

Current Literature.

WOOD BORREL. My dearest love, thy flower's a-bloom Once more I've gathered it to-day— As through the tender forest gloom I took my lonely way.

Love in Ashes.

"Scant of nine, and the washing all out," mused thrifty Mrs. Chutter as she scrubbed the porch. "Deacon, I'll get you to set the big tub down cellar, if you will."

creaked an empty ash-bin, flanked by two empty barrels of soap; but the swinging seat was clean and comfortable, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country.

daughter with a vexed laugh. "You know you can't walk a rod. You'll surely have a relapse, mamma, if you don't sit still."

daughter's salutation when Harvey entered the sitting-room. "Was the girl glad to get her handkerchief?"

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