

The Orphans' Friend.

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From the Companion. GARNET'S HUMILIATION.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Some callers for Miss Westbury," said the well-trained hotel servant, as he presented cards on a silver salver.

"O mamma! it's those fashionable Mays; just the best people in Washington! John, tell them I'll be 'down very soon. What shall I wear, mamma? please tell me, quick. If Cousin Stella wasn't so awfully stupid she might have got my lavender silk out by this time; or my lovely blue one, with the point lace trimmings. Pray, tell me, somebody, what I shall wear."

"The silver-gray you have on, with a fresh ribbon, will be prettier than an elaborate dress. I shouldn't think of making an evening toilet if I were you, even for the Mays," said Stella.

"That's because you don't know anything about them," responded Garnet. "What can such fashionable people have in common with you? Probably you'll never speak to them in your life, and she threw ribbons and neck-lace, watch and chain recklessly on the marble-top table, in her haste; while her mother, who had brought a costly, imported dress from the wardrobe, proceeded to array her only and beautiful child in it. For Garnet was beautiful, and had been brought up, as her father often said, 'without regard to cost.'"

To please her, the old oil-merchant had consented to spend the winter in Washington, at one of the first hotels, and to incur no end of expense, for Garnet was wild to see and mingle with the best society.

There also he had found his niece, the daughter of his dead brother, ill at an ordinary boarding-house, and in the goodness of his heart, had insisted upon her leaving an arduous position, and spending the winter with his family.

Feeling the need of rest and relaxation, Stella had accepted the kind offer, much to the spoiled Garnet's chagrin, who saw only in the little plain figure, and somewhat old-fashioned garments, a dowdy and a foil. In fact she was very much ashamed of her cousin, and took no pains to hide her dislike.

"They are very worthy people, I believe," Stella answered, with a flush on her cheek.

"Very worthy! Good patience! mamma, hear her—the very pink and perfection of Washington society! Very worthy people, indeed! Why, there are persons who would give half they are worth to be called upon by the Mays. Do you really think they are very worthy people, Stella? How much they would be obliged if they could hear you?"

Her cousin settled quietly into her corner again with her book, but the flush on her cheek had faded into paleness.

"Now, mamma, how do I look? O, but how awfully long to keep them waiting. They probably saw in the papers that I have just come out. I'll wear both diamond rings, mamma. Dear me, I wish the interview was over.

They say that Miss Bella May wears an India shawl of almost fabulous value, given to her by some great Eastern magnate, and that Miss Anne is to marry an earl, an English earl; think of that! If ever we go abroad, it will be of such advantage to be acquainted with her!"

She swept once or twice back and forth, her splendid train spreading in peacock glory over the rich hues of the carpet, then taking one last look in the cheval mirror, and poising her head in its daintiest fashion, she walked out of the room like a little princess, conscious of being at her best.

"Isn't she dressed a little too much for a day call?" asked Mrs. Westbury, anxiously, as she saw the last iris glitter of the rich silk vanish at the threshold.

"I think she is," said Estelle, quietly.

"I'm afraid so; but what could I do? Garnet has had her own way so long that I never pretend to dispute her wishes or her taste," sighed the meek little woman—a sad confession for a mother to make, as Estelle thought, with a pitying look.

"Pray, are the Mays so very wonderful?" asked Mrs. Westbury.

"I believe they are of very good family, and I know they are immensely rich," said Estelle; "but what I have heard them chiefly extolled for is their unaffectedness and good sense. Though they are really among the leaders of society here, they are as quiet and unassuming as well, as true nobility of character always makes one. I suppose. I am glad they have called upon Garnet. It may really be considered quite an honor."

"They must have seen her, and she is so pretty!" said the gratified mother.

"Yes, Garnet is beautiful," replied Estelle; adding in her heart, "if only the mind corresponded to the other shrine."

Meanwhile Garnet, gratified and triumphant, entered the handsome parlor of the hotel. Here and there in groups sat visitors, ladies and gentlemen, and the young girl was delighted at the sensation caused by her appearance. For one little moment Garnet was confused, as going up to a small and well-dressed group of people, she said, speaking to a lady, "Mrs. May, I presume."

"O no, that is Mrs. May by the window," responded the lady, pointing to another circle with her fan.

"Mercy, mamma," exclaimed Anne May, as the overdressed Garnet came toward them, "we have evoked a rainbow!"

Garnet, a little taken aback at sight of the plain toilets of this distinguished party, sailed up to them with her grandest manner, and to cover her surprise and trepidation, plunged at once into conversation. She scarcely waited for questions, but with the volubility of a school-girl just released from bondage, talked and talked.

Before long, these strangers, as well as others, whose ears were sharpened by hotel experience, knew the principal events of her

life; what school she had attended; how she hated Blank, her native city; what sort of a house her father had bought and furnished; that part of her family were traveling on the continent, and had sent her costly presents; how much she, too, wanted to visit foreign countries; and numberless little incidents that kept her visitors staring, and almost silent.

At last she paused, and began the contemplation of her dress. Surely that most exquisite point lace must impress them favorably; and the diamonds on her fingers and in her ears—not many young ladies could afford to wear them; and then the dress itself, how she ached to inform them that it was an importation from Paris, and the work of the great artist, Worth, the prince of dress-makers.

"Mamma," said Anne May, in a voice strikingly unlike the high-pitched tone of Miss Garnet, "would it not be as well to mention the business for which we called upon Miss Westbury?"

Garnet's ears tingled so that perhaps a new splendor shot from their pendant jewels, for was this not a prelude to an invitation to their house, to some German or grand reception, where she might see the President, and some of the great men of the country.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. May, in the same low, modulated tones. "You see, Miss Westbury, we have been searching the city for a missing friend, and having heard, accidentally, that you were a relation, we called to see if you could give us any information concerning Miss Stella Glen."

"Stella Glen! My cousin?" exclaimed Garnet, the blood receding from her cheeks, while she inwardly wondered at the strange question. Was it possible, after all, that this could have been the only object of their visit? Did they not come to make her a call of acknowledgment, or of compliment? Could it be only to inquire after Miss Stella, who perhaps they took for a dressmaker? And who knew but she might have been one—she was such a stickler for the right of women to help themselves; and at the thought her cheeks burned.

She drew back a little, mortified to the heart. Had all her fine clothes, her point lace gone for nothing? Had she been called down, it seemed to her now, like a servant, to tell whatever she knew about her cousin?

"Miss Glen is here, with us," said Garnet.

"What! in this hotel? O, mamma!" exclaimed Miss Anne, with sparkling eyes.

"I will go up, and send her down," said Garnet, rising.

"Pray don't think us so rude," said Mrs. May, and her hand was on the bell-rope.

A card was sent up by a servant, while Garnet sat still, in mute surprise, her high spirits gone, her vanity laid low.

Presently, to her horror, Stella appeared in the door-way, in the same identical black silk dress—rusty at that—which she always wore. But now Garnet saw with new eyes—saw a delicacy and beauty in her figure, an expres-

sion in her face, that had been sealed to her hitherto.

What was her exceeding astonishment to note that all the Mays rose, and with outstretched hands welcomed her cousin with the warmest demonstrations. Miss Anne kissed her; Mrs. May patted her cheek, and called her darling; Miss Belle chided her for not coming to see them; all had a kind word, a real welcome, for the girl Garnet had considered a little nobody.

At last the truth came out. Miss Glen was the daughter of one who had been a brave soldier during the war. Her father had died, nobly giving his life up in the heroic effort to save his superior office—and that office was Col. May.

Miss Glen had then devoted herself to the sick and wounded in hospital, and had, singularly enough, succeeded by her devotion, in carrying through terrible illness the son of the same Col. May, a young lieutenant, who had been dangerously wounded at Gettysburg.

From that time the Mays adopted her as nearly as possible, until they left for Europe. They had been very anxious to take her with them, but as the young officer aforesaid had made proposal of marriage to Miss Glen, and been rejected, she very wisely declined.

All this Garnet learned afterward. At the time she only felt a burning resentment that this quiet, unfashionable cousin had preceded her in the good graces of one of the most prominent families in town, and it seemed like adding the one drop too much when Mrs. May, after almost literally importing a visit from Miss Glen, turned, as if she bethought herself, and blandly added, "and bring your little cousin with you." Evidently they thought her fresh from school.

"I'll never go—I'll never go!" she cried, in a tempest of passion, when the cousins regained their parlor. "Why didn't you tell me you knew them?" and she turned upon poor Stella, with a perfect torrent of vituperation, blaming her for all that she had been obliged to undergo.

In time, however, she thought better of it. Finding that her quiet little cousin had the *entree* in society, she condescended to treat her upon more equal terms; but she never forgot the humiliation, or the lesson of that day's defeat.

"Too Much Old Rye."

Passing up one of our avenues one evening, I saw a crowd gathered about a woman whom a female friend was helping from the gutter. Thinking she might have been injured by an accidental fall, I stopped a moment, only to see her staggering off, supported by friendly arms; while in answer to my inquiry a gruff German, with pipe in his mouth, gave the explanation of the affair as he turned away, "Too much old rye!"

I am disposed to think the man was right, and also that his solution will explain a great many more facts. As from cellar to

garret I have seen, day after day, families half-starved and half-clothed, with only pawn-tickets to show for garments, while the children—kept from school and church for want of sufficient clothing—half-naked, huddled round their scanty fire, heirs to their parents' degradation, I have thought the old man hit it when he explained, "Too much old rye!"

When each morning's paper brings its tale of assaults and murders, with all their sickening details, looking for a cause of this homicidal mania, I find it in "too much old rye."

For the largest portion of the crime and pauperism which fill our prisons, penitentiaries, and almshouses, we can find no cause so potent as "too much old rye."

When in some of our courts we see judges acting like fools, and by indecencies of demeanor soiling the judicial ermine, laying themselves open to impeachment and disgrace, there is no other explanation than "too much old rye."

Upon more than one monument to the memory of some bright star quenched in the firmament of politics, literature, and art, might, if truth would always speak from gravestones, be graven, "Too much old rye."

For the miseries, poverty, and heart anguish of thousands of mothers, wives and children, you can find no cause more fruitful than "too much old rye."

It is this that blights the home life, destroys character, brutalizes man and demoralizes woman, ruining its victims for two worlds. By example, prayer, and personal effort, to stay its work of death and cleanse this plague-spot in our social life, becomes the solemn duty of every one who loves those "for whom Christ died."—Rev. Rufus S. Underwood, in *Christian at Work*.

Proverbs of Truth.

A man may buy gold too dear.
A light purse is a heavy curse.
A little leak will sink a big ship.
All lay loads on the willing horse.

A fault confessed is half redressed.

A wise layer-up is a wise layer-out.

All are not friends that speak us fair.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

An oak tree is not felled with one blow.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools.

A good name keeps its luster in the dark.

A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.

Always put your saddle on the right horse.

An unlawful oath is better broken than kept.

An honest man's word is as good as his bond.

A man may hold his tongue at the wrong time.

An hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon.

An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of book learning.