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Table with 5 columns: Time, 1 in., 1 col., 1 col., 1 col. and 5 rows of rates.

MOTHER'S WAY.

Oh within our little cottage, As the shadows gently fall...

Sometimes when our hands grow weary, Or our task seems very long...

Thus we keep her memory precious, While we never cease to pray...

THE TEST OF LOVE.

Nellie Vallance walked out of the little church in P— with a proud step...

—I believe Lloyd is getting tired of me, answered Nellie, sobbing.

—That I have, this is the second morning he has gone off without kissing me...

—But I am not sure that this is just it. And this very day I am going to begin to test his love for me...

—Thank you, and a lighter heart than she had known for many a day...

—Nellie turned away with a "Thank you," and a lighter heart...

—Well, Mrs. Nellie Whitlow, all I have to say is, that you will very likely regret the day you planned...

—To this Nellie only answered,—"I'll write this minute and accept his invitation to drive this evening."

—Lloyd Whitlow was home that night before Nellie returned...

—"Look out, wife," he said with a laugh, "you threw that old lover over for me; don't go throwing me over for him!"

—"Oh, stranger things have happened," she answered.

—The conversation ended in making the husband unusually quiet and the wife unusually gay.

—"Darling," Lloyd said, laying down his book one evening about a month afterward...

—"Well, he said, leaning over and looking in his wife's eyes, you ought not to care for old lovers, I suppose...

—"Oh, thought Nellie, she's waking up at last," but she answered with a light laugh...

—He resumed his book immediately and looked very grave...

—"Well, Katie, what is it? What are you looking so frightened about?"

'Nellie Whitlow, you have gone far enough in your test. As I came in the front door Lloyd passed me going out...

—"Of course I did; but Weston did not and Lloyd did not know that I knew it. So I concluded to finish up my task this evening..."

—"You may be before you are through Lloyd Whitlow is not a man to be trifled with, as I have told you dozens of times; but you would have your own way."

That evening, the wife who had promised herself so much happiness in confessing all to her husband, was walking the floor, back and forth; her lips were quivering, her hands working nervously...

—"Oh, my love, my darling!" she cried, so generous, so ready to shield me, how can I live without you?

—She lay there until morning, weeping convulsively at intervals, and weeping with the flood of sorrow and remorse.

—At one o'clock they started, with lighted candles and guides. Weston kept near Nellie; Whitlow was here, everywhere.

—Nellie retraced her steps hurriedly, and with trembling fingers opened her husband's note. It was written the evening before.

—"I am going down the river for a few days, to stay until I conclude how to arrange affairs between us. I shall take steps to give you back your freedom. Until then, try to act discreetly."

—That was all; not even a reproach, believing of her what he did, only cold, constrained words.

—"I confess to have done wrong. I was so afraid I did not possess my husband's whole heart, that I determined to test his love for me by trying to make him jealous."

—"Love him? I idolize him! I would give my life to occupy the place I did in his heart a month ago."

—"That is enough, Mrs. Whitlow. I believe that you will enjoy yourself in his company more than in mine; so I will step ahead and send him back to you."

—"Then you love your husband?" "Love him? I idolize him! I would give my life to occupy the place I did in his heart a month ago."

—"I was trying to make you jealous." "And you succeeded with a vengeance. I never thought that my love needed that trial."

—"But you acted so differently from what you did before we were first married." "I was your lover then, Nellie."

—"Yes, Lloyd," she said, as she clung closer to him; "and you are infinitely more to me now—you are my husband."

—"I believe I understand you," he said, with a smile. "What you ask is easily given; suppose I commence now, and Lloyd Whitlow clasped his little wife to his breast and nearly covered her with kisses."

—"Thank God, Lloyd, that we once more understand each other! I will repay you the pain I have cost you by a lifetime of devotion."

—"Which I must encourage by a little petting now and then, eh?" "Yes, Lloyd, please."

—That evening party thought in the morning that Mr. and Mrs. Whitlow were the most matter of fact bride and groom they ever saw; but concluded in the evening that they were most devoted.

—Her excited sob came faster. A gleam of pity came into his eyes; he hurried with her to the shore, wrapped her in shawls provided by the company, placed her in a carriage and told the driver to hurry with her to the hotel, six miles distant; he would follow on horseback.

—"I might have listened to you, and believed an explanation possible, if I had not found you with him to-day."

—"Then why did you not let me die?" "Why did you save my life to torture me?"

—To his dying day he never forgot that cry. A slight quiver about the mouth, a swift quailing of the eye were all the signs he gave that he heard her. She knew that all was over between them.

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—Nellie's advice to newly married wives is, "don't test your husband's love."

—A party of men were standing together telling war yarns. One of them related a great adventure which happened to him while in Virginia.

Mexican Crooks.

The word "Crooks" literally means native, though it is often applied to people with a slight dash of negro blood in the West Indies they talk of a Creole negro, a Creole brown man, a Creole white, Creole mahogany, Creole pickles.

Born in 1794.

James James, or "Double Jimmy," as he is more familiarly called, lives on a farm twelve miles south of Weatherford, Parker County, Texas.

Finding His Ideal.

The last case of manifest destiny is reported from the city of Evansville, Ind. A physician, soon after leading his bride to the altar, wrote a letter to a college friend in Northern Georgia, informing him of what had happened, and advising him, after the manner of a bridegroom, to go and do likewise.

Give your fowl plenty of dust or coal ashes as a bath, also lime rubbish and gravel, together with proper food, and you will be rewarded by healthy fowls and a generous supply of eggs.

With all the other directions which are given for the prevention of disease among poultry, none is of more importance than that of having clean, well ventilated houses.

Astonishing Feats of Jugglery.

In Delhi, India, we saw the celebrated basket trick, which is sometimes poorly imitated by a professional juggler in this country. A rare producer a basket and a blanket, and, after permitting us to see that contained nothing, inverted the basket on the ground and covered it with a blanket.

Another feat quite as astonishing was saw performed in the streets of Constantinople. An itinerant magician showed us a cane which had the appearance of being wood and very knotty. This he tossed in the air as high as he could, and when it struck the ground it took the form of a live serpent with blazing eyes and rapid movements.

Veracity the Best Policy.

It is related of a Persian merchant, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, that she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said:—"Go, my son; I consign thee to God; and we shall not meet here again till the day of judgement."

Hold on, Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, speak harshly or say any improper word. Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal or do any disobedient or improper act.

Hydrophobia.

The mystery of hydrophobia seems to be as far from being cleared up as ever. A curious and puzzling case occurred lately in England. A boy fourteen years of age was bitten slightly on the hand while playing with a Scotch terrier.

The Moral Teaching of War.

We must leave it to schoolboys to maintain the thesis that war is good or bad in itself, and to the omniscient philosophers of the future to define the conditions under which this tremendous fermentation generated in a nation is likely to be healthy or morbid.

A party of men had started out for a sail on Lake Rideau, Ont. One of them, named Flavier, waded into the lake to push the yacht into deep water, and while doing so fell into a hole.

He was so drunk that he could not walk, could scarcely move and only partially articulate. A friend of his came up and upbraided him. "If I were in your place," said the friend, "I'd go out in the woods and hang myself."

A Texas lady raised three bales of cotton on five acres, doing the work with her own hands.

A Practical Swoothart.

A nice young man employed in the Kansas Pacific office resolved the other day to present his beloved girl with a nice pair of shoes. He accordingly procured her measure and went into one of the fashionable stores on Main street and purchased a two dollar pair of shoes.

A Scene in Vera Cruz.

An editor who has been taking a jaunt through Mexico, says that the public washing-places of Vera Cruz is a curious institution. Stone troughs, about three feet high, extend around two sides of a large square. These troughs are divided into compartments which look very much like stable-mangers, and each compartment in addition to the receptacle for the water is furnished with a stone slab upon which the linen is rubbed.