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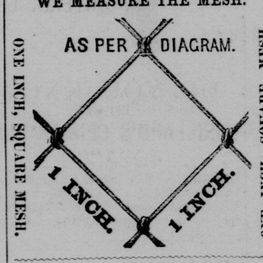

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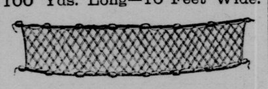

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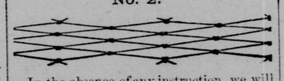

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You Kissed Me.

[The following exquisite poem was written in 1867, when the author was a young lady under 20. Whittier wrote of it and its author that she had truly mastered the secret of English verse.]

You kissed me! my head
Dropped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter
And infinite rest;
While the holy emotions
My tongue dare not speak
Flashed up in a flame
From my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—
Oh, your arms were so bold!—
Heart beat against heart
In your passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing
My soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist
From the seas to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine
Till I prayed in bliss
They might never unclasp
From the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! my heart
And my breath and my will
In delirious joy
For a moment stood still.
Life had for me then
No temptations, no charms,
No visions of happiness
Outside of your arms.
And were I this instant
An angel, possessed
Of the peace and the joy
That are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
Unrepentingly down,
I would tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more
In that haven of rest,
Your lips upon mine,
My head on your breast.

You kissed me! my soul,
In bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man,
Foolish with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious
To die there, if death
Would but come while my lips
Were yet moist with your breath;
If my heart might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round
In their passionate fold.
And these are the questions
I ask day and night;
Must my lips taste no more
Such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then,
And if you were here,
Would you kiss me again?

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

"I suppose we could if we tried," she replied, shaking her golden head half archly, half regretfully; "but it can't be cured now, and we must make the best of our way to the boat."

"Yes, of course we must," he returned, cheerfully. "I wish we could find some one to direct us. I don't know this part of the world at all. Where are we to meet the shallop?"

"What, don't you know?" questioned Miss de Lara, an alarmed look coming into the blue eyes.

"I must confess I don't. I supposed you would be sure to know, and the others; or perhaps I never thought it at all."

"Oh, dear, this is unfortunate! What are we to do? I was not there when the arrangements were made. What can we do?"

"If you are not too tired, I think we had better walk on; we must try and strike down the river."

So they tried; but they did not apparently succed, for no river came within view, and poor Maud, who never was a good walker, began to stumble over the long grass from fatigue.

Then Mr. Dunstan insisted upon her taking his arm, and they grew more cheerful under this close contact; the girl feeling that, awkward as was their position, she had still a strong arm to protect her. At length they came to a cottage, and went at once to the door, and were told that they had come quite away from the river, which was now about a mile and a-half distant; then, seeing their plight, the good natured country woman invited them in, and noticing how tired and pale poor Maud looked, she made her some tea and insisted on her taking off her shoes, and doing her best to dry them by the fire.

Mr. Dunstan inquired whether any conveyance could be found to take them to the riverside, but there was none within a getable distance.

Refreshed with that beverage that cheers but does not inebriate, Maud started off with her companion, leaving a glad heart behind in the humble cottage; for Edwin Dunstan was a generous fellow, and seeing evidence of the pinch of poverty around, had left a golden piece in the woman's hand. When they reached the river they could for a time gain no information respecting the Swan, and they walked along the water side, hoping that the boat would soon overtake them; and the girl grew so tired that Edwin Dunstan persuaded her to rest under a tree, with a fallen limb for her seat. But no shallop arrived, and the pretty face became anxious and worried.

By and by a barge came up against the stream. Mr. Dunstan hailed it, and found that the Swan was a long way down the river—the barge had especially noticed her; and upon further inquiry he was still more annoyed to learn that they were not more than half a mile from the point from which they had started, so it was evident that they had doubled like hares; and the only thing left for them to do was to return to the creek where they had landed, and hire a boat to convey them to Radleigh, a distance of ten miles.

Tears rose in the young girl's eyes when she heard of the dilemma she was in, and her companion strove to reassure her.

"Don't fret, Miss de Lara; who knows but what we may overtake them? They are sure to wait a reasonable time for us, and we will make inquiries at all the locks."

They had some difficulty in persuading any of the boatmen to take them so great a distance; but money does most things, and it overcame the unwillingness of the men to start for so long a pull when evening was fast closing in on such a dismal night.

They did their best to be cheerful, even trying snatches of songs, their voices blending together and going out over the water softly and melodiously; so that passers-by on land stopped to listen, and more than once faces peered from the windows of houses upon the banks, attracted by the music under that umbrella.

But the singing proved a failure as the shades of evening drew on, and the shivering girl crept closer to Edwin Dunstan for warmth and shelter.

There was no one there to see them; even the boatman was shut out by that paragon frame covered with thick brown silk. There was no one to hear, for the boatman was decidedly deaf. Had these two met under ordinary circumstances they would, of course, have been ordinary acquaintances upon this the first of their meeting; but the circumstances were not at all ordinary, and Edwin really felt obliged to put his arm about the little shrinking form to protect it all he could (or at any rate it pleased him to think so), from the stormy night wind, for the rain had not ceased for a moment and it seemed quite natural to clasp the small cold hands which she trusted in his with such child-like confidence; and when a few tears rolled slowly down the pale face, there is not much wonder that he kissed them away under their protecting umbrella, nor that he strove to comfort her in his own fashion.

"I said you were not to be conventional, little Maud," he whispered softly; "rest your head upon my shoulder; that will be a pillow for you."

"But ought I? Do you think I ought? What would Beatrice say?"

He was nearly as possible saying, "Bother Beatrice!" but instead he replied:

"I am sure you must. Little one, cannot you trust yourself to me?" And she crept close, like a tired child, glad to be at rest; and so he held her tenderly, his heart going out to her with great love.

Then he leaned over her and spoke again:

"Only fancy! we met to-day for the first time, and yet it seems as though I had known you all my life. Perhaps I have seen you in my dreams; but sweet Maud, I cannot part from you again. You asked me just now what Mrs. Roley would say; that I do not know, but whatever it may be, you will give me the right to stand by you. Maud, will you be my wife?"

And he stooped and kissed her rosy lips unchidden, once, twice, thrice; and again there was silence, delicious silence, which, like a man, he broke.

"You do not answer me, my little love. Are you happy—are you content?"

"More than happy — more than content. My heart is too full for words."

"My little queen," he whispered, "how fortunate it was I brought my umbrella, otherwise I might never have gained you for my wife. I wonder if another man ever won so charming a bride thus strangely?"

And the oars went on with their monotonous turn in the rowlocks, and darkness set in, while these two, sheltered under the umbrella, heeded nothing but their own joy. When they reached Ripplebank there was great commotion.

Mrs. Roley had waited for the lost couple for half an hour at the place appointed; then she had inquired of some people coming up stream, and learned that they had seen a lady and a gentleman enter a small boat and pull down the river; and upon further inquiries, had gathered that the gentleman had an umbrella, which he gave the lady before taking the oars himself, and the umbrella was conclusive evidence that the couple could be no other than Miss de Lara and Mr. Dunstan. The other four couples, who had been deeply engrossed in their own affairs, and knew as little about the manner they had missed them as Dunstan and Maud, asserted they were sure they had walked on ahead of them, and that no doubt they had hired this boat just for a piece of fun, and that most likely they should pick them up a mile or two down the river.

But no boat did they overtake at all answering to the description given them, for the very simple reason that the gentleman and lady whose possession of an umbrella had led them astray, had gone home to their cottage by the river side, and the umbrella was peacefully draining on the stand in the hall, while the two were partaking of their evening meal behind closed blinds.

To say that Mrs. Roley was not angry with her little sister would be doing that lady more than justice; yet there was a glad light in the girl's eyes and a smile about her mouth that no anger could quench; and when Edwin Dunstan pressed the little hand in saying good night, he whispered the one word, "To-morrow," and followed Mrs. Roley out of the room.

What passed between these two was not repeated by either; but the interview could not have been a very unsatisfactory one, for when Edwin Dunstan went away in October to his father's fine old place in the shires, to have his share of pheasant shooting, he took a fair young bride with him, who answered to the name of Maud, but was equally known as "Sprite," "Elfie," "Little Midge," and a dozen other diminutive appellations, and the wedding had taken place from Ripplebank.

Farming vs. Fruit-Growing.

It is not my purpose in the slightest degree to abuse farming, taking the occupation as a business. On the contrary, my desire is to say and do all in my power to make the farmer's life a happy one, to reduce his expenditures and increase his income. Hence, in placing the two professions (for that they certainly are), farming and fruit-growing, side by side for comparison, my purpose is solely to show wherein the farmer may, by a little judicious labor and thought, very materially better his prospects. A farmer friend once said to the writer, when the suggestion was made that he embark into fruit culture, that "he believed in letting well enough alone." A good maxim, I think, and applicable in many cases; but in this particular one it seemed to me a wrong conclusion to reach, particularly as he owned acres of the finest land for strawberry culture in that section of the State. I was still more convinced that he made a mistake when I found five to ten acres of this valuable land used as pasture for a half-dozen cows and two or three horses. Some three years later this identical piece of land was turned into a strawberry plantation, and eventually the entire farm was planted to small and large fruits, and today the owners (a stock company) are getting rich from it. Of course all this was not accomplished without a vast deal of hard work and perseverence.

I do not wish to be understood as advising the farmer to embark into fruit-growing, sheep-raising, etc., in connection with farming, on a grand scale. In fact, I am decidedly averse to trying to accomplish too much, when the result will be a failure; but this I do say, and with earnest, practical truth, having seen it proven so many times, that if many of our farmers, who are not fore-handed, would devote a small portion of their land to fruit-growing, they will be surprised at the ease with which the produce is made salable, compared with corn, potatoes, etc. In brief, the point is here. If you, reader, are the owner of a farm of twenty, thirty or forty acres, and have a hard time to make ordinary farm crops pay you, why not set an acre or two in strawberries or other fruits? You will certainly find your labor lighter and your purse heavier.

A word of caution here. If you make this experiment as suggested, do it fairly, give a good portion to the best land for the purpose, and manure it well; because you are inclined to be somewhat skeptical on the subject do not test the truthfulness of my assertion on poor, worn-out land.

A farmer once spent an entire summer getting a certain piece of land in readiness for millet the following year. At the time he commenced, his wife planted an acre of strawberries near the house where she might care for them herself. The first crop of millet brought $110, from which had to be deducted the cost of clearing the ground, labor, threshing and marketing. The same season his wife supplied her boarders and her own table with an abundance of nice fruit, and sold $79 worth to the stores in a neighboring village, taken from her door, and also sold $40 worth of plants. Her expenditures were cost of plants, cultivation, manuring and picking. Let the reader figure for himself in which crop was the most profit, proportionate to the expenditures. Suffice it for us to suppose that the farmer profited by the example in following years.—Baltimore County Herald.

Marrying for Money.

I had a conversation recently with a very attractive New York lady, who, among other misfortunes, was afflicted with $2,000,000. She said she never would marry, because she would not believe that any man wanted her for any other reason than her gold. 'And what,' I asked, 'do you lose thereby? If a gentleman takes you because you are so pretty, the smallpox, a fall from a horse, any accident may destroy your beauty, and where will his love be if it for that reason only he took you? If another one falls in love because you are so fresh, so young, so lively, time is to destroy all that, and your hold on him is lost. But if he takes you for your money, you need only beware of dangerous speculations, and you will always keep the charm that brought him to your feet, and you have nothing to fear." "That is one way of looking at it," she said; and so completely did she embrace my opinion that barely a year after I received an invitation to her wedding with an English nobleman.—Temple Bar.

What kind of leather is Cupid?—Undressed kid.

He had just hinted that he could not spare time to take her to a picnic. "Oh, I see," she responded cruelly, "time is money."

A Short Address to Tramps.

An exchange publishes the following address to the tramp fraternity: The farmers of this and adjoining sections of the country have been pestered by your kind until they have become exasperated and they intend now to take care of themselves and property and let every tramp look out for his own corporosity. They have generally supplied themselves with rifles, double-barrelled shot guns and small arms, and have been drilling themselves, from the great-grandfathers-and-mothers of the household down to the babies, how to use these weapons; they have obtained the fiercest and snappiest breeds of bull dogs; the men and boys have all been practicing the pitch-fork and corn-knife drill; they have all taken the oath of allegiance to home and family and sworn vengeance against the tramp race. Now this is to warn you that woe will betide any of the tramp species or fraternity who attempts to beg, borrow or steal anything; or enter any house, barn, shed or other outbuilding; or is discovered in any orchard or melon patch; or found encamped in any field or woodland. That the aforesaid guns, small arms, weapons and four-legged dogs of war will be opened on you, and your bodies will be handed over to the Coroners of the respective counties to be sat upon by them, and after this wise provision of the law is complied with and the verdict of acquittal on yourself and those who gave the Coroner the job is rendered, your carcass will be buried in the Potter's field and a board set up warning all tramps to beware, as their just deserts will surely overtake them sooner or later.

Now, Mr. Tramp, why is it you are thus overrunning the country, disturbing the inhabitants and creating among them a feeling of dread, disgust and insecurity? Why are there so many of you, young, able-bodied men, thus found fooling away your lives? We know it is just because you are too lazy to work or too unreasonable to accept the exigencies of business depression, but would rather "strike" and loaf than take the wages the times will justify. This being the case, do you wonder that working, independent, self-relying people regard you as cumberers of the earth, and spurn you from their door? Mr. Tramp, stop loafing, quit drinking whiskey, go home, go to work, take half wages until times improve and your wages can be advanced, and we assure you it will be better for you, for your family and friends and for the country at large.

We give this address gratuitously for the benefit of our tramp readers, quite a number of whom have latterly visited our office and subscribed to our paper, among others, in the simple and modest request of "please give us a few exchanges."

To Make Good Light Bread.

One cup yeast, best flour well sifted, one pint of new milk, or boil three potatoes and mash fine in a half-pint of the water boiled and half-pint new milk in a new tin pan or earthen dish, a little salt (teaspoonful); stir in flour enough to make a sponge and cover it with flour; then cover with a tin dish and use a milk strainer; keep warm if in cold weather, let it stand till nine p. m. then knead, putting in a large spoonful of lard; knead in flour until it is perfectly smooth and will not stick to dish, cover close again, and in the morning pan and strainer will be full; cut down early with a knife and cover again; in about an hour it will be nearly as full again. It will not need any more flour than just enough to make the rolls or loaf smooth; this quantity will make a good-sized loaf and tin of rolls; when in the tins prick through the dough to the dish. Why? some may ask. The answer was when I asked the question, "To prevent the large air places in some bread and to make the sponge even." Let it stand until it is quite light, covered with a towel; when light have a good even fire of wood—hard wood—or coal if the fire is kept even; it will bake a beautiful brown in one hour; when baked enough it will slip from the tins easily; roll or place upon a tablecloth, covering it thoroughly with it till cold; then place in a covered stone jar without any cloth; see that jar is kept washed and perfectly dry every week, and that no old bread or pieces are left in to taint the new. In this way if followed closely any one can have good sweet bread, and not so dry and hard that the crust can scarcely be cut, as I have seen, and it will last a week and make at the last beautiful yeast.

Iowa Love Charms.

First you get two bits of silk, one of his favorite color and one of yours. Back these bits with some soft stuff, and on their face embroider your initials. Sew the bits (square in shape) into a small sack, attach it to a narrow ribbon, and wear it about the neck, but out of sight. That isn't all. You must put into it a lock of his hair tied with a ribbon of your favorite color. How does one get the lock of hair? Oh, you stupid child! Have you no strategic talents? Ask him for what you want, then. There are 2,000 girls in Burlington, and 1,200 of them have "love charms." Watch, the next time you go down in a bob car, and see.—Burlington Hawkeye.

It always occasions re jaws-ing when a man's mother-in-law comes to stay all summer.

Thoughts by the Embalmer.

"Thoughts on Mount McGregor, July 25, 26, 1885, by T. Jefferson Hemma, late of Eighty-third N. Y. Volunteers," is the title of a black-bordered circular that has just come from the press. Mr. Hemma is the embalmer who was employed at the dates and place specified. He writes: "As I stand alone by the bier at this midnight hour on the lonely mountain top, where all is hushed and quiet save the steady tread of the sentries as they patrol around the cottage wherein repose the sacred remains of our beloved hero, I look upon thy face, so calm, so beautiful, so peaceful in death; I lay my hand upon thy brow; I clasp thy hand in mine; I ask: Can this be death? No; thou art not dead. Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and the Pleiades shine as bright and clear to-day as when the shepherds first noted them on the plains of Shinar. So thy name and fame will live forever. Mausoleums of marble and granite will have crumbled into dust; kingdoms and empires shall have passed away, but the example of thy life will tell on future generations till time shall be no more."

Signing and Sealing.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the present lady of the White House at Washington, seals her notes with wax on which is only the letter C in plain text. The seal is quite a small one, only about the size of a silver ten-cent piece. She uses plain colored wax, but not red. She writes a very pretty and easily expressed note, brief and to the point, yet courteous, and signs it 'Elizabeth Cleveland'—She is very business-like in her methods, and large as is her correspondence, always replies promptly to any letter requiring an immediate answer, writing personally, not making use of one of the President's clerks or secretaries to answer her letters, as has been the case with some other ladies in the same position she now holds. The eldest daughter of the Secretary of State, Miss Bayard, uses the coat of arms of her family on the wax with which she seals notes.—Harpers Bazar.

Ambidexterity of the Eskimos.

They drive the dogs in the sledge, using their long whip indifferently with either hand. They shoot their game with their gun held indifferently at either shoulder, or throw the harpoon or lance with either hand, skinning and carving the carcasses without regard to the particular hand employed. It is even noticed among the children throwing stones at the luckless ptarmigan, marmots, or ducklings that fall in their way. In the most delicate and complicated tasks that they undertake the use of one hand is only imposed until it is fatigued, when it is freely exchanged for the other.—Lieut. Schwatka.

A Fatal Sign.

Look after the bend in your shoulders just below the nape of the neck, mesdames, for this proclaims Sarah Bernhardt's age, according to an astute critic, who says no stage artifice can conceal this evidence of 40 years, now perfectly apparent in this once delectable French artiste. Women who hate to grow old will be obliged to do something more than repair their faces if this worldly observation is really true. A wrinkle, a lost tooth, a gray hair is mere child's play to "the bend in the shoulders just below the nape of the neck." Something must be done to straighten it out.

Wise Words.

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease.

Adversity is the trial of principle; without it a man can hardly know whether he is honest or not.

He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are.

Good is slow; it climbs. Evil is swift; it descends. Why should we marvel that it makes great progress in a short time.

Sympathy is a fellow feeling with one in trouble; it can only be fully developed where like experience exists.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.

Thoughtlessness is never an excuse for wrong doing; our hasty actions disclose, as nothing else does, our habitual feelings.

Bits of Fun.

An unanswerable argument—one made to the dumb.

We can discover no traces of a harness shop ever being called a bridle-chamber.

Self-made men are not "born to command," because they are not "made to order."

A Connecticut minister is so opposed to kissing games that he will not take a 'bus even in the stormiest weather.

"What country is on the opposite side of the globe?" asked a teacher of a hopeful pupil. "Don't know, sir," was the reply. "But if you should dig a hole straight through the earth, and you should go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir."

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