

"My Most Intimate Friend."

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"And I shall hear from you often, Laura." "O yes indeed! I shall have nothing else to occupy my time but making calls, shopping, and writing home to my old schoolmates. You will be deluged with letters, darling. It will be splendid to board; no cares?" "It must be," I assented; "so much leisure at your command. But there's the carriage. Don't forget to write often." And I kissed her repeatedly. "You'll hear from me every week, all about my new city home; and when I keep house you are to make me such long visits, you know. You mustn't forget this, my dearest friend. Now, darling Nell, farewell!" "Good-by! God bless you!" I answered, less romantically, but quite as fervently—I think now far more sincerely—than the bride of an hour, who tore herself from the embrace of my clinging arms, and then turned to receive the adieu of her family ere she was handed to the carriage by her tall, handsome, city husband. "Farewell, darling, till you hear from me!" she added, leaning a moment from the window of the vehicle wherein sat the bridal party—herself, husband, and his two stylish sisters—then were whirled away to the railroad depot. It sounded very pathetic, this parting salutation to me—Ellen Brewster, Laura Dashington's most intimate friend; and my eyes were quite wet as I gazed after them a minute, then turned from the house whence had gone out a bride, and bent my steps homeward to my mother's modest little cottage. It had been a fashionable wedding for our quiet Ashbrook; and, with most of Laura's schoolmates at the seminary, I had been invited to her father's pretentious mansion, for Jonas Holman had amassed quite a little fortune by dint of fortunate business capacity, and stood the moneyed man, par excellence, of the town. But I had a greater claim than many of the guests to the pretty bride's favor, for we had been intimate friends from the day I entered school; and though Laura's junior by two or three years, she had chosen to attach herself to me by the strongest protestations of regard. Indeed, we were the feminines of Damon and Pythias, and almost one and inseparable. Hardly a day passed but found Laura at my pretty cottage, where I lived with my gentle widowed mother and younger brother Willie, or me at her more elegant home. Thus it came to pass that I conceived I had a special right to be miserably when Laura married. The husband whom Laura Holman had selected—or, rather, who had selected her—was a handsome, black-whiskered, showy man, seven or eight years her senior, of the firm of Loud, Talk, Dashington & Co., importers, Boston. From the time Laura had met him, two years previous, while on a visit to a city aunt—from which visit she returned in love with city life—it had been my firm belief that she would marry and make her home there; and when Mr. Dashington made his appearance at the Ashbrook Hotel, one Saturday, and was seen in Mr. Holman's pew the next Sabbath, as Laura's escort, the element of Ashbrook population who devoted themselves to the special charge of love matters voted it "an engagement." And an engagement it proved to be, a fact which was promptly imparted to me in a dainty note Laura sent over to our cottage, one snowy day, by her little brother Frank, for the drifts were too deep to permit her coming in person; and time passed, and Laura went to Boston to purchase her outfit, and her dresses were pronounced by Miss Price, the Ashbrook dress-maker, as "the loveliest things she had ever made up"; and at length the fateful day arrived, and Laura stood up a girl and sat down a bride. As I said, it was a very fashionable morning wedding for Ashbrook. We supposed that the bridegroom's city sisters had a good deal to do with that. The parlors were darkened, and the soft beams of solar lamps lent a subdued light; the bridal dress and veil were rich, and Laura looked, as all brides do, sweet and interesting; the Misses Dashington—Grace and Eloise—were perfect in their responsible role of bridesmaids; and the cake, wine, wedding cards, et cetera, were of the most approved order of their kind. I even cherished the fancy that my own fresh white mulle, with my blue sash, looked pretty, and suitable, and very becoming to me. So the wedding passed off with eclat, and the glare of day had again been let into Jonas Holman's parlors, and the carriage had whirled them and their trunks to take the A. M. train for Boston, and I, Laura's most intimate and now most desolate friend, was walking homeward, quite mournful, in the bright, bland, October morning. All at once a footfall overtook mine on the leaf-strewn sidewalk, and I looked up to behold Esquire Abbot walking beside me. He was one of our

prominent Ashbrook lawyers, a grave, staid, but cultivated man, and had been my mother's lodger during the three years of his residence among us, a man whom I had dubbed "old bachelor" to the school-girls, and who had dubbed himself my "godfather" to my mother when he assisted me about my lessons of an evening in the little parlor of our cottage. "Well, Miss Ellen, been to the wedding, I suppose?" he said, speaking quickly. "Yes, sir," I replied, dropping my veil, and not caring to look him in the face, for I knew my eyes were red with weeping, and I dreaded nothing so much as appearing sentimental in the estimation of Esquire Abbot, who had a way of being cynical and sarcastic when he chose. So I asked gayly: "But why weren't you there? Everything passed off splendidly!"—for I knew that he had been one of the invited guests, as Mr. Holman's lawyer. "Oh, an out of town client came in, and so the tasty wedding favor had to lie unadorned on my table. But I should have made but a poor party at a wedding, an old bachelor like me, and you can tell me about it, Miss Ellen. Of course the knot was legally tied, and the happy pair will soon be whirling Bostonward. There goes the train now"—as the shriek of the engine whistle came round a bend in the road of quiet Ashbrook. "Any sentiment at the altar? They say young ladies always cry at weddings, Miss Ellen," he continued, presently, stooping down to pick up a brilliant maple leaf that floated down on the sidewalk just before him. "Laura Holman is a pretty, cleverish sort of girl, but not deep; hardly the one for you to mourn for." And he turned and looked full into my tear-stained face, provokingly revealed by a light wind blowing my veil aside just then. "Laura is my most intimate friend, Mr. Abbot," I answered haughtily. "Yes, yes, I see," said my cynical companion. "I've seen all this before; but, Miss Ellen, did it ever occur to you what is usually the end of such school-girl friendships?" "What?" I asked, with a little asperity of manner. "Oh, a sort of natural death; they fade out like this." And he stooped again and, picked up a sere, brown, withered leaf which lay on the vivid green grass border of our path. "Never!" I answered, emphatically. "Laura is married, to be sure, and gone to a new home, and will have new ties but I know she will always hold a large place in her heart for her most intimate school-girl friend. You say this because you are too calculating and old for such friendships yourself, Mr. Abbot." Esquire Abbot smiled a little, a sad weary sort of a smile, then said: "Perhaps you are right. Pardon my unwelcome prophesies, Miss Ellen. Thirty five and seventeen judge differently. And yet I fancied I was connoisseur enough in human nature to detect its different kinds, and that your heart and Laura Holman's—pardon! Mrs. Albert Dashington's—were made of dissimilar material. Time will prove; and, if the thought pains you, may it also prove me a false prophet!" I felt a little ashamed of my impetuosity, a little vexed at my want of respect toward Esquire Abbot, and also not a little flattered at his implied compliment to myself, so I said, to turn the subject: "What a splendid Indian summer day, Mr. Abbot!" "Yes, glorious! These days are the wine of the year," he replied, sending the gaze of his dark eyes up to the golden, hazy sky, the trees in their gorgeous autumn livery, and drinking in a long draught of the bland, delicious air. "Your Ashbrook woods are grand; that line of ash and maples crowning the hill yonder on the outskirts of the town looks like a battle array of kings, in crimson and scarlet robes full panopied, and flaunting their banners on the air. My morning's client cheated me out of the wedding, but the afternoon is at my disposal. Are you too absorbed in the memories of Mrs. Albert Dashington to accompany me in a forest stroll after dinner, Miss Ellen?" We had paused at the corner of a street; Esquire Abbot to bend his steps to the postoffice for the morning's mail, and I to strike off into the pleasant avenue leading homeward. "I should be delighted with the walk, Mr. Abbot, but, pray, why do you think?"—here I hesitated a little—"what makes you imagine Laura and I so unlike?" "Ah, the wound rankles!" he said, smiling. "Did I say unlike? No; yet you are so, I can hardly explain, now. Wait two, three, or five years, and we'll talk further of this. Tell your mother that your godfather is to take charge of you for a stroll in the autumn woods this afternoon. Good morning." And he walked rapidly down the street. "Esquire Abbot is thirty-five years old, then," I mused, as I went homeward. "Well, I should have said he was full as old; that is, I should have thought so if I had thought at all." That was it reader; I had never thought of his age, or of him save as a good,

pleasant, elderly gentleman, whom my mother regarded with respect, and who was very fatherly and kind to me; but as he walked down the street I mused still further. "And Eloise Dashington is engaged to a rich old man of forty, Laura says, and they don't seem to think anything out of the way, either; horrid, I think." Reader, forty was a Methusalem-istic period and thirty-five an advanced age to me then, for I was but seventeen. That was a golden afternoon to me in the October woods. Even the prestige of Laura's wedding was quite out of mind; the artificial light of Jonas Holman's parlors was put to shame by the golden lances the sun shot down through quivering tree-boughs; the crimson of his moreen curtains was outshined by the glow of the blood red maples and sumachs; the softness of their carpet rivalled by the elastic wood moss; and the silver plate from which was served the bridal cake would have been dull beside the sheen of the sunlit brooks leaping down the hillsides or winding through the glades. And Esquire Abbot was less cynical and more companionable than usual the hours of that golden-hearted October afternoon. "Better than parties or wedding festivals, this—eh, Miss Ellen?" He said, seating himself on an old log gray with hoary wood moss, beside the noisy brook that ran through the forest, and tossing me a splendid spray of cardinal flower he had leaned over to pluck from the bank. "When I am gone from Ashbrook, you won't forget this afternoon's walk in these grand old woods, will you, Miss Ellen?" "Gone! leave Ashbrook! You are not going away, Mr. Abbot?" I asked, in surprise, for I had heard nothing of this intention hitherto. "Why, I thought you liked and had settled in Ashbrook!" "I do like this pleasant quiet old town, and at one time supposed I had fixed, not exactly my household gods, but my red-tape divinities here, Miss Ellen; but, like some ministers, I find that I have had 'a louder call.' And yet don't suppose that it's money merely that tempts me away; for, perhaps you know, I've a competence my dear old father left me, and, besides, were it not so, I am one of those who have learned to be rich with little. There are better things than money can bring us, Miss Ellen, in this life, and by these I mean sweet friendships, confidences, and perhaps dearer dreams, or, maybe, one day a merging of dreams into realities"—and for a moment his grave face grew glowing with mobile expression as his eye fell on me, then he looked away to the crimson sumachs across the brook. "It isn't the hope of gain from a wider sphere of my profession, but the breadth of life and depth of experience one meets in a larger acquaintance with human nature. Besides, an old friend—Judge Graves—urges me to become his partner; so, Miss Ellen, I have just decided to open my new office in Boston." I did not say one word, sitting there by his side on the old moss-covered log that afternoon. It was so sudden. He had been so long with us—three years—an age to my light girlhood, and I had never thought of change coming to our quiet, happy cottage. "You will miss your old godfather a little at first, but your mother will be answering my letters on business, and you can inclose a little note now and then to let me know how you are getting on with your studies, for I shall feel interested in everything here still, Ellen." "Oh, certainly," I said, confusedly, like one talking in a broken dream; and then added, more by way of making conversation than because I thought of a third party then, "You will see Laura often in Boston?" "Perhaps," he said, half smiling, "though the city is not quite like Ashbrook, and one don't get too intimate with their neighbors. I shall hear of your coming down some day to buy your wedding finery—eh, Miss Ellen?" "My first trip to Boston will be to visit my old friend when she is at housekeeping," I answered curtly, and tossing my head with what I fancied an assumption of dignity. "Oho, that is promised, then? Well, I shall promise also to enact the godfather still, unless the young gallants find an old man in their way. I shall know when you are in town. Let us go home, now, and acquaint your good mother with my plans, Miss Ellen." Why was it that the homeward walk through the October woods was so much gloomier than the going? Why had the golden haze that had filled all the air changed to dull gray gloom? The sun had not yet set, and long lances were striking aslant through the maples and sumachs, and the mountain ashes were heavy with their fruit; but all seemed dull, and dead, and sere. My head ached all the evening, and I shaded my eyes from the light by which my mother sewed, with serious countenance, at the little round table, exclaiming every now and then her sorrow at losing Mr. Abbot, who had gone down to his office to busy himself in packing up his papers. Willie, even,

received a short answer to some trifling request about his skates he was preparing in two months' anticipation of hard ice, and muttered: "How cross it makes you, Nell, to go to a wedding! Frank Holman ate so much wedding-cake he's sick enough to-night; but seems to me you needn't have gone there, and got a real cross old headache." Mistaken Willie, to credit to the stomach what proceeds from the heart! But you were not the first in error on that point, for even mother attributed the headache to the long walk, and your sister, in her blindness, was not much wiser. Three years went by like a dream in quiet Ashbrook. During this period scarcely any change had come to me in my little cottage home, save that my school-days were ended, and the last year I had taught the village scholars in the old red school-house on the hill. As I braided up my brown hair before the mirror in my little chamber, its reflection told me that my thin cheeks were rounding out, and my slight form growing into the stronger mould of healthy womanhood. Save these, no other changes had come to me. Brother Willie was now entered a student in the Ashbrook Academy, a smart, quick scholar, who took to his Latin grammar as eagerly as he had hitherto to birdsnesting, nutting, or skating; and I was proud that my earnings as a teacher could help eke out our scanty income, and clothe Willie in as nice jackets and trousers as were worn by any boys of his class. For I was determined that our brave, hard-working Willie should have every advantage of education, and listened with secret pleasure to his avowed intention to become "as smart a lawyer as Esquire Abbot" when he attained the estate of manhood. My "godfather" had not forgotten us; once or twice yearly he called on us in our cottage home, but the business claims of a rapidly increasing profession kept him close in Boston; yet letters came regularly to my mother, proving that, amid his cares, we were yet in his thoughts. To be continued

Suggestions for Husbands.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind you of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for, if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention when in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person; the sense of your disregard for her feeling will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house and remarkable for social ability elsewhere.

Her Pocket-Book.

How amusing to notice as one walks the crowded streets that nearly every lady carries her pocket-book in her hand. But for the well-known fact that they generally have very little money in them, and are mainly stuffed out with receipts for cake, memoranda of articles to be gotten while shopping, bits of poetry cut from newspapers, and such trifles, valuable only to the owners, we can think of no greater temptation to the street thief than to snatch from their slender fingers the lightly held articles. Then, as though women hadn't care enough about their clothes, they generally carry a few small packages besides. It is almost a rarity to see a man go along the street with his arms fettered with bundles; it is almost an equal rarity to see a woman entirely free from them. Hence a walk usually invigorates a man and fatigues a woman. The main difference is in pockets. Every possible nook and corner of a man's suit that can be so utilized has a neat, safe, substantial pocket in it. He puts his watch, his money, his handkerchief, his knife, and all other little personal conveniences safely away in these; he has no further concern for their safety. He is not constantly asking, "Did I lay down my purse here?" or "Have you seen my handkerchief?" His clothes are organized just like his work.

Stop My Paper.

After you get angry and make up your mind to stop your paper, just poke your finger in water and then pull it out and look for the hole. Then you know how sadly you are missed. A man who thinks a paper cannot survive without his support ought to go off and stay away awhile. When he comes back he will find that half his friends did not know he was gone; the other half did not care a cent, and the world at large did not keep any account of his movements. You will find things you cannot endorse in every paper. Even the Bible is rather plain and hits some hard licks. If you were to get mad and burn your Bible the hundreds of presses would still go on printing them; and if you were to stop your paper and call the editor all sorts of ugly names, the paper would still be published; and what is more you'd sneak around and borrow a copy of it every week from your neighbour. It would be much better to keep your vest pulled down and your subscription paid up in advance.—Ex. By breathing hot air at about 212 degrees for two hours daily it is said that consumption can be radically cured.

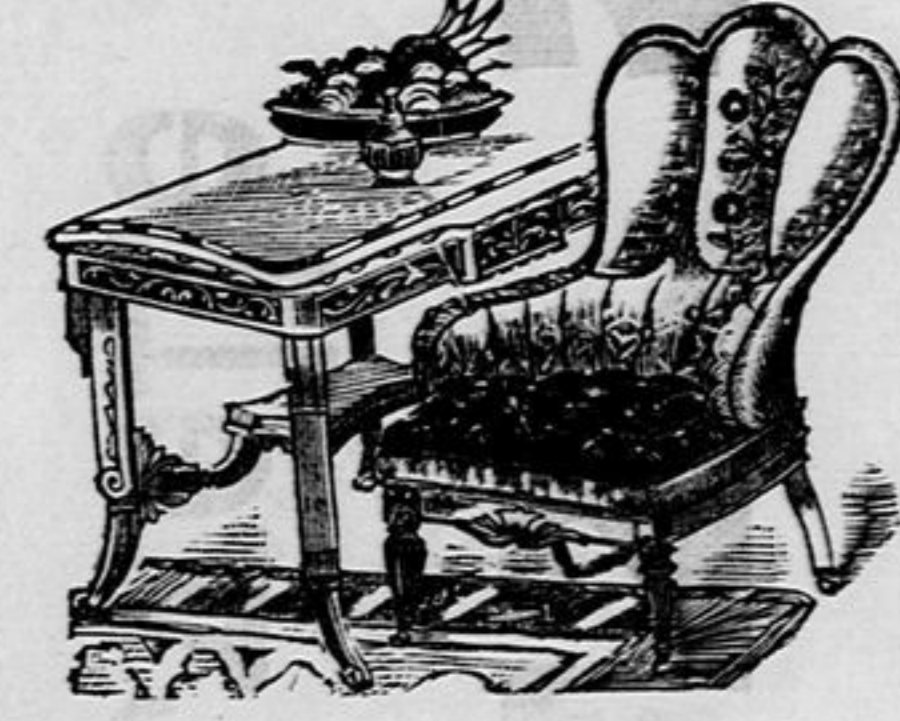
# CASH SALE.

## FURNITURE.

Come and see our great Bargains in We will sell for the next 30 DAYS our well known and well selected stock at prices that will astonish every one. Our \$35 Bed-room set for \$25. Our \$30 one for \$23. Our \$20 one for \$15. Everything in proportion for the next 30 days. Come along and you will get a Bargain. ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO. Kent St., Lindsay.

### What a Correspondent says of The House of OWEN McGARVEY & SON,

What the Proper Application of Printers' Ink has Produced—A model piece of Furniture that Captured Foreign Medals.



That the success of every business man depends upon his ability to advertise cannot be gainsaid. Indeed the efficacy of printers' ink lies in its proper application. The man who knows how to advertise the goods he really keeps, and not the goods he does not keep, is the man who will thrive best. Many merchants nowadays judiciously spread their advertisements all over a popular newspaper; but when the buyers visit their places they find that their best goods exist only on paper. This class of men know how to pay for an "ad," but they do not know how to advertise. It is a rare thing to find a house that comes up to its advertisement in these times, and rarer still are those that the advertisement does not come up to. During my travels in search of news I have found one of the rarer specimens, and the way I happened to find it was through the following unique advertisement:—

"Carrie, dear,"

said her father, and he said it with a good deal of satisfaction, "William asked me for your hand last night, and I consented." "Well, Pa, that's the first bill of mine you haven't objected to." Carrie had evidently not been purchasing her

#### Household Furniture

from OWEN McGARVEY & SON, Nos. 1849, 1851 & 1853 Notre Dame Street, or there would have been no objection to the bills sent. Owen McGarvey & Son carry a most complete stock of parlor, dining-room, library and fancy articles, such as the most beautiful odd-piece suites, in plushes of all the newest shades, with ladies' desks, easels, statuettes, tables, gilt chairs, ottomans and piano stools, with the newest and largest assortment of rat-trap rockers, easy chairs, reclining chairs, swing seats, crabs, and a full line of the very much admired bent furniture from Vienna, Austria, and their prices are acknowledged the choicest—quality considered—in the city; and to provide for Carrie and Willie's further and future wants, we have now daily arriving, the very finest stock of

#### BABY CARRIAGES AND PERAMBULATORS

ever on view in this city, varying in price from 7, 8.50, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75 and up to 85 dollars, the highest priced ones the finest styles and finish yet made in the United States, will be found at Owen McGarvey & Son's oldest and largest furniture store in the city.

When I read this advertisement my curiosity was naturally aroused, and I went to McGarvey's expecting to find, as I had found elsewhere, the best of his goods to exist on paper; but I was mistaken. I found that the advertisement did not come up to the house, and that it takes six spacious flats to hold the very best of his goods which are not mentioned in the advertisement. For example, there is no mention made of the pieces of furniture that captured foreign medals at the various exhibitions. There is a mention made of the fact that Owen McGarvey & Son can furnish a house from bottom to top, but there is no mention made of the fact that the goods are substantially the stock from which the samples are taken that brought the firm several bronze and silver medals, together with a diploma for exquisite workmanship. The prices were awarded by the Paris, Belgium and Indian Colonial Exhibitions. Mr. McGarvey, who by the way is a most affable man, took me through every one of his six flats, where I had the pleasure of inspecting some of the finest furniture I have ever seen, and that's saying a good deal when the fact is considered that I have seen some of the very best New York affords. The pieces of furniture that took the prizes, a cut of which is given above, consists of a drawing room chair and a centre table.

The table is made of ebony, with sides of free ornamental scrollwork carving, the legs similarly treated, to which brass claws are attached, and the chair is of that kind known as wire backed, upholstered very richly in crimson and old gold brocatelle. The real merit and beauty of these articles is beyond my power of description. In order that the real beauty of the elegant furniture may be seen to advantage, Mr. McGarvey has a portion of his second flat divided into apartments. These are furnished with some of his best furniture in such a way as to resemble a palatial dwelling. A parlor, dining-room, bed-room and even the hall-way are so luxuriously arranged as to suggest the rich blessings of a home made beautiful by the exquisite touch of the experienced housewife. These apartments are models of perfection, and any housekeeper who gets a view of them will turn green with envy.

After making a tour of the various departments on the upper flats we made a descent in the handsome elevator to the first floor, where the pleasant recollection of childhood days came up before me like a dream, when I beheld the perfect gems of baby carriages displayed to public view.

I wished a wish—but then 'twere vain, To wish one's self a child again.

I must confess that never since I was an "infant terrible" was I so completely carried away with a baby carriage. I will not attempt to describe any one in particular, but will venture to say that any one of them would take a prize at an exhibition if held to-morrow and this is not saying a great deal.

J. A. ARNEAUX

### OWEN McGARVEY & SON,

1849, 1851, and 1853 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.