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THE OLD HOME.

Removed a little from the busy city
Of men and toil, of strife and pain,
There prospects in some sweet, secluded place
The home of whose time, whose efforts with
Of most dear old time cluster with family
Of the good mother, now departed,
Some to be herself, are large a large
Time friends be for the Book of books
Still 'tis the spirit of an earlier day,
Will throw the old home type; its open door
Invites the passerby to enter
Observe the comfort, as it did of yore,
He finds and thinks he enhances
And finding, goes on its sweet and fashioned
—Frank W., Hyde in Springfield Republican.

CUNNING MRS. QUINN.

It was quite an open secret in the Brannigan family that Mr. Brannigan had taken a little down in Commercial street for the express purpose of offering her eldest daughter Tilda extra facilities for securing a husband.

Both Mary Colleigan, Mrs. Brannigan's twin sister, and Mrs. Delia Quinn were aware of this, and as the summer began to wear away those two old worthies held their heads together and decided that they must carry matters a bit and bring Tilda's matrimonial quest to a satisfactory conclusion.

"I'd take to do Julia a favor, I would," exclaimed Mrs. Quinn, beaming as she discussed the matter with Mary on the back porch. "She's been mighty good to me this summer."

"Julia's good and she gets lightfaulth serious now and then, but her heart is in the right place. It ain't many girls, now, when they've made their pile and got as fine a place as this, as would be willin' their old time friends to come down and stay all summer. Faith this is the first time in my life that for two months runin I've had garlic every day."

"Yes," declared Mrs. Colleigan. "Julia's good hearted, there ain't no use talkin'. But she's enjoyed harm as been, she told me if it hadn't been for Tilda's goin's on in that old shed, there, she wouldn't have had nothin to complain about all summer."

After a moment's mature deliberation Mrs. Quinn exclaimed, impressively, with a broad sweep of her large right hand:

"Do you know what I'm goin' to do, Mary? Well, I'll tell you now. I'm goin' to get rid of that barn for Julia and get an engagement ring for Tilda at the same time, or else my name isn't Delia Quinn and my invention has gone back on me."

The shed in question stood at the bottom of Brannigan's garden and was a most dilapidated cross between a stable and a pagoda, entirely out of keeping with the other purlieus of the villa.

The landlord seemed to have entirely overlooked it when he was repairing and repainting the other parts of the establishment, and though Mrs. Brannigan had suggested him with tears in her eyes either to pull it down or make it reasonably respectable, he had kept putting it off from day to day, until here it was the middle of August, and not as much as a coat of whitewash had been administered to the shed.

"You'll have to help me, Mary, as much as you can," pursued Mrs. Quinn.

"First thing we want to do is to get a hold for Barney McGuire. He's a lame, honest, good lookin fellow, Barney, but he isn't romantic enough for Tilda. If he didn't see'll be knockin himself to that pretty faced young Eugene Wynsoup, the man with the pedigree."

"But what does Barney be wanting wid a hole round his head? He ain't no angel."

"Oh, Mary, can't you see things at all? I don't want a hole of that kind. But it's like this. There's that Eugene Wynsoup, as to that travelin an his manners and his pedigree, as he calls it, which he's always carrying with him prepared, Tilda's as crazy wid the name and the size of him that she won't as much as look at Barney.

"Well, Barney needs is a little of what the poets call love, but which never was on land or sea. I call it a hole just to save name."

That evening Clonville by-the-Sea was treated to two sensations. The new fire engine arrived in town and Miss Tilda Brannigan announced to her assembled family at the tea table that she was about to go on the boards of the Clonville theatre in the capacity of a star.

The fire engine had cost a good deal more money than had been expected, and therefore the amateur fire company, to which both Eugene Wynsoup and Barney McGuiven were shining lights, decided to give a performance of "Benvenuto, the White Squaw," to defray the expense. Mr. Brannigan, who was the fire chief, immediately adopted Miss Brannigan the leading role, and that evening after fire drill he came up to the Brannigans to talk things over.

They were all sitting on the piazza when he and Tilda appeared. He lighted to the company and then went over and sat down by Mrs. Quinn.

"Mavis something that perhaps you would like to know, ma'am, Mrs. Quinn," he whispered as he presented her with a roll of parchment. "I've just been copying it for Miss Brannigan, and I thought perhaps it might interest the rest of you. It's my roll of arms, you know, and my genealogical tree.

"I trace my ancestry back to 1154," he continued, with a smile of pride. "The first Wynsoup, as you will notice, was Archbishop of Canterbury in Henry II's reign."

Mrs. Quinn handed the parchment to him without saying a single word. But no sooner were she and Mrs. Colleigan alone than she attended that good lady home by drawing to herself.

"Wilmin 1, 1066, William II, 1087, Henry I, 1100, Stephen, 1135, Henry II, 1154.

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "I know that he was high nobbin' there. I didn't learn much at school, but I know the dates. There never was an open long as Henry II."

Then Mrs. Quinn went off into such a fit of laughter that shook her like a set Halifax jelly.

"The lame gentleman's got a thing or two to learn yet. Why, he can't frame like a scrubber yet. If, which is Rome for certain, he goes and tends to plain American electricity. Did you ever hear the like of that?"

"Delia," exclaimed Miss Colleigan seriously, "did you notice the bar sinister on his crest?"

"The what?"

"The bar sinister, I tell ye. Wasn't it a house where I was cook, the children gave me a book of arms to look at. Then she told me a whole lot about 'em and what all the different things meant. I've forgotten all the rest she told me, but the bar sinister made an indelible impression.

"I'd know one of those now wid my eyes shut, and that Wynsoup has got none. Put your head down and I'd whisper the particulars to you."

Mrs. Quinn obeyed, and gradually, as the drift of Miss Colleigan's remarks dawned upon her, her features took on a triumphant grin.

"Faith, now, my dear, that settles the matter. Archbishops can't marry, to be sure. But that settles it. Tilda shan't marry him now if I die for it. Sir I'd never own a nephew and niece with a bar sinister, even if their great-great-grandmother wasn't a perfect lady."

Within three days every town in Clonville announced that Miss Matilda Brannigan, the renowned society amateur actress, would appear in "Benvenuto, the White Squaw," on Saturday night, Aug. 15, "supported by Mr. Eugene Wynsoup and a select cohorts of society leaders."

Rehearsals were called for twice a day, and consequently as each was Tilda engrossed with her part that her family saw scarcely anything of her, and poor McGuiven nothing at all. He used to hang about the house and pine love in a mild sort of way to Tilda's cousin and sister Bridget, who had not been invited to take part in the play.

He had concocted to appear at one of the white squaw's Indian warriors, now for the pleasure of being near her then from any desire to appear in public, for as this was essentially a thinking role, he was hit with a good deal of time on his hands, and Mrs. Quinn, seeing how disconsolate he looked, finally took compassion upon the poor fellow.

She dragged him off for a long walk, and by the time she brought him home again his business were one broad grin. Mrs. Quinn and Baby Brannigan were also much together in those days.

By Miss Colleigan's express stipulation baby was not to witness his sister's debut. Miss Colleigan did not approve of theatrical performances in any shape or form, and as baby was the prospective heir, it was thought best to regulate his conduct accordingly.

On the morning of the day of the performance Mrs. Quinn did a most extraordinary thing. She volunteered to water the garden of her own accord. Just in front of the barn, in which Mrs. Brannigan so ceremoniously objected, there was quite a little pile of hay. Mrs. Quinn was observed to examine it very carefully and then to gauge with her eye the distance from the barbed down to the ground. Then she turned the hose on the hay until it was thoroughly soaked, and betook herself to the house again. There were piles of hay in the rear of the barn and also on each side. Mrs. Quinn didn't bother about soaking them, however, the pile before the door left absorbed her entire attention.

That night, when Tilda was all ready to start for the theater, Mrs. Quinn and Miss Colleigan wished her every joy.

"Well, I hope you'll be a triumphant success, Tilda," remarked Mrs. Quinn. "Me and Mary shall be thinkin of you, though we shan't be there. I'd go in a minute if it wasn't for my rheumatiz, and anyhow, even if it did let up, I wouldn't go there for the world. I'd take Baby up in the barbed and let him play in the hay. Tell Barney, if you see him, to come up for supper. What wid those rehearsals and the fire engine practices, I ain't laid eyes on him in three days."

Then turning to Baby, she exclaimed: "Now, come along, darlint, let's go up to the barbed."

When the curtain rose on the first act of "Benvenuto," standing room was at a premium.

The stage was set as a prairie, with an Indian encampment in the foreground. The twenty one members of the Clonville fire department, masterfully painted for the time being into the Indian followers of the white squaw, lay about the stage in various attitudes of languor.

One by one the warriors grew drowsy and sank to rest. The tom tams ceased the prairie grass, and while the orchestra played slow music there entered from R. E. Miss Tilda Brannigan, the White Squaw.

You could have heard a pin drop anywhere in the Center as the White Squaw, daintily picking her way among the sleeping men, advanced to the footlights on tiptoe. Everybody leaned forward to catch the first syllable which should fall from her silvery lips. There was an instant's pause and then she spoke.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed in a shrieky whisper, "the dusky warriors sleep."

Hardly had the sentence left her lips when the fire bell began to ring.

Every dusky warrior sprang to his feet immediately and tore headlong off the stage. In an instant they had rushed the stairs, and, in full war paint and feathers, were rushing down the street behind the engine house, leaving behind the White Squaw, left alone in her glory, but as ignominious retreat followed the scenic, where she threw herself upon a campstool and at once began to cry.

Eugene Wynsoup, the sole man who had stood by his chieftain, then advanced to the footlights and began to remove form as gracefully, which wasn't in all necessary, as half the audience had left the hall and the other half were getting out with the utmost alacrity.

There was nothing for it but to pull the curtain down and go home quietly to the White Squaw. But when he pushed the dressing room the square and raised as composedly as any of her warriors, and looking out of the window Wynsoup caught sight of her running out on the street. An instant later the fire engine, manned by a number of lady Indians, dashed up in the direction of the Brannigan home.

"It's saves the fire!" he shouted, and a policeman who was leaning on the street called out loud:

"It's the Brannigans have."

There was a red glare in the sky in that direction, and as the poor White Squaw took of breath and half dazed with fright, rushed toward it it seemed to her as though she never went much there alive. If there was one thing above all else in this world which the White Squaw loved it was her brother Baby. Then suddenly she remembered what Mrs. Quinn had said about Baby going into the barbed to play.

The glow was getting redder every minute, and she was still some blocks away. She had to stop a moment to lean against a tree. Presently she saw an Indian coming from the direction of the fire toward her who looked mighty closely like Barney.

"Barney," she cried, "tell me where Baby is."

"Oh, he's all right," exclaimed McGuiven. "I was just runnin back to tell you about it. Tide, I thought you might be scared."

"I was there just in time, though. When we got out of the hayrick I was where the fire was, so I left the other fellows to put the engine out and I ran on by a shortcut out. When I got there, there was Mrs. Quinn and Miss Colleigan a standin in the yard a screamin and wringin their hands, and there was Baby, wid the flames a creepin up all around him, and he's fast in the hay.

Tilda turned away her head in horror.

"I ran up to the barn and called out to him, 'Jump!' I sez, 'I'll catch you sheer.' So the little beggar he just shut his eyes and gritz his teeth together and then he jumps right into my arms. For heaven's sake!"

Before he could say another word the White Squaw had thrown her arms about him.

"Oh, Barney," she cried: "I have been pretty mean to you, but after this you are the man for me."

Then, for the first time, she noticed he was wearing his right arm in a sling.

"Oh, that's nothing," he explained. "When Baby jumped we lost our grip a bit, and Mrs. Quinn says she thinks it's broke. She happened to have this sling fixin around, so she told me to slip one arm into it and run off to tell you, and we could examine it when we got back."

"Now, ain't that lucky?" asked the White Squaw, who, now that the danger was over, was fast regaining her composure.

"Why, I saw Aunt Delia sewin in that sling yesterday morning. She told me then it was a bit of fancy work."

By this time they had reached the house, and the White Squaw moved forward, aided Baby up in her arms and hugged him.

"Arrie, now it's Barney you may be thankin that he's alive at all," cried Mrs. Quinn, as she mopped her eyes. "The poor darlint would have been a cinder now if it hadn't been for him. Hear the poor lad I ever gets to work your sister-in-law and tell her an her beautiful horse's been burned while she was away!"

"Oh, the horse don't matter, mother," exclaimed the White Squaw. "Let's go and look at Barney's arm."

"Be jabers, I was forgettin all about it. Mary, you stay here wid Baby and watch for Julia. Come along wid me, Barney dear, and we'll see if you've hurt bad. Tilda, you'd better stay here too. I can make the inspection better by myself."

Ten minutes later Mrs. Quinn returned with a very solemn cast of countenance.

"It looks," she said, "it'll take about ten weeks to set it right. We won't need to call in a doctor, for it's as set as widdin to set an arm. Barney had better stay here, though, so we can have him under our eye."

The Wynsoup genealogical tree was lying on the table. The White Squaw took it up carefully up, and then handing it to Baby, she said:

"Baby, dear, take that down to Mr. Wynsoup first thing tomorrow morning. Tell him that's my sign, and I've got no farther use for it, and he'll have to get an understudy for us just in the play."

"The whole thing worked like clockwork," whispered Mrs. Quinn. "There wasn't was of us that moved a con. Julia's tickled to death that she's lost her barn. I can go back to town and a free heart now, for I've fulfilled me vow and obligations."

"Yes, but how the divil did you keep the fire down till I got here? When Baby jumped it had just about begun to burn."

"Oh, and sure that was easy enough," replied Mrs. Quinn. "Tress Mary that using the storm, you mind, and I'll tress all I can do entering Barney. Don't you forget to tell him that."

Late that night after everybody else was in bed Mrs. Quinn, Mrs. Colleigan, Barney and the Baby held a special session on the back porch. Barney had dispensed with his story for the time being, and Baby Brannigan was giggling so that his aunt had to stuff a handkerchief into his mouth.

"Twas a grand success," explained Mrs. Quinn enthusiastically. "There wasn't was of us as missed a con. Julia's tickled to death at losing her barn, and you'll all agree wid Tilda."

"You're a jewel, Mrs. Quinn," exclaimed Barney, who was fast recovering his spirits, "and I'm sure I'd be willin to keep the fire down until I had time to get loose."

"Only wait, that was my reason. Twas Mary rung it, and I gave her special instructions to send it off two minutes in advance."—New York Evening Sun.

A Good Day for Boats.

James I. Gill, of this city, who is visiting a relative by boating in the waters of Conover, Vt., had quite a surprise Monday. While walking along in the woods in Pittsburg, N. H., he suddenly became aware that three bears were in the same hill and his gun was out of order. Time was precious, however, and fearing he would lose his chance he took out fortunately enjoined the barrel of his rifle. A second and third bear soon followed the first one, and he sold the pelts of one of the animals for twenty dollars, and as there was a bounty of ten dollars on bears in that state he made up the whole transaction about fifty dollars. The third bear Mr. Gill still itself and mount.—New Bedford Standard.

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