Down by the dear old meadow stream, Where we played together under the weet wild flowers of every hue, breathing rich perfume on the wandering

not peep,
And lazy butterfies reclined
On luxuriant beds, of white clover-fast asleep The mocking birds from leafy realms, Trilled sweetest melodies from their sil

throats.

While we sat on the mossy bank,
Sending across the crytal stream gay little boats

Under the pale green willow trees, Where we were free as the birds, and pleasure You gave to me the promise true
That in years to come you would be my bonn
wife.

Ah! those were balmy, halcyon days, When we played together by the rippling stream Dreaming the happy hours away, Listening to the soft quivering notes of love

## A NOVEL COURTSHIP.



ZEADING the fashion dumn, Miss Vane?"
"Indeed I am not."
"I thought——"
"That all girls arlike. Well, Mr. Gear

"You must judge. I want you to read to me the opening installment of this story, with its captivating hero-

this story, with its captavance me."

"Most willingly, only you must not expect any elocutionary effects."

With this the fair girl opened the journal, and, in a well-modulated voice, instinct with feeling, proceeded to rebuke her own modest disclaimer of elocutionary ability by reading the three chapters in the highest style of art.

"You have not exaggerated your hero-"You have not exaggerated your hero-

"You have not exaggerated your hero "You have not exagger are:
ine," declared the young lawyer, enthusiastically, when the end was
reached. "She is mine as well as yours.

thusiastically, when the end was reached. "She is mine as well as yours. Only —" "Well?"

"Only I think she cannot find happiness in love and marriage."

"Nonsense!"

"And if the author is as true to nature as you think him—or her, rather—Miss Gladys will fall in love with the artist." artist."
"She never will!" cried Viola, spring-

"I am quite confident that my judg-ment is correct."

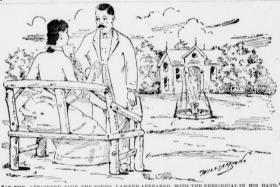
ment is correct."

"How can you be right when I know that you are wrong?"

The vivacious girl fairly snapped out this question, all the more unanswerable because bristling with true femision locids.

"AT LENGTH THE VERY LAST PARAGRAPH WA

numbers more are to follow in which one of two things may develop."
"And they are?"
"Gladys may adopt new views or the artist may improve upon acquaint-ance, and awaken feelings and senti-ments of which she has now no knowl-edge."



turned her vivacious face and sparkling black eyes upon the handsome young man who stood before the ristic bench in the grounds surrounding her father's elegant mansion.

"I'm ghad to learn that my opinion is not well founded."

"I'received this paper two good hours ago," smiled the young lady, at the same time pointing to a vacant space on the bench beside her.

"I'see. And you have already made the fashion department your own?"

"Entirely, and I've at last decided on the style of the new gown that father brought me from Paris, and that I never would have made up. Awfully nice, isn't it?"

"Decidedly. But what were you reading so interestedly?"

"The opening chapters—you won't laugh at me, I'm sure—the opening chapters of a new serial novel by Malcom Graenne, whoever he may be."

"And you like it?"

"Better than Rob Roy, with dashing Di Vernon, my favorite heroine."

"Gladys Rowland, the heroine, is a beautiful young lady with hosts of admirers. She likes them all, but has no idea of tying herself to any one of them."

"What did you say her name was?"

"Gladys Rowland. Why?"

"I thought it might have been Viola Vane."

"You have you?"

t, I trust?" N-n-o. She's exactly my ideal of a

hand.

More than once she had refused him, but always in a way that left him some ground to hope for ultimate suc-

some ground to hope for utilinate success.

In this he was encouraged by the knowledge that, though he had twenty rivals, at least, no one of them was more favored than bimself.

"Then you think she will not wed the artist?" queried he, after a momentary silence.

"I'm sure of it. She has too much character to marry any one."

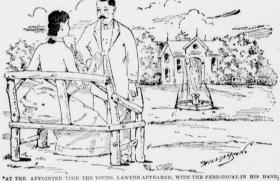
"But this is a novel, and the principal attraction of that department of fletion is the mystery surrounding the denouement."

denouement."

"True; but the author, who, not, withstanding the masculine nom deplume, must be a lady, writes so artistically, so absolutely true to nature, that the ending you suggest is simply impossible. She might cause her heroine to enter a convent, commit suicide, or even go on the stage, but, as for marrying....."

marrying—"
Volatile Viola Vane broke off suddenly, and completed the sentence
with a light laugh and an incredulous
shake of the head calculated to settle shake of the head calculated to settle the point, and ring down the curtain upon the entire subject. "Will you do me a great favor?"

able because bristling with true feminine logic.
Gean felt the force of it, and bowed in acknowledgment of the same.
"Then you admit it?" she asked, slightly mollified by his polite action.
"I acknowledge that you are right."
"Thank you."
"But at the same time I think circumstances might arise which would render me right, in which event neither of us would be wrong."
"That's an absurdity!"



AT THE APPOINTED TIME THE YOUNG LAWYER APPEARED, WITH THE PERIODICAL IN HIS HAND, "Not a bit of it. There is a vast deal of human nature in man, and in woman as well. I am bound to admit that at the close of the installment you have read me, Gladys seems in-

"I thought it might have been "Yane."
"You have the hardihood to flatter me, have you?"
"Nothing could have been further from my thoughts. I had the unfortunate admirers in mind."
"Then you call me a coquette?"
The eyes of the little maiden were snapping with a suggestion of anger now. "By no means. The fair Gladys is

"N-no. She's exactly my ideal of a girl."

"And has she no preference?"

"Yes. She likes the artist the best of all, but will never marry him."

"And why not?"

"Because he is so persistent."

"Then you—I mean she—don't admire constancy?"

"Yes, we do, both of us, until it becomes obstinacy."

Gean Arnott winced a little at this reply, which was emphasized a little by a toss of the fair head of the speaker.

speaker.

Gean was a young lawyer with a small practice, but a fine education, sterling common sense, and a determination to rise in his profession.

He had loved Viola Vane as long as he had known her, plus the twenty minutes he had been obliged to wait for an introduction. This had been over a year now, and all that time he had been a most ardent suitor for her hand.

the artist may improve upon acquaintance, and awaken feelings and sentiments of which she has now no knowledge."

"Spare your cloquence! You are not addressing a jury."

"No, Tm arguing with the judge, and a very fair one. I must admit."

"TII wager anything that she will marry the artist."

"Done! What shall be the penalty?"

"I will make my demand when the novel is completed."

"Agreed! I will do the same."

"But you won't win."

"That remains to be seen. Three weeks from to-day I will call with the very last number, which, with your kind permission, I will read to you, Until then, adien."

At the appointed time the young lawyer appeared with the periodical in his hand.

He found Viola seated on the same rustic bench, awaiting his arrival.

"What of our fair heroine?" he asked, when he had returned her salutation and taken her proffered hand.

"Has she shown any disposition to accept the artist?" was her smiling counter-question.

"I'm sorry to say that she has not, but in the three chapters which remain she may relent. How about the artist?"

"To confess the truth, I rather like him. He reminds me of some one I have known, just who, I can't recall. If Gladys were other than the strong-willed, sensible girl she is, I would not feel so confident as I do of winning the wager. But let us proceed. I trust you have not read it hiv vourself."

"I bought the very first copy I saw exposed for sale while on my way here. See, its pages are uncut."

"Without further delay, the young man began his task.

He read effectively, feelingly, and threw into the impassionate pleadings of the artist an earnestness that seemed to make them his own.

As for Viola, she sat like one entranced, and when, in the novel, tears

of the artist an earnestness that seemed to make them his own.

As for Viola, she sat like one entranced, and when, in the novel, tears glistened in the eyes of the fair heroine, they were duplicated in her own.

At length the very last paragraph was reached, and triumph mingled with hope in the voice of Gean Arnott as he read it.

"I am yours," murmured Gladys. "I

as he read it.

"I am yours,' murmured Gladys. I am cured of coquetry forever. I have learned, at last that love is the secret

learned, at last that love is the color of happiness."

As the tones of the reader's voice died away, something which sounded much like a sob blended with them.

"You have won the wager." said Viola. "What shall the penalty be?"

"That you repeat the confession of our heroine."

"Be it so," murmured Viola. "I made her my ideal and must share in her de-

"Beitso," murmured Viola. I made her my ideal and must share in her defense asked Gean.
"Gladly, provided it is not too great "a one."

"Beitso," murmured Viola. I made her my ideal and must share in her defense asked Gean.
"Gladly, provided it is not too great"

"It will not affect our wager?"

"No; that is decided. Viola's fate shall be mine."

"Then the mystery is easily explained. You have been wooed and won by a novel. In addition to writing declarations and talking to juries I sometimes scribble for the press. My nom de plume is Malcom Graeme."

Mr. Edwin Booth's First Experience as a Manager.

Mr. Edwin Booth, the eminent tragedian, is credited with the following experience: "About my first experience as a manager," said Mr. Booth, was in the year 1854. I and four others were on our way to Australia to fill a professional engagement. Two of the party were D. C. Anderson and his wife. We were in a slow old sailing ship, and we were compelled to stop at the Sandwich Islands for supplies and to make some repairs to the ship. We found, to our surprise, that Honolulu had a rude sort of theater, and as we were to be detained there for several days we thought we might earn a few dollars by giving performances.

"We determined to give 'Richard III.' and I was elected manager. Now, the full strength of the company was exactly five, and there are about twenty-five parts in the tragedy, as you know, to say nothing of the lords and ladies of the court, citizens, murierers, messengers, and the two armies of Gloster and Richmond. So you an understand that the manager had no easy task of it. I was to play Richard, and by an ingenious scheme of doubling up, by which each of the others were to play at least two parts, we managed to arrange for some sort of a performance until Isaddenly discovered that I had no Lady Anne. Mrs. Anderson was the only lady in our company, and she had to do two parts—the Duchess of York and Elizabeth. "I was almost in despair until I learned that there was a white man in the town who, as I was told, had once been an actor in a humble way and would be glad to help us out, and that as he was an undersized man he might do to dress up as a worn. So I sent for him.

"He was about four feet high, a stumpy fellow with bandy legs, crosseyed, and with all his front teeth gone. He chewed tobacco furiously, and he spoke with a strong German accent. His only knowledge of the stage proved to have come from once working as a 'grij' behind the scenes of some theater in 'the States.'

"I shall never forget that performance of 'Richard III.' Its like was n

worth held in burnt cork was something 'never before attempted on any stage.'

"But the Lady Anne! I regret to say that her appearance when made up was something worse than grotesque. If she had been homely in man's attire she was hideous in skirts, and when I had to make ardent love to her as—

"Sweet saint!—'divine perfection of a woman fairer, than tongue can name thee,' and tell her of her 'beauty which did haunt me in my sleep,' I thought I should burst with mortification, for her bandy-legged waddle, her cross-eyed leer, her toothless month and her German accent was something indescribable. And, horror of horrors, while she stood moaning at her dead husband's bier, her ladyship had broken her solemn pledge and was actually chewing tobacco!"

A Balloon Suggestion.

husband's bier, her ladyship had broken her solem pledge and was actually chewing tobacco!\*

A Balloon Suggestion.

Suggestions for features of interest for the great fair are in order. Many people seem to think a tall tower in dispensable, simply because Paris has one. That is nonsense. Such a tower here would be a mere plagiarism, unworthy the inventive genius of the Yankee nation. The purpose of the tower, at best, is to furnish vantage ground from which to view the magnificent scenery surrounding it. We have, unquestionably, right here, infinitely more entrancing views than Paris can boast, and if we can make them available, without subjecting ourselves to the imputation of imitating the ideas of others, it would be a grand scheme. My suggestion is that we construct a mammoth balloon—one of unprecedented size and lifting power. In place of a car let a platform, say twenty feet square, be suspended under this balloon, and the whole elevated say two thousand feet, to be held stationary at that point by guys of wire rope diverging from the four corners of the platform to suitable anchorages at wide distances apart on the ground. This arrangement would not merely hold the balloon captice, but steady in position. I would have a tube run from a gas reservoir on the ground up to the balloon to keep it constantly filled, so that its sustaining power may not be lost. Then have one or two additional balloons of ordinary size, fitted with the usual car, and guided by a tant rope, to ply as conveyances for passengers to and from the stationary balloon in mid-air. This would be a novel and attractive arrangement. It would not merely eclipse the Eiffel tower in elevation, but the curiousity of mankind in general to test aerial navigation would insure a measure of patronage that would yield a handsome return on the investment.—The Metropolis.

"I bought some champagne of you

Gas in Champagne Bottles. Gas in Champagne Bottles.

"I bought some champagne of you last spring," said a gentleman to Mr. Hugh Fegan the other day. "I supposed it was all gone, but last week I saw some bottles in the top of a closet and took them down. They were champagne. My wife had 'saved' them, women fashion. But they were as flat as Rhine wine. What was the matter?"

matter?"
"They were standing up, were they?"
asked Mr. Fegan.

"Yes."
"Well, the carbonic acid had all escaped through the corks. If they had been in a cool place, and resting on their heads, they would have been all

been In a cool place, and resting on their heads, they would have been all right.

"It takes two years for the champagne wine to properly champagnize. There is a heavy loss from breakage. When the gas develops a champagne cellar sounds like a battle. The bottles explode with tremendous force, and are dangerons. Over 20 per cent. of the bottles break. That is one reason why champagne is so high-prieed. Bottled cider will champagnize if raisins are put in it. Some years ago I put up a barrel of cider for the White House. The steward insisted on putting a whole raisin in each bottle. I told him a quarter of a raisin to a bottle was enough, but he had his own way. The result was that he didn't have a bottle. Every bottle exploded from the pressure."—Wash ington Post.

## AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.

FOUR INTERESTING SPECIMENS IL-LUSTRATED.



Numbers—The Strange Sandpiper—The Pretty Wood-Duck—The Californa Quall—Respective Habits of Each.

T is difficult for one who has not lived west of the Alleghenies, and whose memory does not go back a quarter of a century or more, to understand and believe the tails of early settlers in regard to the former pienitude of game birds in this country. None of these stories are more astonishing than those which relate how enormous was the multitude of wild pigeons that once overspread the whole eastern half of the United States. Their vast migrations—whence the old name "passenger" pigeon—seems to have been once partly connected with the changing of the seasons, for great bodies of them romained to breed in the far South, while others winged their way to the edge of the arctic tundras, and having reared their young on the shores of Hudson's bay and in the valley of the Mackenzie, sometimes remained there to feed juniper berries until midwinter.

The movements of these birds seem to have been determined, therefore, by the necessity of finding subsistence, and, like tramp harvesters, they wandered about from one part of the country to the other, seeking those districts where the supply was the largest. Their food consists of all kinds of grain, berries and such small "nuts" as they can crack and swallow—the fruit of the beech and the acorns of the live and other cake being special favorities. Of rice they were fond; and if it now coasts the rice-growing industry of the Southern States 82,000,000 a year to scara away the bobolinks from the growing fields during a week in April is is stated by an inquirer for the covernment, what would have been the expense of cultivating rice under the clouds of pigeons which a century ago were wont to blacken the wild marshes of zizania, and nover leave

in the land, and the passenger pigcon—the very image and spirit of exultant wildness—will soon be a rarity. Pigeon shooting, nevertheless, can still be enjoyed in the Alleghenies and some other comparatively uncultivated districts, where they come in the fall to feed in the mountain glades. The weapon should be a rifle, though the strong flight of the bird taxes marksmaniship, even when a shot gun is used, if the gunner is willing to try to hit bim as he spins away through the tree tops.

Even less of a 'game bird' than the wild pigeon is the spotted sand-piper (Tringoides macularius), alias teeter-tail, alias a great many other pseudonyms. He, too, is a bird of the woods as well as



WOOD-DUCK—MALE. FEMALE. AND YOUNG. of the sea snore, and every river stace, all the mountain brooks, listen to his sharp rain-promising cry. Yet he is by no means shy of notice, and follows the creek confidingly into the farm yard, or even the village, so long as he can find in it the rocky shallows that afford him good dunting ground for aquatic insects and mollusks. They are not often shot, for the flesh has a fishy taste, except by boys who wish to practice upon their erratic flight, and so these little birds grow more numerous rather than less so as the country grows up.

Scuttling along with steady diligence, many of them go clear to the arctic zone and back every summer; but those that make this vilarinage send the winter in



while a grain of the succunt harvest remained!

How enormous at times were the hosts of wild pigeons in the Ohio Valley, where mast trees were plentiful, has been geographically recorded in the writings of Audubon, Wilson, and the local historians. Audubon says that in the autumn of 1913 the air in the neighborhood of Louisville was literally filled with pigeons. "The light of the noonday was obscured as by an eclipse. The dung fell in spots not unlike melting snow; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senset to repose." He traveled on horseback all day without getting out from under them, and it was after midnight before the rearguard had passed. Computing their speed as grain of the square yard, he supposes that each column contained nearly 1,200



SPOTTED SANDPIPER-MALE, FEMALE, ANI

spotted sandprifer—male, female, and Young.

million birds, a sum which had to be multiplied many times to get near the total. These masses, though so prodigious, seem to have been moved by a common purpose and united in a single army, divided somewhat into corps and brigades. They would roost and breed in one compact company, dispersing each morning in foraging squads of a million or so each, and often going sixty or eighty miles, but always returning at night.

The scene at the roost and the meeting place was, in its way, unparalleled by anything else in the world. "When they have frequented one of these places for some time, the appearance it exhibits is surprising. The ground is covered to the depth of several inches with their dung; all the tender grass and underwood destroyed; the surface strewed with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds clustering one above another; and the trees themselves, for thousands of acres, killed as completely as if gridled with an ax." The desolation thus produced the surface of all the produced with an ax. "The desolation thus produced and the results of the birds of prey wire, and there enemies which such a produced with an ax." The desolation thus produced and the remains which such a sudden desertion of the place and the remains which would troop off with their young to settle on some other tract of forest, no one knew where.

Thouga unmeasures nosts of this kind were never seen at the East, flocits of visit extent came to New York and New England and visited the forests of Lower Canada; but these were mere stragglers compared with the Western bordes. Now the clearing away of forests, especially of mast-bearing trees, and the increase, so that in actual numbers, no doubt, the wild pigeons have greatly diminished, while the remnant have been driven to the remote Northyrn forests in order to rear their young. Their splendid flight still cheers us now and then in autumn and spring, as in long bending lines these noble birds rush across the sky: and the

the northern and middle States, replacing the summer quota of those localities, which has gone to winter resorts in the far South. The nest is a mere hollow scratched in the sandy border of a salt-marsh, or of a fresh water-lake, or perhaps quite away in worn field or old pasture; and it contains four top-shaped eggs, clay-colored, and blotched with sienns brown.

To protect these eggs, or the ridiculous little puffs of gray down mounted on stilts, which she proudly calls her babies, the solicitous mother screaming pect-weet in agonized tones, will throw herself before and useless and a leg disabled, and will roll and future in a way to deceive the elect. You think she is wounded, and give chase; but she is able to just clude your grasp, and thus leads you to a safe distance from her treasures, when suddenly she gets well, and goes away like a shot.

In color the pretty little sand-piper is

distance from her treasures, when suided by the gets well, and goes away like a shot.

In color the pretty little sand-piper is bronzed or brownish green, the wings crossed by a narrow bow of white, which also tips the outer feathers of the tail; the underparts are white, with many circular and oval spots of brown.

The wood duck is the most beautiful of our water-fowl, rivaling the birds of the tropics in the spiendor of his attire. This is his description: The head is created, and is iridescent green and purple, with parallel curved lines of white at the side of the head, and a broad forked white throat patch; the upper parts of the body are dark reddish brown, with bronze and purplish reflections; the breast and abdoman are graysish white, while the sides and lower part of the neck are reddish purple, each feather with a white tip; the feet are dull orange, and the bill red and black.

The most interesting thing about the wood-duck, apart from its dress, is its domestic life. As a rule, ducks nestle among the rushes or on rocky cliffs, and are very chary about attempting to alight upon trees, as might be inferred from an examination of their feet, which are ill adapted to perching. But a few in various parts of the world are exceptions, and among them our subject is conspicuous. The pair seek out early in the spring a blasted tree as near to the water as possible, and if they can find in it a place where a limb has been torn out, or a hole has rotted, or some excavation has been made by a wood pecker or squirrel, into the strength of the context of the world and an an an an anong the results of the world are exceptions, and among the context of the world which the place where a limb has been torn out, or a hole has rotted, or some excavation has been middly a wood pecker or squirrel, into the furnishing consists of the world are out of stick dried weeds, and straw we covered with a thick layer of downy feathers, a large part of which is plucked. Irom the mother dried weeks, and straw, covered with a thick layer of downy feathers, a large part of which is placked from the mother bird's breast. The tweive eggs are built green and polished; and while the duck lays and broods upon them, the drake joins a band of other fenedicts, and takes a gay vacation until the yeung are able to fly, when he rejoins his family. This looks like a very unuxorious proceeding on his part; but a moment's thought will relieve him of the charge, since it is plain that so brilliant a chap hovering about his doorway would but serve as a sign to all marauders that there was plunder in toothsome eggs and ducklings to be had for the trouble of getting them, since the duck has small fightfoncoless yelf on lost interests of his defencedes yelf on the maternal hiding place.

How the young are got down to the water from their lofty tenement was for a long time a puzzle, but at last Dr. C. C. Abbott supplied the information. The nest in the instance he observed was fully fitty feet above the water of a creek near Trenton, New Jersey. He climbed a tree near the nest while the mother bird was absent and patiently waited. In the course of half an hour the old duck appeared, and after a few moments' rest squatted closely between her shoulders. The old bird then walked-slowly to the rhanging limb, and with s

siow flapping motion of the outspread wings let herself down, rather than flew is the water. The moment she touched the surface of the stream she dove, and left the duckling swimming on the water, quite at home. This has since been confirmed by other observers, and is paralleled by some of the arctic cliff-nesting sea forth. The wood-duck is common, and breeds from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. The wood-duck is common, and breeds from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. The wood-duck is common, and breeds from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. The wood-duck is common, and breeds from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. The wood-duck is common, and breeds from the Gulf of Mexico to the control of the summer duck." It can be domesticated, and makes a charming ornament to the fancier's yard.

Bob White extends his western wanderings no farther than the dry plains. It he crossed the Rockies to the Pacific coast he might visit cousins, who, perlans, would act coolly toward him, remarking, as Californiars sometimes do in regard to the rest of the world, that "he had no style about him;" for, though their dress is after the same pattern as that of Bob White, the sober brown hues and respectable white neckerchief which characterize him, are replaced in their case by far gay er colors if not of richer material.

There are two species of quail in California, one belonging to the mountain heights and the other confined to the valley lands of the coast region. The latter stoy far the more common, and is the one usually alluded to as the California quail, though its home name is valley quail. This beautiful bird is about 10 million of the construction of the construc



will use its last bit of strength in crawling into some gopber's hole or other hiding place to die; hence dogs are trained to rush forward and retrieve the game as soon as it falls. When flushed, they are likely to take to the branches of the nearest trees and skulk among the foliage. This is more characteristic of young birds, however, than of older ones, which trust more to their swift flight. They are quite as difficult to hit on the wing as Bot White, and their flesh is equally good.

There Are Two Ways to Propose.

There Are Two Ways to Propose.

Here are two styles of "proposing." This one is the kind you read about, but the other is the one most popular in the realm of fact: "My angel, I have long waited for this opportunity. You must have detected ere now the growth of my love for you. From the day I first met you that love took root, and to-night it is strong and sturdy, un-awavering, undying. Your sweet smiles have lighted up my life, your every word has been to me a note of exquisite music, thrilling, enthrulling me. You have filled a place in my heart, in my affections, that no one before has ever occupied. My lifelong happiness depends solely upon the answer you give me. Say you will be mine to love, caress, cherish, idolize through time and eternity, and make me of all men most envied. But if you ref——Oh, I cannot! I cannot! I cannot! I cannot in your lustrous eyes; you know I love you as no other man ever has loved you, or ever can love you, darling. I know you will not thrust me off "The angel assumes a stereotyped really-this-is-so-sudden expression, and assures Mr. Wordie she would derive great pleasure from being his sister.

Here is the other way:

"Mande, I've been thinking seriously lately."

Here is the other way:

"Mande, I've been thinking seriously lately."

"Really, Fred, you ought to be more judicious than to do anything so rash as that."

"Yes, I know it is a heavy tax on my mental capacity, but then I was always reckless that way. This time, however, I think I have been thinking to some purpose. In fact, I've been thinking you wouldn't object to having your name changed."

"When?"

"Just as soon as possible."

"Will it be home or church?"

"Church, of course; we want to do this thing in style."

"Have you asked pa?"

"Certainly not. I don't want to marry your father."

"Well, I know; but for form's sake."

"All right, dear; for form's sake."

"All right, dear; for form's sake I will see pa, and maybe you had better prepare ma for the ordeal."

"Oh, she won't mind it."

Deep silence reigns again, save as it is proken by the soft signing of the tree

On, she won't mind it."
Deep silence reigns again, save as it is broken by the soft sighing of the tree tops, swayed by a gentle breeze. Gleet offully the stars twinkle; the moon looks beamingly down from heaven to earth, and discovers on a vine-bowered piazza two forms with but a single chair.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NECK OR NOTHIN HALL, NECK ON NOTHER HALL,
KELENNY COINCERNS,
MR. EDITUR: I
w u s surprised to
find thet Smanthy
wus most es bad as
to surprised to
find thet Smanthy
wus most es bad as
bors.

Arfter supper the
widder sed she'd do
u p the work, so
Smanthy called her
oldest child, Bud,
an when he cum
she molasses often his face, a talkin all
the while to Mis Pattingale about the
Preecher.

"It's too had to how this trailled we

me while to Mis Patingale about the Preecher.

"It's too bad to hev this trubble up m the church," sees she. "Hole still, Bud, or I'll smack you good."

"Mite es well be there es enny other place, ef it belongs thare," see Mis Pattingale.

"But, really, you don't no the worst of it. Bud, you keap still, I tell you intre enul in this year to burry a potater," sees Smanthy.

"Laws! Do tell." sees Mis Pattingale, her mouth fairly a-waterin.

"Well, I jest tell you it was awful the way Jane Austin an Mandy Jerome did talk, an about thare minister, too. Bud, I'll smack you good ef you don't quit diggin yer eyes.

"Sope's in em," see Bud, a-wrigglin.

"Well, what of it; roll up them sleaves now an cleen them elbos or I'll giv a cob an sum ashes."

"Laws ef I wus Bruther Stannerd's wife I'd jest snatch them to gossipin huzzys baldheded. The idee of them a-talkin about the preecher, an both of em with famblys to, an they do say pore Mr. Austen hes to see won his own buttons, fill the teak kitle every mornin, streetch the close line, an fetch in wood an water. Now, before I'd let my husband do that for me, an pore, deer old Mr. Jerome hes a harder time wood an water. Now, before I'd let my husband do that for me, an pore, deer old Mr. Jerome hes a harder time than thet; he hes to help dress the childer, peal peeches fur perserves, fead the chickings, make garden, and put up stove pipes," wheezed Mis Pattingale.

"Well, ef I never got the garding made till my man made it, an the pipes put up itll he dun it, it ud never be done. Yon, Bud, scrub that elbo or I'll smack you good, you mangey rascal."

"Well, what better cood you axpect of women thet abuse thare pasturs? I declare it's scandalous. I'm most ashamed I'm a woman, but what did thay say?"

"Well, what better cood you must promise not to brethe a word of it to enny buddy, fur you no I'm no gossip. Bud, rulo on more sope, or I'll smack you good ef you don't."

"Laws, you know I won't lisp a word of it. I never talk about my nabora."

"Well, you most to the thet Jane

Care of the Hair.



Care of the Hair.

N order to promote the growth of the hair and to arrest its falling out, wetting the scalp freely with sage tea is an old fashioned re medy, and is an excellent one. The fault with most people using this is that they do not persevere in it, and then contended the hair than this old-styled one. To cleanse the scalp use the yelk of an egg beaten in a very little water. But it, well into the scalp and let dry. Rinse in lukewarm water, to which has been added a few drops of ammonia. Ammonia is a goo! invigorator when only a little of it is used in water; but beware of using nuch, or it may inflame the scalp and do more harm than good. A very little borax in water is also excellent for cleansing the head, but ought to be used as carefully as ammonia, as too much has a tendency to make the hair dry and brittle. Soap will make the hair dry and brittle. Soap will make the hair carse and split it at the ends, consequently it ought nover be used in washing the hair. After the hair carse and split it at the ends, consequently it ought nover be used in washing the hair. After the hair carse and split it at the ends, consequently it ought only the property of the head being open, scrious results may follow. Never go to bed while the hair is damp, but wait until it is perfectly dry. Never use a sharp-toothed comb, for it is sure to scratch and irritate the scalp; and for this same reason metallic brushes are not to be recommended.

There is nothing that will improve the head befush and brush the hair iyer-feetly bristled brush, and brush the hair iyer-feetly bristled brush, and brush the hair iyer-feetly brush and brush the hair iyer-feetly freely.

son metallic brushes are not to be recommended.

There is nothing that will improve the hair like brushing. Use a stiff-bristled brush, and brush the hair vigorously until the scalp glows. A vigorously until the scalp glows. A vigorous use of the brush night and morning, but more especially at night, will render the hair soft and siky and give it a beautiful gloss. It will also make the coarsest hair soft and the dryest hair moist. The hair should always be taken down at night, no matter how elaborately it has been dressed, and given a thorough brushing, then parted behind and platted into two long braids, which may be left loose, or if annoying, as it is to some to have their hair down at night when sleeping, they can be fastened in a loose mat at the back of the head with rubber hairpins.

In all the superior people I have met.

In all the superior people Thave met, I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction or malformation had been trained away.