

WHAT GREAT GRANDMOTHER DID.

Now, my little daughter standing by my chair, is oft demanding, "Tell me, mother, what your grandmother used to do."

Did she have much time for reading, dancing, sewing, and succeeding well with music, draw and paint on china, too?"

"No, my darling! Grandmother never had the time for such endeavor. For she worked from morn until the setting sun."

She would call the cows so early, "Daughter! Curly!"

And the milking then would speedily be done.

"She would strain the milk and churn it; make a cheese and deftly turn it; make soft soap and brew the nicest currant wine."

Dip the candles, nightly glowing, little knowing, And bestowing, scarce a thought what as future light would shine."

"Card and spin the wool nor leave it, I'll take into cloth would weave it, And she raised her flax, and wove her linen fine."

In a quilting she delighted, All invited, None were elighted, Or a prairie and a husking bee combine."

"She raised geese and plucked each feather, Put cloth and sewed together Every strip, to make a home-made carpet gay;"

And she knitted every stocking, Meantime rocking, Oh, 'twas shocking, All the work that woman went through in a day."

NAN'S CHRISTMAS GUEST.

A great event occurred in the Curtis household when Nan took summer boarders. When she first announced this intention the amazement of the assembled family was too great for words. The two smaller children gazed at her in wide-eyed wonder, and her father, who he at length found voice, remarked contemptuously:

"Who'll come up here in the back woods, I'd like to know?"

But Nan was not to be discouraged. "There is the mountain," she said, stoutly, "and the fine air, and the pine woods; why wouldn't someone like just such a wild, lonely place—someone from the city?"

A newspaper had drifted to the Curtis farm the day before, and Nan, devouring it eagerly, glanced upon the advertisements for summer boarders set forth in its columns. She noted that the chief inducements held out had been invariably the aforesaid pine woods and mountain scenery. These she had to perfection, for the little gray farmhouse clung to the mountain side like the moss to the rifted rock, and the grand panorama of sunrise and sunset, of silvery mists rising from the valley, and of purple clouds gathering at evening about the lofty peak, could be had for the mere exertion of looking out of the window. She loved these things herself, why should not someone else? She had been a little appalled at her own audacity at first, but now she was resolved to make the attempt at least, being mistress of the house.

"I shall write out the advertisement, and you shall take it down to the post office when you go to town to-morrow," she said decidedly, and with a business-like manner that duly impressed the family; and the indulgent father, accustomed to obey this dusky-eyed daughter, whose learning and shrewdness were a source of unbounded awe and admiration to him, finally acquiesced to the new and startling scheme. He did not, in his own mind, see why any one should wish to come to their farm in the wilderness, although he admitted that the view was fine, and the little turbulent stream that tumbled over the rocks, clear as crystal. The thought of the stream inspired him with a brilliant idea.

"You had better put something in about the fishing," he said, as he went out, feeling that he too, was something of a business man after all. And Nan, who was diligent in copying the model in the paper, added this last clause with a triumphant flourish.

The sun was just going down behind the mountain as Mr. John Raymond, seated in Farmer Curtis' jolting farm wagon, rode slowly up the narrow road towards the Curtis farm. The great peak stood out in distinct and sombre outline against the crimson sky. The evening breeze, coming from the cool heights, was full of a piny odor, strange, invigorating, and although he could not see it, the music of swiftly running water told him that a mountain stream was not far away, and made him think involuntarily of the fishing rods in the back of the wagon. Save this and the melancholy note of a whippoorwill, all was perfectly still. The young man, fresh from the city haunts, appreciated the unusual beauty of the scene, and was just congratulating himself that his host had at last relapsed into silence that he might give himself up to the spell which the lonely place was somehow casting upon him, when suddenly in a clump of bushes by the roadside, which they were approaching, he caught a glimpse of a face peering out at him. He was half startled for a moment, but it was only a moment, for upon a second look, he discovered that it was a young girl's laughing gypsy face, with great dark eyes and a mass of jet black hair, which evident contact with the bushes had set falling about in a most becoming confusion. The bright lips had parted as the wagon approached, and the girl was evidently about to accost the occupants, when meeting the stranger's eyes bent upon her, surprised, intent and admiring, she looked shyly at him for a moment, and then in confusion turned and disappeared in the wood.

John Raymond turned quickly to his companion, an eager question upon his lips, but seeing that the farmer had been utterly oblivious to the little by-play, he changed his mind and remained silent.

"I shall certainly see her again," he said to himself, "especially if she is in the habit of haunting these woods."

Presently a sharp turn in the road brought them in sight of the low farmhouse, surrounded by sloping, well-tilled fields; and from the increased animation of both horse and driver, the visitor guessed this to be their destination.

"Have you other boarders?" he asked carelessly; it was the first time the question had occurred to him.

"Yes," answered the farmer briskly, "one more, a young lady up here for her health,—like the mountain air."

As they drew near, Raymond could see that there were two young women upon the broad porch. One, fair-haired and wearing a white dress, was idly

seated in a low chair; the other who, just then, had her head turned away, was standing upon the step, and at her feet was a basket of berries, evidently just picked. Both were laughing gaily, and as the wagon drew near and stopped, the girl upon the step, with a sudden rush of color to her brown cheek, turned slowly toward the two men. It was the girl who looked at Raymond from the wood. He could not help betraying his surprise and satisfaction, which increased tenfold as Farmer Curtis, noting his evident admiration, took the young girl by the hand, and with no little pride in his voice, presented, "my daughter."

The summer days passed very happily to the little family in the lonely farmhouse. It was certainly a very strange coincidence that Mr. Raymond should discover in Alice Niles, Nan's other boarder, a familiar city friend. Yes, very strange, too strange indeed to be believed, and Nan for one did not believe it. No one was quite sure that the one object which this artful young man had in view, when he sought the Curtis homestead, was the hope of meeting this interesting invalid. Nan being of an imaginative turn of mind, had built up a fine romance about these two, and laughed to herself as she thought how easily she had divined their little intrigue. They were certainly the best of friends, and the gentleman, ever attentive to his delicate companion; but then he was almost equally kind to his little boarding-mistress, and Nan recalled with a secret blush his many courtesies. She liked these two, they were a revelation to her, and she delighted to build lovely castles for them to inhabit.

They were all very gay together, and Nan could not help seeing that they admired her, and pitied her for being confined to a mountain fastness.

The bracing air was having a wonderful effect upon the city girl, and she was able now to take many a long jaunt with her ever-ready escort. Nan watched them depart, sometimes with a little sigh of envy; he with a fishing-rod over his shoulder, she with her book, both so handsome and happy, and so well suited to one another, as Nan told herself.

Ofentimes, however, at Raymond's earnest request, she made a family party of it in the woods, building a gypsy fire and making merry generally. There was always something in Raymond's eyes on these occasions which reminded Nan of the first time she had seen him from her berry-picking in the wood. She could not define the look, exactly, but it was certainly flattering, at least, and had it been any other but her friend's admirer, she would have been somewhat confused.

For some strange reason neither had ever spoken of their first peculiar meeting, either to each other or to any one else. To be sure, there was nothing about it that would greatly impress a disinterested person, but Nan found herself more than once dwelling upon the little episode with a certain romantic satisfaction.

And then she sighed when she remembered that the gray summer days were all too quickly passing, and that ere long the pleasant companions would return to the gayeties of their city life, and the little boarding-mistress would be forgotten, together with the other pleasant things which had served to amuse them during their holiday.

Nan began to question herself now as to whether her summer had been a success or not, since it only served to make the rest of the year seem more gloomy by contrast.

It was not, however, until the crickets began their mournful chirpings in the long grass, the nights to close in chill and damp, and the red leaves to appear here and there in the ivy and occasional maple trees, that the two city friends said farewell to their pretty hostess. It was a very sad leave-taking, on Nan's part at least, and Miss Niles was also sorry to depart, for she had learned to love this shy little mountain flower, blooming so far away from any companion. She saw the pain which the girl felt, and made a sudden resolve.

"I shall come again," she said decidedly, "be sure of it—in the winter sometime; I long to see you icebound. It will be such a novelty."

Nan smiled gratefully and looked shyly at Raymond, expecting that he, too, would announce a similar intention, for she did not like to think that he either would forget her immediately, but he made no such offer, indeed, so careless and indifferent did he appear that Nan began to grow hurt and angry, and it was a very cold good-bye which she at last accorded him, although she could not admit that he seemed very much impressed by her sudden accession of dignity.

It certainly promised to be a very dreary Christmas for the Curtis family. The snow had fallen at intervals during the last few days. The trees were heavy with it yet, and about the mountain top the heavy gray clouds were still hanging with promise of more.

Until the last moment almost, Nan had expected her city friend, Alice Niles, to spend the holidays with her; but the alarming accounts of the weather in the North had discouraged that lady in her romantic scheme, and the real old-fashioned country Christmas which she was so anxious to experience was indefinitely postponed. Nan's disappointment was very bitter. Ever since the departure of her guests she had felt a loneliness and sadness unexplainable to herself. She said nothing to those about her, but at times it seemed that the monotony of her life was rapidly becoming unbearable. This visit seemed the last connecting link with the busy brief, happy days, and it was very hard to have it broken. The city girl had been very kind to her, and among other interesting gossip informed Nan that she intended to startle her before long with some delightful news, astonishing as it was delightful. Nan had laughed a little bitterly as she read those words. They were engaged of course, those two, as if she, Nan, had not guessed as much long ago. How stupid Miss Niles must think her,—and why had they made such a tremendous secret of it, anyway, it seemed very ridiculous. Nan was a bit cross for some reason or other; she intended to write directly and tell her friend that her secret was no secret to one observing country girl, at least.

And so, on Christmas eve, Nan sat herself down before the glowing fire, feeling very melancholy and depressed. Indeed, she chose no light but preferred that of the fire, which flared and crackled gloriously, and sent a bright reflection, like a beacon light, far across the untrodden snow. She made a very pretty picture, could she have but known it, her slim hands crossed upon her knee, and her eyes fixed sadly upon the glowing logs, and anyone had chanced to be looking in at the uncertain window, he must have lingered long and lovingly, despite the snow and the chill north wind.

How long she sat there Nan did not know, but her musings did not grow more comfortable, for the tears had just crept into her eyes and one, indeed, had

fallen upon her hand, when a gentle tap upon the door made her start, half alarmed, from her chair. Who could it be, so late in the evening? Had Miss Niles decided to come after all? Possibly she had changed her mind at the last moment.

Nan, with a radiant face, flew to the door and opened it wide. At first she saw no one, and coming close to the step, peered eagerly into the darkness, then suddenly a great wave of color swept over face and neck, and she started back with a little gasp of surprise. "Mr. Raymond!" she cried.

Her amazement evidently amused that young man, for he laughed gaily. "Yes," he answered, "I have come up for Christmas, although you did not invite me. Can I come in?" For Nan still staring at him wonderingly, made no move to allow him to enter.

"Yes," she said without any apparent shame at her inhospitality, "but you will not be welcome here, for I know that you looked so very solemn that Raymond dropped his buoyant manner, and grew serious at once. 'Know what?' he asked, anxiously wondering what catastrophe had happened.

"Why, that she is not coming after all. I got the letter yesterday. What a pity you should come so far to be disappointed; and yet it is strange she did not tell you." And Nan's face grew red. She knew how provoked he would be.

But Mr. Raymond still looked extremely mystified. "I do not understand," he said. "I did not think or expect that anyone was coming but myself. Why should I be disappointed?"

"Why!" cried Nan, aghast. "Weren't you coming with Miss Niles, or didn't you expect to meet her here? She said—'that is, I thought, I was quite sure that you were'—but here poor Nan grew all at once very red and confused. A sudden amused look in her visitor's face made her think that possibly she had been mistaken, after all, in her surmises. What if there was nothing between these two but a commonplace friendship. Oh, how foolishly she had acted—like a country girl, indeed. And if he had not come to see Miss Niles, why had he come? Nan's heavy lashes drooped upon her cheek to conceal her sudden consciousness. But her guest only laughed at her tell-tale, downcast face.

"What was it you thought?" he asked mischievously; but Nan only pouted and would not answer. She did not like to be laughed at.

"Well, never mind," he said at length, drawing her gently into the firelit room, where a moment before she had sat so disconsolately. "But now do you know what I thought?"

And Nan whispered "No," although in her heart there was a sudden consciousness that she did know well enough.

"I thought that you loved me," he said roughly; "why else should I be here in spite of your ice and snow?"

And although Nan tried to be very angry with this conceited person for having been so sure of a fact which she would never admit herself, she could not help, how, being a truthful girl, deny that he was right.—[Portland Transcript.]

LESSONS FROM OLD AND NEW MAPS.

Old teachers are sometimes quite as impressive and instructive as the new ones. Gray hairs covering a sound brain, that has not forgotten how to work along healthy lines, should always secure a respectful and receptive attention from those willing to learn useful lessons. Sometimes they do; quite as often they do not.

One would scarcely expect to get much suggestive and valuable information from an old School-Atlas. Whatever it might have been in its fresh, bright youth, its days of usefulness are supposed to have passed with its youth, after which it was consigned to the grate or the garret. The latter is where recently we found one of these teachers that had been consigned to dust and cobwebs and to a supposed oblivion nearly forty years ago, under a conviction that its days of usefulness were over. But they were not over. They will never be over so long as the Atlas-teacher has bodily form.

If any one doubts that this little world of ours is swinging on continually to a brighter destiny, let him give special study for an hour or two to Western Hemisphere, and especially to our part of it, and to the African continent, as the conditions, civil and religious, of the two at that time are illustrated by the Atlas of forty years ago. Then we know little of our own country—in fact we had not any, except in name, beyond the western boundary line of Missouri and Arkansas projected north and south. Then we had a large number of slave-holding States. Then the country now occupied by the States of Dakota (North and South), Nebraska and Kansas was designated as "The Great American Desert" and was considered worthless, and the "howling wilderness" extended to the Rocky Mountains. What we have there now we all know. The march of civilization to the Pacific has been sure; the changes it has wrought are wonderful, although we think little of them in our busy lives.

Forty years ago very little was known of Africa inside its coast lines beyond the fact that it furnished an inexhaustible supply of negroes—men, women and children—to be captured, transported and sold as slaves. To furnish these for Turks and Arabs, to say nothing of some Christian nations, was supposed to be its only mission. The ignorance about Africa a generation ago is illustrated by the map-makers of that period in what were supposed to be the real courses of the Congo and the Niger. The advance of the Dark Continent during the last forty years is illustrated by the maps of today. Yes; the world has moved very rapidly during all these years—and in healthy directions.—[N. Y. Evangelist.]

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Use salt-soda to clean jugs and pitchers. A little milk added to the dishwater is better to use than soap in cleansing china.

Glass in oven doors, which enables cooks to watch the food without opening the door, is a late contrivance.

In carrying a lighted match it is much less likely to go out if it is carried with the lighted end away from the person.

New earthenware should be soaked for twenty-four hours in cold water before using, as it will then be less liable to crack.

When there is danger of frost in the cellar during cold weather, carry down several pailsful of hot water and sprinkle the contents all over the floor. Even if this should form into ice there will be no danger of freezing fruit and vegetables, for water in freezing takes the frost out of the air.

HE WOULD LIVE WELL.

"What would you do if you were as rich as the Vanderbilts?"

"I'd have pie with every meal."

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

They Pitted Him—Letter of the Law—A Different Branch—Regular Record Breakers, Etc., Etc.

THEY PITTED HIM.
Dimling was stopped by two footpads the other night. One of them covered him with a revolver, and the other said:

"Turn over all your cash, and be quick about it."

"My dear fellows," said Dimling, in response to their urgent invitation, "I have no cash to turn over. I have just left a church fair."

The footpads first satisfied themselves of the truth of the unfortunate man's story, and then raised \$1.25 between them for his relief, regardless of the fact that business had not been good with them for some time.—[Harper's Bazar.]

LETTER OF THE LAW.

Boy (on a bridge)—Say, mister, if you don't look out you'll be fined.

Teamster—Why will it?

Boy—That sign says "Walk your horses," don't it?

Teamster—Jesso.

Boy—Well, yours are standing still.—[Street & Smith's Good News.]

A DIFFERENT BRANCH.

Mother (looking over her boy's shoulder)—Your spelling is perfectly terrible.

Little Son—This isn't a spelling lesson. It's a composition.—[Good News.]

REGULAR RECORD-BREAKERS.

Miss Gotham—That talk about Philadelphia being so very, very slow, is merely a newspaper joke, isn't it?

Visiting Minister—Certainly it is. You just ought to see a Philadelphia congregation leaving church.—[New York Weekly.]

UNSEEMLY HASTE.

"I think it is an outrage for Snodgrass to marry again so soon after his wife's death," remarked Berry, the undertaker.

"Six months, isn't it?"

"Well, it isn't the exact time I object to so much as the fact that he hasn't paid me yet for her funeral."—[Judge.]

NOT TO BE CHECKED.

The baggage-man has a big contract on his hands when he undertakes to check the cry of a baby on his train.—[Yonkers Statesman.]

A QUICK VERDICT.

"What made the jury render a verdict so quickly?"

"Well, you see, one of the jurors began to tell us about the bright sayings of his five-year-old boy."—[Judge.]

THE PASTOR'S MISTAKE.

Pastor—What did I say in my sermon yesterday that you objected to?

Mr. De Good—You surprised me, my dear sir. I did not object to anything.

Pastor—But I heard you give a very audacious snort at something I said.

Mr. De Good—Oh, no, no, indeed. That was only a snore.—[New York Weekly.]

A SKILLED OPINION.

Mrs. Trolley—Do tell me, Mr. Kanvass, which is the greatest work of art!

Mr. Kanvass—Selling the paintings, madam.—[New York Sun.]

A FOOLISH QUESTION.

Noodle—I've forgotten something the wife told me to bring home.

Friend—What was it?

Noodle—You bally idiot! If I knew what it was I shouldn't have forgotten it, should I?—[Ally Slopier.]

A DWARF.

Clinker—What do you think of this Prince Albert? It was my brother's, and I had it made over for me.

Caloway—Do you think you are too short to look well in a Prince Albert?

Clinker—I am too short to get anything else.—[New York Herald.]

A WAITING POLICY.

Featherstone—I saw Miss Pinkery going into a candy store yesterday.

Kingway—Did you speak to her?

Featherstone—Not until she came out.—[New York Herald.]

THE DYSPETIC'S SONG.

Thanking day has come again; The table groans with toothsome food; And were it not for Friday's pain, That always treads on Thursday's train, I should be full of gratitude.

—[Harper's Bazar.]

HE KNEW HIS ARITHMETIC.

Young Featherly—Are these your children?

Mrs. Brand—Oh, yes! the boy is five years old, and this girl seven.

Young Featherly—Well, how time flies! It doesn't seem possible that you have been married twelve years.—[The Million.]

NATURE ASSERTS ITSELF.

Keeper—The ossified man in a terrible state to-night.

Manager—What is the trouble with him?

Keeper—The dog-faced boy has threatened to eat him.—[Truth.]

WHY HE PURSUED HER.

"No, I cannot marry you, and you pester me by continually asking me. Why don't you ask somebody who will have you?"

"Does your heart, I've asked every other woman that I know and have been refused. It was only when driven to desperation that I came to you."—[New York Press.]

A VILLAGE BENEFACTOR.

My neighbor's cows oft come to graze Upon my lawn. They came around this noon. To-night my neighbor pays Ten dollars to the village pound.

—[Harper's Bazar.]

BOTH SATISFIED.

Trotter—I hear that Rose de Ninon has married young Gladly. How do they get on together?

Cutter—Very well, indeed. He is willing to love her and she is willing to be loved.—[Ally Slopier.]

PROOF POSITIVE.

Sweet Young Thing—And can I really believe, darling, that I am the only girl you ever loved?

Absent-Minded Lover—Of course, dearie. No girl that I've known has ever doubted it yet.—[Ally Slopier.]

THE BEST THING TO DO.

Spiffer—What—er—should you—er—say that the—er—best thing to do—er when you accidentally tread on a big—er—strong man's favorite corn?

Spiffer—Best thing to do? Get out of reach.—[Exchange.]

FULL, ENDED.

Extract from a sentimental young lady's letter: "Last night I sat in a gondola on Venice's Grand Canal drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before!"—[Scraps.]

TWO LIVING.

Justice O'Halloran—Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly?

Mrs. Kelly—I have two living, an' was married.—[Puck.]

SURE PROOF.

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your oath, swear that this is not your writing?"

"I think not," was the cool reply. "Does it resemble your writing?"

"I can't say it does."

"Do you swear that it does not resemble your writing?"

"I do."

"Do you take your oath that this writing does not resemble yours?"

"Y-e-s, sir. 'Cause I can't write."—[Exchange.]

THE LADY'S ADVANTAGE.

Judge—Your age?

Lady—Thirty years.

Judge (incredulously)—You will have some difficulty in proving that.

Lady (excitedly)—You will find it hard to prove to the contrary, as the church register which contained the entry of my birth was burned in the year 1845.—[Rare Bits.]

DIDN'T APPRECIATE THE COMPLIMENT.

Trotter—I can't imagine why Miss Budd is so angry with me. I paid her a compliment.

Buddy—What did you say to her?

Trotter—Why, I merely asked her if she had found the Fountain of Youth.

—[New York Herald.]

AGAINST HIS PRINCIPLES.

Kindly Housewife—Here, my poor man, I'll get you a nice bit of steak if you'll wait a minute.

Musky Horton (the tramp)—Very kind, mum, but it will be impossible for me to accept your offer. I'm a vegetarian.

Kindly Housewife—You're a vegetarian, mum, or do you happen to have a little beer or old rye whiskey—both of which are purely vegetable products—I shall be glad to partake of your hospitality.—[Chicago News Record.]

HER USE OF THE FRANCHISE.

"Were you allowed to vote," said he.

As though the sheltered lane they strayed.

"What would you vote for—answer me—Protection or free trade?"

The gentle maiden hung her head, While to her cheeks the color flew; "I would not care to vote," she said; "I'd rather pair with you."