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At Eventide.

Peace, weary mind! Thou hast grown tired of roaming
O'er the far moorland and the sighing sea;
Through the gray dusk the angel of the gloaming
Comes with its message and its peace for thee.

All the long day the children have been straying
In the bright meadows, by the running streams;
Now they return awearied from their playing
Home to their mothers and to the land of dreams.

All the long day the lark was singing praises
Far from the tumult of the smoky town;
All the long day the lambs were 'mid the daisies,
All the long day the sheep were on the down.

Soon in the fold the lambkins will be sleeping,
Soon in the dusk the lark will dream of morn,
Breathing of peace, the rivulet is creeping
Through the shut lilies and the budded thorn.

I have been wearied also with my longing—
Wearied with hopes for what I could not win
Wearied with doubts and cravings that were thronging
Thro' the dim gate where faith should enter in.

Now in the eventide, while stars are burning
In the gray chancel of the twilight sky—
While the young lambs and children are returning
Home to their resting-place—why should not I?

Tired of my solitary, willful roaming
O'er the sad moorland, by the sighing sea,
Father, I hasten, through the silver gloaming,
Back, like the prodigal of yore, to Thee.

—Arlo Bates, Salmon in Good Words.

HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"You've come, have you?" said my mother-in-law, in a deep voice, as she stood on the threshold, grimly surveying me with eyes that shone like hard, greenish-blue gooseberries behind her spectacles. For such modern trifles as eye-glasses were as unsuited to my mother-in-law's fine Roman nose as a point-lace collar would be to the Venus di Milo. I could feel her glances penetrate to the very marrow of my bones; and yet I contrived to keep a bold front, as I stood facing her.

It was rather a curious complication. My mother-in-law had not the least idea who I was. I had cheerfully intended to take her by surprise; but now that the eventful moment had arrived, my courage, like that of Bob Acres, as Jefferson shows him, was oozing out at the ends of my fingers.

My name is Richard Dalton. I was then just 21, with a face that was not absolutely ugly, a sublime audacity and pockets not particularly well-lined, and I had just distinguished myself by running away with a pretty girl from boarding-school.

"But, Dick," she had remonstrated, "we've nothing to live on."

"Don't be a goose, darling," had been my reply. "What do people need to live on? All the wants of this world, more or less, are factitious. A crust of bread and a glass of water three times a day, and now and then a suit of clothes—we must be poor, indeed, if we can't manage to compass that."

Nettie had looked admiringly upon me, and acquiesced in my argument. We had taken board at the Angel Hill Hotel, and began our honeymoon royally. At the end of a month, mine host had become a little importunate on the subject of his bill, and Nettie's mother had written a letter to her, signifying that she wanted nothing whatever to do with us. We had made our own bed, she signified, and now we might lie on it.

"Oh, Dick," cried Nettie, clasping her hands, "what are we to do?"

"Hanged if I know!" was my rather blank response. "But don't cry, darling. I'll go and see her myself."

"You, Dick!"

"I, myself."

"She'll have nothing to say to you."

"She can't help herself."

"She'll turn you out of doors."

"We'll see about that."

"But, Dick, you don't know—you can't have any idea—how terrible she is," sighed Nettie.

"St. George conquered the dragon, my love," I asserted, cheerfully, "and I mean to conquer your mother! So pack my valise, there's a darling, and I'll be off before the landlord comes back from Boston!"

"But, Dick, if he's troublesome, what can I say to him?" appealed poor little frightened Nettie.

"Tell him I've gone out of town, and shall be back in a few days," said I confidently.

But, valiantly as I spoke, my mental sensations by no means corresponded with this bold part. I was beginning dimly to realize what a very unwise step I had taken, and also persuaded poor Nettie to take. And I was secretly making up my mind that if Nettie's mother refused to receive us, I would ship myself off to sea as second mate or third purser, or something of that sort, send my advance wages to my poor little wife, and commence the world over again in this irregular fashion.

But when I walked resolutely up to my mother-in-law's door, she greeted me as if I had been expected for the last week or so.

"You've come, have you?" was the salutation.

"Well, yes," I admitted, "I've come."

"What on earth detained you?" said she.

In my mind I cast about what to say, and settled on the first convient excuse that came into my head.

"The train was delayed at Bogletown," said I.

"Well, come in, now that you're here," said she, "and get warm. It's awful cold weather for this time o' year, isn't it?"

"Kinder," said I, with an assenting nod.

"Let me see," said my mother-in-law, as she took a steaming platter of ham and eggs out of the oven and lifted a shining coffee-pot from the stove. "How old are you?"

"One-and-twenty," said I.

"Do you think," said she, pensively feeling of her chin, "that you are able to take care of the place? There's a deal to do, you know, on a farm like this. Do you think you're up to the work?"

"Of course I think so," said I, wondering what on earth my mother-in-law meant.

"You are married, I suppose?" said she.

"Oh, yes," said I, swallowing the hot coffee and winking my eyes very hard, "I'm married."

"Can your wife make herself generally useful about the place?" sharply demanded the old lady.

"Certainly she can," said I, beginning vaguely to see my way through the mists of perplexity that had heretofore obscured my brain.

"How old is she?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Eighteen," I answered.

Mrs. Martin frowned.

"What does possess girls to get married nowadays," said she, "before they've left off dolls and patchwork?"

I looked thoughtfully down at the pattern of my plate—a pink Chinaman crossing a carmine bridge, with two very red willows drooping at the far end of it, and some impossible streaks of water below—and made no direct answer. My mother-in-law was doubtless laboring under a missapprehension, but I did not exactly see that it was my business to set her right. She had evidently engaged a hired man, and took it for granted that I was the personage in question.

"What can you do?" she asked abruptly. And with equal curtness I responded:

"Anything."

"Come, I like that," said my mother-in-law, rubbing her hands. "At least you are not afraid of work. Do you understand cows and horses?"

"Well—not much," I owned. "There were no cattle at my last place." (Which was very true, for I had been a clerk in a bank at $300 a year.) "But I have not the least doubt that I could soon learn, if you would kindly show me what is expected of me."

"Can you cut wood?" she asked.

"Certainly," said I, reflecting to myself that any fool might do that.

She asked one or two questions more, which I answered with the blind fatuity which attends youth and confidence. She seemed pleased with my willingness to undertake anything and everything.

"And now about wages," she said briskly. "What will you ask—for your own services and those of your wife—by the month?"

I fitted the tips of my fingers reflectively together.

"As we are both rather inexperienced," said I, "we'll agree to work the first month for our board. After that you shall pay us what you think we are both worth."

"Hum—hum!" said my mother-in-law. "That's a sensible proposition—a very sensible one, indeed. Well, send for the young woman at once. In the meantime I'll show you over the place and explain to you the nature of your duties."

So I hired myself out to my mother-in-law as farm hand, without further ceremony, and immediately wrote and posted a letter to Nettie. On my return from the post office I met a burly young man meditating at a spot where four roads meet.

"Can you tell me, sir," said he "where Mrs. Abel Martin lives?"

"Oh yes, sir; I can tell you." I responded affably. "But if you're looking for the situation of hired man I may as well tell you that it's filled.

The burly young man made some remarks, indicative, in a general way, of his opinion of the fickleness of womankind and departed, while I returned rejoicing to the old farmhouse.

"Here's a very nice beginning," said I to myself. "It is now my business to give as much satisfaction as possible."

Fortune favored me, in more ways than one. My mother-in-law sprained her ankle on the second day, and I played cook as well as man-of-all-work with distinguished success, and I had the satisfaction of hearing her say to old Miss Priscilla Perkins that "she didn't know when she'd taken such a notion to any one as she had to the new hired man!"

"He's too young and good-looking to suit me," observed Miss Priscilla pursing up her steel-trap of a mouth.

"He is good-looking, ain't he?" said my mother-in-law. "But he's dreadful handy about the house, and he ain't one bit afraid of work. And you'd ought to have seen the oysters he stewed for my supper last night, and the cup of tea he made. Why, I don't miss Jemima Stiles one bit. If only Nettie could have stayed single till she met such a man as this!"

I smiled to myself as I laid out the kindlings for the breakfast fire. My accomplishments as "Jack-of-all-trades" had never done me much good before. But now they were certainly winning me some credit in the world.

At the end of the third day she had told me the whole story of her daughter's runaway match with "a good-for-nothing young city chap." On the fourth day she had consulted with me as to whether it was better to put the forty-acre lot into oats or rye, and I had won her heart by taking to pieces the old hall-clock, which had not gone for ten years, and restoring it to running order once again.

And on the evening of the same day Nettie arrived, all blushing and trembling.

"Oh, Dick," said she, "is she very angry?"

"My dear," said I, "she hasn't an idea who I am."

"But, Dick—"

"No 'buts,' my darling," said I cheerfully. "Let us be Julius Cæsar over again. 'We come; we see; we conquer.'"

And I dragged my unwilling little wife into the back room, where my mother-in-law lay on a sofa, nursing her ankle.

"Here's my wife, ma'am," said I, "and I hope she'll give satisfaction."

Mrs. Martin jumped up, spite of the wounded ankle.

"Nettie!" she cried, in blank amazement.

"Oh, mother, mother!" faltered Nettie, throwing both hands around the old lady's neck, "please forgive me this time, and I'll never, never elope again."

"Please, ma'am, we'll be good," added I.

And my mother-in-law relented on the spot. How could she do otherwise?

"Henrietta," said she, "you've been a naughty girl—there's no denying that. But your husband seems a handy man about the house, and I'm tired of living here alone. So take off your things and go to work getting supper. As for you, Richard—"

"Yes, ma'am, I know," said I. "I've been playing a double part and deceived you all along. But I wanted you to like me—and you know," I added, "all is fair in love and war."

"Well, I do like you a little," admitted my mother-in-law." And now that I have seen you, Dick, I don't so much wonder at the way Nettie behaved."

After that, she never scolded us any more. And I honestly believe that this is the only case on record in which a mother-in-law was conquered in so brief a campaign. Nettie says she don't know how I did it. In fact, I don't quite know myself.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

BOYISH PRANKS.

Interesting Incidents Related by Cardinal Manning.

In the course of an interview which the late Cardinal Manning had to endure at the hands of a *Strand Magazine* reporter the old prelate referred to his boyhood days as follows: "Well, if you want me to talk nonsense I will say that it is a long way back to remember, for I am 83, but I spent my childhood at Totteridge. A boy at Coombe bank, Christopher Wadsworth, late bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wadsworth, bishop of St. Andrew's, were my playfellows. I frankly admit I was very mischievous. The two Wadsworths and I conceived the wicked intentions of robbing the vinery. The door was always kept locked, and there was nothing for it but to enter through the roof. There was a dinner party that day, but there were no grapes. This is probably the only case on record where three future bishops were guilty of larceny. Were we punished? No, we were discreet. We gave ourselves up and were forgiven.

"I was always fond of riding, shooting, boating and cricketing. I well remember that with the first shot from my gun I killed a hare. That shot was nearly the means of preventing me from ever becoming 83. My father's gamekeeper was with me at the time, and he was a very tall, heavy fellow, with a tremendous hand. When he saw the hare fall he brought that same huge hand down on my back with all his might and a hearty 'Well done, Master Henry.' His enthusiasm nearly knocked me out of the world. My shooting inclinations, however, once nearly ruined the family coach—in those days, you know, we used to have great, cumbersome, uncomfortable vehicles. I had a battery of cannons, and my first target was the coach-house door. One of these formidable weapons carried a fairly weighty bullet. Well, I hit the door—the bullet went clean through and nearly smashed the panel of the coach."

AN AGE OF ABBREVIATIONS.

It Causes the Tall Man to Sigh, but the Short Man Coughed.

"This," said the tall man contemplatively, "appears to be, at least so far as New York city is concerned, an age of abbreviations. Everything is abbreviated, even time, and I may say that is the case especially in the payment of notes—the time is always too short."

"May I ask," said the short man, "what has suggested to you this trend of thought?" "That," said the tall man, and he pointed to the advertisement of a theater on which, after the names of the play and the star, was this mysterious announcement: "Ev'gs. Mats. Wed. Sat." "There," went on the tall man, "is a sample of one style of abbreviations. I can not but think that that advertisement must be a source of weariness to the foreigner who is studying our language and who attempts, as all of them do, to read the signs as he walks along the street. How in the world is he to know that it means that performances are given in the evening and at Wednesday and Saturday matinees? It certainly does not say so."

"That's so," said the short man. "At the opera one night, I remember, a countryman and his wife sat behind me. The names of the ballet dancers were printed on the bill as 'Mlle.' So and So and 'Mlle.' So and So. The countryman, after reading the bill says to his wife: '"This is funny, Mary; the front names of all these gals is Milly."'

"Yes," said the tall man. "It's very misleading. But it's not only words that are abbreviated. Nearly everything is abbreviated. Take the patience of my landlord, for instance; that is abbreviated. And I was pained to notice this morning that the trousers of my youngest son are abbreviated. Everything, in fact, seems to be abbreviated, except my appetite." He sighed. "Cheer up," said the short man. "I'll cough."

They rose from their seats in the lobby of the hotel and walked toward the doors on one of which was the word "Pull" and on the other the word "Push." With one accord they pushed on the pull door and then pulled on the push door. Both swore, tried it again, succeeded, and disappeared.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Only a Fly.

He rushed out before the irate magistrate could fine him for contempt.

"Do you know what the difficulty with Regensberger was to-day?" asked one of his friends of the judge after court had adjourned.

"No. Must be mad, or ill, or in love," returned the judge.

"No. Tell me, you did not wear your cap to-day?"

"Forgot it, and the flies kept worrying me all day."

"Well," said the friend, "that was what 'broke up Regensberger. Whenever you shook your head to dislodge a fly he imagined you were denying his objections."—*The Wave.*

Blotting paper is made of cotton rags boiled in soda.

Visitor—"May I consult the files of your paper for a week back?" Fresh clerk—"Certainly; only I'd advise you to use a porous plaster."—*Life.*