## NATHALIE.

I saw her first carrying a great fat baby, apparently heavier than herself-a thin, small faced girl, looking about ten years old, but, as I afterwards found out, nearly thir-I shall always think Nathalie was stunted by a perpetual baby burden, for her aunt, with whom she lived, had a frequent addition to her family, and Nathalie had nursed babies since she was seven years old. About that time her mother died, and the little orphan was thrown upon the tender mercies of her aunt.

Madame Poiron was stout, red-faced, loudvoiced, and with one ruling passion that all around her should earn their salt by con-

stant work. She would have liked to rise at midnight, and set her household their tasks, but as that was impossible, she contented herself with beginning at dawn, and grinding and driving as no slave driver in the ante bellum days ever ventured to do.

Her husband was a farmer and miller mear the little town of Mapleton; her two eldest sons worked in the fields with the other laborers, and woe to any of them who did not obey the imperious dame. She not spare herself, for constant employment was her religion; but she had a frame like iron, and the strength of a strong man.

As for Nathalie, had it not been for the babies she was required to keep out of the way, she would have been driven to the grave by tasks impossible for her puny frame to perform.

As it was, she ate her hurried meals with the everlasting baby on her lap, whom she was expected to feed at intervals, and attend to the wants of the twins, about two years old, who sat beside her. She was then driven out, with the three childern, to be kept out of the way until dinner-time.

"Ha, I treat the little one well!" Madame Poiron would say to her gossips. "She is my poor sister's child, and I have pity for her. I work myself, I work my children; but for Nathalie, all she has to do all day long is to play in the woods with the little ones. It is play, play all the time for her, and eat and drink of the best."

Madame Poiron believed faithfully what she said.

It was during one of these "play" times that I first made the acquaintance of Nathalie. I had been walking through the pretty I laid my contribution before her. little woodland which surrounded the town of Mapleton, where I was spending the summer with a friend. Suddenly I came upon two stout, stolid-looking children, looking more like Dutch dolls than anything else. Their laps were full of flowers, and in front of them was lying the baby, crowing and kicking up its heels.

Nathalie was going through a kind of said. acrobatic performance for the amusement of | "Happy? ah yes, madame, there is no one her charges, while the twins gravely stared happier than I am to-day. Only think, I at her with their big expressionless blue eyes. I have seldom seen any one so active the children, but Bebe is a real angel of and daring as Nathalie was, as she sprang from one grape-vine to another, and danced a kind of pas seui on them.

big drops stood on her forehead from sat there under God's blessed sunlight and fatigue. Whenever she stopped to rest, the called herself happy. I gave up the prob-Datch dolls set up a howl.

"Oh, hush, Manette, hush, Marie, or Several weeks passed, and although I was look, and see me fly !"

hung far above the one on which she was sitting. She missed it, and fell to the ground. In a moment I was beside her, and lifting her up.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said, rubbing her me all day. O Bebe, don't cry!" The baby was yelling at the top of its voice, and the shorus was swelled by the Dutch dolls, who were frightened by my sudden appearance. "Don't cry, my darling! Thalie is coming to you."

with a sharp cry. "Ah, my foot is broken! I cannot walk

What will Tante Poiron say? What shall do? Oh, what shall I do?"

'You will do nothing but lie here till I come back," I said. "It is a short walk to your aunt's, and I will go and tell her, so that she can send for you. Perhaps these children will let me take them home." Bu: as I approached the twins, they threw themselves flat on their backs, and yelled as if I had been the Giant Blunderbore, ready to eat them up.

"They don't like strangers!" Nathalie gasped. "O madame, I must try to walk But as she raised herself, she sank back almost fainting with agony. I walked rapidly to the house, and, as I neared it, saw Madame Poiron in the front yard, washing some clothes. I knew her well by sight, and as I called her name, she raised her monstrous, dripping arms from the suds, and turned to me.

"What does madam want?" she asked,

curtly. "Your little niece has hurt herself yonder in the wood. She has either sprained or broken her ankle. She cannot walk.

"Oh, the miserable creature!" cried the woman. " Forever and forever doing something wrong! And nothing to do but amuse herself all day! Has she hurt my children?" turning upon me fiercely.

"No, but she is badly hurt."

Nathalie is a stubborn, ungrateful girl. And now to lay herself up, and leave me all "Am I not here to help you, and do all to do! Pity she hadn't broken her neck at you want?"

child, I will do so."

"And where does madame think I can get | but she says, 'No! No!" help? Call the men out of the field at this hour, and lose so much time? No; if any one "Never! With you is my home as long as goes, I must!"

She stode off, and I followed her, for somehow the idea of a dove in a vulture's claws into tears, and her little niece led her away. pursued me when I thought of poor, trembl. My problem was solved. If Nathalie was ing little Nathalie borne in the arms of the happy in loving and serving a little child, unfeeling giantees. When I reached them, she had the girl by the arm, and had lifted herself necessary to a whole family—her

"Ab, have is Pierre Lagrange !" I cr led, friend. "Oh, no !" said the farmer, "that

than willing to do a kind act, and lifted Nathalie into his cart at ence. Madame Poiron, growling like a bear, had taken herself off with the baby in her arms, and the Dutch dolls toddling after.

"But then this is a bad business for you Nathalie," Pierre said, as he jogged along "That old fire-cat is going to give you hard times.'

"I never have easy times, Monsieur Pierre," she answered, with her patient voice, the tears rolling down her white face. "I would wish to be dead, and with mamma, if it was not for the children, but I love them, and they love me."

"Love you! Just listen to her! The little vampires that suck her life blood. The tyrants that get her more beatings than I can count! And, madame, you hear her say she loves them?'

"Yes, they do love me," she sighed. "Monsieur Pierre, they are all I have in the world. Tante Poiron is not always cross. She has good days, you know, and is kind, but then, you see, she has so many children, she has no love to spare for me."

"That's certain and sure," Pierre muttered in his heavy beard, but we had reached the farm-house, and he lifted Nathalie out tenderly.

said, as he bore her into the house. I thought often of Nathalie during the sprained, but that she was doing well. did not venture to call, for it was evident that Madame Poiron had taken an inveterate dislike to me. But I was glad to see the maiden. little girl walking out one morning with the baby in her arms. I hurried forward and intercepted them. Nathalie was thinner with a glowing cheek said: than ever, but her eyes—lovely eyes they were-brightened at sight of me.

"Are you quite well, Nathalie?" I asked. "My foot hurts me a little, madame, but can walk. It is the first time I could carry Bebe-sweet Bebe?" kissing enthusiastically the pasty faced infant. "We are going to have a fete in the woods, Bebe and be if-" I," showing me a little package she held in one hand. "There is a slice of pie and a piece of cake, and O madame, will you not come to our fete?"

I said I would, but I must run home first for something. That something was an addition to the tea-party in the shape of some fruit I had just received. It was good to see the delight in Nathalie's eyes, when

"O Babe! Bebe?" she screamed, clapping her hands, "bananas, Bebe! Oranges! and lovely white grapes! Oh, they are too

beautiful to eat! When the repast was over, Nathalie wrapped what remained in her apron for Bebe and the twins. "You look quite happy, Nathalie,"

can walk again and nurse Bebe. I love all

I sat there wondering over that starved young life whose only modicum of sunlight I was hidden behind a clump of bushes, was putty-faced Bebe. What was happiness where the children did not see me; but I after all? A poor ill-treated waif, whose noticed the little girl's face was pale, and daily bread was flavored by harsh words,

Tante Poiron will come after us! Then often on the watch, I saw nothing of Nathshe will not let us come here any more. I alie. The house where my friend and I am going to play again for you. Now look, boarded commanded a full view of the Poiron farm; for some days none of the men had She made a spring to a high vine, which been working in the fields, and the loud voice of Madame Poiron was silent.

"What is the matter over at Poiron's !" I asked our landlady, Mrs. Blake. Mrs. Blake turned very red and looked

confused. "Well, the truth is, I didn't like to tell head. "My head hurts, but it has hurt you, ladies, for I thought you might get scared, and there ain't a bit of danger, for there's no communication between the farm and any house in town. They've got smallpox there bad. Nearly all the family are down with it. Old Poiron caught it from Jack." a tramp. Two of the children will die to-She rose to her feet, and sank down again | night, and they say the old madame can't live. There is no one to attend them but Charlie !" one of the boys and little Nathalie."

"She is not sick, then?" I said reneved. "Nathalie? no. Old Dargan who has been there—he's had small-pox himself—told Mr. Blake, the child goes from one to the other with Bebe in her arms. Bebe has small-pox, too, and she never puts it down.' I cannot express all I felt when the next

day I saw the funerals leave the cottageone of the sons and one of the smaller children, Mrs. Blake did not know which. Then a few days afterward the hearse stopped again, and two small white coffins were brought out. They held the poor little Dutch dolls.

After that, I heard of the gradual recovery of the other patients and that Nathalie did not take the disease. Nearly a month elaps ed, and I was preparing to leave Mapleton when, in one of my walks, I came suddenly upon Nathalie, leading her aunt by the hand. "Oh, I am so glad to see you, madame!" she cried. "We are taking a little walk, Tante Poiron and L. She is getting quite

strong again." "I am glad to see you out," I said. "I heard how ill you were.'

"Is it the kind city lady, 'Thalie?" she asked. "I am blind, madame. I live, afternoon for shoes. Mr. Sissy. I think it yes; but never to see again! Helpless, is such a task to find shoes to exactly suit useless, ah !" With a groan she threw up one's self. her gaunt arms, and her face, torn and Mr. Sissy (never at a loss)-Ya-as. I im-

"Oh hush, Tante!" Nathalie cried.

"Yes, it is so," the woman uttered "You aught to be ashamed of yourself, quietly. "The one to whom I was cruel Madam Poiron !" I cried, indignantly. " If and unkind, God has given me my sole you do not intend sending help to the poor stay. I tell her to go and be happy. She shall have money to live where she chooses.

> "Leave you and Bebe !" Nathalie cried ! you want me."

The woman, still weak and nervous, burst what will be her degree of felicity to find

Pierre was a good, humane fellow, more She Got to Thinking How Funny it Would

They were sitting together in the warm parlor, saying little but thinking much. But lovers do not need to say much to be

companionable. The little clock on the mantel for a considerable time had been the only speaker. Its tick, tick, tick, tick, seemed to the youth to say, Kiss her, kiss her, kiss her. To the maiden it said, leap year, leap year, leap year, and its reiteration of this phrase forced the maid to break the silence : "How funny some people are !" she said.

"Funny?" "Yes, some people who are going to be married?" " Oh !"

"Yes; some want to be married in a balloon, some on the middle arch of a bridge, some in a boat, some in a railroad train, some on horseback, some on the edge of a precipice, some down in a coal mine-

"Yes I have noticed it." "What is their object, I wonder?"

" Marriage, of course. "But I mean their object in getting

married out of the usual way. "Well, I'll tell you what I think. They get married in this way so that they can tell their children and their grandchildren "Farewell, madame, and thank you," she they were married under peculiar circumstances, as, for instance, 'Your mother and next few weeks. I heard her ankle was me, children, were married in a coal mine, or 'Your grandmother and me, children, were married in a balloon."

"I'll bet that's just the reason," said the

"Of course it is the reason." There was a pause. Then the maiden

"I've been thinking, John-" "Yes?" he said, interrogatively.

"I've been thinking how frany it would be-" (a pause and a deeper buildh). "Well, Bella, you've been thinking "I've been thinking how funny if would

"If when the subject of marriage comes up thirty or forty years hence you could point to me and say: 'Why, children, your grandmother proposed to me in leap year and we were married a few weeks

John is very busy these days furnishing a nice little cottage, and Balla is superintending the making of her wedding dress.

The Old, Old Story.

I think "feather-weight" is the name that they gave The umbrella I purchased to-day. They called it aright, for the thing took

And alas ! it has floated away.

The True Reason.

"I see," said Mr. Barkins, "that there are a million more women than men in Ger-

"Yes," said Mr. Smarty; "they do that to evade the military requirement of the German government."

A Too Jealous Husband.

Mrs. Gotham(to French maid)-"Why, this is indeed sudden, Babette. Why are you going to leave me?" Babette (shrugging her shoulders)— "Vetre mari-vour husband, vous com-

prenez -ces too jealoose-disposition." "What do you mean, Babette?" "Il m'a defendu-'e will not permit me to promenade myself avec personne-with any

one but him. Babette is allowed to go without any further words.

Jack.

Scene in a private boarding-house. First boarder-"There's some one in Mrs. De Boots' room ; I hear her talking." Second boarder—"It's a man, Listen." Mrs. De Boots in her room-" Kiss me,

Chorus of boarders in an undertone-"Oh! Oh! Oh! and her husband's name is

Mrs. De Boots within-" Do you love me

Deep masculine voice in response - " Well, I should smile !"

Boarders outside-" Heartless creature ! We shall leave this very day. Let us confront her at once." They knocked and opened the door

simultaneously. Mrs. De Boots confronts them with her parrot on her finger. "Oh !" they exclaimed, "we heard your parrot talking and came in to see him.' "Speak to the ladies, Jack," says Mrs. De Boots with a quiet smile. She had boarded before.

No Brains to Blow Out.

She-Mr. Sillshead sent me such a lovely novel, and I know he meant me to think th hero himself. The hero is disappointed in love, and at last blows his brains out. The other She-Well, Mr. Sillihead

Difficult to Fit.

Miss Clara-I have been shopping this

couldn't do that, at all events-for reasons

"Saints be praised it is not my angels? ploughed by the dread disease, full of des. agine you might find it a formidable under-

A Storm of Cabs.

Policeman (to citizen clinging to lamp poet (-Shall I hail a cab, friend ? Citizen-G-grashus no (hic), offshur ; don' Floquet's sword-thrust proved too much for

Old Friends.

time you have been before me, Uncle Ras- the end of the moisy but inglerious career

offen up befo'. He and me was ole frem's yo' honah ; 'deed we was

Water in Cooking. " Water is one of the secrets of cooking." sententiously said a well-known chef up-town to a New York Mail reporter.

"I suppose you mean that all food in its raw state should be washed?" "Nothing of the kind," replied the artist "A few cooks understand the many effects produced by hard and soft water in cooking vegetables and meat. If peas and beans, for

instance, are cooked in hard water, containing lime and gypsum, they will not boil tender, because these substances have a tenden cy to harden vegetable caseine. Now, many vegetables, as onions, boil nearly tasteless in soft water, because all the flavour is boiled out. The addition of salt often checks this. and in the case of onions, causing the vege tables to retain their particular flavouring principles, besides such nutritious matter as might be lost in the soft water. Some o the finest dishes in the world are ruined by the use of hard water when soft is required. It is a science that can best be learned by actual experience as assistant chef. It requires a long apprenticeship and a natural aptitude to become a great cook and to understand water. Now, to extract the juice of only searches for and finds the four-leaved meat to make a broth or soup, soft water, clover on St. John's Eve. In the Passierthal unsalted and cold first, is the best, for it the peasants believe that if a traveller should much more readily penetrates the tissue; but at this time fall asleep, lying on his back for boiling, where the juices should be re-tained, hard water, or soft water salted, is white dove bearing a four-leaved clove. preferable, and the meat should be put in which it lets fall on the sleeper's breat while the water is boiling, so as to close up Should he awake before it fades and a the pores at once. I have two assistants, once put it into his mouth, he will acquin and once a week I lecture them on the pro per use of hard and soft water, in cooking certain dishes. In answer to your facetious question above, I will state that not only raw food should be clean, but the water goes a long way in keeping a first-class cuisine in a healthy and sanitary condition.

Thunder Proverbs.

If the birds be silent expect thunder. If the cattle run around and collect to gether in the meadows expect thunder. If the clouds grow rapidly larger expect

much rain, and also thunder. Two currents in Summer indicate thun-

If there be any falling stars during a clear evening in Summer expect thunder. Increasing atmospheric electricity oxidizes ammonia in the air and forms nitric acid, which affects milk, thus accounting for the

souring of milk by thunder. Thunder in the evening indicates much

When it thunders in the morning it wi rain before night. Thunder in the north indicates cold, dry weather.

Thunder from the south or southeast indicates foul weather; from the north or northwest, fair weather.

With a north wind it seldom thunders. Much thunder in July injures wheat and barley.

Thunder in the Fall indicates a mild open Winter. Distant thunder speaks of coming rain.

Got the Big Head. "Good mornin' to ye, Mrs. O'Raherty. An' 'ave ye got any more news from Mary Ann an' the Frinch count at Chitauky ?"

"Not a wurrud, Mrs. O'Flaherty, since the last coime I heard from her." "Is the Frinch count, as ye do call him,

wid her yit, I do wonder?" "Indade an' I don't know for sure, an' don't care, for I don't feel very well this mornin'; I have a head as big as a bushel an' I know Mary Ann's good looks an' boost and quanely walk will carry her through twheriver she may be; an' 'pon me soul, belave it's to the liquor shtore I must be going' an' bring home at laist a quart of the critter, as this is wash day an' the colonel himsel' isn't well at all at all' naither."

## It Made Him a Little Vexed.

"Adolphus, d'ye know that I'm a little rexed at Miss Simmons ?"

"What happened, Arthur, old boy?" "Well, you know I pride myself on my singing. We were at the piano. 'I'll sing one more song and then go home,' I said." "Was it late?"

"About midnight," "And what did she say?"

"She said, 'Can't you go home first ?" "And did you?" "Yes, Adolphus. I tell you I'm a little vexed about it."

Profitless Remembrance.

Bishop (on his semi-annual round)—Si you don't remember me, Bobby? Bobby-N-no, sir.

Bishop-I remember you very well in ties. Bobby-That so? Well, why didn't you bring me something?

An Accommodating Young Man.

Her Father-I can't give her any dowry. I am very poor, Mr. Browne. My little all won't foot up to more than \$25,000. Mr. Browne-Oh, \$25,000 is enough for us to begin on, Mr. Jamyth.

File It Away for Future Use.

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, "young Mr. Thistle has written me a : ote in which he asks me to be his wife."

didn't he come himself ?" o doubt, pane but I seem pleasanter that way, are included among her household favorites. no doubt, papa, but I suppose he feels a little timid, and besides, papa, think how much more binding a note is."

Boulangism as a thing to conjure with has evidently lost its power in France. M (hic) hail any more cabs; they're hailin' all the bit of by-play which has been for months cup of milk, the beaten whites of eight one of four with one of past verging on the serio-comic. M. Boulanger's ignominious defeat in the Departments of Dordogne and Ardeche, where he had thrown himself into the contests in Magistrate (to prisoner)-Is this the first spirit of beavado, makes, in all probability, from which so much was expected by the ex-Uncle Rastus-Yes, sah; but yo' poo' ole ditable crowd which is ever ready to follow father, who was Jege fo' fo'ty years, I was at the heels of a demagague. And now to cap the climax of his humiliation the con her to her feet.

"None of your airs!" she cried. "If you try to walk, you can. You are pretending. Stand up!"

A Permanent Separation.

A Permanent Separation.

Mother (to maddlesome child). "Pale in the streets of the streets of

OLOVER LORE

The Charming Fancies that have spring

It is generally known that the three learned clover is an emblem of Trinity, the legal being that St. Patrick first used it to illustrate the chiests trate how three separate objects, sach with leaves, could yet form one. But according to J. B. Friedreich, it was a very ancient symbol, expressing religion among the ancient Germans as setting forth the three grades of Druids, Bards, and Neophytes And as one legend or myth or superstition begets many, so there grew from this a number; which, however, all refer to clover with four leaves, the rarity of which gave rise to the belief that it would bring good luck to the one who carried it.

When sitting in the grase we see A little four-leaved clover, Tis luck for thee and luck for me,

Or luck for any lover. It is beleived in the Tyrol that if any one has "a turn" for magic he can acquire the the power of becoming invisible at will.

A stranger superstition related in Wolf "Zeitschrift fur Deutsche Mythologie" in the effect that if, while a priest is reading the service, any one can, unknown to him lay a four-leaved clover on his mass book the unfortunate clergyman will not be able to utter a word; he will stand stock still and bewildered until the person who has played the trick pulls his robe. Then he can proceed. When all is over the man who regains his "four leaf" will always have luck at all kinds of gambling. If he has tendency to tenpins in America or to nine pins, if it be in Germany, he makes a "ten strike" or alle neune every time he rolle

It would seem by this that though the trifolium is a religious symbol, the four less smacks of a darker influence. If the bear or wearer of a four-leaved clover should come across witchwork or any uncanny performance, he can detect or spoil it all un. harmed. If a man loves a woman (or vice versa), and can obtain two four-leaved clovers, and induce her to eat one while he himself swallows the other, mutual love is sure to result. Nay, according to very good gypsy authority, even a trin-patrini to sell. kas, or three-leaved clover, will have this effect. Moreover, it is advisable on all occasions when you make a gift to anybody. no matter what it is, to conceal in it a dover, since it will render the gift doubly

acceptable. Also : Take a four or three-leaved clove, and, making a hollow in the end or top of your alpenstock or cane, put the leaf therein, taking care not to injure it, and close the opening carefully. Then, so long as you walk with it, you will be less weary than if it were wanting, and will enjoy luck in many

A German proverb says of a lucky man, "Er hat sin vierblattriges Kleeblatt gefunden "-"He has found a four-leaved clover." On this test Dr. Wilhelm Korte in his " Sprichworter der Deutchen," preaches the following homily: "'This is,' you say's stupid superstition.' Did you ever knows man who was ganz und gar, utterly and entirely devoid of superstition? For if you did, be sure there was nothing in him."

Flax Uniture.

Mr. J. A. Donaldson in reply to a letter regarding the familure of the crops this seeson, and especially in the fall wheat, says; "The question arises why the farmers do not turn their attention to other branches of industry. None demands more favourable consideration than flax. The average yield per acre obtainable from flax is as large at that usually got from wheat and the price is about the same per bushel, with the weight of flax four pounds to the bushel less than that of wheat. The produce of flar fibre, when properly prepared for market, will realize even more than seed. Persons complaining of short crops of wheat would do well to visit the Counties of Wellington and Waterloo, where they will find in connection with the Doon flax mills some 1,400 acres under flax, and a still larger acreage in the neighborhood of Baden in connection with the firm of James Livingston & Co. Flar also grown in other portions of these coun-

In fact, the success of this branch of Came dian industry is best shown in Manitobs among the Mennonites, whereit is ascertain-

Humming Birds as Pets.

A young lady of New York amuses herself with humming birds as pets. They build their nests in the lace curtains and have raised little families in the parlet. There are plants for them to fly about in, and every day the florist sends a besket of flowers for them to extract the honey from They are like little rainbows flying about the room, and they light on the head of their dainty mistress with perfect freedom. Written you a note? Why in thunder She has an especial affinity for the feathered race, and pigeons, canaries and bullfinches

> The English Government has paid £20,000 for the loss of life and property occasioned by the Sultan running down a French ship in Spanish waters.

ICE CREAM CAKE.—Cream together cas and lastly two cups of flour with one of cornstarch, well sifted, with two teaspeed fuls of baking powder. Bake in layers. For the icing beat the whites of three egg very light; boil three cups of sugar with tall's pint of water until it candies ; add one to spoonful of citric acid and two of vanille When about half cool beat in the eggs, and beat all together until cool enough to spread

PULLED BREAD. -There is no sicer det sert than a piece of pulled bread, a bit of cheese and a cup of coffee; besides, it to English you know." To make palled ay and half Paris bake a delicate brown. They are crisp, and

CHAPTER V. FIRST SETTLEMENT, AND THE ING SYSTEM.

Is lend, or not to lend—that is the qu "Your house! I'm sure it's the incorrigible wretch.

ad me that you had no fine slack, what is fineslack?" said I, ver The stuff that's wound upon of wood," pouncing as she st

of my most serviceable spools. "I cannot give you that; I wa "I didn't ask you to give it borrow it till father go

"I wish he would make haste, ant a number of things you have of me, and which I cannot longer

She gave me a knowing look, a of my spool in triumph. I happened to mention the 1 which I was constantly annoyed people, to a worthy English farm told me that I did not know the Yankees as well as he did, or I a be troubled with them long.

"The best way," says he, " to them is to ask them sharply wast; and if they give you no s power, order them to leave the ! Ibelieve I can put you in a b Buy some small article of them a trifle over the price them to bring the change. I will life upon it that it will be long be

treable you again." I was impatient to test the efficient scheme. That very afternoon h brought me a plate of butter for price was three and nine-pence ; mm, by-the-by, that it was worth "I have no change," giving her

"but you can bring it me to-more

Oh, blessed experiment ! for the

girl for ever; rather than pay me entered the house again. About a month after this, I making an apple-pie in the kitche averous-looking woman, very and witch-like, popped her ill-lo age into the door, and drawled th

"Do you want to buy a rooster Now, the sucking-pigs with wh been regaled every day for three the tavern, were called roasters understanding the familiar phras country, I thought she had a such

"Is it a good one ?" "I guess 'tis." "What do you ask for it?" "Two Yorkers."

"That is very cheap, if it is a don't like them under ten Ten or twelve pounds! Wh what do you mean? Would you rooster to be bigger nor a turkey We stared at each other. Then entity some misconception on my

"Bring the roaster up; and if I will buy it, though I must conf am not very fond of roast pig." "Do you call this a pig?" sai merchant, drawing a fine game under her cloak. I laughed heartily at my mis paid her down the money for

bird. This little matter settled, she would take her departure rooster proved the dearest fowl ever was bought. "Do you keep backy and s mys she, sidling close up to me.

"We make no use of those ar "How! Not use backy That's or common." She paused, then added in a

confidential tone: "I want to ask you how you stands ?" "It stands in the cupb ard,"

dering what all this might mean "I know that; but have you spare ?" I now began to suspect wha customer the stranger was. "Oh, you want to borrow so

none to spare." "You don't say so. Well, stingy. I never asked anything fore. I am poor, and you are ri I'm troubled so with the headac thing does me any good but a c

"The money I have just gi buy a quarter of a pound of the "I guees that isn t mine. longed to my neighbour. She I promised to sell it for her t Physic. Money !" she added, tone, "Where should I get mo bless you; people in this coun money; and those who come ou of it soon lose it. But Emily me that you are tarnation rich your money from the old cou

you can well afford to lend aspoonful of tea." Neighbour! Where do yo what is your name?" My name is Betty Fye-old live in the log shanty over the be back of your'n. The farm my eldest son. I'm a widow

and 'tis hard to scrat Do you swear ?" Swear! What harm? It when one's vexed. Every country. My boys al Hill; and I used to swear till about a month ago standy parson told me that hof I should go to a to

i to I dropped some of would do wisely to di Well, you don't say! I a very ignorant. Will woman was such an ori

> you have a fine orch ny no orchard to hum

what she wanted. A

took up one of the

What is sarce!"