

**COMING TO YOU**

When Aunt Phillinda went away the last thing she said to me was: "I'm going to see somebody down to see you along, and I hope you will see like a sensible girl, and not stand in your own light. He's smart as the average, and he's got the best farm I know of anywhere in our section of country. You couldn't do better."

I hadn't the faintest idea that she would do as she said; but I began to believe she meant business when I received the following letter:

"Dear Niece Marjorie—I've told you to come down to your place next week. I do hope you'll like him, for a better husband never lived than he'd make you. Afore he died, he was one of the best partners I ever see, and the land knows he's had to be sense, for that sister of his that keeps house for him is awful wasteful. He's considerable took up with you from my description of the smart and capable can do well to marry him. The children are party behaved, and take after their father. Now don't think he won't suit you 'cause he ain't fixed up like a young man. He's worth a dozen young men 'furs property's concerned, and Metabelle used to say he was awful lovin'. And he's a sensible girl, Marjorie, and— and not stand in your own light. From your affectionate aunt."

"For goodness sake!" I exclaimed, when I had read the letter through to sister Jane. "What shall I do? Here it's Monday, and the letter ought to have been here last week. He's likely to happen along any time. Such an old fool as Aunt Phillinda! The idea of my marrying an old widow with half a dozen children."

"But they're party behaved, and take after their father," said Jane, wiping the tears from her eyes, and handing me the letter with a laughing smile. "And he's a sensible girl, Marjorie, and— and not stand in your own light. I think I know better. I think it's a regular insult."

"I'll tell you what," cried Jane, her eyes shining with a brilliant idea. "Let me pretend I am you. I'll be Marjorie for the time being, and you be Jane."

"What good will that do?" I asked.

"Ever so much," answered she. "Father and Mother won't be back for four or five days, and I can tire him out before that time. I'll be deaf. Won't that be splendid? I won't be able to hear anything lower than a shout."

"I'm an agreeable to the plan," I said. And Jane began to make preparations for her wooer. She combed down her hair smoothly on each side of her face, and put on mother's old mink cap. Then she added spectacles, and arranged her hair in a fashionable style. When she had finished her toilet she looked old maidish, I assure you. I laughed till I cried.

"Is he, I'll bet," cried Jane, and "it is, remember I'll be Marjorie, and can't hear you unless you talk very loud. I went to the door and opened it. There stood Mr. Green, in his usual, and very comical he looked in it, and very uncomfortable he felt, judging from his actions. He was wiping his face with a huge red and yellow handkerchief.

"I'm Mr. Green," he said, making a bow and introducing himself both at the same time. "I came to see Miss Marjorie. Be you here?"

"She's expecting you," said Jane, in a parrot-like voice. "I said, chucking with laughter. "You'll have to talk a little louder than usual, for she's a trifle deaf."

"Dear!" exclaimed Mr. Green. "Your aunt did not mention that."

"By that time we were at the parlor door. Jane was all expectation, and did look so comical that I thought I should laugh or die. But I managed to keep my face tolerably straight while I introduced them.

"Marjorie, this is Mr. Green!" shouted I, in a shrill key, putting my mouth close to her ear.

"A little louder," said she, and I shouted "Mr. Green" an octave higher.

The poor man looked terrible disappointed. His fancy had not painted her in true colors, evidently.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Green," said Jane, fairly beaming with delight. "How do you do?" and she shook the poor gentleman's hand energetically.

"Jane, get Mr. Green a chair. Put it here by the side of mine, so that he can talk to me. I'm happy to see you, sir. Aunt Phillinda spoke of you in very complimentary terms indeed."

"I'm glad of that," said Mr. Green, sinking into the chair.

"Eh! What did you say?" said Jane, turning her ear toward him. "A trifle louder, if you please."

Mr. Green repeated his remark, while I retired to the window to laugh.

"A very fine day," he added.

"Good crop of hay?" "I'm glad of it," responded Jane. "I'm greatly interested in farm matters, Mr. Green."

"I said the weather was fine," corrected Mr. Green.

"When'll be yours? Why, you're so sudden, Mr. Green," exclaimed Jane, pretending to blush. "I don't really feel as if I knew you yet. And yet my heart tells me you're one of our affluents," and then the wicket girl smiled most bewitchingly upon the uneasy man, who looked at me appealingly.

"I didn't say that!" he shouted. "I spoke about the weather."

"Yes, I hope we'll be happy together," said Jane, pensively. "O, Mr. Green, if you knew how I have longed for the companionship of some heart like yours these many years," and then she proceeded to shed unseasonable tears in her blackish eye.

Mr. Green was touched.

"She's awful affectionate, ain't she?" he said to me. "I wish she wasn't so awful deaf. Can't anything be done for her?"

"O, you won't mind that," said the little girl cheerfully. "We don't."

"I dunno 'bout that," after Mr. Green, doubtfully. "We couldn't never have no secrets, 'cause the neighbors 'd hear 'em for she did, if I went to tell 'em any. Don't seem to me if I ever told anybody quite so deaf as she is."

"Talk to me," said Jane, who had dried her eyes. "Tell me all about your children. I know I shall take so much comfort with them. Bless their souls!"

Thereupon Mr. Green began his family history away in the higher octaves, and I got so nearly deafened at his shouting that I had to leave the room.

I sat down on the back step and laughed for half an hour. When I stopped I could hear him shouting still, but I fancied he was getting a little more deaf.

**About the Use of Soap.**

Without giving any receipts for making soap, I wish to tell all the hard worked farmers' wives how much labor they may save by not using too much of this article.

For nearly five years I have used soap only for washing clothes. In all that time I have not used one pound of soap for washing dishes and other kitchen purposes. My family has raised from three to twenty-five. I have used clear water composed of other ingredients besides lime, and I find with all these my work works equally well; it is this:

Have your water quite hot and add a very little milk to it. This softens the water, gives the dishes a fine gloss and preserves the handles of the knives, even that of beef, and yet no grease is ever found floating on the water, as when soap is used. The stone vessels I always use on the stove, with a little water in them, when the vitals are taken in ready to wash them, and the grease is easily removed. Just try my plan, you who toil day after day every spring, to make that barrel of soap, and let us hear how it succeeds with you. I like the great barrel of soap on washing day, but an aid to be able to dispense with it on all occasions. I find that my tinware keeps bright longer cleaned in this way than by using soap.

I have acquired of scouring this is a wasteful policy; the present style of tinware will not bear it. The tin is soon scrubbed away and a vessel that is fit for nothing left on our hands; but if washed with the soap described, the tin is preserved, and is always bright and clean.

**The Senses of Bees.**

The senses of the bees' eyes are not adapted to great distances, they, like some men, seem blind to objects, close by. They dart down to the door of their hives with unerring precision, but if from any cause they miss the opening, they are obliged to rise in the air and fly another look. A bee's sense of taste is also imperfect, foul ditch-water and lilliwat plants being often preferred. Bees haven't any ears to speak of, but their sense of smell, which, by the way, according to the Scotch proverb, is "as good as their noses," is very keen. In seasons, attack the hives laden with honey, and force them to disgorge all they have collected. Their sense of hearing is also very imperfect. Their sense of smell, which, by the way, according to the Scotch proverb, is "as good as their noses," is very keen. In seasons, attack the hives laden with honey, and force them to disgorge all they have collected. Their sense of hearing is also very imperfect. Their sense of smell, which, by the way, according to the Scotch proverb, is "as good as their noses," is very keen. In seasons, attack the hives laden with honey, and force them to disgorge all they have collected. Their sense of hearing is also very imperfect.

**How not to be Awkward.**

We clipped an item from an exchange, the *Western Rural*, and reckon—which it will be well for farmers and others liable to be awarded by patent right men, vendors of wonderful secrets, traveling agents, and the like to read. Another article is of good value concerning them. It is known as the "fish worm." The Digger is an inveterate gambler, and his principal game is very simple, consisting of holding both hands behind his back, and a stick, blind him in one of the hands. The other hand he can tell in which hand he holds it. It is stated that they scorn cheating, and after the bets are made, never change the stick from one hand to the other. Their money consists of handkerchiefs which one of their number is selected to manufacture. No counterfeiting is ever attempted. Each shell represents about half a cent of American money, and is taken by their tribe as a game of gold. A string of this money can be seen at this office, and it is wonderful how uniform these buttons can be made by simply rubbing them on stone with the hand."

**American Apples in England.**

Nothing astonishes the English more than the idea of barrelling apples in the United States. In that country the crop is placed thinly on shelves, in fruit houses constructed especially for the purpose, and no one thinks of sending their long distances to market. Our Rhode Island and New York growers, however, who now grow in barrels in immense quantities, surprise them considerably. A good deal of this is, perhaps, due to the varieties we send there. A few years ago the Newton Pippin was the great American apple in the London market; but since the failure of that variety, those two named have in a measure taken its place. It is not, however, that these apples should reach the English market in such excellent condition after being merely barrelled up, so that as to the English, the price is also another look. A bee's sense of taste is also imperfect, foul ditch-water and lilliwat plants being often preferred. Bees haven't any ears to speak of, but their sense of smell, which, by the way, according to the Scotch proverb, is "as good as their noses," is very keen. In seasons, attack the hives laden with honey, and force them to disgorge all they have collected. Their sense of hearing is also very imperfect. Their sense of smell, which, by the way, according to the Scotch proverb, is "as good as their noses," is very keen. In seasons, attack the hives laden with honey, and force them to disgorge all they have collected. Their sense of hearing is also very imperfect.

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The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building or who are in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this notice to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

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April 8 '74.

**Miscellaneous.**

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