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INVENTION

RICHLY

DEEP

Hope.
Sweet-smoking maid, she wakes and smiles
When winds are hushed and skies serene,
The air grows soft beneath her tread,
And where her radiant locks are shed,
The leaves are green.

Was a tangle of bright hair,
Around whose arms extended,
I caught the fragrance, faintly sweet
Of breezy robes about her feet,
With roses bleaded.

Where'er her capricious fancy led,
We follow gladly after;
We seem to clasp her wayward charms
The magic from her enlancing arms
With airy laughter.

She wears a rainbow in the air,
And while we gaze, delighted,
She tears the fabric into shreds
And scatters for the floating throng
No more united.

She turns away her radiant face,
In sudden mood capricious,
But while we mourn the dismal shroud,
Breaks forth, like sunlight from a cloud,
Her smile delicious.

She plays a thousand teasing tricks,
Full fancies are all at her;
Yet, spite of all, our hearts confess
Life had not half its loveliness
Were we without her.
—[Harper's Young People.]

AN OLD-TIME GIRL.

"So it seems Fred Hayes has finally fitted Fannie Howe," said Grandpa West, one rainy morning, as he stood haking off his traps from his great coat on our kitchen stove.

"Yes," replied I, as I filled a pan with apples and prepared to cut them, "and more shame to him, too. Brought her clean to an engagement, and then left town with another girl, and then one word to Fannie."

"Shame!" repeated good Grandpa West, with an indignant flash from eyes blue and clear as at 21; "it's a disgrace to any Christian church to let one of its members go on so. Time was when he wouldn't have gone soot free, as he has now."

"But what could have been done?" I inquired.

"Don't you'd have had the full breadth of church discipline on his shoulders fifty years ago. He ought to be dealt with as Harmon Page was," concluded grandpa, meditatively.

"How was that?" inquired I, interested at once.

"I wonder if you've ever heard that story?" said he, with a curious glance I understood better afterward. "See here; it's a rainy day, and mother won't be expecting me home. Hand over a knife, and I'll help you with your apples and tell that yarn at the same time."

Well pleased with the plan, I took another pan, and our fingers flew as grandpa went on with the true and authentic history of Harmon Page.

"You see," he began, "all this happened fifty years ago, and Amityville wasn't then the slow going, dull little place it is now. It was comparatively new, and was as lively and enterprising as the new places of the west are today. There are a good many old aristocratic families, though, and I tell you they held their heads high. The very meanest house slips had to be gauged according to the rank of the buyer, and I tell you old Deacon Avery would never have got the second out of his forehead if 'Squire Page had happened to have seen in front of his."

"Dea. Avery had a daughter, a quiet, gentle girl, with a slight, graceful figure, and a face—well, you don't see such faces now—days—a clear, fine complexion, with a delicate pink trembling up to her lips when she was spoken to. Her eyes were great limpid wells, changing with every thought, and her hair was a soft chestnut brown, waving about her face in its own wayward style.

"She was a lovely girl, became a professor young, and was always to be seen in the end of the deacon's pew every Sunday, rain or shine. She never had much company, for there was a kind of dignified reserve about her that kept the fellows at a distance. But when she was 'long 'bout 18 or 20 Harmon Page began to go with her.

"He was a handsome, high-spirited chap, lively and full of talk, and as different from Merrey Avery as two persons well could be. But they loved each other; there's no doubt about that. Many's the time I've seen her grand eyes sparkle and pretty cheeks flash at Harmon's witty speeches till she was really brilliant. And he, with his proud spirit, always grew strangely gentle with Merrey.

"So in spite of the rivalry that had always existed between the two families, no one would have disturbed the two had it not been for Virginia Wake. She was a cousin of Col. Ford's first wife, and came there visiting from Boston.

"Virginia was called a handsome girl, with her brunette face, flashing black eyes, and heavy black curls she was never tired of jangling around her neck. She had a good deal, too, of what you call 'style,' and Amityville folks who didn't know as much of the ways of the world as they do now were completely fascinated with her taking ways. The young fellows in particular hovered around her like moths around a candle.

"All except Harmon Page. He had engaged himself to Merrey, and at first gave the new-comer the go-by. The Pages and Wakes had a family feud of a good many years standing, which kept them apart for one thing, and Virginia had plenty of company besides Harmon.

"But I suppose Harmon's behavior once played the girl, and she snubbed the other boys and expired in her charms on Harmon.

"She came in the fall, and along about Christmas time the neighbors began to notice that Virginia was mighty thick at the Pages.

"The two houses were pretty near together, and she used to run over to Mother Page's on some excuse or other, twenty times a day. Perhaps 'twasn't strange that Harmon began to be flattered by it. He had as good a turnout as any chap in the place, and he got in the habit of taking Virginia considerable.

"You see, position's everything in more eyes than one, and Virginia was right there handy, while Merrey lived at the top of one of our old-fashioned Connecticut hills, with a dreary hard road leading to it.

"Whether she knew how much Harmon was taking the other girl wasn't known; some thought not. She didn't get out much, except to market, that winter, and she had enough of her father's spunk about her not to let on that she saw Harmon fooll' with Virginia Wake in the morning.

"There was splendid sleighing that season—the kind we don't have these days—and some of the young folks wanted to have a general sleigh ride. It was put off from time to time, till 'twas finally set for one Thursday night.

"It was the night of the regular week prayer meeting, and after the time of the ride was all settled Harmon, who was the only professor in the party, tried a little to have it changed. But Virginia Wake declared, with a wicked shake of the head jangling curls, that she could say her prayers just as well in a sleigh as she could cooped up in that snug barn of a meeting-house.

"Everybody thought afterward she fixed the ride for that night to show Merrey Avery the power she had over Harmon Page.

"Well, the party started from Amityville 'long about 5 o'clock. They were all in a big two-horse load, except Virginia and Harmon.

"She had arranged for them to go ahead in his cutter alone, and I'll admit they were a splendid looking couple, with his fine eyes and teeth, and she, in a rich crimson hat that set off her dark beauty to perfection.

"Our route—for I was one of the party—lay straight up the hill toward Deacon Avery's. Just as we turned into the road where we must hit the deacon and Merrey.

"They were late, for the meeting was anticipated for early candle lighting; but Merrey had probably waited awhile for Harmon, who, for a year back, had taken her to Thursday meetin' as regular as the day come round.

"She sat up straight and quietly, beside her father, as they passed, and seemed not to hear the malicious sally Virginia called out to her.

"We, in the back team, were near enough to catch the scornful glance she threw from those deep eyes, gray as steel that night.

"As for Harmon, he turned white to the lips, and for a mile hardly answered the banner that Virginia kept up. After that he seemed to grow perfectly reckless, leaping and jangling louder than any of the rest, and was so careless that he drove on a stone wall, and we, following, were all upset in a heap together, and had hard work to get tied up so as to make our way home toward morning, more dead than alive.

"It was a sorry day for Harmon Page. He was wasted upon by a church committee, he had by Deacon Avery, who denounced his whole conduct toward Merrey as unchristian and highly inconsistent in a church member.

"He didn't have much to say for himself, and they chucked him on the spot. He was pretty down in the mouth, but kept up some hope till he saw Merrey Avery.

"He had returned to see Virginia Wake, and that night he went up to a familiar hill to Deacon Avery's stone-house.

"Merrey herself came to the door, calm and self-possessed, as if nothing had happened, and showed him into the sitting room. There was a steady light in her gray eyes, though that made Harmon tremble, and, without besting about the bush a bit, he came right to the point, and asked if all might be forgiven and forgotten, and they became as good friends as before. He worked himself into a passion, cried and took on like a child, they said.

"But, law! it didn't move her an atom. She had the genuine old Avery grit, if she was mild-mannered, and she told him that, as long as the church had put him out, she, of course, couldn't take him back.

"He pleaded and entreated until 10 o'clock at night, a late hour in those days, but it didn't make a night of difference. She wouldn't overlook what the church had considered a gross breach of faith. He went out a crushed man, and from that time his spirit seemed to leave him utterly.

"And what about Virginia Wake?" I interrupted, unconsciously cutting my finger in my eager interest.

"Oh, after the girl had done all the mischief possible, public opinion toward her changed 'mazin' quick, and she left town in a few days, and was never heard from in these parts again."

"And Harmon Page; what became of him?"

"He never got over the shock. He became silent and melancholy, and finally had to be taken to the R-treat. He grew worse, and the sight of a handsome woman with red cheeks and black curls would always throw him into his most violent tantrums. He died in the asylum at last."

"Now, I think that was real mean," said I, wrathfully winding cotton around my bleeding thumb. "If Merrey Avery hadn't turned him off his life might not have ended so early. I think she ought to have taken him back."

"Ah, ha!" said Grandpa West, quizzically; "do you mean that?"

"Certainly," said I, with dignity, "why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied; "only if she had, Harmon Page would have been your grandfather instead of me."

"My grandfather—why, then," said I in some confusion, "Merrey Avery must be—"

"Merrey West, your grandmother," said grandpa, chucking me under the chin. "Confess now that all's well that ends well."

"I suppose so," said I, reluctantly. "—[New England Magazine.]

Palates of Rubber.

"Here is something which might interest you," said the physician, handing the reporter a red flap of soft rubber spatulated at one end like a beaver's tail and bearing small rivets at the other.

"What's that?"

"That's an artificial soft palate. You know some people are so unfortunate as to be born with a cleft in the roof of the mouth, which interferes sadly with their speech. All sounds which depend upon the breath being excluded from the nose, like 'n' and 'm,' they are unable to pronounce. These sounds are called nasal, because they go through the nose. Look in the glass with your mouth wide open and you will see a little tongue dangling away back at the roof of the mouth. This is the uvula, which is absent in the case of those who have cleft palates. It helps in swallowing as well as in speech. Now, this artificial uvula is not the natural shape, as you see, but is thinned out and spread out like a fan at one end. That is so that it may rest against the muscle which would naturally move the palate. The other end of the piece is riveted to a plate which is kept in the roof of the mouth, either by suction or by springs.

"A queer thing about these cases of cleft palates is that the perception of the proper sounds of letters dies out as the man grows older. A child in whose mouth an artificial palate is attached soon learns to talk as naturally as people whose palates are normal. But those who have passed middle life before they have one put in have, it is said, to learn a language like French, where the great prevalence of nasal sounds compels them to notice their importance. Only in that way do they learn to speak English properly."—[Chicago Mail.]

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