

The Ladies' Page.

The Lovers—In Different Moods and Tenses.

Sallie Salter she was a teacher who taught,
And her friend Charlie Cook was a preacher who praught,
Though his enemies called him a sereacher who sraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,
And his eye, meeting hers, kept winking and wunk,
And she in her turn felt to thinking and think.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,
And his love grew till to a mountain it grewed,
And he was longing to do them as he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart had long soke,
So he managed to tie the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode,
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glide,
And they came to the place to be tied, and were tied.

"Then homeward," he said, "let us drive," and they drove,
And as soon as they wished to arrive they arrive,
For whatever he couldn't contrive she controve.

The kis he was dying to steal then he stole,
At the feet where he wanted to kneel then he knole,
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging and clung,
While Time his swift flight kept winging and wung,
And this was the thing he was bringing, and brung.

The man Sallie had wanted to catch, and had caught,
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snought,
Was the one she now liked to scratch, and had sraught.

And Charlie's warm love began freezing and froze,
While he took to teasing, and cruelly toze
The girl he was wishing to squeeze, and he squeeze.

"Wretch," he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and left,
"How could you deceive me as you have deceit?"
And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft."

The Mortgaged Farm.

"Six o'clock!" said Marian Hilyard, looking up suddenly as the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner rang out its shrill announcement; "six o'clock, and oh! mother, here is Jimmy Lane, punctual to the very moment. Now we shall have good news from Jack, I hope."

She ran out to the gate, flushed and eager to receive the letter from the country carrier; and returning seated herself on a low stool at her mother's feet, and broke the envelope.

On the first glance at its contents a shade of disappointment dimmed her bright face.

Instead of reading the note aloud she glanced hurriedly over the brief lines, and then silently, with a quivering lip, placed it in her mother's hand and turned aside to a window.

This is what Mrs. Hilyard read:

"Dear Madam: I saw your son a few days since, when, to my surprise, he expressed himself reluctant to apply his money to the redeeming of the mortgage, saying that he required it for a speculation which promised to be more profitable to him than the holding of the farm. I have, therefore, been compelled to dispose of the mortgage to a gentleman of my acquaintance, who proposes to take immediate possession, and consider it my duty to inform you thereof, in order that you may lose no time in making arrangements for a removal.

"Very respectfully,

"ABNER HARRIS."

Mrs. Hilyard returned the letter to its envelope with a trembling hand and a dazed, bewildered look, as though unable to realize the blow which had so suddenly fallen upon them.

Her eyes met Marion's, and the girl threw herself upon her knees by her mother's side and burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh, mother, mother! what shall we do? What will become of us?"

"The Lord will provide," said Mrs. Hilyard, raising her overflowing eyes to the motto on the wall, embroidered by Marion's own hand. "Where is your faith, my child, that it should fail you in this the very hour of our need?"

"Mother, it is not so much the loss of our home, nor the poverty and trial in store, which grieves me, but that Jack—our own son, my own brother—should have so changed. Oh, mother, I know that our Father in Heaven will not desert us, but to whom on earth can we turn when even Jack can become so worldly and heartless?"

At this moment a little blue-eyed girl burst into the room with:

"Mamma—Marion! here is Miss Melia Anderson at the gate in her buggy. She says will you step out a minute, for she wants to tell you about old Mr. Millard being sunstruck; and she daren't leave her horse without somebody to hold hold him."

Marion was in no condition to listen to Miss Melia—the greatest gossip in the neighborhood; so Mrs. Hilyard, drying her eyes, was in civility compelled to see her informal visitor. Marion, her head resting upon the window-sill behind the screen of clinging roses, could have heard every word spoken; but, absorbed in her grief, she paid no attention until the name of Wat Hinton struck upon her ear.

"It's true, for certain, for Maria had it from his own sister, Aggie Hinton. Says Maria, in her wild way, 'If he comes back with all that money—you know his uncle Samuel left him most of his property last year—says Maria, 'if he comes back rich, I mean to set my cap for him.' On which Aggie answers, 'Oh, you needn't, for he's to be married before long, and to a real nice, pretty girl.' Of course Maria wanted to know all about it, but Aggie only laughed in her mysterious way, until Maria says, 'I believe you are joking!' when Aggie replies, 'If Walter isn't married before winter I'll make you a present of my new earrings which he has sent me.' So you see it's certain sure; and no doubt he'll bring his bride to visit his family, and then, tell Marion, we may look out for a grand party. When the Hinton's undertake to do things they always do it handsomely."

Marion stayed to hear no more. Gliding out of a side door, she crossed the garden, passing little Myra, who was fondling a snow-white calf, her great pet and treasure, and who called out to her to "see how fast Snowball was growing."

Poor little sister! It would be as hard upon her as upon her mother and herself to leave the dear old home, with all the scenes and objects endeared to them by the association of their lives. For in that ample, pleasant, old-fashioned farmhouse Mrs. Hilyard had been born and

and married, and here her children also had first seen the light.

Two years ago her husband—who had been too little practical to make a successful farmer—had died suddenly, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassed state, and the farm burdened with a very heavy mortgage. Then Jack, good son and brother that he was, had thought it best to go to the city, taking advantage of a situation offered him by a distant relative, until the mortgage be paid.

Only two weeks ago he had written cheerfully, saying that the matter would be speedily settled to their satisfaction; and now just as they were expecting to hear that their home was their own again, came this cruel letter.

As Marion had said to her mother, not even the loss of their home went to her heart with so sharp a pang as did this evidence of the change in her only brother.

That Jack should have grown so worldly and heartless as to consider his pecuniary advantage before the gratification of his mother's comfort; that he should allow them to be actually turned out of the dear old house and go to reside in a strange city, where they could never feel at home—oh, this was the bitterest pang of all!

So Marion had thought upon first reading the letter, and it was not until hearing Miss Melia's words to her mother that she awoke to the consciousness that fate could have even a greater sorrow than this in store for her.

One year ago she had parted from her accepted lover, Wat Hinton, in mutual anger on both sides. Wat had become jealous, and had spoken sharply to her, and in a manner which she considered herself justified in resenting.

Wat was too proud to apologize, and Marion too proud as well as too delicate to make advances to a reconciliation; and so they had drifted apart, miserable, until Wat had broken the last link by going to the West.

She heard of him from time to time through his family, but no word or message to herself ever came. In all this while she had looked forward with a faint, yearning hope to the possibility of his some time returning, and of all being made up between them.

But now this last hope was rudely stricken to the ground. Wat was going to be married. He had forgotten her, and was lost to her forever.

"Oh, it is hard—so hard to hear!" thought Marion, as with hands unconsciously tightly clasped, she passed slowly under the apple boughs of the old orchard. "Life is bitter. It has taken all from me. It can have no more to give. Only my dear mother and Myra! For their sake I must be strong and try to bear it all."

On the verge of the orchard, where the high bank sloped abruptly to the meadow, she came to a mass of tangled honeysuckle, fashioned into a rustic arbor. Wat had made it for her, and here in fact it was that they had last parted.

Down in the meadow ran a little pathway, leading by a short cut to Wat's home, a couple of miles away. How often she had sat here of an evening and watched for him!

She could scarcely look back upon any object now before her eyes which was not connected with some association of Wat.

There was the walnut tree which he and Jack used to climb, and there the clear laughing brook in which he had taught her to steer the little boat which he had made for her, laden with grain, down to Jack's famous water mill at the roots of that old willow.

Further up was the real "grist and saw mill," which Jack had always been so desirous of owning, and which everybody said would be such a good investment for one who could manage it properly.

And then Marion, seated on the bench in the arbor, turned and looked long and yearningly at the old farmhouse peeping from the great beeches across the orchard. No other place on earth could ever be home to her. And her mother? Oh, it would be harder still for her whose whole life of fifty years had been spent under that roof. A sudden sound aroused Marion—a sharp whistle, as of some one calling to a dog, and she saw with her tear-dimmed eyes the figure of a man hurrying along the pathway in the meadow. She drew back behind the screen of the honeysuckle.

The path led past the arbor, but at the foot of the steep bank she would not be discovered in her retreat. So she thought, but a moment or two after there was a sound of footsteps ascending the bank, a rustle of honeysuckle branches, and Marion saw standing in the entrance of the arbor the figure of a tall young man, who looked almost as much startled as herself.

For an instant they gazed at each other—Marion pale, and the stranger with a flush rising on his handsome face. Then he said, as he held out his hand, "Marion, don't you know me?"

She gave him her hand in silence. It was Wat. And suddenly, with the sight of him came the full bitterness of her sorrow, in the consciousness that he was lost to her forever. She was nothing to him now, and he must be nothing to her.

"I am glad to have so unexpectedly found you here in this old spot," he said. "I arrived at home only an hour ago, and could not rest until I had seen you."

She met his eyes, bent upon her with a strange earnestness, and her pale cheek faintly flushed, but she could not have spoken a word.

"Marion," said he suddenly, "have you no welcome for me? Is it possible that you cannot forgive me?"

"Forgive you?"

"Yes; for all my absurd jealousy and pride and folly. I have never had a happy moment since I parted from you, Marion, and I have come back at last to beg your forgiveness, and to beg too for the love which I forfeited, but which I cannot live without."

"I do not understand you, Wat. I do not know why you should speak thus to me, when—when you are going to be married."

"Who told you that of me, Marion?"

"It came from Agnes, your own sister."

He smiled.

"Aggie knows my wishes. It was she who encouraged me to come back. Will you, Marion, darling?"

She had averted her face to hide her tearful eyes, but he now took both her hands and drew her toward him, a great tide of unspeakable joy rushed over her, and she could only murmur faintly: "Oh, Wat!"

When they were both calmer she told him the heavy grief that had fallen upon them. They must leave their dear old home, which had passed into the hands of strangers.

"Of strangers, Marion? Do you call me a stranger?"

"You, Wat?"

He looked surprised in his turn.

"Did you not know it is I who have purchased the dear old farm? Did you not receive Jack's letter?"

"Oh, Walter it cannot, cannot be true!"

He took from a pocketbook a paper, which he opened and placed before her. It was the mortgage which her father had given Mr. Abner Harris.

"And the place is really yours now?" she said, looking up radiantly through sudden tears.

"Not mine, but ours, darling!"

She was too happy to speak a word in answer.

"You see, dear," Wat said, "Jack and I talked it over, and we agreed as he was so anxious to purchase the mill and had not means sufficient for both, that I should take the farm and leave him at liberty to invest in mill property. It is the very best thing for Jack and for his mother, as I explained to her, if only she had received my letter. Jack is not fitted for a farmer, and could never have made much of the farm, as he will certainly do with the mill. He came up with me, in order to attend to the matter. Forgive me that I neglected to inform you, but I left him behind in the maple-field, talking with Aggie."

Marion started up with a glad cry. Coming down the opposite declivity of the meadow was somebody, jealously waving his hand, and in two minutes she was sobbing in her brother's arms—sobbing from a fullness of joy such as she had never in her life before known.

They hastened to the house, all three, eager to gladden the heart of the mother.

Jack sprang up the steps and took her in his arms, when Wat lifted Myra, who had run to meet them in frantic delight.

As Marion crossed the threshold, the old clock rang out a welcome chime. "Seven o'clock!" said the girl softly.

Her heart was full, and she turned away and went quickly up to her room. As she passed the clock, she looked up at it with an expression almost of awe.

"What a lifetime of misery and happiness in one hour!" she murmured.

Domestic Receipts.

If your coal-fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage-meat improves the flavor. In icing cakes, dip the knife frequently into cold water. In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices; if the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once.

You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully; never put water into such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting; salt draws the juices in cooking—it is desirable to keep these in if possible; cook over hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides; place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste. Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made palatable by stewing gently for two hours; pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquid when half done and letting the rest boil into the meat; brown the meat in the pot; after taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquid saved. A small piece of charcoal in a pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oilcloth with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin it.

Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water. A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roast or fried meat is an improvement. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil; peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected; it will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

CHERRY PUDDING.—One quart of flour, three cupfuls of dried cherries rubbed in flour, four eggs, two cupfuls of sugar beaten very light after being added to the mace. Add four eggs, whisked for at least half an hour. Put the pudding in a well-floured cloth, that has also been scalded and boiled for three hours. Send to the table with the accompaniment of wine sauce.

CURRENT JELLY.—To make currant jelly, wash your currants; mash them with a wooden spoon in the preserving kettle, and let them simmer for ten minutes after they have come to a boil; then strain through a flannel bag, and add to every pint of juice a pound of lump sugar; boil rapidly for ten or fifteen minutes, skimming the syrup; put in glasses while hot, but do not close them till the jelly is perfectly cold.

ORANGE BISCUIT.—Beat until quite light the yolks of six eggs with five ounces of white sugar; add one sour orange, grated, and four ounces of sifted flour. When these are well-mixed, stir in the whites of six eggs, beaten to a froth. Have ready a dozen small teacups, prepared first by buttering and then sifting in a little flour and blowing out what does not adhere. Divide the mixture into these cups, sift sugar on the top and bake to a handsome brown.

POTATO FLOUR.—Rasp the potatoes into a tub of cold water, and change it repeatedly until the raspings fall to the bottom like paste; then dry it in the air, pound it in a mortar, and pass it through a hair sieve. It is nearly as nutritive and much lighter than wheat flour. It is therefore preferable for making puddings and pastry for infants and invalids. A portion of it also improves the appearance of household bread, and dealers constantly pass it off as arrowroot. If kept dry it will remain good for many years.

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What to Wear.

Bonnet strings are more like sashes than strings. Mauve colored Spanish lace to be fashionable is made into scarfs and fichus.

"Antique" is the richest and newest shade in the gold colors; it is almost snuff-color.

The little bonnets, made entirely of flowers, to which one has only to add lace for crown and strings, are extremely pretty.

Garlands of flowers are worn around the shoulders and fastened on the left side with a knot of berries or small flowers.

Pretty Watteau tea gowns have sleeves puffed to the wrist, with wide collar. Lace-trimmed collar, sleeves, and bottom of skirt.

Rich-lined cashmere wrappers, for house wear, are made in princess shape, and are either trimmed with lace or are embroidered in silk and gold thread.

Butterfly bows and rosettes of satin ribbon, with drooping ends to fall on the low coiffure, are worn by young ladies in preference to the broad Alsacian bows.

Blue flannel dresses are now very much the rage, and are exceedingly pretty. They are made in various ways, but usually with round waist and apron overskirt.