

MY MOTHER'S DOOR.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

In the quiet one summer morning
A girl whom I had known from a child
And with bright self was her best advertising—
But she was not the girl I used to know.
"Stop little Norah." She did as I bade her.
"Why are you here alone on the ladder?
I was not here, nor do I feel sad, nor
Because I go from my mother's door."

"Why do you go, then, and what is your sorrow?
Tell an old man who has known you long."
Bogart's Arrows, you will say to-morrow.
As I be to-morrow, I will say to-day.
I used to be glad—no girl was gladder.
I never was so sad—no girl was sadder.
I was last night, and to-day I am sadder,
Because I go from my mother's door."

"What has she done to you?" "Broken my heart,
sir."

"What have you done to her now, pray?"
"Nothing but love him, and take his part, sir."

"For the poor fellow hasn't a word to say."

"Then you stamp your foot on the floor?"

"I was sad last night." "And to-day you are
sadder."

"Because you go from your mother's door."

"I will go back, Mother. Give me your hand."

"I will not let you go, sir." "I say you will."

"You will fetch him to see me. You understand now."

"Your mother knows him. It's only Phil."

"She looks me up, and he brought a ladder."

"He loves me in." "You told me that before."

"But your mother is sad." "She shall not be sad."

"I will not go from my mother's door!"

—Appleton's Journal for August.

THE HOUSE CLEANING.

Mr. Walter Ammidon laid his knife and fork down with a gesture of absolute despair.

"Not going to clean house again, Mrs. Benedict? Why, it seems as if we had only just recovered from the dreadful tearing-up process of last fall."

Mrs. Benedict slowly dropped four lumps of sugar into his coffee, then handed it to him, utterly regardless of the misery in his face.

"Dreadful tearing up!—that's perfect nonsense, Mr. Ammidon! As if you were very much inconvenienced last October while the carpets were up and the curtains down and the painting going on! Of course I shall clean; it's my habit, and has been for many years."

Mr. Ammidon gave a shudder of the sad fate that awaited him, that awaited all bachelors in boarding-houses—in the shape of several consecutive days of bare floors and the odor of soap; of cold dinners eaten wherever it was convenient to set the dining-table; of Mrs. Benedict in a chronic state of bustle and crossness, and the servants impatient, tired and sulky; of wide-open doors and windows; where the draughts tore through.

He was a gentleman, however, Mr. Ammidon was, and so repressed his ill-temper and disgust and mutual medicaments that house cleaning was a purely malicious instigation of his satanic majesty for the torment of mankind.

"Well, it's so nice and sweet and clean. Mrs. Benedict went on, with horrid cheerfulness, "and I've been thinking that I'll have your rooms newly papered, Mr. Ammidon. I am sure you'll like that?"

"Very much—when it is done, madam."

And he cut his meal short and rushed out of doors into the cool, fresh October evening.

"Ah, bah! I can already experience the agonies of last fall! Good Heaven! the woman must be made of cast-iron to tempt such a sieve again! It is no wonder her husband died if he suffered so many attacks of house-cleaning a year, and shall die or go crazy unless I leave her, but I suppose all women are equally idiotic."

A man of genuine misery broke from his lips as he strode along, his hand jammed over his eyes—very unlike the handsome gentleman he really was, with his frank, cheery face and pleasant mouth, with the white even teeth, and the half-curling, thick, dark hair, and the grave, intelligent eyes, that nothing

could be the idea of Mrs. Benedict's semi-annual tearing-up—a courtly, genial gentleman whom

she had a pencil sketch of his best features, when he had last half a dozen who would have

ed at the faintest chance of an offer

marriage from him—who himself

wondered why he had never fallen in

love with pretty little Mrs. Baldwin,

the blue-eyed, blonde-haired

wife, with no inconstancy, a house of

her own, and an income of three thousand dollars a year, often left plump

with that he was so very unimpassioned.

So Mr. Ammidon strode along, almost mechanically turning corners, his pace gradually growing slower, and then all at once he heard the brilliant tones of a piano as some skilled hand played, and looking up, found himself in front of a window, a gleaming, cheery, hospitable house—the very same, where Mrs. Bessie Baldwin lived.

The contrast was so strikingly vivid between the pictures in his imagination that he involuntarily paused—one, the picture of the way Mrs. Benedict's boarding-house would look next day, the other of how Mrs. Baldwin's elegant little room had appeared when he called there and as it appeared now through the lace curtains—quiet, warm, hospitable, inviting.

And like a revelation from heaven it came to him—an idea, a determination that was so strong, so resistless, that he walked up Mrs. Baldwin's front steps and rang the door-bell, wondering as he did when he had last ceased, and where the player had gone.

"I'll marry her if she'll have me, and when we'll see how many times a year the house is cleaned; that is it!"

Then the door opened and the maid invited him into the parlor, with the information that Mrs. Baldwin had just run into a neighbor's by the side gate, but would knock directly if the sick child was better at home to see.

Mr. Ammidon used to make himself in the easiest chair in the room—a great, wide, cushioned affair was drawn up by the little low table under the chandelier.

"Bless her pretty blue eyes!—I like to see her smiling, and when she's good, she's good to me to the bone, and when she's bad, she's bad to me to the bone."

And Mr. Ammidon never finds fault when his wife "cleans house," because he knows that if it had not been for that abased institution he might be a lonely bachelor in Mrs. Benedict's establishment.

—Cruelty to School-Boys.

A London school-boy, 12 years of age, committed suicide recently because he had a flogging. He had played truant, and knew what the usual consequences were. The master has stirred up great commotion in the newspapers, and two men are required for the operation.

One takes hold of the boy, hoists him on the shoulders, and keeps his coat and arms with a large and heavy rod, gives fifteen cuts on the boy's bare back, and these with might and main. This, however, was a mild flogging, for if the offense was at all great, the boy, after having fifteen cuts on his back, is made to sit on a heavy book or lay between two pieces of a flannel and pass a heated iron over it.

Applique lace is nicely washed by first sewing it carefully, right side down, to a piece of wolen flannel, washing, stiffening slightly, and pressing before removing from the flannel.

—An Ohio Horror.

About three miles west of Berlin, near the Drury Inn, one of the best hotels, a lady went out to draw a basket of chaff from the well in the yard, leaving her two children, a little boy of about 4 years of age and a little girl of less than a year, in the house. While she was drawing up the basket, which was attached to a wainscot, her little boy came

"You carried all those papers and the music up stairs, Annie, as I told you?"
The boy went to the gentlewoman and said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Baldwin, I'm sorry, Mr. Ammidon, and he came just as you went out."

"Oh, that's too bad that I was not in! Mrs. May's little baby is very, very sick, Annie."

And so Mrs. Baldwin never knew of the precious letter, as she sat there alone by the fire, thinking of the call she had missed with genuine sorrow and paling cheeks and eyes full of disappointment. For pretty Mrs. Benedict with her soft blue eyes and reflectively fair hair, and her perfect figure, was more interested in the handsome bachelors than she cared to admit even to herself.

The next day she dressed with unusual care for her afternoon visit to Mrs. Benedict, wondering, as she basted the soft little ruching around the neck of her sleeveless velvet jacket and adjusted her powdered hair, whether or not Mr. Ammidon would think she looked well and whether, possibly, he might not escort her home. So her eyes were dancing with radiant blue sunshine, and her cheeks were flushing a most delicious rose pink hue, her lovely mouth dimpling into bewitching smiles, when Mr. Ammidon came into the room, looking very pale and thin like the dinner-bell to ring. Mr. Ammidon, handsomer than he had ever seen him, in a dark-blue cloth suit, with white tie, and his face so grandly intelligent and animated as he went up to her and offered her his hand, looking straight into her face as he spoke, very quietly, but with all his force: "You would not shoot a workman, would you?" "No!" was the reply, "all we want is for you to fall down, and the world will be saved by us." The first shot came from his revolver and fired. This was followed by a volley of bullets and a shower of stones from the crowd. A number of soldiers fell, and in the next instant the front rank fired without orders, and the men marched forward with muskets crossed. One of the rioters caught a bullet in the hand of a soldier of the First regiment, and suddenly ejaculated: "You would not shoot a workman, would you?" "No!" was the reply, "all we want is for you to fall down, and the world will be saved by us." The first shot came from his revolver and fired. This was followed by a volley of bullets and a shower of stones from the crowd. A number of soldiers fell, and in the next instant the front rank fired without orders, and the men marched forward with muskets crossed. One of the rioters caught a bullet in the hand of a soldier of the First regiment, and suddenly ejaculated: "You would not shoot a workman, would you?" "No!" was the reply, "all we want is for you to fall down, and the world will be saved by us."

Then she met his gaze, hating herself because her heart was throbbing so glad at the sight of him, and despising herself because he had thrilled her from head to foot. Then, never knowing her fate was in it, she turned her beautiful face carelessly away and waved her hand, and answered him: "No," thought it was charmingly pleasant.

And Mr. Ammidon receded as if he had been struck a dreadful blow, and could not, for the life of him, console himself with the conviction that women were fools and men were well rid of them.

The next day he told Mrs. Benedict he had been struck a dreadful blow, and could not, for the life of him, console himself with the conviction that women were fools and men were well rid of them.

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AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

The Watering of the Corn.

How man who daily and kindly waters the plants to bring the soil to life.

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