TO PLEASE THEMSELVES.

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow, Nonie. They've telegraphed me from home, and there's no help for it. I must go to-morrow morning."

He sighs as he says it, and pulls gloomily at his moustache, watching the girl before him. Is she turning pale, or is it the moonlight on her dark, uncovered hair which touches her young face so tenderly, and makes her look quite white?

"You might say a word or two, you know," he says at last, rather impatiently; "you might even say you were a little sorry to see me go."

Then the young girl lifts her head a trifle proudly, and looks straight into his moody eyes.

"Should I?" she asks, slowly. "You are going, and you have not said it. Why should I, whom you are leaving here—whom you will forget in a fortnight?"

"I'll never forget you," he says, a shade more gloomily then before; and then he suddenly puts out his hands and takes both of hers, drawing her towards him impetuously. "I'll never forget you," he says again. "How can I when I love you so? I will come back, Nonie, just as soon as I can. Will you be true to me? will you think of me while I am away? will you—will you marry me when I return?"

The girl does not shrink from him; she lets him hold her hands, and smiles a little as he speaks.

"But you can't marry me, you know," she says, slowly. "You're to wed Miss Leonora Leestone."

"I wish you wouldn't say such things," he says, irritatedly. "I have never even seen Miss Leestone. I wouldn't marry her to—to save my life! I'll come back in a month. Will you marry me then, Nonie? If you really love me, you will say yes."

"But I am poor and obscure. I can bring you only my love, Harry; Miss Leestone—"

"Oh, bother Miss Leestone!" the young man exclaims, drawing his companion toward him. "That's all my mother's affairs, not mine. I'm not going to sacrifice my happiness to please my mother and the mother of Miss Leestone, am I? If they want to make bargains, let them make them for themselves. So you'll marry me, my pet?"

She looks up at him earnestly, affectionately, then slips her hand in his.

"I'll promise to answer that question when you ask it of me—if you do—in a month from this," she says, slowly. "If you love me truly," her voice falters a little—"you do love me Harry?"

"My darling!" is all he answers.

But he holds her to him closely, and lays his lips on her forehead.

"Then obey me in this," she says, softly, lifting an arm and laying it about his neck. "Go to your mother and say nothing to her of me. She expects a visit from this girl, whom she intends you to marry. Wait till you see her before you say you will not—before you bind yourself to me."

"If that's the way you are going to talk—" he commences.

But she lays her hand lightly on his lips.

"See her, at least," she says, earnestly. "She may be a fair, sweet girl, who will win your love from me. You may find her more worthy than you think. If you love her, Harry—"

"I'll not. How can I? I love you!"

"I know—now! But you may not when you see her. Then, let me say this, dear. If you love her best, and wish to forget me, I will not blame you, Harry. I will not have a single reproach for you, if you never come again to me here."

"If I don't come, you can pray for me, knowing that I have died," he says, solemnly; "for you will see me in a month, if I am living."

So they talked for another hour, there in the moonlighted garden, hard by the old farm-house in which this youth—Harry Bland—had spent his summer, where he had found the old couple and their beautiful, graceful, dainty niece, with whom he had fallen desperately, passionately in love.

But for her presence, he would have turned his back on the solitude in a week—solitude he had sought because the young girl who, although he had never seen her since her childhood, was a perfect horror to him—his mother's choice of a wife for him—the heiress, Miss Leonora Leestone.

Well, it is arranged at last, and, in the moonlight, there is a close embrace, a kiss or two, a quiver on the girl's red lips, a pallor on the young man's fine face, and the good-by is said.

He goes early in the morning, and she is not down to see him off, but waves a trembling hand to him from her window, as he springs into the light buggy beside the farm-hand, who is to drive him to the station for the early train.

* * * * * * * *

The guest of Mrs. Bland has arrived, and been ushered to her room.

Harry has not yet seen her, and is most unwilling to see her, despite the fact that her mother and his mother have arranged that he shall marry her.

He is very much annoyed when a servant brings him a tiny note from her requesting him to be in the library ten minutes after the first dressing bell has rung.

"The coolest thing!" he tells himself, after he has read the pretty little note a second time. "To make an appointment without even having seen me! I wonder what her object may be? Will she—will she ask me to marry her?"

At this thought he starts, and looks decidedly uncomfortable, but he hurries his dressing for all that, and descends to the library precisely after the first dressing-bell has ceased to ring.

He finds the lights low, and turns them into a full blaze. Then he goes to a table and begins looking over the volumes in a very restless manner.

It is not until a soft rustle of silken drapery sounds beside him that he knows he is not alone. Then, with a flushing, uncomfortable feeling upon him he turns around.

The uncomfortable feeling gives place to one of unbounded astonishment, delighted rapture, intensest joy.

Ah, well! who can wonder?

The girl before him, who has passed under the full light, is fair enough to turn even a better-balanced head than his.

She is smiling, too—a heavenly smile—and her dark head is drooping a very little, her dusky eyes alight, and she is holding out to him a beautiful, slender hand, sparkling with jewels, and white as a snow-flake.

He grasps it, holding it to his bosom, while she still smiles on him.

"Nonie," he says, wonderingly, "how in the world did you come here?"

She laughs, a low little laugh, that is like exquisite music.

"Your mother invited me," she says, easily. "You were not expecting me, Harry?"

"I was expecting"—he hesitated a little—"I was expecting Miss Leestone, who desired me to await her here."

"Oh, Harry! and I thought you would be true to me." This quite reproachfully.

He begins to feel guilty.

"I hadn't the least desire to see her—on my honor I hadn't!" he says, eagerly. "But she sent me a note, and what could I do?"

"Is—is she nice?" the girl asks, slowly.

"I haven't seen her, because she only came to-day, and isn't yet visible," he says. "But I know she isn't nice—I feel sure of it."

Nonie laughs again, softly and sweetly.

"Do you recognize the rustic?" she asks, stepping back.

He surveys her closely, from the flower in her dark hair to the hem of her white-satin dress. Surely she is a fair and gracious vision, with that light in her eyes and that smile on her lips.

"I wish you'd tell me how it all comes about," he says. "I'm all at sea. When did you leave the farm? and where did you meet my mother? I am awfully confused, Nonie, but—Won't you kiss me, dear? I am so glad to see you!"

"Suppose Miss Leestone should come in?—she would be surprised."

"Not when I introduced you to her as my future wife."

"But you may not care for me when you have seen her."

"I'll care for you while I live, Nonie."

And then she allows him to put his arms about her and kiss her, as he does very tenderly.

"I scarcely know you in this finery," he says, touching the jewels on her arm and the folds of her white dress. "You are quiet changed, my darling!"

"For the better?" she asks, archly, touching his cheek lightly with her white fingers.

"I don't know," he says softly. "I loved you as an humble farmer's niece, and I cannot love you more dearly as—as you are now."

"An heiress," she says sweetly. "Yes, my love, I have been masquerading. I am Leonora Leestone, not Nonie Lee, although my intimates call me Nonie. Your mother told me of your projected trip to Valley Farm, and I remembered that it belonged to an old servant of my mother's; so I went there for the summer, too—just to see what sort of person they had chosen for my future husband. I wasn't going to fulfill the contract, mind," she says, with a laugh. "I disliked the idea as much as I found you did; so I thought I'd meet you as a stranger and have a little amusement. The Lees adopted me willingly, and you were told I was their niece; and you—you told me you loved me, Harry!" faltering a little.

"And you said you loved me, Nonie," Harry says, slowly. "Was that part of your amusement, or did you really learn to care for me a little?"

"Oh, Harry, a little! when I learned to love you with my whole heart! when I think there is nobody in the world like you! and when you don't—don't love me a bit, or you'd not speak to me like that!"

And in the eyes uplifted to his, Harry sees two big tears dimming.

So, because he loves her too well to let them fall, he takes her in his arms and kisses them away.

"Don't love you!" he says, softly. "I would give my life for you! And what do I care who you are, or what plans others have made, so long as we love each other? You will be my wife, my dearest?"

"Yes," very softly.

"And our mothers have arranged things entirely to our satisfaction," he laughs, presently. "How obedient we are—eh, Nonie? We will marry each other, just to please them."

"I am very much afraid it will be to please ourselves," says Nonie, with a low, happy laugh.

And then they go out to join the family at dinner, where they explain the situation, and astonish everybody; but they are very happy, nevertheless.

NOTES FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

Farming Paragraphs

M. H., Potter County, Penn.: Pigs of the same litter should not be used for breeding. No other animals deteriorate so fast as pigs by vicious breeding, and the prevalent diseases among swine are no doubt due to the commonly practiced interbreeding of pigs of the same litter.

Referring to the millions upon millions of dollars lost in live stock—or, rather, dead stock—this winter on the great, bleak, open prairies and plains, the Springfield Republican remarks: "By-and-by the big West will respect the old-fashioned New England barn." And we may add that the awful aggregate of animal suffering incident to at least four or five months of every year in this country is a national curse that cries to heaven for vengeance.

Among our profitable farm crops, barley takes an important position. In 1882, the average value per acre in the United States was $13.50, while that of wheat was $12.00, and Indian corn $11.-91. The average price per bu. ranked only second to the wheat, and in productiveness barley produced 21.5 bu. per acre, while oats gave an average of 26.4 bu., and Indian corn 24.6 bu.

An enthusiastic grower of grapes, with 150 varieties in his collection, throws a damper on new varieties by expressing preference for the old Concord to any yet introduced. This he qualifies by stating that "the most promising kinds" are Brighton, Duchess, Pocklington, Moore's Early, and Niagara. No one grape received so much praise as the Brighton. It is doing well, so far, wherever tried. But all agree that Concord is the only thoroughly reliable variety we have entirely tested. Wherever grapes were bagged they were uniformly perfect. But was bad in many districts when the clusters remained uncovered.

A shingle is estimated at four inches on the edge. One thousand shingles are therefore a bunch containing 125 courses, each 32 inches on the edge, or the bundle has bands of 32 inches in length, and contains 125 courses. A bundle having 25 courses on each side has 400 shingles. When laid five inches to the weather a shingle then covers 20 square inches, or seven shingles cover a square foot, and 1,000 of them will cover about 144 feet square of roof: at four inches to the weather 1,000 shingles cover about one square of roof or 100 square feet.

Considerable interest is manifested in a pretty full account of details in the management of a creamery at Waterville, N. Y., in which the cream from the milk of 1,000 cows, owned by sixty different patrons, is collected and each patron's cream churned by itself and the butter product of each weighed, graded and paid for according to quantity and quality, or returned to the producer at his option, if not satisfied with the grading, with a small charge added for manufacturing and all the work, including gathering the cream, being done without difficulty by one man and his wife.

The sooner the farm can be made to produce big crops of clover the sooner it will pay. Clover is good for anything, cattle, sheep, hogs, horses, and crops of all kinds. Seed with clover, and then plow it under after one crop has been taken off and while the roots are green. They are rich in phosphates, and the stems and leaves gather nitrogen from the air and add it to the soil.

Hot Water for Inflammation.

Dr. George B. Sheperd, of Hartford, adds his testimony to that of many others by saying in the Medical Record: "I have used hot water as a gargle for the past six or eight years, having been led to do so from seeing its beneficial effect in gynecology. In acute pharyngitis and tonsilitis, if properly used at the commencement of the attack, it constitutes one of our most effective remedies, being frequently promptly cruative. If used later in the disease or in chronic cases, it is always beneficial, though perhaps not so immediately curative. To be of service it should be used in considerable quantity (half pint or pint) at a time, and just as hot as the throat will tolerate. I have seen many cases of acute disease aborted, and can commend the method with great confidence. I believe it may be taken as an established fact that in the treatment of inflammations generally and those of the mucous membrane in particular, moist heat is of service, and in most cases hot water is preferable to steam. All are familiar with its use in opthalmia and conjunctivitis, as also in inflammation of the external and middle ear, and I feel confident that those who employ it for that most annoying of all slight troubles to prescribe for, viz., a cold in the head or acute coryza, will seldom think of using the irritating drugs mentioned in the books, nor of inducing a complete anæsthesia with chloroform in preference to the hot-water douche."

A Popular Girl.

What is it that determines a girl's popularity in society? is a question often heard in these days of social strife and aggrandizement, and a question that no one is quite able to answer in a word. It is not because she is well dressed or even pretty; it is not that her fairy godmother bestowed a witty tongue to amuse the dullards; or "highly educated," or "so amiable"—no, none of these desirable qualities would render the popular girl more popular than she is, though perhaps she is fortunate enough to possess one or more of them for her stock in trade. The girl everybody likes need have neither money nor beauty, which in the world's estimation constitutes social power; but she must have and does have a gracious manner, a certain graceful bearing, decided intelligence, instinctive generosity, and, above all, the greatest gift ever awarded to woman—personal magnetism. Beauty is called the fatal gift, but personal magnetism, which is independent of beauty, is the gift of power, and, though scarcely recognized at first, only relinquishes its hold with death itself. The popular girl always has this fascination in more or less degree, and if with it go the other attractions or happy circumstances, she rules the indisputable queen of her small sphere. Her friends do not analyze the effect she has on them; they simply like her, love her, and later, when the time comes, adore her.

A Wild Garden.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Gardening includes many branches. Some of them are flower, fruit, window, aquatic, bog and the wild garden. It is of the latter we wish to speak at this time. By a wild garden we do not mean a border where nothing but wild plants from the woods and fields are grown, as some have understood. The wild garden, so called, is produced by making a mixture of a great many of the more hardy seeds and sowing them from the middle of April to the second week in May. A five cent paper will sow a large bed, or an ounce, which will cost twenty-five cents, will be ample enough for a square rod of ground. In these seeds which I have mixed for the purpose, are hardy annuals, fragrant Mignonettes, peas, phlox and morning glory, curious gourds, some of them resembling hen's eggs, dippers, clubs, etc., and also the seeds of some perennials, the roots of which live on from year to year.

All that is necessary is a piece of ground well dug, and brought into fine tilth by raking. The seeds should not be sown too thick. Keep the weeds down, and our word for it, you will be well pleased with your wild garden.

Avoid Debts.

If it were not for the present indebtedness of farmers, these times of low produce are very good. Wheat and corn, in exchange for goods and groceries, have a greater purchasing power than they have heretofore had in twenty years. While wheat and corn are low, hardware, cotton and woolen goods, and groceries are much lower. But farm produce commands a very diminutive sum towards paying debts. And this is a strong argument against contracting debts. Men seldom run crazy in hard times, and buy everything they see, at enormous prices, to be paid for when money is plenty and produce high. But they go wild in flush times, and contract immense debts which have to be paid for probably when everything is down at the lowest notch. Avoid debts.—Des Moines Register.

Oats and Peas.

From the American Agriculturist.

We have for many years grown oats and peas together. On good, rich land, sown early, you can get a great mass of fodder and grain. The great drawback in the older States is the pea-weevil. The peas are affected with the "bug," and we do not sell them, but feed them out on the farm to pigs and sheep, principally to the former. The pigs do not object to the bugs. What the bugs think of it is not reported. The fanning-mill will separate nearly all the oats from the peas. No matter if a few of the split peas will remain with the oats.

If cut before the oats get too ripe and the crop is carefully cured, the fodder is nearly as good as hay. As to the variety of peas, sow any that you can buy cheap enough. The seedmen charge too much for it, or the white or black-eyed marrow-fat would be good. The common Canada creeper or any other small, round pea answers a good purpose, and a bushel goes farther than the larger varieties. We mean that it is not necessary to sow them so thick. Two bushels of these small peas and a bushel of oats is enough seed per acre. The marrow-fats should be sown at the rate of not less than three bushels per acre and a bushel to a bushel and a half of oats, thoroughly mixed together.

Early sowing is very desirable, and as sod can be plowed earlier in the spring than stubble land, we prefer to sow on sod, putting in the seed as fast as the land is plowed. The crop can be drilled in or sowed broadcast. If a drill is used, keep the grain well mixed or the peas will be apt to sink to the bottom. If sown broadcast and the land is well plowed in narrow furrows, sow on the furrows before harrowing. Then harrow and roll and the peas will be well covered. You can rely on that.

Horses' Food And Drink.

The fact that a horse can, when heated, drink cold water freely without injury, if he be driven afterwards, is evidence that his internal arrangements are diffrent from those in the human body. The London Field mentions some points in the care of a horse which, as the Field is an authority in such matters, it is well to know:

Bearing in mind that the stomach of a horse is small in proportion to the size of his frame, he requires feeding often, and though three times a day is sufficient, four times is better.

Unlike human beings, horses should drink before they eat, because, owing to the conformation of the horse, water does not remain in the stomach, but passes through it into a large intestine called the cæcum. If a horse be fed first, the water passing through the stomach would be likely to carry with it particles of food, and thus bring about colic.

Whatever a groom may say, let a horse drink just as much as he likes. If he be watered four times a day, he will never take very much, or too much to be good for him. A horse, it must be remembered, is fed on dry food, and this, with the strong work done by a hunter, always produces feverishness, which a sufficiency of water tends to allay.

Feeding of Horses

Bell's Messenger, England, says that the capacity of the horse's stomach is about sixteen quarts. This fact should be borne in mind by those who have charge of horses. In feeding grain to horses it is important that it should be fed at such a time that it may remain in the stomach as long as need be to secure it complete digestion. The nitrogenous elements, in which grain is richer than other foods, are better digested in the stomach than in the intestines. The grain should be fed after the hay has been eaten, and no other food or drink should be given for some time after, so that the grain may remain in the stomach until it is fully digested. If the grain is fed first, and then a ration as, for instance, of seven pounds of hay, the grain will be speedily forced from the stomach by the hay. In eating the hay, it will be mixed with four times its weight of saliva, and an hour and a half will be required for masticating it. In order to have the stomach digest well, it should not contain more than ten quarts at a time, and in eating seven pounds of hay, the animal swallows at least two stomachfuls of hay and saliva, one of these having passed on into the intestines. If the grain had been fed first, before the hay, the grain would have speedily passed out of the stomach into the intestines, where it would digest less completely than if allowed to remain in the stomach. It is the office of the stomach to digest the nitrogenous parts of the foods, and as the oats or corn contain four or five times as much of these as the same amount of hay, it is obviously more important to have the grain subjected to the full action of the gastric juices than to have the hay retained there. Hence in feeding grain it should be fed after the hay ration has been eaten. This is a matter well worth remembering in feeding horses.

How Wilkes Booth Passed the Pickets.

From the Philadelphia Times.

"Did you ever know how Booth passed the pickets on the bridge of the eastern branch of the Potomac that fatal night?" said my friend. "I will tell you as it was told to me by the old sentinel who was that night on duty there. A half hour before the time agreed upon by Booth to meet Harold, the latter, who had lived in the neighborhood of the bridge all his life, and who was across the river in the little village of Uniontown then, crossed the bridge to come over on the Washington side. 'Who goes there?' said the sentinel on the bridge. 'A friend going for a doctor,' replied Harold. 'Pass,' said the sentinel. He quickly rode up Eleventh street to Pennsylvania avenue and Eighth street, and there in the darkness waited until the thundering hoofs of Booth's horse were heard coming down Pennsylvania avenue. The two horsemen then started down Eighth street toward the bridge on that ride for their lives, which ended in Garrett's burning barn in Virginia, a hundred miles away. 'Who goes there?' rang out on the air from the startled sentry as the two horses came rushing toward to the bridge. Harold was ahead and cried out, 'A friend, with the doctor.' The two men passed over the bridge, and it was perhaps several hours after the reverberations of the horses' hoofs had died away before the sentry knew who the men in such a hurry were, and when he found it out he was nearly scared to death for fear he had failed to do his duty."

No headstone yet marks the last resting-place of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose remains lie under the great pine tree in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord. Dr. Edward W. Emerson of Concord, son of the deceased, has spent much time looking for a rock of white quartz which has sea-green beryls imbedded in it, which in its natural state he desired to place over his father's grave. This he has discovered in New Hampshire, and a block weighing eight tons has been quarried at South Acworth and shipped to Concord. It is the intention to have the inscription placed on a bronze plate, which will be set in the quartz.