AN UPLAND FARMER'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM HIGGS

The golden rod is blooming, my beloved, my beloved,
And the asters lift their purple heads to the late September sun, And the maple-tips are turning, my beloved, my belove;

And the ivies flush to crimson, that adown the hiliside run.

There's a wine blush in the elders, my beioved, my per rved, And the sumac's leaves gleam bright beneath their spikes of sober red; And the sunflowers raise their faces, like dark orbs r.mmed round with glory. Beating up into the szare from their green, luxurious b d.

The grapes burn crimson-purple, my beloved, my be oved.

From their treelised foliage-fastness c broad, slowly browning leaves.

And the late pesca gamers luster in its nes of creamy yellow,
Like a Ruth's ace litted sunward from a
wreath of golden sheaves.

The meadow grass is browning, my beloved, my beloved. And the cattle browse to windward, as in

protest of their fate.

Or come trailing round the orchard, half expects at of its treasure.

Or low softly for admission at the old red barn-yard gate.

The night winds faintly whisper, my beloved, my beloved,
Of the ice floe and the snow swath that
infest the Northera sea. And the thing reeds in the river, my be-loved, my beloved. Beck and shiver at the message-and my heart beats round to thee.

There's a something moves my soul to truth, may belive i, my belived, In this sight of autumn's banners strewn on had and stream and les; To earth's truest, tondest, dearest one my spirit would be moving, And I come, my love, my love, to thee,

How the Deacon Proposed.

to thee, to thee .- Boston Transcript.

BY PERSIS F. CHASE.

"I tell you what 'tis Jacob, I come here when Ma y Ann died so sudden. and left you with them three mother ess children, and took right hold and looked after things same's of they were my own, I don't know as you hev much reason to complain, and hev had your victuals and there han't ben nothin' wasted. The milk's been took care of well, you know you get more for your butter than eny one round here. I don't see no call for you to go and get married, at your time of life too, and you a deacon of the church."

"I don't see what you are talking so for, Jesusha, I haven't found any fault have I?" I guess I shan't get married to night."

"Wall I ain' no fool, Jacob, you didn't used to stan' before the glass brushin' hair halt an hour jest tu go tu evenin' meetin', and I ain't the only one that has noticed how you are sprucing up lately. Miss Green was in here this afternoon, and ahe spoke bout it. She said she shouldn't won ler a mite

of you was married before winter."
"Mrs. Green is a good hand to mind other folk's business. She better stay at home and take cars of her family."
"Wall, all I hev tu say is, of you must

get married don't for massy sikes hev that Clarissa Howe; what'll she know—" The deacon who had finished his toi-

let, did not want to hear the rest of Aunt Jerusha's remarks, but went out of the room, closing the door with just a little Jerusha's remained, only forty. Tall, Jerusha, had hinted, had hin stead of a farmer, with hardly a silver

thread in his glossy, black hair.
It is now three years since Mrs. Grover, the deacon's wife died, leaving three children, two boys and a little daughter three years old. The deacon had been very fond of his wife, and had sincerely mourned her loss.

She was sadly missed in her home, for she had been one "who looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness."

Deacon Grover had been gla I to accept the services of his sister, to look after his house and cuildren, especially little Mary, who was a delicate child and needed constant attention, and had got along very well with Jerusha, accounting for eccentric ways by remembering a disapointment in love, which had made her the old maid she was.

As Jerusha was several years older than her brother, she did not hesitate to express her opinion at the way he managed his affairs, and give him plenty of advice. "She had done her duty by Jacob and the children, and took right hold and looked after thin a same's of they's my own," so she told Mrs. Green, but the children wanted something besides wholesome food and clean clothes, and doses of herb tea; they missed a mother's love. Little Mary found out it was no use to ask Aunt Jerusha "to sing to her, or tell her a story, as manma used to," the reply was sure to be, "I hain't got no tune, you go and set down in your little chair and be a good girl," so when papa was not about she lavished her affections on her kitten or doll.

So the months and years passed, and the deacon had nover given any indicacation that he intended to change his lonely condition. In vain did sister Babbitt, a buxom widow, express her sympathy for him, and was evidently willing to "unite her fortune with his in

the tenderest of ties."

About six months before the date I am writing, Clarissa Howe had come to this little village among the Vernont hills, to try to earn her living by dressmaking. A cousin, who was married to a farmer had written her, that the only dressmaker in the place, had been obliged to give u, work on account of her health; so Clarissa, whose early home had been in the country, gladly left her little room in the top of a cheap

city boarding-houre, and went to Harland, where she made her home with her cousin, going about from house to house, cutting and making dresses for seventy-five cents a day. Although she worked hard, for every one was anxious worked hard, for every one was anxious to have the city dressmaker, the pure country air, fresh milk, and home-made bread, and perhaps a lighter heart brought back the color to her cheeks, and sparkle to her eyes. Her cousin told her she was growing young. Clarissa was now twenty-eight. Her parents had died when she was sixteen, leaving had died when she was sixteen, leaving her almost entirely dependent upon her own exertions for her support. When she was about twenty, she became engaged to a young man she had long known, and was looking forward to a hower, and was looking forward to a home of her own, it only a humble one, when a dreadful accident occurred on the railroad, where John Porter, her lover, was brakeman, instantly killing him. Since that time Clarissa had worked on taking but tittle interest in anything, and only caring to earn enough to keep out of debt. This hange from the city to the country had been just what she needed. She arrived at Harland in Apr I, when all nature was awakening to new life, The meadows and hillsides were beautiful with the fresh grass of spring. On every tree and bush the brown buds were bursting,

So with the sweet spring-time new hope and courage sprang up in Clarissa's heart. Life had a good deal of bright-

not have to go far or their dinner.

and the tiny green leaves peeping out. Robins were singing blithely as they

slyly watched the ploughman turn over

the brown furrows, knowing they would

ness in it, for her, after all. As eacon Grover walked toward the church, with Jerusha's remarks ringing in his ears, he was obliged to ad nit that the dearest wish of his hear was to make Clarissa Lowe his wife. The first time he saw her at church, and heard her, and atterward seeing her at the evening meeting, with her coasin who had given him an introduction, he was much attention to Mary Ann, had he been so much in love. When he was about h s work be found himself think-ing of Clarisa. His field of ripening wheat reminded him of her golden brown hair, and the blue violets, that little Mary pucked down by the brook, and brought to him to put in water for her, just matched her even her, just matched her eyes.

He had never paid any particular attention to Clarissa, but some how it had begun to be whispered around "that deacon Grover was all took up with the

new dres-maker."

Mrs. Green had been the first to carry the rows to aunt Jerusha, who was very indignant. Although she had a lit-tle home of her own, she liked her posi-tion as mistress of her brother's house, and the rent of her place could all be put in the bank.

"The idee," she said, "of Jacob mar rying that air city dre. smaker, what'll she know 'bout takin' care of milk, and

seeir.' to farm work. I presume she can't make a loa of bread." "Good eventn" said aunt Jerusha to Mr . Green who came in, with her knit-ting, soon after the deacon had let the

house for meeting; "take a cheer, thought you'd gone tu meetin."
"Wall, I did calculate tu, but Aaron be was late 'bout milkin', and time I got the milk strained and the pails washed, it was too late tu go; seems to me you look kinder pale, ain't ye teelin'

well?"
"No I ain't, I've got the newrology. It always brings it on tu get nervous, and I got kinder riled up talkin' with Jacob. I hinted to him, when he was fixin' fur meetin', 'bout g.ttin' married."

"Did ye; what did he say?"

"Good land, ye han't, hev ye, I must say you're gettin' stylish." "I know I hev always made my own dresses, but this is going to be a nice one, and I see one she made for Dr. Watkin's wife, 'twas fixed nice, I tell ye, all trimmed with fringe. I am calculatin' tu go down tu Emeline this fall, she lives in the city, you know, and I thought I'd have one dress that would look as well as hers' but of I hadn't en-

gaged her I'd make it myself eny way."
"When's she goin, tu come?"
"Next Sunday to stay three days, but I ken just tell ve, there won't be no courtin' goin' on. I'll let the cream stan' and spile before I'll leave 'em alone a minute. You see that he don't get any chance to see her, seeing she's going round from place to place all the time, and tain't likely he'll go tu her cousin's funday nigtht when there's a meetin'

and he a deacon.'
"Wall, all I hev to say, you'll see he'll find a chance to see her for when a man gets his mind made up to get married, nothin' ain't going to stop'em, especially

if he is a widerer."

Monday, soon after breakfast, Clarissa arrived at Deazon Gr ver's and was soon at work on the black cashmere dress. The deacon did not know anything about it, until sometime during the forenoon, Mary came running out to where he was at work, and told him. Was it anything strange that he left his work a little earlier than usual at noon brushed his hair very smooth, and putting on a clean linen coat, went into the sitting room where Clarissa was sewing. Aunt Je usha, who was busy getting the dinner, could not follow him, but sent the children into the room, and dinner was served as soon as possible.

Aunt Jerusha, as she told Mrs. Green she would, did not seave her brother and Clarrissa 'alone for a mome it." No matter how inconvenient it was, when Jacob was in the house, she took her knitting and sat down with them. After t-a when it was too da-k to see, Claris a went out on the piazza and sat down, the deacon would soon follow, and aunt Jerusha also, and although she had several pans of milk that needed skimming, and the evening air was sure to bring on her "nurolozy," remained firm at her post; wi h ner head done up in a rea worsted shawl.

So during the three days Clarisea was at the house, she was on guard, and as the afternoon of the third day drew to a close, she was congratulating herself

that all danger was over. The dress was finished, satin trimming and all, to Aunt Jerusna's entire satisfaction. Support was over, and they were all suting on the piazza. Clarissa had her hat on, and her bag by her site and was expecting Mrs. stone, a lady she was to work for next, and who lived three miles from Deacon Grover's, to send for

Aunt Jerusha had been having considerable controversy with a sewing machine agent, in regard to buying a machine. She at last consented to his leav-

ing one on trial.

The following is what she told Mrs.
Green the next day: "We was all sittin' on the piuzza. Clarissa was expectin' Miss Stone tu call tur her. I could see Jacob was terribul anxious to git rid He asked me of the cream was ready tu churn, 'cause David was goin' tu churn it airly in the mornin', but I didn't take no hints, but sat right close tu Carissa, knitting, and the children were playing round in the yard, when who should drive up but that pesky sewin' machine feller, with the machine I told him he might leave. You never see how brisk Jacob was a helpin' him in with it. Of course I had tu go in and see about it, and the machine teller said I must set right down, and he would show me how tu run it. I told him I couldn't stop so way then, that he must come in the mornin, but he sail he was going away and couldn't come agin; that I must jest learn how tu thread it: said it wouldn't take but a few minutes, so I thought ef it wouldn't take long I might os well larn, but ef you'll believe it, that plaguey critter never let me get up for more'n an hour. He had to tell bout the time he saw her at church, and heard her sweet voice singing the old familiar hyms, he had almost fallen in love with what all. I am sure I don't know nothin' 'bout it, for my mind was out on the piazza. Wail, at last he went away, and just as soon as I stepped my foot out on still more pleased with her. Never, in that piazzall knew the mischief was done. his young days, when he was paying much attention to Mary Ann, had he ing her hand, and she with cheeks redder than a piny. I gave one witherin' look and went in, but Jacob come right

the milk room and shut the door. When I came out she had gone, and Jacob sat in the kit hen, and—wall—we had considerable tack, 'mount of it is, I am going out the state of the same of t tu sister Emeline's soon as I ken git read, and it's a wonder of I come back this way very soon."

It was not many weeks before Harland was without a dressmaker, and Deacon Grover had a wire, and the boys

and little Mary a mother, who sang to them and told them wonderful stories.

In time aunt Jerusha overcame her dislike of Jacob's marriage, enough to make the na visit, and after remaining two weeks, told Mrs. Green "that she was so surprised to find what a good house keeper Clarissa was, that her but-ter was as hard and yallar as gold, and better bread she never eat."—Portland Transcript.

FAMILY TENDENCIES.

How Certain Americans Have for Generations Belonged to Certain Professions.

Boston Advertiser.

Certain tendencies manifest th mselves in certain families, and often seem to have Providence on their side. For instance, statesmanship seems natural to the Adams family, and is a part of its traditions. The Storrs family has ministerial traditions for several generministerial traditions for several generations. The Jay family cave always been conspicuous in the higher politics of the country. In a similar way the Potter may have produced new varieties family for two generations has held some of the foremost positions in the Episcopal church. Bishop Alonz. Potier Pennsylvania was a great religious leader and organizer, the foremost ecclesias tie in his communion; while his brother Bishop Horatio Potter of New York, who now practically retires from the active daties of his office, has been scarcely less distinguished as the metropolitan of the American Episcopal body. His successor, the assis ant bishop-elect of New York, Dr. Henry C. Potter is his own nephew, one of the sons of Blahop Alonzon Potter, and his election looks something like hereditary succession in the Episcopal and a Traine here hereditary succession in the Episcopal order. Twice before have two prothers been chosen to the Amercan Episcopate-one in the case of the brothers Onderdonk, and later in the case of the orothers Burgess. Dr. Petter is well known in Boston, where he formerly officiated as assistant minister of Prinity parish under Bishop Eastburn, and has long been one of the hardest worked clergy of New York city. His strength lies in gifts of ad instration and in strong instincts for the amelioration of social life. His success in the renovation of Grace church, New York, has been one of the marvels of religious reform. He is fully alive to what is American in the Episcopal church, and probably no other clergyman could have been chosen the Protestant bishop of New York who combines in nimself more or better qualities for a strong and progressive Episcopate.

Her Ears Had Been Bored.

From T was Sitting "Don't you think earrings would become v. u?" inquired Kosciusko Murphy of Birdie McGee. Kosciu ko had been paying Birdie very assiduous attention

"I don't know," replied Birdie de-"I suppose the reason you don't wear them as because it will hurt so to have

you- ears bored?"
"Oh, not 11 the least," said Birdie, "On, not in the least," said Birdle, with animation. "I've had that done already, quite often, almost every evening—in fact, for the last three weeks."

Then Kosciusko reached around to the piano, dragg d his hat off the cover and commenced to iade gradually from the room. He fairly melted away into obscurity, and now a wide chasm separates the gallant Kosciusko and the charming Birdie.

HOUSE AND FARM.

Fashion Notes

Plain linen collars and cuffs are to be terred by many followers of this severe feshion. They look trimmer and neater fishion. They look trimmer and neater invariably than any other style, but it will take some time to re-establish the custom of wearing them after the more delicate and negligee fashion of wearing

New necklaces for evening wear are of Florentine and cloisonee beads some of which are encrusted with tiny silver stars or studded with mock gems, which glitter like real jewels in the gaslight. Roman pearls also were never more in fashion than at the present, worn twisted about the neck in triple rows. The newest strings show delicate sheary tints of heliotrope pink, gold and mauve sea green and silver, and rose and pearl in the softest and most exquisite tints.

Cashmeres hold the first place among woolens, and come in all the new taking care to keep the wetted side upshades. Their popularity for evening dresses has been unbounded at watering places this summer, and is equally great during the winter. Just now they are in great demand in stylish dark swades for early autumn wear, the swades for early autumn wear, the from shining. Chloroform will cleanse the finest siks and remove spots withwom in of moderate means preferring a cashmere dress and jersey-cloth jacket to the more expensive cloth dress which must be made by a tailor or fashionable and then rubbing borax soap into the dress-maker to be really handsome.

Dark velvet bodices, which are so fashionably worn just now over skirts in cold. of veiling, silk and other fabrics, may be heightened in effect for dressy occasions by having the basque edge cut in blocks failing over a la e ruffle set underneath, The trimmings of the sleeves and square neck are arranged to match. For evening wear the sleeves are sometimes of transparent sitk lace or net, gold lace being used where a gold-colored Spen-ish lace ruffle is set underneath the basque.

It is almost impossible to distinguish the new velveteen from real velvet, so si ky is its surface and so soft and even its face. The dark colors of this material are very handsome, and they make very stylish and water-defying walking skirts, the new brand, it is claimed, being proof against rain spots, and warranted never to fade.

For dressy winter evening toilets, transparent stuffs of al' colors will be worn, such as silk, gold and silver gauzes and nets, with satin velvet, chenille, and feather embroideries, the figures very solid, while the grounds are very open.

woven surfaces, London cloths in herring bone patterns, and irregular twilled cloths are used for the popular tailormade costumes.

Superfine broad :loths with closely

Velvet and velveteen will be worn to excess, and with all sorts of stuffs, even silk gauzes.

Pointed velvet yokes are used on silk dresses which have Vandyke pointed

Breton, Franklin, and Elizabeth vests autumn toilets.

and gilt lace are used.

What's in a Name.

The Hon. Marshail P. Wilder, President of the American Pomological Society, in his recent address at Philadelmay have produced new varieties worthy of being disseminated. He says: "Let us have no more Generals, Colonels, or Captains at ached to the names of our fruits; no more Presidents, Governors, or tilled dignitaries; no more monarchs, kings, or princes; no more mammochs, gants, or Tom Thumbs; no more nonsuches, seek no-furthers. ne plus ultras, hog pens, sheep noses, Big Bobs, iron clads, legal tenders, Sucker States, or stump-the-worlds!" He advis s the use of the simplest names, and only one word will, as a rule, form a better name than two or more. All the big and little names mentioned above are now attached to fruits in cultivation, and it is time that simpler ones were employed.—New York Sun.

Town and County Lawns. There is nothing about a country home more permanently pleasing to the eye than a well kept lawn. Flowers and shrubbery are beautiful, but they do not satisfy a cultured taste as does the emerald green of a fresh, velvet turf. A Northern lady, to whom marriage gave a delightful plantation home in the sunny south, once said to me, "I am surrounded by flowers, roses, jessamines, geraniums, heliotropes, honevsuckles, everything beautiful and fragrant in the way of flowers I have and enjoy, but there is an aching void. I long for a patch of green grass. I would exchange all my flowers for a northern lawn." The same lady came north to live after the war, and in fitting up her new home she said, "The leading teatures of its surroundings must be a lawn. I don't want the surface of the ground to be marred with tree, shrubor flower. There is nothing so handsome around a house as a green smooth-shaven lawn." This is putting it pretty strong. Trees and flow rs are beautiful in their place, but to plant a forest in front of the house or fill the front yard with lilacs, syringas and other shrubbery, as our fathers were inclined to do, so as to make the yard look like a swamp, was a mistake. A lawn, with a cluster of geraniums here, of heliotropes there, and other perpetual blomers few and far between bordered with elms and evergreen trees which may serve as a frame to the picture delivation and evergreen trees. ture, delights the eye of every beholder.

Lawns are now quite common, on farmers' promises, and we can see no reason why they have not as good a most disagreeable man alive.

right to a pleasant, tasteful home as the citizen who spends only three or four months in the country. As to its being a waste of and to devote a few rods in front of the house to a lawn, it is no in vogue again, and very deep cuffs and collars, like those worn by ladies in the play known as the "Squire," are prepay followers of this severe to equal privileges with the chickens? Whatever makes ome attractive, if it is no more expensive than a lawn, is not wasteful. If we wish to keep our boys on the farm, and to train our daughters for farmers' wives, we must make the home pleasant and farm life something besides mere drudgery.

How To C ean Black Silk.

The best way to clean black silk is in potato water. Grate two peeled potatoes in a quart of water; let it stand to settle and then draw it off again. Lay a breadth o the silk-rom which you have wiped the dust with a flannel ragoutside upwards on a clean cloth spread over an ironing blanket. Sponge it across the breadth well and fold it up, lay each carefully aside, then iron them from shining. Chloroform will cleanse the finest siks and remove spots without injury to the labric. Old clothes of of all kinds can be cleansed by steeping them for half an hour in warm water most soiled parts; wash well in tresh hot water, and then rinse them thorough-

Cooking Sale Mackkrel.

By some persons mackerel is not found easy of digestion, and it sometimes has a bitter taste, which makes it disagreeable to a delicate palate; but if properly cooked it is in reality as wholesome as any other fish. Fishmongers rarely clean it sufficiently, and a great deal depends upon the thoroughness with which it is done by the cook. The brown substance which clings to the backbone is the cause of the batter flavor, and this should be entirely removed. Open the fish, remove the backbone and thoroughly wope out all the brown substance then divide the fish down he middle, sprinkle it with pepper, flour and sait, place a piece of the roe upon each half, roll it up tightly and place it in a baking dish. Mix a dessertspoonful of flour to a teaspoonful of cold water, sur into it a half-pint of boiling water and a teaspoonful of essence of shrimps, and pour it over the flutted for over the filleted fish. Lay a tump of but-ter on each fillet and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Covers for Tables.

Very pretty covers for small tables may be made of various dark rich shades of double-faced Cant in flannel. A handsome and effective one is thus described: A yard square of olive-green Canton flannel was buttonholed all around the edge with gold-colored silk, the staches being taken some little distance from each other. A band of garnet flannel, three inches wide, was placed at a distance of four inches from the edge of and plastrons are all revived in the new the cover. This band, or border, before it was placed on the olive green For the neck and sleeve trimmings of flannel was first embroidered at inter-the new dresses gilt braid, gilt gauze, vais, little tans and butterflies afternating with each other. Each fan was about the s ze of a silver dollar; its outlines only were em roidered in semi-stitch with gold colored silk; the han-dies being worked also in the same color. The butterflies were in various colors, the upper and lower being usually groups of field flowers in crewels. Beau-tiful designs of this kind can be bought rea y mounted, and only r quire to be scanned. A table cloth of garner flannel, with a band of old gold, would look handsome with a group of daisies at each corner.

A Balloon Under the Sea.

The international exhibit on of Nice is reserving some wonders for the foreigners who may propose to pass a portion of 1883-4 upon the borders of the Mediterranean. One of the wonders is a balloon, which its inventor, M. Coselli, falls "the observatory under the sea. It is made of steel and bronze, to enable it to resist the pressure which the water produces at the death o (20 meters. This "observatory under the sea" has a height o eight meters and is divided into three compartments. The upper apartment is reserved for the commander, to enable him to direct and to watch the working of the observatory and to give the passengers the explanations necessary as to the depth of the descent and what they will see in the depth of the sea. The second apar'-ment, in the centre of the machine, is comfortably furnished for passengers to the number of eight, who are placed so that they can see a very long distance

from the machine.

They have under their feet a glass which enables them to examine at their ease the bottom of the sea, with its fishes, its plants and its rocks. scurity being almost complete at 70 meters of depth, the observatory will be provided with a powerful electric sun, which sheds light to a great distance in lighting these depths. The passengers have at their disposal a telephone, which allows them to converse with their friends who have stopped on the steamboat which transports the voyagers to such places as are known as the most curious in the neighborhood. They have also handy a telegraph machine. Beneath the passengers is an apart cent reserved for the machine, which is con-structed on natural principles—that is to sav, a the vessel of a fish, becoming heavier or lighter at command, so as to enable the machine to sink or rise a the wish of the operator.

Harcourt, home secretary for Great Britain, has the reputation of being the