

erable—yet an excuse must be had! A sudden thought seized him—he resolved to see how a lie would look before he told it; and planting his crook in the field, and placing his hat on it, in order to personate himself, he retired to a little distance, and in the character of his lordship, hailed the effigy as follows:

“Good morrow, Darby.”

“Good morrow, my lord.”

“How are the flocks to-day, Darby?”

“Pretty fair, my lord.”

“Darby, I don’t see my favourite ram—where is he?”

“Oh, my lord, he—he—he—.”

“Ho what, Darby?”

“He was drowned—ed—my—my lord!”

“Darby, if I did not know your general character for carefulness, I should feel exceedingly annoyed, but I presume it was an accident. Send the fat and hide up to the castle.”

“That won’t do!” murmured Darby, slowly turning away. He resolved to try again.

“Good morrow, Darby.”

“Good morrow, my lord.”

“Are the flocks well to-day, Darby?”

“Bravely, my lord.”

“And my ram, Darby, where is he?”

“My lord, he—he—.”

“Is there anything wrong? tell me at once.”

“He was sto—len, my—lord.”

“Stolen! stolen! I saw him this morning as I was riding past! When was he stolen?”

“That won’t do either,” exclaimed the poor shepherd, as he turned away the second time. “Cruel, cruel, Cauth!”

Something seemed to whisper to him, “Try if perhaps the TRUTH will do!” Fresh courage animated his desponding mind, and wheeling about, he recommenced the colloquy, and on coming to the usual interrogation, “where’s the ram,” he dropped on his knees, and exclaimed, “Oh, my lord, I had a falling out with my sweetheart, and she would not make it up with me unless I made her a present of your lordship’s favorite ram. Discharge me, my lord, do with me what you please, but I could not bring myself to tell your lordship a LIE!”

“That will do!” shouted Darby, springing from his knees, and walking

up and down with a feeling of honest exultation. He had scarcely time to compose himself when his lordship and the squire appeared. Darby, on the usual interrogation being put, dropped on his knees, and told “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;” and instead of seeing a frown gathering on his lordship’s countenance, he beheld him turn with a look of triumph towards the squire, while he exclaimed.

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God!”

The ladies are informed, in conclusion, that the squire’s forfeited sheep was given to Cauthleen as a dower, and in taking the hand of her shepherd, she promised never again to put his truth and constancy to so severe a trial.

T. E.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

TO COOL THE BLOOD.—Drink cold water acidulated with pure powdered cream of tartar.

For a breakfast dish, slice cold sweet-potatoes and put them in the oven, to warm; then pour over them some cream or milk, thickened a little, and season with butter, pepper and salt.

MINCE PIES WITHOUT MEAT.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of water, one and one-half pounds of raisins (chopped), one-half cupful of weak vinegar, one half cupful of butter, a little salt, three eggs, three pounded crackers, spices to suit the taste. This will make six small pies.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Take a large, fresh cabbage and cut out the heart; fill the space with a stuffing made of cooked turkey, or any meat except mutton or lamb; chop very fine and highly season; mix with one mashed potato, and the yoke of one egg and two spoonfuls of the gravy stock; roll into balls and roll the balls in flour; stuff the cabbage, and place the loose leaves you have removed over the hole at top and bottom with them, and tie the cabbage firmly together and boil in a covered kettle two hours. The water should be salted. It makes a very delicious dish and is useful in using up small pieces of cold meat.