

MAMMA MURER.

Ab, I'm heartily glad that the wedding is over, to the very last hour I'd my doubts...

Why she looked! As Guy said, like a mistletoe...

Oh, well, that's a word of most various meanings...

Could it be did they trust us for setting and sleeping...

Lawrence, now, stood at the altar in place of Lord Aura...

LIBETH'S MISSIONARY.

The butcher's bill, papa!" said Polly, and the locusts were piping shrilly...

"I beg your pardon," said the gentleman, apparently as much embarrassed as was she herself...

"My good gracious! another missionary," murmured Lisbeth, sotto voce, as Polly stepped graciously forward, saying...

"You are not mistaken, sir; this is the house. Please to walk into the parlor, and I will speak to papa."

"The best room of the parsonage was cool and dark, with green paper shades drawn down, a jar of fragrant dried rose leaves in the fire-place, and a home-braided rug of party-colored cloth laid carefully down before the sofa to hide the darned spot in the carpet."

"Not that chair, please," said Polly, coloring up to the roots of her hair, as the unwary stranger advanced toward a certain corner; "the leg is broken, and we've glued it, and I'm afraid it's not quite safe. This one is better."

While Lisbeth, hiding her face in her apron, murmurs to herself, "Is there no end to our humiliations? Is our world always to be full of glue and patches, and mends and make-shifts?"

nervously to and fro in the splint-bottomed rocker, with a week-old newspaper in her hand, her yellow hair catching the sunbeams like a coronal of gold as she rocked.

"Lisbeth," said the eldest sister, austere, "are the wild grapes ready for preserving?"

"Wild grapes?" repeated Lisbeth, flinging the newspaper into the window seat; "I haven't thought of them since you went away. Oh, Polly, how I wish we were rich!"

"Polly advanced soberly to a flat wicker tray of clustered grapes, full of subtle perfume, and dusted over with pale purple bloom, and began to separate them from their stems with deft, quick fingers."

"Why?" said she. "I would go to New York and see this new play," said Lisbeth, still swaying back and forth in the splint-bottomed rocker.

"There is salt mackerel," said Polly, "and eggs, and vegetable soups, and Mrs. Pullett always sends us a nice out of pork and some fresh sausages when they kill their pig. Oh, we shall get along somehow, Lisbeth; anything is better than debt."

Lisbeth looked up with sparkling eyes. "Polly," cried she, "why don't they increase papa's salary? Six hundred dollars a year is a shameful pittance for such a man as he is."

"Polly shook her head over the grapes. "Papa isn't a young man any longer, Lisbeth," said she, "and he isn't as modern in his ideas as Mr. Crocus."

"But he is such a learned man," cried out Lisbeth, shaking the yellow mane out of her eyes. "And his sermons—oh, Polly, they make me cry, they are so deep and so solemn, and go down into one's heart so! Six hundred dollars a year, Polly, for such work and study as that!"

"There is no doubt," said Polly, soberly, "but that clergymen are, as a general rule, very much underpaid in this country."

"I shall never marry a clergyman," cried Lisbeth, with energy. "No, Polly, never! I'd marry a dust-man first! For dust-men get their pay, and clergymen don't, and—"

Lisbeth stopped short, scarlet and confounded in this rhapsody of hers, for, chancing to glance up, she beheld in the doorway a tall and solemn-faced young man, with an umbrella in one hand and a travelling satchel in the other.

"We don't want anything, please," said she, jumping at once to the conclusion that she beheld a book agent, or a vendor of patent polish, or some such itinerant tradesman.

heightened color and quick, impatient breath. "Papa's an angel," said she to herself, "but angels never were adapted to get along in this work-a-day world."

"Polly," said she, "what shall we do? Company to dinner, and nothing to give them."

"But we must have something," said Polly. "Put on your things, Lisbeth. Go out and buy a fowl, and a quart of potatoes, and a loaf of bread. And stop at Mr. Dakin's for an ounce of his best tea and a quarter of a pound of butter."

Lisbeth opened her eyes very wide at this extravagant order. "Oh, you reckless Polly!" said she; "and where are all the funds to come from?"

"I do wonder," cried Lisbeth, impetuously, "if there is any other race of men imposed upon as country ministers are? Mark my words, Polly, I never, never, will marry a—"

"There, Polly," cried she, in the clear, light voice of girlhood, as she deposited a plump chicken on the table, "there's your new hat; and there," as she laid down a packet of groceries, "are your gloves; and here," rattling out the potatoes, "is my last chance for a new blue neck-tie! And I do hope, Polly, that they'll give the missionary the worst kind of a dyspepsia."

"Lisbeth!" "Well, but I do," saucily retorted the girl, as she turned to put away her hat. "And—Oh, Polly!"

Polly turned around with a start, at the changed tenor of her sister's voice. "What is it, Lisbeth? You're not ill?"

Lisbeth, with a glowing face, pointed to the little wooden cupboard in the wall, which, extending through from parlor to kitchen, in the butler's pantry fashion, was used as a general repository for books and papers. And then, for the first time, Polly perceived that both doors were slightly ajar.

"Polly," muttered the girl, hoarsely, "he has heard every word! He couldn't help it." And fingering her hat in one direction and her scarf in another, Lisbeth fled up the narrow wooden stairs to her own room and threw herself, sobbing hysterically, upon the bed.

"It's my tongue," sobbed Lisbeth, "my wretched, chattering tongue. Papa always warned me against giving loose to it; Polly always told me it would get me into trouble. Oh, dear, dear, what must he think! How can I ever look him in the face?"

It seemed an age to her, but it was in reality little more than half an hour, before Polly came fluttering up the stairs, like a sweet-browed guardian angel.

"Lisbeth," said she, "darling, don't fret—you meant no harm. Get up and braid your hair, and come down stairs. Dinner will be on the table directly, and papa is asking for you."

"But it is," cried Polly; and then the two sisters began to cry and sob, with happy incoherence, in each others' arms.

"Is it possible," cried Polly Fenn, "that it is a whole year since we came to Moreham Rectory?"

It was a year. Once more the wild grapes were scenting all the woods, once more the golden-rod held up its torches of flame along the course of babbling brooks, and Polly shaded her eyes with one hand, as she stood in the doorway and watched Lisbeth come lightly along the garden path, with the yellow sunshine tangled in her hair, and an unwonted moisture in her deep eyes.

"What have you done with Mr. Vincent?" asked Polly, demurely. "He is walking down by the falls, with papa," said Lisbeth, coming up to her sister's side, and slipping one arm through Polly's. "And, Polly—"

"Well, dearest?" "I—I have something to tell you." "Couldn't I guess it?" said Polly, laughing. "No, Lisbeth, don't turn your face away—I know it all, darling. He loves you, and you have promised to be his wife."

"Polly," said Lisbeth, "I think you must be a fortune-teller. But, oh, I am so happy! and I can hardly believe that it isn't all a dream."

"But, Lisbeth—" "Well?" "I thought you were never, never, going to marry a—"

But Lisbeth's soft little hand pressed over her sister's mouth, and her pleadingly uttered, "Please, Polly, don't," stopped the sentence ere it was finished.

And Polly was merciful, and didn't.

SCOTCH COLUMN.

The north bridge at Hawick is to be widened at a cost of £1,400. The British Workmen Public House at Hamilton has paid a first dividend of 10 per cent.

The Free Church has taken the initiation in Strachur, Argyllshire, in opening singing classes. The annual meeting of the Clydesdale Bank was held on Feb. 3, when a dividend of 12 per cent. was declared.

John Downie, the well-known Braemar mountain guide, died on Feb. 3, at the age of seventy-seven. Salmon fishing on the Dee and Don was commenced on the 11th February, but the results were poor.

Two other Glasgow U. P. churches will follow the example of the Queen's Park congregation in returning to the city liquidators large sums which were contributed to their funds by Mr. J. Morton.

The Conservative Committee of Mid-Lothian reports that the canvass shows a majority of over 300 in favor of the Earl of Dalkeith, who has agreed to contest the county.

Encouraged by the appearance of change in the weather, a band of masons and stone-cutters, numbering about forty, have commenced clearing the road to the quarries at Delgaty, Aberdeenshire.

Considerable improvements, alterations and enlargements have been begun on the old "Forbes Arms Inn," at New Pitligo, Aberdeenshire, which is again to be converted into a commodious hotel.

After a snow storm of about ten weeks' duration in Perthshire the weather on Feb. 3 and during the whole of the 6th gave signs of something like a general improvement.

The Corporation liabilities of Berwick amount to £33,733 the assets amount to £14,367, leaving a net amount of debt of £39,366. The burgh rate account shows an income of £1,758, and an expenditure of £1,615.

A gentleman belonging to Greenock recently skated from one end of the Windermere Lake to the other, a distance of fifteen miles, in sixty-six minutes and was not the least fatigued with his exercise.

Provost Vass and his fellow-custodiers, the trustees of the Guildry Fund, have set about the task of restoring the pulpit of the old church at Tain, Ross-shire, originally the gift of the Regent Murray.

On Jan. 31, the Rev. Jardine Wallace, of Traquair, delivered a lecture on "The Life and Writings of Robert Burns," with musical illustrations, in the Public School.

At Strathearn, on Feb. 2, snow fell to the depth of several inches. It is eight inches deep on the south side of the Ochils. Farmers are afraid of the straw becoming scarce, as their sheep are entirely hand fed.

The fifty-third exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy was opened on February 1, at Edinburgh, and, while the number of visitors was scarcely equal to that on the opening day of former exhibitions, the attendance was regarded as highly satisfactory.

On Jan. 29, the Earl of Haddington was entertained to dinner in the Waterloo Hotel by the tenantry on his various estates. The occasion of the dinner was the presentation of His Lordship's portrait, in commemoration of the coming of age of Lord Binning.

The Committee of the Association for the Better Endowment of Edinburgh University have adopted a deed of foundation for administering the interest on £1,600 paid to the Association by Dr. Carlyle, of Dumfries, for erecting two bursaries in connection with the University.

There is some prospect of good angling in the Tweed as soon as the weather and the state of the water prove favorable. Large numbers of fish have been seen, while it is understood that the season for spawning, owing to the icy condition of the river, has been delayed.

Mr. Gladstone, in answer to a letter from the Glasgow branch of the Order of Shepherds, asking him to support Mr. Mellor's Bill to amend the English Poor Law Amendment Act affecting friendly societies, writes as follows:—"I shall endeavor, other and immediate duties permitting, to consider carefully the difficult and very interesting question touched on in your letter before giving a vote on it in Parliament."

While the crew of the yawl owned by Skipper William Pirie, Stonehaven, were engaged recently at the white fishing, they discovered that two large sharks had got entangled in their lines. An attempt was made to "board" the first, but, after a pretty tough struggle, this was found impossible, and it had to be cut adrift, the tail of it, however, being retained.

On the 14th ult. John Noble, a fish dealer, of East Union street, Arbroath, attempted to murder his wife and youngest child. He fired a pistol at the former, wounding her in the face, and a number of the pellets lodged in the child's head. When the police arrived Noble shot himself in the head, and all three are now lying dangerously wounded.

At the annual meeting of the Glasgow Shipowners' Association on the 14th Feb., the Chairman, Mr. Allen, said that the shipping tonnage had been increasing in a far greater ratio than the imports and exports of goods. He suspected that this was the real cause of the depression of the shipping interest. Shipowners should do two things—they should abstain from building any more ships, and should for some years to come exercise the greatest economy in the management of their property, such as adopting the most recent improvements for saving fuel. The laborers' strike at Liverpool did not augur well for such a policy. A more inopportune time could not have been chosen for it.

A visit, which was prolonged to more than a year, at her cousin's house in Edinburgh, formed an era in Mrs. Kemble's life. The City of Edinburgh at that time was at the height of its intellectual grandeur. It was the day of Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Jeffrey, Brougham, Sydney Smith, the Horners, Alison and all the renowned phalanx that ruled over British literature under the blue and yellow standard of the Edinburgh Review. The ancient city had still its regular winter season of fashionable gaiety, during which the elder members of the beau monde were carried through the streets to evening parties in sedan chairs.

A deputation from the Edinburgh School Board, accompanied by the members for the city, waited on the Lord Advocate on Saturday, the 8th Feb., and brought under his lordship's notice the necessity of school boards obtaining powers for establishing day industrial schools of the kind approved of by Mr. Cross in his speech at Chelmsford. The Lord Advocate quite admitted the need for some such schools being instituted, but added that the difficulty was whether they should aim at this by State aid or by voluntary effort. He was earnestly desirous of dealing with the question, and hoped to be able to do so in the coming session.

An old Irish soldier who prided himself upon his Bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape as others did on that occasion, he replied, "Be jabbers those that didn't run are there yet."