DEAR MOTHER'S GROWING OLD

Her eye is not so lustrous. Her eye is not so instrous.

Her voice has less of cheer.

While in her hair, once dark as night,

The threads of gray appear.

And ah! I am reminded,

When I her face behold,

That though she still is beautiful,

Dear mother's growing old.

Her cheeks have lost their glory, so like the blush of morn; Her smiles have flown that used to bless The heart when sorrow worn.

And when I mark her step that
Was buoyant once and bold, I cannot help the thought, so sad, That mother's growing old.

Turn back the years, O Father! And make her young once more. Just as my soul remembers her In happy days of yore;
When at her side my life in
Full gladness did unfold,
And I, a little child, dreamed not

Beyond these hours so fleeting.

Beyond earth's toils and tears,
In that sweet land I hope to gain
Beyond these mortal years,
Nothing shall waste her pure life, With happiness shall crown her lot, And mother'll ne'er grow old.

THE NEW MINISTER.

Scragg End suddenly decided that instead of occasional preaching by the Ponkapawket minister, it was entitled to a "stated supply." No longer would it go without the "regular gospel priv-

Adoniram Hewett, whose father had been a deacon, was deputed to make application to the proper authorities in that denomination to which Scragg End almost universally belonged for a minisrather the school desk until a church should be built.

Adoniram Hewitt received an encouraging answer to his application. A very earnest and talented young preacher, lately graduated from a theological seminary, would at once be sent to Scragg

The minister was to board at Adoniram Hewitt's, the Hewitts being well-todo beyond the majority of Scragg End people, and being regarded as possessing book-learning, which qualification would make them congenial companions for a minister.

Adoniram Hewitt's house presented a holiday appearance on that summer Ponkapawket station to bring back the

As night came on Lysander drove up -with only a girl beside him. What visit some one at Scragg End, and as there was no one to meet her at the station, Lysander had brought her over. But he was helping her out at their own gate. She was walking up the path. Mrs. Hewitt adjusted her glasses, and satisfied berself that the face was unfamiliar. She was a grave and dignified young woman, with a self-possessed manner, but with a bright flush on her face. Why didn't Lysander come up and introduce her, instead of attending to the horse.

"I suppose you were expecting me," said the young lady, extending her hand in a friendly way. "I am the new minister—Miss Barton."

As Mrs. Hewitt afterward declared, "You could have knocked me down with a feather." And her overwhelming astonishment was so plainly shown that the new minister became very much embarrased.

"Of couse you know-certainly you ought to have been told that-that I was a woman.'

"We didn't know. Why, we never thought of such a thing. They didn't say a word about it," exclaimed Mrs. Hewitt, and in her astonishment and dismay she utterly ignored the outstretched

The young lady had a strong and resolute face, but Mrs. Hewitt suddenly became aware that the corners of her mouth were drooping, and there was a hurt as well as a weary look in her face, and all her mother compassion was

roused. "But it don't make any difference, child-I mean ma'am. I have no doubt you can preach as well as half the men. We know what is going on in the world, if we do live a good ways out of it, only there never happened to be a woman preacher anywhere about here, so it took me by surprise. We believe in giving women a fair chance here in Scragg End,

I can tell you. "I was afraid you might have objections," said the young lady, a smile chasing the weariness out of her face.

"Oh, we shall think everything of you, I've no doubt-after a while. You don't know what it is to be without regular preaching as long as we have. Come right in and get rested, and have a And as for your calling making you cup of tea, for I expect you've had a hard journey."

Before escorting her guest to her room Mrs. Hewitt managed to slip upstairs and slyly abstract Lysander's new shaving set from the toilette table, where she had placed it for the convenience of the new minister.

It is undeniable that at the first receipt of the news a general dismay overspread Scragg End. The older people were disposed to consider that a trick had been played upon them, and were angry accordingly, some even going so far as to wish to have Miss Barton told that her services could be dispensed with. But nobody seemed willing to tell her, and there was a great curiosity to hear her preach.

There were a few courageous spirits who openly avowed that they saw no and were glad to have one for a minisyouth, but acknowledged that they would not have objected on that score to strong, well-knit figure.

seven, which was her age. too bandsome for a minister, and others who thought that since she was going to set herself up for everybody to look at, it was a pity that she was not handsomer; some who thought women ought not to

not what was wanted. themselves conquered. She was so simple, so earnest, so sympathetic. There were no long words, no far-fetched analogies, such as Mr. Ericson used; theology; she touched the chords that and locked herself in. vibrated in their every day life.

"She comes right home to you, that's and no mistake.'

awake," said Luke Pettingill, who was wont to disburb the congregation by

audible breathing. People flocked to Scragg End from far and near to hear the new minister, at first with much the same curiosity that they would have shown to see a white elephant, but soon for the sake of the preaching. Nobody could quite explain Miss Barton's popularity. Perhaps old Mrs. Simmons came as near to the truth as anybody when she said "she wasn't any smarter than anybody else, but someway she seemed just like own folks. And she knew just how folks felt

without boing told." a disgrace to the whole town to have a was shut up in her own room almost all may have been a high-caste Brahminic woman preacher holding forth every the time now, and she and Ly-woman; but on her becoming a widow, sanday, and drawing such crowds— sander didn't seem to get along together any, even the lowest servant may order drawing half the congregation away as they used to. She never came into her to do what they do not like to do. from the Penkapawket church, too! The

Mr. Ericson was known to hold the Woman's Rights movement in contempt; and sociable any more." but he had been twice to hear Miss Barton preach, when there were no services in his own church, and he had also his leisure time. His habit of studying young females is so great that it has called upon her several times, and when the deacons conferred with him about preaching that sermon they found it impossible to obtain any satisfaction; he was very polite, and he did not say that he would not, but "he smiling put the

inviting her to an exchange of pulpits and his wife regarded hints with lofty for the following Sunday; but that was scorn. in harvest-time, and she had come to One Scragg End in June. Even Ponkapawter to supply the Scragg End pulpit, or ket had become accustomed to the idea | the house to superintend the operations of a woman preacher, if it did not ap- of some men who were cutting timber. prove of it.

He had found her sitting on the piazza on a warm afternoon in late September. She had a large basketful of stockings beside her, and was darning them diligently. Some were her own, some were Adoniram Hewitt's and Lysander's, for Roxy had gone away on a visit, and Mrs. Hewitt's hands were more than full. She looked as housewifely as if she had never aimed at any wider sphere.

The shadow of a smile thickered about Mr. Ericson's mouth as he observed her employment. Although Miss Barton looked up only as much as politeness reafternoon when Lysander drove over to quired, she saw the smile, and it brought a flush to her cheek. Though she looked so strong and resolute, it was evident that Miss Barton was keenly

He sat down beside her, and immedicould be the reason that the minister had not come? The young lady was a stranger. She had probably come to "Your people would be shocked." "Your people would They don't approve of me," said Miss

Barton. "I never suspected you of any want of courage," said Mr. Ericson.

"I am a dreadful coward. I don't think I fully realized it when I began. If I had been sent anywhere but to Scragg End, I don't know what I should have done. Here they are humbleminded people, without strong preju-dices, and I do seem to have found the way to their hearts. But I am afraid I should never dare to enter another pulpit-certainly not yours at Ponkapaw-

"You would soon conquer there as you have conquered here, said Mr.

"I couldn't endure their unfriendly gaze. I should display all my woman-ishness. I should blush, I should tremble, I might faint. I should be a stumbling-block to the wemen who are following in the same pathway. I don't mean to be that. My work in Scragg End suffices me, and I am so thankful

"I am sorry you feel so about Ponkapawket, because I have a proposition in my mind much more audacious than the one that I made," said Mr. Ericson. Miss Barton raised her eyes inquir-

ingly, and dropped them again instantly under the minister's gaze. "I thought we might unite the churches." Mr. Ericson's voice trembled

a little, as if he were afraid. "I don't see how it could be done." said Miss Barton, frigidly. "Of course there is but one way," said

Mr. Ericson, quietly. "I dared not ask you to be my wife without suggesting to you the fact that your work need not be Mrs. T. given up.' The girl rose to her feet. Lysander's stocking fell from her hand, and was

blown away by the wind, unheeded. "I don't know what I have done to deserve this-this insult. I thought that at least you respected me, and I thought my calling made me sacred from such-such attacks altogether." "I am sorry that you should think it an insult. I can hardly see how a man

could give you a better proof of his resacred, we don't believe in the celibacy of the clergy, you know." In spite of his evident mortification and distress, there was a sly twinkle in Mr. Ericson's eye as he said that. "But I -- I am a woman," said Miss

Barton, sitting down again, and covering her face with her hands. "The more reason why you should be married," said Mr. Ericson, calmly.

"You need a protector." "I am perfectly sufficient for myself. And I shall never care for anybodyanything-but my work."

my excuse." down the road, with the yellow leaves to do to please her husband; what dishes reason why a woman should not preach, falling upon him. She observed, as she he likes best, and how to cook them. If and were glad to have one for a minis never had done before, how finely his this mother in-law is kind she will let ter. Many complained of Miss Barton's head was set upon his broad shoulders, the girl go home occasionally to visit her what a manly grace there was about his mother.

sander's stocking, and went down in the may be treated, she can never complain grass to look for it. It had blown over to her husband of anything his mother the fence into the field. She stretched may do, for he would never take his her arm between the slats and drew it wife's part. Her husband sends to her preach at all, and others who thought back. As she did so she caught sight of daily the portion of food that is to be some women might be allowed to, but Lysander. He was gathering squashes cooked for her, himself and the chila woman minister as a stated supply was and pumpkins on the little south hill; dren. When it is prepared she places it But in two Sundays Miss Barton con- the sky. He started to come toward the to her husband's room. He eats what he quered Scragg End, except a few of the house, and she waited for him-waited wishes, and then the platter is sent back, most prejudiced, who would never own until a sudden thought sent a flame of with what is left, for her and her chil-

color over her face. inquiringly. "I will keep that out of knives, forks nor spoons. While she is my life. I won't be a failure! I won't | young she is never allowed to go any there was no rattling of the dry bones of | be!" And she rushed up to her room | where.

She came down as calm and grave as as three years of age, and should the boy ever when the tea bell rang, and after to whom such a child is married die the a fact," said Joshua King. "She's scrip- tea she and Lysander read their daily next day, she is called a widow, and is tooral, too, and she makes as feeling a quantity of Greek, for Lysander was from henceforth doomed to perpetual prayer as ever I heard. I don't like to pursuing his studies with renewed avid- widowhood-she can never marry again. see a woman in the pulpit, and I ain't ity since he had a companion to help a going to say I do, but she's edifyin', him, and had not yet given up his long- jewelry, never dress her hair, never "I never went to meetin' before when istry, though there seemed no prospect matting spread on the hard brick floor—

work. She darned no more stockings. must have no other covering than the When she was not writing her sermous, thin garment she has worn in the day. she was visiting the sick and the poor, She must eat but one meal of food a day, and making, or suggesting and inducing and that of the coarsest kind; and once others to make, improvements, sanitary in two weeks she must fast twenty-four

and moral as well as religious. "She was practical and efficient as if she was not a woman," many people said, lips—not even if she were dying. She and old Jeremy Grimes, who had wished must never sit down or speak in the to tell her when she came that they did not want a woman preacher, said: "They couldn't have had such women in St. Paul's time, or he never would have written what he did."

But Mrs. Hewitt had a grievance. Miss Barton didn't seem to make herself | riage ceremonies or festivals. It would Ponkapawket was scandalized. It was one of the family as she used to. She be an evil omen for her to do so. She the kitchen and wanted to help make No woman in the house must ever speak cake now, or sat with them around the one word of love or pity to her, for it is a sermon from the text: "Let your fire in the evening while Lysander read supposed that if a woman shows the women keep silence in the churches." thing against them, but she wasn't free | will immediately become one herself.

Lysander was teaching school this winter and attending to the farm work in age. The prevalence of suicide among with Miss Barton had gradually died out. | been brought to the attention of the To his mother's persistent questionings courts. This can be traced to the op-Lysander replied that neither of them

had any time for it now. Mrs. Hewitt could not make it out. daughter-in-law, independently of and "Pa," who prided himself on being longheaded, hinted that he could, but he Question by."

headed, hinted that he could, but he husband. The son is expected to take would not say outright what he thought, the part of the mother against the wife.

> One afternoon, after school hours, Lysander went down to the woods back of Just at dusk Miss Barton, coming home from a visit to a sick parishioner, encountered four men carrying on an improvised stretcher Lysander's apparently lifeless body. He was lying white and rigid, and there were scarlet spots upon the ground all the way that he had come. Down on her knees in the snow fell Miss Barton, and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, my love! my love! have you gone so far away that you cannot hear me say I do love you?" she cried. "I was cold and hard because I thought it was my duty, but if you could only come back-" And then they had to raise Miss Bar-

ton and carry her into the house, for she "That's just what I could have told | you a good while ago if I had had a mind | inhabitants that during the shad season to," said "Pa," as he rehearsed the scene to his wife an hour afterward. "She's a clothes; not from the arduousness of the terrible sight like a woman if she is a minister. And Lysander—well, I calculate he won't complain of having his foot and if it does not in the artificial work, but because of the number of fish bones that puncture the skin.—N. Y. out, if it does lay him up for a while. I can't say whether she'll let him do the preaching, or whether they'll both do it, Grand Opening of Their Mammoth Estabbut you'll see them married before sum-

"I don't want anybody to think it's because I'm a woman," said Miss Barton, rather inconsequently, when Lysander led her, blushing and tearful, to his mother's arms. "But I didn't seem able Gardner Bros. wholesale and retail dealers in to help it. And Lysander says I needn't give up my work."—Harper's Bazar.

No Necessity to Waste Time on Poetry.

Mr. Topnoody came home early Wednesday evening, and as his wife had not begun her supper arrangements, he sat down near her and said: "My dear, I had a minute for reflection in my office to-day, and I thought I'd write some poetry on home."

"Drinking again, I suppose," she answered, significantly.
"You should not talk that way, my dear, for home is a word that touches the hardest hearts and brings back memories sweet as heavenly music. But listen, my also have a number of other pianos of different

Cling to thy home! If there the merest she! Yield thee a hearth and sheiter for thy head, And some poor plot with vegetable stored—" "Topnoody," interrupted his wife, "did you see that man about spading up the

"No, dear, I-but hear the rest of Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board. Upsavory bread and herbs that scattered grow Wild on the river bank or mountain brow—" Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide More heart repose than all the world beside."

Did you nail that paling on I told you to this morning?" again interrupted

"No, my dear, but let me finish: "Is that all?" she asked. "Yes, my dear."

"Well, I'm glad of it. And now go back down town and see that man about the garden, and get some meat for supper, and hurry back and nail on that dollar medicine case should be in every family paling, and get me a bucket of water, and | for emergencies. Sent free on receipt of price to carry in the coal and kindling and grind any part of the country. Homoepathic cough the coffee, and not sit around and see your poor wife wearing herself out trying to make home something like. I think when a man has nothing else to do but write poetry, he had better hire out to maul rails, and let somebody take his place as the head of the family who knows what its duties are, and will attend to them instead of wasting his time trying to be a poet. I don't believe you wrote that, anyhow, and I-" but Topnoody was gone, and the poor woman went out into the kitchen to make home "something like." - The Drummer.

Girl Life in India.

On the day of her wedding she is put into a palanquin, shut up tight, and car-Mr. Ericson arose. "I am sorry to have troubled you," he said gently. "I she has been the spoiled pet of her love you, and I have never known what mother; now she is to be the little slave it was to love a woman before; that is all of her mother-in-law, on whom she is to wait, whose commands she is implicitly Miss Barton watched him as he went to obey, and who teaches her what she is

Of her husband she sees little or noths young man of twenty-six or twenty- "But he has no business to love me," ing. She is of no more account to him she said, drawing her brows into a tight | than a little cat or dog would be. There is seldom, or never, any love between Then suddenly she remembered Ly- them, and no matter how cruelly she she saw his figure in silhouette against on a large brass platter, and sends it to dren. They sit together on the ground "It can't be-" she said, half aloud, and eat the remainder, having neither

The little girls are married as young I didn't have terrible hard work to keep of his being able to leave the farm.

After that day Miss Barton devoted tween her and the cold brick; and, no kind of plain and sensible, and keeps me herself more zealously than ever to her matter how cold the night may be, she

hours. Then not a bit of food, not a

drop of water or medicine must pass her

must never sit down or speak in the

presence of her mother in-law, unless

Her food must be cooked and eaten

apart from the other woman's. She is a

disgraced, a degraded woman. She may

It is estimated that there are 80,000

widows in India under sixteen years of

pressive control exercised by the mother-

in-law in household matters over the

A Royal Name for a Common Drug.

At Croton common drugs are sold at

all the stores. Recently an Irish woman

"Not at all, at all; me Patrick is sick

"The faver 'nagur,' replied the woman.

And yees should see poor Patrick shake.

He hasn't a tooth left, and but for the

chapeness of shad we would not be able

The woman got the quinine which she

It is a fact voucked for by the oldest

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carry such a stock of pianos and organs as has

never before been placed on sale here. Backed

as they are by ample capital, and dealing in large cash lots direct from manufacturers, they

are enabled to place instruments of the very

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to build up a large business, and will, by all fair

and honorable means, push the trade among the

public may rely upon instruments being just as represented. The ladies and gentlemen of this

and test some of the superb pianos and organs

now on exhibition at their elegantly fitted salesrooms. They desire us to say that they deem it

no trouble to show their goods, and take pleasure in the most respectful attention to visitors.

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"What fever?" inquired the clerk.

entered one of them and said to a new

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she exclaimed:

wanted.

wid the African faver."

to kape his ciothes on."

never even look on at any of the mar-

they command her to do so.

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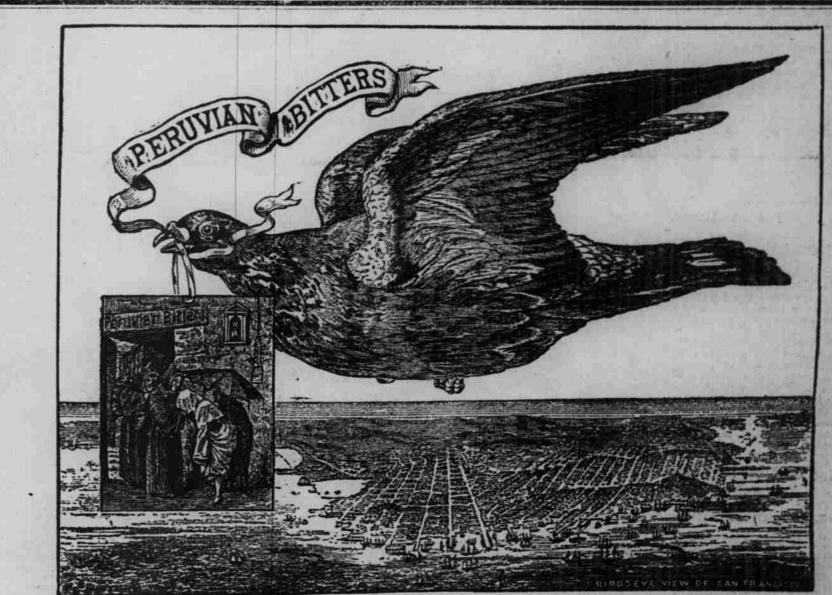
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