

—BY—
H. LIVINGSTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
For Mail Subscribers, pay-
ment in advance. \$1 00
For Subscribers, served by
carrier, per year. \$2 00

ADVERTISING
Business Cards.
For one month. 25 cts.
For three months. 75 cts.
For six months. 1 25
For one year. 2 25

ADVERTISING
For one month. 25 cts.
For three months. 75 cts.
For six months. 1 25
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For one month. 25 cts.
For three months. 75 cts.
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ADVERTISING
For one month. 25 cts.
For three months. 75 cts.
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For one year. 2 25

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The Elizabethtown Post.

AND GAZETTE.

VOL. 3.

ELIZABETHTOWN, ESSEX COUNTY, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1879.

NO. 41.

W. T. CLAY,
CABINET MAKER AND UPHOL-
STERER,
Elizabethtown, N. Y.
Manufactory at Williams Mill, near
Rice's Grist Mill.
All kinds of JOBBING Promptly attended to.
—AND—
PRICES REASONABLE.
Hotels and Summer Boarding Houses
having a large amount of repairing to be
done, can make special and satisfactory
contracts.
Elizabethtown, Jan. 21st, 1879.

LOOK HERE!

You can get your Watches Cleaned and
repaired for less than you can at any other
place in Essex County, by sending or
leaving them at my residence on Water
Street, where I will be found ready to do
all kinds of Fancy Work, such as Making
Solid Gold and Silver Rings, Brooches,
Badges of all kinds to order. Also neatly
repair jewelry. Old gold and silver taken
in exchange for work. Gold and Silver
Plating done at a price to suit customers.
See Watch Sign on Water Street, Eliza-
bethtown, N. Y.
GEORGE H. ARCHAMBEAU.

DAVID A. CLARK
WESTPORT, N. Y.
BUILDER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Dressed & Matched Lumber,
SHINGLES, LATH, &c.
13th YEAR OF THE CHAMPLAIN
VALLEY
EYE & EAR
INFIRMARY.
Plattsburgh and Saranac, N. Y.
Over 25 Years Experience in In-
firmaries, Hospitals, Colleges
and Home Practice.
Dr. Hayes is usually at the Chamberland
House, Plattsburgh, N. Y. For consulta-
tion and operations in diseases of the eye,
ear and for catarrh, 4th and 4th Tuesdays
of each month. Patients have found a
home with Dr. Hayes, for operations and
treatment, more than 5 years. Artificial
Eyes, of any color or size, and artificial
"Ear-drums" supplied. For particulars
address
S. HAYNES, M. D.
Saranac, Chilton County, N. Y.

CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!
The undersigned has constantly on hand
a quantity of Splint Bottom
Kitchen, Office and Rock-
ing Chairs,
which he will sell very cheap. All orders
promptly filled.
Dated Elizabethtown, December, 1878.
LEVI BULLARD.
Edgar M. Barnes
Hereby gives notice, that he is ready, at
all times, to set up, to put into opera-
tion, and to repair almost all
kinds of
Machinery, Water Rams, Pumps, &c. &c.
If any of his friends require any of this
kind of work, they will please give him a
call. His charges will be reasonable, and
his work well done.
Elizabethtown, N. Y. Sept. 21, 1878.

Billiard Table
FOR SALE.
The said Table in excellent condition
and ready for use. It is of the
best material, and is well adapted for
use. For terms address—
JOHN LIBERTY,
Elizabethtown, N. Y.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.
THE
EXCHANGE HOTEL
At Wadhams Mills, N. Y. Fully fur-
nished.
For particulars enquire of A. Campbell,
Proprietor, on the premises. 31st

NOTICE is hereby given that all
persons are forbidden to Shoot,
Fish or Hunt on any of the prop-
erty of the
Adirondack Iron and Steel Co.
Situated in township 46, 46 & 47, including
the "old mines," West of the County of
Essex, State of N. Y. and are forbidden
to trespass thereon in any way, under the
penalty of the law. All persons trespass-
ing thereon for the purpose of Shooting,
Hunting or Fishing, will be prosecuted
therefor.
JAMES R. THOMPSON, President,
Adirondack Club, Incorporated,
March 6, 1877.

BOOTS and SHOES.
E. Trudeau has on hand a large lot of
fine boots, made at his own shop
from the
BEST KIP LEATHER.
They are warranted to be as represented,
and he will sell them
For Cash, at \$3 per Pair.
ALL KINDS OF
Coarse or Fine Work
Made to Order Promptly.
Call at his shop in Williams' building
Elizabethtown, March 6, 1879.

Poetry.
LINES TO THE FIRST FLY OF
1879.
Dance on my nose with your tickling feet,
Blue bottle fly!
Sing in my ear with your buzz to greet
Me, as I lie.
You will seek me out in my dark retreat,
With an eager zeal that no screen can beat,
And try to slip you clear into the sweet,
Sweet, by-and-by.

I haven't seen you since 'seventy eight,
Little house fly;
And I see you now with the bitterest hate
Oh, how I hate you, nobody knows,
Author of half my summer woes,
Oh, how I pray that you might be froze,
Villainous fly!

All through the winter you did not freeze,
Not Kuch, Mary Ann,
Now all the summer you'll do as you
Please.
That is your plan.
When, in the warm afternoons, we would
sleep,
Near your wakeful notes 'till you'll keep;
Precious is sleeping, but waking is cheap,
Sleep, sleep, if you can.

Oh, how I wish that my two broad bands,
Spread left and right,
Stretched from the poles to Equator's
bands,
Chains of might,
Some summer day in my wrath I would
rise,
Sweeping all space with my hands of steel,
And smash all the uncounted million of
flies
Clear out of sight.
Vain are my wishes, oh, little house fly,
You're hard to mash;
Strong men may swear and women may
cry,
"Teaching their grunts!"
But into the house your friends you'll bring,
You'll have your feet in the soup long
And your ears you'll drown in the baby's
mug.
Cheeky and brash.

Still precious lessons, dear little house fly,
You teach to me,
Hated or loved, you tell me that I
Happy may be.
Why should I care, when I tickle a nose,
Whether its owner's conduct shows
That he likes it or hates it, just so it goes
Pleasant to me
"This line should read: "Gnashing
their teeth," but a little poetic license
was necessary to bring in the rhyme."
—Burlington Hawkeey.

Miscellany.
MYRA'S HOUSE.
From Lippincott's Magazine.
Myra's mother was my first client.
I have good reason to thank God
for that. I had been waiting so
long for business that never came
that when at last the door did open
and I saw it was neither the new-
boy, the ash man nor the washer-
woman, but a possible client, my
heart warmed toward the new
comer. Only last week I asked her
how she came to talk so freely to
me that morning long ago. She
answered: "The truth is, Charlie,
I suppose I had got so hungry for
kindness, and so tired of keeping
things to myself, that when I saw
somebody who looked as if he didn't
mean to take advantage of me I
couldn't help talking. I was like
the earth when it was frozen by
long winter, and feels at last some-
how that it is spring. I think I felt
like the ice does when the warm air
sets it running."
I remembered the anxious, lonely,
care-worn look which had quite van-
ished from the dear face now, and
thanked God that she had come my
first client. If she had come in
busy days when clients had grown
plenty she might have found in me
more of winter than of summer.—
Only yesterday, when a woman en-
tered the office, I said to myself,
"Women—everlasting talkers—never
know their own minds—always
think everybody is going to cheat
them." But a vivid memory checked
the thought, I hope, before a glance
had disclosed it. Whenever the
selfishness of age begins to chill in
me the gentle memories of youth,
may some good angel move me to
look into Myra's eyes.

"I came," said my first client,
"to see you about my daughter Myra's
house. It's all she has, and the
tenant don't like to pay the rent—
we've been greatly bothered about it
—and now Mr. Stickney says he'll
see me for libel if I say a word
about money. Myra don't want
any fuss in court, so I thought I'd
just step in and ask you what we
had better do, seeing you are a law-
yer, and we're two lone women."

"Sit down, ma'am," I said; "my
mother was a widow. I will help
you if I can; let me hear your
story."
She took the proffered chair, and
the tired expression slowly faded
from her face as she proceeded: "My
name is Mrs. Coultie. I've kept
boarding house on and off ever
since I was a little fifteen years old.
It may have been my bad luck, but
it has always been a hard life for
me, trying to please everybody and
make one dollar overtake another in
hand. What with my heart in my
mouth on account of fish bones and
children, and people turning up
their noses at my butter, and hem-
ming and hawing about the price of
board, and high fivers clearing out
and forgetting to pay, and napkins
always falling short, and good cooks
getting drunk and bad ones drop-
ping hair in the soup, and sending
in the mutton raw, I've been so

badgered and worried that it would
often have been a relief to go away
for an hour, if only to have a tooth
pulled.
"It seemed as if you were the
whole world to your mother, didn't
it? But somehow a boy can't be so
dear as a girl; a girl is always at
your apron strings. At night, when
the dishes are washed and every-
thing settled down, there was Myra,
Always sweet and innocent looking.
Did you ever see a brown, scaly
root like an onion? That's me!
And did you ever see the pure white
lily that grew out of it? She was
like her father that has been in
heaven many a year—where your
mother is. When night came it
just rested me to look at her. She
tropped up and down stairs and
along the pavements after me as
busy as a bee, but you'd thought to
see her asleep, she'd been playing
in paradise all day, and dreaming of
heaven all night. She was the real
contented kind. I was willing to
work my fingers to the bone for
Myra. Everybody loved the child
when she was little, and they loved
her more as she grew bigger. She
was tip top at her lessons. She
did her sums beautifully and sang
like a bird. Sometimes I used to
think I ought to teach her about
housework and such like. But girls,
if they live long enough, are pretty
sure to have a heart-breaking time
somewhere, somehow; so I did my
pottering myself, and let my bits
of sunshine take it easy while she
could. I don't say I ought to have
done just so; I only say I did.—
Myra wasn't one to scuffle through
the world as I could. So, like the
wind from the garden bed, my pet
came and went through the house
as she pleased, and made everybody
glad that looked upon her.

"Well, Mrs. Street lived opposite
us. Mr. Street had the biggest
store, filled with silks and satins,
and he had no end of money in the
bank. His son Frank used to walk
to school with my Myra and carry
her books and slates. I can't remem-
ber when they were first sweet on
each other. I might have known
how it would all end. It was not
natural that rich folks should want
their only son to marry a girl who
hadn't a cent and whose mother
kept a boarding house. I always
liked Frank, though, he had such
straightforward eyes. And Mrs.
Street used to ask Myra to tea every
one in a while—just on account of
Frank, you know. Why, I watched
those two just as I would children
playing jack-straws, they had such
a good time."
"One day, before I began to think
of such a thing (Myra had just put
on long dresses), Frank came to me
as shamefaced as a girl, and real
manly-looking, too, and he said:
"Mrs. Coultie, I want Myra for my
wife, and I'll try and take good care
of her." What would I say? "Mr.
Frank, I'll give you an answer to-
morrow, was what I told him. I
made-up my mind to go to Mrs.
Street's, and if Myra wasn't welcome
in the family I'd rather she would
break her heart at once than that
she should die by inches. She was
my child, but she was good
enough to be the wife of the king
of England. My eyes were open wider
than a hawk's all that night, and I
kept thinking over and over how I
would stand up to Mrs. Street and
battle for Myra. The next morning,
after I had brought my basket home
from market, I determined to go.
First, I thought I would put on my
black silk that my husband's partner
had sent me four years before.
But I was too proud; as she must take
me as I was, and I would go in my
every day rig. So I crossed over to
Mrs. Street's house. There were
eight or nine in the parlor, and when
I saw two women in brown stuff
frocks walk toward me out of the
big looking-glasses, I sort of wished
I had worn the other dress that was
hanging up in the closet at home.
Mrs. Street was in the room wait-
ing some ladies, and she said, very
friendly like, "good morning, Mrs.
Coultie; won't you sit down?" "No,
I thank you, ma'am," was all I could
answer; "I must soon be home to
get dinner. I just come to see you
on a little business," and then I
blurted it right out at once: "It's
about Myra. I have never noticed
your son Frank, and if you would
rather he'd marry some rich fine
lady it would suit me just as well."
I trembled so that I had to hold on
to a big study chair. Myra was all
I had, you know. Mrs. Street took
my rough brown hand in her soft
one, just as if I was sick with a
fever; and she said, "Why, Mrs.
Coultie, Myra is the dearest girl in
the world, and I know all about it."
"I was took right down; I couldn't
say a word. If she had pitched into
me I could have talked all day like

a book. I was primed to fight for
Myra, but I hadn't allowed for this,
and I was such an old fool that
although I was in that grand parlor I
stood right out, for Myra was the
apple of my eye. I can't tell
you how I felt; I believe I could
have lain right down and let Mrs.
Street walk over my body into
heaven while I stayed outside. I
felt she would be so good for Myra.
I seemed to be walking on the air,
and it sparkled with gold dust.—
And the young people! Myra went
about as if she were moving to some
time that was singing inside of her,
and Frank looked as if he owned
heaven for himself, and had to give
way to everybody besides.

"After a while they were married.
She was such a picture in her wed-
ding dress! Frank had her painted
playing on a harp, and put in a gilt
frame over the mantelpiece. It kind
of made the whole room bright, and
a body felt as if there was no
trouble anywhere and nothing but
youth and hope in the world. If
Myra could go straight to heaven
looking that way, no one would
notice that she was different from the
other angels.

"Mr. Street gave them the nicest
little house, and it was fixed up
with the 'cutest' furniture. I didn't
think Myra would know much about
money matters; I should as soon
have expected one of the winged
boys on the valentines to have a
pocket for cash as Myra to be sav-
ing; but she took to managing and
kept house beautifully. Everything
went on like clockwork, and they
lived like birds for two years. She
was as neat and handy in the kitchen
as if I had done nothing but
teach her cooking, and then she'd
away to the piano and you'd hear
her voice ringing all through the
house. Just as a swallow dives
down a chimney and attends to its
housekeeping and then springs up
fresher and brighter than ever, and
skims through the air above the
tree-tops, twittering with all its
might, because it is so chookful of
joy it cannot hold in another min-
ute.

"When people are just satisfied
and happy, then look out for a
change; from the time of the shin-
ing mount till now—you may know
it is too good to last. Frank was a
lawyer and a real smart one, too.
He had lots of business, he had
such a pleasant way. You have a
look in your eyes like Frank. But
he grew weakly—had some inward
disease, and his father wanted him
to go to Europe. So Myra left her
baby with me, and they went in a
big ship to the old country. Dear
bought and far-fetched may be good
for well people, but home is the
place for sick folks. Myra always
wrote that Frank was getting bet-
ter, but he had taken a little cold or
he was tired, but he would soon be
strong again. You see, she couldn't
face it, but I knew what was coming.
They traveled about from pillar to
post; they went to Carlsbad for the
baths; to Nice for the climate; to
somewhere else for the good living.
I don't believe they ever got no
such breakfast as I could boil for
them; they had no fires; they were
starved for home comforts, and the
doctors could do nothing but
charge, charge. At last my little
Myra was left alone in that great
big strange country. Her mother
was not with her—then the great
sorrow rolled over her. We don't
know what we can stand till it comes.
A friend heard of her affliction and
brought her home."

A piteous expression passed over
my client's face as she looked at me
and said, "When I first saw Myra
you don't know how she had broken.
She stood opposite her picture, look-
ing pale as a ghost in her black
dress and widow's cap; you would
have known that the river of death
had rolled between her and the girl
who was holding the harp. Maybe
I ought to have told her of the
shadow that was coming. But how
could my crushed little Myra have
stood up, just such a halftone?
All the preparation in the world
could not have helped her.
"Everybody was so kind to her,
and little Frankie grew more like
his father every day. Some of the
hopeless folk were out of my dar-
ling's face, and in time she seemed
more willing to live for her child.
"What, with grief for his son,
and not having a lawyer to attend
to his business after Frank died,
Mr. Street seemed to get into all
sorts of trouble. He had retired
and given up his store long before.
But he was old; he talked all about
his matters to strangers. I am grow-
ing old too," she smiled as she said
that, but continued as before: "He
was easy-tempered and kept signing
his name when people asked him to
sign, and there were plenty of scamps

thought he had lots of money that
they might as well pick up as not.
I wish Abraham Street had never
known how to write. Nobody ever
got any good of all these signatures,
but he was cheated and tormented
and pestered till his life became a
burden. He sold the big house
and satin furniture and great glass-
es and all, but he never got any
money. Somebody cabbaged the
money Mr. Street had worked and
raked and scraped all his life to
make. Then Mr. and Mrs. Street
moved into Myra's house, and his
troubles kept the poor man awake
nights till he just gave up and died,
and his wife died soon after of a
broken heart.

"And when his affairs were looked
into there was not a cent left; only
the house that was given to Myra
when she was married. That was
hers. She could not eat it or drink
it or make it into jackets for Frankie,
you know; so I persuaded her to
come and live with me and let the
house furnished. I secured it as
clean as a new pin, fixed all Myra's
pretty vases and things about on
the cunning little brackets, and it
looked so nice and cozy that I
thought everybody would rush for
it. Then I advertised it for fifty
dollars a month. Myra was not one
of the talking kind, so I did not
want her put down or imposed
upon; so I went to stay with her
when people came to look at the
house.

"If you ever want to know how
hateful and tawny and bossy and
snubby real nice people can be, just
let them come to rent a house of
yours when you're nothing but a
woman. You would have thought
everybody had come from a marble
palace, and that Myra's house was a
shanty, they seemed so stuck up.
A stranger in a linen blouse rampaged
through the house as if he had but
two minutes to catch the train, mere-
ly remarking, "No modern improve-
ments." I suppose the words came
from his throat and not from a
pocket steam-whistle. Another gen-
tleman tip-toed through the rooms
with his hands under his coat-tails
and his nose in the air. He never
said "Good morning" to Myra, but
only "Too much, too much, and
you'll find it so." Then with his
boot he kicked to pieces a little
dandelion that grew in the court-
yard. It was one of Frankie's play-
things, and there was a yellow pony
on it every morning for him. I was
real glad that man did not take the
house. Plenty of pleasant-looking
people came, but there was too
many cubbyholes or too high, too
small, too big, too this and too that,
till at last a sweet-spoken lady came,
with an ostrich feather on her hat
that must have cost a month's rent.
She seemed so sorry for Myra—
said her heart ached for her, and
she knew how hard it must be for
her to give up a dear home where
she had been so happy. She prowl-
ed around for an hour, and then she
said to us, as soft as a pussy-cat, "I
will take the house—the furniture I
will allow to stand where it is; I
don't object even to the pictures—
and I would like a door out through
the east bedroom to the next cham-
ber, and new grates in the parlor. I
would like the whole house thor-
oughly painted, whitewashed and
cleaned. I will pay thirty dollars a
month and you will get a first class
gentle tenant."

"My hands were smarting with
scrubbing and dusting; this fine
lady did not know a clean house
when she saw it. Do you wonder I
was out of patience and tired of
palavering? I was filling up every
minute, and I said to the madam,
about as amiably as if I was first
consent to a snapping-turtle. "You
can't have it, ma'am."—She tossed up
her head and walked off in high
disdain, her feather streaming out
behind her.

"It was natural I should fire
sometimes when people turned up
their noses at our pretty little house
and found forty faults with it, and
were not willing to give half the
price they ought to. They haggle
about the rent and abused the place
till I couldn't stand it. Wasn't it
aggravating when it had been good
enough for my Myra? One man said
there was no distain, no dumb-waiter,
and he was afraid of the dust, he
thought there were too many
wagons going by. So I spanked
right up and said, "No, sir, there is
no distain nor dumb-waiter, nor
cups, nor hanging gardens, nor
chime of bells; there are no fire-
works thrown in, and we can't af-
ford to have the street moved a
square off an account of the dust.
We can't keep festoons of flowers
or flags hanging out of the windows
either, for forty dollars a month."
Myra had to quiet me—sort of stroke
me down.

"One woman stood upon a chair,
and, poked up her parasol to mark
as big as a fly, asked if that was a
spot on the paper; she could not
quite see, she said. I wished it had
been one of those trundles that
come in bunches of bananas, and
had dropped on her, I felt so spite-
ful. Myra had borne such great
troubles I could not bear such tiny
pins stuck into her.

"The visitors were afraid the
house leaked or smoked or did some-
thing else; they were so crabbed
and contrary that I was about
plugged to death. They came and
went, and came and went like night-
mares after Welch rabbit. At last
Mr. Stickney came—a nice, respecta-
ble looking person. He scoured up
to the park, promised fair, agreed
to pay punctually every month. I
took a long breath, and we thought
all would be right. The first month
he said the stove needed tinkering
and the gas fixtures were out of
order; it would take a whole month's
rent to fix them up, but these were
permanent improvements and would
increase the value of the property.
He seemed plausible; Frankie need-
ed some new clothes, but we had no
money that month. Well, next pay
day it was something else, and he
took it out of the rent—permanent
improvement again; and so it has
been for six months; he has never
paid a cent. He looked as satisfied
and grand as if he owned the world
when I ask him as civil as I can
Myra's rent. It made me real saucy
to see him, with his chew of tobacco
in his mouth domineering over
daughter and me. "Mrs. Coultie,"
he said "women don't know anything
about business (the old fog) they
can't understand the ways and the
wherefores of trade."—You are very
smart, Mr. Stickney, I replied, "and
very polite, besides; but anyone,
even a woman, can tell that when a
man rents a house and lives in it he
ought to pay. We don't know any-
thing about business—more's the
pity. If we were not meant to
know something about business,
why were our natural protectors
taken away? They would not allow
wolves and Stickneys to swindle us;
and it stands to reason that we
ought to know enough to take care
of ourselves."

"It's no use for me ever to go
there again; I came to you to help
us, for I am at my wits' end."
"What about the libel, Mrs.
Coultie?" I ventured to ask.
A slight drawing of the corner of
her mouth indicated that the subject
was not an unpleasant one to her
client. "Do you think," she replied,
"there is any harm in sending a
Bible to a man who don't seem ever
to have read one?" I made a present
to the Stickney man of a twenty-
five cent testament, with the leaf
turned down at the verse about de-
vouring widows' houses, and you'd
have thought it was a rattlesnake,
he was so furious; do you think,
she asked a little anxiously, "they
could not harm Myra because I gave
him that Testament? He told me he
would sue me for libel; and on ac-
count of a dog's ear in the good
book," she said with a smile.

"Another question I want to ask
you is, why did you call on me?"
She smoothed her handkerchief
very deliberately over her knees and
ironed it with her hand, as she re-
plied, "Well you used to pass by
my house every morning, and you
stepped so peart and looked so fresh
and young I thought perhaps you
might not know as much law as
some of the big bugs; but I didn't
believe you'd have time to forget
your mother, and maybe you would
have the heart to help a poor dis-
tracted mother get the right for her
child. I never meant to talk so
long, but the way you spoke of your
mother opened my heart, and every-
thing came out before I could stop."
That decided me. The appeal
was made to one suffering from an
attack of home sickness which never
comes but once, when the youth has
left home for good, is in the midst
of strangers waiting for business,
and his unoccupied time gives him
ample opportunity to dwell on the
state of things forever behind him.
"I will attend to your case, Mrs.
Coultie," I said promptly, "and it
shall not be my fault if this wind-
ling goes on any longer."

We hear a great deal of the op-
pressions and cruelties of landlords.
From Miss Edgworth's representa-
tive attorney case to the hard-hearted
collector of shillings in our day,
landlords are supposed to take de-
light in abusing their tenants. But
this was clearly a case where the
tenants were the abusers, and the
landlord—over and over again—
was the sufferer.

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought,
looking down into her bright, proud
face. I can't describe how very old
and elish it did seem to have those
sonorous words rolling out of the
smiling infantile mouth.
The band, striking up, put an
end to the quotation and to the
confidences.
As the exercises progressed, and
approached nearer and nearer the
effort on which all her interest was
concentrated, my little friend be-
came excited and restless. Her
eyes grew larger and brighter, two
deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks.
She touched up the flowers, man-
festly making the offering ready for
the shrine.

"Now it's his turn," she said,
turning to me a face in which
and which seemed about equal
mingle. When the offering
was played, and his name
was called, she seemed, in
loved as he muttered.

arguments of a man and lawyer in
the course of time proved effectual,
and afterward the money was
promptly paid. But Mr. Stickney
has moved away; Myra's mother is
in her mother now. We are living in
Myra's house, and whatever other
people may think, it is enough for
me to know that she is satisfied
with her new tenant. This is the
reason why I thank God that Myra's
mother was my first client.

A SECOND TRIAL.
It was Commencement at G—
College. The people were pouring
into the church as I entered it,
rather tardy. Finding the choice
seats in the center of the audience
room already taken, I pressed for-
ward, looking to the right and to
the left for a vacancy. On the very
front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to
make room for me, looking into my
face with large gray eyes, whose
brightness was softened by very
long lashes. Her face was open
and fresh as a newly blown rose be-
fore sunrise. Again and again I
found my eyes turning to the rose-
like face, and each time the gray
eyes moved, half smiling to meet
mine. Evidently the child was
ready to "make up" with me. And
when, with a bright smile, she re-
turned my dropped handkerchief,
and I said "Thank you!" we seemed
fairly introduced. Other persons,
now coming into the seat, crowded
me quite close up to the little girl,
so that we soon felt very well ac-
quainted.

"There's going to be a great
crowd," she said to me.
"Yes," I replied, "people always
like to see how school-boys are
made into men."
Her face beamed with pleasure
and pride as she said:
"My brother's going to graduate;
he's going to speak; I've brought
these flowers to throw to him."
They were not greenhouse favor-
ites; just old-fashioned domestic
flowers, such as we associate with
the dear grandmothers; "but," I
thought, "they will seem sweet to
him for little sister's sake."
"That is my brother," she went
on, pointing with her nosegay.
"The one with the light hair?" I
asked.

"Oh no," she said, smiling and
shaking her head in innocent re-
proof; "not that homely one with
red hair; that handsome one with
brown wavy hair. His eyes look
brown, too; but they are not—they
are dark blue. There! he's got
his hand up to his head now. You
see him don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from
me to him, and from him to me, as
if some important fate depended
upon my identifying her brother.
"I see him," I said. "He's a
very good-looking brother," she
said, with artless delight; "and he's so
good, and he studies so hard. He
has taken care of me ever since
mamma died. Here is his name on the
programme. He is not the valedic-
torian, but he has an honor, for all
that."

I saw in the little creature's fam-
iliarity with these technical col-
lege terms that she had closely
identified herself with her brother's
studies, hopes and successes.
"He thought, at first," she con-
tinued, "that he would write on the
"Romance of Monastic Life."
"What a strange sound these long
words had, whispered from her
childish lips! Her interest in her
brother's work had stamped them
on the child's memory, and to her
they were ordinary things.
"But then," she went on, "he de-
cided that he would rather write on
"Historical Parables," and he's got a
real good oration, and he says it
beautifully. He has said it to me a
great many times. I most know it
by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty
and so grand. This is the way it
begins," she added