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Meeting the shortest line and the best time between St. Louis and Minneapolis and St. Paul, the summer season and lake country, the most prominent of which are Lake Minnetonka and White Bear Lake, of the Northwest, and the great lakes.

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20 Chromo Cards (perfect beauties) with name, 10c. Outfit, 10c. TURNER CARD CO., Lowell, Mass.

MOYER, MAY I GO AND PLAY?

By ETTIE M. HOLTON. Mother, may I go and play? Darling mother, may I play? Get my hat with widest brim, Let me have my playthings all; Let me be a child to-day—were few; Mother, may I go and play?

COURTSHIP BY PROXY. "Indeed!" said the deacon's wife. I knew by that she hadn't heard a word we had been saying.

"But the poor creature is freezing and starving," said I, impatiently. "Can't you, as President of the society, empower me to give her at least one of those woolen sacks we have on hand?"

"I don't know but I might go as far as that, though I suppose it isn't exactly in order," returned the deacon's wife, leaning back in her chair, and smoothing the table-cover between her thumb and finger.

"What do you think of Mr. Brodhead, Bella?" "There! I shouldn't wonder if he would give us something!" I exclaimed, going down on my knees in my heart to the deacon's wife for my injustice.

"I suppose so," I replied, gathering my shawl about me. "Oh, don't you go yet yet, Bella. I was wanting to see you, and I consider your dropping in a quite providential. The deacon and I were talking of calling on you this very evening," said the deacon's wife, putting out her hand to keep me from rising.

"I was just speaking a good word for Mr. Brodhead to Bella, deacon," said she. "Ah! and what does Bella say?" returned the deacon, looking as though it were a question of investing in real estate, or the price of gold.

"You need not wait long, if that is all," answered Deacon Shackelford. "I'll ask you now. Have you any objection to an offer of marriage from Mr. Brodhead? There!" "He is a very bashful man, Mr. Brodhead is, Bella, and so he got us to help him a little. Why, he is in love with you," interposed Mrs. Deacon Shackelford—"he is in love with you down to his boots."

So I went home to my classes in embroidery, and drawing, and wax-work—to making Aunt Susannah's caps and granddaddy's coffee. My life was full of monotonous work in those days, and sometimes I had a strange, uncomfortable impression of a machine wound up and running without any act of its own.

"I knew some one was coming. I've known all day some one was talking of coming," said Gitty Pullen, who, "to accommodate," as she often told us, had kindly consented to rule over our kitchen and us with a rod of pine in the form of a crutch.

"And then she disappeared in the kitchen with her crutch and the cat, while Aunt Susannah put in her teeth, put on her black silk apron, and went with her meeting step into the parlor. When I followed her, soon after I found her talking in as steady a flow as the waters came down at Lodore to Mrs. Corliss, who sat by the woodbine window, with hands folded in her black netted mitts across her lap, and her tea-colored curls shaking their heads, as it were, at the world and its vanities; while granddaddy, who had been senior deacon for fifty years, and who had no idea even the church edifice could stand without him, was already in deep discussion with Mr. Corliss upon the question then absorbing and disturbing us, as to whether our Sabbath-school should hereafter be called a Sunday-school.

"I can never consent to have a religious organization known by a heathen name," granddaddy was saying, as I had heard him say half a hundred times before. "And Mr. Corliss, with his serene, white head bent toward him, was thinking how he could braid in one of the fossilized fathers and the versatile sons of the church.

"So there was nothing for me to do but to sit and smile and listen; for granddaddy and Aunt Susannah were not the persons to yield the floor when it was once theirs by priority. "Mr. Corliss, is it not time for us to go?" said Mrs. Corliss, at early star-rising, with her measured dignity.

"Bella, put on your hat and walk out with us a little way. It is a charming evening," said Mrs. Corliss, turning to me after taking a ceremonious leave of Aunt Susannah. "Of course I went for my hat. I should as soon think of insisting on breathing in an exhausted receiver as of refusing to follow a suggestion of Mrs. Corliss."

"I couldn't think of such a thing for a moment, Mrs. Corliss. I have no expectation or wish ever to marry anyone," said I, feeling very much annoyed. "Mrs. Corliss sighed severely. "Marriage is a divinely-appointed institution," said she, "and not to be lightly set aside without due consideration and prayer. You are not now prepared to give a final answer to so important a matter. It comes upon you suddenly. Take time, my dear friend, to think it over carefully, prayerfully, and with a view to what is your duty."

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"I don't know when I felt sorer," said she, when I was settled at my work by her side, "than I did for somebody who came to me last week in a love affair. He is a man of whose love any woman might be proud, but he is so full of humility and self-distrust that he doesn't even dare open the subject to the young woman herself. And I don't know but it will cost him his life. He says he is sure it would if she should refuse him, and I guess he is sure about it."

Female Purity. All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young and cheering us when old—depend so entirely upon their personal purity and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is willfully to remove the broadest cornerstone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts.

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"Why, Aunt Kent," said I, "it is too absurd! He has already been to the minister and to the minister's wife, and then to the deacon and to the deacon's wife, to ask them to intercede for him. I wouldn't have a man anyhow after he had made such a goose of himself."

"Dear child," she said tenderly, "when you have seen a few more of the ups and downs of life, you will think more of a good man's love than you will of these outside manners. Mr. Brodhead told me he had been in this strait to some of our mutual friends, but he supposed they had not spoken with you. And we must not judge him by the standard we would apply to some people. He is shrinking to timorousness, especially with ladies. And he says he is conscious that he always appears his worst before you. Poor man! I've seen him sit at church with his eyes fixed on the ribbon of your hat, as it fluttered a little in the wind, and looked so hungry and so hopeless, my heart just ached for him."

"I feel humiliated, Aunt Kent," said I. "I hope nobody else has seen him make such a silly spectacle of himself." "Bella, my dear, you are wrong," interposed Aunt Kent, gently. "We must take people as they are, not as we would have made them. The man is cast in a delicate, sensitive mold, and this is nearly or quite a matter of life or death with him. I doubt if you are loved again by so worthy a man, and I am sure you will not be any more sincerely. I hope you will not be so misguided as to throw away such a treasure, only for a romantic notion."

"I could not laugh at Aunt Kent's tender earnestness, but I shook my head and felt immovable from the bump of firmness down to my boot soles. And thus ended the third lesson. Weeks after this, one day in the "dawning of the year," when the bees hummed and the lilacs bloomed, I went out to dig blood-root where the road ran through a bit of woodland, a little north of the village. Because if we didn't need it, somebody might, and Aunt Susannah considered a few roots and herbs "so handy to have in the house."

"You couldn't care any for me, I suppose?" said Mr. Brodhead, humbly. "Perhaps I might, I don't know," I replied, almost involuntarily. "Dear me!" But a love story sounds so different when a man tells it himself. And so, presently, it was I who trembled and cast down my eyes and blushed; and it was Mr. Brodhead who looked as though he was master of the whole world and the stars besides.

"Yes, we are engaged, and are to be married two weeks from next Wednesday. And the moral of my story is this: "If you want your business done, go; if not, send."

Good Luck. Rev. A. E. Lawrence gave some good advice, that is worth repeating, to the graduating class of the Newton High School. "I hope," he said, "none of you belong to that most unfortunate class who imagine themselves lifted above the necessity of effort; who think that their family position, or their father's wealth, or a little money of their own, is going to bring the world to them, and that the oyster is quietly coming to open itself for them when they are ready to eat it. The oyster is a great deal more likely to swallow them."

"Turn up!" he replied, "I never knew anything to turn up for me in this world unless I turned it up!" He who trusts to good luck to bring the world round to him just when he gets ready for it, will find himself like the clown in Horace, waiting on the bank for the stream to flow by, that he may pass over without wetting his feet.

All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young and cheering us when old—depend so entirely upon their personal purity and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is willfully to remove the broadest cornerstone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts.