

It is a mirthless, toothless wight.
Who d'wells beside a wall.
And spends his time in singing songs
As old as time, but new.
And earliest songs, the prettiest songs
Who may neglect to call.

The knave deserts his infested corn
And other fluffy things.
Gum-drops, and doughnuts shaped like rings;
The prawn branch also piles,
As all day long he sings.

O prettiest, of prettiest crude,
Of prettiest, of prettiest.
Pray tell me, true, you'll ruin, do,
If us you like more than you do.
Or tell me, in prettiest ways
You're ready not to rejoice.

Your wares are inauthentic,
Your cards are the same.
Your boy is in fight with fear,
Your girl is off to the moon.
A dark, mysterious, direful trade,
A death without a name.

For, when you sing, dreary notes,
And sing your goods away,
Gone you're to New Zealand,
Some over the hills, by.
Expense, no return!
Myself will gladly part.

The regal looks upon with knowing leer,
And bids me not rejoice.
Thus, as I stand on my head,
With plumes that's divine.
And crooks a still more dismal song.
The words, alas! are mine.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

PASSION IN TATTERS.

"She has got a face like one of her own rosebuds," said Mr. Fitzalan.

"I've heard of her more than once," returned Frank Calverly. "The pretty flower girl," the people call her, don't they? Old Fitzalan had doubted his customer.

"And the best of it," added Fitzalan, with a laugh, "is that she is quite unconscious of her own attractions—a little country lassie, who thinks only of her own business, and never dreams that she herself is the sweetest flower of all the assortment."

"Let's go in and buy a Marcelline Niel bud and two orange-scented verbena leaves," said Calverly. "I should like to see this modern Flora of yours."

Dorothy Penfold stood behind the counter of the florist's store, sorting over a pile of fragrant blossoms which lay on a tray of damp, green moss. Trails of similes wove their green garlands up to the ceiling; heaps of gold and rose-petaled buds lay in the recesses, and purple and white perfume filled their and white carnations lay like hillocks of snow against the panes of the show-window, while spikes of perfumed hyacinths and cape-jasmine hung their subtle scents upon the air.

And Dolly herself, with her round, dimpled face, pink cheeks, and soft, brown eyes, exactly the shade of the rippled hair, which was brushed simply back from the broad, low brow, was a fitting accessory to the scene.

She looked up, and the two gentlemen entered; and a soft, crimson shadow overspread her face for a second.

"Have you got one of my favorite button-hole bouquets made up, Miss Penfold?" Fitzalan asked, with a careless bow and smile.

"I know," said Dolly, softly. "A rosebud and a sprig of heath, and two or three myrtle leaves; that is what you like. No; I have none made up, just at present; but I can tie one up in about half a minute," said Fitzalan.

"Just for me, too, if you please," said Calverly, touching his hat.

"Just the same?"

Dolly lifted her long eyelashes, which were like fringes of brown silk, and gave him a shy glance.

"A little different, please. Consult our own taste, Miss Penfold," said Dolly, gently, "with carnations, laves."

"They shall be my favorite flowers," said Calverly, gallantly.

The gentlemen had hardly taken their leave, when old Fitzalan, the florist, bustled in, with round, red face, shining bald head, and an air of business all over him.

"God bless you, Dolly," said the young man, fervently.

"For good and all, John; if you'll take me," said Dolly to herself.

There was a sharp ache at her heart; but after all, it was only the sting of wounded pride. Thank heaven—oh, thank heaven, it was nothing worse than that!

Honest John Deadwood was driving old Roan steadily and solemnly along past the patch of woods, where the velvet-mossed bowlers lay like dormant beasts of prey in the spring twilight, when a gray shadow glided out of the darkness, and stood at his side.

"Dolly! it's never you?"

"Yes, John," said the girl, gently but steadily. "I'm going back home with him."

"God bless you, Dolly," said the young man.

"For good and all, John; if you'll take me," said Dolly, slowly.

"I've had quite a taste for city life; and I'll help with the green houses; and I'll try and be a good little housekeeper at home, Sir!"

John put his arm around her and hugged her up to his side.

"Darling!" said he, huskily, "it's most too good news to be true; but, if my word is worth anything, you shall never regret the return of this day."

So the pretty flower girl, who will stop at the bower of similes and roses, The Sedgewick mansion was not decorated at all, and Mr. Fitzalan had lost his new customer. And the turquoise ring was still on his finger.

He had to pay for his loss.

"Yes," said Dolly, dreamily, "I will tell him—when he comes."

The closed country wagon with its freight of fragrant leaves and delicious-scented flowers, came early in the forenoon, long before the fat horse was out of bed, and while the silence almost of an enchanted land lay upon Upper Broadwater.

But Dolly Penfold was there freshening up the stock of the day before with wet moss and cool water, and clipping the stems.

"No more carnations, John," she said briskly; "nor amaryllis flowers, and we want plenty of camellias and geraniums, and those bright flowers."

"I thought, perhaps," said honest John Deadwood, who measured six feet in his stockings, and had the face of an amiable giant, "you might want to go back with me to Kinsale, and your son has come from there. Kinsale, and I am going to be a dandy in the old barn, with plenty of candles and evergreen boughs. And mother said she would be proud to welcome you to the old farm-house, Dolly. Your oleander tree is right at the south window, and—"

"Dear me!" carelessly interrupted Dolly; "why don't they put it in the greenhouse?"

"Because, Dolly," said the young man, reddening, "it reminds us of you. And the meadow-lark in the cage sings beautifully; and old red bridle has a sprout!"

"Has she?" questioned Dolly indifferently.

John Deadwood looked hard at her.

"Dolly," said he, "you don't care about the old home any longer!"

"Yes, I do," said Dolly, rousing herself, "but—"

She paused suddenly, the rosy color rushed to a crimson tide to her cheek, an involuntary smile crept over the corners of her fresh lips as she glanced through the smoky trails in the window.

John Deadwood, following in the direction of her eyes, glanced, too, just in time to see a tall gentleman lift his hat and bow as he went jauntily past.

"That is," said John, bitterly.

"But what?"

"I'm afraid," he reluctantly replied Dolly, "you don't know why we are standing here waiting for you, and I've twenty-eight bouquets to make up by 2 o'clock. That's all, John. I think I don't forget the ilies of the valley."

"But you haven't answered me, Dolly."

"Has she?"

"About the dance in the old barn, and coming back with me when the wagon returns at 5 o'clock."

"I'm quite out of the question," said Dolly.

"Dolly!"

"Well."

"You promised me years ago—"

"Nonsense," said Dolly, flinging the azaleas and pinks around in fragrant confusion. "I was only a child then."

"But you're my right to go back on your word, Dolly, child or no child."

"I never promised, John."

"But you let me believe that one day you would be my wife. And I've lived on the thought of it, Dolly, ever since."

And if this city situation of yours should bring you my life's hope—"

"Don't hope anything about me, John," brusquely interrupted the girl. "Here comes a customer. Please, John, don't stand there any longer looking like a ghost!"

And honest, heart-broken John turned and went with heavy heart out where the wagon stood, and old Roan was waiting with down-drooping head and half-closed eyes.

"He sees seem to me," he muttered between his teeth, "that there is nothing left to live for any longer."

Dolly looked half remorsefully after him.

"I'm almost a mind to call him back," said she to herself as she picked up a bunch of white roses from the woman. I do like to be a good soul, but I think he has business to consider himself engaged to me, just because of that boy-and-girl nonsense. One's ideas change as one gets on in life."

And Dolly's look was like the reflection of the pink azaleas as she thought of Mr. Fitzalan and the turquoise ring that had given her a troth plighted.

And Dolly went, her mind still on the Sedgewick ring, with a band of virgin gold and its radiant blue stone.

The Sedgewick mansion was a brown stone house with plate glass casements, and a vestibule paved with black and orange marble.

Mrs. Sedgewick, a stately lady, in a Watteau wrapper and blonde cap, received Dolly in the great drawing room.

"Oh!" said she, lifting her eye-glasses; "you're from the florist's, are you?"

"Well, I know nothing about these things; I only want the room to look elegant," Told her husband to spare no expense."

"Mr. Fitzalan is not my husband," said Dolly, looking at him.

"Your father, then?"

"But he isn't my father," insisted Dolly, half laughing. "He's no relation at all. I will tell him, however."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Sedgewick. "I particularly desire plenty of white roses, as I am told they are customary at this sort of affair. It's an engagement party."

"Indeed!" said Dolly, trying to look more serious.

"Between my daughter Clara and Mr. Alfred Fitzalan," said Mrs. Sedgewick with conscious complacency.

Dolly said nothing, but the room, with its fluted cornices and lofty ceilings, seemed to swim around her like the waves of the sea. And as she went out, with Mrs. Sedgewick still chattering about old Mr. Fitzalan, she passed the half-open door of a room, a room hung with blue velvet, where a yellow dressed beauty sat basking on a low divan, with Dolly smiling tenderly above her.

"He has only been amusing himself with me," said Dolly to herself.

There was a sharp ache at her heart; but after all, it was only the sting of wounded pride. Thank heaven—oh, thank heaven, it was nothing worse than that!

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FARM NOTES.

[From the American Agriculturist, for November.]

TURMERS may be left longest before digging, but repeated freezing makes them pithy and inimical.

SOFT roots and hollow ones, which cannot be potted, are profitably fed to either pigs, sheep, or young cattle, and also to cows that are dry.

RAINY-DAY work is painting and cleaning of tools, oiling and mending of harness, cutting kindling wood and such like jobs upon every farm.

BUILDINGS may be repaired and painted, if that has not been already done.

RAILROADS are good for painting, as very little dust and no insects are likely to adhere to the paint.

DRAINING upon upland may now be introduced more conveniently than at any other season of the year.