

A LOVER'S COMPLIMENT.

The girl with the freckled face is now fashionable.—Fashion Paper.

A QUIET PROPOSAL.

The lilac bush beneath the south window of Willow Brook Farm's wainscotted parlor nodded gracefully as a tiny zephyr swept gayly by, wafting far and near its incense of new-mown hay.

A young girl was the sole occupant of the room, with the exception, of course, of the butterfly, who had winged his way to a small oval mirror and was busily making his toilet.

With an exclamation of surprise, Martha raised her pretty blue eyes and met a pair of decidedly good-looking brown ones, gazing with evident appreciation at the dimpled, blushing face, from off which the sun-bonnet had slipped, disclosing a crop of reddish golden rings lying close to the finely shaped head.

"I beg your pardon," murmured Martha, the blushes and dimples waxing deeper, "but I didn't see you, I was in such a hurry."

"Don't mention it. Wouldn't have missed the—the pleasure for anything. I—I like to be run into," averred the gentleman with considerable emphasis.

Such a rippling laugh as bubbled over the lips of Martha at this speech, which she hastily apologized for with: "I didn't mean to, really; but what you said sounded so odd."

"You couldn't do it again, could you? I assure you I never appreciated being so odd until to-day."

how time flies. When I last saw you, you were only a little shaver. It must be nigh onto fifteen years ago. And to think of Lucindy's remembering me all these years and sending her son to see me. Not that I have forgotten her—not a bit. Only with one thing and another one hasn't time to think much of old days.

"Bless you, it's no put out, we have lots of room, and it will be real pleasure to me to see Lucindy's son making himself at home in my house."

"Poor, young man, he hasn't got a bit of appetite. I don't wonder Lucindy is fretted about him. She writes that he is always that taken up with books, that she can hardly ever coax him to go about with young folks and enjoy himself."

Paul Dorsey had been told to make himself perfectly at home; so the morning after his arrival he withdrew from the breakfast table to his own room and forthwith commenced to unpack his books preparatory to a good day's study.

"The days slipped into weeks, and still Paul Dorsey remained a guest at Willow Brook Farm, and it became un-usual sight to see him obediently following Martha's directions concerning the uprooting of certain weeds, or the fastening of some vine more securely about its support."

"Do you know, Mr. Dorsey, you have been wasting your whole morning? I don't believe you have looked at a book for two days"—this last, it must be owned, with a slight air of triumph as she continued, penitently: "I am afraid I have been to blame, but to-morrow I will leave you free to spend the whole day with your books, for Cousin Joe has promised to drive me over to Dapleson to do some shopping."

"Hang Cousin Joe!" from Martha's astonished lips. "I beg pardon, I really—tho' you will have a delightful time, Miss Duncan. I assure you I shall a—enjoy it immensely, being left to my books and—confound it! Excuse me—I—"

ing towards her, and a moment after a voice exclaimed: "I am an idiot, Miss Martha, but I—I hope you will forgive me. I couldn't bear the idea of his monopolizing you all day. I know you could never think of an old book worm like myself—still I—I have been very happy, and I forget sometimes that—that there is such a difference between us."

"Martha's cheeks had been growing rosier and rosier, while a strange, wild joy surged through her veins, as she answered, her tones trembling slightly. "Since I can remember Cousin Joe and I have been playmates, and since father died he has been so good to mother, helping her about the farm and in every way, that he has become like a son to her, and as dear as a brother to me. Dear Joe! I don't know what we should have done without him."

"I am awfully glad—I mean I wish them joy, and all that sort of thing," and Paul Dorsey advanced still nearer the little figure into whose eyes a sweet shyness had stolen.

"Why should I forgive you for what I have done myself?" came the low answer, followed naively by, "But I did not know it until to-day, when I thought I had offended you."

"You are not a bit odd," was the indignant reply; "I wouldn't have you a bit different," and Martha shyly touched the coat sleeve in close proximity to her waist, from somewhere in the region of Paul's waistcoat pocket a muffled little voice might have been heard ejaculating: "Oh, Paul, somebody is looking?"

An Apple Farm. Mr. Prescott Williams of Williamsburg, Mass., is the owner of an immense orchard, probably the largest in the New England States. The orchard was set out nearly 20 years ago, and has been in bearing for many years, although the present is the largest ever grown.

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Marriage in Pennsylvania. A new marriage law will go into operation in Pennsylvania on the 1st of October which requires a license which can be obtained only after answering questions on the following topics:

1. Full name of man. 2. Full name of woman. 3. Relationship of parties, either by blood or marriage. 4. Age of the man. 5. Age of the woman. 6. Residence of the man. 7. Residence of the woman. 8. Parents' name—man. 9. Parents' name—woman. 10. Guardian's name—man. 11. Guardian's name—woman. 12. Consent of parents or guardian. 13. Date of death of man's former wife, if any. 14. Date of death of woman's former husband, if any. 15. Date of divorce of man at any time. 16. Date of divorce of woman at any time. 17. Color of parties. 18. Occupation of man. 19. Occupation of woman.

UP IN THE CLOUDS.

A Trip Across South America—Climbing Over the Andes Among the Grandest Scenery in the World—Mountains Over Four Miles High.

He who wishes to make the journey from Chili to Argentine Republic and the east coast of South America, has a choice of routes. He may go to sea, around through the Straits of Magellan, which will cost him fifteen days' time and \$200 of money, or he may climb over the Andes on the back of a mule, a journey of five days, three of which only are spent in the saddle, amid some of the grandest scenery in the world.

The highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere is Aconcagua, in Chili, which rises 22,415 feet to the northward from Valparaiso and Santiago, and in plain view from both cities when the weather is clear.

From Santiago, Chili, there is a government railway as far as the town of Santa Rosa, passing around the base of Aconcagua and furnishing the traveler with one of the most sublime panoramas of mountain scenery on the globe.

An Object Lesson. "Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Tommy Seasonby.

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain—they came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag."

Pat Donnan's Wild Shrick. Earth's two greatest oceans, 3,000 miles apart, shall roll up in thundering oratorio their echo of the high and grandest lakes in all creation shall join the chant; river after river, huge rolling floods, shall conspire to swell the giant pean; Superior's waves, old Mississippi's torrents, Niagara's misty chunders shall roar it far and wide; the hurricanes, crashing through ten thousand mountain passes, from the Alleghenies to the Cordilleras, from the Adirondacks to the Sierra, shall chime it; the raging blizzards, hurling six-inch hailstones on sky-bounded and horizon-lensed Nebraska plains, shall whistle and rattle it; the catanaut shall shriek it; the prairie wolf shall howl it; the lone owl hoot it; and the grisly bear shall growl it; and the burden of it shall shallice: "America for America! One country, one flag, one ruler—Greenland's King E. P. Purdus Inland; King Go Bragh Now, benedict and forevermore, said without end—unto, a woman."

LINCOLN'S FRIEND.

George Clark, an eccentric man in humble circumstances, was an early friend of Lincoln, who subsequently removed to New England. He met Lincoln in Boston during a stumping tour in the east.

A reception was taking place at the White House, and a man of his plebeian appearance was not only "out of place," but was hustled about in an unceremonious manner and in one way and another deterred from approaching Mr. Lincoln.

A few minutes later Mr. Lincoln excused himself from the reception, and passed into another room with his old friend and closed the door. The scene that followed is known only through Mr. Clark, and as he was inclined somewhat to exaggerate circumstances, it must be considered with some grains of allowance.

Mr. Lincoln, so Clark repeatedly told his friends, was as familiar and off-hand as in their youth. He leaned against the wall and laughed. He was like an overjoyed boy. "You don't know," he said, "how glad I am to see you. The face of an old friend is like a ray of sunshine through dark and ominous clouds. I've shook hands till I'm tired and I'm splitting rails."

President Lincoln's Visitor. Mr. Lincoln was quite ill early in the winter of 1863, and was not inclined to listen to all the bores who, called at the White House. One day just as one of these pests had reared himself for a long interview, the President's physician happened to enter the room, and Mr. Lincoln said, holding out his hands:

"Doctor, what are those blotches?" "That's varioloid, or mild small-pox," said the doctor.

"They're all over me. It is contagious, I believe," said Mr. Lincoln. "Very contagious, indeed!" replied the Esculapian attendant.

"Well, I can't stop, Mr. Lincoln; I just called to see how you were," said the visitor.