Oh, missus, missus! Somefins done

Blank horror and dismay were depicted on the face of my small African, as stood upon my threshold with upsed hands and eyeballs that seemed arting from their sockets. Her pause nate consideration of her race she aught to break the news gently to me, ut the burden of it was too great for er, and with the next breath she ex-

"Dem pigs done chawed up Miss yddy's weddin' gown!"
"Glory," I exclaimed (she had been ionsly christened Gloriana.) "Glory, ow did it happen?"

"Danno," said Glory. "Pears to me em pigs has got Satan in 'em. Guess ey's scended from de ole lot what run own a steep place inter the sea. I'll go

n' fetch ye a piece. She sped out and instantly returned ith a tattered shred of India mull that ad once been white, and still bore some esemblance to a gown. Poor Miss orddy! This was all that remained of er dream of wedding splendors. It was oo pitifu! I felt at once that the bonds good neighborhood had been irrejevably broken, and that Major Hawhorne must be made aware of this last ad worst depredation of his unseemly

"But who would break the news to fiss Lyddy?"
"Glory," said I, "where is she?"

"Gone over to de burryin' place to sit de ancestors." answered Glory. Poor, faithful soul; even in the last lays of her maidenhood, with the vague errors of matrimony and the still more appalling responsibilities of unsaved eathen souls hanging over her, she did hillocks in the family burying place, which lay just in sight of her sitting room window. She herself was the last of her race, and until within three weeks thad seemed that the only fate which waited her was to live out her little space under the ancestral roof tree, and ben take her place in the silent ranks of hose who had gone before. But a change sturned missionary from the Microneian Islands, who had buried the first

and second partners of his joys and sorrows somewhere under the palm trees of those tropical lands, and had come back the scenes of his youth to recruit his the next afternoon and was invited to stay to tea. He accepted the invitation, and next morning Miss Lyddy came into my room—for I, too, domiciled under the Ludkins roof tree, for a consideration and with much hesitation and many faint and delicate blushes, informed me that she had promised to share the future lot with with the Rev. Nehemiah Applebloom, to take care of his six children, and to support him in his arduous labors smong the heathen of the Micronesian

I was struck dumb with amazement. "Miss Lyddy," I said at length, "have you duly considered this project?" Her thin figure quivered, and her

white face that yet had a delicate remembrance of youth in it, grew tender with feeling. "Yes," she said, "I think I have

have always had a presentiment that I should marry a minister or a mission-And Mr. Applebloom says he knew the moment he set eyes upon me that I was ordained to be his wife; so you see it is not the surprise to either of us that it is likely to be to our friends.'

I knew then that her mind was fully made up. I demurred no longer, but lent myself at once to discussion of the wedding, which I plainly saw was what Miss Lyddy desired of me.

"You will be married in church I sup-

"Oh, no," said Miss Lyddy, with gen-tle decision. "I am the last of the Ludkinses. All the Ludkinses have been married at home. I will go out from un-der my own roof tree. If I must seem to forsake the ancestors"—she paused to regulate a little choking in her throat— "I will at least not forsake their traditions. I shall leave a little money with the parish clerk, that he may see that the graves of my dead are kept in proper order, as I always have loved to keep them, and I hope they will forgive my departure; but I will at least go as a Ludkins should. It is my desire to be married in my grandmother's wedding gown.

Miss Lyddy's voice trembled, and there was a humidity in her eyes, at which I did not wonder, for it was much like a funeral, after all.

"I thought perhaps," went on Miss Lyddy, "if I brought the venerated relie to you, you would tell me if anything were necessary to be done to fit it to me. I don't care for the fashions, you know, and my grandmother, as I remember her, was about my height, but still, you know-something-some changes might be advisable."

"Certainly," I said, "do bring it to me. I should so like to see it." "It is sprigged India (she called it

Ingy) mull. My grandfather, Captain

Like some pale and gentle ghost she rose then and went to a bureau drawer and unrolled, from folds of linen that smelt of lavender, the frail relict of Mrs. Capt. Simon Ludkins' wedding state. It product of Indian looms.

"It is lovely," I said, "and so well kept that it will be just the thing for ou. Will you try it on? We can then tell just what it needs."

Miss Lyddy proceeded to disrobe herself and put on the spider net gown. As she did so, the changes in fashion's mandata became only too evident. It had Mr. Crow about that." no waist to speak of, and just a little lace trimmed puff for sleeves. Miss Lyddy was evidently surprised. She had not hought of this. I knew well what the troubled look upon her face meant, and pitied her maiden sensibilities. Could married in her grandmother's wedding it be possible that her grandmother, Mrs. | gown. Capt. Simon Ludkics, had ever worn such a gown as this? She said not a

"There must be sleeves," she murmured, after a few moments silent em-

barrassed contemplation.
"Yes," I replied cheerfully as my con-

might have a fichu, and a flounce on the bottom.

She looked down. She had not before realized that the skirt of the venerable relic lacked a full quarter of a yard of touching the floor.

"However could they!" they ejaculated in an undertone. But she quickly re-covered herself, and looked up to me

cheerfully over her spectacles.
"How ingenuous you are!" she said,
with an air of sweet relief. "I knew you would help me out."

We went out together to buy the requisite mull that day, but when we came to put it beside the "venerated relie" of Mrs. Capt. Ludkins, it was evident that time had so enriched the color of the latter that the two were most unfortunately unlike.

"We can lay it out on the grass," I said; "those June dews are just the thing for it, and as it will be evening nobody will in the least notice."

Again Miss Lyddy smiled gratefully, and declared that my suggestion should be carried out in the most faithful man-

The Rev. Nehemiah Applebloom-"A lovely name, don't you think so?" said Miss Lyddy, and she blushed and smiled like a school-girl in her teens-had but a short furlough, and the marriage was to transpire the next week, so the relic was put out to bleach forthwith. It had already been put upon the grass three days and nights and had been religiously watered by Miss Lyddy at morn and noon and dewy eve, and the next day it was to be taken up early and put into the dressmaker's hands for the necessary alterations, when the dreadful event occurred with which this narrative opens.

"Glory," I said, "do you keep watch or Miss Liddy when she returns. Say nothing about what has happened unless not forget the ancestors. Long lines of she misses the gown from the grass. In Ladkinses lay buried in little sunken that case tell her that I thought it was bleached enough and took it up to dry, and you don't know where I have put it. I am going out now, but if she asks where, tell her you don't know." Glory was faithful, and had, besides,

the natural craft of her race, and I knew that she could be trusted. As for me, I swiftly donned my bonnet and set out to find Maj. Hawthorne. It was a bright had come. It came in the person of a June evening, and my walk through the meadow and grove that skirted Hawthornedean would have been a more delightful one if I had borne a mind more at ease. The Major was a gentleman by birth, but he had lived out his fifty bachelor years in a gay and careless way that had seemed to set the gentler part health, serve the cause, and look up partner No. 3. He met Miss Lyddy at of creation at defance. In the lifetime woman's missionary metting. He called of his parents Hawthornedean had been an estate. It still retained many marks of wealthy and cultivated ownership, but it was sadly run down as the home of a bachelor was apt to be. The grove, which had once been the pride of the place, was grown up to brush now, and the sere leaves of many summers' growth rustled under my feet as I walked through it. At one point, coming suddenly around a thick clump of under-growth, I heard a chorus of tiny snorts, and the scampering of numberless hoofs, and knew that I had invaded the haunts of the Major's last agricultural freak, the very brood of Berkshire pigs that were the source of all my borrowed woes. Away they scampered, their snouts well raised in air, and each, with a curl in his tail that seemed too ornamental to be wholly the product of nature and to justify the village rumor that the Major's own men put them in curl papers every night. They had the air of spoiled chil-Admirable and prophetic faith! dren, every one, and were evidently the Major's pets. But that didn't matter; they had ruined Miss Lyddy's wedding gown, to say nothing of other aggravating exploits which do not belong to this story, and I was determined to have satisfaction out of their owner.

I found the Major sitting on his piazza, with an after dinner look upon his handsome, good humored face. He rose to greet me with an air of old school politeness, dashed with a faint wonder that I, woman, should have had the hardihood to approach a place so little frequented by women.

"Good evening, Miss Grace. I am happy to see you. In what can I have the honor to serve you." He had read my face and knew that

had come on a mission. "Major Hawthorne," I said, prying no attention to his offer of a chair, "I have come on a very painful errand.

"Sit down, madam," said the Major, politely. "I can not possibly permit a lady to stand on my piazza. I ought, perhaps, to ask you to walk in, but it is rather stuffy inside this evening."

"No," I said, I will sit here if you please." To tell the truth, indoors, as seen through the windows, had not the most inviting look, and I was glad to compromise.

"You have no doubt heard"-plunging in medias res, "that Miss Lyddya Lud-kins is about to be married."

"Married! Miss Lyddya! No! Hadn't heard a word of it," said the Major, in gennine amazement. "Who is the for-

tunate man, pray?" "The Rev. Nehemiah Applebloom, missionary to the Micronesian Islands, who has come home to recruit his health and find a wife."

"I know him," said the Major. "Saw him down at the station-a long, lean, Simon Ludkins, brought it home from lank individual-just fit for his vocation; over the seas. I'll bring it." lank individual-just fit for his vocation; no temptation whatever to canni bals! But no temptation whatever to canni bals! But what the deuce is he going to do with Miss Lyddy? What will Balaam's Corners do without her?"

"Balaam's Corners must do the best it can," I said-I fear a little sharply-for was fine embrodered mull, the undoubted | my mind was still in a most aggressive state toward the Major.

"They are to be married next week,

and-"What will become of the 'ancestors?" interpolated the Major, in whom surprise seemed to have gotten the better of habit-

ual politeness. "Oh, she has made arrangements with "Just like her. Dear, faithful girl." The Major had all bis life loved all the

sex-not one-and I was not to be beguiled by this show of feeling. "She had set her heart upon being

"Old Mrs. Capt. Simon? I remember

such a gown as this? She said not a her well. A mighty fine woman. She word that could indicate the depth of never would have gone to the ends of her mortification, but her face was a the earth with a missionary. It's the craziest soheme I ever heard of." I began to fear I should never get to

being a little yellow with age. It was a sleeper on the sleeper.

strained gravity would allow. "And you lovely embroidered India muslin that the old captain brought home from India

himself. "How well I remember him in my boyhood! A jolly old soul! A grand-daughter of his go off to the Cannibal Islands to be eaten up by savages! I won't have it!"

"Her heart is set upon going," I continued. "The wedding gown was set out to bleach, and this very afternoon those little Berkshire pigs of yours— they are a nuisance to the whole neigh-borhood, Major—trampled and rotted it to pieces, so that it is utterly ruined."
"Little black rascals!" said the Major,

with a chuckle behind his neckcloth. "And I have come, without her knowledge, to tell you of it, because I was sure that, under the circumstances, a gentleman of your breeding would feel in honor bound to make some reparation to Miss Lyddy." The Major mused and looked at hi

boot for a moment in silence. "Miss Grace," he said at length. "I thank you for the service you have ren-dered me in this matter. Will you have the goodness to say to Miss Ludkins, with my compliments, that I shall do myself the honor to wait upon her tomorrow at 10 o'clock, to adjust this un-fortunate matter? I beg in the mean-time that she will give herself as little solicitude as possible, for though I cannot restore the ancient and venerable dry goods, I will do the best that is possible under the circumstances to make the loss

good.

He bowed over my hand, and the au dience was evidently concluded. Was I satisfied? No, indeed! What woman would not have felt wronged to be left at the end of a mission of disinterested benevolence in such a state of doubt and uncertainty as this? But I was obliged to go home, nevertheless, and wait as patiently as I could for the stroke of ten next morning.

Glory had been in hearing when the message had been delivered to Miss Lyddy, and she, too, was on the watch. At last she scudded in from the hedge, her ivories all aglisten, and her eyes wide open and full of a rather incompre hensible mirth.

"He's a comin'," she said; "and such a sight!

At that minute the gate clicked, and up the walk strode, indeed, a most as-tonishing figure. The Major had gotten himself up in a continental suit, which he must have fished out of the unknown depths of the ancient attics of Hawthornedean; black velvet coat with lace ruffles at the wrist, knee breeches, white satin waistcoat, slippers with shoe buckles, powdered wig, and cocked hat. He was six feet tall, portly and well formed, and he looked every inch a signer of the declaration at the very least. He was followed by his colored man, who carried a large, brown paper parcel.

'He's come a courtin' missus," said Glory, "ye can see it in his face." I had not the instinct of Glory, and doubted; but what his errand was I was dying to know.

But he disappeared into Miss Lyddy's parlor, and I was left outside to temper my impatience as best I could. Pres-

ently Glory entered on tiptoe. "Missus, missus," she whispered, "de do's swung open jest de leas' crack, an it's jest opposite de big murror, an' if ye come out here in de hall ye can see it all in de murror, as plain as day, an' it's a heap better'n a play."

It was a temptation, but believe me, dear reader, I resisted it. Only as Glory ran back to her peeping, I followed to pull her away and send her out of door-that was simply my duty there he was full on his knees before her, and she with that rapt seraphic look upon her face which no woman ever wears except on the most vitally interesting occasions. But Glory disposed of, I went back to my sewing and waited as best I could the conclusion of the momentous interview. The Major came out at length, as smiling as a May morning, leaving the brown paper parcel be-

hind him. It was very still in Miss Lyddy's room for a quarter of an hour, and then she, too, emerged from her retreat. Spread over her hands was a gown of cream colored brocade embellished with the loveliest roses in full bloom, with blue forgetme-nots trailing here and there among them. It had an ample waist, elbow sleeves, and a train a yard and a half long.

"My dear Gracie," said she. "The Major has brought me his mother's wedning gown to be married in." "It is beautiful," I said; "but who is

to be the bridegroom?" She smiled as angels do, and looked afar, a delicate flutter of pink hung out in her cheek to deprecate her recreancy, as she whispered in a tone of gentle but consummate triumph: "The Major himself! Didn't he look grand in his knee breeches?"

"And Mr. Applebloom?" "Major Hawthorne will adjust that

matter. "That matter," indeed! She spoke as though it were already as remote from

her as the pyramids. "I congratulate you, Miss Lyddy," said, growing formal, for she had

behaved shamefully.
"Don't blame me," she murmured. 'Major Hawthorne declares he has loved me since I was a child, but never thought himself worthy of me, the gay deceiver; and Mr. Applebloom, you know, is only

the acquaintance of a day." I wanted to ask her how she had disposed of her presentiment, but I did not

Major Hawthorne subscribed fifty dollars to the Micronesian mission, and sent Mr. Applebloom elsewhere to look for a wife, and the verdict of Balaam's Corners was that he had done the handsome thing.

'Fore goodness!" said Glory, "ef dere weren't a cl'ar relation between dem pigs an' providence, den 1 don't know

Miss Lyddy took the same pious view of the matter, and made the Major the most dainty and diguified of wives.

Sleepers .- A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the alceper while he sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in my errand.
"It was put out on the grass to bleach, the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the

Common Sense About the Plano.

Little girls fear the piano, and long for the time when, having at last mastered its difficulties, they will not be called upon to play upon it any more; while numberless great girls regard it as one of the many nuisances which they must put up with until they get married. Once, however, liberate young women from that piano to which like serfs they have so long been "assigned" but not "at-tached," and some of them will take to cultivating it for its own sake; while the remainder will at least spare both themselves and their friends a considerable amount of annoyance. The enormous difficulty of modern piano-forte music constitutes in itself a reason why in the education of young

girls the piano should not, like "dancing and deportment," be made obligatory. A woman can get through life so well without playing the piano; and for a few shillings, or even in extreme cases for a single shilling, she can, if her lot happens to be cast in London, hear from time to time the finest players that this great pianoforte-playing age has ever produced. It is not because the piano is unworthy of her attention that woman should be liberated from the task work imposed upon her in connection with it. It is because music, like every other art, demands from its votaries spec ial gifts and inclinations, and because among women who are thus endowed it is a mistake to suppose that the piano is the only instrument suitable to them. Let it be understood in the first place that it is no more a disgrace for a young lady not to play the piano than it is a disgrace for her not to draw, to paint, or to model; and, in the second place, that if she does mean to play some instrument it is a mistake for her to restrict herself as a matter of course to the piano. Next to the organ the piano is, thanks to the orchestral effects which it can be made to produce, the finest instrument in the world; and it is the only instrument for which every great composer writes as a matter of course, and for which every great composer's orchestral works are arranged in reduced form. 'To praise, at the expense of the piano, the violin, which—except when "tours de force" are indulged in-yields like the human voice but a single note, is a very common thing, but is one we should not care to undertake. The violin, to be effective in a truly musical sense, must, like the human voice, be accompanied either by the orchestra or by the pianoforte, or by other members of the violin family. The pianoforte is (putting aside of course, the two colossal organ), the only instrument which, for harmonic as well as melodic purposes, is complete in itself, and which is really an orchestra in

a little. There are good reasons, theu, why all who care much for music should study the piano, but no reason why they should study the piano exclusively. Often in the same family there are two, three and even four pianists. How much and how advantageously the musical domain of such a family would be increased if, with or without neglect of the piano, the instruments of the violin family were taken up, with a view not necessarily to string quartets, but, at least to the numerous pieces written by great com-posers for violin or violoncello, and piano. "The violin—I include always the viola and violoncello-is no doubt, says Mr. Hullah in his excellent little work on "Music in the House," "a diffi-cult instrument; but the difficulty of acquiring a serviceable amount of skill on it has been much exaggerated. To be the work of a lifetime, even for men gifted with equal aptitude and perseverance to these-turned to under skillful guidance count and at the right time of life, and supplemented and encouraged by a thousand circumstances as impossible to take account of as to bring about and foresee. But there is an amount of skill belowvery much below-that of artists of this class which, if accompanied by feeling, taste and intelligence, may contribute largely to the variety and agreeableness of music in the house." It may be hoped that in a few years, without the number of our domestic pianists being too much diminished, that of our domestic violinists will be considerably in creased. Some half dozen lady violinists have appeared this season in London public concerts, who possess the very nighest merit; and at a half private, half public concert given recently at Stafford House for the benefit of a charity, the chief attraction was a string band sisting of no less than twenty-four lady executants. The diversion, then, of feminine tallent from the piano towards the violin, is not a movement which has to be originated; it needs only to be en-

Horseshoring.

couraged .- St. James Gazette.

Some affirm that there is no necessity for shoeing horses under any circumstances, but it cannot be avoided in many cases, says an exchange. Horses cannot work on stone pavements or on icy roads without being shod. There is no doubt that farm horses are shod much more than is needed. On most farms very little attention is paid to the care of horses feet. The dry plank floors of most stables are injurious to feet, having a tendency to make them dry and brittle, instead of tough and elastic as they should be, whether they go without shoeing or not. Earth floors are much the best for the feet, and stone or cement much better than plank. There is much difference in horses, some having flat brittle hoofs, that will break off and keep tender footed even while colts in the pasture, and others that will have tough hoofs bear a great amount of wear without shoeing. If those that are brittle are kept properly trimmed they will not be so liable to break, and if they are kept moist and do not stand on hard floors the year round they will often improve. The expense of shoeing and the injury that is liable to be done to the feet by ignorant smiths, render it advisable to do all that is possible to prevent the necessity for shoeing; but some attention is needed. If the colt is not shod from the asks for me, that I can hear. beginning he will get along without shoes much better than if he is shod at first, and afterwards made to go without. Farm horses that go on the road but in. She was obliged to eke out her suplittle and are kept at slow work, will do without shoeing, but for driving on the road there are few horses and few roads that will enable them to go without like autumn leaves; all but old Mrs. shoes.

TAKING BOARDERS

"It was a scandal,"the neighbors said,

'that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders, after all she'd been through; and heaven knows boarders did not help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family too, taking it by small and large. Wasn't her Uncle Eben, over at Dover, well todo, and not a chick of his own to care for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? It was odd, now, take a stranger when his own flesh and blood was needy; but sometimes it does seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kin. Then there were consins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who were never worth a row of pins to Delia, and there was her great-uncle John's widow a larkin' on the continent, a gaming at Baden-Baden, and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdoms, for no disease under the sun but old age! She had been known to say that her folks were too rich already, and probably she would endow some hospital with her property." Plainly, wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never seea her greataunt since she was a child, when her Uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit, with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals, which won the heart of her namesake. Since then Uncle John's widow had become a sort of gilded creation, always young and beautiful; for, though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had neither heard nor seen anything of the being who had inspired to her." her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John having run through with it, you'd Rogerson was in the land of the living. divide your last crust with her, I'll be Dead or alive, she seemed to have made bound." no material difference to Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her on the homestead and her mother and herself on the high road to the poor house, unless they should bestir themselves. As her mother was already bedridden, the stirring very naturally fell mer boarders.

CROPTSBOROUGH, Me.-Good board in fine views, berries and new milk. One thought of the morrow. mile from the station. Address DELIA ROGERSON.

"Cheap enough!" commented an el derly lady who happened upon 'Delia Rogerson an old maid, I suppose, obliged to look out for herself. I've a good mind to try her broad piazzas and stay and share pot-luck with us; you are new milk. If I don't like it there'll be such company for mother and me." new milk. If I don't like it there'll be

no harm done. And so Delia's first boarder arrivedan old lady with false front hair, brown, wrinkled skin, faded eyes, a black alpaca Duchess; lighted a wood fire in Mrs. any one kissed me." Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and the false front to a box. "Wonderful kindness for \$7 a week. She's new to the trade. She'll learn better. Human nature doesn't change with latitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the hold out, though other boarders came to you a copy of her last will and demand her attention, to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia, When Mrs. Gre | she read, nevertheless: some complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson were responsible for their creation; of the flics, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of the flics, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of cousins; and I bequeath the residue of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it along with berries and new the Ingot Mining Company, \$50,000 in milk; of the weather, as if she had United States bonds, \$20,000 in the Forpledged herself there would be no suddeu changes to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and antiquated furniture, "too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion"—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission. What makes you keep us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I dare say?"

"Yes; a long, long time ago." "Tell me all about him-it?" "There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave father and mother you know, (they were both feeble) and

he couldn't stay here. That's all.' "And you-you-

"Now all men beside are to me like-"And you have never heard of him

"Yes, he wrote, but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a millstone about his neck. I didn't answer his letter." "And supposing he should return some

day, would you marry him?" 'I dare say," laughed Delia, gently, as if the idea were familiar, "let the neighbors laugh ever so wisely. I've thought world was barren and co.amonplace. One must have recreation of some kind,

romance, a little poetry, to flavor every-day thinking and doing. I'm afraid you think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement." "No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eye fades, the features grow pinched; but the soul is heir of cternal youth-it is as beautiful at four-score as at 'sweet 20." Time makes amends for ravages of the body by developing the spirit. You

dian't tell me your lover's name. haps you would rather not." "His name was Stephen Langdon. Scmetimes Capt. Seymour runs against him in Melbourne, and brings me word how he looks and what he is doing; though I never ask, and Stephen never

Per-

Delia's summer boarders were not success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket they put none port by copying for Lawyer Dunmor and embroider ng for Mrs. Judge Dorr. One by one her boarders dropped away

"I believe I'll stay on," she said. "I'm getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates. Eh?"

"Do you think my terms high?" "By no means. But when one's purse

"Yes; I know. Do stay at your own price. I can't spare you.' She had grown such a fondness for the old lady that to refuse her at her own terms would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; beside, that a man with poor relations should one month more would not signify. But she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went to bed hungry that her mother and Mrs. Clement, might enjoy enough, without there appearing to be "jast a pattern." At Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in the shape of a \$100 bill from an unknown friend.

"It can't be meant for me," she cried. "It's directed to Delia Rogerson," said her mother; "and there's nobody else of that name, now that your Aunt Delia's dead.'

"We are not sure she's dead," objected Delia.

"Horrors! Don't you know whether your own aunt is dead or alive?" asked Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone. "It isn't your fault. She is rich and lives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to be-

lieve I'd inherit her beauty with the name, though she was only our great "She ought to do something for you."
"How can she, if she is dead? I don't

blame her, anyway. Her money is her own to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself and gave it "But if she should come back to you

"I suppose I should," replied Delia.

The winter wore away as winters will, father through a long sickness Delia and the miracles of spring began in fields found that he had left a heavy mortgage and wayside; and Delia's boarders returned with the June roses, and dropped away again with the fading leaves; and still Mrs. Clement stayed on and on. Just now she had been some weeks in arrears with her reduced board. No money upon Delia, and she advertised for sum- had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing more feeble daily, needed the luxuries of an invalid and the the country to the riverside, at 87 a attention of a nurse, both of which Delia week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, bestowed upon her, without taking

"I must hear from my man-of-business to-morrow, Delia; I'm knee deep in debt to you," she began one night.

"Don't mention it!" cried Delia. "I'd rather never see a cent than have you take it to heart. You are welcome to

"Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. It grows chilly, doesn's it? You might kiss me just once, if you wouldn't gown, and a hair trunk. Delia made might kiss me just once, if you wouldn't her as welcome as if she had been a mind. It's a hundred years or so since And next morning, when Delia carried

up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder saucer, with the fadeless old roses wreathing them. "Wonderfully kind," reflected Mrs. Clement as she combed the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. out her wisps of gray hair and confided Clement speak as having charge of her the false front to a box. "Wonderful affairs, begging him to notify that lady's relatives if she had any. In reply Mr. Willis wrote: "The late Mrs. Clement appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who have an abundance comfort of a poverty-stricken old crea of this world's goods, yet served her ture." But in spite of her worldly wis- shabbily when she tested their generosity dom, Mrs. Clement was forced to confess as she tried yours, are all that remain of come a Joschim, a Holmes, or a Piatti, is | that Delia had begun as she meant to her family. In the meantime I inclose

> ment, to peruse at your leisure." "What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will?" thought Delia; but

> Being of sound mind, this 16th day of tune Flannel Mills, and my jewels to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson, Delia Rogerson, of Croftsborough, Me.

> "For I was a stranger and ye took me in; hungry, and ye fed me; sick, and ye

ministered unto me."
"Goodness alive!" cried the neighbors, when the facts reached their ears. "What a profitable thing it is to take boarders: Everybody in town will be trying it. Of course Steve Langdon will come and marry her if she were forty ol 1 maids. You may stick a pin in

there! Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in looking after her money and spending it; in replying to letters from indigent people, who seemed to increase alarmingly; in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And, sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and

all the village said, "I told you so. "It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia," he said. "And we are too old to think of it now,

Steve.' "Nonsense! It's never too late to mend. I'm not rich, Delia, but I've enough for two and to spare."

"I wouldn't be contented not to drive of it sometimes, sitting alone, when the in my carriage and have servants under me now," laughed Delia.

"Indeed! Then perhaps you have a better match in view. Capt. Seymore asked me, by the way, if I had come to you know. Everybody requires a little interfere with Squire Jones' interest." "Yes. Squire Jones proposed to me

Now, see here, Delia. Have I come all the way from Melbourne on a foolish errand? There I was growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings in a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still, is poor and alone and needs me-mel And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. packed my household goods and came. "I'm glad that you did."

"In order that I may congratulate

Squire Jones?" "But I haven't accepted him. In fact, 've refused him-because-

"Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia?" "In Croftsborough, people are not yet tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders.

A Kentucky man has for clock weights two pint bottles filled with whisky.