Sweet Little Somebody.

Somebody crawis into mamma's bed Just at the break of day, Snuggles up and whisper's loud,
"Somebody's come to stay,"

Somebody rushes through the house, Never once shuts a door, Seatters her playthings all around, Over the nursery fleor.

Climbs on the fence and tears her clothes-Never a bit cares she— Swings on the gate and makes mud pies— Who can semebody be?

Somebody looks with rougish eyes Up through her tangled hair; Somebody's me, she says, "but then "Somebody doesn't care."

Old Folks.

Ah, don't be sorrowful darling, And don't be sorrowful, pray, Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day!

Tis rainy weather, my darling, Time's waves, they heavily run, But taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more cloud than sun!

We are old folks now, my darling,

Our heads they are growing gray, But taking the year all round, my dear, You will always find the May We had our May, my darling,

And our roses, long ago, And the time of the year is coming, my dear, For the ellent night and snow! And God is God, my darling,

Of night as well as day, And we feel and know that we can go Wherever he leads the way. Ay, God of night, my darling-

Of the night of death, so grim; The gate that leads out of life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him. -Alice Carey, in Boston Tra eller.

Out of the Darkness.

Out of the darkness-whence? Into the darkness-whither O for the long suspense, And the searching hither and thither When the silver cord is loosed

And the golden bowl is broken, How is the light diffused That has been, and leaves no token? The sound of a tender strain, The flash of a crystal river-

Then into the never again, Or into the long forever?
Is it life for the living, and naught But death 'neath the sable curtain? Whence is the truth, and what? And where is it clear and certain?

Fear not, for He is there, And the curtain is withdrawn; The truth is bright and fair, And the light streams further on; While over the world's dark strife Sounds a voice of sweet direction—
"I am the way of Life,
I am the Resurrection."

FIDELITY AND LOVE.

"Will you take a sleeper?" the conductor asked and she replied, "Oh no. I cannot afford that."

So he found her a whole seat in the common car, and teiling her that he would speak of her to the new conductor, bade her good-bye, and she was left aloffe.

Very nervously she watched her fellowpassengers as they came hurrying in,men, mostly,-it seemed to her,rough looking men, too, for there had been a horse-race that day at a point on the Harlem road, and they were returning from it. Occasionally some one of them stopped and looked at the girl in black, who sat so straight and still, with her hand bag held down upon the vacant seat beside her as if to keep it intact. But no one offered to take it, and Maude breathed more freely as the crowded train moved slowly from the depot. After a little the new conductor came and spoke to her and looked at her ticket and went out, and then she rocks and hills and mountains, was behind their heads as if receiving a benediction. was really alone. New England with its her. Mother, and John and home were far away, and the lump in her throat grew is answered," Max said, and Dick rejoined, larger and there crept over her such a sense would have cried outright if she dared to. There were only six women in the car besides herself. All the rest were wolves; she felt sure of that, they talked and stranger on the boat, she thought, wonder. ing who he was and where he had gone. How pleasantly he had spoken to her, and to open it. how she wished She got no farther, for a voice said to her, " Can I sit by you? every other seat is taken."

"Yes, oh, yes. I am so glad," Maude exclaimed involuntarily, in her delight at recognising the stranger, and springing to her feet she offered him the seat next to the window.

"Oh, no," he said with a smile which would have won the confidence of any girl. " Keep that yourself. You will be more comfortable there. Are you going to ride all night?

"Yes, I am going to Canandaigua," she

replied. "To Canandaigua!" he repeated, looking at her a little curiously; but he asked no more questions then, and busied himself with adjusting his bag and his large travelling shawl, which last he put on the back of the seat more behind Maude than nimself.

Then he took out a magazine, while Maude watched him furtively, thinking him the finest looking man she had ever seen, except her father, of whom in his manner he reminded her a little. Not nearly as old, certainly, as her father, and not young like Archie either, for there were a few threads of grey in his mustache and in his and ulster, too," she added, with a blush brown hair, which had a trick of curling which made her face, as Max thought, the slightly at the ends under his soft felt hat. prettiest he had ever seen. Who was he? she wondered. The on his satchel initials "M. G." but that told her nothing. How she hoped he was going as far as she was, she felt so safe with him, and at last as the darkness increased and he shut up his book, she ventured to ask, " Are you go-

"Yes," he replied, with a twinkle of humor in his blue eyes, "and if none of these men get out I am afraid I shall have her history than when he first saw her to claim your forbearance all night, but I white and trembling on the boat. She was will make myself as small as possible. going to take the Genesee stage, she said, Look," and with a laugh he drew himself close to the arm of the seat, and leaving Oak's Corners, in Richland. quite a space between them; but he did not tell her that he had engaged a berth in the sleeper, which he had abandoned when he found her alone, with that set of roughs

whose character he knew. " Insemuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto thought, and replied, "Captain James me, would surely be said to him some day, Allen, my mother's brother."

The please God, I shall die before many years giving the cup of water, even to those who did not know they were reflecting that now he knew who her unclasses the boy still, just as young and the before many years and leave my boy free."

He was her boy still, just as young and pertaining to her. Twice she had been he takes off his shoes and opens his mouth.

He was her boy still, just as young and pertaining to her. Twice she had been he takes off his shoes and opens his mouth.

would rest more comfortably without it. here were something mesmeric in his voice, as not to give her his card. laude went to sleep at once, and dreamed ene was at home with her mother beside her, occasionally fixing the pillow under her head and covering her with something which added to her comfort.

It was the stranger's light overcoat which, as the September night grew cold and chill, he put over the girl, whose upturned face he had studied as intently she had studied his. About 7 o'clock the conductor come in, lantern in hand, and as its rays fell upon the stranger he said, · Hallo, Gordon ; you here ? I thought you were in the sleeper. On guard I see as usual. Who is the lamb this time?"

care; but she's safer with you. Comes from the mountains somewhere, I believe. Guess she is going to seek her fortune. She ought to find it, with that face. Isn't she presty?" and he glanced admiringly at the sweet young face now turned to one side, with one hand under the flushed cheek and the short rings of damp hair curling

around the forehead. "Yes, very," Gordon replied, moving uneasily and finally holding a newspaper, between Maude and the conductor's lantern, for it did not seem right to him that any eyes except those of a near friend should take this advantage of a sleeping girl.

The conductor passed on, and then Gordon fell asleep until they reached a way station, where the sudden stopping of the train roused him to consciousness, and a moment after he was confronted by a young man, who, at sight of him, stopped short and exclaimed, "Max Gordon! as I live! I've hunted creation over for you, and given you up. Where have you been and why weren't you at Long Branch, as you said you'd be, when you wrote me to join you there?"

"Got tired of it, you were so long coming, so I went to the Adirondacks with

"Did you bring me any letters?" Max continued and his friend replied, "Yes, a cartload. Six, anyway," and he began to take them from his side pocket. "One, two, three, four, five; there's another, somewhere. Oh, her , 'tis,' he said taking out the sixth, which looked rather soiled and worn. "I suppose it's for you," he continued, "although it's directed to Mr. Max Marshall, Esq, and it is in a schoolgirl's hand-writing. It came long ago, and we chaps puzzled over it a good while; then I'd say you had been imposing a false name upon some innocent country girl, and, by George, I believe she's here now with your ulater over her! Running off with her, eh? What will Miss Raynor say?" he went on, as his eyes fell upon Maude, who just then stirred in her sleep and murmured softly,

Our Father who art in Heaven." She was at home in her little whitecurtained bedroom, kneeling with her mother and saying her nightly prayer, and, involuntarily, both the young men bowed

"I think, Dick, that your vile insinuation "Yes, I beg your pardon. Under your see you in the morning. Good night."

He left the car, while Max Gordon tried to read his letters, as best he could by the her lower limbs, and she had never walked laughed so loud, and spit so much tobacco dim light near him. One was from his juice. They were so different from the sister, one from Archie, three on business, the long years Max had clung to her with a while the last puzzled him a little, and he devotion born first of his intense love for held it awhile as if uncertain as to his right her and later of his sense of honor which

"It must be for me," he said at last, and breaking the seal he read Maud's letter to him, unconscious that Mand was sleeping there beside him.

Indeed, he had never heard of Maude thought to the former owners of Spring just as strongly as if the clergyman had Farm. His sister had a mortgage upon it; the man was dead; the place must be sold, and Mrs. More asked him to buy it; that was all he knew when he bid it off.

"Poor little girl," he said to himself, if I had known about you I don't believe I'd have bought the place. There was no necessity to foreclose, I'm sure; but it was just like Angie; and what must this Maude think of me not to have answered her letter. I am so sorry;" and his sorrow manifested itself in an increased attention ulster more carefully, for the air in the car

was growing very damp and chilly. It was broad daylight when Maude the beauty of the place and its situation. awoke, starting up with a smile upon her face and reminding Max of some lovely

child when first aroused from sleep. "Why, I have slept all night," she exclaimed, as she tossed back her wavy air, "and you have given me your shawl

Who was she, he wondered, and once he thought to ask her the question directly then, he tried by a little inessing to find out who she was and where she came from, but Maude's mother had so strongly impressed it upon her not to be at all communicative to strangers that she was wholly non-committal even while suspecting his design, and when at last Canandaigna was reached he knew no more of and expected her uncle to meet her at

"Why that is funny," he said, "if it hould still be your fellow-traveller, for my and would at any moment have given him they told their cousin of the lady at the were not that a carriage is to meet me, I

route lies that way.'

it, and wondering why the morning was he was unchanged, and thanked her Father suggesting that she remove her hat, as she not quite so bright as it had been an hour for it. He was delighted with everything,

> into your dotage," he said to himself. " A Capt. Alling. man at your age to be so interested in a little unknown girl! What would Grace say? Poor Grace, I wonder if I shall find her here and we buy our honey from him. A improved, and why she has buried herself in this part of the country."

As he entered the hotel a thought of Maude Graham's letter came to his mind, and calling for pen and paper he dashed off

the following: called Gordon replied.

"No," the conductor said, turning his light full upon Maude; then, "Why, it's a little girl the Boston conductor put in my care; but she's safer with you. Comes you wish until you can buy it back. You are brave little girl and I will sell it to you cheap. should very much like to know you and when I am again in Merrivale I shall call upon you and your mother, if she will let me.—With kind regards to her I am, yours truly,

"MAX GORDON."

The letter finished he folded and directed it to Miss Maude Graham, Merrivale, Mass., while she for whom it was intended was huddled up in one corner of the crowded stage and going on as fast as four fleet horses could take her towards Oak Corners and the friends awaiting her there. Thus strangely do two lives sometimes meet and cross each other, and then drift widely apart, but not forever in this instance, let us hope.

CHAPTER V.

MISS RAYNOR. About a mile from Laurel Hill, a little

village in Richland, was an eminence, or plateau, from the top of which one could see for miles the rich, well cultivated farms in which the town abounded, the wooded hills and the deep gorges all slanting down to a common centre, the pretty little lake, lying as in the bottom of a basin, with its clear waters sparkling in the sunenine. And here, just on the top of the plateau, where the view was the finest, an The Allings had been late and the rector of it, and if you decide to do it, inquire for eccentric old bachelor, Paul Raynor, had, a few years before our story opens, built himself a home after his own peculiar ideas of architecture, but which, when finished and furnished, was a most delightful place, especially in the summer when the flowers and shrubs, of which there was a great profusion, were in blossom, and the wide lawn in front of the house was like a piece of velvet. Here for two years Paul Raynor had lived quite en prince, and then, sickening with what he knew to be a fatal disease, he had sent for his invalid sister Grace, as no one appeared to claim it, and it was who came and stayed with him to the last, spends her summers. I ventured to bring it property had been left to her, with a with the rest. If you were not such a saint request that she would make the Cedars. as the place was called, her home for a they were leaving the church he managed portion of the time at least. And so, though city bred and city born, Grace had stayed on for nearly a year, leading a lonely life, for she knew but few of her neighbors, while her crippled condition prevented her from mingling at all in the society she was so well fitted to adorn. As the reader will have guessed Grace Raynor was the girl, or rather woman, for she was over 30 now, to whom Max Gordon had devoted the years of his early manhood, in the vain hope that sometime she would be cured and become his wife. A few days before the one appointed for her bridal she had been thrown from her horse and had injuried of dreariness and home-sickness that she would have cried outright if she dared to.

protection I s'pose. Well, she safe; but I her spine so badly that for months she suffered such agony that her beautiful hair turned white; then the pain ceased suddenly, but left her no power to move since and never would. But through all would make him loyal to her even to the grave. Knowing how domestic he was in his tastes and how happy he would be with wife and children Grace had insisted that he should leave her and seek some other love. But his answer was always Graham before, and had scarcely given a the same. " No, Grace, I am bound to you made us one, and will marry you any day you will say the word. Your lameness is nothing so long as your soul is left untouched, and your face, too," he would some times add, kissing fondly the lovely face which, with each year, seemed to grow lovelier, and from which the snowy hair did not in the least detract.

But Grace knew better than to inflict herself upon him, and held fast to her resolve, even while her whole being went out of her surroundings, and feeling for the to him with an intense longing for his conto the girl over whom he adjusted his stant love and companionship. Especially was this the case at the Cedars, where she found herself very lonely, notwithstanding

> "If he asks me again, shall I refuse? she said to herself on the September morning when Maude Graham was alighting from the dusty stage at Oak Corners, two miles away, and the carriage she had sent for

Max was only an hour behind. How pretty she was in the dainty white dress, with a shawl of scarlet wool wrapped around her, as she sat in her wheel chair on the broad piazza, which commanded a view of the distant lake and the green hills beyond. Not fresh and bright and glowing as Maude, who was like an opening rose with the early dew upon it, but more like a pale water-lily just beginning to droop, though very sweet and lovely still. There was a faint tinge of color in her cheek as she leaned her head against the cushion of Gordon it was difficult to say. She had her chair and wondered if she should find Max the same ardent lover as ever, ready to take her to his arms at any cost, or had his notice of her. Very minutely her he, during the past year, seen some other face fairer and younger than herown.

"I shall know in a moment if he is although she did not mean to be selfish in whose pew he sat, they concluded, and up and made no sign there was a throb of Cedars, Grace Raynor, who could not walk pain in her heart as she tried to think a step, but was wheeled in a chair, somesurely might tell him so much Maude what life would be without Max to love her. times by a maid and sometimes by a man. "I should die," she whispered, "and,

thirsting until after they drunk of what he was he could probably trace her, Max saw handsome as he had been 48 years ago,

"Capt. Alling," she replied; "Why, yes. He lives on a farm about two miles from very respectable man, I think, although I have no acquaintance with the family. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing; only there was a girl on the train with me who told me she was his niece," Max answered indifferently, with a vigorous puff at his cigar, which Grace always insisted he should smoke in her presence. "She was very pretty and very young. I should like to see her again, he added, more to himself than to Grace, who, without knowing why, felt suddenly as if a cloud had creps across her sky.

Jealousy had no part in Grace's nature, nor was she jealous of this young, pretty girl whom Max would like to see again, and to prove that she was not she asked many questions about her and said she would try and find out who she was, and she presumed she had come to attend the wedding of Capt. Alling's daughter, who was soon to be married. This seemed very probable and no more was said of Maude until the afternoon of the day following, which was Sunday. Then, after Max returned from church, and they were seated at dinner he said abruptly, "I saw her again."

"Saw whom?" Grace asked, and he replied, "My girl of the train. She was at church with her uncle's family. A rather ordinary lot I thought them, but she looked there had come to the Cedars one from as sweet as a June pink. You know they are my favorite flowers."

"Yes," Grace answered slowly, while over her and make her draw her shawl happy there. Can't you do something for

more closely around her. But Max did not suspect it, and pared a to have a girl like her about you would do peach for her and helped her to grapes, and you a great deal of good. We are both after dinner wheeled her for an hour on getting on in years, and need something the broad plateau, stooping over her once young to keep us from growing old, and and caressing her white hair, which he told you might make her your companion. her was very becoming, and saying no more She is very pretty, with a soft cultivated of the girl seen in church that morning. voice, and must be a good reader. Think was reading the first lesson when they came her at Capt. Alling's. Her name is Maude in, father and mother and two healthy Graham. buxom girls, followed by Maude, who, in her black dress, looked taller and slimmer than he had thought in the car, and prettier, too, with the brilliant color on as she sat in her cozy sitting room with her cheeks and the sparkle in the eyes every laxury around her which money could which met his with such glad surprise in buy, from the hot house roses on the stand them that he felt something stir in his beside her to the costly rug on which her heart different from anything he had felt chair was standing in the ruddy glow of the since he and Grace were young. The Allings | cheerful grate fire. And as she read it she occupied a pew in front of him and on the felt again the cold breath which had swept side, so that he could look at and study over her when Max was telling her of the Maude's face, which he did far more than young girl who had interested him so much. to get near her, and said, "I hope you And there her interest had ceased. But it are quite well after your long journey, Miss ---.

"Graham," she answered involuntarily, but so low that he only caught the first syllable and thought that she said Grey. She was Miss Grey, then, and with this bit of information he was obliged to be content. Twice during the week he rode past the Alling house, hoping to see the eyes which had flashed so brightly upon him on the porch of the church, and never dreaming of the hot tears of homesickness they were weeping in the log school-house of the Bush district, where poor Maude was so desolate and lonely. It he had, he might, perhaps have gone there and tried to comfort her, so greatly was he interested

in her, and so much was she in his mind. He stayed at the Cedars several days and then, finding it a little tiresome, said goodbye to Grace and went his way again, leaving her with a vague consciousness that something had come between them; a shadow no larger than a man's hand, it is true, but a shadow, and as she watched him going down the walk she whispered like her face, I'll take her to please him." sadly, "Max is slipping from me."

CHAPTER VI. THE SCHOOL MISTRESS. The setting sun of a raw January afterneon was shining into the dingy school room where Maude sat by the iron rusted box-stove, with her feet on the hearth, reading a note which had been brought to her just before the close of school by a man who had been to the Post-Office in the village at the foot of the lake. It was nearly four months since she first crossed the threshold of the log shool house, taking in at a glance the whole dreariness moment that she could not endure it. But she was somewhat accustomed to it now, and not half so much afraid of the tall girls and boys, her scholars, as she had been at first, while the latter were wholly devoted to her and not a little proud of there ' young school ma'am," as they called her. Everybody was kind to her, and she had not found "boarding round" so very dreadful after all for the fatted calf was always killed for her, and the best dishes brought out, while it was seldom that she was called upon to share her sleeping room with more than one member of the family. And still there was ever present with her a longing for her mother and for Johnnie and a life more congenial to her tastes. Dreaming was out of the question now, and the book which was to make her famous and buy back the old home seemed very far in the future. Just how large portion of her thoughts was given to Max felt a thrill of joy when she saw him in church, and a little proud, too, it may be, of cousins had questioned her with regard to stupidity in not having ascertained who he changed ever so little," she thought, and was. A relative most likely of Miss Raynor, she seemed to be, and Maude found herself

through the grounds, which were open to offered them. Once he brought Maude her into the stage, and taking her ungloved when he lifted her so tenderly from the some water in a little glass tumbler, which he took from his satchel, and once he offered have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain than he would have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain than he would have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain than he would have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain than he would have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain than he would have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain the world have done if it had not been forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain offered her an apple which she declined lest so very soft and white and presty, and And now when at last he came and put her the woods by her man servant. Tom. But she should seem to form the woods by her man servant, and white and presty, and And now when at last he came and put her the woods by her man servant. she should seem too forward; then, as the rested so confidently in his while she hours crept on and her eye-lids began to thanked him for his kindness. Then the droop, he folded his shawl carefully and stage drove away, while he stood watching questioned her of her health she fest that ago, and why he had not asked her point-"Now sleep quietly," he said, and as if blank who she was, or had been so stupid was served on the piazza, and asked her her mind that he and her friend of the of her life there and the people in the train were one. She had thought it a little "Max Gordon, you certainly are getting neighborhood and finally if she knew of a strange that he should have been in Cananand wished she might have seen him, but the truth never dawned upon her until sometime in December, when her mother wrote to her that he had called to see them, expressing much regret at Mande's absence, and when told where she was and when she went, exclaiming with energy, as he sprang to his feet, "Why, madam, your daughter was with me in the train, a little blue eyed, brown haired girl in black, who said she was Capt. Alling's niece."

"He seemed greatly excited," Mrs. Graham wrote, "and regretted that he did nos know who you were. He got an idea somehow that your name was Grey, and said he received your letter with you asleep beside him. He is a splendid looking man, with the pleasantest eyes and the kindest voice I ever heard or saw.'

"Ye-es," Maude said slowly, as she recalled the voice which had spoken so kindly to her and the eyes which had looked so pleasantly into her own. " And that was Max Gordon! He was going to the Cedars, and Miss Raynor is the girl for whom he has lived single all these years.

She was conscious of a vague regret that her stranger friend, was the betrothed husband of Grace Raynor, who, at that very time, was thinking of her and fighting down a feeling as near to jealousy as it was possible for her to harbor. In the same mail with Maude's letter from her mother Max, who said that he had discovered who was his compagnon da voyage.

"She is teaching somewhere in your again a breath of cold air seemed to blow | town," he wrote, "and I judge is not very her, Grace? It has occurred to me that

Yours lovingly, "Max."

This was Max's letter, which Grace read teaching in the southern part of the town revived again on the receipt of Max's letter and she said, "I must see this girl first and know what she is like. A woman can judge a woman better than a man, but I wish Max had not said what he did about our growing old. Am I greatly changed I wonder

She could manage her chair herself in the house and wheeling it before a long mirror, she leaned eagerly forward and examined the face reflected there. A pale, sweet face, framed in masses of snow white hair, which rather added to its youthful appearance than detracted from it, although she did not think so. She had been so proud of her golden hair, and the bitterest tears she had ever shed had been for the change in it.

"It's my hair," she whispered sadly,hair which belongs to a woman of sixty, rather than thirty-three, and there is a tired look about my eyes and mouth. Yes, I am growing old, oh, Max-," and the slender fingers were pressed over the beautifal blue eyes, where the tears came so fast : · Yes, I'll see the girl," she said, "and if I She knew there was to be an illumination

on Christmas Eve in the church on Laurel Hill and that Maude Graham was to sing a Christmas anthem alone.

"I'll go, and hear, and see," she decided, and when the evening came Grace was there in the Raynor pew listening while Maude Graham sang, her bright face glowing with excitement and her full rich voice rising higher and higher, clearer and clearer, until it had filled the church as it had never been filled before, and thrilled every nerve of the woman watching her so intently.

"Yes, she is pretty and good, too; I cannot be deceived in that face," she said to herself, and when, after the services were over and Maude came up the aisle past the pew where she was sitting, she put out her hand and said, "Come here, my dear, and let me thank you for the pleasure you have given me. You have a wonderful voice and sometime you must come and sing to me. I am Miss Raynor, and you are Maude Graham.

This was there introduction to each other and that night Maude dreamed of the lovely face which had smiled upon her, and the voice, the saddest and sweetest she had ever heard, which had spoken so kindly to

Two weeks afterwards Grace's note was brought to her and she read it with her feet upon the stove hearth and the low January

sun shining in upon her. Miss Raynor wanted her for a companion and friend, to read and sing to and soothe her in the hours of langour and depression.

which were many.
"I am lonely," she wrote, "and as you know, wholly incapacitated from mingling with the world, and I want someone with me different from my maid. Will you her acquaintance with him, deploring her come to me, Miss Graham? I will try to will give you twice as much as you are now receiving, whatever that may be. Think of it and let me know your decision soon.

"Yours very truly. "GRACE RAYNOR." (To be Continued).

-An observer of human nature has dis-

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