

"A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS."

From Household Words.

"Why is it a law of nature that tall women must marry short men? I want to marry. But what man of decent stature will wed 5 feet 9? I refuse to marry anything under 6 feet, so I shall have to die an old maid. It's very hard."

"You will scarcely be measuring the man's inches when you fall in love, Anna," said her friend.

Perhaps the heavy figured, plain-featured woman of nine-and-twenty would not have been averse to decent places with the tall, supple-limbed young Amazon who bemoaned her ill luck from the long deck chair on the sunny vicarage lawn, and would have taken fate's fine of a possibly short husband kindly enough.

"I shall measure his inches before, and so I shall not fall in love, Miss Lu—do you see?"

"And you would rather marry a man like Charley Langley, 6 feet of well-built sturdiness, than, we will say, Mr. Royce, who is clever and—"

"Handsome, and almost a pygmy. I allow Mr. Royce to be the miniature model of what a man should be—but I do not wish to marry a model, I want the man. Some big men are handsome and clever as well; but big men like little wives, and so I must go husbandless. Charley Langley worships little Flossie Crescend. Heigh ho! What an I do? I must be off, Lu, or I shall be late for dinner."

One of the other side of the thick, quick-set hedge stood Owen Royce, the clever artist of whose future great things were predicted. Walking carelessly beside the overhanging Hawthorn and wild rose, he had been caught and held by a straggling thorn; while, in apparently unfastening the detaining bramble the words spoken in the garden had fallen on his ear. He was clear of the thorn at last; he was standing erect and still in the meadow, his eyes on the low summer sun, and with a thorn in his heart piercing and burning as no mere physical pain could do. He had walked carelessly through the summer, as he had walked through the brambles—to find himself suddenly caught. Two months of tennis, riding and boating with Anna Waymore had not left him heart-whole. Heart-whole! He bit his lip, and put a hand across his eyes; he could see her mentally, tall even among the tall women of the day, beautiful in her strong grace. Like many small men, the artist was wonderfully active and witty; neat-handed, and quick of eye, he was an expert in all he did; during his two months' stay at Greyland Manor, he had good-naturedly coached Miss Waymore in her tennis, and with a hand and had taught her to ride with some of the "haute école" knowledge which he himself possessed. That teaching had been a dangerous pastime; particularly dangerous were their long readings and talks together, perhaps it was then that the artist had fallen headlong in love with his beautiful pupil, when the "Amazon" had been laid aside, when the gracious, gentle woman had sat beside him with her tender, deep gray eyes and with color coming and going had learned to love Beatrice and Juliet, and to know, through him, her Shakespeare and Dante by heart. And all the time she had thought of him merely as what he was—"almost a pygmy." He saw himself suddenly as little more than a dwarf—a laughing atom!—He envied the dull booby Langley his broad shoulders and great frame; what a beautiful woman—such a woman as Anna Waymore—could care for such a scrap of humanity as himself! Yet he had dared to love her to love her as intensely as any 6-foot Hercules could, though he learned to know it only when he learned that he—the pigmy—scarcely ranked in her eyes as a man at all.

Anna stood armed with her golf clubs on the manor terrace; Louisa stood beside her, a study in drabs, a foil to the fresh, brilliant coloring of her friend.

"Now, Mr. Maxwell is what I call a man, Lu," the girl was saying.

"He is big and well made. I can not speak as to his head-piece. And he appears to have no dislike to a tall woman, my dear," said Louisa dryly.

Anna twirled her club.

ONE YEAR THAT HAD NO SIGN OF SUMMER

What an Old Man's Diary Tells of the Frigidity of 1816.

FIRE WERE PUT OUT IN JANUARY

But June and July More Than Counterbalanced the Account, for on Independence Day the Ponds Were Covered With Ice a Quarter of an Inch Thick.

The year 1816 was known throughout the United States and Europe, says the Sun, as the coldest ever experienced by any person then living. There are persons in northern New York who have lived in the habit of keeping diaries for years, and it is from the pages of an old diary, begun in 1810 and kept unbroken until 1840, that the following information regarding this year without a summer has been taken.

January was so mild that most persons allowed their fires to go out and did not burn wood except for cooking. There were a few cool days, but they were very few. Most of the time the weather was warm and sultry. February was not cold. Some days were colder than any in January, but the weather was about the same. March, from the 1st to the 6th, was inclined to be windy. It came in like a small lion and went out like a very innocent sheep.

April came in warm, but, as the days grew longer, the air became colder, and by the first of May there was a temperature like that of winter, with plenty of snow on the hills. In May the young buds were frozen dead, ice formed half an inch thick on ponds and rivers, corn was killed, and the corn fields were planted again and again, until it became dedicated and a crop. By the first of June the ice had melted, and flowers are usually in leaf and birds and flowers are plentiful. When the last of May arrived in 1816 everything had been killed by the cold.

June was the coldest month of roses ever experienced in this latitude. Frost and ice were as common as buttercups usually are. Almost every green thing was killed; all fruit was destroyed. Snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont. There was a seven-inch snowfall in Maine, a three-inch fall in the interior of New York state, and the same in Massachusetts. There were only a few moderately warm days. Everybody looked, longed and waited for warm weather, but warm weather did not come. It was too dry; very little rain fell. All summer long the wind blew steadily from the north in blasts laden with snow and ice. Mothers knit socks of double thickness for their children, and made thick mittens. Planting and sowing were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens.

ALMOST FROZEN.

On July 17 there was a heavy fall of snow. A Vermont farmer sent a flock of sheep to pasture on June 15. The morning of the 17th dawned with the thermometer being in the freezing point. At about 9 o'clock in the morning the owner of the sheep started to look up his flock. Before leaving home he turned to his wife and said, jokingly: "Better start the neighbors soon; it is the middle of June and I may get a bad cold." He was in the house after he left home a terrible snow storm came up. The snow fell thick and fast, and, as there was so much wind, the fleecy masses piled in great drifts along the wooded side of the fences and outbuildings. Night came and the farmer had not been heard of. His wife became frightened and alarmed the neighborhood. All the neighbors joined the searching party. On the third day they found him. He was lying in a hollow on a side hill, with his feet and hands frozen to the snow, but alive. Most of the sheep were lost.

A farmer near Tewksbury, Vt., owned a large field of corn. He built fires around the field to keep off the frost. Nearly every night of the season the corn turns in keeping up the fires and watching that the corn did not freeze. The farmer was rewarded for his tireless labors by having the only crop of corn in the region.

July came in with ice and snow. On the fourth of July ice as thick as window glass formed throughout New England, New York and in some parts of the state of Pennsylvania. Indian corn, which in some parts of the east had struggled through May and June, gave up, froze and died.

AUGUST STILL WORSE.

To the surprise of everybody August proved the worst month of all. Almost every part of the country at that time in Europe was blasted with frost. Snow fell at Barnet, thirty miles from London, England, on August 30. Newspapers received from England stated:

"Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune."

How much of woman's life happiness is lost for lack of harmony. A hundred sweet tones ruined by one little note of discord. Women who ought to enjoy the best of health and motherly happiness are miserable from one year's illness to the other, because of some weakness or disease of the delicate organism of their sex.

These delicate complaints, which make a complete languishing dissonance of so many lives, are not by any means a necessity of womanhood. They may be overcome and completely eradicated under judicious treatment. There is no need of repugnant examinations, or of a great resort to any unauthorized medicament compounded by an unskilled, uneducated person. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the troubles of the feminine organism positively, completely and safely.

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