

THE EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, June 2, 1871.
THE OLD MAID OF THIRTY-FIVE.

BY RYTHEL BRANDT.

[CONTINUED.]

What a complete change from the dark, chilly room above, and the society of my own sombre thoughts, to this cozy comfortable parlor, and this pleasant company! All one of whom had something agreeable to say to me, as, with Robert beside me to keep me in countenance, I received the friends who crowded about me! What a change, too, had come over the family! All the restraint which had so vexed me during the day was gone. My uncle and aunt were ten times kinder to me than usual, if such a thing could be possible. My cousins, too, were considerably transformed since our last interview. And while presenting me with a magnificent bouquet, he whispered—

"Let this alone in part for my saucy speeches to-day, Cousin Laura."

I thought at that moment I could have forgiven him his much greater offences.

"Now," said Robert, "we are to have a series of fashions, all in your honor, Laura. You are not expected to take part in them, otherwise than to be staring at them most fatigued, for I assure you they will be something remarkable."

I laughed, promised to stare at them "most interestingly," and seated myself with such of the company as were not actors. In the rather old-fashioned mansion the library connected with the parlors by means of folding doors, and these being now pushed aside, disclosed the theatre of performance. The changes which the library had undergone accounted also for the hammering sounds I had heard in the morning.

The curtain fell, and the picture. It represented Robert in a very picturesque dress, and with a drawn weapon, over Fay who crouched upon the ground in terror. The bright weapon, so near his curly head, must have quite frightened my little favorite, for he made a very perceptible movement, which greatly amused the spectators, but destroyed the effect of the picture. Then followed the representation of Evangelist, the priest, and four apostles, by the "namesake graves." Ruth among her shrubs of roses, besides various groups which looked remarkably well. Little Red Riding Hood, which character was represented by blooming Madge Walters in a charming red cloak, was another attractive feature.

But the tableau which most engaged my attention was the last of all, where David, was represented as mourning over the dead Abigail. While as Abigail lay in the very semblance of death, every feature in perfect repose. There was a hush among the spectators, for perfect stillness was such a novelty in connection with our rugrats. Willie that this seemed real. Over the bier bowed David in all the majesty of woe. The face of the actor was hidden from my sight; but the bowed form, the attitude alone, proclaimed the depth of human suffering. Never before, to my knowledge, had I seen a boy who represented David—not did he seem known to the company; for when the curtain fell, every one asked of his neighbor the question, "Who acted David?" None knew.

A little later in the evening I managed to find Willie, who looked now as little like the dead Abigail as it was possible to look, and endeavored to extract from him some information in regard to the stranger; for, strange to say, it was the subject upon which my thoughts had been hovering. But Willie pretended perfect ignorance.

"How should I know who it was, when my eyes were closed the whole time? I tell you what, it isn't an easy thing to act Abigail."

"But you certainly know who was leaving over, don't you?"

"I know, but not as much as I could do to act still."

I saw there was nothing to be extracted from Willie, so I attacked Robert upon the subject. But my question remained unanswered, for Robert was again seized with one of those fearful fits of coughing that had engorged my sympathetic in the morning.

"Now that I have recovered, Laura," said Robert, when it pleased him to stop coughing, "let come with me into the dining-room, away from this noise. I have something to say to you."

And something there was; for there stood my good old uncle, with a beautiful gold watch in his hand, which he presented to me with a few simple but affectionate words. Then followed my aunt with a gift at once elegant and appropriate. And then, in their turn, each of his boys—such the presents of his sons!—shook hands with the presenters of his gifts, and then, after a short round-table discussion, Robert announced to make a speech, but broke down in the midst of it, to the great amusement of all. For Robert was very seldom embarrassed. Ah! how little justice I had done them all that morning! I had accused them of not caring for me, of wishing me out of the house; and here had the whole family united in honoring me, and in making up for all the wrongs I had suffered.

How much had I old man that I was, and thirty-five years old, to be thankful for! How like a stink did every one of those kindnesses seem, when I thought of my morning's scolding! As these ideas passed through my mind, I raised my eyes and encountered those of Katie, who, chiding, and here and there from room to room to another, and was now watching me.

To be continued.

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