

were coming into bearing, he would cultivate the common crops, but would drop the latter as soon as the former became productive. Though his plans were thus clearly determined on, the great difficulty was to carry them into effect.

Uncle Benny had listened to the poor but brave fellow, sympathized with his longings, and counselled courage and patience, assuring him that all would yet come out right. Moreover, the old man entertained a strong affection for Tony, and was extremely anxious to see his favorite pupil established on some desirable spot that he might call his own, feeling sure that he would succeed. They often talked the matter over, sometimes when at work in the fields, and oftener when with the family at home.

[To be continued.]

The Household.

Country Kitchens.

In the city, where land is bought and sold by the square inch, we must take what space is allowed for kitchens and make the best of it. But in the country, where land is bought and sold by the acre, we can certainly have as much of it under our kitchen floors as is needful for comfort and convenience, and we can have our kitchens so arranged as to be pleasant rooms to work in and to live in all the year round. Somebody must live in the kitchen sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and that somebody, whether the mistress of the family or her servant, is a very important factor in the weal or woe of the family, and it is the best policy in the world to keep her in good physical and mental condition. A pleasant, convenient, well-furnished kitchen goes a long way to do this.

Let us then have the kitchen L-shaped, facing south, with windows on the north and doors and windows on the south, so that there may be sunshine in the room the year round and abundance of fresh air, especially in the summer. Let the ceiling be high and the walls and ceiling painted some neutral tint, so they can be washed with soap and water whenever occasion requires. Let a door on one end open into the dining-room, which shall be in the main part of the house, and doors at the other end open into the pantry and the wood-house, and the floors of all these contiguous rooms be on one uniform level. Let the extension be two stories high, so that the room over the wood-house may serve as a drying room in winter, thus saving clothes from being torn by frost and wind, and pneumonia from being contracted while hanging them out, and the room over the kitchen, with the stovepipe from the kitchen running through it, may serve as a warm play-room for the children in winter. A stairway from the wood-house or kitchen may lead to these rooms.

In the kitchen we want a sink with water in and out of it, a cooking stove or range, and a large work-table between two windows on the north side or the south side of the room. These three to be in such relations with each other and with the pantry as to economize steps closely, and to leave the rest of the kitchen undisturbed. Many families use their kitchen as a dining-room, and can do so with great convenience if it is properly arranged. But if the sink is in one corner of the kitchen and the pantry diagonally opposite, and the work-table in the line of neither, there will be no clear space for the dining-table, and unnecessary steps will be required to do the work.

The pantry should be large enough to contain everything requisite to get meals withal. In front of the window in it, there should be a broad shelf under which the flour and sugar barrels may find place, and on which may rest the paste-board or bread-bowl when bread and pies are made. Ample shelf-room should be provided, and abundance of hooks to hang utensils on, and it should be so furnished that when the cook goes into it to prepare a meal, she may find everything there to do with, except such articles as have their natural place in the cellar or the refrigerator.

We have made no provision in the kitchen sketched above for laundry work, because this should have a room for itself and by itself. Part of the wood-house may be partitioned off, and be furnished with a pump and waste-pipes, a stove and tubs and other necessary utensils for laundry work. Such provision saves a deal of annoyance and vexation on washing and ironing days, saves the kitchen from the steam and smell of hot and odorous suds, especially when cooking is going on, saves the

clothes from absorbing the smells of the kitchen, and more than all, saves the wear on the dispositions of both cook and laundress, or, when these two worthies meet in one person, divides the wear. There should be a closet in the laundry, and in this, starch, bluing, clothes-pins, flat-irons, and the like can be kept.

Along the front of our kitchen let there be a piazza covered with vines, and at one end of it a tree to shade it in summer, under which the housewife may sit, as she prepares her vegetables or watches her bread baking, and enjoys the beauties of nature, the singing of birds, the rustling of the leaves overhead, while nothing going on in the kitchen escapes her observation.

A SOCIETY BARD.

III.

(CONCLUDED.)

It may be said with a good deal of truth that the genuineness of our feelings are in no way dependent on the genuineness of the object on which we lavish them.

Ethel Surtees had carried away the previous year, and secretly nursed for ten months, the idea that Mr. Lovett was a remarkable young man. She was a loyal and simple-hearted girl, with none of the airy coquetties or shrewd suspicions that hem round and guard the affections of more wary town misses.

We judge people, after all, by ourselves, and to Ethel burning words meant burning feeling. She had been highly educated, and had perhaps imbibed a touch of German mysticism, so that in the more than ordinary dull routine of the country vicarage it was no wonder that she recalled Mr. Lovett's passionate utterances. Ethel found in this man an escape from the humdrum which seemed to encompass her and the ordinary aspects of existence. He had more than once begged permission to visit her in the country, but it was to be feared that after the lapse of a month or two he no longer felt the necessary ardour for its accomplishment. Mr. Lovett was the self-conscious kind of man who is shy and fearful of comment from strangers, although he had notably succeeded in overcoming any such defect in the society of young ladies. He forebore to present himself at the vicarage, and Ethel's disappointment during the dull winter increased day by day.

"Surely he will come," she said again and again to herself, with her hands pressed tightly over her eyes, in the quiet of her own bedroom. "Surely he meant what he said." She had yet to discover that she herself was supplying the sincerity which Mr. Lovett's eloquence lacked. By and by, with the spring came the invitation to London, which Ethel was unusually anxious to accept.

She had now been a month in Kensington, and her visit was drawing to a close. Mr. Lovett had been in constant attendance at Mona Lodge, and it is possible that Susie began to find her cousin inconvenient. She noticed a certain leaning on Mr. Lovett's part for private talks with Ethel, although it was not given to her to know the height or length of that susceptible gentleman's flights. Being, however, an exacting young lady, she required in her admirer an unwavering loyalty to herself, and watched with the greatest niceness their deviation from this right path.

The poet, to tell the truth, was discovering himself by this time to be in the awkward predicament of a man who wishes to make himself particularly agreeable to two women under one roof.

When talking to one he found himself unable to cope with the other. They were oil and water; one must over beat the top. With Susie he was a thorough man of the world, with Ethel he imagined himself a genuine poet; and it is worth remarking that in Mr. Lovett the man of the world has as great a contempt for the enthusiast as the enthusiast had for the man of the world.

He had been perfectly complacent in Mrs. Fillingham's back drawing-room all the winter; he had found the house convenient, and Miss Fillingham diverting in many ways; he wondered why he felt impatient now. It was as if he were somehow wasting some better, higher, and more enjoyable thing in listening to her coquettish chatter.

In Ethel there was a note that answered—perhaps inspired—an exalted ardour; a sensation he may have neglected, but which he could not afford to throw away.

He recalled to mind a dusty road he had passed along one autumn day near Florence. He had been to Fiesole, and, as sometimes happens, the way back seemed both warm and long. At an angle of the road he remembered catching sight of a tall white flower, high up over a garden wall, which no dust had soiled, and no one could reach from the public way.

He thought of Ethel in some such garden. It was a higher, serener level than was given him, and heights, to men of Lovett's stamp, are especially tempting to scale. Could he live up to such levels when he had gained them, or would it fatigue him if he did? These were the questions that he asked himself as he walked back to his chambers in the starlight overcame Kensington. It is uncertain whether Mr. Lovett ever came to any exact conclusion on this point, for his actions were a good deal regulated by haphazard; but a short poem that he wrote about this time suggested his state of mind. It is to be found in a volume of his poems, published a few years since, under the title of "A Regret."

One afternoon, Susie, amiably inclined, had bidden Mr. Lovett's attendance for a drive. He had, however, in view of Ethel's tardy departure, excused himself, and contrived to meet that young lady on her walk. Of course Miss Fillingham had found it out, and upbraided him in the evening with many pouts for heartless behavior and neglect.

They had dined, and were sitting alone in the dimly lighted drawing-room overlooking the garden. Ethel had strolled out to look at the moonlight, and the other guests were playing billiards above.

"You don't care a bit for me; you do nothing I ask," said Susie. She looked extremely pretty, with her little angry flush, a dress of black displaying and setting off her round, white neck. She was surrounded with soft lights and flowers, and from without came the faint note of a nightingale.

Mr. Lovett was a gentleman of strange susceptibility. Not care? It was exactly that kind of influence for which he did care.

Drawing up his chair softly he took her small hand and said, as he gently caressed it:

"My dear child, whom do I care for if not for you?" and then bending over her and kissing her pink fingers, "dear little woman, who but you?"

The night was very still. Ethel was idling along the grass, and turned to look at the moon through the network of trees.

"Susie," she said, approaching the window, "come and look at this effect—"

She did not finish her sentence, for a pretty *tableau vivant* met her view, and the whole of Mr. Lovett's amiable assurances fell on her ear.

She turned back quickly alone. There was the little dripping sound of the fountain on the lawn and the sad bird-note from the hawthorn, just as it had been a moment before. But the scene had changed.

"There is a good deal of bathos in my poetry," she thought, while some ugly twists pulled the corners of her mouth. Then a great dizziness came over her, and she managed to creep up to her own room. She locked the door carefully, and then within the silence of those four walls she fell helplessly on the floor racked with a new great pain.

That afternoon Lovett had asked her to be his wife.

Late on the same evening Ethel tapped at Miss Fillingham's door.

"Good heavens, Ethel! what is the matter with you, and where on earth have you been all the evening? We've all been wondering where you were," said Susie; "and Mr. Lovett has been singing such a pretty song."

"My dear Susie," gravely said Ethel, whose disgust had given away to pity, "this evening I told your father I would stay some days longer. I shall be obliged to leave you early to-morrow morning."

She was no longer angry with her flighty little friend.

"Good gracious, Ethel! what do you mean? I never heard of such nonsense. I do declare you're like a ghost. For goodness sake don't go and faint. I shan't dream of letting you go to-morrow, so make up your mind to that."

"Susie, listen to me for a moment," said Ethel quietly, as she sat down beside her and took her hand. "Do you remember what friends we were once, Susie; we told each other all our troubles, didn't we? You must let me go to-morrow morning. I think I am overwrought, perhaps I haven't been quite well lately; at any rate I must get away. I couldn't stay another night in this house!"

Susie was petrified by her friend's tone. Not stay another night in the house!

"Why?" ejaculated the astonished girl, grasping her friend's arm.

"Do not ask me," said Ethel, rising and walking to the window. "I have been mistaken, that is all. Only what I want to tell you is, that I must go. I cannot see Mr. Lovett again."

"What do you mean? Why do you come to me to tell me that?" cried her angry little friend. "If you choose to watch us to-night I must tell you I shall please myself in such matters, and know perfectly how to take care of myself."

"It is true I saw you to-night," said Ethel, with her eyes fixed gravely on her friend; "but that, Susie, is not the reason for my leaving you. It is that Mr. Lovett has insulted me by asking me to be his wife."

Miss Fillingham's words failed from astonishment.

"When?" she ejaculated again.

"This afternoon. I told him I would decide to-morrow; but I have changed my mind," she added dryly. "I've sent him his answer to-night."

"I will never speak to him again as long as I live!" cried Susie, storming up and down the room. "He pretended to like me, and tried to make me like him back again, and I have been so silly, so silly. Ethel, it is not you who shall go, it is Mr. Lovett who shall be sent about his business. John shall refuse to let him in the very next time he calls."

And Miss Fillingham kept her word.

As to Mr. Lovett, he considered that fortune had played him an ugly trick. But the world is wide for consolatory purposes, and perhaps the affair in a measure assumed picturesque proportions before he penned his next lyrical regret.

Miss Fillingham married a rich young stock broker the following autumn, and a portrait of her boy, now ten years old, was much admired for his handsome black eyes and Velasquez suit, in the Royal Academy last year. Ethel lives in the country; a grave, sweet lady, with that look in her smile as of one who has known a great sorrow. They say she writes her father's sermons, and has a pocket full of bon-bons for every little child to be found for miles around.

Is this too commonplace an ending? Is there too much prose in the simple fulfilment of simple duties in a life that has ceased to look forward, at any rate on earth?

There was a time when Ethel would have thought so.

A modern writer, who seems to have searched the secret places of the human heart, has finely pointed out there is a peace of surrendered as well as of fulfilled hopes—a peace, not of satisfied, but of extinguished, longings. And this lot, hard and sad as it may seem to men and women of the world, brings a reward little expected, even by those to whom it comes.

All crushing sense of pain has gone out of Ethel's life, but there are feelings which she oddly associates with the sound of a splashing fountain and the warm air of June evenings, which have prevented her making any more experiments of an emotional kind. —[All the Year Round.

THE END.

A well-known Bishop, during the exercise of his official duties, was once quartered upon the wealthiest resident of a certain village, whose wife chanced to be away from home. He is withal a slim man, and on this occasion, when his host enquired how he had slept, and hoped he had passed an agreeable night, he answered with some vehemence, "No, I did not; I passed a very disagreeable night indeed!" The bishop departed, and when the wife of his host returned she naturally enquired who had been to the house in her absence.

"Bishop P—," said the husband.

"Bishop P—!" exclaimed the good woman.

"And where did you put him to sleep?" "In the spare bed, of course."

"In the spare bed!" shrieked the horrified matron. "Why, I put all the silverware under the mattress before I went!"