A TWILIGHT STORY.

"Grandma, will you tell a story?" said my little friend of three years, as I sat down on the early winter twilight full second on my knee.

"Do I remember to her playthings, when I was very small.

With my pups and her mamma I used not to make a call;

And a lady, pleased to see us, gave me quite a little basket,

Where I carried immaterial presents, stopping all along the way.

"Some I met were other children, rich in rags and dirt and of tears,

Who grew ragged, while paper as I neared them disappeared.

Then we good to see the flowers! Were in one place, and that close.

But I passed them without speaking, lest they wish their wish done.

For the sorrow of their asking because we by them passed.

Have we left? I could hear sobbing, even in my sorrow, plea.

"Will I remember, because in childhood I enjoyed, did we know those others happy when I had it in my power?

Children I remind my mother. Then when in our years over—

Forever I remember—while the days passed a sweet sorrow.

"I will send a flower to answer to those little children.

Dear! I tell her that little childhood had long gone this story a year!"

—Mary J. Foster in Harper's Bazar.

THE NEW MINISTER.

The new minister had come, and of course every one was anxious to become acquainted with him at once. In Woodbridge the recognized way of doing that was to have him come to tea and spend the evening.

For nearly a month the Rev. John Dent's face had been coming from the two windows in the Dodds, in whose family he had been received as a member until his plans for the future had been decided upon. In that time he had been heard several times outside of the congregation to whom he was to minister. He had talked literature, art and fashion with the mothers and daughters, and politics and church business with the fathers and sons. He had set down to suppers of fried chicken and waffles until his stomach began to rebel and cry for rest and change of diet. Tomcat Deacon Smith had spoken for him. Old Widbreder had promised to see the Martins, while Thursday last he had met Sally Ann Lawson on the only day on which the postmaster took bread with them.

This would take him nearly round. True, there was a number of families whom he had never visited beyond mere calls, but they belonged to the poorer part of his charge, and none of that class who proved to make a first call on the new man in it as well as the rich. Mr. Dent hoped most devoutly that they might not see their way clear until he had, by a judicious course of purchase and tea, restored his stomach to something like its natural tone.

Deacon Smith's supper and the night-mare that followed it were safely past, and he was on his way to fulfill his engagement with the Martins, walking briskly along with the cheerful anxiety of a man who has made up his mind to do his duty, no matter what it cost him. Suddenly the brisk walk ceased, and Mr. Dent stood staring down at the apparition, which had unexpectedly risen from a thicket of weeds by the roadside. It was not one from which Mr. Dent or anybody else was likely to recoil, for it was small and fragile-faced, and, moreover, was so hotly frightened itself that it had barely had enough breath to make the following announcement:

"Please, sir, Aunt Polly has been awful sick, and mother's had to go off in a hurry; and, and, came to our house another time."

Of course Mr. Dent didn't care, and another time would do just as well, if not a little better, and having quieted small Tommy Stubbs's fears by a winning smile and a hearty hand shake, he turned round and started off in the direction of the Lawsons, not even asking himself whether or not this arrangement would make any difference to them.

It was foreordained, I suppose. At least that is the only way Mr. Dent could ever account for his doing such an utterly stupid thing as cutting across lots, watching the back lots and presenting himself to Mr. Lawson's back door as an hour when he was supposed to be eating chicken at Mrs. Martin's claim.

The Lawsons were about to partake of their evening meal. Mr. Lawson, Sam and Jim were already at their plates. Mrs. Lawson was arranging the cups and saucers, and Mary Jane was filling up the tea-pot, preparatory to sitting down, when the jangle rap was heard at the door.

"The Ottawas to borrow something! I wish we could get through one week without them," said Mrs. Lawson, hastily but actuated upon noble to the west to the door.

Before she gets it open I would like to introduce you a little more fully to the Lawson family, that you may understand how matters stood on that November night when Mr. Dent called.

Mr. Lawson was an intelligent, well-to-do man, honest in his dealings, social, and of considerable influence in the church. Mrs. Lawson was kind and motherly, and an authority on all matters relating to pickles and preserves.

Mary Jane was quite a society leader, and her way of doing her hair and dressing herself was always adopted by girls to her age friends. The boys were too loving and popular, as such boys are apt to be.

As a family they would have been regarded as perfect, if it had not been for a bad habit they had—in common with a great many other people—of putting the best foot foremost.

When company was coming they spared themselves no trouble, that everything might be as pleasant as possible. They scrubbed and swept, and put out their best parlor-cover and their best manners, that nothing should be wanting. Then when the company came, they would remember their brains to invent things pleasing to the palate, to abide in the memory of their guests forever, or spread themselves in their best, talked their best, acted their best, in short, they did everything cheerfully and heartily that would add to the general pleasure.

But when they were alone it was different. It was so hard to keep the parlor in order, and it was such a trouble to carry everything in and out of the dining room, and it was such a bother to dress twice a day; so a general rule they took their meals in the kitchen, and spent their evenings when at home, huddled around the kitchen stove, and their talks were not what are regarded as remarkably bright, and moreover, they were apt to betray the manner of the work in which the venison had been engaged during the day, the fields and crosses crossed all the personal affairs of the kitchen, so that any one who has an sense of equity might have given the Lawsons credit for a little more.

On this particular night things were a little better than in the days when everything devoted for to-morrow, when the whole house was to be put in order for the next period.

You can imagine much better than I can describe Mrs. Lawson's feelings when the man that seemed to not assembled gone, and the familiar dirty visage of John Gilmore, had the boldness to intrude upon the sanctuary of their new minister. She retreated a step, then stood smiling in sheer dismay as the interrupted visitor. Mr. Lawson and the boys scrambled up, and, put on their mute, while Mary Jane added to the general interest of the scene by pouring a stream of hot water on the back of the sleeping cat, which proved to be a straight line for the door, Mr. Dent involuntarily stepping aside to let her pass.

At this critical juncture Mrs. Lawson's wits returned to her, dragging forward one chair beside with Mr. Dent, assuring him she is quite so delighted, and that she was only surprised for a moment, in truth, by the sor, for when she endured many a sanctimonious prick.

Mr. Lawson introduced promptly after him, and was informed on coming to his somewhere. Sam took the minister's hat and coat, and deposited them on the dining table in the next room, while he Jimmy surreptitiously moved away to make room for the plate, knife and fork, which Mary Jane abstracted from the cupboard, where she had put them to take away her supper.

Mr. Dent saw through it all at once. His experience in bringing about dinners and at "tea-fetes" had been wide and varied, and included more than one premature of the much as well as the best feet. He felt sorry for these all especially the pretty young girl, whose red face and downcast eyes and now hands showed that the blunder, none of the whole, in which she had taken part, was not to her credit. Nevertheless, he managed to make a better meal. The plain food and fresh, cured better, the cold, just a trifle stale, and the tea more good than more to his taste than the heavy, indigestible food in which he had been accustomed of late.

Little it mattered to him just then that the tablecloth was very, besides being the one in of several days' wear, that the cup which Mary Jane's trembling hand poured into had had the handle in some past conflict; that the butter dish had evidence of having been used at the two preceding meals, and that the butter dish had venture enough to tempt a stomach sated in the eyes of the cities collection.

Their embarrassment and efforts to keep up a conversation were so evident that Mr. Dent resolved it would be an act of mercy to shorten his visit as much as possible, so, shortly after tea, he took hands all round, and was soon on his way to Mr. Lawson, who, for the first time in his conversation, was heartily glad to see a guest out.

The next morning the boys saw that their mother had cried, when had set up talking the night before long after the others were in bed, both had an alarm dream and agreed, also that Mary Jane had forgotten to put her hair in papers, and that her eyes and nose were red and swollen as though she had been crying.

With a consciousness of something they hardly knew what, they hurried home the moment school was out. They found the kitchen empty, but the door between it and the dining room was open, and going in in search of their mother they saw, much to their astonishment, a pretty, white draped table, with a row of chairs placed invitingly round it. A second glance revealed the fact that the best dishes were all there, even to the charmed celery glasses.

"I wonder what's come? Not the minister again, I hope," and Sam cipped about, and then peeped cautiously into the hall. "There's a man anyway, for there's his hat hanging on a nail alone, that's been hanging there since kingdom come."

Continuing his investigation, he crossed the hall and glanced round the parlor. A door was bending presently, and the cat was the only occupant to be seen.

Meanwhile Johnny had been creeping the plains, and when Sam returned from his unsatisfactory tour he was met with the information that there was nobody coming after all. So there were only five plates.

"What does it all mean, anyhow?" was the question which the boys' lips and Mr. Lawson's eyes asked as they all gathered round the table.

"It means," said Mrs. Lawson, with a glance at her daughter, "that Mary Jane and I have talked it over, and have determined that we will never be caught again as we were last evening. So from this time forward we are going to regard ourselves as company. We will use all our house instead of the kitchen only, eat the best food and wear the very best clothes that we can afford, and when our friends come they shall have as good but no better than we have ourselves. I think we'll all be happier for the change, and we'll have a fund of last night's experience being repeated."

Presently the gossips of Woodbridge began to say among themselves that the Lawsons were getting some high notions in their heads. They always sat in their parlor in the evening, as it was said, and their dining room carpet was getting badly scuffed. It was also a settled fact that Mary Jane put on her brown cashmere and white apron every day when the work was done up, and that Mrs. Lawson managed to be neat and tidy even on wash days. No different from what it used to be, you know. These bits of gossip, carefully gathered up and duly put together, would come to Mrs. Dodds's ears in the course of time under the sixteen of Mrs. Dodd's tea table. Mr. Dent listened, smiled a knowing smile, and quietly wondered to himself which I would repeat, though I know very well what it was.

A year later he had tea with the Lawsons again. A few friends were also gathered around the table, and beside him, blushing and lovely in her simple white dress, with orange flowers in her hair and a wedding ring on her finger, sat Mary Jane, who had taken the vows of wife one short hour before.

At first Mr. Lawson thought the marriage of his only daughter must be a great affair, and talked of invitations and orders to the florist and confectioner. But Mary Jane, in whose mind the lesson of a year ago was still fresh, begged with her cheeks and burning eyes:

"Don't please don't, father! I never could look John in the face again if you made all that fuss."

And so it happened that the rooms were their old homely, pleasant look, and that the table, with the exception of the wedding cake, with a pair of cheapest bouts, presented no unusual appearance on that memorable autumn night, when the Lawsons gave away their daughter and John Dent received his wife.—Boston True Flag.

He Recognized His Teacher.

Clarinda Fitz of the prison commission, occasionally meets some interesting characters in his official walks. After the disturbance in the Charlestown prison, Clarinda Fitz visited that institution to inquire into the cause of the trouble. On his tour of the prison his attention was directed to a prisoner who had been one of the leaders in the disturbance, and who had fired two pistol shots at one of his keepers.

"Where did you come from, young man?" inquired Clarinda Fitz.

"From Chelsea, sir," answered the prisoner.

"That is my old home," said the chairman. "Do you remember me?"

"Oh, yes," said the prisoner. "I used to be a member of your Sunday school."

Clarinda Fitz preserved a stern countenance.—Boston Herald.

"Surprising thing about young Bluebood."

"The young fellow from Virginia? What about him?"

"He doesn't come from the oldest family in the state."—St. Joseph News.

A LIVING SPECTACLE.

A Magnificent Display of Wild Horse Flesh Near the Platte River.

"One of the grandest sights I ever witnessed was a troupe of wild horses on the prairie near the forks of the Platte river," said Charles A. McDonald, an old western pioneer and horse trader, when discussing the magnificent scenery of the west at the Grand Pacific. "It was a spectacle that made my nerves tingle, and I would give a great deal to see once more such a magnificent display of broncbeck. There were about two hundred animals in the drove, and the lead had just come up over the ridge when I suddenly came out in front of them from a little grove where I had camped during the night. I was on the back of my own mustang. He lifted his head high into the air, began to paw the earth with his fore feet and commenced to snort in a most antagonistic manner. It was then that I saw the grand sight.

Every animal lifted his head on hearing the cry of mustang or joy from my steed, and looking my way formed in a circle and stood still. One magnificent black stallion, who appeared to be the leader of the troop, after looking at me for a moment came toward me with an easy, graceful stride from the opposite side, and took up a position in front of his followers. He was the finest specimen of a horse I ever saw. His tail swept the ground, and his mane hung to his shoulders. His body shone like a looking glass in the morning sunlight. He looked as if he had just received most flattering attention from an experienced groom. Some of the animals appeared neglected, but the majority was sleek looking.

"My own animal became so excited at the sight that I made haste to tie him to a tree. Soon after I jumped from my horse's back the black stallion gave his head a toss and started on a rapid trot across the prairie, the entire band following him in single file. After going about half a mile away the band returned, the magnificent black still in the lead. They came within 100 yards of me, and the leader whinnied as if to invite my horse to come and join them.

"My poor Jack! I felt so sorry for him. He stood looking at the wild horses, his latent desire taut, and at the call from the leader made the most frantic efforts to join the wild band, and then forever put an end to his drudgery. I stood range from every pore, he was so excited, and his body was covered with foam, as if he had just finished a thirty mile run. I was afraid he would succeed in breaking away, so I fired my rifle into the air to frighten the drove, and the leader took the lead and stampeded off across the plain, followed by the drove. I watched them until they were out of view, and actually I wished I were one of them, they looked so contented. I have since looked upon a magnificent collection of horses, but that sight was the grandest I ever witnessed."—Chicago Herald.

He Would Get Up and Howl.

John H. Upshur, an old tar, who has been in every branch of the United States navy, from mess to square, "tore to," set down his trunk and "took observation" with his "weather eye" when asked what he should do in case of war between ourselves and Great Britain.

"The professor of our navigation class," he replied, "once asked a classmate, 'If you were in command of a big vessel and found yourself in a rough sea, with a huge rock on your beam, another astern and one on either quarter, what would you do to get your ship out of such a predicament?'

"'What would I do?' repeated the student in a brown study.

"'Yes, what would you do?'

"'I would get up and howl,' was the reply. And that is just what Uncle Sam's navy would have to do if it came into contact with a fleet from any powerful nation."—St. Louis Mar-Saying.

It Could Not Have Surprised Them.

Landlady (confidentially)—Mr. Smith, do you suppose that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was first launched.

Smith (musingly)—I can't say, marm, whether it did or not.

"Oh, I thought from the way you eyed the fish before you that you might acquire some information on that point."

Smith (the malicious villain)—Very likely, marm—very likely, but it's my opinion, marm, that the fish left his native element before steamboats were invented.—London Tit Bits.

Should Have Waited.

Henry Williams gave a hack driver $2 to take him to the depot in Savannah in advance of the time, and he got there just in time to be run over by a brewer, mounted under a full beast, and trampled on by a drove of mules. When the hay came rolling up he was rolled off to an hospital.—Detroit Free Press.

Breaking Up Colds in Children.

When children have taken cold there is nothing better to give them than molasses, butter and vinegar. To half cup molasses take a tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; cook a few minutes, and give a little frequently. Quite young children can take this.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Even on New Year's.

"Because must have lived an unsoiled life."

"Why do you think so?"

"He left no his diaries for ten years when he died, and he hadn't written a lie in any of 'em."—Harper's Bazar.

The sarcastic woman soon degenerates into an informal detective. Mention when you are in the mischievously tender vein and mean your words of nothing pleasant with something derogatory. Insinuation is the twin of sarcasm when the latter power is absent. For better is silence forever silent than to withhold from our lonesome being the meed of praise so hardly earned in our busy world.

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