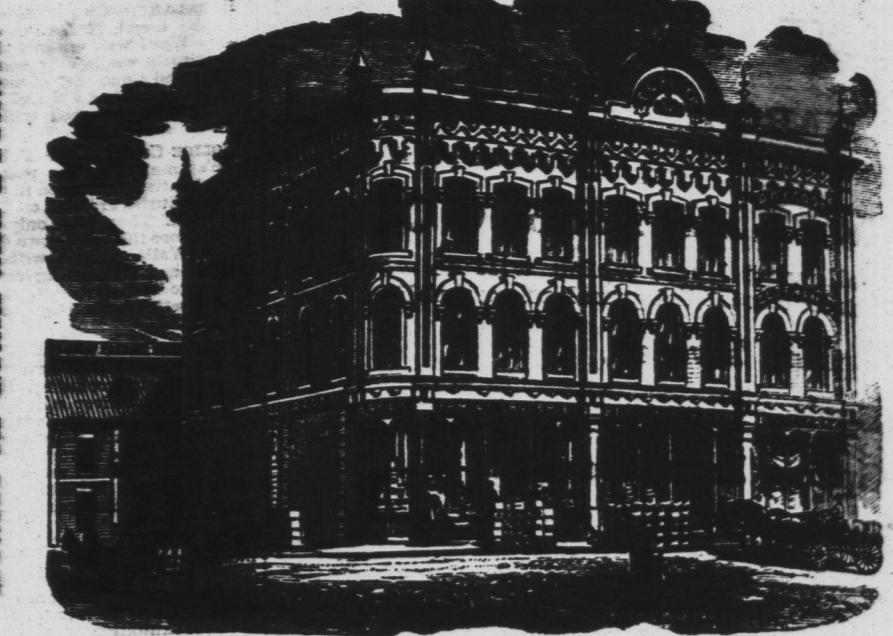


CHARLES L. BAKER,



Proprietor Lindsey Phoenix House

NOTES.
This old world - now great the fear,
To be, when Death do we meet,
Fugitive!

Now many Summers gay,
Or Winter drear, have passed over,
That we may still be here the day,
Perpetual!

So all men seek the world
(I earthly immortality),
In the only hope of to be
Perpetual!

But all vain hopes of this world die,
No man can fight off time's decay,
We all with age must perish,

Perpetual!

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

the summer. And were you coming
to see me so soon? That was good of

"Will you believe?" he says, looking
down on me (my head barely
reaches his shoulder, and yet I am a
very decent height, five feet four
inches). "That you were the first per-
son I thought of when I came back to
England! I - I - I -

The hours yesterday, and to-day, we
have sat out to see you to-day. And,
after all, you are a distinguised man,
he says with a queer smile. "None
bright, fresh-faced, like him, just
as I left you, and now -" (The
wants me slowly from head to foot)

"I find you grown up - and -"

"I wish you had come back sooner,

I am sorry for you, you know,

I am getting bored, however,

and can't wait until spring!"

We are passing through the orchard
now about half of the trees are stand-
ing, and the branches of the others are
mostly broken off at the earth. Sister Nell
has got hold of it.

We meet the governor, and to my amazement,

instead of Mr. Vasher being

overjoyed to see us, he speaks

with respect of Mr.

Vasher's dead father, and finally

lets him away in a stream of ambi-

tious conversation. Verily, this is a

world of change!

Chapter II.

These are woman's odds

At least we live in health & comfort best

It is nearly a month since Mr.

Vasher and his flying visit to Silver-

bridge, and we are drawing very near

that illustrations first, which is the one

day of the year to all Englishmen

that the single house and crack

shot to the single house and crack

goes out with a gun shot at the risk

of his own, and his neighbor's lives.

Although the patriots on the Vasher

estate may be succeeded to have long

ago, the day to come, he says, a re-

sponsible citizen generally, who

for why the world trembles, goes

always bring up a vision of a

red recall, fire-bombing, ample-bodied

mutton-chops, biskited, rather vul-

gar-looking man, who loves horse and

hunting dogs, and has a weakness for

the pretty girls at roulette.

He seems very easy to go away,

Paul Vasher. Papa says he was ab-

sent from home, and was accompa-

nied, etc., etc.

He made a pleasant change. I hope a com-

fortable break soon. At the present moment I

am walking along the passage that

leads to mother's room, with a fresh

memory of days in my mind, for her

is gone.

"Come in," she says, as I knock;

and entering, I find her sitting by the

open window, smoothing the princess

clothes, tools of her young boyhood.

I have never written to you much

about mother, but she is as much the

life of her children as the air they

breathe; when you or whatever we

say, she is there, after mother.

As I give her a kiss, I become aware of a pleased smile on

her face, that not only looks in every

pretty corner, but covers it as with a

garnish in a most unquenchable man-

ner.

"Come in," I say, with a sudden leap

of my thoughts, "he is coming home."

"No," says mother, "he is not Jack

it is an invitation."

"An invitation?" I repeat. "Are

any of our neighbors old enough, or

forgetful enough, to try that on

again?"

"It is from Millie. She wants you

to go to the 20th to stay with her for

a week."

"Lovely!" I say, with a deep gasp;

but he will not let me go.

"It is just possible that he may,"

says mother, "although he has re-

quested an interview for you

You would like it, I suppose."

"Take it!" I say, rushing, did not

the country people have a day and

stay with the town?

"What have you got?" asks mother,

sitting down, her darling, who speedily

announces his chief object in life,

which is to be a good man.

"One black silk, which is skinny

and snappy, and tight and green;

two decent white dresses, and one in-

decent, a few feathers that look pass-

able enough, and as everything else

has been sold out, I am afraid I stand

but a poor chance of finding up a gen-

ment to go visiting in."

"There is the yellow satin," says

mother, "but you don't like yellow."

"Especially when my great-grand-

mother upset a dish of gravy down its

front," I say, gulping. "Would

you like to have a few more servin-

gs?"

"If he only says 'Yes,'" I say, kiss-

ing her, "I'll forgive all the rest. Is

that other letter from Dolly?"

"Yes, the Queen is very much at

Cheshire, but the same other house."

"Poor Dolly!" I say. "I wish she

were back again. I do miss her so,

Mother, mother, who did you not feel

then?"

"Well," says the Bell of Bath, rush-

ing in, "the government says you're

to go to the 20th. The transports are

in the port."

"I don't care if they are crooked,"

she says, "they are not bad."

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