

at Mr. Bain



POETRY.

Somebody's Servant Girl.

She stood there, leaning wearily
Against the window frame;
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,
Her garments coarse and plain.

Again I saw her on the street,
With burden trudge along;
Her face was sweet and patient still,
Amid the jostling throng.

A man—I thought a gentleman—
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not his eye;

Ah, well it is that God above
Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
By just the outer part;

And many a man and woman fair,
By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,

Lucy's Lovers.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

A rainy day in the country!
Drip, drip! sounded the water in the
barrel under the eaves: patter, patter!
tinkled down the raindrops upon the
leaves of the seringas and lilac bushes;

An open letter lay in her lap—a letter
to which she referred, every now and
then, with a pretty, half-puzzled contra-
diction of her brows.

"Wash and wear!" she repeated to
herself. "I wonder what aunt Judith
means? 'She hopes that whichever of
my suiters I may elect to prefer will
wash and wear? Upon my word, that is
likening the lords of creation to a pat-
tern of calico, or a gingham sunbonnet!"

And Lucy laughed a little—a very be-
coming process, which brought out the
dimples around her cherry lips, and the
dewy sparkles under her long auburn
lashes.

"I'm sure they are both models of
amiability and good temper," said she to
herself—"that is as far as I know."

And then, all of a sudden, it appeared
to her how little a woman could really
know of the actual bona fide habits and
character of a man until she is married
to him, past all escape.

"Ah, if one could only take a peep be-
hind the scenes!" said Lucy. "If one
could put a lover on trial for a month, as
aunt Judith does a servant girl, and dis-
charge him if he don't give satisfaction!
And then the wash and wear question,
could be easily settled. Heigho! I be-
lieve I shall have to draw lots which I
will marry—Eugene Follitt, or George
Haven.—But there's no use wrinkling
up my forehead with it now; time will
decide. In the meantime, I shall be
hopelessly wearied if I sit here staring at
the rain any longer. I'll put on my
things and run over to Nell Follitt's,
Eugene will have started for the city long
ago.

It was a pretty, shaded road, delicious
in the freshness of a summer morning,
but rather drippy and draggly, just at
present that led to the old Follitt man-
sion—a sturdy creation of gray stone,
with half a dozen honey locusts keeping
guard over it like a band of sentinels.

Lucy Darl, a privileged visitor, did not
ring at the front door bell, but slipped
quietly in at a back door, and ran up to
Miss Follitt's room.

"At home, Nell?" she cried, tapping
softly on the panels of the door.

"Of course I'm at home," said Nell,
brightly, opening it. "You dear little
rosebud, you've come just in time to help
me about the pattern for my new cash-
mere polonaise. Isn't it a wretched
day?"

And the two girls were presently deep
in the mysteries of 'bias folds,' 'knife-
pleatings' and 'side gores,' until, all of a
sudden, a surly, masculine voice roared
down the hall:

"Where's my breakfast, I say? I want
my breakfast! Confound all you women
folks, why don't you bring me my break-
fast! Am I to starve to death? Nell!
Mother! Come, wide-awake there!
Bring me my slippers! Fetch the news-
papers, somebody! And look sharp, do
you hear?"

And the door was banged shut again
with considerable emphasis.

Nell looked at Lucy with a crimsoning
brow. Lucy opened wide her inquiring
eyes.

"It's Eugene," said Nell, in rather an
embarrassed manner. "He was out late
last night, and he overslept himself this
morning."

"Oh!" said Lucy beginning to be con-
scious that a flaw existed in this pattern
masculine diamond—that this pattern of
goods 'washed' but indifferently.

At this moment footsteps hurried by.
It was the patient and much-enduring
Mrs. Follitt, bringing up the tray of
toast and tea.

"I wouldn't wait on a man so," said
Lucy, indignantly.

Presently Mrs. Follitt returned, with

the tray scarcely touched, and stopped in
Nell's room, to relieve her mind.

"He won't touch a mouthful, because it
isn't smoking hot," said she with a sigh.
"He's crosser than one would think it
possible, and—"

But here she checked herself at the
sight of Miss Darl.

"I beg your pardon my, dear!" said
she. "I did not see you."

"Oh, never mind about me," said Lucy,
coloring. "I'm going over to Mrs. Ha-
ven's a few minutes, to see about a root
of fern she promised to get me from the
Hartford woods."

For it had occurred to Miss Lucy that
this was an excellent opportunity to test
the 'washing and wearing' qualities of the
second of her lovers. Follitt had been
weighed in the balance and found want-
ing. Now let George Haven take his
chance.

The Haven cottage stood about an
eighth of a mile further down the road,
pretty little honey suckle-garland-affair—
and Lucy Darl, feeling rather like a spy,
crept up the stairs (nobody chanced to
be in the hall), and took refuge in Mrs.
Haven's own neat little boudoir.

Mrs. Haven had three or four unruly,
ill-disciplined children staying with her
that summer—the children of an invalid
sister—and Mrs. Haven was not rich in
this world's goods, like the Follitts.

As Lucy sat there, wondering whether
a lucky chance was about to befriend her
as it had befriended her before, a cheery
voice shouted from below. George had
just come in, dripping but cheerful, from
the post office.

"Hello, mother! what's the matter?
Crying, and discouraged? Why this
will never do in the world! Come, little
folks run off to the barn, every one of
you, and play. The fire smokes does it?
Well, never mind: I'll have things all
straight, in a minute, with a few kind-
lings. The fact is, mother, you sit at
home too much. You get nervous. I
must contrive some way of taking you
out to drive every day."

A sly, dimpled smile came into Lucy
Darl's face as she heard the strong, ca-
ressing voice of her lover, bringing hope
and courage with it, and reflected that he
was certainly of a different stamp from
Eugene Follitt, whose dashing manners
and city airs and graces had so nearly
captivated her.

It was quite evident that HE would
'wash and wear,' according to aunt Ju-
dith's theory.

"I suppose I am a little nervous at
times, George," Mrs. Haven answered:
"but I never feel it when you are here.
I don't know what I would do without a
son like you. But if you ever get mar-
ried—"

But Lucy Darl could not stand this—
she felt like a little innocent eavesdrop-
per, as she was, and hurried down stairs.

"You here, Lucy?" cried Mrs. Haven,
who was busy at her stocking darning.

"You here, Miss Darl?" exclaimed

George, who had just brought in an arm-
ful of fresh kindlings.

"I couldn't find any one up stairs, said
Lucy, blushing, and looking painfully
conscientious. "I looked all over. I've
just come to ask if you got the root of
Hartford fern you promised me, Mrs. Ha-
ven?"

"It's set out in a flower-pot, under the
back kitchen window," said Mrs. Haven.
"But you'll stay all day, now that you
are here, Lucy, dear?"

Miss Lucy did not refuse.
Mr. Eugene Follitt lay in bed until
eleven, and read novels. At noon he
came down stairs.

"Confounded dull here, without a soul
to speak to," said he.

Of course his mother and sister were
outside the pale of civilized humanity.

And at sunset, when the crimson beams
of the declining orb of day broke radiant-
ly out through parting clouds, he tied on
his best neck tie, and pinned a pink car-
nation in his button hole.

"I think I'll go over to Mrs. Darl's for
a little while," said he.

"You needn't," said the astute Nell.

"Why not?"
"Because Lucy was here this morning,
and heard you scolding at poor mamma;
and because I saw her go by just now
with George Haven; and they're en-
gaged?"

"How do you know?"
"By instinct."

Mr. Follitt made a grimace, unpinned
the carnation, and stayed at home.

The engagement became a public affair
the next day, and Lucy Darl wrote back
to her aunt Judith that she had accepted
a lover whom she could warrant as an ar-
ticle that would "wash and wear."—Sat-
urday Night.

A Compliment to American Brakes.

An example of heroic self-devotion on
the part of two railway servants is re-
ported by the last mail from America.—
A passenger train near Cincinnati, owing
to a misplaced switch, plunged through
a bridge, the driver and stoker being in-
stantly killed, but all the others in the
train being saved through their heroism.
These men might have saved themselves
by jumping out, but they remained at
their posts, the driver applying the air-
brake when he discovered the misplaced
switch, so that the passenger coaches
were stopped before they reached the
chasm, and the passengers saved. "The
driver was found crushed to death in the
locomotive car by the tank, his hands
grasping the throttle." The admiration
which every one must feel at this brave
act, will be, amongst us in England, ming-
led largely with a feeling of envy for a
country in which such an achievement is
possible. It is humiliating to reflect that
it is quite beyond the reach of imitation
in this country; for though we have
doubtless many engine drivers, equally
brave, we have no railway brakes equal-
ly efficient. Men can hardly be expect-
ed to die at their posts, unless they can
do something worth dying for; and any
English engine driver who, under the
same circumstances, plunged into a chasm
his hand on one of our miserable brake,
would simply be followed to destruction
by the whole of the "passenger coaches,"
and their occupants.

"What did the doctor say ailed your
son, Mrs. Smithers?" "He said the
poor boy had two buckles on his lungs,"
replied Mrs. S. "Two buckles, eh?—
Well, that's drefful. I always thought
he looked like a strapping young man."