## Sunny Bank Farm

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**建筑大学、1997年以外,中华市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市市** 

CHAPTER VIII.

he ought to be ashamed to annoy me as slightest suspicion. he did; and dropping a few hints to Mrs. Thompson, who now tried to restrain her son, so that after the party hostilities in that quarter nearly ceased. But the ball was in motion, and could not well that has sensours had learned nothing To all these necessarions I plend guilty: and where Mr. Handell one day proposed better." though there was a tremor in my voice as I thought how the people of ly divined my thoughts, for be quickly rejoined, "The weather is gettin" so hot that the youngsters need a vacation. Mebby, in the fall, when it is cooler, we shall have you back."

And so it was settled that school should close the next week on Satur-When the time came around Dr. Clayton came to say good-by, and when he left me he placed on my hand at parting a little gold ring, on which was inscribed simply, "Rosa."

"It was the gift of friendship," he said, "nothing more;" and he wished me to wear it "for the sake of the few pleasant hours we had spent together.'

I suppose it was wrong in me to ac-I thought so then, but I sould not refuse it; and remembering the fate of the one sent by Herbert Langley to Anna, I resolved upon keeping it a secret, and wearing it when I was alone. For a long time I sat in the deserted school room, while the damp air came through the open window; nor was I reminded of the lapse of time until it began to grow dark around me; then hastily throwing on my things, I started for Mr. Rundail's, wetting my feet, for I had no rubbers with me. As the result of this, when I awoke next morning I was conscious of a pain in my head, a soreness in my throat, and an aching of my back, unexpected as it was disagreeable I had taken a violent cold. At night, when my father come for me, I was almost too weak to stand alone; but the excitement of riding imparted to me an artificial strength, which wholly deserted me the moment I reached bome, and for many days I kept my bed, attended by Dr. Clayton, who accidentally heard of my illness, and who came daily to Grandma asked him how he accounted for my rapid pulse and flushed cheeks, and he very gravely replied that "possibly my heart might be affectedthe symptom seemed much like it," adding, as he saw the look of concern on grandma's face. "but I think I can cure that, don't you, Rosa?" turning to me, and taking my hand to see how fast my

After this grandma made no further objections to his visits. "If Rosa had he ought to do so.

But alas! for the heart disease which feeds upon the smile of one who, when advanced toward me, holding to view a sure that he holds it in his grasp, casts it from him, as children do a long-cover ed toy of which they have grown weary.

Alas, for thee, Rosa! A few miles to the southward, and the same sun which now shines softly on you, looks in through a richly curtained window, and its golden rays fall on the queenly form of your who, with a look of exultation on her finely cast features, listens to the words she has long watted to hear, and which have now been spoken; while he, of whom you dream, bends gently over her, his own-his betrothed! And still, in the very moment of his triumph, there comes up before him a pale, childish face, which, with its dreamy eyes of bine, looks reproachfully upon him. But pride and ambition weave together a veil high hides the image from his view. bidding him forget that any other save the peerless Dell e'er stirred the fountain of his love.

Would it be well for us always to know what is passing in the minds of our friends, whether present or absent? transpired she would not have darted away so quickly as she did, when told that Dr. Clayton was coming through the gate one afternoon. Taking from its hiding place the ring-his gift-she placed it upon her finger, and with heightened color went down to greet the doctor, who had come to make his farewell visit -for four weeks from that night Dell he debated the propriety of seeing Rosa again, conscience bidding him leave her sione, while inclination clamored loudly more walk by moonlight, one more look into her childish face, and then he would lenve her forever; never again suffering a thought of her to come between him and the bride of his choice.

And for this purpose he had come; but when he saw how joyfully Rosa met him, and how the bloom deepened on her usu-ally pule checks, his heart misgave him, and for the first time he began to real-ize the wrong he had done her. But it was now too late to remedy it, he in a walk down the green lane, to the

had it in his mind to tell her, but if so, Whether Dr. Chiyron cared for one or be found himself unequal to the task, and not, he exerted his influence in my be he left her without a word of the com-half, planty telling John Thompson that ing events, of which she had not the

CHAPTER IX.

Although Sunny Bank and Pine District were distant from each other only four or five miles, there was between the be stooped for what the Thompsons now two neighborhoods but little communi-lacked the sist of the district made up, cation; and this, added to the fact that It was to pereral impression, I believe, Aunt Sally Wright was confined to her bed, was undoubtedly the reason why save a few pieces of poetry, and that I the news of the approaching nuptials had done porking but whip, scold and cry. did not reach us until the week before the time appointed for them to take place. It was a warm, sultry day in July that to me to bring my labors to a close, I Aunt Sally, who was now convalescent. sent us word that she would visit us that afternoon; the little girl who brought the message adding that "Miss Wright said Sunny Bonk would laugh. Mr. Randall Miss Lee needn't put herself out an atom, as she wasn't a bit particular what she ett."

About one o'clock she came, talkstive and full of news as ever. I was suffering from a severe hendache, which during the morning had kept me confined to the bed; but knowing how much Aunt Sally would have to tell, and feeling curious to hear it all, I went down to the sitting room, where her first exclamation was, "Now do tell, what makes you look so down in the mouth? But law; it's no wonder, seein' you've lost the doctor slick

A dim foreshadowing of the truth came over me; but with a strong effort I controlled my feelings, and in a very in-different manner asked her what she

meant. "Now I'll give up," said she, "if you in't heerd on't. Why, it's in everyhain't heerd on't. Why, it's in every-body's mouth. They are to be married next Thursday night at nine o'clock; and the dress is white satin, with a veil that comes most to the floor.'

"Who is to be married?" asked Anna, engerly, her interest all awakened by the mention of white satin and lace veils.

"Why, Dr. Clayton and Dell Thompon," returned Aunt Sally. "They was published last Sunday; Andy Slosson see it himself and told me. They are goin' first out to York State, to see them great Falls, and then they are goin' to live in Boston, boardin' at some o' them big taverns; and Dell has got six bran'-new gowns a-purpose to wear to breakfast. But goodness alive! look at Rosa!" she continued, pointing toward me, who, weary and faint, had lain my head upon the window stool.

"She's got the sick headache," said Anna, while Lizzie, with a delicate tact, for which in my heart I blessed her, came up to me, saying, "I don't believe you are able to sit up; I'd go to bed."

Glad of any excuse to be alone, I left the room, going to my chamber, where I wept myself to sleep. When I awoke the sun had set, but I heard the voices of the family below, and once, when I thought I caught the sound of Dr. Clayton's name, I involuntarily stopped my ears to shut out the sound. A moment the heart disease, and he could cure it, after, the door of my room was softly opened, and Carrie came stealing in on tiptoe. Learning that I was awake, she note, which she said had been left there for me by Captain Thompson's hired man, and was an invitation to the wed-It was still sufficiently light for me to see, and leaning upon my elbow, I in its place, he asked, "Where do they live?"
would be "at home" from eight to eleven "On a back street, some distance from on the evening of the 25th, while in the corner were the names of "Dr. Clayton and Dell Thompson."

There was no longer a shadow of hope -it was all true, and he had insulted me with an invita in to witness his marriage with another. I did not know then, as I afterward did, that the invitation was purposely sent by Dell to headache in my anger, but ere long it returned in all its force, and if the next day my headache continued with unabated severity, it was not without a sufficient cause, for sleepless nights are seldom conducive to one's health. course I did not attend the wedding. which was said to have been a brilliant affair, the bride and the table looking rumored, was pale and nervous, making the responses in a scarcely audible tone

The next morning, between eight and nine o'clock, as I was on my way to school. I met the traveling carriage Captain Thompson, which was taking the newly married couple to the depot. with his arm partly around his bride, was the doctor. My first impulse was not to look at them, but this act pride forbid, and very civilly I returned the nod of Dell and the polite bow of the doctor, whose face turned crimson when he saw me. A moment more, and a turn of the road hid them from my view; then seating myself upon a large flat stone beneath play house built by my own hands only the autumn before, I cried out loud, thinking myself the most wretched of be I sm able to judge, I was taking my 5rst toothache, very disagreeable while it lasts. At least I found it so, and for I pined away with a kind of sentimental melancholy, which now appears to me wholly foolish and ridiculous.

Somehow I got the impression that my Somehow I got the impression that my heart was all broken to pieces; and this fact satisfactorily settled. I began to take a melancholy pleasura in broading over my early death, and thisking how Dr. Clayton would feel when he heard the sad news. Almost every week I was weighed, feeling each time a good deal chaprined to find that I was not losing feels as fast as a person in a decline would naturally do. In this state of affacts. I one day came across a little

newspapers, and some day I might per- cause Rosa's uncle lived on haps be able to make a book.

pills, powders and skeleton, which some called his "'natomy," while Dell packed up her six morning gowns with hosts of other finery, and then one day in August they started for Boston, where the doctor hoped for a wider field of labor, fully expecting to be aided by the powerful influence of Mr. Marshall, his wife's uncle, whose high station in the city he never once doubted. For this opinion he had, as the world goes, some wellfounded reasons; for not only did Dell-often quote "my aunt Marshall of Boston," but the lads herself also managed to impress the people of Pine District with her superiority over them, and her great importance at home.

It was a dark, rainy night when they arrived, and as it was cold for the sea son, their rooms seemed cheerless and dreary, while, to crown all, the bride of six weeks was undeniably and decidedly out of temper; finding fault with every thing, even to her handsome husband, who fidgeted and fussed, brought her the bottle of hair oil instead of cologue, stepped on her linen traveling dress with his muddy boot, thought of Rosn Lee and wondered if she were ever cross, and asked Dell how old her grandmother was, received for an answer. "I don't know and I don't care;" after which he went downstairs until informed that supper was ready. Eat all alone, Dell refusing to go down-found her in tears on returning to his room, was told that she was "homesick, and wished she'd never come." He began to wish so, too, but said "she'd feel better by and by. for an hour or more cross-legged, listening to the rain, and wondering if there was a cure for nervousness; finally went to bed and dreamed of Rosa Lee and the moonlit night when they sat under the

old oak tree and of the little gold ring. The next morning Mrs. Dr. Clayton was all smiles, and when, with her handsome eyes, shining hair, and tasteful wrapper, she descended to the breakfast she attracted much attention. Nothing of this escaped the doctor, and with a glow of pride he forgot the vexutions of the night previous, for well he knew that the little plain-faced Rosa could not compare with the splendid woman at his side. Breakfast being over, he ventured to suggest the possibility of their soon receiving a call from her aunt; but Dell hastily replied that such a thing was hardly probable, as her aunt had her own affairs to attend to, and

would not trouble herself about them. "I don't know where you got the idea that Uncle Marshall is such a great man -not from me, certainly," she said. But got it you have, and it's time you knew the truth. He is a good, honest man, I dare say, and respectable, too; but he is not one of the ton, by any means. Why, he's nothing more nor less than a tailor, and earns his bread from day to day."

"But his wife," interrupted the doctor, how happens it that she suports such

style?" "Oh, that's easily accounted for," re-turned Dell. "They have no childrenshe is fond of dress, and spends all she can get for that purpose. She was an apprentice girl and learned her trade in my uncle's shop, and it is said sometimes helps him now when he is pressed hard." "Why did you never tell me this before?" asked the doctor, his brow grow-

not for my relations." "And why should I tell you?" answered Dell. "What did I suppose you cared whether he were a prince or a tailor?

not for my relations. #" the answer which sprung to his lips, and which was far better to be unuttered; so,

"On a back street, some distance from here," said Dell; adding that their house, though small, was pleasant and nearly "It is well enough in the country to have a city aunt on which to she continued, laugh "but here, where she is known, not intend having much intercourse with her, for a physician and a tailor will, of course, occupy entirely different it first, with a show of politeness, and if you are so disposed, we'll go round

The doctor made no objections. a pleasant little cottage, with a nicely kept yard in front, while the partor was quite tastefully furnished. Mrs. Mar shall herself answered their ring, up pearing greatly surprised when she saw them, but not more so than Dr. Clayton. who would never have recognized the dashing lady of Pine District in the plainlooking woman who, in a cheap calico wrapper, unbrushed hair and checked And yet he could not help thinking her far more agreeable than he had ever seen Marshall was one of those weak-minded women who, being nothing at home, strove to make amends by "making be lieve" abroad." After the first flutter of meeting the doctor was over, she set about entertaining them to the best of her ability, inviting them to stay with her to dinner, and urging as an inducement that she was going to have "peacaes and cream for dessert." But Dell rather haughtily declined, whereupon her aunt asked. "When she would come cound and spend the day?" saying, "she must do so before long, or they might not be in that house."

"Not be in this house! Why not?" asked Dell; and Mrs. Marshall replied, Why, you know, we have always rented of Mr. Lee, and he talks of selling it He has a brother in Sunny Bank whom you may know."

'Is he wealthy?' asked the doctor. "Why, ye-es, I suppose so," said Mrs. Marshall, hesitatingly, as if unwilling to ives in a big house on Beacon street keeps his carriage—and they say the curtains in the front parlor cost a thou-

Here she cast a deprecating glanes to-Soon after, the newly married pair arose to go, the doctor feeling, in spite of him-self, a little uncomfortable, though at what he hardly knew; for he would not

street, and sported curtains which cost a thousand dollars. This did not in the The bridal party returned from the least affect Dell. She was his wife, and Falls, and after spending a week or as such he would love and cherish her, more at Captain Thompson's, the doctor ministering as far as possible to her more at Captain Thompson's, the doctor ministering as far as possible to her took down his sign, boxed up his books, wants, and overlooking the faults which he knew she possessed. Thus reasoned his better nature as he rode home, unconscious that the object of his thoughts was at that very moment misconstraing his silence into disappointment, and writ-

ing against him bitter things in her heart. It was a peculiarity of Dell's to get angry when people least expected it, and then to sulk until such time as she saw fit to be terracious; so when they reached the hotel her pent-up wrath exploded; and, in angry tones, she accused him of feeling sorry that he had married her, because her uncle didn't prove to be a great man as he had supposed. (To be continued.)

UNIVERSITY STATISTICS, 1902.

Columbia Leads All the Rest in Num bers, with Harvard Second.

Science prints a detailed table giving the names of eighteen American universities and under each name the number of its students, who were, in November, 1902, pursuing studies in arts, science, law, medicine, agriculture, fine art, dentistry, divinity, forestry, music, pharmacy, pedagogy, veterinary art, in graduate work, in summer schools and in special courses for teachers. From this very instructive

table the following excerpt is made:

	1:00:01	CLEUGHUCE	
College.	students.	students.	Fac
California		172	308
Chicago	4.296	427	339
Columbia	5,352	513	504
Cornell	3,281	188	421
Harvard		314	533
Indiana		61	62
Johns Hopki		179	147
Stanford		81	120
Michigan	3.764	79	253
Minnesota	3,505	160	280
Missouri		53	91
Nebraska		108	173
Northwestern		46	280
Pennsylvania		187	274
Princeton	1.345	93	101
Syracuse		45	170
Wisconsin .		102	188
Ynle		350	3307
			and the

ed out. Their diversities of purpose There are various ways by which the and organization are obvious at n glance, and this is a very hopeful communities.

PAWPAW IS DISAPPEARING. Luscious Fruit Passing Away with

the 'Possum. Soon nothing will remain from the good old times. A Missouri writer is lamenting the gradual disappearance of the pawpaw. "The persimmon is left," he says, "though it is becoming scarcer with each succeeding year. There are possums yet to be found, and quall may be seen in smaller flocks than for-You married me. I hope, for myself, and merly. The typical fruit of Missouri the luscious pawpaw, is fast disappear-The doctor thought of the ten 'hou- ing, along with the red Indian and the buffalo. There are bushes in obscure places, where

rude hand of the iconoclast has not reached, and there are some cultivated pawpaws to be found in gardens here and there. But, speaking generally, the Missouri pawpaw is becoming a thing of yesterday.

"As a State, we have gone from the pawpaw to the banana stage. We buy our fruit at street stands instead of wandering out in the wild wood in the fall time and finding it. We have reached the breakfast food stage of civilization. We eat soft stuff with a spoon, instead of scrambling over the hills and through the briars in search of the forest fruits. What will become of a generation thus brought up, instead of one fed upon persimmons and pawpaws? We fear it will lack from in its blood, strength in its muscles and the ability to stand up alone underneath the blue sky. The pawpaw and the persimmon period passing takes with it the days of the ploneer who worked long hours and played hard, who knew nature and man. The banana age brings in leisure hours and flabby morals and soft silken ways. Alas, that the pawpaw should perish from the earth."

"Watered Stock." The expression "watered stock," which describes so well the expansion of the stock of a company beyond the value of the property, originated, it is said, in connection with Daniel Drew, who was once the wealthlest manipulator in Wall street. Drew had been a drover in his younger days, and it was said of him that before selling his cattle in the market be would first give them large quantities of sait to make them thirsty, and then provide them with all the water they could drink. In this way their weight was greatly increased, and the purchaser was buying "watered stock."-Leslie's Weekly.

Ouite a Streak of Luck. Kitty-I am going to see the new

problem play this evening. Aunt Hannah-I'm surprised, Kitty. They say the play isn't fit for a young

Kitty-Yes. I only heard that to-day. was lucky enough to get tickets, however, for to-night.-Boston Transcript.

Mr. Burton of Kausas. For clearness of articulation there s no United States Senator who can successfully compete with Mr. Burton. of Kansas.

Some people are in



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sess the greater number. A closer woman on the farm can lead an equally happy life if she will make use of fessor in Independent, the advantages within her reach. But therein lies the trouble. The average farmer's wife does not accept the chances for increasing her happiness. One by one she lets them slip past, intent on her many duties. She certainly has to work very hard, doing very often tasks which are beyond her strength; and in doing them, too, in such an uncomplaining way that seldom is her labor appreciated at its real worth. In this way she makes the mistake of thinking that for her life means simply long periods for work and shorter ones for rest. Day after day brings the same monotonous routine, and gradually life narrows down to a circle of never-ending duties, with little pleasure or recreation, not a pleasant prospect, and yet a true one in many cases.

But all this can be changed by means of common sense and determination. Life was never intended to be spent by anyone wholly in toiling. Happiness can be had for the seeking; and very necessary is it for the farmer's wife to seek earnestly for Tables of this sort are interesting in it. She must remember that work is themselves as showing the wonderful not the only duty. There are others numerical growth of institutions, and equally important requiring her attenthey are very instructive when the tion, and among them comes first the ratios of total number of students to enjoyment of as many pleasures as she total number of faculties or to total can obtain; and they can be found in number of graduate students are work- the country as well as in the town. woman on the farm can make her life more joyous. One is by taking good sign. It is very well to insist on uni care of her health and saving herself formity in entrance requirements, but as much as possible. This is her first it is to be ardently desired that the duty to her husband and children, and university experiment may be tried in accomplishing it she needs all the along very various lines in our varying help she can get. There is no reason why there should not be in many farmhouses, where circumstances allow it, modern inventions and laborsaving devices which would materially lighten the housework. The practical farmer prides himself on keeping up with the times in the implements he uses. Then why should not his wife do the same, and thus lengthen her life by years? Let her see to it, then, that attention is persistently called to this matter, until the desired results are se-

> Lastly, there is the virtue of hospitality, which can be practiced on the farm in winter as well as in summer. Why not plan an occasional social boring women over to tea, and have a circumstances. pleasant time together? Only extra work, perhaps, you think, and what good would it do? Ah, much; try the experiment yourself and see.

Like everyone else, however, the woman on the farm must early decide for herself what things in life are really worth living for. She must choose between the trivial and the important, and aim at beautiful simplicity in everything. Many pressing duties may be near at hand, but, taking them in the best way, she will soon realize that they are not the main ends to keep in view, but are only steps in making a happy, cheerful home. For, after all, it is not so much the place where we live, be it town or Funtry; not so much how large or how small the income may be, as it is the cultivation of a sunny disposi- time. No woman ever ran for Mayor tion, a hopeful spirit, which seeks and in Wyoming before. Mrs. Catlin is finds joy everywhere. And in these and in many other blessings the woman on the farm may freely and constantly share, if she will but make an effort to gain and give the best rewards of life-joy and happiness .-Farmers' Advocate.

Why They Don't Marry.

Will it be too much for human credulity if I assert that the woman professor does have love affairs? Although not a statement which can be proved by statistics, I am prepared to stake much upon the universality of its truth. I would add that some of the peculiar features of her social position and of her usual views of life tend to complicate the matrimonial problem as it is presented to her to More than one suitor and I have split upon such rocks as whether in furnishing our home his income (it always seems to be "his") would more properly be expended upon the purchase of a plane or a sewing machine. To descend from metaphor. . . I have not found that ready masculine comprehension which could have wished of my very deepseated, and as I think legitimate, feel ing that it would be an unspeakable sacrifice to exchange the work to which my best efforts and dearest ambitions have been given for a life of pure domesticity merely for the considerably overestimated boon of being supported, no matter how well. . . . To those gentlemen who are at present disquisting themselves over the omentous question wby the higher ducated woman will not marry, per-

May it not be because when her rela-Womankind may be divided into two tions with all men are so agreeable classes; those who live in towns or she hesitates to exchange them for cities, and those who live in the coun- the highly problematical delights of try. Each class has its own peculiar a relation with one? Being the superadvantages, though at first sight it ficial sex, we naturally value more may seem as though the former pos highly the bird in band of congenial interests than the two of a conjugal thought, however, will show that the felicity which is very much in the bush.-Confessions of a Woman Pro-

When Mother Died.

They told me in the night that she was dond. And then I knew from out my life had

All beauty; that thenceforth my pathway In lonely lands; that I should miss the

Of woodland roses and the morning's

For she was my best friend! The words she said In prayer each night beside my trundle

still recall; the pillow then she spread With such a touch that I no more can know!

She sought the smoothest ways for me And her sweet faith brought all the

mountains low! The seeds of kindness that she planted Are blooming now unharmed by frost or snow, By crystal dews from heaven nightly

And when I dwell upon the long ago Her smile to me is bright as was the

To those upon the flood; I miss it so Now when the winds unbridled wildly And rain descended on my defenseless

An Accomplished Girl. A girl's education is most incomplete

unless she has learned:

To cook To mend.

To dress neatly.

To keep a secret. To avoid idleness.

To be self reliant.

To darn stockings. To respect old age.

To make good bread.

To keep a house tidy. To be above gossiping. To make home happy.

To control ber temper.

To take care of the sick. To take care of the baby.

To sweep down cobwebs.

To marry a man for his worth. To take plenty of active exercise

To be a helpmate to her husband.

To keep clear of trashy literature.

To be light-hearted and fleet-footed. To be a womanly woman under all

Woman Candidate Defented. Mrs. Nettle Catlin, who ran for May

or of Hartville, Wyo., stands as a novel figure in politics. Although she was defeated the campaign doubtless will be a precedent

that will be follow-

ed in other Wyom-

women of Hartville, not being

pleased with the

city government,

ing cities.



MRS. CATLIN.

held a caucus and named an independent ticket, with Mrs. Catlin at the head. The race was a close one, but Judge J. J. Hauphauff was re-elected Mayor for the third the wife of Dr. George S. Catlin, a prominent mining man, well known throughout Wyoming and Colorado.

Baby's Thirst and Baby's Veil Give the baby water six times a day. cannot dwell upon this command with too much earnestness. Bables suffer with a thirst that nothing but water can effectually satisfy, and those who have them in their care should see to it that this important fact is never forgotten.

And do not smother the helpless infant in heavy knit face covering. This is a barbaric custom. Make its vell of silk or chiffon selected especially for this purpose, edged with a delicate lace heading, through which baby ribbon is drawn and finished in resettes on each side. These are held to place over the cap with baby pins.

Marriage in Tarkey. The dowry of a Turkish bride is fixed by custom at about \$1.70, which amount, for politic reasons, is seldom departed from, even by the rich. The wedding day is invariably Thursday, and the customary wedding festivities begin on Monday and last four days. They are carried on by men and women separately, and each day is distinguished by a different ceremony. No

spoons or forks or wines are used at

Inkstained Fingers. Dip your fingers into a lemon fre which much of the juice has squeezed, and the ink stains will a ily disappear. It is always best move stains before washing the i

the wedding feast.