A NICE LITTLE STORY.

tised for another. A spruce young fellow

Bella entered her father's study one

"He makes love to me," she said. "He

morning with a flushed face and angry

manner and requested him to dismiss

carriage while he drives again-never?"

Mr. Barley looked up from his books

and papers without that indignation which

should have tharacterized his manner at

"You are right in telling me this, Bella,"

your coachman what would you think of

Bella looked at her father wonderingly.

A week from that day she brought her

"Tell him to meet you to-night in the

"Instead he will meet me," said the

Bella wrote upon a card these words,

"Papa!" she cried in terror.

" Well, how do you fell now !"

But in an instant she saw that pape was

in no danger. William was at his utercy.

He beld him by the collar, and was flog-

ging him much as an old-fashioned school-

master need to flog his larger boys, while

Finally, having quite anished, the old

"I-This is outrageous!" faltered Wil-

daughter's heart. The reparation I ask of

Mr. Montmorenci strack an attitude, and

"Papa dictated that note. He knew

everything," said Bella; and really you

are more of an idiot than I thought you

I felt angry at you as a coachman. Now

simply consider you absurd." She

"Mr. Barley, you at least know no

"As for that," interrupted Mr. Barley,

I knew you all along, and of all the un

untigated pappies I consider you the worst.

An honest coachman I might have respect-

ed you-a fortune-hunting dandy, I only

desire to kick out of my presence. Go

He unlocked the garden gate.

Montmorence looked for his hat, but

Barley's boots loomed large and heavy

better part of valor, and in a moment more

coachman without the side false whiskers.

nove as his, it might be successful with

An Irishman was once heard bersting

the United States Government. A friend,

who knew him well remarked : " Ah, Pat,

stolen a U.S. Blanket, "That I've not."

know what's the matter with yez. Ye've

you is her band."

was somewhat heroic.

entered the house.

"I'll attend to that," whispered the found himself in the street with the night

many beirenses.

that I-" began Montmorenci

"Papa!" cried Bella.

riding-whip.

"Yes, papa," she said : "I'll do it."

Mr. Barley finding that old Anthony

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### "Indeed!" said Mr. Courtenay; and s Boetry. sudden inspiration entered into his brain. THE FARMER'S WIFE. very much in love?"

The shadows lengthen on the lawn. The day is almost done: The weary wife, from early dawn, A steady course has run. Faithful and constant, doing all Within her woman's power To let some rays of gladness fall

From her own seanty dower. She cooked the meals with special care, Her husband ate in allence grim; A word of praise-a treasure rare-Had saved her eyes from being dim. But tears will fall: "I'm so alone," In misintivo tones she said; "I've tried to win some praise from John,

I might as well be dead." Just then her chicks came chirping up. Her reveries disturbing; She gives them grain and fills their cup. Their inward sorrows curbing. With merfy clack they crowd around, Greeting with frantic joy. Their true appreciation brings

With grateful sonse of needs supplied, The pansies lift their heads, Receiving showers by beaven denied From her who came instead. The welcome of her feathered friends, The sympathy appearing ; In flower and beauty, nature needs, Her sching heart are cheering.

. Pleasure without alloy.

That hearts within your home Miss the outspoken cheer form you, And long for it to come? Do birds and flowers usurp the place . That God designed for you? O, quickly now your steps retrace And give the praise that's due.

But, brother farmer, is it true,

### Select Family Reading.

Sister Barbara BY AMY HANDOLPH.

"And there's nobody here to meet me after all!" said Felix Courtenay, pulling discontentedly at his long, silkly beard. The sun had set in a mellow mist of gold lover?"

and a little brook, which tumbled over the rocks at the back of the solitary shed which bore the appellation of "railway station," made an almost human plaining in the silence. The ticket-agent, who out wood in the forests when he was not on duty, came out and scratched his head, as he looked around the glowing landscape.

"There aint nobody sent from Blossom

oad. Hold on, though-"

his interlocutor's eyes.

Lot-tee-ee-ee !"

Farm ?"

sooner I get started the better."

"There's Lotty, with her donkey-cart,"

"Why, Lotty Blossom, to be sure," said

Podfield, "from the Farm. Now I come

to think of it, she came down yesterday to

self the eggs and butter for her mother,

and stayed all night with Sarah Ann Hale.

Guess likely there'll be room for you in the

donkey cart, if you sit close. Lotty don't

take up much room. Hullo! Lot! Lot!

And, making an impromptu trumpet of

his doubled-up fist, Mr. Podfield hailed the

equipage now dimly visible coming up the

A curious little turn-out, Mr. Courtenay

thought. An odd, two-wheeled affair, un-

painted, and guiltless of the ornaments

commonly appertaining to "village carts,"

and drawn by a stout, mouse-colored

donkey. In it there sat a woman, wrapped

in a gray cloak, with a scarlet-ribboned hat

tied securely under her chin. She looked

"What is it ?" said she, a little impatient

"A new boarder for you folks," said Pod-

"Come," said he to himself, "this is

"Nell is my next sister," explained Lotty.

the city visitor. "Barbara is the oldest.

"And Barbara is the prettiest, too,

almost engaged to an elegant New Yorker."

Courtenay could feel himself blush in the

solemnly added Miss Lotty. "She is

There are only three of us."

twilight, like a school-girl.

"Oh!" said Mr. Courtenay.

around at Mr. Podfield's call.

Then, go on, Neddy!"

fair Boadicea is !"

down to-day."

basket.

he spoke out, carelessly:

her chin.

Vale Farm to the depot, for this 'ere train, cousin, and that you would like to know all that's certain," said he. "Calc'late they wasn't expectin' of you, Squire, ch ?" "I sent a telegram," said Courtenay, sharply. "Oh, that explains it," said Peter Pod-

eight o'clock." you and I shall always-mind, always-be "Heavens and earth, man!" cried Courtenay, turning abruptly around, "you call friends." that accommodating the travelling public ?" "Wal," remarked Peter Podfield, "there you were so good to the little kittens. And aint much travel this 'ere direction anyway. | your beard is not so very gray, after all, Folks, they aint used to strangers, and-" and I'm sure you don't look old. But you're

interrupted Courtenay. "To Blossom "Yes, quite, quite sure," he answered, laughing, and the two went in the house "Eight miles," complemently answered the station agent, "and a dreadful stony "What's the matter?" said Courtenay impatiently. "If it's got to be walked, the

as ever you can. That tiresome old Court- not disturbed by strangers on the journey stand? I am not a coachman at all. I am said Mr. Podfield, "ef she's a mind to take enay has telegraphed that he will be up on to London. He entered into the spirit of Reginald Moutmorenci, of the Camillo "Lotty whom! What on earth are you the five o'clock train, and not a soul there the unjust arragement heartily. talking about " said Courtenay, turning to-" sharply around, to follow the direction of "Hush, Barbara," said Lotty, with a

> has come already. He is here." Barbara burried in, forgetful of her curl paper and general deshabille. "You little goose !" she began. "You-" And then she stopped, with a small

"Oh, Mr. Courtenay, what a very, very writing in pencil, and it read as follows:- You did not know me. I have won your But the simulated sweetness had come

fancied himself in love, was only a schemer, after all. He who had steered his little bark so cautiously among the shoals of fortune hunting daughters and managevring mam-

himself on these hidden recfs. "Yes," he said, careleasly; "I was going on up to Eky Top Mountain, and thought would stop here on the way. I hope you

And he was gone the next morning. almost before daylight, thanking Providence 200-mile ride would have been \$7.25, but nowfor his lucky escape.

field. "Can you take him up to the "Oh, yes," Lotty answered, lightly, "it And little Lotty kept her own counsel. he don't care for a little jolting, and, per-"But I never, never will chatter so foolhaps, walking over a bridge or two. Take ishly to a stranger again," she inwardly care," she added, as Mr. Courtenay stepped into the wagon: "don't break the new blue-edged plates. And be very careful;

please, not to disturb the basket with the little gray kittens in it that Sarah Ann Hale gave me. Are you comfortable, now By the waning twilight Mr. Courtena could see that his fair charioteer was a ros country girl, with large, long-lashed eye masses of black wavy hair, and a dimple in

half a bad adventure. I wonder who my car. When I asked Mr. Sharper for his And by way of beginning a conversation ticket he said he had given it up. . I thought differently, however, and after considerable " Are they expecting me at the Farm "Oh, yes,? said Lotty Blossom, carefully guiding her donkey past the beetling edge of a precipice. "Whoa, Neddy, whoa! But not quite so soon: Your room is quite ready, though. We whitewashed it yesterday morning, and Nell will have the carpet

> ticket afterwards informed me of the deception."-Biddeford (Me.) Journal. Some one sent a person in Messchusetts a package of infidel publications. He responded: "At the same time, if you have anything better than the Sermon on the Mount, and the parable of the Prodigal Son, and that of the Good Samaritan;

Lotty nodded, at the same time en- than the Ten Commandments, or anything deavoring to quiet the discontented wail- more consoling and beautiful than the ings of the small feline captives in the twenty-third Psalm, or on the whole, any "Oh, it will be a grand match for her!" | bright than the Bible does; anything that said she. But Barbara isn't like Nell and | will throw any more light ou the future. me. She don't like to work. She hates and reveal to me a Bather more merciful and kind than the New Testarcent-then send it to me, and souther it broadoust."

### THE INFIDEL'S SHEEP.

I suppose this pretty sister of yours is "That's the strangest part of it," said

Lotty, in a meditative manner. "She don't care for the man a bit." "Not-a-bit!" repeated Lotty. " Now went to the house of his infidel neighbor, drove Miss Bella Barley alone in it, and of Nell is sixteen, and I am fourteen. Bar bara says we are only children and cannot understand such things. But Nell is very sure that she wouldn't marry a man if she

didn't love him-not if he were as rich as -as Crosus! And so am I. But Barbara says her city beau is old and wrinkled, and has gray hairs in his mustache." town." "Dreadful!" remarked Mr. Courtenay rather chagrined.

"Isn't it?" chimed in Lotty. "Though of course, as she says, the older he is the sooner he will leave her a rich widow Don't you think," she added, suddenly were to take the basket in your lap?". And then she began to chat about other against the sky, the song of a far distant

sentinels along the road. "I suppose," she said, presently, "the am at your option. I will do just what why I ask you this after a while. Let him children are coming up in the next train?"

with a start. "Why, yours. The four little ones, "I think," said Mr. Courtenay, after few minutes' puzzled meditation, "that

s Courtenay-Felix Courtenay."

you are under a false impression. You are, perhaps, taking me for-" "Aren't you Mr. Rodney Ralston, mamma's cousin, from Dakota?" she asked turning abruptly towards him.

dropped the reins. "Then," she cried, "you are Barbara's this matter up, and pay for the sheep; I parent, nodding his head, "and I shall "Unfortunately, yes," he answered, with

something of bitterness in his tone. "Or. pay for them, you may give me what the |"The garden; under the elm tree; at perhaps, it would be more correct to say sheep were worth when they got into your eleven o'clock," and despatched it, leaving "Oh," cried Lotty, checking her steed field, and pay me six per cent. interest, and it unsigned. That night, however, she did within sight of the cheery lights of the fare house, " what have I done! It's just as mamma and Barbara are always telling me-my horrid, hateful tongue has run

sincerely touched by her genuine and is certain, the infilel was seen to frequent Her dread lest her father should be injured to obey his mother. field, the station agent. "The telegrams, evident grief. "There is no occasion for the house of prayer, and we may be sure overesme her pride. She left her room, they goes around by Puddle Basin! They all this trouble. We will keep our own that he afterward believed there was some fied down stairs, and appeared on the won't be fetched up afore this evenin', at secret, you and I. I am not engaged to power in the gospel, and that all Christians porch. Barbara, and probably never shall be But were not hypocrites. - The Christian.

"I like you," said Lotty, shyly, "because "Is it far to walk?" unceremoniously certain you'll never tell Barbara or mam-

> The big sitting-room was empty, but the fair Baroura screamed from an adjoining "Loth: Lotty! Turn Ned's head around buick! Drive to the depot as fast

> composure that astonished herself. "He

delightful surprise this is !" . too late. Mr. Felix Courtenay's eyes had been effectually opened by this time. The innocent country Hebe, with whom he had

mas, had come perilously nigh wrecking busy elsewhere, and our box was invaded and never danced. Dear me, yes; and much of a raise on it. We'd like your

are pretty well ?"

Miss Barbara Blossom never knew why his admiration had grown so suddenly cold

CHEATING THE CONDUCTOR. A conductor on the Boston and Maine Railway tells this: "About a mouth ago a middle-aged well-dressed man entered my train at a way station and began talking with a fellow-passenger. After a short time he asked the gentleman of he could look at his ticket a moment. After looking it carefully over, Mr. Sharper returned the gentleman his ticket, but before doing so slyly tore off one corner of it. Soon after the fellow went to the forward end of the

talk the man took some money from his pocket to pay for his fare, but said producsmall piece of pasteboard, that he could prove having given up his ticket, for he remembered tearing off a small piece, and that if I would only look my tickets over I would find one with a piece torn off. Of course I looked, found a ticket with a small piece torn off, and I thought the man's statement was true. The real owner of the with a degree of self-possession that amazed

> or if you have any better code of morals thing that will make this dark world more

Away among the bills of northern New England were two infidel neighbors, who Boggs was up longer able to drive his had grown up to man's estate, sinning spirited horses, pensioned him off and adverand blaspheming against God. One of them heard the gospel message, of excellent manners presented himself, and hearing believed unto eternal life. A and was engaged at once, and thereafter short time afterward the converted man | drove the family carriage. Sometimes he

and said to him : "I have come to talk to this came consequences. you. I have been converted." "Yes, I heard that you had been down there and had gone forward for prayers." said the skeptic, with a sneer: "and I was | William at once. anyprised, for I had thought you were about as sensible a mad as there was in is most offensive. I will never enter the

"Well," said the Christian, "I have a duty to do to you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have such a moment. got four sheep that belong to you. They came into my fold six years ago, and I knew he said; but come, now-if he was not "that the kittens would be quieter if you they had your mark on them, but I took them and marked then with my mark; him?" and you inquired all around and could not "I suppose I should think as I do now. things-the distant glow of the iron foundry hear anything of them. But they are in paps," said Bella. "He would be a detestmy field with the increase of them. And puppy anywhere. He is an insolent one whip-poor-will in the glen, the name of the now I want to settle this matter. I have now." huge picturesque crags which stood like lain awake nights and grouned over it, and "Very well, Bella," said her father.

I have come to get rid of it. And now I "Do me a favor. You will understand you say. If it is a few years in state prison suppose you not quite the girl you are, and "What children !" said Mr. Courtenay, I will suffer that. If it is money or prop- see if he will follow the example of these erty you want, say the word. I have a gentleman who figure in the newspapers, good farm and money at interest, and you and offer his hand and heart. Trust me can have all you ask. I want to settle this to punish him !" matter and get rid of it."

"If you have got them sheep you are welcome to them. I don't want anything father a letter, elegantly written on the of you if you will go away; a man who will best paper. It was an offer of marriage, come to me as you have-something must and a proposal for an elopement. "Not at all," said our hero. "My name have got hold of you that I don't understand. You may keep the sheep if you garden," said the old gentleman."

The infidel was amazed. He began to Finally she smiled.

Lotty gave a little shrick and nearly will only go away." "No," said the Christian, "I must settle shall not be satisfied without. And you have that with me," he pointed to his must tell me how much."

"Well," said the skeptic," If you must

not go to bed. She peeped from her winlet me alone." The man counted out the value of the dow, wrapped in a dark clouk and hood, sheep and the interest on the amount, and and at eleven o'clock saw the door of the laid it down, and then doubled the dose, coachman's quarters open and the young away with me! I thought you were our and laid as much more down beside it, and | man enter the garden. In a moment more went his way, leaving a load on his neigh- a much larger figure emerged from the Get out the carriage, and I'll bring him the news of the family, and now-and bor's heart almost as heavy as that which shadow of the elm tree, and she could see down." he himself had borne. The full result of that something was about to happen. It

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE

IN ENGLAND.

There are all sorts of tricks to learn about railroad riding in England, and some of them give a third-class passenger greater | William roared for mercy. privacy than a first-class one secures. For instance, having met two friends at Liver- gentleman set his victim up against a tree, pool for the purpose of journeying back to and regarding him with a pollte sarcasm, London with them, I was told by a shrewd | remarked : Englishman to take a third-class compartment, and " make it right with the guard " so as to have the box all to ourselves. We liam then, turning, saw Miss Bella upon purchased three third-class tickets and the porch. promised the guard who showed us to our "The time has come for explanation," seats four shillings, or one dollar, if we were he gasped. . " Miss Bella do you not under-

"Two of you be lookin' out of the win- morenci family, and I am a member of the dows, as if it was crowded," said he : " and Four in-hand Clab. I have striven to win one of you stand before the door on the your heart a long while. You would never

platform." We did so, and he ran off, to return in a generally successful with the young ladies of minute with a long, narrow strip of paper | the family. I assumed this disguise. You a printed form that he had filled up with Regionald Montmoreuci. Sir, I forgive you.

EXGAGED. FROM Liverpool

TO London. He turned people away until the train started, and stood guard at our door at

every station except one. Then he was now. You used to visit the Fragnapanni's figure, while the people here won't stand by a man and wife and a second woman those side whiskers were false. I might society and we'd like your aid to help build and four children. The goard saw them have known it." soon after they had entered the compartment, and he "shooed" them all out much | you," cried Montmorenci. "You have the same as a woman drives chickens in a given me your heart. You would have barn-yard. The first-class fare for that been mine, humble as I was. Now-

our tickets cost only \$4.12. Afterward I never saw men filling the door to a compartment that I did not think of the guard's instructions to us at Liverpool; and, indeed, two months later, while in Devonshire, an acquaintance I had formed in that earthly paradise bade me stand beside him in the door of an empty compartment so that we might secure it

all to ourselves, as we did .- Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.

ONLY A COLLECTION What's to be done?" whispered the anitor of a building, livid with terror. The halls are cracking the floor is about to fall, and yet if you tell those people the building is going to collapse there will be hundreds of them killed in trying to get | before him. He felt that prudence was the

clusion of the next festure of the evening's and Montmorenci ended his night in durentertainment a collection will be taken up ance vile, under the roof of the station for the penefit of the Grant monument Before the orchestra had fluished the selection which followed this speech the hall was empty. The chairman's presence

of mind had saved; a thousand lives .-

chairman of the meeting in reply. My

friends." he said, turning to the andience.

I am requested to say that at the con-

SHOULD AND WOULD Sir Richard Grant White says: "I do not know in English Literature another said Pat. ! The blanket I have has my passage in which the distinctions between | initials on it." "How's that?" "Why, ye shall and will, and would and should is at | can see the U. S. for yerself in the corner; once so elegantly, so variously, so precisely, and U. stands for Dennis, an' S. for and so compactly illustrated as in the fol- McCarty." lowing lines from a song in Sir George Etherege's . She Would if She Could

"How long I shall love him I can no more tell Than, had I a fever, when I should be well, My passion shall kill me before I will show And yet I would give all the world he did

But, oh! how I sigh when I think should cannot refuse what I know would undo me

THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER As I went down the street to-day.

I saw a little lad Whose face was just the kind of face To make a person glad. It was so plump and rosy-cheeked, So cheerful and so bright,

It made me think of apple-time, And filled me with delight. I saw him busily at work. While, blithe as blackbird's sons, His merry, mellow whistle rang

The pleasant street along.

Ob, that's the kind of lad I like?" I thought, as I passed by. "These busy, cheery, whistling boys Make grand men by-and-by." Just then a playmate came along. And leaned across the gate, A plan that promised lots of fun

And frolic to relate.

"The boys are waiting for us now, So hurry up!" he cried. ; My little whistler shook his head And " Can't come," he replied. "Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?

What hinders ? asked the other. "Why, don't you see?" came the reply, " I'm busy helping mother. She's lots to do, and so I like To help ber all Lcan !

So I've no time for fun just now Said this dear little man. " I like to hear you talk like that I told the little lad; d Help mother all you can, and make Her kind heart light and glad. It does me good to think of him,

And know that there are others

Take hold and help their mothers.

Who, like this manly, little be

OBEYING PLEASANTL Little Harry had seen some older boys fly their kites from the tops of the houses, and he thought it would be nice fen if he could do so too-so he called to his aunt and said :-

"Aunt Mary, can I go up to the top of

His agot wished to do everything that

the bouse and fly my kite ?"

bridge," said Harry.

was proper to please him, but she thought this was very unsafe, so she said :-"No Harry, my boy; I think that is very dangerous sort of play. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

" All right. Then I'll go out on the

His aunt smiled, and said she hoped he

would always be as obedient as the "Harry, what are you doing?" said his " Spinning my new top, mother. "Can't you take the haby out to ride?

"All right," shouted the boy, as he put "Stop, my child," said Mr. Courtenay, the scene is only known to God. One thing | was impossible to restrain herself longer. his top away in his pocket, and hastened "Uncle William, may I go over to the store this morning?" said Harry one day

again I was looking at yesterday."

shall be glad to have you."

at breakfast. "I want to see those baskets

"O yes, Harry," said his upcle; "I

"But I cannot spare you to day, Harry, said his mother; I want you to go with me ; you shall go to the store another time. "All right,' said Harry, and went on No matter what Harry was saled to do, or what refusal he met with when saking

for anything, his constant answer was,

'All right,' He never asked, 'Why can't

I ?" or 'Why mostn't I ?" Harry had nos

only learned to obey, but he had learned to obey in good hamor.

NEW ENGLAND UNDERTAKER

We extract the following from the last issue of the Arizons Kicker :-Japonica Club. I belong to the old Mont-We would not advise you to come west under the idea that you can make a cart load of modey in your business in a year glance at me; and so, since coachmen are or two. There are not only plenty of undertakers out this way, but owing to dripping with paste. This he put upon see now what I am. You understand all. flourishing as it might be. Our people don't one window of our compartment. It was Not a coachman, but your devoted adorer, make much of funerals. The idea is that after a man is dead, he isn't good for much and it's wonderful how cheap you can out

> Drinks for egroner's jury ..... really, considering what he had endured, Digging grave ..... Miss Bella, however, was not overcome. Head board She simply sat upon the porch and Services of dray .... ...... You can't get things much below this In Dear me," she cried, "I remember you

the figures if you so desire. For metance,

the last man we shot figured on us as

### up the town, but when you ask us for facts "Charmer, you see that I am worthy of and figures we have got to give them to

A BRAVE WITTLE CIRL. The following incident, related of a little heathen Bengaleo girl, shows what children in these far-off countries sometimes suffer

for the sake of their religion. A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severa bruise on her forehead. and on being asked by Mrs. M what had caused it gave no answer, but looked ready to burst out crying. But another child relative, was not so reticent, and said [ pr father, having observed that she had tot done 'puis' for a great many days, asked her why she had so neglected her devotions, to which she replied, "Father, I have not neglected my devotions: I have prayed every day to Jesus. 1 do not pray to idole, because I do not believe in them."

This so enraged the father that he street her by the neck, took her before the bol. and first bowed revergntly before it amself, forcibly bear the child's head setten! times, striking it so violently on the gr watchmau before him. The watchman that it bled profusely, the child coming was faithful. He did not recognize the bitterly the whole time. But she an sed happily enough when this was related school, and said she did not much mind. adding, ;" I can not believe that trees and house. He has never tried the coachman's wood and stone will save me?'-Houken trick again ; though, with such a Grecian

Woman's Friend.

ed by noble thoughts. The more people do the more they ben do: he who does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything ; whilst we are executing one work we are preparing our.

Our doar little daughter was terribly sick;

selves for undertaking another.

They are never alone that are accompany

Her bowels were bloated as hard as a brick. We feared she would die Till we happened to try Teacher: "Now children, any thing that | Pierce's Pallets they cured her remarkably which crawls along the ground instead of walking | Never be without Pierce's Fallets in the is called a reptile. Can you give me an house. They are gentle and effective in example of a reptile?" Ina: "A worm." action and give immediate religi in case give another example?" (Long silence. They do their work thoroughly sand leave

Teacher : "Yes, that will do. Can any one of indigestion; bilipusness and sometime Finally Pegzy Bright speaks up): "I can." no bad effect. Smallest, cheaptail teater

Teacher: "Well, Pergy, what is it?" to take, One a dose, Bert Liver P Peggy (triumphantly): "Nother worm." made.