For I own to you, Nell, I was choking,
And it seemed like the moment of doom;
I had spied him, my faithless Tom Hawley,
Making love—don't you think—and to whom
But the heiress of Philpateut's millions,
And the vulgarest thing in the room, Now, Tom, as you know, is too handsome

Now, Tom, as you know, is too handsome
For anything under the sun—
Yes, I honestly own I kad flirted,
But only a little, in fun—
And 'twas clear she was trying to catch him,
If the thing could be possibly done.

I felt in my bones 'twas all over—
The cottage, and Thomas, and bliss—
For, of course, 'twas a grand speculation
Which a fellow like Tom wouldn't miss, But to think after all his palaver, That he ever could snub me like this.

I cannot describe my emotions,
But it gave my poor heart strings a tug;
Then I saw my old chaperon simper,
And up to me whom should she tug
But that great millionaire from Nevada,
Whose head is as bald as a jug.

The occasion, you know, proves the hero,
And it came to me just like a flash;
He's been daugling around all the season—
Yes, of course it was dreadfully rash,
But I just thought I'd show Mr Thomas
How to play, if the game was for cash.

"Would I waik on the breezy veranda?" "Oh thank you"—now. Nell, you can guess
How it all came around, and imagine
That moment of choking distress
When I said, seeing Tom through the window,
Indeed, sir, you—that is—why—y-e-s."

So it's all coming off in October; I am having my trousseau from Worth; H is nice, Nell, and perfectly solid, And a man of respectable birth; But somehow—that is—well, I don't know— I'm the wretchedest girl upon earth.

—Century Magazine.

MY COUSIN PATSEY.

"One of you girls must go to her at once," said my mother. "But, mamma," pleaded Oriana, "I can't go. I'm in the midst of my postgraduate course at college." "And I can't go!" breathlessly added

fool's paradise of bliss. my mother, briskly. "Here is your Cousin Patsey Pounsett sick out in Wisconsin and needing care and companionship. Some one must hasten there." "Let Flossy go," suggested Orians.

"Yes," chimed in Louise; "wby not

oh, mamma, do let me go to poor rich | ward, with a smile of recognition. old Cousin Patsey, and perhaps she will "Miss Harper!" he exclaimed, offering make me her heiress

"Dear, dear!" said my mother; "what can have put such mercenary ideas in "But isn't she very rich?" I questioned. "She is very eccentric," said my

"Well, then, of course she is rich." I nodded. "Eccentric old maids always dozen assorted bunches-" are. And, oh, it would be such fun, and I should like to see what Wisconsin is like. I suppose they have bears there explain. and giraffes, and all such wild beasts." And I ran laughing away after the kitten, which had frisked out among the these herbs. And she is ill and unable so far but that I could hear my mother proxy." saying: "What a child she is!" And

Orians answering, with a laugh: "Oh! let her go! If Cousin Patsey should take a fancy to her, it might be sighing and smiling. the making of her fortune. Who When he had gone

So they bought me a new dress, retrimmed my plush hat with cherry satin ribbon, and sent me off to Wisconsin, with Oriana's new traveling bag and mamma's water proof cloak.

I had never traveled before by myself, but I quite enjoyed the novelty of the situation. I had my novel to read, my little basket of fruit and sandwiches to me a bunch of rhododendrons, and sat danger of rot in this arragement, and a fall back upon, and all the flitting and chatted with Cousin Patsey for a greater opportunity is given to pick scenery to study from my car windowuntil getting off at Earlsdale to buy some oranges which had taken my girlish fancy, I mistook the car, and found eral thing," said she, "but I reckon John myself alone and bewildered, in the Aylmer is a good fellow—and I sort o' midst of strange faces.

"My bag!" I cried. "Oh, I left my bag right here on the seat, and now it is | me twice before this!" cried I, turning gone. And my check was in it, and my very red. ticket. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I

And then a tall, pleasant faced young

"Was it a canvas bag," said he, "with 'O. H.' on it? And was there a book and shawl lying beside it?" And I answered breathlessly :

"It is in the back car," said he. You were sitting there, I think. Allow me motion and it will be difficult to pass from one car to another."

And thus, to my infinite relief, I found my treasure undisturbed, and, all forgetful of mamma's many cautions, chatted and laughed with my new acquaintance all the way to Powder City.

rich consin, who would probably adopt yer, made his appearance. me—that I never had been away from home before—that my name was Flora Harper—that my cousin was called Pat—a will, you know, and all Miss Pounsett's was of the same mind, and his wife asked sev Pounsett-that I had twenty dollars | property is left to you." in gold in my pocket-book, and a new. checked silk dress with fourteen little only a hovel and a swamp, and Milo first to propose the matter, and, as he flounces up the front.

Mears has offered me three hundred dol- was the head of the house, it was his

And not until he had put me in a cab lars for it all." at the Powder City Station and directed

hope he's not a burglar or a house- they are all yours." My Cousin Patsey did not live in a

chateau or a picturesque Swiss cottage. It was a tumble-down old farm house, with a stagnant pond in front and two I could lay it all at your feet." dismal weeping willows at the back. with a fire of damp logs sulking in the died in poverty sooner than break in on | finally throw them away. Now, when at fire-place, and a general smell of cam- her idolized hoard.

phor about the premises. She was an ugly, jellow-faced old woman, with a hooked nose, and a moustache on her wrinkled upper lip.

per's girl from Down East?" "Yes," said I faintly, as I looked around at the uncarpeted floor and mill-

dewed walls. "What can I do for you, Cousin Pat-

"You can take the bellows and blow "And up the fire," said the old crone. "And tubers to remain in the ground until you can make me some oatmeal gruel. late in the fall, as the generality of farm. And to-morrow you can go out and sell ers do. Hence they are exposed to rain covered in me since we have been maryarbs for me.' "Sell-" I hesitated, uncertain wheth

er I had heard aright. 'em. That's the way I makes my livin', Then after being dug they are often care-none."
sellin' yarbs. And I was mortally 'feared lessly left in heaps and exposed to the Arising suddenly from her seat the lit-

rheumatiz. But it's all right, now you've not generally known that a potato ex-

So this was my Cousin Patsey! This was the life of rich refinement to which I had fancied myself dedicated. I cried myself to sleep that night and dreamed to door.

cook Aunt Patsey's breakfast over the year. lowed at home to know a single careto clean her room and comb out her many reproaches over my sluggishness heres, which injures both appearance and lack of "faculty," I was sent up garret to fill a basket with the little have noticed in London markets that bunches of dried herbs which were dangling from hooks in the beams overhead "What am I to do with them, Cousin Patsey?" said I, feebly.

sey. "Sell em.
"But where?" pleaded I.

yarbs. Everybody knows me. Five advantage. Plow along each of the rows cents a bunch for the small ones, ten for to loosen the dirt, then, with the plow the largest ones. And don't let the set a little deeper than the seed bed, grass grow under your feet, for I've got | plow over the rows to throw them to the you must be home to fix it for me." And this was a fashionable career of

which I had dreamed at Powder City.
Well, what was I to do? I could not go back to the east, for I had not money surface green and renders the potato bitenough, I couldn't write home, for the ter and unwholesome. At the same time matter of the "yarbs" was too pressing they must be spread where the air can to admit, in the eyes of Cousin Patsey, of even a moment's delay.

Moreover, there was the old creature,

loval to dream of leaving her. So, without more ado, I took the basket, and set | the purpose, but don't let a sharp, frosty forth on my weary way, blushing if any | wind strike them. It often happens that shrill-tongued housekeeper derided the value of my wares.

I sold some herbs-enough to buy Louise, who had just engaged herself to Miss Patsey's medicine, and a little young Mr. Leggett, who kept the sta-knuckle of veal to boil down into nourtionery store on the corner, and was in a | ishing soup-and came home, with muddy boots, weary limbs, and a consider-"Girls, don't talk such nonsense!" said ably depreciated valuation of myself. Cousin Patsev had a great many questions to ask, and appeared to think that I might have driven a deal more profitable business if I had chosen. But she

was too feeble and weak; and I pitied her too much to rebel. On the third day I chanced to meet "But Flossy is such a child," said my my traveling companion—the tall, dark mother in a perturbed voice. "And—" young man, with the bright eyes, who But here I dropped the cat out of my had been instrumental in finding my lap and rose, trying to look as tall as traveling-bag on my journey. He was possible. "I am nearly eighteen," said I. "And, my wares, and he stepped eagerly for-

> his hand. "Do you want any herbs?" said I, with a mischievous twinkle in my eyes. 'Catnip, tarragan, feverfew! Only five a bunch! And quite fresh and genuine." "I'll buy the whole basket!" said he.

"No," I said, "that wouldn't be business. But if you choose to select half a So he bought them with such wondering eyes that I felt myself constrained to

daffodils in the garden. Not, however, to sell them herself, I am acting as her "You are a heroine!" said he, earn-

"My Cousin Patsey isn't rich at all,

said I. "she earns her living by selling

"A very involuntary one." I answered When he had gone out of the store. could not help asking the old woman behind the counter who he was. "It's Mr. Aylmer," she answered "He's an artist, miss, as paints pictures, and they do say as how he gets dreadful big prices for a bit of canvas as big as you could cover with a dinner plate." Mr. Aylmer came out to the farm house to see me the next day. He brought

long time. The old crone eved me keenly after he was gone. "I don't approve of followers as a genthink, Flora, that he likes you.' "But, Cousin Patsey, he has only seen

"That makes no difference," said she, sharply. "Love don't go by the multiplication table. I've lived solitary and man came forward. I had seen him alone all my life; but I don't want them once or twice before, passing through as I'm fond of to do the same: It's too is a preventive against rot. Potato rot is dreary-a deal too dreary!"

I stayed with Cousin Patsey a month, doing all the drudgery of her wretched home, selling herbs for her, keeping up a cheerful face through it all, and then she died-died suddenly and alone, in the dead of night. They buried her, and I prepared to

to conduct you thither. The train is in return to the east; not, however, until John Aylmer had made me promise that if he came for me in autumn, I would be "We shall be poor, Flossy," he said; "but love is better than gold."

I was sitting in the depot, waiting for the train, with John talking to me, when I confided to him that I was going to a old Mr. Dodge, the white-whiskered law-

> "Oh, yes, Mr. Dodge," said I; "but "Yes," said the lawyer, "but the old

the driver to go to Miss Patsey Pounsett, chimney blew down this morning, and on the Cedar road, did I realize how there's an iron box under the hearthfoolishly and unnecessarily communica- stone, containing ten registered onethousand dollar Sacramento bonus made "Oh, dear!" I thought to myself. "I out in Miss Patsey's name; and of course

> I looked at John with sparkling eyes. "So I am an heiress, after all," said I.
> "Oh, John—dear John—I only wish it was a hundred times as much, so that

> For Miss Pounsett had a deal of the

"Oh!" said she. "You are Mary Har- mint and rue, boneset and pennyroyal, them. Cousin Patsev's treasured "varbs."

Harvesting and Storing Potatoes.

parlier varieties of potatoes should be dug. It is a great mistake to allow the and are liable to rot, or at least to get so | ried." thoroughly impregnated with water that it takes a long time for them to dry and "Yarbs!" screeched the old woman. become in a proper condition for winter "Yarbs! Don't you hear me? Catnip, storage. Then the potatoes near the sur-and penny-rile, and tarragan, and life- face being exposed to the sun and weath- "Proceed, my dear; tell everlastin' and sich—the garret's full of er, turn green and are totally unfit for use. faults you have discovered in me; spare

posed to a keen wind for a length of time | cried: without any sun will greatly injury its eating qualities. To retain its proper flavor it should be excluded from the light as much as possible. For the want I was a beggar girl plodding from door of proper management in harvesting and o door.

I was up betimes in the morning to toes in the country are spoiled every

kitchen stove—I, the petted darling of the withering of the stalk tells that the household, who had never been alwhen the soil is dry the potatoes come from the ground clean and bright; if tangled white hair. And then, with gathered in rainy weather much soil adheres, which injures both appearance have noticed in London markets that me hearthem."

people, especially women, prefer a clean, bright looking potato.

In digging hilled potatoes a fork or "From door to door," responded my witch-like cousin. "Go everywhere. will be found at about the same, a Tell 'em they're Miss Patsey Pounsett's plow or potato digger can be used with advantage. Plow along each of the rows to take my hot drink at one o'clock, and | surface. All in sight can be picked up, and if any be covered a light harrowing will expose them. They should be gathcirculate freely and dry them, lest moisture in the bin should induce rot. A cool shed, a barn floor, or a covering sick, alone and in trouble, and I was too of straw, brush or boards, if the air has access to them, will any of them answer a farmer carries his potatoes directly from the field to the cellar, and they

> In storing potatoes there is a great loss in shrinkage from evaporation—from ten to twenty per cent. from the time of storing till the following spring, a larger fall than to keep them all winter. Be- of his."-Baltimore Sun. cause less evaporation takes place in pits than in cellars and bins, many prefer this method. If so, select a dry, sloping place, or on well-drained land, where there will be no danger of standing water. Dig a shallow trench, six or eight inches deep, four feet wide, and as the quantity to be protected demands. A furrow each side this trench is an additional safeguard against moisture. Ridge tional safeguard against moisture at the roof. of a house; cover with straw sufficient to keep the fine earth from sifting through, and over this throw a thin layer of soil; leave an opening at the top every of soil; leave an opening at the top every five feet and insert a stove pipe, or cover the opening with a slanting board to shed the rain. This will allow the heat to pass off rapidly. When frost comes remove the ventilators and fill the openings with a wisp of hay or straw. When settled cold weather sets in, cover sufficiently with earth to prevent freezing. This trench could be portioned off with layers of straw and earth so that the potatoes could be opened up in sections as wanted without exposing the

bility to disease.

If potatoes are intended to be kept in a cellar, it should be dry and free from frost, capable of being made perfectly dark, and of being ventilated quickly and thoroughly. In such a cellar pota-toes might lie on the floor in heaps with-out injury; but in the majority of cellars the floor is no place for them. Store rather in bins or barrels raised a foot or so from the flooor. In bins board partitions may separate varieties, and there may be three or four rows of bins one above another. There is much less them over in case of disease. However, temperature is one of the factors in keeping a potato. The germinating power of a potato is injured, if not destroyed, when exposed to a temperature below thirty degrees, and it commences to grow to a temperature above fifty degrees. 'Then a cellar that could be kept within this range, or better still, from thirty-two to forty-five degrees, ought to furnish sound potatoes until spring, and that would sprout freely. A light sprinkling of lime upon potatoes when stored a parasitio fungus, and the lime destroys

A Wife's Tact.

the germ .- Farmer's Advocate.

After having been married some weeks, it came into the head of a young husband one Sunday, when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the fault that each discovered in the other since they had been man and wife. Afer some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use him to begin. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was the place to take the lead. Thus urged, he

began the recital. He said: "My dear, one of the first faults that I observed in you after we began keeping house was that you neglected the tinware. My mother always took great pride in her tinware, and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife blushing a little; "hereafter you shall see no spot on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

"I have always observed," said the husband, that you use your dish rags a She lay very ill in a dirty old parlor, miserly element in her nature, and had long time without washing them, and home. I remember that my mother And that is how it happens that I am | always used to wash out her dish rags living out here in Wisconsin, an artist's when she was done using them, and then happy wife. And to the end of my days hang them up where they could dry, I shall always love the smell of pepper- ready for the next time she would need Blushing as before, the young wife

promised to amend this fault. The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many This month is the time when the more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared that he could think of nothing more worthy of mention. "Now, my dear," he said, "you begin and tell me all the faults you have dis-

> The wife sat in silence. Her face flushed to the temples, and a great lump came in her throat, which she seemed to "Proceed, my dear; tell me all the

I'd lose all my custom with the pesky action of the winds and the sun. It is the wife burst into tears and throwing both arms around her husband's neck,

has no canvassing agents. Pictures finished in any desired style,—India ink, water colors, oil "My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world. If you have one, my eyes have been so blinded by my love for you that so long as we have been DON'T married I have never once observed it. YOU WANT THE BEST. SEE THAT In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to be done in the best manner and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think, I have gone and found all manner of fault with you. Now do tell me some of my faults; I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had or ever will have. Let

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in potato hook is easier and faster than a my eyes, and now that I know what a style "Take 'em into town," said Miss Pat- hoe-a fork loosens up the dirt, yet good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I leaves it behind when the potatoes are shall at once begin my work of reform drawn out. In drills there is a uniform and try to make myself worthy of you." "Nonsense, my dear, you know that sometimes I go away and leave you without any wood cut. I stay up town when I ought to be at home. I spend when I ought to be at home. I spend portland Business money for drink and eigars when I ought

to bring it home to you. I—,"
"No, you don't," cried his wife, "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do." "God bless you, wife," cried the now

subjugated husband; "from this moment you have not a fault in the world. Indeed, you never had a fault; I was joking; don't remember a word I said; and he kissed away the tears that still trembled in the little woman's eyes. Never again did the husband scrutinize tinware nor examine the dishrag;

never so much as mentioned one of the

faults he had enumerated; but soon after

the neighbor women were wont to say:
"It is wonderful how neat Mrs. winter through without harm, yet it is keeps everything about her house. Her risking somewhat considering their lia-I do believe that she not only washes but irons her dishrags." And the neighbor men were heard to say: "What a steady fellow --- has got to be of late. He don't spend a dime where he used to waste than from any other crop, and spend dollars, and never can be kept hence, taking it all around, farmers will from home half an hour when he is not can spend dollars, and never can be kept make more to sell their potatoes in the at work. He seems to worship that wife

Study Hours are too Long.

By some mental process that ir beyond the comprehension of any one who is not a lunatic, the study hours of children in most public schools are longer than but upon the boy or girl is imposed two such mental strain for nine months in twelve without serious mental injury. As a rule, children do not endure it; they become fretful, unreason-able and stupid, the quantity of work oppresses them, but the intellectual strain is none the less, and the consequence is that the public schools are annually responsible for hundreds of thousands of weakened minds. Many teachers know this and some admit it, but take refuge in the question, "What can we do?" What they can do is to condense their text books until the amount of essential information now imparted imposes not more than one-half of the present tax on the memory. They can improve their methods until the old fashioned parrot-like recitation is replaced by a system of questioning that will interest pupils to such a degree that lessons will be remembered without ef-fort instead of being forcibly crammed into the memory as now they are. All that children really learn in public schools can be taught in half the time now occupied and with half the mental expenditure now required; parents and other private tutors have demonstrated this so of en that existing public school methods are beginning to seem inexcusably wasteful and disgraceful.-N. Y.

HAND SHAKING .- Hand-shaking is Brit sh. The lounger in society, in his glass of fashion, enumerates its various styles as indicative of character. These are aggressive, supercilious, lymphatic, imperative, suspicious, sympathetic, emo-tional, but none of these are required by etiquette. Still, to shake, or, rather, to take or give a hand in mere conventional greeting, is a cultivated art of society. A gentleman cannot take a lady's hand unless she offers it, and an American authority on etiquette reminds him that he must not "pinch or retain it." A young lady must not offer hers first, or shake that given her, unless she is the gentleman's friend. A lady should always rise to give her hand, and in her own house she should always offer it in greeting strangers and friends alike .-Second Century.

IMPROVEMENT IN RAILS .- Longer and heavier rails are to be used on railroads to keep pace with the increase in the size and weight of engines and cars. The Reading company is about to make rails sixty instead of thirty feet long, and weighing seventy pounds per yard. With rails of this length the wear at joints will be reduced one half, and with improved machinery at the mills there will probably be no difficulty in making them.

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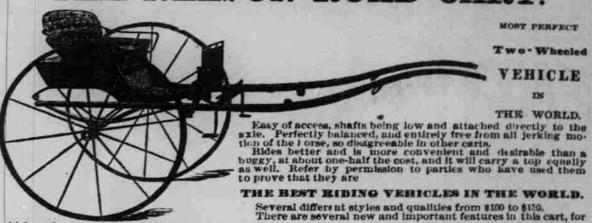
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