

see the field... hills soft... gold-brown... And old red... With moss-grown trees low branching wide; The hamlet nestled in the glade— A drowsy nook that loves the shade.

The dusty highway, long and brown, Slow creeping out beyond the town To breast the hill-side in its strength...

O'er green mosses and the blackberry vines, Intolced with wistful climbing vines, The clematis and wild grape...

All freaked and splashed with guileless blood, The smudged flares along the wood; The mullein takes its lonely stand...

The golden rod from myriad whorls Its sunny oriflamme unfurls, And triumphs o'er the dusty way...

The noctide warms the quiet air With scent of apples spiced and rare, And quinces by the mossy well...

Far off the golden stubble land Lies in a warm and glowing band, As if old earth, sunned through and through...

In perfect beauty, washed and sweet, Dear autumn comes with glowing feet, Her tanned cheek wears a sunset dye...

THE TWO OFFICERS.

On board the afternoon express, almost alone by himself in the palace car, a young man in a military cap, and with an unmistakable military air...

Twenty miles farther on well that would take something less than half an hour. He certainly could keep awake that long.

How foolish he had been not to borrow some money of Edwards, when he left him in New York. Dear old Edwards! But for him he might have got something worse than a broken arm in that last tussle with the Sioux.

And, thinking of this, as he gazed dreamily out of the window, presently quite determined all the while to keep awake, the lieutenant was back in good luck in the plain, marching and countermarching once more, fighting and bleeding and often well-nigh dying for his country...

"Why, the train from Boston. Isn't this Steepbrook junction?" "That's it, Steepbrook. Steepbrook's fifteen miles from Boston." "Then I've got off the wrong place." "Then you have, and I don't know where the next train goes through." "Say, what's the way to Boston?" "The young man all at once looked more thoughtful than ever. He had dropped down in a barren spot in the midst of a rain-storm, and only five cents in his pocket! He had known difficulty and danger before now; but this was the most appalling situation ever encountered."

He bowed, being unable to answer words. The door was still open, and he saw the lieutenant's eyes...

"Will you come out at once!" she continued, turning toward the door, and preparing to raise an umbrella. "The carriage is here. You'll excuse us being a little late. We only got Fred's telegram fifteen minutes ago."

Lieutenant Smith followed her mechanically. He made up his mind now that he had not awakened from his dream. There was a carriage outside, with a small boy and a coachman in livery, on the front seat.

Still without a word, he obeyed. Then the driver took up the reins and they drove off rapidly.

The lieutenant, as, like one conscious, yet unseeing, he did not attempt to account for anything, the whole thing was too unaccountable. He did marvel much even when the young lady presently remarked...

Who the deuce was Fred? and how did he know about the broken arm? Was he really in a dream still, or had he been mistaken for somebody else? If the latter was true, it was all very strange indeed, and he could not regard it as nothing less than a special providence arranged for his miraculous deliverance from rain and starvation.

So he finally mustered courage to look at his companion. The hood of the waterproof was thrown back now, revealing a bright piquant face, under a becoming turban hat.

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that there was something... It was quite dark in the room now. There were hurried footsteps outside his door, and confused noises below.

He went to the door and asked what was the matter. A servant answered, with confusion. "The works is all a-fire; and Master Bert he can't be found nowhars!"

He put on his coat, and went down stairs. The carriage had just started, and there was no one there except two frightened servants. Over the trees he could see a plume of smoke, and he hurried off down the path.

Down at the Mortimer Works an excited crowd of men and women were standing about, looking up at the windows of the large mill. The doors had been opened below, and an attempt made to reach the uppermost story, where the fire was, but no one could get above the third floor. The smoke rose thick and black.

Meanwhile, away up under the roof the flames were now showing themselves, and then, at the window of the corner room, Master Bertie suddenly appeared at the window, and held his head far out; while the smoke, though as yet in no great volume, was all about him.

The room had been used as a sort of lumber-room, and was generally kept fastened. The boy had been hiding there from his playfellows just before the works closed, and had fallen asleep. There was but one room between him and the fire, and this room was now so full of smoke that it would have been certain death by suffocation to enter it.

Within a dozen feet of the window where Bertie had made his appearance, a stationary ladder ran up the side of the building, connecting with one of the windows of the adjoining room; but the boy could not possibly reach this ladder, and there were no movable ladders of suitable length anywhere around. Great Heaven! what was to be done? He could not remain where he was long; the fire was already at the door of his room.

Presently a carriage drove up, and Mr. Mortimer and Elsie got out. The great man seemed to take in the whole situation at a glance. The crowd made way for him, and he came through, with his daughter, pale and beautiful, by his side. They stopped close under the burning walls.

"Is there no way to get the boy down?" Mr. Mortimer cried hoarsely. "Great God!" why haven't some of you been up the ladder? Here, stand aside!"

And he would have gone up himself, but a nimbler and younger man was before him. Yet what use could there be in that? The man reached the window of the room next the lumber-room, and broke in the sash; but the smoke came rushing out, and nearly overpowered him. There he was, within a few feet of the child, and yet powerless to reach or help him.

He came slowly down the ladder again, and the poor father groaned aloud. He looked up, and called out to the boy; but Bertie did not hear him.

The smoke was all about him now, and it was plain that he would soon be smothered where he was if he did not jump. The old man turned to the crowd about him.

"You all know me," he said: "I do as I say, do I not? I will give you, any of you, anything, — yes, all I have, — if you will bring me down my boy."

But they looked at him, and said not a word. They loved him in their way, and pitied him as they had never pitied themselves in their hardest trials, — but they could not do what was impossible. Only God could give back the boy.

Suddenly the crowd parted again to let a new-comer pass through. He was a young man in a military cap, and he walked swiftly and straight. He saw it all at a glance too, — saw the boy get out of the window silently, at last, and hang by his two weak arms. There was fire as well as smoke behind him now.

Elsie Mortimer recognized the young man at once; and something in his stern, resolute look gave her hope.

"O Mr. Smith! can't you do something for him?" she asked eagerly and beseechingly.

He looked down into her face — a face which, even at that moment, he declared to himself to be wonderfully beautiful. Do anything? say everything for her.

He made her no answer whatever, but called out for a light strong rope. Somehow as if even inanimate things came at his determined call, — it was in his hands at once, pliable and soft and strong, just what he wanted for his purpose. He gave it a dextrous twist, and formed the end into a loop like a lasso. His life on the plains — half military, half Indian, — had well fitted him for an occasion like this. Then he coiled the rope over his left arm, and went rapidly up the ladder.

There was a great rush now upon the crowd below. Every eye was fixed on the brave young fellow who was far up the ladder, every heart was beating for him.

He was at the upper story at last, pausing just below the window where the flames were bursting angrily forth. They saw that he was saying something to the child, and then they beheld Bertie suddenly change his position. They had thought for an instant that he was falling.

The young stranger seized firmly hold of the ladder with his left arm, and swung himself far out, with the rope in his other hand. Then suddenly, with a swift skillful motion he flung it. It spun through the air, and, true to its aim, settled over Bertie's shoulder. Then, one after another, the brave little fellow put his arms through it, it was drawn tightly about his body, and all in an instant he was seen to drop, almost straight down for a little way, then in a curving line through nearly a dozen feet of air, and then, — then he was swinging close to the

ladder by the rope and in the arm of the young soldier. Before this man had gone up the ladder to render what assistance they might; and with the help of these two were now coming down again. Presently the boy was in his father's arms.

As for the hero of the occasion, he had obstinately refused all assistance in coming down the ladder; and no sooner did he reach the bottom than he sank down to the ground and fainted dead away.

Poor fellow! his left arm, hardly sound again after its fracture, two months before, had not been able to sustain the terrible strain; it was broken again in the old place.

And so I am obliged to end this story here, where, by good rights, perhaps, it ought to begin. Lieutenant Smith did not steal off before breakfast, the next morning. At that time, indeed, he did not know whether he was Lieutenant Smith or somebody else.

He was in a raging fever; and Miss Elsie Mortimer, sitting beside him, heard him, again and again, in his delirium, implore her forgiveness for some great wrong he seemed to fancy he had done her. She did not exactly understand what this wrong was, until at ten o'clock Fred came, and with him the other Lieutenant Smith, a gay, handsome young fellow whom her brother brought down with a special intention of having him and Elsie fall in love with each other. Elsie had fallen in love with another man; and she never got over it.

Of course she forgave Lieutenant Smith number one his base imposture when it came to be honestly explained; and of course, when he asked her, a month later, to marry him, she consented out and out. Indeed, all this is so much a matter of course, that I forbear to say anything more about it.

The Sanguine Bride.

A not unusual kind of bride is that sanguine creature who believes that life is now to be all honey and butter, and that never a cloud will cast its shadow over the sunny sky.

All is so new — and it will never grow old! Holiday time has come in perpetuity, and there are to be no more painful lessons of duty to learn, and no more disagreeable tasks of self-suppression to fulfill.

Tempers, disputes, peevishness, anxieties, are buried beneath the sugar and almond of the wedding-cake, and life is to be a fairy tale, where "they live happily for ever after" finishes the picture.

All the buttons will keep sewed to the shirts, and there never will be a pair of socks to darn. If children come they will be born like so many little doves, and give no more trouble than a covey of cherubs flitting about the house.

She looks forward to a halcyon sea which not the faintest ripple is to disturb, and in her world blight and storms are to be unknown. Her also we pity, poor, self-deceiving creature — asking life as she does at such a false angle, and looking at the dust and ashes of inevitable decay or sure disappointment through spectacles of such deluding rose-color.

She has not the faintest idea that her husband will ever cease to be her lover, and she imagines that the poetic exaltation of the courtship — the raptures of honeymoon — are to continue far into old age.

Of the sense of reality she is absolutely destitute; and her reasoning faculties are lost for the time in the rainbow-lined cloud of hope and exultation.

Perhaps her marriage has taken her from an uncongenial home, and she is elated and full of hope in consequence. Reality will wake her up soon enough, poor soul! Meanwhile we, who see the fool's paradise in which she is living, feel sorry for her, and anxious to know how she will bear the waking which has to come to her as to others — as to all. — London Queen.

Perfect serenity in regard to death is not attained by any effort of the will, nor by any mere process of reasoning; it is rather the result of a happy combination of bodily and mental conditions.

The chief of these conditions, the assured hope of a future beyond the grave, in comparison of which the brightest earthly visions fade like a candle before the dawn, is not given to all; and in these days, especially, it is for many overshadowed, if not altogether blotted out, by doubts and questionings which can no longer be hidden from the multitude.

Even to those who most earnestly cling to the hope of immortality, it would seem that our troublous inheritance of sympathy must cast many a distressing side-light upon prospects in which of old the faithful were able to take undisturbed delight.

However this may be, the mere prospect of a prolonged existence beyond the grave apart from other reasons for joyful confidence, must be taken rather as enlarging the scope of our hopes and our fears than as necessarily altering the balance between them.

Habitual hopefulness may color the prospect beyond the grave with the same glowing tints which it throws over this world, so that in some cases the same cause which makes life delightful makes death not unwelcome. Such a state of mind, though rare, is not unknown. But perhaps a perfect balance of feeling is more readily to be found at a lower level of expectation.

Mince Pie. — Take a pound of beef, free from skin and strings, and chop it very fine; then two pounds of suet, which likewise pick and chop; then add three pounds of currants, nicely cleaned and perfectly dry; one pound and a-half of apples, the peel and juice of a lemon, half a pint of sweet wine, half a nutmeg, and a few cloves and mace, with pimento in fine powder; have citron, orange and lemon peel ready, and put some in each of the pies when made.

THE HOUSE AND FARM

Softly... Two cups of butter, two cups of sugar, two of molasses, six of flour, six eggs, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, half a cup of milk, three tablespoonfuls of yeast powder.

Indian... One pint of meal, one pint of milk, sour preferred; one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, if the milk is sweet, one tablespoonful of molasses or sugar, small piece of butter, two eggs.

California... Take a skinned head, one set of floor, well-cleaned; put into a pot and cover with water, let it boil until the bones fall from it, (about two hours); strain the fat out the head and feet, chop very fine, and put back into the pot with sweet majoram, cloves and black pepper to your taste; add to this, before taking from the fire, some forced meat-balls; should the soup be too thin, add a little flour and butter rubbed together.

When done, have ready in the tureen two eggs, boiled hard and chopped fine, one teaspoonful of wine and lemon sliced; pour the soup over them.

Seasoning Sausage Meat. — I saw a receipt for seasoning sausage in the Telegram recently. I will write down here mine. I weigh instead of measuring. For forty pounds of meat I use one pound of salt, one-fourth pound of sifted sage, and two ounces of black pepper.

Buy the pepper, coarse and grind it, it is much stronger than the ground found in the market. I have used this receipt for many years. All who eat of my sausage pronounce it good. — Germantown Telegraph.

How Common Lamps Waste Light. — Did it ever occur to the reader, that most of the common lamps actually waste one-half or more of all the light produced, and are therefore doubly expensive?

The flame gives off rays from its surface; but if we will half cover the flame, half of the rays are intercepted and lost. This is just what is done in a majority of lamps. In several of the lamps now made this loss is saved by omitting the metal cap, and having the glass chimney set down below the bottom of the flame.

Such an arrangement is equivalent to saving half the expenses of oil. The Argand principle is of great utility. This is an arrangement for having a current of air pass up through the center of a circular flame, furnishing oxygen to its interior. The combustion is much more intense, and the light correspondingly greater. — Agriculturist.

A Delightful Winter Diet. — One quart of milk, six eggs, reserving the whites of two, which heat to a stiff froth, and when the milk boils drop in spoonfuls; in a minute or two remove carefully to a plate; after beating the eggs, light pour the boiling milk slowly into the egg, stirring the egg quickly the while; sweeten it and place over the fire, stirring it all the time until it simmers. It must not boil. If it should curdle pour it immediately into another pan and stir until cool.

Place sponge-cake, moistened with Madeira wine (and on which preserved strawberries or other fruit has been spread), in the bottom or sides of a glass or china bowl and when the custard is cool, flavor with vanilla, and pour into the bowl; placing the white balls carefully on top; then surround the bowl with ice, or stand it into cold water until required.

Grain in Europe and America. — Europe produces now on an average 5,000,000,000 bushels of grain, of which Russia produces one-third, Germany and France, 620,000,000 each, and Austria 500,000,000. The United States produces 1,600,000,000 bushels, or about the same as Russia. In order to appreciate the advantages of the United States, the population should be taken into account; this is for the United States 40,000,000, and therefore we produce forty bushels per head; while while Europe, with a population of quite 300,000,000, produces sixteen bushels; Russia twenty-six bushels per head and Great Britain only four bushels per head.

As the average quantity of grain consumed, per head, is fifteen bushels, we produce nearly three times as much as we want. Russia scarcely twice its wants, Europe on an average all needed, but Great Britain, not much more than one-fourth. It will be seen that the general production far surpasses the consumption, out this excess is absorbed by breweries and distilleries all over the world, which do more to keep the price of breadstuffs at a high figure than any thing else.

An experiment in co-operative farming has been tried in England. Several years ago Mr. Brand, speaker in the house of commons, announced his intention of taking his laborers into partnership in the profit of his extensive farm of 670 acres. The result of the experiment shows that co-operative farming is not likely to prove successful. In theory, the laborers should have been inspired to more hearty and industrious labor by a plan which promised them a share in the net profits, besides their regular wages. But in practice, no result of this sort was noticeable. They took their wages right along, and such pickings as they could get, and didn't bother their heads particularly about Mr. Brand's complicated bookkeeping and the ledger entries of profit and loss. Under the old system, indeed, there was a rather stronger stimulus from self-interest than under the new. The farmer who leased the land of the landlord had a distinct contract which he had to meet, and was of course interested in making as much as possible in addition. He made, in turn, the contracts with the laborers in such a way as to get the most and the best out of their labor. Under the co-operation system the profits of the farm fell off considerably, indicating that the system is not likely to prove successful. — Lewiston Journal.