

WHAR THE CORN JUICE FLOWS.

CLARENCE R. PARSONS.

My son, before you leave your home, I want you to say to your father...

THE MILLINER.

Every morning at precisely six o'clock, Miss Annie Diamond opened the door of her milliner's shop...

At this hour in the morning, the little milliner's shop presented rather a ghostly and winding-sheet effect...

On this chill October morning, the aroma from the fragrant coffee-pot went heavenward, only stopping in its way long enough to tickle bachelors...

Mr. Wilkins laughed too, and vaulting over the fence, said: "It does seem all how women folks never can beat an axe or shoot off a pistol with their eyes open!"

pot hadn't boiled over just at this juncture and the nutton-chop spattered hot fat on the Maltese's back...

After her breakfast was eaten, the dishes washed and put away in the cupboard, that hung by the chimney-jamb...

Years before handsome Jack Addis and Annie Diamond had been lovers. Jack was a roving spirit, who was never contented to stay very long in one spot...

"Dear me! Mr. Wilkins, how do you do sir?" and she was apparently as much surprised as though these greetings were not exchanged every morning of the year...

She had a sharp wrestle with temptation when she was getting ready, to put on her best bonnet with two becoming knots of red and blue...

In a very few minutes poor little Miss Annie came running back with a white frightened face as though she had seen a ghost...

The next morning Mr. Wilkins's soul was troubled within him at the sight of his neighbor's white face and quiet response to his cheery greeting...

Directly after breakfast came Mrs. Grubbs for her bonnet, and when it was produced, she found a little fault with the trimming, and then followed Miss Annie behind the curtain to wait until it was altered...

his mistress put him out. Poor Tom felt injured beyond expression, and hating Mrs. Grubbs with all his might...

Meanwhile Mrs. Grubbs was comfortably putting Miss Annie on the rack. "Did you know Jack Addis was to hum?" she opened the ball with...

"No, I didn't talk to him, at all," she answered, growing pale, and with a quiet question around her heart...

"There, this is about done; I think it's real stylish, don't you?" she continued, in a vain effort to stem the tide...

Poor Annie barred her door against her tormentors that night, with a grim feeling of delight that now they could not get in. When she had seated herself in her little rocker with her crocheting in her hands...

"Yes, Miss Annie, here he is; I knew I'd run away 'cause I heard you calling him several times to-day, so when I went to carry old Smith's boots home to-night, who should come rubbing 'up' again?"

"I'll do it," he thought. "I'll do it if I must this countenanced collar, and I hope I will, for it's choking the life out of me. I'll ask Miss Annie Diamond, town of Marvill, State of Illinois."

"Bless my heart, Miss Annie" (Diamond, town of Marvill, State of Illinois, he was going to add, but thought better of it, "don't, I beg, cry! I wouldn't a grieved you not for nothing")...

that his collar button did not fly, his utter nonsense. I don't say but both had our youth romances, but that's not earthly reason why we should each perish with loneliness now...

Every morning Mr. Wilkins banged his door open at exactly the right moment to sing out, "And how do you find yourself this morning, Miss Annie?"

"I don't expect to start day after tomorrow," she answered. "Well, what do you say to being married up there Thanksgiving evening?" suggested this audacious lover...

"I'll be up night before Thanksgiving and make all the arrangements; you needn't be to a grain of trouble."

The hardest work on the farm is that of dairying, for such work never ends, there being no holidays or Sundays to afford rest, as the cows must be milked regularly...

As the sheep is an active forager, and can subsist on nearly all kinds of food, the output of capital required to make sheep pay is comparatively small...

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Woodcocks and their Work.

They Imitate the Sound of Rain and the Worms Come Up.

A writer in Forest and Stream has this to say on a subject few people have thought about.

When the moon rose I took a position near one of the moist places, where the borings were fresh and most plentiful, and awaited developments.

I have subsequently studied the philosophy of this method of digging bait, and have come to the conclusion that certain birds are a great dealer wiser than certain bipeds without feathers.

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Train the Girls.

According to an exchange when a girl is ten years old, she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength...

Events may happen which will materially impede this progress of numbers. But even if we cut the sum total down fifty per cent., which would seem to be discount enough for any emergency...

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