

# ONE JUNE MORNING.

I'm thinking now of a time, my friend—  
How many a time, my friend,  
In the morning dewy grass, my friend,  
That morn' when I was a girl that died,  
Happy hearted, tender-eyed,  
And side by side, and side by side,  
And whispered low.

Oh, those young June days!  
God never made a day so rare;  
Glimmer of silver hair,  
Fragrance in earth and air,  
Each bird a fountain of praise,  
Each flower a prayer,  
And those hearts of ours, those hearts of ours!  
They were gladder than birds, they were sweeter  
Than flowers.

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rather see you flitting a little yourself  
than watching me in his arms, like  
a butterfly of a husband to see if you  
can't detect him in doing wrong. You  
make me quite ashamed of you, I declare.

Mr. Palmer took his hat and walked  
out of the room with an air of mingled  
dignity and injured innocence. His  
wife sat up, wiped away her tears, and  
mused awhile, with eyes flashing and  
cheeks flushed with wounded and in-  
dignant feeling.

"Yes," she said to herself, "since he  
has requested it, I will amuse myself  
as he does, and see how he likes it!  
Ah, how I love to play the spider, and  
use to be when I was gay and  
happy. Oh, Bob, if you only knew how  
I loved you!"

And once more, despite her resolute  
closing her eyes and pressing her  
fingers upon them, the tears would  
come.

There was to be, that very evening,  
a party at Col. Johnston's, and Nellie  
took particular pains in dressing her-  
self for it. She had been, of late,  
rather careless on this point, and was  
now rewarded for her extra care by her  
husband's glance of approval and his  
remark that the pink silk was becoming  
to her. In consequence, her eyes and  
cheeks were brighter, and her spirits  
more buoyant, as she entered Mrs.  
Johnston's crowded drawing-rooms.

Scarcely had they paid their respects to  
the hostess, when Mr. Palmer accosted,  
or, rather, was accosted, by Miss Baden,  
a brilliant, confident girl, who tried to  
ennoble him before his marriage; and,  
at the same moment, a gentleman ad-  
dressed Mrs. Palmer. She answered  
mechanically, unable to withdraw her  
glance from Miss Baden, who was her  
companion, until, seeing something in  
Miss Baden's glance at herself which  
she did not like, her pride again awoke,  
and she turned, as with a sudden de-  
termination, to the gentlemen.

He was a young man, of the town—  
very pleasant and handsome—and  
Nellie Palmer forthwith began to  
try and make herself agreeable to him.  
He looked so pleased, and was himself  
so agreeable, that it soon cost her no  
effort to converse; and then her old  
lively spirits returned; and, to her sur-  
prise, she found that she was enjoying  
herself.

From his easy seat, Mr. Baden  
glanced at her, and then at the young  
man who was now talking to her. He  
saw that she was enjoying herself, and  
he looked so pleased, and was himself  
so agreeable, that it soon cost her no  
effort to converse; and then her old  
lively spirits returned; and, to her sur-  
prise, she found that she was enjoying  
herself.

At that instant a little laugh at his  
elbow startled him, and he turned  
saw Nellie, bright and flushed, talking  
to a very handsome man, who appeared  
quite absorbed in her. Mr. Palmer  
stared a moment at the unconscious  
couple.

"Why, the deuce!" was his thought;  
"what on earth can they have been talk-  
ing about all this while?" Then sud-  
denly meeting his wife's eyes, he smiled,  
and whispered, "Enjoying yourself,  
Nellie?"

"Oh, yes, dear, delightfully! Don't  
trouble yourself about me, pray."  
He passed on, but didn't go far, and,  
as the other was talking so merrily to  
sentimental Kate Marshall, his eyes  
occasionally wandered to his wife. How  
pretty she was looking and how gay she  
was, and how coquettishly she was ex-  
changing light repartees with that first-  
class, in a word, he liked to look at her  
while the handsome stranger never left  
her side. It was perfectly evident that  
he admired her.

"If she were not a married woman he  
would certainly fall in love with her,"  
she—my wife," and he felt a little re-  
sentful of the admiration.

Nellie Palmer had never sung more  
sweetly, or danced more gracefully than  
upon this evening.

"Don't you think, Nell, you've danced  
enough for one night?" said her hus-  
band, toward the close of the evening;  
"for a married woman," he added.

"Perhaps so," she answered, cheerfully;  
"but I've enjoyed myself immensely!  
Really, I almost forgot that I was a mar-  
ried woman, and felt like a girl again."

"And behaved like one," he said,  
rather ironically. "Who told you that  
that has been in my mind all the evening?"  
he inquired, as they walked down stairs.

"That remarkably handsome man,  
with the expressive dark eyes, do you  
mean?"

"I never noticed his eyes or that he  
was at all handsome," he answered,  
stiffly.

"Oh, I thought you meant Capt.  
Lovell, of the artillery. Ah! here he is!"  
said one moment, dear—I quite for-  
got."

And Nellie spoke a few words to the  
Captain in passing, of which her hus-  
band could distinguish only something  
about "that book."

"Upon my word," he said, sarcastically,  
"you appear very intimate already."  
"Because, love, we've discovered that  
we're congenial spirits. We like the  
same things—books, music, scenery; in-  
deed, everything. And we have the same  
opinions on most subjects. You know  
how pleasant it is to meet with one  
who can comprehend you—not your  
outer self merely, but with a sort of soul  
sympathy."

"Soul sympathies!" he said.  
"You never did have much senti-  
ment, Bob," sighed Nellie, in an injured  
tone.

Sentiment be hanged! Come, Nellie,  
be quick with your wrappings. It has  
been a stupid evening, and I shall be  
glad to get home and to bed."

When Robert Palmer came home next  
day, he found his wife, not crying, as  
before, in her bedroom, but in the par-  
lor, practicing a new song.

"Capt. Lovell called this morning,"  
she said, "and I have promised to sing  
this for him at Mrs. Campbell's."

"Ah!" he answered, with an expres-  
sion of indifference; "he's some-  
body, isn't he?"

Again struck up with the first few notes,  
he muttered to himself, "Confound  
Capt. Lovell!"

Mr. Campbell's, Capt. Lovell was  
again in attendance upon pretty Mrs.  
Palmer; and then other gentlemen dis-  
covered her attractions, her piquancy,  
and coquettishness, and flirtatiousness,  
and, in a very few weeks, Mrs. Palmer  
was a belle.

Reorganization of the Russian Army.  
An imperial ukase just issued from  
St. Petersburg orders that the Russian  
army shall undergo an important trans-  
formation. There are in Russia 140  
regiments of infantry, each consisting  
of three battalions, subdivided into five  
companies. Now each regiment is to  
consist of four battalions, subdivided  
into four companies. This measure in-  
creases the Russian army by 20,000 men  
in time of peace, and by 130,000 men  
in time of war. The reorganization of  
the army is to begin at once, and must  
be pushed on rapidly.—Paris Soleil.

AMNESTY has been granted to 2,771  
French Communists.

# FARM NOTES.

Hints for the Work of the Month.  
The American Agriculturist, for May,  
contains a number of hints for the work  
of the month.

A HORSE FORK should be in every  
barn. In the hurry of haying, the cost  
of a horse fork may easily be  
saved in one week, by rapid unload-  
ing.

Roots—Early blood beets and sugar  
beets may be sown early this month.  
Mangels will now require close culture,  
and vigorous thinning. Rutabagas may  
be sown from the 1st to the 25th of this  
month, upon land that has not been  
plowed in time for earlier crops.

Frequent cultivation is essential to  
successful corn growing. The cultiva-  
tor should be kept going this month  
through the corn and the root crops.  
The fertilizer should be worked in  
about once a week. It matters not that  
the corn is not yet in the ground; it is  
not alone to kill weeds that we cultivate  
and hoe, but to loosen the soil, and  
that means to stimulate the growth.

SUMMER FERTILIZING.—The experi-  
ence of the past few years has often  
shown that the farmer is not to be  
dressed of fertilizer to the corn, just  
before the last cultivation. This helps  
the earing, and renders many ears pro-  
ductive that would otherwise be abor-  
tive. The fertilizer should be worked in  
with the cultivator. A mixture of  
poultry manure, ashes, and plaster will  
be useful; or the prepared artificial corn  
fertilizer may be used in place of this.

FODDER CROPS.—The rye ground  
cleared by this time may be sown with  
rye, or with a mixture of rye and clover,  
or corn or oats, the latter to be followed  
with late turnips as the oats are cut for  
feeding; or Hungarian grass may be sown  
the rye, and be cut off in time for fol-  
lowing ryegrass. The winter crops of  
clover and timothy are also sown. Some  
cabbages will be found useful for fall  
and early winter feeding of cows, and  
if plants have been provided for, they  
may be set out on the rye ground, or  
some other piece of rich, moist soil.

CORN.—Early grass for pasture or  
for cutting is unusually valuable. The  
great difference between grasses in ear-  
liness is strikingly seen when one has a  
field of orchard grass adjoining one of  
timothy. Orchard grass is so much  
neglected, and those who have never  
grown it may try it with great advan-  
tage. That it is the earliest to start in  
the spring comes into blossom with red  
clover, and is ready for cutting in the  
best condition at the same time, and  
is by no means all its valuable points.

CURING HAY in the cock is preferable  
to sun drying. The sweating and fer-  
mentation improve, and prevent heating  
in the mow. The hay should be cut  
and then the cocks put up, after the dew  
is off, in moderately large cocks—four feet  
wide and higher after it has lain spread  
in the sun for one full day. It may  
then be safely stored, if necessary, and  
a haycock will protect it from  
twenty-four hours' rain. The day it is  
drawn in, a man should start early and  
throw open the cocks, to get a final air-  
ing for two or three hours before it is  
taken to the mow.

CORN.—Late plantings of corn may  
be made up to the middle of the month.  
Some early sorts, and some new varieties  
which claim to be extra early, may be  
tried as an experiment. It will pay  
very well to plant a few rows of extra  
early corn, and see how they do. In  
July for fodder, planting in drills three  
feet apart, with about twelve grains to  
the foot in the drill. The largest kinds  
of sweet corn are the best for fodder.  
Triumph, Marblehead Mammoth, and  
Stowell's Wonder are suitable for this  
purpose. The common opinion, that  
sweet corn is better for fodder than  
field corn, is well founded; but there is  
some difficulty in curing the stalks,  
and a haycock will protect it from  
mower, the chief points to consider are,  
lightness of draught, strength and sim-  
plicity of construction. With these, one  
has economy in use, durability, econ-  
omy in labor, and ease in keeping in  
order—points of the utmost im-  
portance. There is one other point  
worth noting, which is safety in case of  
a runaway, or when mowing a rough  
field, and the horse is killed. The horse  
may be thrown upon the cutting bar.  
The cutting bar should always be well  
in advance of the driver, but never di-  
rectly ahead of him.

HAY—Recent investigations threaten  
to upset the long-accepted notion that  
the best hay is that which is cut in the  
longest grass. It has been shown that  
the best hay is that which is cut in the  
shortest grass. The reason for this is  
that the short grass is cut when it is  
in the best condition for feeding. The  
long grass is cut when it is in the worst  
condition for feeding. The short grass  
is cut when it is in the best condition  
for feeding. The long grass is cut when  
it is in the worst condition for feeding.

THAT CHAMPLAIN SERPENT.—A Lake  
Champlain Frenchman gives the fol-  
lowing solution of the recently reported  
water monster: "I see that on de  
paper 'bout a sarprint, and I knows  
somebody bin fooled. I see dat same  
thing in de paper 'bout a snake. I see  
dat same thing in de paper 'bout a  
crooked tree, old log. Sometime I see  
big snake all one big lie. I see dat  
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