T. Croasdais in Fuck of y B was a plous man, eaven was his goal; ing a very saving man, use, he'd save his soul, in this, he used to say, can't too careful be !" with a fervor un is meeting next, old Billy told.

Heaven had gracious been,
wen back in the disk days when
wen the man and the same my
then had, he said,
if out o' boards, and was feedin'
thin' but oom bread.

tell ye, bretherin, that I felt blue, or is timber and cash, thought I did when the banks then I did odded all my mash, the Lord was merciful to me, and sent right through the riff tide had made in the river banks lumber raft adrift.

and the date of the state of the whole class cried, "Amen," in a town-def man hooked at Billy B. and the state of the stat

TWO PAINTED DOORS.

Maud gathered fresh flowers for the study table every day; Marion sat up late nights to fron and mend table linen so that the good man might have a clean napkin every day, and to darn his stockings so that you could not tell mended places from the whole, and the little widow herself exhausted every collinary resource to humor

whole, and the little widow herself exhausted every culinary resource to humor his dyspopsis, and to contrive dainty dishes out of the least possible foundation. To these three simple women Rev. Millo Milner was like an embodied saint.

"And now that Mr. Milner is safely gone for the day," said Mrs. Chipley, "we'll clean the sitting-room and whitewash the walls. Run to Dixie's, Maud, for a lump of unslacked lime, and—oh, by the way, bring some cornmeal, dear. We'll have hasty pudding for dinner, and est at the kitchen table. Hasty pudding and milk will do for us women."

"Of course it will do, mamma," said

an old olive silk handkerchief tied around her still bright and glossy hair, and the three set themselves determinedly to work. Rev. Milo Miner, on reaching the rail-way station, received a telegram that his friend, Prof. Klingenburg, could not possi-

bly mest him that day.

"Very good," said Mr. Milner, "Pil just step back home and get a mouthful of luncheon, and then Til go to look over those ancient manuscripts with Dr. Hodges. He has been urging me to do so for some time past, and I may never have a better opportunity than this."

Mr. Milner tacked the umbrella under his arm, tipped his black, wide-rimmed hat over his eyes and set off on a swift swinging stride back to Simpson Terrace. The blue door stood wide open. So he walked in without the least ceremony.

"Fresh paint!" he said to himself, elevating his thin nostrila. "If there's anything on the face of the earth I detest, it is fresh paint. And I've got it all over the skirts of my best coat, too! Where is Mrs. Chipley? What has become of the girls! Nobody ever seems to be in the way when they're wanted. But, fortunately, here's luncheon ready spread. I wonder, now, how it happened. How could they know I was coming back. Cold roast grouse, with currant jelly—chiaken salad—pickled oysters—really, now, this is something quite beyond the ordinary run of our bills of fare!"

The pastor sat down and ate with an excellent appetite. He made a big hole in the chicken salad mound; he picked the bones of a orisp, brown grouse with genuine satisfaction; he buttered a flaky bisouit and added to its flavor by several spoonfuls of ember quince preserve.

"All the same," said he to himself, as he wiped his mouth with a damask napkin, and rose from his chair, with another glance at the vegetable-shaped which, "this sort of thing is quite beyond Mrs. Chipley's means. I thought she had better sense. I must really speak to her about it. In the meantime I must make good speed if I expect to have much time at my friend Hodges' place."

Away he trudged, much comforted and sustained as regarded his inner man.

"Joe! Joe!" shricked Miss Francesca Dean, coming into the room a few minutes later, "what have you done? Eaten up all the company luncheon? On your easy."

And while the Dean family were endeavoring to repair damag

self around to get at the skirts of his roat, yet them disconsolately, "More paint," said he. "Bine pants!"
"No," said Marion. "Green."
The two colors were indicrously alike by samplight. The green might be mistaken for a lively blue—the blue for a dull green.
"Bine!" said the paster, firmly, "Do" at his mills at Homestead.

subbornly repeated Mr. Miner.

"But Joe Dean painted their door blue to-day!" exclaimed Marian. "And I painted ours green."

The pastor sank limply into a chair. "Then," he said, "I've got green and blue paint both on the skirts of my coat—and I have made a dreadful blunder in the bargain! And I must go at once and a pologize to the Dean family; but not until you, my kind friends, have forgiven me for my meddling interference."

"But really," said mischievous Maud, hasty pudding isn't an extravagance."

Mrs. Chipley and Marian hastened to deprecate the pastor's humility, and he went andly to make his peace with Miss Francesca Dean.

"It is kind o' queer," said Deacon Philpott, talking the matter over some days afterward. "The dominie, he plumb admits that he's sort o' absent-minded, and needs a wife to keep him straight. And I'll bet even on pretty Miss Maud and Francesca Dean."

The deacon, however, was wrong for once in his life. Pastor Milner idd get married, but it was neither to blue-eyed.

Dean."

The deacon, however, was wrong for once in his life. Pastor Milner did get married, but it was neither to blue-eyed Francesca nor dark-orbed Maud. Like a sensible man he proposed to Widow Chipley herself, and was accepted at once.

"But, if Mrs. Milner does not object," he said with due courtesy, "I should like to have the front door painted blue oncomore."

—Home Queen.

The following account of the first and last meeting of Carlyle and John Bright appears in "The Bookman." "Before and during the evening repast all went harmoniously. After it there was an adjournment to the the least possible Fountation. Lot besset the simple women Rev. Milo Miliner was like an embodied saint.

"And now that Mr. Milner is safely gone for the day," said Mrs. Chipley," we'll mushacked line, and—oh, by the way, heaty more ooramesl, dear. We'll, we'll the walls. Ran to Dirie's, Maud, for a lump of mushacked line, and—oh, by the way, heaty moding for dinner, and eat at the hitchen table. Hasty pudding and milk will do for two women."

"Of course it will do, mamma," said Maud.

"I just like pudding and milk '' ories and although Mr. Milner is such a dear, "and although Mr. Milner is such a dear, "and although Mr. Milner is such a dear, and although Mr. Milner is such a dear, and milk. Oh, Maud " she whispered to harmoniations of Quashee made his readers in my head! If you'll only got although Mr. Marian, Pudding and milk. Oh, Maud " she whispered to harmoniations of Quashee made his readers in the she does not be a milk to have him gone once in a will, so that we can diea house dort the fire, "I you'll only got although the world, and when you are at Dixey's and a medium-sized break!

"Hash I don't let mamma hear! I 'no so tired of hearing this called the house with the blue door."

Maud obeyed; atthough the elder in joint of years, she had lough been accustomed to be 'drafineered over by pretty, positive Marian.

"But it is the strangest thing, Marian, "he said, as, fifteen or twenty minutes later, she handed over a mysterious true and an alto blong paper parcel to her sixes it is to be a drafineered over by pretty, positive marian, and an applied Marian.

"But it is the extremest exigencies of house leaving time.

"The book of the quite many hash you do the work of it' said Maud, "They sent to borrow the butterity ohina plates the brown of the work of it' said Mard, lifting her hands.

"The Deans are expecting city company to luncheon," said Maud. "They sent to borrow the butterity ohina plates the brown of the work of it' said Mard, lifting her hands.

"The Deans are expecting city company to luncheo

armers and Fruit-Grewers a

SOME PRACTICAL SPEECHES

