minute. "In a minute!" sarcastically repeated "In a minute!" sarcastically repeated the old lady. "It's 'always in a minute' with you, Saidee! But, I suppose, because I'm old and helpless, my comfort is a matter of no consequence whatever." "Dear Aunt Leah, you must not think that!" answered a bright, cheery voice; and Saidee Lynn came into the room, with a little tray, where was arranged, on a snowy napkin, some tea biscuits, half a dozen pink radishes, a few thincut shavings of smoked beef, and a little

cut shavings of smoked beef, and a little pot of tea, with a cup and saucer of old blue china, which would have been invaluable to a collector. "You see I had you in my mind all the time, Aunt Leah," she said merrily. "I gathered the radishes from our own garden. Don't they look nice?"

Aunt Leah, a withered little old lady, in a dreas of worn black silk, and share. in a dress of worn black silk, and sharp, gray eyes, peering through gold bound spectacles, tasted of the tea and shook

her head. "It's too weak," she said. "It isn't fit to drink!"

"I put in all the tea there was in the canister, Aunt Leah," said Saidee, with a distressed countenance.

Aunt Leah pushed away the cup with an expression of distaste.

"It is as I might have expected," said she, "My nieces have too little thought for my comfort to study my poor and few necessities. Never mind the tea; I can drink cold water, I dare say!"

Saidee wrung her hands in despair. How could she tell this weak, feeble old lady above whose declining years hung the threatening Damocies sword of heart disease, of the narrowing circumstances of their empty exchequer, the clamoring ereditors, the pitiful straits to which

they were reduced.
"What shall I do?" she asked herself, as she went slowly back to the little kitchen of the ruinous Gothic cottage, which they had obtained for a ridiculously low rent because it was ruinous. 'I've borrowed of the rector's wife twice and I'm ashamed to go there again, and I've sold everything I can lay my hands on. But," glancing up at a picture which hung in the hall beyond, "there's the Velasquez still. A Velasquez is always worth money. Belle will scold about parting with it, and Aunt Leah will mourn; but we can't live on air like the faries. I'll take it down to Mr. Bruner, the artist, this afternoon, and ask him to get me a purchaser. Poor people such as we are can't afford to retain family relies."

And so when Aunt Leah was indulging in her afternoon nap, and Belle, the beauty of the family, was ironing out the flounces of her white muslin dress for the morrow's picnic, valiant Saidee climbed on a chair, took the unframed picture down (it was the head of some old Spanish grandee, with a stiff pointed ruffle, and an evil leer in the eyes). wrapped it up in a newspaper and crept across the meadows with it to the vil-

Mr. Bruner was in his studio -a grizzle headed, blunt old gentleman, in a belted linen blouse and a faded velvet cap. He nodded kindly to Saidee, who had once taken a few lessons from him; but when she displayed the canvass he shook his head.

"How much do you think it is worth?" asked Saidee, wistfully.
"Nothing!" said Mr. Bruner.

"But," cried the girl, "it is a Velas-

"That a Velasquez?" said Mr. Bruner, contemptuously. "My dear, there isn't a picture dealer in the country who would give fifty cents for it. It's a mendacious imitation, and a wretched one

So Saidee tied up the poor picture and went home again shedding a few tears as she walked under the whispering trees. "My last hope is gone!" she thought. "But I'll not tell Aunt Leah or Belle that it's an imposture. They have always taken such innocent pride in the Velas-

As she came past the old brick house at the foot of the locust lane a load of furniture was being carried in, for it was the second week in May. Wicker chairs twined with blue ribbon, a cottage piano, cases of books, engravings, bird cages, plants-all sorts of pretty

Saidee paused and looked at them, not without interest.

"I wonder who our new neighbors are to be?" she thought. Just then, out trotted a stout, cherrycheeked old lady, with her cap all one side, and a worsted shawl tied over her

"Oh!" said she; "are you the young woman who disappointed us yesterday about cleaning?"

"No," said Saidee, crimsoning to the temples.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said the old lady, "what is to become of me? All the furniture coming in, and my daughter lame from falling off a step-ladder, and the girl gone, and—But," with an eager look, "perhaps you can recommend some one to help us settle?"

"I am sorry to say that I cannot," answered Saidee, and she vanished beyond the lilac hedge, rather amused at the mistake the old lady had made.

Belle was full of news that evening. "Oh, Saidee," she cried, "such a nice family is moving into the Locust House!" "Yes," said Saidee; "I saw the furniture carts at the door, as 1 came back from the village this afternoon."

"Oh, the village!" cried Belle, tossing her blonde head. "It's strange, Saidee, how much time you get to run about and | good. enjoy yourself, while I am drudging at me. But there's a young gentleman there—the handsomest man, Alice Aikin says, that she ever saw-and Mr. Pyle knows him, and he is to be at the picnic to-morrow, to get acquainted with the young people of the neighborhood. Won't it be delightful?"

"Very," said Saidee, indifferently. But while Belle was talking, she had made up her mind what to do on the day

of the May pienic. Early in the morning, while the flush of sunrise was still crimsoning the sky, and blonde Belle lay asleep with her yellow hair in crimping-pins. Saidee arose, dressed herself quietly, and slipped out of the back door like a little

appearance presently, in a faded calico wrapper, rabbing her eyes after a drowsy

"Where's breakfast?" said Aunt Leah. "Where's Saidee?" counter-questioned lelle. "Oh, I know the selfish thing! She has got up early, and gone down into the woods to get some pink azalias for her bair before the other girls think of it. She wants to astonish us all at the picnic. But I think she might have told me!"

"I'm afraid Saidee thinks more of her self than she does of us," said Aunt Leah sourly.

And Belle, in a very ill humor, began to prepare the breakfast—a task generally assumed by her elder sister.

While Saidee, hurrying down the path by the swamp, took the short-cut across the clover meadow, and was presently knocking at the door of the brick house where the load of furniture had stood the day before.

The old lady with the crooked cap and the cherry cheeks came to the door. "Have you yet engaged any one to help you get settled?" said Saidee, blush-

inh very prettily.
"We can't hear of a soul!" said the old lady. Every one is engaged just now, and-

"If you thought I could be of use," faintly began Saidee.

"Bless me, child!" said the old lady,
"you are too slight and small. Besides,"
looking closer at her, "you are a lady."

"But I know how to clean house for

all that," said Saidee, valiantly. "I've done it every year at home. We are ladies, but we are not people of means. It is necessary that I should earn a little money, and—"

"Come in my dear," said the old lady
"come in and have a cup of coffee with us. I am Mrs. Hartwick-and this is my daughter Kate." "Saidee Lynn!" exclaimed the soft

voice of a pretty young girl, lying with a sprained ankle on the sofa. To her amusement, our heroine recog-

nized one of her schoolmates, Katherine Hartwick, who had graduated in the same class with her, at boarding school, two years ago. "But you surely never have to come

here to-work?" said Kate in amazement.
"Yes, I have!" said brave Saidec. 'Why, is it any less creditable to clean paint and wash windows than to play croquet or do Kensington stitches? And my Aunt Leah has lost all her little property, and we are very, very poor! So now you know all about it. And when I have eaten my breakfast, if Mrs. Hartwick will give me a cleaning cloth and plenty of soft soap, I'll show her what I can

So that Miss Lynn was mounted on a step-ladder, polishing off an antique mir-ror, when Katie's soft voice was heard,

saying: "Oh, Harry! is that you? We supposed, of course, you were at the picnic. Miss Lynn this is my brother Harry. Harry, let me present you to Saidee Lynn, my dear old schoolmate, who has come here to help us clean house."

Miss Lynn made as graceful a bow as

she could, under the circumstances, Mr. Harry Hartwick inclined his head.

"At the picnic, indeed!" he retorted, merrily. "Not at all. I've been hunting high and low for some one to help you, and for lack of any success I have returned to do a little white-washing myself."

"Oh, have you?" said Saidee. "I know such a nice recipe for kalsomine-as white as alabaster, and it won't rub off at all."

"Let's make it," said Mr. Hartwick. promptly. No pienie could ever have been more

delightful than this day among dust, white-wash, scouring-sand and brooms. Kate, on her sofa, hemmed curtains; Mr. Hartwick bustled to and fro; Saidee, with her curly hair tied up in a handkerchief, secured paint, and Harry whitened ceiling; and at twilight they had three

rooms in perfect order.
"We have achieved wonders," said Kate, looking around at the neatly tacked carpets-the soft, garnet plush hangings-the pictures on the wallsthe crystal brightness of the windowswhile Mrs. Hartwick took Saidee myste-

riously on one side. "My dear," said she, "I do not know how to thank you sufficiently. But I am ashamed to offer you a dollar and a half

although-"But I shall not be ashamed to take it," said Saidee, smiling. "Why should I? That is, if you really think I have earned it."

"My dear, you have more than earned it," said the old lady; "and if you could

possibly come to-morrow-' "Of course I will come," said Saidee, Weary as she was, Saidee went around by the village to buy some Young Hyson tea for the old lady before she returned

to the Gothic cottage.
"Well," she cried, brightly, to her sister, "what sort of a day did you have at the picnic?"

"Awfully stupid!" yawned Belle.
"And the handsome young gentleman from Locust Lane didn't come at all."

"Didn't he?" said Saidee. "And where have you been?" demanded Belle, in an injured tone. "Oh, spending the day with a neigh-

ber!" said Saidee, with a laugh. They finished the house cleaning that week. Mr. Harry Hartwick found it necessary, we may add, to walk home with Saidee the next evening, and he developed a remarkable talent in the amateur painting and kalsomining line, be-

fore they got through. "Isn't she pretty, Harry?" said Kate, when at last they were settled comfortably, and Saidee had gone home for

"She is pretty," said Harry, enthusi-astically; "and she is brave, and she isn't afraid of honest work; and alto-

gether she is my 'beau ideal' of a "Mamma," whispered Kate, laughing, after her brother had gone out, "I be

lieve our Harry is in love with Saidee

Lynn. "I'm sure I don't blame him," said Mrs. Hartwick. "She is a little jewel." Aunt Leah never knew where the Young Hyson tea came from, nor the sponge cake, nor the white grapes, nor all the little luxuries which had cheered her of late; nor did she suspect anything until one day Harry Hartwick came to her, and formally asked her for her

"Because I cleaned house for his mother," said Saidee, laughing. And then, under solemn seal of secrecy, she told Belle all; and Belle declared that it was too romantic for any-thing, never pausing to think that real life is as full of romance as a summer meadow with buttereups, and that for-tune comes to those only who go bravely out to seek fortune.—[Saturday Night.

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OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

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COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Auditor's Dept', Boston, Nov. 11, 1881.

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Her veto: They were seated on the sofa, where they had been for four long hours. "Augustus, do you know why you remind me of the Chinese?" "No, dearest, why?" "Because you won't The meeting then adjourned sine

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gray shadow.

"At eight o'clock, Aunt Leah rapped with her cane on the ceiling of her room which was directly beneath the one occupied by her nieces. Belle made her

"But how did you ever become so well acquainted with him, Saidee?" questioned Belle, half pleased, half jealous.

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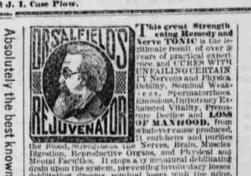
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