GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED



FAMILY SEWING MACHINES. New Styles-Prices from \$50 to \$125. EXTRA CHARGE OF \$5 FOR HEMMERS.

495 Broadway - - New York. F. B. CHANDLER, AGENT, MONTROSE

These machines sew from two spools, as purwithout special adjustment.

As evidence of the unquestioned superiority of their Machines, the GROVER & BAKER SEW. ING MACHINE COMPANY beg leave to respectfully refer to the following

Baker's Sewing machine, and have come to the might look for help from the Mission. The onclusion that every lady who desires her sewing beautifully and quickly done, would be most He fed his fire set on his food to cook, and fortunate in possessing one of these reliable and ndefatigable 'iron needie-women,' whose combined qualities of beauty, strength and simplici-ty, are invaluable."—I. W. Morris, daughter of tien. Geo. P. Morris, Editor of the Home Jour.

[Extract of a letter from Thos. R. Leavitt, Esq., an American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 12th,

"If Homer could be called up from his murky hades, he would sing the advent of Grover & Baker as a more benignant miracle of art than was ever Vulcan's smithy. He would denounce wrangled and velled all night long. The demidnight skirt-making as 'the directal spring of woes unnumbered.'"—Prof. North.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sastained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Hsummond, Senator of Santh Carolina. of South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Famly Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-eaving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennesse.

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody nto an excitement of good humor. Were I a catholic, I should insist upon Saints Grover and Baker having an eternal holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for humanity."—Cassins M. Clay.

"It is speedy, very neat, and durable in its work; is easily understood and kept in repair. I earnestly recommend this Machine to all my junintances and others."—Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

"We find this Machine to work to our satisfaction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker to be best Sewing Machine in use."-Deary Broth-

di I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Main as one of the greatest blessings to our EF SEND FOR A CIRCULAR feb17tOc13*.

sen, a Prussian traveler, pursuing his investigations in Northern America, had occasion to make a return journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri. He started with one companion only, and with three horses and a mule for riding and for carrying the hardage.

The Indians rose to leave him.

"The word of a white," said the savage, "is more to you than the will and deed of a Redskin. You have had your choice—may you not deceive yourself?"

canty folder, Indian treachery and the fearful cold of those snowy regions, produced the first disasters of the travelers, by depriving them of the services of all four animals. Their last horse was killed by exposure to an icy gale, at a spot in the miserable wilderness called Sandy Hill Creek. Here, now that their last means of getting forward had failed them, last means of getting forward had failed them, incessantly, and threatened to bury him alive they were compelled to stop, at a period of in his tent. Although he says, as yet, spared the expected to increase the competency of hunger, (the friendly Indiana)

ter and cheaper sewing than a seamstress can, ney to the Flar River happened to pass them. came nearer and nearer to him. Howling ter and cheaper sewing than a scamstress can, even if she works for one cent an hoar, and are.

With all the will to rescue both the trerelers, and yelling, they circled round and round the tent, closer and closer, at the close of every darability, case: of management, and adaptation their own lives depending on their getting on rapidly, and husbanding their provisions—to make room for one man in their little vehicle cither heavy or fine work with equal facility, and drawn by air make.

The other way are them. came nearer and nearer to him. Howling and yelling, they circled round and round the tent, closer and closer, at the close of every day. One night he heard the snow outside cracking under their feet; the next, he saw the result of one of them, appear through the drawn by air make. drawn by six mules. The other man would them away by firing at them in the darknes; have no help for it but to remain behind with but they returned to the attack in a few hours; the goods, alone in the wilderness, and to keep and they left him no chance of sleep until the himself alive, if it were possible, in that dread-broad daylight drove them back to their ful position, until the Post could send horses lairs.

back for him from the Catholic Mission, eighty

He was just strong enough on the ninth

months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread."—Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor of N.Y. Christian Advocate.

When he came to himself again it was pitch dark, and his tent poles were rocking in a gale of wind. Thirst, and, in a lesser through every nerve of Mr. Molhausen's body.

The sharp eye of the savage discovered his bidden enemy at the same instant, and he sprang aside; but it was too late—he was hunger were his awakening sensation. They had gone out with their squaws on a hunger were his awakening sensation.

a Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my family the past two years, and the ladies request me to give you their testimonials to its perfect adaptedness, as well as labor saving qualities in the performance of family and-household sewing."—Robert Boorman, New York.

These provisions, on which his feeble chance of life depended, he carefully divided into fourteen days rations; having first calculated that in fourteen days at the forthest, he sum of his preparations was now complete.

crept into his blankets to wait for the coming of night-the first night alone in the desert. After a time the silence and the solitude weighed upon him so heavily that he sought some kind of comfort and companionship in trying to talk to himself; but, in that forlorn situation, even the sound of his own voice made him shudder. The sun sank to its setting be-- i had a teut made in Melbourn, in 1853, in hind snow clouds; its last rays were trem sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Mathines, and a ringle seam of that has outstood at the double seams sewed by sailors with the double seams sewed by sailors with a bled in a ravine where the traveler's last horse had fallen dead, some days before. Nothing was left of the animal but his polished bones,

wrangled and yelled all night long. The de-serted man, listening to them in histent, tried to while away the unspeakable oppression of the howling sounds that reached him: Exhaustion overpowered his faculties while he was still at this melancholy work. He slept tottering reason still in its place. till hunger woke him the next day, when the

sun was high again in the beavens. He cut a notch in the pole of his tent to sixteenth or eighteenth of November; and by Christmas he vainly believed that he would He had walked out to the top of the little be safe at the Mission. That second day was hill to watch the sun's way downward in very weary, and his strength was failing him the wintry western heaven, and he was weari- with the bodies of the two dead men. already. When he dragged up the wood and ly looking about him, as usual, when he saw

Machine can be adapted from the finest cambric to the heaviest cassimere. It sews stronger, and smoked in the warmth of the fire, with his eyes on the beiling kettle into which be had not buy it."—Mrs. J. H. Brown, Nashville, coupled when the dreary view through the of impacts of the murderous Pawnees.

A moment's consideration decided him to await the coming of these strangers in a place of ambush which commanded a view of his spirot to scare the wolves from the district in front of the tent they gathered and howled. All through that awful night the lost man await the coming of these strangers in a place of ambush which commanded a view of his tent was suddenly changed by the lost of ambush which commanded a view of his tent was suddenly changed by the lost of ambush which commanded a view of his tent was suddenly changed by the lost of the murderous Pawnees.

A moment's consideration decided him to await the coming of these strangers in a place of ambush which commanded a view of his last was suddenly changed by the lost was proposed.

If they were Pawnees, the lost into which he had thrown a little maize. He was suddenly changed by the lost man to await the commanded a view of his last was suddenly changed by the lost man to await the commanded a view of his last was suddenly changed by the lost man to await the commanded a view of his last was suddenly changed by the lost man to await the commanded a view of his last was suddenly changed by the lost man to await the commanded a view of his last was suddenly changed by the lost man to await the commanded a view of his last was suddenly changed by the lost man to await the commanded a view of his last was suddenly changed by the lost man to await the commanded a view of his last was suddenly changed by the lost man to await the commanded a view of his last was suddenly changed by the lost man to await the commander of the murderous Pawnees. ocupied when the dreary view through the of ambush which commanded a view of his tent was suddenly changed by tent. If they were Pawnees, he knew that their human prey.

With the first gleam of daylight he rose when they or he must the appearance of inving beings. Some bolses die, men were approaching him, driving laden die, borses before them. His weapons were at He went back to the tent, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, and all that betrayed their late, armed himself, of the bodies, are the late of the bodies are the late of the late of the bodies are the late of t band, and, with them roady, he awaited their with as many weapons as he could carry, they were Indians of a friendly tribe, returning from a beaver hunt. Within gun-shot the fire, so as to let the smoke rise freely they stopped, and one of them addressed him through the opening at the top of the tent, and sitting there by his side.

they stopped, and one of them addressed him through the opening at the top of the tent, buffalo meat from under the dead men leathenter the tent, and sitting there by his side.

Inse my Machine upon coats, dressmaking and if the men of the Pawnee tribe find, you are so as to make his locations was not complete, and the work is admitted in the best hand sewing, or all the best hand sewing, or see will not live to get you, and the whites the bigh winds had drifted the saow upon of effacing all traces of their fall, and of the Mission will not sixt good horses. And the works a solutions was not complete, and in the cautions was not complete, and if the men of the Pawnee tribe find, you and the work is admit the best hand sewing, or at the house of J. Orcutt, in Stafford, recent savages had dropped, with the double object the bigh winds had drifted the saow upon of effacing all traces of their fall, and of the Mission will not sixt good horses. And the works could be seen to be seen to be seen to be seen to be a seen to be seen to be seen to be a seen to be a seen to be a seen to be seen to be a will give up for lost. Come with us."

THE CRUSOE OF THE STORMY by persuaded that his fellow white men would tent, and just room enough, for the use of in the wilderness, nothing now remained but the terrible recollection of it.

Mrs. Mellville's Housekeeping.

What a pity it is that people are obliged to the world—the men in the terrible recollection of it.

you not deceive yourself!"

With these words he shook Mr. Mollhausen by the hand, and he and his companions departed. They never once looked back at the traveler or his tent, but kept on their way rapidly toward the south, and left him a doomed man: For the next eight days snow storms raged

be expected to increase the horrors of the cold, having increased his small stock of provisand the chance of death by starration in the sions by the leg of an anterope,) his sufferings thread; they Hem, Fell, Gather, and Stitch in a superior style, finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the handneedle, as is required by other machines. They will do bet for a few days, until the Post from Fort Kear-of the wolves. Maddened by hunger, they have been sent to him. Howling

"Having had one of Grover & Baker's Matheria of the purpose for which it is designed of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent.

In this emergency—an emergency of life his tent. On the tenth he was powerless. It is courage gave way, and he despaired, for the purpose for which it is designed of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent.

In this emergency—an emergency of life his tent. On the tenth he was powerless. It is courage gave way, and he despaired, for the purpose for which it is designed to rectain the first time, of rescue. He had a medicine chest with him, which he had already used to follow him into lowest jungles to follow him into lowest jungles at the Mission were established to convert—the summit of the tallest iceberg upon which the eye of the lafe lamented Kane ever rested. But as George required no such sactories. containing a small bottle of laudanum and a click was, he saw that it had caught their at the alission were established to convertinct resolution; without well knowing what round. Observing test this movement made white brethren, to their eternal disgrace, had be aligned to the product of t

Strickhind, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickhand, wife or Rev. Dr. Strickhand, wife

a question, now, whether the man should de-vour the wolves, or the wolves the man. The man had his rife, his ammunition, and his steady resolution to fight it out with solitude, cold, and starvation to the very last. And the mangled features, he approached his wounded enemy, and made riofs that he took the best part of the meat only, and left skins, take him into the tent, and there do all lonely scene of all his sufferings and perils. the rest. Every morning the carcass abanthat was in the power of man to gain his dened over night was missing. The wolves good will by preserving his life. that were living devoured the last morsel of the wolves that were dead.

He grew accustomed to his wretched and evolting food, and to every other bardship of it. The unutterable oppression of his own loneliness hung-upon his mind, a heavier and heavier weight with each succeeding day. A savage shyness at the idea of meeting with any living human creatures began to take possession of him. There were moments when he underwent the most fearful of all mental trials -the conscious struggle to keep the control to white away the unspeakable oppression of the dark hours by calculating their warying numbers from the greater or lesser volume of and whistled, and extended his walks to the utmost limits his strength would allow; and so, by main force, as it were, held his own

Thus, the woeful time-the dreary, lonely, hopeless hours-wore on until he had cut his sixteenth notch in the tent-pole. This was a mark that one day was past. It was then the memorable day in the history of the Crusoe of the snowy desert.

took the percussion caps off the rest, and hid them under his bed. Then he put wood on with the darkness. Hunger drove him to "If used exclasively for family purposes, with they entreated him, long and earnestly, to aline accore years and ten' and never get out of help from the Mission, and to save his life in interesting. This done he with drawn himself up for the night. This done he withdrew to the y casting his lot with theirs.

for the night. This done he withdrew to the frozen river of Sandy Hill Creek, about a "The wolves, said the man who had first frozen river of Sandy Hill Creek, about a spoken in English—a Delaware Indian—the hundred and fifty pades off, walking back—Maggie Aimison, Nashville, Tenn.

"The wolves, said the man who had first frozen river of Sandy Hill Creek, about a spoken in English—a Delaware Indian—the hundred and fifty pades off, walking back—and wolves will give you no rest day or night; ward so as to make his footmarks in the I find the work the strongest and most beau. their own lives to save one man whom they on the smoothly frozen surface, and then fol-

dition, than those which the Delawares could offer, he still held to his first resolution, and breath froze to his beard, and his left hand until Christmas came. He was still alive in

offer, he still held to his first resolution, and breath froze to his heard, "no."

The Indians rose to leave him.

"The word of a white," said the savage, and his lett hand the felt glued to the barrel of his leveled rifle, the fever of expectation in his mind prevented his solitude on Christmas day. A stolid apathy toward the future had began to get by the more to you than the will and deed of a what seemed to be an interminable time;

Balling You have had your above. and, at last, the heads of the two men rose solitude and the ceaseless cold seemed to be in sight above the brow of the hill. Their figures followed in another minute. All defues there, dreary and empty as the was:e doubts were ended now—the last day in this that encompassed him. His thoughts wan-

one another by gestures, which expressed their convictions that the victim was askeep was not far off: It was daylight, early in the by his fire inside. In another moment they

The Post resamed its journey at once, with the rescued traveler squeezed into the little be did, he put the landanum bottle to his lips to escape his and emptied it. A deep swoon followed the was left alone, the one living being in the reserved requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing, by simply to every variety of family sewing, by simply to every variety of family sewing, by simply the resoned its journey at once, with tinct resolution; without well knowing what round. Observing the thick movement made be delighted with your Sewing what round. Observing the this movement made to did, he put the landanum bottle to his lips and emptied it. A deep swoon followed the draught; he remembered taking it, and reat the naked breast of the man with the bow. The sharp eye of the savage discovered his lization. His companions belonged, like him-like the same instant, and he self to the friendly tribe of Ottoe Indians.

bis forlorn situation-except the solitude the merciful white man saw that his gestures were understood. A sense of joy, overflowed laid in ambush for the Pawnees—to the hole with the exception of the salt. his heart at the prospect of saving the Indian, and of securing a companion in his fearful solitude. The wounded man signed to him the dreadful memories which the familiar obto come nearer, and pointed with his left jects around called up. A moment more and hand to his right hand and arm, which lay twi-ted under him. Without the slightest susplace his arm in an easier position. At the place his home in the desert fordrew his own knife with his left hand, and inflicted on the vindictive savage the death that he had twice deserved. The rattle sounded in the throat, and the muscles of the naked figure stretched themselves in the last convulsion. The lost traveler was alone again-alone in the frozen wilderness,

already. When he dragged up the wood and water to his tent, his feet were lame, and he two human figures, specks as yet, in the distance, approaching from the far north. The might was at nand—the night came—a night never to be forgotted, never in any mortal language to be described. Down with bed, filled his pipe with willow leaves, the to his memory, and reminded him that those wolves; and round and round the two corposes wolves; and round and round the two corposes. I think it by far the best patent in use. This bed, filled his pipe with willow leaves, the look memory, and reminded num tout those wolves; and round and r

before the next wandering Indians came near the spot, and before the wolves gathered again with whatever lay about them, in their buffalo robes, tied them round, dragged them, one after the other, to the hole in the ice where he got his water, and pushed them through it, to be carled away by the current of the

Even yet, the number of his necessary pre over, bravely and honorably anxious to preserve the goods, only the smaller share of among some withered bushes, where the and of all that had happened, on/ that mer living and of the dead—is more than 83 her his customary parting kins, selved his hat. which happened to be his own property. Firm twigs and stalks gave him a sight of the morable sixteenth day of the traveler's sojourn years.

water.

world had dawned for him or them—the men dered with a pertain sadness to the Christmas trees and the children's festivals at that After holding council together on the hill, blessed season, in his native Germany—but the savages threw back their buffalo skins, he was too far gone for any deep grief, or for diew their full quivers before them, and any bitter pangs of despair. He kept Christ. Strung their bors. They then separated One walked to the top of the hill from which the deserted traveler had first caught sight of them, to trace the direction of his footsteps; These machines sew from two spools, as pursechased from the store, requiring no rewinding of thread: they Hem, Fell, Gather, and Stitch in thread: They had a little Indian tent with them, and so lame that he had to crawl on his hands and knees when he fetched his supply of water:

| Water and the tent. Both appeared to be the kind stars looked down on min, as they had often looked, in bygone days, at home. They had a little Indian tent with them, and knees when he fetched his supply of water: the other examined the track between the at the frosty beavens, and fancying dimly that

month of January. He was resting under his drew their bowstrings, placing themselves so that their double fire of arrows should meet at right angles in the tent.

If we were writing of her as she exists now, we would have written her name at right angles in the tent.

If we were writing of her as she exists now, we would have written her name at right angles in the tent.

Mattie, but as we are speaking of her half a dozen years ago, we must present her to the The man whose he they were seeking never — a satutation in the indian language reachfelt that life so dear to him as at the moment ed his ears a moment afterward. He roused us for so doing. Martha married (it's the firm when he saw them shoot five arrows into the himself and caught up his rifle. More words conviction), for pure Love—nothing more, when he saw them shoot five arrows into the nimsen and caugin up his rine. alore words conviction), for pure Love—nothing more, place where he had slept. Still he watched were spoken before he could get out of the nothing less.

And watched, for his existence now depended tent. It was the English language this time.

George Melville was a young lawyer in the could get out of the nothing less. on his cunning and patience; on his not missing an expension of the calculating, by an instant, the time to fire, cheerful-voice. Had the white men of the little village of Thirlow, and his clients with their fees, being among the things which they ventured into the tent. One of them No. When the tent covering was release that He saw the savages pause and listen before Post and Mission remembered him at last?

they ventured into the tent. One of them No. When the tent covering was raised the business on a somewhat limited scale. Like back for him from the Catholic Mission eighty

TI:STIMONIALS:

Back for him from the Catholic Mission eighty

Or a hondred miles off.

He was just strong enough on the ninth and knek to creep under the curtained open his tent. On the tenth he was powerless, himse in my famile formastly a year and a half or death if ever there was one yet—the trav
His courage gave way, and he despaired, for the shall of the kneeling ladies.

There is the shall of the kneeling ladies.

He was just strong enough on the ninth and knek to creep under the curtained open in before him. A savage looking man, with five savage companions. The lost traveler advanced to meet them with his arrow in the string, ready to shoot. In this advanced to meet them with his arrow in the string the kneeling ladies.

He was just strong enough on the ninth and knek to creep under the curtained open in before him. A savage looking man, with five savage companions. The lost traveler advanced to meet them with his arrow in the string, ready to shoot. In this advanced to meet them with his arrow in the string the kneeling ladies. then dropped his bow, grasped his tomahawk, Indian entered, and pushed his five foot rifle an honest lawyer, however, as he was, he ex-

The savage lay writhing and bleading, with his eyes glaring in last left, touching trace of himself and his knead, two table-spoonsful of cream of tartar, and a little salt. hill from which he used to look out on his solibill from which he used to look out on his soli-tude—to the bank of the river where he had the forthwith mixed the required ingredients, in the ice through which he had thrust their bodies. He shuddered, as well he might, at he was descending the hill, from the summit of which he had looked back, to follow the

In less than five weeks from that time, he struck twice at the unprotected breast of the and his wagon-load of goods were safe, thanks man who was trying to save him. Mr. Moll-to the Ottoe Indians, at a furtrading station bausen parried the blows with his right arm, on the Missouri river—and he was eating good bread again, and drinking whiskypunch in the society of white men.

I WUD KNOTT DIE IN WINTUR.

THE ORTHOR OF "TEORYS ON A FADID BOKA." J wud knott dye in winter, When whiskie punchiz flo-When pooty gals are skating Oar fealds of ice & sno-When anssidge meet is phrying & Hickeri nuts is thick; Owe! who knd think ov dighing,

Or even getting sick f I wad knot dye in spring tiem, & miss the turn up greens
& the pooty song ov the little frawgs,
& the skilarks arly screems;
When burds begin their wobbling

& taters gin to sprout— When turkies go a gobbling; I wud knott then peg sut I wud knott dye in summer, & leeve the garden mass— The reasted lam & buttermik-The kool plase in the grass; I wad knott dye in summer,
When evry thing's so hott,
& leave the whiskie Jew-lipe.

Owe know! ide ruther knot. I wud knot die in ortum, With peaches fitt for eating; When the wavy korn is getting wripe & kandidates are treeting.

Phor these, and uther wrea lde knott di in the phall; & sense ive thort it over, I wad knot di a tall.

of the Mission will not risk good horses and nails in them might betray him by scratches the wolves collected again. When the fire had Case 88; Irona Washburn 64; Martha Washdwindled down to a heap of sahes, a new burn 80; Catharine Washburn 73. Of this But Mr. Mollhausen unfortunately for himthe winding which brought its course nearself, put faith in the Mission. He was, more est to his tent. Here he climbed up the bank, betray the deaths of the deaths of the large without hard with without hard without hard without hard without hard without hard with with hard without har lowed the stream over the ice, till he reached snow storm smoothed out all marks of it. family two brothers died at 80 and 84 years

but with the existing state of circumstances, it is perfectly absurd to talk of. That is, if anybody has a spark of romance in his com-position. Young people, who talk so beauti-fully and sentimentally about living on smiles and kisses, would be glad before the close of a week's subsistence on such fare, to set eyes (and teeth, too), on a beefsteak and accom-

paniments.
We know we shall be rated vulgar to mention such a possibility, but so long as it is the truth, what care we! Just nothing—so set us down as low, common, mediocre, or whatever pleases you best. We give you carte blanche.

Our friend, Martha Mellville, commenced housekeeping with the rosiest of all rosy imaginations. If we were writing of her as she exists now, we would have written her name

some prospect.

Some prospect.

By this time his provisions were at an edge of inding what had been done, and the last faint hope of rescue from the Mission had died out of his mind. It was the place. The groans of the Indian who the Mission had died out of his mind. It was the place. The grouns of the indian who on just above the show, and was thrown over a was attired in these becoming nabiliments, a question, now, whether the man should declarate that they requil him to had pecked the warrent that they requil him to had pecked the warrent that was attired in these becoming nabiliments, the rest of the baggage. When the Indians she commenced preparations. The first dash the works dropped under his bundes, and would forgive him, cover him with buffalo place forever, to take the last look at the Make bread? that was easy enough, certainly, Martha turned her attention to bread making. she said to herself, but how was it done! "The Family Housewife" was opened, and

"George, my love, how much is a littlesalt!"
"Well, I hardly know, my dear; a gill or

o, I should think." A gill, or so, was added, and the bread committed to the oven.

"Now for the coffee! Let's see George; you like it strong, don't you !"

" Well, the receipt says-a common-sized coffee-cup full for two persons, but this is an economical cook-book, you know, it isn't likely that's enough to be good. I'll double the quantity, to make sure." The little urn received a pint of the frag-

"Goodness, Martha! Did you mean to make pickles of us!" ejaculated the discomfited man, dropping a morsel of "the staff of life" from his balf open mouth, upon his plate. "Salter than Lot's wife!"

"My dear, you told me how much to pu in; I only used what you said-a gill or so. "Well, well; never mind, dearest! You'll do better, next time, I dare say. How about the coffee?"

"George's hopeful smile vanished, and his brow darkened with the first sip. (No man's with !" ove ever withstood bad coffee.) "Stronger than dye stuff! My dear Mar-

tha, why did you make it so strong ! ".... "You said you liked it so, dear George."

"There, love, don't cry: It'll do very well dare say, with plenty of cream," and Geo. nade a desperate effort to awallow a mouthful, which had the effect of bringing the water in copious quantities to his eyes and nose, The deuce !" he muttered, under his breath as in atruggling be upset his coffee, oup, and all, into his lap, and the scalding fluid trickling leisurly to the floor, must have pro-

ved anything but a pleasant sensation. "Merov, George! You have spilt yourself and burnt the coffee! oh! dear! ob dear!" and fled from the house,

What a pity it is that people are obliged to ent and drink this hot weather, and that the to ent and drink this hot weather, and that the the men! Poor child! What a sad thing for abominable practice entails upon somebody romance; that black bread and blacker cofabominable practice entails upon someway the necessity of cooking! This standing over a hot store in the middle of July, with the thermometer 95 degrees in the shade, is ruinous to white muslin dresses and flowing ring-

lets.

Now "love in a coltage" would be quite a reasonable thing if it wasn't for the cooking; and after a time spent in reflection, she started up and commenced washing the dishes. Hurried and flustered—a dirt spot here, a grease mark there—dimning the splender of her morning robe, and putting its fair proportions in eclipse—there came a sound like a knell to the ear of Martha. The door bell rang! Oh, horrors! what if it should be the fashionable Misses Farntowns? or, the rich

Mrs. De Clark! Martha thought of looking the kitchen door and hiding in the china closet, but she remembered the visitors must have heard the clatter of dishes as they stood at the door, for the kitchen was one side of the window; so that wouldn't do. What if she should plead indisposition and betake herself to the sofa?

Finally, she concluded to put the best face on the matter and admit the visitor. It proved to be Miss Highflyer the storekesper's wifewho after entertaining poor Martha for an hour with the trials she had with her servents. took her leave; hoping that Mrs. Melville would call soon—she enjoyed her conversation so much!

Half-past eleven struck, as Martha returned to the kitchen, and dinner was not even "laid out." She tacked her brain for a favorable suggestion. That said organ seemed to be unusually refractory, for not an idea regarding steak or potatoes would come, so Martha esolved on a very plain dinner-parsnips.

The market man had left them that morning, and George had expressed himself extremely fond of them. Well how were they to be cooked? The "Housewife" was sient upon the subject, and Martha decided upon a thoroughly original method—frying them in sweet butter! She knew that they were buttered, and that must be the way. Tea and toast must be the accompaniments. One o'clock—Mr. Melville's step was heard in the entry, and dinner smoked off the table.

The lawsoit between Brown and Smith was progressing finely, and consequently George's mercurial temperament of good nature had materially risen. Notwithstanding, it was a theerless dinner; Martha was mortified and

George dissatisfied.

Days passed on much the same—failures, accidents and blunders innumerable occurred each day. Blisters, burns, scratches and bumps disfigured the fair surface of her hands and arms, and at the close of the first month's experience, Martha was ready to renounce averything for six week's repose and quiet, unhaunted by visions of dirty dishes and cluttered rooms. George tried all be could to help her, but notwithstanding the purity of his intentions, he was a "blind leader of the blind," and she was rather glad when the outer door closed upon him. Sympathizing neighbors would have lent their aid, had she not been too proud to permit them; and so

would come out to see how she liked the experiment of love in a cottage, with no Biddy to do the work. She actually shuddered at the thought! Every time the train came in; and the little cab passed on its journey from the depot, she held her breath in terror, lest it should pause before the door.

One day in June, hot and burning, while

she grouped on in ignorance. Her greatest

poor Martha was trying her best to make George's shirt bosom look passible, she heard rant Java, and after adding the water, Martha in the table, and called her husband to breakfast. An inspection of the bread proved it flat—if not stale and unprofitable, as was evidenced by George's wry face.

"Goodness Martha! Did von mean to the ingular venue as it drew up to the gate. She dropped the smoothing-iron and peered through the blind. A nice primary of the middle age, descended, followed by an armament of bandboxes and umbrellas! Martha turned faint with horror.

"I'll wager anything it's George's aunt Margaret! She that I have heard so much about! Oh, dear-dear! what if it should be?" Aunt Margaret was the oracle of the Mell-

ville family.

The lady's clear, emphatic ring forbade all indulgence of emotion, and Martha hurried to open the door.

pen the door.
"Does my nephew, George Mellville, live here to inquired a pleasant, cheerful voice. "He does. Are you and Margaret Dil-

"Yes, dear; if you are George's wife, I am your aunt." But bless me, I didn't know George's wife was such a young girl. Why, my dear, you look flushed and tired—do ait Martha's fortitude was beginning to give way down; I can take off my things and put them away myself."

And sunt Margaret speedily divested herself of her neat travelling cape, and gray bon-

net As it was near dinner time, Martha, after a little cheerful conversation with her guest, proceeded to the preliminaries for their while aunt Margaret amused herself with her knitting work-

That dinner was a trying ordeal for the young housekeeper. The potatoes were half boiled, the steak burnt to a crisp, the bread was heavy and dingy; Martha in tears left the table, George's face burnt with suppressed shame; and aunt Margaret, seeing the predicament of things, ate in silence.

The meal over, and George gone to his business, aunt Margaret drew from the afflicted Martha the whole story of her troubles, and a kind sympathizer the pattern aunt proved,