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Two Women.

A grandma sits in her great arm-chair Balm sweet in the soft spring air. Through the lattice, like a shadowed pane She looks to the eolored beyond the lane...

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

"True, Major Flint is a wealthy man, and good-looking, withal, but if you marry him he will make you his slave—like my word for it, Miss Atherton." "Do you think so?" said the lady addressed, quietly, looking up from her embroidery...

by the matter of fact manner of his new wife. Her cool self-possession awoke him in spite of himself. If she had stormed, he would have felt better prepared to meet the emergency. "I shall permit my children to remain where they are at my mother's until you get accustomed to the house a little. In the course of the week," he added, "you will get an idea of the extent of the work by observing Mrs. Burns."

jections might have weighed with you and induced you to change your mind. "I never change my mind," said her husband, loftily. "But I warn you that I have little experience as a cook." "You can learn." "Perhaps I may not cook to suit your taste," she persisted. "That is my affair."

hastening out of his way, wondering if he was racing for a wager. It is, perhaps, needless to say that before evening closed Mrs. Burns was again installed at the Flint mansion. "It is useless," said the major, mournfully, that evening, in the solitude of his apartment; "I might as well attempt to move the huge boulders on yonder mountain top as to contend with that woman, wife number two!"

FASHION NOTES.

Pompadour lace is the latest. A velvet season is predicted for the coming winter. Small birds will be much used in millinery next season. Electric-blue, lussar-blue and moss-greens are on the cards for the fall.

The Old Rail Fence.

The placing of barbed wire fences around farms, usurping the place of the old rail fence, destroys half of the pleasure of farming. There is something about the old rail fence that is real comfortable, and the barbed wire fence is forbidding, cold, repulsive. Until you come to think of it, there does not seem as though there was a great deal of solid comfort in a rail fence, but there is. Did you ever see two old farmers leaning against a rail fence, whittling and talking politics or a horse trade for hours together? They are more comfortable, and rest more than they would if they were occupying the softest sofa or the best stuffed arm chair in the world.

To a Dead Humble Bee.

O humble bee that all day long Hast hummed thy note the while among, Whence came the song that laid thee low, Just as the summer 'gan to glow? No more on humming pious horns Shall thou thy course pursue To where the roses blush at morn, Beguimed with crystal dew.

VARIETIES.

An ink well has been discovered in Georgia. It should be a popular resort for writers. "Married for Life" is the title of a novel by a Chicago author, which is an entirely new idea in fiction.