WE ARE SEVEN.

That lightly draws its breath, And feels its life in every limb, What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl: She was eight years old she said; Her hair was thick with many a ourl That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air. And she was wildly clad; Her eyes were fair, and very fair; Her beauty made me glad,

"Sisters and brothers, little maid, How many may you be?" "How many? Seven in all," she said. And, wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell." She answered, "Seven are we; And two of us at Conway dwell," And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie, My sister and my brother; And, in the church-yard cottage, Dwell near them with my mother. "You say that two at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea. Yet ye are seven !- I pray you tell, Sweet maid, how this may be.

Then did the little maid reply, "Seven boys and girls are we; Two of us in the church-yard lie. Beneath the church-yard tree."

'You run about, my little maid. Your limbs they are alive; If two are in the church-yard laid, on ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen," The little maid rep ied, Twelve steps or more from my mother's door And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit. My kerchief there I hem; And there upon the ground I sit-I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir. When it is light and fair, I take my little porringer, And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane: In bed she moaning lay, Till God released her of her pair And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid, And, when the grass was dry. Together round her grave we played, My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow And I could run and slide, My-brother John was forced to gc, - And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I, "If they two are in heaven?" The little maiden did reply, "O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead ! Their spirits are in heaven ! I was throwing words away: for still The little maid would have her will. And say, "Nay, we are seven !"

MY INVALID SISTER.

A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

My sister Margaret had been a sa sufferer for many years. All that brothcily love could do to restore her shattered health and spirits was faithfully and cheerfully done. For the last eighteen months Margaret had been my only care, for my wife and child had died in one week, leaving me dependent on this truly Christian sister for the sympathy and consolation which her own sorrows taught her so well how to bestow.

We both longed for quiet and repose, for neither could mingle with the gaveties of the town, and Margaret's health imperatively pointed to the country. To the country, therefore, we went and had the good fortune to get settled in a pretty and well-furnished cottage, near a railway station south of the Thames.

We liked the pretty, quiet cottage: and as it had been newly furnished the titerally walk in and take possession. and soon we felt as much at home as they who had "lost the poetry of life" could be expected to feel. To Margaret. it was my duty, as well as my privilege, to supply the place of other retatives; and from her I received all the kind offices which the enfeebled state of her

health permitted her to bestow upon me. It was delightful to watch her improvement. She did not regain her youthful appearance, for the roses were gone for ever; but she grew stronger and better, from the sense of the delightful freedom which neither of us ever knew before.

We were very peaceful. Happiness was out of the question-at least, happiness in the most comprehensive meaning of the word. The mourning for the departed had not yet gone from our hearts, although time had softened and mellowed it down to pensive melancholy, as sweet as it was sad.

I returned one evening earlier than was my wont, and found all things awaiting my comfort as usual; but Margaret was weeping over a newspaper in the parlor, away from her accustomed seat. affect her in that way. Our relations with the outer world were very limited. and they who claimed relationship with us were already removed by death, or by almost immeasurable distance; and of these last we had lost nearly all traces.
"Margaret," I said, "what is it? What

can affect you thus?"
She pointed to a paragraph in the per, and covered her pale face th her hand. I followed the direction of the finest, and read, with an emotion of pale, the death of Albert Thornton,

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a dearly beloved schoolmate of my own, and who had once touched and interested the sensitive heart of Margaret. but that was long, long ago; and after many struggles with her affection, Margaret had given him up, from the conviction that her life was so precarious that she hal no right to throw its frail burden on one who was just starting in the battle with the world.

I now learned that this feeble child had lived for him-she had lived: but what a life! It was like shutting out every ray of sunlight from her heart over with health and animation, and giving promise of a long life, had gone down to the grave, and this poor girl, struggling with weakness and pain, was

I was frightened that night at the intensity of her grief. She was so weak that I feared that any additional trouble would soon deprive her of reason. Gradually I soothed her by talking of him, and leading her to relate her renewed connection with him. She told me that although she had refused to marry him, she had yielded to his earnest wish of corresponding with him. and that she had thus kept up that correspondence through the many years that separated them. There was lingering hope in his heart that they would yet see brighter days; but in her, never, until this summer had so invigorated her in health and spirits. Albert had eagerly noticed this, and in the letter which she had last received, had deelared his intention of coming to see us. "Why did you not tell me?" I asked. almost reproachfully.

"Because I knew that, although you would have disguised your feelings for my sake, you would have dreaded the separation; and, beside, I could not have the heart to anticipate any happiness for myself when you were so deso-

her self-sacrificing spirit, "It would have been my highest joy to have seen you Albert Thornton's wife; and as to the separation. I am not so wedded to England that I could not have followed you elsewhere."

I knew that Margaret often had received letters from France, but supposed them to be from a lady whose marriage had compelled her residence there, and who, I supposed, still kept up her correspondence. Once I had even said. when handing her a letter, "How much Mary Raymond's husband writes like Albert Thornton!" It was a passing remark, and she went out of the room to read her letter, and I never thought of it again. In our young days Margaret wished me to love Mary Raymond; and now we rarely spoke of her, because I felt that I had disappointed my sister in not fancying her favorite. I did not attempt to console Margaret

knew too well, from my own experience, how little even the dearest friend can do, except to utter the commonplace and stereotyped words of consolation, and how little those words avail to reach the mourner's heart; how coldly come the voices of sympathy while that heart is bleeding inwardly, and how we turn away from all, with the feeling that it "knoweth its own bitterness," and must not be intermeddled with, by even a brother or sister.

That sorrow has pressed heavily upon other hearts before, does not lighten our own: we do not suffer less because another has also suffered; and, feeling this, I would not bring up to my sister's mind the remembrance of my own des-

In a few days, the violence of Margaret's grief subsided; but her former languor had returned. I expected to see year before, we had nothing to do but her dreop and fade away daily before my eyes, and almost dreaded to return nome at night, lest I should find her lying upon the bed from which she might never arise. It was altogether a sad episode in our peaceful summer.

There was one thing which uncon sciously cheered me in this hour of trial. Our near neighbors, the Leightons, contrary to our intention of making acquaintances, had forced themselves upon is, although in a perfectly delicate way. They had noticed my sister's feebleness when we first came, and had watched her through the slight opening in the trees, as she passed from the door to her favorite seat; and they had begun the equaintance by sending her baskets of delicious fruit, the first of their splendid flowers, and choice vegetables of every

Margaret could only accept and acknowledge, and the result was an intimacy with Flora Leighton, the only daughter of the family, whose manners completed the attraction which her beauty began; so at least thought Margaret. I heard much of Flora Leighton. and had some curiosity to see the being seen the bright eyes and pleasant smile stem, from the deep ponds where it which my sister had described to me. I hides." called her the invisible; but I saw all her fairy gifts, which Margaret always left said Margaret softly. untouched until I came home that I might see the perfect elegance of her friend's teste. It was quite a study, She shall, benceforth, be as beautiful as drink in health and beauty with every

tashioned the gift, remained, to me, in clorious harvest moon—as she sailed

Margaret rose up from that great suffering sooner than I had hoped or imagined. If she still mourned for Albert, it was in silence; and on her cheel there was no trace of tears when I came home. I was engrossed with the cares of business through the day; but stil found time to think of her, and to rejoice that she had a companion such as she described Flora Leighton. She had told Flora all, and was startled, and perhaps gladdened by finding that she when she gave him up. And Albert, was the daughter of Mrs. Thornton's with his bright, glad face, beaming all sister. Albert Thornton was therefore the playmate of Flora's childhood, and the friend of her girlhood's days. She too mourned his death with the sorrow of a tender heart that resembles those dear ones with an added love, "when

> It was near the close of summer. People were flocking home from the country, frightened at the first cool morning breeze; but Margaret begged for a longer stay, and I gladly consented.

love is joined to death."

We had learned to love this quiet retreat, and any change struck us unpleasantly. The whole neighborhood around us, too, had assumed a less staring and comfortless appearance. It had mellowed into an older and more subdued look; and others had followed our example in beautifying and adorning their homes. The house occupied by Mr. Leighton was precisely like our own, and separated only by a slender fence. which the girls had not long suffered to remain. At least, Margaret told me that it was Flora Leighton's superior strength which had taken down the barrier; but remember, Flora Leighton was still a mere fabulous person to make 1 did not believe in her, and endeaved to make Margaret confess that she whose praises had been so long sounding in my ears had really no existence at all except in her own brain. Something like a presence, a spirit in human form had ap-"Dear sister," I exclaimed, struck at peared to Margaret's vision, and she called it Flora Leighton, I bantered her so much that she declared that I

should not see her. I did not care to see her. If Margaret was soothed or comforted, or, her time lightened by anything like a comforter, I cared not who the comforter was. My sister was my only object of solicitude: and to save her an hour's loneliness or grief, I would sacrifice anything on earth. They only, whose affections are narrowed flown to single object, can appreciate my de votion to my sister. A mother could not be more tenderly careful of her than I was, subduing my stern man's nature to - feminine watchfulness averting from her every shadow of evil, or even annoyance. And not less deep and strong was her affection for me. "We were but two!" One of our little home band had found a grave beneath the waters; another, a bright, rosy, laughing girl, radiant with life and health, had sunk suddenly beneath scute and sudden fever, and then our father and mother departed to the land of shadows. What wonder if we clung to count for the announcement of his death each other?

That year, October was brighter than that bright month usually seems. used generally to get home sometimes during the shortened twilight, and perhaps once or twice a week I was able to reach it time enough to enjoy the sight of the gorgeous Autumn sunset. One afternoon I came quite early, intending to take Margaret out in the chaise to witness the glory of the brightening woods.

I came softly into the room, and with Margaret a lady was sitting by the window, reading aloud. Her voice was clear and musical; her intonation perfect. I stepped forward, after listening to the silvery chime for a while, and Margaret introduced me to Miss Leigh-

She had scarcely acknowledged m wkward bow before she was gone. did not see how, nor when she wen but I knew that, in the brief glimpse took of her. I thought her the ugliest woman I ever saw. As I turned round from depositing my hat and coat, there. was no one there but Margaret.

"I told you so," I said gravely. "Told me what?" said Margaret, "That your friend was only a creature

f votr imagination," I replied; hadow, an ignus fatures and could never be identified. How otherwise could she have disappeared?" "Naturally enough," said Margaret,

'out of the window." "And this is the woman you have been alling handsome all the summer? Margaret fairly cried at my badinage

and my contempt for the beauty she had

been praising. I could not tell her what

particular feature I thought ugly, in the

brief glimpse I had taken. It was the general impression of the whole face. was always out of sight before I came tiger lily by the beautiful pale thing girl, in a cloud of long, white drapery, home, and I never, by any chance, had that we drag, with its long, slender

"She was Albert Thornton's friend,"

"So she was," I responded, "and I will never teese you again about her. our little Margaret and Blanche shall

brough the magnificent blue arch overnead. We talked long of the living and he dead-of those whom distance had separated from us, and of those whose memory was still more secred because death had set its seal there.

We talked of Albert Thornton: and thea Margaret told me, for the first time, what peace and resignation had come into her heart; and how patiently she waited for the hour which should unite them again.

Then she talked of Albert's cousin Flora, and told me how carnestly she had hoped, all through the summer, that I should see and become interested in her; that it would have been so pleasant to her to feel that, should she leave me, as she sometimes thought she should be called to do, she should not leave me comfortless. I was touched by her tender care of me, which thus pointed to my welfare, even when she should be

It might have been ten o'clock, when some one knocked at the front door, and asked if that was Mrs. Leighton's house. Hannah directed them, and we heard footsteps on Mrs. Leighton's gravelled walk, then a joyful cry of recognition, and the low hum of conversation succeeding.

We were both silent-I, from a strange curiosity to know who was this stranger; Margaret, because something, as she afterward told me, struck her as strangely familiar in the voice that seked for Mrs. Leighton. Then came a step to the our garden window, and Flora's voice called us quickly and impatiently.

"Come in, come in, Miss Leighton, said. "Margaret must not face this right air." She came in, and seemed to hesitate

as to what she should say or do. Womanlike, she only burst into tears and sob-Margaret was trembling on my arm,

but she did not weep. A voice said : "Have you told her. Flora?

"It is Albert !" said my sister, in whisper. "Hush, Margaret!" I answered.

What folly is this? You are mad to think of such a thing !" "It is Albert," she said, calmly and very slowly.

He heard the words, and the imprudent fellow, imagining all was explained rushed forward and classed Margaret in 'is arms. The surprise had well nigh killed my poor sister, and Flora repented too late her indiscretion in not preparing her better. Her sorrow was so real and genuine, that I undertook to console her, much as I disliked her way of communicating the surprise to Margaret.

We were all happier an hour afterward, when Margaret was recovered from her temporary fainting, and was sitting with her hand clasped in Albert's while he recounted the circumstances leading to the mistake that had been made. He had been ill for many days -apparently dying; but could not acin the papers. As soon as he saw it, it was contradicted, but we did not see the contradiction, for our hearts were too

heavy for consulting the newspaper. Margaret's life received a new growth from the happiness that had come to her. She would not renew her objections to marry Albert, because now she felt that it was better to make the most of life while it lasts. She might, perhaps outlive him, even with her feeble health, and, at any rate, his constancy deserved this reward.

The wedding was performed in the little village church, for so Margaret willed it, and Flora Leighton was her only bridesmaid.

He went back to town in November, and Flora went with us. Albert had consented to stay in England. and we made one family. Margaret, still pale, but beautiful from the soft light of happiness that beamed in her countenance. was our stay and dependence in house keeping, and Flora and myself had lefsure to become acquainted. I saw her as tors. His opponent came up promptly she was-noble, affectionate and true. I believed that, while she was unconscious of her own feelings, she really liked me, whom she had so avoided throughout the summer. I had looked at her on the night of Albert's return, by the softening light of the harvest moon, and thought she was not so ugly after all! And every day afterward made some progress in the belief that she was growing pretty. To-night, as she sits here in our snug parlor, I think her the handsomest woman that I ever saw, as I know her to be the best. We are very happy now-I and my wife-for yonder is a cradle which Flora will not allow to be carried out of the room, although people tell her it is an old-fashioned ornament, and should "Why, she looks, beside you, Mar. be banished to a nursery. And in the sinking to her evening slumbers.

In the spring we shall take them both to the beloved cottage, where our happi ness commenced, and where the dead seemed to be restored to life, and under the shadow of the broad chestnut tree the artistic arrangement of those fioral offerings; and the fruit which she brought thing more?"

Margaret was generally shaded by its appropriate leaf; but the hand itself that propriate leaf; but the hand itself that the leaf of the secondary of the secondary

THE COLONEL'S RACE.

HOW HE PAID RIS HOTEL BILL. Little Affair that Took Place

Before Colonel W. became comfortably settled in life he had many ups and downs of fortune. Once he carried a number of slaves to New Orleans and made a very successful sale. He undertook, however, to increase his supply of money by methods which involved more elements of chance than were connected with his regular business. It was an unucky venture, and in a very short time he found himself with only money enough to pay his passage on a boat as far up the river as Natches. Although he had not a dollar in his pocket, when he reached Natchez he put up at the best public house. He wore a broadcloth suit and a silk hat, and sported a gold-beaded cane with which he would not have parted for many times its value. He bore himself with an easy dignity, calculated to impress all who saw him with the belief that he was a capitalist with abundant resources, who might be induced to invest some thousands in the property of the town.

A week had mearly passed, and he had not succeeded in putting enough money in his purse to pay his landlord. One Sunday afternoon, when he was seriousy thinking of making a stealthy exit at hight, he learned that the roughs and gamblers, who at that time formed a considerable part of the population of Natchez, had assembled on a public road not far from the town to witness some foot races. He at once started thitherward, and reached the place just as an athletic and firee looking fellow. who was exulting over his victories, offered in a loud voice to bet \$50 that he bered that he had himself been fleet of rolled out in the worker, couth foot in his year days, and, pressed mopping the fattened butter. by dire necessity, he resolved to try his him a few moments in contemptuous

With a courtly wave of the hand the Colonel replied, deprecatingly, "There ith no need, thir, of that formality between gentlemen. I am a gentleman. and I take you to be one. If I looth the rathe I will pay you the fifty dollarth: if you looth it, I do not doubt that you will act with equal honor."

The rough and desperate men present seemed to regard this as a very remark. able proposition, and for a time the challenger was nonplussed. He steadily and suspiciously eyed the polite and well-dressed stranger, and finally said. with significant emphasis, "All right, old boy; but if there's any flickering in this thing, you may know what to ex-

Without further parley the Colonel divested himself of coat, vest and hat, and placing them with his cane upon the grass, stepped out upon the road. and put himself in position by the side of the champion. The spectators evinced the liveliest interest in the race and ranged themselves along each sid of the road. Bets were freely offered at enormous odds against the rash stranger, who certainly did not look a match for his stalwart competitor; but there were few of these bets taken. At a given signal the men darted off amidst the yells of the delighted crowd. testants, who seemed to be straining every nerve, kept side by side, but when within about twenty yards of the goal, the Colonel by dint of extraordinary effort, shot ahead, and won the race. He was now the hero of the hour, and as he walked back to the starting-point exhausted and almost breathless, he was theartily cheered by the excited specta and paid him the fifty dollars, and a the same time challenged him for another trial.

"No, thank you, thir," said the Colonel, as he pocketed the money; "I make it a rule never to run more than one rathe in a day."

He then carefully put on his vest,

cost, and hat, placed his cane under his arm, made one of his profoundest bows. and with a pleasant "Good afternoon, gentlemen," strutted complecently away, That evening he paid his bill at the hotel and took a boat for Nashville. Colonel W-used to relate this incident with a relish, and when saked

the race, he would say: "Well, to tell you the truth, it wath a dethperate cathe; but I had made up my mind that if I didn't win, I would keep on running, and never look behind until I reached Tenneththee."-

what he intended to do in case he los

SHE was in the dimly lighted reception room of a city dry-goods store, and walking to a tall mirror placed against the wall, remarked : "Why, how came you here?" then, observing some mistress ran server not to say amusement, on the faces of the lady resurred the the other occupants of the seem, she the lady resurred to a crisp, and the lady resurred to a crisp, and the

Harper's Magazine.

Hints in Butter-Making.

A armstrone

Experienced butter-makers are always cautioning amateurs against permitting the hands to come in contact with butter during the process of working it. Now as butter can be more expeditiously worked with the human hands then with the ordinary wooden paddle many but-

ter-makers disregard this caution, es-pecially as they do not undesstand the nature of the objections to the practice. E. F. Bowditch, Framingham, Mass., in answer to the query why the human hand injures the butter, stated his resfollows: "There are innumerable pore in the skin which throw off the waste of the system. The cleaner the hands the less obstruction to this process, and the easier the refuse matter of the body. or the insensible perspirations, are disposed. All such matter injuriously of a trip-hammer, and with the ins fect the purity of the butter, to say nothing of the ill-effects of the heat contained in the hand as applied to butter." In addition to these objections he might also have added the greater danger of injuring the grain of the butter

by over-manipulation.

When the grain of butter is injured the butter spreads like grease and the more it resembles grease the more is the grain injured. Good butter that knife that cuts it. It is, of course, important that the grain should not be steps and vanished "on hospitable spoiled by over-working. Wash out the | thoughts intent" for the morrow's be buttermilk with as little working as pos- fast. sible and avoid grinding butter down against the tray.

Many butter makers do not attempt to

work out all the buttermilk at one time. and the majority of them wash the butter with fresh spring water.

Mr. Bowditch uses a butter-washer and finally to get out all the moisture could best anybody on the ground in a employes large sponges, with which he race of 100 yards. The Colonel remem- rolls up the butter after it has been sponges are kept in ice-water. He rolls luck on this occasion. So in the pause the butter three or four times, accord which followed the champion's challing to judgment. Half an ounce of lenge he stepped forward, and making a salt is used to the pound of butter. He stately bow, said, quietly, "I will take keeps the butter covered to prevent the your bet, thir." The bully looked at escape of the aroma; churns one day, putting the butter into balls or lumps, will be a corner blacuit. With a "bet surprise, and said, "Well, put up your the next day and gains fancy prices for the product in Boston. The amount of salt used by Mr. Bouditch is smaller than that employed by many. Butter that is to be kept some time after received as high as one ounce of salt per pound, though three-quarters of unce is the more usual amount.

Butter-makers who handle large qua tities of milk and employ butter-worke often use a sprinkler for washing butter The water is applied from a spi small water-pot provided with a rose nosale, so as to distribute the water over the butter as it lies upon the butter-worker

in numberless small streams. The water-pot is held in the left hand and the butter-worker with the right. When the water flows from the mass without sing discolored the process of washing is completed. It is claimed by advocates of this process that the water falling a spray over the whole surface of the butter, cools it and gives the proper degree of hardness for the working of the

Advice to Brides.

The Public Ledger says: "When the bride on her bridal journey is a see young person, she will keep her silk suit in her trunk for & suitable on and not wear it on the railway train. pretty young girl the other day making an expedition to the Catakilla, and leavnearly the whole distance the two con- ing New York on a rather cool morning. wore a black silk dress but a white Spanish lace fichu, with a broad Gainsborough hat and nodding plumes. It got quite cool in the cars on the northern ourney, but there was no wrap available. If she had a shawl it was packed spouse, or, perhaps, didn't know, had a her guests: stout cheviot suit, and must have been, as he looked, quite comfortable. Arriv ing at the railway terminus and taking the stage for the further pull up the mountain, it made one spectator's teeth chatter to see how confidently the little bride climbed into the vehicle, still in the airy fichu, not a scrap of woolen for her shoulders, and her face white with the cold. Probably in her modest outfit for the wedding there was a flannel dress. or a woolen stuff of some kind int ed for the house. If she had put that on for the journey, and saved her best black silk for home uses, she would more nearly have been on the level of the city persons, who had left their diamonds at the bank, and had taken two an annual banquet of the sons of Verwoolen suits and one cotton gown for a mont, when there was probably not a fortnight's journey among the moun, single dish as savory as those here detains. Home, and not hotel parlors, scribed, the post concludes by saying and, least of all, the parlor cars, is the place to wear one's pretty, airy slothes. In a public crowd, on a journey, all delicate wear is more to encounter dust, rain, or chilling cold; the plainest flannel suits are the best for climbing, beach lounging, and comfort generally."

Rates of Advert

THE PEOPLE Bernwell C. H., S. C.

AN OLD TIME SUPPER.

REMINISCENCE OF TRACE AGO

In the good old times about which we read and which are not so eld but a good many of us can very well recall the the "destrick" school-teacher in country places bounded around and lived on the fat of the hand. In expectation of his coming a heat of good things were prepared, but there is record of one family county Institute. They were briefly as a fright that nearly cured him of ever eating again. He same at night and was assessed to the both badroom, and was alcoping the alcop of the just when he was awakened by the stealthy creaking of his door and the admission of a ray of light. He felt his heart beating like self-preservation, lay perfectly still and feigned sleep. The door continued to open and admitted a grotesque figure in cap and spectacles and other d carrying in its skinny hand a feet looking knife, which it held aloft in a threatening attitude. The poor school-master thought his time had come, and closed his eyes to say a prayer, when the apparition disappeared in the closet and proceeded to cut savory slices of hem has a perfect grain will not stick to the and links of sausage from the provisions there, and then as stealthilly retraced his

"But suppor's ready; come, sir, sit right down:
We don't stand much on caremony here;
Just help yourself; my husband's gone to town;
But 'long 'bout 9 o'clock guess he'll appear."

The good woman makes profuse apol ogies about not expecting company; it being washing day, and nothing fit to eat, which, in the overflowing hospital ty of her heart, she literally b

"Like baked periaters?—that's a brown on though; Come, have another that is better done; guess them biscuits are about all dough, But some look brownish—take that corner

Every wise women knows how much better the corner biscuit is than any other, as it has crust all around; and one of the fraternity has invented a tin to bake an even number, four, so that every one done" baked potato and corner biscuit the teacher is again prompted:

"Now try a little majage; we don't make Protensione—we're plain folks, just us And is your tea agreeable?—won't you take More rages, or another drop of cream?"

The modern habit of pessing the regar and cream with the tee obvis ity of using that quaint formula "Is your ten agreeable?" But it is biful if the quality and quantity of the new system surpass the old, or if the enests suits himself any better than in the days when "more sugar" was always forthcoming, and pitchers of cream held a quart or more of the thick yellow

"This Injun puddin'! Wal, 'twas most too soon To take it out—I see it ain't quite prime; I allus put 'em in s-Monday noon And let them stay till Tuesday disner-time,"

One of the old camons of the house hold was a sort of self-inflicted rule to depreciate everything, thus the guest infinitely higher than the food hich at its best is to be con worthy:

'These cookies have got awful hard and dry.
The caraway seed's like little bits of wood;
But mebbs you can eat one; now do try;
The children allus think they're proper

untouched or to have had snyone else say they were hard or dry-s little fotion of her own to give them the sharper away in her trunk. The groom, who sest of a surprise. And now, having had given no advice evidently to his eaten all these good things, she asks of

> "Can you make room for dap-jacks on your They've stood so long I guess they're rather

tough.
This boy don't mind it; seems as if he ate
As though he never could get half enough.
"Children are master hungry at his age.
Now, don't you think so? I declare this pie
Is drafted hot; the punktin's best, I'll wage.
We'll cool the mines and have it by and by." How many "white lies" the good will never be recorded against her. Call

hem delunions, as, for instance, when she says of a foamy, light cake: "This sweet cake, now, it ris up nice and light And then it fell. I'm serry, for my man Sets great store by it when he comes at night. How, do make out a suppor if you can."

In this pleasant, simple verse, reed at