

WINTER NIGHTFALL.

The rose has faded from the western sky
Behind the tazy mill.
The snow's wind carven drifts in beauty He
Where all is gray and still.

Now dim and faint the distant steeples grow,
While night's drear shadows creep
Across the land and dull the world's repose
Of soft wood and sleep.

Above the fields a great channeled star
Is sparkling cold and white;
The deep dark curtains of the east afar
Shine with a sudden light.

And in a moment, with a silver flood,
The full moon rises chill
Behind the tangie of the somber wood
That crowns the distant hill.

—H. K. Mankittrick in Harper's Weekly.

HOW THEY MANAGED.

"Pack your things as soon as you please, my dear," said Mr. Chesney. "We're going to move Saturday."

Mr. and Mrs. Chesney were a matrimonial pair; there was no question about that. Mrs. Chesney had always been a silent partner in the same.

"If ever I get married," said Elma, a bright eyed girl of 13, "I won't be put upon as mamma is."

"Where, my dear?" asked Mrs. Chesney with a little start.

"Into the country," said the family autocrat. "I'm tired of this city business. It costs a great deal more than it comes to. I'm told you can live at half the expense in the country."

"But," gasped the wife, "what is to be done of the children's education?"

"There's a very good district school in the neighborhood, not more than a mile distant," explained her husband, "and exercise will do them good."

"And what are we to do for society?"

"Pshaw!" said Chesney, "I would not give a rap for people who can't be society for themselves. There'll be the house-work to do, you know—nobody keeps a girl in the country—and plenty of chores about the place for Will and Spencer. I shall keep a horse if I can get one cheap, for the station is half a mile from the place, and I've bargained for a couple of cows and some pigs."

Meanwhile Mr. Chesney explained to his wife the various advantages which were to accrue from the promised move.

"It's unfortunate," said he, "that Elma and Rose aren't boys. Such a lot of women folks are enough to swamp any family. Men now can always earn their bread. But we must try to make everybody useful in some way or other. It's healthy, you know," added he, "And the rent won't be half of what we pay here."

"Are there any modern conveniences about the place?" timidly inquired Mrs. Chesney.

"There's a spring of excellent water about a hundred yards from the house," said her husband.

Mrs. Chesney grew pale.

"Have I got to walk a hundred yards for every drop of water I want?" said she.

"And a large rainwater hogshead under the eaves of the house," added Mr. Chesney. "And I've already got a bar-

gain in kerosene lamps. As for candles, I am given to understand that good housekeepers make 'em themselves in tin molds. There's nothing like economy. Now do begin to know, Abigail," he added irritably, "what you are looking so lackadaisical about? Do you expect to sit still and fold your hands while I do all the work? Give me a woman for sheer natural laxness!"

The first sight of Mullenstall farm was dispiriting in the extreme. Between rock and swamp there was scarcely pasture for the two lean cows that Mr. Chesney had bought at a bargain, and the hollow backed horse which stalked about the premises like some phantom Ducephalus.

The apple trees in the orchard were three-quarters dead, and leaned sorrowfully away from the east winds, until their boughs touched the very ground, fence had all gone to ruin and the front gate was tied up with a hemp string.

"Is this home?" said Elma, with an indescribable intonation in her voice.

"We'll get things all straightened up after awhile," said Mr. Chesney, bustling to drive away the pigs, which had broken out of their pen and were squealing disastrously under the window.

Mrs. Chesney cried herself to sleep that night and awakened the next morning with every bone instinct with shooting pains.

"And no wonder," said Spencer, "there's a foot of water in the cellar."

"We must have it drained," said Mr. Chesney, with an uneasy look; "but there's plenty of things to do first."

And now began a reign of the strictest economy. Mr. Chesney himself paid for everything with checks, and not an article came into the house or went out of it without his cognizance. New dresses were frowned upon; spring bonnets were strictly interdicted; orders were issued that old carpets should be reversed, and broken dishes repaired with cement and quicklime.

"Save, save, save! that is the chief thing," he kept repeating briskly. "Women folks can't earn; they should try their best to save."

"Boys," fluttered Rosie, "I've an idea. Mary Penn, who lives on the next farm, you know, came over to see Elma and me yesterday. Papa is earning his living; we'll earn something too."

"I should like to know how," muttered Spencer. "I might hire out somewhere if it wasn't for that wretched old horse, and the pigs, and the wood chopping, and—"

"Oh, but there is something that won't interfere with the chores, nor with school," said cheerful little Rosie. "Just listen—all I ask of you is to listen."

And the weeks grew into months, and the red leaves eddied down into little swirls from the maple trees, and "pig killing time" came, and with the aid of a lame, one-eyed man Mr. Chesney laid down his own stock of pork and sausages, with the sense of being triumphantly economical.

The family had left off complaining now. Apparently they were resigned to their doom. But there were sometimes things that Mr. Chesney could not explain all.

A new rug brightened up the dismal floor of the parlor carpet; Rosie had a crimson merino dress, trimmed with black velvet bars; Elma's fall jacket was edged with substantial black fur, and—grand climax of extravagance—Mrs. Chesney had a new shawl in place of the old garment which had been her mother's before her.

He looked at the housekeeping books with renewed vigilance. He consulted the stubs of his checkbook with a notice that nothing could escape.

"I don't know—how—they—man-

age it," said he, scratching his nose with a lead pencil that he always carried. "I hate mysteries, and I mean to be at the

bottom of this before I am an hour older."

"Aagh!" said Elma, "how is this? I've given you no money? You've been left off asking for money. How have you managed to *survive* yourself and the children up *and* I won't be shocked by my own eyes."

Elma was aware the pitcher which she was wiping and rinsing and mopping before her father with glittering eyes and cheeks stained with crimson, like a flag of battle.

"Papa," she said, "you must not speak to mamma so. Mamma would not cheat you nor nobody else. It's money we've earned ourselves."

Mr. Chesney stared at the girl with incredulous eyes.

"And if you don't believe it come and see how," said Elma, flinging down her towel. "Mary Penn showed us. She told us everything and gave us the first swarm of bees. There are 14 swarms down there under the south wall. Spencer sold the honey for us. And we planted all the nice flowers that grow down in the meadow that you said was too stony and barren for the sheep to pasture upon. Will dug and hoed around them after all the chores were done, and we sent boxes and bouquets of lilies and verbenas to the city every day by Mr. Penn's wagon. And we gathered wild strawberries before the sun was up and got cherries out of the old lane. And the money is ours—every cent of it."

"Honey, eh?" said Mr. Chesney, staring at the row of hives, for Elma had dragged him out into the November moonlight to the scene of action. "Well, I've seen these many a time, but I always spied them to Squire Penn's folks. And flowers and wild berries didn't think there was so much money in 'em. Guess I'll try the business myself next year. Queer that the women folks should have got the start of me."

After that he regarded his family with more respect. The mere fact that they could earn money had elevated them immensely in his sight.

But when spring came he lost his able conductor. Miss Elma incidentally announced to him one day that she was going to be married to Walter Penn the next week.

"And mamma is coming to live with us," added Elma. "She can't stand the damp house and this hard work any longer."

But Mrs. Chesney did not go to the Penn farm. Mr. Chesney hired a stout serving maid and laid drain pipes under the kitchen stoop. If his wife really understood her business so well, it was worth while to keep her well and active, he considered.

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