By Rose Torry Cooke.

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"You can make the fire while I put the hoss out," said Amasa Rice, as he opened the back door of a gray bouse set on the top of a treelass hill. It was Wealthy Ann Rice's home-coming. She had married Amasa that morning at her father's house in Stanton, a little village twenty miles away from Peet's Mills, and had come home with him this early spring afternoon in the old wagon behind a bony horse that did duty for Amasa's family carriage.

Mire. Rice was a tall, thin young woman, with a sad, reticent face, very silent and napable. These last traits had been her chief recommendation to her husband. There was no sentiment about him. His mother had died but two weeks before this marriage, but Amasa was forehanded, and knowing his mother could not live long, had improved his opportunities—had been "sparkin" Wealthy Ann Minor all winter, in judicious provision for the coming event of his solitude. He had thought the thing all over, and concluded that a wife was sheaper than a hired girl, and more permanent; so, when he found this firm-jointed, handy girl living at her uncle's, who was a widower, on a great farm the other side of the village, Amasa concluded to marry her. Wealthy opened the door into a dingy room with an open fireplace at one end, a window on the north and one on the south side, paned with green, imperfect glass, and letting in but just enough light to work by. One corner to the north was paritioned off to make a pantry, and a door by the fireplace led out to the woodshed. The front of the house contained two rooms. One opened into the kitchen, and was a bedroom, furnished sparsely enough; the other was a parlor, with high-backed, rush-bottomed chairs against the wall, a round table in the middle, a fireplace with brass andirons, a family Bible on the table, a "mourning piece" palnted in ground hair on the mantel, green paper shades and white cotton curtains, a rag carpet fresh as it came from the loom, and a straight-backed sofa covered with green and yellow chintz, which made a

set before him.

"I hope ye ain't a waister, Wealthy," he growled. "There's vittles enough for a township, and the' ain't but two of us."

"Well, cur folks sent'em over, and you no need to eat 'em," she answered.

"I ain't goin' to. Don't ye break into that jell; set it by. Some time or nuther somebody may be a comin' and you'll want it."

www. Well, or folks and 'en over, and you no need to set 'en'. Due't ye brack into a play the type of the country of the count

as energetically and solemnly as if he were taking an oath.

But Wealthy was nearer to her rest than she imagined. The enemy that hides in dirt, neglect, poor face, constant drudgery and the want of every right and wholesome pleasure to mind and body, and when least expected swoops down and does its fatal errand in the isolated farmhouse no less than in the crowded city slums—the scourge of New England, typhoid fever—broke out in the Rice household. Wealthy turned away from her oven one Saturday morning, just as the last pie was laid on the pantry shelf, and fainted on the floor, where her son found her an hour after, delirious and cold.

What he or the doctor could do then was

What he or the doctor could do then was all uscless. She was not conscious again for a week. Then she opened her eyes, smiled up at her son and died.

Hardly had her wasted shape been put away under the mulleins when her husband came in from the hay-field smitten with the same plague. He was harder to conquer. A month of alternate burning, sinking, raving and chills ended at last in the gray and grim repose of death for him, and another Amasa Rice reigned in the old house on the hill.

It is not to be supposed that in all these

and when his term at the village school was over, to his father's great digusts the trapped squirrels and gathered nuts enough to each him money to subscribe for an agricultural paper, which he suntide ever when the suntide the course for milk to strain into the bright was made to the being the suntide ever when the suntide the course for milk to strain into the bright, was an eyesore to this "book-larned feller," as his father deristively called him. The ashes of the wood fire were saved and sichlered like precious dust, instead of being thrown into a big heap to edity the wandering heas. That desolate garden was plowed, fertilized and set in order at last, and the ragged orchard manured, the application of these things were not done it and nore able to cope with his father extended the suntide these things were not done it and nore able to cope with his father extended to the suntide the

and wonderful hen-house and slaughtered the best dozen of Plymouth Rocks; if sweeping storms wet the great erop of hay on the big meadow, or an ox broke its leg in a post-hole, still there was home to come back to, and a sensible, cheerful woman to look on the bright side of things when Amasa was discouraged.

But, on the whole, things prospered, and as Amasa heard the sweet laughter of his happy children and met the calm smile of his wife, he could not but look back on his mother's harassed and, sad experience, and give a heartful sigh to the difference between the two Mrs. Ricc's, unaware how much it was due to his own sense of justice ween the two Mrs. Rice's, unaware how uch it was due to his own sense of justice ad affection.

nd affection.

One of the morals attached to this simple sketch, my friends, is the great use necessity of being good to your wives.

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he

Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at Consumptionhis stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's

cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

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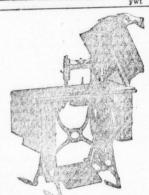
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