

LOWELL JOURNAL
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Ere you fill the full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowing of cocks;
To make sweet the last of days;
But while the busy household hand,
Your darling will need your guiding hand,
Oh! fill their little lives with sweet.
Wait not till the little hearts are still,
For the loving look and phrase;
That word you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise;
That word you speak behind the tier,
Falls sweeter on the living ear,
Oh! fill young lives with sweet.
Ah! while these are on clay cold lips,
To the rosy mouth we press,
When our own eyes to a mother's arm,
For love's fondnest caress!
Let never a worldly bubble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Cherishing young lives with sweet.
Give thanks each morn for the steady boys,
Oh! thank for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
Would you not the earth for peas?
Wait not for death to gem her crown,
But still shower life's blessings down,
And fill young hearts with sweet.

MRS. CLEMENTS' HELP.
"Of all things this is the worst! If I ever in my life expected to hear such news! Why, our George has gone and got married! Dye heart?"
Mrs. Clements pushed her steel-banded spectacles off her bright eyes, and dropped her letters in her lap, as she turned round to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer, who was contentedly stroking an old white cat.
"Deacon, dye heart?"
"This time when she asked the question there was a touch of sadness in her voice."
"Yes; what if he is married? I'm sure it's natural enough. It kind of runs in the family, 'pears to me."
But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of the little pleasantry.
"Well if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needn't think he's coming here with his fine city bred lady, all airs and graces, and founces and ruffles. There's plenty of good girls here about that want him. Right in the middle of work, too! To talk of bringing a lady here in the middle of the day, to declare, I think George is a fool!"

A graceful, dainty little lady, in a garnet poplin and a ruffled apron, with a small, pretty, poised head, covered with short, dusky curls, having a veil of dark-blue eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny rosette of a mouth, and a dimple in each pink cheek.
That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her? She sat in the bright little parlor, close beside the lace-curtained window, watching for her loved husband's return; and when she heard the click of the latch key in the hall, flew for the welcome kiss. Looking up, she asked—
"Hav'n't you the letter this time, George? I've felt sure of it all day. Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."
He smiled and shook his head.
"Oh, passed over her pretty face."
"A cloud, George! Isn't it too bad; and I do believe they won't write because they are sorry you married me?"
He put his arm around her neck.
"And supposing such to be the case, do you think it would make any difference with me?"
"Oh, no, no! Only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from me!"
"A one-sided alienation it would be too! They have never seen you. And when they know you they can't help loving you!"
The exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his own flattery.
"That's true as preaching. By-the-by, my dear, would you say if the firm sent me off on a travelling tour of six weeks."
A little dismayed cry answered him.
"You won't stay here alone, eh? But Marion, it would be \$500 clear gain to us."
"What need we care for money? I'd rather have you."
A mischievous smile played over the young man's lips; he was more naïf than of fact than this romantic, tender little wife of his.
"I think the addition to our balance at the banker's would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind, little pet. Let's go down to dinner. I hope we'll get a letter from home soon."
And soon it was; for Marion snatched from his pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she looked gleefully over the envelope.
"My dear, you must remember I care very little what the letter contains. Remember, I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me, little while I watch you."
A little pang of misdoit troubled her when she glanced over the note; tears stole from under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then, when she had finished it, she laid her head upon his shoulder and cried.
"It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded birdie. Let me burn it. Oh, don't forget, darling, what our Bible says—that a man shall leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and you are to turn for all the happiness my life will ever hold."
He dried her tears, and then they talked it over.
"Just because I am city bred she thinks I am lazy, and haughty, and dainty, and—"
"Never mind, Marion. She will find out some day. My father—"
"Yes, bless the dear old man! He has added 'My love to my daughter, Marion.' Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me."
"We will invite them down when I come here. By the way, Marion, I will stop at the farm on my way home and invite them down and bring them home with me."
"George, dear, I've been thinking about that trip West. I think you had better go and leave me at home. It won't be so very long."
Marion was eating her egg while she spoke across the little breakfast table.
"Spoken like my little true Marion, and when I come back I'll bring you a

present. What shall it be, dearest? "You! My father and mother, from the farm. It shall be the hope that shall bear me company when you are gone." A fortnight after that, Marion Clements at breakfast laid, the traces of a tear or so on her pale cheeks; then she dashed them away with a merry, joyous laugh.
"This will never do, and now, that George has gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return. And I pray heaven that it shall be such a coming as shall delight his soul."

"I'm sure I don't know what to say. The land knows I need help to say enough; but it bears to me that a slender midget as you couldn't earn your salt. What did you say your name was?"
"Mary Smith, and, indeed, if you will try me for a week, I'm sure you will keep me till the season's over."
Mrs. Clements looked out of the window at the bright sun that was peering gloomily up; and then the wind gave a great waiving shriek around the corners of the house.
"You can cook, ken you? or shake up feather beds—good big ones, forty pounders?"
A gleeful little laugh came from Mary's lips.
"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can learn."
Mrs. Clements walked out to the huge open fire-place in the kitchen, where the deacon was shelling corn.
"What dye say, deacon? keep her or not? I kind of like her looks, and the deacon knows 't'd be a good fill while good. Mrs. Clements do no more'n set the table or make mial for the bread."
"Take her, of course, Hannah. You are hardv'd, I know. Let her stop a week or so, any how."
Mrs. Clements came slowly back and sat down again.
"You can't get away to-night any how; there's a snowstorm brewin' these three days, and it's on us now, sure enough. See them 'ere flakes line and thick, v'ery may as well take your things upstairs to the west garret, and then come down and help me get supper."
Then followed directions to the west garret and when she was gone Mrs. Clements turned to the deacon and said:
"I never saw a girl before I'd trust up stairs alone. But such as her don't steal. I can tell you that, if nothing else, she'll be a good help to me."
Directly she came down in a purple trim dress and white apron; her hair brushed off from her face into a net, a narrow linen collar, fastened with a sailor's loop of marrow ribbon. It seemed as if she had life, too, so handsly she fitted in and out of the pantry and then down the cellar. Then, after the meal, she gathered the dishes in a neat quiet way that was perfect bliss to old Mrs. Clements's ears.
"Shick! deacon, may as well take your things up stairs, and let her bread anyhow, and I like her turn, too."
And the deacon had taken a shine to Mary Smith. One by one the days wore on; the hog-killing was over and done; long strings of sausages hung in fantastic rings, arranged by Mrs. Clements and the deacon's hands; and shoulders were piled away in true housewifely manner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements were sitting in the sunny dining-room, darning, patching and mending.

"I don't know what I'm going to do without you, Mary. I read to see you pick up your clothes."
A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's face.
"He put his arm around her neck.
"And supposing such to be the case, do you think it would make any difference with me?"
"Oh, no, no! Only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from me!"
"A one-sided alienation it would be too! They have never seen you. And when they know you they can't help loving you!"
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tearful smiles, went over to the old chair and took them both by the hand.
"I am George's wife. I was so afraid you would never love me, so I came determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter. And a happier family, when they had exhausted their powers of surprise amazement and pride in the beautiful Marion never gave thanks over a supper table.
Levities and Drevities.
What is worse than a gossiping woman—a gossiping man?
"If there's no moonlight, will you meet me by gaslight, dearest Juliana?"
"No, Augustus, I won't," replied she; "I'm no gas meter."
English papers say that Talmage talks through his nose. What of it? Whose nose should he talk through, when the queen of the continent came on, said she would so much like a little English and sixpence for half-a-crown.
"Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or if they don't have 'em, they're put to 'em; they're too impulsive."
From the fact that Nero indulged while Rome was burning, we may infer that business had been pretty dull, and he had insured the old place for all it was worth.
The window of a Paris wine-merchant's shop where "Englis is spoken" bears this inscription: "Genuine and authentic wine merchants in casks or bottles in Castles."
From the son of a prominent statesman in Washington to a pretty girl: "I want you to come around to our house if you can't get anybody to come around to your house and fetch you around to our house, I will come around to your house and fetch you around to your house."
"Make way for the Duke of Edinburgh!" exclaimed an excited French committee-man at a fancy fair in London, taking a gentleman by the shoulders to accelerate his movement.
"With your permission, I am the Duke of Edinburgh," replied the supposed obstructive. The committee-man rapidly lost his way in the crowd.
A well-known brass-and-string-band professor was interviewed the other morning by a man who wanted a situation in the band. "What can you play?" asked the professor. "Well, I ain't much for fiddlin'," replied the band leader, "but I can play the cornet, or a wind led out of a bass drum, I'm your oyster." He was engaged.
"No man shall ever kiss me except my future husband," she said, as he was about leaving her at the gate.
"Suppose I agree to be your future husband?"
"Why, then I'll kiss you," she replied eagerly, and she did. Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called the next day to settle matters, and before he knew it, he was eternally booked. It was a mean advantage; but a bit in the hand is worth two on the front gate.
Fashion Notes.
Colored petticoats are again worn. Dark red of various shades is worn. Basques have not gone out of fashion. The new silk stockings show corduroy effects. Children's dresses entirely of red are revived. False fronts are worn to greater excess than ever. Caps and turbans will be in fashion this season. Medium sizes only in any kind of button are fashionable. Painted silk, satin and velvet buttons are seen among new trimming goods. Japanese and Oriental designs appear on many of the handsome metal buttons. The fashion of wearing large Alaskan bows on the top of the head is on the increase. Red or claret sashes look best with white cashmere or flannel dresses on children. The new hat, styled "The Phonograph" may be felt, but it cannot be heard, like Edison's. The hands and tabliers for dresses, on which printed designs are seen in Paris, are of the richest velvet, satin and silk. Fancy and plain ribbons are both used for loops, and in some cases form a complete cascade down the front of the dress. The new hat, styled "The Phonograph" may be felt, but it cannot be heard, like Edison's. The hands and tabliers for dresses, on which printed designs are seen in Paris, are of the richest velvet, satin and silk. Fancy and plain ribbons are both used for loops, and in some cases form a complete cascade down the front of the dress. Little children, whose hair is not shingled very short, wear it long and curled in the back and banded square across the forehead and temples. Oriental French cashmere is the name of a new silk and wool dress goods by which are designed "spiral" and colors of an India cashmere shawl. A new trimming material, composed of the plumage of tropical birds interwoven with golden threads, has been produced in Paris. It is exceedingly gorgeous, surpassing the richest embroideries with colored silk and gold thread.

Bird Toilet.
There was one lady at the Ocean House who wore with evident pride a turban hat composed entirely of the heads and wings of various "sparrows." "Don't you think of the poor little creatures' sufferings every time you put it on?" asked a more sensitive friend one day. "No, indeed," was the reply. "Do you think of a chicken's sufferings every time you take a bite?" At a reception a well-known New York lady created a "furor" by wearing a peacock dress. The foundation was creamy white satin; the "bouffante" panier took the form of two wings, which were of satin, bordered with a deep band of many hued peacock's eyes. The deep train simulated the outspread tail of the bird, and was profusely decorated with its plumage. In her hair the lady wore a peacock "aigrette," studded with brilliant emeralds and rubies. Another startling novelty was the swan-dress, a miracle of downy feathers, and a delicate cobweb lace. It was worn by one of the wealthiest Chicago ladies.—Bella's Newport Letter, Forney's Progress.

The Late Queen of Holland.
Upon the occasion of our first formal audience we were received in one of the state apartments, a fine salon hung with rose-colored satin and gay with gilded furniture and wax candles; but when we were asked "to tea," it was in her own private parlor that the queen entertained us, a charming great room, with tropical plants growing in the windows, and a grand piano at one end. Books and ornaments were scattered about, and cabinets of curiosities stood against the wall; easy chairs and little tables went wandering comfortably about the floor; and a general air of homelikeness pervaded the spacious apartment, whose walls were thick with interesting pictures, filled with associations to the student of history.
One evening, when we arrived, we found the queen reading Kinglake's invasion of the Crimea, with which she was greatly interested. His dramatic characterizations pleased her particularly, and above all the hits at her late uncle, Nicholas of Russia, who, as the writer observes, tried hard to be a gentleman; but underneath all his superciliousness, and his "egypian instinct," which prompted him on occasion to do some mean action.
Inspired by our interest, the queen drifted into various personal recollections of her visits to Napoleon III., and relating the anecdote of the prince imperial when he was about six years old. It seems that the emperor had a troop of boys of the prince's age under drill, and the prince himself was a soldier; and one day, when the queen's extraordinary highness was to what he meant to do in the world, he replied bravely, in true Napoleonic fashion, "Madame, I shall be a soldier." "But you are so little," said the queen, "they cannot let you be an officer; you will have to be a private always." "Pardon, madame," said the little fellow, making a military salute, "je suis deja capitaine."
The empress of the French her majesty, and her consort, were surrounded by the press, and overwhelmed with all sorts of frivolities outside of herself. "There is so much to do," said the queen, naively, "I wonder how she ever gets through it all. It was one tumult from morning till night. Of course she had no time to improve her mind. I could not have endured it." At Osborne, where she visited Queen Victoria, she was oppressed by the dullness and formality. She thought the queen of England was a woman of excellent parts, but overwhelmed with all sorts of frivolities outside of herself. "There is so much to do," said the queen, naively, "I wonder how she ever gets through it all. It was one tumult from morning till night. Of course she had no time to improve her mind. I could not have endured it." At Osborne, where she visited Queen Victoria, she was oppressed by the dullness and formality. 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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

The Western Michigan Agricultural and Industrial Society... The Detroit Board of Health...

MISCELLANEOUS.

Arrivals of gold at New York since the beginning of August... The Detroit Board of Health...

Two negroes, Wash Arnold and Pryor Ward, locked arms and deliberately walked into the Missouri river at St. Joseph, Monday...

A fire broke out at the Palace Hotel, St. Francisco, Tuesday morning... The Detroit Board of Health...

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Hay Fever.

At the present time there are probably nearly 50,000 people suffering from what is called hay fever.

When this affection was first recognized it was supposed that it depended upon the irritation produced by the pollen of certain flowers...

Subsequently it was claimed that the nature of the disease was entirely different...

This country two books have been written on hay fever...

Shelter is one of the first objects in wintering sheep successfully...

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THY FARM.

This is the fifth successive 'bad year' in British agriculture.

Mangel wurzel beets have been grown at the rate of ninety-four tons per acre...

Careful experiment has shown that the amount of sugar in beet roots is in direct ratio to the superficial area of their leaves...

A meeting of the leading Fish Breeders of the West will be held in Chicago on Wednesday, Oct. 1...

Mr. Fred J. Dunks last Saturday shipped two car loads of extra fine cattle from the stock station...

Thirty yearlings of the common sheep breed were sold at the stock station...

The most curious instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Dr. J. H. Henshaw...

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DO NOT All to read Waterloo, P. 10. A Co. notice in this issue.

Watches Ladies, Boys and Girls to \$150. Calumet, Pa. Write to J. H. Henshaw...

OPIMUM Health & Wealth. There is Health For You Yet.

YOUNG MEN 40 to 60. A month's treatment for all ailments...

WELL-AUGER. One guaranteed to be the best in the world...

PRINTERS. Send for samples and prices to GEBHARD & KRAMER...

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

MAKE THEM SAY! An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist...

WINDOW GLASS. White Lead Oil & Colors.

REMOVAL! Wholesale Druggists, with remittance to No. 21 and 23...

SWIFT & DODDS. Wholesale Druggists, - DETROIT.

NEEDS EYES. The Best and Only WASHING COMPOUND.

THAT CHILL DREADEL AS IT IS. Can be cured Permanently by using Ingram's Ague Pills.

D. D. MALLOY & CO. PATENTERS OF THE CELEBRATED DIAMOND BRAND OF FRESH OYSTERS.

OUR MOTTO! THE BEST AND MOST RELIABLE STORES AND RANGES IN THE MARKET.

Time Tried and Fire Tested! Acknowledged Favorites! ALL GOODS FULLY WARRANTED.