

you then. The price of labour—the price of labour, Mr. S——, is the destruction of the farmer.”

“It does not seem to trouble you much, Woodruff,” said my brother, glancing round the well-furnished apartment.

“My son and S—— do it all,” cried the old man. “Of course the girls help in busy times, and take care of the dairy, and we hire occasionally; but small as the sum is which is expended in wages during seed-time and harvest, I feel it, I can tell you.”

“You are married again, Woodruff?”

“No, sir,” said the farmer, with a peculiar smile; “not yet:” which seemed to imply the probability of such an event. “That tall gal is my eldest daughter; she manages the house, and an excellent housekeeper she is. But I cannot keep her for ever.” With a knowing wink, “Gals will think of getting married, and seldom consult the wishes of their parents upon the subject when once they have taken the notion into their heads. But ’tis natural, Mr. S——, it is natural; we did just the same when we were young.”

My brother looked laughingly towards the fine, handsome young woman, as she placed upon the table hot water, whiskey, and a huge plate of plum-cake, which did not lack a companion, stored with the finest apples which the orchard could produce.

The young girl looked down, and blushed.

“Oh, I see how it is, Woodruff! You will soon lose your daughter. I wonder that you have kept her so long.