

Why the Cows Came Late.

Crimson sunset burning
O'er the tree fringed hills,
Golden are the meadows,
Ruby flashed the rills,
Quiet in the farmhouse,
Home the farmer lies;
But his wife is watching,
Shading anxious eyes,
While she lingers with her pail beside the
barnyard gate,
Wondering why her Jenny and the cows come
home so late!

Jenny, brown-eyed maiden,
Wandered down the lane;
That was ere the daylight
Had begun to wane.
Deeper grow the shadows;
Cretling swallows cheep;
Katydid is calling;
Mists o'er meadows creep.

Still the mother shades her eyes beside the
barnyard gate,
And wonders where her Jenny and the cows
can be so late!

Loving sounds are falling,
Homeward now at last
Speckle, Bess and Brindle
Through the gate have passed:
Jenny, sweetly blushing,
Jamie, grave and shy,
Take the pails from mother,
Who stands silent by.

Not one word is spoken as that mother shuts
the gate,
But now she knows why Jenny and the cows
came so late.

—John Heynton, in *Our Continent*.

The Chest of Drawers.

"Married!" said Mrs. Bubble—
"married! And without neither wedding
cake or new bonnet, nor so much as a
neighbor called in to witness the
ceremony! And to Abel Jones, as is
as poor as poverty itself! Mary, I never
could have believed it of you!"

Pretty Mary Bubble's brown eyes
sparkled, half with exultation, half
with vague fear.

"It was out in Squire Larkins' garden,
mother," said she. "Squire Larkins
was there, and Miss Jennie Wynward,
and Mr. Hall. Abel was shingling the
icehouse roof, and he said it must
be now or never, because he couldn't
endure the suspense. And the squire
is a justice of the peace, and I've got a
certificate, all legal and right—see,
mother! And as for being poor, why
Abel has his trade, and no one can deny
that he is an industrious, temperate
young man; and please, mother," flinging
both arms around the old lady's
neck, "if you forgive me for disobeying
you this once, I never, never will do
it again!"

So Mrs. Bubble—although to use
her own words she never could get
over the mortification of having a
daughter married by a "justice of the
peace"—finally forgave bright-eyed
Mary, and consented that Abel Jones
should set up his shop at the foot of
the farm lane, there to commence the
conflict of life.

"Though I'm quite sure," said Mrs.
Bubble, "that he never will earn his
living; and I did hope, Mary, you
would have married some one who
could at least have cleared the mort-
gage off the old place."

But Abel and Mary were happy.
Where Youth and Love are sitting in
life's sunshine, old Croesus is one too
many. Let him go his way; who cares
for him?

"We shall get along," said Abel.
"Of course we shall get along," said
Mary.

And thus matters stood when Mrs.
Squire Larkins, with a young friend in
flooded white muslin, stopped at the
Bubble farmhouse to drink a glass of
milk and eat some of Mrs. Bubble's
cherry shortcake.

"I hope the bride is well," said Mrs.
Larkins, laughing.

"To'able, thank you," said Mrs.
Bubble. "She's gone up to Deacon
Faraday's to get their recipe for makin'
soft-soap. Abel's well, too, thankee.
He's in the shop, now, at work. His
hammer is sort o' company for me, when
I set here alone. I don't deny as he's
a decent young man enough, if he
wasn't as poor as Job's turkey! And
with Mary's face, and her term at board-
ing-school, she'd ought to done better."

"What a beautiful old chest of
drawers," cried Miss Wynward, ecstas-
tically. "What lovely brass ornaments!
And what picturesque claw legs!"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Larkins. "It
is over a hundred years old. Every-
body has heard of Mrs. Bubble's antique
chest of drawers!"

"Oh, ma'am, it ain't the same," said
Mrs. Bubble. "It ain't the old one at
all. I sold the old one a month ago."

"Sold it!" echoed Mrs. Squire Lark-
ins.

"I didn't want to sell it," said Mrs.
Bubble, looking imploringly over the
edge of her spectacle glasses. "It was
given to me, you know, ma'am, when
my father's estate was settled up, and
the old furniture was divided. My
brother John's wife she wanted 'The
Death of Jonathan,' in a gilt frame, with
cord and tassels; so she says, says she:
'Sophiar, you can take the old chest
o' drawers.'"

"And I knew I was bein' cheated
then; but, la! what's the use of trouble
among one's relations? So says I:

"'Have it your own way, Abigail
Ann.'"

"And she took home 'The Death of
Jonathan,' and I took the chest of
draw's. And Abel he fixed it up dread-
ful nice with a little sandpaper and
varnish, and it was handy to keep old
letters and samples of patchwork and
paper patterns in. But when that fine
young lady from the city, as is boarding
at Doctor Holloway's, offered me twenty-
five dollars for it, it seemed a wicked
sin to refuse so much money, so I sold
it. And John's wife, she couldn't
hardly believe her ears when she heard
tell of it. And she says, says she:
'Sophiar, don't you suppose you
could sell 'The Death of Jonathan' for
the same money?'"

"And I knew just how she felt, and
I wasn't a bit sorry for her, for she al-
ways was a graspin' thing. But after it
had gone away in Doctor Holloway's
wagon I began to miss it, and I fairly
set down and cried. And Abel, he
says:

"'Cheer up, mother,' says he. 'I'll
make you another one just like it!'"

"And so he did. And there it is,"
added Mrs. Bubble, with honest pride,
"and you'd never know but it was the
same old chest o' draw's. He's darkened
it down, and 'iled it up, and turned
out claw legs, and beat out a set of old
brasses to cover the keyholes, until you
never would know the difference. And
I'm just as well satisfied as I was be-
fore."

So Mrs. Bubble put on her things
and went to the sewing society when
Mrs. Larkins and Miss Wynward were
gone, so that there was no one in the
big, airy kitchen, when Professor El-
dred and his two daughters—maiden
ladies of an unchronicled age—alighted
from their open box-wagon and
stopped in for a drink of water.

There was the well, under the
bowery apple-blossoms at the back;
and there was the gourd-shell lying in
the grass beside the sweep; and the
cleanly-scrubbed kitchen floor, with its
rag rugs at the doors; and the ancient
clock ticking away in its corner; and
the old chest of drawers between the
two windows.

"Pa," cried Miss Etheldreda El-
dred, putting up her eye-glasses, "what
a lovely piece of workmanship!"

"Quite medieval!" sighed Miss Er-
menegarde. "We must have this old
Revolutionary relic in our drawing-
room, pa!"

The professor stared around him.
"There's nobody to ask the price of,
my dear," said he.

"That's just like pa!" said Ethel-
dreda. "Don't you hear somebody
hammering somewhere? There's a car-
penter-shop just down the lane. Go
and inquire—do!"

Abel Jones was working diligently
away at a stepladder, when the profes-
sor's bald head was thrust into his
shop.

"Eh?" said Abel, looking very
handsome in his shirtsleeves and
scarlet necktie.

"I wish you a good-morning, sir!"
said the professor, politely.

"Same to you, sir!" said Abel.

"I wish," said the professor, "to in-
quire the price of that beautiful old
brass mounted chest of drawers in
the kitchen of the house yonder. My
daughters—"

"No price at all, sir," said Abel.
"It ain't for sale."

"If a liberal remuneration, sir, would
be any inducement to you—"

"Not for sale," good-humoredly re-
peated Abel. "Nothing would induce
my mother-in-law to part with it."

"An old family relic, eh?" remarked
the professor.

"Exactly," said Abel.

And he went on hammering, and
whistling the tune of "Robin Adair,"
while the professor made his way back
through the prickly hedge of goose-
berry-bushes and black currants.

Half an hour afterward Mary, the
pretty first cause of all Abel Jones'
romantic adventures, ran into the shop.
They had been married for over three
months now, but Abel's smile of wel-
come was no less bright than it had
been in the days of the honeymoon.

"Bless me, Polly!" said he. "What
is the matter? You look half scared to
death!"

"And no wonder," said Mary.
"There have been burglars at the
house. Mother's chest of drawers is
gone!"

"What!" shouted Abel.

"And those were left under one of
the volumes of 'Barnes' Notes on the
Gospel in the kitchen table!" breath-
lessly added Mary, displaying five ten-
dollar bills in the palm of her hand.

"Upon—my—word!" said Abe.
"It's the old fellow with the bald head,
Polly, and the spectacles, you may de-
pend upon it. I thought he looked
like an old furniture dealer."

Alas, poor Abel! not to be able to
discriminate between a second-hand
storekeeper and the professor of es-
thetics and belles lettres in Higley
university! But such is life!

"But it's stealing!" cried Mary
breathlessly.

"We'l, not exactly," said Abel,

laughing. "The old thing in itself
wasn't worth ten dollars. If they
choose to value it at fifty, why it ain't
bad for us in the light of a pecuniary
transaction, eh, Polly?"

"But what will mother say?" pleaded
Mary.

"I've got another one nearly finished,"
said Abel. "I was meaning to sell it
to Mrs. Hartington, but I'll just set it
up in the old place, and mother will
never care whether it's number one or
number two that is there."

So that when Mrs. Bubble came home
from the sewing society Abel was just
setting up a new chest of drawers, and
Mary eagerly related to her the tale of
the burglary, for she still persisted in
calling it.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Bubble.
"Fifty and twenty-five makes seventy-
five. I'm glad I didn't take the 'Death
of Jonathan!'"

"This means business," said Abel to
himself.

And he set diligently to work to
manufacture still other duplicates of
the "chist o' draw's," staining them a
dark, rich brown, and beating out odd,
shell-shaped decorations to complete
the illusion. And when the curiosity
hunters came up the solitary road, em-
bowered in elms, where it required con-
siderable engineering for one load of
hay to pass another, Abel sat whistling
on his door-step, ready to drive a bar-
gain.

"Any old furniture or antiques to
sell?" the hunter would blandly in-
quire.

"Not a stick!" said Abel, and then
after a minute's blank silence on the
part of the pioneers of the aesthetic, he
would add: "Unless you'd like to look
at this 'ere chist o' draw's as I've just
tinkered up. I can't say up and down,
you know, as it's old; but then it is.
You can look for yourselves. There
ain't no date on it. I don't care whether
I sell it or not. Nor yet I won't put
no price on it. I ain't none of your bar-
gain drivers. If you like it pay what
you think is right; if you don't, why
there ain't no harm done!"

So that no less than seven editions of
the chest of drawers were sold before
the season was over. They became the
fashion. Every person who bought one
had a vague hope of having something
a little different from his neighbors.
And some of them have never yet ceased
looking for hidden treasures, old papers
or outlawed wills among the pigeon-
holes and compartments.

And when the season ended and the
city boarders went back to their brick-
and-mortar wilderness Abel bought
his mother-in-law a plethoric pocket-
book.

"Three hundred and sixty-five dol-
lars, mother," said he. "Enough to
pay off the last installment of the mort-
gage on the old farm. We couldn't
have made more money than that if
we'd kept a houseful of boarders, as
Polly wanted to do. But I don't mean
Polly to be at the beck and call of a
dozen fine ladies, and work her roses
off, not while I'm able to work for
her."

And the report of Abel Jones' good
luck spread far and wide through all
the country side. Mrs. Hopper, the
"Abigail Ann" of Mrs. Bubble's leg-
endary reminiscences, heard the great
news and drove down from Plum Hill
to inquire into it.

"If it's true as you've found five hun-
dred dollars," said she, dolefully, "in
that old chist o' draw's, it's the law as
all the heirs should divide equally,
Sophiar Bubble."

"But it ain't true," said Mrs. Bubble.

"Oh," said Mrs. Hopper, "I told my
husband as it was all a made-up story!"

"Not that exactly, neither," said Mrs.
Bubble, laughing.

And then she related the precise cir-
cumstances of the case.

Mrs. Hopper drew a long breath.

"I wish I hadn't chose the 'Death of
Jonathan,'" said she, "the cord broke
last week, and it fell down and smashed
my best set of china. I never had no
luck with it."

"And served you right for your
greed and rapacity!" said Abel Jones,
sotto voce, to Mary, who, in the next
room, was helping him to varnish a set
of hanging shelves.

"Hush-sh-sh!" whispered Mary.

While old Mrs. Bubble smiled and
remarked sagely that "nobody never
knew exactly how things was goin' to
turn out."

"But," she added, wiping her spec-
tacle glasses, "that chist o' draw's cer-
tainly did bring me good luck. It's
paid off the last of the old mortgage,
and laid in a stock o' real black walnut
for Abel to work with, and got a navy
blue cashmere for Mary. And if that
ain't luck I don't know what is."—
Helen Forrest Graves.

A gentleman who has lived in Wy-
oming speaks particularly of the uni-
versal respect paid to women at the
polls. He has seen women of the high-
est respectability and refinement walk
up to the polls in the presence of scores
of red-shirted miners and ranchers, who
would clear the way and treat them
with the greatest deference and respect.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Hints for Making Dresses at Home.

Woolen dresses are made with the
deep jersey or the coat basque; the
pointed bodice is reserved for more
dressy toilets, and it is outlined with
folds of trimming, which form a sash
in the same or a contrasting color; or
in colors, which appear in the figure of
the fabric of which the dress is com-
posed.

Basque bodices are very fashionable
finished with two collars—one narrow
and standing, the other flat and cut off
square, as in the "Gilda" basque. The
insertion of a square shirring, or fine
knife plaiting in the casement opening
at the neck is favored for princess
dresses, because it gives a dressy effect
without much trouble and is almost
universally becoming, except to very
stout figures. Shirred bodices are less
employed than last year, partly because
of the difficulty of making them sty-
lishly and so as to produce a good
effect. They are still seen occasionally,
however, and look better in washing
materials on slender young girls, who
can belt them in with ribbons, and who
are improved by the fullness and the
additional breadth given to the shoul-
ders.

It is important to remember that
basques and bodices of all kinds can
hardly be cut too high upon the
shoulder, and that the sleeve requires
them to be equally well rounded in on
the front of the arm. It is quite com-
mon to see dresses made at home or by
inferior dressmakers, the effect of which
is spoiled by the bad shape of the arm-
hole; just at the top, where the highest
part of the sleeve touches the shoulder
seam, it will form an almost abrupt
point, simply because the sides are not
well cut in and rounded. The result is
disastrous, not only ruining the out-
line of the arm but creating a mass of
wrinkles, leaving an ungraceful breadth
at the back, and a want of ease as well
as smoothness in the fit of the front.
The modern dress sleeve is shaped like
the coat sleeve, and the dress, like the
coat, is narrowed by the sleeve extend-
ing over the top of the shoulder.

Sleeves should be adapted to their
purpose; fancy "elbow" and half-
long sleeves are absurd for the useful,
every-day dresses of young Amazons,
whose muscular development cannot
always be enclosed in pink silk mitts or
long tan-colored gloves.

News and Notes for Women

The New York *Advertiser* knows of a
woman who has only two dresses per
year and yet always looks neat and
stylish.

Mrs. Mary Jones, who molded bul-
lets for General Jackson's army at the
battle of New Orleans, died at Baton
Rouge recently.

Mrs. Taylor, widow of the twelfth
President, is a plump, well-preserved
woman with bright blue eyes, a pleasant
face and silvery hair.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of
the premier, has accepted the vice-prin-
cipalship of Newnham college, in place
of Mrs. Sedgwick, who will resign in
October.

Mrs. Lincoln's wedding ring was
buried with her. It was of plain trus-
can gold, bearing on the inside the in-
scription: "A. L. to Mary, Nov. 4, 1842.
Love is eternal."

The California State Medical society
began the admission of doctors without
regard to sex in 1855, and women are
now admitted by sixteen State soci-
eties, including those of New York and
Pennsylvania.

In the Union Telegraph building,
corner Dey street and Broadway, New
York, 600 operators and clerks are em-
ployed, being divided into relief gangs,
so that the work never ceases. A large
portion of this force is composed of
young women. The best operators re-
ceive \$115 per month, and all work en-
tirely by ear.

Of nine hundred and eighty women
who are this year pursuing the higher
courses of education in St. Petersburg,
five hundred and twenty-one study
physics and mathematics, and only four
hundred and seventeen literature; six
hundred and ten are of noble origin,
and seven hundred and seventy-four
profess orthodox faith.

Fashion Notes.

Tailor-cut jackets remain in favor.

Jerseys are again in favor with some.

Gold brocade will again be in vogue.

American pongees have found much
favor.

Esthetic styles seem to be gaining
ground.

New evening taffeta silks show chine
effects.

The carnation is a favorite flower in
London.

Velvet is used for trimming taffeta
silk dresses.

Checked taffeta silks in delicate colors
are much worn.

Many children wear Turkey red calico
at the seaside.

Tan-colored slippers, ornamented
with tiny buckles, are made to match

the tan-colored suede gloves that are
worn with light evening dresses.

Alpacas and mohairs will be much
worn this winter.

English straw turbans never go en-
tirely out of vogue.

It is said that the first fall dresses are
made of a single material.

India foulards make pretty, bright
and serviceable seaside dresses.

Quaint blendings of color appear in
the new checked and chine taffeta silks.

Malachite, topaz and aqua marine
jewelry are becoming fashionable again.

Broad ribbon sashes are worn by the
million, from the child of one year to
the matron of sixty.

Pale blue or pale pink muslin dresses
dispute the majority with sprigged and
polka-dotted patterns.

Huge cabbage roses are worn upon
the bonnet, at the top of the parasol,
and as corsage flowers.

The half-fitting princess dress, with
its superimposed draperies, flounces
and trimmings, holds its ground for
children's toilets.

White pique waistcoats, with collars
rolling over the velvet or cloth collar of
tailor-made jackets, are much worn by
young girls on the other side.

Light ecru canvas boots and shoes,
foxed with yellow leather, are worn for
mountain climbing, and also do duty
for lawn tennis and croquet wear.

Flowers are not worn as head-dresses
this season. The hair is left entirely
without ornament or else it has a small
aigrette of feathers on the left side.

Some of the most elegant toilets dis-
played at Newport are those of dark
satin merveilleux trimmed with the new
felicite embroidery wrought in designs
of guipure lace.

Two bouffant puffs edge the short
antique basques of French dresses.
The skirt below is laid in broad hollow
plaits that are confined by gathered
cords across the hips.

Lunch-cloth, whereby to make bright
and picturesque a lawn party, is in the
new, elegant shade of cardinal, with
gold brocaded borderings and deep
fringe of the same yellow hue.

Kisses on Interest.

An exchange says that the following
thoughtful advice was given by a father
to his careless daughter: "I want to
speak to you of your mother. It may
be that you have noticed a careworn
look upon her face lately. Of course
it has not been brought there by any
act of yours, still it is your duty to
chase it away. I want you to get up
to-morrow morning and get breakfast,
when your mother comes and begins to
express her surprise, go right up to her
and kiss her in the mouth. You can't
imagine how it will brighten her dear
face. Besides you owe her a kiss or
two. Away back when you were a little
girl she kissed you when no one else
was tempted by your fever-tainted
breath and swollen face. You were not
as attractive then as you are now.
And through those years of childish
sunshine and shadows she was always
ready to cure, by the magic of a moth-
er's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands,
whenever they were injured in those
first skirmishes with the rough old
world. And then the midnight kiss
with which she routed so many bad
dreams as she leaned above your rest-
less pillow, have all been on interest
these long, long years. Of course she
is not so pretty and kissable as you are,
but if you had done your share of work
during the last ten years the contrast
would not have been so marked. Her
face has more wrinkles than yours, far
more, and yet if you were sick that
face would appear more beautiful than
an angel's as it hovered over you,
watching every opportunity to minister
to your every comfort, and every one of
those wrinkles would seem to be waves
of bright sunshine chasing each
other over the dear face."

Shot Down by a Zealous Sentry.

A St. Petersburg letter says: The fol-
lowing account of a sad accident, which
is said to have occurred last Saturday at
Peterhoff, is circulating here, though I
cannot vouch for its absolute truth:
The emperor was out walking in the
park, and for some reason or other be-
came interested in the operations of
several workmen, or gardeners, who
were at work at some distance off. His
majesty appears to have beckoned to
one of the workmen to come up to him,
intending to speak to the man and per-
haps ask some questions. The workman
noticed the sign, threw down his tools
and ran toward the emperor.

When only a step or two from his
majesty's person he fell dead at the
emperor's feet, shot dead by a sentinel
close at hand, who had not seen the
emperor call the man, and who had
imperative orders to fire on any stran-
gers approaching the emperor. His maj-
esty, it is said, helped to lift up the
body, and showed the bitterest grief.
The wife and family of the unfortunate
man are to be thoroughly cared for.

Our chief want in life is somebody
who shall make us do what we can,
This is the service of a friend.

Seeds.

A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old, forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed—the seed that you sow.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A new fabric for ladies' wear has re-
cently been placed upon the market,
called "cheese cloth." We should think
it would be quite durable—and strong.

All attempts to invent a spark arrester
for locomotives have failed, simply be-
cause no genius has thought of tying a
pretty woman on top of the smokestack.

A hat flirtation is the latest idiosync-
rasy among the girls. There is no way that
a man can wear a hat that doesn't mean
something, and the only way you're
safe is to go bareheaded.

A lady at Long Branch has had such
luck in bringing about engagements
between young people that it is gener-
ally believed she has worked in a
match factory at some time in her life.

They don't have rains out West. A
cloud just saunters up and examines a
town and then collapses right over it.
Nobody escapes but the newspaper re-
porters and the book agents.—*Atlanta
Constitution.*

A teacher was explaining fractions to
a rather dull boy. "Now, suppose
you and your little sister were under a
tree, and you found a peach, and you
wanted her to have as much as you, how
would you go about it?" "Shake down
another peach out of the tree, and give
her the littlest one."

And now the festive mosquito raiseth
the old scratch.

Miss Smith, the great artist, attended a ball,
where, when she was known, she was stared
at by all;
And some person said, with a very bad grace,
That he knew she could paint by the looks of
her face.

N. P. Willis once said: "The sweet-
est thing in life is the unclouded wel-
come of a wife." This is true, indeed;
but when her welcome is clouded with
an atmosphere of angry words and coal
scuttles, there is something about it
that makes a man want to go out in the
woodshed and sleep on the ice-chest.

It is stated that you can tell a man's
weight by the sound of his footfall; but
this can not be so, because a young man
who recently read the paragraph sized
up the weight of his girl's father. He
thought, by his footfall, he must weigh
about a hundred and ten pounds; but
one night, when the old man kicked
him so hard at the door that he didn't
touch the stoop going down, he came
to the conclusion that the kicker
weighed as much as a safe.

It is said that if you have presence
of mind enough to face a raging bull
and look straight into his eyes he is
powerless to do you harm. We tried
this experiment once and found it
worked admirably. The fierce animal
tore the ground with his feet and bel-
lowed with all his might; but some-
thing seemed to hold him back like
magic and he did us no injury. Per-
haps we ought to add, in order to be
correct historically, that the bull was
on the other side of the fence. We
never try an experiment of that kind
without taking the proper precautions
beforehand.

A Farmer's Matchmaking.

A short time ago a farmer, who gave
his name as Amos Miller, of German-
town, N. Y., called at Castle Garden,
New York, and said: "I will give \$25
a month and full board to a man and
wife who will come to work on my
farm." There were no married couples
at the Garden. Miller asked permis-
sion to speak to some of the applicants
for employment. This was allowed,
and soon after the match-making farmer
induced a tall, fine-looking German
named Adam Horner to join his life and
fortune with a comely German girl
named Rosina Haeffner, both of whom
hail from Westerheim, Baden. The
groom, who is twenty-four years old,
had for his best man Captain Reichardt,
and the bride, who is eighteen, was
given away by matron Eselinger, and
pastor Berkemeier tied the nuptial knot.
The young couple had never before
spoken to each other. Farmer Miller,
who appeared elated at his success at
matchmaking, gave the groom a \$5
note to "put up the beer," as he ex-
pressed it. After the ceremony about
half-a-dozen persons of the two sexes
asked Captain Reichardt if he would
kindly remember them the next oppor-
tunity, and "give them a show when-
ever married couples were wanted on
farms."

Making hay when the sun shines is an
easy matter, but a showery season, as a
rule, brings disaster, and making hay
without the sun has long been a