The fair-faced boy and maiden
Passed through the yellow wheat;
And their bands were clasped together,
And the flowers grew at their feet.
The old fair story,
Set round in glory
Wherever life is found;
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

An old man and a wrinkled wife, Amid the fair spring weather; "We've shared our sorrows and our joys God grant we die together." The old fair story, Wherever life is found; For oh! it's love, it's love, they say, That makes the world go round.

CLEAN WASHED.

"Mamma, listen! I heard a groan!" and little Helen Hawthorne sprang from her low seat by the warm fireside, the rich glow deepened on her fair cheek and a sudden excitement leaped into the dark gray eyes.

"Nonsense, dear," answered the mother, after a moment's silence. It was your imagination. My little girl is fanciful to-night," and she bent to stroke back the thickly clustered curls from the low, white brow, as she impressed a fond. loving kiss upon it.

It was a pretty picture upon which the fire-light danced and flickered—the warm, luxrious room, with the tall, elegant woman in its midst, and the little, faintily-dressed child by her side.

Without the wind swept by, hurling great chunks of snow on its wings, and dashing through the bare, leafless branches of the trees. The child shuddered as she listened to

its groan. I am quite sure I heard it, mamma. Suppose any one were out at such a It would be dreadful. Let me open the door a moment-just a mo-

And, without waiting for the refusal trembling on her mother's lips, she darted forward and threw open the great outside door.

In another instant the bell sent a sharp peal through the house, for, on the very threshold lay a prostrate body, already half buried in the snow. Five minutes later and the lad had

been carried to a sofa and restoratives and stimulants passed down his throat. "Will he live, mamma?" Do you think he will live?"

But it answer to her question, the lids slowly lifted themselves, and the great black eye rested wonderingly on the child's face, bending so anxiously over

Had the death he thought so near indeed overtaken him, and was this heaven he had reached? He feared to awaken from his dream, and find himself again homeless and starving and cold. With a long-drawn sigh he closed his eyes, only to find the facination of the present overcome him, and impel him to again gaze upon the marvelous surround-

But this wonder only deepened when the reality was brought home to himwhen he discovered that it was life, not death, and earth, not heaven, and that he was not to be driven out again into the cold and bitter night.

Through its long, silent hours he lay motionless in this warm resting-place,

picturing, in the darkness, the child's face, until it became stereotyped, both on heart and brain. The next day he told his story. He was a poor lad, orphaned and friendless.

"They discharged me from my last place," he said, "because I carried a book about with me, and the boss said it would teach me to dream instead of work. I was only trying to learn something in my idle minutes, though I couldn't find much time, and I didn't take my employer's. However, he was a hard man to deal with, and I had to go. I started West. The little money I had gave out. The storm overtook me. I struggled on as best I could, until I grew faint and sick. Somewhere in the distance I saw a light. I struggled toward it. You know the rest. Now I am strong and well again, the storm is over, and I can only thank you in a few words for your generous kindness, and go my

"Papa will be at home this afternoon," answered the child. He is the owner of all the mills here. If you would like, I will ask him to give you a place; and there is school at night for the hands, where you can study, too." "If I would like!

It was all he said, but little Helen Hawthorne needed no other words. She knew that a great lump in his throat had choked his further utterance, and that he had turned away ashamed, to hide the

The next week saw her promise fulfilled, and Alex Vernon stood once more a man among men. He found a place in the night school, too. Nor did his young patroness forget him. In some way she discovered the books he needed, and lent them to him, until he grew to associate her with every good thing of his new life. One morning she sent for

"I am going to Europe with mamma, Alex," she said, "to be gone a great many years. When I come back I hope to find you a man-perhaps papa's overseer. I wanted to tell you that if you wished my books from the library I would leave this key with you, and you might come up and get them.

The sun was streaming full on her face and the gold of her hair, as she spoke, but to the boy, listening, a dark mist seemed to roll between them. She was going away for years—she who had saved im from death, or worse than death.

The next minute she felt a little hurt, as, without a single word of thanks, he abruptly took the key and hastened from her presence.

She could not know that he went out to throw himself, face downward, on the ground, and sob out like a very child in his heart's bitterness.

Seven long years passed swiftly by, and Alex Vernon had reached his twentyfifth winter. Helen Hawthorne's last words had been to him a prophesy, for she was now on her homeward way, and he attained the position of head overseer of the works.

My little girl made the best selection, after all," Mr. Hawthorne would often

say, on receiving congratulations on the

efficiency of his young aid.
Occasionally he would read him a scrap or kind message from his daughter's letters, but Alex received them all in proud, perhaps, refusing to cast even a between them.

to be adjusted in one of the mills which young man arrived in America al- ble delusion that he has "seen Rusing the men, he saw that not only his eye but his hand could do better work than the others, and so, seizing a workshoulder to the wheel.

A half-hour later, soiled and begrimmed, he heard the rustle of a silken dress, and the silvery ripple of a woman's

He glanced up quickly. A gay party one among them seeming a princess surrounded by her followers. The gold flecked her hair, and the dark lashes swept the cheek of purest ivory. Time had but made her more beautiful.

She glanced idly, indifferently, among the little group of men, of which he formed one. "I see no one here I recognize," she

passed on. She had come home, then, during his absence. He had seen her. The seven

years' waiting was over. What had they brought? The machinery slipped into its place, upon his face, went out silently from the mills. Not, as once before, ta find relief in tears. He was a man now. only knew that something was bursting within him-a bitter disappointment, to

lest it stiffe him. Far out into the open country he neither fatigue nor consciousness that it was unnatural that he should not tire. Suddenly, on the road behind him,

came a horse's quick hoofs. He stepped aside for it to pass, but the rider drew rein at his side. "It is Alex," said a sweet voice, close in his ear; "I know that I am not mis-

And, as in a dream, he saw held out to him a tiny gauntletted hand. He looked at his own. Not even had he washed away the traces of his recent toil. He would soil by his touch even her glove, to the room which had been assigned whistling to their work; one hears although the fair whiteness of her skin was thereby protected.

She saw the hesitation, and drew back. "Am I wrong?" she questioned in a little hurt surprise. "I thought you would be glad to see me."

"Pardon me!" he answered; "my hands are stained."

"Oh!" she said. Then, after a moment's pause, she said: "When you have washed them come and see me.' And, cutting her horse with her silverhandled whip, she dashed past him out of sight.

The next evening he was invited to dine at her father's table. Mr. Hawthorne would accept no excuse.

"It is in our country an honor to be a self-made man. I have no guest of whom I shall be more proud." But when he entered the elegantly-

Once or twice during the meal he found her eyes fastened on his face, as he was drawn on to speak on this or that

ferring in his opinions as to those of a man who understood himself. The ice once broken, he met her often but never once had their hands touched. He was admitted even into her circle now. He went only that he might see

topic, as it was presented, while one and

another mingled in the discussion, de-

her, listen to her voice. With her, he never forgot the cold night, the driving snow, the senseless, inanimate form she had brought back to life, and light, and consciousness. He gave no name either to his pain or his exquisite happiness of being near her. He was in the maelstrom; let it toss him

where it would. The summer came, and on its wings it brought the whisper that Miss Hawthorne was to be married in the autumn. | had not yet come to breakfast.

The day he heard it he went out, as once before, to walk off the sharp pang that made his former pain seem nothing. Was it fate that, as he turned into a path leading through the woods, he descried ahead the slight, willowy, graceful form he knew but too well?

She was coming toward him. In another minute they must meet; but even in that minute something came between them. There was a sudden rustling in the bushes. He heard a low cry from her lips as a large dog sprang into the path, his blood-shot eyes and frothing lips betraying his madness. The creature sprang toward her but the man was quicker. He had thrown himself between them and grasped the dog firmly by the throat.

"Run for your life!" he said, feeling his strength could not hold out long against such odds; but to his utter

amazement she stood still. "You shall not die for me," she said. Then he remembered that in his pocket was a pistol, he had carried for protection when at night he had been entrusted with money by the firm. He told her where to find it.

"Hold him a minute longer!" she said. The next, a sharp shot rang out on the air, his hands relaxed, and the brute fell bleeding at his feet.

He turned toward her. She was very pale, and the pistol had fallen from her hold, but her eyes were fixed on his hands. He looked down. For the first time he saw that they were bleeding. "Are they washed clean?" she said.

He held them toward her. "Yes," he answered; "though I have saved your life for another man. I, who

have dared to love you. She spoke no word, but looking a moment in his eyes, he stooped and raised first one then the other to her lips.

"There is but one man," then she said "to whom I will belong, and he it is who for my sake washed his hands in blood. Alex, it needed this to lay bare our souls

one to the other." Then she burst into bitter weeping, but her tears fell on his breast.

Killed by his Mother.

The Neue Freie Presse of Vienna relates the story of a crime which silence. He had lost the little golden- occurred in a village near the Aushaired child forever. She would return trian capital. Some fifteen years a woman, grown cold, haughty and are a young Austrian left home to smile across the vast social gulf yawning seek his fortune in America. He traveler," who, having run from St. left a large family of younger broth- Petersburg to Moscow in a snug most penniless. He went west, and sia," draws his ideas of the largest after fifteen years of work in the Empire in the world from the man's blouse hanging near, he slipped did not know how to read and write, and luxurious hotels of one great About two months ago he determined | Egypt; it is simply the vices of westto return to his country and share ern Europe neatly bound in Russian were passing through the works, with his gold into drafts upon the chief those who wish to see Russia as it is, weeks since he sailed from this city, is a startling one indeed. Halfenjoying, in anticipation, the sur- clothed vagabonds loafing about prise his arrival would cause his tumble down wooden shanties; salcashed, and left at once for his barrows, acres of uncleared forest or native village. As was natural, after loozy morass, rough country roads said in the old, sweet, soft voice, and an absence of fifteen years, which he worn into ruts a foot deep, clumsy had spent in the mines of California, carts of seventeenth century build no one recognized him. He finally jogging drowsily to market at the made himself known, and spread be- rate of two miles an hour, begging fore his two brothers the handsome monks filling their sacks with the but Alex Vernon, with a strange palor owner, and which he announced he ants, famine and cholera working would share with them and their their will in remote hamlets, far mother. The latter had now re from all possibility of help-such is moved to a village about 100 miles the aspect of Russia behind the away, where she kept an inn. After scenes. which he could give no name, but could a couple of days of revel with his It does not, of course, follow that only bring out into the air and sunshine, brothers the traveler resolved to all Russian villages are of this kind, visit his mother incognito. It was any more than that all eastern arranged that he should not reveal towns are like Jerusalem, or all Engwalked with great strides, knowing his identity until his brothers should lish public buildings like the Albert

join him.

sponsibility.

stantly. She then put the razor in

They found him dead, and yells of despair filled the house. The mother, like all other persons in the house, went up-stairs, teigining to be utterly ignorant of the cause of the disturbance. She then learned that the murdered man was her son. be told.

"My son?" she exclaimed. "Kill me, my children! kill me! It was I who murdered him!"

The woman is now in the Vienna Lunatic Asylum, and no hope is en, about the death of their brother.

A SOAP MINE.—A natural soap mine has been struck in Elko county, Nevada. It is a remarkable statum that rests horizontally in a steep bluff of volcanie matter which flanks the eastern side of Smith's Creek valley. The stratum of steatite is from three to ten feet in diameter It is easily worked, and the farmers, cattle-men and sheep-herders in that washing purposes. Chemically considered, this peculiar clay is a hydrated silicate of alumina, magnesia, potash and lime. When the steatite is first dug from the stratum it looks like immense masses of mottled castile soap, the mottling element being a small percentage of iron oxide. A few days ago Professor Stewart, of Virginia City, received a sample of the soap, prepared by a firm in Elko, who have undertaken to introduce it into market. It is similar in appearance to the castile soap sold in large bars. Nothing is added to the mineral but a trifle more alkali and some scenting extracts. Its detersive qualities are as powerful as those of any manufac-tured soap.—[Boston Journal of Com-

merce. When big trees begin to shoot it's abo

Russian Squator.

It is one of Russsia's most characteristic features that she, though least of all to be judged by her great towns, is seldom, if ever, judged by ago a young Austrian left home to anything else. The "observant-One morning-he had been absent a ers and sisters to be reared by his sleeping car, and perhaps ventured few days on business-he returned to mother, an energetic woman who as far as Nijni-Novgorod in the same find a difficult piece of machinery about kept a small country hotel. The fashion, goes home in the comfortamines, was worth \$80,000. As he spacious boulevards, handsome streets it on, and in another moment had his he did not correspond with his fam- city. But St. Petersburg is not Rusily, and the latter believed him dead. sia any more than Alexandria is his wealth with his family. He leather. The villages of the interior came to New York and converted are the true field of observation for banking houses of Vienna. Some six and the contrast which they present folks at home. He reached Vienna low, heavy looking men scratching without accident, had his drafts the earth with wooden plows and roll of bills of which he was the contributions of hard pressed peas

> Hall. But even in a thriving "selo" The Austro-American made his possessing one church and four shops, appearance at his mother's hotel. six taverns and a real live magis-When he saw the old woman he trate, frequently honest and occacould scarcely forbear discovering sionally sober, the brisk, hearty achimself to her. Rut he managed to tivity of Anglo Saxondom is wholly conceal his relationship, of which, of wanting. In a western hamlet, howcourse, the woman was in total ig- ever small and remote, there is norance. The pair had various long always abundant life of some kind. talks during the day. When night One sees the forge blazing cheerfully came, before retiring, he called her and the stalwart farm laborers going to him, stating that he had an im- the clang of the smith's hammer, and portant secret to communicate to the "crish-crish" of the wheelwright's her. Then he told her that he had adze, and the merry voices of chilin his possession a large sum of dren at play in front of the houses, money, and begged her to take care and now and then the rumble of a of it, as he deemed it imprudent to heavy wagon that comes jolting and keep it in his room, particularly as creaking along the broad white road. the latter could not be locked. The But on the steppes of "Holy Russia" woman hesitated a moment, saying it is far otherwise. All is backward, she had no place in the house where lifeless, unpromising. The few peothe money would be perfectly safe; ple whom you see in the wide, but she finally consented to receive straight, dusty streets creep about in it. When the stranger counted over a slouching, spiritless way, as if they 300,000 florins in bank notes, a sum had rothing in hand worth hurrying such as she had never dreamed ot, for. The peasant dozes upon his is more readily imagined than de log buts that nestle around it like scribed. Upon reaching her bed chickens under the wing of the room she hid the treasure under her mother hen, has an antique air sugmattress. But the temptation to gestive of centuries of unbroken relook at the enormous roll of bills pose. The very dogs seem too much was too strong for her, and she depressed to bark, and only show spread the hills out on the table. their teeth at you as a matter of The sight of the money so excited form. The bare footed lasses who her that she became mad, and, jump- stand gossiping around the village ing from her seat, she took a razor well seem to make it a point of honor from her bureau drawer, and, steal to be as long as possible in filling ing up to the room where her son the two clumsy pails which they was fast asleep, cut his throat from carry balanced on one shoulder at ear to ear, killing him almost in- either end of a wooden yoke. In a word, the only sign of life to be her son's hand so as to make it look found is the children, who go racketas though he had committed suicide. ing about in their calico skirts of the Next morning her sons arrived and most glaringly unwashed character, inquired for the stranger. She sent the heartiest, dirtiest, happiest little them up to his room, saying that he savages in existence. - New York

> ENGLISH OFFICIAL SALARIES. - English official salaries, especially of the higher grade of officeholders, are much more handsome than those paid in this country. While the President's Cabinet gets a paltry \$8000 apiece a year, the princithat the murdered man was her son. pal English Ministers have \$20,000; the The effect that the startling intelli- Postmaster-General has \$12,500, the gence had upon her mind need not three Junior Lords of the Treasury \$5000 each, the Permanent Secretary \$12,500, the Financial and Patronage Secretaries \$10,000 each, Government Solicitor \$12,500, Parliamentary Coun-sel \$15,000. Clerk's salaries in the Treasury run from \$400 to \$4800. The Permanent Under Secretaries of the tertained of her recovery. Her surviving sons, it is said, are despondent \$10,000 each; the Lord Chancellor has \$30,000, with \$20,000 additional as Speaker of the House of Lords; Chairmen of Parliamentary Committees have \$12,500; the Speaker of the House of Commons has \$25,000, and the Clerk of Parliament \$15,000. There are nearly 1000 persons attached to the Royal house hold. Some of the more consequential of these officials, like the Lords in Waiting, Master of the Horse, and Equerries, have salaries ranging from \$3000 to region all use the natural article for washing purposes. Chemically considthe Archbishoprics, \$75,000 and \$50,000 respectively; while the Bishops' incomes range from \$10,000 to \$50,000. Among the lucrative appointments outside England may be mentioned that of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, \$100,000; Viceroy of India, \$125,000; Governor-General of the Cape of Good Hope, \$30,000; Gov-ernor-General of Canada, \$50,000; Governor-General of Madras, \$64,000, and a number more of the same sort who have an average of \$30,000 each.

> > The ambition for easier lives, and more genteel employments, and the silly but common notion that manual labor is menial, that the tools of the trades and the farms are badges of servility, have greatly lessened apprenticeship, and must be refuted in all our schools.

MRS. BRIGG'S CLERK.

quarters," said the officer. "There's

can't bear to look at him."

and taken her on her arm.

back.

saw the like."

of money.'

called it tender names.

high hopes last night.

very near to death.

boy there, and some money."
"Dick!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, I

But Mrs. Jones had already tied on

"The wretch!" she said. "I'm so glad

he's caught; you'll get your money

And she led Mrs. Briggs along—poor Mrs. Briggs, who cried all the way, and

cared nothing for the money. And soon they were at their destination. Then,

and not before, the policeman turned to

"Did you beat him, you cruel wretch?"

said Mrs. Briggs. "I wouldn't have had

it done for half the money. Let him go

with it, if it's any comfort to him."
"I beat him," said the man. "Well,

women have the stupidest heads. Why,

if I hadn't got up when I did he'd have

been dead. He held the bag of money

with a loaded stick; and the pluck he

had for a little shaver-I tell you I never

"You shan't take the granny's money from her, says he, and fought like a lit-tle tiger. If it's your money, old lady, he's given his life for it, for all I know."

"Oh, Dick! Dick! I knew you were

good. I must have been crazy to doubt

you," and then she wrung her hands and

cried: "Oh, Dick, for just a paltry bit

And so she knelt beside the pale still

face upon the pillow and kissed it, and

And Dick, never guessing her suspi-

cions of him, whispered:
"I was so afraid he'd get off with it if

he killed me, Granny, and you in such

He did not know what was meant by

begging him to forgive her. It would

have killed him if he had, for he was

But Dick did not die. He got well at

last, and came back to the little shop;

and though Granny Briggs had her

savings, she never went to the old ladies'

Buckwheat in the West.

Western farmers are constantly

complaining that there is no home

market for their products, and that

they are obliged to send everything

they raise to the seaboard States or

to Europe in order to obtain money

for it. The cost of transportation,

they affirm, reduces the price to such

an extent that there is little or no

profit in farming. If they had a home market for their crops they

could become wealthy in the busi-

ness of producing them. They say

all these things, in face of the fact

that this market is supplied with tur-

nips from Canada, eider from Ohio,

corn-busks from Maryland, peanuts

from Tennessee, and sweet potatoes

This market is rarely supplied

with the requisite amount of buck-

the article for which it is named.

The comparatively small amount of

buck wheat sold here and in other

Western cities comes principally

from New York, Pennsylvania and

Canada. There is no good reason

why the West cannot produce this

grain not only for home consump-

tion, but for the supply of other sec-

if a genuine article of flour was man-

ufactured and put on the market in

packages suited to the wants of the

Take the seasons as they go, buck-

wheat is a profitable crop to raise. Only a half bushel of seed is suffi-

machine is not necessary to cut it,

exhausts the soil less than any sown

land too poor to produce paying

thorough cultivation. The ground

may be prepared for it, the seed sown, and the grain harvested at

times when work on the farm is not

It is not too late to prepare land

and to sow buckwheat in most por-

tions at the northwest. A fair yield

on which a crop of fall rye or grass

ing was done. To produce a large

crop the soil should be good. To

give the best results it should be as

well prepared as for a crop of corn

which it is sown is of the poorest

quality, and no pains are taken with its preparation. The seed is often several years old, and is scattered

over the ground by a person unac-

retail trade.

from New Jersey.

nearly beaten to death, you know."

He was a tall, thin, starved tooking boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of which crept half-way up to his arms and a hat that was nothing but a brim, her bonnet and wrapped her in a shawl, and when she saw him he was eating a crust out of the gutter. She was only a poor old woman who kept a little shop for candy and trimmings, and poor enough itself, heaven knew; but, said she, he looked a little like what her Tom might be if he had grown up and been neglected, and she couldn't stand it. She called to him: "Come here, sonny," she said, and the

the two women,
"It's pretty bad," he said. "They'll boy came. Before she could speak again, he take him to the hospital in an hour. I suppose you are prepared for that. He's

"I didn't do it. I'll take my oath on anything I didn't do it. I ain't so mean. "Didn't do what?" said the pleasant

old woman. "Break your winder," said the boy, nodding his head toward a shattered

pane. "Why, I broke that myself with my shutter last night," said the old woman, tight, and the thief was pummeling him "I'm not strong enough to lift 'em, that's the fact. I'm getting old.'

"If I'm round here when you shut up, I'll come and do it for you," said the boy. "I'd just as soon. What was that

you wanted me for?" "I wanted to know what you was eating that dry crust out of the gutter for?" was the reply.

"Hungry," said he. "I've tried to get a job all day. I'm going to sleep in an area over there after it gets too dark for a policeman to see, and you can't have a good night's sleep without some supper, if it is a little dirty.'

"I'll give you some that's cleaner," said the old woman.

"That will be begging," he said. "No," said she, "you can sweep the shop and the pavement and put up the shutters for it."
"Very well," said he. Thankee, then

If I sweep up first I'll feel better.' Accordingly, she brought him a broom and he did the work well. Afterward he ate his supper with a relish. That night he slept, not in the area, but under the

old woman's counter.

He had told her his story. His name home; for long before she died Dick was was Dick; he was twelve years old, and one of the most prosperous merchants in his father, whom he had never seen so- the city, and his handsome home was ber, was in prison for life. hers, and she was very happy in it.

The antecedents were not elevating. but the boy seemed good. The next morning the old woman engaged a clerk for a small establishment. The terms were simple -- his "living and a bed under the counter.

When the neighbors heard of it they were shocked. A street boy, whom no one knew. Did Mrs. Briggs really wish to be murdered in her bed? But Mrs. Briggs felt quite safe. She had so much time now that she was going to take in sewing. Dick attended to the shop altogether. He kept it in fine order and increased the business by introducing candies and chewing-gum. Pennies came in as they never came in before, since he had painted signs in red and blue ink to the effect that the real old molasses candy was to be got there, and that this was the

place for peanuts.

And in the evening, after the shop was shut up, she began to take him into her confidence. Her great dream was to buy herself into a home for the aged. she again declined to assume the re- door-sill, the postmaster upon his She had saved three years and had \$15 bench, not to be easily awakened, as of it. But it cost so much to live, with wheat, or the floor made from it. But as he insisted, she at last took you will fird to your cost if you are tea twenty-five cents a quarter, and What generally passes for buckwheat But when he entered the elegantlyappointed drawing-rooms, Miss Hawthorne gave him simply a courteous bow
of recognition, and made no effort to approach him.

But as it insisted, site at the money and disappeared. What
in a hurry to change horses and go
forward. The tail, green church
tower, looking down upon the tiny
wretched woman during that night
tower, looking down upon the tiny
and there was the doctor and Mrs. Jones
tower, looking down upon the tiny
and there was the doctor and Mrs. Jones
tower, looking down upon the tiny
and there was the doctor and Mrs. Jones
tower, looking down upon the tiny
and the shop. After this Dick took the
middlings, and a small quantity of
the money and disappeared. What
in a hurry to change horses and go
forward. The tail, green church
tower, looking down upon the tiny
and the shop. After this Dick took the
middlings, and a small quantity of
the anticle for which it is named greatest interest in the savings, and the winter months increased them as though

he had brought a blessing.

One night in spring she took the bag from under the pillow and counted what it held. It was \$30.

"And I'll begin to make kites to-morrow, Mrs. Briggs," said the boy, "and you'll see the custom it will bring. If a little shaver sees the kites, he'll spend all he has for 'em, and then he'll coax tions of the country. The consumpdates and chewing gum. I know boys.' "You're a clever boy yourself," said the old woman, and patted his head.

It was a plumper hand than it had been when it picked the crusts from the gutter, and he wore clean, whole garments, though they were very coarse. she "How wrong the neighbors were," "That boy is the comfort of my

cient for an acre. The average yield per acre is about twenty bushels. A So she went to bed with the treasurer under her pillow and siept. Far on in the night she awakened. The room was and it may be thrashed economically utterly dark. There was not a ray of with a flail and winnowed by pourlight—but she heard a step on the floor. | ing it through a current of air. It 'Who is that?" she cried.

"There was no answer, but she felt crop that can be produced on it. It that some one was leaning over her bed. may be raised to good advantage on Then a hand clasped her throat and held her down, and dragged out the bag of crops of corn, wheat, oats, rye, or potatoes. The crop is useful in submoney, and she was released. Half suffocated, she for a moment found herself motionless and bewildered, conscious duing tough sod and preparing it for only of a draught of air from the open the growth of plants that require door, and some confused noises.

Then she sprang to the door and hurricd into the shop.
"Dick! Dick!" she cried; "Dick! Dick!

help! wake up! I'm robbed!" But there was no answer; the door into

driving. It matures quicker than any field crop produced on northern the street was wide open, and by the moonlight that poured forth through it, she saw as she peered under the counter that Dick's bed was empty. The boy was gone.

Gone! gone! Oh! that was worse to Granny Briggs than even the loss of the of grain is often obtained from land money; for she had trusted him and he on which a crop of fall rve or grass had deceived her. She had loved him has been harvested before the ploughand he had abused her love. The neighbors were right; she was a fool to trust a strange street boy, and had been served rightly when he robbed her.

When the dawn had broke the wisc neighbors came into Granny's shop to find her rocking to and fro; and they told her they had told her so, and she only shook her head. Life had lost its interest for her. Her "occupation was gone, but not with her savings. Money was but money, after all; he had come to be the only thing she loved, and Dick had robbed her.

It was ten o'clock. Granny sat moaning by the kitchen hearth. Goodnatured Mrs. Jones, from the stairs was 'seeing to things" and trying to cheer her, when suddenly there came a rap on the door and a policeman looked in.

"Mrs. Briggs," he said.
"Here she is," said Mrs. Jones. "Yes, I'm that wretched critter," said Mrs. Briggs.

or small grains. The reason why small crops of buckwheat are often produced are manifest. The land in

quainted with sowing grains. An attempt is made to cover it by drawing a harrow over a lot of turf. stones and lumps of hard earth. No good crop of any kind is obtained by this kind of management.

farms.

The Cincinnati Gazette believes woman want the ballot merely to use it for ourl papers.