A WOLF IN THE FOLD

A DOMESTIC STORY WITH A MORAL.

PRESSION OF THE BRIDE.

drove away, "remember that we are two deep, grateful chord in speaking of her to middle-aged, sensible people. At least I'm the shopkeeper as his wife; he showed no you to get all you need. Don't stint youruse trying to get home before dark. Is there any particular store which you'd like | sionately in her heart; but far more than to go to ?"

east side of town where I'm not known." "That suits me, for it's the side nearest

home and I am known there." " Perhaps—perhaps you also would rather

go this evening where you are not known," she said, hesitatingly. It makes no difference to me. In fact, Iknow of a place where you'll have a good

. They soon entered a large shop together, and the proprietor said, pleasantly, "Good evening, Mr. Holcroft.'

choice at reasonable rates."

"Good evening, Mr. Jasper. My wife wants to get some things. If you'll be good stained her while at the same time adminisenough to wait on her I'll step out to do | tering the balm of hope. The quiet face of two or three errands."

The merchant looked curiously at Alida, needed and bought no more.

Holcroft laid in a good stock of groceries and some juicy beef and then returned. simpler and narrower than Alida's. He When Mr. Jasper gave him his bill, he went to Alida, who was resting, and said in a low voice, "This won't do at all. You can't mation of his hope. His home, his farm, have bought half enough."

flitted across her face, as she replied, "It's sake, and his thoughts followed his heart she who had scarcely hoped to smile again enough to begin with. I know.

were married," said the merchant. "I must truly had done so to keep his home. The congratulate you."

"Well, I am. Thank you. Good-night." A few moments later, he and his wife were bowling out of town towards the hills. Reaching one of these, the horses came down to a walk and Holcroft turned and said, "Are you very tired, Alida? I'm troubled about you taking this long ride. You have might naturally be glad of the refuge he been so sick."

fresh air seems to do me good and I think I can stand it."

"You didn't promise to obey me, did you ?" with a rather nervous little laugh.

" No, sir, but I will."

an old tyrant I am. In the first place, I don't want you to say "sir" to me any more. I couldn't go on in any other way; and I have My name is James. In the second place, not done anything under-handed or wrong, you must work only as I let you. Your first business is to get strong and well, and hadn't become such a heathen, I should say you know we agreed to marry on strictly there was a Providence in it, but I didn't business grounds."

are very kind for a business man." I don't think it's my nature to be hard on if kindness and good will can repay her." those who treat me square. I think we shall be very good friends in our quiet way, and tnat's more than can be said of a good many still very distinct. who promise more than they seem to remember afterwards."

very grateful,"

as you are. "That can never be. Your need and mine can't you?" were very different. But I shall try to show | "I'll try. I'm very sorry I'm not strongmy gratitude by learning your ways and er."

the farmer, "there's no Mrs. Mumpson in the lane and there's the house yonder. A I'm going to get you a good cup of coffee on his journey. Sure enough, after trampthis case;" but he only said, kindly, "I moment or two more and you'll be by the and broil you a piece of steak." think we understand each other now, Alida. | fire." quainted in a day."

fragrance of the springing grass and the washin' an' mendin' all the same." peeping of the hylas. The moon soon rose, He could scarcely believe his ears and full orbed, above the higher eastern hills, eyes when he heard the farmer say, "Alida,

and full of beauty. ready began to steal into Alida's bruised heart. was supported slowly and carefully to the In turning her back upon the town in which rocking chair beside the fire: she had suffered so greatly, she felt like one 'Jonathan," was the quiet announcement, escaping from prison and torture. An in- "this is Mrs. Holcroft, my wife." creasing assurance of safety came with every mile; the cool, still radiance of the night ap- jis' sich a turn o' things. - Respects, missus. peared typical of her new and most unex. Sorry to see yer enj'yin' poor health." pec ted experience. Light had risen on her shadowed path, but it was that warm, vivify- sick, but she's much better and will soon be ing sunlight which stimulates and develops. well. She's very tired now from the long A few hours before, she was in darkness which drive, but, quiet lite and country air will and through with lurid, threatening gleams. and care for the horses, Alida, and soon be It had seemed to her that she had fallen from back again .- You come and help me, Jonahome, happiness and honor to unfathomed than, and keep your dog off, too, life to which death would come as God's ward as soon as possible. welcome messenger. Then had come this "I say, Jim," said the old guardsman, man at her side, with his comparatively who felt that he was speaking to the boy he trivial troubles and perplexities, and he had had known for thirty odd years, "where on asked her help-she who was so helpless. airth did you pick up sich a sickly lookin' He had banished despair from her earthly critter?" future, he had lifted her up and was bearing expected to aid him in his natural wish to right to get married as you had?" stand her, to see her broken, trampled life and little breath I've left." immeasurable need as she saw it, brought "How do you know it's sudden? Did the spluttering steak on the table. As soon as the farmer had departed, the spluttering a chair at the jeweler closed his shop, put up the shutters quietness of mind. The concentration of you go around telling every one how you his thoughts on a few homely and simple were getting on when you were a courting?" table, "you can pour me a cup of coffee." hopes gave her immunity. With quick "Well, I swan! yer got me. 'Tain't so intuition, she divined that she had not a long ago that I disremember we did it on whimsical, jealous, exacting nature to deal the sly. people. To her mind, his were the traits on the principle that my business wasn't down opposite him.

CHAPTER XX.- Uncle Jonathan's Im value. He knew all about her, she had imerely to be herself, to do what she had promised, in order to rest securely on his "Now, Alida," said Holcroft, as they rock-like truth. He had again touched a middle-aged and fairly sensible, too, I hope. disposition whatever to shrink from the You'll need to buy some things and I want | relation before the world; it was evident that he meant to treat her with respect and self, and you needn't hurry so as to get tired | kindness, and to exact respect from others. for we shall have moonlight and there's no | For all this, while sitting quietly and silently at his side, she thanked him almost pas-

all this she was glad and grateful that "No, sir, only I'd rather go over to the he could not expect what she now felt it would be impossible for her to give,-the love and personal devotion which had been inseparable from marriage in her girlhood thought. He would make good his words,

-she should be his wife in name and be respected as such. He was too simple and true to himself and his buried love, too considerate of her, to expect more. She might hope, therefore, as he had said, that "I'll go where you wish," she said, quiet- they might be helpful, loyal frien is, and he would have been surprised indeed had he known how the pale, silent woman beside him was longing and hoping to fill his home with comfort.

Thoughts like these had inspired and sunature, lovely in the moonlight, seemed to welcome and re-assure her. Happy are but was too polite to ask questions or make those who, when sorely wounded in life, comments on her very simple purchases. can turn to the natural world and find in which old Jonathan had left open, man-like, Her old skill and training were of service every tree, shrub and flower a comforting now. She knew just what she absolutely friend that will not turn from them. Such are not far from God and peace.

turned rather deliberately from the past, preferring to dwell on the probable consum-"Really, Mr. Holcroft, I didn't know you that women often marry for a home; he homelike room. question which now most occupied him was mured. "How strange, unexpected, yet the prospect of doing this through quite, prosperous years. He dwelt minutely on Alida's manner, as well as her words, and I can be safe from staring eyes and unwoundfound nothing to shake his belief that she had been as truthful as himself. Nevertheless, he queried in regard to the future; she had offered; but as time passed, and the "I'm sorry I'm not stronger, sir, but the poignancy of bitter memories was allayed, might not her life on the farm seem monotonous and dull, might not weariness and discontent come into her eyes in place of gratitude? "Well, well," he concluded, "this marrying is a risky experiment at best, but "That's a good beginning. Now see what Tom Watterly's talk and her manner seemed to shut me up to it. I was made to feel that as I see, for the chance of going on. If I want to think about such things any more. "I understand it well, but I think you Time'll show, and the prospect is better than it has been yet. She'll never be sorry if "Oh, as to that, if I do say it of myself, she carries out the agreement made to-day,

Thus it may be seen that although two life currents had become parallel, they were

By the time Holcroft approached the lane leading to his dwelling Alida was growing "I will try to do all you wish, for I am very weary, and felt that her endurance had almost reached its limit. Her face was so "If you do, you may find I'm as grateful white in the moonlight that he asked, solicitously, "You can stand it a little longer,

wishes and not by many words of thanks." | "Don't you worry about that. You won't I'm not such a very helpless sort of man, "Thank the Lord !" mentally ejaculated know yourself in a week. Here we are at after all, so if you're sick you needn't worry. | the farmer shouldered his axe and started

I'm not a man of words either, and I had A loud barking started old Jonathan better show by actions also what I am. The Johnson out of his doze, and he hastened to fact is, although we are married, we are replenish the fire and to call off his rather scarcely acquainted, and people can't get ac- savage dog. He was a little surprised to see Holcroft driving towards the kitchen tears came into her eyes. The first long hill was surmounted and door with a woman by his side. "He's tried away they bowled again, past cottage and his luck with anuther of them town gals," farmhouse, through strips of woodland and he muttered, "but, Jerusalem! she won't between dusky fields from which came the stay a week, an' my old weman'll have the

and the mild April evening became luminous you must let me lift you out," and then saw the "town gal" set gently on the ground, A healing sense of quiet and security al. her hand placed on Holcroft's arm as she

"Jeru-beg a pardon. Wasn't spectin'

"Yes, Jonathan, Mrs. Holcroft has been mightbefelt-yetit was a gloom shot through soon make her strong. - I'll just step out

depths, and yet there had appeared to be The old man complied with rather poor deeper and darker abysses on every side. grace, for he would have much preferred to She had shuddered at the thought of going interview the bride at whom he was staring out into the world, feeling that her misfor- with all his weak, watery eyes. Holcroft tune would awaken suspicion rather than understood his neighbor's peculiarities too sympathy, scorn instead of kindness; that well to subject his wife to this ordeal, and she must toil on until death, to sustain a was bent on despatching Jonathan home-

"I didn't pick her up," replied the farmher away from all which she had so dreaded; er, laughingly, "I married her fair and nothing had been asked which her crushed square just as you did your wife a hundred ble that she might sink into despondency resemble the wish-ring. spirit was unable to bestow; she was simply years ago, more or less. Haven't I as much and something like invalidism; but that The next morning the jeweler was all im-

which she could now most welcome and everybody's business. When I saw your | Few men are insensible to simple, nature and arms. Pitifully he cried for mercy and \$259 to his captors for his freedom.

tell your wife she sha'n't lose anything, and settin' of eggs she wanted. Now, Jonathan, honor bright, do you feel able to walk home if I give you fifty cents extra?"

"Why sartinly ! s'pose I'd take yer away on sich a 'casion ? My wife wouldn't let me

in if she knowed it."

"Well, you and your wife are good neighbors, and that's more'n I can say for most is to see at the table a quiet, sensible wopeople in these parts. Here's the money. Mrs. Holeroft isn't strong or well enough to talk any to night. You got yourself a good supper, didn't you !"

"Yes, yes; helped myself bount'fully. Good-night, and good luck ter yer. I can't help thinkin' it was kind o' suddint though, and then she's sich a sickly lookin' critter. Hope yer haven't been takin' in, but then, as you say, the marryin' business, like other kinds o' business, is a man's own business. "I hope every one will take your sensible view, Uncle Jonathan. Good-night."

CHAPTER XXI.—AT HOME.

Alida was not so cold, weary and almost faint but that she looked around the old kitchen with the strongest interest. This interest was as unlike Mrs. Mumpson's curiosity as she was unlike the widow. It is true that thought of self was prominent, yet hers were not selfish thoughts. There are some blessed natures in the world that in doing the best for themselves do the best that is possible for others.

The genial warmth of the fire was grateful to her chilled and enfeebled frame; the had it not been for his kindness." homely kitchen, with its dresser of china after helping himself "bountifully," all suggested more comfort to this pallid bride, sitting there alone, than wealth of ornament The range of Holcroft's thoughts was far in elegant apartments have brought to many others. She saw her chief domain, not in its coarse and common aspect, but as her vantage ground, from which she could minister to the comforts of the one who had were far more to him than the woman he rescued her. Few brides would care to For the first time, something like a smile had married. He had wedded her for their enter the kitchen first, but she was pleased; which was in his hillside acres. It is said looked smilingly around on the quaint,

"And this is to be my home," she murnatural it all is !- just what he led me to expect. The little lonely farmhouse, where ed by cruel questionings. Yet that old man had a dozen questions on his tongue. I believe he took him away to save my feelings. It's strange that so plain and simple a man in most respects can be so considerate. Oh, pray God that all goes on as it promises! couldn't have dreamt it this morning, but I have an odd, homelike feeling already. Well, since I am at home I may as well take off my hat and cloak."

As she did so, Holcroft entered and said, heartily, "That's right, Alida. You are here to stay, you know. You mustn't think it amiss that I left you a few moments alone, for I had to get that talkative old man off home. He's getting a little childish and would fire questions at you point blank." "But shouldn't you have taken him home

in the wagon? I don't mind being alone." "Oh, no, he's spry enough to walk twice the distance and often does. It's light as day outside and I made it right with him. You can leave your things up stairs in your room, and I'll carry up your bundles also, if you are rested enough for the journey.'

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I'm feeling better already.' Mrs. Mumpson had had occupied and said, then an old woman crept past and cried regretfully, "I'm sorry the room looks so | "Why do you go on drudging day and bare and comfortless, but that will all be night without reward? Walk two days til

we'll have some coffee and supper." he continued, "Now I'll show you that make your fortune."

"Oh, please let me"-she began. night but sit in that chair. You promised crash, there dropped out of its branches a to mind, you know," and he smiled so geni- nest containing two eggs. The eggs rolled ally that she smiled back at him, although to the ground and broke, and there darted

how it is ending !"

seems to me that it must be a light and But remember there is but a single wish in cheerful room."

dows, and there's another window facing ring. Therefore consider well what you dethe south, so it's light all day long."

while you do such things, yet you do every an arrow toward the east. thing so well that I fear I shall seem awkto cook a little."

with for a year or more, you wouldn't worry on which lay many costly rings for sale. about satisfying me in this respect. Except | The farmer showed his own, and asked the when old Mrs. Wiggins was here, I had few | merchant its value. decent meals that I didn't get myself," and then, to cheer her up, he laughingly told her | plied. of Mrs. Mumpson's essay at making coffee. He had a certain dry humor, and his unwonted effort at mimicry was so droll in itself and of greater value than all the rings in that Alida was startled to hear her own the shop together. voice in faughter, and she looked almost frightened, so deeply had she been impressed that it would never be possible or even his guest over night. "For," he explained

right for her to laugh again. The farmer was secretly much pleased at ring must bring luck." his success. If she would laugh, be cheerful and not brood, he felt sure she would words; and that night as the farmer lay get well and be more contented. The despe- sound asleep, the wicked man stole the rate view she had taken of her misfortunes | magic ring from his finger and slipped on in troubled him, and he had thought it possi- its place a common one which he made to involuntary bubble of laughter re-assured patience to have the farmer begone. He keep his home and live where he had al- "Oh, I ain't a disputio' yer right, but it him. "Quiet, wholesome, cheerful life awakened him at cock-crow, and said, ways dwelt. His very inability to under- seems so kind o' suddint that it's taken what | will restore her to health," he thought, as he put his favorite beverage and journey before you.

"I'm glad I can do something," she and door behind him, and standing in the middle swered, "for I can't get over the strange- of the room he turned the ring and cried, ness of being so waited on. Indeed, every "I wish instantly to possess a million gold with. He was the plain, matter-of-fact "Well now, Uncle Jonathan, you've thing that was unexpected or undreamt of pieces." man ne seemed, so literal and absolutely got nothing to say against me, for I has happened," and there was just the truthful that he would appear odd to most didn't marry on the sly, although 've gone faintest bit of color on her cheeks as she sat gold pieces came pouring down upon him in stealing from the Mounta n View cemetery. has happened," and there was just the No sooner said than the great shining plenishing his stock of flowers and shrubs by

long past and happy girlhood, when all her associations were good and refined. Still, in its truest explanation, this grace is native and not acquired; it is a personal trait. Incapable of nice analysis or fine detnitions, he only thought, "How much pleasanter it man instead of a "peculiar female!" and it was not long before he supplemented her remark by saying, "Perhaps things are turning out for both of us better than we ex pected. I had made up my mind this morning to live here like a hermit, get my own meals, and all that. I actually had the rough draught of an auction-bill in my pocket-yes, here it is now, -and was going to sell my cows, give up my dairy and try to make a living in a way that wouldn't require any woman help. That's what took me up to Tom Watterly's ; I wanted him to help me put the bill in shape. He wouldn't look at it, and talked me right out of trying to live like Robinson Crusoe, as he expressed it. I had been quite cheerful in my prospects; indeed, I was almost happy in being alone again after having such terrors in the house. But, as I said, Watterly talked all the courage and hope right out of me, and made it clear that I couldn't go it alone. You see, Tom and I have been friends since we were boys together, and that's the reason he talks so plain to me."

"He has a good, kind heart," said Alida. "I don't think I could have kept up at all

"Yes, Tom's a rough diamond. He don't ware, its tin-closet and pantry, the doors of make any pretences, and looks upon himself as a rather hard case, but I fancy he's doing kind things in his rough way half the time. Well, as we were talking, he remembered you, and he spoke of you so feelingly and told your story with so much honest sympathy that he awoke my sympathy. Now you know how it has all come about. You see it's all natural enough and simple enough, and probably it's the best thing that could have happened for us both. Al you have to do is to get strong and well, and then it won't be any one-sided affair, as you've been too much inclined to think. can go on and keep my farm and home just as my heart is bent on doing. I want you to understand everything, for then your mind will be more satisfied and at rest, and that's half the battle in getting over sickness and trouble like yours.

"I can only thank God and you for the great change in my prospects. This quiet | wish for." and escape from strangers are just what I most craved, and I am already beginning to hope that if I can learn to do all you wish, I shall find a content that I never hoped for, and the tears that stood in her eyes were witnesses of her sincerity.

"Well, don't expect to learn every thing at once. Let me have my way for awhile, and then you'll find, as you get strong, and the busy season comes on, that I'll be so taken up with the farm that you'll have your own way. Won't you have some more steak? No? Well, you've enjoyed your supper a little, haven't you ?"

"Yes," she replied, smiling, "I actually felt hungry when I sat down, and the coffee has taken away the tired, faint feeling.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG FOLKS.

THE WISH-RING.

A young farmer who was very unlucky He led the way to the apartment that sat on his plough a moment to rest, and just mended in time. When you come down, you come to a great fir tree that stands all alone in the forest and overtops all other She soon re-appeared in the kitchen, and trees. If you can hew it down you will

Not waiting to have the advice repeated ing two days he came to the fr tree, which he instantly prepared to cut down. Just as "No; can't allow you to do any thing to- the tree swayed and before it fel with a out of one a young eagle and out of the other "I can't realize it all," she said in a low a gold ring. The eagle grew larger, as if by voice. "To think how this day began and enchantment, and when it reached the size of a man it spread its wings as if to try their "It's ending in a poor man's kitchen, strength, then, soaring upward, it cried: Alida. It was rather rough to bring you in | "You have rescued me; take as a reward here first, but the parlor is cold and comfort- the ring that lay in the other egg; it is a wish-ring. Turn it on your finger twice, "I would rather be brought here. It and whatever you wish it shall be fulfilled. the ring. No sooner is it granted than it "Yes, the sun shines in these east win- loses its power, and is only an ordinary sire, so that you may never have reason to She watched him curiously, and with not | repent your choice." To speaking, the eagle a little self-reproach, as he deftly prepared soared high in the air, circled over the supper. "It's too bad for me to sit idle farmer's head a few times, then darted like

The farmer took the ring, placed it on his ward. Still, I think I do at least know how | finger, and turned on his way homeward. Toward evening he reached a town where "If you knew what I've had to put up a jeweler sat in his shop behind a counter,

"It isn't worth a straw," the jeweler re-

Upon that the farmer laughed very heartily, and told the man that it was a wish-ring,

The jeweler was a wicked, designing man, and so he invited the farmer to remain as "only to shelter a man wlo owns a wish-

So he treated his guest to wine and fair

"You had better go, for you still have a long

so that no one could peep in, bolted the

wife about my washing and mend al, womanly grace, and poor Holcroft, who tried to reach and unbar the door; but being I didn't know I was going to be lucky so long had been compelled to see at his fore he succeeded he stumbled and fell s soon. You know you can't marry a wo table " perfect terrors," as he called them, bleeding to the ground. As for the golden man in this country till she's willing. But was agreeably impressed by the contrast she rain, it never stopped until the weight of made with the Mumpson and Malony the metal crushed the floor, and the jeweler the next time I go to town I'll leave that species. Alida unconsciously had a subtle and his money sank through to the cellar. charm of carriage and action, learned in her | The gold still poured down till the million was complete and the jeweler lay dead in the cellar beneath his treasure.

The noise, however, alarmed the neighbors, who came rushing over to see what the matter was. When they saw the man lad under his gold they exclaimed, " Doubly unfortunate he whom blessings kill." Afterward the heirs came and divided the prop-

In the meantime the farmer reached home in fine spirits, and showed the ring to his

"Henceforth we shall never more be in want, dear wife," he said. 'Our for ... made. Only we must be very careful to consider well just what we ought to wish."

The farmer's wife, of course, preferred advice. "Suppose," said she, "that we wish for that bit of land that lies between our two fields ?" "That isn't worth while," her husband

replied. "If we work hard for a year we'll earn enough money to buy it."

So the two worked very hard, and at harvest time they never raised such a crop before. They had earned money enough to buy the coveted strip of land and still have a bit to spare. "See," said the man, "we have the land and the wish-ring as well."

The farmer's wife then suggested that they had better wish for a cow and a horse. But the man replied, "Wife, why waste our wish on such trifles? The horse and cow we'll get any way."

Sure enough, in a year's time the money for the horse and cow had been earned. Joyfully the man rubbed his hands. "The wish-ring is saved again this year, and yet we have what we desire. How lucky we

But now his wife seriously adjured him to wish for something at last. "Now that you have a wish to be granted," she said. "you slave and toil, and are content with everything. You might be king, emperor, baron, even a gentleman farmer, with chests overflowing with gold; but you don't know what you want."

"We are young and life is long," he answered. "There is only one wish in the ring, and that is easily said. Who knows but sometime we may sorely need this wish? Are we in need of anything? Have we not prospered, to all peoples' astonishment, since we possessed this ring? Be reasonable and patient for a while. In the meantime consider what we really ought to

And that was the end of the matter for

It really seemed as if the ring had brought a blessing into the house. Granaries and barns were full to overflowing, and in the course of a few years the farmer became a rich and portly person, who worked with his men a field during the day, as if he, too, had to earn his daily bread; but after supper he liked to sit in his porch, contented and comfortable, and return the kindly greeting of the folk who passed and who wished him a respectful good evening.

So the years went by. Sometimes, when they were alone, the farmer's wife would remind her husband of the magic ring, and suggest many plans, but as he always answered that they had plenty of time, and that the best thoughts come last, she more and more rarely mentioned the ring, and at last ceased speaking of it altogether.

To be sure the farmer looked at the ring, and twirled it about as many as twenty times a day; but he was very careful never to wish.

After thirty or forty years had passed away, and the farmer and his wife had grown old and white-haired, and their wish was still unasked, then was God very good to them, and on the same night they died, peacefully and happily. Weeping children and grandchildren sur-

rounded the two coffins; and, as no one wished to remove the ring from the still hand as a remembrance, the oldest one said: "Let our father take his ring into the grave. There was always a mystery about it; perhaps it was some dear remembrance. Our mother, too, so often looked at the ring; she may have given it to him when they were

So the old farmer was buried with the ring, which had been supposed to be a wishring, and was not, yet it brought as much good fortune into the house as heart could

The Death of Winter.

Pierced by the sun's bright arrows, Winter lies With dabbled robes upon the blurred hillside; Fast flows the clear cold blood; in vain he tries With cooling breath to check the flowing tide.

He faintly hears the footsteps of fair Spring Advancing through the woodland to the dell. Anon she stops to hear the waters sing, And call the flowers, that know her voice full well. Ah, now she smiles to see the glancing stream :

She stirs the dead leaves with her anxious feet; She stoops to plant the first awakening beam, And woos the cold Earth with warm breathings

"Ah, gentle mistress, doth thy soul rejoice To find me thus laid low? So fair thou art! Let me but hear the music of thy voice ; Let me but die upon thy pitying leart.

"Soon endeth life for me. Thou wilt be blessed; The flowering fields, the budding trees be thine. Grant me the pillow of thy fragrant bredet; Then come, oblivion, I no more repine Thus plead the dying Winter. She, the fair,

Did quickly lay her full warm bosom hare For his cold change and fondly whispered, "Live." His cold white lips close to her heart she pressed, His sighs were mingled with each breath he drew; And when the strong life faded on her breast

Whose heart hath love, and only love, to give,

Her own soft tears fell down like heavenly dew. O ye sweet blossoms of the whispering lea, Ye fair, frail children of the woodland wide, Ye are the fruit of that dear love which she Did give to wounded Winter ere he died.

And some are tinted like her eyes of blue, Some hold the blush that on her cheek did glow, Some from her lips have caught their scarlet hue, But more still keep the whiteness of the snow.

For the Year 1887

No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as "just as good" as the great only surepop corn cure - Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

A San Franciso florist, who has been rea golden torrent over his head, shoulders was caught the other night, and gladly paid