

# A Good Story



## A GOOD INVESTMENT.

The yellow haze of midsummer hung its radiant pennons over the velvet slopes of the Fairhaven farm; the river murmuring softly over its pebbly bottom, flashed up like a sheet of silver, and the purple fields of clover nodding ready for the scythe, filled the warm air with sweet, slumberous accents.

"Fine weather for the hayin," said Eliakim Fairhaven. To his maternal nature God's sunshine and the grand glitter of earth and sky were but the instruments to fill his pockets with sordid gain—mere accessions to "a good crop." Alas! is not this world full of Eliakim Fairhavens in one shape or another?

Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside him knitting and watching the cumbersome frolics of a pair of twin lambs, deserted by their heartless mother, whom she was "bringing up by hand."

"Yes," she said, with a mechanical glance in the direction of the beamy west. "Who's that a-coming up the path, I wonder?"

One of the new hands, I calculate," said Eliakim, screwing up his eyes. "I didn't agree to give 'em their supper and board into the bargain, a night afore the job begins—and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!"

"Tain't no hayin' hand," said Miss Comfort, rising and going down the steps to meet a slender child of nine years old, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch.

"Heart-ache, child," said Miss Comfort, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress; "what ails you, and what do you want here?"

"Please ma'am," began the child eagerly, "if you could give us a night's lodging—poor papa is so sick and tired, and—"

"No, I can't!" abruptly broke in Eliakim Fairhaven. "This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place. If ye can pay your way, well and good; if ye can't the sooner you go about your business the better!"

"We have no money," timidly began the child, while the man as if stunned and bewildered by the heartless fluency of the old farmer's speech, leaned up against the fence, pressing his hand on his forehead, "but—"

"Then clear out and be done with it!" said Eliakim, resuming his seat with dogged composure.

Miss Comfort looked appealingly at her brother.

"If I could just get 'em a bowl of milk, Eliakim, and—"

"Stuff and nonsense," sonorously ejaculated the farmer; "Fain't a goin' to give in to this sort of thing. Once begin, and you'll never leave off, you soft-headed womanfolk!"

Slowly and wearily the two poor travelers turned and plodded their way down the broad, dusty road, the languid footsteps of the invalid scarce keeping up with the tripping pace of the child.

"Oh, papa, papa," sobbed the little girl, turning her blue, wistful eyes to the white, worn face, "how cruel people are!"

He placed his hand upon her curly uncovered head.

"Never mind, Essie," he said, with a mournful, tender pathos in his voice; "it will soon end. It cannot be for long, as far as I am concerned, poor child. But for you—". He stopped, his voice husky with emotion.

They had walked what seemed to little Esther Bell a weary way, when there was a rustle among the wild rose bushes that overhung the stone wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly to them to "stop."

"It's me," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, reckless of her grammar. "Eliakim—that's my brother—he's gone over to the claw mestein at Squire Dundas', and I cut down through lots to overtake you. I tell you I can't somehow get your father's face out o' my mind. You're sick, ain't you, mister?"

"I shall soon be quite well," he answered calmly, and Comfort Fairhaven's more experienced eye detected the hidden meaning which the little girl never once suspected. Yes, he would soon be well, but it would be in that country where the inhabitants never say "I am sick."

"Where are you going?" asked kind Miss Comfort, her voice growing husky in spite of herself.

"We are going to my grandpapa," said little Essie. "Grandpapa was vexed with my mamma for marrying papa and going to England, but papa thinks he'll take care of me now. But I won't stay with him unless papa stays too."

And she resolutely tightened her grasp upon the thin, fever-burning hand.

"I s'pose you want to get to Lonsdale?" said Miss Comfort.

The man nodded.

"Is it far?"

"Eleven good miles yet," said Miss Comfort, "but I'll tell ye what; I'll make Joab get out the wagon, and with a good buffalo robe over the seats you'll ride easy enough. They'll be back afore Eliakim gets through shoutin' and prayin'; and while you're a waitin' I'll bring down a smack o' bread and meat and a bottle of my currant wine. Taint good to travel on an empty stomach."

And five minutes later Miss Comfort was carrying her hospitable intentions into effect, greatly to the delight and appreciation of the hungry child.

"Now, see here," said Miss Comfort, drawing the child aside, when Jacob drove up with the comfortable farm wagon and stout old horse, "I don't guess you've got more money than you can use."

"We have only enough for our railroad tickets," said Essie, her countenance falling, "but—"

"I thought so," said Miss Comfort; "and here's a five dollar bill I've laid aside out of my butter money that Eliakim don't know nothin' about."

The child's eyes were brimming as she looked up in Miss Comfort's honest, hard-featured face.

"Will you let me kiss you, just once?" she whispered, standing on tiptoe to bring her blooming cheek close to the spinster's wrinkled lips.

Kissing, as Miss Comfort might herself have remarked, had she leisure for a remark, was not much in her way, but she could not resist the sweet, wistful entreaty.

"There," she said, with a strange moisture in her eyes, "run along; Joab's waitin'."

"Oh!" cried little Esther, as she sat on the buffalo-draped seat, "I wish I was rich and grown up?"

"Why, what'd you do?" demanded honest Joab.

"I'd buy a diamond necklace and a pink dress for that good lady."

Joab chuckled. "I don't know as they'd become her," he said, with jocularity. "So gee up old Doll!"

"I know I'm pretty old to be lookin' arter a situation," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, "but I can't starve, nor I won't beg, so what's there left? We had a good farm once, but my brother couldn't rest till he spekulated it all away, and now he's gone and I'm all alone. So, if you know of a good place as housekeeper, or matron in an asylum, or general overseer, I don't much care where—"

The intelligence office keeper, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, broke in on the torrent of Miss Fairhaven's explanatory eloquence.

"What wages did you ask?"

"I ain't particular about that so long as it's a good home."

"Here's a place that might perhaps suit you—housekeeper wanted at Mr. Dumponcean's, No. — Fifth avenue. You might try it, although I hardly think a person like you would suit."

"I ain't young, I know," said Miss Comfort, with a sigh, but there's a deal of tough work left in me yet. Give me the address—I shan't give up and starve without tryin' for it."

Yet, in spite of all her philosophy, Miss Comfort's heart, like that of the queen of Sheba of old, grew faint within her as she sat in the luxurious reception room of the Fifth avenue mansion, surrounded by silken chairs, gilded tables, flashing mirrors and pictures, whose radiant skies might have been painted in liquidized gold, so rare and costly were they.

"I'm most sorry I come?" thought Miss Comfort. "I don't fairly believe I can give satisfaction here."

While the thought was passing through her mind, the door swung open, and a tall young lady in a blue silk morning robe entered—a young lady with golden brown hair looped after the fashionable style over her brow, and deep blue eyes.

Miss Comfort rose and dropped a stiff little courtesy.

"I've called to see—she began, but to her amazement the rest of her speech was abruptly checked by the young lady's arms being thrown round her neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she cried out, ecstatically; "I thought I never should see you again. I went to the old farm, but you had gone away, nobody knew whither!"

And she hugged Miss Comfort more enthusiastically than ever, with bright tears sparkling on her eyelashes.

"Why," demanded the bewildered spinster, "who are you?"

"I'm Essie! Don't you remember little Essie Bell that you gave the five dollar bill to in the twilight by the wild rose bushes, when—"

"Oh—oh!" exclaimed Miss Comfort. "You don't mean to say you're that—"

And here she stopped, nearly strangled by Essie's renewed embraces while she listened to the story of how grandpapa had adopted her; and how she was surrounded by all that luxury could devise or art invent.

"And I have longed to see you again," added Essie, "for if it had not been for your kindness papa never could have lived to reach his home. And you shall live with me always now, and be my darling old friend."

"No," said Miss Comfort, gravely, shaking her head. "I've come to apply for a situation as housekeeper, and if you won't give it to me, I must go elsewhere."

And Essie was obliged to consent.

"But mind," said she, nodding the golden masses of her crepe hair. "I shall give you what wages I please! Grandpa always entrusts those things to my management."

So Miss Comfort Fairhaven stayed nominally as housekeeper—really the trusted and revered head of the establishment, and her declining years were surrounded by a peace and luxury she never had dared to dream of in her loftiest aspirations.

Miss Comfort Fairhaven had invested the five-dollar bill advantageously. She had cast her bread upon the waters, and after many days it had returned to her.

## Thirteen Miles of Loaded Tables.

"At the coronation of Alexander II," says the Moscow correspondent of the London Telegraph, "there were no less than thirteen miles of tables (672 in number) laid symmetrically along the Khodynsky Field, just outside of the city, and on the eve of the historic day they were covered with various kinds of eatables for the multitude. Thus, on each table were placed five roasted sheep, the horns gilt or silvered, and on each side of the improvised tables stood firms or pines, like the traditional Christmas trees of the Germans, from which hung, not merely the usual apples, pears, sweetmeats and fancy breads, but likewise roasted ducks, chickens and hens galore. There were no plates, and the venerable old saying was acted upon that 'fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.' No government with the wholesome fear of bankruptcy before its eyes would dream of undertaking to supply the people with alcoholic liquor in sufficient quantities, and therefore barrels and tubs of water were placed within easy reach of the thirsty moochiks who might be unlucky enough to miss their share of the 'creature comforts,' par excellence, which were also supplied in vast quantities free of charge. Between the tables, and at intervals along the thirteen miles over which they extended, lofty arabesque-covered fountains were erected, whose capacious reservoirs were filled to overflowing with Crimean wine and the curious drink called myod. The national vodka, however, was conspicuous by its absence."

## Hens That Hatch Fish Eggs.

The hens of China lead busy lives. When not engaged in hatching out a brood of their own kind they are put to the additional and novel task of hatching fish eggs. Chinese cheap labor collects the spawn of fish from the water's edge, places it in an empty eggshell, which is then hermetically sealed with wax, and places it under the unsuspecting setting hen. After some days the eggshell is removed and carefully broken and the spawn, which has been warmed into life, is emptied into a shallow pool well warmed by the sun. Here the minnows that soon develop are nursed until strong enough to be turned into a lake or stream.—Chicago Chronicle.

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Not every crank is a genius.  
The saddest words are left unsaid.  
No man who knows he is a fool is one.

The pessimist is the optimist grown older.  
Every man is his own horrible example.

The rough road is often the shortest one.  
Every child is an infant prodigy to its mother.

There are days when the road seems to be all up-hill.  
How blessings brighten when other people get them.

Men strive hardest for the things they do not need.  
Friendship exacts no sacrifice and claims no rewards.

We doubt if anybody wants an eternity of anything.  
Some people prefer to help the world forward by kicking it.

Instead of waiting for your ship to come in send out another ship.  
It's a long lane that has no turning, but it may turn in the wrong direction.

Happiness is of two kinds—the kind you expect to get and the kind you don't get.—New York Press.

## Facial Expression.

Edouard Cuyet set forth at a recent session of the Transformists of Paris, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the latest view of the evolutionist as to the origin of facial expression in man. His lecture, as summarized in a bulletin of the Societe d'Antropologie, contains the following: Muscles about the mouth help to produce expressions of sadness, contempt and disgust, this last when the lower lip droops and curls. These expressions the lecturer traced to the involuntary effort to eject disagreeable things from the mouth. Our ancestors were children, so to speak, and the civilized babe of today, on finding a bitter object in the mouth, first draws down the corners of the lips, then turns the lower lip outward to help eject the disagreeable thing, and as a final resource thrusts out the tongue to expel the offending bitterness. We retain, to express extreme disgust and hatred, this thrusting out of the tongue. Amusement or pleasure is expressed by a smile that widens the mouth and raises it at the corners. The cheeks are rigid at the same time, and there are raylike marks about the eyes. The smile of pleasure, which begins thus with the opening of the mouth, is traced to the joy of our savage ancestors at the prospect of being fed. It is a selfish joy, and M. Cuyet is cynical enough to believe that most of our smiles are the result of a gratified selfishness. We welcome our friends with a smile that as much as anything else, perhaps, expresses our selfish pleasure in anticipation of diversion or at the secret thought of our own cleverness which is to entertain the visitor. Often our smiles are of self-complaisance or condescension, and then there are the smiles of defiance, which are simply a survival of the ungenial way in which our savage ancestors grinned in order to show a formidable array of teeth to an enemy.

## The Brilliant Idiot.

It was on the five o'clock accommodation on the Boston and Maine. He was a green brakeman—greener than grass at this time of year—and it was his first run over the road. At Somerville he woke old Spottegrew out of his every-afternoon nap by announcing "Chelsea!" and a little later, when they stopped at East Everett, he paralyzed old lady Pettijohn by proclaiming "Prides Crossing!" But the climax was reached when the train arrived in Lynn.

When the veteran brake-twister on the front platform threw open the door with a bang, and with a familiarity born of years of experience, rattled off, "Lynn! Lynn! Change cars for East Lynn, Swampscott, Phillips Beach, Beach Bluff, Clifton, Devereaux, and Marblehead! Lynn! Lynn!" the brilliant idiot on the rear platform poked his head in the other door and shouted, "Same here!"—Harper's Magazine.

## An Ideal Existence.

"It must be awful nice to be a farmer," said the city girl. "Nothing to do but sit around and let things grow."

And the young man who did not know that the first eighteen years of her life had been spent on a farm that eventually proved to be in the gas belt, was wonderfully impressed.—Indianapolis Journal.



## THE NEW HAT PIN.

The most beautiful of the new designs in hat pins are a daisy pattern, studded with few drops of rhinestones.

Sometimes only one kind of material appears in the new hat pins, but it is more common to find two or three.

Pearls and rhinestones are much favored, but turquoise and fligree work pins have also secured a good place in general favor.

A neat little pin may be secured if you happen to have an old army button. Any jeweler will fix a long pin to this for twenty cents, and you will have a pin not easily duplicated by your neighbor, as they are not to be bought.—Chicago Record.

## NEW BASQUES AND WAISTERS.

Mohair gowns and those of smooth-faced fancy silk-and-wool mixtures are made with round waists and very short, full basques. There is a growing disposition to add some sort of tabs, coat-tails or frills around the waist, which indicates a return of the basque to popular favor. Very many Louis Quinze coats of light chine silks, gayly brocaded satins, and Persian velvets, are worn with dark skirts of crepon or satin for the theatre and concert; but they have by no means displaced the separate round waist, which can be so easily made at home, and of so many pretty and inexpensive fabrics not suitable for the coats. Not so many chiffon waists are seen, embroidered and jetted nets and laces taking their place and making the dressiest waists worn.—Demorest's Magazine.

## THE ENGLISH MAID.

The English are very proud of the fact that the king of Greece so valued the English nurse of his son that he personally assisted in carrying her coffin at her funeral. It is recalled by Julian Ralph, that a Scotch woman nursed the czar Alexander II.; an English woman was nurse to the present czar. The poor prince imperial of France had an English nurse, and so had the present German emperor when he was a baby at Potsdam. For my part, I do not know or see of any especial advantage in having an English nurse, but if I were a king I'd have English maids sprinkled all over my palace. The English maid, with her oval face, rosy cheeks, great wide eyes, her spotless and starched cap, her immaculate linen shoulder straps and scalloped apron, and above all the silent, cheerful, highly skilled service that she gives, is one of the noblest handiworks of God.—New York Journal.

## HER SILKEN TRESSSES.

There are combs and old hair pins in plenty—so many, in fact, that there is danger of the up-to-date evening coiffure becoming a rival of the much talked of theatre hat.

In the arrangement of her coiffure the up-to-date young woman has gone back to her first love—the bang. The stately pompadour and the Maloune-like part are soon to be things of the past. The curly, coquettish bang will reign.

Of course, there are some young women with Madonna-like faces who will still cling to the classic part. But if they attempt to keep pace with the fashions of the day they will soften the severe effect of the part by allowing a curl or two to stray over the forehead.

There are round, fat, well-made curls which have a springy movement and bob to perfection. These curls sell at \$1 apiece. Then there are careless little curls not so perfectly formed, which shyly nestle among the coils of hair. Besides this, there are the aggressive upstanding bits of curls appearing in places where you would never expect to find them.

For evening affairs the aigrette is the hair ornament of the moment. Its airy lightness is much in its favor. Besides the black, white and daintily colored feather aigrettes there are exquisite ones, glistening with mock jewels. To be worn with dusky tresses is a pale yellow aigrette powdered with bits of topaz. Others are in black with a scattering of rhinestones which look like dewdrops in the sun.—Chicago News.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF "SAVING UP."

Who does not know people who seem to take the utmost pride and pleasure in piously hoarding up articles of all descriptions? It seems to matter little what it is they add to the collection. They treasure it and take comfort in feeling that they have a lot of miscellaneous property laid by against time of need.

This course is commendable within certain clearly defined lines. But to hoard for the sake of hoarding is one of the most serious of mistakes.

A great many women buy handsome materials, have elegant dresses made, and then, thinking they are too good for common use, put them away until they are out of fashion and out of date.

It is a mistaken economy to save articles of wearing apparel beyond certain limits. It is much more profitable and sensible to buy a good dress, have it made up in conservative style, and wear it whenever occasion requires. It is not worth while to have a large number of good dresses unless one is constantly going out, and even then a few costumes will be found much more advantageous. To have too many dresses is almost as bad as too few, because one feels that there is a large investment, and that they are speedily going out of style, and after awhile one has nothing that there is any pleasure in wearing.

One of the best dressed women in the country never has but three good dresses at a time. One is a street costume, which is of the best wool fabric she can buy, and is made in elegant style, then there is a dinner and an evening dress. These with a quantity of dressy accessories, furnish her with an outfit that is every way satisfactory. From these three, as they become somewhat out of date, she has tea gown, house dress and second best evening dress refitted.

In the days of black silks, one woman, who had more sense than money, bought one dress during the year, and that was a good black silk. She always had a second best and the third was good enough to reconstruct with some pretty remnant for house-dress or tea-gown. For the latter a short length of bright wool or silk was all that was required.

It is possible for a woman to costume herself handsomely on a very small amount of money, provided she gives the subject sensible and intelligent thought. To do this, however, she must religiously refrain from purchasing novelties, and must utilize her dresses while they are new. Buying to put away is the most expensive business imaginable.—New York Ledger.

## FASHION NOTES.

Grass linen parasols, with batiste insertions, are shown.

Hand-painted belts with miniatures for buckles are very smart, also very expensive.

This season the black and white stripes and checks are shown in more bewildering variety than ever.

All this year's waists have detachable collars. The newest cuff is a soft turned back one, fastened with link button.

There are grass cloths now woven with the stripes of insertion already in and a vast amount of trouble is saved by buying this material.

A hat made all of pink roses is extremely becoming when worn with a black ostrich-feather bonnet. The green leaves of the roses and a high spray of the flowers on the left side are the distinguishing features.

A black and white checked taffeta has a broad, square collar extending over the shoulders, and back of the waist, and in front turned off in points. This is trimmed with a ruffle of accordion-plated black mousseline de soie with a narrow white edge.

An elaborate little bonnet for theatre and dress wear is of fine black net with a jeweled buckle across the front connecting two soft rosettes of white chiffon. A white aigrette just back of the rosette on the left side gives the needed height.