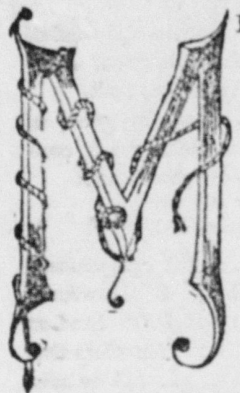


THE REAPERS.

The long day's toil was over—
A bird sang in a tree;
The sunshine kissed the clover
Good-by, and—she kissed me!

A MODEL EXISTENCE.



MRS. DEWSFORD sat in her own room employed in fastening butterflies on a sheet of pasteboard...

She was a spare, prim, hard-featured matron—one who believed in Women's Rights, and thought woman generally a much abused personage...

But Lizzy Dewsford was quite different—Lizzy Dewsford who stood beside her mother with cheeks round and ripe as a fall peach...

"Nonsense, child!" said Mrs. Dewsford, critically examining a butterfly with pale yellow wings, sprinkled with carmine.

"But, mamma," pleaded Lizzy, "it isn't nonsense. He really does want to marry me."

"Marriage is all a mistake, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Dewsford, laying down her magnifying glass. "I don't mean you shall marry at all."

"Mamma!" said Lizzy, "I wish I wasn't a woman," sobbed poor Lizzy. "I wish I wasn't something that had to be elevated and improved and cultivated!"

rieties of Adiantum and Asplenium to be found in those woods, and my collection of ferns is as yet incomplete. And Lizzy went away in great consternation—not to read reports, nor to study paleontology...

"Lizzy, what is the matter?" He dropped his knife, and all in dismay at her woeful countenance, and Lizzy told him to the best of her ability what "the matter" was!

"Is that all," he asked quietly, when the recital was concluded. "Isn't that enough," she rejoined, piteously. "When we were going to have such a nice drive all by ourselves, and come home by moonlight, and—"

"Don't fret, cara mia, it will be all right. So she won't consent to our marriage, eh?" "She says most positively that she will not."

"What shall we do, Lizzy? Shall we elope quietly?" "Oh, Charley, you know I would never marry without her consent!" "And are two lives to be made miserable just because she thinks matrimony a mistake?" he asked gravely.

"I suppose so, Charley!" Lizzy Dewsford's pretty head dropped like a rose in the rain. Charley watched her quivering lip and tear-wet eyelashes, and said no more!

Mrs. Dewsford was ready, with a preposterous drab umbrella to keep off the sun, a tin case to put ferns in, and an extra pair of boots, in the event of swampy walking, when Mr. Everett's little light wagon drove up to the door.

"I had better sit in the middle—it preserves the equilibrium of the vehicle better," said Mrs. Dewsford, wedging herself in between Lizzy and Mr. Everett with a smile of great complacency.

"Why, of course I did. I'd have been home long ago if I could get off this place." "Well, ma'am," said Charley, in accents of the coolest deliberation, while Lizzy clung, frightened and yet smiling, to his side...

"Condition! Charles Everett!" exclaimed the astonished and indignant matron; "what do you mean?" "Simply this, Mrs. Dewsford; I want to marry your daughter. But Lizzy, like a too dutiful child, will not become my wife without your consent."

"Which she shall never have!" said Mrs. Dewsford, emphatically. "Very well, ma'am! Get up, Whitey," and he shook the reins. "You're not going to leave me here?" shrieked Mrs. Dewsford, in a panic of terror.

"Unless you comply with my condition, ma'am, I most certainly shall." "And that condition is—" "Your consent to my marriage with your daughter."

"Elizabeth!" cried Mrs. Dewsford, "will you be a witness to this—this atrocious conduct and not interfere?" "Charley won't let me have a voice in the matter, mamma, at all," said Lizzy, demurely.

"But, mamma, I never had any ambition to be an extraordinary woman." "And so was brought to a termination the plots and plans for a 'model existence' which had been formed for Mrs. Dewsford's daughter!—New York News.

Mysterious Thirteen Trees. Over a century ago, on the upper West Side, in New York City, at a spot known as Fort George, but now a part of Harlem, Alexander Hamilton, whose breath was stopped by Aaron Burr's bullet, planted thirteen trees within a radius of thirteen square feet.

From Paris comes an excellent story, though the favor (as the Morning remarks) seems ancient. The other day a heavy rain storm converted the Rue Vivienne into a good-sized stream, to the despair of a great lady who was unable to cross the street.



GREEN FOOD FOR FOWLS. Green food is essential to the well-being of fowls, and every poultry raiser should make due provision for it. If hitherto neglected there is still time to sow rye or crimson clover.

TEXTURE OF BUTTER. The texture of butter depends partly on the animal, partly on feed, and partly upon the temperature of the cream when churned.

TOO NARROW BARN. Most of the old-fashioned barns were built with a view to economy, and were made as narrow and cramped as possible.

WATERING HORSES. Prejudice dies hard, but the hardest of all to die in the minds of groomers is that it is injurious to give a horse a drink of cold water when he is heated from exercise.

It takes about three months to grow a broiler. Heavy salting will destroy the flavor of good butter. The goose lays a score or two of eggs in a year.

THE PROFITABLE FEEDING WEIGHT. A large per cent. of farmers graze and feed hogs, and the belief that holds with many is that some future month will bring better prices, which can at best be only a matter of guessing.

It is a very low price that will not give a good profit on a pig that has been made to do his best up to 175 pounds, while a slight drop in price on a 300-pound hog will lose a man 'plenty of money.'

Will not some farmer of an experimental turn test this matter of common belief among farmers, that there is more profit in one-half grain feeding on clover than there is in full grain ration in connection with clover?

another lot the next. Conduct both experiments at the same time. For best summer growth there must be an abundance of shade, unlimited quantities of pure water.

SOME WEEKS SINCE I noticed an article in the Tribune, writes J. R. Cordell, of Bentonville, Ark., asking for a good plan for keeping cabbage in large quantities.

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Bicycles are prohibited, by an ordinance passed a few days ago, from riding through the streets of Mahanoy City, Penn., faster than six miles an hour.

Texas has the greatest number of working oxen—98,284.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation from Laboratory, Blountstown, N. Y.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away. Is the truthful, starting title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit.

Keeps You Fresh. Indigestion keeps men poor. It mingles the clearest brain. You think it is something else but—nine times in ten—the trouble is in the digestive tract.

The Foundation Of Good Health is Pure, Rich Blood. And the surest, best way to purify your blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are tasteful, mild, effective. All druggists, etc. LINEN. The LINENS are the Best and Most Economical Colored and White Linens.

WANTED Bright Boys and Girls. Sell the New York Ledger Every Week.

Big Pay for Little Work. The New York Ledger has had so many applications from boys and girls throughout the country wanting to sell the Ledger by the week, as well as by subscription for the year, we have decided to establish wide-awake young agents in every town in the country.

We Want an Active Worker in Every Place. Hundreds of smart boys and girls in every locality have several hours' spare time each week.

No Possible Risk. Our young agents take no possible risk. We send a bundle of Ledgers every week, and they sell them like hot cakes at 5 cents each. Every one wants the New York Ledger, as soon as given an opportunity to examine and read a copy of it.

\$1,000 in Cash Prizes to Readers. And a regular reader will be secured on the spot. Each agent should read carefully the terms of the \$1,000 in Cash Prizes given to readers who send the best explanation of the mystery of Miss Florence Warden's wonderfully interesting story beginning in this week's Ledger, dated Sept. 14, entitled 'The Mystery of the Inn by the Shore.'

The Ledger Free. If the postmaster or any responsible party will send us the name of a smart boy or girl to sell the Ledger every week in his town, we will put an extra Ledger in the agent's bundle each week to be delivered free to the party appointing the agent so long as the agent sells the Ledger.

I hereby agree to act from date as agent for the New York Ledger, and to sell the same to ladies, farmers and others at 5 cents a copy every week, and that I will report and leave the Monday after each package is received, on blank furnished card, and remit 5 cents for each copy sent, to cover my expenses, and will keep all unsold copies, to be returned as instructed.