when he caught sight of packet lying on the window beneath the partly open sash. over to it, and examined it in the i. fading light. When the wrapper was | so undone, he saw it contained something pears small and soft enfolded in tissue paper. On removing the inner covering Dick uttered a long, low whistle. The little of the bench in packet contained a curl of hair.

He struck a light and looked at i more closely, the tiny ring glittering up a detached leaf hat m his hand like threads of gold. It was from her prayer-book. He tied up with blue ribbon, and pinned to caught the light, and Dick stathe small, silken knot thus made was a narrow strip of printed paper, which, on closer investigation, appeared to be a motto that had probably once formed part of a cracker. Dick unpinned it over its contents. These were the abalistic words it bore :-

I am young and I am bonny, l am tender, I am true;

'll have you.

"Coom, this in rayther strong," he a kind of red gold, each individual hair glittering in the light. He touched itit was as soft as velvet; he turned it over and over in his hand.

"I connot call to mind onybody as has hair of this color," he mused. bonny, too. I wonder who i' th' world con ha' sent it to me."

He folded up the parcel again, and alight with curiosity and pride.

When he entered the family livingroom, he found his landlady, Mrs. Ann Jump, a hard-working washerwoman, seated at table with all her children round her. She looked up inquiringly as he entered.

"We was jest goin' to begin; yo're late to-day, Richard."

"Did yo' notice enybody go past my window this arternoon?" inquired Dick, seating himself and endeavoring to assume a casual air.

"Why, of course, I should think a eyelashes were now shyly uplifted, and good few folks went past yo'r window to-day, same as ony other day," respended Mrs. Jump, a trifle tartly.

"Yo' didn't notice onybody partic'lar, ! suppose ?" pursued Dick.

th' folks pass by. It is Saturday to-day, they call me Dick," he said. "Yo' can and I've been agate at my work sin' call me Dick if yo'n a mind." afore yo' coom in."

to fathom the mystery of his myste- be callin' out for me."

"Bless the lad! whatever is he moid- arternoons?" inquired Dick. erin' about 1 Lady callers of a Saturday! Likely, isn't it? If ony was to wi'." coom, I'd soon run 'em out, I know

thot." 'eap year soom of his lady friends had gation appeared to be satisfactory, for for axin' yo' to be my sweetheart, I coom to ax him to put up the banns." she nodded, and said succinctly:-Dick responded with a laughing retort. He had forgotten about leap year, and have from two to six, missus says." the fact did indeed seem to throw some mind that it was extremely likely that with lasses before, but never yet with neet, then?" he asked. "I know it's one or other of the bonny lasses with one who had calmly announced her in- yo'r hair, and yo' mun know what was whom he had "walked" during the pre- tention of being his sweetheart. to raise a finger and he "could have ony lost all his previous self-consciousness If you'll have me for your sweetheart one o' th' village beauties for the axin';" as he considered her. some one had evidently wished to give "A nice little body," he thought to well to concentrate his attentions upon enough, I dare say." one individual in particular. But who Latham—she was as black as a sloe; nor Kitty Norris, her hair was lint He could not at that moment recall the color of her locks, but he did not think they were of this beautiful ruddy gold, Jenny Wharton was a fine, dashing, good-tempered lass, with whom he had always found it pleasant to take a walk or to crack a joke-did Jenny really take his careless attentions seriously, and was she determined to bring him to the point?

"Theer's two opinions about everything," said Dick to himself. "I'm noan so sure now that I do fancy her. It is a pity if hoo's coom to tak' sich a likin'

for me." He went to bed in a perplexed condition of mind and next morning woke with the dawn, and examined the little trophy by daylight. It was pretty hair; he had never seen any of that particular hue before. No, he did not think it could belong to Jenny. Then he read once more the motto:-

am young and I am bonny, am tender, I am true;

If you'll have me for your sweetheart I'll have you.

"A bit barefaced," he mused. "'If have you.' But it is leap year, of course, and I reckon the lass thinks hoo's doin' no harm in taking advantage of it,"

He dressed with unusual care, plastering his locks well with highly scented pomatum, a luxury dear to the rustic soul, donning a tie of a brilliant | Sally, but she consented nevertheless. ranced when he entered the

red at him. her name?" he asked!

'In conclus. little figure se The shadow of a b fallen across her, bu she suddenly stooped saw that the soft, smooth coil which was gathered up beneath white straw hat gleamed with the familiar ruddy glow which haunted his ing voice thoughts. His eyes often rested on the little figure as the service proceeded. Its aspect was wholly unfamiliar to and smoothed it out, slowly spelling him, and when the girl turned her head he found to his surprise that he did not recognize the face. It was a very simple little face-round, and pink and white, and rather freckled, the nose slightly crooked, the eyes large and blue If you'll have me for your sweetheart, and babyish. When she knelt down Dick saw that the long curling lashes Dick whistled again, and then laughed. that veiled these eyes were only a shade or two darker in color than the hair. marked, gazing straight before him Dick's thoughts were much preoccuremarked. He looked at the curl again; pied, and it is to be feared that his churnin' day which ever was, and yo' it seemed to be of a very pretty color, devotions were frequently interrupted were walkin' across fro' th' shippon wi' by the vague wonder as to how this unknown lass should have heard of him or why she had taken a fancy to him, | thought to mysel' as I had never seen for that she had sent him this love-token he never for an instant doubted. Hers were the only locks in the whole village whose color matched the little curl shut "It is up in Dick's trunk at home.

church he loitered behind until the girl and all, till theer's nowt to be seen." in question came out, and then boldly went up to her. Rustic etiquette, thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, hum- stringent enough on some points, is ming a little ditty to himself, his face nevertheless comfortably lax in many it off?" particulars; any young man may speak to any young woman without needing to wait for an introduction.

"Yo're a stranger here, ar'n't yo'?" asked Richard, with his most engaging

"I've nobbut jest coom," she responded. the village?" pursued Dick.

may yo'r name be '?' they allus call me Sally." The golden men could regard leniently?

what may yo'rs be, if I may ax?" "Coom, yo' know mine well enough," returned Dick, laughing; but Sally "Coom, once in a way yo' do, dunnot stared at him with unfeigned surprise. yo'?" But Sally only shook er head. comes too dry for making the beds in Could it be possible that, after all, she | "I know a mon," said Dick, staring at had fallen in love with him without so her fixedly, "as has got a bit, a lovely "Nay, I have other things to be much as knowing his name?" Well, bit, and keeps it locked up, and kisses thinkin' on nor to be standin' watchin' then, my name's Richard Myers, and it often."

afore dayleet. I only jest sat me down "Tisn't likely as I shall want to call sponded with great asperity. yo' onythin'," returned Sally. "I mum | noan set here ony more if yo' tell sech "Did yo' ha' lady callers to-day yo' onythin'," returned Sally. "I mun lees." then?" insisted Dick, still determined be off awhoam now, or th' missus 'ula

"Yo' can walk wi' me, if yo' fancy it." Mr. Jump, who now entered the room, cent-looking lashes, and surveyed Dick divesting himself of his coat as he did critically with her babyish blue eyes. so, remarked, with a loud, cheery laugh, Dick felt the color mount to his face the cried energetically. "I never give onythat "Dick thought very like as it was while, but the result of Sally's investi- body a lock of hair in my life; and as

"Two o'clock this day, then. I can never another mon i' th' world." "I will meet yo' at the Lone End," light upon the mystery. Though he said Dick, feeling a little queer as he irate. would not own it, he thought in his own turned away. He had often walked

ceding year had considered it time to Punctually to the minute, however, ascertain the nature of his intentions. he appeared at the appointed meeting- fully, but impressed, in spite of herself, Dick was a buck in his way, a hand- place, and soon described Sally's small by his manner. some young fellow, who thought a good figure tripping down the lane to meet deal of himself and had on more than him. She really was a pretty little I am young and I am bonny, one occasion boasted that he had only thing, and for a moment or two Dick I am tender, I am true;

him rather a broad hint. Dick owned himself, "and a notable little body. repeated Dick, with great unction and to himself with a sigh that it would be Hoo'd mak' a chap comfortable precision. "Theer, thot's plain enough,

was the owner of the hair? Not Mary of green all over it, and there were and soft as down. I will swear it green ribbons in her hat and at her is yo'rs. There is not another lass as throat, and she had altogether a certain ever I see as has hair the same as white. Could it be Jenny Wharton? springlike freshness about her most thot." comforting to the eye.

modating reply.

Dick paced along by her side for some minutes in silence, and then he said, said, in tones which did not admit of "We will go reet into the fields, wheer | doubt. "I truly didn't. Soombry mun theer'll be nobry to bother us."

green new-building hedge; the sky was sech a message as thot." blue overhead with little fleecy clouds | "Why not?" said Dick gallantly. "It which seemed to add to its brightness. is true enough. Yo're young, yo' know, Everything was green and bright and and bonny, and I am sure yo'll be tenfresh and new, this spring morning, der and true. Well, then, why could Dick, as he walked along, felt his heart not us be sweethearts?" bound as it had never bounded when - "Eh, Dick, we dunnot know each he was escorting Mary Latham or other, and I dunnot like the notion o' Jenny Wharton; and yet both Mary yo' thinkin' it was me as axed yo'.' "bonnier" than little golden-haired a lass can do it in leap year wi'out ony-Sally.

was very discreet and very demure. stole a glance at Dick. He assumed wi'out," and when he paid her one on not but own the fact to herself. ower that nonsense."

At last he resolved to come to an understanding with her; and pausing when they had reached a wood, already green, he proposed that they should rest a few minutes in the shade.

"The sun's not that hot," protested ad altogether presenting a very They sat down on the short, young are only used as beasts of burden and grass, and presently Dick inquired, in a Think it was a started at him re-

Dick hesitated for a had he till that morning set eyes upon of the girl, but he resolved to lie boldly for hea like a man.

"I did," he cried fervently. "How can yo' doubt it, Sally ?"

"And when did yo' first see me?" inquired Sally. This was a puzzler. Dick cast about

in his mind for a suitable occasion. "I see yo' last churnin' day," he rewith a retrospective air. "The last yo'r pail or summat in yo'r hand, and the leet shone on yo'r hair, and sech bonny hair before."

"Did yo'?" said Sally, much pleased. "But," as a sudden thought struck her, "however did yo' see my hair, Dick? I allus weer my bonnet, yo' know, i' th' When the congregation left the mornin', and it covers my head, face

Dick reflected for a moment. "Ah, but the wind blew it off a minute-dunnot yo' mind the wind blew.

a puzzled look. But Dick clinched the allowed to spill on the floor while we later married her. Tak about the matter by remarking that if the wind had not blown off her bonnet, he could not have noticed her hair, a fact which was obviously conclusive.

"It is bonny hair, Sally," pursued Dick, with a meaning air. Sally "Well, and what are yo' doin' here in | blushed. "Ay, it's bonny hair," repeated Dick. "A mon 'ud be very using fine spray for the purpose. If the ficiently to hand out half dollar, a "I've coom to be sarvant at Thorn- pleased to get a bit of that hair, Sally." "Like yo'r impudence," remarked "Oh, yo' han, han yo'? I heerd as Sally, with a toss of her head. Dick felt their Maggie had left. Well, and what a little irritated. Why could not she own at once that she had been tempted winter I mean to keep a load of it on "Sarah Lupton," was the reply, "but into an indiscretion which he of all

"Dun yo' often gi' folks locks of with a saucy smile she added, "And hair?" "Never," responded Sally, with de-

Sally's face flamed. "Yo' know nowt of the kind," she re-

Dick whistled.

I'll have you.

"Sally," he said, "we's ha' no more "Dun yo' ever go for a walk Sunday of this. I've got that lock of yo'r hair as yo' sent me, and I'm goin' to keep "I do, when theer's onybody to walk it, and I will have yo' for my sweetheart, as yo' asked me."

Sally sprang to her feet, and to Dick's Sally again raised those long, inno- immense surprise answered this declaration by bestowing a sounding box "I'm noan that mak' o' wench," she

would not do sech a thing if theer was on his ear.

Dick rose to his feet, astonished and

"Didn't yo' send me that parcel last fill the tanks at the fish hatcheries. wrote inside."

"What was it?" cried Sally wrath-

isn't it? and the hair was jest the same Sally wore a print frock with sprigs as yo'rs-beautiful hair, like gold,

Sally sat staring at him, with round, "Wheer shall we go?" inquired Dick. dilated eyes, the color mantling in her "Jest as yo' fancy," was the accom- | cheeks, an irrepressible simper hovering about her mouth. "Well, I really didn't send it," she

ha' played us a trick. Why, I never They followed a narrow path beside a could ha' been so bowd as to send yo'

body thinkin' shame o't. And truly, Their conversation, however, touched Sally, I'd like yo' to be my sweetheart.'

sent yo' that hair."

(To be Continued.)

UTILITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

In a certain sense elephants are still used in battle by Indian troops, but they draught for artillery; but years ago sentimental tone, where it was she had they were used in the East as fighting animals, and taught to swing chains and bars of metal in their trunks.

this is change. grown in cold cellars, and lars must be cold.

An authority on gardening, and w word is not to be disputed, says is absolutely nothing to hinder growth of mushrooms in cellars, that, for his part, he thinks it is a excellent idea indeed. The air much dry in the cellar, and the tempera on no account allowed to fall below degrees.

"I grew a fine crop of mushro in my cellar last winter," says authority. "Out of a bed 25 feet by 4 feet wide, I picked between 9 100 pounds of the finest must weighing them after the ste cut off. The bed was made u 27th of November. This house was kept and sok a shine tome, and I "I dunnot remember," said Sally, with very dry—that is to say, no water was a said to her. About three

> WERE WATERING THE BED. "Beds in the cellar do not need a she's go me h. If your tain had b great deal of water. I only watered on time I'd lave been kiled nice mine after each top dressing, but when What'll you offer for a compromise I did water it I gave it a good dose, cellar is large a good way to do is to put a load of hot fertilizer on the floor, for this raises a nice moist heat. Next the floor of my cellar all the time, renewing it as the heat declines. In cold train and went through a brty-f cellars very little air is needed before trestle. You may consider by the warm days of spring come. Then I give plenty of it. If the fertilizer bethe cellar, don't be afraid to put the hose on it, as fertilizer is not nearly as good dry as moist. I always give each barrelful of fertilizer a pail of water and this seems to make it right. Be sure when you pick a crop to pick it clean. If there are any dead mushrooms pick them out by the roots, then

> top-dress the bed." This is advice that the fashionable person with a cellar may take to heart and know that he or she has the knowledge necessary to become thoroughly in keeping with the latest style. Comparatively few people realize what an art there is in growing mushrooms, in bringing them to the right condition and thoroughly ready for the skillful lars, thus the dead are made to min hands of the chef. In the first place, to raise mushrooms it is necessary to se-

cure what is

KNOWN AS SPAWN.

Mushrooms bear no relation whatever to fish, but in a virgin state they have the same name as the tiny fellows that host of people over in England, and France make their living by producing the mushroom spawn, and large quantities are imported to the United States every year. The web fringe variety is mostly found in the woods, where it grows from or about stumps of decaying roots in the ground. Frequently great clusters protrude from around the base of posts. There are several species of the web fringe. Their caps are from one to six inches across. They are showy and easily recognized. In substance they are solid, and white or yellowish in color, The wise man or woman will cut the caps to pieces after washing and stew or bake with bread crumbs for half an hour. When this is done and the result thereof is seasoned and a little lemon juice is added, or sherry or Madeira, there is a feast fit for the gods. This is one of the sort of mushrooms that will flourish in the cold cellar of the follower of fash-

Then there is the variety with a long | tioned by Mr. Hawthorne, in a l name, the coprinarii. They are as ten- to his family, illustrates this fact. der and toothsome as a tenderloin act of the British people in beha steak. Another variety is the little the soldie's has struck me as so I brown capped, slender stem coprinus and touching as that of the refo micaceus-that is all the name it has criminals at an institution in Lor -whose tops frequently glisten as if They wis ed to contribute some sprinkled with fine mica. This is a to the Patriotic Fund. The only gem, too. It makes a rich black dish | they could do it was by fasting after 10 minutes' stewing, The maned from Sunlay night till Tuesday mushroom is often eaten under the ing, they ate nothing, and the name of truffle, and it, too, can be made | saved-thee pounds and over-we a product of the cold cellar, down in to the Fund. Precious money is and Jane were, strictly speaking, far "Well, it is leap year, yo' know, and the depths of the society mansion. Those who have eaten them most say that no cheaper or more effectual spree is by nature provided. Other varieonly on the most ordinary topics. Sally "Well," said Sally, and sighed, and ties that can be grown in the cellar are the mushrooms of the order of hyd-When Dick offered her his arm, she his most persuasive air. He was really nei, as the producers call them. They decided that she could "jest as well do a good-looking fellow, and she could have teeth-like protuberances upon which the mushroom caps are born. two of the stereotyped compliments, "Well, I dumnot mind keeping coom- | Then, there are the polyorei, those good which in Jane's and Mary's case he had pany wi' yo' to see how we get on," old Greek fellows. The man or woman ever found effective, she desired him, she said hesitatingly, after a moment's whose mind is bent on a cellar bed of other world. The Austrell you'll have me for your sweetheart, I'll with a certain curt decision, to "give pause, "but I cannot think whoever mushrooms should never forget the cla- out the corpse's finger nails. varerei. This is an odd variety of tie the cands to prevent mushroom in appearance, for it branches its was out of the grave to out like deer horns. The individual- the vantire business. The ity is very clear, for nothing else that Russias put a certificate grows could look like it. And as for in the and person's hand, stews, they have no superior.

## EXPRESSING HIS CHOICE

New boarder-Not more than a dozen in the dish and well seasoned. Landlady-How do you like your oysters, Mr. Piply?

widow ruming the catchers coinel! cowcathers ain's it withthat woman. You see, the easy and meter got into his trout

The superintendent felt slieved s the pale min accepted it.

"It's below my figures," h said, we'll call t equare. I'll ge a pint whisky with this, and if the old c catcher ruis against me wen I home to-night she'll think sh's jur ed the track collided with a gra against your road withdrawn sir.

USES OF DEAD HORSE. The leg bones are very hard and w

and are mind for Landles of pocks table cutlery. The tail and mane are especially able and from these are made th

cloth of conmerce. The ribs and head are burned to

bone black, after they have been ed for the glue that is in them. The phosphate of lime, acted upo

sulphuric acid. and calcined with bon, produces phosphorus for matches The short bair taken from the

is used to stuff cushions and horse to the comfort of the living. The hide furnishes a waterproof er known to the trade as cordovan

is used for the manufacture of class hunting and wading boots. There is an animal oil yielded i cooking process which is a deadly p and enters into the composition of

insecticides and vermifuges. In the calcining of horses' bone vapors arising are condensed and the chief source of carbonate of monia, which constitutes the ba nearly all ammoniacal salts.

The hoofs of the animal is ren and after being boiled to extract oil from them the horny substan shipped to the manufacturers of c and what are known as Mikado got The bones to make glue are diss

in muriatic acid, which takes the shpate of lime away, the soft sie retaining the shape of the bone solved in bailing weter cast and dried on nets.

## PATRIOTIC FASTING.

The energy of English pat shows itself in all classes of people, from the peer to the crin An incident of the Crimean war,

STRANGE BURIAL CUST The Greenlanders know a ti It the belief that "a find its way anywhere" they

living leg in the same grave dead chil. The canine is sup be used by the child as a guic questids might he raised of hear

The mails between the city all the Brooklyn pos after farch 1, be dispate. pneurally tubes. The time rans son will be three