

The Farmer's Seventy Years.

Ah, there he is, lad, at the plow;
He beats the boys for work,
And whatso'er the task might be
None ever saw him shirk.
And he can laugh, too, till his eyes
Run o'er with mirthful tears,
And sing full many an old-time song
In spite of seventy years.

"Good morning, friends! 'tis twelve o'clock;
Time for a half hour's rest."
And farmer John took out his lunch
And ate it with a zest.
"A harder task, it is," he said,
"Than following up these steers,
Or mending fences, far, for me
To feel my seventy years."

"You ask me why I feel so young,
I'm sure, friends, I can't tell,
But think it is my good wife's fault
Who's kept me up so well;
For women such as she are scarce
In this poor vale of tears;
She's given me love and hope and strength
For more than forty years."

"And then my boys have all done well,
As far as they have gone,
And that thing warms an old man's blood,
And helps him on and on.
My girls have never caused a pang,
Or raised up anxious fears,
Then wonder not that I feel young
And hale at seventy years."

"Why don't my good boys do my work,
And let me sit and rest?
Ah! friends, that wouldn't do for me;
I like my own way best.
They have their duty; I have mine,
And, till the end appears,
I mean to smell the soil, my friends,
Said the man of seventy years."

A RASH ENGAGEMENT;

OR,

How a Male Trifler Was Served.

"Now, Gerard, I shall count on you!" "My dear aunt," said Gerard Fay, taking her hand and looking in her sparkling face with intense gravity, "do nothing of the sort. I protest against it. You inveigled me to your country seat with perfumed billets and honeyed flatteries. I yield; for who but a madman could struggle against destiny in such a shape? But encroach no further. I consent to be ornamental—to adorn your saloons—to occupy the fourth seat in your barouche—to accompany you to church and stare down the loungers around the door, but I utterly and entirely refuse to be useful. I will not fan plethoric dowagers; I will not waltz with boarding-school misses, nor sing duets, nor bring shawls, nor clasp bracelets, nor—by Jove! who's that?"

Mrs. L'Aymar smiled mischievously. "Nellie Parker, the clergyman's daughter. Shall I introduce you?" "By no means! It's a lovely, high-bred face, though—clearly cut as a cameo, and those soft, unfathomable eyes! Do you remember Dominic Cheno's Sybil?" "Welcome to Maplewood," said a gay voice behind him. Gerard started and bit his lips. "Why did you not tell me Kate Irwin was here!" he said, in a vexed undertone to his aunt; but Mrs. L'Aymar had glided away, and Gerard had nothing for it but to seat himself resignedly by the lady—a dashing brunette, becomingly arrayed in a muslin dress and garden hat, who was watching Mr. Fay with a somewhat amused smile.

"Again I say, welcome to Maplewood," she repeated. "It was vastly kind of Mrs. L'Aymar to send for you. The country is such a bore, and perhaps you can amuse me; you did not use to be quite so stupid as the rest in town."

"Cool, that!" thought Gerard. Then aloud: "I should be most happy to be amusing to Miss Irwin had I not entered a solemn protest against anything of the sort. I came here to be entertained. So, to commence, who's here?" "Why do you ask, since the villa is the inevitable rechanfee of the town house. Mrs. Poplin is here with Desdemona, Araminta and Amanda. You should see how they take to innocence, white muslin and new-laid eggs. Desdemona, who was a young lady when I was in short clothes, sits on a low stool and wears baby waists, and Amanda has got a kitten and puts up her hair in curl papers regularly. Then there's Ada Goibek, the blue; and Cobham, who waltzes so divinely; and that fascinating little Mrs. Temple Stowe; and Captain Gresham, whom everybody is crazy about, and your humble servant. That's all, I believe."

"Who is that young lady?" asked Gerard, pointing to Miss Parker, who still sat at the window. "I really don't know," coldly answered Miss Irwin; "but she looks stupid enough, however, to be the daughter of some country magnate whom your polite aunt conceives it her duty to propitiate. There's the dressing-bell!"

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Gerard, aloud, as Miss Irwin swept from the room. "Now that the womankind are safe at least an hour, I may get a nap. What a bore this gallantry is, to be sure! Why couldn't I have said to that consummate coquette: 'I'm confoundedly sleepy! If you'll permit me, I'll

go and dream of your eyes.'" All the while he was leisurely extending himself on a light settee that he had drawn up before one of the deep bow windows, every now and then making a sally at an impertinent mosquito, who hummed and buzzed in his ear with irritating persistency.

Through the waving curtains he could dimly see the level, sloping lawn, the trees motionless in the noon heat, the cows standing in the pond beneath their shade, the low splash of the water; the shrill song of the grasshoppers grew fainter and fainter in his ear, his eyes closed—"buz," "hum"—there was that mosquito again!

"Confound the rascal!" he exclaimed, jumping up in a rage, "if he hasn't bitten my nose! He is a greater torment than a woman, and that's—"

He stopped short in dismay, for from the recess of the window issued a peal of clear ringing laughter, and before him stood the young lady who had already attracted his notice.

"Don't be alarmed, sir," she said, still laughing. "It is only the last of the 'womankind,' whom you accidentally made a prisoner, and who promised not to betray all the treason you have uttered against her sex, if you will permit her to retire."

"Not till I have convinced you that in no way could my remarks apply to you," answered Gerard, "since I was not talking of the angels."

"Spare your compliments," returned Nelly, with a curling lip, "or reserve them for Miss Irwin or the Misses Poplin. I am a simple country girl, incapable of appreciating them."

"Ah! I see you are revengeful." "On the contrary, I forgive you."

"Proof is—"

"How?"

"By permitting me to act as your escort to dinner."

Nelly seemed in danger of another fit of laughter. She, who could have set the table, cooked the dinner and eaten a good share of it afterward, escorted to the table like one of those languishing city ladies, who screamed at the sight of a cow, and didn't know corn from asparagus, except when it was cooked! What would father, and mother, and Bob say to that? Controlling her mirth as well as she was able, she signified her assent; and when Miss Irwin sailed into the dining-room it was to find the elegant, fastidious Gerard playing assiduous court to the little country girl, who received it as a matter of course. Still, that was not the least provoking part of the affair.

Poor Cobham, whose evil genius had decreed that on that day he should act as cavalier servant to the angry belle, Kate's angry glances chilled his very marrow, and scared all the small talk out of him.

Mrs. L'Aymar looked on in silent consternation.

Miss Irwin was not only a belle, but eligible to the extent of \$100,000; and who knows what schemes had been running in the little lady's politic head when she invited Kate to spend the summer with her.

"At any rate," as she observed to her husband afterward, "I couldn't sit there, you know, and see Gerard making himself ridiculous, and the Poplins and Mrs. Temple Stowe looking on—who, of course, would tell of it all over town."

So, after a side glance at the bronze timepiece, Mrs. L'Aymar said, in her softest tones:

"My dear little Nelly, I am sorry to lose you, but I promised your father that you should return the moment the clock struck 'three,' and you know how exact he is!"

Nellie flushed to her very temples, for she had been invited to spend the day, and well understood the reason of the sudden changes in Mrs. L'Aymar.

"John shall drive you home," said the lady, fearing, perhaps, she had gone too far, "and I shall try to persuade your father—"

"To be a little less exact," broke in Gerard, with scornful emphasis; "but John need not take the trouble to harness his horses, for mine, if my orders have been obeyed, are already at the door, and I shall be only too happy to drive Miss Parker home."

And he did take her home, spite of the ill-concealed wrath of Mrs. L'Aymar and the fascinating Miss Irwin; and when he reached the old farmhouse, invited himself to go in (Nellie would never have had the courage), and claimed acquaintance with her father on the strength of a boxed ear once received from the dominie when a boy and at home during the vacation, and complimented brother Bob on his farming and Mrs. Parker on her housewifery, and stayed to tea, and talked politics and theology, and everything but love, for which he contented himself with looking at Miss Nellie.

Day after day saw his stylish turnout dashing down the green, shady lane that led to the dominie's; and it was a standing joke of his groom that "Mas's" was going for the consolations of religion. The very dogs round the place came to know him, while no damask rose ever glowed as did Nellie's

cheek when she heard the music of his horses' hoofs galloping on the road.

Mrs. L'Aymar's indignation knew no bounds.

"The way Gerard goes on with that girl is ridiculous," she said to Kate Irwin, "and I consider it my duty to interfere."

"Then he will assuredly marry her," responded the lady, coolly. "Can you not see he is only amusing himself? Oppose him and he is capable of any folly. Leave him alone and he will soon tire of his new-found toy."

Reasoning on widely different principles, Mrs. Parker had arrived at the same conclusion, and sadly and anxiously she watched the gradual change in Nelly's demeanor.

"Old Martha tells me you never visit her lately," she said to her daughter one afternoon.

A bright flush crimsoned Nelly's cheek.

"So she has been complaining, has she? Tiresome old woman!"

"And Miss Goodwin has mentioned to me," continued her mother, without appearing to notice Nelly's tone, "that you are seldom or never at the Thursday prayer-meetings."

"I don't believe," returned Nelly, "that we ought to be always singing and praying and visiting old women. I am young, and I want to enjoy life."

"Who gave you life?" answered Mrs. Parker, "and how long is it since you found it wearisome to praise and serve God? Ah! Nelly, Nelly, since Mr. Fay—"

"There it is again," interrupted Nelly; "always Mr. Fay! Everything is his fault. What has he done, I should like to know, that you all hate him so?"

"Hate him! Ah! Nelly, how blind you are! You love that man!"

"Well, I do," retorted Nelly, "did you never love? Am I the first one in the family who has been in love?"

"Nelly, has Mr. Fay ever asked you to marry him?"

Nelly was silent.

"Has he ever even told you that he loved you?"

"I don't care if he hasn't," answered Nelly, sobbing. "I know he does, and I don't see why you want to make me so miserable; and I wish I was dead—I do."

At this interesting juncture arrived Mr. Gerard Fay. Mrs. Parker, not feeling desirous to meet him, vanished through a side door, and Nellie, unable to regain her composure, or dissimulate without intending to do so, allowed Gerard to guess the secret of her distress; and he, feeling unusually magnanimous after an extra bottle of champagne, and moved by the sight of beauty in tears, forthwith offered himself, and was accepted.

"There, I told you so," said Mrs. L'Aymar, furiously, to Kate.

"Keep cool," was the rejoinder, "and let us go and call on the bride-elect. Frank Rashleigh will be down next week, and then we shall see what we shall see."

And Mrs. L'Aymar, having no small confidence in her cool-headed friend, waited patiently until Mr. Rashleigh, Gerard's intimate friend, should arrive. When that important personage made his appearance, it is to be presumed that the ladies enlisted him at once—as shortly after his arrival he took occasion to remark to Gerard:

"That's rather a pretty girl (pointing to Nelly). Pity she's such a dowdy figure, and dresses in such a Sandwich island style."

Gerard said nothing—being absolutely dumb with astonishment. Nelly, dowdy, and badly dressed? Was that the judgment of Frank Rashleigh, who was a well-known connoisseur in female beauty—on his pearl—his lily of maidens, as he had fondly termed her? Was he indeed so blind?

Rashleigh saw the shot had taken effect, and wisely forbore further comments at that time. He then turned his attention to Miss Irwin, whom he pronounced "a perfectly elegant woman, and faultlessly beautiful."

"Maybe so," dryly answered Gerard, "but I prefer the half-opened rosebud to the tulip."

Spite of which, ere long, he virtually transferred himself and his attentions to Miss Irwin, who concealed her delight under an affectation of cold dignity.

Sometimes Nelly's paling cheeks after an unusually protracted absence smote him with a keen sense of self-reproach—"but she ought to have understood me from the first," he argued. "Reason should have shown her our entire incompatibility."

Singularly enough reason had entirely failed to perform her duty in the first stage of Nelly's love; but she had stepped in now, and suggested that a man who had behaved like Gerard Fay must be alike devoid of principle, character or common good feeling, and could not, therefore, be considered a very serious loss by any sensible girl.

Whereupon Nelly took heart, grew prettier and more blooming than ever. One day as she was walking leisurely along the little path that wound through the beautiful woods from whence the village derived its name, she suddenly

found herself face to face with Gerard Fay.

Her first impulse was to turn back. Her second, to bow stiffly. Her third, to speak in the most cordial manner imaginable, which she accordingly did.

Gerard's salutation was by no means so unembarrassed, but instead of passing on, as he might have easily done, he continued to walk by her side, discoursing of the weather, the scenery, the last new novel, and growing more and more desperate at Nelly's unmistakable indifference—till, at last, he frankly told Nelly the story of his shortcomings with regard to her, taking care to color it slightly, and practicing a little arithmetic on it, in the way of additions and subtractions, winding up by asking Nelly to take him this time for better or worse.

Whereupon Nelly, who listened to the whole with a perfect immobile countenance, quietly asked: "Have you finished, Mr. Fay?"

"Yes," replied the gentleman, somewhat doubtfully.

"Very well, sir. I have only to say that I cannot marry a man I do not love—could not marry a man I did not respect, and could not respect the man who had not the principle to refrain from entering into rash engagements, the honor to keep them, the sense to refrain from the attempt to patch them up when broken. Good-morning, Mr. Fay."

And so ended Gerard's campaigning for 1880.

Living Without Food or Drink.

A letter from Battle Creek, Mich., says: Mention has been made in the newspapers at various times of the case of Mrs. Nellie Ingram, who, since last October, has been in bed, unable to take food or water. Mrs. Ingram is now thirty-six years old, and has been twice married, her present husband being Henry Ingram, a teamster. In girlhood, as Miss Nellie Dunn, she was hearty and robust, a specimen of blooming health, and had a more than ordinary fine constitution, which she retained as she advanced in years. On October 11, 1880, she stepped into a Dr. N. Merritt's office to have a tooth extracted. She was then in the most perfect health, and weighed not far from 180 pounds. The tooth was a double one, far back in the jaw, firm and fast, and very troublesome from a cavity. Undoubtedly the pain and annoyance she had experienced from it had excited her nervous system to that degree that it took but little to produce a decided shock. The tooth was extracted with much difficulty, and produced intense pain. Mrs. Ingram became greatly excited, which culminated in a nervous shock. A hack was called, and she was taken to her home in a prostrated condition, and was immediately afterward seized with a severe pain in the bowels, which has continued night and day ever since, accompanied by sickness and nausea. She repeatedly attempted to eat food to sustain life, but it only produced a loathing and deadly sickness, and was at length given up. These spasms occur, however, whether she is given food or not.

As soon as it became certain to her physician that all attempts to keep her alive by introducing food into her stomach were useless, he began giving her injections, thereby sustaining life by a process of absorption by the walls of the intestines. Life has also been sustained by baths of beef tea, milk, and such highly nutritious liquids, with an occasional bath of alcohol to keep the pores open. She has lived for the past eight months in this way, not a morsel of food having passed her lips. Her weight has been reduced from 180 to eighty pounds; but although her body is so much reduced, her face still preserves a quite healthy appearance, and would not strike one as belonging to a person who has been obliged to go without food, and who has suffered such excruciating pains. Her nerves are at such a high tension that she is unable to sleep more than two hours in twenty-four. This short rest is generally taken toward morning, when the vitality in her body is very low. With returning activity of the senses she begins the retchings, which spasmodic efforts of nature continue through the day until her system is completely exhausted and she falls into the unsatisfactory sleep described. Within the last few days, owing to the strain on her throat by the frequent contortions of the muscles during retching, she has substantially lost her voice and is unable to speak above a low whisper. A constant fever attends her, accompanied by an inordinate thirst, but she cannot drink any more than eat.

The case has excited uncommon interest in the medical fraternity throughout the State, and many have come to see her. It is curious to see hunger appeased and thirst quenched by outward applications.

Never were there so many contracts or new vessels held by the shipbuilders of Milford, Delaware. They aggregate about a dozen, and as many more could be obtained, a number having been refused.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

An Empress' Romance.

There is a bit of romance yet in the Austrian empress's heart, though she is credited with being such an Amazon. She cherishes in a beautiful jeweled box, not a stone of great price, but a little faded nosegay of edelweiss, that mountain flower, white and delicate as a snowflake, which Austrian peasants attach to their buttonholes as a sign of love. The little nosegay was given the empress by her husband the time they were betrothed.

Twelve Bridesmaids' Dresses.

The twelve lockets worn by Lady Brooke's (Miss Maynard's) bridesmaids at the great wedding at Westminster Abbey, are described as exceptionally beautiful, being very costly works of art. Each was formed of diamonds and pearls, worked with the greatest skill into the most exquisite representation of the form and petals of a daisy—appropriate emblems of the youth and innocence of the bride and her bridesmaids, as well as souvenirs of herself, the pet name by which she has been known to her family and friends since her birth being Daisy.

A Simple Costume.

A number of gentlemen at a party the other evening were wondering why all young ladies did not dress in the plain, simple style of a young belle present, whose toilet they greatly admired. The dress was certainly very beautiful, as was the young lady—which had a great deal to do with the effect of the dress, which deserves description. The underskirt was of plain white surah, covered with tiny ruffles of the same goods. The overdress was of nun's veiling of an exquisitely fine texture, adorned with frills and cascades of cream white lace, and caught up with clusters of white snowdrops covered with crystals. Upon her head of golden hair was a delicate wreath of snowdrops glittering with white jets. She wore not a jewel, but carried in her hand a large antique fan of white feathers spangled with crystals. After the party was over the wearer of the dress, who had heard of and enjoyed the compliment, laughingly informed one of her admirers—a dotting uncle—that this "simple" dress, at an exceedingly moderate computation, not including "Madam's" bill for making, had cost \$160, all the uncle did was quietly to hand the young lady of the "simple" dress his new spring hat, with a bow of acknowledgment and a wave of the hand which expressed more than words could have done, his unqualified admission of the utter incapacity of the masculine mind to comprehend the magnitude or to guess the price of a woman's dress, even though that dress simulate "simplicity" to perfection.—*New York Evening Post.*

Fashion Notes.

Plaids are much worn. Tucks are again fashionable. Skirts are made longer and fuller. Low shoes in fanciful forms grow in favor.

The favorite waist is the box-plaited blouse.

The white pocket handkerchief is moribund.

Coaching bouquets are very large and brilliant.

Belted short basques are worn by young ladies.

Cuffs are not worn when long-wristed kid gloves are.

Full-gathered bodices are worn under peasant waists.

Corsage bouquets are *de rigueur* with the simplest toilets.

The rage for red and yellows is already on the decline.

All fashionable handkerchiefs are enriched in some way with color.

Olive green and pale brown are the favorite colors for coaching costumes.

Olive green, condor brown and Russian blue are favorite colors for coaching suits.

Puffs of mull for the neck and throat are more fashionable than ruches, frills or braids.

The *Mascotte*, a cunning little Frenchified turban, is the favorite walking hat for street wear.

the bottom of the skirt either in the back or on one side.

Evening dresses are cut in V shapes back and front and edged with lace.

Black and white checked silk handkerchiefs are worn with traveling suits.

Dresses for the mountain or seashore are made of dark garnet wool as heavy as flannel.

Embroidered muslin gowns are made up with underskirts and peasant waists of bright silks.

Pretty toilets of white wool have Spanish lace plaits and draperies of satin surah in stripes.

Spanish lace points, long but not very deeply pointed in the back, are worn a la fichta, tied around the shoulders.

It is a popular fancy this season to make the skirts of dresses of black and white striped silk, rather than the flounces.

The standard choice for summer dresses is black grenadine, plain sewing-silk grenadines with smooth surface having the preference over all others.

The Prevention of Sunstroke.

The following hints for the prevention of sunstroke are given by Dr. Edwin C. Mann, of New York city, in an article upon this subject in one of the medical journals: To avoid sunstroke, exercise, in excessively hot weather should be very moderate; the clothing should be thin and loose, and an abundance of cold water should be drunk. Workmen and soldiers should understand that as soon as they cease to perspire, while working or marching in the hot sun, they are in danger of sunstroke, and they should immediately drink water freely and copiously to afford matter for cutaneous transpiration, and also keep the skin and clothing wet with water. Impending sunstroke may often be ward off by these simple measures. Besides the cessation of perspiration, the pupils are apt to be contracted, and there is a frequency of micturition. If there is marked exhaustion, with a weak pulse, resulting from the cold water application, we should administer stimulants. The free use of water, however, both externally and internally, by those exposed to the direct rays of the sun, is the best prophylactic against sunstroke, and laborers or soldiers, and others who adopt this measure, washing their hands and faces, as well as drinking copiously of water every time they come within reach of it, will generally enjoy perfect immunity from sunstroke. Straw hats should be worn, ventilated at the top, and the crown of the hat filled with green leaves or wet sponge. It is better to wear thin flannel shirts in order not to check perspiration. We may expose ourselves for a long time in the hot sun and work or sleep in a heated room and enjoy perfect immunity from sunstroke if we keep our skin and clothing wet with water.

Bad News for Water Drinkers.

The age of the earth is placed by some at five hundred millions of years; and still others, of later time, among them the Duke of Argyll, place it at ten million years. None place it lower than ten millions, knowing what processes have been gone through. Other planets go through the same process. The reason that other planets differ so much from the earth is that they are in a so much earlier or later stage of existence. The earth must become old. Newton surmised, although he could give no reason for it, that the earth would at one time lose all its water and become perfectly dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct.

As the earth keeps cooling it will become porous and great cavities will be formed in the interior, which will take in the water. It is estimated that this process is now in progress, so far that the water diminishes at about the rate of the thickness of a sheet of writing paper each year. At this rate in 6,000,000 years the water will have sunk a mile, and in 15,000,000 years every trace of water will have disappeared from the face of the globe. The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is an inappreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creature we know could breathe it and live; the time will come when the world cannot support life. That will be the period of old age and then will come death.—*Professor Proctor.*

Fixing Up.

"Yes," said he, "I've been fixing up a little. The old woman posterred me to death about the garden, and so I slicked it up a little, and fixed about the house, and it looked so nice I went at the farm fences and the brush and saved more manure, and kept killing the weeds, and the crops got better, and so I kept going on, and things do look pretty good now. Wife takes a paper and I take one, and I get time to read it too, and I used to think that I hadn't time for anything." And so he ran on, seemingly well pleased with what he had done, and his life and his home without doubt the happier for it. Examples of a like kind may be found all over the country.