

IN ANY GARB.

In *often* times, when a girl grew up,
They tied her with ropes of gems,
They shackled her ankles and wrists with ora,
And they crowned her with diadems.

They soaked her tresses in perfumed oil,
They rubbed her with pastes and things,
Then brought her forth, as a queen, befit
To rivet the gazes of kings.

But now—a dip in the tumbling waves,
With a rest on the sands between,
A linen skirt, and a sailor hat—
And—she's just as much of a queen!

—Madeline Bridges, in *Life*.

Romance of a Barn-Yard

WE were all sitting on the piazza, except those of us that were swinging in the hammocks among the trees; the sea wind was blowing over us, the birds were darting low here and there, and the bantams and the spring chickens and the big black Cochins were clucking and picking in the grass, watched over by the old King Charles, who redeemed us from vulgarity, and it was a scene of domestic comfort, as Aunt Helen said. Aunt Helen, by the way, became a very pleasant addition to the comfortable appearance of the scene, as she said it. She was just as plump as a woman ought to be when her next birthday may be her fortieth. She had a soft flush on her cheek, where the dimple was yet as fresh as when she was a girl, and the flush deepened sometimes into a real damask; her teeth were like rows of seed corn for whiteness, and her eyes were just as brown as brook water; only her hair—that was quite white. Lovely hair, though, for all that; she parted it evenly over her low, level forehead and above the yet black eyebrows; and we all declared, every day of our lives, that Aunt Helen was a beauty.

"I used to be," she had replied; "but that's all gone now. I have put my youth behind me."

Perhaps she had. But we young folks used to think differently when we saw Mr. Thornton coming up the road, and Aunt Helen's eyes resolutely bent on her work, but her color mounting and mounting, till the reddest rose that ever burned in the sunshine was not so rich. Mr. Thornton saw it, too, no doubt, for he always looked and looked intently all the way by. But the truth was—I shall have to tell you all about it if I tell you any—that when Aunt Helen was 20 years younger, she and Mr. Thornton had been lovers ever since they could remember. They had built their house at last, and her wedding dress was made. If she was a beauty, he was every inch her mate—I know he was, because he is to-day—one of the men it does you good to see, who look as if they could hold up the world if need be, and inspire you with confidence in their powers.

Now, what in the world do you suppose that, with their house furnished, and the cake baked, and a dozen years of intimate affection to bind them, Aunt Helen and Mr. Thornton found to quarrel about? She declared she wouldn't keep hens! And he declared that he wouldn't keep house! That was the whole of it, to condense the statement; one word led to more, and finally, in a towering passion himself, he told Aunt Helen that she had better learn to control her temper if she did not want to be a vixen entirely, and Aunt Helen took the ring off her finger and laid it on the table without a word and sallied out of the room, and refused to see him when he called in the morning, and sent back his letter unopened and cut the wedding cake and put some of it on the table and sent the rest to the fair. Perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Thornton might have been right. Exactly one week from that night Mr. Thornton was married to Mary Mahew, an inoffensive little body who would have married anybody that asked her, and she went into the house that had been furnished according to Aunt Helen's taste; and immediately afterward a hen-house of the most fanciful description of architecture rose on the hill behind his house, full of fancy fowl, and the little lawn was all alive with its overflow, and you couldn't go by the place without meeting a flock of cackle-crowns, or patridge Cochins, or white Leghorns, or black Spanish, flying up on each separate piece of fence to crow out Mr. Thornton's triumph—reversing the old tradition of the crower, and crying, "No women rule here!"

They say Mr. Thornton grew very old in a few years. His inoffensive little thing of a wife turned out to be a smart termagant, who led him a pretty dance. Perhaps she was dissatisfied with her piece of a heart; but then she knew that was all when she took it. He treated her always very gently—perhaps feeling he had done

her some wrong in marrying her—and gratified her every wish, although, having cared nothing for her in the beginning, it is doubtful if he cared any more for her in the end. The end came after 18 years, when Mrs. Thornton was killed in a railroad collision, and her husband was left with four children on his hands; rude, noisy, ill-faring cubs, as all the neighbors said. If Mr. Thornton had ever impatiently chanced to think that his punishment had lasted long enough, he thought now it was just beginning, when he found himself alone with those children. He wondered that his wife had any temper left at all. He grew more bent, more vexed and worried every day, and one would hardly have recognized, people said, the dark and splendid Stephen Thornton of his youth, in this middle-aged, gray-haired man; and yet, to our eyes, he was still quite a remarkable looking person—perhaps more so from our associating him with the poetry in Aunt Helen's life, and making him an object of wonder as to whether or not they would ever come together again.

But there was little chance of that. We had met Mr. Thornton elsewhere, but he had never come across our threshold since the day he went out with his bride's ring. And Aunt Helen's peculiarity was that she never forgot. Could she, then, forget the words he spoke to her in his anger? Could she ever forget his marrying another woman in less than a week? It had been in that week and a few following that her hair had turned white. She had suffered inexpressibly; she had not slept a night, but she kept up a gay face. Perhaps she would have suffered if it had not been for our growing up about her. Her life was thus filled, every minute of it; she had but very little time to be lonely, to brood or mourn. She forgot herself in us. It gave her a quiet happiness, and kept her comely. And then she was too proud; whenever the thought thrust up its head, she shut the lid down, as one might say, and sat on it.

But one day—after the time when the doctor had said Harry was a hopeless cripple, and must lie on his back the rest of his life—Aunt Helen brought home a little basket from the county fair, and took from the wool within it two of the cunningest mites of chickens you ever laid eyes on.

"I hate them," said she; "they make me crawl; but they will amuse the dear child. They're African."

And so they did amuse him and delight him, as he lay on his lounge in the bay window and watched them growing up, full of business. And that was the way, by the way, that we came to have chickens round the front piazza. One night, a year after, when the bantams were quite grown people, somebody dropped over the fence a pair of big black Cochins, that stalked about as if the earth was too good to tread on, or as if they were afraid of crushing a bantam with the next step. Of course we knew where the Cochins came from—for nobody else in town had any—but no one said a word. Only it was sport the next day to peer round the corner and see Aunt Helen, with a piece of bread in her hand, in doubt whether to have anything to do with those fowls or not, twice extending her hand with the crumbs and snatching it back again, and at last making one bold effort, and throwing the whole thing at them, and hurrying into the house. But from that moment the ever-hungry Cochins seemed to regard her as their patron saint. She never appeared but they came stalking gingerly along to meet her, and at last one made so bold as to fly up and perch on the back of her chair, on the piazza. Of course he was shooed off with vigor—with a little more vigor perhaps because Mr. Thornton had at that moment been passing, and had seen this woman who would never keep hens presenting the tableau.

It was two or three days after that, that Aunt Helen, coming home at twilight from one of her rambles by the river bank, was observed to be very nervous and flushed, and to look much as if she had been crying.

"It's all right," said our Ned, com-

ing in shortly after her. "I know all about it. I've been setting my eel traps; and what do you think—she met old Thornton—"

"Ned!"

"She did, indeed. And what'll you say to that man's cheek? He up and spoke to her."

"Oh, now, Ned! Before you!"

"Fact! Before me? No, indeed; I lay low," said Ned, with a chuckle. "But bless you, they wouldn't have seen me if I had stood high."

"For shame, Ned! Oh, how could you—and Aunt Helen!"

"Guess you'd have been no better in my place," said the unscrupulous boy. "But there, that's all. If I could listen, of course you can't."

"Oh, now, Ned, please!" we all chorused together.

"Well, then. He stood straight before her. 'Helen,' said he, 'have you forgotten me?' and she began to turn white. 'I have had time enough,' said she."

"Oh, you ought not to have stayed, Ned!"

"You may find out the rest by your learning," said the offended narrator. "I should like to know how I was going to leave. Only I'll say this, that if Aunt Helen would marry old Thornton to-day—she wouldn't touch him with a walking-stick!"

To our amazement, on the very next afternoon who should appear at our gate, with his phaeton and pair, but Mr. Thornton; and who, bonneted, and gloved, and veiled, should issue from the door, to be placed in that phaeton and drive off with him, but Aunt Helen! Ned chuckled; but the rest of us could do nothing but wonder.

"Has she gone to be married?" we gasped. And Lill and Harry began to cry.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Ned, in mercy. "He said there'd never been a day since he left her that he hadn't longed for what he threw away!"

"Oh, how wicked!"

"She told him so, very quietly and severely—I tell you Aunt Helen can be severe—and to be silent on that. 'Forever?' said he. 'And ever,' said she. 'It is impossible,' said he. And then he went over, one by one, a dozen different days and scenes when they were young; and if ever a fellow felt mean, I was the one."

"I should think you would," we cried with one accord.

"Now look here," returned Ned. "If you want to hear the rest, you keep that sort of remark to yourself. It was too late to show myself, anyway. And I'll be blamed if I'll say another word if you don't every one acknowledge you'd have done just as I did."

"Oh, Ned, do tell the whole. That's a good boy."

"Well, she just began to cry—I never saw Aunt Helen cry before. And then it seemed as if she would go distracted; and he begged her not to cry and she cried the more; and he begged her to marry him out of hand—I know just how to do it now; only it doesn't seem to be a very successful way—and she shook her head; and he implored her, by their old love, he said, and he wiped her eyes, and she looked at him, and gave a laugh—a hateful sort of laugh."

"Then," said he, "if you will not for my sake, not for your own sake, then for the sake of the motherless children, who need you more than ever children needed a mother yet, and who—who are driving me crazy!" And then Aunt Helen laughed in earnest, a good, sweet, ringing peal; and the long and short of it is that she has driven up to the Thornton house to-day to look at the cubs and see what she thinks about them. Maybe she'll bring them down here—she's great on missionary work, you know."

"Well, I declare!" was the final chorus. And we sat in silence a good half hour; and by the time our tongues were running again Aunt Helen had returned, and Mr. Thornton had come in with her and sat down upon the piazza step at her feet, but not at all with the air of an accepted lover—much more like a tenant of Mohamet's coffin, we thought. And, as I began to tell you, we were all sitting and swinging there when Aunt Helen exclaimed about its being a scene of domestic comfort. As she sat down the big black Cochins came to meet her.

"Why, where's your husband?" said she to the hen.

"There he is," said Ned. "He's been up alone in that corner of the grass the whole day, calling and clucking and inviting company; but the rest haven't paid the least attention to him, and are picking and scratching down about the cannas."

"Oh, but he's been down there twice, Ned," cried Harry, "and tried to whip the little bantam, but it was a drawn battle."

"Well, he ought to have a little vacation, and scratch for awhile," said Aunt Helen. "He has picked and scratched for his hen and her family all summer."

"And so's the banty," said Ned. "The bantam's the best; he's taken as much care of the chickens as the hen has, any way; and he never went to roost once all the time his hen was setting. Mr. Thornton, but sat right down in the straw beside her every night."

"A model spouse," said Aunt Helen.

"They are almost human," said Mr. Thornton. And so we sat talking till the tea-bell rang, for Mr. Thornton was going to stay to tea, he boldly told us; and we saw that he meant to get all the young people on his side by the way he began to talk to Ned about trout and pickerel, and about deep-sea fishing; but when he got to eel-traps, Ned's face was purple, and he blessed that tea-bell, I fancy. However, Mr. Thornton might have found that it wasn't so easy to range the young people on his side, if he had made a long-continued effort. We enjoyed a romance under our eyes, but we had no sort of notion of his taking our Aunt Helen away.

We were just coming out from tea, and were patronizing the sunset a little, which was uncommonly fine, and I thought I never seen Aunt Helen looking like such a beauty, with the rich light overlaying her like a rosy bloom, when John came hastening up.

"I just want you all to step inside the barn door with me if you please, marm," said he. And we went after him to be greeted by the sweet smell of new-mown hay, and to be glided by the one great broad sunbeam swimming full of a glory of notes from door to door. "Do you see that?" said John. It was a flock of the hens and chickens on their accustomed roosts. "And now do you see that?" he said; and he turned about and showed us, on the top rail of the pony's manger, the big, black Cochins also gone to roost, but separately—and his wife beside him? No, but little Mrs. Bantam!

"That's who he's been clucking and calling to this whole afternoon, the wretch!" cried Ned.

"And now look here," said John; and we followed him into the harness room, where the chickens had chanced to be hatched, and there, in the straw on the floor, sat the disconsolate little bantam rooster, all alone, with his wings spread and his feathers puffed out brooding his four little chickens under his wings—the four little chickens deserted by their mother.

"I declare! I declare!" cried Aunt Helen, as we came out into the great motey sunbeam again; "the times are so depraved that it has really reached the barnyard. The poor little banty and his brood! Why, it's as bad as a forsaken merman!"

"Only not so poetical," said we.

"Helen," said Mr. Thornton, "it's exactly my condition. Are you going to have pity for that bird, and none for me? Are you going to leave me to my fate?" And in a moment, right before us all, as she stood in that great red sunbeam, Mr. Thornton put his arms round Aunt Helen, who, growing rosier and rosier, either from the sunbeam or something else, could do nothing at last but hide her face. "Helen," he said, "you are certainly coming home with me?" And Aunt Helen did not say no.—*Waverley Magazine*.

STRONG LANGUAGE AND MILD.

Victory Easy with the Large Man Who Used the Little Words.

It was hot and it was dusty. The horses had toiled hard all day and, even though they did weigh three-quarters of a ton apiece, they were tired.

Tired, too, was the driver—so tired that when the irritable gong of a crowded trolley car warned him at the 14th street curve to get off the track he was in no hurry to obey.

But the motorman was in haste. It was his last trip of the day. So he bumped the lagging truck just once for luck.

"Say, cheese it!" remonstrated the driver angrily. But the motorman bumped him again—wordlessly, but with emphasis.

But the driver didn't pull out. He did, however, stand up on his seat, remarking:

"Say, you red-headed loafer, I'll come over dere an' pounce th' face off youse in about a minute—I will so!" Then the motorman silently bumped him again. The driver grew frantic—the poverty of the language appeared to enrage him. But he did his best.

"!!! — — — * * * !!!" he howled.

Another bump from the silent motorman.

"D — — — H — — — * * * !" raved the driver.

By this time the horses, weary of the bumping, had turned out of their own accord and stopped. The car drew up alongside as the driver exhausted his vocabulary and his breath.

The motorman, a Hercules, turned off the power, set the brake and stepped toward the truck. Several passengers were already mentally preparing a fund for the widow of the unfortunate driver. It certainly looked like slaughter.

Grimly the huge Irishman on the platform raised his mighty hand and shook a finger about the size of a sausage. Then for the first time he spoke. "Naughty! naughty!" said he.

The fat policeman on the corner is still of the opinion that a fuse blew out on that car.—*New York Times*.

Don't forget that your neighbors can smell fried onions farther than roast turkey.

Rather than perjure themselves some men refuse to swear off drinking.

OLD FAVORITES

Comin' Thro' the Rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Chorus:
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
But all the lads they love me weel,
And what the waur am I?

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?—Chorus.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body frown?—Chorus.

Ilka Jennie has her Jockey,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
But a' the lads they love me weel,
And what the waur am I?—Chorus.

The Little Church Round the Corner.
"Bring him not here where our sainted feet
Are treading the path to glory;
Bring him not here where our Saviour sweet
Repeats, for us, His story.

Go, take him where 'such things' are done—
For he sat in the seat of the scorner—
To where they have room, for we have none,
To the little church round the corner."

So spake the holy man of God
Of another man, his brother,
Whose cold remains, ere they sought the sod,

Had only asked that a Christian rite
Might be read above them by one whose light
Was, "Brethren, love one another!"
Had only asked that a prayer be read
Ere his flesh went down to join the dead.

Whilst his spirit looked with suppliant eyes,
Searching for God throughout the skies,
But the priest frowned "No," and his brow was bare
Of love in the sight of the mourner,
And they looked for Christ and found
Him—where?

In that little church round the corner!
Ah, well! God grant, when, with aching feet,
We tread life's last few paces,
That we may hear some accents sweet,
And kiss, to the end, fond faces!

God grant that this tired flesh may rest,
(Mid many a musing mourner)
While the sermon is preached, and the rites are read,
In no church where the heart of love is dead,
And the pastor a pious prig at best,
But in some small nook where God's confessed—
Some little church round the corner!
—A. E. Lancaster.

Errors in Diet.

Dr. Robert Hutchinson, in a recent lecture at the London Institute, called attention to some of the errors in the national diet. His criticisms and recommendations will apply equally well to America. He says: "We none of us seem to eat quite the right things, at any rate not for the right reasons. The great mistake is that we are led away by mere flavor. American cheese, at sixpence a pound, is dietetically as good as Stilton at one shilling and fourpence. The bloater yields rather more nutriment than the sole or the salmon. Margarine is quite as nourishing and as digestible as butter. Comparing the values of different articles of diet, Dr. Hutchinson said that vegetable foods were, on the whole, not so easily digested as animal foods. It would be a great mistake for a town population to live entirely on the former, even if town digestions were better than they are. At the same time he thought we could all with advantage eat more of the pulses, such as peas, beans and lentils. Dietetic salvation, he said, was not to be found in brown bread. On paper brown bread was superior to white, but the whole of it was not absorbed. "No, believe me," said the lecturer, "the instinct for white bread is a sound instinct." As to oatmeal, it was rich in building material, and in fact, in iron and in phosphates. It was nonsense to say that oatmeal was the cause of appendicitis and other evils. If it were, the Scotch nation would have perished centuries ago.

A Negro and English.

You are almost an octogenarian, sah," said the semi-educated, young, yellow negro, pompously.

"Wha-wha's dat yo' says?" snapped the venerable but unlettered darkey.

"I specified, sah, that you are almost an octogenarian."

"Well, don' yo' do it ag'n, boy, or I'll done bust yo' head wid my stick—yo' heads my prognostication?"

A woman who was lately divorced is quoted as saying: "There are too many men in the world to be unhappy with one of them."

Ever remark how timidly and hesitatingly a bald-headed man takes off his hat?