

the lady in, and I'll help fix your wheel while wife tends to her."

"Maybe she's hurt," said the wife.

"No," said the man—"no, ma'am. If she was, she wouldn't screech like that."

And the two men plodded out into the darkness and soon returned, supporting between them a lady, who probably wore upon her person more ruffles, and bows, and flowers, and streamers, and bangles and dangles generally than were ever crowded into the toilette of one female.

The oversetting of the waggon, which, besides the passenger, had contained a bag of flour and a kerosene oil-can, had greatly deranged these adornments.

The fanciful hat was more on one side than the milliner had intended it should be, which was saying much. A cluster of curls, which had supplemented a very handsome head of real black hair, was tied to a button at the waist. And the general effect was as of a lady who had been first dipped into something sticky and then had an indiscriminate lot of ribbons and furbelows thrown at her; add to this a bath of kerosene oil and a dredging of flour, and you may fancy the effect.

Good Mrs. Hudson only saw the distress, and could not wonder at it when so much good silk and ribbon had been ruined.

She advanced her Boston rocking-chair, and said, "Poor thing, what a shame," and began with motherly kindness to wipe the oil from the skirt with a cloth. And, "Silvy, make a cup of tea," she said; "strong, there's nothing like it for nerves."

"I'm sure you're ever so kind, and isn't this a state to be in! Oh! that red-headed wretch in the waggon. He got the wheel off on purpose, I know," said the lady, with faint gasps between her words. "But men are all alike. Brutes, every one of 'em. Oh! I ache all over, and don't it seem as if troubles all come together in a heap! Oh!" Looking over her shoulder she made a grab at her back hair. "I've lost my curls!" said she.

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Hudson. "Here they be, if ever I kin get 'em untangled off your buttons."

"Oh, thank you," cried the stranger again, while Sylvia, with an eye on the clock, hastened to make the tea, and wondered whether she should be able to escape maternal vigilance before it struck nine.

"And how am I to go to the hotel looking so? And not a change! And eh—oh, you don't know what a state my nerves are in! and perhaps you can tell me. I've come down after my husband, you see—"

"Sick at the tavern?" asked Mrs. Hudson, sympathetically.

"Sick! no," cried the stranger. "The old boy takes care of his own. That kind always prospers. Oh, if I catch him, won't I scratch his eyes out! A wretch! but men are all alike. Don't you ever marry, my dear,"—this to Sylvia, now pouring the tea into one of the best china cups. "Never you marry. It's kisses and sweetness when they're courting you and abuse afterwards. But, oh, I'm not one to be put down! I'm not one to bear it as some wives do! If more were like me there'd be an end to these capers. Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"Hudson," said the farmer's wife.

"Yes, Mrs. Hudson. Do you know of anybody by the name of Shaw—Mr. Frank Shaw—at Bunker's Hotel?"

Sylvia gave a start. A lump of sugar fell between the spoon and the cup, and crumbled upon the hearth, but she dropped another into the cup, and handed it to the woman in the chair, glad to get it out of her own shaking hands.

"Shaw!" repeated Mrs. Hudson. "Well,

yes, there is a young man of that name at the tavern."

"That's him," said the woman. "And I've come after him. I'm his wife."

"Lor!" said Mrs. Hudson. "Do tell! We thought he was a single young man."

"No doubt," said the woman. "I heard he passed himself for single, and was courting a great fool of a girl, and that's what fetched me down. Yes, I'm his miserable wife, and I was a widow with as good a business chance left me as ever you could want, by poor, dear Mr. Bloggs. And Frank Shaw was our bar-tender, and after I was a widow he came around me with his soft looks and ways, and I had him—and I can tell you I married in haste to repent at leisure, for one. He's squandering my money every how; and if I find that what I've had written to me is true—that he's making love to a girl down here, leaving me to mind the business—I'll leave him just life enough to get home, that's all—Oh!"

Sylvia listened. The truth of this vulgar creature's statement and the genuineness of her wrath were plain. Amid the sudden pangs of murdered love arose a desire for revenge—a sudden longing to see the man who would have tricked her so miserably brought to some such absurd sort of grief as this enraged bit of vulgarity would bring upon him if she met him now. She stepped forward.

"Mrs. Shaw," she said, "I think you've been rightly informed. Mr. Shaw is said to go to Lovel's lane every evening to meet a girl. I suppose he is there now, and I'll show you the way."

"Why, Sylvia," cried Mrs. Hudson.

"Oh, let me but find it is true," cried Mrs. Shaw.

And she followed Sylvia to the group of trees which guarded Lovel's lane.

"They say she gives a little chirp like a bird," said Sylvia, "then he whistles."

She gave the chirp, a whistle answered, and then she left Frank Shaw to his wife's vengeance.

"Law me," said Mrs. Hudson, when she returned. "Why, how did you know about that girl, Sylvia?"

"Well, you know, people will talk," said Sylvia, "and I thought I would risk it."

But she did not go to the door to see Frank Shaw get into the waggon with his wife an hour afterwards; nor did she sleep at all that night.

"They say there was bits of jewellery and half a shirt collar and some hair scattered about down in Lovel's lane," said the farmer, next day on returning from the store, where he had been to buy groceries, "and she jawed him all night up to the tavern, and the folks stood and listened."

"Silvy, gal, don't you see now your father was right when he told you that was no account of a chap, eh?"

"Yes. Ain't you glad you didn't go to keeping company with him?" asked the mother. But neither of them knew how glad and yet how sad poor Sylvia was, nor how she prayed for the help and comfort no human hand could give her.

It took a year or two to blot these memories out of the girl's life, but at last they were gone forever. And Silas Parish, honest and constant and true, has proved to her long since the worth of a good man's love, and that a woman can be happy even amidst humble, domestic cares if there is one at her side whose truth and tenderness never fail her.

TRAPPING ANTS.

"The easiest and most successful way I know of destroying ants which have found a harbour amongst plants, is to place inverted flower-pots where they are seen to be working, stop the holes

and allow them to remain several weeks without disturbance, and when you remove them you will find them full of earth and eggs. It is, however, necessary that a copious watering be given to the pots now and then, as it is the dryness and comfort which the pots afford which attract the ants. In the open ground, in showery weather, they soon fill up the pot, and if these are removed three or four times during the summer, taking care that eggs and insects are destroyed, there will be an end to them in the course of two seasons; generally speaking there are few left by the autumn. The best time to lift the pots away is in the evening, watering around them in the afternoon, as that drives the ants in. I have trapped millions of ants in this way and have never known this plan to fail. A year or two ago I had some frames badly infested; I could not use hot water, as they were working amongst the roots of the plants. I put down three or four 2½ inch pots, and by the end of the summer I caught them all. Very often ants get into box edging, and they cannot well be dislodged, but the above method will draw them all out in time.—*The Garden.*

A LANDLORD AND SAVINGS BANKER IN ONE PERSON.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman, "but the one that I like the best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the West Side, and did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him."

"What do you want it for?" says I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you."

"The first month he brought me \$2, and the second month a little boy, who said he was this man's son, came with \$3. After that, I saw the man once in awhile, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father."

"He's dead, sir" was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

"I took his money, but I made up my mind I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door, and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any."

"Where is she?" said I.

"We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since."

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they are getting along. The next day the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little, and then I said:

"My boy, you're a brick. You keep right on as you have begun, and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together, and never leave them. Now, look at this."

"I showed him a ledger, in which I had entered up the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him that it was all his, with interest. 'You keep right on,' says I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' That's the kind of a tenant to have."—*Chicago Herald.*