The court records of Stafford county, Va., date back to 1690. The writing of the oldest document is as distinct as the day it was traced.

The New York charities conference has decided to make arrangements for the cultivation of the unoccupied city lots for the benefit of the poor.

A syndicate of New York and Atlantic City capitalists has been formed for the purpose of building an electric railroad from Atlantic City to New York.

Capt. Jonathan Pinkham, of Bath, Me., thinks that he is the oldest pilot in active service in New England. He is only a few weeks short of 81 years of age.

Mrs. Anderson (Mrs. De Navarro), who has been in poor health for several years, is now said to be looking stronger. If possible, more beautiful than ever.

The Bay W. Sever holds the position of director of the Yale gymnasium, but does not prevent his being idle for the college football has.

Five languages are regularly heard in the streets of Chicago local Endeavour societies—Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, German, Bohemian, Chinese and English.

TO THE PEOPLE!

VITÆ ORE, Nature's Blood Purifier and Nerve Tonic.

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For the treatment and cure of ALCOHOLISM, THE MORPHINE HABIT, TOBACCO HABIT, AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

The system employed at this institution is the famous Double Chloride of Gold treatment. Through its agency over 200,000 persons have been induced to abandon the use of these poisons and have remained cured in the last four years. Lakehurst Sanitarium is the only one of its kind in Canada, and is well furnished with every modern appliance for the treatment of inebriety and the allied diseases. There is not an instance of failure among those who have completed a course of treatment with us. Reasonable terms. Reputation is all we have to depend upon, and we do not hesitate to place our reputation in the hands of the public. In its 10 years of existence it has never had a patient who has been a subject of the treatment, who has not been a witness to the efficacy of the treatment, and who has not been a permanent cure. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation free. Patients can be treated at their own homes. Full particulars, testimonials, etc., sent on receipt of 4 cents in stamps. Address, THE SECRETARY, 38 Bank of Commerce Chambers, Toronto, Ont.

The Good Dye Young.

Cold in the Head.

AND HEADACHE CURED IN FIVE MINUTES.

Catarrh cured in a Week, by using DR. HUNT'S MAGIC SNUFF.

R. Parker & Co., 797 Yonge st., Toronto.

MACHINE FOR SALE.

AUTOMATIC NUMBERING MACHINE. Steel figurer. Perfect printing and accurate work. For prices address TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY, Toronto and Winnipeg.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.)

SUMMER.

CHAPTER I.

I am eighteen years old. It sounds a good deal, does it not? It seems only yesterday that I was quite little, scrambling about in short frocks and leaving bits of the same on every railing, hedge and gate the place contains; now a I'm in "tails," real downright tails; limited, it is true, as to length and width, but still tails which come in useful when I want to snub Dorley or the boys; but on the other hand, hamper me sadly when some forlorn remnant of my active youth prompts me to scale the trees for an old bird's-nesting. On the whole, I am sorry to have reached that broad, flat tableland or grown-upness that is so easy to accost, but can be stepped down from never again. If one's young days might only be pushed further, if we might be given thirty years of growing instead of sixteen, surely the forty beyond, that are allotted as the period of man's existence, would be enough for us to be grown-up, and steady, and sad in. I hate to part with my merry insouciant young years. I dread to let them go, and feel the old tastes and loves slipping away from me, and the new fancies and pursuits taking their place. I am sorry that I shall never grow any more—never measure my back against the schoolroom wall to see if my head is any nearer the notch that marks Jack's height—never look anxiously in the glass to see if it brings me less ugliness as he brings more inches (for at eighteen one is able to form a pretty tolerable estimate of what one is going to be like for the rest of one's days) never go donkey-riding, or pig-nut hunting, or shrimp-getting, any more—never have bull's eyes, blackberries, and treacle tarts, with the exceeding love that I know for them of yore. I can even get over a gate without feeling any overmastering impulse to vault or leap it. I can see Pepper making an ecstatic roll in the grass without straightway longing to cast myself down and roll too. The kitchen garden has lost some of its charm in my eyes, for, thanks to my being so old, other affairs than gooseberries and currants occupy my mind, very much against my will. I am the eldest daughter at home now, and obliged to mind my morals and manners to a maddening extent; or every sin of omission and commission of my brothers and sisters is laid to my charge, and said to be the fruit of my "example." It is dismal at the Manor House now so many are away. Jack is in London. He is going to be a barrister, and I call it mean of him for if he had only elected to be a fat gentleman farmer, I could have gone and lived with him in a little house, and been as happy as—Well! brothers never love their sisters quite as their sisters love them.

Molly has been "wo'd an' married an' a' wer a year and a half," and the family has not yet done gasping over the marvellous event yet. How it fell out that poor Molly unwilling consent was wrung from him; and how she never ran away at all, but stood up to be married, in a white satin gown and trimmings; and how papa gave her away with an ineffable hitch of his nose; and how up to the very last moment everyone believed that he did not mean her to be married at all, but intended to turn the whole affair into a joke; and how he disappointed us all, as he always does—are not these things writ in the chronicles of the house of Adair?

After so far forgetting himself as to make two people happy, he gave it to be understood in the family that nothing else of the kind would be permitted to take place for another century or so, and that, this lapse of authority on his part wasn't to be taken as a precedent, but regarded in the light of a comet, a plague or any other inexplicable appearance for which there is no accounting. About two years ago Alice was formally forgiven, and invited to stay here, with her little son; but the sight of her perfect liberty of speech and action, the amplitude of her petticoats, the abundance of her pin money, were too much for him, and the day of truce came down with a crash. If the governor could put his thoughts into rhyme, I think he would say

"Oh! while my daughters with me stayed,
Would I had whacked them more?"

It must be hard to know that they have got safely out of his clutches; and that he may have nothing in the future to reproach himself with on my account, he makes my existence an uncommonly sad thing sometimes. I feel that I have run away, or that it would be better to marry anything than live the life I lead. Common sense, however, whispers that a spinster's troubles are but passing trifles; but once married, she must sit down under her misfortunes, and bear them to the bitter end. For married folks have their troubles—have they not? just like single ones. Oh! what a black, bitter tear that may be, when a woman lifts her eyes, and looking at her husband, sitting opposite her, realizes for the first time that she has made a mistake. "Mon," says Madame Scudéri, "should keep their eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut after. Surely women may say the same.

I wonder why I have fallen upon the subject of matrimony this afternoon? I am wandering about through the garden, beside which the July pump of geraniums and verbenas, and across the orchard into the wide, hot field. There is no shade anywhere, but my big sun-bonnet is tipped over my nose, as I may defy sunstroke; and in my mind's eye, as I once heard a man, of more worth than letters, remark, I see a cool, shady, green little chamber of which the ceiling is woven branches, and the carpet of mossy grass, while the walls are made of the sturdy brown bodies of the oak and the beech. It is not far away, but it is shut in so deftly that a stranger might pass it by close and never see it, though he went through the field of rye that stretches out to its left in a whitening sea of light. "After all," I say to myself, as I turn out of the last big field into a cool, shady alley through which the brook runs, "what does it matter if the governor be foolish some? He can't take away my share of God's gifts from us; and all the temper and hard words in creation could not take the glow out of this summer afternoon, or the color out of the sky; he never!"

Thus moralizing, I sit down by the brook to rest for a moment before sallying forth into the sun-flooded fields of grain; and it seems to answer "Never!" as it hurries along over the clear stones, not stopping when it is well off, sighing to be rid of itself in the wide river. Its babble sounds very pretty, as though it were talking to the fragrant meadow-sweet that bends its hauks like foam, or the yellow mitten that Jack and I call ladies' slippers—a frivolous substitute for the grand old name of lotus, of which there are three species, and this common, unbeautiful flower is one. Lotus! What an exquisite name it is! and what exquisite visions it brings up before us! The river is a mere pin-worshipper; almost all his flowers are large yellow or gold colored; look at those handsome irises a yard away; and further on, where he deepens into a mimic lake, he mays yellow flowers, great, sleepy, proud lilies, to do him honor and deck his banks. It is a relief to look away at the forget-me-nots, with their innocent blue eyes, that look a sight into mine, saying as plain as the eyes speak "Do not forget me!"

A bee orchis lifts its head out of the hedge, straight and tall, with its absurd resemblance to the insect, as though it had alighted freshly on the flowers, and been flown there, retaining its exquisite colors. The hollyhocks, "emblem of cruelty and pride," stand stiff and stately. I wonder if ever at night their speckled bells ring out a dainty peal of music (carried in Hollyhock land? The red-mace stand round, tall and bare, with their long stacks and olive-brown spikes, they look too obstinate to shiver and shake; yet a curse lies upon them—for was not one of their number placed in the Victim's hand in direst mockery as a sceptre? Yonder, in the pale-blue blossoms of the ivy-leaved bell-flower, lie a naughty, little insect which Linnaeus named Floriscuma, from its love of sleeping in flowers. He must be a luxurious, dainty little Sybarite and a happy, to be able to choose his couch of red, white, pink, or blue, at will; while we, poor mortals, have to seek our dull four-posters night after night.

I pick up my sun-bonnet, put it on, and lean over the stile that lies between me and the corn-field, that is turning brighter and more golden day by day under the sun's fierce beams. The scarlet poppy-heads, gorgeous vagrants, with their leaves as freshly crinkled as though they had but just left Nature's laundry, nod imperiously at me, saying, "Gather me! gather me!" The corn-cockle, pride of the harvest-field, and abomination of the farmer (yes "I am handsome, pick me!" The field-knautia lifts her insolent head high above the corn, seeming to say, "See how much higher a parasite can climb than her master!" The pheasant's-eye, or scale the rose, or go bird's-nesting. On the whole, I am sorry to have reached that broad, flat tableland or grown-upness that is so easy to accost, but can be stepped down from never again. If one's young days might only be pushed further, if we might be given thirty years of growing instead of sixteen, surely the forty beyond, that are allotted as the period of man's existence, would be enough for us to be grown-up, and steady, and sad in. I hate to part with my merry insouciant young years. I dread to let them go, and feel the old tastes and loves slipping away from me, and the new fancies and pursuits taking their place. I am sorry that I shall never grow any more—never measure my back against the schoolroom wall to see if my head is any nearer the notch that marks Jack's height—never look anxiously in the glass to see if it brings me less ugliness as he brings more inches (for at eighteen one is able to form a pretty tolerable estimate of what one is going to be like for the rest of one's days) never go donkey-riding, or pig-nut hunting, or shrimp-getting, any more—never have bull's eyes, blackberries, and treacle tarts, with the exceeding love that I know for them of yore. I can even get over a gate without feeling any overmastering impulse to vault or leap it. I can see Pepper making an ecstatic roll in the grass without straightway longing to cast myself down and roll too. The kitchen garden has lost some of its charm in my eyes, for, thanks to my being so old, other affairs than gooseberries and currants occupy my mind, very much against my will. I am the eldest daughter at home now, and obliged to mind my morals and manners to a maddening extent; or every sin of omission and commission of my brothers and sisters is laid to my charge, and said to be the fruit of my "example." It is dismal at the Manor House now so many are away. Jack is in London. He is going to be a barrister, and I call it mean of him for if he had only elected to be a fat gentleman farmer, I could have gone and lived with him in a little house, and been as happy as—Well! brothers never love their sisters quite as their sisters love them.

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