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ROSE ELMER, OR, A Divided Heart and a Divided Life.

It was early on the morning of a lovely day in June, A. D. 1860, that a rather large group of idlers gathered in front of the Etheridge Arms, a quaint old tavern, in the ancient little town of Sunbury, in the west of England.

They were, in fact, awaiting the arrival of the mail coach, which was to bring down Colonel Hastings, and his son Albert, who was the bridegroom elect of Lady Etheridge, Baroness of Swinburne, the last of her race, and sole heiress of the immense wealth and vast estates of her lordly ancestors.

The nuptials were to be celebrated on the following day; and the retainers and neighbors of the noble bride, who almost were the bridegroom elect of Lady Etheridge, Baroness of Swinburne, the last of her race, and sole heiress of the immense wealth and vast estates of her lordly ancestors.

Next came forth a young gentleman, whose handsome person and haughty bearing, in some respects attracted general attention. His form was tall, and finely proportioned, crowned by a haughty head and face, with high aquiline features, fair and fresh complexion, light blue eyes, and very light, flaxen hair.

His manner, was stern almost to repellent. Great beauty of person, with great manner, forms a combination very rare among young women, and perhaps that fascinated the young heiress of Swinburne, for this was Albert, the bridegroom elect.

He was to the house by his valet, bearing a slight repast, Colonel Hastings, Cassinove, drove off to the castle preliminary interview with Lady Etheridge, who was his ward, and arranged settlements. On arriving at the castle, Cassinove was shown into a room, which was the colonel proceeded to try, whether his ward was requested to meet him.

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After protesting somewhat farther against such noble generosity, the Colonel allowed himself to be persuaded to accept the deed, and called in Cassinove to witness its execution in due form.

Colonel Hastings had scarcely left the room Mr. Albert Hastings arose, stretched himself with a weary yawn, and began to pace thoughtfully up and down the floor, murmuring—

"Men think me a very fortunate and happy man, and as a double, an unusual number of good gifts have been showered upon me by the favor of the blind goddess—not the least among them would be esteemed the hand of this wealthy young baroness, my bride expectant. Well, we cannot have everything we want, and the more we desire, the more we are obliged to be content with what we have."

And so saying, he took his hat, and strolled out into the street. Taking a course opposite to that which led to Swinburne Castle, Albert Hastings soon came to a cross-country road, which he followed for some miles and then turning into a by-path, he went on until he came to a secluded and lovely cottage.

It was not until he had passed the cottage, that he perceived the presence of a young woman, who was seated on a bench, and who was looking towards him with a look of intense interest.

When Rose entered the house, there was a smoldering fire in the grate, and besides this fire, in an old arm chair, sat a female, whom no one would have passed without a second look. She was a woman of commanding presence. Her form was tall, and must once have been finely rounded; but now it was worn thin, almost to skeleton meagreness.

Her features were nobly chiselled, and might once have been grandly beautiful, but now they were faded and wasted. Her eyes were deep, and her hair was black, and heavy black eye-brows, shone a pair of large, dark-gray eyes, that burned fiercely with the fire of fever or frenzy.

She turned quickly in her chair, fixing her eyes with a look of fierce inquiry upon the intruder. "How are you now, mother dear? I hope you feel in better spirits?" said Rose laying off her bonnet, and coming to the woman's side.

"Better. Where have you been? I have wanted you." "I have been—taking a walk through the woods, dear mother; and see, here are some strawberries I picked for you on my return. Will you eat them?" said Rose, offering her little basket.

"No! I want none of them. You care little for me." "Mother don't say that. You do not know how much I love you." "Hush, girl, you have little cause—oh! I have been thinking of you, and how much I love you."

Select Poetry.

THE PLAYMATE. BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. The pines were dark on Ramoth hill, Their song was soft and low; The blossoms in the sweet May wind Were falling like the snow.

For, more to me than birds or flowers, My playmate left her home, And look with her the laughing spring, The music and the bloom. She kissed the lips of kith and kin, She laid her hand in mine; What more could ask the bashful boy Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May; The constant years told o'er, Their seasons with as sweet May morns, But she came back no more. I walk, with noiseless feet, the round Of uneventful years, Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year Her summer roses blow; The pines of Ramoth hill are gone, Before her comes the snow. There haply with her jewelled hands I saw the pines of Ramoth hill, Wherein the homespun lap wherein I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait as by the brook, The brown nuts on the hill, And still the May-day flowers make sweet The woods of Follymill. The lilies blossom in the pond, The bird builds in the tree, The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them, And how the old time seems— I ever the pines of Ramoth wood Are sounding in her dreams. I see her face, I hear her voice: Don't she remember mine? And what to her is now the boy Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build For other eyes than ours, That other hands with nuts are filled, And other laps with flowers? O playmate in the golden time! O mossy seat is green, Its fringing violets blossom yet, The old trees o'er it lean.

The wind so sweet with birch and fern A sweeter memory blow; And there in the veeries sing The song of long ago. And still the pines of Ramoth wood Beat their heads against the sky, The moaning of the sea of change Between myself and thee!

THE MORNING OF LIFE. To be going to be twenty years old— To have no aches, no pains, no regrets worthy of the name. It is a glorious time, few of us know how glorious until we are young no more; we are so like travelers with a long journey before them, setting off at topmost speed in the bright morning dashing forward before us as if the miles would stretch out before us to infinity, wearying over the early days that must be trodden, disregarding the sunny landscape we are passing through, and the wayside flowers we are trampling down, because our eager eyes are fixed on some distant hills where the mid-day sun seems to shine with dazzling effulgence.

Such moments come to the most hardened prisoner—he were not human else. Oh then we would have a voice, tremendous with pity, whisper hope in his ear; oh then we would have an eye, not cold and curious, but soft and tearful, look in through that iron grating; oh then let him, who having been himself forgiven much, loved much, extend a hand to rekindle the flickering spark of self respect which may light that despairing soul of sin's dark labyrinth, under the broad smile of Heaven's own pure peace.—Fanny Fern.

Farmer's Department.

THE GRAPE CULTURE.—For the last two or three years, the out-door culture of grapes has become a mania, everybody seems to be rushing into the vineyard, and it is not uncommon to find in the garden of amateurs, from fifteen to forty varieties, and daily additions as new varieties, of which there is an abundance, are brought into notice by their anxious discoverers.

As we indicate this notice, however, to make just so many lines, to order, our object is to refer to an opinion which is beginning to find believers—we among the number—that the grape-vine is too much cultivated; it is forced too much and pruned too much—in a word, it is overdone. Among the best and most profitable bunches of Isabella grapes we ever saw, were some raised upon our premises, without trenching, draining or a particle of manure; indeed, there was not over two inches of common soil on the surface, all below being bricks, stones, mortar, shavings, and the general offal of a new building.—Germaniston Telegraph.

SCALDS AND BURNS.—The best, most instantaneous and most accessible remedy in the world, is to thrust the injured part in cold water, send for a physician, and while he is coming cover the part an inch or more deep with common snow. The water gives instantaneous relief by excluding the oxygen of the air; the flour does the same thing, but is preferable, because it can be kept more continuously applied, with less inconvenience, than by keeping the parts under water. As they get wet the flour scales, and it is easily moistened and removed. If the injury is at all severe, the patient should live mainly on tea or toast, or gruels, and keep the bowels acting freely every day, by eating raw apples, stewed fruits, and like. No better and more certain cure for scalds and burns has ever been proposed.—[Ibid.]

POLITICS.—As to inflammation, sores, cuts, wounds by rusty nails, etc., the great remedy is warmth and moisture, because these promote evaporation and cooling; whatever kind of poultice is applied, that is best which keeps most the longest, and is in its nature mild; hence cold, light, (whenever) bread, soaked in sweet milk, is one of the very best known.—There is no specific virtue in the repulsive remedy of the "centrals of a live chicken," of scraped potatoes, turnips, beefs, carrots, or other scrapings; the virtue consists in the mild moisture of the application. Hence the memory need not be burdened with the recollection of particular kinds of poultices, but only with the principle that that poultice is best which keeps moist longest without disturbance.—[Ibid.]

A GOOD DISH FOR SPRING.—Shave a good crisp head of cabbage as fine as possible; add a tablespoonful of horse radish to each quart of shaved cabbage, let one pint of vinegar come to a boil, have ready three well beaten eggs with a little salt; pour the eggs into the vinegar, and stir until cooked, then pour it over the cabbage and set it away, as it is better when cold. This will keep some days, and is always ready.

TO PREVENT DOGS FROM GOING MAD.—Mix a small portion of the flour of sulphur with their food or drink, through the spring months. This is practiced in Europe to prevent the disease from breaking out among the packs of hounds which belong to the English noblemen, and is said to be a certain preventive.

TO WASH COLORS.—To wash colors safely ladies are advised to boil some bran in rain-water and use the liquor cold. It is said, by those who have tried it, that nothing can equal it for ease upon colors, and for cleaning cloth.

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A FAIR SHARE.—Elder Kimball, of the Mormon church, while preaching recently in Salt Lake City, Utah territory, addressed some missionaries who were about starting on a proselytizing tour as follows:—Brethren, I want you to understand that it is not to be as it has been heretofore. The brother missionaries are to be in the habit of picking out the prettiest women for themselves before they get here, and bringing on the ugliest for us; hereafter you have to bring them all here before taking any of them, and let us all have a fair share!