Three Stages.

I.

Sighing like a furnace,
Over ears in love,
Blind in adoration
Of his lady's glove.
Thinks no girl was ever
Quite as sweet as she.
Tells you she's an angel,
Expects you to agree.

II.

Moping and repining,
Gloomy and morose,
Asks the price of poison,
Thinks he'll take a dose.
Women are so fickle,
Love is all a sham,
Marriage is a failure
Like a broken dam.

III.

Whistling, blithe and cheerful,
Always bright and gay,
Dancing, singing, laughing,
All the livelong day,
Full of fun and frolic,
Caught in Fashion's whirl,
Thinks no more of poison—
Got another girl.

What Was It?

Guess what he had in his pocket.
Marbles and tops and sundry toys,
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leathern ball?—
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
A brass watch-key broken in two,
A fish hook in a tangle of string?—
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two and a rubber gun?—
Neither one.

What *did* he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole!

FIDELITY AND LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE FARM HOUSE.

It was a very pleasant, homelike old farm house, standing there among the New England hills, with the summer sunshine falling upon it, and the summer air, sweet with the perfumes of roses and June pinks, filling the wide hall and great square room, where, on the morning when our story opens, the utmost confusion prevailed. Carpets were up; curtains were down; huge boxes were standing everywhere, while into them two men and a boy were packing the furniture scattered promiscously around, for on the morrow the family, who had owned and occupied the house so long, were to leave the premises and seek another home in the little village about two miles away. In one of the lower rooms in the wing to the right, where the sunshine was the brightest and the rose-scented air the sweetest, a white-faced woman lay upon a couch looking at and listening to a lady who sat talking to her, with money and pride and selfishness stamped upon her as plainly as if the words had been placarded upon her back. The lady was Mrs. Marshall-More of Boston, whose handsome country house was not far from the red farmhouse, which, with its rich, well cultivated acres, had, by the foreclosure of a mortgage she held upon it, recently come into her possession, or rather into that of her half-brother, who had bidden it off for her.

Mrs. Marshall-More had once been plain Mrs. John More, but since her husband's death, she had prefixed her maiden name, with a hyphen to the More, making herself Mrs. Marshall-More which, she thought, had a very aristocratic look and sound. She was a great lady in her own immediate circle of friends in the city, and a greater lady in Merrivale, where she passed her summers, and her manner toward the little woman on the couch was one of infinite superiority and patronage, mingled with a show of interest and pity. She had driven to the farmhouse that morning, ostenibly to say good-bye to the family, but really to go over the place which she had coveted so long as a most desirable adjunct to her possessions. What she was saying to the white-faced woman in the widow's cap was this:

"I am very sorry for you, Mrs. Graham, and I hope you do not blame me for foreclosing the mortgage. I had to have the money, for Archie's college expenses will be very heavy, and then I am going to Europe this summer, and I did not care to draw from my other investments."

"Oh, no, I blame no one, but it is very hard all the same to leave the old home where I have been so happy," Mrs. Graham replied, and Mrs. Marshall-More went on: "I am glad to hear you say so, for the Merrivale people have been very ill-natured about it and I have heard more than once that I hastened the foreclosure and intend to tear down the old house and build a cottage, which is false."

To this Mrs. Graham made no reply, and Mrs. Marshall-More continued:

"You will be much better off in the village than in this great rambling house, and your children will find employment there. Maude must be 18, and ought to be a help to you. I hear she is a sentimental dreamer, living mostly in the clouds with people only known to herself, and perhaps she needed this change to rouse her to the realties of life."

"Maude is the dearest girl in the world," was the mother's quick protest against what seemed like disapprobation of her daughter.

"Yes of course," was Mrs. Marshall-More's response. "Maude is a nice girl and a pretty girl and will be a great comfort to you when she wakes to the fact that life is earnest and not all a dream, and in time you will be quite as happy in your new home as you could be here, where it must be very dreary in the winter, when the snow-drifts are piled up to the very window ledges, and the wind screams at you through every crevice."

"Oh-h," Mrs. Graham said, with a shudder, her thoughts going back to the day when the blinding snow had come down in great billows upon the newly-made grave in which she left her husband and went back alone to the desolate home where he would never come again.

It had been so terrible and sudden, his going from her. Well in the morning, and dead at night; killed by a locomotive and brought to her so mangled that she could never have recognized him as her husband. People had called him over-generous and extravagant, and perhaps he was, but the money he spent so lavishly was always for others, not for himself, and, as the holder of the heavy mortgage on his farm had been content with the interest and never pressed his claim, he had made no effort to lessen it, even after he knew it had passed into the hands of Mrs. Marshall-More, who had oftened expressed a wish to own the place known as the Spring Farm and so-called from the mumerous springs upon it. She would fill it with her city friends and set up quite an English establishment, she said; and now it was hers, to all intents and purposes, for though the deed was in her brother's name, it was understood that she was mistress of the place and could do what she liked with it. Of the real owner, Max Gordon, her half-brother, little was known, expect the fact that he was very wealthy and had for years been engaged to a lady who, by a fall from a horse, had been crippled for life. It was also rumored that the lady had insisted upon releasing her lover from his engagement, but he had refused to be released, and still clung to the hope that she would eventually recover. Just where he was at present, nobody knew. He seldomed visited his sister, although she was very proud of him and very fond of of talking of her brother Max, who, she said, was so generous and good, although a little queer. He had bidden off the Spring Farm because she asked him to do so, and a few thousand dollars more or less were nothing to him; then, telling her to do what she liked with it, he had gone his way, while poor Lucy Graham's heart was breaking at the thought of leaving the home which her husband had made so beautiful for her. An old-fashioned place, it is true, but one of those old-fashioned places to which our memory clings fondly, and our thoughts go back with an intense longing, years after the flowers we have watered are dead, and the shrubs we have planted are trees pointing to the sky. A great square house, with a wing on either sido, a wide hall through the centre and a fireplace in every room. A well-kept lawn in front, dotted with shade trees and flowering shrubs, and on one side of it a running brook, fed by a spring on the hillside to the west; borders and beds and mounds of flowers—tulips and roses and pansies, and pinks and peonies and lilies, and geraniums and verbenas, each blossoming in its turn and making the garden and grounds a picture of beauty all the summer long. No wonder that Lucy Graham loved it and shrank from leaving it and shrank, too, from Mrs. Marshall-More's attempts at consolation, saying only when that lady rose to go, "It was kind in you to come and I thank you for it; but just now my heart aches too hard to be comforted. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, I shall call when you get settled in town, and if I can be of any service to you I will gladly do so," Mrs. Marshall-More said, as she left the room and went out to her carriage, where she stood for a moment looking up and down the road, and saying to herself, "Where can Archie be?"

CHAPTER II.

WHERE ARCHIE WAS.

A long lane wound to the westward across a strip of land called the mowing lot, through a bit of woods and on to a grassy hillside, where, under the shade of a butternut tree a pair of fat sleek oxen were standing with a lock of content in their large, bright eyes as if well pleased with this unwonted freedom from the plough and the cart. Against the side of one of them a young girl was leaning, with her arm thrown across its neck and her hand caressing the long white horn of the dumb creature which seemed to enjoy it. The girl was Maude Graham, and she made a very pretty picture as she stood there with her short brown hair curling in soft rings about her forehead; her dark blue eyes; her bright, glowing face, and a mouth which looked as if made for kisses and sweetness rather than the angry words she was hurling at the young man, or boy, for he was only 20, who stood before her.

"Archie More," she was saying, "I don't think it very nice in you to talk to me in that patronising kinp of way as if you were so much my superior in everything and trying to convince me that it is nothing for us to give up the dear old place where every stone and stump means somebody to me, for I know them all and have talked with all and called them by name, just as I know the maiden ferns and water lilies and where the earliest arbutus blossoms in the spring. Oh, Archie, how can I leave Spring Farm and never come back again. I think I hate you all for taking it from us, and especially your uncle Max."

Here she broke down entirely, and laying her face on the shining coat of the ox began to cry as if her heart would break, while Archie looked at her in real distress wondering what he should say. He was a city-bred young man, with a handsome boyish face, and in a way very fond of Maude, whom he had known ever since he was 13 and she 11, and he first came to Merrivale to spend the summer. They had played and fished together in the brook, and rowed together on the pond and quarreled and made up, and latterly they had flirted a little, too, although Archie was careful that the flirting should not go too far, for he felt that there was a vast difference between Archie More, son of Mrs. Marshall-More, and Maude Graham, daughter of a country farmer. And still he thought her the sweet, prettiest girl he had ever seen, a *jolly lot* he called her, and he writhed under her bitter words, and when she cried he wanted to cry and tried to comfort and explain matters as best he could. But Maude was not to be appeased. She had felt all the time that the place need not have been sold, that it was a hasty thing, and though she did not blame Archie she was very sore against Mrs. Marshall-More and her brother, and her only answer to all Archie could say was, "You needn't talk. I hate you all, and your uncle Max the most, and if I ever see him I'll tell him so, and if I don't you may tell him for me!"

Archie could keep silent and hear his mother blamed and himself, but he roused in defence of his uncle Max.

"Hate my uncle Max!" he exclaimed. "Why, he is the best man that ever lived, and the kindest. He knew nothing of you, or how you'd feel, when he bought the place; if he had he wouldn't have done it; and if he could see you now, crying on that ox's neck, he'd give it back to you. That would be just like him."

"As if I'd take it," Maud said scornfully as she lifted up her head and dashed the tears from her eyes with a rapid movement of both hands. "No, Archie More, I shall never take Spring Farm as a gift from any one, much less from your uncle Max; but I shall buy it of him some day if he keeps it long enough."

"You?" Archie asked, and Maude replied, "Yes, I, why not? I know I am poor now, but I shall not always be so. People call me crazy, a dreamer, a crank, and all that, because they cannot see what I see; the people who are with me always, my friends, and I know their names and how they look and where they live; Mrs. Kimbrick, with her fifty daughters, all Eliza Anns, and Mrs. Webster, with her fifty daughters, all Ann Elizas, and Angeline Mason, who comes and talks to me in the twilight, wearing a yellow dress; they are real to me as you are, and do you think I am crazy and a crank because of that?"

Archie said he didn't, but he looked a little suspiciously at the girl standing there so erect, her eyes shining with a strange light as she talked to him of things he could not understand. He had heard of this Mrs. Kimbrick and Mrs. Webster before, with their fifty daughters each, and had thought Maude queer, to say the least. He was sure of it now as she went on:

"Is the earth crazy because there is in it a little acorn which you can't see, but which is still there, maturing and taking root for the grand old oak, whose branches will one day give shelter to many a tired head? Of course not; neither am I, and sometimes these brain children, or brain seeds, call them what you like, will take shape and grow, and the world will hear of them, and of me; and you and your mother will be proud to say you knew me once, when the people praise the book I am going to write."

"A book!" and Archie laughed incredulously, it seemed so absurd that little Maude Graham should ever become an author of whom the world would hear.

"Yes," she answered him decidedly. "A book! Why not? it is in me; it has been there always, and I can no more help writing it than you can help doing——well, nothing, as you always have. Yes, I shall write a book, and you will read it, Archie More, and thousands more, too; and I shall put Spring Farm in it, and you, and your uncle Max. I think I shall make him the villian."

She was very hard upon poor Max, whose only offence was that he had bidden off Spring Farm to please his sister, but Archie was ready to defend him again:

"If you knew uncle Max," he said, "you would make him your hero instead of your villian, for a better man never lived. He is kindness itself and the soul of honor. Why, when he was very young he was engaged to a girl who fell from a horse and broke her leg, or neck, or her back, I've forgotten which. Anyhow, she cannot walk and has to be wheeled in a chair, but Max sticks to her like a burr, because he thinks he ought. I am sure I hope he will never marry her."

"Why not?" Maude asked, and he replied, "Because you see, Max has a heap of money, and if he never marries and I outlive him some of it will come to me. Money is a good thing, I tell you."

"I didn't suppose you as mean as that Archie More! and I hope Mr. Max will marry that broken-backed woman and that she will live a thousand years! Yes, I do!"

The last three words were emphasized with so vigorous blows on the back of the ox that he started away suddenly and Maude would have fallen if Archie had not caught her in his arms.

"Now, Maude," he said, as he held her for a moment closely to him, "don't let's quarrel any more. I'm going away to-morrow to the Adirondacks, then in the fall to college, and may not see you again for a long time; but I shan't forget you. I like you the best of any girl in the world; I do, upon my honor."

No you don't. I know exactly what you think of me, and always have, but it does not matter now," Maude answered vehemently. "You are going your way, and I'm going mine, and the two ways will never meet."

And so, quarrelling and making up, but making up rather more than they quarrelled, the two went slowly along the gravelly lane until they reached the house where Mrs. Marshall-More was standing with a very severe look upon her face as she said to her son, "Do you know how long you have kept me waiting?" Then to Maude, "Been crying? I am sorry you take it so hard; believe me, you will be better off in the village. Neither your mother nor you could run the farm, and you will find employment there. I hear that Mrs. Nipe is wanting an apprentice and that she will give small wages at first, which is not usual with dressmakers. You'd better apply at once."

"Thank you," Maude answered quickly. "I do not think I shall learn dressmaking," and Maude looked at the lady as proudly as a queen might look upon her subject. "Mrs. More do you think your brother would promise to keep Spring Farm until I can buy it back?" she continued.

The idea that Maude Graham could ever buy Spring Farm was so preposterous that Mrs. Marshall-More laughed immoderately, as she replied, "Perhaps so. I will ask him; or you can do it yourself. I don't know where he is now. I seldom do know, but anything addressed to his club, No.—, ——street, Boston, will reach him in time. And now we must go. Good-bye."

She offered the tips of her fingers to the girl who just touched them and then giving her hand to Archie said, "Good-bye, Archie, I am sorry we quarrelled so, and I did not mean half I said to you. I hope you will forget it. Good-bye; I may never see you again."

If Archie had dared he would have kissed the sweet face which had never looked so sweet to him as now; but his mother's eyes were upon him and so he only said "Good-bye" and took his seat in the carriage with a feeling that something which had been very dear had dropped out of his life.

CHAPTER III.

GOING WEST.

It was a very plain but pretty little cottage of which Mrs. Graham took possession with her children, Maude and John, who was two years younger than his sister. As most of the furniture had been sold it did not take them long to settle, and then the question arose as to how they were to live. A thousand dollars was all they had in the world, and these Mrs. Graham placed in the saving's bank against a time of greater need, hoping that, as her friends assured her, something would turn up. "If there was anything I could do, I would do so willingly," Maude was constantly saying to herself, while busy with the household duties which now fell to her lot and to which she was unaccostumed. During her father's life two strong German girls had been employed in the house and Maude had been as tenderly and delicately reared as are the daughters of millionaires. But now everything was changed, and those, who had known her only as an idle dreamer and devourer of books, were astonished at the energy and capability which she developed. But these did not understand the girl or know that all the stronger part of her nature had been called into being by the exigencies of the case. Maude's love for her mother was deep and unselfish, and for her sake she tried to make the most and the best of everything. Stifling with a smile born of a sob all her longings for the past, she turned her thoughts steadily to the one purpose of her life,—buying Spring Farm back! But how? The book she was going to write did not seem quite so certain now. Her brain children had turned traitors and fled away from the sweeping, dusting, dishwashing and bedmaking which fell to her lot and which she did with a smile and a song upon her lips lest her mother should detect the headache which was always with her, even when her face was the brighest and her song the sweetest. She had written to Archie's uncle without a suspicion that she did not know his real name. As he was a brother of Mrs. More, whose maiden name was Marshall, his must be Marshall, too, she reasoned, forgetting to have heard that Mrs. More was only his half-sister and that there had been two fathers. Of course he was Max Marshall, and she addressed him as follows:

MERRIVALE, July——, 18——

Mr. Max Marshall,

DEAR SIR,—I am Maude Graham, and you bought my old home, Spring Farm, and it nearly broke my own and mamma's heart to have it sold. I don't blame you much now for buying it, but I did once, and I said some hard things about you to Archie More, your nephew, which he may repeat to you. But I was angry then at him and everybody, and I am sorrow that I said them. I am only 18 and very poor, but I shall be rich some day,—I am sure of it,—and able to buy Spring Farm, and I want you to keep it for me and not sell it to anyone else. It may be years, but the day will come when I shall have the money of my own. Will you keep the place till then? I think I shall be happier and have more courage to work if you write and say you will.—Yours truly, "MAUDE GRAHAM."

After this letter was sent and before she had reason to expect an answer, Maude began to look for it, but none came, and the summer stretched on into August, and the house at Spring Farm was shut up, for Mrs. Marshall-More was in Europe, and Maude's great anxiety was to find something to do for her own and her mother's support. Miss Nipe, the dressmaker, would give her a dollar a week while she was learning the trade, and this, with the $3 per week which her brother John was earning, in a grocery store, would be better than nothing, and she was seriously considering the matter, when a letter from her mother's brother, who lived "out West," as that portion of New York between Cayuga Bridge and Buffalo was then called, changed the whole aspect of her affairs, and forged the first link in the chain of her destiny. He could not take his sister and her children into his own large family he wrote, but he had a plan to propose, which he thought, would prove advantageous to Maude, if her mother approved of it, and would spare her from home. About six miles from his place was a school, which his daughter had taught for two years, but as she was about to be married, the position was open to Maude at $4 a week and her board, provided she would take it. Maude is rather young, I know," Mr. Allen wrote in conclusion, "but no younger than Annie was when she began to teach, so her age need not stand in the way, if she chooses to come. The country will seem new and strange to her; there are still log-houses in the Bush district, indeed, the school-house is built of logs and the people ride in lumber wagons and not like Bostonians or New Yorkers, but they are very kind, and Maude will get accustomed to them in time. My advice is that she accept."

At first Mrs. Graham refused to let her young daughter go so far from home, but Maude was persistent and eager. Log-houses and lumber wagons had no terrors for her. Indeed they were rather attractions than otherwise, and fired her imagination, which began at once to people those houses of olden time with Kembricks and the Websters, who had forsaken her so long. Four dollars a week seemed a fortune to her, and she would save it all, she said, and send it to her mother, who unwillingly consented at last and fortunately found a gentleman in town who was going to Chicago and would take charge of Maude as far as Canandaigua, where she was to leave the train and finish her journey by stage. But on the evening of the day before the one when Maude was to start, the gentleman received word that his son was very ill in Portland and required his immediate presence.

"I can go alone," Maude said courageously, though with a little sickening of the heart. "No one will harm me. Crossing the river at Albany is the worst, but I can do as the rest do, and after that I do not leave the car again until we reach Canandaigua."

"Don't feel so badly, mamma," she continued winding her arms around her mother's neck and kissing away her tears. "I am not afraid, and don't you know how often you have said that God cared for the fatherless, and I am that, and I shall ask him all the time I am in the car to take care of me, and he will answer. He will hear. I'm not a child. I am 18 in the Bible and a great deal older than that since father died. Don't cry darling mamma, and make it harder for me. I must go to-morrow, for school begins next Monday."

So, for her daughter's sake Mrs. Graham tried to be calm, and Maude's little hair trunk was packed with the garments, in each one of which was folded a mother's prayer for the safety of her child; and the morning came, and the ticket was bought, and the conductor, with whom Mrs. Graham had a slight acquaintance, promised to see to the little girl as far as Albany, where he put her in charge of the man who took his place. When the good-byes were said, the train moved on past the village on the hillside, passed the dear old Spring Farm which she looked at through blinding tears as long as a treetop was in sight, past the graveyard where her father was lying, past the meadows and woods and hills she loved so well, and on towards the new country and the new life of which she knew so little.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE ROAD.

Those were the days when the Boston train westward-bound moved at a snail's pace compared with what it does now, and 24 hours instead of 12 were required for the trip from Merrivale to Canandaigua, so that the afternoon was drawing to a close when the cars stopped in Greenbush and the passengers alighted and rushed for the boat which was to take them across the river. This and re-checking her trunk, was what Maude dreaded the most, and her face was very white and scared, and her heart beating violently as she followed the crowd, wondering if she should ever find her trunk among all that pile of baggage they were handling so roughly, and if it would be smashed to pieces when she did, and if she should get into the right car or be carried somewhere else.

She had lost sight of the conductor. Her head was beginning to ache, and there was a lump in her throat every time she thought of her mother and John, who would soon be taking their simple evening meal and talking of her.

"I wonder if I can bear it," she said to herself, as she sat in the cabin the very image of despair, clasping her hand-bag tightly and looking anxiously at the people around her as if in search of some friendly face which she could trust.

She had heard so much before leaving home of wolves in sheep's or rather men's clothing, who infest railway trains, ready to pounce upon any unsuspecting girl who chanced to fall in their way, and had been so much afraid that some of the wolves might be on her train, lying in wait for her, that she had resolutely kept her head turned to the window all the time with a prayer in her heart that God would not let any one speak to and frighten her. And thus far no one had spoken to her, except the conductor, but God must have deserted her now, for just as they were reaching the opposite shore, a gentleman, who had been watching her ever since she crouched down in the shadowy corner, and who had seen her wipe the tears away more than once, came up to her and said, "Are you alone, and can I do anything for you?"

"Yes—no; oh, I don't know," Maude gasped as she clutched her bag, in which was her purse, more tightly, and looked up at the face which was above her.

It was such a pleasant face, and the voice was so kind and reassuring, that she forgot the wolves and might have given him her bag, purse, check and all, if the conductor had not just then appeared and taken her in charge. Lifting his hat politely the stranger walked away, while Maude went to identify her trunk.

(To be Continued).

Church Statistics Compared.

The comparative statistics of the three Presbyterian Churches of Scotland are always curiously scanned by those who think the progress of a religious body is to be measured in terms of the multiplication table. This year the returns of the churches, while presenting nothing decisive one way or other, gives the friends of the voluntary principle sufficient ground for satisfaction. As regards communicants, the Established Church claims 581,569, and the Free Church and United Presbyterian Church together 504,355, being in the former case an increase of 2,566 during the year, and in the latter an increase of 4,030; so that while the Established Church maintains its superiority according to its unpurged roll, it does not show so high a relative advance. In point of contributions, the statistics are very much against the State Church, which reports the sum of £349,973, or a decrease of £7,957; while the other two churches are able to report contributions amounting to £1,014,045, or an increase of £53,180. Another point of comparison is afforded by the Sunday schools. The Established Church claims an increase of 1,302, and a total of 216,446; the Free and United Presbyterian Churches together report an increase of 9,317, and a total of 276,434.

How a Picture is Telegraphed.

The *fac-simile* telegraph, by which manuscript, maps or pictures may be transmitted, is a species of the automatic method in which the receiver is actuated synchronously with its transmitter. By Lenoir's method a picture or map is outlined with insulating ink upon the cylindrical surface of a rotating drum, which revolves under a point having a slow movement along the axis of the cylinder, and thus the conducting point goes over the cylindrical surface in a spiral path. The electrical circuit will be broken by every ink-mark on the cylinder which is in its path, and thereby corresponding marks are made in a spiral line by an ink-marker upon a drum at the receiving end. To produce these outlines it is only necessary that the two drums be rotated in unison. This system is of little utility, there being no apparent demand for *fac-simile* transmission, particularly at so great an expense of speed, for it will be seen that instead of making a character of the alphabet by a very few separate pulses, as is done by Morse, the number must be greatly increased. Many dots become necessary to show the outlines of the more complex characters.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

EXTREME wakefulness, distressing nervousness, chronic rheumatic pains, sciatica, neuralgia; any of the above disorders are symptoms of advanced kidney or Bright's Disease. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson, of the University of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use your preparation."

They Scaled the Walls.

Six inmates escaped from the Mercer Reformatory on Monday evening by scaling the walls. So far only one has been found, and she was discovered by P. C. Stewart (149) in a shed in rear of 42 Centre street. The authorities have endeavored to keep the matter secret, but it leaked out yesterday.

Mahomet and Pike's Peak.

Patron—This set of teeth you made me is too big.

Dentist—Yes, sir. Sit down in the chair and I will enlarge your mouth a little.