## THE FARM CHILD'S LULLABY.

Oh, the little bird is rocking in the cradle of the wind,
And it's bye, my little wee one, bye;
The harvest all is gathered and the pippins all are binned;
Bye, my little one, bye;
The little rabbit's hiding in the golden shock of corn,
The thrifty squirrel's laughing bunny's idleness to scorn;
You are smiling with the angels in your slumber, smile till morn;
So it's bye, my little wee one, bye.

There'll be plenty in the cellar, there'll be plenty on the shelf;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
There'll be goodly store of sweetings and a dainty little elf;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
The snow may be a-flying o'er the meadow and the hill,
The ice has checked the chatter of the little laughing rill,
But in your cosy cradle you are warm and happy still,
So bye, my little wee one, bye.

Why, the Bob White thinks the snow-flake is a brother to his song;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
And the chimney sings the sweeter when the wind is blowing strong;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
The granary's overflowing, full are cellar, crib, and bin,
The wood has paid its tribute and the ax has ceased its din;
The winter may not harm you when you're sheltered safe within;
So bye, my little wee one, bye.

—Lippincott's.

## A Summer Journey.

IF he cannot love me when he hears I am a poor shop girl, he cannot love me at all.

All very well in theory, but very poor in practice. I fold up Fred Langley's offer of marriage, and sit down to write him that, before he makes any further plans with me for this end, he must know that I'm one of those superfluous beings, a girl who came into this world with no place prepared for her; that I have clerked at Sharp & Sniper's ever since I was seventeen—and I am now twenty-three; that I have two young sisters depending on me for support, growing up in gawky, ill-clad ugliness a shade plainer than myself even.

Some way, when I first met him at that pleasant summer resort, the first break I had out of Sharp & Sniper's store for over two years, I was so happy that I forgot to mention the scrubbing life I had left behind me at home, and I was sick of poverty

"DID YOU THINK ME SO MEAN?"

and third-rate people. I was glad to forget it.

How should he, being a man, know the dress I wore had been turned twice; that I trimmed my hat myself; that the diamond ring I wore I had borrowed from my sister, being the unvalued relic of some unforgotten lover of hers; that the beauty he said was in my face was due to the happiness in his society? For I do think the old saying, "Be good and you will be happy," ought to be preserved.

How did he know that charming naivette of mine was learned trying to induce customers to buy?

Old Sniper always says when he expects to sell a large bill of goods to a customer: "Let Miss Jo manage him; she can smile the dollars out of his pockets, if anyone can."

So I smile and smile, yet I am no villain, for they are enforced and impudent smiles for bread and butter.

How round and rosy I grew in those few weeks of ecstatic joy! What walks and rides we had up and down the ravines! What charming sails through the dells, through Witch's gulch, and about Devil's Elbow!

How brilliant and agreeable, and how handsome my Fred was! Dare I call him my Fred before he knows that I clerk at Sharp & Sniper's?

I am no strong-minded woman. I frankly confess that I do not like to take care of myself. I am no clinging vine, however, never having had anything to cling to. I have grown up stiff and straight, all by myself, like a weed in the middle of a bare ten-acre lot.

Perhaps I will not make such a bad wife, after all. I am a good housekeeper, and, having been no trouble or expense to anyone since I can remember, I do not see why I should be so very much troubled now, even with my two sisters thrown in for ballast. Still, Fred must know all about the poverty and incumbrances, and make up his mind accordingly. So I waste a great many sheets of paper writing an answer that shall be frank and truthful and yet ladylike.

I inform him in a most careful manner that he must marry three when he leads me to the altar.

I send it off in a pink envelope, my heart beating a painful tattoo, as I think of his elegant sister he has described to me, and he a member of the Legislature.

I pieced down my sister Sophia's one summer silk for her, that I bought at such a bargain, thinking that peradventure there might be a wedding soon. I do not scold May when she comes home late from the picnic with my best sash drenched and soaked through, my lace fichu torn, and her toes through both her boots, and creeps into the bed beside me. I hug her into my arms instead, with that hungry, unsatisfied longing I always have for kisses and caresses; but she only says: "You strangle me, Jo, you soft, mushy thing!" and moves along out of my reach.

My name was never Jo, but I have always been called this on account of my enforced manly accomplishments.

For a week I sing about the house like a lark; the next week I do not sing so much; the next week I do not sing at all, but go about heavy-eyed and slow, and burst into tears when May sits down at the old, faint-hearted piano and begins to storm away at "Il Bacio," Fred's favorite waltz, and mine.

I might have known all the time he would never answer that letter; it has always been my luck. Let me see how many lovers I have had.

There was Number One, waiting on me when my father died of heart disease and left me penniless at seventeen. He came to see me after the funeral, and told me that he had a great sympathy and respect for me, and that he should never marry unless it was some poor girl thrown on her own resources, and with no one to take care of her, as he thought that was the true way for a gentleman to do; and with these sentiments he bowed himself out for the last time.

Most heavenly philosophy! But then he married the same year the daughter of a wealthy man who had never done anything harder in her life than to curl her front hair over slate pencils.

Then there was the young man who wrote poetry, and threatened to die or shoot himself when I refused him—this was years ago. He is now in good health, with a wife and two children; but I always hated men who wrote poetry.

Then there was Judge Featherby. He visited me for a year, and told me he loved me; but something he dignified by the name of pride forbade him from saying anything more. I have been heartily glad since that he was ashamed of me.

But the thought of none of these well-disposed-of and settled gentlemen makes the non-arrival of that letter any easier for me. I get weary and cross; my chest is getting weak, and I get faint and dizzy by spells.

Sometimes when I stand at the lace counter and some one is pricing this and cheapening that, I think I shall fall in a dead faint from sheer exhaustion. Women are so much harder to suit than men, and, ten to one, go picking over things, very likely because so few of them have any money of their own to spend.

The fall wind comes, and I walk over beds of fallen leaves; then that long, awful winter I waded through high drifts and storms that took my breath away, to reach Sharp & Sniper's.

Sophia, the oldest of my young sisters, is ailing this winter, so I get up and build the fire with numb fingers, so as to get to the store at seven. Before the spring opens, that she so longs to see, poor, patient, hard-working Sophia dies.

Anticipating the life that was before her, I had tried to instill into her the principle that work was her end and aim, and that she must not expect anything beyond the life of a woman who is both poor and unbeautiful.

She had done all the cooking and most of the housework for us three while I have been at Sharp & Sniper's and May has been at school. I have come home worn out and fretful, to help what I could by snatches. She has had about half what she ought to have to eat, and about a third of what she ought to wear. Well, she is gone to rest now, where all hearts are filled, and I stay where hearts are hollow.

I close her eyes; lay her out in the summer silk that should have graced my wedding; take the seventy-five dollars I have laid away in the bank to buy her a coffin and pay her funeral expenses.

About this time there comes a legacy of a hundred from an old uncle of ours. I send May off to school with this, determined she shall not be like Sophia. I am left alone. I do my own work. I eat my solitary meals, salted with lonely tears. I have ceased to hope ever to hear from Fred again.

The June days come again, hot and long. There is the sunshine without happiness and stillness without rest.

I look in the glass—I am all eyes; my face is sharpening out, my collar-bones protrude, I am getting waspy and thin; so much for putting my trust in man.

Old Sniper looked at me to-day, even kindly, and said:

"Miss Jo, you must have a vacation for a week or so; this hot weather in the country will do you good, and you can work the better on your return."

So I thank him, thinking sadly that no trip to the country can make me happy now; that I am henceforth only to woman's undisputed legacy, tears, and longing after the love and appreciation she will not receive.

The big-hearted manager of the road, who is acquainted with me, has given me a pass to St. Paul and return. I care little which way I go, and have selected this route because it passes through the town where Fred Langley lives. Though I half despise him for his fickleness, still I have a woman's curiosity to ride through this city, even though I only catch a glimpse of his office window.

I get a brown poplin traveling suit. I find that old maids generally wear a brown poplin, and the older they get the more colors they wear, especially scarlet. I have always hated red. I cannot see my way clear, just yet, to putting it on my hat, so I get a more youthful bunch of blush rosebuds.

One hot, bright July day I set out on my lonely trip; once seated in the train by the open window, my spirits rise, for I always did love to ride in the cars; there is a pleasant rush and excitement about them that pleases me; we are flying so fast, through white towns and over bridges and out into the vast Wisconsin prairies, not smooth and rolling like those of Illinois and Iowa, but rough and rugged thickets, with little cabins set down here and there like birds' nests in the grass; flocks of ragged children troop out of these and stare at the passengers—the dear little dirty creatures! What an inventory they take of my Milwaukee hat and my dusty suit! Here is a field starred with swamp lilies, scarlet lobelias and wild asters. How I long to get out and gather them.

I see by the towns on my ticket, and know by the warning whistle, that we are within a mile of Fred's home. The big manufacturing town is already in sight; the sand and sawdust and coal smoke are flying. Of course I have my head and shoulders out of the window, with my eyes and mouth full of cinders, and gaping wildly about me.

The train grates, jars and stops. The usual amount of women with boxes, budgets and parasols bundle off the train. The teachers' association is held here this week, and a tribe of lank, sharp-nosed, hungry-faced women get off also, teacher written all over them, from their ugly hats to their ugly shoes.

Can I believe my eyes? Who is it that steps up and shakes hands with two of the lankiest, most wizened old maids of them all, but my Fred, with a smile as sweet as the morning; takes their satchels and shawls and turns to the lady with him, whom I know, by the elegance of her dress and a certain high-bred sweetness about her, is his sister. The oldest old maid says:

"So kind in you, Mr. Langley, to meet us! We would have been so bewildered in this place. So good in you to take so much trouble."

"No trouble—most happy;" but he says it rather languidly.

He glances up at my window, and in spite of cinders and soot, my caved-in hat, my hair all flying, and my face burning like live coals, he knows me and drops the parcels.

"Take the shawls a moment, sis," I hear him say, and in another second he is on the train, leaning over the seat, asking me a dozen questions in a breath.

"I am going to St. Paul," is all I have time to answer; and he whispers, "Good-by, Mignon; I will see you again;" and he is off the car as the bell begins to ring.

I catch one more glimpse of him as the train moves off, helping his sister and the old maids with their satchels into the carriage; I see him take the front seat beside the one with red poppies in her bonnet, touch the reins, and the horses are off like birds. How I envy that old maid, though she has a wart on her nose and looks like a last year's mullein stalk.

Something gets into my throat and chokes me, and I refuse the orange the man in the next seat with the big beard offers me. Something chokes me all the way to St. Paul. It may be the green peach I have eaten; but I think it is that old maid.

Why did I let him speak so familiarly and call me Mignon, his old name for me? Why did I not pull my hand away?

I busy myself with such thoughts as these until we have crossed the boundary line, and have entered Minnesota; here the scenery gets wilder and wilder, the broad Mississippi winds lazily along at the foot of its tall bluffs, with trees toppling uncomfortably along their steep sides; close to the car windows great walls of rock rise, oh, so high in air. The train balances dizzily along like a rope-walker over a high rock, where it seems as if the least jar would send us down, down, I dare not think how far.

I ride along in a sort of mist until we reach St. Paul. What a queer, elevated town it is, as if every house in it had climbed up and sat on the hill. I get out in a pouring rain, greatly to the detriment of my bonnet. I stop at one of the grandest hotels there—the Metropolitan—and say to myself, spitefully:

"I will enjoy myself, though I starve the rest of the year."

Rather a dreary magnificence, however, for I get tired the first day wandering up and down the parlors and long halls. I grow restless the second day and want to go home. As to Minnehaha Falls, what a baby falls to come so far to see! I grow so tired of the strange faces that by the third day my brilliant summer debut is getting to be unbearable, when a boy brings up a card with Fred Langley's name engraved on it. I try not to make indecent haste down into the parlor, but somehow my feet will take two steps at a time.

Fred is there with an open letter in a pink envelope in his hand, which I see by close scrutiny is my poor old letter, written a year ago, telling him about my sisters.

The sight of it angers me beyond expression. I snatch at it fiercely. Fred holds the letter out of my reach and catches me in his arms instead, bestowing upon me some of the old-time kisses, whose unforgotten sweetness I had trained myself to believe I should never feel again.

"Did you think me so mean, sordid, unmanly?" he asked, "as not to answer your letter? It was lost and never found until yesterday, and I came as soon as the train would fetch me to answer it in person."

I ask no question; I only lay my weary head down on his shoulder and cry out my overburdened heart on his bosom.

It is not until afternoon, when we are driving in a nice carriage to Minnehaha Springs, near Minneapolis, the noise of St. Anthony's Falls on my ears, that I venture to say:

"How in the world did you lose that letter?"

"Well, you see, sister took it from the postman and put it on the high mantel, where it slipped away against the wall, and she forgot all about it, and, being a bit of a woman like yourself, she never noticed the edge of it above the mantel, nor anyone else, until this week two rather oldish lady teachers came to spend a few days with us, and one of them, while looking for knick-knacks on this shelf, discovered and brought to light your letter."

"Did she have red poppies in her bonnet and a wart on her nose?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes, on the whole, I believe she had."

Heaven bless that old maid!—Waverley.

### Cleverness.

"What's a clever joke?"

"One that makes you laugh when you know absolutely there is nothing to it."—Judge.

Say to the average girl: "Why, look at your face!" and she will reply: "Have I got too much on?"

## GATHERING THE HERBS.

### Maine Boasts Abundance of Old-Fashioned Home Remedies.

August is the month when our very good and very healthy and very long-lived grandmothers used to go forth to the stubblefields, the swamps and the woods and pastures and collect various simple and approved herbs, and, having dried them in the shade, stowed them away to be brought out and used in sickness. It is hard to make a complete list—there are so many of them, says the Bangor News.

Of the herbs used for "driving diseases," the commonest and most approved was pennyroyal, which grows in open and nearly bare spaces among old fields and which can be discovered by its smell as well as by its pungent taste and its small blue blossoms. Near the brooks one can find spearmint in nearly every country town and many places there is peppermint as well. Catnip is harder to discover, though it has escaped from cultivation and grows wild about many old homes. Goldthread roots are dug from dry cradleknolls and dried for canker and sore throat. The broad leaves of burdock are dried and put away for making foot plasters for such as have bad colds. Thoroughwort is culled from mucky swamps and dried, to be steeped later on and given to those who have had coughs.

Lobelia, which is found among open pastures and which may be distinguished by its fat seedpods and its tobacco-like taste, is put by for making poultices and for bathing of swollen limbs. Wintergreen, which shows its thick and shiny leaves among evergreen woods, is collected to be steeped for colds and canker. Our old friend smartweed is pulled from the back yard and saved for putting in hot water when one has his feet soaked. The blossoms of mayweed are taken as a substitute for saffron and for raising rude blisters on affected limbs or chests. The leaves of the checkerberry and of the Labrador bush are added to the collection for making of warming and soothing teas. Great fat chokecherries are picked and placed in bottles with new rum and kept on hand in case a member of the family has pains in the stomach.

## PRAISE, BUT QUALIFIED.

Old Lady Hanson soon discovered that her pretty granddaughter Margaret had been brought up with a great deal of petting, and what Old Lady Hanson considered a lamentable absence of New England discipline.

"'Praise to the face is open disgrace,' I tell her," said the old lady, not long after Margaret had come to spend the summer with her. "But I guess I can counteract some of it," she added to the neighbor who was her closest friend, and sympathized fully with her point of view.

Margaret was at first amazed, then indignant, and at last somewhat hurt by the old lady's way of treating her; then as she grew fonder of her grandmother, in spite of the lack of the praise to which she had been accustomed, she determined to merit the old lady's approval for something, and win her commendation.

"It's no use being able to sing or play or look pretty," said Margaret to herself. "I must show New England housewifeliness to please grandmother."

So during the long summer she learned to sweep and cook, and even to wash and iron the shirtwaists in which her grandmother grimly acknowledged in the recesses of her soul "the child looked altogether too pretty." And at last a day came when, the old lady having gone off for a little visit, Margaret proudly swept, dusted and set to rights the entire house.

"I believe she'll have to praise me," the girl said to herself, as she sat, proud but tired, waiting the old lady's return. "I'm sure everything is clean and back just where it was. She'd know if a single chair or mat was misplaced."

When old Lady Hanson came and Margaret joyfully announced her triumph, the grandmother could not suppress a gratified smile.

"You've been a smart girl," she said, cordially, "a real smart girl." Then she looked at Margaret, and remembering her own principles, looked about for a straw to which they might cling.

"I—I've always had 'Pilgrim's Progress' on top of 'Willis' Poems,' not underneath 'em," she said, with surprising mildness; "but of course I can't expect you're going to get everything right the first time."

### Taxpayers' Praise.

"They say he's a remarkably successful criminal lawyer."

"That's right. He's great. Why he's saved us the expense of a new jail for the last four years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Too Much Study.

After examining 16,000 school children, three German medical experts have urged the abolition of afternoon lessons on the ground that they exhaust the vitality of the scholars.