MATER DOLOROSA.

Because of one dear infant head With golden hair, To me all little heads

A halo wear;
And for one saintly face I knew
All babes are fair. Because of two wide, earnest eyes

Of heavenly blue,
Which looked with yearning gaze
My sad soul through, es now fill mine own with tears Whate'er their hue

Because of little death-marked lips, Which once did call My name in plaintive tones, No voices fall

Upon my ears in vain appeal From children small.

Two little hands held in my own Long, long ago, Now cause me as I wander through o clasp each baby hand stretched ou In fear of foe. This world of wo The lowest cannot plead in vain.

I loved him so.

—C. C. Hahn, in the Current.

SINNING FOR LOVE.

Over hill and dale, and soft green meadows, fell the golden haze of a summer afternoon. A dreary silence filled the air, unbroken save by the hum of the bees and twitter of the birds in the trees.

Under the branches of a drooping tree a girl was standing, a girl fair and young, more than passing fair. Only at this moment the beauty of her face was marred by the expression of bitter hate that darkened it, while her eyes rested on a slight eminence that rose a few steps away.

She was in the shadow, and on the hill another lady and gentleman were standing.

The girl. Cleta Manvers, watched the lovers, for such Hester Leigh and Guy Singleton most certainly were, her eyes glowing, her breath coming quick, her short, little hands clenched convulsive-

"She will never be his wife!" she cried passionately; "before that I would pounds. take her life with my own hands.

Suddenly, almost at her side, there oice in the ballad:

"Do not trust him gentle lady, Though his voice be low and sweet; Heed not he who kneels before thee gently pleeding at thy feet."

A swift change passed over Cleta Manver's face, and she turned in the direction of the sound and came face to face with the singer, a giypsy girl of about eighteen, a girl with a rich, dark lovliness, but whose face was pallid, and and dispair, as well as madness.

Cleta laid her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Have you seen him yet," she said: have you seen Guy Singleton?"

The girls eyes grew wild.

"I will never find him, never, never I have wandered far and near, but I see him not. He is gone, gone forever; but I must find him;" and then she turned in the direction she had come and fled down the pathway. Cleta looked after her.

"Is love woman's curse?" she "Has it been yours as well, fair Cleta?" and a pair of dark, flashing eyes were looking into hers, and a dark, mocking face smiled at the terror that actually whitened her lips.

A low cry left her lips. "Vernon Singleton alive," she gasp-

"Alive and well, and as angelic as ever," he answered. "As fiendish," she said; then sudden-

ly: "I thought you dead, and you are here." "And gloried in the thought, no doubt and here I am, my beloved wife."

Her eyes flashed. "Do not dare to repeat that," she said. "I am not your wife. There was nothing in that ceremony that bound a child to you—a child, mad with passion

and pain." "Yet woman enough for that pain to come from love, and unrequited love. as it is still. I see:" and his eyes rested on the eminence where Hester and Guy still stood, unconscious of the watchers.

I am afraid he is lost to you for certain, now-even if I did exist no longer. Then changing his manner: "Listen, Cleta," he said; "I will never claim you if you help me in this plot.' What is it?"

Vernon talked low and earnestly for a while, and Cleta listened silently.
"Meet me here to-night," he said in conclusion, "and we will settle the best way to manage it."

The next instant she was alone again a new tempest of rage in her bosom.
"The fool!" she said; "does he think I would trust him? He has signed his

own death-warrant." She met him that night, and listened while the he further explained his plan. The moon shone pale and high, as he turned to leave her passed behind

a mountain of clouds, and then-Then a pistol gleamed in Cleta's white hand, a shot rang out on the night air, and the man fell forward dead-shot

through the heart. The woman bent over him. Yes, he

was dead. Down below the river ran deep and dark, and without a moment's hesitation, with almost superhuman exertion for her, she dragged him towards it.

It was terrible work, but she never paused, though her face grew pallid, her eyes wild with fear. One last effort—a terrible ominous

thud. The body had sunk below the water. She went home and entered as sh had left, unobserved, and then threw

herself on the couch, but not to sleep, but to think of her crime and wonder was she safe. She was aroused, however, in a few

hours, for she had fallen at length into a deep doze, by the cries of Hester. "Come quickly," Hester cried; "un-

cle is dying. Be quick Cleta." Cleta leaped to her feet, her heart beating. Only an old man dying. Ah, heaven, what had she feared? Even to

her soul she feared to whisper that. Yes, their uncle, or more properly speaking, their grand-uncle, was dving nay, almost dead, the kind old man who had brought them up from childhood. "Where is-where is Guy?" the dying

man said. In a few minutes his adopted son stood at the bedside.

The old man, who had been more than a father to him, and a distant relation, for the true name as well as name by adoption of Guy was Singleton, was almost past speaking, but he pointed to the girls.

"Either of them, Guy, for you-you

He said no more—his soul had passed Two days later they laid him to rest

in the grave, and then, in the dim old library, the will was read. He gave and bequeathed all he pos-

sessed to his adopted son, Guy Singleton, on condition that he wed Cleta Manvers, or Hester Leigh, within the year. To his other grand-niece, the one whom Guy did not marry, he left ten thousand pounds, to be paid out of ly after his wild career.
the estate on Guy's wedding day.

How, when all believed him dead, he

If Cleta Manvers was a beauty, so was Hester, of a different type, a different and a nobler.

Cleta was fair as a lily, with golden hair and eyes of cerulean blue, while Hester's eyes were deep, soit brown, her hair chesnut, thick and wavy.

Cleta's face was rose-tinted and dimpled, while a flush seldom stained the fair, pure pallor of Hester's delicate

With all the passion of his heart, Guy loved Hester Leigh—his purs-souled darling, he called her-and any one might know, when the will was read. that she would be the chosen mistress of the stately home where the girls had spent their lives.

Up and down her own room Celta walked.

He loved Hester, and the girl she hated would have love, wealth, position, while she would have ten thousand

"I would dye my hands red again," she cried, "before Hester should reign here triumphant. After all, my crime broke forth, clear and sweet, and full might as well not have been; yet I the past was forgotten by Hester and who travelled over the estates, declares fan almost agonizing pathos, a girl's could not have trusted him. Had he Guy—the past darkness that had ended that the peasantry are worse fed, clad lived, I cannot tell what trick he would have played me."

"I was to destroy the will, and then as nearest-of-kin he would inherit all, and to me he would give one-third. But the fool, to never dream the other plot in my mind, which his coming would thwart—a plot that will at least part Hester and Guy, and then perhaps I will win. It is my last hope.

Whatever her plot, she played it well, for when, three or four months before whose great dark eyes were full of pain | Hester to be his wife, she simply answered him "No."

She gave no explanation, only turned coldly away, but had he seen her in the seclusion of her own room he would have known, no matter what had caused her refusal, that she loved him.

"My love, my love!" she cried;"though all unworthy, I cannot tear you from

Ah, what weeks would have been saved-at least, what weeks of agonyhad Guy known the truth, had he known of a gypsy mother who accused him of wrecking her child's life, had cursed him with a mother's curse, for the gypsy girl who had stood under the then fled at Cleta's words, lay in her grave, and her last words to her mother had been the name of her lover, Guy Singleton.

"My curse around him and around the woman he weds," she cried in a frenzy.

Was it any wonder, then, that when Guy Singleton asked Hester to be his wife, white and trembling she refused, turning coldly away from his pleading? It was then that Cleta played her cards well, for Guy found a sympathizer in her, and, man-like, Guy found

sweetness in it-at least, a balm for the blow Hester had given him. Then it dawned upon him that this girl, with her eyes of blue and hair of gold, loved him with a passion he had

never dreamed of. What man is not flattered by a womon's love particularly if she is young and beautiful—and this girl was

With soft, sweet smiles she won him. Not that his heart yield to her spell, but his senses, dazzled by her smiles and sympathy united, put his better judgment to flight, though his heart was, and always would be, Hester's

One of the girls he must wed, or leave them both penniless. Ah, had he dreamed of Hester's pain and hopelessness of heart he might have less quick-

ly fled for consolation to another. A few months later-almost at the expiration of the year-Guy Singleton

made Cleta his wife. Crime and sin had conquored. She was mistress of her uncle's wealth and wife of the man she adored.

She knew her husband did not love her, but she had triumphid. In time he would learn to love her. She must win his love.

Yes, she had triumphed; but did the memory of the man she had sent before this punch is served will hold as much his Judge cease to haunt her morning, noon, or night?

Hester bore her pain in silence. If gentle, she was far from weak, and though her face grew paler; her eye more dreamy, none dreamed of the weary days and wakeful night; that were hers. She had loved Guy with all the strength of her heart, but he had

proved unworthy.

Did the knowledge—had the knowledge edge killed her love? No-a thousand How many people are there whose general habits are temperate who car times no! Love lived, though it lay bleeding. Ah, how well she loved him she never knew until he was the hus-

band of another! Her life stretched bare and hopeless before her, death would have been welcome, or at least she believed it would have been in the first great desolation of

her soul. But then in Cleta's triumph-in the very height of it, the bolt of God's ven- patient's convalescence. HOUSE AND FARM NOTES.

geance fell, when the end of all things

One day while out riding, a man

leaped from a grove near where she was

alive. Vernon Singleton stood before

A mocking laugh broke from the

man's lips as he caught the reins, and

then-then the horse reared, swerved.

rose on its hind legs, and Cleta lay white

glanced down on the marble face, and

the pallid lips now flecked with blood,

then turned and left her there till others

They carried her home, but the doc-

Ah, what change comes to our spirit

eyes see clearly, and a terrible fore-

Knowing that it was her death-bed.

knowing that all she had sinned for was

ter and Guy, and told them all. The

story of her marriage with Vernon,

whom her uncle had disinherited short-

returned; and then the story of her crime—her crime that had failed for

consciousness had come back to Vernon

when he struck the water, and the

wound was scarcely even dangerous.

"Hester, I led that gypsy woman to believe that Guy was the lover who

wrecked her daughter's life, but it was

Her breath came short and labored,

"Guy-Guy-I-I- Ah, God

The next instant she was pleading

One year later Hester and Guy were

Vernon Singleten never came near

them, but he sent a messenger for

some money, which Guy gave, and then

A New Story of Tom Corwin.

enemies, especially in his own party.

On one occasion, however, he changed

one of his warmest admirers into a ram-

pant Democrat with a bit of sarcasm.

biscuits seem to have been heavy enough

to attract the Wagoner Boy's attention.

the next town the landlord was all

smiles and good wishes, and said:

When Corwin was about to leave for

"Mr. Corwin, if there is anything I

can do to aid you in defeating Wilson

"That's very generous," said Cor win.
"But I mean it," said Boniface.

"There is only one thing you can do,

"Out with it, Mr. Corwin: out with

replied Corwin, "but I dislike to refer

it. I'll do anything for the cause.

Only mention it, that's all."
"Well Mr. Landlord, I'll tell you

what you can do to defeat Mr. Shan-

on. He speaks here next Thursday, 1

"Manage some way to get him to stop at your hotel—"

been made. He will stay with me all

of biscuits that we had this morning.

Get half a dozen of them into Shannon

and he will weigh so much that he can't

was off, but the landlord had under-

gone a political transformation. From

a Whig he changed to a Democrat, and

was "fernist" Tom Corwin for the rest

The Insidious Punch of Washing-

Washington correspondence New York World.

the direction of society drinking in the

last five years. There is hardly a re-

voted slow. The punch that is made

is no child's drink, either. This is the recipe for the standard Washington

punch: One part of sour lemonade, one

part of claret, one-half part of rum,

one-half part of the best whiskey. This concoction is then carefully

sweetened and given additional flavor

by strong dashes of various liquors.

the claret. The average glass in which

is served from a huge block of ice.

which is cut in the shape of a bowl.

This punch is drank at receptions in-

Warmed up by the

discriminately by young and old with

exercise of the dance the young people

rum and whisky and claret?

out regard to sex.

There has been a great increase in

ton.

Corwin whipped up his horses and

'Oh, the arrangement has already

"And then feed him on the same kind

to so delicate a matter."

beleive.

night."

run at all."

of his life.

Only tell me what I can do and I will

Shannon, you have only to mention it.

It was seldom that Corwin made any

woman who lies in her grave.

and a gray shadow fell over her face.

Then she turned to Hester.

going from her now, she sent for Hes-

knowledge that fills the soul with awa

Without a look of pity, Vernon

and senseless on the ground.

high estate?

found her.

comes to us.

have mercy!

before the throne.

Lighten the labor of the farm-house A wild cry left her lips. Dead or kitchen! Give the gudewife a few laborsaving implements. They don't cost her. Heavenly Father, what difference very much money, but what an amount did it make? Dead! had he come to haunt her-living to drag her from her sure!

The Farm Journal says that not much can be done to change the habit of milk secretion in older cows, or even after the first year. It is therefore important to carefully train a cow in her first and second years' production -by green fodder and other food which stimulate milk secretion.

The New England consumption of Chicago dressed beef has risen regularly and very steadily from 4,740 tons in tor's verdict ended all hope. She must 1878, to 106,804 tons in 1883, while the consumption of Western beef reat the hour of death. Then, indeed, the ceived on the hoof has fallen from 97-077 tons to 40,200, and the former kind last year amounted to 72 per cent. of the whole.

Mr. F. L. Wright says, in the Fruit Recorder, that he obtained, last Spring, 200 plants of the Atlantic Staawberry, and that of hundreds of different kinds. no other ever did better. The berries were the size of those of Charles Downing, very late and of exquisite flavor.

Edward E. Hale remarks, in The Critic and Good Literature, that virtue is one of the things that is caught by contagion. Is this not equally true of good farming? And will not the boys and girls learn to love the farm sooner and surer by such contagion than in any other way.

Paris statistics of 1881 mention 9,300 horses and 400 mules consumed as food in that city, and The Hygienic Gazette speaks of the meat as "a valuable resource." Science has demonstrated the excellent quality of the flesh, the One year later Hester and Guy were animal being essentially herbivorous married, and they never speak Cleta's and no noxious element elaborated in its name, which, if not forgotten, is not economy; while its organic resistance is willingly remembered, save by Hester, such that of 3,000 cut up a well-known whose gentle heart cannot think but veterinary surgeon did not find one in with pity of the beautiful, sin-stained which the viscera showed any trace of morbid lesion.

The Governor-General of Canada, Marquis of Landsdowne, "owns" 94,554 he passed from their lives forever; then acres in Ireland, and James Redpath, who travelled over the estates, declares in a happy present, and a future full cl and housed, and treated with less consideration and regarded in practice as having fewer human rights than the negroes of the most penurious slaveholders of our South before the war.

A recent traveller across the continent describes Nevada as "everywhere nothingness mingled with a little scraggy sage and lots of alkali," excepting the oasis known as Humboldt Station, It was in the campaign of '42. He where a spring coaxed from the mounthe expiration of the year, Guy asked spoke in Lancaster and stopped at the tain has started a little grass, a bit of garden and a few trees. It was here principal hotel, kept by a Whig. The is water and good society." "Humph," replied the bluff Senator, "that's all the lower region lacks."

In the finest quality of butter the salt is so evenly diffused that, as appears under the microscope, every grain is sur-rounded by a film of clear and transparent brine. This shows the necessity of avoiding the overworking of butter before the salt is added. In the first working every praticle of milk ought to should be left to dissolve every grain of salt in twelve hours before the next working. If this is attained there is little danger of streakmess in the butter, but to get the best results the salt should be very finely ground.

Much Made Out of Nothing by Frugal Housewives. From the New York Mail and Express.

Some women have a faculty of making something out of nothing, at least it so appeared to a reporter for the Mail and Express. He was coming lown town from Harlem on the elevated railroad. Directly in front of him sat two young ladies inspecting a square of what is known in feminine parlance as "crazy patchpork."

"I feel awfully hurt," said the owner of the delicate specimen of handiwork. "I spent two weeks on this square, and when I gave it to Mrs. - last night to help along with her quilt she told me the quilt had been finished for several days. I think it's too mean for anything. Two weeks' time just wasted."

'How so? returned the other. "You can make it into a beautiful little handbag. Seven inches square! Just the ception, afternoon or evening, where right size. Hung from your waist by the punch-bowl is not found. Places a broad satin ribbon it will be real stunright size. Hung from your waist by where there are no punch-bowls are ning. You can cord it around the edge and put a pocket on the inside for your handkerchief."

"So I can! Seeing you are so handy at using up odds and ends, tell me what can I do with these two yards of stiff

turkey-red cotton? I had these left over from my curtain borders." "If I were you I would make two panels of it to hang up in the dining-room Sometimes champaign is substituted for against that dark Eastlake paper. Make them half a yard wide and a yard and a puarter long. Put a curtain stick in the bottom hem. The contrast will be strias a teacup. This punch is iced to perfect coldness and in some places king. A cluster of daisies or grasses embroidered on them in wool will look lovely. It won't take you long. for the work is not fine, and you can get a bunch of daisies for a model very cheap just aow. But what are you going to do with this?" and she pulled a piece of pretty blue sateen sprinkled with pink rush to the punch-bowl to satisfy their moss buds, about half a yard long, from thirst. I have seen young ladies drink from two to three glasses of this punch | the bundle,

"That is a piece of my new dress. am going to give it to our washerwoman's little girl for a doll's dress."

safely drink two or three teacupfuls of "Nonsense!" You can make a most comfortable little foot-rest out of that. Take a small soap or starch box, pad it The operation of removing a tumor nicely and then cover it with this. from the brain—which was a few days tacking it down with silver-headed ago performed at a London hospital tacks. Footstools look awfully pretty probably for the first time in the histor; in a bed-room, and besides they are so of medicine—has been followed by the comfortable."

"How nice? I am real glad you told Plants succeed much better in the kitch- 000,000.

me. 1 guess I will keep my scraps after this. I usually throw them away."

"You dont mean to say you haven't a catch-all?' Make one, then, by all means. You can make it out of stuff goods or you can cochet one. It should be about twenty inches long, and close at the top and bottom, with a draw string. You will soon find some good use for your odds and ends then. for me, I never throw away a thing.

"No," thought the reporter, as he left the car, "not even an opportunity to teach your friends economy and usefulness.

Uncle Hezekiah's Experiments.

One night arter all the chores wus done, last spring, I tho't, tho'ts I, ez how I wud try sum experiments on potatere, ez I'd been readin' bout other farmers doin'. Sum of my agerculteral papers had been tellin' as how they had razed 1,000. 1,200, and even 1,300 bushels taters to the acre, or I should say at that rate, so why couldn't I? So I went to work. I found one o' Sally Ann's old flower boxes out in the shed that had five separate boxes or apartments into it, and took it out into the garden. Sally Ann spied me, "What yer doin' with my posy box out there, Hezekiah!" sez she. "Experimentin'," sez I. "I'm jest

goin' to see how many taters I kin raze on an acre and prove it. What's the everlastin use of allers scratchin, and diggin, for twenty-five bushels to the acre and small ones to boot, when sum of our hardfisted laborers who edit agercultural papers, and who kin do no more nor I kin, raze 1,300 bushels? That's what I want to know." At that Sally Ann went into the house and I went to work.

As I sed, the box was five feet long inside measure, and exactly one foot wide. I numberd the plots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, got some good soil and put in all just alike, then mixed in, or else put on arter wards, several kinds of these yer tater fertilizers they tell so much about (I don't give no names, as that might advertise 'em a little, you know), only on one plot I didn't put none.

Well then come the question of how many eyes to the hill, so I put 'em in No. 1, one eye; No. 2, two eye; No. 3, three eye, and so on through the five. You should hev seen them tater tops

grow though during the summer. Looked like a young hedge, they was so rank! It bein' out of the question to do much with a horse and plough, I give 'em level culture with an old trowel. But now fur the result. Plot 1 had 10 taters, measured 9 quarts; plot 2, 6 taters measured 7 quarts; plot 3, 12 taters or 10 quarts; plot 4, 8 and 8, and plot 5, 30 and 12 quarts. "There you be," sez I, "all easy figurin', and figurs don't lie."

Let's see, now! Altogether I raised 46 quarts in a box containin' 5 square feet. Accordin' to old Daboll, in an acre there is jest 43,560 square feet, and in 46 quarts there's jest 1.4375 bushel, that is, one bushel and so much over. Now if I divide 43,560 by 5, that'll tell that the polite proprietor of the hotel how many, 5-foot boxes I'd hev in an remarked to Ben Wade: "You see what acre, which gives 8,712 boxes. But in acre, which gives 8,712 boxes. But in irrigation can do. All Nevada needs every box thar would of course be 1.4375 bushel, so multiply 8,712 by 1.4375 and it gives 12,523‡ bushels. That's cleer. "Thar you hev it," sev I, T've beet the world. Tell everybody Uncle Hezekiah has raised 12,523 bushels of taters to the acre, and there's your figurs. It's as plain as the nose on your face," sez I to myself. But speekin' a leetle too loud Sally Ann overheard me, and she sez, "What's so awful plain, Hezekiah?"

"Why, these yer taters and these yer

gures." sez 1. "Them is whoppers," sez she, "both taters and figurs; and now you've done so well, Hezekiah, I 'spose you'll plant that big side-hill lot next spring and show folks how to raise 12,000 bushels on every acre, but you'll hev to giv your individual attenshun to each individual hill. Now 'fore you write out your experiment, Hezekiah, for the paper, you'd better make it plain that you didn't hev 8,000 and more boxes like mine all over your acre patch, and that it was at the rate of 12,000 bushels, not actually that, for you'd hev all your neighbors laffin' at you, Hezekiah, jest as they do at these big yields of corn and potaters they read about in some of our agricultural papers." And so HEZEKIAH. thought

-Our Country Home.

How to Cure Hams. New Hampshire Farmer.

The process of sugar-curing hams is as follows: The hams are trimmed and rubbed with salt and left to drain on a bench for a day and a night. They are then wiped dry and packed in a clean as it is put down. They are packed as closely as possible. A pickle is made as follows: For each hundred pounds of meat, seven pounds of salt, two and one-half pounds of brown sugar, and two ounces of saltpeter are dissolved in hot water, and the liquid is boiled for a short time, being skimmed if necessary. It is then cooled, and when cold is strained into the barrel through a doubled cloth on to the meat. The meat should be kept three inches under the pickle. It is best to head up the barrel and pour the pickle through a hole in th. lead, and then cork it tight. Otherwise a loose head should be put on the meat and weighted down, and a cover put on the top of the barrel After two months the hams may be taken out, well wiped and rubbed with ground black pepper and then smoked. A very neat and convenient way to flavor meat with smoke is to smoke the barrel and then pack the meat in it in such pickle as you choose. This saves much trouble and the meat is as good for home use but it lacks the color which takes in market. Make a fire on the ground and pile on some meadow hay or straw and turn the barrel over the fire which it will smother and the smoke will be dense and penetrating. Repeat this three times a day for a few days and wipe out the barrel with a cloth and it is ready for use.

House Plants. Dryness of the air is the chief obstacle to successful window gardening.

en than in the parlors, as the air is charged with moisture from the cooking, If the house is heated by a furnetc. ace, there should be a pan for evaporating water in the furnace kept well supplied. If stoves are used, keep vessels of water on them. Dust is injurions to plants. Much may be prevented from settling on the leaves by covering the plants with a light fabric whenever the rooms are swept. All smoothleaved plants, like the ivy, camellias, etc., should have a weekly washing with a damp sponge. The others may be placed in a sink or bath tub, and given a thorough showering. Water should be given as needed whether daily or weekly. Do not water until the soil is somewhat dry. Keeping the earth constantly wet soon makes unhealthy plants. Let the water be of the same temperature as the room. Hanging plants dry out rapidly. Plunge the pots or baskets in a pail or tub of water, and after they have ceased to drip return them to their places. The so-called green fly, or plant louse, is easily killed by tobacco water. Apply this when of the color of weak tea. Red Spider is very minute, and works on the lower sides of the leaves. When these turn brown, the spider may be suspected. Give frequent showers, laying the pot on the side, and apply water with the syringe. Scale insects and mealy bug are best treated by hand-picking before they become numerous. Chrysanthemums, when through flowering, should have the stems cut away and the pots of roots taken to the cellar. The pots of bulbs which were placed in the cellar or in a pit, for roots to form, may be brought to the window, and as they grow give an abundance of water. If needed, support the heavy flower spikes of hyacinths by a small stake.—American Agriculturist.

Chat With Our Girls Who Expect to be Housekeepers.

Rural New Yorker.

Not long ago I attended the wedding of one of our Rural girls. For the last five years she has been in the habit of "working out," when hor assistance was not needed at home. Although she worked for stipulated wages she has always been considered a member of the family where she served, receiving the treatment of an elder sister rather than that accorded to a servant, and she seemed to take the same interest in the work of the farmhouse as did the matron herself. She strove to excel in the art of cooking, and making use of good economy, and she was as skillful in the sewing room as in the kitchen. Having a sunny disposition, with a willingness to amuse and instruct the little folks, she soon became a favorite with the young people as well; and a certain young farmer in particular cast admiring glances upon her rosy, dimpled cheeks, and appreciated her many good qualities, and he finally obtained her promise to become his wife some time in the future, and now she has fulfilled this promise.

"What have you laid by from your earnings, Minnie, towards housekeep-I inquired, as I put the finishing touch to a pretty wreath that was to ornament the "bride's loaf" of cake, and she arranged pictures and vases of flowers, in preparation for the occasion

"She has almost all the necessities for a beginning;" said a friend, who, like myself, had arrived the day before

the wedding.
"You know," said Minnie, "that some time ago I purchased a full chamber set n, includin cane-seated chairs and a large and small rocker. Besides these, I have purchased a cottage bedstead, two good feather beds, and plenty of blankets. cloth for nine pairs of sheets, twelve pairs of pillow-slips, a dozen towels, three linen table-cloths, with napkins, a good set of dishes, with steel cutlery, and heavy silver-plated spoons, besides several pieces of tinware and little conveniences that do not cost much, yet are seldom found in a farmer's kitchen. Don't you think I have quite a 'setting out?" said she, while a pretty, selfsatisfied smile spread over her fair, sweet face. "And I have clothed myself comfortably, purchasing all my wedding finery; and if it is not as showy as some of my friends would have chosen, it is substantial, and I have never been without pin money by me since I began working away from home, and my wages have seldom exceeded two dollars per week."

"And her charities have not been few or small," whispered Mrs. Kindly in

my ear. How I did wish that every one of our Rural girls could begin her married barrel, and each one is rubbed with salt life with such a stock of household wisdom and household goods. Minnie's thorough knowledge of domestic economy will be worth a tortune to her. Upon looking over her little stock of tinware, I thought she must have an eye for "work made easy."

The wedding dress was of dark-brown cashmere trimmed with satin, and finished at the wrists with rich, creamy lace. A cluster of tiny, white lilies at the throat was the only ornament. You see, as she said, the dress was a serviceable one, and there was no sham, so it could be remade, and thus be made to wear a long time. Of course, I know you wish to hear all about the groom. Though a farmer, he is a gentleman, who has a pretty good knowledge of farming and stock-raising from experience as well as theory. From his boyhood he has been accustomed to the business, and thus has learned self-reliance and the art of calculating from cause to effect, and therefore he has the possibility of making farming a suc-

Two meals a day is a rule of living recommended by Dr. Dio Lewis. Two would be much better than three for persons of sedentary habits.

The most prominent names for next Governor of Massachusetts are given thus: Oliver Amea, \$6,000,000; John B. Alley, \$6,000,000; Congressman Russell, \$3,000,000; Cobet Lodge. \$1,-