FARMER HETTY.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Hester Brand stood in her cool, clean dairy, a linen apron tied around her plump waist, her round arms bare to the elbow, working a huge bowl of fresh, sweet butter into dainty prints, each stamped with a rose on top.

There was no sham about Hester's prints. A good 16 ounces to the pound, every one of 'em. No sham about Hester either. She was just what she pretended to be, and greatly respected by everybody, notwithstanding a small inclination to have her own way which gave some folks room to call her stubborn. But Hetty's head was usually set in the right direction, and if her tongue did grow a trifle sharp now and then, everybody knew that a good, kind heart lay beneath.

A comely woman still, spite of her one and forty years. She was a pleasant object to look upon as she stood in the inviting dairy. So thought a stalwart farmer who presently appeared in the doorway, and rather awkwardly addressed her.

"Good mornin', Hetty."

Hester looked up, and pausing a moment in her work, answered:

"Morning, Nathan. Why didn't you go to the house?"

"I did, first thing, Hetty. Lindy said I'd find you out here."

"Well, you have found me, but I don't receive callers in my dairy. I never can teach that stupid Lindy anything."

"Wal, I ain't agoin' to pester ye long, child," said her visitor good naturedly. "I jest want to speak to ye on a little matter o' business, if so be as you're agreeable."

"Go 'long and sit down on the side porch, then. I'll be there as soon as I finish this last print."

"Sartin! Sartin! Any way to suit ye, Hetty," and with a whimsical twinkle in his blue eyes, Nathan Strong took himself off to the house.

Hester, with a faint little pucker of impatience on her brew, took her own time to finish the print and set the whole crockful into the stone trough, where the bright water from a living spring rippled through the dairy and kept all things fresh and cool in the hottest weather.

"I'll bet a cent Nate Strong has got a fool's idea in his head again," she soliloquized as she drew down her sleeves. "If he has, he'll go home with another, that's all I've got to say!"

Stopping at the kitchen door to bid Lindy go to the dairy and wash up the butter things, she went around to the porch where Nathan waited for her.

"Will you go into the house?" she asked.

"No, thank ye, ef you don't mind, we'll jest stay out here. The smell o' them vines is sorter sweet like, an' I kinder fancy sittin' under 'em."

"Just as you please," said Hester, seating herself in a splint-bottomed chair. "All well over to your place, Nathan?"

"Wal, yes, I be. Aunt Betty is sorter complainin' with rheumatiz, as usual. She's gittin' most too old to keep house, I reckon."

Hester frowned and thought, "He needn't think I'll go keep his house for him," but she said nothing.

Nathan, who was a bachelor and owned the farm joining Hester's, saw the frown, and understood it. He quietly went on.

"Wal, I said I'd come on a little business, th's mornin'. Was ye thinkin' o' runnin' the hull farm on your own hook, this season?"

"Why, I hardly know, Nathan. Yes, I suppose so."

"How would you like to rent out a field or two, ef it would pay ye pretty well?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought of it."

"Spose ye think of it now, then. I'd like to rent that there little patch on the south o' my land, to put in wheat this fall. Would give ye grain or money, jest as suits ye best."

"Well, I don't know," replied Hetty. "I reckon I might as well let you have it as not. I'd better take grain. We won't be apt to raise as much as common, this year."

"I'm much obleeged to ye," said Nathan. "We'll fix it up all satisfactory," he hesitated an instant, then added, "Don't ye find it pretty tough tryin' to farm it alone, now Jacob is gone, Hetty?"

"I guess I'll make it, if I do," replied Hetty, tartly. "Jacob Brand was a big fool to do as he did at his time of life, but that's no reason the farm shouldn't go on."

"A fool for gettin' married, Hetty, or for goin' out to Colorado?" asked Nathan, the whimsical twinkle in his eye again.

"For both," answered Hetty, promptly.

"Wal, I think myself, it was a pity he sold his half of the farm and went pokin' off there," pursued Nathan, calmly.

"I don't care for the farm, my half is more than enough to support me," said Hetty.

"Wal, I can't agree with you on the marryin' part, Hetty, girl. I'm nigh as old as Jacob—I'll be forty-five come Christmas—but I'd marry too, quick, if you would have me."

Hester jumped up, her eyes flashing.

"There, Nathan Strong! I knew you couldn't go home without makin' a fool of yourself."

"Softly, Hetty, girl, softly! It ain't a sign o' a fool to like a woman from the time she's a mite o' a school gal, an' never to look at any other woman for her sake, is it?"

"No, but, Nathan, I've told you often and often——"

Nathan rose too, and interrupted her.

"Hear me out this time, Hetty, an' I won't bother you again. Wal, not soon, anyhow. Come, Hetty, this is a lonesome life, ain't it, dear?"

"Yes."

"And it's a sight o' worry for a woman to run a farm by herself, child."

"I don't care! Besides, I've got a good hired man, and Lindy is first rate in the kitchen."

"But that ain't all, Hetty."

"Very well, when I want more help I'll call on you."

Nathan colored, but quietly answered, "You know I'd give you that, Hetty, any day, whether you marry me or not."

"I never will marry you, Nathan Strong! nor any other man!"

"There's comfort in that, Hester."

"I didn't intend it to comfort you. I mean to show folks that a woman can live by herself, and manage things without having a man tacked to her apron-strings, now put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"I don't smoke, Hetty. Remember hearin' you say once that you was dead agin' smoking, so I wouldn't learn, but I'll keep in mind what you say. Hope you'll change your mind some day.

"I shall not change it. I'll not be a dunce at my age."

"No, I reckon you couldn't be that if you tried, Hetty. Wal, I'll go. Ef you need any advice or help, remember, you've promised to call on me. Will you shake hands before I go?"

Hester gave him her hand and he went away.

"The silly fellow!" she said to herself when he was gone. "To think he will keep on liking me in spite of oh, everything! But I wont give up! I don't like to be liked. I'm not lonesome. I don't need anybody's help or company. Oh, dear Jacob! Jacob Brand, how could you go and do that way!"

And by way of proving her strong-mindedness and independence, Hetty sat down and had a good cry all to herself.

Truth told, Hester felt her brother's defection dreadfully. She had been so sure that they would always live together on the old homestead. Her real reason for refusing Nanthan Strong's offer many years ago had been that she would not leave Jacob. Now he has left her and divided the old farm, but she has resolved not to follow in his footsteps.

"No, I've stood it this long and I can stand it longer!" she would say grimly when she felt any signs of relenting.

But she soon discovered that it was one thing to live on a farm where skilled labor directed everything, and quite another to undertake the directing herself.

In dairy, poultry yard and garden, or among the sleek cows, she was entirely at home. But with the heavier work she did not know what was best to do. If Eben Sharp had not been perfectly trusty things would soon have shown their want of a head.

Even Eben could not do everything, and it seemed to Hetty that as sure as anything got into a muddle, somehow or other, Nathan Strong was on hand to settle it. She did not know whether she was most grateful to him or angry at him.

One day during harvest when Eben was "changing work" with the hands on a neighboring farm, a sudden storm of wind and rain came up.

The wind blew so hard that when the gust was over and Hester went out to see if any damage had been done, she found a part of a fence blown down, and some choice young cattle at liberty to get out and wander at their own sweet wills.

"This wont do," says Hetty. "And Eben will not get home these two hours or more. What's to be done, I wonder?"

She settled the question by going to work at the fence herself. Even Lindy was gone, so there was no one to help her, but she went bravely at her task, but the rails were heavy and hurt her hands and they would not stay as she put them. She was so worried that she did not see anyone coming until a familiar voice said right at her elbow:

"Hetty, strikes me that ain't jest the work for you. Suppose you let me try it a spell."

"Goodness gracious, Nathan! I do wish you would," answered Hetty, clear out of breath. The next minute Nathan was handling the rails as if they were mere twigs, while Hetty stood helplessly looking on.

"There! Now the critters wont get out!" said Nathan when the fence was all up.

"I'm mighty much oblized to you, Nathan," returned Hetty, quite humbly, for her.

"Sho, tain't wuth it, child! I'm glad to serve ye, any way I can, ye know. We men mayn't be very pretty fellers, but we're kind o' useful once in a while." With one of his quizzical looks at her, he mounted his horse, and rode away, leaving Hester to go to the house feeling very much provoked, and not knowing whether it was at the wind, the cattle or Nathan.

After the storm things went smoothly for some time. Hetty saw Nathan looking at her in church every Sunday, but he kept his word and did not come to "bother her."

Such queer things women are! She scolded him when he did come, and now he didn't, she missed him and wished he would.

Hester had the finest herd of young stock in the neighborhood; she was proud of them and mean to realize a handsome sum from them in the future. Hearing of a nice calf for sale on the Mills' place, about two miles off, she got into her buggy one day and drove over to look at it, with a view of making a purchase. Eben had gone to town; she directed him to return by the Mills farm so that if she bought the calf he could drive it home. The animal proved to be what she had heard, and she soon struck a bargain for it. Then she waited a reasonable time for Eben. No Eben appeared, and she feared he might have been detained in town, and would not get home before dark.

So she said to Mr Mills: "I don't believe it is any use to wait, besides, why need I depend on any man? Just bring the calf out, I've got a rope ready, and I'll lead it home myself."

"Wal, now, Miss Hester, I don't see jist how you're goin' to manage it," observed Mr Mills, dubiously.

"You don't? Well, I do. That's better. You fetch the calf out, tie the rope round its neck and give me the other end," and Hetty put her arm out at the back of the buggy.

"Now, Miss Hester, you hain't agoin' to try to lead the critter that ar' way," remonstrated the farmer.

"That's what I am, Mr Mills."

"Wal, ye better not, then. A calf is a pesky frisky critter to drive, sometimes. I 'low ye'll see a sight of trouble with it, even if your beast don't get skeered."

"Old Bob wouldn't scare at a traction engine," said Hetty, "and I'm not likely to be whipped out by a calf like that. Give me the rope, now."

"Wal, there 'tis. Ef a woman wills she will, I 'spose. But ef you get your neck broke with the blamed little beast, don't say I didn't warn ye aforehand."

"I won't, Mr Mills. Good day." Hetty drove off, leading the calf behind the buggy.

Old Bob glanced around now and then as if he did not altogether relish his company. But he behaved pretty well—as long as the calf did. It trotted behind contentedly for half a mile or so, then began to frisk and bound, making little side-long runs, jerking the rope.

To make it secure she gave it a turn and a tie around her wrist, and held on tighter, first scolding Bob and then the calf, having all she could do to manage the reins with one hand and the jumping calf with the other.

Every moment the little beast grew friskier, and poor Hester's arm was almost pulled off.

"Good gracious! Will I ever get home alive?" she cried in despair. "Who would have thought of such a time. If—I ever—do—get out—of this—" her breath coming in pants, "I'll never—try it—again!"

Suddenly she heard a horse coming up the hill behind her.

"It may be Eben," she said. "Oh, I hope it is! I can't stand it much longer!" She turned round to look back and see if the rider was Eben and did not see a large rock before her. Just then the calf gave a spring, jerking the rope violently. Bob whirled, the buggy struck the rock and went over, and calf, horse, buggy and woman were tumbled together, the rope still fast to Hetty's wrist, and the beast tugging at it with might and main.

Hetty screamed in spite of herself. There was an answering shout. A horse galloped madly up. A man sprang to the ground, snatched his knife from his pocket and cut the rope. As the freed calf darted off he caught the lines, controlled Bob with a quick hand and litted Hetty from the upset buggy, saying in tones of consternation:

"Lord sakes, Hetty, what's up now?"

"Why, I am," gasped Hetty, steadying herself by his arm a moment.

"But what does it mean, child?"

"It means—I am a fool, that's what. See to Bob, please," and down sat Hetty on the rock which had shipwrecked her, and began to cry. Nathan let her cry quietly, while he righted the buggy, and saw that Bob's harness was all right. Then he returned to her, judging her excitement to have had its way, and said, "Come, Hetty, get up. The horse and buggy are all right. You are not hurt, are you?"

"No, but I'm mad!"

"What at, child?"

"Because I'm a fool, I tell you. Nathan, where's that calf?"

Nathan tried to look sober as he said, "Kicking up its heels somewhere down the road, I expect. It isn't in sight. Let me drive you home and then I'll hunt it up for you."

"I can drive myself," replied Hetty, rising. "Nathan, you always seem to be on hand when I'm in trouble."

Nathan turned like a flash, his homely, kindly face lighting up all over.

"Lord-a-massy, child; that's just what I want to be. Don't you see you can't get along without me? Don't try any more, Hetty. Let me take care of you and help you, always, dear."

"I might as well, I do believe," said Hetty, turned fiery red.

"So you might, child, bless your heart. You shall never be sorry for it," and some-how Nathan had got hold of her hand.

"But, Nathan, my farm."

"Oh, never mind the farm, I'll run 'em both. Now let me help you into the buggy." As he did so he took one kiss to repay him for his long waiting.

But Hetty would not let him drive her home. So he went back to find her runaway calf, while she drove on alone. That is, Bob took her home in his own fashion. She was too busy thinking that she didn't care if she had given up, because Nathan was such a good, true, faithful fellow, to pay any attention to Bob.—Indiana Farmer.

Kelly's Cross, P. E. I.

Kidney Complaint and bad stomach troubled me for years, but I was cured by taking less than one bottle of Burdock Blood bitters. For my present good health I owe my thanks to B.B.B., writes James Gorman, Sen. 2

The "leafy month of June," from time out of date, has been a favorite season for marriages the world over. It is not only prolific of roses with which to deck chancel and bride, but is rich in folk-lore that brings all sorts of good luck to the happy pairs who are in wedlock united during its thirty days' reign.

Dangerous Counterfeits.

Counterfeits are always dangerous, more so that they always closely IMITATE THE ORIGINAL IN APPEARANCE AND NAME. The remarkable success achieved by Nasal Balm as a positive cure for Catarrh and Cold in the Head has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it. The public are cautioned not to be deceived by nostrums imitating Nasal Balm in name and appearance, bearing such names as Nasal Cream, Nasal Balsam, etc. Ask for Nasal Balm and do not take imitation dealers may urge upon you. For sale by all druggists or sent post-paid on receipt of price 50c and $1 by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville Ont. tf

Pearl ear rings are in demand, and there is frequently a small but clear white diamond on the ring to which they are suspended.

Chronic Coughs and Colds

And all diseases of the throat and lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. See what W. S. Muer, M. D., L. R. C. P., etc., Truro, N. S. says: "After three years' experience I consider Scott's Emulsion one of the very best in the market. Very excellent in throat affections." Sold by all druggists, 50c. and $1.00

For the Ladies.

A COMFORTABLE BABY.

A correspondent of the *Housekeeper* writes as follows:—"I am a young mother and have but one baby; but I do not believe there is a more comfortably dressed child in the world than mine has been during the three years of her life. I made her wardrobe a study, and found it a very fascinating one. She wore bands just three weeks; than they were discarded. She never wore shirts. They are usually found in an uncomfortable roll under the baby's arms, and I was not going to have made her nervous by any such garment. I considered how I, myself, would feel with such a roll twisted around me, and resolved not to compel my baby to bear what would make me nearly wild. The most important item of the wardrobe was the garment that was to come next to her, and take the place of the shirt. It was a sleeveless waist, cut low in the neck, fastened in front with tiny, flat buttons, and with a larger button on the bottom at the back and front. To these buttons was fastened the outside diaper, until the baby was five months old; since then more buttons have been added (for she still wears the waist), and her drawers and stockings are fastened to it. I always make the waists of the softest flannel I can find. They come well down over the hips, now, and are made to fit easily. A belt of silesia, stitched on the outside at the waist line, holds the buttons firmly without tearing the flannel. The neck, and around the arms, I finish with a crochetted edge of wash silk, instead of with a hem. The next garment was a flannel skirt cut princess. If made in Mother Hubbard style, as many make them, it would be too loose for warmth. I bought expensive flannel for these skirts, and made them as prettily as possible. One, I made of soft gray flannel, piping the seams with red and finishing the bottom with deep scallops embroidered with red silk. Each scallop held three leaves worked also in red silk. The skirts were made quite large, and had box pleats in front and back that could be let out when baby needed more room. They were high in the neck and long sleeved, and in the summer they were used as dresses. Baby suffered with the heat with her dress and skirts, too, and I knew she would be cooler and more comfortable with one garment of flannel than one of cotton. The night-dresses were all made like wrappers and were buttoned all the way down in front. Until she was three months old, she never wore any other dress than these. That saved a change of dress at night, and troubling baby to put her arms in sleeves when she was tired with a long day's handling. The clothes were loose, and I could easily rub her chest with a soft cloth wrung from warm water, without dampening them. She is three years old, but I have never omitted giving her this little bath, at night. It rests her so that she drops to sleep at once. The bath is always followed by a good rubbing with the hand. The feet and limbs have received the most attention since baby began to walk; but before that, the tired little back did. This, I consider the greatest reason why my baby has not kept me up nights. I never had but one pattern for all my baby clothes. It was of a princess slip, and with it for a guide as to neck and arm holes, I cut all sorts of garments for her, and have continued doing so, ever since. The outside diaper, spoken of near the beginning of this article, was a triumph of my own invention. It was three cornered, and had a button-hole in the middle of the back and another in the corner that comes between the legs. It was pinned in front as diapers always should be,—with corners that come around the waist, put under the other one and tucked smoothly between the limbs, to absorb moisture and prevent the untidy flapping look that we often see. The safety-pin was put in below the button-hole, and then the diaper was buttoned to the waist in front. Thus the waist was kept down, the diaper was kept up, and the baby was made perfectly comfortable."

Eating His Meal Twice.

Cardinal Dubois was in the habit of partaking of roast chicken every evening. On one occasion a dog ran way with the fowl, just as it was ready for the table, and there was nothing left for the servants to do but to quickly put another on the spit before the fire. At that very moment, however, the Cardinal called for his chicken, and the house-steward, dreading an outburst of rage if he told His Eminence the plain truth, or asked him to wait beyond the regular time, with prompt decision put on an air of surprise and coolly said, "Why, your lordship has had his supper?" "I—had my supper?" replied the Cardinal. "To be sure, my lord! You did not get much to eat, it is true, as you seemed very busy at the time; but, if you wish, you shall have another chicken, it won't be long in getting ready." At that moment, Chirac, the physician, who called every evening, walked into the house. The servants told him all, and entreated him to back them. "How very odd," said the Cardinal, "here my servants would have me believe that I have had my supper, and still I feel quite hungry!" "So much the better," answered Chirac, "you have been exhausted with overwork, so that the first morsels you touched seemed only to whet your appetite. You might now venture to eat a little more, but only a little, mind!" Then, turning to the servants, he said, "Now, attend upon his lordship, I will stay to see him finish his supper." The fowl was brought on. The Cardinal, highly pleased at the indulgence of his physician, the apostle of temperance, which he regarded as a mark of improved health in the patient, fell to with a will and completed his repast in the best of spirits.

A Close Call.

After suffering for three weeks from Cholera Infantum so that I was not expected to live, and, at the time, would even have been glad had death called me, so great was my suffering, a friend recommended Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which acted like magic on my system. But for this medicine I would not be alive now. John W Bradshaw, 393 St Paul St., Montreal, P.Q 2

An Old Time Favorite.

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard, Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept at hand. For 30 years it has been the most reliable remedy. 2

Whom to Trust.

There is evidence of a good deal of shrewd observation and experience in the following list of prohibitions drawn up by a successful business man for the governance of his clerks in giving credits. They were promulgated some months ago at a gathering of grocers in New York, who endeavored to frame rules and agreements to cure trade evils. We have printed them before, but they are worthy of repitition.

"Do not trust a man who is not willing to make a statement over his own signature.

"Do not trust a man starting anew in business who has not sufficient capital of his own to pay for his stock and fixtures.

"Do not trust a man unless convinced that his daily profits are more than his daily expenses.

"Do not trust a man who habitually and continually sells his goods for less than average cost for doing business.

"Do not trust a man who drinks to excess.

"Do not trust a man who lives beyond his means.

"Do not trust a man for more than one quarter of his visible assets.

"Do not trust a man who is a constant bettor on horse races, or is a gambler."

Apply these rules in the ordinary way of Canadian wholesale trade, and how many would stand? And yet they are sensible rules, some of them essential rules, in these days of extravagance and artificial living.

Filigree gold work, with and without gems, is again popular in jewellery.

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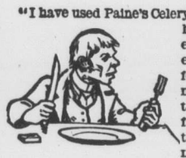

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NASAL BALM

OSNABRUCK, Dixons P.O., Ont. May 11th, 1887.

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