

"KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP."

There was something very broad and... I have you, my dear... For I see your proud spirit...

JOHN JONES'S CONVERSION.

It was a dreary kitchen—the walls were dirty and smoky, the breakfast dishes stood on the table in the middle of the floor, the cooking stove was open, with kettles and pans on it...

John had gone off crying, and his white coat even then he heard coming up the hollow from the direction of the school-house.

"Seems to me you're a good while getting your chores done, you have not the knack of getting along like Mrs. Leyonides—her work is done up long ago, and she's here in the garden, you don't put the time on it that she does on her's."

"Oh, John," said the little woman, slipping back her sleeves and trying on a big apron, and trying to keep her face turned away from the little children and baby sick, with three cows to milk and calves to feed and hands to cook for and all the other work to do, I only wonder that I get half my chores done in a whole day."

"Well, I'm sure I don't see how it is," said he, "my mother had ten living children, and she managed to get along first-rate, and do all our weaving, besides taking in weaving for the neighbors."

"You have more room than she had, and you don't have to carry water forty rods as she did, and you never have to cut your own wood, unless it is right in the midst of harvest, and I think you shouldn't complain. If there is anything I hate to hear it is a growling, whining cry."

"Now, I have to be out of doors all the time, no matter how hot the sun shines, or how cold the wind blows, while you are in the shade and comfortable—if you only knew it, you have an easy time of it, you women, if you only knew it, don't you know?"

"The girls will be big enough in three or four years to help you, and then you can take times easier, and maybe by that time the bottom farm will be paid for, and we'll be able to ride in a carriage, like the Leyonides."

"How long since you brought in this water?" said he, as he took a drink from the tin dipper, and finding it not fresh, he squirted it out coolly upon the floor among some pans that had slipped down from a shelf.

"HOLLY'S" LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, August 23, 1879. MIDSUMMER IN THE METROPOLIS. Doubtless many of your readers will gasp and call for a fat at the bare mention of a Metropolitan day-guest—but let them save their pity for more needed objects!

He seemed really unhappy. He trotted the baby on his hip, and called his wife Jenny, and in the days when he won her, and he let Johnny play horse with his boot, and there was such a contented expression on his face, that his wife could not help wondering.

When he returned he was accompanied by a broad-chested, good-looking German who he introduced to his wife as 'our girl'.

"Poor little surprised wife! She flew to him and laid her head on his bosom, and cried like a baby, as she said: 'John Jones, you darling!'"

"No, not a bit of a darling; just an old bear, a regular old beathen, to sacrifice the best little woman under the sun, inch by inch, the way that has been going on for years!"

"Tom howled out: 'Is mother dead? O, I want my mother!' and cried around the house and peeped in shyly with wet eyes."

"That lady in a soft gray merino dress, wearing an embroidered collar and neck, and a blue hat, mother? Surely it was, for Nellie was fondling her face and sparkling all over and saying: 'Is this your mother? Why, where have you been?'"

"An addition was built to the house, new siding was put on and painted white. New windows were added, and green blinds and spotting, and a big cistern close to the kitchen door, and a wide, long, roomy porch. Closets were put in all the rooms, the old bedsteads split up and used for kindling; new chairs were bought, including a new rocker, and sewing-machine for mother; a new sewing machine that was a love of a friend; the door-yard was paved in, and the calves and cows kept where they belonged; and evergreen trees and flowering shrubbery and rose bushes beautiful the new yard. An easy chain-pump took the place of the moss-covered bucket that held as much as a chura.

It was packed off to the bars to put clover seed in, and Johnny rights was built away forever from the arms that had tutted at its ponderous weight with sick weariness for many and many a year. The big well-rope made a nice swing under the oak for Tom, Belle and cherty Harry.

THE BRITISH BEE-KEEPER'S ASSOCIATION.

London, Aug. 8, 1879. The British Bee-keeper's Association, which was established in 1874, commenced on Tuesday and concluded on the 24th ult. its annual show at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington. The season has been an unfortunate one for the other workers dependent on the bees. The 'little ailments of spring' have suffered like the flowers themselves, and have often been driven to eat in one week the honey they would have made in a full year.

He can take a sail down this matchless bay past Sandy Hook, past the Highlands of Navesink, the last land a traveler sees in leaving our shores, and the first to greet his return; and on, following the green-blue waves of the Atlantic Ocean, thirteen miles in all to the great Ocean Pier.

It is a low, narrow strip of sand lying long along the beach, and is separated from the main land only by a sluggish, narrow stream that a good horse could jump across if the banks were firm. The sea front is divided into four different sections or sections, each touching each other, and is known as 'Manhattan Beach,' 'Brighton Beach,' 'West Brighton Beach' (formerly 'Cable's'), and 'West End' or 'Mike Norton's'.

"A stern chase is a long chase," and the farm or gets behind hand at the beginning of the season, will find little either of satisfaction or profit in his work—Country Gentleman.

The San Diego (Cal.) Herald of the 10th ult. tells of the following fact, narrated by a young lady named Miss Lawrence: 'Last Tuesday a band of wild cattle were being driven through a street at play and started for the bridge, who was drunk, tumbled from his horse as he attempted to turn the furious animal. At this moment Miss Lawrence came along, and, taking in the situation at a glance, sprang into the vacant saddle, ran down the wild steer, threw her shawl over her head, just as it was about to gore the child, and, taking advantage of the confusion of the beast, rode up to the child, and without leaving her saddle, reached to it and lifted it into her lap, and then carried it off in safety.'

"This was not only a genuine act of heroism, but an exhibition of horsemanship such as few persons if any in this region could equal."

Mr. Weston, the champion pedestrian and late winner of the Astley belt, is now delivering temperance lectures throughout England. These two following are not necessarily incompatible, one with the other, but it demonstrates the versatility of America's much abused and laborer workers might see this as an argument—That if a man is temperate he will be able to accomplish remarkable feats.

It is a notable fact that the man who eats the smallest meal is invariably the most tooth-picky.

Why is a dentist like a load buyer? Because he examines each article before he takes it. Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be.

THE LOVE THAT LIVES.

The Soranton Republican tells this touching story: Among the persons who moved about the D. L. & W. platform yesterday, waiting for the afternoon train from New York and Philadelphia, there appeared a middle aged woman who frequently gazed up the track with an anxious and longing gaze.

"The extent of the consumption now can hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost, on its landing, of from \$10,000,000 to \$16,000,000."

"That's not a legal tender, it is all copper."

"What is a legal tender, then?" asked the boy.

"Why, one cent is a legal tender for one cent stamp, and a thousand of other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia."

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H. T. HELMBOLD'S OLD TEA HOUSE.

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