

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Pretty Kathleen, there she goes, Tripping through the meadow, With her eyes of bonny blue Beaming half in shadow.

She is loved the country round For her truth and sweetness; Even in her simple gown, Pink of girlish neatness.

Cherry lips and cheeks of rose, Hath this rural charmer; Eldest of a loving brood, Daughter of a farmer.

Glad and happy at her book, She excels in learning; Yet she often takes her turn At the weekly churning.

When she, on a Sunday morn, Hears the church-bells ringing, She must hasten on her way, For she leads the singing.

As she nears the simple church, Treble voices ring her; From a flock of little ones— Kathleen is their teacher.

After service, home she goes, Modest sweet, and smiling; Speaking many kindly words, Tender and beguiling.

She must break full many hearts; This, we know, would pain her; For, of all who ask her hand, Only one can gain her.

TAKEN IN.

Peter Buskirk was very fond of money; not so fond that he quite starved himself to keep it, or hid it up a chimney, or refused himself fire, or lights, or a pillow, but yet so very fond of it as to be on the verge of miserhood without quite having fallen over. Beggers reaped no harvest from his purse or kitchen, and match makers could make no impression on his bachelor heart.

There was one inconvenience in this bachelorhood, however. This was the housekeeping; for it involved a servant—some one to make the beds, wash dishes, cook and iron. In short, the servant of all work was always the bane of Peter's life—eating and drinking in a manner which kept the master of the house in a continual ferment; wasting butter and fuel, and each change in the kitchen incurance being followed by the disappearance of towels and napkins and such small ware. There was no rest for poor Mr. Buskirk. He tried Betty and Dinah and May and Ann, and despair flew to a certain Mrs. Brown, the giver of tea parties innumerable, for advice.

"Servants are such plagues," she said. "Eat you out of house and home," said Peter. "Not to be relied on for honesty," said Mrs. Brown. "Thieves, ma'am, thieves!" said Peter.

"Ah," said Mrs. Brown, "a gentleman has no time to watch them. Now I should advise marrying, Mr. Buskirk."

"Marrying!" "Yes, sir; a wife can manage such things so much better. Besides, if you choose a smart, capable woman, she will keep an eye on the servant. It will be much more economical to marry."

"Economic!" yelled Peter; "my good lady! Eco—I—O, goodness! Feathers and flowers, laces and silk and rings, and—ice cream and things—economic! How many yards do you take for a dress, ma'am?"

"Well, sir, twelve or fifteen—sometimes, when it's silk, you know, eighteen."

"Eighteen yards at five shillings or so a yard, and not one dress, but twenty. My good lady, it would be enough to ruin a man."

Mrs. Brown reflected. "But if you could find an economical woman, Mr. Buskirk?" "Ah! If I could find a mermaid!" "One who never wasted a penny?" "She does not exist, ma'am."

"Who lives on next to nothing. The fact is, Mr. Buskirk, I have such a lady in my eye. She's a widow—quite a young one—Mrs. Barlow, and I'll have her at Peach House next week."

and slender little woman, with a remarkably pretty face. She wore no hoops, and her dress cleared her ankles. The sleeves were close, and the skirt had perhaps three breadths in it. The dress itself was of very plain merino, and she wore neither broche nor bow—only a white linen collar. Peter looked approval. Several of the ladies exchanged glances, a faint giggle was heard; and, by a common consent, the two were left tete-a-tete in a corner.

"Pleasant day," said Peter, to commence the conversation. "Pleasant day, but cold."

"Ah, yes, but I dislike cold weather," said the lady.

"Don't you agree with you, ma'am?" "Oh, that's all right. I never ill; but cold is so expensive. Lights early and coal dear," proceeded the lady. "Money slips through one's fingers and I never waste things."

"My case exactly," said Buskirk. "It's astonishing how things cost. Now there is butter—say a pound a fortnight."

"O, I never eat butter; it costs too much," said the lady.

"Ah! sugar and tea and coffee." "If you indulge in such luxuries, what can you expect?" said Mrs. Barlow. "They are artificial wants, altogether, so they are," said Mr. Buskirk. "But then, habit is second nature."

"Extravagant habits ruin many," said Mrs. Barlow. "Oh, I shudder when I look at those frounces. Such a waste of material."

"I've often thought," said Peter. "And you don't wear them?" "I!" said Mrs. Barlow. "I have my senses, sir. I've no wish to die in a work-house. I've had this dress ten years."

"Indeed!" said Peter. "And I suppose some ladies buy one every month." "Every ten days," said Mrs. Barlow. "O, I blush for my sex, Mr. Buskirk, I do, indeed."

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"Why, I am the most economical soul living," said Peter. "Extravagant people always think that," said the lady. "No, I am afraid to say yes, unless indeed you were to make your property over to me, so that I could be sure you would not ruin yourself. Of course that is impossible, and it would be such a care that really, I could scarcely desire it even from a gentleman I so much respect."

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"Ah! sugar and tea and coffee." "If you indulge in such luxuries, what can you expect?" said Mrs. Barlow. "They are artificial wants, altogether, so they are," said Mr. Buskirk. "But then, habit is second nature."

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