

POOR JAMES WYMPER.

[CONTINUED.]

Bessy Jervoise was not pretty. Besides her eyes she had not a good feature in her face; but it was a good face—earnest and loving, with a sub-current of fun running under it (as the girls ran under the water-lilies), rippling out constantly. Her figure and her hair were simply perfection. Her little thoroughbred hands were ever busy, and the patter of her dainty feet was pleasant music in many a poor cottage.

Things went on very smoothly at the river-side villa until one rainy day, when, without a "with your leave," or "by your leave," a telegram, or message, or any other sort of preparation, in marches poor James Wympier, dripping with rain and splashed with mud up to his hat.

"If you please, cousin Margaret, I've come back," he said, subsiding in his old low-spirited way into an amber satin drawing-room chair, which in two minutes he was snoring and snoring.

That was all. No excuse, no petition; a simple announcement that he had come back, conveyed in a manner which made it sufficiently clear that he intended to remain. "If you please, cousin Margaret, I've come back." Not another word did he say, and relapsed into thinking of something else, as usual.

Interpreting-respecting his luggage, he replied that it was on the hall table, and there, sure enough, was found a sudden bundle containing a soiled flannel shirt, a pair of slippers, two pipes, a cloth cap without a peak, and a sailor's knife. In answer to further inquiries, he stated that his means were eight-pence, that he had been living in America, that he had walked from Liverpool, and that he wanted something to eat. When dried and fed and asked where he had been, he said, "Whatever you please," and appearing to consider that all difficulty was thus disposed of, he went to sleep.

Poor Mrs. Bryce was at her wit's end. Ordinary hints were thrown away upon such a man. When she said she supposed he was going to London, he replied, "Oh dear no! he had come from London." When she told him she was only a lodger in the house, he observed that it was a very nice house to lodge in. I have said that she was kind to him in her way when he was an errand boy, and somehow she could not be hard upon him now. There was something half ludicrous, half melancholy, in his helplessness that disarmed them all. Bessy declared him to be the largest baby she had ever seen, persisted in speaking of him as if, and scandalized the matrons by inquiring gravely after tea, which of them was going to put it to bed.

"It's rather unkind for you to jest at Bessy," said poor Mrs. Bryce, "when you see how distressed I am. What on earth am I to do?"

"I suppose it's too old for the Foundling!" mused Bessy.

"Bessy, be quiet!" said her mother.

"You dear old darling," said the pet one afterward, "don't you see that we cannot treat this thing seriously without making it doubly painful for dear Mrs. Bryce? It will come all right in the end."

"Yes, my dear, but when is the end to begin?"

It was to begin by special arrangement the next day, after breakfast; when the following conversation took place:

"Now, James," said his cousin, "we shall not be interrupted for some time, and you really must give me your serious attention."

"Yes, cousin Margaret."

"You see, James, you are a man now, and must act and be treated—do you understand?—treated like other people."

"That's just what I want to be!"

"Well, then, I must tell you frankly that I am much annoyed by your coming here as you did."

"It wasn't my fault that it rained, cousin Margaret. I wish it hadn't," he replied placidly.

"I'm not speaking of your coming in wet and spoiling the chairs, sir; I am much annoyed at your coming here at all."

The good widow thought that she would get on best by being angry, but it was no use.

"Where else was I to go?" he asked.

"How you found me out, I cannot think," sighed the lady. The observation was an unlucky one.

"Ah, ha!" he chuckled, "you thought I was a stupid, did you?"

And then, followed a long, weary story of how, passing through Manchester, he had seen this person and spoken to that, and obtained the clue by which he had hunted his listener down. What made it more provoking was the credit he took for his cleverness. He warmed to his subject as he went on, and finished with the air of a man who had rendered an important service and expected to have it properly recognized.

This threw his victim's cut-and-dried speeches off the line.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she cried. "It doesn't matter how you found me out; you have done so. The question is, what am I to do with you?—where're you?"

"What am I to do with you?"

"I don't know, cousin Margaret."

"You don't know, a pretty answer for a man of five or six and twenty. Now look here, James Wympier. I should like to do something for you for your poor mother's sake, but I cannot; and—and you have no right to thrust your self upon me. You are a man, and you are attending to me, James Wympier?"

"Yes, cousin Margaret," he replied with a jerk, coming suddenly out of his fog.

"What was I saying?"

"That you would like to do something for me for my poor mother's sake."

"That was only half what I said, sir. How dare you put out my words like that! I went on to say that I could do anything for you, and I can't; I've not the means. You are very poor; I can hardly manage for myself. My husband left me very badly off."

"Did he leave me anything?"

"You after your conduct—running away, and frightening us as you did! Is it likely?"

"I know it was wrong to run away, cousin Margaret, but you see I've come back again," he said with the utmost gravity.

This was conclusive. For the last half hour she had been trying to din into his head that he had no business to come back, and here he was taking credit for having returned, as an act which was to cancel all the offences of his youth! Perceiving that his reply had troubled her, he proceeded to promise upon his word of honor that he would never, never run away again. What was to be done with such a man? Talking was clearly useless. One of two courses only remained—to endure him, or call a policeman and turn him out back and forth.

Mrs. Bryce did not call a policeman. The conduct of poor James Wympier during the next two or three days was so roused the indignation of all concerned by its almost sublime audacity. The proceedings of Mr. Charles Matthews, in "Cool as a Cucumber" are timid and retiring in comparison with those of Mrs. Jervoise's unwelcome guest. If the house and all it contained had belonged to him, and its inhabitants were dependent upon his bounty, he could not have behaved more freely; and all this with an air of innocence which utterly disarmed opposition.

"O, never mind me," was his refrain. "I don't want to trouble anybody. I'll do it all for myself. I'm all right. You let me alone and see."

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AN EXTRA TRAIN WILL RUN ON

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Leaving Draper at 8:00 a. m. and Sandy Sta-

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FARE:

Salt Lake to Big Cottonwood Station 50 cts.

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Twenty-five cents additional will be charged

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