

AN UPLAND FARMER'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM HIGGS.

The golden rod is blooming, my beloved, my beloved,

And the asters lift their purple heads to the late September sun.

There's a wise blush in the elders, my beloved, my beloved,

The grapes burn crimson-purple, my beloved, my beloved,

From their trellised foliage-festness o' broad, slowly browned leaves.

There's a something moves my soul to truth, my beloved, my beloved,

The night winds faintly whisper, my beloved, my beloved,

Of the ice floe and the snow swath that inest the Northern sea.

And the thimble in the river, my beloved, my beloved,

Back and shiver at the message—and my heart beats round to thee.

There's a something moves my soul to truth, my beloved, my beloved,

In this sign of autumn's banners strewn on hill and stream and lea;

To earth's rust, loneliest, dearest one my spirit would be moving.

And I come, my love, my love, to thee, to thee, to thee.—Boston Transcript.

How the Deacon Proposed.

BY PERISS F. CHASE.

"I tell you what 'is Jacob, I come here when Ma y' Ann died so sudden,

And left you with them three motherless children, and took right hold and looked after things same's of they were my own.

"I don't see what you are talking so for, Jeusha, I haven't found any fault with you."

"Wall I ain' no fool, Jacob, you didn't used to stan' before the glass brushin' hair half an hour jest to go to evenin' meetin', and I ain't the only one that has noticed how you are sprucing up lately.

"Did ye; what did he say?" "He was kinder put out when I spoke 'bout Clarissa Howe; he never made no answer but went right out of the room slammin' the door."

"Good land, ye han't, hev ye, I must say you're gettin' stylish."

"I know I hev always made my own dresses, but this is going to be a nice one, and I see one she made for Dr. Watkin's wife."

city boardin'-house, and went to Harland, where she made her home with her cousin, going about from house to house, cutting and making dresses for seventy-five cents a day.

So during the three days Clarissa was at the house, she was on guard, and as the afternoon of the third day drew to a close, she was congratulating herself that all danger was over.

The dress was finished, satin trimming and all, to Aunt Jerusha's entire satisfaction. Supper was over, and they were all sitting on the piazza.

The following is what she told Mrs. Green the next day: "We was all sittin' on the piazza, Clarissa was expectin' Miss Stone to call on her."

"I never made no answer but went into the milk room and shut the door."

How Certain Americans Have for Generations Belonged to Certain Professions.

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Certain tendencies manifest themselves in certain families, and often seem to have Providence on their side.

Her Ears Had Been Bored.

"Don't you think earrings would become y'?" inquired Kosciusko Murphy of Birdie McGee.

HOUSE AND FARM.

Fashion Notes.

Plain linen collars and cuffs (re to be in vogue again, and very deep cuffs and collars, like those worn by ladies in the pill known as the "Squire," are preferred by many followers of this severe fashion.

New necklaces for evening wear are of Florentine and cloisonne beads some of which are encrusted with tiny silver stars or studded with mock gems, which glitter like real jewels in the gaslight.

Cashmeres hold the first place among woollens, and come in all the new shades. Their popularity for evening dresses has been unbounded at watering places this summer, and is equally great during the winter.

Dark velvet bodices, which are so fashionably worn just now over skirts of veiling, silk and other fabrics, may be heightened in effect for dressy occasions by having the basque edge cut in blocks falling over a large ruffle set underneath.

For dressy winter evening toilets, transparent stuffs of all colors will be worn, such as silk, gold and silver gauzes and nets, with satin velvet, chenille, and feather embroideries, the figures very solid, while the grounds are very open.

Superfine broadcloths with closely woven surfaces, London cloths in Lerring bone patterns, and irregular twilled cloths are used for the popular tailor-made costumes.

Velvet and wlveteen will be worn to excess, and with all sorts of stuffs, even silk gauzes.

Pointed velvet yokes are used on silk dresses which have Vandyke pointed trimmings.

Breton, Franklin, and Elizabeth vests and plastrons are all revived in the new autumn toilets.

For the neck and sleeve trimmings of the new dresses gilt braid, gilt gauze, and gilt lace are used.

What's in a Name. The Hon. Marshal P. Wilder, President of the American Pomological Society, in his recent address at Philadelphia, has something to say about the naming of new fruits, which, it is to be hoped, will be headed by those who may have produced new varieties worthy of being disseminated.

Town and County Lawns. There is nothing about a country home more permanently pleasing to the eye than a well kept lawn.

The leading features of its surroundings must be a lawn. I don't want the surface of the ground to be marred with tree, shrub or flower. There is nothing so handsome around a house as a green smooth-shaven lawn.

Harcourt, home secretary for Great Britain, has the reputation of being the most disagreeable man alive.

right to a pleasant, tasteful home as the citizen who spends only three or four months in the country. As to its being a waste of land to devote a few rods in front of the house to a lawn, it is no more wasteful than to devote the same space, as is usually the case, to trees and shrubbery.

How To Clean Black Silk.

The best way to clean black silk is in potato water. Grate two peeled potatoes in a quart of water; let it stand to settle and then draw it off again.

Cooking Salt Mackerel.

By some persons mackerel is not found easy of digestion, and it sometimes has a bitter taste, which makes it disagreeable to a delicate palate; but if properly cooked it is in reality as wholesome as any other fish.

Covers for Tables.

Very pretty covers for small tables may be made of various dark rich shades of double-faced Canton flannel.

A Balloon Under the Sea.

The international exhibition of Nice is reserving some wonders for the foreigners who may propose to pass a portion of 1883-4 upon the borders of the Mediterranean.

They have under their feet a glass which enables them to examine at their ease the bottom of the sea, with its fishes, its plants and its rocks.