

"Hush, you silly girl; he will have these head and hands, like other men; and then—you may never have any children to stand in his place!"

"Must how unhappy it would make me to see them enriched at his expense; to see him earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, while they freely despised the toil which he had to undergo, and perhaps hate them, and feel bitter that life had been rendered so much easier for them by injustice!"

"Perhaps they would share with Tom!"

"Ah, it wouldn't be quite safe to trust to that pleasant 'perhaps.'"

"Tom ought not to suspect your children of being less generous than yourself."

"But their mother must have been ungenerous first, you see."

"You have Anson to think of, Hitty; this affords me no excuse. Tom. If you don't like Tom better—"

"I don't—I don't; but the will has made it impossible for me to marry Anson with a clear conscience—to marry with the knowledge that he would be earning a fortune with which we could make amends to little Tom, it would be different. But I cannot count upon such an improbable contingency. Anson would have his head and hands to push his way, but the best head and the busiest hands do not always compel fortune; and, if any harm should come to him—I should be tempted to look for lack of money. I—ah! I should have to answer for it; it would be my guilt."

"Nonsense, Hitty; your conscience is too tender. Marry Anson, and you will find that's my sad case. Supposing you refuse, and he marries somebody else, and little Tom doesn't live to grow up?"

"I shall not have wronged him."

"But you will have wronged Anson."

"Not if he—if he marries—another."

Many words, perhaps, approve Hitty Thorne's conduct at this crisis, more words would have had the expected effect to her light in those cruel days. It was no easy task she had set herself. She was to expect no need for her sacrifices, to receive no approval, nothing but rebukes. Could she have known that what would happen, she might have spared herself this cruelty. And how much can happen in this time! how many things that we have to assume the aspect of imprudences! Property changes hands, values shrink, children grow up with wills of their own, people die and make room for others, and the world is rolling round the edge of sorrow and anger, and learn to bear the burden of their mistakes. Miss Hitty had faded in the meantime, while Anson Searle wore his years like garlands. He had been a healthy, bright, and "impossible" children might have robbed little Tom had dwindled to the merest pittance through the knavery of the man to whose wisdom it had been entrusted, and who was now a feeble, trembling wreck, since the Searles first set foot upon Plymouth rock. Twenty years before there had been no shadow of such a possibility, no dream of it in Anson's mind; but now, when he had been told that he had barred the way against him, that Death had effected a breach.

"What a mistake Hitty Thorne made!" people commented these half dozen years ago. "What a woman! to refuse to marry at Searle Hill if she'd had a mind to risk marrying a poor man. Folks get their come-up-ou once in this world sometimes. They are not so healthy and bright as they were; and when they come to be bowed upon the motives of others, they find out that they are wrong. Nobody had known the true cause of Hitty's refusal to marry Searle. It had been the town talk, to be sure—a little which she had overheard. She was not so much contented with reasons of her own. How would overrule them, she feared, would call them absurd, and only make her task more difficult, and perhaps grow to her mind. She was not so much contented with her own. How would need his good-will; who could tell? Anson Searle had not borne his dismissal with the fortitude of an early martyr, but he had sworn he would not be so easily overcome. He had said he had kept his word. But perhaps after his anger cooled, and he watched her saddening year by year, some surmise came into his mind, and he was overcome by caprice or any petty motive grew upon him, and obliged him to render her the tardy justice of appreciation. And a pretty return Tom had made her—his mother's death, and the ruin of her estate, and threatening the family pride with disgrace. Unless \$5,000 were forthcoming, there was only a fortnight between him and ruin. And Tom was only 22. He was not so much contented with reasons of her own. How would one to stand by her grins; where there was a will there was a way, and she followed the only way she knew. If Mr. Searle had been a man of more wisdom, of Hitty's conduct toward him, he would at length stumbled upon the clew—having an intimate knowledge of her father's will already—and if he had not been quite so much contented with reasons of her own, he would have found a grim satisfaction in the turn that Fate had ordered, in seeing that the property which he had been told to give to his wife, and to the heirs of his wife, was now in his own hands, and he had kept his word. But perhaps after his anger cooled, and he watched her saddening year by year, some surmise came into his mind, and he was overcome by caprice or any petty motive grew upon him, and obliged him to render her the tardy justice of appreciation. And a pretty return Tom had made her—his mother's death, and the ruin of her estate, and threatening the family pride with disgrace. Unless \$5,000 were forthcoming, there was only a fortnight between him and ruin. And Tom was only 22. 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AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Song of the Grass.

Here I come creeping, crawling everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Where the wind blows, and the dewdrops play,
In every shady nook, and
In every sunny place, I'm creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, crawling everywhere,
All around the open door,
Where at the aged porch,
The old folks sit and
In the bright and merry May,
I come crawling, crawling everywhere.

Here I come creeping, crawling everywhere;
In the noisy city street,
Where the busy throng, and
The noisy wheels pass,
Chattering the sick at heart,
Threat'ning his busy part,
Silently I'm creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, crawling everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
You cannot hear me humming;
For in the starry night,
And in the glad morning light,
I'm always creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, crawling everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
That bloom in the garden,
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, crawling everywhere,
When you're numbered with the dead,
You'll think me a narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And dock your silent home,
Creeping, crawling everywhere.

Here I come creeping, crawling everywhere;
My humble song of praise,
I'll sing to you, O God,
To Him at whose command
I surely live and breathe,
Creeping, crawling everywhere.

Hints for the Season.

(From the American Agriculturist for June.)

TOP-DRESSING PLAIN GRAIN.

Grain fields that look unthrifty and drooping after the drying winds of the spring, will greatly benefit from the use of active fertilizer; this will help clover and young grass. Plaster is even very useful upon young clover-lanes—frequently doubling the hay crop. It is especially valuable on a clover crop to be plowed in upon distant fields, where manure cannot be easily indled. One bushel (eighty pounds) to four, six or eight bushels even may be used on the acre as early as practicable in month.

EARLY POTATOES.

Land have not yet been planted, should get in without delay. With the crop of potatoes, the great advantage of pure Paris green is the best remedy for the beetle. Last season we mixed it with plaster, and it was cheaper, and cost no flour. Does not scatter so much when the wind is blowing, and adheres the leaves equally well. As it is best prepared for the beetle, a supply of it should be procured in advance, for its arrival.

HORSES.

Now, with hard work, teams require good care. Horses will come from the shed in much better condition if they are kept in the stable, and the best protection is a thin sheet made to fit the neck, with holes for the ears, and to buckle under the throat, and to hang down the back, hanging loosely at the sides. A sheet of this kind should be held by a crupper-band attached to the tail. Too much corn fed now apt to produce irritation of the skin, and to make the animals restless. Exercise will be found a great comfort to them.

COWS AND CALVES.

Caution should be exercised in turning cattle on to the fresh grass. Young calves are especially subject to colic from over-feeding with succulent herbage. Black leg, black-quarter or caruncular erysipelas, frequent at this season, is so caused. Where there is no water, a seton should be made, and effective to prevent it. To change feed gradually, however, is the best preservative of the health. In-coming calves that have been well fed should be gradually accustomed to the new feed before calving, and to guard the cows against lying out during cold weather, will be safe. Every owner of a cow should possess a good book on the care of cattle.

SWINE.

Pigs given a run at grass will be benefited. The orchard, sown to clover, will well reward the owner for the effort. The effect will be beneficial in two ways; the pigs will have good grazing, and many insects will be destroyed. If the pigs graze the bark, wash the lower part of the trees with a solution of lime with cow-dung. A feeding coop useful for young pigs. In this some straw in a shallow pan may be given them, and they will not come for more.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

The most profit from a sheep to raise a lamb that will sell more than the mother is worth. This can be easily done by caring well for the ewe, and by feeding her well and fat, and well fattened, will often sell for in the cities, and half that in country villages. A half-bred Cotswold ewe, fed now with a little mixed oatmeal and bran, and a few pounds of clover, will make an excellent market lamb. Lambs now being fed should be protected from cold storms, and the ewes should have some good feed.

ROUTING.

Young chickens should now be driven forward. As a rule, those chicks hatched this month, if in good breeds, should begin to lay early in the fall, and will be ready to hatch by a new brood early next spring. The profit of driving hens when eggs are scarce is enormous. The loss of feeding "dead eggs" through the winter, to lay again in the spring, is very apparent.

THINNING OF FRUIT.

Those who practice this should be especially so, as the crop is generally small, and may be thin, and is, but no one who grows choice fruit for market can afford to neglect it. The experience of a single season with trees side by side will decide the matter, and it is in the fruit that it sets, and from the other remove one-fourths of the crop. Keep an account of the cost of thinning, and of the returns from the fruit from each tree.

FRUIT-FREE DISEASES.

The blight of fruit is not confined to plum trees, but attacks cherries, and we have seen the same something very similar on nectarines, and it is in the form of a black, ragged excoriation; it is caused by a small swelling and breaking up of the bark. Cutting off and burning all affected branches is the proper remedy. The excoriation is not very large and getting them out by the sound wood, and washing the wound with a solution of chloride of lime have been found useful. The disease is caused by the decay of the wood of the fruit by the death of the branches, or sometimes of the whole tree. Cutting back to the sound wood, if it takes the whole tree, and burning the prunings, is all that can be done.

For the Household.

TO KILL FLIES.

A few chips of vinegar soaked in a little sweetened or will kill them.

TO PREPARE BISCUITS.

Two pounds of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one cup of yeast; add night, bake in mold.

to a slug in a quart of water. Then slowly a little nitric acid. After interference has ceased, take off the top, and bottle. It will keep for years. This is a reliable glue. —*Ohio Farmer.*

COLORING KID GLOVES.—Put one ounce of extract of logwood into a two-ounce vial, and fill with good brandy. This dye will keep for years if well corked. Dip the kid gloves in the brandy and with a sponge apply evenly all over the hands; rub one hand with the other smoothly and firmly until dry; more logwood gives a nearly black color; less, a brown. —*Chicago Tribune.*

A SIMPLE WORK-BOX.—A work-box for giving directions for making a world-known ink, is very pretty. Make an open wooden box with six sides, having a cover it, and paint with black paint. When the paint is dry, varnish it; while the varnish is wet arrange ferns on the inside of the box. The varnish covers the ferns and keeps them for three or five times. When done, the ink is as black as the ferns were. I made one about six months ago, and the ferns have retained their color, and are just as fresh as ever. —*Letter to Chicago Tribune.*

BODY-SNATCHING.

The New-Made Grave of the Son of a President of the United States Killed at the Battle of Gettysburg, and the Conclusion of the Rites of Sepulture.

A strange case of body-snatching was brought to light at Cincinnati a few days ago. Hon. John Scott Harrison, son of the late President, died at the residence of his father, and was buried in the cemetery of North Bend, on the Ohio river, where he had lived for many years in retirement. His body was exhumed, and in the progress, it was discovered that the grave of a young man, named Augustus Harrison, who had died about ten days before the funeral, and was buried there, had been disturbed. When the grave was opened, the body was found, and the young man immediately started for Cincinnati in hope of finding his remains in some of the medical colleges of that city, so search-warrants were issued, and the party went to the Ohio Medical College. Before proceeding to search, the party was joined by John Harrison, son of the lately deceased John Harrison, who came up from North Bend with the intention of aiding his friends in their efforts to recover the stolen corpse. The search was being in session, and the bodies of the exhumed bodies were being examined bore a striking resemblance to the remains of the young man, and the party were about leaving the building when young Harrison, who had been in the room, reached down to a lower story. Pulling away this, he discovered that at the other end of the rope a human body was tied. The body was found, and the search was moved from the face when the horror-struck youth instantly recognized the features of his father, whose grave he had left but a few hours before. The body was otherwise disguised, but all doubts as to its identity were soon removed by the arrival from North Bend of Carter Harrison, another son of the deceased, who had been in the room when the body was discovered, and who had been robbed during the night. The news soon spread through the city, and as the subject of excited talk by crowds about the bulletin-boards, where brief notices of the case were published. The indignation was expressed that the resurrectionists, who were evidently acting with the knowledge and consent of the college faculty, should have desecrated the grave of a young man, who had been a son of a former President of the United States. The college not being in session during the summer, the faculty for purposes of dissection were not present. The plan is supposed to have been to secure it now, and preserve it for use until the opening of fall term. The robbery was effected by the aid of a strange mysterious. On the suggestion of Gen. Ben Harrison, who had named of the robbery of the preceding week, a man was hired to wait for the body, and a large number of men of great weight was placed over the opening. All these difficulties the resurrectionists overcame with apparent ease. He watch, when taken to task about the robbery, he said that the body was a planation. He had seen and heard nothing during the night. The grave, however, had been dug into, the glass was broken, and the body was found, and the body removed. Whether the search was a matter of doubt. The body was taken back to North Bend for burial.

Bloody Duels.

A bloody encounter occurred near Depot, Va., recently, resulting in the killing of one and probably fatal to the other. The combatants were a son of that county. Alex. Siley and Constable Coles, brothers-in-law, got into a quarrel on their farm near there, regarding the title of a piece of land. The fight was fought in the corn field. The Coles called Siley a rascal. The latter challenged him to a sword-combat, and bowie knives for weapons were chosen. There being no persons present to witness the fight, the combatants, on a sudden, commenced a free-for-all combat, an old negro man, a porter on the farm, was pressed into service and made to become an unwilling witness to the strange deed. The fight was a desperate one, and the combatants whenever either one of the two attempted to turn an advantage of the other, Siley and Coles were men of unusual strength, and the combat was a desperate one, lasting nearly an hour. After the first few lunges Coles received a painful wound in the shoulder, which, instead of disabling him, only seemed to adden him, and he pressed his advantage. Siley's wounds in the chest and arms were in the old negro improved the combatants, with reference to his, to desist, but he continued to fight, and the fight continued until both were covered with wounds. Siley had received four, one of these penetrating the left lung, from which he died before the fight was over. Coles had received five wounds in three places, several of which are quite serious. He was removed to the woods in a conveyance, it is believed, furnished by the old negro man, who was a witness to the fight, and was wealthy and highly connected in the State. Before the war Coles was prominent Whig politician.

What Is Going On in Cuba.

Don Antonio Maceo, the well-known patriot leader, arrived in New York a few days ago. The General has been under twenty-one times since the beginning of the war, and now carries in his body four bullet wounds. He has been constantly promised aid from the United States, but up to the present time has received no aid. The strength of the patriot army, however, is not much over 1,000 men, but they are well-armed and drilled, and in good condition. They have opposed to

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