

## A Summer by the Sea.

Bessie Bolton was delighted. Five minutes ago Bessie was in despair—and her gentle sister Eolia reflected all her moods like a human-looking glass.

Eolia Bolton had not been well. It was not exactly a decline, but she had lost her appetite, grown pale, and coughed, and Bessie's quick affections had taken alarm at once.

"Miss Bolton ought to go into the country," the doctor said—and before Eolia could remonstrate her sister had given up the room they occupied in the city, and consulted the nearest estate agent. But it was easy to talk about "the country." Malaria reigned supreme in this place, clouds of mosquitoes drove away the rural aspirant in another, high fens blocked a third, and thus it went on, until Bessie began to think that it was a moral impossibility to obey the doctor's edict.

Until one day, walking sadly by the seashore, they came unexpectedly upon a low, rambling old farm-house, with its gray stone walls half covered with creepers, and a wilderness of hollyhocks, sweet williams, and crimson roses tangled together in the back yard, while in full view upon the front a battered placard, "To let," swung idly to and fro in the wind.

And then it was—and there—that Bessie's lead-weighted heart gave an upward spring.

"Eolia!" she cried, "this is the very place for us. Smell the sea air! Look at those delicious waves creeping over the sand below! Observe the pictures—see the vines growing on its roof and the vines blowing about in the breeze!"

"I'm afraid we can't afford it, Bessie," said Eolia.

"Inquire at Next House Below," said Bessie, deciphering the worn inscription on the paper. "Come, Eolia, come—I've a presentiment that we shall meet exactly what we want here."

The next house below, however, was a full mile distant, over a stretch of slippery sands half flooded by the foam of the incoming tide—it was inhabited by a deaf old woman who "didn't know—she couldn't say." Was the rent high? "She couldn't say for certain—she believed it was about \$12 a month, but she didn't know." Were the premises in good repair? "She didn't feel that she could take it upon her to assert." Could they have the key? "Well, she wasn't certain. Perhaps they could. Sometimes her old man had it in his coat pocket, but—Yes, here it was. There was a deposit to be paid—the first month's rent, if—oh, thankie, kindly. She was very much obliged, she was sure."

Bessie came running out to Eolia, triumphantly waving the key over her head.

"Business is business, Eolia!" she cried exultantly. "And we are the ladies of the manor now! We'll sleep under that pretty sloping roof to-night."

And they did, having succeeded in borrowing a sofa-bedstead and two or three chairs from a neighbor's cottage. Joyfully they wandered over the old rooms, peeping through the dust-filled lattices, opened the green, three-cornered cupboard, inspecting their new premises with all the delight of day-old prioretesses.

For Bessie colored photographs and Eolia designed wall paper, calico patterns, and title decorations, and they required a "studio" facing the north, and plenty of room. They were not luxurious butterflies, these sisters, but two warm-hearted, diligent workinggirls, who earned their own bread and ate it with a sense of honest pride.

So Eolia stayed in the old house and set it to rights, and with the aid of Mrs. Chubb's red-armed, oldest daughter, and Bessie, went up town to pack their little store of furniture and send it down by express. And the first night that they sat in the little low-windowed apartment that fronted the sea, with the casements all covered with red chintz; the well-worn crimson carpet on the floor, and the merry little fire of driftwood blazing on the hearth, they looked into each other's eyes.

"I feel better already," said Eolia. "The very air that I breathe is like a tonic. But it is so lonely!"

"Who is afraid of solitude?" cheerily demanded Bessie, as she knelt to put a new pile of wood on the fire. "You shall see that we shall be like two queens in a palace, here, Eolia. We can take our work up to the city twice a week, by express; the expense here will be trifling, and—"

"There," cried Eolia, with a start, "I heard there was some one knocking. I knew it twice before."

"It's old Chubb with the fish for breakfast," said Bessie, springing to her feet. "No, it isn't," said Eolia. "The fish came half an hour ago. Bessie, I'm afraid it is a pirate or a smuggler."

"Don't be a goose, Eolia," said the elder sister, as she went briskly to the door, and peering through the salt-scented twilight, she said:

"Who's there?"

"It is I," a clear voice answered—"Captain Lilburne, with my traps."

"Then it's a pirate!" faintly ejaculated Eolia.

"What do you want?" demanded Bessie.

"To come in," shortly responded the other voice. "What should I want? Open the door a little farther, can't you, my good girl?"

"Go about your business," said Bessie, with the emphasis of one who is determined to have her own way.

"Let me in," sternly spoke up the voice.

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" said Bessie. "There is a tavern two miles up the road, and a farm house one mile down. If you want shelter, go which way you please. You cannot come here."

"But why not?" persisted the intruder.

"Because I don't choose it," said Bessie, and she shut the door in his face. And utterly heedless of the rattle of knocks on the panel which succeeded this bold coup d'etat, she came back to where Eolia sat, pale and startled.

"Oh, Bessie," she cried, "how dare you?"

"How dared I what?" said Bessie.

"Lock him out!"

"Would you have me let him in?" counter-queried Bessie, composedly.

"It's some tramp or other who didn't know that the house is let. I think, Eolia, we must have a dog, if we intend to live alone!"

"But, Bessie, suppose he should come back?"

"Well, and suppose he should," said Bessie.

"And insist on coming in," faltered Eolia.

Bessie laughed. "I should point the bed key at him," said she. "And he would believe it was a pistol, and take madly to his heels! Dear little Eolia, don't be so easily frightened. Believe me, we have seen the last of our tramp."

Half an hour afterward Mrs. Chubb came plodding over the sands and plunged into the sitting-room like some rubicund monster of the deep. Eolia looked up from her knitting, and Bessie set forward a chair.

"Well," panted Mrs. Chubb, "I have done it now."

"Has anything happened?" said Bessie.

"I've let the house when it was let already," said Mrs. Chubb, still breathing very hard. "O dear! O dear! And you young ladies will have to clear out, bag and baggage, to-morrow morning."

"What?" cried Bessie.

"Impossible!" echoed Eolia.

"But we have rented the house for a year," argued Bessie.

"I can't help that," sniffed Mrs. Chubb. "It seems that the New York agent let it on Monday to a gentleman, and you took it of me on Tuesday. And—"

"What is the gentleman's name," said Bessie.

"Lilburne," Mrs. Chubb answered; "Capt. Adam Lilburne."

"Oh!" said Bessie, with the calmness of desperation, "I've just turned him out of doors."

And then, to Mrs. Chubb's infinite amazement, she burst out laughing.

The next morning when she unlocked the big front door and went out, there on the steps sat a respectable manservant in black, guarding a pile of trunks. She looked at him for a moment; he touched his hat.

"Good morning, miss," he said respectfully.

"Good morning," said Bessie. "I suppose you are Captain Lilburne's man?"

"Yes, miss," again touching his hat.

"Where's your master," she asked.

"He slept at the farm last night. And the miss, she's coming down by the noon train. There's the Captain now."

And Bessie valiantly advanced to meet a tall, handsome, sun-browned man in a suit of navy-blue flannel, carelessly belted around the waist.

"You are Captain Lilburne, I suppose," said she. "I'm sorry I behaved so rudely last night. But the truth is, it was dark, and we were all alone in the house—and I took you for a tramp!"

"Captain Lilburne raised his hat; his black eyes sparkled like wells of amused light.

"The mistake, although not flattering to me, was altogether natural," said he.

"We are in your house, it seems," said she, abruptly.

"Well, it has rather that appearance," said the Captain.

"And we suppose that we had, at least, a home for the summer," added Bessie, regretfully.

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure," hesitated the Captain.

"Now, see here," said Bessie, "I've a proposition to make. There's plenty of room in the house. Suppose you and your wife take us to board; or suppose we take you?"

The Captain smiled.

"Unfortunately," said he, "I have no wife. The Mrs. Lilburne who is coming down is my mother."

Bessie colored scarlet, but she stood bravely to her guns.

"All the same," said she, "I don't like to be turned out of doors. My sister isn't strong, and the doctor prescribed sea air, and—"

"Pray do not say another word," said Captain Lilburne, courteously. As you remark, the house is large. I hope you will consider the west wing, which you are now occupying, entirely at your service."

"But I couldn't remain there unless you will allow me to pay rent," pleaded Bessie.

"Very well," said Captain Lilburne, then you may pay rent."

So it was settled. Mrs. Lilburne, a mild, rosy-cheeked old lady, came down at noon, and was delighted with her son's bargain.

"There are no ghosts in the house, I hope," said she, half laughing.

"No," said the Captain. "But there are two young ladies, one of whom, a charming vixen refused me admittance last night; but I don't blame her, either. I took her for old Mother Chubb's daughter—and she, very naturally, supposed that I was a tramp."

"Is she pretty?" artfully demanded the old lady.

"Very," says Captain Lilburne.

So Bessie and Eolia Bolton spent that long, bright sultry summer at the sea. And old Mrs. Lilburne grew very fond of them in her quiet way.

"Adam," she said, when the October tides were creeping softly over the ribbon sands. "I shall be very sorry when these girls go away."

"Shall you mother?" he said.

"They are the sweetest, frankest, least affected girls that I ever saw!" she declared.

"I quite agree with you there," said the Captain.

"Adam—" after a little pause.

"Well, mother?"

"Would you think me very foolish," she faltered, "if I adopted that pretty, pale little Eolia for my own?"

Captain Lilburne's face brightened.

"Dear mother," said he, "I shall be delighted, especially as I mean to adopt Bessie for my own."

Captain Lilburne was married to Bessie Bolton on Christmas, and Eolia is living with the mild old lady, in a daughter's place.

"And all this happiness," softly said Eolia, "came from our summer by the sea."

### First Things.

The first steel pen was made in 1830. The first air pump was made in 1654. The first lifer punch was made in 1829. The first balloon ascent was made in 1783. The first iron steamship was built in 1830. The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7. Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1783. Coaches were first used in England in 1659. Gold was first discovered in California in 1848. The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477. Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826. Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighteenth century. The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1733. Glass was first discovered. Glass beads were found on mummies over 3000 years old. Gas was first used as an illumination agent in 1792. The first machine for carding, roving and spinning cotton made in the United States was manufactured in 1786. The first telegraphic instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1833, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1844.

### Secure Your Titles.

A gentleman down from Winnipeg says he cannot be too careful in looking after their titles to Northwest property. He relates that some lots in Selkirk have been sold three or four times; but only one buyer will secure the lots—he who registered first. The others lose their money. There will be, he says, lots of litigation arise out of the Northwest craze. The half-breed and Indians are getting to be cute at the business. They will go to an innocent speculator and in a hand will sell him their farm; they meet another speculator two days after and sell the same farm again; and so keep selling it as often as the hot-headed purchasers are to be caught. The buyer who happens to get his purchase first patented is the one who will hold the land; the others will be left.

Through the months of March and April be careful not to use Purgeives containing Calomel or other injurious substances. The proper and safe Purgeive is the Great Vegetable Preparation, Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters, the purest and best Blood Purifier known. Geo. Rhynas, agent, Goderich.

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### POPPING THE QUESTION.

Some Ways of Performing a Disagreeable Operation—Hints for Ladies and Gentlemen.

A gentleman had long been paying attention to a young lady whom he was very anxious to marry, but to whom he had never ventured to declare his passion. When opportunity offered, his courage deserted him, and when he was resolved to speak, the fair one could never be found alone or disengaged. Driven to desperation, he one day succeeded in accomplishing his purpose in a somewhat remarkable manner at a dinner party. To most people, a dinner-party would hardly seem the most suitable occasion for overtures of this description, especially when, as in this instance, the lady is seated at the opposite side of the table from her admirer. The latter, however, was equal to the occasion. Tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote on it, under cover of the table: "Will you be my wife. Write Yes or No at the foot of this."

Calling a servant he asked him in a whisper to take the slip—which of course, was carefully folded and directed—to "the lady in blue opposite." The servant did as requested, and the gentleman, in an agony of suspense, watched him give it to the lady, and fixed his eyes, with badly disguised eagerness, to try and judge from her expression how the quaintly made offer was received. He had forgotten one thing—namely, that ladies seldom carry pencils about them at a dinner party. The beloved one was, however, not to be baffled by so trifling an obstacle. After reading she not only calmly she turned to the servant and said: "Tell the gentleman yes."

When Professor Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of Professor Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father being secured. This Aytoun was much too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady herself to conduct the necessary negotiations.

"We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said glorious old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to the back of your frock."

"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her around, the delighted professor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

Does How a Man to Bed.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed an exchange says: "There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hairpins out and her shoes untied."

That's how it looks in print, and this it is in reality: "I am going to bed my dear, it's half past ten." No reply. "Now, John, you know you are always late in the morning. Do get to bed."

"Yes, in a minute," he replies, as he turns the paper wrong-side out and begins a lengthy article, headed The Guide to Bed."

Fifteen minutes later she calls from the bed-room:

"John come to bed, and not keep the gas burning here all night," and she creeps beneath the cold sheets, while John sits placidly on, his feet across the piano stool and a cigar in his mouth. By-and-by he arises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor, and proceeds to that vigorous exercise, poking the grate.

Just at this point a not altogether pleasant voice inquires:

"For pity's sake! Ain't you ready for bed yet?"

"Yes, yes; I'm coming! Why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?"

Then he discovers that there's coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands rubbing himself and absently gazing on the last garment, dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that he wants a drink of water. Of course, he once more seats himself before the fire for a last "warm-up."

As the clock strikes twelve he turns out the gas, and with a flop of the bed-clothes and few spasmodic shivers he subsides—no, not yet; he forgot to see if the door was locked, and another flop of the bed-clothes brings forth the remark: "Good gracious! if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job!"

Setting her teeth hard she awaits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires "if he is settled for the night?" to which he replies by muttering: "if you ain't the provokingest woman!"

### Words of Wisdom.

That which is bitter to be endured may be sweet to be remembered.

There is a long and wearisome step between admiration and imitation.

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.

We think very few people sensible, except those who are of our opinion.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

Every individual who has work to do in this world, and does it, needs a vacation.

Every one is weary; the poor in seeking, the rich in keeping, the good in learning.

If anybody reports you not to be an honest man, let your practice give him the lie.

The greatest good to the greatest number cannot justify a wrong to the lesser number.

Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.

Repentance without amendment is like continually pumping without mending the leak.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

Men are never killed by the adversities they have, but by the impatience which they suffer.

To make the most of the good and the least of the evil of life is the best philosophy of life.

Improve the wit you have bought at a dear rate, and the wisdom you have gained by sad experience.

Less time spent in life dreaming and devoted to the duties of life would give wealth and contentment.

The afflictions of this life are neither too numerous nor too sharp. Much rest requires a rough life.

The elements of virtue are at the bottom of every heart, and though they may be trampled under foot and crushed into the mud, they still exist, and when rescued and restored, nobility and manhood will grow out of them. Prayer, holy thinking, and holy reading are the cure for all the ills of the soul. The good thought of to-day will awaken many good thoughts to-morrow.

People lament justly the evils of intemperance, but they overlook the natural craving for excitement, the love of social companionship and good cheer, the desire to forget the toil and trials of the day, which so strongly draw men to the places which first supply these wants, and then entice them on to ruin. Could these natural and wholesome appetites be gratified in innocent ways, who can tell in how many instances the temptation to strong drink might be entirely prevented?

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Two Kins  
A good wife  
An ill wife

Oh, he who gets a  
Gets gold enough  
And he that gets  
May make an  
For a man may  
Can be rich  
And he that marries  
He mates with  
For a man may  
If his wife on  
He may give to  
And may grow  
But a man may  
He may tell  
If his wife be  
He will never

Oh, a man that  
Has pleasure in  
Outside his life  
May be full of  
But his heart can  
At home there  
I've a wife to  
And her love, O

But a man who  
Gets trouble of  
He's a weary  
And prosperity  
There's a bitter  
In his joy there  
And through all  
He works like

Don't marry for  
Gold,  
On no bod  
For your own  
And for your  
And he that gets  
May be rich  
While he is  
Mates life with  
(Lillie E. B.)

### The Dignity

Women participate in the struggle for something that is not theirs; so they can be teachers, this is a rich life of possibilities for worth and value; to be early learners always is that we who lodge here have done more than woman in the extent of doing the petty avowed woman I have often thought to be a woman who take the wide world up and down he tired woman who at night with the that another day in doing things that to eternal ad comfort and we were required, patient mother of good housewife, for her is the be this could be done often hear women of doing the same plainly theirs they cannot over! if I could only do to something!" to see that this and common they really live at the without which the woman who shall at the simplify our task may also live no factor to the calm-browed woman duties with satisfaction.

### Princess

The Princess going to Paris, to buy her trousseau at establishment Queen of Holland them "Innocent the Dutch Legation Queen Emma, it generous to her with her from t with her Paris goes to England dual family of old, proud and f its domestic ar made on the ne the portions of t of this house has eldest of them w of Holland. I romantic dispo thing of a blue little state is bes fearfully pover country of high brawling stream Leopold met his him. She is a family of Engla of Cambridge ar and was highly Duke of Hesse; that she would l with the Prince Claremont, and down, a minist member of an e that the Prince ideal wife for ar disposed Engla Nassau family wealthy relation reared in grand gentle, and of s and though not certainly not i simplicity.

### Meal

Would it not  
Mowat to me  
parliament ac  
hitting a men  
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