

DOWN ON THE FARM.

When a boy I used to dwell
In a home I loved so well.
Far away among the clover and the bees...



OLIVE

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"I never received any message," he said, still gazing at her. "I should have come sooner if I had. I thought you wished to forget old times..."



HE LOOKED AT HER SEARCHINGLY.

his gloomy eyes to hers. "He's a juggernaut, Olive—that's what he is. Don't let him crush you under his wheels..."

the falling dusk had cast a gloom over her own spirit. All the pain and sorrows of others' lives were pressing upon her own life.

CHAPTER VIII.

"LIKE SWEET BELLS JANGLED OUT OF TUNE AND HARSH."

Two young faces were sheltered under the light shadow of some larches in Kew Gardens. It was a Sunday afternoon; Sunday groups were scattered all over the grounds...

IN NEW GARDENS.

loved. And I am not unambitious; I, too, have dreamed of a higher life, and have striven after my ideal in my own way."

"I am sorry that I have disappointed you," she said at last. Her voice was as musical as ever, but there was a touch of proud piteousness in her manner...

CHAPTER IX.

"GREAT FEELINGS WITH SHIRAZ OF HER OWN."

Uncle Wake was alone in the house when Olive came in; his wife had gone to see their married daughter, and had left him, surrounded with books, at the open window of the sitting-room up stairs.

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IN NEW GARDENS.

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CHAPTER X.

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When he opened the door and saw her standing outside alone, he knew that the time he was looking for was nigh at hand.

"So you have come back to cheer the old uncle in his solitude," he said, as she entered. "My wife has gone to spend the evening with poor Jessie."

"Come, Olive," he said. "I am as good a tea-maker as you can find anywhere. Drink this and eat some of my toast..."

Here are some quaint definitions given by children and collected by Rev. F. Crafts:

"What does backbiter mean?" "Please, sir, it may be a flea."

WHERE FIGS DREW THE LINE.

The yield of an apple tree in the George's cemetery verifies the superstition that all things grown in a graveyard are unfit to eat.

Greatest Battles of History.

Burke, in his letter on "Natural Society," says that Sylla destroyed 800,000 men in each of three battles...

RED MORTON'S PLUCK

By a Lead Mot and Overcome Adversity.

few boys would have undertaken what Fred Morton did at his father's farm. He quietly assumed the management of the farm, and the support of his widowed mother and little sister.

Ten years before Edwin Morton had come there with his wife and boy, paying down one thousand dollars towards a farm, and giving a mortgage for the balance—a paltry sum, as it seemed to them, of five hundred dollars.

However, if the farm could be sold at its real value, and all the debts paid, there would still be something left for herself and the children.

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After thinking for some minutes he went to his bedside and asked God to show him what to do.

The next morning Fred was up early, and when Mrs. Morton entered the kitchen he was making coffee.

Natural Blunder.

"You made these boots, didn't you?" asked a man with a bad-fitting pair of shoes.

"Yes," said the shoemaker, looking up from his last. "I made 'em."

"Well, confound it! I told you to make one larger than the other, didn't I?"

page, three hundred and twenty dollars. Now, mother, let me sell all these cows but Brownie, and part of the sheep, and pay these outside bills.

"The boy is right, Mrs. Morton," the boy said. "I advise you to stay here. It won't take long to find a market for the sheep and cows."

"I am confident, mother," he said, "that I can take care of you and Lottie. Of course I must give up school, except in the winter, but I hope to read and study some with you."

Mr. Ford looked in on Fred every week or two, and frequently went his man and team to do heavy work.

The fall with its harvest came. As Fred busily gathered in the fruits of his toil, he felt that his cup of blessing was full to overflowing.

"Mother, shall I tell you just how we have come out this season?" "Certainly, my son."

"I've sold," went on Fred, rapidly, "since last March, one hundred dozen of eggs, which have brought us twenty dollars. We have sold twelve tons of hay at fifteen dollars per ton..."

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"Yes, and I did." "No, you didn't, either. One is small than the other."