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THE CECIL WHIG.

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The Cecil Whig

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WILMINGTON, DELAWARE,

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OF

DRY GOODS,

ON

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1872,

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NEW GLASS-FRONT STORE,

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DRY GOODS,
WHITE GOODS,
NOTIONS & TRIMMINGS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS,
QUEENSWARE,
STATIONERY, &C.

TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.

☞Don't fail to examine for yourselves.

Jan 27, 1872

YOU CAN DO YOUR OWN PAINTING

BY USING

Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint,

Made from Pure White Lead, Linseed Oil and Zinc.

§

We especially call attention to the following testimonials of the Paint. The Baltimore Catholic *Mirror* says:

A REVOLUTION IN HOUSE PAINTING.—The advertisement of the New Jersey Enamel Paint Company has been some time in our columns, and it may seem strange that it is only to-day we call special attention to it. Our reason for this is that we do not like to recommend a new thing unless we know it is good. We were pleased to find that the Agent, Mr. C. P. Knight, was of our way of thinking, and wished above all, that the paint should be tested, so that the editor could give his conscientious opinion of its merits. Having had this test made in our household, we have no hesitancy in saying that the Enamel Paint comes up fully to all that is claimed for it. In the country, especially, where it is difficult to procure the necessary ingredients for mixing paint, and skillful workmen to apply it, the Enamel Paint will prove invaluable, as it is already prepared, and can be applied by any one possessing ordinary judgment. For plain work in private dwellings, churches and school-houses it will prove very economical as well as beautiful. One gallon of this paint will cover twenty square yards, giving two coats. Our friends may safely give it a trial without fear of disappointment.

TO THE PUBLIC.—It affords me much pleasure to state that in July, 1871, Front Street Theatre was painted inside and out with "Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint," for which C. P. Knight, No. 93 West Lombard street, is agent, and to testify to its superiority over any and all other paints for similar use. In no private dwelling can paint possibly be subjected to the very severe test it undergoes at this establishment, where, during our daily cleaning, soap and soda are constantly applied to it, and yet it appears as sound and as fresh as when first put on. Of the numerous advantages it possesses over other paints I will only mention its being mixed and ready for use, in quantities to suit purchasers; its quickly drying properties, which saves much time in the execution of work where paint is needed, and its very perceptible tenacity, which imparts beauty and durability to the objects on which it is used. As such I most earnestly recommend it to the merchants and tradesmen in our city, believing it will give them greater satisfaction than they can possibly anticipate.

BALTIMORE, April 25, 1872. WM. E. SINN, Front Street Theatre.

FROM HON. JOHN WETHERED.

MR. C. P. KNIGHT: At the recommendation of a friend I was induced to apply your patent "Bradley's" paint to my house. I have pleasure in stating that it has proved highly satisfactory, covering more surface than you promised, is more economical, carries better gloss than ordinary paint, and is freer from disagreeable odor.

Yours respectfully, JOHN WETHERED.

The following letter is equally strong and valuable:

BALTIMORE, Dec 27, 1871.

C. P. KNIGHT, ESQ., Agent for Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint—Dear Sir: The paint we purchased from you we will cheerfully endorse as the best of any kind we have ever used, its covering qualities is everything desired, drying promptly and with a hard gloss, which must, we think, resist the action of all kinds of weather. This is our experience and we can recommend it with certainty, and intend to use it on all occasions where we desire a good job of work. Very respectfully, EMMART & QUARTLEY, 272 W. Baltimore St., House, Sign and Fresco Painters.

Sold by the Gallon, Keg and Barrel. Specimens and Price List furnished gratis.

C. P. KNIGHT, Sole Agent,

No. 93 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore.

☞*SPECIMENS OF THE DIFFERENT COLORS MAY BE SEEN AT THE OFFICE OF THE CECIL WHIG, ELKTON.* [Nov 16, 1872—Jan 1

HORNER'S

MARYLAND

SUPER-PHOSPHATE.

[WE COURT THE CHEMIST'S INQUIRY.]

After 23 years' experience in the Fertilizing business, and after establishing a wide reputation for the purity and excellence of his Bone Dust, the subscriber has been induced to prepare a Phosphate suitable to the requirements and every way worthy the attention of the Maryland farmer.

The **"Maryland"** is a rejuvenator and permanent improver of the soil. It stimulates equal to Peruvian Guano, and sustains equal to Bone, being composed almost entirely of those ingredients, with a very liberal percentage of Potash in the residum. There is no adulterator nor inferior article used—every particle of the Phosphate being of essential benefit to the land. Neither pains nor expense have been spared in its preparation, and we claim for it the greatest benefit to the farmer from the smallest outlay.

For Cotton, WHEAT and CORN, and as a general stimulant and aliment for worn and impoverished land there can be nothing superior. It is warranted to run as high in Ammonia and higher in Bone Phosphate than any other fertilizer in the market.

PRICE, $50 PER TON, IN NEW BAGS. No charge for delivery.

BONE DUST, $45. BONE MEAL, $50. DISSOLVED BONE, $42, our own manufacture, in new bags; Eastern and Western BONE DUST, $35. PERUVIAN GUANO delivered from Peruvian Government Warehouse, at lowest rates. No charge for delivery.

JOSHUA HORNER, Jr.,

MANUFACTURER AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Office and Warehouse, 54 S. Gay St. General Warehouse, corner *Chew and Sterling Streets*, BALTIMORE, MD.

april 6, 1872—tf

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 211 Market Street, (2d story, Morrow's Building,)

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

A Full Line of Fall and Winter

Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.

A neat Fit guaranteed.☞ ☞Patronage solicited

Sept 21, 1872—1y

Blatchley's Improved Cucumber Wood PUMP.

Tasteless, Durable, Efficient and Cheap. The best Pump for the least money. Attention is especially invited to Blatchley's Patent Improved Bracket and New Drop Check Valve, which can be withdrawn without removing the Pump or disturbing the joints. Also, the Copper Chamber, which never cracks or scales, and will outlast any other. For sale by Dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue and Price-List.

CHAS G. BLATCHLEY, M'f'r, 506 Commerce St, Philada., Pa.

JOHN E ALEXANDER & BRO, Agents, Elkton, Md.

Sept 14, 1872—1y

ORPHANS' COURT.

THE STATED MEETINGS of the Orphans' Court of Cecil county will be held on the second TUESDAY in every month. Executors, Administrators and Guardians, wanting their accounts stated, will please bring in the vouchers a few days before Court.

REUBEN D. JAMAR, Register.

Nov 30, 1867—y

COAL.—The Celebrated Baltimore Company Coal for Family Use, on hand and for sale. D. SCOTT & BRO

INHARMONY.

BY CHARLOTTE CORDNER.

Is your harp out of tune? So is mine;
And even the lightest of fingers
Waken strains which are echoes of thine
In sadness, where only pain lingers.

Perhaps, in some quick flowing measure,
A string has been broken in twain,
Which saddens the whole of life's pleasures,
And turns all our music to pain.

Friends speak, and the softest vibrations,
Like monotones seem to my ear;
And vain are their sweet ministrations
To rouse any chords that can cheer.

Oh, Master! exalt us, I pray thee,
Once more where sweet harmony reigns,
To Thy great heart full of mystery,
Where are none but the sweetest of strains.

Then mend the lost strings and ring changes
Which never shall sadden again,
As out of their mystical ranges
Flow harmonies born of our pain.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

MEREDIAN, Miss., Nov. 22, 1872.

DEAR WHIG:—At Montgomery we were undecided whether to come to Selma by cars or by boat, if we travel by the former we are due here in three hours, but traveling by the latter conveyance we are due here whenever the boat arrives, which may be two days or two weeks, as it depends entirely upon the amount of freight awaiting shipment on the Alabama river, as the boat will stop for freight at every plantation until her load is completed; and as the river is so very crooked, the distance is more than double that by railroad. Being in possession of an *ancient* silver coin of the denomination of 25 cents, which was used in our youthful days as a circulating money medium, but has now become obsolete, and is retained by us as a curiosity, we leave the decision of the choice of routes for its settlement, and with a *toss* of its head we are compelled to take the cars.

Leaving Montgomery very early in the morning we resume our journey, and are being rapidly transported to our destination. At sunrise we were passing through one of the innumerable swamps which border on the river, and a prettier sight seldom gladdens the eyes of sleepy travelers. The sun's rays shining dimly through the variegated foliage, which is covered with dew and frost, making each sparkling leaf and plant look as though they were clothed with myriads of diamonds, whilst high above, suspended by some gigantic trees, hangs the moss, festooned in fantastical shapes by the hand of dame nature—wet with the dews of Heaven, now twinkling and playing with sunbeams, and emitting all the colors of the rainbow, makes a gorgeous picture which no artist could convey on canvass. The long ride sharpens our appetite, and after passing over the new iron bridge we are soon at my friend Keelp's, (who knows how to keep a hotel) and partaking heartily of the bountiful repast set before us.

Selma like Montgomery has its supply of water from an artesian well, and as it does not differ from other Southern towns we manage to "kill time" until eight o'clock in the evening, when we leave for this place, the distance being 107 miles, and the schedule time being twelve hours, or not quite nine miles per hour on an average, some of our companions who were in a hurry proposed to *walk*, but were finally overuled by others who had purchased tickets, and who were like the boy at the circus who went every night, and was always found asleep, but was *bound to go* because he had a free pass. No sleeping cars on this train, but we are accustomed to that by this time, and the longest night will end sometime, so in the morning we are slowly dragged into Meredian. It is reported that an old lady once stopped the train on this road by vigorously swinging her sun bonnet, and when approached, and questioned by the conductor as to the cause, replied she had some eggs which she wished him to take to town for her, and that she had eleven in the basket, and the old black hen was on the nest, and wanted to know if he wouldn't wait until she could get that egg to make a dozen; of course he waited. It must have been on this road that an old lady bought a half ticket for her boy, and when the conductor came to collect tickets demanded full fare, as the boy was too large for a half ticket, and she reluctantly paying his fare replied, "He was *small* enough when he started.

This place is about as mean looking, as one could naturally conceive a town to be, the buildings nearly all of frame, have a forlorn, "tumble down," dilapidated appearance, looking as though a hearty *sneeze* would have the same effect as an earthquake, and it is questionable if after *either* shock a piece of wood could be found large enough to make a shoe peg.

The hotel on the European plan is presided over by a fat Pennsylvania Dutchman whose rotundity is a reccommendation for good boarding. The sleeping rooms are partitioned off and resembled horse stalls, as the wooden partition does not reach half the distance to the ceiling, but as it permits the circulation of the air over our heads it is very comfortable in this hot climate; then it has the advantage of permitting any one in the adjoining room to hear your conversation besides allowing him the privilege of paying an informal call if so disposed, without the necessity of coming through the door, by jumping the fence. GRAY BEARD.

THE HOTTEST I EVER SAW.—The story of the countryman who drank the lemon water from the finger bowls at one of the fashionable hotels, and called it poor lemonade, has found its equal in the following: A gentleman at one of the hotels in an eastern city, sat beside a countryman, who from his appearance had "just come down." He used "splitted spoons," as he termed silver forks, with remarkable agility, and the fricasee de poulet and other vivands, where sent to their long account with magnetic speed. On the opposite side of the table, sat a plate of peppers, the genuine red hot ones, strong enough to shake a man to pieces, which the countryman eyed for a moment and then plunged his fork over, and conveyed one entire to his mouth. He munched and munched, and munched away, until he could stand it no longer, for he was the color of crimson and the tears poured down his cheeks. He hastily took it from his mouth, and laying it down aside of his plate, exclaimed, "There! lay there and cool, will you?"

— An excellent old deacon, who having won a fine turkey at a charity raffle, didn't like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked, as he handed her the turkey, that the "Shakers" gave it to him.

☞Oak Hall may be the popular clothing house but to have your clothes clean use MOORE & BRO's *Wilmington City Soap.*

WAS SHE A FLIRT?

I.

There is a sluggish softness in the air. It is the first week in August, and July has been damp enough to relax everything in nature, damp enough to relax the will of the indomitable woman who is tramping along the three miles of dusty road that intervene between her village home and the small market town where she can get butter at a reasonable price.

Butter at a reasonable price is a great consideration with Mrs. Paulett; so are eggs, so are meat and bread and house rent. So, indeed, is everything. For she is a "a maiden all forlorn," trying to live like a gentlewoman on a very limited income.

For ten years now she has pursued her neat little inoffensive way in this village of Binham, which is striving hard to debase itself into a villa surrounded town.

Her house is the end house of a picturesque, unpretentious little crescent, which can boast of a good-sized well-kept garden front, and which is shut off from the high road and the gaze of the passers-by by a high red brick wall, that is well crowned with ivy. The house is exactly like every other house in the crescent in reality.—But it looks very differedt from the others. Its windows are brighter, its brass door knob has a higher polish than those of the other houses in the crescent.

She is rather more anxious than usual to-day as to the results of her marketing at Balsingham. A young niece has come down, a fastidious lady, who requires to be daintily served, without at all considering at what cost the service is rendered.

The young niece is at home now in the pretty bowery room in the house in the crescent that is parlor and dining-room and drawing-room and boudior, all in one. This sluggishly soft air makes Miss Minnie Ward sleepy, so she reclines while her aunt goes in search of butter for the fair young being's tea.

She is very pretty, very pleasant to look at, albeit she is bored, and hot, and sleepy, and slightly cross on this sluggish softly warm day. Curled up like a cat on the sofa, in the shadiest corner of the room, she is lazy watching the shadows come and go through the half-drawn drab Venetian blinds. "How can they have the patience to go on doing *that!*" she wonders.—"How can anyone have the patience to go doing anything down here?" She gets up as she half-mutters this wonder, and stands at the window, balancing herself, her well-shaped hands planted firmly on her well-shaped hips, in a semi-defiant attitude that would have called forth her grandmother's reprobation. She is "tall and stately," and she has nice eyes, and pretty yellowish hair. Evidently she knows how to have her clothes made, and how to put them on in a way that will make her at the least remarkable. Her hair is tumbled now, for she has been asleep for an hour; but when its yellowish luxuriance is toned down a little we can easily imagine that the jet dagger may stab her tresses becomingly enough. At present the weapon looks out of place.

She has a natural turn-up nose and an acquired toss of the head, and these two things have to do very hard work in Minnie's service. For she conceives that in order to do them justice she must be bewitchingly saucy in manner.

To be brief, Miss Ward is spending her holidays with her aunt for convenince sake and sorely against her own sweet will. She is a governess, satisfied with her situation because she does not see a means of bettering it yet; but keenly on the lookout for promotion. At times, when no one is looking, there is a good deal of weariness in the fresh fair young face, and a good deal of discontent and disgust with the world for not recognizing her claims better, in the young spirit. Even now, when she turns away from the window with a sudden remembrance of her tousled hair, and the onus that was on her of being neat by tea-time, she ejaculates impatiently.

"Oh dear! a week more of this, and then back to that *horrid* teaching!"

She goes up yawning and weary to the little white nest of a room that her aunt has given up to her, the aunt herself retiring into a room in the rear of the house, barren and arid by comparison.

It is time to put this maiden aunt before you. She is almost at the threshold of her own door when Minnie goes up to adorn for the sacrifice, as she considers it, of a "regular set tea" at six o'clock. Miss Paulett has walked fast, and has come home heavily laden, and the air is oppressive. But in spite of the weariness of the flesh, she brightens up in spirit as she comes through the crescent garden, and hopes heartily that "Minnie will enjoy the treats."

She has been living ten years in this secluded village alone, and her young niece of twenty calls her "an old maid." But in spite of these things she is a woman with a long lease of life before her, in all human probability. For she is healthy, and only just past her thirtieth birth-day, It seems almost a pity that this probably long life should be lonely as the last ten years of it have been.

She is not tall and lissom, like her twenty-year old niece, but she is erect, graceful, admirably proportioned. Her face is clear-complexioned, delicate featured, brightened by a pair of nut-brown eyes that are precisely the same color as the luxuriant hair that is wrapped in a clever coil at the back of her head. Altogether, she is a pretty and a prepossessing woman, and why she should be lonely still is a marvel to many people.

She looks round the room, and a shade of annoyance crosses her face swiftly. It is one of her attributes to be daintily neat. The small room, that is at the same time dining-hall and saloon, is always fresh and fair, and scrupulously well arranged when she is alone; now the cushions are piled up untidily, the sofa-rug is trailing on to the floor. Books, newspapers, magazines, and a half-made white muslin tunic are littered about on different chairs; and, worst of all in her progress from the room Miss Ward had upset a light wicker stand of flowers, which has stood in safety just inside the door during the whole of summer.

Miss Paulett has just fulfilled a portion of her mission in life by clearing up after her niece, when that young lady comes undulating into the room. Her hair is tousled still, but now according to certain rules; and the big jet dagger stabs it with a well defined aim. She has put on fresh laces and fresh ribbons. The laces are not real, and the ribbons are poor and flimsy, but her youth and beauty triumph over these facts, and cause them to look bright and becoming.

"Oh! you're back, Aunt Catharine?—I'm glad of that; I want you to go out on the green for a stroll with me."

From her bedroom window, Minnie had seen a manly form—the only manly form in the place—take the direction of the green. Hence her desire for exercise. She would look upon it as a wilful disregard of a providential opportunity if she did not go out now.

"My dear Minnie, just consider that I am only just back from Balsingham, and that I'm rather tired. Do let me have my tea first."

"Why did you go? What could induce you to go rushing off in the heat of this afternoon?" Minnie feels disappointed, and so speaks crossly.

"I went to get butter and fruit," pointing to those delicacies.

"Butter and fruit!" Minnie shrugs her supple shoulders. "I'd rather go without, any day; why didn't you send that grumpus, Bridget? If she walked more she wouldn't puff me out of my mind nearly every time she comes into the room, with her hard breathing.

Miss Paulett laughs. "Bridget had her work to do. And what has put you out, my little lady? Have some tea, dear?"

"No, thank you, aunt." When Minnie first came, the still young aunt had requested that her niece would could call her "Kate," but Minnie very decidedly refused to do it. "There shall be no mistake about my being the niece, and years the younger of the two," she sagaciously determined.

"No, thank you, aunt; there's something unholy in tea at this time of day, unless you dine after it. I'll go out on the green, you can join me by-and-by." Then she half repents herself of her rudeness, and adds, "I shall like some of that nice cream cheese for supper, if I may have it."

"You may have what you like, dear; yes, I will join you by-and-by," the aunt says, good-temperedly.

So Minnie's conscience feels clear, and she rings for Bridget to bring her hat and blue lama shawl, the ends of which she shall presently toss over her shoulder, in a jaunty way that has neither the merit of being pretty nor uncommon, but that is immensely popular with young ladies.

Minnie walks on, perfectly satisfied with herself, her head wobbling up and down occasionally in little fluttering paroxysms of conceit. The color deepens in the face that she holds very much up and a little on one side as she steps on to the green, and the well-opened blue eyes dance. For there, a hundred yards ahead of her, is the manly form, reclining on one of the seats.

Unluckily, the manly nose is turned away from her that it may sniff in so much of breeze as there is. Minnie has come to Binham on an unknowledged mission. It is her bounden duty to herself, she feels, to do something definite during this campaign. The only "something definite" that a girl of Minnie's calibre cares to achieve is matrimony.

Her object is well before her now, but it would hardly do for her to go up and sit down by him, and let him see that she has followed him on purpose. She turns slightly, therefore, and saunters along skirting the green until she is on the other side, of it, quite in his line of vision.

And now she knows that her work is done.

In a few minutes she hears footsteps behind her. Another minute and the manly form is by her side, taking off his hat, and looking ridiculously pleased. It is Mr. Boughton, the curate in charge of Binham—a good-looking man of one or two and thirty.

Up to within the last twelvemonth, Mr. Boughton had steadily advocated the celibacy of the priesthood. But since that time he had modified his views, and this change has been attributed in a great measure to his increasing intimacy with Miss Paulett. Now Binham did not grudge him his particular attentions to the handsome, fresh-hearted, clear-headed, unaffected woman. On the contrary, Binham declared that they would be a delightful pair. But it was intolerant to the daring of the stranger within the gates who flirted at him with such effrontery.

He is quite conscious that she is flirting with him. He sees that she puts herself at her best as soon as he approaches her; that she makes her eyes sparkle, and looks admiringly at *his* eyes, and he likes it.

It is useless to deny it. He does like it. He has indulged in many powerfully-worded Jermiads against Jezebels generally; he has cautioned the young men of his flock against Circe in all her forms. But now, when Minnie Ward put a feather in her hat at him, and wraps a blue shawl mysteriously about her lithesome shoulders at him, and gazes with a look that only misses being a look of love by one hairs-bredth of intervening modesty at him, he likes it.

His eyes are very fine, and his appearance and manners very gentlemanly and refined, and his prospects are very good, and she is sick to death of teaching. Given such conditions in such a situation, and it is not difficult to guess what will ensue.

"Is Miss Paulett not coming out this evening?" he asks, when they have taken a turn round the green, to the dismay and disgust of the occupants of the villas.

"Aunt Catharine? No; I couldn't drag her out, so I braved a solitary stroll. I shan't have many more walks on the green."

"Why not?" he asks with a qualm.

"I'm going away next week. Mamma will have me home again."

She has a morbid horror of its being known here that she is out as a governess; and she has made her Aunt vow silence on the point. To "Mamma," therefore, it becomes necessary to impute a greed for her child's society which amounts to selfishness.

They are on the verge of the green now, at the farthest end of the village. The ruins of an old abbey are in sight. Beyond the abbey there is a wood. She tosses her head in the direction of the wood, and says:

"How sweet it would be of me to take dear lazy old Aunt Catharine a boquet of wild flowers!"

A faint spark of loyalty to charming Miss Paulett is still alive in Boughton's breast. He is preparing to say something that shall attest to his admiration for and sympathy with Miss Paulett's tastes, when Minnie adds:

"She is so *fond* of things—of cats and flowers. It's a pity she hasn't something better to love instead of wasting all her life in bemoaning some one who didn't care for her."

The sole remaining spark of loyalty dies out. "Has she done that? Let us go and get the wild flowers, Miss Ward; I know where the best live in that wood."

"Can you spare the time?" she asks, softly. "Oh! how good of you! My last walk at Binham will be my pleasantest one."

Mr. Boughton has a maiden aunt living with him who keeps his house, and drives off the unwary who approach him when she is near. She has for some time had her auntly eye on Minnie, and Minnie has a delicious little sense of satisfaction now in having brought things to this pass. No aunt, neither his nor hers, shall come between them now.

She sits by a stile, and he stands close by her side. And the rays of the setting sun, stream through the leafy boughs, and glorify her head. It is all very pleasant, but Minnie feels, in her own forcible idiom, "that mere pleasantness won't pay."

For a few moments she forces herself to contemplate each side of the shield. If she marries Mr. Boughton she will have to lead a Binham life, and when he is her husband she will not be able to infuse an element of excitement into her Binham life by flirting with him. It will be dull probably—but—

"But it will be better than horrid teaching," she reminds herself. She has no more sense of moral responsibility concerning what she is about to do than a child has of knocking down a house of cards.

"I've altered my mind about the flowers I gathered to-night, Mr. Boughton.—They must be for your study. Will you have them?"

"Will I not?"

His face is in the shade, and looks very well there. Minnie adjusts her head at a becoming angle, and makes another effort.

"Aunt Catharine, with that good, serviceable, common sense of hers, would jeer at me for being romantic if she heard me say that I would like to take a tiny bit of this stile away to wear in a locket as a charm."

He knows that she means him to think that she loves the stile because he is leaning upon it with her, in what a poet would call the "gloaming." He knows all she means, and likes it.

He takes his knife out and defrauds the lord of the manor by cutting a square inch out of the stile. He would defraud twenty lords of the manor of twenty times the value of this square inch of this stile at juncture to please Minnie Ward.

With rather a shaky hand he proceeds to cut his initials, "E. B.," on the little bit of wood. He trims it and smooths it, and then he looks at her.

She gives him one look, and he forgets all his views as to the propriety of the clergy being a celibate body.

"May I cut yours here, too," he asks, and she bends down her head and whis- "Yes," and when she comes down from the stile she is engaged to him.

As she leans upon his arm she makes him understand that life will be a wilderness to her until she has the right and the power to so lean always. He has his own views about short engagements—he disapproves of them—but he thinks that her sweet soul trembles at the prospect of ever so brief a separation from him. And he believes it—good young priest as he is.

"Then it had better be soon," he says, eagerly. Why he says it he can't exactly define, but he gathers up impressions that it *had* better be soon, and speaks from the impulse they give him.

"Oh, if you wish it!"

Of course he wished it. Suddenly he found himself wishing it very much, and feeling that all his pre-conceived ideas on the subject were utter folly and empty humbug. Minnie would be a crown of honor to a husband, and he, Edward Boughton, would crown himself as soon as possible.

She is very full of the pride of her success as she steps out from the shade of the wood on to the open green. Her head settles back into a satisfied wobble as she sees Aunt Catharine approaching them.

Miss Paulett comes toward the pair in the dim light, and as she comes on it is made manifest to her, even in the dim light, that something has happened.

II.

For four days Minnie had been very happy and very amiable. Edward Boughton manages to make duty and inclination agree wonderfully well. When he goes abroad on missions of mercy Minnie accompanies him—a fashionable-looking angel in different colored cambrics.

Her aunt, Kate Paulett, has been told the great news, and has been cordial and cheery. His aunt, Miss Boughton, has been told and has been morose and gloomy. Minnie is not one bit disturbed by either woman's state or expression of feeling.—She merely remarks to Edward:

"Your aunt looks so sour about it that one would think it was a crime to love you; as if I could help it."

Minnie means marriage as soon as possible, and now, on the evening of the birth day of her engagement, she is feeling a little annoyed and perplexed because the time is not definitely fixed yet.

"You might speak to him, Aunt Catharine."

"About naming the day? No, my dear, it's for him to speak to you about that."

"But what's the good of waiting? What are we waiting for?" Minnie pouts.

"You haven't waited long, "Kate reminds her.

"No, and I don't mean to wait long, that's another thing; we shall know each other a bit the better while he is down here and I am going on with that horrid, horrid teaching. I don't see why we need wait."

"You can hardly be the one to suggest a speedy marriage," Kate says dryly; "but I have no doubt, when Mr. Boughton realizes that you consider your present one a life of slavery, he will speedily rescue you from it."

Minnie flushes. "I don't want him to know anything about my present life," she says, with an effort to seem at ease.

Kate flashes up a glance from the preserving pan over which she has been bending assiduously during the conversation.

"You don't mean to say that you haven't told him?"

"I have not. Why should I? Men are quite apt enough to think they confer a favor on a girl by proposing marriage. If a girl's a governess they know they confer a favor by taking her out of bondage."

"He ought to know it; if you don't tell him I will," Kate says, skimming off the scum vigorously.

"Don't be malicious and spiteful because you failed to get him yourself," says Minnie.

"You'd serve your own ends (I know what they are, minnie,) better by telling him a truth that is honorable to you; but rest assured that I will never interfere between you after that—that very coarse, cruel speech."

It is settled between the lovers soon that they are to marry in a year. By that time Minnie will be twenty-one, and he will have a suitable home to receive her in.—The delay will enable him to settle his aunt elsewhere. "She broke up her home to come down here with me," he explains.

"She'll be desperately fussy about a house. I know she will keep you unsettled as long as she can."

His greatest comfort (he is dreadfully in love) when Minnie is gone, is to go to her Aunt Kate and talk about her. Kate is merciful enough to let him maunder uninterruptedly, as a rule, but one day she does hint to him that Minnie is but mortal.

"Minnie can ill bear stagnation and suspense," she says. "I shall be glad when you can take your holiday and go and see her. You will go soon, won't you?"

Something in her tones sets him thinking. It does not exactly alarm him, but it startles him.

"Is she ill? Have you heard"——But Miss Paulett interrupts him impatiently before he can say a word more:

"Ill Oh, no! If there were anything the matter my sister would have written for me to go and help to nurse her. I rarely hear when she is well."

"'Twere long to tell and vain to hear" about all he does in order to get a free week from his parish. He will not drop a single service, but he must see Minnie.

Eventually one of the reserve force—a curate unattached to a cure at present—comes for a consideration and takes charge of Binham for a fortnight, and Edward Boughton goes up to town by the express to surprise his loving, loyal Minnie.

Surprises are odious things under the most propitous circumstances. He no sooner is across the threshold of the earthly paradise than he feels that it would have been better far if he had notified his coming to the presiding Peri.

Mrs. Ward, Minnie's mamma, lives in lodgings in Vansittart Terrace Kensington. Nansittart Terrace is more than rather out of the way, but when you have wriggled yourself into the right path that leads to it, is pleasant enough.

Minnie's teaching is in the neighborhood. She gets home generally about six o'clock. For several days she has had an escort home—a soldier-cousin of the girls whom she is instructing.

When Edward Boughton is announced Mrs. Ward fell into a paroxysm of bewilderment. Minnie's lover, and there's nothing ready for dinner! And Minnie may arrive at any moment, suspiciously attended; and—oh! what shall she do?

Mr. Boughton asks one or two awkward questions. Mrs. Ward evades the questions—parries them—answers them deftly and sweetly. Presently there is a knock at the front door, and as Edward goes to the window, Mrs. Ward gets herself out of the room, "to see about tea."

Minnie comes into the hall radiant; an enamoured young man follows her; and Mrs. Ward meets them with despair printed on her matronly brow. She whispers to Minnie, and Minnie is staggered. For a moment only, though; at the end of the moment she whispers to Mr. Gascoigne, and dismisses him.

Edward Boughton, standing at the window, sees the handsome young soldier officer walking away; but he does not for one moment associate that son of Mars with the fresh, fair creature who presently bounds into the room, and seeks to make him believe that is grateful that Heaven has made him such a man as he is.

Up to the present moment Mr. Gascoigne, though he is on the brink, has not taken the plunge. He is rapidly preparing to fall at her feet, but he has not fallen yet. Therefore, if Edward Boughton has come to plead for an earlier wedding day, Minnie will be fidelity itself to him.

She Manages very cleverly, she considers, during Edward's visit. She writes a pretty note of apology to her employer, pleading a bronchial affection as the cause of her non-appearance. She writes a pathetic little note to her martial adorer, telling him that for a time, at least, it is better that they should not meet—a note which is worded in a way that leads him to suppose that her mother has been interfering, and to vow that he will propose to the sweetest, jolliest little girl in the world the next time he sees her.

Minnie holds Boughton's heart in the hollow of her little unscrupulous hand.—She does not spare him a single look, word, art, that may allure him on to love her more and more. She is full of coaxing, pretty, caressing ways, and these she plays off upon him as pertinaciously as Kathleen played hers off on St. Kevin. He is desperately in love with her. Not a doubt of her being to the full as desperately in love with him has even clouded his mind for a moment.

He goes back to Binham at the end of his holiday, a happy man. For three days after his return from that sojourn in Paradise he hears regularly from Minnie.

The fifth and sixth mornings are blanks. He begins to look worn and anxious.

On the morning of the eight day he gets a letter in the well known, dear-loved hand-writing, and when he has read a few lines of it, his face, which had been pale before, becomes ghastly white. But he says nothing to his aunt, who is watching him pitifully, and her prophetic heart tells her that he has "got a blow from that girl."

A letter goes from him to Minnie by return of post, such as might melt a stone. But it is powerless to melt the heart of a heartless girl. Then he waits for three days in silence, with such wounded feelings, such passionate love preying upon him that he gets to look so miserably ill that every one in the place calls on Miss Paulett in the hope of hearing that the the lovers have quarreled.

On the third day he has another letter from Minnie, a conclusive letter. A letter that shocks all hope out of his heart, and all belief in the good, pure love of woman out of his mind.

It is the topic in Binham for nine days, for it leaks out, as such things invariably do. At the end of nine days people cease to look as if they are thinking about it when they meet him.

The aunt and niece cross swords by post, and wound each other freely. Minnie is to be Mrs. Gascoigne in a week or two, and "Garrison town life will suit her much better than prancing the parish," she says.

But in spite of this depreciatory speech Mrs. Gascoigne feels a sore pricking at her heart when, two years after she achieves her own destiny, she reads that, "Old Aunt Catharine and Edward Boughton are married."

— The man who set a trap for a weasel and caught his mother in-law, stood his trial with such heroism that he is an object of admiration in the neighborhood.—The price of weasel traps have advanced forty-seven and three-eights per cent.

—At the Zoological Gardens, London, a recent event of some interest is the birth of a hippopotamus. The baby is three feet six inches long, weighs one hundred pounds, and is of the color of a polished mahogany dining room table. It suckles continually, and enjoys life very much.

How the People's Ditch was Made.

Mr. Nordhoff, in his *Californian*, bears witness to the successful operation of irrigation at the triving village of Farmersville, near Visalia, where a whole district has been largely and visibly enriched by what is called "The People's Ditch."—This was constructed on the co-operative plan. As the method of irrigation is novel to Eastern people, we think a quotation of Mr. Nordhoff's description of the way the ditch was made, and the way it works, quite in place:

"Four years ago, several farmers about here saw the necessity of irrigation for their lands. They talked the matter over, and finally called a meeting of their neighbors. At this meeting it was resolved

"To dig a ditch."

"To do it by a general effort of those who should subscribe to the stock."

"To have one hundred shares, each share to be entitled to water enough for one hundred and sixty acres."

"To elect a President, who should call the stockholders to labor, which call should be promptly obeyed."

"To engage an engineer to lay out the work, and obey his instructions."

"And, finally, to begin the work 'next Monday.'"

"The engineer was himself one of the stockholders—Mr. William S. Powell, of Visalia—an energetic and competent man, and the leader in the enterprise. Work was begun on the following Monday, and in six weeks the People's Ditch—eight miles long, twenty-four feet wide, and three feet deep—was completed. The sum of six hundred dollars was expended upon it, in money, for lumber for flumes and gates, etc.; all the rest of the work was done without the expenditure of a cent of money."

"It was afterward found that this ditch did not give water enough, and the stockholders enlarged it and took in another stream, so that it is now fourteen miles long and four feet deep, with a pitch of eight feet to the mile."

"It supplies more than enough water in the driest season to irrigate 16,000 acres of land—namely, one hundred 160 acre lots. Near the lower end of the ditch stands a grist-mill, which is a very great convenience to the neighborhood, and I believe a source of income to the Ditch Association. Out of the main ditch proceed three arms, and out of these, again, numerous smaller arms—as many, of course, as there are fields to irrigate. The water is divided by self-acting gates, and the arms, or branches, are dug, not by the company, but by those members interested."

"The labor is far less difficult or tedious than any one who had not seen it done would suppose, and the success is complete. Last year the irrigated crops were almost—not quite—as great as those of a rainy year; and as prices were higher, the farmers made more money. The man who can raise a crop in a year of severe drough is sure of a good price."

"There is a water-master, who is paid to go over the ditch and see that all goes right with it; and a President, who is not salaried, but has authority to call on the stockholders for repairs; and once a year, in March, when the farmer's work here is done, and he and his teams are idle, all hands meet to clean the ditch out, which is a labor of a few days. This annual ditch-meeting was held while I was at Visalia."

"Now, the work of six weeks of these farmers doubled the value of their lands at once. It was about the cheapest way to make money that they could have devised. It made them sure of a crop, no matter how dry the year; it gave them a perpetual fund of manure, for the testimony of every man I have seen in the State who has practiced irrigation for a long term of years is positive that with this the fertility of the land does not deteriorate."

"I was surprised and delighted to hear of one hundred farmers joining hands for such a work as this, and energetically carrying it through; but I have found since that it is not uncommon here. I have been present at several ditch-meetings; they are usually held in the open field, and what they determine on they do."

THE MAN OF LONG LIFE.

He has a proper and well proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not too rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad, arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is a complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular.

His stomach is excellent, his appetite and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the pleasure of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity; a kind of delight, attended with this advantage, in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer.—He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of self-consumption.

In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love and hope; but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger and avarice. His passions never become to violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever without an overflow of the bile. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations, is an optimist, a friend to Nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after honors or riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow.

HAVE YOU PURE WATER?—Water is as necessary to the comfort and health of stock in the winter as feed; and if they are to be kept free from disease an ample supply of it, free from ice, snow, or filth, *must* be furnished them.

— "Tom," said a girl to her sweetheart, "you have been playing your distress to me long enough. It is time you made known your contentions, so as not to keep me in suspense any longer.