IN THE HOME OF FARMER JOHN." We stood together in early spring,

We stood together in early spring, Farmer John and I; Together we heard the wild bird sing, Farmer John and I; But few can thrive on songs or flowers, 60 in toll we passed youth's morning hours; He turned the fnrrow and dropped the seed, He sowed with clover the waiting mead, He pruned and grafted the orchard trees, He planted the garlen and hived the bees; And I kept the cottage trim and neat, While love made labor light and sweet, In the home of Farmer John. In the home of Farmer John.

We stood together in summer time, We heard the brook's slow-measured

rhyme; But we could not wait to dream, for lo! If hands were idle the weeds would grow! So he toiled the tasseled corn among, bit worthe has sympt Adown the clover his scythe he swung; Adown the clover his soythe ne swung; The path that away to the sheep-field led Echoed early and late his cheerful thread; And not till the stars shone out at night Was there rest or ease by the fireside bright In the home of Farmer John.

We stood together in harvest hour, To count the wealth of the autumn's dower: The huge, slow-moving loaded wain Had homeward brought the ripened grain; The barns were filled from floor to eaves With fragrant hay and close-bound sheaves The trees had showered their fruit of gold Far more than crowded bins could hold; Had been love's sunlight, warm and true, In the home of Farmer John.

We stood together on winter's crest,

Farmer John and I; We saw the sun fade out in the west,

Farmer John and 1; But what though spring, with its birds, had

ned, And what though summer flowers were dead And what is dong a summer howers were deal i The song and fragment that could not sleep Were hid away in our hearts to keep! And happy are we, though years roll on, Till all life's summer-time is gone. And e'en its harvest-hour is past, For love, we know, will bloom to the last In the home of Farmer John

In the home of Farmer John -Louise S. Upham, in the Ledger.



really know what we mean? "I enwe mean? when a girl, and the simpleton thought he owned me. I soon took the conceit out of him and sent him away about his

out of him and sent him away about his business." The voice was now a little sharp. What wonder, with so galling a memory. "No man shall ever tyran-nize over me-never! What the mis-chief do you suppose is the matter with this sewing machine?" "Annoyed at your logic, most likely," said my friend, a bright young matron, as she threaded her needle. "My hus-band is not a tyrant, Miss Kent." "A m glad you are satisfied," was the laconic reply.

laconic reply. Miss Kent was a little woman, fair as

a girl and plump as a robin. She wasn't ashamed to own that she was forty years old and an old maid. She had earned her own living most of her life, and was proud of it. She was a good nurse, a faithful friend and a jolly companion, but stroke her the wrong way and you'd wish you hadn't in much shorter time

than it takes me to write it. "What are you going to do when you are old?" persisted the mistress of the establishment. "What other folks do, I suppose." from

Iki

bureau

"What other locks up, i suppose. "But you can't work forever." "Can't say that I want to." "Now, Miss Kent, a husband with means, a kind, intelligent man..." "I don't want any man, I tell you, Mrs. Carlisle: I wouldn't marry the best man living, if he were as ridh'as Croesus and would die if I didn't have kim." There are something half this

Jennie's elbow in my side almost took away my breath. "Who is it by?" she inquired. There was something behind all this I knew well. My friend's eyes danced with fun, and as Miss Kent fitted the waist, she threw me a letter from the

"Read that." she said with a know

Kent.

that?'

ing look; "it may interest you. This is what the letter said:

My Dear Jennie-I shall be delighted to meni a month with you and your hustand. There must be, however, one stipulation about my visil-you must say no more aboutmarriage. I shall never be foolish again. Twenty years ago to-dag i wrecked my whole life. So unsuitable was this mar-

few could have endured. Death relieved him at last, and now the poor fellow domestic happiness. Singular as it may appear, Cousin Mark was the embodiment of good health and good nature; fifty, perhaps, though he didn't look it, and as rotund and as fresh in his way as the little dress-maker was in hers. As I looked at him I defied anybody to see one and not be reminded of the other. him at last, and now the poor fellow netually believed himself an alien from domestic happiness. Singular as it may appear, Cousin Mark was the embodiment of good health and good nature; fifty, perhaps, though he didn't look it, and as rotund and as fresh in his way as the little dress-maker was in hers. As I looked at him I defied anybody to see one and not be reminded of the other. "I was surprised you should think it necessary to caution me about that, Cousin Mark," cooed the plotter, as she stood by his side, looking out of the window. "The idea of my being 'so ridiculous!" And in the same breath, with a wink at me: "Come, let us go to my sitting room. We are at work there, but it won't make any difference to you, will it?" Of course Cousin Mark answered, "No" promptly, as innocent as a dove there the targe head had for him.

Just inat position the value of any use both balf an hour later. "Why, Miss Kent, what makes your face so very red?" inquired Jennie upon eutering; "and Cousin Mark, how strange-ly you look! Your hair is all mussed "" up.

'And I hope to have it mussed often

And I hope to have it mussed of each, said Cousin Mark, boldly. "Miss Kent and I are to be married this week." Jennie laughed until her face was pur-ple, and when I went up stairs Miss Kent was pounding her back.—Baltimore Herald.

Epicurean Elephants.

Of course Cousin Mark answered, "No" promptly, as innocent as a dove about the trap being laid for him. "This is my cousin, Mr. Lausing, Miss Kent." And Mr. Lausing bowed politely and Miss Kent rose, dropped her scis-sors, blushed and sat down again. Cousin Mark picked up the refractory imple-ments, and then Mrs. Jennie proceeded with rare caution and tact to her labor of love. Epfonrean Elephants. An elephant's digestive functions are very rapid, and the anima', therefore, requires daily a large amount of fodder— 600 pounds at least. In its wild state the elephant feeds heartily, but waste-fuily. It is careful in selecting the few forest trees which it likes for their bark or foliage. But it will tear down branches and leave half of them un-touched. It will strip off the bark from other trees and throw away a large por-tion. Two or three invitations to the sew ing room were quite sufficient to make Cousin Mark perfectly at home there, and after a week he became familiar tion.

and after a week he became familiar enough to say: "If you are not too busy I would like to read this article." "Oh, I am never too busy to be read to," Miss Kent would say. "Sit down by th; window, in this comfortable chair, and let's hear it." As it is a nocturnal animal, it selects its trees by the senses of touch and smell. Its sense of smell is so delicate that a wild elephant can wind an enemy at a distance of 1000 yards, and the by the window, in this comfortable chair, and let's bear it." After a couple of weeks, when the gentleman came in hoarse, with a sud-den cold, Miss Kent hustled about, her voice full of sympathy, and brewed him a dose which he declared he would never nerves of its trunk are so sensitive that the smallest substance can be discovered

the smallest substance can be discovered and picked up by its tiny probosis. An elephant's palate is very delicate and the animal is whimsical in selecting or rejecting morsels of food. Sir Samuel W. Baker, in his "Wild Beasts and Their a dose which he declared he would never forget to his dying day, but one dose cured. After this occurrence, Miss Kent was areally wonderful woman. Ah, what an arch plotter! She let them skirmish about, but not once did she give them a chance to be along to-gether. Her plans were not to be de-stroyed by premature confidence until the very evening preceding Cousin Mark's departure for California. Then Miss Kent was very domurely asked to Ways," tells an anecdote illustrative of the whims of a tame elephant belonging to the police of Dhubri: This elephant was fed with rice and

This elephant was fed what he and plantains. The stems of the plantations were split and cut into transverse sec-tions two feet in length. Three-quarters of a pound of rice was placed within each tube of plantain stem. One day, while the elephant was being fed, a lady offered the actional or small sweat biscuit. It the animal a small, sweet biscuit. was taken in the trunk and almost im.

Mark's departure for California. Then Miss Kent was very demurely asked to remain and keep an eye on Master Car-lisle, whom the fond mother did not care to leave quite alone with his nurse. "We are compelled to be gone a couple of hours," said she, "but Cousin Mark will read to you-won't you, cousin?" "Certainly, if Miss Kent would like it," replied the gentleman. The infant Carlisle, thanks to good management, was never awake in the mediately thrown on the ground. The mahout, or driver, thinking that the elephant had behaved rudely, picked ip the biscuit and inserted it in a parce of rice within a plantain stem. This was placed in the elephant's mouth, and at the very first crunch it showed its diswhole gust by spitting out the whole mess The small biscuit had disgusted th animal, and for several minutes it tried by its inserted trunk to rake out every atom from its tongue and throat.-Chi-cago News.

Mexico's Rich Onyx Mines.

The infant Carlisle, thanks to good management, was never awake in the evening, so the victims of this matri-munal speculation would have plenty of time. The back parlor was the room most in use during the evening, and out of this room was a large closet with a large blind ventilator, and out of this closet a door leading to her back stoop and garden. Imagine the surprise when I was told that Mr. Carlisle was going to the lodge, and that we, after profuse warnings about the baby, and promises not to be gone too long, were to pro-ceed to this closet overlooking the back parlor by way of the back gate and gar-den. In van I protested. "Why, you little goose," laughed Jen-nic, "there'll be fun enough to last a lifetime. John wanted to come sufully, Concessions have been granted by the Mexican General Government, and sup-plemented by the State Government to a party of Americans, who will at once begin to work the famous onyx mines of Durango. A company composed of capitalists from St. Louis, Chicago and Philadelphia has been formed for the purpose, and will be ready to begin work in a very short time. This valu-able bed of beautiful stones has been nic, "there'll be fun enough to use a lifetime. John wanted to come awfully, but I knew he'd make an awful noise and spoil everything, so I wouldn't let bin " known to the people of this State for hundreds of years, and has furnished many fine specimens which have been sent to the capital and to the United States for polishing; but there has never The wily schemer took the precaution The why schemer took the precation to lock the closet door from the outside, so there was no fear of detection. On a high bench, still as a two mice, we awaited results. Presently Cousin Mark, as if arousing States for poinsing, but there has never been a regular effort to get the stone out in any quantity, and the present grant of thousands of dores of land is done for the purpose of developing the country. There are old quarries all over the wast mountain which is almost one solid mass is the purpose of the discum-

onyx from the centre to the circum-rence, and it is said that some of these quarries were worked by the Spaniards when they first came to this country nundreds of years ago. Some of the quarries are known to have been worked duarties are known to have been worked by the ancient Aztecs, and in several of them are found old implements which were used before white men came to America. In one of the mines is to be

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON THE GREATEST NAME OF ALL.

The Sunday Sermon as Delivered by the Brooklyn Divine

TFXT: "The name which is above even ame."-Philippians ii., 9. "atome" -- Philippians 11, 9. Paul is here making rapturous and en-thusiastic description of the name of Christ. There are merely worldly names that some-times thrill you shrough and through. Such was the name of Henry Clay to a Kentuck-ian, the name of William Wirt to a Virgin-ian, the name of Daniel Webster to a New Enclander.

Inc., the hand of Danier' we basic to a few Brglander. By common proverb we have come to be-lieve that "there is nothing in a name;" and so parents sometimes at the baptismal alter gives titles to their children reckless of the fact that that title, that name, will be alife-time hindrance or a lifetime help. You have no right to give your child a name lacking either in euphony or moral mean-ing.

Inching citate in explandy ing. It is a sin to call a child Jehoiakim or Tiglath-Pileser—or by anything that is disa-greeable. Because you have had an exas-perating name yourself is no reason why you should inflict it upon your progeny. And yet how often it is that we see a name of the second ratifing down from generation perating name team. poor should inflict it upon your progeny. And yet how often it is that we see a name full of jargon ratiling down from generation to generation simply because a long while ago some one happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and great enterprises some-times without sufficient deliberation take nomenclature. Mighty destinits have been decided by a name. While we may by a long course of Christian behavior get over the maisfortune of having been baptized with the name of a despot or a cheat how much better it would have been if we could have all started life without any such incum-brance!

all started life without any such incum-brance! When Paul, in my text and in other pas-sages of Scripture, burst.forth in aspirations of admiration for the name of Christ, I want to inquire what are the characteristics of that appellation, "The name which is above every name." In the first piace, speaking to you in regard to the name of Christ, I want to tell you it is an easy name. You are sometimes introduced to people with long and unpronounceable names, and you have to listen cautiously to get the names, and you have to hear them pronounced two or three times before you risk trying to utter them, but within the first two years the lif-tile child folds its hands and looks upward and says "Jesus." Tan it be that in all this church this morn-ing there are representatives of any house-

and says "Jesus." Can it be that in all this church this morn-ing there are representatives of any house-hold where the children are familiar with the names of the father and mother and brother and sister, yet know nothing about "that name which is above every name?" Some-times you forget the name of a quite familiar friend, and you have to think and think be-fore you get it, but can you imagine any freak of intellect by which you should for-get the name of Jesus? That word seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. Down to old age, when the voice is tremulous and uncer-tain and indistinct even then this regal word finds potent utterance. When an aged father was dying one of the children came and said, "Father, do you." A nother child came and said, "Father, do you know me?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." Then the village pas-tor camein and said, "Dou you know me?" Then said the minister, "Do you know Jesus," 'Oh, yee?" said the dying man, "I know Jesu; Chief among ten thousand is He, and the One altogether love!." Ye, for all ages and for all languages, and for all conditions is an easy name. Jesus, love Thy charming name, "The how and estin might hear. But I remark further in regard to this cameod Christ, that this a beautiful name

The music io my ear; Fain would i south it out so load. That heaven and earth might hear. But I remark further in regard to this neme of Christ, that it is a beautiful name. Now you have noticed that you cannot dis-nessociate a name from the character of the person who has it. There are some names, for instance, that are repulsive to my ear. Those names are attractive to your ear. What is the difference? Why, I happened to know some persons of that name who were cross or sour, or queer or unsympa-ties of the person you have happened to know of that aame were kind and genial. Since, then, we cannot disascociae a name from the character of the person who has the name, that consideration makes the name of Jesus mapeababy beautiful. I cannot pronounce the name in your fethsemane and Golgotha, and you see His lowing face, and you hear His tender voice, and you feel His gentle touch. As soon as I pronounce His name in your presence you think of Him who banqueted with heavenly here class are the dust of His feet, walked on the fish which the rough man hauled out of densaret; you think of Him who, though the clouts are the dust of His feet, walked to char speak His name in your hearing is moring, but you think right away of the shing one who restored the centurion's the simming one who restored the elaugh-ing eyes of the babe util it struggled to go to find, and who made the ortiple's crucku to somilgit, and who hade the criple's cruck in and who heade the the sughour of the solution of the sum in struggled to go the doud the doud the struggled to go the doud the stand the arms around it and min then, filinging His arms around it and min then, the the kingdon of heaved." Oh, beautiful name, the name of Jesus, which stands for level, for patience, for self

child heard that her playmate was dying, and she went to the house, and she clambered upon the bed tof her dying playmate.

child heard that her playmate was dying, and she want to the house, and she clamberd with the bed tot her dying playmate. "The sid ary you going to Jesus." Then said the transform going to Jesus." Then said the side of the two well as a be bent over the side of the two well as the bent over the side of the two well as the bent over the side of the two well as the bent over the side of the two well as the bent over the side of the side of the side of the two sides of the side of the side of the two sides of the side of the side of the two sides of the side of the side of the was dying the village minister said to him, quoting over this pillow this passage. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all ac-ceptation—that Christ Jesus cames into the world to save sinners," and there he stopped. Then my father finished the quotation by aging, "of whom I am ohief." But I remark again, in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a mighty name. Rottschild is a name mighty in the com-mercial world, Sillinan is a name mighty in the scientific world, Uring is a name of the side of the on his face on ship's deck, and that one name to day, while I speak, holds a hundred mil-tion sub sunder ominotoring side. That where in all the earth is a name so potent to inf the divil and course and rally and bless as the name Jesus? Way, the sound of that name in England to day means more than Victoris. In Germany that name to-day mass more than there of all evil habits, at the sound of that name dash down his shackles and march out forver free. I have seen a man overcome of misfortune and the divil and cachies of all evil habits, at the sound of that name the sea dropped, and the cluds parted, and the submit of the divil and cachies of all evil habits, at the sound of that name the sea dropped, and the cluds parted, and the submit of the idefined march out forver free. I have seen a man overcome of misfortune and the sound of that name the sea dropped, and the cluds parted, and the submit at of the budding and expressition will come

and pray and believe and rejoice and tri-umph. Oh, it is a mighty name. Under its power the last temple of superstition will come down and the last Juggernaut of iniquity will be shattered to pieces. The red horse of carnage, spoken of in apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death must come back on their hannches, while the white horse of victory goes forth mounted of Him who hath the moon under His feet and the stars of heaven for His tiara. Mighty name! It will make the whole earth tranble, and then it will make all the nations sing. Mighty name!

will make all the nations sing. Mighty name! Other dominions seem to be giving way; France had to give up some of her favorite provinces; Spain has lost a great deal of her power; many of the thrones of the world, are being lowered; many of the scepters of the world are being shortened, but every tract distributer, every Bible printer, every Christian institution established spreads abroad the mighty name of Christ. It has already been heard under the Chinese wall, and in the Siberian snow castle, and in the Brazillan grove and in the eastern pagoda. That arow will yet cover up all other crowns. That empire will yet compas all dominations. owns. That

All crimes shall cease and ancient frauds shall fail, Returning justice lift sloft her scale; Feace o'er the word her oils wand extend, And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.

Peace of the world her oil's wand extend. And with robed innocence from heaven descend. But I remark again, taking a step forward in this subject, that the name of Christ is an enduring name. You get over the fence of the graveyard and you pull the weeds back from the name that has nearly faded from the toon your, and you wish that will be constructed and you wish that will be constructed and you wish that and the name that has nearly faded from the toon your, and you wish that will be constructed and you wish that and so the greatest man in all the town, in all the country, in all the State, now simost faded from the tombstone. And so the greatest names of this world either have peribed or are perishing. Gregory VI., Sancho of Spain, Conrad L of Germany, Richard L of Eagland, Catherine of Russia. Those names were once mighty, and they made the earth tremble. Who cares for them now? None so poor as to do them reverence. But the name of Christ is enduring forever. It will be preserved in the world's fine art. There will be other Belinis to sketch the Madonna, and other Ghirlandajos to present the baptism of Christ, and other Bronzinos to show Christ visiting the spirits in prison, and other Gittous to appal the vision with the Cruci-fixion. It will be preserved in the world's fine art.

visiting the spirits in prison, and other Giotots to appal the vision with the Cruci-fixion. It will be preserved in the world's literature. There will be other Alexander Popes to write the "Messiah," and other Dor. Youngs to celebrate His triumph, and other Cow-pers to sing His love. It will be preserved in the world's grand and elaborate archi-tecture, and Protestanism shall yet have its St. Mark's and its St. Peter's. It shall be preserved in the world's literature, for there will be other Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity." More than all, it will be embalmed in the hearts of all the good of earth and all the great ones of heaven. Shall the emancipated bondsman ever for-get who set him free? Shall the blind man ever forget the Divine Physician who gave him sight? Shall the lost and wandering ever forget the Divine Physician who gave ind bs to burn up all the Bibles and burn down all the churches, and then in the spirit of universal arson go through the gate of heaven and put the forch to all the tamples and mansions and palaces until in the avful configuration all heaven wend down and the prople come out to look upon the charred runn; wo have thew new dow and hear the during the vene then they would hear the set in the vene then they mould hear the be His glorious mame forever. "The name which is above every name." My friende, have 700 made up your mind by what name you will accost Christ when you set Him in havave? You that is a prac-tical question. For you will see thin, child of God, just as certainly ar you sit there and l stand here. By what here have in Him Here have and hear here and l stand here. By what we you all first up your mind to call. Christ when you all first up your will a see thin the aver you and here there. By what mane you all there have and here and by wou sit there and l stand here. By what we you all Here

May my breah.
"Who is it by?" she inquired.
Jennie sclaued. cleat in my exit.
"Who is it by?" she inquired.
"He is to gain time, see if it ain't."
"It's by a prominent French writer, I
believe," said Cousin Mark.
"Got it his Kent.
"Nor j, nor reading of any kind," he
continued.
"This by care at ranshaid.
to night," said kins Kent.
"Nor I, nor reading of any kind," he
continued.
"This prominent French writer, I
who is said to have been here over two hundred years and to have been there over two hundred years and to have been there over two hundred years and to have been at major the same of the stans of the s the laster of the author of the solution of th

sions all full. Heaven full. The sun will set afire with its splendor the domes of the sions all full. Heaven full. The sur-test after with its spiendor the domes of temple, and burrish the golden streets solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it w noon in heaven. Noon on the river. Jono And then your will look up, gr ally accustoming your vision to the s-shading your eyes at the first least the extinguished with the insufferable spine until after awhile you can look upon the irradiation, and you will eryout, "My L ny Lord, Thou art the Suu that N Sec."

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"the name which is above every name." His worth if all the nations knew, Sure the whole series hourd flow win roo. I pray God that He may move upon this assemblage now, that we may see flim walk-ing through all these aisles, that the Holy Spirit may spread His wings over this andi-tory. Now is your time for heaven. Oh, my friends! meeting once, perhaps never again until the books are opened, what shall we say of this morning's service? Have I told you the whole truth? Have you listened to the whole truth? Have you listened to the whole truth? Have you listened to the whole truth? How is your time for heaven. Come into the kingdom. If you never had an invitation before, I gives it to you ow. I do not ask what your sin has been or what your wandering. That is not perli-ment to the question. The only thing is whether you want Christ. Come in, the farthest off. Come, the nearest by. "Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound." Is there in all this august assem-bage a man who feels he is too wicked to com? You are mistaken. Come now! It is no gloony religion that I preach. It will take no color from your eye. It will take no solor from your step. I know what I am talking about. I have fet the consolution of this grace in my own heart. It is not s theory with me. I know in whom I believa and He has been so good a friend to me. Thave a right this moring to commend His thus, "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth." How is the feed of the will take no soling from your step. Unow what I am talking about. I have fet the consolution of this grace in my own heart. It is not s theory with me. I know in whom I believa and He has been so good a friend to me. Thave a right this morning to commend His thoughts." "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth." How is He going to do--trive you into the kingdom? He will not do it. If you get in at all it will be because you are drawn in by His love. What doer He say? "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth." How was lifted up. What for ? To drive? No lifted up to draw. Oh, co

You have heard of that warrice of ancient times who went into hattle against Christ. He hated Christ, and ha went into hattle fighting Christ, but in the hattle ha goot fell, and as he lay with his face up to the sun and the life blood was coding, away, he put his hand to his heart and took a handful of blood from the wound and held it up to the sun and cried out, "Oh, Jesus! Thou hast conquered."

the sun and cried out, "Oh, desus! Thou hast conquered." And if to-lay, my hearer, struck through by the arrow of God's gracious Splrit, you realize the truth of what I have been saying, you would surrender rourself to the Lord who bought you, you would say: "I will no longer battle against Christ's mercy. Lord Jesus, Thou hast conquered." Giorious name. I know not what you will do with it; but I will tell you one thing before I stop-I must tell it. Will tell you one thing here and now, that I take Him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peaca, my comfort, my salvation, my heaven. Blessed be His glorious name forever. "He name which is above every name."

Longfellow's First Poem.

Longfellow's First Poem. The following has long been accepted as a true account of how Longfellow's precoclous poetra ability was discovered; When the great poet was nine years old, and attended school, his teacher one day asked him to write a composition. Little Henry, like most all school boys, shrank from the undertaking. — His tacher said: "You can write words, can you not?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out of doors, and thour slate and go out of doors, and thou, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition." Her word be done with it. Menry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to stand near, and seeing a fine turing growing up, he thought he knew what it was, what it was for, and what would be done with it. Malf hour had been allowed Henry for his first undertaking in writing a composition. In a haif hour he carried in his work all accomplished neatly, and his teacher is said to have been aflowed in the other allowed he to have he saw what the his work slate complished neatly, and his work slate complished neatly, and his work slate complished neatly, and his work slate schow he the saw what the saw what the he saw what the schowed henry for his first undertaking in writing a composition. In a haif hour he carried in his work slate complished neatly, and his work slate schowed henry for his first undertaking in writing a composition. In a haif hour he carried in his work slate schowed hener, and his work slate schowed henry for his first undertaking in writing a composition. In a haif hour he carried in his work slate schowed hen he saw what the

his teacher is said to have been affec almost to tears when he saw boy had done in so short a tin composition had been written in what the

my whole life. So ansultable was this mar-riage; so utherly bad and wretched have been its consequences, that I am forced to believe the marriage institution a mistake. So for the last time let me assure you that I wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, if by so doing I could save her life. Your old cousin, MARK LANSING.

"Rich, isn't it," said Jennie, and then pointed to the chubby little figure, whose back happened to be turned.

I shock my head and laughed. "You'll see," said the incorrigible.

"You'l see, 'said the incorrigible. "See what?" inquired Miss Kent, quite unaware of our paatomime. "That parties which are chemically attracted will unite. Don't you think this sleeve a little too long, Miss Kent?" "Not after the seam is off. But what were you saying, Mrs. Carlisle? The other day, at Professor Boynton's, I saw me wonderful experiments." "And did they succeed?" inquired

nnie, demurely. "Beautifully."

"So will mine. I never yet botched

from a protracted reverie, asked: "Wculd you like to have me read?" "Oh, I'm not particular," replied Miss

"Here is an excellent article on elec

tive affinities. How would you like

"Now inust return to my business and my boarding-house-boarding house for a man so fond of domestic life as I am, Miss Kent. I have friends in San Francisco, of course, but no fireside like this, no one to care for me if am ill, nobody to feel very badly if

Proving in sheltered ravines about any Pueblo town, the curiosity-seeker will find, stuck in the ground, carefully whithed stacks, each with a tuft of downy feathers (generally white) bound at the top

at the top. Each of these sticks is a prayer—and none the less earnest and sincere because so misguided. Around the remote

"So will mine. I never yet botched is job in my life."
"Hought i think I quife understand you," replied Miss Kent, perplexed.
"No' I always grow scientific when taking about marriage, my dear."
"Bother!" was all the liftle woman said, but the 'tone was much better intered than I expected.
The next week Cousin Mark arrived, md I liked him at once. An unhappy marriage would have been the last thing them. He had accepted the situation fike a man, Jennie told me, and for the station of the station of the set of the station of the set of

en written in a poetic form, and was as follows:

Mr. Finney had a turnip, And it grew, and it grew. And it grew behind the barn, And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew, Till it could grow no taller; Then Mr. Finney took it up And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay Till the began to rot; When his daughter Susie wasted it And put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it, As long as she was able; Then his daughter Lizzie took it And put it on the table.