

## BOTH SIDES OF THE MATTER.

## HIS SIDE.

I am only a farmer's girl,  
John is only a farmer's lad,  
But somehow, when we chance to meet,  
The very sound of his coming feet  
Can make my heart so glad  
That up to my cheeks the warm blush flies,  
And he reads his welcome in my eyes.

I'm only a farmer's girl,  
Master Tom is the Squire's son;  
But strange to tell, his feet this way  
Turn often toward the close of day,  
After the chores are done,  
When John (he passes the meadow gate)  
Gives such a nod, and—will not wait.

I am only a farmer's girl,  
So what can the Squire want of me;  
My heart is John's; John knows it well,  
But it isn't for me the truth to tell—  
So bashful a lad is he!  
So the Squire may come and the Squire may go,  
But all the answer he'll get is "No."

The Squire prizes my hair and eyes,  
The Squire says I am a lady born,  
What care I for his foolish speech?  
The John's voice only my heart can teach  
To sing like the birds at noon.  
But John is jealous, the foolish boy,  
And my days are shorn of half their joy.

Oh, I am only a farmer's girl,  
And John is only a farmer's lad,  
But I'd rather be his in his humble life,  
Than be a "lady" as Squire's wife,  
With a restless heart and soul!  
But John—so bashful a boy is he!  
Is a long time asking my heart of me.

## HIS SIDE.

If I had told her in the spring  
The old, old story briefly,  
When sparrows and robin began to sing,  
And the plowing was over chiefly.

But haste makes waste, and the story sweet,  
I reasoned, will keep through the sowing,  
Till I drop the oars and plant the wheat,  
And give them a chance for growing.

If I even told the tale in June,  
When the wind through the grass was blowing,  
Instead of thinking it rather too soon,  
And waiting till after the mowing.

Or had I hinted, out under the stars,  
That I knew a story worth hearing,  
Lingering to put up the pasture bars,  
Nor waited to do the shearing?

Now the barn is full, and so is the bin,  
But I have grown wise without glory,  
Since love is the crop not gathered in—  
For my neighbor told her the story!

## WAS HE A MISER.

"I wouldn't say such a thing for the world!"  
said Aunt Hepsy, solemnly.

"But you are saying it!" flashed out Janet;  
"and you are censorious and gossip; and I  
won't listen to you, so there, now!"

Janet Black looked fairly radiant, with her  
crimson cheeks and flashing eyes, and the dusky  
purple black curls pushed back from her temples.

She was only one of the "trimming hands"  
in Madam Bonquier's Sixth Avenue millinery,  
and wore a plain black alpaca dress, with a bow  
of cherry-colored ribbon at her throat, and a  
tiny turquoise engagement ring on her forefinger,  
but she was as beautiful as a newly opened  
rosebud, as she stood there confronting the  
wrinkled old woman who dared to asperse her  
betrothed lover.

"Mercy upon me!" said Aunt Hepsy, involun-  
tarily recoiling before the hazel lightning of  
Janet's dark lashed eyes. "You needn't take  
my head off!"

"Then," cried Janet, breathless and panting,  
"how dare you say such dreadful things!"

"Truth is truth," asserted Aunt Hepsy; "and  
if a young man is avaricious at five-and-twenty,  
he'll be a regular miser at five-and-forty, take  
my word for it."

"Hugh is not avaricious!" blazed out Janet.

"Then," maliciously spoke Aunt Hepsy,  
"how does it happen that he lets your birthday

go by without giving you so much as a string of  
blue glass beads, eh? Tell me that!"

In spite of herself, Janet crimsoned afresh.  
"He does as he thinks proper, I suppose,"  
said she haughtily.

"And he is getting a salary of a thousand a  
year," added Aunt Hepsy, with a grin. "Now,  
Janet, I'm a deal older than you, and I've seen  
more of the world, and I feel it my duty to  
warn you that Hugh Wallis thinks too much of  
money."

"Nonsense!" cried Janet.

"But listen, child," nodded the old lady.  
"That ain't the worst of it. When all of the  
family are clubbing together to raise a little  
money for your lame sister to hire a room, so  
that she can rent a sewing machine and get a  
little work to do, how much did he subscribe?"

"He said he couldn't afford to give anything,"  
said Janet, boldly. "And I suppose he knows  
his own affairs best."

"Humph!" snorted Aunt Hepsy, viciously;  
"and he with a thousand dollars a year! And  
always making a fuss over lame Lettie; one  
would think he was in love with her, instead of  
you. But when it comes to putting his hands  
in his pockets—why, that's quite a different  
thing."

But loyal little Janet still stood valiantly to  
her colors.

"Aunt Hepsy," said she, "you seem to forget  
that it is not for us to dictate to Hugh!"

"My goodness gracious!" said Aunt Hepsy,  
"I'd like to know if you ain't as good as his  
wife!"

"His wife should be the last person in the  
world to question his motives," said Janet  
spiritedly.

And she went out of the room, leaving Aunt  
Hepsy rather disappointed that she had not been  
able to sow the seeds of dissension between her  
niece Janet and Hugh Wallis.

But Janet was still to have fresh batteries  
leveled against the shield of her true, brave  
heart.

"I do wish, Janet," said Mrs. Black, who  
was a fretful, complaining woman, with a sharp  
nose and a skin that looked as if it had been  
desiccated by some patent process, "that Hugh  
had given you some little thing, if only it was a  
hair-pin, to show that he remembered your  
birthday."

"Mamma!" cried Janet, vexed to feel the hot  
color rising to her face, "what difference can  
it possibly make? We understand each other  
perfectly, Hugh and I!"

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Black, quer-  
ulously, "but it looks so queer! and now that  
I think of it, wasn't it very strange that he  
never contributed so much as a cent to the fund  
for Lettie's sewing machine?"

And Janet was heartily glad when a summons  
from the kitchen called her mother away.

"Netty, my girl," said her oldest brother,  
calling her aside as she came home to tea that  
night, tired, flushed, and a little dispirited,  
"What was the reason that Hugh Wallis re-  
fused to join our Orchis Society?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Janet.

"He said it was because he couldn't afford it."

"Then, I suppose, that was the real reason!"  
retorted Janet.

"Now, look here, Nettie," said Roland Black,  
who prided himself on his free-handed liberal-  
ity, "It's all very well for a man to be econom-  
ical, but he's no business to be stingy; and I  
hope you aren't going to marry an Old Parr!"

"I suppose Hugh Wallis is able to manage  
his own business, without any of our interfe-  
rence!" cried Janet, the angry tears sparkling  
into her eyes as she jerked her arm out of Ro-  
land's grasp, and ran up stairs to her own  
room.

She did feel a little mortified and annoyed,  
although she would not for worlds have owned  
it, not even to herself.

Hugh was right—he was always right; and  
yet it was so mortifying to have them all car-  
ping, criticizing and picking flaws in his be-  
havior.

"I will spare another five dollars out of my  
next week's money for Lettie's sewing machine,"

she thought. "And I dare say she will get  
along with half of aunt Hepsy's room. At all  
events, I know that if Hugh could have afforded  
to help us he would."

And when Hugh Wallis came, as usual, to  
sit with his betrothed that evening, he was at a  
loss to account for the troubled, wistful gaze in  
Janet's dark eyes.

"Netty," said he, as at length he rose to de-  
part, "I launched into a little extravagance."

"Have you?" said she, her bright smile kind-  
ling back to his with instant response.

"I have hired a carriage to drive you and  
Lettie into the country to-morrow," exclaimed  
Wallis. "It is Decoration Day, you know, a  
holiday alike for rich and poor."

Janet clasped her hands rapturously.  
"Oh," cried she, "it will be such a treat for  
poor Lettie!"

And she sat up until midnight, washing and  
ironing a piece of seal brown ribbon to trim Let-  
tie's black straw hat afresh.

With the golden morning sunshine of the  
next day, Hugh Wallis and the little livery  
carriage came to the door, and lame Lettie was  
tenderly helped into it, with Janet sitting all  
radiant at her side, and Hugh Wallis opposite.

The color crept faintly into the poor invalid's  
cheeks and the light to her eyes as they left the  
brick and mortar wilderness behind and emerged  
into the bowery lanes and cool, delicious breezes  
of the country.

"How I should like to live here always," said  
Lettie, piteously. "If ever I get rich, Janet, I  
should buy a little farm and raise poultry and  
strawberries and green peas."

"Stop!" said Hugh Wallis, authoritatively,  
to the driver. "Do you like *this* little cottage,  
Lettie?"

They came to a pause before a low, one-storied  
house draped to the very roof with honeysuckle  
and black-green wood pine—a house over-  
shadowed by the mighty boughs of a huge elm,  
and nestling beneath a ridge of gray rock.

"It is like a picture," cried Lettie, enthusi-  
astically. "Ah, Hugh, if you and Janet could  
have such a house as this when you are married,  
and I could only come and live with you!"

"It is mine already," said Hugh, quietly.  
"The title deeds were signed last week, and I  
have furnished it with a few things, such as a  
couch and a bedstead."

Moving like one in a dream, Janet followed  
Hugh and Lettie into a cheerful little parlor,  
with its Swiss muslin window draperies and red  
and green ingrain carpet.

Opening to the left was an airy apartment,  
plainly but neatly furnished with a matted  
floor, an invalid chair, bright-colored pictures  
hanging on the walls, and—wonder of wonders!  
—a new sewing machine, occupying the place of  
honor between the windows.

"This is Lettie's room," said Wallis. "And  
this is Lettie's sewing machine, if she will ac-  
cept it as a gift from her brother that is soon to  
be."

They were married the next week, these two  
lovers, and moved into the little country house,  
where Lettie's machine makes the sweetest  
music in their ears.

"I suppose you can understand now, Aunt  
Hepsy," said Janet, with softly brilliant eyes,  
"why Hugh couldn't afford to contribute to the  
fund and why he didn't give me a birthday  
present."

"Well, I am beat!" said Aunt Hepsy.

A QUARTZ THERMOMETER.—Quartz, by its  
rotary power, M. Joubert asserts in the *Comptes  
Rendus*, constitutes a thermometer of extreme  
sensitivity, fulfilling the essential condition of  
every thermometer, comparability. When once  
the apparatus is fitted up it is merely needful  
in order to find a temperature to read off an  
angle, and refer to a table calculated once for  
all. It may therefore be hoped that science,  
and even industry, may find in this new ther-  
mometer an instrument comparable to the mer-  
curial thermometer for the simplicity of its use  
and the certainty of its indications. The au-  
thor's experiments extend from -20 degrees to  
plus 840 degrees, or perhaps 1,500 degrees.