

The Spring Bird. Dear little blue bird, Herald of spring, Swallow this song, drop Poor little bird!

for Mrs. Hawkins. Neither Dan nor I would object to her living at the old place till we could find a buyer...

So Barbara's difficulty about her step-mother's future was all her own doing, removed from her entirely, and, curiously enough, Dan Grover spent the remainder of his natural life in the unbroken assurance that neither he nor his admirable wife had ever known but one love.

Two Stories. A Massachusetts gentleman, just returned from over the Canadian border, tells us these stories: He was in the hotel general accommodation room...

Riotous Soldiers. Several companies of the One Hundred and Seventeenth foot hired the large hall of the "Heilige Geist," in Mayence, Germany, for the purpose of holding a ball...

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE. Its Extent, Population and Army. It is calculated that the empire of the czar extends over one-seventh of the land surface of the globe...

Items of Interest. The governor of Missouri has signed a Bounty bill, offering five cents each for rat scalps. There are, at present, about a dozen newspapers in this country printed in the Bohemian language.

BARBARA'S DIFFICULTY.

That Barbara Hawkins owed a good deal to her step-mother was a fact that had not been concealed from herself if she had tried. Her father's house had been a very home of discomfort during the dull interim between her own mother's death and the arrival of the youthful and winning stranger...

The history of the next five years, in which she herself had grown from girlhood to womanhood, included all the genuine sunshine of Barbara's life, and she knew to whom that change, and a good many other excellent things, were due.

Then, since the square had been gathered to his father's, what a notable manager had Widow Hawkins proved herself for the very moderate property he had left behind him! It was just there that the difficulty was now coming in, for those with such good management, had kept the two women very nicely so long as they lived together...

At the present juncture, however, the public opinion of the Dorcas Society was more than usually perplexed. The best judges of such matters were inclined to "guess Bill Emmons is a leetle ahead," and she understood it, said Barbara to herself that she knew not Dan Grover's good ten dollars to Bill's one, and he's a mighty sight stidder!

And Barbara was in a worse quandary about it than the Dorcas Society knew how to be, for at times she almost suspected her heart of threatening to interfere before her head could have a fair chance. "She'd be entitled to a third, I suppose, soliloquized the fair maiden, "and she's a wonderful hand with her needle. There's no danger of her starving. There's lots of folks'd be glad enough to have her come and live with them."

And Barbara did not know it, but a train of thought very nearly related to her own was at that moment passing through the mind of the widow, as she stepped lightly and fro among the household duties, of which she kindly relieved her step-daughter. "I don't hear the piano," murmured the soft, low voice of the widow, "and I don't know she wanted to practice that new piece. Young Emmons'll be here this evening. I ought not to say a word in such a matter. She's old enough to decide for herself, but why can't she see that Dan Grover's worth five hundred of him, to mention his big farm, and that's something nowadays. I won't put it in her head, however—not for the world. I've paid dearly enough for making just that sort of a mistake. Better have gone out to service or taken in sewing. That's what I may have to do when Barbara's married."

The neat, tidy figure paused in the kitchen doorway as she said that, and a shade of darkness swept across her face. "Live in the house with Bill Emmons for the master of it? No, I won't have a word of it. Not I, indeed! She won't have sense enough to settle on Dan Grover, I'm afraid. Would I stay, then, if she did? Not so long as I could earn or beg any other shelter!"

The last exclamation came out with unnecessary energy, and the widow caught up a broom and made an immediate assault on the kitchen floor. The sweeping was very unnecessary indeed. Barbara had clearly misunderstood her step-mother, and the widow had also failed to penetrate the mind of the square's pretty and sensible representative. "That was only too good a reason why the sheet of music forwarded by Mr. Emmons had received so little attention that afternoon."

Barbara's morning walk had carried her past the fine old homestead of the Grovers, now the sole property of the present family representative, and she had noticed only too precisely the renovating and beautifying process on which Dan was expending half the proceeds of that year's liberal wheat crop. Carpenters, glaziers, painters; and all the Dorcas Society was in arms, she knew, about the extravagant waste with which the old-fashioned interior was transforming. More than one village critic had addressed to his other kinder thoughts the surmise: "Looks charitable had for Bill Emmons," and Barbara herself could have assured them of the correctness of their reasoning. "She was too kind hearted, however, not to add to herself: "So much the better, too, at least herself."

THE TEAMSTERS OF '58. Mr. George Lowery, of Haverhill, Mass., is one of the few survivors of the body of teamsters for the murder of whom, while under the Mormon escort, Brigham Young is alleged to have issued an order on the nineteenth of April, 1858, from thence they were sent to Salt Lake City.

At that point a party of forty-two teamsters were gathered, who wanted to go to California, and Colonel Lee, then in command there, gave permission for their departure, turning them over to Captain Smith, with an escort of seventy-two men, proposing, as they were, to go to Castle Rock, a distance of 150 miles.

Before starting they accidentally heard of the order from Brigham Young for their massacre at a point 100 miles away, but concluded to arm themselves and take the risk. They purchased guns and ammunition, and divided their arms into two separate camps, and at the first day's march, on entering the camp for the night, the teamsters prepared their guns and were ready by morning to give 121 shots without reloading.

THE SQUIRE'S BARGAIN. A young couple from Lebanon, says the News, appeared at the office of a squire to get married. The squire, who had been seen before, agreed to do the job at the lowest market price.

The lady, a beautiful blonde of twenty summers, looked gay and happy, while the young man, who before he could answer, in rushed the mothers of the groom and bride, almost breathless with excitement. A lively scene followed.

What Will Be Done. The well and entirely satisfactorily tried experiment of young women as clerks at railway stations in England, the Rochester Union says, will be adopted by the Erie railway.

A Desperate Situation. The company belonging to Montgomery Queen's circus, passed through the public streets of San Francisco. The last wagon in the caravan consisted of a cage containing a lion and lioness, and a tiger and their keeper.

High Heels and Crooked Shins. It is worthy of note that while a malignant hatred of Chinese individually is fomented under cover of hostility to their immigration, our females have fallen in love with Chinese costumes and customs, in some respects, and accepted them as models.

An Earnest Shepherd. A young man who lives on a farm near Bochara, Australia, lately went to sleep on a sofa after a hard day's work, and had been lying there some time when he got up and went outside.

VERMONT.—The sugar season brings to mind the saying of John G. Saxe, that Vermont was noted for four staple products—oak, maple sugar, girls and horses: The first are strong, The last are fleet, The second and third exceedingly sweet, And all uncommon hard to beat.

Thoughts for Saturday Night. The sweetest pleasure is in imparting it. Most pleasures, like flowers, when gathered, die.

Precautions Against Fire. If great fires or small are frequently due to simple causes it is also true that such conflagrations can be prevented by equally simple precautions.

Using the Wrong Word. People often use the wrong word in ignorance; an example is the use of depot for station. The latter is not only the proper English word, it is also the said saloon, supposing this word to denote something more sumptuous than a parlor.

To Do Up Point Lace. Fill a goblet, or any other glass dish, with cold soapuds made of the best quality of washing soap; put in your lace and place in a strong sunlight for several hours, often squeezing the lace, and changing the water if it seems necessary.

More Farmers Needed. The almost total cessation of immigration which is reported by those who know can be partially explained by the stagnation of business; but an important feature of it can be traced to the neglect of States and the nation to devise inducements for foreign agriculturists.

The Blind. In England and Wales, in the year 1851, there was one blind person to every 979; in Ireland, one to 878; in Scotland, one to every 936; and in the common ratio of one to every 950.

Giving In. A story is told of two worthy New England deacons between whom a bitter feud had long existed concerning some contested point. Neither would yield, and the matter threatened to be handed down to the next generation.

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