

ior being who never saw such things, but will be set down as a pretentious snob who, very likely, has no better thing at home. Remember, if you do not like or cannot put up with your accommodations, you are not compelled to stay: but while you do remain, "be kind, be courteous." Don't ignore your landlady or her helpers, but bid them as hearty a good-morning or good-night as you do your fellow-boarders. Take particular pains to talk to the country people; you may be surprised to find them quite as intelligent and well read as yourself, though lacking polish. I have seen people who considered themselves very intellectual, astonished to find that the farmer and his wife could talk intelligently on every subject broached. Books, papers and magazines have flooded the country; the Chautauqua movement has penetrated farm, woodland, mining districts and lumber camps; and now the University Extension is spreading rapidly, and the people hungry for knowledge are thronging every avenue of learning. I was surprised this summer to find at one of the Chautauqua Assemblies, the majority of the graduates and students were from the farms and small towns. So in

the near future we may expect the differences between country ways and city ways to disappear entirely. Already farm-houses are heated by huge furnaces in the cellars, have bathrooms with hot and cold water, and other conveniences. Decorated dinner sets, and plated silver have taken the place of ironstone and steel. Plates are changed for the dessert, and knives and spoons provided for sugar bowl and butter-dish. This is the case in some instances; more will follow, until by and by city people may find, when they go to board in the country, the comforts, conveniences and refinements to which they have been accustomed at home. A small alcohol stove or lamp, with little cups or saucepans for heating liquids, and a large flask of alcohol should find a place in your trunk. In fact one should be in every medicine-closet whether at home or abroad.

These are a few suggestions; doubtless you will think of others equally important, and after one or two seasons spent on a farm, you will know just what to take with you, and where to go for rest, quiet and pure air.

MRS. GRAYSON.

Written for THE QUEEN.

ONE NIGHT'S VISION.

BY LULU A. TROSS.

When all weary drudge is over,
And all toilers are at rest,
When fair day, in all her glory,
Sleeps upon her lover's breast—
Then's the hour that Night's weird phantoms
Creep into the tired brain,
With the thousand faint air-voices
That attend in ghostly reign.

And I list with ears scarce hearing
To the many sounds around,
Till one voice that drowns the others
Holds me in a chain, spellbound,
And the face that one is with it
Floats before my mental gaze,
To entice me in Love's meshes,
Grasp me in Love's fond embrace.

And that face is like the starlight
Glimmering 'neath some dusky wave,
Casts a shadow fairer, purer,
Than the real o'er which we rave,
Like red rose-leaves crushed and dying
On a mound of fleecy snow,
Is the flush her fair cheek tinting
In a constant ebb and flow.

And her eyes are dark and shining,
With a gleam of sunset gold,
Lurking in their mellow sweetness
Is a longing yet untold,
Those wide twin-stars speak deep volumes,
Yet each page is ever new,
Now there lurks a softening shadow,
Tells of passion, tender, true.

Ah, I love those tell-tale witches,
With their ever-varying charm,
Even the memory of their sweetness
Seems to keep my soul from harm.
Now some gracious rush of memory
Seems to sway her gentle heart,
See the soul-life in those jewels,
That sweet, solemn, tender dart?

Those lips of molten ruby—
They seem to have lived for prayer,
Yet my warm lips have touched them,
Touched, burned, and lingered there.
That head with its shimmering glory,
Its cloud of dusky hair—
My hands have fashioned garlands,
And laid them lightly there.

Yes, even the snow-white rose-buds
Breathe low the lover's vow,
And jealously slip downward
To kiss her fairy brow.
How white the wax leaves glisten,
How pure the purple veins,
Like clear blue rivers running
Through wide snow-covered plains.

How near to me she seemeth,
My dainty, perished flower,
And with a glad heart joyously,
I thank God for this hour.
A sigh I heave, and waken,
My angel-phantom's fled,
Ah, why not live in dreams forever,
In dreams, with our well-loved dead?