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EDGETT'S THANKS.

'Ain't it strange?' said Polly.
The mellow gold of the summer afternoon lay like a veil over the artist's characteristically arranged studio: the tall red hollyhocks reared their crests at the window, and a cat-bird was whistling sweetly in the branches of the Canada plum tree overhead.

Mr. Edgett, the artist had gone on a sketching tour, and Mrs. Molus, the landlady had promptly availed herself of the opportunity to 'clean up things a bit'—a process which was systematically frowned down by Mr. Edgett, when in possession of the premises.

Polly was a rubicund faced, red-armed girl of twelve, awkward and clumsy in the extreme degree—but she was, as Mrs. Molus expressed it, 'a regular spider to work.'

'There ain't any grown girls,' said the landlady, 'as you'll get more work out of than you will out of Polly.'

And as she scrubbed away at the floor her fascinated gaze involuntarily riveted itself upon a half-completed sketch of a woman's head upon the easel—a spirited thing, with wild, backward flowing hair, eyes full of red savagery light, and firm lips apart.

'Wherever I go, and whichever way I turn,' said Polly, in despair, 'they follow me—they eyes! The thing ain't alive, be it?'

'That is high art, Polly,' said a grave voice close to her elbow.
And she nearly upset her cleaving-pail in the start produced by seeing Mr. Edgett himself, portfolio, portable easel, furled umbrella, and all strapped across his shoulders.

He had found the summer meadow too hot, and had returned before the expected time.
'What are you doing he demanded sharply.

'Please sir, I'm scrubbing,' said Polly, rising clumsily to her feet, and dropping a stiff bob of courtesy. 'Missis she said—'

'Your Missis is a fool, Polly,' crisply spoke up the artist, 'and you are another.'

'Please sir, that's what they always said at the 'York house,' said Polly despairingly.
'But, nevertheless,' encouragingly added Mr. Edgett, you are a good judge of art. The eyes follow you, do they?'

And with a shudder Polly admitted they did.
'That woman, Polly,' said the artist, laying down his portfolio, 'is Medea.'

'Didn't never live hereabouts, did she?' said Polly curiously.
'No; she murdered her children some centuries ago—did Medea.'

Polly stared harder than ever in unmitigated horror.
'I hope they gave her a good round turn in jail,' said she. 'I likes little children—I does. It'd all the money I wanted—'

'Well,' said Mr. Edgett.
'I'd build a great big house, and I would take in all the orrlings and work house children, and them as boasted no home, and—'

'Polly.
The shrill voice of Mrs. Molus interposed at this juncture, and Polly's Castle on espagne tumbled down into ruins.

Mr. Edgett was a great artist, undoubtedly, but somehow his pictures did not sell. And before the glossy green of the maple leaves in front of the house had turned to scarlet, Mrs. Molus had informed him with considerable animus that 'there was other parties waiting for the room, as could be depended on, and she'd trouble him to move out his things afore nightfall.'

Mr. Edgett looked at his lean-jawed lady with a troubled lazy gaze.
'Would you mind waiting a week, Mrs. Molus?' said he. 'I—I do not feel exactly well, and—'

'I should mind it very much,' Mrs. Molus acrimoniously answered.
'I think I mentioned as the room was let, and must beg of you to clear out right away.'

So, Mr. Edgett, with throbbing pains in his head, and a sick, dizzy sensation at every movement, packed his few mill boards and color tubes and started away.
'I am sorry that I must leave here in your debt, Mrs. Molus, he said courteously, 'but—'

'I am very sorry too, snapped the dame with her thin lips viciously compressed.
'But I hope soon to hear from my uncle in England and settle all my liabilities.'

smelling pine copse, where the shadows lay deep and dense, and the sound of a hidden waterfall filled the air with tender mysteries.
'There's an old deserted mill here somewhere,' he said to himself, 'I know because I sketched it, one showery day last June. It is cool, cool and shady, with the noise of dripping water in one's ears, and I can rest there without fear of let or hindrance.'

Twenty-four hours afterward, little Polly all dust and pallor, came into the drug store in the village.
'Come, then what's wanting?' said the pet assistant, who wore a paper collar and an imitation gold watch chain.

'Wot's good for headache?' demanded Polly, 'and fever? and light-headedness? I've got ten cents here, and—'

'Come, girl, clear out of here!' said the assistant, superciliously. 'We don't want any tramps around.'

'I ain't a tramp!' said Polly, with tears in her eyes and a lump in her throat. 'And I want ten cents' worth of wint's good for—'

'Where is the case?' demanded the druggist himself, a shrewd, bald-headed Scotchman.
And Polly told him to the deserted mill in the pine woods, where Eustace Edgett lay, tossing in delirium.

'Child, said he do you know what is the matter with this man?'

Polly shook her head, with her apron to her eyes.
'I know he's sick,' said she, 'and hasn't no one to nurse him but me. He knows me, he do—and he says, "Polly you ain't such a fool arter all. He give me, an' he give me a ten-cent piece once—no one ever did afore—and I took it to buy medicine, I did!'

'Has he no friends?'

'Not as I knows on.'

'He must be removed to a hospital at once,' said the Scotchman. 'He is ill of variola—in other words, small-pox.'

'He mustn't never be took nowhere where I can't take care of him!' howled Polly; 'for he was good to me!'

When Eustace Edgett's life-bark drifted back again to the shores of consciousness, two facts met him, face to face. One was the certainty that his life was owing to Polly's faithful care; the other was a black-edged letter from England, briefly stating the demise of his uncle, and curtly congratulating him upon succession to ample wealth.

'Polly!' said the artist, lifting his heavy eyes to the place where his faithful, red-armed little nurse sat darning stockings by the window.
'Sir!' said Polly.

'I'm a rich man at last,' said Mr. Edgett.
'Is you, sir?' said Polly, momentarily fearful that the delirium had returned.

'You shall have your Utopia,' said Edgett.
'Sir!' said Polly.

'The big house, you know,' explained the artist, 'for the homeless children. And we'll call it 'Edgett's Thanks.' In the meantime, Polly, you shall go to school.'

'But I don't want to go to school,' said rebellious Polly. 'I don't need no book-learning to take care of the children!'

'But you know, Polly,' urged Edgett, 'the house can't be built all in a day! It will take years and years. For Edgett's Thanks must be worthy of its occasion. And you've got to stay somewhere in the meantime; so boarding school is the place for you, Polly.'

Eustace Edgett went to England to assume the mantle of his own responsibilities. Polly retired reluctantly enough, to a school where 'young ladies of defective education' were especially fostered; and the huge, red brick walls of Edgett's Thanks reared themselves by slow degrees, as near as possible to the spot where its endower had lain under the roof of the deserted mill, fighting for his life. And in ten years he came back again.

The playground was musical with the merry voices of happy children. A tall, fair-haired young lady stood in their midst, her flaxen curls blown about, her eyes shining like blue stars, with a close-fitting dress of deep, blue serge, outlined the prettiest of figures.
Involuntarily Eustace Edgett raised his hat.

'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' said he; 'but is there a girl by the name of Polly Browning here?'

'Polly turned into a princess!' cried he. 'Well, I'm ready to believe anything now.'

Mrs. Browning held out her slender hand.
'Welcome to Edgett's Thanks,' said she with great dignity. 'Will you walk over the buildings now?'

Of course he didn't go back to England, and of course he married pretty Polly, and of course they both live at Edgett's Thanks, with a family of three or four hundred little children. And Polly is radiantly happy—and so is her artist-husband.

For what greater bliss can there be in this world than to do good and to love?'

How to Behave at the Table.
[Boston Transcript.]

Upon facing your seat your first duty should be to inspect the cutlery. If the knives bear Rogers' stamp, for instance, sound the praises of the Meridian manufactory. This will cause others to examine their knives. They will marvel at your practical knowledge, and you will live long in the memory of your hostess. When soup is served opportunity will present itself to show your superior attainment in gastronomy.

Confidently inform your *vis-a-vis* in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard all around the table, that Bouilleboi is the only person you ever saw who could make soup fit to eat. Every eye will be turned toward you in adoration.

Your hostess will feel a sort of respectful greatness in having one so gifted condescend to grace her humble board. Then blow into the soup as though you were under contract to furnish motive power for a wind mill. Thus you will show your laudable contempt for conventionalities. For a similar reason you will eat from the point of your spoon. This movement will make you look like the sword swallower. Your appearance will be picture-que. Your elbow will threaten your right-hand neighbor's eye.

In eating fish, whip as big a piece as you can get in your mouth, and then pick out the bones one by one, at your leisure. You will resemble the slight-of-hand performer pulling ribbons from his mouth.

Always eat with your knife, and close your lips tightly about it when you withdraw it from your mouth. This will keep your knife clean during the whole meal. Cleanliness is next to Godliness you know.

When the meats comes an excellent opportunity to exhibit your gymnastic attainments. You will make yourself respected now by your left hand as well as your right-hand neighbor. You will make yourself still more agreeable by watching your opportunities in conversation.

When a gentleman has transferred a forkful of food from his plate to his mouth address him suddenly. It is very amusing to see a gentleman half choked in his endeavor to get his mouthful of food out of the way, that he may answer you. Of course you will eat all the while you eat. Thus you will pay a delicate compliment to your hostess' cook, show your social qualities, and prevent others, probably from eating more than is good for them.

If pudding is served, say it don't agree with you. But eat it just the same and call for more. And here is an admirable opportunity to dilate upon the idiosyncrasies of your digestive apparatus. The subtlest study of mankind is man. If pudding is not forthcoming, remark upon the singular idea some people have that pudding may be omitted from a dinner without raising that dinner for people who understand such things.

When the pie comes, peep under it, or turn it over like a griddle cake. This especially where the lady of the house does her own baking. If the pie is underdone, it would be the right thing to mention the fact. If it be done too brown, say something appropriate to the occasion. When a lady makes a slip in her cooking, she likes to be told of it publicly.

Coffee should be drunk from the saucer, as though it were an oyster in its shell. This gives you a jaunty air.

If at a private table, never pass any thing to your neighbor. You may want all there is yourself. Never hesitate to ask for anything you cannot reach. You love to wait upon yourself. Others must love to wait on you.

Remember the toothpick.

A Panther Story.
A man in Oregon has fairly earned the title of panther-slayer, having killed four of those ferocious beasts in two hours.

A few days ago, says an account, Mr. Haugh, who lives near Scott's Mills, started to Beaver Lake to get some cedar timber. He had a long, large-bored

rifle, a little rat-terrier and a rather large dog of part Newfoundland breed.
After leaving the main road, and getting on an almost blind road, he saw a panther cross the road just ahead of him.

It was on a large oak-tree about thirty feet from the ground and growing savagely.
Mr. Haugh fell back a short distance, in order to get a rest-shot, fired and his game fell dead to the ground, having made a final leap which brought him about fifteen or twenty feet from the tree.

On going back to the wagon, the children pointed out another panther, back on the road over which they had passed.

On approaching it to get a shot, it darted into the brush followed by the two dogs, who succeeded in tracing that one without any difficulty.

On following the Jogs, Mr. Haugh found it on the large limb of a fir tree, about twenty five or thirty feet from the ground.

Getting a rest on the side of a tree some distance away he shot this one.
At the crack of the gun the panther jumped from the tree and was followed by the dogs.

On following them, it was found dead about one hundred yards from where it was shot.

On approaching the ranch where Mr. S. Huellet once engaged in the cattle business, he found that the little dog had succeeded in tracing a panther about two-thirds grown. This one was shot dead.

Before Mr. Haugh had time to load he heard the big dog barking at something about two hundred yards off down the hill side.

On going to where it was he saw the biggest panther he ever met—a very large female. She was growling and snapping her teeth at the dogs; she formed the most savage picture he had ever seen.

It was difficult to get a good shot, but on firing she came down and the limb which she was on with her.

As she ran off the dogs followed her, and on coming up with her, he saw her on a stump about twenty five feet from the ground.

Mr. Haugh shot again, but as no vital part was struck, it only succeeded in making her growl fiercer than ever.

On looking for a bullet, Mr. Haugh found that he had only half a bullet left, with which he had to make a successful shot or lose his game.

The panthering was all gone as well, so tearing off a part of the lining of his coat, he put it around the bullet and rammed it home. Taking a careful aim he fired.

This time he saw the huge beast tumble to the ground, to be seized by the Jogs.

She seized the big dog by the scalp with one paw, and succeeded in tearing the scalp nearly off, when death put an end to her struggles. The last one, on being measured, was over nine feet long from tip to tip. All the panthers were full grown except one, which was only about two-thirds grown. They were all killed within two hours.

HOW TO BECOME RICH.
You can probably be rich my son, if you will be. If you make up your mind now that you will be a rich man, and stick to it, there is very little doubt that you will be very wealthy, tolerably mean, loved a little hated a great deal, have a big funeral, be best by the relatives to whom you have left it, most reviled by those whom you leave nothing. But you must pay for it my son. Wealth is an expensive thing. It costs all it is worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendships, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyment, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of manly aspirations, a limited wardrobe and a scanty table, a lonely home, because you fear a lovely wife and a beautiful home would be expensive, a hatred of the heathen, a dread of the contribution box, a banishing fear of the Woman's Aid Society, a fearful dislike of poor people because they won't keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none, oh, you can be rich young man, if you are willing to pay the price.

Any man can get rich who doesn't think it too expensive. True, you may be rich and be a man among men, noble and Christian and grand and true, serving God and blessing humanity, but that will be in spite of your wealth, and not as a result of it. It will be because you were always that kind of a man. But if you want to be rich, if that is the breadth and height of your ambition, you can be rich if you will pay the price. And when you are rich, say call around at this office and pay us for this advice. We will let the interest compound from this date.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A lie is like advice; many people are willing to give it, but nobody is willing to take it.

Gleanings.

'Is the wealthy chaps that girls purr up their lips to.
A barber is not always a wise man if his labor is mostly head work.

A Chinaman who was looking at an Englishman eating tripe said: "And yet he hutes mice!"
Law is like a sieve—it is easy to go through it, but one must be considerably reduced before he gets through.

No woman was ever known to marry a man whose first remark on being introduced to her was about the weather.

Billy Jones says when she was in love she felt as if she was in a railway tunnel, with a train of cars coming both ways.
It is claimed by some medical men that smoking weakens the eye-sight. Maybe it does, but just see how it strengthens the breath.

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.
Many men who strongly advocate local self government have to acknowledge a higher power every time they enter the door of their own dwelling.

Thirteen years ago nine brick young fellows went into the torpedo business in the oil region. Only one, Tom Walter, is left. The others were all killed by their own torpedoes.
The net of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

John Billings sagely remarks: There are men who don't seem to comprehend the difference between society and reputation until they find themselves serving out a three years' term in some State prison.
A Committee on tableaux at a centennial celebration in Vermont, issued an invitation asking "all the pretty women in town" to meet at the hall to take part in the tableaux, and every woman in the place came to time. That committee knew how to get plenty of help.

How queer are the mutations of fashion! It is not so long since crinolines were the mode, and one woman occupied the whole sidewalk; now-a-days the ladies dress in cut-skin suits, and a dozen in a row would not crowd the curb.
A Long Branch woman recently met eight pairs of stockings on one limb—she was short of clothes-line, and the limb came handy.—*Boston Post.* Nobody but a long branch woman would have limbs so convenient.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Are we advancing backward or forward? Two thousand years ago, the people annually sacrificed some hundreds of men in the gladiatorial contests in pagan Rome; to-day we usually sacrifice over sixty thousand in the honor of saloons of Christian America. Surely the world does move, but which way?

Rev. Dr. West of New Bedford, once heard that his choir would refuse to sing on the next Sunday. When the day came he gave out the hymn, "Come ye who love the Lord." After reading it through he looked emphatically at the choir, and said: "You will begin at the second verse. Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God."

There are many reasons why children are adapted to penicils. If the cake gets jammed into the pickle jar, as long as the jar doesn't melt it makes no difference, but a trifle of that would with a new black case scattered over the custard pie answer to nutmeg with them. Children's palates would make good salt tarts, they are so tough.—*New Haven Register.*

A political orator was thundering away.—"Fellow-citizens," said he, "I'm a hard fisted son of a toll. I'm a brick-layer by trade, and not a bit ashamed of it. No air; I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth, or cradled in the lap of luxury. I'm a self-made man, gentlemen." "You'd better have let out the job," remarked a voice in the rear of the hall. He seemed to notice the interruption.

POWELL, THE BOY ORATOR.—The political sensation of Colorado is the "boy orator," James Elbert Powell, of Kansas City, who is the most brilliant speaker ever heard in Denver. He is the peer of Bob Ingersoll, and so great has his reputation become in a very short time that no hall can accommodate the vast crowds who flock to hear him. He is an oratorical prodigy, and has gained the sobriquet of "Prince of the platform." He is stamping the State for Hancock and English.

'Politics is all a humbug. They told me all I had to do was to buy out some moneys and I would get elected such like a nodink. But ten I went to the polls and you think that man at the polls told me? The sheet told me "Don't you get excited, and I wasn't no nodink," but about talking to my friends that I thought was going to vote for me. And then he said again: "We don't want no excitement round here to-day; but vat I care for him? Nodink, I shust talked and talked mit everybody, and I was vas glittin' on 'bally. They many votes you think I got? Dree, shust dree, one in A. Instruct and two in B. Instruct, and one of dem was scratched. You shust wait; if ever I find dem man who scratched my name off that ticket I scratch him, you bet. Oh, yes, I vas beat."

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