#### THE BONNIE BREAST KNOT.

"My colleen with the dark locks, my colleen young and fair. Oh! give me but that breast knot, that o'er your

heart you wear; That bonnie silken breast knot will bind my troth

I'll set it in my bonnet, love, that bonnie breast knot blue!

"And when across the ocean the war worn exiles fly Your bonnie knot, acushla, shall sail as well as I; The winds its folds may flutter, the waves may

drench it through, But the wind or wave shall never rob your bonnie oreast knot blue!"

She took it from her bosom-she set it o'er his

With broken voice she murmured, "Thou art my soldier now!"

One lingering glance and wistful; a kiss-a sad And then she looked her last upon that bonnie

breast knot blue. One morn, in far off Flanders, King Louis's bugles

And, in the ghastly dawning, the dead lay o'er the

And there was one among them, one exiled soldier

Upon whose clammy lips they found a bonnie breast -An Irish Ballad-1890.

# WEDDING OF GLORY ANN.

The old red farm-house, "Carter's Place," was unusually astir on a certain bright October morning. There were no absolute | tower there and to no other place else, I sounds of unwonted occurrences, only a did." a vague air of expectancy seemed to brood

over it. On the opposite side of the road lived Philury Corwin. She was busily engaged in watching the Carter house and washing the breakfast dishes, while she talked with her invalid sister, Rhody Ann.

"'Pears to me," said Philury, pausing in her work and gesticulating with her dishcloth in her hand, "'pears to me as if sothin' unusual-like was a-goin' on to them Carterses. I seen the greatest lot o' fixin's interposed Mrs. Carter. a-goin' in there these last two days, an' I hearn that they got Mis' Darney up from to Collinses. I think I'll jest run across an' he was, an' she did." inquire, if you will watch them pies, I am | Philury paused and glanced inquiringly that fierce to know if Glory Ann be really at the bride. a-goin' to marry that Philetus Antrim."

the pies, Philury started upon her tour of

"How be ye, Mis' Carter?" she inquired, as she paused before the kitchen door and looked at that lady, who was busy making sweet-smelling cakes.

Mrs. Carter looked up, and waiving her flour-covered arm toward a chair, said: "Set. Philury. I be feelin' fair to mid-

dlin'! How's Rhody Ann an' yerself?" "Rhody Ann ain't feelin' very smart. Her back's a-trublin' her, an' her head is sort o' fuddled with the achin', but I'm feelin' very nice. I jets run over today to fetch ye the drawin' o' tea I borrowed of a Monday, an' to see if I couldn't do nothin' to help ye. I seen ye was havin' quite a lot a-goin' on. Be it that Glory Ann is really a-goin' to git married? I heard some talk of it when I was last down to the Holler. Be she, Mrs. Carter?"

And Philury repeated her question in an insinuating manner, as she put the teacupful of tea on the table. "She be, Philury," said Mrs. Carter,

"About when, Mis' Carter?" "About Sunday, Philury, if nothin' don't

pervent an' these cakes are pleasin'." "Well, I jest said to Rhody Ann, as I came out, I says, sothin' is certainly comin' off to Carterses, though I wa'n't sure.

Rumor is now and ag'in deceivin'." "It be, Philury, though this time, 'taint. I 'lowed to go 'cross an' bid ye to the weddin' this afternoon, all of ye, Rhody Ann, Rastus, Limy, Polly, Mariar, your hired help, an' Nervy Ann; but now, as ye are here, perhaps ye won't mind a-doin' my errent for me, an' ask them as I have named to come o' Sunday at four, so as

we'll get through in time for milkin'." "I'll tell 'em," said Philury, as she turned to go; "I'll tell 'em, an' it's like as not they'll come.'

And they did, and the neighborhood

A wedding in the community was an event of no small occurrence. It was second right-minded person would think of missing "Glory Ann's weddin'," for she had friends in the city, and it was expected that she would have a very stylish affair, with plenty of "new fangled notions."

By three o'clock Sunday afternoon the in front of the red farm-house was full carriages, hitched to every available

tree and fence post. The bride-elect was proud in the possession of a tableful of presents, which were displayed under the kitchen window, outside of which was hitched, to one of the shutters, a yearling calf, the gift of her father.

There was a "fly-catcher" of straw from a cousin in King's Holler, and an album from an aunt in the same place, a dozen flat-irons from Mr. Bangs, the storekeeper, and six cans of preserved blackberries from

Philury brought a lamp shade of green paper muslin and a tidy from Rhody Ann. It was decorated with decalcomanies and trimmed with purple ribbon. Philury had made this herself and was proud of it.

Mrs. Slimmer, from over the hill, being a poor widow, brought a yeast cake, which a poor widow, brought a yeast cake, which she said was "like to be useful when they that he demanded justice, and that the dent emotion. At a glance, I saw, to my kept their own house, an' yeast, too, was

better nor salt risin's." The groom gave a salt cellar; Mrs. Carter a half dozen yards of rag carpet and a copy of "Grant's Tour of the World."

The other gifts were varied in style, ex-

tending all the way from a brass lamp, sent by the city lady, to a paper of gold hair-pins, given by Carter's hired girl.

"Glory Ann's hair, bein' red, will sort o' set off them pins," she explained to Philury. "But what," Philury asked, "be that thing a-hangin' by the parlor organ? It looks for all the world like a bucket turned upside down an' stuck all over with white

hollyhocks." "And it is," replied the hired girl.
"Glory Ann's city friend writ to her about them weddin' bells what they have a-hang-

in' over them as is to be married. We didn't have no bell, so we took a bucket. I think it's very sightly appearin'-don't | \*

"I do. It certainly is lovely," said Philury, sincerely. "But I don't set no store by his folks," whispered the hired help.

"Why?" asked Philury, eagerly. "Well, they ain't got no style about them, nor they don't wear no mitts-at least, his ma don't. They staid to Sairy Holmses last night at the Holler, an' they walked up. I think they was too mean to ride. An', too, they gave such a present! Why, his pa gave Glory Ann six dollars, an' his ma a blazin' star bed quilt which would blind ye, 'tis so fierce colored."

"Dew tell!" murmured Philury, inter-"Fact," whispered her companion, as she slipped away in the gathering crowd to

help the bride. The ceremony progressed well. Every-thing went smoothly until the supper was over, when Mrs. Carter said:

"Where be ye goin' for your tower, "Wall," he said, slowly, "I 'lowed that me an' Glory Ann would tower to Glen-ham an' back. My sister's husband's child, Alphonso, lives there. I 'lowed

'twould be as good a place to tower to as Then Glory Ann looked up quickly, and her cheeks glowed so that her hair seemed

pale in comparison as she said, with withering emphasis: "I 'lowed to tower to King's Holler an' see Uncle Elbertus. I 'lowed I should

"Seems to me," said Mr. Carter, speaking up quickly, "that Glory Ann's tower is the best. It only seems to me to be jest proper in you to go an' tower to your

"An' it 'pears to me," said the groom, 'as if I was the one to decide this tower, it 'pears to me, it does.'

"I can't set quiet an' see my darter's opinion set aside an' sort o' flounced at,"

"Why, ain't you decided on your tower yet?" asked Philury. "Why, my sister King's Holler a-sewin' up in the spare Dorlesky knew where her tower was a-goin' chamber—a-sewin' all day an' on even by to be before she knew about her weddin'. candlelight. Then I seen they been a- She says to me, says she, 'Philury, Jerry havin' them parlor blinds open, an' that has promised to fetch me to Niagary Falls certainly means sothin'. An' Mis' Carter on a tower if I marry him. If he is really bought two silver-plated napkinrings down | meanin' it I will; if he ain't, I won't. An'

"An" (Glory Ann shook her head emright. She didn't intend to be cast down your outfit. or trod upon by any of them bullies known | \* \* \* \* \* Helen. as men. Nor I don't, neither. I'm a-goin' to tower to King's Holler, or I ain't a-goin' to tower at all, so I ain't.'

"Wall, ye are," interposed Philetus.
"Well, ye set an' dally till I git ready to go on any other tower," said the bride, complacently, as she passed her plate up, saying casually: "Please gimme some more o' them cakes, pa."

Hereupon, Philetus grew very angry. Rising, he said fiercely: "Glory Ann, I'll take back that salt

cellar, an' you don't come to Glenham." "An' you, Philetus, kin take your salt an' yourself-both too fresh for me-an' go to Glenham, or where ye will, for I'll tower to the Holler or I'll tower none." And Glory Ann arose and passed ma-

estically up-stairs to her room, carrying a glass of cider and "them cakes" with her. After supper, Mr. Carter said, turning to his new son-in-law:

"Seems to me, Phile, that if ye ain't goin' to tower none, 'twould be as well to onhetch them horses an' get ready for milkin'; it's arter five."

"I 'low to tower to Glenham yet," said the groom, as he arose and vanished up the steps in the direction the bride had disappeared.

Slowly the time passed. It was almost dark when Philury, who had outstayed all the guests, in order to help Mrs. Carter, returned home to impatient Rhody Ann, who sat in the kitchen waiting for her. "Well," she exclaimed, "Philury, where

did they tower to, or ain't they towered?" "They towered," said Philury; then added: "Ye see, it was this way-'long bout half-past five, after Phile had been 'most a half-hour with her, a-coaxin', the parson went up, an' he prayed with her; an' Phile's ma went up an' exhorted her, an' I quoted from the Bible to her, an' at last she said she'd go, as obeyin' seemed to be the heftiest part o' the marryin'. Then we all went down to let her put on her new brown only in importance to a funeral, and no alapacky. Well, in about ten minutes she came down, with the salt cellar in her hand, leanin' on Phile's arm, a-smilin' like a basket o'chips; an' he was a-grinnin', too. Jest as she passed out, very majestic-like, her pur-ple feather a-streamin' out behind her, she paused an' said, 'It's King's Holler.' "

"An' it was, too," added Philury. "Well, I guess Glory Ann will set off them gilt hairpins, if she ain't so everlasting fiery that they'll melt," murmured Rhody

"Well, she be skairful," said Philury. "She be," echoed Rhody Ann.-Philadelphia Saturday Night.

Father and Son.

Ivan Demitrieff sued his laborer, Petro Demitrieff, before a Justice of the Peace in St. Petersburg for damages to the amount of 50 rubles, because the laborer had spoiled his horse. "Demitrieff vs. Demitrieff," called the Justice. "Are plaintiff and defendant related?" "To be sure," answered the plaintiff; "the laborer is my father." The Justice was amazed at this in such matters. However, as I could see answer, and tried to persuade the litigant | the girl had tears in her eyes, I took up son to drop the case against his father. the envelope she spoke of and opened it, Judge had no business to take the part of surprise, that the letter was a note to my the defendant because the latter happened to be the plaintiff's father. The case was tried in due order, and judgment was found in favor of the defendant. The DEAR CHARLES: I want to take you to the shop in the city where I saw the sealskin I was telling tried in due order, and judgment was found in favor of the defendant. The plaintiff, however, was determined to have his father punished, and appealed from the decision of the court. The case was tried again in a higher court, and the judgment of the lower court was sustained. Leaving the court room the son exclaimed: "There the court room the son exclaimed: "There is no use trying to obtain justice in Holy Russia!"—Ex.

As there is no royal road to learning, so there is no magical cure for disease. The effect, however, of DEAR JANET:

\* \* Among the other visits I made was one to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's large store, and that which will interest you most is the very handsome display of white-wear.

You will have, I am sure, no trouble in selecting your Trousseau entire from their stock. Such handsome Gowns as they are her by the hand; then she turned, uttering showing, made from fine White Cottons and Lonsdale Cambric, most daintily trimmed with fine Embroidery Torchon and Valenciennes Lace, and the designs they are really beautiful. "Just received from London," so the young lady in attendance But before another word could be said there said.

match the Gowns, the whole making a most dainty Bridal sett.

quilled Valenciennes Lace and Insertion, with pretty blue and pink narrow ribbons run through the mesh of the lace, and tied in bows to a finish. The effect is lovely, and the fine Cambric Skirts, trimmed to have spoken of. It was useless for me to match, are exquisite.

They appeared to be having a special sale of Ladies underwear, for every table and the Millinery Show Table were covered ity in her family or in her individual

with the different articles. I was much struck with some plain and useful Nightdresses, which they had mark- ten-which I have just received at the ed at 65c. each; also handsomely trimmed office, and am taking home to show my ones in various designs at \$1.00 and \$1.25. wife: They have everything ticketed in plain figures which make it so easy to purchase Uncle Elbertus', for I hear Mirandy ain't during a rush of people, you know. In Knickers, there were boxes marked 25c., 30c., 40., 45c., 55c., 65c., and lovely styles for summer wear, at 75c. Among the other articles I specially noticed were, chemise at 50c., 60c., 75c., \$1.00, and Corset Covers at 20c., 35c., 45c., and 60c. Is is no use my trying further to describe the sights, but I am sure it will never pay sympathy, yours very truly, Gertrude Kindness and you to buy Cotton and Embroideries to make up yourself when you can procure from Manchester's such a great variety at less prices than can be made up at home. in this censorious world natural humanity If you think of going to St. John next week write me by return, what day you intend going and I shall meet you there to With a startling admonition concerning phatically), "an', Poilury, Dorlesky was assist in the important work of selecting to its adjuncts and associations. The call

### MY TYPEWRITER.

Some few months ago I had occasion to require in my business the services of a typewriter, and I made my wants known. As a consequence, I was visited by no fewer than 47 candidates in person, without counting the hundred and odd who applied by letter. Of the 47, 36 were of the weaker sex; and as these demanded a slightly lower wage than their male competitors I decided—for that reason, and that only—to employ one of them. Now, the 36 had all brought samples of their work, and as all possessed the needful qualifications, and one typewritten letter is precisely like another, I did what every other man would have done under the circumstances, and chose the best looking one. She was a very handsome girl, and a very charming one, too. I say it in spite of the trouble she brought me.

For a time she was a complete success. Apart from the fact that I had to dictate to her continually, it was obviously unde-sirable that she should sit with my male clerks. Some of them, I know, are frivolous, and as a married man I had a sense of responsibility; so I allotted her a corner in my own room, and she set up her ma-

I am not in the habit of "taking the office home with me" and worrying my life with "shop," so naturally I never mentioned my typewriter in the domestic circle. That simple omission has been thrown in my teeth many hundreds of times during the past two days. I begin to fear it always

My typewriter, as I have said, worked admirably till within about a fortnight ago; when she became restless, melancholy and abstracted in manner. For a time I took no notice of it; but last Saturday, business being dull, I called her to me.

"Gertrude" (I make a rule of calling my younger clerks by their Christian names, and, as a rule in my office is a rule, was resolved from the first to make no exception in her favor), "Gertrude," I said, "there is something on your mind: you are anxious and distressed."

"It is nothing," she answered.
"Nothing be hanged!" I said, in my friendly way. "Nothing does not make a girl pale and absent and silent for ten days at a time. I simply do not believe you.

"I cannot help it. "My dear Gertrude," I said (I am not sure that I ever called young Bob Smithers, my junior clerk, "My dear Robert." but circumstances alter cases). "I want you to try and let me help it, or help you,

in any way I can. "You are very kind," she said. "Then tell me what is the matter." "You have not opened your letters,

there is one marked 'immediate.'" I knew she was only trying to put me off, as my clerks as a rule do not dictate to me

I read her note, and at once grasped the fact that my wife might come in at any moment. The presence of a stranger, even of my wife, who is really, in her way, a very kind woman, would, of course, have been unwelcome to my typewriter in her distress; so I said, without looking

"I will not press you further today, Gertrude, but on Monday I shall expect to be treated with more confidence. I am expecting some one here on important

private busines, so you may go at once." She made no answer, and I could hear her breath coming in short, quick pants. I turned to look at her. She was standing with parted lips and widely staring eyes, her tear-stained face tightly pressed against the dingy window pane. I took

"Charlie, Charlie, my darling!"

At the moment she did so- in fact, before the words left her lips-I was conscious of the door opening, and that my wife was there and must have heard her with as much surprise as myself, and even more horror was a rush across the room, an ink pot, a I was shown Chemise and Knickers to pen or two, a sheaf of letters and a typeupon the floor, and a typewriter (the operator) had dashed into a small closet where Some of them are trimmed with fine she kept her hat and cloak, seized them, and, almost upsetting my wife in her flight, vanished down stairs, her little heels clattering in a wild tattoo on the the stone flagged stairs. Then a scene took place which was only the prelude to the ordeal I argue and aver that I was innocent myself, and as unaware of any passion for me indulged in by my typewriter (a mere clerk, as I repeatedly said) as I was of any insanconstitution. Now I suppose the worst of my misery has been practically put an end to by the following letter-not typewrit-

DEAR MR. JOHNSON: I hope you did not think me quite crazy when I left you so abruptly on Saturday, especially after your kind conversation with me. The reason of my anxiety and sadness was that the man I have been engaged to for two years was coming home from Australia, and his ship was much over due, owing to the gales. He never let me know he had arrived, but went straight to my home, and followed me to the city to find your office, where I saw him from the window, which was the cause of my hurried exit. I shall not have to type write any more, and I dare say you have discharged me; but you have been so very kind to me that I must come with him, that we may both thank you personally, and also remove the remains of the type-writer I think I shattered in my flight. When I do come I shall be Mrs. Charles Webster. Thanking Well, there is her letter; it speaks for

itself, and I must show it to my wite and convince her of my innocence. But I do wish it said a little less about my kindness; is liable to misconstruction.—True Flag.

#### The Associations of Music.

The most powerful effect of music is due which accompanies the heaving of the lead is extremely simple; but when heard at midnight on the sea, it is indescribably solemn. The bell of a village church is laden with beautiful and touching recollections. A memory familiar to us in childhood, is for ever after linked in our imagination with the things and persons most dear to our memory.

There is in the life of many a one in our land, a fond recollection and memory of joy and peace having been brought to them, at a time when it seemed as if the world and its hosts had combined against, not only their pleasures, but their very lives. Good and cheering words, and kindly hope and relief, brought to mortals in this way, form an oasis in the desert part of life, and leaves an indellible mark on the memory which is ever after fondly

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