E. Marlitt's method of work was peculiar. She wrote in the morning in bed, on loose pages, with lead-pencil; and in the afternoon what she had written was copied out in fair manuscript, so neat and well-prepared that it rarely needed any correction. But oh! how carefully the author guarded her uncompleted work from the casual eye!

Her brother and sister-in-law, although both lived in closest sympathy and harmony with her and her pursuits, seldom knew more of her latest work than the title; often not that. One day one of the written pages fluttered from her hand to the feet of her sister-in-law, who took it up and involuntarily glanced at it: the author immediately tore up the sheet; so greatly did it annoy her if a word of her work was discovered.

All her written pages were securely hidden in her manuscript case; but when the manuscript was completed, then came the festal time, the reading-evenings! Punctually at half-past eight, the movable chair was wheeled into the study; the novelist held the book with the manuscript on her lap; the clasp was opened, and the title fell from her lips. After so long a time of concealment, at last came the unveiling! Carried away with the romance of her own creation, her resonant, wonderfully modulated voice portrayed each emotion, and made the hearer feel pain or joy, at will. She read beautifully, with expression and feeling; and at some specially interesting point she would close with a contented smile, and put off her little audience until "to-morrow evening."

This career, so full of pleasure and honor, was interrupted by a dreadful accident, which occurred while the novelist was writing "The Lady with the Rubies." She was occupying, as she often did, the tower-room of her villa, and as she was being carried there in her wheel-chair, through some mishap, she was thrown heavily down. She was very ill for a long time, during which her writing was suspended; and the completion of this romance was an effort of strength, a hand-to-hand conflict with pain. Yet in spite of her sufferings, she again filled page after page in a concealed portfolio, until she was taken ill last October with inflammation of the lungs, complicated with other disorders, from which she never recovered. During her long and severe illness she was faithfully attended by her brother and his wife, and the name of her beloved brother, "Alfred," was the last word she uttered.

Although to so great an extent excluded from the world by her chronic affliction, E. Marlitt lived happily in the world of fantasy she created. There are no false notes, no gloomy or distorted views of life, in the pictures which she shows us. There is always light and pleasure and so much sunshine in her narratives; she never painted in clouded monotones, but depicted life in bright colors, and left others to darken it with somber shadows. L. S. F.

Green Hills.

OH! the hills look green that are far away,
And we struggle to reach them all the day;
And we say, "Oh, would that we could be there,
Where the beautiful emerald hills appear!"
Ah! would in the *near* we could calmly rest,
But the *far off* always appears the best;
And this proverb rings in my ears all day:
Oh, the hills look green that are far away.

LOUISA H. WALKER.

The Wrong Baby

NOBODY could guess at the time how it came to pass; but Dolby's boy knew. Dolby's boy had sandy hair, keen eyes, a freckled face, and a snub nose. Everybody in the neighborhood called him "that boy!" varied in some instances, when his tricks had assumed a character that might, putting it in the mildest way, fairly be called diabolical, by "that awful boy of Dolby's!"

He saw both nurses, rather pretty Irish girls in jaunty fresh caps and aprons, and knew their visiting propensities, knew where they were in the habit of leaving their infant charges, fast asleep in their respective baby carriages. The babies were generally sound asleep, and it occurred to him that they might be under the influence of soothing-syrup or paregoric. Having an analogical turn of mind, he reasoned about it. The baby carriages were exactly alike—one might easily be taken for the other. The babies were both alike in their general outlines; both heads cuddled close to the pillow, their faces hidden by lace shades. The nurses generally left them in charge of some youngsters, who, after the coast was clear, played together at a respectful distance from both carriages. Dolby's boy reasoned that the nurses had not even a speaking acquaintance, and, therefore, had never met.

Nora was the name of the nurse in whose charge the youngest hope of the Bakers, a delicate little girl, was placed. She generally came five or ten minutes before the second baby carriage made its appearance. Her friends lived on the south corner of Liberty Street. Minnie was the name of the other nurse. Her charge generally slept the profound sleep of innocence—or narcotics—in the shadow of

a huge locust. Her cousin lived round the south corner, and both girls took these opportune moments to make calls on their acquaintances. The boy had observed their habits,

and being a lad inclined to mischief from his cradle, he bribed the baby-watchers one day, and deliberately changed the carriages: then, having a keen appreciation of the ludicrous in art and nature, he stepped back into the shadow to see the fun.

But no fun came of it. Minnie marched off with her baby carriage, as she supposed, as gravely and unconcernedly as if wheeling a load of potatoes. Nora came later, tucked in the blankets without looking, and, quite as deliberately as her predecessor, took her way home. Dolby's boy stood for a moment in dismayed astonishment. Then he doubled himself up and laughed—hardened little wretch that he was—and after a pause looked gravely around.

"By Joe! I thought they'd know," he muttered; "and now they're gone home to the wrong mothers! Won't there be a row?" And that evening the boy went into occasional fits of laughter, followed by a suggestive silence as he meditated on the mischief he had done. Altogether he had an exciting time of it. As to feeling any penitence for what might be the outcome of his "bit of fun," he never dreamed of being found out. It is the being found out that brings remorse to some natures, not the wrong committed.

Nora McCrab, little Daisy Baker's nurse, went home in a brown study all the way. She had been to see Mrs. Shannon, cook in one of the brown-stone-front houses on Liberty Street. Nora was engaged to Mrs. Shannon's son: said son being still in "ould Ireland," but expecting, as soon as his mother could find him a situation and had saved money enough to send for him, to come to America. The typhoid fever had broken out in Tipperary, and the anxious mother was in great trouble for fear that "Pat" would catch it.

"Sure it's the dogs is been howling worse than any banshee," she said, as the two talked it over, "and me dreams has been that bad enough to change your hair gray entirely. We'll niver see Pat in Ameriky, I'm thinkin', an' ye'll be a widdy afore ye're a wife:" at which poor Nora broke down. No wonder she was so sad and absent-minded that she never looked at the child in her charge, but made straight for home, crying softly all the way.

The Bakers lived in Hurd Street, in a shabby-genteel house. They were poor but ambitious people, living at present much beyond their means. The head of the family was a thin, nervous, big-nosed man, whose bald crown gave a sort of dignity to an otherwise ordinary looking person. At present he was out of business, owing to the failure of the company by whom he had been employed nearly ten years. It was hard work now to get bread and butter, and Saturday night, as Mrs. Baker thoughtfully observed, always brought up the rear. This was Saturday night. Mrs. Baker had been obliged to dispense with her cook, and it taxed her ingenuity to manage for the three Sunday meals that must be forthcoming. She had made bread that afternoon with flour that hugged the bottom of the barrel so hard that the was obliged to scrape it off, and had found a grocer green enough to trust her for a few dollars' worth of necessaries.

Nora met her standing on the doorstep, in a very bad state of mind, anxiously looking out for her baby, and tingling for somebody to scold.

"How dare you stay out so long with that delicate child?" were the first words that greeted the girl, who hid her red eyes as she lifted the baby to her shoulder, and pulled out the blanket and pillow that belonged to baby's cradle.

"Delikit! It's heavy enough she is now!" muttered Nora, grasping her burden and hurrying into the house. She carried the baby upstairs to the sitting-room, which Mrs. Baker called the nursery when she had company.

"If Daisy is asleep, better put her right in the crib," Mrs. Baker said, as she followed her. "My sister has come to make me a visit, and there's lots to do. She is downstairs now, in the parlor. Help me about tea a little, there's a good girl, and I'll give you that red calico you like so much."

Nora deposited the baby in its crib, and really earned the red calico by her quick motions and obliging ways; the more so that she could be very crabbed and contrary, if the mood took her.

A Baker boy of nine and a Baker girl of seven, the former all ears and the latter all hair, sat at the supper table, and Neely, their young aunt, whom they had never seen before, took her place between them. Mr. Baker's bald head looked most imposing as he graciously passed the rolls and butter.

"What delicious bread!" exclaimed Neely, taking the third roll; for she had, as she boasted, a splendid appetite.

Mrs. Baker controlled her feelings as she addressed her husband, whom she always called "dearest"—when they were not alone.

"I forgot to tell you, dearest, that the flour barrel is empty." The response was something between a spasm and a groan, so Mrs. Baker hastened to cover it by speaking to her sister again.

"So unfortunate that cook has left us, and at this season it is utterly impossible to get good help;—it makes me forget everything, we are so tormented about this servant business."

"Oh, never mind that; let me go into the kitchen; I did all the cooking at home," said Neely. "You and I together can do wonders. Give me plenty to do with, and I'll get up some grand dinners." Mr. Baker sneezed, or he might have—sworn. "Plenty to do with," and he had spent his last dollar, and no one would trust who knew them.

"You have such a nice nurse," Neely went on, "and such a lovely great boy! I ran up to see him, and gave him a kiss."

"Boy!" said Mrs. Baker—"boy!" echoed the *pater* and the two young Bakers, who burst out laughing.

"It's a girl, my dear Neely, and such a little thing!—I've never written you but once since she was born, but then I'm sure I told you it was a girl," Mrs Baker said.

"Yes—come to remember—so you did—but—well, I'd forgotten—and—but don't she *look* like a boy?—isn't she taken for one?"

"Why, she's a most delicate-looking little girl," said her sister; "nobody would think for a moment that she was a boy. How could you imagine it?" And Mrs. Baker seemed hurt if not offended.

"Oh, well, I'll take another peep," said Neely, laughing; and she looked so very pretty, showing faultless white teeth, and two bewitching dimples! "Let me clear off the table," she said, when they had done; "I'm sure Nora will help me, and we'll have things to rights in a jiffy," she added, as

a baby's wail sounded upstairs, and Mrs. Baker ran up to her darling.

Another moment and there was a shriek—then a succession of shrieks. The bald spot on papa Baker's head turned pale with fright. Tommy's big ears twitched, and the long tail of Mima's hair trembled, down to the huge bow of red ribbon it was tied with. Both Neely and Mr. Baker ran upstairs to find Mrs. Baker, a screaming baby on her lap, her own mouth wide open, her eyes glassy and staring, while shriek after shriek fell on the ears of the appalled listeners.

"Look at it, Mr. Baker!—it *is* a boy! a horrid, horrid boy! a monster of a boy! oh! what shall I do? My senses are leaving me. I shall go mad! mad!" and she pulled at her hair with such force, that most of it, not being fastened sufficiently strong to withstand the frantic onslaught, came off in her hand.

"Why! why—what—how do you account for it?" asked Papa Baker, aghast, as he looked at the wailing spectacle, the fat broad, red cheeks distended, the big eyes streaming tears, as the baby kicked and yelled. "Call Nora."

Nora was there and now came forward. At sight of the howling, healthy imp, in place of the one she had carried out a few hours before, she too became frantic, and with many an adjuration known only to good Catholics, she called upon all the saints in turn, and finally fell upon the floor in a heap, declaring that a "spell must have been put upon the poor darlint, that had changed her into that ugly b'y;" but when Mrs. Baker charged her with carelessness and dishonesty, and all the sins mentioned in the decalogue, she arose in her wrath, went to her room, gathered her small valuables together, and left the house.

"It's not me that's goin' into coort on a charge of childstalin'. I'll not wait for me money, aither. I'd never git it now, anyway, bad luck to 'em." The girl, no doubt, felt troubled by her conscience—she knew she had been unfaithful in leaving her charge—but how could the exchange have been made? It was not her first offense of that kind, and she rather resented the fact that it had never happened before.

"There, there! sister," said Neely, soothingly, "it's a clear case of exchange, which is no robbery, you know. Don't worry—let me take the child—the matter will all come right. Pray compose yourself, dear, and we shall the sooner know what to do. He's a handsome little fellow," she added, as she soothed and coaxed him.

"Handsome!" cried Mrs. Baker, with a hysterical grimace—"a great blubbering boy! A horrid, freckle-faced boy, with a voice like a tin trumpet. Oh, what shall I do? Where is my baby? Mother's darling, come back before reason deserts its throne!" And with a dramatic gesture, saved from being ridiculous only by the real feeling that induced it, she fell into her husband's arms.

"Come, let us look the matter squarely in the face," said Neely, with an assumption of sternness. "Of course, you'll get your baby back again. It's only a case of mistaken identity. He is somebody's darling—this fat little fellow. I never saw richer embroidery—why, this tucker is all done by hand;—and here are lovely gold catch-ups, I believe they call them—and just look at that flannel, will you? and the hem-stitching, and all. Let's see the wraps that came with it."

Mrs. Baker had recovered her consciousness sufficiently to examine the blankets and the carriage afghan.

"O, how beautiful!" exclaimed Neely, with a young girl's appreciation of delicate needlework. "Everything is of the richest and costliest. But there's no clue; how easy it would have been to work baby's initials, and where he lived, on those pretty things, or label the baby. Mothers ought to think of those things. Well, I can tell you he belongs to *somebody!*"

"I don't care who he belongs to, with his great fat face!" sobbed the disconsolate mother. "My dear, darling, tender little Daisy, with such blue eyes as never were, and such clinging, curly flaxen hair! I could kill that horrid Nora! Where are you, my pet? Oh, Neely—what if they should ill-treat her—and she is such a little thing? Oh! my baby! What shall I do? Don't stand looking at me, Baker,—think—do something!"

"There's no danger of her being badly used by the people this boy belongs to," said Neely, who had brought smiles and dimples to the face of the strange baby—"we shall treat this poor little kitten the best we know how. What a pity it's Saturday night—you can't get at the papers;—yes, there's a Sunday paper—but I suppose that is all 'made up,' as they call it. The other party has probably taken some steps—they are just as much worried and miserable as we are—just as unhappy over it."

"It couldn't be possible," said Mrs. Baker in the selfishness of her mother-love—"why, my baby is a fairy-child beside this one! Oh, husband, go somewhere! do something! Write some advertisements and put them up on fences—anywhere. I shall die if I don't see my darling soon! And you want mamma too, poor little Daisy," she added, the violence of her grief somewhat subdued,—"but *you*," turning to the boy, "you are a big, ugly duckling (I don't care how rich your clothes are) compared to my pretty one. Now, do go somewhere," she said, appealingly, as her husband went uncertainly forward, the light glimmering on his bald head, which looked rigid with the determination to "do or die"—"go where Nora said she left the carriage; see if you can't find out who did the mischief. I don't see how I *can* live the night through without my baby; but maybe I shall have to. Nora, perhaps, knew the other girl; I never thought of that—where is Nora?"

Search for the nurse proved fruitless; and now Mrs. Baker was threatened with hysterics in reality.

"They have stolen my child! a plot has been laid—they want to make a priest of her!" she cried, utterly unconscious of the incongruity of her terms.

"You mean a nun, don't you?" said Neely, laughing in spite of the trouble. "Don't you worry over that—they can have all the nuns they want without stealing unconscious babies. There: this boy is fast asleep now, just as your little Daisy may be. I fancy her in a beautiful room, in a darling little crib all covered with silk curtains—for I know they're rich people;" and Neely looked up, beaming.

"I dare say—and we—oh! troubles never come singly. Poor Tom! that's Baker, you know, lost one of the best of places a week ago, and we lived close up to his income—never saved a penny—and I had to send cook away—and now this trouble has come—and, oh dear!" she hid her face, sobbing, on her sister's knee.

"It's all my fault," she added, before Neely could reply. "I *would* live like other folks who had double the salary Tom got—I would dress—I would wear nice bonnets, if I went through all my neighbors' rag-bags," and she laughed hysterically ;—"you know when we were little and wanted things for our dolls—at least I did—I often found nice things in rag-bags ;—yes, I'd make them out of samples of things but what I'd dress as well as the next one, and I've worried the very hair off poor Tom's head. It would serve me right if I had to go to the workhouse ;—but not my poor children—and—oh dear! I wish I had my baby!"

After this mélange she sobbed more wildly than ever. Tommy and Mima, looking in at the door with scared faces, were sent downstairs, where they had been tearfully discussing the matter before.

"Don't worry, there's a dear," said Neely, with her rare smile. "Providence sent me here right on time—I see it now—I've got a hundred and fifty dollars sewed up in my gown-lining, to do just what I please with. I earned it myself—and what do I want with silk dresses and things? I that know no one here, but you. That money will last with care, and, minus bonnet and things, you know, till your husband gets another place. And besides that, there's lots of loose change in my pocket-book—enough to keep the pot boiling for a week or two ; so you see you are provided for. How glad I am you told me—the——"

"Truth," interrupted her sister, with scarlet cheeks. "I was going to keep it all from you ; but indeed I can't take your money—money you have worked hard for."

"But you must take it—as a loan, then—and you see I'm tired of teaching—and I love housework, and you and I can do marvels. Now we'll put this big fellow to sleep, seeing that he has drunk the milk as if it had been out of his own bottle. O beneficent bottle!" she added, laughing, "what does not humanity owe to you?"

And what of the other baby? "That awful boy of Dolby's," who had made all this mischief, sat with his feet perched upon a pine table, reading a book entitled "The Three Tramps and the Detective." The room was small and meanly furnished, and he read by the light of a kerosene lamp; but he enjoyed himself all the same. He had conquered his conscience, and felt a positive pleasure in contemplating the "fun of the thing," putting it in all sorts of lights and chuckling at the vivid pictures his fancy conjured up.

"Of course it will come out all right," he said to himself, when possible consequences occurred that were not quite so pleasant to think of.

But the other baby!

It was met at the threshold by a doting mother, who turned aside the shade from its face, and—

"O Minnie!—what! this? Minnie, look! look! *It's not my baby!* For Heaven's sake, girl, where is my child? my beautiful boy! What have you done with my baby?"

"Oh, madam!" Minnie exclaimed, catching her breath. "Sure it's the bad news I had," she muttered to herself.

"It's a girl!—where is my boy? a white-faced, puny girl! Tell me what have you done with my child, or never look me in the face again," cried the almost despairing mother.

"Upon me sowl!" was all the frightened nurse could say. All color had left her face—she shook from head to foot.

"You didn't leave my boy a moment! tell me you did not. You don't dare to speak! Wretch! Somebody has stolen my child!"

All was in confusion in the richly appointed mansion. The only son and heir of the great banker, noted for his wealth and charities, had been abducted ; the mother was dying ; the nurse had killed herself : so said Madam Rumor, with the candor and correctness usual with the good dame. Meantime the baby was cared for, laid between soft sheets, and pleasantly tended, but not by the half-frantic mother, who would not even look at it.

Sunday evening, seven o'clock, and no news yet of the baby at the Baker home. Every expedient that could be thought of had been used, and items sent in for the Monday papers. There was nothing to do, now, but wait. The door-bell rang. Mrs. Baker, wild with excitement, ran to the landing—for she was upstairs ; Mr. Baker had gone out; he was still on the quest ; the children were absent at a neighbor's, and therefore Neely went to the door, her face beautiful with the excitement of anticipation, for she said to herself, "News of the baby at last!"

A tall, good-looking young man stood on the steps. He smiled and flushed, as he said, "Is this the place where a stray baby—"

"O pray come in, sir—Oh, I'm so glad!—you *will* come in—yes, it's all right—that is, I hope it is"—and she was now preceding him into the sitting-room.

"I have a little story to tell," he said, placing his hat in one chair and seating himself in another. "I am a physician ; and while taking my rounds this noon—you know doctors must work, if it *is* Sunday—I came upon a crowd standing about a boy who had been knocked down by a runaway team. The little fellow was pretty badly hurt, but had his senses. I left him a short while ago, at the hospital, and he confessed, fearing that he might die, to changing two baby-carriages, 'for fun,' he said. My sister happening to be one of the mothers suffering from this altogether unique, not to say cruel, practical joke, I of course was interested. It seems that the youngster was anxious, and found out that one of the nurses lived on Hurd street ; and I have been at every house on both sides, till I came here."

"I'm so glad! so glad!" said Neely, who could almost have kissed him for bringing such welcome news—he was so very good-looking too—"I'm so glad! Will you come up and see the baby? or perhaps my sister heard you—yes, she is bringing him down."

The man gazed on this fair young girl with a kind of fascinated interest.

"How lovely she is!" he thought. "The soul of that girl must be pure and good!"

"Yes, that's our boy!" he said, as the little fellow held his arms towards him. "It's all right. I must go now and make my poor sister happy ;—but you will allow me to call again?" and this time he was looking at Neely, whose eyes said 'yes.'

It could hardly have been an hour, when a carriage drove up to the door ; and in another moment a happy, impatient woman swept in, her garments rustling with the costly rattle of rich silks and laces. Following, came the nurse, who, having made a full confession and repented, upon promise of not doing so any more, and upon condition that

her charge was found well and thriving, had been retained. In her arms was a tiny, sleeping baby.

At sound of carriage-wheels Mrs. Baker had run upstairs on the very verge of hysterics. She managed, however, to pin on her lace that was to freshen her well-worn silk gown, that she might meet the mother of the other baby with credit. Her husband stood near by, holding the passive youngster, and secretly admiring its large, rosy proportions; the children looked on from an alcove, surreptitiously, and in their night-gowns, for they had been sent to bed.

"I suppose she'll be dressed to kill," said Mrs. Baker, in a plaintive voice;—"a rich woman, and her husband a banker! I've heard the name before, but where, I can't for the life of me remember. O gracious! there's the bell! I can't wait for my breast-pin—I must see my baby!"—and she rushed from the glass.

"Well, will you take it down, or shall I?" asked papa Baker, his bald head benevolently inclined above the wide-awake youngster.

"Why, of course you will; I haven't the strength—a great, coarse, strapping boy like that! I do dislike big babies! Do hurry; they've come in the parlor—stop! here is my brooch on the shelf, where I left it last night in my distraction; I might as well look as decent as I can. I suppose she will notice everything."

They went downstairs together; and then there were such cries! such cuddling! as each mother caught her own offspring—such a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs"—to say nothing of the tears, that all else for some seconds was a blank. An eternity of maternal rapture was compressed into that brief space of time; and Neely stood smiling, her lashes all wet; and Papa Baker surprised himself to the extent of using his handkerchief to dab a suspicious moisture from his high cheek-bones, while a sort of lurid light spread over the bald spot on his head, as he beamed on the two mothers, craning his long neck to catch a sight of his own child.

Presently the women could hold their transports in check sufficiently long to look at each other,—one pale and care-worn, the other florid and handsome, with the ease of manner that comes from good living and pleasant associations.

"Why, I do believe!" cried Mrs. Baker, after an earnest scrutinizing glance, "I do believe you are my old school-mate, Clara Bonet!" and she sank into a chair, quite unable to bear the double weight of the baby and the sudden recognition.

"And you! it can't be possible that you are Anne Clapp!" was the rejoinder—"indeed, I remember you—and I'm so glad! It's twelve years, come Christmas, since we met—or, rather, parted at the close of graduation day."

"Yes; we corresponded until you were married—then you stopped writing. I had no idea you lived in the city," said Mrs. Baker, the flush in her cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes making her look almost young again.

"And I never dreamed you lived scarcely a mile from my own home," said the banker's wife. "Now we have been brought together so strangely, we must be friends again. I took good care of your baby, darling little thing! and my boy shows his keep," she added, laughing. "Isn't he a fine fellow, now?"

"A most *lovely* boy!" said Mrs. Baker—"if he were mine I should be *proud* of him—so noble! just what a boy should be, large and handsome. Oh! indeed he is a beautiful child!" she added with enthusiasm, utterly ignoring the animadversions she had uttered concerning that same unwelcome urchin, and that must have floated round the air in fragments as she spoke. "I suppose it was foolish to be so frightened at the exchange—we might have known it would all be rectified in time—but then—one's own!"—and the look she fastened on the pretty wee face under her bosom told all she would say.

They were alone, now, the two mothers. Neely, with a prescience of which finer natures hold the gift, felt as if this were to be a turning-point in her sister's life; she herself had brought good luck—the luck, perhaps, was to be intensified. So with a signal to her bald-headed brother-in-law she went out of the room, taking the nurse with her on the pretext of getting some refreshment, and Papa Baker followed.

"And how are you doing?"—the question was followed by a quick glance round the well-furnished little parlor, which, with its vases, pictures, shining piano-forte and tasteful rugs gave no indications of poverty—"nicely, I hope," she added.

Mrs. Baker paled and trembled. She opened her lips, then closed them; but at that moment the baby's blue eyes looked up at her, and bending over, she steadied her faltering resolution.

"I didn't know that I could—but—I almost believe I will—yes, I *will* tell you, and call you Clara, as in the old times," she said, involuntarily locking her fingers as she placed the baby squarely on her lap. "I'm *not* doing nicely;—it hurts me to say so—because I'm proud, and—but as long as it's partly my fault—me leading him, as it were, into extravagances—for us—that is—I'll confess that we're doing badly." She broke down, and the tears fell fast. "My husband has lost his place—we never dreamed, you know, that *that* firm could fail—and the business has unfitted *him* for other work—and—and—oh dear! how it hurts me to tell it! and why did I? I should have suffered in silence; nobler women do—at least that's what I've read—but old times overcame me—and you used to be so good—not not that I'm asking for help"—she uttered rapidly, wiping her eyes—"not that I am trying to work on your sympathy, but that the truth would out. Now—do you despise me?"

"What a question!" exclaimed her visitor, whose woman's heart vibrated with genuine sympathy. "Why should I? Daniel and I began life in a small way—but Daniel is remarkable as a business man—I mean he is one of the lucky ones, you know, and coins money. Now, I'm almost sure that somebody is wanted—a man of probity and intelligence—*was* wanted a week ago—and—mind, I don't promise—but I will do what I can;—anyway, you shall never want a friend while I live, I promise that for baby's sake. There; let us think of nothing now but our united happiness. I'm so glad we have met again! You and I were fast friends, but we drifted apart. It never shall happen again."

It never did. The shining bald spot on the crown of Papa Baker waxed whiter and brighter as the weeks went on. Dear little Neely kept her money, for her brother-in-law proved to be such a treasure to the bank that everybody wondered how it got on without him. The baby Daisy grew into a veritable fairy for beauty and wisdom, and before she was two years old she had a new uncle, and Neely had married into the banker's family.

"The boy" recovered, and promising not to renew his

juvenile pranks, and to give up, forever, his practical jokes, Dr. Bonet made him his office-boy. Naturally possessing the nerve to do successful mischief, or *vice versa*, as the educational pivot on which his future turns may determine for him, the Doctor thinks his young assistant will in time be an M.D. himself.

MARY A. DENISON.

Calling the Cows.

GRANNY, rocking in her chair,
Knits so quietly ;
Rosy little Jenny there
The table spreads for tea.
O'er the orchard, crimson clouds
Tint the apple-boughs ;
"Jenny, dear," her granny says,
"Time to call the cows.
Tea can wait ; 'tis growing late :
Jenny, call the cows !"

Jenny's shapely sunbrowned hand
Shades her sunny eyes ;
Long she gazes o'er the land
Rich with sunset's dyes.
"Why so early, granny dear?"
Granny knits her brows
And her stocking, as she says :
"Time to call the cows !
"Tea can wait ; 'tis growing late :
Jenny, call the cows !"

Jenny sees, 'mid twilight's glow,
Someone down the lane ;
Then she's in such haste to go,
That granny sighs again.
"Bless the girl ! her bonnet's here ;
She startles all the house ;
Don't need any urging, now,
To go and call the cows !
Tea must wait, although 'tis late,
While she calls the cows !"

"Co' boss ! Co' boss !" toward the gate
Granny looks and sees
Two that very fondly wait :
Her mind grows ill at ease.
Quick she lays her knitting down,
For there, beneath the boughs,
Lips meet Jenny's blushing cheeks,
While calling home the cows !
Then granny she smiles quietly
"I used to call the cows !"

GEORGE COOPER.

An Autumn Pastoral.

THE crowning labor of the plant is to form, vitalize, mature, and distribute its seed. For this end the buds formed and the blossoms blew. The shape of the flower, its color, and its time of opening are all so arranged as to secure the fertilization of the tiny immature seeds. This object attained, the flower withers or falls.

The plant, however, has yet a work to do, for the seed must be nourished and protected till it is old enough to be turned out on the world to shift for itself. When this is accomplished, the plant's summer labors are over ; and the growing things about us are fading through these October days, not so much because early frosts have nipped them as because their work is done.

If we take indoors a boxful of the mignonette now yellowing in the garden border, it may outlive its outdoor companions, and perhaps bear a few blossoms ; but there will not again be such profusion of sweet flowers as we enjoyed in August. The strength of the plant has gone into its summer flowers, and into the seeds stored in those numerous little green or brown pockets. For window-garden mignonette we must look to the plants which (if we were thrifty) we sowed at midsummer, that are now breaking into bloom under the autumn sun. The apple-trees have put their energies partly into the flowers which whitened the orchard in May, partly into the fruit now being stored in our cellars. Now they lay aside their green robes and prepare for a long rest.

Every gardener knows that a plant cannot grow all summer and all winter too, and a dormant state is artificially produced in hot-house plants by partially depriving them of water and light. The dry season of the tropics, like our winter, prevents vegetation from exhausting itself by continuous growth. Evergreens have a period of lusty growth and blooming in spring, and for the rest of the year merely "hold their own."

Some plants, called annuals, bear flowers and fruit in their first and only summer, and die in the autumn ; but the majority of our friends of wood and meadow live two years or more. The botanist's view of autumn is a cheerful one. He knows that next spring's leaves are already formed in the tiny brown buds, and under the bark is stored nourishment on which they will feed while they do their growing next spring. Underground, in bulb and root stock, rich food is laid by for next spring's flowers. The iris, Solomon's seal, trillium, or wake-robin, and many varieties of the lily have even formed next year's leaves. They lie rolled up under ground, asleep, ready to issue forth at the robin's call next spring. Our early flowers get up their pretty dresses out of materials which were stored away for that purpose the summer before.

According to Max Müller's beautiful explanation of a familiar story, the still earth, under her coverlet of snow, is the sleeping beauty. She will awake at the prince's kiss—the first warm beams of spring sunshine.

The thrifty trees, before casting away their leaves in autumn, save from them some material to be used again : much as an economical woman before consigning a used-up bonnet to oblivion picks off and saves a ribbon which has kept its freshness, or a metal or pearl ornament still fit for active service.

The frame, or skeleton, of a leaf is a net work of little veins ; the spaces between these veins are filled in with countless cells, set almost as close as those of a honeycomb, and filled with transparent jelly. In this floats tiny grains of a green substance called chlorophyl, numerous enough to give their color to the whole contents of the cell, as the grains in lime-water give their whiteness to the water.