

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

GLIMPSES OF FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

ALICE BROWN. The lives of most people are all changes, and the farmer's daughter is no exception. She is found everywhere filling positions in every rank...

Another country-bred girl, one of a large family, found no opening at home for her energies after graduating from a ladies' seminary...

The girlhood of another woman was spent in hard work in a family of seven boys, and was followed by a few years of teaching...

Some farmers' daughters remain at home. One living in comfortable circumstances saw her brothers and sisters leave for homes of their own...

A real love for the country once planted in the hearts of the daughters of the farmer, will never be entirely uprooted. To the parents is entrusted the planting of such a love...

Hundreds of country-loving girls have spent years of their lives in cities and hundreds of those growing up will do so. It is wise to insist that this is only evil, and discourage every aspiration pointing to such occupations...

SISTERS IN YUCATAN. Sisters in Yucatan have a fancy for dressing precisely alike in the minutest particular, so that not a bow or a button, a flower or an article of jewellery varies...

Fresh Crumbs. "What part of the school exercises do you like best, Johnnie?" "The part we get at recess."

place of navy blue for summer gowns of linen, serge and flannel. The novelties of the season are the lace and crape parasols in white, black and pale tints...

How to Buy a Horse. From some wild Western journal comes the following amusing sketch: "If you want to buy a horse don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it."

Why She's Woe-Begone. An Eastern editor wants to find out "just for curiosity" why women break down. He's either a bachelor or a brute. Sometimes there is not much difference between them.

American Railway Building. Our railways have now reached a development which is wonderful. The railways of the United States if placed continuously, would reach more than half way to the moon.

Forever. Those we love truly never die. A ring and flowers, types of life and death, are laid upon their grave.

The Flowers are Doing. What are the flowers all doing? Why, the daisies are softly tip-toeing to hear, if they can, if the grasses reply to the wind as he passes.

Why She's Woe-Begone. And the gossip they tell, silly lipsers! In infinitesimal whispers. And the rose, with dew-diamonds aglisten, is lifting her head, too, to listen.

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A Gruff Old fellow. Arkansas Traveler: "On a railway train a woman, pale and careworn, sat holding a child."

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Life in the Country. It is never real morning except in the country. In the city in the early part of the day there is a mixed color that climbs down over the roofs...

Life in the Country. Morning! I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every night beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfused. The skies in conflagration.

Life in the Country. The air as if sweeping down from hanging gardens of heaven. The foam of celestial seas splashed on the white tops of the spires. The honeysuckle on one side of the porch challenges the sweet-brier on the other.

Life in the Country. There may be no adverse causes at work, but somehow the bells of the soul stop ringing, and you feel like sitting quiet, and you strike off 50 per cent. from all your worldly and spiritual prospects.

Life in the Country. How to get out of the old rut without twisting off the wheel, or snapping the shafts, or breaking the horse's leg, is a question not more appropriate to every teamster than to every Christian worker.

A Brace of Dog Tales. There was an object of curiosity in the market the other morning, which had collected a crowd. It was a female dog of medium size, and she had on a harness with enormous tassels, leather bands...

Contagiousness of Human Emotions. Every day's experience may supply illustrations of the immense influence of contagion in the development of all human emotions. Nor is it by any means to be regarded as a weakness peculiar to or characteristic of a feeble mind...

Buying a Cow. We now sport a nice milk cow. How did we get her? Paid forty dollars for her. The whole amount being ten cents per day saving since March 6, 1896.

How She Changed Her Tune. He put up a job on the hired girl who he hoped to sell her a patent process for making fire rugs she would never need.

Defining the Status of a Pineapple. At an old-fashioned hostelry in London two gentlemen were dining when a third arose as to what a pineapple was. One of the diners insisted that it was a fruit.

OTTIE'S FATHER

By CHARLOTTE M. YOUNG. CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED) When she returned in the morning...

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