

SUMMER WISDOM.

The man whose rule it is to take The weather as a guide...

He doesn't care how high or low The mercury has got...

But he who when the mercury Goes up to eighty-five...

Thus makes himself unappier Than he was meant to be...

So take a warning from these lines— It's good advice, though free—

Just about your daily tasks (Regardless of the heat,

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

Deland turned from the shady lane into the sunny highroad with an expansive mental comment on the ways of the semi-developed watering place.

Deland accepted the inevitable and took from his pocket the letter from his crony, Bob Barnard, summoning him to this particularly seductive Saturday night hop.

"I've a room engaged for you, but come prepared for anything from the soft side of a billiard table to the best room in the house!"

"They're an odd way here of mixing people and dates, and we may both be high and dry at the last moment. It's a feature of the place, which quite endears itself to you once you're used to it!"

Judging from appearances Herbert Deland was one of the last men on earth fitted to risk billiard table repose or put up with the Bohemianisms of a chance-taker.

How he did it, as he invariably did, was a secret he revealed to none. His deportment matched his costumes.

He replaced the letter in his pocket He had arrived to find Bob, not expecting him so early, off on a forage for hall decorations, and the influential party in possession.

"It's too bad, Mr. Deland, I'm mighty sorry, but it's no kind of use arguing with that old gentleman—he's like a bear with a sore head. I'll tell you what to do. You just go over to the Post cottage. Mrs. Post'll put you up first-rate; feed you well, too; you won't mind a lot of women. Just go back down the lane and turn to the right, and keep right on till you see a brown house with an apple tree in the front yard, and a seat. Anyone'll direct you. All right there."

He vanished and hence Deland on the highroad moralizing and keeping a sharp outlook for apple trees and rustic seats. He recognized his destination several rods before he reached it—a demure-looking little house, scanty in piazza, rich in flowers and dignified by sundry outbuildings, annex, barns, etc., in the rear.

"I see," said Deland, sympathetically. "I hope it's not serious. Is it a sprain?" "Much worse, thanks," she stirred slightly and her eyebrows contracted.

"No," she responded, "you couldn't ring loud enough here. Do you see that door under the long flight of steps?" "I do."

"The girl sat in the centre of the immense settee, the man occupied a part of the wooden seat which encircled the tree trunk. Bert had just noted that the girl's hair was a pretty shade of brown, and her head artistically set on her shoulders, when these words fell on his ear:

"Well, I am to go into the best shoe store in town, demand a pair of ladies' rubbers, and when asked the size admit meekly that I don't know? They'll have me in for lunacy! What was the number of the other pair?"

"But I tell you the others were a size and a half too big, Horace! That's why they fell off. They're up in the bog, still, I reckon, if you want to be sure!" The voice was sweet and pitched low, and the ripple of laughter in it altogether infectious, Deland slackened his pace as it added:

"You can't manage that without a shoehorn," remarked her companion. "Here, let me—"

"Yes, I can! Please leave it alone. Thank you kindly, I don't need— Horace! Horace! That's too bad of you."

The cause of this outburst was the sudden confiscation of the shoe in question by Horace. With a careless "I must have something to go by!" he lightly vaulted the settee and darted out of the yard, passing Deland with a swift glance of covert interest. The outcry on the bench had ceased abruptly.

Deland the Magnificent walked on, torn by curiosity and chivalrous consideration for the shoeless dame, but evincing no sign of having had eyes or ears as he entered the deserted little parlor. Directly opposite was door number one again, opening upon the inevitable apple tree, and he was wondering if the entire establishment had been planned and erected with a view to eternal vigilance over the apple crop, when his eye fell upon an excrescence in the centre panel of the door by which he had entered. Closer inspection revealed a likeness to a handle. Advancing boldly, he pulled the same, the result being a sound which put him in momentary expectation of the arrival of the fire department and police corps.

Search was brief, but baffling. He found three doors, of no reassuring aspect, and concluded that the main entrance must be at the back; also that there must be half a dozen windows to each door. He was conscious, poignantly conscious, that other eyes than those of the apple tree nymph were covertly watching his movements.

Passing from view of the lawn, he discovered around a far corner of the piazza, a fourth door, opening into a cheery, though deserted, little parlor. Directly opposite was door number one again, opening upon the inevitable apple tree, and he was wondering if the entire establishment had been planned and erected with a view to eternal vigilance over the apple crop, when his eye fell upon an excrescence in the centre panel of the door by which he had entered. Closer inspection revealed a likeness to a handle. Advancing boldly, he pulled the same, the result being a sound which put him in momentary expectation of the arrival of the fire department and police corps.

Presently his quick ear caught the following undertones: "Down for tonight, of course. Not from Boston though, do you think?" "I don't know; he won't stay long. He belongs in Manchester or Newport. Can't carry his own valise." "Smothered giggles."

"It's a perfect shame! Why couldn't she have waited a few days? She oughtn't to dance a step?" "How in the world did she do it, Horace?" "How does a girl usually do it? Always bet on the shoe, and you're safe."

"But she hasn't been near any rocks to-day!" "Oh, that doesn't signify. Sylvia could break her arm without moving a finger, if she chose. She studied Delarsie, you know."

"Yes, but she says it's a poor rule that does not work both ways. Sorry I can't enlighten you, but the truth is, she won't even tell me, though she admits the partial guilt of the shoe!" "Here Horace left the table, meeting Deland's eyes as he passed for one trying transient second, and causing that gentleman to speculate a little as to the advisability of their being introduced."

After dinner Deland sought Mrs. Donald, armed with the cherished trousers. He strode up the little hill, threading his way through a wilderness of picturesque babies, flower beds and kittens, to a dingy little laundry in the farthest cottage. Mrs. Donald was alone worth the journey—a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed lively little woman, who called him "dear" at the end of two minutes, and proved so entertaining that he lingered a little to make friends with the surly black dog, who by degrees unbent to him. Mrs. Donald did not consider herself no tailor, she said, but she guessed she could make them trousers look better'n they did now, anyway. But she couldn't let him have 'em before 5 o'clock, no way in this world, and he'd have to call for 'em himself, her daughter'd gone to town. They parted naturally pleased with each other, Deland en route for the Blithedale Inn.

"On the way he encountered the repentant Barnard, who in a rally of self humiliation, was seeking to invite his friend to set foot upon his abject neck. He was scarcely prepared to find Deland disposed to treat quite pleasantly the base conduct of the influential party and the delinquent proprietor.

"Well," he said in mystified relief. "If you don't mind, I suppose I needn't—especially as you're quite as well off, I fancy, at the Post place. If any fellow can stand forty-seven women, though art the man? I say—met any of the dear girls yet?" "All of them!" replied Herbert gravely, "and they've all invited me to call next winter!" "Nonsense! No, but really some of them are very good fun, and you want to get in some work to-night. There's one fellow there, Horace Stanton,

ing no chance to disregard this hint, by reason of the approach just here of four or five women from as many directions, Deland made his acknowledgment coupled with best hopes for the injured foot, and returned to the parlor, chuckling surreptitiously.

"She'll do!" he muttered. I wonder if that foot will recover in time for the hop to-night? But why does she say 'recon?' She's no more Baltimore than Boston!"

There his meditations were interrupted by the advent of Mrs. Post, a sweet faced motherly woman, who listened attentively to his tale, and taking him through dark and devious ways and up two tortuous flights of steps, showed him a clean little attic room with a pretty straw matting, a cot bed, a kerosene lamp, and from a skylight window a sweeping prospect of earth, heaven and sea which no castled king ever saw surpassed from his proudest casements. Bert, not perhaps unkindly of the apple tree nymph, took prompt possession and then confided to her his fears for his valise and his precious trousers. Did she know of any place where the latter could be pressed?

Mrs. Post proved herself fitted by long experience to cope with the vagaries of summer boarders' predicaments. Hers was a house where, if the conveniences were few and far from modern, the luxuries were many and unexpected. She boasted no bells nor call boys, but her small grandson was quite ready to go for the valise, and as to the trousers, she hesitated, but hopefully.

"Well, now air," she said, "if I was you, I wouldn't take them clear to town to-day. Of course they might be done better, but it's Saturday, you see, and you mightn't get 'em back in time without waiting for 'em goodness knows how long. Why don't you just run up here to Mrs. Donald—she's right round the corner at the top of the hill in the last house. She's a first-rate laundress when the rheumatism don't get her, and I guess she'd press 'em fine for yer, if ya got right off after dinner."

Deland could have embraced her, but took the suggestion instead, and sent for his valise, having unpacked which he descended a little late for a well-cooked "home" dinner, to which he did justice quite unmoved by the more or less oblique glances and comments of thirty women, three men and a boy.

Cinderella-up-to-date was nowhere visible, but there was a vacant chair beside the irrepressible Horace, who Deland decided looked a "very decent chap, and not her brother, furthermore."

"I have brothers who taught me to rise to emergencies," she replied. "You see," hesitating slightly, "Mrs. Donald forgot when she told you she'd do these that she had promised to finish my white gown for to-night. (Oh, so she was going, but she didn't know she had committed herself!) and I knew she couldn't do both and not spoil one, if she hurried. So as I can press and couldn't fix the gown I thought I'd help her on these. That's all. They're done, and," she folded them once, delfly, "if you carry them this way, they won't be hurt. I can't find a paper but Mrs. Donald will. I must go." Her nervousness was returning and she spoke hurriedly. "And, please excuse me, but won't you pay her just the same, you know? It's all right. She'll be down presently."

"She had hung aside the apron, rolled down her cuffs and started for the door. "But, I say—please wait a second! You don't even let me say thank you. Can't I see you again? You're surely going to-night, I hope?" cried Deland, anxiously.

"Yes—I don't know—Really I can't stop! Mrs. Donald," she called, stepping to a side door, "I'll come for that gown or send right after supper. Good-by! Never mind." She turned again to Bert. "Don't you see," she explained, lowering her voice, but a little impatiently, "that if I'm here when she comes down she'll talk a week about taking your money, and that won't be any pleasanter for me than it is already!" The sudden flashing little smile which had been bitten off severely once or twice, now conquered, though a tiny frown fought bravely.

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Deland stood a moment like one turned to stone till the consciousness that the Donald was approaching and he was in for a singlehand struggle taking from his pocket some bills he placed one beneath the ironstand and left the room, closing the door quickly and noiselessly. Outside he abruptly realized that the cause of the whole trouble lay yet on the ironing board. At this juncture Mrs. Donald's voice and step sounded on the stairs. She was not moving rapidly but

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The surly dog barked, the babies squealed, the kittens scattered, and what Mrs. Donald saw when she gained her threshold was a hustling mass in the air, a pair of flying trouser-legs and then a motionless, open-eyed, open mouthed child sitting in the bill path, gazing in mute inquiry to heaven. This meant that Bert had not stopped obstacles. But that baby never knew what darkened its sky an instant of an August day in its early infancy.

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Meanwhile Herbert, finding his physical tripping at a discount in racing with girls handicapped by weak ankles, had comforted his soul with his escape from the Donald, and betakes himself to his room, where he paused to chuckle over his recent adventures and admire Cinderella's handiwork. Presently he heard voices, breathless and laughing, and light steps on the stairs. A door on the floor below him closed, and the words which reached him sounded so distinctly close that had he not proved the acoustics of the board partitioned house before dinner by dropping his boots, he would have believed the speaker to be in the very room.

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"Oh, Sylvia, please be serious!" "Serious! I like that! I should say I was the only one who has a right to be serious—pressing a man's trousers before he's even introduced to me! Amy!" a sudden explosion of mirth, "I wish you could have been there! It was a scene for—a painter! And he is such a swell! Oh! How do you suppose he arranged matters with Mrs. Donald? Suppose she tells him to give the money to me? I'd take it, I vow I would, and treat all you girls. Oh, my! oh, me! I shall die! And he is so good-looking! Amy, I've a plan! I will go to-night! Listen! He can't ask questions. He's too well-bred, and I've pressed his trousers for him! There's no need of his ever remembering I sat under that tree with a big hole in my—"

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from Pennsylvania somewhere, whom you must meet. He's coming to-night with seven women, he says. Did you see him?" "Barnard, you're asking rather too much of a man who's spent less than two hours in a place, half of which time was given to running the landlady to earth and the rest to eating dinner. I shall be charmed to meet Horace and the girls to-night. Meantime, what's on for the afternoon? Fine place, this!"

"The wind's right for a sail, though it may not last. Come to the Inn float. Boat's all ready now."

At quarter past 5 that golden August afternoon Deland stood once more at the outer screen door of Mrs. Donald's laundry. He heard her energetic tones from an upper room break off abruptly with a "Law sakes!" at his summoning tap.

"Are my trousers ready, Mrs. Donald?" he called, cheerily, swinging the door ajar. "I'm afraid—oh—I—beg your pardon—"

Well he might. Before the ironing board on two very shapely russet-clad little feet, her dainty morning gown half-covered by a huge kitchen apron, her sleeves rolled back to the manistief advantageous display of two round white arms, her cheeks flushed and her brown hair curled prettily on neck and temple by the heat of the room and labor, stood his Cinderella of the apple tree.

It was a thrilling moment. As her eyes beheld the magnificent apparition in the doorway, she started violently and set the iron down hard on its stand. When Bert's startled second glance told him that the object depending from the ironing board was nothing more or less than a leg of his beloved trousers, he appreciated in full her presence of mind in "placing" that iron under stress of circumstances. But her face was one of crimsoning dismay and horror.

"Are—are they your trousers?" she gasped. Her hand fell nerveless to her side. "Oh, dear me!"

The almost child-like anguish in her voice brought Deland's momentarily paralyzed savor fair to its feet. Never before in his recollection had it deserted him (but then, never before had his trousers been thus ironed) and it redeemed itself grandly.

"They are mine yes," he answered soothingly, as he advanced. "How beautifully you've done them!"

This was in itself a master stroke, considering he did not know whether they were ruined or not. "But this is pretty hard work for you such a warm day, I think. Why they look fine!" he added fervently, for closer investigation proved his unwarranted gallantry not in vain.

"The distress softened visibly. "They do look better than they did," she admitted, "but—"

"Better! A tailor couldn't have put them in better shape. Where did you learn how to press so well?" asked Deland, keeping his attention riveted to the trousers, for which she blessed him.

"I have brothers who taught me to rise to emergencies," she replied. "You see," hesitating slightly, "Mrs. Donald forgot when she told you she'd do these that she had promised to finish my white gown for to-night. (Oh, so she was going, but she didn't know she had committed herself!) and I knew she couldn't do both and not spoil one, if she hurried. So as I can press and couldn't fix the gown I thought I'd help her on these. That's all. They're done, and," she folded them once, delfly, "if you carry them this way, they won't be hurt. I can't find a paper but Mrs. Donald will. I must go." Her nervousness was returning and she spoke hurriedly. "And, please excuse me, but won't you pay her just the same, you know? It's all right. She'll be down presently."

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Donald," she demanded with engaging frankness. "Did she take it?" "I really don't know. I left it and ran."

"Ran? Why did you run?" "To escape her protests and catch up with you!" "Oh—h! Well, but Mr. Deland, I'm awfully afraid she'll send it back to you by mail! She never will take it?" "All right—take the girls over to lawn and treat! Well, then, give it to the heathen kids. There are bushels of them around the Donald cottage! I saw them."

"That's quite an idea!" She reflected absorbedly. "How do they look?" she inquired presently with interest.

"Look? Well—artistic, certainly, though not over clean!" "What! They were clean when I left them! Did you drop them?" "Drop—what?" "Why, the trousers!" "Oh, I beg pardon—I was thinking of the infant heaven! They look finely—I mean the trousers. I wish I could know of a way to thank you."

"There is a way!" she announced delfly. "I'm very glad. Tell me." She faced him, leaning forward impressively. "Mr. Deland, can you, without further question, make me a promise?" "I can and I do."

"Good! That is splendid of you! Then promise you'll never, while we live, allude to either the trouser episode or—my ankle! You don't know what depends on my busting this up. (Didn't he?) It's asking a great deal, I know, but it would make an awfully good story, for you mustn't!" "Miss Hunt," said Deland firmly, "ever gave a girl away was at my sister's wedding. I must remind you, however, that Mrs. Donald may prove the undoing of us both."

"Then I shall go home next week; that's all!" "Oh, no, you won't; you promised to come over to Manchester. Really I wouldn't worry. It strikes me it can't reflect anything but credit on you. I don't believe one girl in ten could press like that. And it isn't as if it happened in the city or in the winter. It all goes in the summer months, you know."

It was November before Herbert Deland found himself at liberty to accept an invitation to a charming country house not too far from the Quaker City. Once there, however, he did not readily forget the way. As the winter advanced his friends began to comment at times upon the ease with which some men contrive to make their business trips in the same direction as their social desires, and upon the growth of Herbert's Philadelphia interests. As his infinite equanimity, physical and mental, remained unimpaired, however, and as he developed no peculiarities of any sort, conjecture, after a few intermittent struggles, died of starvation. Its best meal occurred when Deland confided to Barnard that Horace, who, it appeared, lived "next door," was less uniformly cordial to him than others.

Early in April he received a note from Cinderella announcing her engagement to Mr. Horace Stanton, and including the following extract: "Horace sends his kindest regards and fully forgives you for being the only man who ever made him jealous. Do come on soon and see us!"

And Deland, true to his colors, answered by return mail: "Horace is the luckiest man in the United States. Tell him so from me. May I now ask the question long hovering on my lips, steadily thwarted by you: 'Did those rubbers fit?' By S. Bessford, Phila. Times."

Donald," she demanded with engaging frankness. "Did she take it?" "I really don't know. I left it and ran."

"Ran? Why did you run?" "To escape her protests and catch up with you!" "Oh—h! Well, but Mr. Deland, I'm awfully afraid she'll send it back to you by mail! She never will take it?" "All right—take the girls over to lawn and treat! Well, then, give it to the heathen kids. There are bushels of them around the Donald cottage! I saw them."

"That's quite an idea!" She reflected absorbedly. "How do they look?" she inquired presently with interest.

"Look? Well—artistic, certainly, though not over clean!" "What! They were clean when I left them! Did you drop them?" "Drop—what?" "Why, the trousers!" "Oh, I beg pardon—I was thinking of the infant heaven! They look finely—I mean the trousers. I wish I could know of a way to thank you."

"There is a way!" she announced delfly. "I'm very glad. Tell me." She faced him, leaning forward impressively. "Mr. Deland, can you, without further question, make me a promise?" "I can and I do."

"Good! That is splendid of you! Then promise you'll never, while we live, allude to either the trouser episode or—my ankle! You don't know what depends on my busting this up. (Didn't he?) It's asking a great deal, I know, but it would make an awfully good story, for you mustn't!" "Miss Hunt," said Deland firmly, "ever gave a girl away was at my sister's wedding. I must remind you, however, that Mrs. Donald may prove the undoing of us both."

"Then I shall go home next week; that's all!" "Oh, no, you won't; you promised to come over to Manchester. Really I wouldn't worry. It strikes me it can't reflect anything but credit on you. I don't believe one girl in ten could press like that. And it isn't as if it happened in the city or in the winter. It all goes in the summer months, you know."

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Business men should take note of the fact that the last legislature passed a law abolishing days of grace on promissory notes and drafts, and determining when such obligations maturing on Sunday or legal holidays or half holidays shall become due. As the new measure makes a radical change in the law and hastens the maturity of notes by three days it is essential that the day when the act takes effect should be remembered. It goes into force January 1, 1896. All notes made before that date, irrespective of the time when they fall due, will be subject to the old rule as to the days of grace; but all notes and drafts and acceptances made, drawn or accepted after that date shall be payable without grace unless they contain an express stipulation that the usual grace shall be allowed. Drawers of commercial paper who neglect to pay notes drawn after January 1st, at the expiration of the time mentioned therein will subject their paper to protest, and their credit will suffer. There was no pressing reason for the passage of the new law. The old rule is absurd, but business has been adapted to it, and it will take some time to adapt itself to the new regulation. Some of the states have departed from the ancient custom, and to insure uniformity of practice, it is highly important that the other states should abolish it also. The conflict of laws creates unnecessary friction in business affairs and the tendency of legislation throughout the country is towards uniformity. The same act which abolishes the days of grace also provides that all notes, drafts and bills of exchange drawn after January 1 next which fall due on Sunday or legal holidays or any half-holidays shall be deemed to be