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NO. 4.

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Aug. 13-12-m.

Lucy's Levers.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAY, S.

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 sycamores and lilac bushes; and Lucy Dahl, sitting at the window, her round chin resting in her hands, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the woods, half hidden in vapory mists, began to feel just the least bit in the world bored.

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

"Wash and wear!" she repeated to herself. "I wonder what Aunt Judith means? She hopes that whichever of my suitors I may elect to prefer will wash and wear? Upon my word, that is likening the lords of creation to a pattern of calico, or a gingham sun-bonnet!"

And Lucy laughed a little—a very becoming 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 occurred 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 behind the scenes!" said Lucy. "If one could put a lover on trial for a month, as Aunt Judith takes a servant girl, and discharge him if he don't give satisfaction! And then the wash-and-wear question, which gives Aunt Judith so much tribulation, could be easily settled. Heigho! I believe I shall have to draw lots which I will marry—Eugene Folliott, or George Haven."

But there's no use wrinking up my forehead with a new 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 Folliott'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 drizzly. Just at present, that led to the old Folliott mansion—a sturdy erection of gray stone, with half a dozen honey-locomotives keeping guard over it like a band of sentinels.

Lucy Dahl, a privileged visitor, did not ring at the front door bell, but slipped quietly in at a back door, and ran up to Miss Folliott'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 cashmere 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 folk, why don't you bring me my breakfast! Am I to starve to death? Nell! Mother! Come, wide-awake there! Bring me my slippers! Fetch the newspapers, 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 conscious that a flaw existed in this paternal masculine diaphan—that this pattern of goods "washed" but indifferently.

At this moment footsteps hurried by. It was the patient and much-en-

tering Mrs. Folliott, bringing up the tray of toast and tea.

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

Presumably poor Mrs. Folliott 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 abruptly at the sight of Miss Dahl.

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

"Oh, don't mind me," said Lucy, coloring. "I'm going over to Mrs. Haven'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. Folliott had been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. 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-garlanded affair—and Lucy Dahl, 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-behaved 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 Folliotts.

As Lucy sat there, wondering whether a lucky chance was about to befriend her as it had befriended her before, a cheery voice sounded 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 kindlings. 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 Dahl's face as she heard the strong, caressing voice of her lover, bringing hope and courage with it, and reflected that he was certainly of a different stamp from Eugene Folliott, 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 Judith'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 married—"

But Lucy Dahl could not stand this—she felt like a little innocent eavesdropper, as she was, and hurried down stairs.

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

"You here, Miss Dahl?" exclaimed George, who had just brought in an armful of fresh kindlings.

"I couldn't find any new up stars," said Lucy, blushing, and looking painfully conscious. "I looked all over. I've just come to ask if you got the root of Hartford fern you promised me, Mrs. Haven?"

"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 Folliott 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 radiantly out through parting clouds, he

stayed on his best neck-tie, and pinned a pink carnation in his button-hole.

"I think I'd go over to Mrs. Dahl'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 engaged."

"How do you know?"

"By instinct."

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

The engagement became a public affair the next day; and Lucy Dahl wrote back to her aunt Judith that she had accepted a lover whom she could warrant as an article that would "wash and wear."—*Saturday Night.*

Guard Your Conversation.

If you say anything about a neighbor or friend, or even a stranger, say nothing ill. It is a Christian and brotherly charity to suppress our knowledge of evil of another unless a higher public duty compels us to bear accusing witness; and if it be true charity to keep our knowledge of such evils to ourselves, much more should we refuse to spread evil report of another.

Discreditable as the fact is, it is by far the commonest tendency to suppress the good we know of our neighbors and friends. We act in this matter as though we felt that by pushing our fellows down or back a peg, we were putting ourselves up or forward. We are jealous of commendation unless we get the larger share.

Social conversation, as known to every observer, is largely made up of what is understood by the term "scandal." It would be difficult to find a talkative group, of either sex, who could spend an hour together without evil speech of somebody. "Blessed are the peacemakers," is not the maxim by which we are chiefly governed in our treatment of personalities.

Better a thousand times to stand or sit dumb than open our lips ever so eloquently in the disparagement of others.

What we should do in this, as in all other human relations, is to practice the golden rule. If we would do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, we should be exceedingly careful not to volunteer ill words about them. Where other than a good word is to be spoken, let it be spoken to the person concerned, that he may know that your motive is not idle, cowardly and sinister, and that he may have a chance to defend himself.

To Make a Place Prosperous.

There can hardly be a greater sign of prosperity in a community than a disposition to help one another—lift a little when a neighbor's wheel gets stuck in the mud.

We know of a place where a man's barn, with all his winter's stores of grain and hay, were consumed by fire in the night. Immediately all the men of the country side mustered and hauled up timber for a new barn, and then a big raising came off. After that the sound of twenty or more hammers were heard until the whole was shingled and sided. But their deed of kindness was not done yet; one after another offered to take a head of his stock and winter them for him, thus greatly reducing his loss and assuring his heart of the more durable riches of brotherly love and neighborly good will. No one can compute in money the value of one such example of noble liberality in a community, especially in its influence upon the young.

Where this spirit prevails there is sure to be progress in a place even if all the improvements are in their infancy. People will come and settle in a place which bears such a good name. Now, if you desire to see your place growing popular, do what you can to show yourself a good neighbor, especially to those who need a little extra help.

If a man starts a tin-shop or a blacksmith's shop in your place don't harness up and drive five miles to buy your pane and get your horse shot, just because you have been in the habit of doing it. Patronize the new corner when you want anything done in his line. Speak encouragingly to him to your neighbors. Little words of approval or censure go a long way, and when once you have spoken, them you cannot call them back.

Help the sick, especially if they are poor, for poverty and illness are indeed a heavy burden. Perform all acts of loving charity which fall day by day in your path, remembering who it is who has said, "Ye shall in no wise lose your reward."

He was not Drunk.

A few days since a man dressed in good clothes, an eye-glass and a gold-mounted cane, and possessing altogether a rather clerical appearance, hailed a passing street car. There was nothing unusual or particularly noticeable in this except the air of lofty dignity with which he commanded a halt, and the desperate effort which he had made to maintain his centre of gravity as he passed to the car, and to conceal the fact that he was slightly inebriated. Arriving at the door, he solemnly raised his right foot to enter but not raising it quite high enough, he fell headlong on the floor of the car. Raising himself up with difficulty, he cast a severely reproving look at the old gentleman who sat near the door, and said:

"Sir, what d'ye lift up this car for just as I was going to get in?"

"My dear sir, I didn't lift the car, I repined the old gentleman, meekly.

Casting an stealthy gaze upon the old gentleman as he could under the circumstances, he replied,

"Well, perhaps you didn't. I won't tempt to argue with a man in your condition. My amiable friend, it's my calm and deliberate opinion that that you have been looking upon the wine when it is red. Very sorry to see it in a man of your age. What d'you s'pose your mother would say if she should see you intoxicated? My friend, I've wept many bitter tears over such cases as yours. Yes," continued he, in a faltering voice, and pulling out his handkerchief, "and I'm d-d if I ain't weeping now, as you'll readily observe."

Whereupon he wiped his eyes with a grand flourish, blew his nose, and navigated to the other end of the car.

When he reached his destination, he pulled the bell-strap and started for the door. When he got about halfway, and just as he got in front of a lady, he tripped and fell at full length on the floor. Raising himself to a perpendicular, he turned to the lady, and in a tone of mingled severity and whisky, said,

"Madam, you've certainly got the biggest feet I ever saw in my life."

"Sir—"

"Oh, don't 'pologize, madam, I bog-

ged you for it. But if you could just pare 'em down a little, 'twould be a great 'commodation to the traveling public."

The lady was speechless with indignation, the passengers were convulsed, and the gentleman stalked majestically to the door, stepped to the ground, and immediately sat down. As the car moved away, he arose, examined his clothes, looked up and down the street, waved his hand in an uncertain manner, and walked away.

A Story that Reads Like a Novel.

A paper in Portland, Maine, has a singular story in regard to a family named Rodman. The family consisted of husband (John), wife and two children—Charles and Mary. They were burned out at the time of the fire in Portland in 1866, after which they removed to Harlem, New York. Soon after going there Mr. Rodman had a chance to go to Valparaiso. He left his family with his brother when he started, and for some time he sent money to them, but at last letters ceased to come, and the brother having died, Mrs. Rodman and her two children returned to Portland, and she supported them with her needle.

Some time about 1871 Charlie went to sea, and the vessel was lost, and it was supposed that he would never be heard from. Some time ago Mrs. Rodman saw an advertisement in a New York paper stating that if Mrs. Elizabeth Rodman, wife of John Rodman, of Portland, Me., would address certain New York lawyers she would hear of something to her advantage. She at once started for New York with her daughter, and learned there that her husband had become very wealthy, and was soon to arrive in New Orleans. He had not received a letter from her for a long time before he ceased to write, and supposed she was dead, but inserted the advertisement to see what he could hear. The mother and daughter started for New Orleans, where they arrived a few days before the vessel which was to bring the absent husband and father. One day while on the street they were insulted by a young man, who was promptly knocked down by a young sailor, who proved to be none other than Charles Rodman, who had been saved from the vessel which was lost. On the arrival of Mr. Rodman the family were once more united.

THE DEPTH OF MEANNESS.—The Washington Gazette has found him—we mean the meanest man in Georgia—a young man in Wilkes county, who confessed to his sweetheart to whom he was engaged and who was anxious to have the marriage ceremony consummated, that he had not the necessary amount (\$1.50) to purchase the license. The poor girl raised \$1.50, which she had been carefully hoarding, with which to buy a Christmas dress, and sent him to town to procure the necessary license. He invested the money in a license to marry another girl! For real, unmitigated meanness, this case is without parallel, so far as we know.

SIMPLE EXPERIMENT.—Place a tobacco pipe in such a position on the edge of the table that, if it were left unsupported, it would fall to the ground. A poker may now be suspended from the pipe in such a manner that the weight of the poker will be sustained by the pipe. The looped string on which the poker hangs should be as close as possible to the bowl of the pipe, and the end of the poker must fall under the edge of the table. The centre of gravity in this case is below the centre of suspension, and the pipe consequently supports the poker.

If a little thread be well soaked in a strong solution of salt and water, and then dried and tied to a ring not much larger than a wedding-ring, you may apply the flame of a candle to the thread, which will burn to ashes, and yet it will sustain the ring. The

combustion of the fibrous particles of thread having been destroyed by the action of the flame, the ring is now suspended by the cohesion of the particles of salt.

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