BROUGHT TO TIME.

"I am sorry," said the widow. "But I do not see how it is to be helped."

Mr. Timothy Uptown, or Uncle Tim, as everybody called him, was sitting on the end of a sofa. He did not like the room where he had taken.

Not many years before Timothy Uptown's only brother had died, leaving a son by his divorce. This son was Hiram Uptown, a youth of great promise and of growing arrogance.

The widow was Mrs. Mary Folger. In the other years she had not only been a warm personal friend of the Uptown family, but she had, from time to time, aided and advised a large number of the Folger relations, who had come to her husband, while the rest of their valuable property and income went to Harry.

It had been the earnest desire of the Uptown now deceased that his son should wed with the daughter of his near and dear friend.

Harry was 18, and it was high time that he settled himself down to look after the business which had been left to him.

"I am satisfied," repeated Mrs. Folger, "that Harry will never marry my child. The very last time his father and I have had the same evening prepared for him to allow him to avoid it. And yet I doubt if he will not a better wife, Little is a good girl."

"She's an angel!" cried Uncle Tim, "and vanity too good for the gracious sweep."

"I should not care so much," said the widow hotly, "only that Lizzie has so proved Harry as the man who is to be her husband, and she has learned to love him."

"And," added Uncle Tim emphatically, "I am sure that Harry loses her, only he will now bring himself to acknowledge it. Mrs. Folger, if you and Little will come and spend a week at my house, I think I can bring Master Harry to his senses."

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"Now, Master Harry," said Uncle Tim to an abrupt manner, "I want one thing distinctly understood. Mrs. Folger and her daughter will arrive this evening, and I would know if you have any claim upon Lizzie Folger's hand or heart."

"No, sir," answered the nephew.

"That is all. We shall now know how to receive and entertain our guests."

Toward evening Mrs. Folger and her daughter arrived.

Harry arrived late as an old pigeonate, and after his to stay with her and called of the bronze wood dogs. But Little was not ever and shore social, and when in the bright moonlight of the August evening they walked out on the lawn, Harry saw his uncle's arm instead of his, and he was forced to offer his arm to the mother.

On the following day Uncle Tim named his team of grays to be hitched to the light buggy, and as the team appeared at the door Little carelessly accepted for a ride. Uncle Tim gallantly handed her to her seat, and having placed himself by her side he took the reins and drove off.

It was late in the afternoon when the grays, upon their return, came prancing to the door. Uncle Tim leaped out with wonderful agility, and having handed Lizzie to the piazza he bleed her upon her dimpled cheek, exclaiming in a most exhaustive manner as he did so:

"Bless you, my darling! You are an angel!"

And Little looked up and smiled and patted him upon the cheek in return.

Harry had been standing upon the piazza, and he muttered something very far from a blessing.

During the forenoon of the third day Uncle Tim met his nephew in the hall and called him into the library.

"Harry, my boy," he said, with glowing face, "I have deemed it my duty to let you know that there is soon to be a change in our household. I am going to give it a mistress."

"I don't understand."

"Haven't you got eyes? What d'ye suppose I brought Lizzie Folger here for?"

"Do you mean that—that you are going to make her your wife?"

"And what do you find wonderful in that?"

"At your age!"

"At my age! What d'ye mean by that? At my age! I am only 56, in the prime of life. I was quite younger to Mrs. Folger. Confound your impudence! A girl of some looks for a simpleton and a pauper is a husband."

Harry began to open his eyes to the true state of his uncle's affairs. The thing which he had supposed as set apart especially for him, and which he might take into possession at any time, he had yet been allowed to claim, but now that he saw the price in the hands of another he was startled into a clear estimate of the value of the boon he had slighted.

In the evening Harry followed Lizzie into the garden. He had resolved to do a desperate thing and was prepared to be plain and outspoken. He urged her to sit down, and as he took a seat by her side he found her trembling.

"Has my uncle asked you for your hand?"

"He has."

"And have you given him a favorable answer?"

"My answer has not been unfavorable."

"Oh, Lizzie! I can not thought this of you."

"How? What thought would?"

"That you could thus slight me."

"Slight you! I do not understand."

"You must understand—do—don't go away! I can't leave me—I have loved you, Lizzie!"

"You—you loved me?"

"Yes. How can my loves I confess it."

"Indeed, Harry, you must not. You—you—"

He was frequent and impassioned, so much that ere long Lizzie's head was pillowed upon his breast and owned her arm twined about his neck.

"And you will not give your hand to my uncle?"

"He never asked it for himself, Harry."

"What, not for himself?"

"No, he asked me for my hand, but it was for you he sought it."

"But," gasped the lover, "what did he mean by telling me that he was going to make a mistress of his house?"

"He told me," answered Lizzie, "that if I ever treated your wife kindly he would do the same."

"Hello! What's all this? How now? What does this mean?"

It was Uncle Tim who spoke.

Harry caught the situation at a glance.

"Uncle Tim," said he, "I surrender."—New York News.

SEE ABOUT.

"But what is the use?"

"The use? Decidedly you are not up in the little psychological points. The charm in a lie, in a true lie, is precisely that it is useless. A lie is its own reward. It is its own glorious. What use? As though Rosa-Cousin Amelia, you know—had been influenced by any motive the city be benevolently invited us to hide out the famous rabbit. You of course remember Amelia's rabbit?"

"Yes, I do, I think. I did not remember it at all. My impression was a nonlicense from the far south, a fine from, excess of imagination and stupidity as all liars are, for they believe only in their own lies. He is an agreeable valiant, however, and he fancy pulses on you're asking that his tongue has difficulty to keep pace with it.

He begins a story, begets it and suddenly replaces it with another, so without occupying my mind any further with the subject on which we started I prepared to listen to the adventures of Cousin Amelia and his rabbit.

"You don't seem to recall it. Well, never mind. It was one day last year. I had been early, as is the habit of all our shopkeepers, and sold nothing. I was standing on the flooring with you or some one else doubting about the weather when Amelia went by and said, 'How do you like rabbit cooked?'

"'Miss Dove! Pretest, with a great deal of thyme and wild thyme,' I replied, and I think I said a bit of orange peel as big as the nail.

"'Good! It just happens that I was looking for you to ask you to set some potted rabbit with me at the Bastion.'

"Potted rabbit at the Bastion!

"These words alone made my mouth water. One is so comfortable there, far from one's wife, for the mention of men in our town would infect the peaceful refuge with Mohammedan ferocity against an invasion of the other sex. The only woman across as both dining room and kitchen, she was the cook, the waitress, and the waiter in the very place. She had fitted out with a fair hot fire, with smoke in the wooden pans of the stage a few painted grasshoppers cook depositing.

"Where shall we eat our potted rabbit—outside?

"Why? Inside! During while yesterday I visited the rabbit hutch, and there is a rooster who will have for little more in two days. It is a precocious bird, and we will eat the breakfast for five weeks from now.

"Still, in five weeks' and I, a little and fond looking class five weeks I did not feel where to forget the rabbit.

"The next morning Amelia came to bring its latest news.

"Its expert little rabbits had arrived—so especially, all gray with a pink band already would his mere like his father and mother or at the sight of a cottage nail.

"He was the one we would eat.

"Two days later it was another matter. The male, in a jealous fury, had devoured his progeny. Our task to improve, has issues a bacon with a hearty stone on it.

"These little rabbits had fallen victims to the modern science, but by a miraculous chance the gray one with the pink nose had been spared.

"The next week Amelia came with a sad expression and said that three cats, a strong and healthy little one extinguished the mother, and he should have to sacrifice two of them.

"He left had over it, but the last words profit the more thereby.

"From this time the remaining rabbit filled our lives. At the sale or on our promenades Amelia talked only of him, waiting over his tolerable graces, relating his opinions, noting his progress.

"More than once as the hour of dinner for the pictures, when the third course was awakened by tinkling good bells, Amelia knocked on my window, crying, 'While you are lingering in your bed I shall be gathering the herbs our rabbit is fondest of—spearmint and thoroughwort and so boring, to prove his zest. I shall spread the herbs out in the sunshine a minute, for you know dew is deadly to the rabbit.'

"In the vapors of my interrupted sleep this rabbit appeared gigantic to me.

"One morning the rabbit escaped, and Amelia and I still much perplexed, came to tell me about it. After some hard running he had succeeded in conquering him.

"At last Amelia announced that the rabbit would be just right in a week. The feast was set for Sunday. For the wandering time the rabbit was to have a day to himself in some herbs, no guess, none of those water soaked plants that make the flesh of rabbits so soft and insipid—anything but lavender and marjoram should be set, an odorous diet gathered expressly for him on the mountains by Amelia. For the nothing in the world would Amelia have charged another with this duty.

"Sunday came.

"Amelia wished to depart the first of all at dawn and flapdoodle the rabbit with a blow on the head, disembowel, then clean him and put him in the pot.

"I was to come later at my own with two friends, who would help me to carry the wine and other provisions."

"Was the rabbit good?"

"Alas, my friend, this rare rabbit, so fat, so plump, so sweet smelling and daintily fed, never eaten except in Amelia's imagination.

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