out and banged the door.

I burst into a passion of tears. Anger, shame and humiliation were swelling my heart. Suddenly I dried my tears. Had not Tom, so to speak, forbidden my presence in the dining-room? Without pausing even to smooth my disordered hair I rushed into the room where luncheon had been served, and where the substantial repast still graced the table, though Tom's folded napkin and unused knife and fork bore evidence to the fact that he had not yet eaten. Nor did he apparently intend to do so, for through the open window came the sound of a strident voice that said:

"Put Jerry in the dog-cart directly, Wilkins; I am going to drive into Eddiscombe."

I had rather have died than have owned to it, and yet I felt myself vanquished. Tom was a rough countryman, and I was a civilized London girl. He was, of course, unused to the ways and wiles of women, while at balls and kettledrums I had boasted many a conquest. Somehow, however, I could not manage Tom; I could not even prevent his managing me. Furthermore, a sense of depression actually came over me at the thought of his going out for the afternoon. Surely, in aunt Mab's absence it was his bounden duty to be my squire—nay, my slave.

I ate my luncheon, however, as I was very hungry, and I sat on feeling cross and lonely, moodily sipping my aunt's home-made ginger beer with the melancholy reflection that it was not more flat than all the world beside to me, this long, long day, of all my days the flattest.

"Down, Sambo; down, down, Chloe," quoth my cousin to the big dogs that accompanied him, barking vociferously and jumping on him with delight.

"I say, Letty (Letitia, I mean), I've ordered the old trap around. I'm going to drive you to Eddiscombe."

"You are?"

"I'm sorry, you know," began Tom in a bungling sort of way, "that I—I—I lost my temper, but I couldn't help it."

"You were extremely rude," I answered with dignity.

"And you? what were you?" asked Tom with a laugh. "You'd better accept my apology with grace, Letty, before my humility dies out altogether. It's safe not to last long. Go and put on your hat and tippet."

"My what?"

"Your bonnet and cloak, if you like that better. Of course, Tishy, I know that it is simply idiotic for a man to lose his temper with a woman."

"That is true."

"A woman may do what she likes; it is all silly childishness, like the scratching of a kitten, or the anger of a young canary! A man shouldn't mind, if he is anything of a fellow, and, of course, he doesn't mind really."

"My dear Tom," I asked with some sarcasm, "why do you seek my society if I am so silly?"

"Why do you seek mine?" retorted Tom quickly.

"Why did you come into the dining-room, Miss Letty?"

"I—I didn't seek—"

"Oh, yes, you did. Well, you are a dreary, lonely child, and—don't contradict, Tishy—and I pity you and want to cheer you up. Besides, you are not bad-looking, though you are my cousin. There's soft sawder for you! Why, you have been taught in books, Letitia, that woman's beauty is the mainspring of men's great deeds. What a poor little weak hand it is!" added Tom, incoherently, taking my feeble member into his large bronzed palm.

"I don't want it kissed, though," said I, angrily snatching it away just in time to avert the catastrophe. "How dare you, Tom?"

"'I dare do all that may become a man,'" replied Tom, grandiloquently. "Do go and dress, Letty. Better a drive with a cousin and the bitter herb of tobacco than a dull afternoon and only the stalled ox of cold beef to comfort you."

"Who is silly now? But you have eaten no cold beef yourself."

"I stuffed myself with a late breakfast. Besides, you are like a saintly vision—I see you better when I am fasting. Down, Sambo, down, sir. Now sit up and beg; of course you must put on your best manners like your master, for the sake of this fine lady from London."

My aunt's dog-cart was a vehicle in which she would never trust herself, and which was therefore kept solely for the use of Tom. As for Jerry, she was a good, quiet beast. Her name was originally Egeria, but the stable-boy had contracted and vulgarized this appellation, much as the Aryan races have amalgamated the noble Sanskrit roots into their divers modern tongues.

Jerry trotted on affably, and my cousin, as we passed between the high hedges that wore the green mantle of spring, discoursed with erudition of the neighborhood.

"So you see, Lettice," said Tom, for the fifth or sixth time, "that when the old squire died he had got all his property comfortably packed into a ring fence, and when his first wife's step-daughter succeeded to her great-aunt, who, as I told you, was the squire's second cousin, once removed—why, Letitia, I do believe you are nearly asleep; you were actually nodding."

"You are so—so entertaining, Tom. How pretty the wild violets are."

"Dog violets, you mean."

"I don't choose to call them so."

"As you please. A violet or a lettuce by any other name—Letty, I want to ask you one thing."

"Well?"

"Why are you so contradictious and quarrelsome?"

"I never was called quarrelsome before, Tom. I never am quarrelsome, except, perhaps—"

"When you are with me. I understand. Well, I have a fellow-feeling. You rub me up uncommonly."

"And you annoy me constantly."

"I get angry with you perpetually."

"I dislike you positively. Really, dear Tom, you don't mind my speaking the truth?"

"Not in the least; it relieves my mind. Do you know, I have often felt quite alarmed at the strength of my aversion for you?"

"It cannot exceed mine for you."

"Well," said Tom, with a half sigh, "This is the first subject we have ever agreed on. Let us be satisfied, Tishy, to think that we can agree in something."

Strangely enough, however, no woman wishes to be disliked, even by the object of her detestation.

"I wonder why you dislike me, Tom?" I asked after a pause. It was foolish of me to ask, for of course Tom would answer in his usual bantering way. But no, he spoke slowly and almost softly:

"I don't know, Tishy. It is owing to some intricate law of moral repulsion, I suppose—a sort of natural antipathy, the absolute reverse of elective affinity, in fact

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell."

But why do you dislike me, Letitia?"

"Oh, because you are rough and rude, and bearish and obstinate, and generally vexatious and detestable," I answered with energy.

Tom laughed. His momentary softness had evidently departed. He pushed back from his brown forehead the woolen Tam o' Shanter that imprisoned his crisp, curly locks; he turned an amused glance toward me, and then he hugged himself and laughed in the absurd boisterous manner that was peculiarly his own, displaying two rows of strong white teeth, the most perfect, surely, in all the world.

"Here, hold the reins, cousin mine, and I will relieve you of my detestable company for a bit." He flung himself out of the dog-cart as he spoke, and proceeded to walk up the steep hill. Tom was singularly active and lithe; also he had a noble bearing. At the present time he was clad in the most disgracefully old and badly made clothes it was possible to wear; his short rough coat was ragged and ill-fitting, the sleeves and collar of his shirt were frayed at the edges, and there was an air, almost a majesty of grace about him that would have befitted a paladin of romance, and that was plainly visible despite his garb. As he strode on, his big sunburnt hand resting on the mare's shaggy mane, whistling as he went for very lightheartedness and joy of life, I could not help wondering why I disliked Tom so much, and whether indeed it were possible to reconcile a thorough hatred of our cousins with a certain curious pleasure in their society. I wished that I could put my meditations into words, for Tom's benefit. Surely there was such a thing as progression by antagonism. What a pity, thought I, that women are so weak at definition and argument.

In the very midst of my metaphysical wonderings, Tom looked carelessly back over his shoulder, and my eyes met his.

He laughed, he absolutely laughed again, a contemptuous mocking laugh that jarred upon my feelings. With a look of withering scorn I leaned back in my seat and devoted myself altogether to the contemplation of the scenery around us. It was very lovely; we were nearing Eddiscombe, a quaint little town embowered in trees, overlooking a narrow stretch of inland sea. The gray roofs shone in the sun, a thousand dancing lights gleamed in the rippling water; an orchard, full of rosy, blossoming trees, lay on our right hand; to the left, undulating green hills and slopes, while far beyond was the breezy moorland, and on the horizon some brown sails of fishing boats came skimming along the narrow blue line that was the open sea.

"Pretty, ain't it?" asked Tom. "There's no place like England, no place like home, Lettice, after all."

"But if you have never traveled, Tom?"

"That's the very reason why," he replied, somewhat enigmatically, and leaping lightly into the dog-cart, he gave the bridle reins a shake, and we set off at a swinging trot.

There are few things more delightful to my mind than passing quickly through the air, perched on the top of a high vehicle, the guidance of which is trusted to a steady hand. It is charming to close the eyes and dream, secure and comfortably at ease, though the sense of swiftness almost catches the breath.

Some time had gone by thus peacefully when I said, "How pleasant this is, Tom!"

But even while I spoke there was a sudden strange sound as though something in the rickety harness had given way, and a black object swayed for a moment to and fro about the mare's neck, close to her ears. The animal was frightened, doubtless, for our speed increased tenfold, and the old dog-cart lurched and swung from side to side.

"Oh, Tom, not so fast, not so fast!" I cried.

"Hush," said Tom under his breath.

I stared at him, a vague dread chilling my heart. He was sitting bolt upright, nay, he was half standing. His lips, partly open, showed his tightly clenched teeth; his eyes were fixed, and he was frowning terribly. His strong hands held the reins in their powerful grasp, but the ribbons were strained, and seemed almost about to break asunder.

And then I knew that Jerry was running away, and that we were in danger.

I laid my hand upon the reins. "Oh, Tom, let me help," I whispered. But Tom shook off my hand with no gentle movement.

"Good God!" he said fiercely, "let me alone, will you? Sit still—yes, you shall! Do as I tell you; do you hear?"

He gazed at me for a moment; his blue eyes flashed like steel, and his face was quite white; I had never dreamed that Tom could look thus. I sat perfectly still, not altogether from obedience to Tom, of course, but from a wish to help him as well as from the consciousness that it was best to do so. Faster and faster grew Jerry's speed; my head swam as the landscape seemed to fly past, and we dashed on, sometimes spinning recklessly along the road, sometimes jolting and lurching dangerously over stones and rough places.

Suddenly Tom turned to me. "Letty, you will promise to remain still, whatever happens?" he murmured hurriedly.

"Yes, yes; why?"

Tom gave no answer, but the next moment the dog cart swerved violently, the mare seemed about to climb the steep bank, and I was scarcely conscious of anything more, except an overwhelming surging sound in my ears.

Then directly after, as it appeared to me, I found myself unaccountably sitting on the soft grass, with Tom's arms round my neck, and Tom's frightened eyes staring into mine.

"Oh, Letty, you are a real angel?" said Tom, incoherently.

I could not speak; I thought I was dreaming; I put my hand to my head. I was hardly awar of my own identity; it never occurred to me even to be angry at Tom's affectionate attitude. And yet it was all true; the dog-cart and the mare had vanished, and I, weak and giddy, was sitting by the roadside, leaning against this meekest and contritest of cousins.

"Oh, Letty," said Tom, in a voice that was absolutely low and husky, "can you forgive me? Oh, Letty, my darling, I nearly killed you. When we were shot out of that beastly trap, and I picked you up, you had fainted, and I thought you were dead. But you are all right, ain't you? say you are all right, Letty."

There were two big tears in Tom's kind eyes as he gazed anxiously at me. I was all right, so right, indeed, that I am convinced my strongest feeling at that particular moment was one of triumph that fate and I together had reduced Tom to such an abject condition. Possibly he discerned something of the kind in my tell-tale face, for he smiled and breathed a sigh of relief.

And then he blushed deep red through his brown skin.

"Letty, give me a kiss—just one kiss."

"Why? Oh, Tom, I can't, I can't."

"Yes, you can, just one; because you hate me," said Tom illogically, and so, without waiting my permission, he took me in his big, strong arms and held me. And a strange and sudden knowledge came to me that our hate was not hate after all, but only love in disguise. For indeed, from time immemorial, mythical and historical, has not the foolish young god been prone to disguise? As we sat hand in hand, gazing at each other, there was no need for speech, and Tom and I were both silently agreed that we had loved each other all our lives.

But at last he spoke: "Letty, do you remember the first time I ever saw you?"

"Yes; it was at grandpapa's house at Twickenham. We were a party of children playing together, and a horrid little boy wanted to put some earwigs down my back, and you wouldn't let him."

"I gave him a jolly thrashing and made him eat one of his own earwigs. And the second time I saw you, Letty, you cried because I made you sit in a cherry tree and wouldn't allow you to come down until you had eaten the cherries I had picked for you."

"And my French governess cried also, and said you had a bad heart."

"So she did. Well, the third time we met, you were grown up and wouldn't speak to me at all, so it was my turn to be in Coventry."

"And how about Jerry?" I asked after a pause.

"She is in the sand-pit, probably. I tried to upset the trap to save us from worse destruction. I kidn't know exactly wha to do," added Tom ingenuously. "But the old mare disapproved of my plans, and spilt us, and went on her way rejoicing."

"Oh, Tom!"

"So now you must walk home, Letty. Or stay, let us go as far as that white farmhouse. It will do you good to rest a bit, anyhow."

We walked awhile, and then, at a turn in the road, we came upon Jerry, quietly grazing by the hedge, the broken reins banging loosely about her neck, and the old dog-cart, scarcely injured, still at her heels. She allowed Tom to go up to her and stroke her neck and examine her hocks and fetlocks with a learned hand, and lead her (for she was not in the least hurt) in the direction of the farm.

Then Tom, who was a master in such work, unharnessed Jerry and took her round to the stables, tended her and washed her, and mended the dog-cart with sundry ropes and bits of wood, thereby earning the unbounded admiration and respect of half a dozen loutish laborers, while I sat in the good wife's parlor drinking tea, and endeavoring to ascertain the exact ages of her nine children.

It was late afternoon, almost evening, when Tom and I set out on our homeward drive. The aspect of the landscape had altogether changed. The sun, though not yet set, was hidden behind a bank of shining clouds; the quiet sea lay like burnished silver in the distance. The greenness of the earth seemed to have given place to subtle and harmonious tones of gray, and over our happy spirits had fallen a radiant veil of silent, calm delight that was somewhat similar. Tom drove slowly; every now and then he turned toward me his joyous, loving eyes, and I stole my hand gently into his.

It was dark when we reached home. Aunt Mab was in an agony of kindly solicitude, anxiously expecting us.

"Why, Lettie—why, my dear, how late you are!"

"Oh, no, it is not late, auntie, surely."

"But it is. And you have had such a long day, you poor dear! And you have been with Tom after all. Why, I was positively afraid something had happened. Has he been very rude, my dear, and bothered you very much?"

"Oh, Aunt Mab, Tom is never really rude!"

"Well, I don't know; you said so yourself, sometimes. But, never mind, the longest day comes to an end, child."

"Dear Aunt Mab, it has been a lovely day! only I am so sorry it is over."

My aunt stared at me with undisguised amazement. "Have you lost your senses, child?"

"She did at one time," said Tom, composedly, "But she has found them now."

And then he laughed, a happy and very loud laugh that somehow did not jar upon my nerves in the very least, and then he seized hold of Aunt Mab by both her hands and hugged her rapturously.

"The truth is, Letty and I are going to be married, and so we mean to spend ever so many long days together."

"Well," said Aunt Mab, as soon as she had regained her breath, "people do say that it is well to begin with a little aversion."

"But it was the dog-cart," I pleaded incoherently.

"Ah, I see," said Aunt Mab, nodding her head.

But she did not see, quite. For none but Tom and I could possibly know how happy we were at that time, and what is more, none can know how truly and intensely happy we have been since then. We never quarrel now—never; I think we got through all our quarreling beforehand. Some folks get tired of their love-making before long, but we have still a great deal of that in the future, I trust. We have bought a new dog cart, and when Tom and I go contentedly driving up and down the steep Devonshire lanes, Aunt Mab smiles and calls us Darby and Joan. And sometimes when Tom is in a quiet and poetic mood (which doesn't happen very often, by the by) I whisper to him softly, as I lean my face against his broad shoulder:

"Dear Tom, let us pray that we may live long, long years together, and then at last I shall say to you:

'John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monyy a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.'"

—[Lady Lindsay, in Temple Bar.

ESTRANGEMENT.

The path from me to you that led,
Untroddea long, with grass is grown,
Mute carpet that his liege spread
Before the Prince Oblivion
When he goes visiting the dead.

And who are they but who forget?
You, why my coming could surmise
Ere any hint of me as yet
Warned other ears and other eyes,
See the path blurred without regret.

But when I trace its wingings sweet
With saddened steps at every spot
That feels the memory in my feet,
Each grass blade turns forget-me-not,
Where murmuring bees your name repeat.
—(James Russell Lowell.

The general impression prevails among cattle men about Elko, Nev., that beef will be higher in that State next winter than it has ever been known. The export of cattle to the Eastern markets has been unusually heavy this season, and the ranges are pretty well cleaned up.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Maraschino Jelly.—To one pint of clarified syrup add two ounces of clarified isinglass, the filtered juice of two lemons, and a gill and a half of genuine maraschino; pour this into a jelly-mould ready set in rough ice.

Pineapple Pie.—Take cup of pulverized sugar, a half cup of butter, and beat together to a cream; add the beaten yolks of five eggs, then one pineapple grated; to this add one cup of sweet cream, and lastly the beaten whites whipped in lightly. Bake with under crust only.

Curried Beef.—Cut your beef into pieces an inch square, put some butter in a saucepan (the agate ware is best) with a couple of onions, and fry until brown; then add sufficient curry powder and mix thoroughly; add half a pint of milk and the beef, let it stew gently for an hour, stir it occasionally to prevent burning. Serve with rice.

Tomato Toast.—Run a quart of stewed ripe tomatoes through a colander, place in a porcelain stew-pan, season with butter, pepper, salt and sugar to taste; cut slices of bread thin, brown on both sides, butter and lay on a platter, and just as the bell rings for tea on Sunday add a pint of good sweet cream to the stewed tomatoes, and pour them over the toast.

Reed Birds.—Roasting by suspending on the little wire which accompanies the roaster, is the best method; turn and baste frequently; or wash and peel with as thin a paring as possible large potatoes of equal size, cut a deep slice off one end of each, and scoop out a part of the potato; drop a piece of butter into each bird, pepper and salt, and put in the hollows made in the potatoes; put on as covers the pieces cut off, and clip the other end for them to stand on. Set in a baking pan upright, with a little water to prevent burning, bake slowly until the potatoes are well done and browned, and serve in the dish in which they are baked. Another good way is to boil them in a crust like dumplings.

Soups.—To make nutritious and palatable soup, with flavors well mingled, requires study, practice and good taste. The best basis for soup is lean uncooked meat, a pound of meat to a quart of water, to which may be added chicken, turkey, beef or mutton bones well broken up; a mixture of beef, mutton and veal, with a bit of ham bone, all cut fine, makes a higher flavored soup than any single meat; the legs of all meats are rich in gelatine, an important constituent of soup. The best herbs are sage, thyme, sweet marjoram, tarragon, mint, sweet basil, parsley, bay-leaves, cloves, mace, celery seed and onions. The best seasoning is that which is made up of the smallest quantity from each of many spices. The good soup-maker must be a skillful taster.

Banbury Cake.—Take an equal quantity of clean, well-picked currants, granulated sugar and finely-chopped lemon-peel and mix it all together, and then add a nice flavoring of ginger and cinnamon; now add good fresh butter enough to form the whole into a nice paste. Take the best puff-paste, roll it out in a sheet one-fourth of an inch thick; cut this in pieces two inches square, and place a piece of the prepared butter, currants, etc., in the center of each; now take the two corners, the one nearest to you and the one opposite to you, bring them up, press them together, and then with the palm of the hand press them down flat. This makes the piece oval in shape, and leaves two ends which are folded together liberty to rise; now wash the part that is not folded with water and add as much powdered sugar as you can get to remain on. Bake these in a slow heat. These are a little expensive, but are very good, and are the real English Banbury cakes.

THE TALK OF MEN AND WOMEN.

[The Cornhill.]

The two classes we may court: women and the aged. But the superiority of women is perpetually menaced; they do not sit throned on infirmities like the old; they are the suitors as well as the sovereigns; their vanity is engaged, their affections are too apt to follow; and hence much of the talk between the sexes degenerates into something unworthy of the name. The desire to please, to shine with a particular engaging luster, to draw a fascinating picture of ourself, banishes from conversation all that is sterling and most of what is humorous. As soon as a strong current of mutual admiration begins to flow, the human interest triumphs entirely over the intellectual, and the commerce of words, consciously or not, becomes secondary to the commercing of eyes. Each simply waits on the other to be admired, and the talk dwindles into platitudinous piping. Coquetry and fatuity are thus the knell of talk. But even where this ridiculous danger is avoided, and a man and woman converse equally and honestly, something in their nature or their education falsifies the strain. An instinct prompts them to agree; and where that is impossible, to agree to differ. Should they neglect the warning, at the first suspicion of an argument they find themselves in different hemispheres. About any point of business or conduct, any actual affair demanding settlement, a woman will speak and listen, hear and answer arguments, not only with natural wisdom, but with candor and logical honesty. But if the subject of debate be something in the air, an abstraction, an excuse for talk, a logical Aunt Sally, then may the male debater instantly abandon hope; he may employ reason, adduce facts, be supple, be smiling, be angry, all shall avail him nothing; what the woman said first, that (unless she has forgotten it) she will repeat at the end. Hence, at the very juncture when a talk between men grows brighter and quicker and begins to promise to bear fruit, talk between the sexes is menaced with dissolution. The point of difference, the point of interest, is evaded by the brilliant woman, under a shower of irrelevant conversational rockets; it is bridged by the discreet woman with a rustle of silk, as she passes smoothly forward to the nearest point of safety. It cannot be discussed, or not in its natural connection. It may be returned upon after a circuit; and if propounded as a problem, with neither party committed to a side, it may then be gently, lightly, but, in the end, thoroughly treated. This sort of prestidigitation, juggling the dangerous topic out of sight until it can be reintroduced with safety in an altered shape, is a piece of tactics among the true drawing-room queens.

The drawing-room is, indeed, an artificial place; it is so by our choice and for our sins; the subjection of women, the ideal imposed upon them from the cradle and worn, like a hair shirt, with so much constancy; their motherly, superior tenderness to man's vanity and self-importance, their managing arts—the arts of a civilized slave among good-natured barbarians—all are painful ingredients, and all help to falsify relations. It is not till we get clear of that amusing, artificial scene that genuine relations are founded, or ideas honestly compared. In the garden, on the road or hillside, or *tete a tete* and apart from interruptions, occasions arise when we may learn much from any single woman, and nowhere more often than in married life. Marriage is one long conversation, checkered by disputes. The disputes are simply valueless; they but ingrain the difference; the heroic heart of woman prompts her at once to nail her colors to the mast. But in the intervals, almost unconsciously, with no desire to shine, the whole material of life is turned over and over, ideas are struck out and shared, the two persons more and more adapt their notions one to suit the other, and in the process of time, without sound of trumpet, they conduct each other into new worlds of thought.

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