



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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OFFICE OF

# COUNTY TREASURER

## BLUE EARTH COUNTY

T. W. HART, Treasurer

Mankato, Minn.

19

Oct 19 1904

Twelve o'clock had come and the week's work was ended. Mary Randall closed her desk and rose, murmured with herself that release from work so helpful should not bring her a more joyous thing. She slipped into her shabby little jacket, pinned on her shabby little hat, and with a quaking not to her companions, walked swiftly to the elevator. The show lingered over their more prolonged preparations. <sup>Gossip.</sup> Hats had to be replaced over elaborately constructed cap-purses. Monster hats had to be properly adjusted. Grimy nails had to be polished and long gloves buttoned with precision. Long waists had to be pulled in place and frills pinned carefully after their coats were fastened. Mary Randall always left them soonest. They were in the habit of discussing her after she had gone out of the room. "I'd like to know what she has to be slick up about," remarked one dame with a curling plume. "Such hats! and her suit is the limit." "She's certainly not good looking," remarked a shrewy blonde as she opened her wide blue eyes wider than usual. "She was kind to me," said the meekest girl Trowley. "And I had my piece say she was most

efficient." Meanwhile, Mary Randall had  
reached the street below. It was a narrow street,  
and a crowded street, and a noisy street. She  
believed that she hated these ~~jolly crowds~~  
~~more than the~~ indifferent things <sup>even</sup> more than  
the gossiping chatter she had left, but none of  
all she hated the lonely little room ahead of  
her, with its solitary window looking out on  
smoke and chimney pots, with its cracked ceiling  
and its remnants of furniture, she shuddered as  
she turned her footsteps toward it. Even in this  
breathless city she could feel the hint of autumn.  
The trees were no longer so red their glistening  
leaves, the trees were no longer so green  
so good, she felt the crispness in the air,  
and when she shut her eyes and her ears  
against the dirty clamor of the city, her  
fancy could picture the hills glorified with  
autumn, the meadows waving with  
autumn flowers, the streams shuddering with  
autumn clearness, <sup>and</sup> the autumn haze  
giving it all an air of morality.  
A big sob rose in her throat and her  
blind eyes were dimmed with tears. Then  
she stumbled on and the throngs  
swept past her.



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Then it came - the great ~~stimulus~~  
~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ idea. It made her stand stock  
still. A little crimson fluttered in her cheek  
like autumnal ~~the~~ <sup>like autumnal</sup> maple leaf ~~gives~~ in midair. She  
clasped her unglazed hands. Why not go?  
Why not go? Why not go? There was money  
enough in her pay envelope to take her  
far out of the city. She burst into a delighted  
little laugh. Providence made a car  
marked "to the station" stop before her.  
Unresistingly she climbed on. Swiftly she  
was whirled away. Already the cares of  
life seemed far away.

The station was filled with its usual  
mélange of people. Bisk salesmen, tired mothers,  
wailing babies, munching children, giddy girls,  
self-assured women, fussy old men, loungers,  
mud boys and red caps. She moved among them  
like one in a dream. Happiness glorified her face.  
More than one pair of world-worn eyes  
turned to look at her as though she were a

flowers blooming in this gloomy spot.  
She fell into the line of ticket buyers. When  
she reached the window she spoke breathlessly  
to the cross, tired man, behind it. "I want to  
get to the hills," she said, "I want to get out  
where I can see the swarms of autumn. I  
want to go quick but I can't pay much."  
The man's face relaxed. "Here's a ticket to  
Orleanside," he replied, "two-fifty, is that  
all right?" <sup>Strain is making up now.</sup> "I sure wish I was going along,  
miss." "I wish you were," she told him,  
seriously, as she moved on. The next in  
line was a tall gentleman, with a  
~~line~~ deep wrinkle between his keen gray  
eyes and a preoccupied expression. He  
heard the little colloquy. The idea  
came to him as it had to Mary Raudall  
and it impressed him as it had the  
ticket agent. "By jove, give me a  
ticket to Fairland too," he said with  
a sudden impulse, "I was going to  
Boston to land a deal - but I believe  
it'd rather be a miracle." "You're  
sensible sir," said the ticket agent as



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he stumped another Brasside ticket.  
And Mary Raudall walked on un-  
conscious.

The Brasside Train was a "local". It  
received a good share of the tired mothers,  
wailing babies, and muzzling children,  
tho' the station was as full of them as  
was after the train had pulled out. That is  
a family station here. Mary Raudall  
~~found~~ selected a red plush seat next to  
an open window. She took off her shabby  
litter hat and the wind stirred ~~the~~ her  
brown hair ~~which was as soft as down~~  
she gazed with scorn on a middle-aged  
man who had provided himself with a  
magazine to while away the journey.  
She was not going to waste one  
golden moment on a fictitious ~~adventure~~  
adventure. She was going to have adventures  
herself. It was going to see and do great  
things. The man who had picked up his

big dad to accompany her to  
Juryland boarded the train last  
He took the seat opposite her.

## Hunting for a Hermit.

"A really, truly hermit?"

The tall youth who sprawled on the piazza railing, looked down at the eager little girl standing below him, and continued his description.

"Yes *ellbaudis*, he lives all alone in a little green valley where three hills meet. And there is no human thing but himself within a mile. And there he spends his days, praying and writing and meditating, and — Oh a bunch of us boys discovered him one day out nothing. He's a sure 'nough hermit."

Here a pretty young lady in a ruffled blue gown came out and greeted the youth so cordially, that he quite forgot a hermit had ever existed. But the thought of the hermit lingered in

the mind of the child, even after she had been carried off to bed.

Now Claudie's home, where this eventful conversation had taken place, was a little yellow house tucked into the shadows of several large hills. The little girl had lived in the hills since she had been old enough to walk. In ~~summer~~ spring she searched the sunny ravines for flowers, in summer impromptu picnics were instituted at all hours of the day and night, in autumn the slopes yielded her baskets of nuts and leaves, and in winter she rode down their ice clad sides straddling her faithful sled.

It was no unusual sight to see Claudie and her bosom friend commonly called Carrots, start up the hill on a fine morning with

their sun bonnets and baskets. And the neighbors, if they noticed the little figures at all, never guessed that anything unusual was in the air. <sup>some particular time!</sup> But if they could have had a closer view of the two excited little faces, round eyes, and palpitating bosoms, it would have been plainly evident that some mischief was afoot. But who could have suspected that these little maids were in quest of 'a really truly hermit.'

Up hill and down hill wandered the little adventurers loading themselves down with wild flowers and berries and holding an animated conversation on the subjects which were suggested by the passing beauty of the hour.

Suddenly, as Carrots was expiating

on robin's eggs, Claudie's hand tightened over hers. "Look!"

Down below them was a little green ravine with a ~~little~~ stream babbling thro its flower fringed banks. And half hidden by ~~the~~ a group of enormous maples, was a small white cottage. There could be no doubt but this was what George had referred to, 'a little green valley where three hills meet.'

"Come let us go down," cried Claudie clapping her hands.

"O do hush," put in Lerots sharply.

Indeed it seemed profane to break the silence. Even nature seemed to have quieted the children on her restless bosom,

while the hermit breathed his prayers.

The little brook babbled softly over its snowy bed, the flowers and leaves and grass swayed noiselessly in the perfumed breeze. No bird's call broke the hush.

The children started down the slope hand in hand.

The door of the little white cottage swung open and an old man came out into the sunshine. He was not bent or feeble as his snowy hair might indicate, but straight as an arrow. And his brown eyes were so gentle as they rested on the children that all fear was dispelled.

"It's a beautiful day," said

Carrots when the silence grew embarrassing.  
 "Yes sir, so tis," added Maudie  
 not to be outdone.

"Indeed it is," agreed the hermit.

After that they got on famously.  
 The hermit showed them his chickens and  
 ducks, and introduced them to his white  
 cow 'Bonny' and his mule. And when the  
 sun was low he filled their hands with  
 some flowering vices they had admired and  
 gave them a paper sack of cookies.

"Why he aint like any hermit I  
 ever saw," observed Maudie as they wended  
 their way across the field.

"He makes pretty good cookies  
 for a man tho'," replied Carrots contentedly.

Maudie Hart.

Make up work.

Photostat of  
gown - 1888

"That gown looks to be made of silk like that in the fairy tale," said Windham, "soft enough and fine enough to pass thru a needle's eye."

Millicent laughed and shook out the silvery folds. "Goodness knows I've fussed enough over it," she replied merrily; "it must needs be fine and soft or I could not dance in it. It contains @ ever so many yards. I wonder if it is the gown or the girl who wears it which draws the crowd? A beautiful spectacular dance, by the skilful dancer Mademoiselle Millicent Elliot. Wouldn't that be more of an inducement than a eulogy on my gown?" She laughed gleefully at her own nonsense.

Windham's face darkened. "Don't," he said in a hurt voice, "Please don't do Millicent."

The girl looked at him curiously,

2.  
laughed again a little mockingly, but said nothing.

In silence; she pinned on her drooping, plumed hat, ~~and pinned~~ drew on her long gloves, and handed him her jacket. ~~He~~ In a minute, they were out of the house, making their way down the snowy street.

"Millicent," said Widdham tensely, ~~also~~ as the pause continued unbroken, "How long is this going to keep up?"

"You are charmingly vague," observed the girl, with a curl of her red lip.

The man gnawed his mustache savagely, ~~with~~ obviously making a supreme effort to keep his temper. "You know what I mean, well enough," he said ~~but~~ quickly. "I mean estranging yourself from your friends, leaving yourself your luxurious home comforts, ~~coming to~~ <sup>living in</sup> this god-forsaken ~~hole~~ hole, on the salary

3  
obtained from dancing in a cheap theatre —

Millicent put up a detaining hand, "slander me if you wish, Rex," she said with a touch of severity; "But not my occupation."

"I have no wish to slander you," cried the man desperately, "But —"

"Love me, love my occupation," replied she lightly.

Rex Windham relapsed into a sullen, angry silence, but after a short pause in which she regarded him amusedly, Millicent continued. "This is so much nicer, Rex, than the fashionable life. Not but society is pleasant, in its way, only it lacks spice after the first. I always knew I would like to earn my own money, and be independent, and I find it delicious. I adore my occupation. Some people find it dreary and disillusioning to go on the stage, but I do not. I love the smell of boards and scenery,

4

behind the footlights, even at rehearsal when the footlights are not lighted". She glanced sidewise at her companion, taking an elfish pleasure, in the distress visible on his countenance. "Much that you hear about the hardships of theatrical life is ~~an~~ exaggerated," she observed. "For instance, the struggle to gain popularity. I came into success right away. My fashionable friends have thronged the theatres, the middle classes come to see me, and theatres Johnnies deluge me with flowers, fairly deluge me".

"It is because you are notorious," said Widman sharply, "you are designated as the heiress actress, and you are quite a curiosity. It is your money that attracts the Johnnies."

The girl glanced at him, piquantly.

5.

"You are among the most devoted, does what you just said apply to you too?"

A dull red flush spread over his face, then, if ever Rex ~~Goodrich~~ Windham exerted his wonderful self-control, for he made no reply. The girl saw that she had gone too far, and aid closed her untruly lips, and ~~he~~ ~~she~~ eyed him half-frightened.

The walk was continued in embarrassing silence, and both were glad when they had gained the back entrance of the theatre, fronting on an alley. "You will come and see me dance?" she said anxiously as she held out her hand.

He took it, in his big, brown one. "You know I will," he said gruffly.

The quick tears rushed to her eyes, and she bent her head in a sudden agony of remorse. "Yes, I know you will

6.

my good, kind, friend". She cried brokenly, "I would, indeed, be in a plight without you. You desert your friends and home and come to this lonely part of this city, to see that I come to ~~know~~ no harm. You ~~use~~ take up all your time bothering with me. Escorting me to the theatre and going home with me at night thru the dark streets, and how ~~do~~ reward you for your kindness? O what a beast, Sam. Go back to your rooms, your club, your friends, and forget about me. I do not need you." She was beating him away from her, hurriedly.

"It would be something to think that you needed me", he said sadly.

"Ah! how you will misunderstand ~~me~~ me", she cried. "I do need you, but — I am trying to be unselfish

and send you back to your happiness. But I do want you, Rex."

"I want I will stay," replied Rex Windham gravely, and putting his arms about her, he kissed her on her sensitive, red lips.

In a moment more, she was gone and he was alone in the dreamy, shadowy, alley. He made his way to the front of the theatre and plunked a dollar at the unshaved man at the box office. A moment more and he had made his way to ~~the~~ a seat in the front row of the balcony, just as he had done twice a day for the seven days which had elapsed since pretty Millicent Elliot, heiress, had left her Fifth Avenue mansion and secured this position.

The crowd was beginning to come in. The seats around and about

78,

him were being filled but he did not notice the occupants. He watched the curtain with tense but unseeing eyes, and his nervous fingers half unconsciously were pulling the program into shreds. "What can I do?" the question reiterated itself in his mind; what can I do? what can I do? I cannot let her cheapen herself this way. Her pure, butterfly-like nature is being tainted by association with these soiled sinners just as the soft texture of her skin is soiled by the rouge which aids her to ~~with~~ brave the glare of the footlights. O hapless fate! What can I do?" His troubled reverie was broken by a voice at his elbow. A cheerful, bright, girlish voice, it was, which interrupted its words itself on

self on his taxed brain.

"This is what I've come to  
~~see~~, Catherine." The girl was saying  
pointing her taper finger to one item  
of the program, "This spectacular dance  
by Millicent Elliot."

"Is she very skilful?" asked the  
somewhat bored voice of her companion.

"I don't know about that. But  
she is not a common dancer. She is  
the Millicent Elliot of Fifth-Avenue.  
The capricious hure'ss who has taken  
to the boards."

Her companion rejoined  
surprisedly, and the first speaker  
went on: "Shouldn't you think she'd  
tire of such a hard life, Cath? How  
hard it would be to practice under  
a stern manager, and how awful it  
would be to walk home thro' the

dark streets."

"Managers don't act harsh to harrissers as bring crowds of fashionables to the theatre, and she probably goes home in a coach and four. If she didn't ~~she~~ tire of it soon enough."

Windham quite jumped as the full force of the words struck his mind. Stupid that he was! He himself had made her contented with the miserable life! Ah! if he could persuade himself to stay away from her, and let her shift for herself in the face of a curious gaping world. Should he? Could he?

The man got up and made his way up the aisle with the impetus of a quick but final decision. The lights <sup>in the pit</sup> were darkened ~~is~~ at that moment, and the orchestra struck up the well known strains which intro-

passed the entrance of Miller's cut, as  
he made his way down the stairs.

Chapter I: Now what d'ye  
think of that?

"Mrs. Pat O'Connor," announced a pretty white-capped maid.

Mrs. Vanduyke patted her snow-white hair, poked the fire, and sank back in her pillow-lined chair. "Show Mrs. O'Connor in," she said sharply to the maid.

Mrs. O'Connor or Mrs. Pat as her friends called her came rustling in. Her jewelry tinkling, her dress trailing, her silk petticoat rustling, and gushing as usual.

"Oh my dear Mrs. Van Dyke, How cozy you look. Do pull me up a chair Mary. That is your name is it?"

2. Mary, the maid, pulled her up a chair, took her wraps, and Mrs. Pat with a contented little purr, laid back among the pillows, placing her dainty feet on the fender.

Mrs. Sam Dyke poured her guest a cup of hot tea and inquired as she laid a hot cake on the saucer, "Is the weather very bad dear?"

"Bad!" ejaculated Mrs. Pat as she drew off her gloves; "Oh my dear Mrs. Sam-Dyke it is perfectly terrible for December. Oh thank you. How good and hot this tea is."

"I am so worried about Mollie" began Mrs. Sam Dyke plaintively, "I can't understand her at all. She

3.

is very frisky and flighty and will not take a serious view of life. She is merciless to that poor Pendermon who has been dangling about here for weeks."

"And he so rich," murmured Mrs. Pat.

"When I speak to her about the way she treats him she laughs and says, 'Poor Jommie. One would think his love would die when fed on snubs.' Then she took it into her head to be good to him and when he was worked up to the point of proposing, she dropped him. Put him dead. And goes frisking around as gay as possible again."

"Who is Pendermon's suc-

"Cessor?" inquired Mrs. Pat, "Another cake please."

"Certainly. Can I fill your cup? No? Well then I'll go on. I don't know who is. She turns down every last one. She said she hated men, and hated society, and hated being rich, and she wished to good mess she was a servant, it would be so interesting."

"Heavens!" murmured Mrs. Pat.

"Isn't it awful? Oh I wish you would tell me what to do."

"Am I awfully bother aunt Catherine?" It was a sweet, girlish, voice, with a little laughter hidden in it.

5.

Both ladies glanced up in astonishment and Mrs. Pat rose.

"B it right down Mrs. O'Low-nor. I am going to fetch me a chair and refresh myself with a cup of good strong tea."

The speaker was a slight willowy girl wrapped in furs. The keen wind had deepened the pink in her cheeks, the little brown curls blew about her face, and her brown eyes seemed sparkling with life and joy. She jerked off her coat, fur without and satin within, and perching on the arm of Mrs. Van Dyke's chair pressed her old pink cheek against her aunt's wrinkled one and held her little hands

out to the blaze.

"Now Aunt Catherine" rose up. You were entertaining Mrs. D'Commer with a list of my misdoings and eccentricities were you not? Never mind dear I will not bother you much longer." She checked herself hastily and the rose-tint deepened in her face.

"My dear!" Mrs. Van Dyke nearly dropped her cup in her surprise. Why are you thinking of leaving?"

"All girls get married I suppose," observed Mollie drily.

"Not that I am thinking of it particularly," here the dimples

came out." But I might you know.

"How about the maid servant idea?" inquired Mrs. Pat helping herself to another cake.

"O've given that up," replied Mollie laughing as she pushed the little brown rings of hair off her fore head. "Because I thought how oogly my hands would get."

"I thank good ness," murmured Mrs. Van Dyke.

"I might be a governess, or nurse," continued Mollie reflectively, "Or even an actress."

"Heavens," ejaculated both ladies together.

"Oh I didn't say I was," cried Mollie laughing at their

8. "horrified faces." Well I must go and look over the invitations, declined with with thanks," she finished breezily as she danced out of the room.

"Now what 'dye think of that?" demanded Mrs. Van Dyke as she settled her pillow and Mrs. Pat echoed.

"Now what 'dye think of that."

"Do you suppose she is only jesting?" asked Mrs. Van Dyke anxiously.

"No telling," responded her friend. "She is certainly very eccentric, almost the not quite as eccentric as she is

9.

sweet."

But when Mollie reached her room she did not look at the invitations, she merely rang for Mary.

"Have any bundles come Mary?" she inquired.

"Yes m. A great big one," replied the maid. "It's on your dressing-table."

"Very well," replied Mollie. She unrolled the big bundle. She found half a dozen lace caps, the same number of aprons, three plain wool dresses, and quantities of plain under-garments.

Chuckling, dimpling, and smiling, to her self Mollie folded them and laid them into her

10.  
suit case.

"Here," she said as she snapped the locks, "now I'm nearly done." She drew her box of note paper from her desk and taking a sharpened pencil from her desk traced upon the highly perfumed sheet.

Dearest Aunt Catherine:  
I have gone. I will be back in three months. I am safe, well, and happy. Don't worry.

Mollie.

Then with a light laugh she stole down the stairs out into the gathering dusk.

11.  
Chapter 2: The fair Applicant.

On the corner of Highland Avenue and 23<sup>d</sup> st. of New York there stands a respectable brick house set near the sidewalk. In it reside a family named Trumbles, composed of Mr. Trumble and his wife, four children, and Mrs. Trumble's brother Cox Fairchild. On the night of December the 29<sup>th</sup> the older members of the family were taking tea in the pretty dining room. "I declare it is discouraging," said Mrs. Trumbell as she helped herself to a biscuit. "I've had an ad in the Sun for two weeks and not an applicant."

12. "Poor Sis," laughed Cox. "Are the children as anxious for a governess as you are for them to have one?"

"Now Cox," remonstrated his sister, "the last one scared them out but I know —"

"The doorbell plarav," said her husband,

The maid hurried thru the room to get to the hall, and returned in a few minutes with a slender young girl behind her. The girl was Mollie Van Dyke. She was wrapped in her fur and satin cape. A fur hood was pulled over her brown hair. Bewitching

little ringlets had crept about her brow. Her face was pink from the cold wind and two frightened brown eyes gazed about her.

The three at the table rose and the little maid left the room.

"I'm an applicant for nurse & governess here," she said in her sweet, frightened, voice.

"O-oh," Mrs. Trumbull drew in her breath. "Beg pardon but you look like a lady," she said frankly.

"I am a lady," cried Mollie with a little toss of her head.

"Of course," soothed her new mistress, "you look nice

14.  
and refined and I should like to have the children with you. Are you used to children?"

"no-o that is I've never worked with them before but I love them dearly."

"Your education?" ventured Mrs. Trumbell.

"I've graduated from the high school and have had one year at Vassar."

"How odd," said Mrs. Trumbell aside. "What is your name?"

"Susan Peters," replied Mollie.

"Very well Susan, sit down by the fire and get warm

15.

and after tea I'll see about taking you."

Mollie did as she was bid and the family sat down to finish the meal.

Mollie looked from the corner of her eye at her new friends. Mrs. Trumbell was short and stout. She had an abundance of mouse coloured hair, bright blue eyes, and a round pleasant face. Mr. Trumbell had a bald head, blue eyes, and a sandy gray mustache. He appeared much older than his wife. Cox was by far the most interesting of the three. He was big and broad with his sister's twin kling eyes and pleasant face. He's

16.  
"not very handsome but he'll  
do to flirt with," she thought to  
herself and Rox was thinking,  
"Isn't she a beauty? Jove! We'll  
have some good times now."

When supper was over,  
Mrs. Trumbell led the way to  
the living-room while Rox and  
Mr. Trumbell stayed behind  
with wine and cigars.

"Now what wages do  
you expect," inquired Mrs. Trum-  
bell when she had out-lined  
in brief what Mollie's duties  
would be.

"Oh it does it matter"  
replied Mollie with a yawn.  
Then recollecting that she was

supposed to be a servant she  
stammered, "7-7- four dollars?"

"Four dollars a week would  
be satisfactory," replied Mrs.  
Trumble with a smile. "Do  
you want to see the children  
now?"

"Oh yes indeed," cried  
Mollie.

Mrs. Trumble led the  
way up the winding stairs &  
into a long pleasant room  
fitted up like a nursery. As  
she came in the mother called,  
"Children," and from the ad-  
joining room came four  
children and ran towards  
them.

18 Chapter 3: Her Charges.

"This," said Mrs. Drumbell pointing to Mollie, "is your new Nurse & Governess Miss Peters."

The children had hidden in their mother's skirts, but a little boy of nine now sidled out,

"Hello," he said. "Hello you dear little 'nans," replied Mollie kissing him. "I-I've got a dog," he

stammered. "How nice!" replied Mollie with interest. "A-a-and a cart," "Oh," breathed the new

nurse. "And I-hitchem together," he cried clapping his hands.

"How nice," cried Mollie catching him up and dancing about.

"I like you 'O," he cried and

she patted his cheek kindly. "He is a very dear little man," said Mollie turning to the mother. "What is his name?" Philip, "replied Mrs. Jumbell. Then turning to the other three who were clinging to her skirts she said, "Come out little darlings and make friends." A little girl about 5 or 6 years of age came out, "Miss Peter this is my Dottie," said Mrs. Jumbell. Dottie was a fat, little thing with dimples and soft yellow curls. "I like you," she said hanging her head. "I like you too," replied Mollie. "I like you better than Philip does," she continued shaking her curls gravely. "No wiser!" cried

20<sup>th</sup> Master Philip. "Dad" repeated his sister still shaking her head. Where upon Philip pulled her hair, and was sent to bed in disgrace, while Dollie screamed at the top of her voice. "Hush, hush," said Mrs. Sumbell, "now Miss Peters these are my babies, and she led out two little twin boys. Short yellow curls had they, round blue eyes, and they were dressed in the cutest sailor suits. Their fat little legs wobbled in the silken hose and one pair refusing to hold the weight of its chubby body, gave way and set <sup>its</sup> owners sharply on the floor," "Soots and Boots," said Mrs. Sumbell as she deposited the

21<sup>st</sup>

fallen one on the sofa. "Oh the sweet little fellows," cried Mollie hugging them both where upon they gannied helplessly. "now," said Mrs. Sumbell, "we must go away, will you bring your things to night?" "Yes," replied Mollie, "I left my suitcase on the vestibule. They had reached the living-room and Cox threw away his cigar. "Haven't I sweet niece and nephews," he asked as he rose to give her his chair. "Yes," replied Mollie, "isn't Philip dear?" "How about his uncle?" asked Cox smiling. "It is uncle is charming," replied Mollie dimpling, "so polite to a poor nurse. now Mrs. -?" she paused. "Fair child," he put in, "Will you help

some carry my patchel into up the stairs. I'll stay here till you come back." Cox carried the heavy suit case up stairs and laid it in front of her door. When he came down Mrs. Trumbell and Mollie were playing cards. After the game was over, the little maid brought in a tray of coffee & cakes. "Whata nice evening we have spent," said Mollie as she sat on the arm of Mrs. Trumbell's chair, "I can't understand it. Do you treat all your servants so nice? We don't ours." She did not notice the mistake she had made but Cox did and so did her new mistress.

When Mollie had gone to bed Mrs. Trumbell said, "That girl

is a puzzle to me. She is so queer. Imagine a servant who has gone to Vassar, doesn't care about wages, and orders the mistress's brother about." Here she laughed merrily.

"And who kisses the lady of the house," retorted Cox.

"But best of all did you hear her say, "Do you treat all your servants like this? We don't ours." and Mr. Trumbell chuckled to himself.

"We evidently have an extraordinary creature in this house," Mrs. Trumbell remarked.

"It seems as if I have

24" seen her before," said Lou as they rose to retire.

"Probably in your dream," laughed Mrs. Trumbell. "Good night."

"Good night," replied her brother, just then a tousled night-capped head was stuck out of Mollie's room.

"Good night," called that scamp. "I'll have my breakfast served in bed in the morning."

## Chapter 4: The first Morning.

Mollie awoke with sun and decided not to eat in bed after all. She put on a dark wool dress and a dainty lace-trimmed cap & apron. Then wrapping her fur cape about her she hastened out by doors. Lo! and behold! next door was a skating rink and skating up and down with ease and grace was Fox Fairchilds. "Oh Mr. Fairchilds," cried Mollie. Fox turned, bowed, and came rapidly toward her. "How well you skate," observed Mollie. "Is there a hardware store near here?"

"Just around the corner."

"Very well! Please run over and get me a pair of skates."

26.  
Here's a bill." She had drawn her purse from the pocket of her cloak.

"But -" he stammered.

"Your foot? How shall I know your size?"

"Oh that's easily managed," she explained, "Here's my rubber."

She slid her dainty foot out and Cox, removed the over shoe, took off his skates and hurried around the corner. And so it came about that when Mrs. <sup>Jumbell</sup> Cox rose and looked from her window she saw her brother and her maid gliding like the wind across the glassy surface of the pond.

27.

They came in soon, & he rosy and disheveled. "We had a splendid spin, Mr. Fairchild and I," she said, "He bought me some skates, of course I paid for them, but mean he ran over to the store for me."

"You will have breakfast with the children Susan, I mean Miss Peters," said Mrs. Jumbell.

"Oh very well. The little dears - I'm hungry as a bear" and off she danced.

The children welcomed her boisterously. "See the table's all set by the bay window," shouted Philip, dragging her across the nursery.

"We saw you skating," said

95.  
Dottie.

"I haw ou thralin," said Boots and Boots together.

"Well if breakfast is ready we'll eat now," said Mollie sitting down at the round table.

"We've got 'tater pancakes' cried Philip as he beat a potato on his plate with his knife.

"and creamy wheat," said Dottie.

"What?" inquired Mollie.

"She means cream of wheat" remarked Philip loftily.

When every one had their napkins on Mollie filled the plates and the children chattered like mag-pies thru the meal.

Then lessons began.

"Philip can you say your alphabet?" asked Mollie.

"Course" replied Philip.

"Say it."

Philip repeated the 26 letters without a mistake.

"Now my boy," said Mollie in a motherly way, "what is the third letter in the alphabet?"

"Huh! I guess I know. Of course."

"Philip! no it is not! Think!"

"I know now," remarked Phil.

"Well," said Mollie, "take the third and the first and t and what word does it make?"

"I know a word with four

3<sup>o</sup> letters in it," suggested Philip hopefully.

"That has nothing to do with four letters. What does e-a-t spell?"

"Miss Warner told me once but I forgot it - never on my mind any way - should I hitch my -"

"Philip," Mollie's voice was stern.

"Yes Miss Peters," replied Philip meekly.

"What does e-a-t spell?"

"m-m-mouse," left his quivering lips.

"Philip how silly. Well DOT can you tell?"

\* Thus the lesson went

31

on and at twelve o'clock Mollie left the school room thoroughly exhausted.

After a light lunch she threw herself on her bed and soon fell asleep.

"Miss Peters,"

It was Mrs. Trumbell's voice accompanied by a rap on the door.

"Come in" said Mollie yawning.

"You should take the twins out to walk now," said Mrs. Trumbell.

"Oh is that all you want? I can't go now I'm sleepy," and she turned over with a sigh of relief.

She heard Cox laugh in the hall and Mrs. Trumbell said,

"Miss Peters you will oblige me by getting up directly." The door swung open and she stood gazing at Mollie who had slipped on one of her pretty lavender slippers. Her hair fell in tangled curls about her face, and a pair of sleepy eyes smiled up at her. "Oh Mrs. Trumbell please go away. Can't you see I need sleep? Those dear babes were too much for me. Go away and when I wake up I'll take the children."

Mrs. Trumbell was too astonished to speak - she stood staring at Mollie in dumb surprise - meanwhile Mollie had jumped up - "allow me to resume my nap!" she said half play-

fully, closing the door.

"Well Edith - own yourself out-witted," laughed Cox in high glee.

"Why the idea Cox - what am I to think - and do -" gasped Mrs. Summell holding to the railing for support.

"Don't no sis - I guess you'd better let it go. Do the children like her?"

"Like her - Cox they adore her - and she is so gentle and patient with them - but I don't know what to do - I can't permit this?"

"You must - or say tete to a nurse maid - and take your chances on getting another half

34. as nice or pretty or educated," argued her brother determined not to lose track of this pretty, puzzling, maid. "For the children's ~~the~~ sake you know," he added artfully.

That settled it, what would not Mrs. Brumbell do for the sake of her children, she could never get such an educated nurse again! To be sure she must keep her for the children's sake.

35.

## Chapter 5. Quoting Poetry.

<sup>afternoon</sup>  
One day a few days after the arrival of the nurse, as Mollie sat in the school room helping Phil with a perplexing sum, her mistress came in looking rather worried.

"Dear Mrs. Brumbell," cried Mollie rising in alarm. "What is it?"

"I am worried about boots," she replied, sinking into a chair. "Oh is it you Phil are here? Get me a glass of milk."

After the lad had quitted the room she turned again to Mollie, "Miss Peters, I am worried

36 about Joots," she said wearily.

"Why is he - ill?" cried Mollie anxiously.

"Oh no - not that - but he is losing his rosy cheeks - and his appetite is failing," she pained and put her head in her hand. "Miss Peters," she continued brokenly, "I have lost one child - Flora - and I am worried about Joots."

"You worry with out cause," said Mollie gently pressing her friend's hand in sympathy.

"Oh tell me you have not noticed it" cried the mother eagerly.

37  
But much as she longed to Mollie could not reassure the anxious woman. She had noticed Joots failing appetite.

"Oh you think so too, I read it in your eyes," cried Mrs. Stummbell sadly.

"no; indeed not," replied Mollie gently, "I have not yet been here a week - you talk nonsense - How could I tell in such a short time? Report for orders in a week" she added gaily, "And I will give you my opinion." Here Philip came in with the milk and the conversation ceased - after sitting idly a few minutes Mrs. Stummbell rose and left the room.

37 That night after tea Mollie put on her fur cape and ran down stairs to the hall, "Are you going out Miss Peters?" inquired Cox rising and stretching himself.

"Yes," replied Mollie nodding.

"May I ask where?" he inquired.

"Only out for a walk," replied Mollie and her tone <sup>implied</sup> ~~seemed~~ to say, "you can come along if you wish."

"And may I go with you?" he asked eagerly.

"If you wish - only -"

39

"Well I do wish," he replied with alacrity, "Only what?"

"Why - I am only a nurse you know - and -"

"Oh is that all," he broke in, in a disgusted tone, "Don't think of that - I may go there;"

"I'll see - now, Grumbell," she cried raising her voice,

"Well my dear," replied that lady good naturally.

"Cox and I are going for a walk - will you come along?"

Cox frowned - disgusted at the turn affairs had taken.

Mrs. Grumbell saw the frown and determined to go - for the Susan Peters was pretty and amiable she

~~did not fancy the idea~~  
 of a nurse maid, and  
 Mrs. Drumbell did not fancy  
 the idea of her only brother  
~~married~~ falling in love  
 with a nurse maid.

In a few minutes the  
 trio set out -

"Isn't it a lovely eve-  
 ning," breathed Mollie - "Let  
 us see what was it song -  
 fellow said -

Oh Holy night from thee I  
 learn to bear.

What man has born before,  
 I show layest thy finger on  
 the lips of care -

And they complain no more."

Mrs. Drumbell and her  
 brother could scarce believe  
 their ears - a nurse maid - quot-  
 ing those beautiful lines -

"Repeat it all," begged Cox.

So in her sweet musical  
 voice she repeated the poem  
 from first to last -

"Isn't that beautiful," ejac-  
 ulated Mrs. Drumbell. "do say  
 some more - don't you know  
 more poetry dear?"

"Oh yes I know any amount  
 of it - for I love it - but can-  
 not you favor us Mr. Fairchild?"

Cox hesitated - "Oh do say  
 some Cox," begged his sister,

"Well I will if you care  
 to hear me - do you like Long -

42. follow - Miss Peters:

"Oh so much" she replied earnestly.

"Then I'll repeat some of his I never heard till yesterday. It struck me as being very beautiful," and throwing back his head he repeated with feeling our great poet's beautiful, "By the fire side."

As he spoke Mollie's lips began to quiver and Mrs. Drumbell's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh Cox that is so beautiful," murmured his sister as he finished, "if I could think like that I would not feel

43.

so about 7 hrs - my dear child that I lost - that died,"

"She is not dead - the child of our affection," quoted Cox putting his arm around his sister, "But long fellow says - 'She lives whom we call dead.'"

"I trust you dear old comforter," and dashing away her tears Mrs. Drumbell became her usual self.

"We can not have any more poetry I guess to night," said Mollie in a brave little voice, "We had better turn back now - had we not? - I am rather cold."

The walk home was completed in silence and left the

44. I run balls more in doubt than  
ever as to Mollie.

"A nurse maid who  
quotes poetry," mused Cox,  
"By jove I can't make that  
out."

45.

### Chapter 6-

"Oh Miss Peters," shouted Phil  
as he ran into the nursery one snowy  
morning afternoon, "I want to go out  
coasting and so does Dot and Boots  
and Boots - and mamma says you  
may take us over to Linden Hill  
and we can all slide on my bob sled  
if you want to Miss Peters."

"Well! Well!" said Mollie smil-  
ing as she glanced from one excited  
face to another, "Of course I'll go  
dears - what fun!"

The children ran away  
to put on their slacks and hoods  
and Mollie, fully as eager as they,  
dressed warmly for the frolic.

Soon they started out Mollie and Phil pulling the sled - on which Toots rather, warm and breathless had deposited himself - and Dottie and Bookwalk in along side.

At last they came in sight of Linden Hill. Linden Hill was a long gradual slope which ended in a skating pond. The snow was crisp and smooth as glass and the sleds went like the wind. Mollie got on the bob-sled and held the twins in her laps, Dottie nestled in front of her while Philip steered in front.

"Oh how delightful," screamed Mollie - her hair flew - the wind reddened her cheeks - and blew the snow into her face - but she clung to the twins and laughed aloud as they flew down the glassy slope out across the pond. The skaters cheered. "Oh Phil - that is fine", panted Mollie as she shook out her cloak, and pinned up her hair. "Let's do it again - come up they ran and got settled for a second time. "One - two - three - go!" cried one waving his hat.

They found this such a delightful pastime they kept at it, until the sun grew red in the west until Toots complained of cold.

"Oh dear, how careless of me!"  
cried Mollie, with an anxious glance  
at the reddened west. She had not not-  
iced the skaters, who had dispersed  
an hour ago. She gave Dot her muff  
and took her fur hood with the baby's  
little gray cap perched on her  
sunny curls and her bare-hand  
pulling the heavy sled.

They hurried on in the gather-  
ing dusk.

Beetle  
Mist  
Curtis

## Chapter. The Arrival.

The flyer shot noisily into Williamsville Station, while the Brakeman announced any passengers to "be brisk." There were only two - a big motherly woman and a <sup>cousin</sup> little girl. They were assisted to the platform and the train thundered on.

"I dont see no 'un fer us ma!" said the child gazing about the deserted station.

"Either do I child," said the woman sharply. "Yit the station is labelled Williamsville as sure, as sure." She gazed about her a little puzzled.

"Yo ask that man ma," suggested the youngster.

"I believe I will," replied her mother admiringly, "I'd never a thought. Your heads jist about level Anne Maria and thets so." She advanced to the man in question, an idler with his hat jerked over one eye and his hands in his pockets.

"This Will 'amsville if I aint mistaken," she suggested boldly.

"Right you are," replied the loungeer arily.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Swiggins lives sir?" she inquired gaining confidence.

"Junior or senior?" asked her informant.

The woman gazed

at him blankly a moment.

"I don't catch yer meanin'"

She said rather stiffly

"I asked you whether you wished to find the address of Mr. S. junior or Mr. S. senior," he explained a twinkly of fun in his eyes.

"Oh neither sir," she explained hurriedly. "It was Swiggins folks I wanted to know about. Me and Anne Maria are down on a little visit."

"Are you relatives of Swiggins?" asked the man.

"First cousins sir. Mr. Swiggins was my first cousin. But do you know where they live?"

"Yes, It's about five miles from here."

"Oh lord! So far?" said the woman despondently.

"Yes. About that. It's four or a half at least, you go right straight up that way four blocks and then turn to the left, cross the bridge and follow the road till you get there."

"How'll we know the place?" struck in Anne Maria,

"Hey! What? Oh - it's a large white house and says "Swiggins" on the mailbox."

"I thank you fur puttin' yer self out," said the

woman picking up the satchel. "Come on Anne Maria!"

And the two started out on the long walk.

"Will they be glad to see us ma?" asked Anne Maria after they had trudged along in silence a little way.

"Law yes child, Swiggins will be plum delighted, I've never seen his wife though."

"How they any children ma?" asked the child after a pause.

"Yes I believe so. A little gal. Eleanor I low her name was." replied the mother after a moment

of reflection.

"I hope they'll be glad and not put out. Keerful ma you'll stumble on her train." This last in a hurried whisper as, coming round a corner they found a young lady was walking in front of them.

She was rather a pretty young-woman tho her nose was snub and her teeth far apart. And her gown was very rich indeed sweeping a foot behind her.

But the warning came to late. Mr. Swiggin's first cousin's foot got caught in the train.

and the young lady felt herself jerked back.

"Get off my train you rude woman," she snapped. "See how you have torn the lace."

"A thousand pardons," cried the offender confusedly.

The young lady muttered something to herself and catching up the train walked very briskly on.

"Why ma," said Anne Maria reproachfully.

"Isn't she a sweet one," replied her mother sarcastically, in a perfectly audible tone.

"Hesh ma," whispered Anne Maria anxiously.

"She's one of them there high-toned folks."

"Don't care if she is," blustered the angry woman whose attempt at conciliation had been so coldly received, "I've got a heap better manservant."

"Yis ma, but don't talk so loud, let's pass her," suggested Anne Maria jerking her mother's sleeve.

They crowded passed the young lady and walked briskly on therefore they left the miles behind them and were soon ringing the bell at The Swiggins mansion.

## Chapter 2. Their Welcome.

In front of the fire place, in his cozy dining room sat Mr. S. Wiggins. He was a slender, aristocratic looking fellow of some thirty odd years. Sitting on a hair cloth stool at his feet was the young-lady previously mentioned. Her golden head rested on his knee and her brown eyes gazed at the dancing flames in the grate. On his other knee perched a slender little girl. Her brown curls fell about her dark little face. Her serious black eyes were full of tears.

"Oh Isabel I got a letter some days ago I forgot to show you." He said to his wife.

"Who is it from?" she asked curiously.

"A cousin of mine. Bachel-dora Swiggins her name was before she married. Mrs. Heziah Custy she is now," he replied fumbling in his pocket. "Oh here it is. Read it for yourself."

She spread the letter out on her knee and read.  
Samuel Swiggins Esq.,  
Dear Cousin:

We and Anne Maria will be down to spend the summer. Expect us any time now.

Yours Sincerely,

Mrs. Heziah Custy.

"Horrible", cried his wife.

"Oh Sammie why didn't you telegraph we were out of town or something," she burst into tears.

"Why my dear," began her husband but she broke in.

"Oh dear - oh dear - me Anne Maria", husband if they come I shall go crazy."

"Hush," he cried. "There is the bell."

Mrs. Swiggins dried her eyes and shook out her elegant gown. The maid came in. "Mrs. Hezekiah Custy and Miss Anne Maria Custy." She announced.

"Oh Mary! Oh Sammy, they've come what shall I do. Tell 'em I'm not home." she wailed.

"Sorry, ma'am," said the maid, "but I've told 'em you were at home." With these words she flung open the door and our friends entered.

I do not believe I have told you how they looked so I will describe exactly their appearance as they stood in the doorway. Mrs. Lintix wore a gown that had been made from a ching lounge cover. It was red with great bunches of purple grapes here and there. Her head gear was a salmon coloured bonnet trimmed with bunches of artificial violets. Her veil was a light green with black dots in it.

Anne Maria was not much better. Her pretty brown hair was squeezed into a braid hanging down her back like a ball-rope. She wore a white apron over a crimson dress and her bonnet was tied down with purple strings.

What wonder poor Mrs. Swiggins gave a little scream and hid her face?

"Cousin Bachelora I am glad to see," said Mrs. Swiggins rising.

"Law yes so be we! Is this Eleanor?"

"Yes that is my daughter. I said, let me introduce you to my cousins."

Mrs. Swiggins rose but sank into her chair again. "It's the woman who tore my skirt," she cried.

"Let bygones be bygones," said Mrs. Custy loftily, "Anne Maria this is your little cousin Eleanor."

Eleanor looked up shyly and took Anne Maria's hand. "We will be good friends won't we Annie," she said in her winning way.

"Yes, I love I like you," said Anne Maria uneasily.

Meanwhile Mrs. Custy and Mrs. Swiggins were shaking hands.

"I suppose you want to go to your room," said

Mrs. Swiggins icily.

"Oh no," replied the widow crisply, "I low I'll just set down and warm myself."

"Oh very well," replied her hostess.

"Samuel and I used to play with each other when we was small," observed Mrs. Rustic as she care fully removed her veil. "We was great chums. Ware it we Samuel."

"Do you reclect the time me and you was playing at tag?" I chased you into some net-les."

"No bachelore I confess I do not," said the aristocrat coldly.

"You dont? Saw I re-  
member just as well."

"I think you had better  
retire," observed Mrs. Swig-  
gins.

"We ha'nt had a bite  
to eat since noon-time,"  
remarked Mrs. Custy.

"No?" raising her eye-  
brows.

"I'll go and ask Mary  
to prepare something," said  
Eleanor who felt that her  
cousin had not received a  
very warm welcome.

"Very well," replied  
Mrs. Swiggins inclining her  
head.

Chapter 3. [A lecture.

Mrs. Swiggins gets treated to  
"Ma," said Anne Maria  
pensively as she was un-  
buttoning her frock, prepar-  
atory to retiring. "I dont think  
Cousin Samuel or that pretty  
lady, his wife were parti-  
cularly glad to see us."

"Why Anne Maria Custy,  
for shame! and they give us  
such a nice room to sleep in,"  
reproved Mrs. Custy dancing  
around the spacious bedroom,  
with its fan and rose hangings.

"But ma. They had to give  
us some place and the other  
rooms are just as nice as this.  
They didnt act particular  
cordial, seems to me." argued

Annie Maria.

"That's so!" replied her mother nodding her head. "And I had to ask for the riddles."

Mean while in the room below Samuel S Wiggins was being treated to lecture.

"The idea Sammie," Isabel said between sobs.

"Of your low down relatives coming and imposing on us. Did you here her say that they were going to stay all summer? I won't stand it! I won't! I won't!"

"But Isabel" replied the aristocrat in a perplexed tone. "But Isabel it is not my fault."

"You might have phoned that we were out of town as soon as you got the letter."

"So I might," he agreed, "if I had but known my wife would not welcome a relative of mine."

"But Sammie I am not strong," she put in defiantly.

"Haven't you a cook, three maids, a housekeeper, and coach man," he demanded waxing angry.

"But their company? Did you see her table manners? I won't eat a bite with them in the house," she sobbed, "They make me die austed."

"They are my kin I wish you to remember," he informed her coldly.

"I'm not apt to forget it," she replied tossing her head.

"Well you must be civil to them and I'll give them a hint not to stay over a month," he said persuasively.

"A month indeed," she cried, "you must let them stay a week."

"How long they stay is for them to decide - while they stay they must be treated with politeness," his tone was firm and she burst again into

tears.

"Now sweet heart dry your eyes," he pleaded, "I don't like to see you sad. This matter is decided now, let it rest."

"I go home to morrow on the first train," she sobbed.

"I shall be reasonable," he cried exasperated "what would I do alone?"

"That's just it," she said smiling a little, "you can't get on without me."

"and now tell me," he continued as she wiped her eyes, "How you

happened to get home first if they met you on the road, and passed you."

"Oh," she replied gayly, "I caught a ride. Cousin Escheldora & Swiggins, Custy walked all the way."

Thus the lecture ended and Mrs. Swiggins went to bed determining to make the best of it.

#### Chapter 4. Next morning.

The following morning, Anne Maria awoke bright and early, and pattered down the hall in her night gown and bare feet.

"Why cousin Anne," said Eleanor laughing as she peeped around her door.

"I'm racing" said Anne Maria coming to a sudden stop, "I'm exercising."

"Come in here," said Eleanor invitingly.

Anne Maria followed her cousin into the dainty room, with its rosy hangings, lacy furniture, and delicate

violet fragrance.

"You see," explained Eleanor, "I wanted to see how pretty I could fix you up."

"I wish I were as pretty as you," said Anne Maria, rivetingly gazing at the girlish figure in a cream lãtkroka, padded slippers, and tumbled, brown curls.

"None else," laughed Eleanor, "come."

Anne soon dressed all but her gown and shoes and stockings and then Eleanor announced.

"Now obey orders and the grub will change into

a butter jelly. Put on these."

"Oh-h," laughed Anne Maria as she obeyed command no. 1 (the pulling on of some very lace stockings and slippers.)

"Now undo your hair from that ugly braid - how exquisite!" and Eleanor laughed aloud as the brown waves tumbled over Anne Maria's shoulders.

"I don't think it's very exquisite," grumbled Anne Maria, "It's heavy an' hot for me in summer."

"It's delicious," cried Eleanor clasping her hands. "Only see."

She puffed up a little hair and stuck in a comb or two with gold edging, then with a determined twist she looped it under her hand and tied it up with a pink bow. "Look now," she said leading Anne Maria to the toilet table. "Isn't that nice?"

"That's so," replied our heroine. "That's just rats."

"You look quite chic," said Eleanor approvingly "now this wrapper."

"Oh!" squealed Anne Maria delightedly. "How good you are even in it now. We will be plum crazy!"

"That wrapper does not fit very well," observed

ed Eleanor. "Well there goes the bell."

As Anne Maria ran down the stairs her little head was beating louder and faster than usual under the foam of white lace. Never in all her eleven years of life had she worn such an elegant gown - the delicate fragrance of the lace, the hair that dropped over one ear - the pointed satin slippers - all absorbed her admiration as she stood before the mirror. She had seen beautiful ladies and lovely mansions before but now she seemed a part of a story, a real live

heroin.

"You look pretty to be sure," giggled Eleanor. "But I wouldn't be vain - you've been standing before that mirror for quarter of an hour."

"I can't believe it's me," she said reluctantly, turning from the beautiful vision. "I reckon it's kind of a miracle aint it? Say you aint a miracle are you?"

"Do you mean magician,?" laughed Eleanor.

"I low I do," replied Anne Marie thoughtfully. "I was so oggly when I came here an' now my - oh I'm just a pooch," she turned and courtseved clumsily.

"Come! come," urged her cousin, "look at Anne Marie's mother."

Mrs. Swiggins had come into the room. "Why - what have you done to Anne Marie's mother's daughter?"

"I let her wear my wrapper and fixed her hair."

"I dare say," she asked you," cried Mrs. Swiggins, the torrent of her wrath bursting forth. "Take off my daughter's things you little beggar!"

"I aint a beggar," cried Anne Marie hotly.

"What is it wife?" inquired Mr. Swiggins coming leisurely in.

Mrs. Swiggins ex -

plained. The air to eat  
glanced from the weeping  
Eleanor to Anna Maria who  
with flashing eyes was  
pulling down her hair  
"Stay child - you must  
wear the gown," cried Miss  
Swiggins gently.

"I won't - I won't!"  
cried Anna Maria pas-  
sionately. She tore off the  
rosy slipper and hurled  
it at Miss Swiggins. Then  
she turned and fled to  
her room.

## Chapter 5. After the storm.

Anna Maria came down  
to breakfast with her hair strain-  
ed into the old ugly pig tail. Her  
eyes red, and her mouth de-  
fluent. She wore an ugly blue  
calico stomacher and shawl that hung  
from her brown neck, and  
the delicate lace stockings  
had been replaced by her  
ordinary rough stockings  
and stout boots. Mrs. Cus-  
ty too looked stormy. She  
ate her mush stonily. Mrs.  
Swiggins' icy good-morning  
was returned by an icier  
nod for Mrs. Custy was  
just wrapped up in Anna  
Maria and the insult

cut her to the quick.

"Wife," said Mrs. S. as he followed Mrs. S. into the morning room, "you must apologize to Bachel-dor."

"Sammy," Mrs. S. looked at him reproachfully.

"It can't be helped Isabel, you insulted the child -"

"I must explain yourself," stormed his wife "I called her a beggar, and she is one, or she not?"

"Herziah's uncle kept his wife a pretty comfortable fortune, \$50,000 and the child's uncle, Ed Dart more has made his

will - leaving Anne Maria \$100,000. She is a good deal richer this moment than Eleanor can ever hope to be.

"Oh - h," replied his wife a gleam of understanding dawning in her eyes. She turned to Anne Maria who had just entered the room.

"Little dear," she cooed, "pardon my harsh words this morning - I have such a temper - I try hard to control it. She folded the child in her arms and kissed her.

"I'm on to you," chuckled Anne Maria disengaging her self from the

jeweled arms." I heard  
cousin explain how in  
Josh is going to make me  
his hairdresser."

Mrs. S. was a lit-  
tle taken back but she  
made another effort. "Oh  
my dear you are hard on  
me" she murmured, "I have  
repented of my harsh words  
you forgive me dear don't  
you?"

"Yes" murmured  
Aunt Maria relaxed  
but not convinced.

"Now Eleanor," call-  
ing the dutiful lady's name in her  
voice, "take dear Aunt  
out for a drive in the  
pony carriage."

"I can't and the child  
she observed to their hus-  
band as the delighted child  
tripped out, "it wasn't for  
the woman —" she paused for  
a moment and then without  
finishing her sentence she  
left the room.

Aunt Maria allowed  
Eleanor to lend her a rid-  
ing hat and brown ribbon  
to replace the string she  
wore on her hair, with  
these additions to her toilet  
at she looked quite present-  
able.

"Where will we go El-  
enor?" she asked as she  
jumped into the carriage.  
"We'll go and see Eliza"

replied Eleanor as she slapped "Kage" with the reins.

"Who be Else?" asked Anne Maria, "where do she live? Very fur from here?"

"A half mile," replied Eleanor, "just next to the mill, & he is my dearest friend."

"Just so," replied Anne Maria nodding her head, "Oh do be keesful Els' mev - you'll tip <sup>us</sup> up out."

"Oh no," replied Eleanor lightly. "Elsa is a darling," she said after a pause, "she is so pretty, such long yellow curls, and big childish eyes - suit like a doll."

"Just like a doll," repeated Anne Maria thoughtfully.

"Her mother and father are dead" continued Eleanor, "and she and her grandmother live alone."

"Are they rich folks?" asked Anne Maria.

"Oh no, Mrs. Max - Elsa's grand mother weaves baskets for a living and Elsa takes them from door to door, after school, and tries to sell enough to keep them both in clothes and food - Elsa has to stay out of school half the time - poor girl."

"I shud think she'd like it -" observed Anne Maria.

"Oh no -" replied Eleanor sadly - "She feels very badly over it - but one has to live - you know."

"I know so," responded Anne Marie.

"Well here we are - isn't it a cheerful little house? Look at the flowers in the window and the pretty view as she spoke Eleanor ran up before a neat vine covered cottage.

The girls tied the horse and ran across the well kept closely cropped lawn.

## Chapter 6, Elsa her Grandmother.

Eleanor's friend Elsa was in truth as good and lovely as Eleanor had described her. She and her grandmother sat in the window weaving baskets. It was a neat little room. Somewhat curtains hung at the windows, a neat rag carpet graced the floor, and the old fashioned plate rail with its blue and white delf was gave the room a quaint old-fashioned air. As the bell rang Elsa hastily laid down her work and crossed the room. "My good friend Eleanor," she exclaimed as she opened the door, "this is indeed a

welcome surprise."

"This is my cousin  
Anne Maria Perty Elsa,"  
said Eleanor pushing Anne  
Maria forward.

"Just so," murmured  
Anne Maria abashed.

"How art welcome,"  
she replied pushing back Anne  
Maria's hair and kissing her.  
"I like thy face. It showeth  
a kind heart. By my soul I  
am for getting my manners  
cutted" she held back the door  
and then ushered them into the  
simple room.

"Grand mother - this is  
friend Anne -" she said bowing.  
"Anne this is my dearest  
grand mother Madame Max

The old lady kissed both  
girls cordially. "Be seated,"  
she urged - "and I'll get thee  
quite a glass of cold milk - 't will  
refresh them. 'How art tired?"

"I am a little bit of yer  
please 'm," replied Anne Maria,  
"not as tired as heated mebe."

"A glass of milk will do  
thee good, put new life in-  
to thee," replied the old lady  
gently.

At this juncture Elsa out-  
ered with two glasses of  
foamy milk. The girls quaff-  
ed of the beverage and  
Anne Maria observed. "Yer  
must hav a <sup>good</sup> ~~pudd~~ of a cow."

"We have a fine Jersey  
replied Elsa cheerfully.

"How long wilt thou abide  
here Miss Lucy?"

"all summer Miss  
Max -" replied Anne Marie.

"Call me else" re-  
quested the girl gently.

"Call me Aunt Maria,"  
replied that young lady.

"and thou Eleanor  
how art thou of late?" asked  
Elsa turning back to her friend.

"at last you speak  
to me - I tho't you had for-  
gotten me -" said Elsa  
with mingled joy and re-  
proach.

"Thou art jeal-  
ous, foolish child -" replied  
Elsa laughing softly, "I  
lovest thou with all my

heart friend - look - all about  
these are traces of thy bounty,  
Tears came into her blue eyes  
as she spoke.

"Love me in return"  
replied Eleanor - "It does me  
good to come here Elsa - so  
much good - my eyes are  
tired of bright colours - your  
gray gown restores me - I am  
tired of indigestible sweets,  
here I have milk and bread,  
I am tired of mother's world  
with jealousy, and false-  
hoods, and such, and your  
sweet face, and holy ways  
rest my tired soul."

"Poor little pet," mur-  
mured Elsa tenderly -  
"Thou wishest to come to

the heaven of rest?"

"Please Elsa," replied Eleanor submissively.

Before Anne Maria could speak the girls left the room - in about two minutes Elsa came back alone.

"My friend will feel better when she comes down -"

she said gently - "she is tired poor soul - and now you - do you wish to watch me weave?"

"I don't would be interested please -" replied Anne Maria, while she watched Elsa weave many thoughts passed thru her tired brain. She felt confused and restless and

the peaceful words, "a heaven of rest," and sounded gently in her ear. Her tired brain buzzed in a confused circle as the ignorant child reviewed the days adventures - some how she envied quiet little Elsa in her gray gown more than gay, little Eleanor with her beautiful gown, home, and indulgent parents.

When Eleanor re-entered the room her face wore a peaceful smile -

"Come Anne Maria - we must go -" she said wisely as she tied on her bonnet -

"Good by Miss Max," said Anne gravely.

As the two drove

home ward Eleanor  
ed.

"How do you like  
my friends Anne Maria?"

"Oh they are as nice  
as they kin be" cried  
Anne Maria excitedly.  
"Aint Miss Max and  
Lorley?"

"I knew you'd like  
em." observed Eleanor.

"Ain't cousin" put  
Anne Maria gently, "I want  
you to teach me more book-  
learnin' I want to be an  
speak nice like you - I  
I -" she paused.

"I know just how you feel dear,"  
said Eleanor kissing her, "Ella always tells  
you feel good kind of - I'll do it."

## Chapter 7. A few days after.

A few days after the visit to  
Ella's humble home, Mrs. Rusty,  
sat with her knitting on the  
veranda. Eleanor sat with a  
book on the steps explaining  
something to Anne Maria who  
sat above her, her face puckered  
down and puzzled. A messenger  
boy in blue came striding up  
the path, "Mrs. Rusty?" he ventur-  
ed glancing toward that lady. "Well"  
he continued having received a reply  
in the affirmative, "Here is a tele-  
gram." "Oh Anne Maria!" she  
cried dropping the envelope like  
poison. "My gods and little fishes!  
Read it child - read it to me."

Anne Maria tore open the mirrors with trembling fishes fingers "Bachel dora Custy - Madam - Samantha's real sick. Cum to oncot. "Who is Samantha?" asked Eleanor. "Oh she our poor lil cat," wailed Anne Maria. "Silly," broke in Mrs. Custy. "They dont mean the cat, Samantha Rogers. Yer see," turning to Eleanor, "our cat is a always yowling and hollering and we named him "Samantha" after Miss Rogers who is an awful complainin' creature - so yer see Anne Maria - it aint the cat at all only Miss Rogers." "Why did they telegram you?" asked Eleanor curiously. "Oh I must go and nurse her," replied

Mrs. Custy briskly. "There aint a woman in needs villa what is as good a nuss as I be. I'll tell you there is a nuss there - white caps and sick truck - but she aint as good a nuss as I be not by a blame right." "So you are going right away?" inquired Eleanor. "Yes - law yes I must - but I'll leave Anne Maria here till fall and I'll cum back and get 'er." Great was the rejoicing in the Swiggins house hold when the news came that Mrs. Custy was called away - Only Anne Maria felt a little down hearted when the big hair trunk was strapped on behind the phaeton and Mrs. Custy drove out of sight, a little

lump came up in her throat but she swallowed hard winked rapidly, and did not break down until she was in the solace of her own room. When the tea bell rang she forced back her tears, smoothed her hair and with a brave smile came down stairs.

"Good-day," said Mr. Swiggins cordially as she seated herself.

"Good-day sir. Did you I mean did you see ma, no mother of?" yes

"yes my child," was the reply, "shall you get home sick?"

"no sir - you - I mean one gettin kinder lonesome

when yer - I mean when ma - no mother - is goned so very fur - parding sir - far away. She finished very red in the face.

"good," exclaimed Eleanor. "Is it Anne getting along well mother? I'm teaching her gram-mar?"

"That is a good child" replied Mrs. Swiggins fondly.

"yes 'm - It's real kind of her - kin I hav some more pass please."

"No," replied Eleanor shaking her head, "but you may have some apple sausage."

"Thank you - yes 'm," replied Anne Maria humbly. The tears crept into her eyes. Supper progressed

pleasantly and when the meal was over Mrs. Swiggen called the girls. "Girls!" she said, "Mrs. Custy gave me a check to buy what is needed for Anne Maria. To night is Sat. so the store's will be open - and will go out shopping. You Sammie please order the bonnet to be ready by seven or a quarter after."

"Giddy" cried Eleanor.

"I love to go shopping with mother. Aren't you glad Anne?"

"Yis'm!" replied Anne Maria in a subdued little voice. Eleanor dragged her away to the dressing room.

"I must do your hair nice to-

night," she giggled, "for you will try on new hats. I'm going to tease mother for a pale green silk wrap, for best - what do you want her to buy you?"

"Why a dotted series?" ventured Anne Maria listlessly unbraiding her hair.

"Oh I don't know - that's rather countrified I think," as she spoke Eleanor passed the comb the brown mass on Anne Maria's shoulder.

"Why ma - I mean mother - allus got me that fur-parding - for best," replied Anne Maria in some surprise.

"Indeed? Then you

must be tired of it. Am I not getting your hair done nice?"

"It is nice," acquiesced Anne Maria admiringly - "Does your ma - parding - mother - mos' allee give crally - get frocks all ready bought?"

"Oh yes," replied Eleanor loftily as she coiled up the braid -

"Less chatting and more working" suggested Mrs. Swiggins as she drew on her gloves, passed the door.

The girls took the hint and in half an hour were ready for the bouquets.

## Chapter 3, Out Shopping.

Anne Maria felt an electric thrill run over her as they rolled into town in the luxurious carriage. She squeezed Eleanor's hand under cover of the darkness.

The first place they stopped before was a great brilliant dry-goods store from which a brilliant throng was issuing at all hours.

Mrs. Swiggins held up her elegant cloak with both hands and elbowed her way in bidding Anne Maria and Eleanor follow her.

"Miss Dame," she said stopping before a crowded

counter.

"When I am at service madame," replied miss Dane hurriedly snapping off a string.

"I hate that girl," observed Mrs. Swiggins in an audible tone.

After a tiresome spell of waiting miss Dane touched Mrs. Swiggins on the shoulder, "I am at service now," she said courteously.

"I have heard you have some new flocks in," she began.

"For yourself?" inquired the clerk.

"No, no, for this child," tapping Anne Maria with her

longanetts.

"Ah yes we have some beauties-How old?"

"I will be twelve," put in Anne Maria.

"Ah yes," replied the girl abstractedly.

She certainly did show them some beauties. Anne Maria could not decide between a gauzy white "best" dress or a delicate gray crepe.

"I don't no," she observed twisting and turning her neck. "I bet white one would suit wouldn't it."

"Hush Anne," whispered Mrs. Swiggins in periously.

"We will take the white Miss Dane and now for a call -

ing and riding dress."

A gray silk was decided on.

"Now that's all ready made. Have them charged - no - give me a transfer."

Some goods of pale green silk was purchased and a great deal of lacy under wear and delicate stockings - shoes of various colours.

A dainty handkerchiefs box, and a dozen to supply it, a glove case, with four pairs neatly folded, a fan, rubbons, and all the trinkets that delight girlish hearts.

Anne Marie quivered with excitement and per-

haps fatigue as they hurried from counter to counter.

When they left the big store and went round the corner to a fashionable millinery established next Mrs. Swiggins said, "Now there is but a little left - perfume - hats - powder - and a cream for those freckles."

"Mrs. Swiggins - aint you mean as int you spend- ing more'n on a - parding - mother - gave you?" stammered Anne Marie.

"Don't worry child - what ever is left over your uncle Josh will pay."

"Who said so? - I f we aint got enough money well

pay for it - I won't send  
a bill to uncle Josh - I'll go  
wi' out the dress, blazed  
Anna Maria - forgetting her  
Lynne was in her at it & -  
ment.

"Hush child - every-  
one is looking at us," com-  
manded Mrs. Swiggins ang-  
rily.

"I won't hush - I won't.  
I won't send no bill ter  
Uncle Josh - w'at 'ud he  
think of us? What 'ud he  
think you? I won't do it. How  
yar spend the <sup>more in \$50 yet?</sup> money yet?"

"Only four dollars ~~over~~," re-  
plied Mrs. Swiggins faintly.

"Well I'll write to ma  
for that - you shant buy

me a new hat unless you  
pay for it yourself - I won't  
send to uncle - I'll go wi' out  
a hat -"

"My child you cant -"  
protested Mrs. Swiggins - "How  
will your old hat work with  
that dream of white gauze - or  
a gray riding suit - nonsense -  
you must have three hats - no  
may be three - and your un-  
cle has more money than  
he can use -"

"I don't care if he has"  
cried the child whose natu-  
rally strong temper had got-  
ten the best of her - "If you  
buy me a new hat - you'll  
pay for it yourself."

Well here is the mil -

lenary store - will you submit?

Aune Maria gave a despairing glance at a creation of white gauze and rases in the window. "No sir I won't do it," she sobbed breaking into tears, "I can't do it."

"Very well then you'll go without the hats."

"But mother," cried Eleanor who had been standing in amazed silence. "How'll she look - think -"

"It's her own look out," replied Mrs. Swiggins angrily tossing her head. "No child can get the best of me."

And they climbed in silence into the broughs.

## Chapter 9 - "Oh!"

An attempt to punish Aune Maria.

Sunday morning dawned sunny and clear. "Oh I'm so sorry you wouldn't take the hat excursion," said Eleanor dolefully. "What can you wear with that creamy white gauze?"

"I don't no," retorted Aune Maria who felt undeniably cross.

"I guess you wanted me to dish-oneset too, sending a big bill to Uncle Josh."

"Too bad," murmured Mrs. Swiggins sarcastically.

"Not agoin' to church no-how," gumbled Aune Maria.

"I think differently," observed Mrs. Swiggins. "You are going, you are going to wear

your white dress and white shoes and stockings and gloves - and - (impressively) "your old straw hat."

"Why - Miss Swigg -"

"Never mind. It will do no good to protest - that will be a good lesson for you. An ideal punishment."

"Oh mother - she can't," cried Eleanor -

"Can't you see that I mean to punish her this way? It is her own fault - go and dress Anne."

Stunned Anne & Maria crept to her room. The two women chewed each other down her freckled face as she dress-

ed. All the maids felt sorry for Anne Maria. Hortense did her hair for her in a lovely french way - Marie tied the silk sash - Anne buttoned the white shoes - and all crept away while Anne tied on her old straw hat.

"Oh aunt I can't go to church like this," she cried running into her aunts room - very fair indeed she looked but for the ugly home made hat bare of any trimmings but the ugly purple strings with which she tied it down, "let me wear Eleanor's Italian scarf."

Mrs. Swiggia could not conceal a smile of satisfaction at her cousin's sad case.

Then it flashed into Anne Maria's mind that Mrs. Sargins thought that Anne Maria's <sup>new</sup> tears meant submission. "She thinks she can make me give in," thought the little girl and to Mrs. S.'s surprise turned & went to her room.

With her face pale, and her lips set, she climbed into the pony carriage with Eleanor whose lovely eyes <sup>were</sup> filled with tears. Mrs. S. looked at her in some surprise as she commanded the coachman to drive on.

For a while they drove in silence Anne Maria chafed and stampered but spoke no word.

"What will they think of you at church beside Eleanor," sneered the lady,

Anne Maria looked up for the first time and answered steadily, "They'll think you are mean to let me go so. They'll think you haven't money enough to dress me - and they'll go home and talk about it."

Mrs. S. felt out witted and sank into the seat with a gasp. It was even too true - how the gossips would talk - the idea of her being too poor to dress Anne decent - she was half inclined to give in but her selfishness gained the mastery again.

"How the people will laugh," she observed try not to betray how uncomfortable she felt.

No answer - only Anna Maria held her head very straight and looked in front of her.

Mrs. Swiggins (who felt determined to make Anna Maria uncomfortable,) continued -

"How the boys will snicker and how the girls will sneer," and how the grown ups will talk about you," observed the child.

"Impudence," exclaimed the lady, frowning more

uncomfortable than ever and wished the church in Halifax.

No word was spoken until they drew up to the church and the three climbed out and the carriage drove away.

Anna Maria, did not look half as red or uncomfortable as her aunt as they entered the church door.

Of course every body stared and the ladies whispered or raised their eyebrows. As the trio sallied past Stewenson's house a very audible whisper was heard. "I believe Mrs. Swiggins is rather low on ready money. Look at that child's

hat - I don't believe I'll in-  
vite Mrs. S. to my party."

Mrs. S. winced. Steven-  
son's were the wealthiest  
people in town.

That Sunday morning  
was the most unpleasant one  
that <sup>the</sup> amiable lady had ever  
spent. They left early and  
as they rolled out of town Mrs.  
Swiggins hissed, "You little imp!"

Aunt Maria raised  
her head quite innocently -  
but a delighted grin swapt her  
face at the discomfiture she  
read in her aunt's. The scheme  
had been successful.

It is needless to say, sup-  
posing that she got a new  
hat next day.

## Chap. 10. Preparations.

One rainy June day, Eleanor, Aunt  
Maria, and Elba, sat in the libra-  
rary. What were they doing, and  
they chattered about so eagerly?  
What were they writing about  
that caused Eleanor to wrinkle  
up her pretty brow in such  
perplexity? Why a party to be  
sure. Eleanor was going to give  
a party and it was the invitation  
they were writing.

"How does this sound girls?"  
asked Eleanor chewing her pen-  
cil. "Eleanor Isabel Swiggins"  
requests the pleasure of your  
company at her home in Love's  
Lane from 9 to 11 on Tuesday  
Evening June 30?"

"I now ought to put in that you desired them to meet thy friend Anne," replied Elsa thoughtfully.

"Do be sure I had," replied Eleanor, "how stupid of me."

She hastily re-copied the invitation putting in "to meet her friend Anne."

"What is it they put in invites to tell 'em to answer?" asked Anne Marie knitting her brows.

"Oh yes R. S. W. P." rejoined Eleanor hastily. "Or R. S. V. P. Which is it Elsa?"

"I am not versed in such things" replied Elsa shaking her head "but me thinks it was the latter."

"So do R. S. V. P. yeets be sure we must put that on!"

"Well girls have decided on the form?" asked Mrs. Swiggins sweeping in, in her morning gown.

"Yes mother - it is all ready to send to the printer," replied Eleanor, "Is James going to bring it to town? How many will we need printed do you 'spose?"

"I have made out a list of names and while James hitches up I will let you look them over," she replied running her pen down the list she had pulled from her waist. "Are there any others here daughter?"

Eleanor glanced over the list. "I cannot ~~well~~ think of any more, can you Elsa?"

herself on him for his alms, finally she had no excuse to linger. She stood up. "Aren't you sorry I can't find my handkerchief?" she asked petulantly. "You didn't have one", he observed quietly. The girl put up her parasol and turned her back on him but she did not walk away, she did not so much as look around. "Nice view" ~~observed she~~ said he man gently, the girl turned her head and gave a dazzling smile. "It is", she said, "an exceedingly pleasant view." "I'd like to have you know miss", he said primly, "I don't allow familiarity." "Track on I must be going!" they both laughed together heartily and the girl sat down again on the flat rock. "What is your name a pray?" she asked. "Elsworth Schickbane", he replied. "It's something of a mouthful, isn't it?" she asked smiling. "What is your name?" he

replied pertly, "I didn't say anything if you please  
sir". There was an embarrassing silence. The man  
fingered the soft hat ~~in~~ beside him and  
said nothing. The girl never removed her  
innocent gaze from his face. Finally  
she observed faintly, "Nice view". The man  
~~turned~~ flashed a brilliant smile on her,  
'yes' he said, 'it was an exceedingly  
pleasant view'. The girl closed her para-  
sol with a snap. "I'd like to have you know  
sir", she said primly, "I don't allow famili-  
arity. I reckon I must be going." She waded  
her way to the edge of the forest. The man fol-  
lowed her with his gaze but he did not  
call her back. Finally she turned, "I reckon  
she said "I reckon I left my handkerchiefs  
there". She went slowly back and searched  
prowled the feet slowly. The man said not-  
ing altho he watched her closely. The girl  
hunted desperately, mentally arranging

counter-questioned. "Elinore Elinore Black-  
ridge. I'm from Iowa are you?" "Uhuh I'm  
from ~~the~~ New York." "What do you do?"  
she asked, "I mean what is your occupation?"  
The man straightened his shoulders and  
pushed his locks of raven hair out of his eyes.  
"I'm an author", he said in an awesome  
tone. The girl seemed far from awed. "And you  
so young", she said sympathetically. "Oh well",  
shrugging her shoulders, "bear up. You'll get  
over it in time." "I don't want to get over it",  
said the man irritably. The girl looked at  
him wide-eyed. "you don't like to be one do you?"  
she asked amazed. "It's a great responsibility",  
said the man importantly. "Authors ~~are~~  
hold the lives of thousands in the hollow of their hand.  
The entire reading world, which is of course  
the political and social world, ~~are~~ is swayed  
by the utterances of the master of the pen.  
An author holds a nation's fate at the

point of his pen." He sighed complacently. He flattered himself he had phrased that rather well. "authors are great bores," observed the girl with great want of tact.

"Authors have such comprehensive minds that their utterances are beyond ordinary people," said the youth loftily.

~~At this~~ Showing this phase of his character Giovanni perceived, I refer to the Marquis the youth. The girl pouted and raised her parasol. "Don't go," said the youth, "I came to be entertained," replied girl ~~and~~ tartly, "when ~~the~~ hers ceases to be romantic and interesting and bring himself to our own level, the entertainment is over consequently I go." She walked off mystically, her rosy skirts trailing along the green grass like a ray of sunset light across the ocean. Miss Blackridge called

the man softly; then "Elinore"; she turned  
and met his pleading gaze with an icy stare.  
"Consider yourself crushed old man," murrur-  
ed cells worth Fleckbane moodily as he  
refilled the slubby pipe.

The laughter and chatter of a throng of merry-makers, the crash of dishes, the tinkle of glasses, and the sound of a popular air dashed from a large piano, came from the brilliantly lighted, fashionable cafe. Enticed by the music and gaiety within, a young girl separated herself from the surging press without, & entered.

She was a tall, well-groomed girl, with wide shoulders a small, neat waist, and long slim hips. There was something distinguished about her build. Her gown was black, soft and clinging. And a shimmering black widow's veil floated back from her dark hair. ~~she~~ It was strange to see this sombre badge above her fresh young face. The clear, youthful tints of her complexion and the regularity of her pretty features were brought out strangely by ~~her~~ the unrelieved black, and her whimsical dark eyes could not be associated with sorrow and bereavement.

She seated herself at an unoccupied table ~~at the~~ shaded by palms and looked about her with evident enjoyment while she waited for her order to be taken. Her quick eyes took in all the details of the scene; ~~the sparkle and brilliancy of the place~~ the beautifully gowned women entering and quivering the place ~~on the arm of~~ with their escorts, the waiters rushing to and fro deftly balancing their over loaded servers on upraised arms; the ~~sparkle gleaming~~ lights gleaming on china and silver; the thousands of mirrors reflecting it all. The sparkle and brilliancy about her seemed concentrated in her wide eyes. She did not need adornment or garnishing. Her eyes were living jewels and shone more dazzlingly because of her simple garments.

for some time she was alone in the secluded corner and then a ~~young~~ man seated himself opposite her. The girl widow looked him over leisurely, as he read his paper, she found <sup>that he was</sup> ~~him to be~~ tall and broad and his hair was ~~brave and~~ reddish brown and curly. His eyes were blue and merry, his ~~face~~ nose was somewhat freckled, and his mouth was ~~curved and~~ ~~oversided~~ ~~and~~ with a humorous crook to it and a ~~small~~ dimple tucked in one corner.

Presently ~~the~~ a waiter came to take the order, a quick glance told him that they ~~had been in~~ ~~together~~ were together and he addressed the gentleman, flattering himself on his chivalry,

"~~the~~ O'dah?"

and had <sup>what</sup> ~~unmistakable~~ <sup>look of having</sup> been <sup>seen</sup> <sup>some</sup> <sup>much</sup> <sup>from</sup> <sup>check</sup> <sup>added</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>person</sup>  
dirty, shabby, ~~and~~ she had lost her red mitten, so one  
little hand was cold and red. On ordinary occasions  
she had a certain brightness which <sup>now</sup> made her  
attractive, but <sup>now</sup> that was dimmed by anxiety.  
Something about her touched the gentleman,  
however, so he ~~rather~~ spoke to her, "Hello, little  
girl," he said gently.

"Hello," responded H.A., rather shy, then  
after a moment, "I'm lost."

"I had imagined as much," said the  
man, forced to smile by this literal confession.  
"Let's step inside where there isn't quite  
such a jinx, and I'll see what I can do for  
you."

They found a comparatively quiet  
corner, beside the silk counter of this huge  
department store, and the man questioned



down in the evening she was cold and frightened  
and altogether miserable. She had to struggle very  
hard to keep back the tears.

A tall gentleman brushed past her, almost  
taking her off her feet, ~~and~~ Her little cry made him  
pause and look at her, and as he looked at her he  
felt drawn to her, for he was lost too; just as  
completely and helplessly lost as ~~she was~~ <sup>she was</sup>, tho' in  
quite a different way. He was familiar enough  
with the city on ordinary occasions, but on this  
Christmas eve, when it was pervaded with a wealth  
of Christmas spirit, it seemed quite foreign to him.  
~~He had been mingling with the crowd for an hour~~  
~~or more~~ He had been mingling with the crowd  
and observing it for an hour or more, with a  
sort of calm, unimpassioned, curiosity. Everybody  
seemed happy. ~~The world was gay.~~ Everybody  
was laden with bundles, the holiday colours

It came to Harriet Anne with a great shock that she must be lost. She had wandered just a few steps from her mother to look at a wonderful doll in a shop window, and now she could not find her mother anywhere. The good-madvised throng, which always fills the streets of a great city on Christmas eve, had carried her along and jostled her about. She had peered into every face expecting to see her mother's familiar one, but it had not appeared. Then, as I have said, it suddenly dawned on her that she must be lost. She crept into a meadow doorway and stood there, flattening her thin little body against the wall that she might not be dislodged by the shoppers who were hurrying in and out. It was growing dark and lights flashed on, in the streets and in the windows, making everything look very strange and unreal to H-A-, who had never before been down

her carefully. H.A. told her the details of her separation from her mother.

"I don't believe you have told me ~~what~~ your name, little girl," said her new friend as she finished.

Once upon a time there was a little princess, who was  
imprisoned in a lovely castle beside the sea. Such a  
lovely little princess! Her curls were of a bright golden  
tint and fell in radiant profusion, ~~about her~~  
~~white neck and on her sunny bosom~~. Her eyes were  
large and ~~crystal~~, like bits of a summer sky.  
imprisoned, - and her cheeks and lips were as red as  
holly berries. The name of the little princess was  
Amaranth, meaning "loved one" for even those who were  
guarding her in the old, deserted castle, could not help  
loving her. She was merry, gentle and kind. Even tho'  
she was a prisoner, she was not unhappy. She had  
beautiful robes to wear, and the most delicious viands  
and rare old wines to quench her hunger and thirst.  
All day long she played in the old rose garden, and  
at night slept peacefully under the watchful care  
of her old nurse, in the tower overlooking the sea.  
She did not feel the lack of freedom and little  
regretted for she had never known what it was  
to have any, and she did not feel for her kingdom  
because she was not aware that one belonged to  
her. So she grew ~~up~~ into womanhood, - lovely  
and lovable, - until her eighteenth birthday arrived.  
On the morning of her birthday she awoke early,  
and sprang from her couch to the window, to gaze  
out upon the world. ~~she made a beautiful picture~~  
~~as she stood in the open window~~ How beautiful she  
looked, in her clinging robe of lace and silk, with  
her golden locks falling across her sunny shoulders  
and bosom, her eyes wide opened, and her cheeks  
still flushed from sleep! At the very moment that

she thrust her head out of the window, and  
a knight ~~was~~ on horse back clattered down the  
road which ran along the sea-shore, some wide  
view, and they eyed each other ~~mutually~~ at  
the same instant. Hilda with her loveliness, he  
drew rein and seemed to gaze at her, doffing  
his helmet, and she, impressed with his manly  
beauty and the glory of his shining armor as he  
set his coal-black charger, blushed and drooped but  
could not go away. So for a few moments, they  
gazed at each other, and then she heard her  
nurse awaking from her slumber in an adjoining  
room, and left the window in great agitation.

"Good morning to your royal highness," cried the  
old nurse, coming to the doorway. "Do you know it  
your birthday morning? You are nineteen, this day."

"I know," answered Amervault smiling, extending  
a slim white hand for the old woman to kiss. "Don't I  
look a great deal older and wiser, nurse Ann?"

Nurse Ann would have laughed outright,  
if Amervault had not been a princess, for  
with her hair in curls, and her little brass  
feet protruding from the laces of her robe,  
the young girl seemed to be a common child.  
But instead she solemnly asserted, the old  
hypocrite, and having quilled her iron hair  
toiled, assailed the princess with great glee.  
The little princess bathed in the huge pool, and  
braided up her locks with roses and forget-me-nots.

lapped a new silken robe, which had been sent to  
her as a birthday gift; it was made of shimmering  
black silk, and caught up with pearls and sprays of  
shiny diamonds, and her sandals were blue  
too, and covered with the sparkling gems. Very  
fair indeed she looked, as she quitted her room  
and tripped lightly down the narrow stairs, and  
without a feet glance toward the spot where  
she had seen the brave knight, altho' he had  
since disappeared. She took her bread and milk  
out of a silver basin, and then went out  
into the rose garden as was her wont, intending  
to make a long garland of roses with which to  
fashion her chamber. As she was intent upon her  
pretty task she heard a dreadful clatter and crackle  
as some one made his way thru the bushes and  
she glanced up swiftly half expecting to behold  
the knight, but who since lingered in her  
fancy, - but instead she saw a stern old  
man, with gray locks and bushy overhanging  
brows, and fierce eyes which glared at her.  
She could see from his dress, which was very  
fine, ~~and the gold crown on his head and~~ his long jeweled sword, that he was  
a person of some consequence. As he rose and  
dropped her a graceful curtsey, for tho' she was  
a princess, he believed in being respectful to  
those who were ~~more~~ older and wiser than  
she. The old man frowned at her homily

and said in a deep, gruff voice. "You are wise to do me reverence, silly little princess of no-kingdom, for you are in my power, and if I like I can annihilate you as if you were a rat." The princess gazed at him speechless, her blue eyes wide with terror, and all the pretty rosy colour flying from her cheeks. It is a wonder to me that the cruel old man did not relent as he beheld her, and perhaps he did, for he continued in a more gentle tone. "However I do not suppose I shall, if you ~~are~~ behave nicely, and make no objections to anything I say." The colour came back a little, into the princess' ~~own~~ cheeks, and she began to feel a little ~~more~~ relieved. "I always behave nicely, sir," she answered, - (she always did, and personally I see nothing wrong in her telling him so) - "and I will do whatever I think is best. Did you wish to discuss something with me?" "Yes," followed the old man, and would have continued, but the princess interrupted him, by blowing a little silver whistle which hung about his neck, and immediately a man-servant appeared. "You may bring wine and fruit to us here," said the little princess, and when the servant had saluted and disappeared she said to her guest. "You have not told me your name, sir." "My name is Leonard", was the gruff response, "and I am commonly called - the King with the beard of stone." He evidently meant to terrify her, for he looked at her keenly, but the princess ~~was~~ was determined to be brave. "I am deeply honoured", she said, ~~entertaining~~ <sup>entertaining</sup> to him again, and it was like the sowing of a flower. ✕

The man-servant soon reappeared with ~~the~~ <sup>loaded</sup> a soldier,  
and he served ~~the~~ dainty luncheon to them, on a  
little rustic bench. ~~When the meal progress~~ The old  
king drank his glass of thick black wine, and ate a  
goodly portion of the fruit, while the princess  
nibbled at a spray of red cherries, and meditated  
upon the conduct and the words of her strange and  
fierce visitor. When at length his hunger was appeased,  
and the man-servant had removed all traces of the repast,  
the old man stated his mission. "You are to marry  
my son," he said bluntly, pounding his huge fist  
on the little table, ~~so~~ "Do you hear? You are to  
marry my son." The princess looked at him with  
startled blue eyes. "But I do not know him," she  
protested. "What difference does that make?" roared his  
majesty. The princess was silent. "I saw your uncle,"  
he continued after an impressive pause. "I - your -  
my kingdom used to be your father's, before I - before  
he - he - died, - and for the same reason intending  
to - to - annihilate you, for fear some foolish  
people might discover you & try to put you on my  
throne, when I die. But - you seem to be a pretty,  
well-behaved young miss, so you may marry  
my son, and when I die, you will be queen and  
everyone will be satisfied!" As he concluded, he  
smiled in a quaint way and patted his white head and  
seemed to be very much pleased with himself. The blue  
eyes of the princess filled with large tears, and she  
spoke in a low pleading voice. "Oh if you please, dear  
uncle," she said, "I had so much rather keep on living  
right here. I do not want to go away, and marry anyone -  
I - at least not your son. I will be so happy and  
good if you will only let me stay here, - indeed,  
indeed, I will not try to get your throne away from  
you." Her sweet voice, and her tears, ~~made~~ <sup>would</sup> have

covered any least less story than the old King's.  
They only covered him to anger. Seeing the lady  
wore garlands of roses, which was lying neglected  
on the earth, he tied her two white wrists and her  
white ankles securely together. Then he leaped  
off, calling back to her. "Stay quite still while I  
make preparations for your departure. We will leave  
in half an hour, and if we can only make  
good time, we can reach my castle tonight." When  
he was gone the little princess began to sob.  
The rose garlands cut into her tender flesh. She  
was frightened and half ill, and broken hearted at  
the thought of leaving the old castle, and the rose-  
garden, and the servants who had been so kind to her,  
and going out into a cruel world to meet an  
unknown husband. Furthermore, a little wee thought  
of the handsome knight, crept into her musings, and  
it made her sad to think that she might never  
see him again. How the sunlight had glittered on  
his shining armor! How curly and black ~~had~~ were  
~~his~~ his locks and how brave and keen his  
blue gaze. The remembrance made her weep  
afresh. Yet when she wept, it did not  
redden her eyelids and mar her face as it does yours  
and mine. The great ~~tears~~ drops distended  
in her eyes, and made them a thousand fold more  
lovely and appealing, or else they rolled like diamonds  
down her soft pink cheeks. So she sat there on the  
rustic bench, <sup>in her gown of radiant blue,</sup> with drooping head, bound with roses,  
and as lovely and pathetic a picture as one might  
wish to see. Suddenly the branches parted and who

should leap to her side but the knight himself.  
"O my beautiful, beautiful princess," he cried,  
"What has befallen thee ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> thou art bound  
and weeping?" The princess only sobbed ~~the more~~  
as she heard his tender voice, He drew his shining  
sword and quickly cut the flowery robes which  
cut so cruelly into her tender flesh. Then he took  
her soft white hand in his, and kneeling, kissed it.  
"Now tell me, lovely maiden, how <sup>else</sup> can I save  
~~you~~ thee?" he begged. "Tell me what is  
troubling thee? Who are thine enemies? Give me  
a chance to prove my valour!" The princess sprang  
up with flaming cheeks - "Then, take me away from  
this place, good knight. Away from my cruel uncle,  
who, ~~being~~ wishes to marry me to his cruel son.  
O take me away, ~~==~~!" Then came, said

knight, and took her by the hand. He led her from  
the bushes, which bent their long rose laden  
branches in acquiescence before their approach, to  
a little shaded vale where his charger was picketed  
when the princess saw the fierce beast, with its  
flaming eyes, and huge restless feet, she clung  
to the knight in fear. But he laughed, and  
springing to the saddle, lifted her up in  
front of him, dug his spurs into the animal's  
flanks, and with a terrific lunge they  
started. King Leopold and the castle servants  
who were standing at the gate saw the  
huge ~~animal~~ horse dash past them, they  
saw the shine of silver, the shimmer of blue

the light of Amaranth's golden locks as they  
rested on the knight's shoulder. That was the last that  
anyone heard of them for a long, long time. But  
in later years, ~~when the knight had married the~~  
~~princess~~ the knight collected a mighty army and  
rode against old King Sengold, who had taken the  
Kingdom by ~~force~~ from his unfortunate brother.  
Right strengthened the knight's arm, and won the  
day for him, so eventually the princess' Kingdom  
was restored to her. ~~But~~ ~~the~~ Of course he could not  
do less than share it with her, so they were married  
in great pomp and splendor, and lived happily  
ever after.

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Chorus -

No star up in the skies  
Can match your splendid eyes  
No sweet voiced bird that flies

Can match your song  
No sparkling jewels outshine  
That loving heart of thine

Give me a little love of mine  
For whom I sing.

Maud Hart

Verse

You ask me whom I love,  
Well I will tell you,  
I love the lowliest flower  
That e'er was seen.  
Not a garden flower  
So tall and stately,  
But just a wild flower  
Upon the green  
'Neath summer sunshine  
The sways and dances  
'Neath summer moonline  
The falls asleep -

Write gentle zephyrs  
Blow to enter in  
and guard his slumber  
to calm and sleep  
I love the very lowliest  
flower  
That blooms  
out with  
- - - - -  
- - - - -  
- - - - -

Act I songs -

Opening Chorus - Soloists -

Horace & Pinky - Comic song - when you're in Love.

Philip - Matrimony  
Philip - Love song -  
Nan - wishes

Harold Van Dyke  
+ I tried to write  
an opera, but  
+ Lyrics (comic,  
music too.

Quartet

Ensemble - "The Middle of Next Week"

Act II.  
Opening Chorus. The Pianicists -

Philip = My little Gypsy Rose -  
Horace = A care  
Boston Reg.

Bob & Nan -  
Nan - "I'm lonesome for you, dear."  
Horace + Pinky -  
Pinky -  
Pinky -  
Pinky -

## Synopsis.

### Act I.

Opening Chorus - "On greeting to Mercedes."

Scene I. Mercedes talks with the hotel guests and they go in search of Philip.

Scene II. Mercedes finds out Dinky is in love, but does not know it is with herself, tells him he has a light haired rival, and that the way to win his lady is to rescue her.

Duet - Dinky + Mercedes - "When you're in love"

The others return with Philip, who is angry at them. They go off with Mercedes.

Scene III. Philip waits for Nan, proposes to her, and is rejected.

Scene IV. The others return, Philip is made to wish.

Song - Nan - "Wishes"

Scene V. Nan plots with the others to deceive Philip.

Scene VI. Philip returns and the deception is begun.

Finale - "The middle of next week"

### Act II.

Opening Chorus - "The Picnickers"

My little gypsy Rose,

Scene I. Dinky <sup>plots</sup> apologizes to Horace for his suspicions and together they plot to bring the white lady to life to give Dinky a chance to rescue Mercedes.

Scene II. The picnickers come - Mercedes + Bob both acting their parts.

Song - Bob and Nan - "The Boston Rag"

Scene III. Susanna is left alone - Philip enters, having gotten rid of Mercedes for a moment - Susanna angrily tells him all - Exit Philip.

Scene IV. Escamille enters - Susanna discovers that he is Mercedes' lover - makes him bitterly jealous.

Scene V. Dinky and Horace bring their plans to a climax - Horace impersonating the white lady -

Song - Dinky or Horace - "Scare Cat"

Scene VI. The plans miscarry - Philip knowing part of the plot - deceives himself + Mercedes and insists on rescuing her - but after doing so, he finds himself confronted with Escamille and Dinky - and Escamille, both furiously angry. Nan is deserted by Bob who flies to Susanna.

In the Middle of Next Week,

with Plumper + Dinky Act I.

Scenery in front of "The White Lady" inn. Scenery - trees + shrubbery. Back drop - the ocean. R.F., a settee. S.F., a low table, with 2 chairs. E.B., a swing, for four.

Opening Chorus - A greeting to Mercedes, the gypsy fortune-teller who has wandered on to the premises. Principals present - Bob, Mr. Plumper, Dinky, Susanna, Mrs. Jones, and Mercedes.

Dialogue -

Arrangement S. to TB, M. Horace, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Plumper, F. Dinky, Susanna, Bob, Mercedes. All turned toward Mercedes -

Mercedes (with a deep courtesy) Kind gentlemen! Gracious ladies! Mercedes thanks you for your welcome. And she prays you let her use for you her deep and mystic art. The secrets of your past, the problems of your present, the joys and sorrows which the future has in store for you - all are as dear as day to Mercedes. The intrigues of your enemy, the thoughts of your lady-love, the letters that are bound for you, the hidden wealth that awaits your touch - Mercedes can reveal it to you. She can tell you if your heart's desire will come true or no. Just cross my hand with silver!

Bob (turning to the others) Come now, here's your chance!

Mr. Plumper. I trust the young man with the diamond studs is going to pay his bill. Could you throw any light on that subject?

Bob. No fringed finance propositions, please, Mr. Plumper. Love is Mercedes long suit.

Horace (slapping his knee.) Suit! Breach of promise suit! See? Pretty good pun, now, aint it?

All. Oh Horace!

Mrs. Jones. Really, if <sup>make this the same</sup> this silly gypsy can foretell, I'd like to know about a little money matter. Of course it's immaterial, but I'd sort of like to know, for if Nam doesn't do, what we all expect of her -

Susanna. But speaking of Nam - let's find out what she and Philip are going to do. Personally, I'm expiring of curiosity. What about the rest of you?

Bob. Does Nam love Philip? Does Philip love Nam? Mercedes, that

can well puzzle even you.

Mercedes. Where are the lady + gentleman in question?

Susanna. We'll go find them. They're probably playing tennis.

Horace. (slapping his knee) Tennis? No, tennis? One, two, see? Pretty good pun, now, aint it?

all, oh Horace!

Horace + Rinky - confidential

Later - Horace, Mercedes, + Rinky

Rinky (much embarrassed) Say - say - (scratches his head.)

(Mercedes gives a courtesy.)

Rinky. Say - I - I understand you are a fortune teller.

Mercedes (with another courtesy) Good gentleman, I am.

Rinky. Well say - I - I - you see, it's like this - I - I -

Mercedes. Yes, you love.

Rinky - y - yes, exactly. And I understand you can - er - sort of -

Mercedes. Yes, I advise. I read your lady's heart for you. I warn you against your rivals. Just cross my hand with silver!

(Rinky searches in his pockets and extracts a coin which he regards from all sides and then gives to Mercedes)

Mercedes - I thank you, sir. (Crosses to table at S. 7, + seats herself facing audience) You shall know your fate.

Rinky (taking the other chair) I - I - understand that you can read, in the cards, you know, about a person's - er - wishes.

Mercedes. Such is my ability to see what is veiled in impenetrable <sup>long "Wishes"</sup> obscurity. (Produces cards) But the cards three times, towards you, and <sup>leaving</sup> <sup>to us,</sup> make your wish.

(Rinky cuts the cards. Mercedes picks them up and studies them)

Mercedes. Your wish is granted.

Rinky (rubbing his head) It is? Say now! I - I - (Rises + walks about)

I - I can't quite get that. Say - that's pretty nice.

Mercedes. (Spreading forth the cards) I see that there is a woman in your life.

Rinky. Yes! Yes!

Mercedes. (Thoughtfully) A woman with hair like the sunshine - (glances at him swiftly)

Rinky. What! Not like sunshine?

(Make a little more of the 2<sup>nd</sup> scene, up to this exit.)

Quoted E.

Give more of the setting and of what has gone on before curtain rises.

(Exit at S. B., all but Rinky + Mercedes.)

Mercedes. Yes, that is, like sunshine on a dark day, when the sun is veiled in clouds, she is a brunette.

3

Dinky. Yes, yes. Say, now - how did you know that?

Mercedes. You love her and she loves you - but! - you have a rival.

Dinky. What?

Mercedes. A rival - a light haired man - beware!

Dinky. Oh, what shall I do?

Mercedes. Perhaps you will have a chance to save her from a dreadful fate.

Dinky. Oh I would, I would!

Mercedes. And therein lies your hope of winning her. (Sweeps up the cards.)

(Laughter without. Enter Horace, R. B., doubled up with laughter.)

Horace. That was certainly a pretty good pun. He! He!

Mercedes. What was it?

Horace. Why Philip, that is Mr. Primrose, Miss Nan's beau, was so bewildered when they all swept down on him, telling him about you, that he said, - "Well! have I taken leave of my senses?" and I said, - he! he! - I said, - "Nan tuck 'it", Nan, Nantucket, see? Pretty good pun, now, aint it?

Dinky. But <sup>Horace!</sup> that aint gramminary. Nan tuck them, you should say. (Enter Bob and Susanna, dragging Philip between them, followed by Mrs. Jones & Mr. Plumpet. They drop him in settee at R. F., and group themselves about him. Mercedes rises & faces them. Dinky stands at M. C.)

Bob. Now go to it, Phil!

Philip (with dignity) Really now -

Susanna. You needn't be in doubt another harrowing moment.

(Mercedes runs across stage, kneels, and snatches his hand.)

What would you know, sweet gentleman? Let Mercedes tell you. I see a lady with eyes like the blue heavens. Do you want to know if you can win her? I see that you are wishing a great wish. Will it come true? Cross my hand with silver. Cut the cards three times, towards you. And Mercedes will tell you.

Philip (snatching away his hand + rising -) What perfect nonsense! Bob, is it for this that you and Susanne dragged me away from my yacht? Mrs. Jones, do you countenance this sort of folly? Mr. Plumper, do you allow ~~this sort of~~ superstitious vagrants in your inn? I am surprised and disgusted!

Mr. Plumper, my dear sir -

Mrs. Jones, Mr. Brunnade, not for one moment did I approve -

Bob (helping Mercedes to arise) Cheer up Mercedes! You struck it absolutely right. Her eyes are blue. Her name is Nan. And whether or not she loves him is the burning question of the day.

Susanne. The rest of us aren't as ungrateful as Philip. What do you see in my hands?

Mercedes. Come and I will tell you. (Runs off S. 7. followed by Bob + Susanne.)

Mrs. Jones (obviously intending Philip to hear) Really Mr. Plumper, either that gypsy is ordered off these grounds or my niece and I ~~will~~ take our departure.

Mr. Plumper. Had I known before of your disapproval madam -

(Exit Mrs. Plumper + Mrs. Jones R. 7.)

Horace. Now that's what you might call a disturbance, since Miss Nan's aunt is so much disturbed. See? Pretty good -

Dinky. But Horace! I - I - that aint right. Disturb - aunt. There's only one of them. I - Horace! Why, Horace - (approaching him)

Horace. Yes, yes! What is it?

Dinky. Horace! Your hair! It's light. Oh, it's light! (Weeps)

Horace. (Putting his arm about Dinky's shoulder) Yes, my dear friend, it's light, always was, I have been called light-headed, but that aint a very good pun.

Dinky (striking him) So you are the light-haired man.

Horace! False! You are false! (runs off R. B.)

Horace (following him) What's false? My hair? No, Dinky, no! That's a falsehood. (Exit Horace + Dinky, R. B.)

Philip (Laughing + walking to S. 7.) I wonder what's up now, (Resumes

his angry expression and looks off - S. 7.) That pack of idiots! 5  
And if Nan had been here she would have shown more idiocy than  
any one else in the pack..... Now matrimony is a risk, at best. <sup>Long</sup> <sup>Matrimony</sup>  
And for successful matrimony, congeniality is absolutely essential.  
Then why - why - Why - did I, a Brinsmade of New York, as sane  
and sensible a man as ever breathed, ruin my life's happiness, by  
coming to this fool summer resort and falling in love with the  
silliest little madcap that ever played a prank?..... I know that  
I'm doomed to propose, I am denied even the consolation of fearing a  
refusal. That aunt of hers will see to it that she snaps me up.  
Am I glad or sorry?..... Dear little Nan! She's the sweetest.....  
Now what, in heaven's name, is that?

(Enter Nan, R. B., advancing to center, in a wheelbarrow piled with  
straw, which Dinky is pushing.)

Nan (Clapping her hands) Faster, Dinky, faster! What if I should  
miss her? Are you sure they went this way?

Philip. Stop!

Nan. Don't you dare to stop! (Philip stands in front of them and  
Dinky stops.) Let me pass! I'm in an awful hurry. There's a  
fortune-teller here, and I must see her. Dinky, get-up!

Philip. Dinky, don't you budge! Nan, she has enough hands to reach to  
keep her half an hour, and I -

Nan. Well I want to be there, Dinky, hurry!

Philip. Not one step, Dinky.

Nan. (Climbing down) Dinky, you're a coward. I'll walk.

(Philip takes hold of her arm. Nan stamps her foot.)

Philip. Please Nan, I want to propose.

Nan. (Smiling) Oh! That's a different matter. Dinky, you may call  
for me at four. Is there straw in my hair, Phil?

(Exit Dinky, S. 7.)

Philip. Nan, really, I don't think such behavior is quite proper.  
We're not very old friends, and I may be presuming, but in your  
aunt's absence, I feel called upon to remonstrate with you.

Nan. Oh hurry up and come to the proposing.

Philip. Such eagerness is childish. You act as if you had never received a proposal in your life.

Nan. I have though - one.

Philip. Really.

Nan. Yes, my cousin Leaveworth Jones, I teased him into it. It worried me to pass my eighteenth birthday without one, and he is very good natured. I assured him that there wasn't the least danger of my accepting him. I would never marry a man who was better looking than I.

Philip. Why, really. According to that, my chances -

Nan. Are the best in the world. (Crosses to R. 4. and seats herself in the settee) Pray proceed.

Philip. I say Nan, let's be serious.

Nan. I am serious.

Philip. I - I want you to be my wife.

Nan. Mercy! what an honor!

Philip. Well, it is an honor.

Nan. I said it was.

Philip. You know, my family is good. I am a Brimemade of New York. We came to America -

Nan. Not in that poor, overloaded "Mayflower."

Philip. Nan, really, you are very flippant.

Nan. Goodness!

Philip. As I was saying our family is old and aristocratic, I have a large income and good prospects. And you are the girl I want to marry. Now, what do you say?

Nan. Thanking you, no.

Philip. Nan! - - - Why not?

Nan. I couldn't explain, and if I could you wouldn't understand.

Philip. But Nan, I told you about our family - our wealth -

Nan. I know you did. That was partly the trouble.

Philip. What do you mean?

Nan. You should have taken me in a mad embrace, crying, - "Nan! my darling! I love you! I love you! I love you! I am as unworthy as the dust under your feet, yet I adore you. Stoop to me, Oh my beloved! Life with you would be a heaven! Life without you, would be a - a - well, don't you see?"

Philip. (Coming to her and putting his arm around her) Nan, that was all true, but I never thought to say it. It isn't too late? You'll give me another chance?

(Nan droops her head, then breaks away from him)

Nan. No! No! No! I mean what I say. We aren't suited, don't you see, Phil? You are too dignified - too serious.

(Laughter without)

Philip. Nan, Nan! Then it's actually - finally - "no."

Nan. Cheer up! It's just tentatively, temporarily "no." Some chance will have to settle it.

Philip. And where am I, meanwhile? Dangling! I must say I like that.

(Enter Mercedes, followed by Bob and Susanna, S. 7. Goes to C. 7, Mrs. Jones + Mr. Plumper, R. B., go to S. 7. Enter Horace + Rinky, rolling baggage from R. B. to S. B. Pause in C. Nan runs to Mercedes. Philip stands at R. 7.)

Susanna. Oh Nan! She has told us the most marvellous things. Bob is in love and -

Bob. So is Susanna.

Susanna. And our wishes are coming true.

Nan. What, can you make wishes?

Susanna. Can we make wishes, Oh indeed yes, anything you like.

Bob. And Mercedes can tell you if they are coming true, ~~not~~ she makes facts. Do you Mercedes?

Mercedes. Well. Set the lady think of her heart's desire -  
nam. Oh not mine, but Philip's. (Mercedes goes to table at S. 7. Nam  
drags Philip from R. 7 to S. 7.) Philip has a heart's desire, now how  
does he do it? (Stands behind him, looking over his shoulder)

Mercedes. Cut the cards three times, toward you, and make your wish.  
Philip (seizing the cards angrily and hurling them across the stage)  
I wish I was in the middle of next week!

Ensemble  
The Nuddled Next Week

Mercedes (Rising) on the face of fate!

Mr. Plumpet. My dear Mr. Brinsmade!

Susanna. Horrors!

Bob. Why Phil, see here!

(Dinky + Horace run forward, exclaiming. Servant appears at C. B.)

Servant (in a loud voice) Mr. Brinsmade! Is Mr. Brinsmade anywhere  
about?

Philip. Here I am. What is it?

Servant. Your yacht, sir.

Philip (striding toward him) What's the matter with my yacht?

Servant. Why I don't <sup>know</sup> sir, but its afire in the -

(Exit Philip, Dinky, + Servant, running, L. B.)

Nam (advancing to C. 7. + stamping her foot) I hope his old  
yacht burns up. I never knew such a stupid, conceited, self-satisfied  
person!

Mrs. Jones. Nam!

Nam. Well, I never did. It would serve him right if his old wish  
came true. Let's make it!

all. What do you mean?

Nam. Come here!

(From L. to R. they stand - Mr. Plumpet, Mercedes, Nam, Bob, Susanna, Horace +  
Mrs. Jones - in a group about Nam.)

Nam. You all heard his wish?

all. Yes.

Nam. To be in the middle of next week?

all. Yes

Nan. Well, we'll make it come true.

Susanne. How?

Nan. What day is this?

Bob. The 10<sup>th</sup>

Nan. And a week from today will be?

Bob. The 17<sup>th</sup>

Nan. Now wasn't that the day we planned to picnic?

Mr. Plumper. at "White Lady Island", yes ma'am.

Nan. We'll have that picnic tonight.

all. What?

Nan. We'll pretend we're a week ahead.

Susanne. Splendid!

Nan. Do you understand? It's the 17<sup>th</sup>

all. The 17<sup>th</sup>

Nan. And between the 10<sup>th</sup> + the 17<sup>th</sup> he fell in love with - (looks about) - Mercedes.

Mercedes. me?

Mrs. Jones. I won't permit this, Nan!

Nan. And Bob fell in love with me.

Susanne. What about me?

Nan. Oh Bob jilted you.

Susanne. You never did, did you Bob?

Nan. Horace, pick up those cards! He'll be here in a minute. <sup>Now do you all understand?</sup> We're a week ahead.

He's engaged to Mercedes. Bob's engaged to me. Remember, everybody!

Mrs. Plumper. I hope the young people will have a wonny little time.

Horace. No - listen! - not marry - engaged. See? Pretty good pun now, aint it?

all. <sup>Oh,</sup> Horace!

(Enter Philip, S. B. all turn)

Nan. You can't imagine what we're talking about?

Philip. The yacht? The fire wasn't much after all -

Nan. That week old sensation? I guess not! It was something about tonight's

On the Middle of Next Week.

Characters

Philip Brinsmade - A young and aristocratic millionaire.

Bob Rineer - - - - - His chum.

Mr. Plumper - - - - - The obliging proprietor of "The White Lady"

Horace + Rinky - - - - - Grooms.

Nan Niles - - - - - A tomboy

Susanna Brown - - - - - Her chum.

Mrs Leadworth Jones.. Their chaperone

Mercedes - - - - - A beautiful gypsy fortune-teller.

Escamillo - - - - - Her lover.

A servant.

What was song like  
Daffodils.

picnic.

Philip (Taking his place between Mercedes + Nam) But there's no picnic scheduled for tonight.

Nam. Why, we've been planning it for ages! But we were just thinking —

Bob. What a splendid announcement party it would make for you + Mercedes.

Nam — of course, there's no need of an announcement party for us. But I'm crazy to have it in the papers, it will make such a sensation. Mercedes (Putting an arm about Philip's neck) We don't care, do we dear? Love is more than all.

Susanne. Oh that ennobled pair!

Nam. We are almost as bad, aren't we Bob?

Bob. (Putting his arm around her) You're right we are.

Philip. What the deuce is this?

Mercedes. What is the use of hiding our feelings, darling. Since we adore each other, why be ashamed of our caresses?

Mr. Plumper. What a sweet sentiment!

(Enter Dinky, who runs down to R. F.)

Mercedes. (Throwing her head on Philip's bosom) I am thine!

Dinky - Say! I - I - say! His hair aint light. You aint him!

Philip (Struggling) I should say not.

Nam + Bob. But she is.

Philip (Wildly) Since when?

All - Since the middle of last week!

Finale -

End of Act I.

Oh welcome, hearty welcome to you, wondrous gypsy maid!  
We are all your <sup>humble</sup> servants, you are here to be obeyed,

Your fame has gone before you, ~~and your~~ amazing, mystic arts,  
Have all been removed kindly in these superstitious parts.  
Oh ~~past~~, past, and present are to you an open book

Your hand will open with silver if you'd only take a look -  
~~for we still have any money, you can see what kind a row -~~  
~~of us still have any money, you can see what kind a row -~~  
~~Dark ladies and fair gentlemen are looking in our path,~~  
~~or have leaves, rocks, bushes, bushes~~

~~You~~ you ~~or~~ warn us of the danger of an lurking in  
the path -  
the devotion of our sweet hearts, and our searing rival's  
wail.

~~These made to be executed in~~  
~~Oh! Madam, the gypsy maid, what fortune's looking out~~

"Wild-West-Wind can never sway  
me,

onto loving, into fancy,

Wild-West-Wind blows far too  
rudely,

I would fain its course were  
changed."

Thusly peerish Sloop-the-  
shoulder,

And rash moon-in-face  
assented,

"none else can ever sway me,  
onto loving, into fancy,

Not a brave on earth can win me,  
I would fain they all were  
exiled."

Thus they spoke in haughty  
accents,

As they dressed with care and  
caution,

as they lathered on the war paint,  
as they donned their choicest

## Opening Chorus

Chorus -

O! Welcome to you, welcome to you, wonderful gypsy maid!  
Celebrate all your humble servants, you are here to be obeyed,  
Your name has gone before you, your amazing mystical arts;  
Have been rumored of ~~any~~ ~~and~~ ~~circles~~, in these superstitious parts,  
O! future, past, and present are to you an open book,  
Your hand will cross with silver, if you at only take a look,  
You can warn us of the dangers that are lurking in the path  
The devotion of our sweet hearts and our scowling rivals' wrath,  
You can tell us how to win the ones our loving hearts adore,  
If we still have any money, you can tell us that much more -  
mercedes =

O! Thank you, for your welcome,  
everything you say is true,  
Only you have failed to mention  
Just the things that I can do.

on the cards, and in the crystal,  
on the stars, and in your hand,  
For sufficient remuneration  
I can read, you understand.

Mr. Plumper -

and I am the keeper of this fair inn -

As you 've need to keep it well -

The way that I labor is most a sin -

Why day and night, to keep it bright -

Every guest at the place, please you like and happy,  
slow and happy,  
always happy -

~~Some of the things I have seen in my life -~~

MW. Plumped-

Oh I am the keeper of this fair inn,  
~~and it is a fair~~ It keeps me true.  
It's just a sin.

The way that a labor to keep it bright,  
Why day and night  
~~to be that is right~~  
It's just a fright -

The service you get is the very best  
~~you can buy everything you want~~

If you don't get enough you can tip for the rest.  
And since Mercedes Entertain every guest

Have you way  
She shall say -

amusing  
loving  
choking  
abusing



GOODYEAR GLOVE RUBBERS.

T. ASCHULZE, Pres.  
J. E. ROUNDS, Vice Pres.  
G. W. EKSTRAND, Treas.  
THEODORE SCHULZE, Secy.

My little Gypsy Rose

Verse -

You ask me whom I love,  
Well, I will tell you;  
I love the loveliest flower,  
That e'er was seen.

Oh, not a garden flower,  
So tall and stately,  
But just a wild flower  
Upon the green.

'Heath summer sunshine,  
The sways and dances,

'Heath summer moonshine,  
The falls asleep,

While gentle zephyrs,  
Blow to enfold her,  
And guard her slumber  
So calm and deep.

I love the very loveliest flower  
That blows.

And so I love my little gypsy

ROSE.

So in the years to come,  
Content I'll follow  
adown the gypsy trail -  
my gypsy queen -  
Thru field and forest -  
mid dew and flowers -  
In thickets dark and deep -  
By rushing streams,  
Beneath the heavens,  
By gleaming camp fire -  
In wind and torrent,  
Mid snow and ice  
So that the girl I love,  
Shall walk beside me  
The roughest road will lead  
To paradise.

Chorus -

No star up in the skies,  
Can match your splendid eyes,  
No sweet voiced bird that flies,  
Can match your song.

No sparkling jewels outshine,  
That loving head of mine,  
Oh little love of mine,  
For whom I long!

Your kiss is far more light  
Than butterflies in flight.  
Down in the meadow bright,  
Where sunshine glows.

So make me happy-go,  
And say that you'll be true,  
For I love only you,  
My gypsy rose.

Verse -

~~To in all time to come,~~  
~~Content I'll follow~~  
~~Thru field and forest,~~  
~~The gypsy trail~~

As in the years to come  
~~thru sunlight~~

thru shadowy forests,  
thru open, sunlight, fields,  
O'er rushing streams  
Content I'll follow you,  
down the

As in the years to come  
~~Content I'll follow~~  
thru rich and forest  
on thickets bank & deep  
O'er track & stream

Helmus's  
long legs

the snow  
from

Emily stamped her feet and fumbled for her  
latch-key with numb fingers. It was bitterly cold. The  
starlight shone frostily on the dirty city snow. Emily ~~turned~~ <sup>did not</sup>  
~~turn to look at it~~ <sup>for a last look at it</sup> before she opened the door and  
~~entered the dark hall.~~ She was conscious of a  
dull thrice <sup>of imitation</sup> that the disagreeable ~~sounds and smells~~ <sup>smells and sounds</sup> which  
greeted her should be so familiar. There was the odor of  
fried potatoes. There was the sound of sizzling meats  
and the heavy clatter of coarse dishes, the loud laugh of  
the red handed, second maid, <sup>open</sup> then the door of the parlor,  
<sup>could see</sup> she ~~was~~ the "star boarder," a plump person with  
<sup>suspiciously</sup> ~~preternaturally~~ golden locks and a display of  
beautiful jewelry, cogitating with the dry goats clerk  
who roomed <sup>on the 3rd floor</sup> ~~next to her~~. They were sitting by the  
round table which bore an unlit lamp, never lighted,  
and an unopened copy of Shakespeare, never read. Emily  
shuddered and mounted the stairs. She kept one  
hand on the rail for she was very tired <sup>and a cold</sup> ~~and a cold~~  
<sup>made her feel weak and ill</sup> ~~was making her feel wretchedly ill.~~ [She ~~found~~  
opened her door and went into her darkened room,  
shutting herself in. From the window, she could  
catch the cold glitter of snow. Dreading to ~~light~~  
~~the gas which would~~ reveal the hated ugliness,  
she put away her wraps <sup>without lighting the gas.</sup> ~~the darkroom~~. She  
slipped her shapely little jacket over the hanger  
which swung on the door. She folded up her gloves  
and <sup>placed</sup> ~~put~~ them in the top drawer of her  
dresser. She drew the pins out of her small

home made hat, <sup>and</sup> jabbed them in again  
as she laid it away with a desperate  
disregard <sup>of making fresh holes in it</sup> ~~and~~ sat down on the bed, in a sort  
of dumb misery. <sup>on her mind's eye, she saw</sup> ~~she saw~~  
~~she could~~ <sup>all</sup> the detestable <sup>details of the</sup> little room. She  
~~could~~ saw the crack which ran across the  
unpapered ceiling. She ~~could see~~ <sup>saw</sup> the  
speckly pattern which sprawled with  
maddening regularity ~~all~~ <sup>the</sup> room  
on the worn  
crusels carpet. She ~~could see~~ <sup>saw</sup> the cheap  
dresser with its distorting glass, or disgust  
she rose and ~~fumbled~~ <sup>found</sup> a match <sup>and</sup> she gas  
flickered on. <sup>her</sup> Then raised eyes saw the picture  
hung directly above the dresser in a  
frame of ~~quaint~~ brown wood, quaintly  
carved. Emily looked at it, in wonder. She  
forgot ~~to drop~~ the match ~~and~~ she held  
it ~~until~~ <sup>and</sup> it burned <sup>down to</sup> her fingers. Then  
she shook it ~~and~~ dropped it, ~~and~~  
walked swiftly to the picture and  
lifting up her head gazed at it  
ruefully. It was not a wonderful  
picture and in many it might have  
been not especially helpful. It was a  
~~rather~~ <sup>rather</sup> a good Japanese print, of the  
sort which would delight a child. In  
the foreground was a <sup>white</sup> long legged  
bird, with fluffy <sup>plumage</sup>, ~~and~~

lengthy.  
bright eyes, and a long bill. ~~the~~  
~~that~~ He was poised upon a spray  
of flowers, purple marsh lilies, in a  
bed of green. ~~And~~ In the back ground,  
was a blue and purple blue which  
to Emily <sup>meant</sup> ~~was~~ fairland. She took the  
picture down and hurried with it  
to the light, as she gazed, ~~the~~ ~~hard~~  
~~lines~~ ~~a~~ her tightly closed lips  
relaxed and her eyes softened and  
widened like a child's, she forgot the  
office from which she had come with its  
its whirring telephone, and the ~~clanging~~ ~~clap~~ humming  
laughing type writers, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~.  
She forgot the close crowded street  
carried ~~the~~ ~~cold~~ ~~crowded~~ ~~old~~ city street  
with ~~flashes~~ ~~flashes~~ ~~of~~ ~~light~~ and ~~the~~ ~~headless~~ ~~falling~~ ~~thru~~  
She forgot the ~~advent~~ ~~of~~ ~~supper~~ ~~which~~  
~~appressed~~ ~~the~~ ~~room~~ and the clutter of  
dinner dishes and the footsteps of her  
fellow boarders, resounding in the  
hall. She was in fairland. The air  
she breathed was sweet like flowers.  
She heard the <sup>rustling of leaves</sup> ~~the~~ ~~music~~ of lapping  
waters, and the song of brightly  
feathered birds. She was thinking the  
thoughts of little children ~~of~~ ~~the~~  
it was a wonderful moment for  
Emily. It took her on a long, long,  
journey. And a journey was what she

had needed for a long, long, time. The  
claamour of the dinner bell  
aroused her, she replaced the picture  
on its hook and patted it with  
tender, loving, fingers. She turned  
the gas down and went down to  
the dining room with <sup>unwanted</sup> smile  
on her lips and <sup>unwanted</sup> light in her  
eyes for the ~~first~~ <sup>is your cold</sup> time in many  
a day. "How are you tonight?" ~~miss Emily~~  
asked the red handed second girl  
as she placed the soup. <sup>she had always</sup>  
~~tried her mightily cheerful.~~ Emily  
smiled. It was pleasant to be so  
cheerfully <sup>approached</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~boarders~~  
~~was~~ ~~to~~ ~~feel~~ ~~a~~ ~~change~~ ~~in~~ ~~her~~ ~~morning~~  
~~when~~ ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~helped~~ ~~her~~ ~~write~~ ~~a~~  
~~most~~ ~~important~~ ~~letter~~, ~~but~~ ~~generally~~  
~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~amused~~ ~~by~~ ~~Emily's~~ ~~discontented~~  
~~and~~ ~~face~~ ~~the~~ ~~star~~ ~~boarder~~ ~~forgot~~  
to be ~~patronizing~~ <sup>gold</sup>, the dry goods  
dealer proffered a civil remark. Usually  
he ignored ~~everyone~~ when the gold eye  
haired star boarder was present. Emily  
smiled in answer. She ate ~~her~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>put</sup> ~~before~~ ~~her~~  
~~without~~ ~~being~~ ~~sensible~~ ~~of~~  
~~its~~ ~~greasiness~~ ~~of~~ ~~its~~ ~~lukewarm~~  
warmness. as soon as possible, she

and Emily had  
been friends  
before  
Emily had  
done her  
a surprise  
of always  
time

hurried back to her room. The white  
bird still perched upon the purple  
flowers and fair-faced awaited  
her in the recesses.

That was the way the picture  
came into Emily's life. ~~and~~  
~~for a week it filled her heart with~~  
~~and empty mused to the exclusion~~  
~~of disagreeable things. She said good~~  
~~bye to it every morning with~~  
~~a friendly little smile, and~~  
~~at night with a smile~~  
~~as less friendly because weary.~~  
During the <sup>very</sup> days, her thoughts kept  
recurring to it. ~~She~~ she wondered if  
the country were not like that, all  
birds and flowers. During the wakeful  
nights, she planned how she would  
save up money to go to the country,  
and she fell into dreams with  
lovely sights and sounds, ~~and~~  
~~smiles in her eyes and~~  
~~and~~ rose. Emily's face changed during  
the week after the picture came  
into her eyes. Her eyes held the  
gladness of her ~~visions~~ and the  
dimples in her cheeks came into  
play when she sat alone and

greeted

her mind full of  
of lovely visions

4 162  
+3  
12 3 4 frequently <sup>4 9 8</sup> into play  
more often than before the  
star boarder invited her up to her  
room one night, saying, "you make  
~~me feel contented~~" she dry goods  
desk watched her <sup>good</sup> ~~at~~ a great deal of time  
favored her with some of his  
and preferred ~~company~~ <sup>company</sup>.  
~~more~~ ~~happy~~ ~~than~~ ~~previously~~,  
and the other fellow boarder  
seems to see appreciation of  
her presence which they had  
never felt before. One night as she  
was leaving the dining room  
the red handed one accosted her,  
"That's a mighty pretty picture"  
hauging in your room, ~~this~~  
~~picture~~ she said "actually" it  
reminds me - some how - of the  
fudge I used to think, - you know -  
when I was a kid." "It does me  
too, Mary" said Emily, ~~too~~  
joyous that another could understand  
appreciate her feelings, she  
thought of how the picture had  
come into her room, did not  
trouble her, it came sometimes  
but she forced it away. "The  
picture's mine, the picture's  
mine" she would repeat to herself

wherein that to be starboarded  
and wear doubtful jewelry.  
She was chary of a maid indeed -  
standing, "It might a come when  
I want here." Said the landlady,  
glancing about, "Did a none of  
you found a picture changing  
in your rooms, did you. What kind  
of picture did she say it was?  
A Japanese picture? Did any  
of you find it?" There was  
a murmur of dissent, an  
awkward pause and then  
a ~~little~~ crash and a little  
cry. "Well now Susan," the  
landlady addressed the  
second maid, "What made you  
do that? Spilled Emily's soup  
and broke a dish! Susan  
picked up the ~~broken~~ <sup>shattered</sup> dishes  
~~with a~~ crimson and red  
~~face~~. Emily watched her, with  
a white and wretched face. The  
meal dragged intolerably.

~~with~~ firmly.

For a week, the picture had hung before her bed. One night when she came in late to dinner ~~and~~ the starboarder and the landlady were talking in very animated tones. "Well, my aunt says -" began the starboarder was proclaiming as Emily slipped into her chair with a murmured apology, "my aunt says - well I'll read you her exact words - she says - 'I'm surprised, Marie, that you don't acknowledge the birthday gift I send you. It was a picture that I picked out with great care. I ordered it sent to your address and being in your room, I thought it would be nice to surprise you when you came from work. ~~But~~ James says it was done just as I ordered.'" She folded up the letter with a dejected air. "Well, it must have gone to the wrong address. Blake Avenue ~~South~~ perhaps the starboarder looked noncommittal he was really worried, it was the ~~to~~ who ~~had~~ gave her the