

THE EMMA-JANE VERBENA.

Miss Pease was fond of flowers. She liked them in masses, in a cracked white pitcher, and she admired what she called a "wet bouquet"—such as her son Orrin carried Sunday evenings to his sweet-heart, Miss Abby Swift, over in the "Centre." Best of all, she loved them growing in the garden.

Mrs Pease spent hours over them, weeding, training, clipping, watering, unwearily. Her best figure could be seen all summer long, moving lovingly about the narrow paths, hanging peacefully over the brilliant beds. The flowers repaid her in many ways. They filled the air with sweetness, they seemed to smile and nod to her through storm and sunshine, they seemed quite human in their silent grace. She called them all by name, often in grateful memory of some friend, generally for the giver of the plant or precious slip from which the blossoms sprang so thrifflily.

Her son, too, felt an interest in the garden. He shared her pride in the lily roses and geraniums, he liked to see his mother's sunbonnet bobbing among the bushes or bending intently to the ground. He was interested in the "Liddy Ann pink," and solicitous as to the growth of the "Amandy chrysanthemum."

"I do declare," said Mrs Pease, one summer evening, "that Marthy lily does look dreadful peaked, just like the Ponds. I kinder hated to call it after one of 'em, but I see that she was going to feel badly if I didn't, so I did. Now look as it, all yellor and droopin'. Seems as if there was a sort o' sympathy atween 'em."

Orrin was a youth of few words. He looked interested, but said nothing. "There's that 'Betsy pony,'" continued his mother, walking slowly down the path, "how it does grow! Great strappin' thing. Every time I look at it, a standing up so pert and sass, I think of Betsy in her red Jersey."

"How is the verbena, mother?" said Orrin, taking his pipe out of his mouth. "The Emma Jane," said Mrs Pease, stopping over a plant whose little fingers spreading out in all directions, promised to cover a large space with pure blossoms. "It's a growin' beautifully," and she sighed.

Her son looked serious for a moment then knocked the ashes from his pipe and straightened up to his full height of six feet, a handsome, stalwart young fellow, in his shirt sleeves, with his sun-burned face freshly shaven.

"I guess I'll go over to the Centre," he said. He went into the house silently, and the good woman, pishing a dead cinnamon rose to pieces, said in a low voice: "I hope to mercy she'll be good enough for him and not one of your flighty kind. I s'pose she'll like a bouquet."

And then, with care, if not with skill, the kind soul gathered a large bunch of the different flowers and wrapped a bit of newspaper around their stems.

When Orrin appeared in his best clothes he thanked her warmly, picked a blossom of the white verbena for his button-hole, and blithely strode away.

She watched him through the dusk as long as she could see. He and the flowers were all she had to love; sometimes it was hard to leave her; an evening, hard to know that such a fair face had such power to win him from the devotion and companionship of years.

"He's better than the common run," she thought with pride, "more quiet, more honest and faithful. He's been a good son to me. He'll be a dreadful indulgent husband. For she ain't good to him."

She turned away from the gate and shook her head as if words failed to express her feelings. At each side of the path the blossoms leaned toward her, filling the air with their sweet breath, as if reminding her:

"We are always here. We never leave you." "No more you do," said the simple woman, understanding them. And then she too picked a bit of the white verbena.

"Sweet creature," she whispered, "just as innocent and sweet as Emma Jane herself." Meanwhile through the scented evening walked Orrin with his big bouquet. His honest heart was full of tender anticipations. Would she be out in the yard watching—watching for him? Would she smile with the look in her eyes he loved to see there? Or would she be unaccountably shy and cool, seem surprised to see him, and take his offer indifferently? Somehow he fancied that his mother had always been straightforward and easy to understand. Abby was different—all spirit and change; one minute wild with merriment, the next quiet, inscrutable, "mad" perhaps.

"Twill take more than a garden to satisfy her, I guess," he thought, half-amused, half-tender. "God bless her," he added, reverently.

She was watching for him with all her soul in her great, dark eyes. She was thinking, with a pang, how late he was; then a sickening fear came over her; perhaps he might not come at all! Suddenly a dimness clouded her sight. She tried to still with one hand that beating in her breast. He was coming. Ah, she would know him among ten thousand, with his broad shoulders and springing step. She leaned against the window frame and watched him with a quivering eye.

When he opened the gate she was in the kitchen; by the time he had reached the door she had gained the woodshed.

Deacon Swift answered his knock. "Good evenin'," he said politely. "Good evenin'," said Orrin. "Is Abby to home?"

"Guess likely; step in." And the deacon opened the parlor door invitingly.

Orrin walked in over the rag-carpeted "entry" into the dark and sacred "best room." An indescribable odor, musty, herby, close, pervaded it, an odor peculiar to New England village parlors. The haircloth chairs and sofa stood stiffly on the red and yellow ingrain covering of the floor, the marble-topped centre-table bore a lamp and a few shelled, degenerated, and wax flowers. A row of family photographs and a wedding certificate in a black walnut frame adorned the walls and green paper shades covered the windows. The deacon put one of them, saying:

"The wimmin folks hain't been in here lately, I guess, to judge from appearances."

"Abby, Abby." Abby appeared, demure and calm. "Good evenin', Orrin," she said, "nicer evenin'."

"Yes, I walked over, seein' 'twas so pleasant. I've brought you some flowers, Abby."

"Oh, ain't they pretty! Your mother does have the handsomest flowers of any one I know," she said, so admiringly that her lover blushed with pleasure.

"I'm glad you like 'em, Abby." "How is your mother?" she next asked him, as she put her bouquet in a china vase, painted with pink and yellow roses.

"She's well," he replied, watching her trying to lift the vase to its place on the "what not." That's too heavy for you," he cried, jumping up and trying to help her.

They stood close together. He could see the flush deepening in her soft cheek; he could almost touch the rings of hair about her pretty ear; how long her eyelashes were. They both held the vase. Above the flowers he gazed at her.

"Abby, look up," he whispered. A tremulous smile hovered above her red lips; she bit them angrily, and turned her head away.

"Abby, dear, look at me." And he put one hand over hers as it rested on the gay china. She tore it away.

His grasp on the vase loosened, down it fell, dashing to a hundred pieces on the floor. He was kneeling in a moment picking them up, and she was beside him. They gathered all together silently and laid them on the table. Then they looked at each other. His eyes were full of mischief; hers brimming with tears; the shock, the reaction, something, she knew not what, had brought them there.

Instantly his arm was around her. He said some inarticulate words, then kissed her gently on the forehead, where the pretty locks were parted—for Abby didn't wear a bang.

"Don't cry," he whispered. "I'll buy you a dozen china vases. I'll give you all the world, Abby, if I could." The tears were rolling first down her round cheeks now.

"Will you come and live in the little house with me, Abby? Will you be my wife? Say, Abby, will you?"

and hedge. A sense of sadness and of change lay on the hills and pastures. In Orrin's heart winter had come already. His mother had no reason to complain of his leaving her alone.

He was more silent than ever; and she wondered but asked no questions. She tried to cheer him in every way she knew. She made many different kinds of pies as possible—lemon, custard, berry, and apple. She even concocted an imitation mince turnover—knowing his fondness for the real thing—but it was useless. He tasted them all with an absent look in his blue eyes, pushed away his plate with a sigh.

"It does beat all," she thought. "I have done my best. Doughnuts won't rouse him up, and blackberry short-cake."

So she put on a pink calico sun bonnet, hung a two quart pail over her arm, and started for the berry pasture. "I'll go to deacon Swift's patch first," she decided. "The best and sweetest always grow there."

In the fields the sun lay warm on western and on vines. A scent, born of ripening fruit, and wild-wood green things baking in the warmth, filled all the air. The apple-trees stood each in a little pool of shade. The summer's spicy breeze swept over weeds and grasses with a languid sigh of pleasure.

Mrs Pease bent over the loaded bushes, a patient, homely figure. The hard, black huckleberries rattled like hail into the tin receptacle, and while her fingers moved, she thought:

"Tain't much use, after all. That Abby Swift, she's at the bottom of it with her triflin' ways. I'd like to give her a piece of my mind."

With the thought a shadow fell across the grass and a slim young figure stood beside her in a white sun bonnet and a black gingham gown; a girl unmistakably erect and trim. The pink and white bonnets confronted each other. Two kindly, dim eyes peered out from the one, two sorrowfully, dark ones from the other. Mrs Pease had turned with anger in her heart; when she saw the girl's pale cheeks and altered look she softened.

"Why, Abby, for the land's sake, where did you drop from?" "I came down to pick some berries for tea."

"How's your ma?" and the good woman put on her spectacles for a closer look at her companion.

"She's tolerable well," said Abby, listlessly.

"Pa well?" continued Mrs Pease, regarding her sharply.

"Pretty well," said Abby.

"And how are you child? Seems to you ain't looking very pert."

"I'm all right," said Miss Swift promptly.

"Huckleberries is plenty this year," she added.

"Orrin ain't right well just now," said the old lady after a pause.

The girl's hand trembled, half the berries she held fell to the ground.

"Tain't mine," said Abby, twitching a bush towards her.

"Tain't his, I know for certain," said the mother, rattling her tin pail. "He's the most sort in his feelings of anybody I ever see. There ain't no change in him."

The girl that gets Orrin Pease 'll get a dreadful good husband. And the girl that trifles with him will live to repent it. He ain't one to be took off and one like an old shoe, I can tell you, Abby Swift, and the time may come when he can't be took no ways."

"Who wants him back?" cried Abby, her face in a blaze. "Not I, for one," she burst into tears. Between her sobs she managed to say: "You think like—ain't—the triflin'—kind. I know—better. He's been a—keeping company with me—and all—the time—he cares—for—another girl. He's good as said so!"

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed Mrs Pease, nearly dropping her pail. I hain't heard of no such a girl; what be you thinkin' of Abby Swift? It's you and nobody else, he's been a follerin' after these two years. Ef ever a man was dead set on havin' a gal you, it is Orrin. Why, he'll smile just to see you pe's old white horse comin' down the road; he's fairly tickled to death to see that critter ramblin' along. There, child for the land's sake, don't get no sesh foolish notion in your head. Only be good to him; I beg and pray of ye to be good to him. He is dreadful tender-hearted and faithful, Orrin, is the old lady put her worn, thin hand on her shoulder and looked at her beseechingly.

"No, Orrin, never!"

And they kissed each other humbly, as children kiss who have quarrelled and made up.—Grace Winthrop, in the St. Louis Republican.

No medicine is more conscientiously prepared, more powerful, or more highly concentrated, than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. They are so constructed that the perfume or odor bottles may be readily substituted for the ink well. Plush is cheaper than bamboo, but not nearly so serviceable.

"I picked them over in Deacon Swift's pasture. Abby was there a-pickin', too."

Orrin looked up sharply. "Was she?" he said.

"She looks dreadful peaked," declared his mother.

"Sick, mother?"

"Yes, real sick. I don't know, Orrin, why she thinks so, but she's got an idea that there another girl you're a-keepin' company with. I done my best to prove to her there warn't. I think likely you had better kind o' explain to her yourself."

"Another girl?" cried Orrin, frowning. "Oh, mother?"

"There, eat your supper and then go over to the Centre. Taint best to let such things spoil your appetite."

"Save my supper, mother, I'm off now."

"But, Orrin; a little more shortcake, do,—bless my heart, how dreadful foolish young folks are."

The Swifts were all at the table, the deacon, his wife, Abby and her brother, and the hired man. They looked up surprised when Orrin knocked. There was no bouquet in his hand this time, as he waited in the dim, close parlor. As Abby came slowly in, he met her with a determined look on his face.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

I know of no blessing so small which can reasonably be expected without prayer, nor any so great but may be attained by it.

National Pills are sugar coated, mild but thorough, and are the best Stomach and Liver Pills in use.

By their patience and perseverance God's children are truly known from hypocrites and dissemblers.

A burn or cut will heal quickly and leave less scar if Victoria Carbolic salve is applied at once.

Do the duty that comes first; you know not what beautiful experiences it may blossom into.

Malaria fever and chills are best broken up and prevented by using Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine.

He who acts his strength is strong, and will be stronger.

No injurious effects can follow the use of Ayer's Azule Cure. It contains an unfailing antidote and specific for miasmatic poisons, together with remedial agents which purify and re-invigorate the system.

A worthy lady advertised for a plain cook, and several persons applied for the situation. Owing to her fastidiousness, however, none of them seemed to suit her requirements, but at the eleventh hour a maiden from the Emerald Isle made application. In reply to a question whether she was able to do plain cooking she gave an affirmative answer, adding, "The plainer the better for me."

And being further tested in an oral manner, the good lady said: "My husband and his meat boiled, and I like mine roasted. Now, if you get a fowl to cook, how would you do it?" "Please, ma'am said the girl, "I would roast it first, as you could see your share; then I would boil what you left for the master." The girl obtained the situation.

One of the blessed missions of these baby visitors to our homes is to keep us from being too tidy, for there is such a thing as being too nice by half in the keeping of one's house. My wife was a slave to the broom and dish-rag for the four long years preceding the birth of our first baby. Now we have two boys, four and two years of age, and she—well, she "lets things go" in a manner that gives the boys and me great satisfaction. Things are no longer just as the curtains do not hang "exactly so," the rugs are sometimes curled up or flopped clean over, chairs lie supinely on their backs for an hour at a time in the sitting-room; there are streaks made by moist little fingers on panes of glass once spotless and unblemished as crystal; the books and ornaments on the table are not so folded evenly and squarely but seem to have been tossed in most any way; there are blocks and railroad engines and stiff-legged horses and stiffer men and women from Nosh's ark scattered around everywhere; the table cover is away; the ottoman's bottom side up, and things in a topsy-turvy condition generally. My wife often says that the room looks awful, and she spends a good deal of time cleaning up at night when the two little enemies of law and order are in their little beds. But they "mess it all up" in fifteen minutes the next day. Children of their years are natur'l foes to tidiness and housekeeping. I have read a great many theories on the subject of teaching children to be orderly, "like little ladies and gentlemen," but I have always found such children rather stiff and prim, and not the rollicking, childlike, freely happy youngsters I want my little boys to be while they are yet little boys.

It is a fact that Nerviline cannot be surpassed by any combination for the relief of pain. The reason is a good one. Nerviline contains the best, most powerful and the latest discovered remedies. It is a magic pain cure. Rheumatism, stiff neck, cramps, neuralgia colic, in fact all pain, internal, external, and local, are subdued in a few minutes. Go at once to any drug store and get a trial bottle. It will only cost you 10 cents, and you can at a small cost test the great pain cure, Polson's Nervine. Large bottles only 25 cents.

A tiny ink-bottle is set in the centre of a silver knapsack.

A bronze bear scrambling over a fence has been made to do duty as an inkstand.

The old oaken bucket, with its picturesque well swept attachment, is a favourite design.

A pear made entirely of glass is handsomely mounted in metal and has a space for holding ink where its core should be.

Devotees of the national game will appreciate an inkstand consisting of an ivory base ball, with the batter in bronze close at hand.

An attractive novelty is a grinning clown brass with the head stuck through a loop of the same material. The ink is disclosed by lifting his peaked cap.

A Wonderful Organ. The largest organ, and one that plays a controlling part on the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made especially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Recipe taken and medicine S. L. Sold by all druggists.

A Famous Doctor

Once said that the secret of good health consisted in keeping the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open. Had this eminent physician lived in our day, and known the merits of Ayer's Pills as an aperient, he would certainly have recommended them, as so many of his distinguished successors are doing.

The celebrated Dr. Farnsworth, of Norwich, Conn., recommends Ayer's Pills as the best of all remedies for "Intermittent Fevers."

Dr. I. E. Fowler, of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."

Dr. Mayhew, of New Bedford, Mass., says: "Having prescribed many thousands of Ayer's Pills, in my practice, I can unhesitatingly pronounce them the best cathartic in use."

The Massachusetts State Assayer, Dr. A. A. Hayes, certifies: "I have made a careful analysis of Ayer's Pills. They contain the active principles of well-known drugs, isolated from inert matter, which plan is, chemically speaking, of great importance to their usefulness. It insures activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. Ayer's Pills contain no metallic or mineral substance, but the virtues of vegetable remedies in skillful combination."

Ayer's Pills, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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My wife suffered for five years with that distressing disease, catarrh. Her case was one of the worst known in this part of the State. She tried all of the catarrh remedies I ever saw advertised, but they were of no use. I finally procured a quantity of Nasal Balm. She has used only one half of it, and now feels like a new person. I feel it my duty to say that Nasal Balm cannot be TOO HIGHLY recommended for catarrh troubles, and am pleased to have all such sufferers know through its use they will receive instant relief and CURE. CHAS. MCGILL Farmer

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It is a fact that Nerviline cannot be surpassed by any combination for the relief of pain. The reason is a good one. Nerviline contains the best, most powerful and the latest discovered remedies. It is a magic pain cure. Rheumatism, stiff neck, cramps, neuralgia colic, in fact all pain, internal, external, and local, are subdued in a few minutes. Go at once to any drug store and get a trial bottle. It will only cost you 10 cents, and you can at a small cost test the great pain cure, Polson's Nervine. Large bottles only 25 cents.

DR. HODDER'S COUGH AND LUNG CURE

Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cents and 50 cent per bottle. Proprietors and manufacturers, THE UNION MEDICINE CO., Toronto Ont.

THE GOLD

LESSON II, THIRD NATIONAL SERIES The Text of the Law in Ex. xxiii, 12-15 John v, 21—Comm. Stearns.

And Moses turned from the mountain. I saw Moses going up the revelation of G. some and the seven Joshua, and he bring ers to carry till the they went up into it covered it. After unto Moses from the Moses went into the n was there forty day Joshua, and what J days, we are not add after God had given concerning the tab which are recorded i then gave him two o of stone, written a (xxiii, 18), and said t the mount, for the p calf and were wo also sent to Moses. But Moses in His wrath great nation; in the sion of Moses on bel sented to spare thei. "The work of G. "Written with the 18, Deut. ix, 10. T which Moses receiv in the ark were ab tables Moses hewed the mount (Deut. x set forth in these t which the holiness who would draw n favor, and this is type and symbol. deep significance explained by the Lev the mount, and th in one point is gr we may well exclaim "Blessed saved!" But bless intercessor who s wrath of God; an prophet like unto life fulfilled all death because a now risen from th the law for every x, 4, and became intercessor. He unto margin "unto God by Him 10. "Moses cast and broke them; he does in symbol and were doing it perfectly happy; law of God. H and stop the heav in verse 23 it continually brok against an evil v course of the law fully set in the 11). But "Our (keep silence, a f and it shall be His. Now cou lest He tear you to deliver." (2)

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