

never ha' sauce wi'out at Michaelmas and Christmas when we'n a goose."

"Well, I think codd pork's poor mate fur onybody. I'll mak' yo' a bit o' sauce in a two-three minutes; yo'll fancy your dinner a deal more."

Tom made no further protest. Unprincipled Tom, was this the way he repaid Betty for all her long anxious years of thrift and saving?

As for Margaret she was an extravagant hussy, a good fur-nought, wi' her wasteful, wheelin' ways! Certainly, if Betty had known what she was, she would never have selected her as a mate for her Gaffer. But, indeed, the Gaffer was just as bad. If he had had the spirit of a mouse, he'd have stood up for Betty, and maintained that her ways were best; and instead of that he would gobble up his sauce, for sure, and show that he enjoyed it! Betty felt more and more wrathful against Tom; oddly enough, even more than against Margaret.

"Well, all's ready now," observed Margaret, after a short interval.

"Pull up then," returned her host. "Help yo'rsel' do, Miss Heptonstail."

Ah, they were getting on very nicely, and never a thought to the poor dying woman in the next room! Well, well, she'd soon be out o' their road now, but she did think Tom would have shown more feelin'.

"Yo'r table-cloth's pretty well wore out," observed the visitor, presently; "theer's more darns than stuff. Is this yo'r Betty's mendin'?"

"Ah," said Tom.

"I allus use a finer thread mysel', but I've a beautiful lot o' new table-cloths. Wan on 'em 'ud be nice fur the funeral."

"Nay," put in Betty from the inner room, "I'll not ha' nought but my own stuff."

"Wasto callin', owd wench?" asked Tom mildly, but Betty had pulled the sheet over her face and did not respond.

She sobbed a little while she hid her face thus.

It was some time before she made up her mind to emerge, and when she did so, strange sounds met her ear. The couple in the next room were having "words," and Tom's voice was uplifted indignantly.

"It's our missus's cheer, I tell yo', I'll noan ha' the dog set in our missus's cheer."

"Goodness gracious! Wan cheer's no better than another. Laddie allus sets i' th' armcheer at our place. He'll noan hurt it, an' thy missus 'ill never need it no more."

"Well, if hoo doesn't set in it, nobry else shall set in't," shouted Tom. "Theer now! I'll not have it."

"Why, then, I tell yo', Master Atly, if I'm to coom to this 'ouse I'll set in ony cheer I fancy, an do jest as I please! If I'm to coom to this 'ouse I'll coon as missus, an' not tak' no words fro' nobry."

"Then yo' needn't coom!" shouted Tom. "I'll ha' noan o' yo'. I'll ha' nobry settin' i' our missus's place an' findin' fault wi' our missus's ways! An' yo' con goo as soon as yo'n a mind to—yo' an' yon ill-favored cur o' yours! I'll be fain to see th' last on yo'."

The plates and glasses jingled as he struck the table with his fist; there was a scraping back of chairs, and hasty footfalls sounded on the tiled floor.

"I'm fain to goo, then," cried Margaret shrilly; "but dunnot yo' coom axin' me back, tho't all."

"Nay," said Tom, "I wunnot."

The house door banged, and the Gaffer, rushing into Betty's room, sank down upon her bed and burst into tears.

"Eh, missus," he sobbed plaintively, "I cannot thooal it—nay, I cannot! Eh, thou may barge at me as mich as thou likes. Hoo's gone an' I'm glad on't! Eh, I thought I'd ha' choked wi' that sauce o' hers! Nay, lass, I cannot do

wi' a strange woman arter all they years as thou an' me's been wed! I dunnot want nobry but thee."

A tremulous smile crept over Betty's old face, and she stretched out a shaking hand, which Tom grasped fervently.

"But whatever wilt do when I'm gone?" she asked, after a moment.

"I dunno," responded Tom, still clutching her hand; "but I'll never have another missus—I know thot. I'd a dale sooner go to th' Union."

"Eh, mon, I couldna rest i' my grave if thou wert i' th' Union."

"Why, then, thou mun not goo to thy grave owd lass—thou munnot truly! Eh, Betty, couldn't thou mak' a shift to live a bit longer? Happen I'm noan so long fur this world mysel'. I'd a deal sooner we went together."

Betty looked wistfully at him.

"If it were th' A'mighty's will," she said. "Eh, well, I'll try to howd on fur a bit."

Betty's efforts were crowned with success. This little drama took place more than two years ago, and she is not dead yet.

M. E. FRANCIS.

For the Ladies' Journal.

A NOVEMBER SCENE BY LAKE ERIE.

BY JEAN MURDOCK, CHARING CROSS, ONT.



NE November evening when the land lay hard and black and frozen in the clutches of one of those biting autumn frosts peculiar to Ontario, Erie presented a beautiful if terrible sight.

All day long the wind had raged and howled and torn through the leafless branches of the trees causing them to writhe their long fingers with moans of almost human anguish. Over the hard brown earth the dry leaves scudded to be swirled in drifting banks in some sheltered nook; while the poor shivering horses and cattle huddled together wishing with all their animal hearts it were time to be stabled snugly out of reach of the biting blast. A raw cheerless chilling day, such as only November with her driving storms of rain and hail and sleet and snow, her bleak and gloomy skies affords us.

All day long Erie boomed and seethed and struggled tossing aloft her wild foam caps and bursting with thundering shock on the bare level stretch of gray beech that runs down to Eriean. Such a wild desolate place with a low marsh on one side all grown up with tangled sword-grass and rushes and full of hideous snakes and toads and water rats; its only redeeming feature being that it was the home for innumerable wild duck and snipe and plover thus affording a resort for sportsmen: And there from morn till even in the shooting season might be heard the Crack! Crack! of the guns the merry talk and laughter or the cautious whisper of the knickerbockered nimrods as they brought down the feathery prey. On the other side lay Erie calm and blue and sparkling in the summer days but now gray and restless and utterly cheerless.

On the evening of such a day as I have just described while the ragged, angry clouds drifted sullenly across the sky a spark—perhaps from the pipe of some fisherman—set fire to all that waste of tinder-dry grass and in less space of time than it takes to tell it the marsh was on fire.

The night had closed in and the land lay dark and shivering in the arms of the blast. The wind roared pitilessly on and the waves lashed ceaselessly against the desolate outline of gray barren sand. Only the wild shriek of some storm-tossed gull could be heard in the lullings of the storm.

Suddenly a volume of smoke rolled up heavy

and dense to meet the lowering clouds above; then a little blaze creeping slyly, but surely, along until it gained a vantage ground; then the crackle of the dry grass and the fire-fiend shot boldly up to the sky illuminating such a wild almost unearthly scene as scarce admits of description. The flames themselves with a wild rush and roar and crackle presented a wall of living fire, throwing into stern relief on the land side—the bare leafless woods that stretched behind them, above—the scudding cloud-rack and on the lake-side Erie—troubled as she could never have been troubled before.

The wild gray waves crowned with caps of fleecy foam rolled mountains high chasing each other in wild commotion until they fell with a thundering shock against the sand leaving a long line of white foam trailing behind them as they ebbed back and tossing the spray far over into the hissing, seething flames. Over the whole gray waste played the red glare of the dancing fire; lighting up the white plumage of the frightened birds that flew screaming away from their burning homes seeking safety in flight.

The unparalleled grandeur of that scene was burnt in upon my brain. I had seen Erie in many moods but never had I beheld her so terribly grand as like some great living monster she did battle with her foe the wind.

Oh pity the poor sailor whose duty it is to go out on those treacherous waters that can smile and dimple and look so blue and inviting in the sun but in time of storm can rage and fume and destroy his frail bark in mad glee and then smile the next day as brightly as ever.

Oh treacherous blue water! Oh raging, angry foam-caps! "With all thy faults," blue Erie "we love thee still."

Farewell to the Year.

BY BLANCHE R. HUDDLESTON.

Oh, tuneful bells that ring at night!
Oh, bells that greet the early morn!
Ring out the old year, bent and white;
Ring in the new year, midnight-born.

We all rejoice, and earth is gay
To see thee, old year, in thy flight;
Some thoughts of thee are put away,
And others will be ever bright.

Good-by, old year! Thy joys and pains
To mortals have been freely given;
Methinks thy losses and thy gains
Are balanced in the Book of Heaven.

Good-by, old year! An icy tear
Old winter drops upon thee, low;
The clouds of January, cold and drear,
Will wrap thee in a cloak of snow.

Good-by, old year! The morning's gray
Falls on thy chilly winding-sheet,
And with a tear I turn away
To greet the New Year's infant feet.

Words of Cheer.

Words of cheer are words of help. Words of gloom are words of harm. There is a bright side and a dark side to every phase of life and to every hour of time. If we speak of the bright side we bring the brightness into prominence; if we speak of the dark side we deepen its shadows. It is in our power to help or to hinder by a word any and every person whom we are with. If we see a look of help or of hope in the face of an acquaintance whom we casually meet, and we tell him so, he goes on his way with new life in his veins. If we see a look of failing strength and of heaviness of heart in one to whom we speak, and we emphasize the fact that he looks poorly, we give him a push downward as our contribution to the forces which affect his course. A look or a word can help or can harm our fellows. It is for us to give cheer or gloom as we pass on our way in life; and we are responsible for the results of our influence accordingly.