Gurrent Literature,

THE PIELD PLOWER.

Once lov'd a wealthy youman's son; The poor hay-maker had no dower, But the rich heart the lover won, And as she went the father spake

If in three days is the stake, Then in three days my son is thine."

The fond maiden listened and half the' Of love and joy to die outright; And in her hand her scythe she caught And sore she labored day and night;

Fainting, well nigh in despair, Fresh power she sought from heaven above;

Her love new strength won from prayer, And all her simple prayer was love.

Once as she toiled, her yearning eye Fell on a little daisy near; "Poor simple flower, must thou too di

For my true heart to win my dear?" But as beneath her seythe it fell, Its ever hard sends a releasing second, Her breast must need with pity swell.

Was she not too a poor field flower!

The third day duly to the vale Again the wealthy youman came : Breathless she was and deathly pale. But her young eyes with rapture flame

"My girl, I did but jest," he said. "Here, these ten crowns your toil will Day. And by her scythe that eve lay dead

One flower the more among the hay Such is the sweet and touching tale The mowers tell among the hay; And every maid within the vale

Weeps as she sings that simple lay. A Woman's Sermon, and what

> Came of it. BY MARY JEWETT TELFORO.

You'd like me to tell you why I'm different from the balance of 'em? Her mouth was smilin' pitiful like; but her eyes looked like they was so sorry t' ma'am. All the same, I know I a'n't couldn't keep it in; beggin' they was the man I was the first year I druy the fer me t' do somethin' better 'n fill the ice wagon here, an' I don't mind tellin' air with cusses an' blasphemin'. you, sence you've been so mighty good went on t' the nex' customer. The mare to me.

niggers wa'n't no gret shakes in our pesky's my wages come into my head.

It seemed like it was on'y the night part of Virginay. But we chillen was afore that mother died, and her white brought up pious. Father read the smilin' face was lookin' oncet more on Bible o' Sundays an went to meetin' reg'lar, an' mother was a walkin' breathin' saint. I never knowed what badness was, slong as I stayed home. But after the dandelions in the ole door yard at mother died, an' father 'peared broke home an' the creeper 't winded into the down like, an' the doctor's bills was sycamore tree out by the gate, an' I smelled the peppermint 'at grew by the paid, an'wages was too low for any use, spring in the medder, while mother was an' the farm wa'n't bigger 'n a truck movin' round slow-like thet summer patch no how, father an' me an' the afore the last one, never dreamin' her girls talked it all over, an the boy was goin to mix with a wickeder nex' thing I knowed, I was steamin' worle'n she ever saw, an' prayed to.

the worle was a different place to what I'd ever took it to be. You ha'nt no selves out West here, you know; afore I 'dee, ma'am, how it strikes a green boy done up for the night. I dove down to thit agin men for the fust time that's the corner o' my vlise for mother's little got brains enough t' buy out his upper.

Thed been four year sence I'd stirred. the Almighty like he wa'n't no more lour seeh year 's I'll never live agin, count 'n the new brakesman. 't made God helpin' me! I don't justly rememme thet homesick I could a turned to ber what t was I come across that night an' gone back, only my ticket hed used up all my money. But a'n't it quare settin' me down in a different worle. how you'll get used to things? It wa'n't like. three months afore 'swearin' sounded. Them lew hours sence the woman in smart to me; an' in a year's time, I could slip in a rough word myself.

Hlinois, an' I shook strength out o' my oncet stoppin' t' think of it. bones an' change out o' my pockets. An' I cayn't justly ten whether the Lord no promises that night. It

ness here. No, you don't see much, blessed mother, an she in glory expect-You don't go where 't is. But you take in me. low talk. More 'n one fellar I've threat nowhere. for a preacher o' righteonsness! But 1 a'n't gettin on.

Jim Bowers an' me druy the ice wa gons here, you know. Jim hed the hul-salers an' I the winders. I had three-jest divided blankets with him. salers an' I the retailers. I hed three hundred a seventy names on my list t allus sent my extry wages t tather an go to, three times a week, an' after a the girls an' t' keep the taxes paid on fortnight I didn't hev t' look at the list the ole place. Yes't will hev to go now, to see where a customer lived, nor whether I'd skipped one. I prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father an' me an' the girls II be in a prided my father

gittin' up at two o'clock in the mornin', gettin' bigger wages 'n me right along the gettin' bigger wages 'n me right along there do I fine my bes' comfort? Uncle Joshua always stood in the doorway during this dialogue, with a the mare, when I was hurryin' to get visse so long 'thout my dreamin' what gettin' bigger wages 'n me right along fer soncin'. He'd shambled round like

off thet mornin' an' I'd madded him 't would be to me. Then the night afore I tellin' him the only use I'd ever hire somethin' come to me the night afore I him fer, 'd be for a post t' tip a clothes meant to help me through.

"I sh'd think a little gal's place was in th' house," he would remark, as he took her hand! But he liked it. Bless you, line to. Well, my story stretches, ma'am, like some consciences. Long One day: Come, mow this field of mine; towards noon, the wagon stopped at a bring me in town to see what the doctors purty little place where it looked like could do. I'd sot down in the shed after there must be good folks there, an' comfort; though a feather on a stump a'n't no sign of a dick's nest. But it's jest the kitchen was open a crack, an' I heard her voice such a place as I never have saw in all the woman say t' her husban' "It's well Oneday happy me an' Liddy might 'a' been, ef I hedn't been pore an' proud an' so never long." An' I knowed in all reason she cole her jest what I did think about her. Spoke the truth. Folks talks about consumpted people nexer knowin' what alls west of Virgiany. But I'm glad I didn't been as in for her ever tell her. I am thet. 'T would 'a' been as in for her ever to a' skripped. But I'm glad I didn't never to git fooled. But 't wa'r't no wonder it as in for her ever to a' skripped an' come t' me stronger thet night' never lights. The pen where the Christmas turkey was confined. While she was wonder ing at its size and promise, Mr. And "Bies the Lord, 'piped her small niece.

Your say it. No seeh girl was confined. While she was wonder ing at its size and promise, Mr. And "Bies the Lord, 'piped her small niece.

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Your say the pen where the Christmas turkey was confined. While she was confined. While a sin for her ever to 'a' skrimped an' come t' me stronger thet night 'n ever worried along like a pore man's wife 's I lay in my blankets out in the shed

'a' stood it t' see her suffer.

As I was savin', I kereied the ice round back, an' renshed it off an'

in a July shower. She'd took t' the old a road goin' over it. An' the rocks was gait with a vengeance, an' nothin' could thet thick! I was climbin' over it all n't 'a' been more like Jim that I was get-tin' t' hate so. Afore I knowed it, I called out t' that beast my opinion of hill. But where the road 'peared t' end asked her uncle, finally, after I mixed up with it. I shiver now, when I think how I swore at that pore mare, For a minute I forgot everything on'v't I wanted my words t' hit 'er a lick an' eatter 'er all over town.

right over t' the woman 't wore it. She raised up the foreinger of her right hand, like this—an' shook it at me, shakin' her head slow at the same time. But her face? You ought t' have saw it 'T would seem like settin' myself up. see sech an angry, swearin' man 't they

"I wa'n't but a minute, an' the horse You know we was pore folks back I'd done forgot Jim's shirkin' an' all the home. A little spot o' groun' an' no over hours I'd worked an' nothin' so

I can't never tell of Jim done his over the 'Hio an' Baltimore rail and for share o' the work that night. But I lit her sort o' lonesome. Anyways he says Illinois.

The tail end o' the star can'te I hed in he like t'ev Patty come for a wile. It's I hadn't got there afore I found out the loft over the stable when it came nat'ral nuff. Shell we let her go?"

'T hed been four year sence I'd stirred story for a peanut stand, a talkin' about the kiver; four wicked year they'd been;

blossoms counted me more 'n all the four ould slip in a rough word myself.

After a bit, the ager got afoul o' me in pin' away from everything good without

said ager d dry up an' blow away in this country, an' mine did.

Seemed like he knowed more 'n I could teil him. But I couldn't never 'a' speke his name agin as I'd been doin' it. Why

There a'n't much more to tell, I don't soft jobs to get his boiled beef, an' he then? Oh, no I kerried ice more 'n a finds what one sort o' folks is. I must 'year after thet. I got my cough workin' in a fur cap, with a lantern in his hand, 'a' got most awful wieked. An' my the wet, cold stuff, an' then I went out on a cattle-ranch a few months till I'd give out to thet degree I wa'n't no use 'Aint got a little gal for me, 've he,

shirkin ways got better. Any how, he didn't put upon me no gretafter one day when a sneak thief got into the loft an' hedn't got no best cl'es tew divide, fer l

to see where a customer lived, nor whether I'd skipped one. I prided my self on earnin' every nickle I got, and Jim's no 'count ways riked me.

One thing I took comfort in was my horses. Them an' me understood each other like pie an' cheese. The near mare hed had a gait I called shamblin an' I'd talked to 'er, an' drawed the reins an' then easy deep consumpted and then shamblin. Et al consumpted and then shamblin. Et al consumpted and praised for when she trotted firm, till I thought she was tectotally cured o' the gait. Man or beast, I have shamblin. Et al critter's got a thing to do, let 'em lay to an' do it.

Well, one mornin I was mighty teechy

The consumpted and praised an' cheese. The mark and the country she had a got that is shamblin. Et al critter's got a thing to do, let 'em lay to an' do it.

Well, one mornin I was mighty teechy

The commendation of the country she to go look in the last than the case of the country she to give I was a she asked, slipping her little hand into ill I get th' fire a-goin'!' commanded discore, as he lighted the lamp. The solid think profile to stay with her had hand in the shamblin. Et al consumpted and and the one of think I'm goin' I' see her agin. After all, I ha'n't never seen to be a consumpted and and the one of the shamblin. Et al consumpted and the country shame the polaric to go back consumpted and the country shame the polaric to go back consumpted and and the shamblin. Et al consumpted and the country shame the polaric to go back consumpted and and the shamblin. Et al consumpted and the country shame the polaric to got the consumpted and the country shame the polaric to go back consumpted and and the consumpted and the cons

studyin' about my allus havin' Jim's places where you take your charity hull-extra jobs t' do, an' over hours t' work, sale, like they cook their victuals. ale, like they cook their victuals. Did I ever see the woman agin? No.

A sun brown maiden, a wild field flower, off that mornin' an' I'd madded him 't would be to me. Then there was to be 'bothered.'

I' hed to give out, an' they was goin' to how he liked it! a hard coughin' spell jest afore supper, not caught the light of Patty's yellow tew played out to move. The door in head, and heard the tender cadence of these seven year without thinkin' how enough to keep his courage up, but no to the pen where the Christmas turkey must, an' a sick man's too. It's mighty an' coughed an' thought an' heard the tough fer me alone, but I wouldn't never kitchen clock strike. I hedn't slept a he call me child?" wink, though 't was coughin' kep't me awake an' not bein' unhappy.

All 't oncet, when I wasn't thinkin' o' chunked it into the refrigerator fer 'em. nothin', here come a picture right afore and jumpin'on the wagon give the horses a wink.

nothin', here come a picture right afore flinging "There now, Sally!" over his shoulder at his dismayed sister as he more it wa'n't my imagination. I never went. Ef that dear mure didn't shake her see this city plainer 'n thet picture. legs all over the street, loose as lightnin' There was a mountain, a rough one, an' er, an' God forgive me for all the oaths over the mountain edge, there come up silence. a light, oh, such a light! I've saw mighty fine sun-ups out early mornin's, but never sech a light as thet. The sun never was so bright, nor so soft-like, an' then shootin' rays throwed theirselves Then I see a white dress, back on the down my road so's I could pick my way verandy, 'mongst the blossoms, an'—I easier. After lookin' a bit I could see 't don't know what made me, but I looked right in the middle of it all was a cross: an' when I thought 't was over the end o' my way that cross hed turned so bright 1—I couldn't—I cayn't—never

mind, ma,am. What time in the mornin' d' you say I'm to take the train?

In the Toe of Patty's Stockings.

BY RUTH HALL.

"Polly, woman, see here a minute!" said Amassa Andrews, opening the kitchen door. "Whatever d'ye think. gage."
"The what?" I've had a letter from Uncle Joshuay!" "Not about the moggage? The old

Mrs. Andrews turned an anxious face rom the bread she was kneading.

"No; 'taint nothin' o' that sort. It's a our Patty for a spell!" "Borrow Patty! What in the world-

"Well, there, you see Polly," began her husband, advancing with the letter in his hand: "Aunt Sally lives with 'im; hez for years. An' there's her daughter Sarah married lately. I s'pose it leaves

"O, Amassy, I hate to!"

Well we'll miss 'er: but 'tant for long. An' there's the moggage, Polly?" "I know. Well; let's leave it to Pat-

visit; but then she never was to any plan manded her uncle, and disappeared. of herelders

"I'd jus'as lieves," she said in her mild little voice and George lamented, while he wondered that he had not been cho-

So Aunt Polly packed the old-fash-

Patty never forgot that brisk rolling over the flinty roads, the glimpses over the icebound river, of farmhouses nestled among leafless trees, of now and the money between her thumb and 66 But there was new kinds o' wicked ma'am, I'd sooner 'a' swore by my own then a child at a window who nodded or ger: "Land sake!" she cried. "Ef that sake here. No, you don't see much blessed mother an she in glory expect waved her hand to her. And then, as night fell, early and cold, they halted Who'd a thought th' of man'd a acted a fellar thet don't lay out to strike no rockon. Did I lose my health right before a long, low, red house, where a so like folks." single light was burning, and an old man

ened t' wear out round the lamp-post for How did me an' Jim get along? Oh, 1 "Here ye be!" was the anwer, and his smutty tongue. Asettin' myself up hever hankered after him, but we didn't have hankered after him. nearly asleep that it was like a dream, One night at dusk the two excited chilher entrance into the lighted kitchen, her supper on kind Aunt Sally's lap, and ney corner before they went up stairs to finally, her tucking into bed at that good bed. The next morning in the dark

weman's motherly hands. But the next morning when breakfast was over, Patty followed Uncle Joshua describe

the same answer: Lord love you dear child, No!" While the old woman mut-tered under her breath: "Mebby 'twill

And soon there was not a nook or cranny in the stable and barns that bad Oneday Aunt Sally accompanied them

brows.

"Sometimes." Patty hung her head. "Oh, he does; does he?" "What does

"An ol' Duffer," said Patty, with her finger in her month. Uncle Joshua turned and strode away

That night he sat before the open "Franklin," in his great rocking-chair, while Aunt Sally knitted in the corner and Patty, on the floor, unlaced her shoes

"Ye like us here; don't ye l'atty?" asked her uncle, finally, after a long "Yes, sir; o' course I do," laying her

pink cheek against his knee. Uncle Joshua's hard hand was very light on the yellow head, as he stroked

"An' would ye like to live with us?" he asked. 'An' not go home ever?" "Why, yes-mebby-for a visit. But

live here. Patty raised her head to stare at him. O, I couldn't, Uncle Joshuay; not to live ye know. I think a lot o' you an' Aunt Sally. But ye know th' folks - Uncle Amassy and Aunt Polly an' George, an' George's my brother!"

Uncle Joshua drew away his hand, and Aunt Sally, in her corner, frowned over

her knitting.
Innocent Patty went on presently, in
musing tone: "This place is awful
nice; but I like Uncle Amasy's jus ez well, I guess, if 'twasn't fer fer th' mog-

"Th' moggage we've got on our farm t' home. Mike said so, an' George an' me we've hunted for it lots o' times." The child's voice had grown low and fearful, and she knitted her brows as she spoke: "I'm sea't of it, too; it's somethin' awful. George thought 'twas a bear, mebby; cal friendly letter. He wants to borrow but Mike he said 'twas more like a wolf.

D' ye ever see one, Uncle Joshuay?"
The old man did not answer, but began raking down the fire with a great deal of noise.

"Joshuay!" called his sister winding the clock. "Wal!" he snarled. "Amasy Andrews' ez good a man "

ever trod sole-leather. I declare for it it's a shame." "Shet up, Sally' Will ye?" Mr. Andrews turned upon her. "Amasy Andrews's a shifless creature. I ain't no

use fer 'im." Patty sprang to her feet, with her shoes in her hands. You didn't orter talk so!" she cried indignantly. "Uncle Amasy's so good to me:" and then she

"Sally, take that child to bed!" com-

broke down and cried.

Patty went home soon after this; and when the stage stopped at the door, Aunt Sally hold her fast, saying between tears, "Ye mus' come ag'in, darlin'. Promise us ye will," while Uncle Joshua snapped in his crossest tones:

"O' course she'll come ag'in. Don't be so Aunt Polly packed the old-issi-ioned carpet bag, and Uncle Amassa put his small niece in the stage coach, under the good natured driver's care, one fresty morning in the late fall.

To coatese site reone ag in. Polity is a fool. Here, Patty, come to me. That's somethin' to remember me by:" thrust ing a gold piece in her hand, "An' this." holding up a little package, "ye tell yer Aunt Polly to put in your stockin'

And then he took her to the stage. When Patty showed her gifts to Auni Polly, at night, that worthy woman took

"He's real good!" loyal Patty in all her excitement did not forget to say. "I like Uncle Joshuay fustrate. Oh! but Aunt Polly, won't that buy my new shoes?

The man and woman exchanged glances, and then Mrs. Andrews stooped and

The short winter days passed quickly dren hung their stockings in the chimand cold, two little night-gowned figures crept down the back stairs, shivering and sleepy, but happy beyond words to

But Patty had, at last, come to Uncle

Joshua's box "I'll cut th' string with my new knife," George cried. "Now less look; mebby it's a gold watch and chain, Patty." "Taint nothin' but writin'," said the child, bewildered.

Uncle Amasa took the sheet with trembling fingers. "Heaven an' earth,' he ejaculated, letting it fall the next moment. "It's that moggage made out to Patty. Listen here:

"I send you what will please you most, child. Tell your Uncle Amasa a man is pretty good that raises such a little girl. So, a Merry Christmas to you all. From

"THE OLD DUFFER."
"Bless the Lord!" whispered Aunt Polly. And "Bless the Lord," piped her

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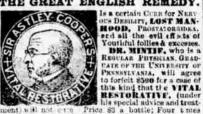
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