



CHAPTER I. THE NEWCOMERS.

"If you please, mum," said the voice of a domestic from somewhere round the angle of the door, "No. 3 is moving in."

Two little old ladies, who were sitting at either side of a table, sprang to their feet with exclamations of interest and rushed to the window of the sitting room.

"Take care, Monica, dear," said one, shrouding herself in the lace curtain; "don't let them see us."

"No, no, Bertha. We must not give them reason to say that their neighbors are inquisitive. But I think that we are safe if we stand like this."

The open window looked out upon a sloping lawn, well trimmed and pleasant, with fuzzy rosebushes and a star shaped bed of sweet william. It was bounded by a low wooden fence, which screened it off from a broad modern new metalled road.

"My goodness me!" cried Monica, the smaller, the drier and the more wizened of the pair. "What do you call that, Bertha? It looks to me like four batter puddings."

"Those are what the young men box each other with," said Bertha, with a conscious air of superior worldly knowledge.

"And those?"

Two great bottle shaped pieces of yellow, shining wood had been heaped upon the cabman.

him a coin, there was a moment of mumbling and gesticulating, and suddenly she had him with both hands and was shaking him as a terrier would a rat.



Right across the pavement she thrust him. "Can I be of any use to you, aunt?" asked the large youth, framing himself in the open doorway.

"Not the slightest," panted the enraged lady. "There, you low blackguard, that will teach you to be impertinent to a lady."

The cabman looked helplessly about him with a bewildered, questioning gaze, as one to whom alone of all men this unheard-of and extraordinary thing had happened.

"Well, at least, Monica," remarked Bertha as they sat over their teneaps that afternoon, "however strange these people may be, it is our duty to be as polite to them as to the others."

"Most certainly," acquiesced her sister. "Since we have called upon Mrs. Hay Denver and upon the Misses Walker, we must call upon this Mrs. Westmacott also."

"Certainly, dear. As long as they are living upon our land I feel as if they were in a sense our guests, and that it is our duty to welcome them."

"Then we shall call tomorrow," said Bertha, with decision.

"Yes, dear, we shall. But, oh, I wish it was over!"

A reference to "Men of the Time" showed them that Admiral Hay Denver was a most distinguished officer who had begun his active career at Bomarsund and had ended it at Alexandria, having managed between these two episodes to see as much service as any man of his years.

"Oh, let us get away, Bertha!" cried Monica, with her thin black-gloved hands thrown forward in abhorrence.

"Not away, but into the next room," said Mrs. Westmacott with the air of one whose word was law.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Miss Williams. "In the relation of the sexes, they have worked out the great problem upon their own lines, and their isolated geographical position has helped them to come to a conclusion of their own."

"All right, aunt."

"These are our neighbors, the Misses Williams. Perhaps they will have some stout. You might bring in a couple of bottles, Charles."

"No, no, thank you! None for us!" cried her two visitors earnestly.

"Certainly, dear. As long as they are living upon our land I feel as if they were in a sense our guests, and that it is our duty to welcome them."

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"She's hatching out some eggs. That is why we have the fire. Eliza always does better when she is warm. She is a sweet, gentle creature, but no doubt she thought that you had designs upon her eggs. I suppose that you did not touch any of them?"

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"Yes, we have one or two other visits to pay," said the elder sister. "You will, I am sure, excuse us. I hope that you will find Norwood a pleasant residence."

"All places are to me simply a battlefield," she answered, gripping first one and then the other with a grip which crumpled up their little thin fingers.

"The days for work and healthful exercise, the evenings to Browning and high discourse, eh, Charles? Goodbye!" She came to the door with them, and as they glanced back they saw her still standing there with the yellow bull pup cuddled up under one forearm and the thin blue reek of her cigarette ascending from her lips.

"Oh, what a dreadful, dreadful woman!" whispered sister Bertha as they hurried down the street. "Thank goodness that it is over."

"But she'll return the visit," answered the other. "I think that we had better tell Mary that we are not at home."

Little Bessie was no "goody goody" child, but one who would no doubt have done her share in scrambling for the front rank in a street fight, or in thrusting herself forward when anything good was to be had.

"The eggshell child. To make an amusing toy out of an egg, follow these directions: Make a tiny hole with a pin or large needle in each end of an egg. By blowing into one of the holes the "inards" of the egg will all pass out through the hole in the other end. Then through the hole in the large end pour a few grains of glue and lead. Care-

tionally heat this over the stove, and when the glue is melted allow it to cool in the smaller end. This of course fastens the lead to the smaller end and causes the egg to stand always on its point. Paint on one side a crying face, on the other a smiling one. The little face is very charming because of the rocking of the egg in seeking its balance.

A Curious Tree. There is a tree in the West Indies that the natives say "grows dishes!" It looks like an apple tree. They call it the calabash.

A Dog That Asked For Aid. A short time ago Nero was walking up Border street, East Boston, limping badly. When he got to Mason's lumber mills, the doors of which are always open, he entered, approached one of the men and held up his injured paw. Nero has not a very pleasant looking face, and the man did not offer to touch him, but called on him to "go out." The dog walked as far away as the door, and turning around came back and again held up his wounded foot. The man stopped his work, and gently taking hold of the paw, found a safety pin imbedded deeply in the flesh. He extracted the pin, the dog wincing at the pain, and when he got it out the dog licked his paw and then fawned about his surgeon. Shortly afterward he took his departure as if nothing had happened.—Boston Herald.

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