The Evening Time.

Together we walked in the evening time.
Above us the sky spread golden and clear,
And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,
As if he held me of all most dear,
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And our pathway went through fields of wheat;
Narrow that path and rough the way,
But he was near, and the birds sang true,
And the stars came out in the twilight gray.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

Softly he spoke of the days long past,
Softly of blessed days to be;
Close to his arm, and closer I prest—
The corn-field path was Eden to me.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

Grayer the light grew, and grayer still,
The rooks flitted home through the purple shade,
The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high,
As I walked with him in the woodland glade
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And the latest gleams of daylight died;
My hand in his enfolded lay;
We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed
For norrower, narrower, wound the way.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

He looked in the depths of my eyes, and said,
"Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet;
But together we'll walk through the fields of life
Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."

[*Good Words.*

A ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.

How She Asked, in a Moment of Rage, an Impossibility of a Young Man—The Happy Result.

Miss Aurelia Sample is a milliner's young woman in a fashionable establishment on Broadway. Long-continued contact with the aristocracy in the way of business (she is in the fitting department) has given her notions not altogether consistent with her condition in life. She is firmly impressed with the idea that she is fitted by nature to shine in a sphere far removed from that which she now occupies, and she has a grudge against fate for making her a milliner, instead of an occupant of gilded halls, and the mistress of servants and things of that nature. So far as outward appearances go, Miss Aurelia is right. She is actually beautiful. She has a very pretty face, an exceedingly pleasant figure and a pretty little manner, which many a fine lady would give her back teeth to possess. And then she has a way of saying little smart things which are pleasant to hear, and altogether is a prepossessing little body who would make a very good figure in almost any position in life.

As a matter of course, Miss Aurelia had lovers—almost every girl has lovers, no matter what may be her style. One possessed of her attractions could not possibly be without them. She had seven.

Mr. John Thompson, the brother of the proprietress of the establishment in which she was employed, was the one man who most persistently followed her, but she did not love him at all. He was a small, insignificant man, with light no-colored hair, very small, and uncertain in the matter of legs, and altogether a most unsatisfactory person. The only good point about him was the part in the hair, which was as exact and beautiful as anything could be. The more Miss Aurelia frowned upon Mr. Thompson the more he pursued her. He loved her precisely in the proportion that she did not love him, thus making himself and the object of his adoration thoroughly unhappy.

But she did love. The man she loved was a Mr. Samuel Frehantle, a salesman in Stewart's, who was precisely the man for her fancy. He was tall, and had black hair, which was parted in the middle, and he had beautiful side whiskers and a broad, expansive forehead, and would have done admirably for a wax figure in the window of a fashionable hair dresser's establishment. Indeed, he has been offered a position more than once, but has always remained true to drygoods, which was his first love.

Unfortunately for Miss Aurelia, Mr. Frehantle did not love her. Smile she ever so sweetly he paid no attention to it, and when her attention became more demonstrative he very curtly informed her that it wouldn't do, that he was not matrimonially incined, and that he was a man of too much principle to flirt with a lady. He had made it the rule of his life never to trifle with woman, for he did not want the guilt of making them unhappy on his mind. He never abstracted goods or made love. He was a correct young man, and always would be.

Then Miss Aurelia's love turned to hate. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Her reading was of a character that inclined her thoughts to gore. She was in the habit of perusing all sorts of ten cent literature, and had just finished a highly exciting romance, entitled "Double Daggers; or, Deadwood Dick's Damnably Deadly Defiance," in which a scorned woman had incited one lover to kill a man whom she loved in vain, and she saw no reason why what had been done in Dakota could not be as well done in New York. She panted for revenge.

And so she turned to Mr. Thompson and asked him if he still desired to wed her. He remarked that nothing on earth would please him more, that she was the bright particular star which he had always worshiped and in whose beams he existed, and that without her life was a burden to him which he should ere long shuffle off.

"John," said she, "I am yours!"

"Bless you!" he replied.

"But there are conditions!"

"Name them. There is nothing I will not do for you!"

"Only one. Whale Sam Frehantle, in Stewart's."

Mr. Thompson's inconsequential legs doubled under him.

"Whale Sam Frehantle! Why, Aurelia he is six feet high and takes lessons in boxing. But never mind. I shall possibly be brought home a corpse, but I may as well die that way as any other. Farewell Aurelia! Consider Sam Frehantle whaled. I will do it or die in the attempt."

The young man left her presence with desperation on his brow and determination in his heart.

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They met in the hall of the Sturtevant House, just back of the reading room. Mr. Thompson walked up to Mr. Frehantle and deliberately tweaked his nose. Mr. Frehantle, somewhat surprised, looked at him, and, picking him up, took him down-stairs into the boot department, and so belabored him that Mr. Thompson's mother would not have known him without an introduction. Then up spoke Mr. Frehantle:

"What the duce is this all about, Thompson?"

And then Thompson told him all about it.

Frehantle was an excellent and generous young man, and an idea struck him.

"Thompson," said he, "you are entirely welcome to Aurelia, and shall have her. Get up, and strike me four or five times in the eye. Only as I can't go to the store for a week, you must pay my salary for that time. Then send Aurelia where she will see me, wed her, and be—miserable."

"Sam," said Mr. Thompson, "I don't believe I could make an impression on you. "Wouldn't it be just as well if I hired one of the men to do it?"

"Precisely," said Mr. Frehantle; "and we will have a little bout that will give me practice and amuse me."

And so a negro boot-black who was handy with his fists was hired for a dollar to stand up with Mr. Frehantle, and the negro, got in some very good business, and Mr Frehantle's eyes were very decently blacked, and when it was all over the two went up stairs very amicably and had a bottle all by themselves, and separated on the best of terms.

Miss Aurelia saw Mr. Frehantle the next day with his eyes in mourning and rejoiced thereat. She married Mr. Thompson the day after. It is hoped that they will be happy. The true story was told to the managing man at Stewart's and he was so well pleased at the chivalric and generous conduct of Mr. Frehantle that he did not stop his salary at all, and gave him assurances of early and profitable promotion.

There is no moral whatever to this—that is, none we can see. Everybody is happy, and possible they all deserve it. Frehantle is relieved of attentions he did desire, and had an encounter with with an antagonist worthy of him, Miss Aurelia has her revenge and a husband, Thompson has a wife whom he loves, the negro has a black eye—he always had that and a dollar. Because of her nourishing sentiments of revenge, Mrs Thompson ought to suffer somewhat. But what can be expected of a romantic young woman? On the whole, we hope that her life will be one of continued happiness.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Custard pies may be made without milk. Beat together thoroughly five eggs, five tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little salt; pour into this one pint of boiling water, stirring briskly while adding the water; flavor with spice most pleasing to the taste, and complete the pie the same as other custards. This quantity is sufficient for two pies. They are very nice, and custard made in this manner may be eaten after pickles, or any sour fruit, by people with weak stomachs, without producing any disagreeable effect.

Mark Twain has a new dog, which he has named "Joe Cook," and thus explains the reason why: "I call him Joe Cook because I can't quite understand him. There are depths in that dog's nature that I haven't fathomed."

The Art of Prolonging Life.

People generally desire long life and good health. Sickness and premature death are almost always due to violation of the laws that govern our physical being, and of which the masses are ignorant. If men knew better they would *do* better; but how can they avoid an evil that they know not of? While efforts are being made through the public schools to give each child a so-called common English education, yet the children are permitted to grow up and enter upon the responsible duties of active life, profoundly ignorant of the structure or their own bodies, and the laws of physical being upon which their health and lives depend. They are sent to school, crammed with arithmetic, grammar, and geography, by teachers who, in many instances, have never studied physiology and hygiene. They are taught to locate the mountains and trace the rivers of foreign countries, and are never taught to locate the vital organs glands of their own bodies or trace the veins arteries, and nerves, in their various ramifications. They are instructed in the flow of tides and the course of the ocean currents, and the philosophy of winds and storms; but they have no correct conception of the relative effects upon their health of breathing pure or impure air, nor has their attention ever been called to the importance of keeping their bodies clean and healthy by regular bathing. The criminality of such neglect in teaching becomes apparent when we consider that the masses ignorantly violating the laws of health, bring upon themselves sickness, suffering, and death that might otherwise be avoided. Into this condition of things we welcome into being any work that is calculated to impart to the masses a knowledge of the structurs of their own bodies, the laws of health, and the importance of observing those laws. We find Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser to be just such a work. It is physiological and pathological, and the major part of it should be converted into a text-book for the use of common schools. Its careful study will enable the healthy to preserve their health, and the sickly to regain health. Every parent should read it, and as their children become of proper age instruct them in the all-important truths it contains. Where this is done, much suffering and premature death would be prevented, and many a youth saved from a life of shame and licentiousness. The book contains nearly one thousand pages, is profusely illustrated with colored plates and wood-engravings, and can be had by addressing R. V. Pierce, M. D., World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. Price, post-paid, $1.50.—*United Brethren Aid Journal.*
