

THE OLD HOME.

Removed a little from the city side
Of tears and toil, of ardor and plot,
There prospers in some sweet, sequestered
spot
The home of olden time, whose chimneys wide
Outsend their old-time cheer with ruddy pride
Whose aged oracle, wife though untaught,
Sits by his hearth, nor longs a better lot.
True friends his lay, the Book of books his
guide.
Still lives the spirit of an earlier day.
Still thrives the old home type: its open door
Invites the prodigal; its simple lay
Comforts the careworn as it did of yore.
Its fires still burn; its influence stay;
And blessings guard its sweet old-fashioned
lore.
—Frank W. Hutt in Springfield Homestead.

CUNNING MRS. QUINN.

It was quite an open secret in the Brannigan family that Mrs. Brannigan had taken a villa down at Clamville-by-the-Sea for the express purpose of offering her eldest daughter Tilda extra facilities for securing a husband.
Both Mary Cadogan, Mrs. Brannigan's twin sister, and Mrs. Delia Quinn were aware of this, and as the summer began to wear away these two old worthies laid their heads together and decided that they must hurry matters on a bit and bring Tilda's matrimonial quest to a satisfactory conclusion.
"I'd loike to do Julia a favor, I would," exclaimed Mrs. Quinn, beaming as she discussed the matter with Mary on the back piazza. "She's been mighty good to me this summer."
"Julia's queer and she gets highfalutin notions now and then, but her heart's in the right place. It ain't many girls, now, when they've made their pile and got as foine a place as this, as would be asking their old-time friends to come down and stay all summer. Faith this is the first time in me life that for two months runnin I've had puddin' every day."
"Yes," declared Miss Cadogan. "Julia's good hearted, there ain't no use talking. But she's enjoyed havin us here. She told me it hadn't been for Tilda's goin' on in that old shed, there, she wouldn't have had nothin to complain about all summer."
After a moment's mature deliberation Mrs. Quinn exclaimed, impressively, with a broad sweep of her large right hand.
"Do you know what I'm goin to do, Mary? Well, I'll tell you now. I'm goin to get rid of that barn for Julia and get an engagement ring for Tilda at the same toime, or else me name ain't Delia Quinn and me invention has gone back on me."
The shed in question stood at the bottom of Brannigan's garden and was a most dilapidated cross between a stable and a pigsty, entirely out of keeping with the other portions of the villa.
The landlord seemed to have entirely overlooked it when he was repairing the said repainting the other parts of the establishment, and though Mrs. Brannigan had entreated him with tears in her eyes either to pull it down or make it reasonably respectable, he had kept putting it off from day to day, until here it was the middle of August, and not so much as a coat of whitewash had been administered to the shed.
"You'll have to help me, Mary, as much as you can," pursued Mrs. Quinn. "First thing we want to do is to get a halo for Barney McGivern. He's a foine, honest, good lookin fellow, Barney, but he ain't romantic enough for Tilda. If he don't she'll be hitchin herself to that putty faced young Eugene Wyncoop, the man wid the pedigree."
"But what does Barney be wanting wid a halo round his head? He ain't no angel."
"Oh, Mary, can't you see things at all? I don't mean a halo of that kind. But it's like this. There's that Eugene Wyncoop, now just travelin on his manners and his pedigree, as he calls it, which he's always carrying in his pocket. Tilda's so struck wid the name and the look of him that she won't as much as look at Barney."
"What Barney needs is a little of what the poets call the light which never was on land or sea. I call it a halo just to save toime."
That evening Clamville-by-the-Sea was treated to two sensations. The new fire engine arrived in town and Miss Tilda Brannigan announced to her assembled family at the tea table that she was about to go on the boards of the Clamville theater in the capacity of a star.
The fire engine had cost a good deal more money than had been expected, and therefore the amateur fire company, to which both Eugene Wyncoop and Barney McGivern were shining lights, decided to give a performance of "Sewanska, the White Squaw," to defray the expenses. Wyncoop, who was the fire chief, immediately offered Miss Brannigan the leading role, and that evening after fire drill he came up to the Brannigans to talk things over.
They were all sitting on the piazza when he and Tilda appeared. He talked to the company and then went over and sat down by Mrs. Quinn.
"Here's something that perhaps you would like to look at, Mrs. Quinn," he remarked as he presented her with a roll of parchment. "I've just been showing it to Miss Brannigan, and I thought perhaps it might interest the rest of you. It's my coat of arms, you know, and my genealogical tree."
"I trace my ancestry back to 1154," he continued, with a smile of pride. "The first Wyncoop, as you will notice was Archbishop of Canterbury in Henry XI's reign."
Mrs. Quinn handed the parchment to him without saying a single word. But no sooner were she and Miss Cadogan alone than she astonished that good woman by droing to herself.
"William I. 1066. William II. 1087. Henry I. 1100. Stephen 1135. Henry II. 1154."
"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "I knew that he was lying some-where. I didn't learn much at school but I know

me dates. There never was no such king as Henry XI."
Then Mrs. Quinn went off into such a fit of laughter that shook her like a veritable jelly.
"The foine gentleman's got a thing or two to learn yet. Why, he can't translate a number yet. It, which is Roman for second, he goes and reads in plain American eleventh. Did you ever hear the likes of that?"
"Delia," exclaimed Miss Cadogan mysteriously, "did you notice the bar canister on his crest?"
"The what?"
"The bar canister, I tell ye. Wance, at a house where I was cook, the mistress gave me a book of suits of arms to look at. Then she told me a whole lot about 'em and what all the different things meant. I've forgotten all the rest she told me, but the bar canister made an indelible impression."
"I'd know wan of them now wid me eyes shut, and that Wyncoop has got wan sure. Put your head down and I'll whisper the particulars to you."
Mrs. Quinn obeyed, and gradually, as the drift of Miss Cadogan's remarks dawned upon her, her features took on a triumphant grin.
"Faith, now, why didn't that strike me at all? Archbishops can't marry, to be shure. But that settles it. Tilda shan't marry him now if I die for it, for I'll never own as nephews and nieces children whose great-great-great-great-grandmother wasn't a perfect lady."
Within three days every fence in Clamville announced that Miss Matilda Brannigan, the renowned society amateur actress, would appear in "Sewanska, the White Squaw," on Saturday night, Aug. 15, "supported by Mr. Eugene Wyncoop and a select coterie of society leaders."
Rehearsals were called for twice a day, and consequently so much was Tilda engrossed with her part that her family saw scarcely anything of her, and poor McGivern nothing at all. He used to hang about the house and make love in a mild sort of way to Tilda's second sister Bridgie, who had not been invited to take part in the play.
He had consented to appear as one of the white squaw's Indian warriors, more for the pleasure of being near her than from any desire to appear in public, but as this was essentially a thinking role, he was left with a good deal of time on his hands, and Mrs. Quinn, seeing how disconsolate he looked, finally took compassion upon the poor fellow.
She dragged him off for a long walk, and by the time she brought him home again his features were one broad grin. Mrs. Quinn and Baby Brannigan were also much together in those days.
By Miss Cadogan's express stipulation baby was not to witness his sister's debut. Miss Cadogan did not approve of theatrical performances in any shape or form, and as Baby was the prospective heir, it was thought best to regulate his conduct accordingly.
On the morning of the day of the performance Mrs. Quinn did a most extraordinary thing. She volunteered to water the garden of her own accord. Just in front of the barn, to which Mrs. Brannigan so strenuously objected, there was quite a little pile of hay. Mrs. Quinn was observed to examine it very carefully and then to gauge with her eye the distance from the hayloft down to the ground. Then she turned the hose on the hay until it was thoroughly soaked, and betook herself to the house again. There were piles of hay in the rear of the barn and also on each side. Mrs. Quinn didn't bother about soaking them, however; the pile before the hayloft absorbed her entire attention.
That night, when Tilda was all ready to start for the theater, Mrs. Quinn and Miss Cadogan wished her every joy.
"Well, I hope you'll be a thumpin success, Tilda," remarked Mrs. Quinn. "Me and May shall be thinkin of you, though we shan't be there. I'd go in a minute if it wasn't for me toothache, and anyhow, even if it did let up, I couldn't go now, for I've promised to take Baby up in the hayloft and let him play in the hay. Tell Barney, if you see him, to come up for supper. What wid these rehearsals and the fire engine practice, I ain't laid eyes on him in three days."
Then turning to Baby, she exclaimed: "Now, come along, darlint, let's go up in the hayloft."
When the curtain rose on the first act of "Sewanska," standing room was at a premium.
The stage was set as a prairie, with an Indian encampment in the foreground. The twenty-one members of the Clamville fire department, metamorphosed for the time being into the Indian warriors of the white squaw, lay about the stage in various attitudes of languor.
One by one the warriors grew drowsy and sank to rest. The moon arose above the prairie grass, and while the orchestra played slow music there entered from R. E. Miss Tilda Brannigan, the White Squaw.
You could have heard a pin drop anywhere in the theater as the White Squaw, daintily picking her way among the sleeping men, advanced to the footlights on tiptoe. Everybody leaned forward to catch the first syllable which should fall from her silvery lips. There was an instant's pause and then she spoke.
"See!" she exclaimed in a staccato whisper, "the dusky warriors sleep."
Hardly had the sentence left her lips when the fire bell began to ring.
Every dusky warrior sprang to his feet tumultuously and tore headlong off the stage. In an instant they had cleared the stairs, and, in full war paint and feathers, were rushing down the street toward the engine house, helter skelter. The White Squaw, left alone in her glory, beat an ignominious retreat behind the scenes, where she threw herself upon a campstool and at once began to cry.
Eugene Wyncoop, the only man who had stood by his chieftain, then advanced to the footlights and began to stammer forth an apology, which wasn't at all necessary, as half the audience had left the hall and the other half were getting out with the utmost alacrity.

There was nothing for it but to pull the curtain down and go and comfort the White Squaw. But when he reached the dressing room the squaw had vanished as completely as any of her warriors, and looking out of the window Wyncoop caught sight of her rushing madly up the street. An instant later the fire engines, armed by nineteen dusky Indians, dashed by in the direction of the Brannigan house.
"Where's the fire?" he shouted, and a small boy who ran tearing up the street yelled back at him:
"It's the Brannigan barn."
There was a red glare in the sky in that direction, and as the poor White Squaw, out of breath and half dead with fright, rushed toward it it seemed to her as though she would never reach there alive. If there was one thing above all else in this world which the White Squaw loved it was her brother Baby. Then suddenly she remembered what Mrs. Quinn had said about Baby going up into the hayloft to play.
The glow was getting brighter every minute, and she was still three blocks away. She had to stop a moment to catch her breath, and as she did so she saw an Indian rushing from the direction of the fire toward her who looked marvelously like Barney.
"Barney," she cried, "for Gawd's sake tell me where's Baby?"
"Oh, he's all right," exclaimed McGivern, "I was just runnin back to tell you about it. Tilde, I f'ought you might be scared."
"I got there just in time, though. When we ran out of the teatery I seen where the fire was, so I left the other fellows to get the engine out and I ran on by a shorter cut. When I got there, there was Mrs. Quinn and Miss Cadogan a-standin in the yard a screamin and wringin their hands, and there was Baby, wid the flames a-creepin up all round him, standin in the hayloft."
Tilda turned away her head in horror and ejaculated:
"Oh, for Gawd's sake!"
"I run up to the barn and called out to him. Jump, I sez. 'I'll catch you shure. So the little beggar he just shuts his eyes and grits his teeth together and then he jumps right into me arms. For heaven's sake—"
"Before he could say another word the White Squaw had thrown her arms about him.
"Oh, Barney," she cried, "I have been pretty mean to you, but after this you're the man for me."
Then, for the first time, she noticed he was wearing his right arm in a sling.
"Oh, that's nothing," he explained. "When Baby jumped he hurt me arm a bit, and Mrs. Quinn says she thinks it's broke. She happened to have this sling lying around, so she told me to slip me arm into it and run off to tell you, and we could examine it when we got back."
"Now, ain't that lucky," said the White Squaw, who, now that the danger was over, was fast regaining her composure.
"Why, I seen Aunt Delia sewin on that sling yesterday morning. She told me then it was a bit of fancy work."
By this time they had reached the house, and the White Squaw rushed forward, seized Baby up in her arms and hugged him.
"Arrah, now it's Barney you may be thankin that he's alive at all," cried Mrs. Quinn, as she mopped her eyes. "The poor darlint would have been a cinder now if it hadn't been for him. How the juice am I ever goin to meet your poor ma and tell her as her beautiful barn's been burned while she was away?"
"Oh, the barn don't matter, auntie," explained the White Squaw. "Let's go and look at Barney's arm."
"Be jabbers, I was forgettin all about it. Mary, you stay here wid Baby and watch for Julia. Come along wid me, Barney dear, and we'll see if you're hurt bad. Tilda, you'd better stay here too. I can make the inspection better by myself."
Two minutes later Mrs. Quinn returned with a very solemn cast of countenance.
"It's broke," she said. "It'll take about ten weeks to set it right. We won't need to call in a doctor, for it's as easy as winkin to set an arm. Barney had better stay here, though, so we can have him under our eye."
The Wyncoop genealogical tree was lying on the piano. The White Squaw rolled it up carefully, and then handing it to Baby, she said:
"Baby, dear, take that down to Mr. Wyncoop first thing tomorrow mornin. Tell him that it's very nice, but I've got no further use for it, and he'll have to get an understudy for his part in the play."
"The whole thing worked like clock-work," whispered Mrs. Quinn. "There wasn't wan of us that missed a cue. Julia's tickled to death that she's lost her barn. I can go back to town wid a free heart now, for I've fulfilled me vow and obligations."
"Yes, but how the devil did you keep the fire down till I got here? When Baby jumped it had just about begun to burn."
"Oh, and sure that was easy enough," replied Mrs. Quinn. "Twas Mary that rang the alarm, you mind, and I'll have all I care do missing Barney. Don't you forget to tell him that."
Late that night after everybody else was in bed Mrs. Quinn, Miss Cadogan, Barney and the Baby held a special session on the back piazza. Barney had dispensed with his story for the time being, and Baby Brannigan was giggling so that his aunt had to stuff a handkerchief into his mouth.
"Twas a grand success," explained Mrs. Quinn enthusiastically. "There wasn't wan of us as missed a cue. Julia's tickled to death at losin her barn, and you'll all square wid Tilda."
"You're a jewel," Mrs. Quinn, exclaimed Eugene, "but how did you manage to keep the fire down until I had time to get here?"
"Oh, faith, that was easy enough. Twas Mary rang it, and I gave her special instructions to send it off free minutes in advance."—New York Evening Sun

BEAR BRAVELY.
Be still, sad heart;
Put on thy mask amid the crowded street,
And let thy smile fellicious and sweet,
With feigned calm these curious faces greet.
Who careth for thy smart?
Be strong, my heart;
Though wondrous sad, thou owest the world a
smile.
To see it happy should thy grief beguile;
Loves, hopes and joys surround thee all the
while.
Wherein thou bearest a part.
Be brave, my heart;
Each season's sweeping hath its silent song:
To night alone the silver stars belong,
And right grows ever mightier than the wrong
is deed and act.
Be patient, heart;
Blessings come sweet to those who ne'er were
blest,
And brief the days, a little span at best,
Till rayless, deep, irrevocable rest
Eternal peace impart.
—J. R. Parker in Detroit Free Press.

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