

there they would love and quarrel, and finally, after many sorrows and adventures, meet again at my house only to be parted by her father.

However, I had not made any progress in my work, when we had a lovely early rain and I knew Miriam would be up. Then I made up my mind to paper the spare room, and with going after the paper and everything, that took several days of time; then I cooked up a little in advance so as to have time to drive her around. She was coming on the morning train and I had to meet her myself, as neither the Granger nor his man could take time from the field. When the Granger went to hitch up Mary for me before going out to work, he found her so lame she was unfit to drive, so he came to the kitchen door to ask me if I was willing to drive Jo. Jo was a balky old horse, perfectly gentle as a usual thing, but he had spells of stopping in the middle of the road and standing there unmoved by whipping or coaxing till the spirit of horseflesh moved him to proceed. Once started, he would go furiously for fifteen or twenty yards, then jog down to his usual pace. Any one who did not know the horse would be frightened to death. I never liked to drive Jo when I had company, for fear of one of his tantrums; but there was no help for it, so I had him curried off to look as well as he could and went to meet Miriam.

Miriam was there and looked as stately and stylish as ever in a black suit and an English walking hat. I put her in the buggy and drove to the butcher-shop and bought some meat, and to the grocery and got some San Diego honey and some rucking, and then drove out of town in a hurry, for I thought I would be late about dinner.

When we were about half-way home, chatting gaily, Miriam let her veil float out of her hands into the air, and I stopped Jo to get it. When I was ready to go again Jo wasn't. He wished to remain where he was. I was afraid to whip for fear he would kick, so I slapped the reins on his back and coaxed and clucked, but he only looked angry and stood still. Miriam began to look anxious, so I got down and took him by the bit to coax him a little. He was quite willing to go that way and almost trod on my heels. I led him along a few moments, then stopped him to go back to the buggy; but before I could get in, Jo suddenly decided to go and was off. Miriam screamed, and I saw her reach for the reins, but they slid over the dashboard. I knew at once that she would be all right if she only sat still, for I was sure Jo would stop inside of a mile. Nevertheless I was frightened enough, and hurried on as fast as I could. Then I saw a cart coming on ahead, and I was afraid Jo would shy to one side and tip the buggy over in the ditch. Then I saw Miriam stand up as if she would jump, and she did jump, but just at that moment the driver of the cart sprang out, caught Jo by the bit, and Miriam had hardly touched the ground when he took her in his arms. It was Willie, handsomer than ever in his blue working blouse, and when I reached them, Miriam was just opening her eyes from a faint and he was supporting her. I thought he showed good sense in not leaving her on the ground in that elegant dress.

When she had recovered, I saw that she was still afraid; so Willie said he would take her in his cart, and I drove off with Jo all right, and I said to him as I slid the harness from his high back: "Poor old Jo! you are not a prize horse, but you've given me quite a life in my match-making scheme." Willie came over that evening to see how Miss Grey was, and a few evenings after he came again, and while I was washing the supper dishes and making the hash and grinding the coffee for breakfast, Miriam found out that Willie's fine tenor blended well with her voice, and after that we had a feast of music; and I held my breath with joy when she told him to come over often, and she would send for some new music.

Miriam told me after he went away, and while I was resting on the lounge by the fire, that if she could help any one in music she considered her time well spent. She sat before the fire on a foot-stool, her soft grey draperies falling about her, her head resting on the cushioned arm of a chair, with her face thrown into the strong firelight, and I fancied I saw a new light on her face, a happy, sweet light, but toned down gently as if it dare not show itself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bells were a favorite addition to the caparisonment of a horse in the early times of chivalry.

Life to be worthy of a rational being must be always in progression. We must always try to do more or better than in time past.

A cure for dyspepsia will be found by taking a teaspoonful of glycerine in one tablespoonful of cold water before meals three times a day.

There is no perpetual morning. No clouds remain fixed. The sun will shine to-morrow. There is no true happiness outside of love, and self-sacrifice is rather outside of love, for it includes the other. That is gold and all the rest is gilt.

The word farm is derived from the Saxon, "fearme," which signifies "victus," food or provisions; as the tenants anciently paid their rents in victuals and other necessities of life. Hence, a "farm" was a place which supplied its owner or lord with provisions.

Minnie May's Dep't.

In Memoriam

ON THE DEATH OF FRANCES COMBA, AGED 9 YEARS AND 8 MONTHS; DIED MARCH 21, 1890.

The bright sun was calmly descending
To his beautiful couch in the West,
And shedding a warm, crimson halo
O'er nature, just sinking to rest.

When unto a home, oh! so happy
Came a messenger—all held their breath—
'Twas the Angel with amaranth garland,
Whom mortals name tremblingly—Death.

He called not, nor asked leave to enter,
But onward unerringly sped
To the room where a pale child was lying,
Then paused by the little one's bed.

And thus unto her did he murmur:—
"Dear little one, long hast thou lain,
Thy suffering with fortitude bearing,
But this eve I shall take you from pain."

And o'er the pale features he breathed,
And his hand softly laid on her head;
She smiled—but no word spoke in answer,
Ah! Frances, your dear one is dead.

Then away, far away soared the Angel,
And left the sad mourners alone;
The smile on the child's face still lingered,
But soon will that face, too, be gone.

You weep! yet oh! parents who loved her,
If to you the power were given,
Would you try to re-fasten the life-thread
That God's Holy Angel has given?

Ah! no, for on earth is but sorrow,
And your weary one now is at rest;
To the Reaper, then, bow in submission,
For God's will is ever the best.

And o'er the small mound in the church yard
The flowers of spring will soon bloom,
As pure and unsullied, her spirit
Will blossom anew from the tomb.

—Ada Armand.

Pakenham, March 25, 1890.

MY DEAR NIECES:—

There is an old belief that if you wash your faces in dew on a May morning you will neither tan nor freckle all the summer. And as it will necessitate your rising before the sun it will be a good habit to continue, for the loveliest hours of the day are the early morning hours. With this month comes an increase of our duties both indoors and out, for our country homes are no unwilling anchorage, but our very own lands and owned by us, and all the labor and thought we bestow upon them, adds just so much more to their value. Every tree we plant, every vine we train, every flower we grow endears this home to us more and more.

After the long winter months, with storm sashes up and stoves burning, the house requires a thorough purifying. And tho' much has been written in laughing sarcasm upon the upsetting of a house during this process, we must let them laugh, for we know how sweet and fresh the house is when it has been thoroughly purified from the smoke and dust of winter. Of course we know how much easier it would be to do a little at a time, but as extra help is usually hired for a few days advantage must be taken and all hurried through while the help is at hand. Try and have all sewing for summer finished, little dresses altered, new ones made and all wearing apparel for young and old so arranged that you will not be obliged to worry over it in the warmest weather. You will find enough to do in the weekly mending, and dairy, flowers and poultry to manage. It is a good plan to fold all winter garments, after airing them well in the sun, down in a large trunk or packing case with some moth preventative between, such as cotton batting soaked in spirits of turpentine, or scatter black pepper between and cover securely. You will find this a better plan than hanging over

the clothes line and beating them two or three times during the summer. This plan will save both time and strength, and whatever does that prolongs life.

The diet of a family requires a material change as spring advances, and the housekeeper will observe a disinclination for the more solid meals that were eaten with such vigorous appetites in cold weather, but in a farm-house there need be no difficulty, as all that is required grows on the farm—salads, green onions, stewed prunes, apples in every form, rice, hominy, sago—are all within reach. And with an abundance of milk, eggs and butter, such as every farm house can command just now, no end of nice, light, wholesome dishes can be made and will be relished by the busy workers and more restful slumbers will ensue. Do not think it extravagant to retain a quarter of that fatted calf for family use, tho' it was all intended for market, and cook a sweet-bread for father and see how he will relish it. Veal is as easily digested as any other animal food if properly cooked. Where it causes indigestion is because it has been served underdone. Now, my dear nieces, I shall leave you to your many duties, pleasant and otherwise, and with a hope that your lives will be as bright and sunny as this lovely morning in May.

MINNIE MAY.

Fashion Notes.

Small mantles are still in favor and can be made up to suit the taste of the bearer of silk lace, velvet, plush or cloth, and the trimmings can be chosen from a dozen different styles, in feather trimming, chenille fringes, jet or gimp, but jet is pronounced too heavy.

In shoes there is a most comfortable article in the common-sense shoe, broad toed and low heeled; and in slippers the same improvement is noticed. House slippers usually have a flat bow or steel ornaments, but they are worn quite plain as well. Street shoes never have any decoration.

Velvet seems to be the favorite trimming for dresses. For instance, a pale gray dress has green velvet sleeves. It must always be of a contrasting shade, but these do not promise to become popular, as the sleeves are worn very large and velvet is rather expensive, a pair of sleeves often costing as much as the whole dress.

In dresses all shades can be had from lovely moss greens to bright red or blue, and the materials are equally lovely, cashmere as soft as wool, nun's veiling, Henrietta cloth in all colors, beautifully soft checks of all shades, combination dresses made up with plain or fancy colors. There never was more variety to choose from, for all are alike fashionable. And as it takes so much less to make a dress in those graceful straight folds, one can afford to buy a little better material, as it always lasts longer and wears better than the cheaper dress goods.

Of all the dainty bonnets, those of spring are the daintiest, small and jaunty, large and serviceable, to suit all ages and styles, purses and tastes. There are some fifty distinct styles, and it would be impossible to tell which is prettiest. The taste seems to incline to flowers as a garniture to a black hat of straw; has a wreath of pale pink roses, another of Lily of the Valley, while another looks gorgeous with a wreath of cowslips. Some hats have two or three large plumes adorning them, but they are always high-priced. Bonnets in black, white and turban are trimmed with flat bows of ribbon, or lace and flowers. Strings can be worn if preferred, but even bonnets can be worn without.