

BEHEATER.

When we are dead, when you and I are dead; Have rone and tossed aside each earthly fetter...

THE FARMER'S HAYMAKER.

"Lettie! Lettie!" Farmer White paused in the door of the old brown farm-house and looked back. At the outer gate stood the green spring wagon...

"Lettie, Lettie! Don't you hear me?" "Coming, father," cried a clear, sweet voice, and a slim figure flitted from the old-fashioned kitchen...

"Well, you know I've got to go for your Aunt Becky's medicine, and I'm awful sorry to have to leave the field right in my busy time; but the Lord's will be done..."

"This Mr. White's place?" it said. Springing to her feet Lettie deposited the pie on the table to cool, and pushing back her moist hair from her white brow hastened to the door.

"Yes," replied Lettie, "this is Mr. White's farm." "Mr. White directed me here," began the stranger, "and he said—"

of cold boiled ham, apple pie, and a pitcher of rich, sweet milk. "Why, you ought to know," she ejaculated, slowly; "you will cut the hay with the haymakers, of course..."

"No," he observed, striving hard to repress his merriment. "I have not done much of such work, but I dare say I shall get broken into it, and shall like it immensely. One cannot always choose his work, you know, Miss—"

He bowed courteously in response to the self-introduction; and, having finished lunch, arose. "Thanks, very much, Miss White," he observed, "and now, if you will kindly show me the field I will get to work."

He glanced into Lettie's face; it was a perfectly respectable glance, yet there was something quizzical in it. Lettie blushed furiously, and her eyes dropped. She caught up her sun-bonnet and led the way to the field in silence.

Lettie had been educated in a neighboring city, and had visited there every winter, and mingled in good society. She at once saw that the new "hand" was a gentleman, and accustomed to refined surroundings, and she went to the house with a puzzled feeling.

The first thing that caught her eye in the kitchen was a handkerchief which the stranger had evidently dropped; it was fine cambric, and was marked with the name "Louis Renshawe."

"Why, Renshawe," he exclaimed, "when did you come?" "This morning," replied the young man; "I passed you at the village, and so walking over, your letter directed me here, you know."

"And you've been working in my hay-field," gasped the farmer. The whole truth dawned upon his mind. He turned to his daughter, "Lettie," he cried, "this gentleman is Mr. Louis Renshawe; I've known him from his boyhood; he is a civil engineer, and has come here to survey the river."

The scene in a Hessian hayfield is picturesque enough. The women gather the hay and throw it up to the men who shape the load on the wagons. In one place I saw three women sawing wood and one man splitting it.

Off in that beautiful hayfield, on this crisp September morning, the women wear the same bright colors as when Tacitus gathered gossip from returned soldiers of the barbarous tribes who have long outlived the empire of the Roman conquerors.

"Please, mom, does Mrs. McGinty live here?" "Fishes an' that's me." "Well, this, do you know a lady by the name of Michael Casey's wife?"

Miss Peaslee's Neighbor.

"An old bachelor! It's just too bad," cried Miss Jane Peaslee, excitedly. "I never could abide old bachelors, and here one of 'em's gone and moved in right next door! He's got a great horrid dog, too. I'll warrant he'll be the plague of our lives."

"I mean the dog," snapped Miss Jane. "Of course he'll be a running over here, tormenting the cat and digging holes in the flower beds next summer for a cool place to lie in; or a chasing the hens, or stealing the eggs, when they've made nests in the weeds. But I won't put up with it, an' I'll tell him so plump, the very first chance I get."

"The dog, Jane?" "The dog! Of course not! I meant the crusty, crabbed old bachelor himself." "O Jane! You don't think he would steal the eggs and make holes in the flower beds, do you?"

"I don't think he would," said Miss Jane. "A body might as well talk to a close prop as you, I said the dog would steal the eggs, an' I shouldn't put up with it, an' I should tell the old bachelor so, too. Now do you understand? An so I will I'll take the broomstick to him, too. See if I don't," she concluded emphatically.

Miss Jane and her sister owned the little cottage in which they lived, which was about all they did own, and managed to eke out a living by doing plain sewing, dressmaking or anything of the kind they could get to do.

"There's the gate open and Sam Pickles' old bell-cow-a-trampin' round in the truck patch, of course, and snatching up a sun-bonnet she darted out to put a summary stop to the old bell-cow's depredateions among her 'garden truck'."

Meanwhile the old bachelor next door was taking a survey of the situation. "Two women folks, and one of them an old maid, I'll bet a pocketknife. The other looks like she might be a widow, from allus dressing in black. Thunder! What did I ever move in here for? Paid six months' rent, too! Confound it all, a man ain't safe anywhere hardly these days. Of course they'll both be a-setting their caps to catch me—but I won't be caught. I'll keep out of their way as much as possible, and even if I meet one of 'em face to face I'll look another way."

He was by no means the crusty, crabbed old bachelor Miss Jane had declared him to be, but a rather fine-looking man, with pleasant, dark eyes and only a few threads of silver shining in his abundant brown hair.

There's that dog a worryin' the chickens agin', screamed Miss Jane one morning, round and round the broom, she hurriedly gave chase. Finding himself pursued, the puppy at once released the leghorn rooster's tail, which he had been playfully shaking to the great disgust of its owner, and with a bark of delight, seized the edge of Miss Jane's homespun petticoat which showed beneath the rim of her dress, and shook it energetically.

"You had a real nice play with him, didn't you?" said Melaney complacently, looking up as her sister made her appearance. "Paw! The vicious beast chawed the broom to pieces, an' tore my skirts half off o' me, if you call that play," sniffed Miss Jane wrathfully.

"Jane! Jane! What on airth is this that dog's been a shakin' and wallopin' round in the dust?" cried Melaney a few days later. "The dog was growling and shaking some dark object fearfully. After a desperate struggle the sisters succeeded in rescuing all that remained of—a coat, a man's coat, of fine, heavy dark cloth, hopelessly mottled by the teeth and claws of the frolicsome puppy."

lancey, alarmed as her sister grow first pale and then read. "I ain't agoin' to faint!" declared Jane, stoutly. "But look, Melaney, this letter is dated five ye'rs back, when we lived over to the Hollow. What on airth does it mean?"

"Give it to me," said Melaney, promptly. "I'll soon find out what it means. I'll take the coat home, too, seem' the dog has left it in our hands." In less than fifteen minutes thereafter the old bachelor, hatless and coatless, ran frantically through the gate, never stopping till he found himself in the presence of Miss Peaslee.

"Jane! Jane!" he cried, with breathless eagerness. "I've come for my answer. 'Tis five years since I writ that letter, an' thought I'd posted it, when there it was hid in the lining of that coat all the time. But you haven't said yet whether you'd have me or not."

Squirrel Island is a popular resort in Boothbay harbor, at the mouth of the Kennebec. In summer there is a gay colony on the island, numbering at times 600 or 700 persons. Prominent New Englanders have cottages there. But it is a dismal place in winter, and there is nobody on the island save the man who is left in charge of the property by the cottage owners, and he has a lonesome time of it.

A day or two ago, one of the coldest mornings of the winter, a fisherman sailing out of Boothbay harbor saw a man standing on the rocky shore of this island, shouting at the top of his voice. His cries could be heard above the booming of the surf, which beats against the surf with great fury. The fisherman thought the King of the island, as the man in charge of it is called, must be in distress and was signaling for assistance. He put his smack about and made for the island. When he was within hailing distance he shouted to the man on the rock, but received no reply. He was a handsome young fellow and stood gazing out to sea, paying no attention to the approach of the fisherman's boat, and occasionally uttering a loud cry that sounded full of anguish. This was the young man's call to the ocean; "Josie, Josie." The old fisherman thought the young man was crazy, and, after listening a few minutes, made for the Cookies, and soon was hauling hake over the side.

The secret of the young man's strange commingling with the breakers is now known. He is a graduate of Williams college, and became a journalist in New York. Subsequently he concluded to be a lawyer, and was admitted as a student in the office of one of the leading legal firms in New York city. He had a fortune inherited from an uncle, who died worth \$2,000,000. He became engaged to a young lady in a city not far from Bath. She was beautiful, a musician and an artist. He and his fiancée spent last summer together at Squirrel Island. In October she was suddenly prostrated, and died after an illness of six days. At 10 o'clock of the day she was married at her earnest request. She said but a few words after the wedding ring was put on her finger, and in two hours the bridegroom was a widower. Since that day the young man has been falling bodily and mentally. He went to New York, but had to return, and spent the most of his time at his wife's grave. At length he chartered a steamer at Bath, took a box of fuel and a supply of provisions, and went to Squirrel Island. It was he whom the fisherman saw standing on the rock, where the spray splashed over him, and crying "Josie, Josie," as though he expected an answering voice to come from the waves.

A patent issued to a St. Louis man for an automatic fire-lighting machine was made the subject of investigation. This new-fledged genius, a native-born Irish-American citizen, imbued with Yankee ingenuity, has just been granted letters patent for a device that will prove a comfort to solitary old maids, fill a desolate void in the widows' household, and prove a savior to henpecked husbands. This great boon for mankind might be taken, at first sight, for an infernal machine, but it isn't. It has clock work that reminds one of a dynamite fiend, but it's not dangerous. When the thing goes off it startles the beholder with a fit and a flash of flame suggestive of instant death; but it will not explode. It will have a depressing effect on the matrimonial market. The women of single blessedness will be more than twice blessed by it. They need pine no longer for a handy, good-natured husband to light fires for them. The machine will do the work. All you have to do is to wind it up and make it go off an hour you choose, and then set the clock on the hearth. At the desired time a sulphur match is ignited at the end of a hollow brass tube, charged with chlorate of potassium and sugar, that flashes into a burning flame, setting fire to a ball of asbestos and, readily lighting a coal fire.

The inventor explained the mechanism, and made a medical experiment on his working. For nearly two years he has been doing without his breakfast because he could not get up in time to make a fire for his wife to do the cooking before he went to work.

"But," said he, "I've got her now. I am a great eater, and breakfast is my chief delight," he added, as the reporter walked away, after exhorting him to invent an automatic cook.

He—"It's a polka; but we can wait to it." She—"Oh, not for worlds! I hate waiting to a polka; besides I adore the polka step!" He—"Sorry! I—neva dance the polka, but we can sit out this dance, if you like—and I will talk to you!" She—"Oh, goodness gracious, no! Let us dance if any way you like!"

At the event at Midgeville. It was the latter part of November, just before Thanksgiving, when an event occurred in Midgeville that agitated Midgeville society from centre to circumference. It was no new thing for Midgeville society to be agitated. Indeed, it would have been a much better thing for it to have remained unagitated for any length of time.

She had paid \$500 down (the neighbors soon found out) and an unmarried brother, who was earning a good salary in the city, became responsible for the remainder. But the brother had died soon after the purchase, and, being unable to make the payments herself, the widow was now to be turned out of house and home into the cold, cold world.

The Event at Midgeville.

At least such was the story, and it came straight. Mrs. Muggins, the blacksmith's wife, had just stepped into Mrs. Benson's on Monday, "while the clothes were boiling," to get a little advice as to how she'd better trim Susan Maria's dress, and found her packing up and getting ready to move, and in answer to her inquiries as to her object in moving in cold weather she said that "Dr. Holmes wanted the house for one of his nephews."

"She didn't hear to want to talk much about it," said Mrs. Muggins, "poor creature, I suppose she felt so bad she couldn't; I don't think she has the legged lice where she's agoin' to live, altho' she's going to her sister's at Pinewood for a spell, but her sister has got a family of her own and of course she can't be expected to provide a home for a widder and two children."

Mrs. Muggins was terribly indignant, and so was every one to whom she told the story, and it was thought best to have a meeting of the Union Sewing Society the next day (although it was not the day for their meeting) and see what could be done about it. The meeting was held at the President's, Mrs. Murch's, who lived directly opposite Dr. Holmes' residence. It was well attended, and never did Union Sewing Society show a more united spirit than in denouncing Dr. Holmes and expressing sympathy for the unfortunate widow.

The widow Sharp boldly proposed raising money by subscription (of course, being a widow herself, she wouldn't be expected to give anything,) but the other ladies, after making some mental calculations, concluded that it wouldn't be best; "Widow Benson was a dreadful high-spirited woman and might feel affronted."

So there seemed nothing they could do after all except to free their minds, but they did that thoroughly. It was perfectly scandalous, they declared, for Doctor Holmes, the richest man in Midgeville, and not a child or chick in the world, to oppress the widow and fatherless.

"Such a good woman as she is in sickness," said Mrs. Taylor, whose children had had a run of measles; "and dreadful tasty," sighed grandma Newcomb, wondering where her pretty gauds were to come from now. "But nothing gaudy; you never see her rigged out in fancies and furbelows," added Mrs. Joe Clark, with a side glance at the ruffs on Mrs. Muggins' dress. "And an amazing good hand to mind her own business," was the significant tribute by the blacksmith's wife. There were but two dissenting voices: Mrs. Benson, whose husband kept store, said "widwers hadn't ought to buy what they couldn't pay for," not, as she afterwards explained, because she "blamed the widder Benson, but she wanted to hit the widder Sharpe a dab for not paying her grocery bill."

Miss Eudora Piper, who was afflicted with nervous headaches, remarked that she "had always found Dr. Holmes most gentle and affectionate—" and then stopped suddenly as if she had said more than she intended to although everybody, especially the Widow Sharpe knew she hadn't.

"There's the doctor's hired man harnessing the horse," said Mrs. Murch, looking out of the front window, "and as sure as I'm alive that's a brand new kerriage, and what a big one for just one—"

"Ma, ma," yelled Toby Murch, tumbling over the doorstep in his hurry to tell the news. "Will Benson said his mother was married last night to Dr. Holmes, and he's going to call him pa and they are agoin' ter Pinewood to 'Thanksgivin'."

True enough the doctor put the two children into the carriage and helped the mother in with a most loverlike devotion. "He sort o' does 'pear affectionate," said the Widow Sharpe, looking at Miss Piper with an exasperating smile. "There's no fool like an old fool," snapped the fair Eudora.

"Did you ever?" asked the President, as the carriage rolled past, and she turned from the window and gazed upon the members. "And the members admitted that they never did, really, although they had mistrusted it all along."

A project has been brought before the French Academy of Sciences for the construction of a sewer about 100 miles long, to convey the sewage of Paris to the sea, pumping stations being established at two places. It is estimated that during two-thirds of the year almost the whole quantity of sewage would be absorbed by irrigation without its reaching the sea at all.

The Wrong Trio.

A German scientist declares that there is such a thing—though thing hardly expresses it—as transmigrators of impression. People, he thinks, unconsciously transmit to their clothing, or anything with which they are intimately associated, certain conditions of their own temperament. He gives the following as an example: A student at Heidelberg was suddenly prostrated by a severe attack of gout, accompanied by a strong belief that he had been a sufferer for many years. His friends thought that he was losing his mind, for every one knew that he had been an old robe, which he had worn for some time, he experienced immediate relief. This startled him. He put on the robe again and the gout returned, took it off and again was free from pain. This caused an investigation, which led to the discovery that the robe was once the property of a gouty old professor. Here is another instance which I think will strengthen the argument: A young lady while examining a collection of relics put on a richly braided cap, and with a start exclaimed: "Oh, I shall be shot within an hour!" The cap had been worn by Maximilian just one hour before his death in Mexico.

I cite these facts to inspire public confidence in a statement which I shall make with great hesitation. That part of the public with which I am acquainted has several times fancied that truth was not safe in my keeping so no one can blame me for the great precaution which I have taken. Several days ago, after eating dinner at the hotel, I walked out to enjoy the brazen atmosphere. I felt a sensation of quiet joy. I stopped and cordially shook hands with a man from whom I had a few weeks before borrowed \$10. "Come round to my office," said I, "and you shall have your money; and, by the way, I added with a generosity that surprised myself, 'if you should want to borrow \$25 or \$100, I can accommodate you. Good morning.'"

I had gone but a short distance after leaving my friend, when I saw a horse that impressed me with his noble appearance. "What'll you take for that horse?" I asked of the man who was riding the animal. "Two hundred and fifty." "Get down; I want him." The man dismounted, and after looking in the horse's mouth, gathering up the skin on his shoulders and lifting up one of his hoofs, I decided to buy him. "Here," said I, feeling for my check-book. "You can go right down and get your money."

"I couldn't find the check-book. I became confused. 'That's strange,' said I, searching my pockets. 'What are you looking for?' "Check-book." The fellow smiled maliciously. "Probably it's in your iron safe," said he. "No, I am certain that I put it in this pocket."

"Probably you mistook it for a book of cigarette paper and—"

"Look here," said I, angrily, "don't talk to me that way. I understand my business. I must have left it in my office." "Say," called a red-headed fellow, who stood on the sidewalk, "is he talking about buyin' that hoss."

"Yes," replied the owner of the animal, "but he has lost his check-book." "Reckon he left it at my butcher shop. He ought to, for he's been gittin' mat' thar for some time, an' ain't left nothin' yet. Don't fool with him. Talk about a check-book. Why, that fellow tried to beat his way into a minstrel show the other night, an' then borrowed enough money to take him up in the gallery."

Naturally, I felt indignant. In a rage I turned from my insurers and walked back to the hotel. "Here," exclaimed a man whom I met at the door. "I stopped."

"Give me my hat. When you came out from dinner you put on the wrong tie." Hastily unconcerning my head, I saw that the hat I wore was wound round with crepe.

"Mourning for my uncle," said the man. "Died the other day, and left me \$75,000. Oh, I know you didn't do it intentionally. Yonder is your hat lying on the floor."

When I put on my own hat and walked out I did not enjoy the brazen atmosphere. When my friend comes up to collect the money I owe him, and to borrow the money which I have promised, I shall glide down the back stairway.

The Red Spot on Jupiter. The great red spot visible for years on Jupiter, has come and gone. Its appearance was a mystery; its disappearance is equally unaccountable. It left behind an unsolved problem, tangible proof of the equatorial acceleration of the planet. For the bright spots near the equator made a circuit around the planet in five minutes less time than the great red spot that was forty degrees from the equator. In precisely the same way the spots near the equator complete a revolution in a larger number of those nearer the poles. Here is another link connecting the central luminary more intimately with his lordly son, and including his developments within the bounds of solar mysteries. When we find out the reason why the equatorial sun-spots move faster than the polar sun-spots, then we shall learn why the Jovian bright spots move faster than the great red spot. We shall probably be convinced at the same time that the great red spot is in a larger condition of the sun than his less massive and less richly endowed brethren. How many ages must roll on before the dawn of the day of certainty succeeds the long night of theory.