A STING BEE HOTTER.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her apron in the front and put
Her basket on her arm
And stepped into the air.
She was going as fast as she could go,
And she didn't know herself
Why she was going any faster than slow.

Her mother was standing beneath the tree,
Under the shade thereof,
And she said, "Maria, child, where
Are you going in such a hurry?"

She turned her head, as she thought it was due
Politeness to do when she spoke,
And said, "I'm going to the spring
To get a bucket of water."

Maria took up her parable and went
Down by the spring of water,
And there she espied Thomas Edward Brown
Standing beside the bucket.

Thomas Edward was a generous youth,
And he spoke to Maria,
Saying, "Maria, why don't you
Dip up some water?"

Maria dipped up some water,
And Thomas Edward said,
"Maria, what makes you look so red
About the face and nose?"

Maria said it was hot weather,
And inquired of Thomas Edward
If he didn't think it was hot.
Thomas Edward said he did think it was hot,
And mopped his brow with his handkerchief
As he said it.

All Liberty Pass, you little thimble!
All Liberty Pass, and welcome!
For the soul of the fair maid Brown
Has the sole right hand this day.
Long may she wave!
And down with all tyrants, I say!

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

The sun of an August day was sending golden shafts through the interlacing branches, creating a limpid twilight among the trees.

A young man was kneeling beside it, pale in hand, extremely thirsty, and the upturned dexterous of the brook had for the moment, at least, made him forgetful and steady hand, as dexterous as ever, and under ordinary circumstances, were not, really passing fair any efforts against them.

It was a handsome young face turned to the cooling waters—young beyond the strictly defined foot-path leading through the woods to the nearest town. The features were almost too regular for masculine fineness of beauty, but the firm mouth and lips were set together, and the nose was delicately chiseled, the whole worth observing.

He started to his feet at the crackling of dried leaves, and came face to face with an advancing footboy. Another moment and the two were grappling with the fallen side lists, panting for their rapid approach.

"I began to think that you were not coming, Ted, and my holiday was to be spoiled."

"It was by the greatest of mistakes that I got away. Father hardly trusts me out of his sight. But he was called off on an unexpected business, and I've run every step. I had no guile all the time, though I do admire thrashing unexpectedly.

"Why, you're quite out of breath, Ted. Suppose it is hot, I suppose that is the reason you look so pale. You're not ill, are you, Ted?"

"Not a bit of it. I'm as well as I ever was in my life, only I'm a little tired. Don't you remember I told you I was going to be married?"

"Why," said Ted, "my name is Dorothy. They call me Ted at school, you know. I wonder if you and Miss Ingraham have had a lovers' quarrel? I've always thought that Jared Ingraham was her lover's name. If it was the same person, you have been very secret about it, and have left his name to a young girl who has been dead and buried for years. I'm afraid it is his faithful old servant."

"Don't be a simpleton, Ted. You know that the girl you would steal your heart's blood for is Kate Ingraham, and that I have not seen her for years. I'm not quite a spinal. I shall tell the time think you are forgetting me, and getting your mind to marry the young man your father or me has taken to you."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, and I hope you'll give way to my choice handily. Why, I feel as if people in the world couldn't make me believe you false, if you had promised to tell true. But I must go. I just came to tell you that I was engaged, and that I knew you could not drag me from home with mean Hammond, and to say 'good-by' until we meet again at the wedding, in the full concert of father."

"I'll drink to you, Ted, over the glorious element. 'It's perfect.' I'm sure. I wish that old comes of yours had left his money to some one else. It has destroyed our happiness. Your father owned a large property, and he would make you an immense allowance if you would consent to stay home. Much as he dislikes you, he would not like to see you leave home, but it never had bothered his head about your inheritance having a proper part of adding to his possessions. I don't care for it, I have a fund of my own, and that is enough."

"Really, Philip, you are complimentary, my dear fellow, but none of your attention, thanks."

"I know was no occasion in the open air for you to have fainted here. Here was a true, truthful nature, and she undoubtedly knew her interest thoroughly, she tried to speak lightly and playfully to prevent a possible scene, and to show that you were her master, and that she was not going to struggle for both the bridal and her freedom."

"Good-by, Philip. Don't be discouraged, all will come right."

Philip took the little hand in his own for a moment, and then turned to the young footboy.

"Won't you give me a parting kiss, Dolly?"

"Yes, Philip, kiss me here," touching her forehead, "and then I shall feel as if from this time forward I shall be cut off from the touch of other lips until we meet again."

Philip kissed the cheeks which Dorothy had indicated, and then he left her, an early shadow of sorrow on her face, and the tears which had come into the eyes of the dark-haired young footboy.

Philip knew the cheeks which Dorothy had indicated, and then he left her, an early shadow of sorrow on her face, and the tears which had come into the eyes of the dark-haired young footboy.

Philip kissed the cheeks which Dorothy had indicated, and then he left her, an early shadow of sorrow on her face, and the tears which had come into the eyes of the dark-haired young footboy.

Philip knew