durrent Literature.

OUR SUNDAY EVES.

I see a valley in the West, Beneath a mountain's towering crest, A little cottage white as snow, Three vine clad windows in a row, A porch with overhanging leaves, Wherein we spent our Sunday eves.

That blessed hour when day was done, Between the sitting of the sun And ringing of the sweet toned bells That echced through the hills and dells ; That hour when thought, with softest wi Would to each heart an offering bring.

There mother sat, with gentle face, Wherein was written love and grace; Gray locks beneath a Sunday cap; White hands softly folded on her lap; All needless care, that frets and grieves, Was banished on our Sunday eves.

Then mother's "talk," so clear yet mild, A precious word for every child-Her soft reproof, her tender praise, That made us love the Day of Days, When heads of brown and heads of gold Were sheltered in that precious fold !

Then father 'neath the shadows dim. Would start the good old fashioned hymn, And make the very rafters ring, (For all the family must sing.) Aye! Every girl and every boy Join in the chorus, full of joy.

Oh, Sabbath twilights coming down, In those past days so like crown-Or like an angel of sweet power That came to tarry for an hour! Though care annoys, and pain aggrieves, We'll n'er forget those Sabbath eves.

The Desire of Her Heart.

'I tell you, Jack, the farm is not your vocation. I become more and convinced of the fact every day, and less contented with the life we are leading."

Breakfast was over, and we stood on the farmhouse portice, arm in arm. On the sill of the door sat baby screaming and besides, it is much more stylish."

You'll find it much cheaper in the end, and besides, it is much more stylish." pigeons from her dimpled hands

Our breakfast had been a delightful one-coffee clear as amber, bread like snow, and steak done to a turn.

All about us was a green tangle of sweet brier and honey suckle; the sun was just rising above the distant hills, and the morning air was fresh and sweet, and filled with exquisite woodland odors, and musical with the song of birds. We could catch a glimpse of the -barn and poultry yards from where we stood, and hear the plaintive lowing of the kine, and the dream-like tinkle of their bells.

I felt a vague sort of conviction that Jack had but little sympathy with my spirit of discontent, yet I was determined to carry my point if possible.

"You are dissatisfied with your lot, I

"Oh, nonsense," I put in. "Not with my lot, nor with you, only with the farm, Jack. I'm tired to death with this prosy, humdrum life, and I hate to see you delving and toiling like a slave from one year's end to another. You were born for something better, Jack-something grander and nobler. Fancy a man of your abilities sowing grain and digging potatoes, and raising stock to his life's

"But, my dear," suggested Jack, "one must live and have bread and butter."

To be sure, Jack; but why not earn it in a more genteel way?"

Hone t life is always genteel, Nell. "Oh, pshaw! you misunderstand me, Jack. I mean that you have capabilities for something better. You only cling to the old farm to please your father, when you could be hundred fold better elsewhere. And besides, where is our society in this place, Jack? What chance is there for our children as they

Jack laughed as he glanced down at baby, who was struggling furiously to pigeon's head into her mouth. "Ah, Nell, that is looking so far ahead,"

he said; "and my dear, you seem to forget that I have lived here all my life." "No, no. I don't forget. And pray what have you done, Jack?

"But you didn't pick me up among the clover blossoms, Jack, don't forget that. You found me in town, and Jack, dear, I am so anxious to get back to my native element. I'm tired of all this You can get on ever so nicely in town, Jack; and there we can get into society.

I am not over fond of society, Nell." Oh, but you should be for my sake, Jack. I'm fond of it. I hate to live like a hermit. Why, Jack, if we desire to get a little party to-morrow, we could not for money. Let's make the most of it

"Dear me, Nell; why I could muster SCOTES.

'Of a certain sort, yes; but I don't want them, Jack; I am peculiar in my notions. I want no society but the best : the the the sort of society one gets into in town."

"Fashionable society, Nell." "Well, then, why not? You have means, Jack, and I flatter myself that we are fitted to move in any circle. Why should we bury ourselves in this wilder

"Our means are not exhaustible, Nell." "I am aware of that, Jack, but we have

enough for the start, and Vanborough offers you a good place in the bank."
"At a limited salary, Nell?"

"Oh, yes, but you can work yourself up, Jack—right up to the topmest round foresight, was carried on in the most of the ladder. Do let's go, Jack! I've lavish and elegant manner. lived here to please you ever since our marriage; I think you can afford to please me a little now.

Jack sighed as he looked out upon his ripening grain fields, but he drew me close to his side and kissed me.

"That's true," he said. "you can't be expected to care for the farm as I do. Nell, I promised to make you happy when you consented to be my wife, and I'll try to keep my word. You shall have it all your own way, Nell."

The continuous dropping of water wears away a solid stone. I had con-quered my husband at last, and the desire of my heart was about to be accom-

When Jack once made up his mind to do a thing, he did it with all his might. The matters were soon settled. Cherry Hill, as we called the farm, was sold at a great sacrifice, and one sunny morning we turned our backs upon the breezy down and golden grain fields, and jourreyed cityward.

"I'm afraid you made a great mis-take," said Jack's father as he bade us about rolling stones."

"I don't believe in old sayings, sir," I answered loftily, "and I think I can ap-

self mistaken, my dear. Good-bye to both of you. Whatever you do, care well for the little one. I'm afraid she wont liks the change. If you happen to tire of town and fashion, don't forget that a welcome always awaits you at home."

"Couldn't you manage to make a little trip to the seashore, my dear?" Mrs. Vanborough had suggested, and Jack had caught at the idea with eagerness.

"We might, Nell; I think we can. I'll try and borrow a few hundred some where."

Jack's heart was too full for utterance "Thank you, sir," I said, "but we shall not get tired."

Our new home in town was a stylish residence in a fashionable street. established ourselves in the principal nishing the house.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Vanbor- to endure it now. ough, the banker's wife, dropping in for an early call, "don't dream of such a thing as Ingrain carpets. Get Brussels, higher and higher, and baby's breath of American children. The first set-

We hearkened to our friend's advice and laid our rooms with Brussels, and the cost ran up into the hundreds.

The furniture was got to match, Mrs. Vanborough and several other friends aiding us in our selection, and all sorts of pretty, costly bric-a-brac, and real lace curtains, and a new piano. My old instrument was too plain and clumsy for the new establishment.

desperate when they once get at it. as he went and saving every stray penny.

Once in the vortex of town life, his figure. prudence was speedily changed into a sort of recklessness. After the first few days, and by the time our new home was ready to receive us, he actually seemed to

take delight in seeing his money go.
"We've got snug quarters here, Nell,
by George!" he said looking through the see that plainly, Nell," said Jack, a trifle extravagantly furnished rooms with admiring pride. "No one in town can out shine us, not even Vanborough himself. It has lightened our purse considerably, I'll admit, but what does that signify?

his growing recklessness.

"Pshaw, child! Who ever heard of a banker's clerk saving anything? If we make both ends meet it will in more than I look for."

"My dear." said Mrs. Vanborough when we were pleasantly settled in our handsome house and had hired a couple handsome house and had hired a couple barnyard. The doors were wide open, of servants, "I suppose you will want to We carried Jack in and laid him down give some sort of a party now? It is in the broad breezy room that had been ustomary, you know. Suppose you let it our bridal chamber. be an informal reception, with cards and coffee for the old people, and ices and fruits and dancing for the young ones? You can throw open your pariors into one and the new carpets will not get much injured. I'll help you to order your refreshments, and Celia will write the invitations for you. She is an excellent Cherry Hill." judge as to whom it is expedient to in-

I mentioned the matter to Jack when he came home, and he entered into the spirit of the affair with great excitement. "To be sure, little wife; have a party by all means. When one is in Rome they must do as the Romans do, you "Led an upright life, and married know. Don't spare expense either my dear; we must make as good a show as other people. And I shall take it upon myself to order your costume I want you to look as grand as a little Empress." "But, Jack," I suggested timidly, "we

are spending a good deal of money . "Oh, well, never mind. It will all go somehow, one way or other, and we might as well enjoy it. You've always wanted to get into good society. Nell. and you're fairly in, and it won't do to let the people see that you are cramped

while we've got it." My heart ached a little, and in the midst of all the flare and flutter of preparation I was conscious of a vague feeling of regret whenever I recalled the quiet moments of my early wife-hood spent at Cherry Hill. Jack had seemed such a different person in those days so strong and steady and selfreliant; and now he seemed to take as

much pleasure in life's frivolities as I did. With the foolish inconsistency of sex, I sat down and cried over the con summation of the very hopes which I had cherished so long. But, despite my tears, our reception ored us with their presence, and every thing, thanks to Mrs. Vanborough lavish and elegant manner.
"By George!" said Jack, "this sort of

came on, and it turned out to be a great

success. The best people in town hon-

thing is jollier than the old farm. I see now, little wife, that you were

I would ten times rather he should have upbraided and blamed me for what

The winter that followed was exceedingly gay. We were invited every where, and our house was constantly filled with guests, balls, soirces, kettledrums, and the opera house scemed to engross every hour. Jack and I seldom had a quiet moment together, yet he seemed to enjoy it all with his whole heart.

When spring came our last surplus dollar had been expended, and we were sorely dependent on Jack's monthly salary.

The warm weather came on and baby soon fell ill. I hoped day by day that Jack would say something about going back to his father's for the summer, but he did not even hint at such a

The days grew warmer and longer good-bye; "you'd better have stuck to the farm. You remember the old saying splendor, and the paved streets seemed

> Our fashionable friends fluttered off like summer swallows and we were left

the seashore. You see how baby is Oh, Jack, ask your father to let us return home.

"Oh, you wouldn't be satisfied, Nell if we went back. It is dreadfully dull down there these summer days with the hotel, and then set to the task of fur- haymaking and the reaping and all that sort of thing. We should never be able

> seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and the in America, released, in a great poor Jack seemed to look dreadfully ill measure, from the formal oppression and worn; and one afternoon was sent home in a carriage, quite unconscious, they were accustomed, quaffed the free stricken down by a sudden fever.

I put my pride aside then and wrote letter to Jack's father. "Jack and baby are both ill," I said and we are sick and tired of this life. Pray forgive us, aud let us come home.

The very next day the dear old gentleman arrived, but the sheriff was be fore him. Jack having confessed judg-There is a curious excitement in ment in a lawsuit. The rumor that we British general when the Boston boys spending money, which seems to drive intended to leave town got out, and our the most sober and economizing people creditors rushed in, anxious to secure the lion's share of our effects. The Jack had always been the most careful Brussels carpet, the handsome furniof men, counting the cost of everything ture, and costly bric-a-brac, all went under the hammer at a disastrously low

> "Never mind" said my father-in-law not a shadow of reproach on his kind,old face; "let them squabble over it if they We must get the sick one

> So we got poor Jack into the carriage, and with his hot head upon my knee, and baby in my arms, I turned my back upon the scene of my short-lived tri-

We are going back to Cherry Hill." said the old gentleman, as in the dusk said the old gentleman, as in the dusk man in him comes to the surface, and of the golden day we drove through the how jealous he is of every prerogative

I could not utter one word in answer. Not the smallest thing was changed. race, and the bees droned in their hives, and the cattle-bells tinkled in the

He opened his eyes and drew a deep, quivering breath as the freshening breeze touched his throbbing head. "Nell, where are you?" he said.
"Surely this must be home."

"I am here Jack." I answered through my tears, and this is home dear old

"Thank God!" he muttered, and fell back upon the pillows, and I saw great tears trickling slowly from behind his closed eyelids.

Beyond the open window, in the sil ver glory of the rising moon, the old grandfather sat with baby at his feet, half hidden in the rank cool grass, and even at that hour the pigeons came favor is so easily gained by flattery of man." (on these occasions the husband fluttering around her as of old, and she his child. And how contemptible is that is always "this man." even though he is screamed with rapture as she clutched at them with her tiny hands.

I rose softly and fell on my knees be side Jack's low pillow. "Oh, Jack," I sobbed, "I have been wicked. Forgive me Jack, forgive me I am so glad to be at home again."

His worn face grew radiant, and his dear arms held me close. And then and there, clasped to my husband's heart in the sweet shelter o

the home he loved, I understood all the "You didn't mean it, Jack." I whis pered. "You only pretended to enjoy it all to please me.

He smiled at me with his grave, fond "And oh, Jack, our money is all gone

He silenced me with a kiss. "No matter, little woman; the lesson we have learned has been cheaply bought. We shall not care to leave the safe old nest in search of fashion and

sat there clasped in Jack's forgiving arms, the happiest woman the round world held.

THE CHILDREN OF TO-DAY.

"Within she past few generations parents have grown into a fashion of selfabnegation; very lovely, it is possible, in its effects upon their own character, but very dreadful in its effect upon the characters of their children."

The main purport of the article from which the above sentence is quoted relates more particularly to young people stage," but applies equally well to the present relation of parents to their younger children, who are too often sources of arrogance instead of comfort. Could this self-abnegation be confined solely to parents the public would have no right to complain, but that is impossible. We all suffer, and though it may be in a lesser degree than the parents, still its effect upon our characters is anything but desirable.

It is not our intention to specify the individual classes of parents, with which we are all familiar. There are causes underlying the purely personal influences which have largely contributed to bring about the present state of juvenile independence. That there have always been bad children; rude, unmannerly children; children whom their elders regarded dolefully as predestined followers of the evil one we are all willing to admit. But these were the exceptions, whereas we hear it urged that the children of to-day, are, as a class, forward and obstreperous to a de plorable degree. When such complaints come from some of the keenest observers and most cultured minds of our time, it were well to trace to their origin the causes of such an effect. We are not apt to consider seriously the tendency of the peculiar circumstances which fostered by the routine of habits to which air of the new world as a divine elixir of freedom, and from father to daughter. from mother to son, has been transmitted an intense and ever growing love of liberty until to-day not only are men's right's and women's rights given a hearing but children's rights are also rising to the dignity of a cause. "Even the children are rebels!" said the astonished

than diminished by subsequent events. The essential spirit of the moral atmosphere surrounding every American is, not only that Americans are a free people, but the freest people on the face of the earth. Has not this idea influenced the children through the change it has produced in the parents' opinions of men and things? Witness the transformation effected in the old world emigrant of to-day, whose nature has been repressed by the burdens of laws and customs which always take deep root in ancient soil. A few years of freedom from these burdens and now the free liberty he enjoys by a judicious he becomes a benefit to the State. He

atner a wiser and more liberal relation lisciplinarians. Perhaps parents now begin to realize that the spirit is to be judiciously trained instead of being crushed. There is danger of too much evening dress gathered around, and laxness, however, because it is the tenhome and abroad. But is the fault fluence of this Orphic revelation? mainly with the child?

Is it not due largely to the insuffera-self at the poet's feet, and declared that vanity which can be so fed upon what a scientific gardener). The poet was is manifestly injurious to the child's rather embarrassed by the gift of her young mind.

ing. There can be no modesty, that was the reality. A mean apartment, a beautiful bloom of childhood, when a moody, irritable companion; no brilchild is constantly incited to "show off" liant world waiting to receive her with some petty accomplishment and expect homage and admiration. On the conapplause and praise in return. But it is applause and praise in return. But it is not alone in the filial relation that our supercillous impertinence, and she was children are considered deficient in the left to an ignoble solitude; while the qualities which should adorn their poet, faultlessly dressed, went out every

growing characters.
"They are so painfully irreverent," sigh pulpit and press together. What are fashionable women of society, who disto foster reverence and veneration?

In the intellectual world thinking peosociety again."

I could not answer. I heard my baby

Cooling to the pigeons in the grass, and

will land them of now it may snatter powders, and the room kept at stove finely spun theories is impossible to say. We ride on triumphantly glorying in our absolute freedom of thought. But

After a month or so of broken illus-

freedom of opinion too often degenerates into a wholesale mockery of all things formerly held sacred and becomes merely an incoherent breaking away from old established beliefs and a desperate floun-dering amid a multiplicity of extrava-gant ideas which have often sprung up like certain fungi in the damp night air of intense egotism.

The effect upon the rising generation of this scorning the "traditions of the elders," to say nothing of repudiating what was most sacred to them, is hardly

to be over estimated. Why should the young feel a reverence for subjects which they hear scoffed at who have reached the "flirting, giggling good men and women of past or present this lawlessness is largely the reaction from the old time tyranny of parenthood and is an almost unvarying impulse of human nature, it would yet be well for them to beware how far they allow the caprices of children's immature minds to usurp their own responsible reason in

training thefr children. It is impossible in the limits of an ordinary newspaper article to discriminate clearly between the changes which are constantly pressing upon the shifting tides of humanity. But while we may look with anxious eyes on the glaring faults of the children let us bear in mind that, many acts which spring merely from the unthinking buoyancy of dance, dress better than any one else. youth appear foolish and wicked to those who have forgotten the ways of their own childhood. That if the children of tern of that flowing train, that lifted to-day are more faulty than their fathers and mothers, the cause must lie largely with those fathers and mothers and the surrounding influences.

ILL-MATED W VES.

Naturally, and by instinct, a woman has a strong tendency to look on a man of genius as a god, and to offer him worship as well as love; but in the fatal intimacy of daily life illusions soon vanish, and she finds that, except in moments of inspiration, her divinity is even weaker than an ordinary mortal, less able to guide or strengthen others; glorious presence, as if his claim had and she resents the knowledge that her idol is only made of clay, and her feelings alternate between contempt and dislike, especially if she is of a passionate, impulsive temperament. An excellent man, a horticulturist, the head of a nursery garden, had a wife of this description-handsome, ardent, and about and celebrities, where even she also might reign as a queen and be admired and flattered, were she only seen and known. Then the dream would vanish, and she saw only the bowed down back

alated by the barometer.

So the years passed till she reached through the mist. the trente ans—the fatal age when made her "miserable" resulted more passion becomes reckless in the despair from faults in her own disposition than What good comes of money unless one enjoys it?"

We must try and save up a little now, Jack, since we are fixed up so nicely," I said feeling somewhat terrified at little would come back."

I was pretty sure you would come back."

I was pretty sure you all these months. I was pretty sure you would come back."

I was pretty sure you would come back."

I was pretty sure you would come back."

I was pretty sure you adopted government or his fitness for the surface, and how jealous he is of every prerogative of vanishing youth. Just then a poet which is his right as a citizen. He despands the displacement of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands how jealous he is of every prerogative of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands how jealous he is of every prerogative of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands how jealous he is of every prerogative of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands how jealous he is of every prerogative of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands how jealous he is of every prerogative of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands how jealous he is of every prerogative of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands how jealous he is of every prerogative of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands how jealous he is of every prerogative of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands how jealous he is of every prerogative of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands of the subject of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands of the subject of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands of the subject of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands of the subject of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands of the subject of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands of the subject of vanishing youth. Just then a poet derived in the despands of the subject of va use of his privileges. He is apt to have He is always perfectly dressed. No accent, would have ruled the parish ad-A great full moon was rising above the many crude and childish notions, of distant hills as we reached the house. Which he will have to be disabused before somewhat careless tie of his cravat. destiny; but Carlyle raised her to emi-Every one invited him; he always came nence as his wife, gave her station and The great red roses bloomed on the ter | will have to learn that freedom does not | late, between ten and midnight, and it | dignity in the great capital of the worlds was an impressive thing to see him as he and in return she darkened his fame, others.

So the change of discipline in regard back his long hair, and spoke, as if in a the enthusiasm that would have raised o children need not indicate an utter melancholy dream, of the soul of the relaxation of parental authority, but poet tethered by passion and despair. But the excitement was at its height between parent and child. "Break his spirit" was the snibboleth of old time "The Creed of Love," beginning with that stupendous line.

> gazed at him with earnest, humid eyes. dency of human nature to rush to ex- Of course, the wife of the respectable tremes. Because children of fifty years horticulturis was vanquished at once ago were unnaturally suppressed is no What woman of unfulfilled aspirations, reason why the children of to-day need whose husband only snipped and planted secome the chief actors in social life at and watered, could resist the magic in After a few interviews she flung her-

> de egotism of the average parent whose life was no longer endurable with "this devotion, but he could not refuse, so The pert forwardness and brazen im they departed together for Paris. Now oudence of children are too often the she thought, the reign of intellectual nevitable results of their parents' teach- splendor will begin; but how different evening and declaimed "The Creed of Love" to other women, the elegant and the influences brought to bear on them dained to notice her existence. But even this might have been borne could she still have worshipped; but she ple are now on the inflowing swell of one found her idol querulous and fretful, of the highest tides of so-called liberal- hypochondriacal and abominably selfish. ism that has ever swept the shores of He was always imagining he was ill, and thought. Where the reflex movement the table was covered with vials and will land them or how it may shatter powders, and the room kept at stove finely spun theories is impossible to say.

ions, life became insupportable to her She was stifled in the atmosphere of the close room, wearied with his temper, and she began to hate "The Creed of Love. How to escape was now her only thought. At length she wrote to he husband, told him all, entreated him to come for her. She had outlived her dreams, and would now be a good wife to him henceforth and forever. He was a philosopher; he forgave, and he came. One evening, while the poet was de-claiming "The Creed of Love" at an assembly of worshipping women, she left the house, found her excellent husband waiting with a carriage at the end on every side, or venerate the wise and good men and women of past or present when honored names are habitually made the subject of jest, pun and humorous articles that in striving after wit too often descend to vulgarity. This constant caricaturing of everything and everythody his moods and caprices, was only sadden able when a glamor of glory feovered. contributes not a little to the often de-plored lawlessness of our children. And while parents and others may claim that and is never worn in the dull routine of

every day life.

The best chance, perhaps of domestic felicity is when all the family are Bohemians and all clever, and all enjoy thoroughly the erratic, impulsive, reckless life of work and glory, indifferent to every thing save the intense moments of popular applause.

Such a family may be met in the art circles of Paris. The mother had been a model and a beauty, and still posed as Hebe when she handed a cup of tea to Everything looks picturesque on them. Fashionable ladies vainly desire the patrobe, that classic sleeve but no pattern is to be had. All was arranged by the aid of a few pins fn the caprice of a moment as the handsome girls chatted and laughed before the mirrors in their little room. Youth, beauty and artistic taste can work wonders with the most chaotic materials. People asked how they managed to pay for everything; but they never paid, that was their magic secret. Bills, of course, were endless; but when some particularly severe creditor appeared, one of the splendid daughters pleaded with such a bewitching smile that he would "call next Monday" (it was the family formula), that he retired humbled and abashed from the

een an impertinence. Mrs. Carlyle failed to reach happiness because she had ambition without fame, and intellect without a career, and was too self-conscious and proud to be content with a subordinate part in life. She ought to have considered that her existence was really of no importance to the universe; but her husband's worth protested against the invasion of their coasting grounds, and the rebellious spirit has certainly been fostered rather than diminished by a spirit has certainly been fostered by a spirit has certainly been fostered by a freamed of the Paris world of splendor He was necessary to humanity; but she was only necessary to smooth the path his soul traveled. In this line of duty lay the beautiful mission of a loving wife, and in this she ought to have found happiness, but she only thought of her respectable husband over his of the small annoyances that lay in her flowers, and heard only the snipping of own path, and pronounced herself "mis-the hedges and the eternal drip of the erable" though holding the proud posiwatering pot; and she wearied sadly of the gravel walks, the mathematical beds, age! Yet she loved him as well as her the geometrical exercise, and the life reg- nature would permit; but egotism can never nobly worship nor see the glory All the trials that memorials to his honor.—Lady Wildein the London Queen.

HALL'S VEGETABLE Hair Renewer.

The Best is the Cheapest.

Safety! Economy!! Certainty of Good Results!!! These qualities are of prime importance in the selection of a preparation for the hair. Do not experiment with new remedies which may do harm rather than good; but profit by the ex-

perience of others. Buy and use with perfect

confidence an article which everybody knows

to be good. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER will not

disappoint you. PREPARED BY R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. M.

PENSIONS. sions now increa-rd. Charges of noved, Discharges and Bount claims new pi end stamp banks Cel L PINJHAM, att

Softi by all Droggiots.

E. O. SMITH, DENTIST

Write to Cleveland YOUNG MEN-