

oven for half an hour
set pudding sauce or
cream.

rap Bag.

Apples.

re as good a relish
d peaches. Peel the
cloves in them and
n a syrup of sugar
Apples that will
st.

Filling.

n worn-out stockings
into bits, makes a
ions. Use only bits
d for other purposes.

ut Potatoes.

potatoes plunge them
in a wire basket.
otato will adhere to
toes turn black in
drops of vinegar to

Educator.

Canada somewhere
ur home if possible.
reat educator for the
also have one of the
er. Sometimes very
n be bought at small
n pasted on cotton
od at each end, will

r Waists.

bags made of old
for keeping delicate
as the waists will
f being soiled as they
if left uncovered on
waist on the hanger,
and tie tightly at the
k of the hanger free
es-pole.

ry.

New York.

ly espied the singer,
two pails suspended
is shoulders,—a very
s to say, square of
head, and square of
none other than the
n he had fought, and
ous afternoon; seeing
him in cheery greet-
ed up, and, breaking
iddle of a note, stood
open-mouthed.

"ou, sir?" he enquired,
"ord! an' what be you

of course," answered

exclaimed the Wag-
"you do be for ever
e!"

e anywhere about!"

ke ye then?"

d love ye, an' well it
would wake the
Prudence says, an'
,—leastways, if she
mon good cook, an'
ay wi' most of us.
y often unless I be
ny mind an' 'appy-
t."

llew.
o' means, I ain't,—
t be sore an' full of
to be wondered at,

singing."
ere singin', but then
' on such a mornin'
black-bird a-piping
Oh! I were singin',
ny it, but it's sore
lled wi' gloom sir,

Bellew, becoming
,"that you are

haunted by the Carking Spectre of the—er
Might Have Been?"

"Lord bless you, no sir! This ain't no
spectre, nor yet no skellington,—which,
arter all, is only old bones an' such,—
no this ain't nothin' of that sort, an' no
more it ain't a thing as I can stand 'ere a
maggin' about wi' a long day's work afore
me, axing your pardon, sir." Saying
which, the Waggoner nodded suddenly
and strode off with his pails clanking
cheerily.

Very soon Bellew was shaved, and
dressed, and going down stairs he let
himself out into the early sunshine, and
strolled away towards the farm-yard
where cocks crew, cows lowed, ducks
quacked, turkeys and geese gobbled and
hissed, and where the Waggoner moved to
and fro among them all, like a presiding
genius.

"I think," said Bellew, as he came up,
"I think you must be the Adam I have
heard of."

"That be my name, sir."

"Then Adam, fill your pipe," and
Bellew extended his pouch, whereupon
Adam thanked him, and fishing a small,
short, black clay from his pocket, pro-
ceeded to fill, and light it.

"Yes sir," he nodded, inhaling the
tobacco with much apparent enjoyment,
"Adam I were baptized some thirty odd
years ago, but I generally calls myself
'Old Adam.'"

"But you're not old, Adam."

"Why, it ain't on account o' my age, ye
see sir,—it be all because o' the Old
Adam as is inside o' me. Lord love ye!
I am nat'rally that full o' the 'Old Adam'
as never was. An' 'e's alway a up an'
taking of me at the shortest notice.
Only t'other day he up an' took me be-
cause Job Jagway ('e works for Squire
Cassilis, you'll understand sir) because
Job Jagway sez as our wheat, (meanin'
Miss Anthea's wheat, you'll understand
sir) was mouldy; well, the 'Old Adam'
up an' took me to that extent, sir, that
they 'ad to carry Job Jagway home,
aterwards. Which is all on account o'
the Old Adam,—me being the mildest
chap you ever see, nat'rally,—mild? ah!
sucking doves wouldn't be nothin' to me
for mildness."

"And what did the Squire have to say
about your spoiling his man?"

"Wrote to Miss Anthea, o' course, sir,—
he's always writing to Miss Anthea about
summat or other,—sez as how he was
minded to lock me up for 'sault an'
battery, but, out o' respect for her,
would let me off, wi' a warning."

"Miss Anthea was worried, I suppose?"

"Worried, sir! 'Oh Adam!' sez she,
'Oh Adam! aven't I got enough to bear
but you must make it 'arder for me?'
An' I see the tears in her eyes while she
said it. Me make it 'arder for her!
Jest as if I wouldn't make things lighter
for 'er if I could,—which I can't; jest as
if, to help Miss Anthea, I wouldn't let
'em take me an'—well, never mind what,
—only I would!"

"Yes, I'm sure you would," nodded
Bellew. "And is the Squire over here at
Dapplemere very often, Adam?"

"Why, not so much lately, sir. Last
time were yesterday, jest afore Master
Georgy come 'ome. I were at work here
in the yard, an' Squire comes riding up
to me, smiling quite friendly like,—
which were pretty good of him, con-
sidering as Job Jagway ain't back to work
yet. 'Oh Adam!' sez he, 'so you're
'aving a sale here at Dapplemere, are
you?' Meaning sir, a sale of some bits,
an' sticks o' furnitur' as Miss Anthea's
forced to part wi' to meet some bill or
other. 'Summat o' that sir,' says I,
making as light of it as I could. 'Why
then, Adam,' sez he, 'if Job Jagway should
appen to come over to buy a few o' the
things,—no more fighting!' sez he. An'
so he nods, an' smiles, an' off he rides.
An' sir, as I watched him go, the 'Old
Adam' riz up in me to that extent as it's
a mercy I didn't have no pitchfork
'andy."

Bellew, sitting on the shaft of a cart
with his back against a rick, listened to
this narration with an air of dreamy
abstraction, but Adam's quick eyes
noticed that despite the unruffled serenity
of his brow, his chin seemed rather more
prominent than usual.

"So that was why you were feeling
gloomy, was it, Adam?"

"Ah! an' enough to make any man feel
gloomy, I should think. Miss Anthea's
brave enough, but I reckon 'twill come
nigh breakin' 'er 'eart to see the old stuff
sold, the furnitur' an' that,—so she's
goin' to drive over to Cranbrook to be
out o' the way while it's a-doin'."

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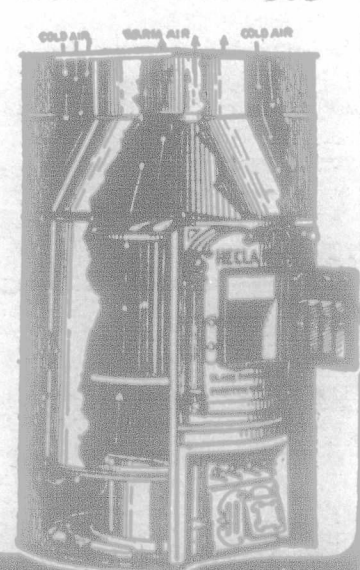
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"And when does the sale take place?"

"The Saturday arter next, sir, as ever
was," Adam answered. "But—hush,—
mum's the word, sir!" he broke off, and
winking violently with a side-ways motion
of the head, he took up his pitch-fork.
Wherefore, glancing round, Bellew saw
Anthea coming towards them, fresh and
sweet as the morning. Her hands were
full of flowers, and she carried her sun-
bonnet upon her arm. Here and there a
rebellious curl had escaped from its
fastenings as though desirous (and very
naturally) of kissing the soft oval of her
check, or the white curve of her neck.
And among them Bellew noticed one in
particular,—a roughish curl that glowed
in the sun with a copperlight, and peeped
at him wantonly above her ear.

"Good morning!" said he, rising and,
to all appearance, addressing the curl in
question, "you are early abroad this
morning!"

"Early, Mr. Bellew!—why I've been
up hours. I'm generally out at four
o'clock on market days; we work hard,
and long, at Dapplemere," she answered,
giving him her hand with her grave, sweet
smile.

"Aye, for sure!" nodded Adam, "but
farmin' ain't what it was in my young
days!"

"But I think we shall do well with the
hops, Adam."

"Ops, Miss Anthea,—lord love you!—
there ain't no 'ops nowhere so good as
ourn'be!"

"They ought to be ready for picking,
soon,—do you think sixty people will
be enough?"

"Ah!—they'll be more'n enough, Miss
Anthea."

"And, Adam—the five-acre field should
be mowed to-day."

"I'll set the men at it right arter
breakfast,—I'll 'ave it done, trust me,
Miss Anthea."

"I do, Adam,—you know that!" And

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