

A Lesson.

A little elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear—
A child's red eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.

ANGELICA'S MAYING.

"No May-flowers in May! What is it called May, for, then? Why, Kent is full of them!" cried Angelica; and she tied her hat with a flirt—a pretty flirt that only made her the more charming.

"Nonsense! Overseas! This time of year! Well, to oblige you, little granny," and she called for her tiny sandals. But a moment after Angelica ran back.

"How absurd!" said Angelica to herself presently, as she was passed by a band of ragamuffin children decked out in paper roses and garlands.

"All the girls are now wearing false white-weed in the bosom, when the fields are white with them probably. How surprised they will be at home when I come in with my hands full—things are always here for the eyes that know how to look for them."

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long lofty stems of the undraped trees crowding up into the light, and the aisles on one hand extending into shadow, and on the other huge moss-grown boulders and thorny thickets lining the bank, where, some eighty feet below, the river went brawling along over rapids and falls in a way to please a poet or a fisherman.

When the little body came to herself she was lying comfortably suspended in mid-air, in a cradle made of wild plum bushes and the old horse-brier and grapevines that had interlaced themselves together there, growing from the crevices.

Before long she was able to gather her senses from their trance of horror, in which all reason had been dissipated, and she loosened her dress, and sat up in her nest to look about her.

Well, if she must die, she must. But here was a mercy in the very act of death. It had been given her to love. It seemed as if the Angel of Death had touched her heart with the living fire.

And now if he never knew! But he should know. Some day they would find her, and the letter in her hand.

She lay there a little while, looking up at the blue of the sky rising from the red and purple of the rocks, with the white flashes of wings across it.

An, yes, certainly the vine ropes were shaking, too. Were they loosening?—were they falling? Oh, what was this?

Mr. Wilston did not speak a word. He was white as ashes, and she thought she could hear his heart beat.

"Now, if you please," he said, gravely, at last, "I will take that letter which I saw you had addressed to me."

"A letter addressed to you!" she said, looking up then, a spark of the old spirit half eclipsing that new light which had dawned in her face.

"How much longer!" she said, at last, "I will take that letter which I saw you had addressed to me."

"How much longer!" he cried again. "do you want to torment me? I could claim you as my property by all the laws of salvage," he said, stepping toward her.

"The sun was still shining brightly when she awoke; but she was unable to tell whether she had lost herself for a few minutes, or had slept over night and it was now next day.

so early extinguished. She put her hand into her pocket for her handkerchief, to wipe the tears away, before she remembered that she had hung it out as a signal of distress; and she drew forth, instead, a letter, one that Mr. Wilston had slipped into her hand the evening before, and that she had crumpled up, hardly glancing at it, and had then taken with her in the morning, thinking she would read it in the wood.

What did he write her such letters for? Why did he want to love her? Why did he urge it again and again? She was only a child; she had just begun to taste the sweetness of life.

Till she needed him! the next thought came. Ah, Heaven! did she not need him now? And a storm of tears answered for her.

And if he never knew!—if he never knew! How good he had been to her! how patient with her! what a noble fellow he was! how tenderly, how passionately, his eyes had followed her!

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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

It is not necessary for the farmer to build a highly ornamental edifice in order to have a neat and attractive appearance in his barn and about his barnyard. Specimens of neatness and purity are often seen where the owner could afford only cheap and imperfect structures.

It must be confessed that there is great room for improvement in the majority of farmers in this country, although much progress has been made, and a number—happily a very large number—are models in this respect.

We mention a few examples of deficient care in this particular. Among good managers, the common recommendation and use of manure cellars is a frequent cause of foul air, which more or less pervades the building, injures the sweetness of the hay, and compels cattle and horses to breathe noxious odors.

No animal is so badly abused as the pig, in being thrust into apartments which are permitted to become polluted from neglect. The hired man, to whom we gave the pigs in charge, thought it a great hardship that we required him to clean the floor thoroughly twice a day.

Sweep the barn floor often, sweep out the horse stalls at least twice a day, provide clean and dry litter for all animals, give them pure water, let their food be sweet and nourishing, avoid all fetid accumulations, shelter your barnyard from cold winds by evergreens, and keep every square foot of ground about your buildings free from offensive rubbish.

Two kinds of black grenadine are in the same dress; that for the plaited flounces is striped with satin, and the stripes are made to go around the figure, instead of being lengthwise.

A Paris newspaper gives a recent instance of the great success of an American mamma. Her elder daughter had friends from New York with some friends from London, and after doing the continent had returned to the French capital for several months of rest and pleasuring.

The courtship, the engagement, the ceremony are over. The bridegroom hands his bride into the carriage, and the honeymoon begins. Now observe one of the most singular facts in the whole history of courtship, a fact to which there is no known exception: The bridegroom never can recall the first words spoken by him to the bride in that carriage. Why? This question has been asked a hundred thousand times, and never satisfactorily answered yet.

cream of tartar rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves cleans them well. To extract grease from papered walls dip a piece of flannel in spirits of wine, rub the greasy spots once or twice, and the grease will disappear.

To prevent iron from rusting, warm the iron until you cannot bear your hand on it without burning yourself. Then rub it with new and clean white wax. Put it in again to the fire till it has soaked in the wax. When done rub it over with a piece of serge. This prevents the iron from rusting afterward.

Speaking of what are known in this country as "silk dress hats," Charles Blanc, member of the French Institute, and formerly director of fine arts, Paris, says:

Our tubular hats, which artists, in their every-day discourse, have cast such withering scorn upon—these hats without front or back, without direction, without a culminating point, and whose cylindrical shape is altogether at variance with the spherical form of the head—are assuredly the last relic of barbarism, and we must not be astonished if their use spreads in our day over the whole world, since nothing but a more chance of lasting success than ugliness and absurdity.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Grenadine dresses entirely black are made over glossy Surah skirts to make them light.

Barberry fringes are in vogue, of longish satin drops strung in clusters from the heading.

A new fancy is that of using creamy white India muslin shirred inside of open necks of grenadine and foulard dresses.

Large pelerine collars, reaching far down on the shoulders and finished with a high fringe in the neck, are found among collections of fashionable lingerie.

Handsome brocaded wool goods have delicate tinted grounds—sage, salmon, cream and sky blue—in the brocaded figures are of satin in dull red, old gold, heliotrope and sapphire blue.

Directoire collars and square cuffs are made of jetted net, and edged with a row of cut jet beads like those used on the brims of bonnets; these trim basques of black grenadine, and also of silk suits. Surplice and square necks of such dresses have black beaded tulle draped inside of the opening.

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AMERICA'S MINERAL WEALTH.

The Amount of Gold and Silver Mined in the Country—The Outlook.

In the opinion of some experts the production of precious metals in the United States is but just beginning. In the last ten years we have advanced from \$17,320,000 in silver and \$33,750,000 in gold to \$45,846,109 in silver and \$44,590,223 in gold, but it is said that the next census (ten years) will more than quadruple this production.

The exact production of gold and silver during the last census, as near as it can be ascertained, was as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Silver, Gold. 1870: \$17,320,000 Silver, \$33,750,000 Gold. 1871: \$19,286,000 Silver, \$34,396,000 Gold. 1872: \$19,934,429 Silver, \$36,177,395 Gold. 1873: \$27,483,302 Silver, \$39,206,558 Gold. 1874: \$29,691,122 Silver, \$38,466,458 Gold. 1875: \$31,635,239 Silver, \$39,968,194 Gold. 1876: \$39,292,924 Silver, \$42,826,935 Gold. 1877: \$45,846,109 Silver, \$44,590,223 Gold. 1878: \$37,248,137 Silver, \$37,576,030 Gold. 1879: \$37,032,857 Silver, \$31,470,262 Gold.

In this country \$4,000,000 is annually consumed in making jewelry and for the arts. Last year about \$74,700,000 in gold was imported to America, and this added to the home production gives an increase of \$106,170,362. If we add still further the \$37,032,857 in silver produced, we have \$143,203,119 of a monthly increase to our national wealth.

Large as this increase may appear, it is as nothing when compared with our future possibilities. The sudden influx of Eastern capital to the trans-Missouri country will meet a want long felt and cause the great mineral wealth of the West to be rapidly developed.

What Doctors Should Know. An exchange which devotes special attention to sanitary affairs suggests that the several hundred young physicians just graduated should supplement their studies by a course in hygiene.

How an American Mamma Managed. A Paris newspaper gives a recent instance of the great success of an American mamma. Her elder daughter had friends from New York with some friends from London, and after doing the continent had returned to the French capital for several months of rest and pleasuring.

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Words of Wisdom. He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.

It is good in a fever, and much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

Only that which we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.