UNCLE RICHARD'S DINNER.

BY MARCO MORROW.

CHAPTER II. (CONTINUED.)

When we rode inte the yard, the others were dismounting. I felt conscious of Jack's inquisitive eyes, but beyond them, on the veranda was another pair, sharper than Jack' Aunt Louisa's by all that was wonderful! Gradually it began to dawn on me.

"Daisy," I whispered, "what is your uncle's name?"

"Why don't you know? How queer. Mr. Richard Hilliard."

"My Uncle Richard!" I cried. "And you are his brother's wife's sister's daughter."

"Why, why, let me see. Yes, I guess that's the exact relationship. And are you his nephew Dick, that is to have all his money?"

"That's not to have it, I'm afraid, for—"

But Aunt Louisa, who had just arrived with the family, came forward, and there were introductions all around. In the midst of them Uncle Richard appeared, looking not a day older than when I doctored his snuff.

"Don't tell me I have to be introduced to my own nephew," he cried and started toward Jack, but Aunt Louisa deftly pushed me forward, and Uncle Richard seized my hand.

"Why I'd a-known you anywhere! He's a Hilliard all over. Have you brought any cavenne peper?" and he laughed almost as he howled when he got that historical original dose.

"Well, no uncle, not that kind, I haven't," I replied, "but if you'll give me a half minute's audience, I hove something more startling than that."

"You have? Well come here you young rascal, and let's have it."

While the visitors, including Aunt Louisa, who reluctantly let me out of her sight, went into the house, I told Uncle Richard I loved the daughter of his brother's wife's sister, and that we wanted to get married.

"Now, do you know," said Uncle Richard, "that that's what I brought you down here for? Marry her? Why, to be sure!"

And so I was thankful after all, and nobody had been killed either. Unless you count Jack's dog.

IVY'S MISTAKE.

BY ROSE RAYNESFORD.

From New York Weekly

CHAPTER I.

Thanksgiving Eve in the Sunderland homestead, and from cellar to garret floated the delicious odors of roasting turkey, of chickens done to a tender crisp in their own rich juices, and of a goodly array of pies of all denominations—such pies, teeming with all the odors of Araby the blest, and they had won dear, motherly Mrs. Sunderland an enviable reputation through all the region roundabout.

And flitting busily at her mother's side in the great, clean, shining kitchen, with light feet and the very daintiest, deftest little hands in all the world, was the blooming Ivy—"sole daughter of her house and heart."

Over her crimson merino was tied a large white apron—her "seven-league apron," Ivy called it—which was only assumed when some important household festivity seemed to command a corresponding magnitude in all the preparations; sleeves were rolled above the dimpled elbows, a stray dab of flour powdered the shining tendrils of chestnut hair above the forehead, and the usual tender pink of the cheeks had blossomed into vivid carnation.

"There, mother," she said, placing a gigantic plum cake on the table with a triumphant flourish, "that's the last! The baking is done, thank goodness—and now I'll attack the parlor."

"I wouldn't tonight, dear," said Mrs. Sunderland. "You'll tire yourself out. There'll be plenty of time in the morning."

"Oh, no, mother. I promised to be at church early, to practice the new anthem. They all declare they can't get along without me. And I thought if I could snatch an hour some time between now and then, that I'd finish off my blue silk—it only needs a stich or two. Julia Hunt said she might be over after dinner, and bring her cousin with her. She's from the city, you know, and so stylish. And then," she added, with a rather overdone attempt at carelessness, "it's possible Joe Dalton may be here in the evening."

"H'm! Joe Dalton," said Mrs. Sunderland, a little surprised, but too much absorbed in her contemplation of the cake to pay strict attention to less important matters. "And when did you hear from him!"

"Oh, not since he left in the summer. But he told me then that he intended to pass Thanksgiving at the squire's, and if he did, he'd give us a call. But, really, I must begin at the parlor."

And into the parlor she went, a curiously happy light on her face, while she dusted the quaint old spindle-legged piano, and polished the mirror between the windows and rubbed the brass fire dogs till they shone again. Then she brought out long wreaths of fragrant ground pine, and knots of scarlet leaves, and garlanded the old family portraits, and filled vases and baskets till the old room was sweet and glowing as the bower of a forest queen.

Perhaps it was all to please Julia Hunt and her city cousin, but I know that all the while, before Ivy's happy eyes, were floating memories of Joe Dalton's admiring looks when one day last summer she had decorated the room with wild clematis vines, and still in her ears were ringing his praises of what he called her "exquisite artistic instinct."

"There! I think he will like that," she said, as she descended from the chair on which she had mounted in pursuing her labor of love, and shook of the last clinging sprays from hair and dress; and she began setting the furniture in order as energetically as though her feet were not aching, her hands blistered, and every muscle in her body strained and weary.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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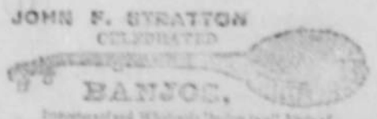
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AN ENGLISH COMMENTARY.

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