

BRIDGET'S STORY.

Well, miss, you see the trouble is, Ellen gets a bit religious now an' then, an' spends more time prayin' than may be the Lord requires of a woman as big a family to see to. She's a nice woman tho', an' as a good 'ead to 'er, steady nor 'er 'usbands. 'E's stylish-like, an' 'e'd be pleased if she'd go with finer sort o' company nor she do. She just laughs at 'im, an' says, "Oh, bah, John, you'll never catch me a-runnin' after my betters. Them as was good enough for us when we was young is good enough now we is old."

"'E'd like me," says she, "to be dressed in satin from Monday to Saturday, let alone Sunday; an' 'ow would the washin' an' the bakin' fare then?"

I think myself Ellen had the rights of it. She's just a common, nice body, an' what 'ould be the use o' 'er trickin' 'ersel' out like a gran' lady? 'E's only people in this country as try to make themselfs look young, an' finer nor their condition. I think it's ridic'ulous for old women to fix themselfs out like young wenches. I like to see the quality dress up, but it's not allays the gran'est as go the gayest. I remember, in England, the first time the Queen coom to Chatsworth after she was married. The Duke 'ad an eye on the Queen when she was young, an' she coom there; an' for five or six weeks before, all the gentry was givin' the old women round about new petticoats an' new shoes, so 's they should look nice for the Queen to see. I 'ad a sister in service at Chatsworth, an' so we went over there from where we lived in Lancashire. I'm Irish born, you know, but we'd lived in Lancashire since I wur a little child, an' folks say as I spake nather like the Irish nor the English. I'm just 'alf an' 'alf, a kind of a mixed creatur' at best. I know the Lancashire di-log, but I don't spake it often; my father never liked to hear it in the 'ouse, for he wur an educated man. Well, we took a spring cart an' drove to Chatsworth, the night before the Queen coom, an' we lodged in a public 'ouse, the whole on us in one room, all but my father, as 'ad a friend in the town, an' old man, who took 'im 'ome to 'is 'ouse."

The next day we went to the park, an' they ranged us along to see the eight, with the smaller children in front. An' when the Queen coom, why, she 'ad on just a black silk gown, with never a flounce nor a tuck on it,—not so much as a tuck. She wore mud boots, too, laced up at the side, an' 'er 'air brought down on 'er forehead, an' then brushed back plain, an' twisted behind 'er 'ead; not a fashionable knob, nather, —nothing but a little twist. She coom along, an' behind was the nurse with the Queen's child, carryin' it out so 'er arms; an' the Queen spoke to the woman, an' she coom close to where we stan'in', so 's I put out my 'and an' touched the child's dress, as was long, an' soft, an' white. She 'eld it down so 's we could all see it, an' then another maid took it an' carried it off to show to the people in another part o' the park.

Then two men took the gran' cushions out o' the Queen's carriage, an' lifted all the lads an' wenches into the carriage. Eh, but they threw themselfs back an' sat down, afore they were lifted out the other side. They went streamin' in an' out, an' I was among 'em. I have sat in the Queen's carriage!

Aw well,—it's a long road from the Queen at Chatsworth to Ellen McKiernan an' 'er man up 'ere, but now my lines are cast among such as the McKiernans.

Mr. McKiernan is a bit younger nor she, an' 'e's like a man younger nor 'e is, an' that, I think, 'elps to make a little trouble between 'em, off an' on. Then Tom, the eldest boy, is 'is father's idolin'; but when the lad took to bad ways, drinkin', idlin' nights, an' gamblin', Ellen did not like it, an' fussed about it, while the father, as ought to ha' known better, said,—

"Whisht, let the lad alone. Young men must 'ave their fling. I was just like 'im at 'is age."

"The more shame to you!" cried Ellen, "for tellin' on it afore the child, an' spakin' light o' the laws of God 'n' man."

So she turned to Tom, an' says she, "Tom, I worked in the mill day-times, an' I worked in the 'ouse nights, when I was the mother of seven small children; an' you, as 'as nothin' but a man's part to do in this world, 'ill never shirk 'ow 'ard a woman's lot can be. I never shirked my work, for I wanted to give you schoolin', an' 'ave you learn a good trade. I kept you at school till you was fourteen, when all yer mates went in the mill at twelve year old, an' younger; an' now you're twenty, you've learned the machinist's trade, you can do for yersel', an' I won't put up with your coomin' 'ome late nights, makin' a row, bringin' drink an' bad company in the 'ouse, an' tacin' bad ways to your brothers an' sisters. If you cannot coom peaceable, an' in due season, you must go somewheres else to board."

She spoke up pretty fierce, but she had n't no more thought the lad 'ould go away nor she 'ad that the man in the moon 'ould coom down to live wid 'er. But the father said as if the boy went 'e'd go too; an' then she wur mad, an' says she,—

"Ye'd better be off wid ye, John McKiernan, than stoppin' at 'ome, uphouldin' the boy in bad ways. A man o' your age! Ye'd better be on your knees a-sayin' your prayers."

Then the father an' son marched off, 'oldin' up their 'eads like soldiers; an' they both stopped out late that night, an' coom 'ome a-roarin' an' singin'. John McKiernan is quite a pote; 'e makes little rhymes, an' puts the words in their places so 's the verses coom out right; an' when 'e coom into the kitchen, a-racketin' an' a-knockin' over the chairs in the dark, 'e was singin' away verses about Ellen 'ersel', as 'e'd made up. She 'eard 'im, but she spake never a word, only bolted 'er bedroom door fast; while 'e begins to sing. When I was a Bachelor, an' old Irish song, as I 'ave 'eard my father sing when I was a bit of a girl. There's not many folk as know it now. I can say it in Irish an' English both. 'E shouted out in the dead o' night, the most aggeravat' of all the verses:—

"I fancied the mopsy,
Her fortune 'as deceived me,
It makes me cry an' often sigh,
The shirt I cannot wear it."

"When I rise in the morning,
I go to my labor,
I never do coom 'ome,
Till dusks comes on fairly."

"I find me cabin dirty,
An' me bed, it's in bad order,

My wife is cabin hearing,
An' me baby always bawlin'."

That was n't a pleasin' song for Ellen to 'ear, an' it wur n't true, nather; for she's not a mopsy, but a clean, decent body, as keeps a nice 'ouse, an' does n't run round to the neighbors no more 'n is reasonable for a live woman, as does n't expect to wrap 'ersel' up in a sheet, an' keep as distant from folks as a ghost.

When 'e 'ad finished the verses, an' 'e was just beginnin' again when I was a Bachelor, McKiernan tries the bedroom door, an' finds it locked on 'im. So then 'e swears, an' Ellen spakes for the first time, an' calls through the key-hole,—

"I've got the childer in 'ere, an' I've spent the night a-prayin' for you. You an' Tom may go up to the attic; my counsel is for you to get on yer knees yersel'."

Then there was more row, an' at the last Mr. McKiernan an' 'is son both posted off; an' the Lord knows where they passed the night.

In the mornin' the father coom an' fetched 'is clothes an' the lads, an' they both took board together nigh to the mill, where Mr. McKiernan is a spinner.

Ellen took it pretty lofty at first.

"It's well they're away," said she. "The old man was daft about the lad, an' I'll not deny 'e's a 'andsome, well-lookin' boy; but if there'd 'a' been a robbery or a murder in the street, an' Tom 'ad been arrested on us, we could not have accounted for 'im, for 'alf the time we did not know where 'e was. As for the man, we've lived together two an' twenty year, an' now, if 'e's minded to go away, I'll never go after 'im, nor ask 'im to coom back,—no, not so much as walk by Mrs. Flinn's 'ouse, where 'e boards. I counseled 'im in good ways, an' the ways o' the church, an' I'll not make any lamentation because 'e's gone. It's every day such things 'appen, a man leaves 'is woman. Lettin' alone is the best treatment for 'em."

For all 'er talk, I often seed 'er eyes was rd, an' she went to church steadier 'n ever, an' she 'ad the childer an' 'ersel' a prayin' a good bit o' the time.

There was another in trouble, too, an' that was little Rosie Roberts, a pretty girl, with yellow 'air as looks like a dandelion. She'd set 'er 'eart on Tom McKiernan, but 'er folks was always agin it. They was pretty igh-toned people. The mother kep' a store, an' the father was on the train. They looked 'igh for Rosie, an' the mother watched 'er like a cat. They was Protestants too, an' the difference of religion made troubles both sides. For my part, I think as we all worships the same God,—still, I confess as what 'e 'as ordained he 'as ordained, an' it 'll stan' forever; an' them as does n't go to mass misses a blessing, sure, as they might 'ave; for the mass is a holy thing as 'ull do anybody good, an' not Catholics alone.

I'm not goin' to say as it's well for Protestants an' Catholics to wed, but I always liked Rosie, an' when I see 'er 'eart was set on Tom, I was such a great fool as I thought the religion 'ould not make so much 'arm, for she wur not one to argue, an' I wished Tom 'ould behave himsel' an' marry 'er, an' be a good man to 'er, for I does like to see young folks 'appy.

But, oh, when Tom was out o' 'is mother's eye, it seemed as if 'e would go to the devil straight, for Mr. McKiernan could no more manage the lad nor a three-year old child could fly a six-foot kite. The boy went from bad to worse, an' Mr. Roberts forbade 'im the 'ouse entirely, an' Rosie's eyes was redder 'n Ellen's.

I coomed by Mr. Roberts' one night, an' I seed Rosie hangin' over the gate, talkin' with Tom, outside. There was a bright moon, an' I seed the sad look was gone from 'er bonny face, which was all dimples an' smiles. But as I was a-starin' at 'er, out coom Mr. Roberts, like a turkey gobbler rushin' at a red flag, an' dragged Rosie in, swearin' as she should not go to shame right out o' 'er father's door. Tom started after, but Rosie cried out for 'im to go away; an' Missis Roberts an' a lot more women coom out, a-talkin' an' yellin', an' they got the girl in, an' shut the door, an' left Tom outside fightin' wid Rosie's brother.

I coom away then, for I spied the policeman a-coomin' up the street; an' that's a sight as 'as a wonderful power to put a stop to an old woman's curiosity.

I went into Missis Roberts' store the next day, an' Rosie was there, with 'er little sister in 'er lap,—a baby as is fretful, an' always wants summun to be settin' under 'er. Rosie looked very pale, but 'er mother looked black. The upper of the Sunday-school was there, a sayin',—

"Missis Roberts, I'm very sorry as Rosie should ha' set gossip goin' about 'er."

Then Missis Roberts rose up to 'er feet an' flung out 'er 'and at the girl, an' says, "There, Rosie! do ye 'ear that? Perhaps you'll mind what your mother says after this, an' not wait till the stones in the streets is a hollan' out my very words, an' cryin' shame on ye."

"Oh," said the super, tryin' then to quiet the mother down, "I've no manner o' doubt Rosie 'll be a good girl after this."

'E spoke to the baby, an' 'e said as 'e'd like to buy some tape, an' 'e got away; but Rosie said never a word to 'im, only grew whiter 'n whiter, an' let 'er 'ands fall down at 'er side, so 's the baby 'ad to 'old 'er own little back up.

While the super was buyin' the tape, I said to Rosie,—

"'Ad you been walkin' with Tom, last night?"

"Yes," she said; "we'd walked from the grocer's. I only met 'im by chance."

"But you like 'im," said I, "an' 'e's a wild lad."

"We never 'ad no love talk," said she; an' then, in a minute more, she spoke again: "I'll never stay 'ere to be talked about."

Then the mother coom back to us, an' I went out o' the store.

Sure enough, the girl runned away, an' then there was more talk than ever about 'er.

Ellen coom out in the middle of the day to tell me, though she was doin' a bleach, an' 'ad not so much as a shawl about 'er. She'd just run out in 'er figger. She cried, an' said as 'ow Tom was good enough for any girl in the place: an' one minute she vowed 'e was too good for a girl as 'ould do such a shameful thing as run away from 'ome, an' next she'd say that Rosie was a sweet innocent thing, an' she 'oped she'd see 'er Tom's wife yet, an' it was only people's goin' back an' forth an' tellin' things as 'ad ever made any trouble. She was just distraught, an' she said whatever coom into 'er

silly 'ead; so at last it coom out that when Tom 'ad 'eard as Rosie was gone 'e 'ad quit work, an' was on a spree then.

"An' I've not seen 'im," cried 'is mother; "I only 'ear about 'im on the street,—my eldest born!"

I met Tom a day or two after on the street, an' I went up to 'im, an' laid a 'and on 'is arm. I looked 'im steady in the eye, an' 'e reddened a bit, an' 'is mouth trembled like a baby's.

"Tom," said I, "what's the use of a fine lad like you goin' to the bad, when 'e might just as easy go to the good, an' make 'is friends all 'appy?"

"It's not many friends I 'as," said the young fellow. "You know, Bridget, I'd never 'a' done 'arm to Rosie; but she runs away, when she 'ears 'er name mentioned with mine, as if I was the plague."

"Oh," said I, "you think you'd never 'a' done 'er 'arm; but 'is little lass know what they'll coom to do as keeps bad company, an' takes no counsel but their own wild wishes. She runned to save 'ersel',—a wise little body! Go after 'er, Tom, bring 'er 'ome to be your mother's daughter, an' make up your mind once for all to be a decent, steady man."

I don't know what got into me to speak them words, but when 'e 'eared me, first 'e grew white, an' then 'e 'eared red.

"You're a wise woman, too," said he, an' 'e walked away, an' the next day they telled me 'e 'ad gone from the town.

The Robertses soon 'eared from Rosie, 'ow she 'ad got a good place with a rich family in Fall River; so they thought it best to leave 'er there. But where Tom was we did not know.

Well, Ellen took it 'ard, an' she seemed to feel the father's bein' away more, nor Tom was clean gone; an' yet the man did not coom back. She'd stan' at 'er door at night, an' strain 'er eyes lookin' towards the mill, where McKiernan worked, but she never see 'im coomin' towards 'er. Eh, but women is queer creaturs, cryin' an' scoldin' an' sputterin', yet lovin' 'all the while.

She fell sick, bein' so worried, an' one night I stayed wid 'er. I was dozin' in the kitchen, when I 'eared a great crash; I runned into the other room, an' there Ellen lay on the floor, wid 'er eyes wide starin' open, an' 'er limbs stretched out on the boards, an' in one 'and she 'ad a lock o' 'er own 'air, as she'd pulled out.

"Oh," cried I, "ow long 'ave you been there?"

"Whisht, whisht!" says she. "Do ye 'ear the music?"

"Music!" says I. "Are ye mad?"

"Oh," says she, "it's the gran' music; an' do ye see the fine young ladies; as is makin' it? There they is, all stan'in' round against the wall. Look at 'em, dressed in white, an' with bells on their fingers!

She was so wild, I was scared, an' I humored 'er a bit, an' I said as I 'eared 'em an' seed 'em, an' coaxed 'er the while back to bed."

She laid 'er 'ead down on the pillow, an' fetched a great sigh. "Ah," says she, "they're just vanishin', vanishin', an' the music's a-fadin' away."

Then she wrung 'er 'ands an' fell a-cryin', an' I 'ad plenty o' work that night to do, carin' for 'er. But she mended fearful 'at after, an' in a day or two she was quite well.

Then she went to the priest, an' telled 'im 'er trouble: 'ow Mr. McKiernan 'ad been a very good 'usband an' very agreeable to 'er for twenty-two years, an' 'ow 'ard she thought it as 'e should leave 'er now; an' she tould 'im all about Tom, too.

Father Kent treated 'er very kind, an' says 'e,—

"I cannot 'elp ye about Tom. Young men will 'ave their fling; an' any way, 'e's beyond my reach. Ye can do nought but pray for 'im, as was always a mother's work, from the time of the Blessed Virgin. As for your 'usband, I'll see to 'im."

Ellen coomed 'ome wid a lighter 'eart, an' waited, wid 'er little ones around 'er, for the coomin' o' the man.

Father Kent went twice to the mill to see Mr. McKiernan, an' the second time the man got mad, an' spake up saucy, an' said queer things to the priest.

"I don't doubt, Father Kent," says 'e, "as you're a scholar an' a gentleman, an' I know you're a priest, but you needn't coom meddin' with me."

Then Father Kent stamped 'is foot, an' says 'e,—

"You've 'eared what I 'ad to say, McKiernan. Go ye 'ome to your wife, an' don't force me to coom again about this business."

An' that night Mr. McKiernan went 'ome. Ellen telled me all about it. She wur stan'in' at the table cuttin' out a dress for a neighbor; for she's very handy at such things, an' willin' to do little jobs o' that sort for anybody. It was about nine in the evenin', an' as she stood with her back to the door in stalked Mr. McKiernan, lookin' 'eart gave a jump, but she never said nothin' nor turned round, only caught a side glance of 'im as 'e went past 'er.

'E sat down in a chair, an' 'e kicked off first one shoe, an' then another; an' all the while 'er scissors wur goin' faster than ever. When 'e 'ad sat still about five minutes, up 'e got, an' stamped away to 'is room. Then Ellen turned an' threw up 'er arms wid a great swoop, an' says she, 'alt aloud,—

"Lord save us, see the ghost!" An' the little childer began to titter at that.

"Shut up," says she, "laughin' at your dad."

But little Peter, he giggled on, an' the father growled from the other room; so Ellen hugged 'im, an' got 'im quiet. She was that glad 'er 'usband 'ad coom 'ome, I think, she did not care 'ow mad an' glib 'e acted.

When Mr. McKiernan came out for 'is breakfast, the next mornin', Ellen flew to the table, an' began movin' some dishes.

"I'll clear off Peter's things," said she.

"Oh," said Mr. McKiernan, "ye like to 'ear yersel' talk," an' 'e shoveled in 'is meat, an' said no more, till she asked 'im, timid-like, should she send 'is dinner to the mill.

"Are n't ye the housekeeper?" says 'e, sharp again. "Ye like to 'ear yersel' talk," an' off 'e went to 'is work.

That afternoon, I was goin' by, an' Ellen called me to coom in.

"I must go 'ome an' feed my cat," said I. She laughed. "Hoot yer cat," says she. "I hunted 'er off my chickens the other day. Coom in; it's summatt better

worth 'earin' nor a cat's meowin', as I 'ave to tell ye."

So I stopped in, an' she made me laugh till my sides ache, a mimickin' all Mr. McKiernan's gran' ways an' sour looks. But she stopped in 'er laughin' an' cried a bit, sayin',—

"I'm the wretchedest mother in the town," says she; "an' Father Kent says 'e could not 'elp me about Tom."

So wantin' to cheer 'er, I says,—

"Mr. McKiernan only shows 'is good sense in coomin' 'ome, Ellen. There's not a woman I know as keeps as cheerful a kitchen."

"It 'ould not ha' been cheerful long, says she, "if 'e 'ad not coom. For I'm near out o' money."

"Well, 'e is coom," says I. "And now you must keep 'im. What did you send 'im for 'is dinner?"

"Beefsteak," says she, catchin' up little Peter, as 'ad been pullin' at 'er knee, an' suckin' at a lump o' sugar.

"That's right," says I. "Now you must ha' summatt good for 'is supper."

"Yes," says she. "What do ye think on?"

"Soollops," says I.

"What's them?" says she, takin' 'old of Peter's 'ands, an' swingin' 'im down to the floor, an' then bringin' 'im up again on 'er knees, an' 'e a-laughin' till 'e almost choked.

"A kind o' fish," says I. "I'll be bound Mr. McKiernan 'ull like 'em. Send Katie down to the market for 'em. They'll be about thirty cents a quart."

So she said she would, an' I seed she felt quite 'appy, so I picked up my shawl an' the pail of milk I was takin' 'ome, an' trudged on to my cellar an' my cat.

The next day was Sunday, an' as I was coomin' 'ome from church, when I got opposite Mr. McKiernan's 'ouse, Ellen, as was stan'in' in the door, not 'avin' took off 'er bonnet, called to me.

"Just stop to dinner, Bridget!" says she.

"Nay, nay," says I. "A family likes to 'ave 'is Sunday dinner to theiressel'."

'Er face clouded, but Mr. McKiernan, as was smokin' in the yard, says,—

"Coom in, Bridget; there's always a seat for you at my table."

So seein' 'im so cordial, I went in; an' Ellen, I thought, was glad not to be left much alone wid 'im. I sat there till about three, when 'e marches up to 'is wife an' speaks very pleasant, an' says, "Just make me a cup o' tea, Ellen," an' up she jumps, with smiles all over 'er face, to do it. Then I thought they was gettin' friendly, an' I coomed away.

But she bade me to coom in the very next night, for she said she 'ad to ask 'im for money, an' she felt she'd be bolder to do it if I was by. So Monday evening I was there before dusks. They was always a family as provided well, the way I like to see folks do,—'alf a barrel o' flour, an' 'alf a keg o' butter, an' a whole ham at a time; but while Mr. McKiernan was off, Ellen 'ad been put to it to keep things up, an' 'ad run low in every way.

After we 'ad 'ad a good supper, she picked up Jimmy, one o' the little boys; an' while Peter hung on 'er knees, she poked 'er fingers careless-like into the 'oles in Jimmy's shoes, till 'e squealed out as she tickled 'im, an' says 'e,—

"Mammy, I want some new shoes."

"Eh," says I; "let 'e see the shoes ye 've got on."

Then the little fellow twisted round in 'is mother's lap, an' stuck out 'is two feet to me.

"They're awful bad," says the boy. An' Mr. McKiernan spoke up from the table, where 'e sat readin' an' old paper:

"Why don't you get 'im some shoes, Ellen?"

'E spoke gently, an' Ellen laughed, an' says she,—

"I never knew shoes to coom walkin' into a 'ouse without feet in 'em, or feet goin' after 'em."

"An' money, too," says I.

"Don't ye 'ave no paper, now?" says Mr. McKiernan, takin' no notice of what we'd been a-sayin'.

"No," says Ellen. "There wa'n't nobody to read it, an' I stopped it."

"Well," says 'e, risin' up, "I'll go an' give an order for one to be left every night, after this."

"That 'll be good," says Ellen, bent on pleasin' 'im. "for I did miss 'earin' you talk about the news."

Then she played some more with Jimmy's shoes; an' says 'e again, like a little parrot,—

"Mammy, I want some shoes."

"Ah," says the mother, "I'd give you some quick, if I 'ad the money; but fifty cents won't buy ye shoes, now you've grown so big."

Mr. McKiernan 'ad got on 'is coat by this time, an' says 'e, in a lofty way,—

"Give me your fifty cents, Ellen, an' I'll give you a ten-dollar bill for it."

Ye may be sure, she was n't no great time makin' that change; an' 'e went out o' the 'ouse, an' she slipped on 'er bonnet an' shawl, an' started off 'ersel' for the shoes.

They coomed back together, talkin' an' carryin' parcels like a couple of young sweethearts, an' I just laughed at 'em. As we all stood round, with the childer 'agin' on our legs, the door burst open, an' in coom Tom an' Rosie.

"Holloa!" cried Tom; an' Ellen fetched a screech, an' rushed at the lad as if she'd smother 'im; but Rosie stood apart, with a shy look in 'er eyes an' a blush on 'er cheek, till Tom left 'is mother, an' took the girl's 'and, an' said, like a man,—

"I went after 'er, an' one day, as she was washin' dishes, I coom softly into the kitchen; an' when she looked up she saw me, an' she cried out, an' let the cup fall as she was 'oldin', an' it broke, an' out coom the missus to know what was the matter; an' I telled 'em both together as I'd made up my mind to be a steady fellow, an' I'd coom to marry Rosie; an' Rosie, she made believe as she did n't care about me, till the missus laughed, an' bade 'er speak the truth; an' then—

"Now, Tom, you need n't say no more," said Rosie; an' Mr. McKiernan marched up to 'er, an' says, very courteous-like,—

"I'll make ye kindly welcome to be my son's wife."

"Eh, but she's that already!" cried Tom. "We was married a week ago."

Everybody screamed but Ellen, who just threw 'er arms round the girl's neck an' hugged 'er 'ard.

L. C. WYMAN.

Mr. Hopkins' Broom
I should have taken a sight o' livin' in M— if it had 'a' been Wilson. She was the tastiest woman I ever see. Every thing she put her well, if it was anythin' but a rag. If there was anythin' pretty she 'ad it. She coom over to our house every mer before. She said she was givin' me a new one an' asked me if I liked it. One in Miss Evans' window. Said she that took my eye as that one, an' I 'ave it. It is a perfect beauty."

"What kind of bunnitt is it?"

"It is a beautiful white Dunderberg, med with cream-colored ribbon, an' roses," said she.

After she had gone I kept thinkin' that bunnitt. Here was a chance that could git ahead of Miss Watson.

Wal, the end of it was I got my things and started for Miss Evans' window was that bunnitt. I tried to look well; it was a handsome bunnitt, no mistake. It wasn't the fashion 'ave ties, but an elastic cord held it, and there was long ends hangin' on 'er hind.

Wal, I paid the six dollars an' home with the bunnitt.

When John coom to dinner, he was a man goin' to lecture that evening had been livin' mong the Ingins and ed to go and hear him. I thought it was a good chance to wear my new bunnitt. I said right off that I wanted to go down the top of the buggy and 'out.

The man had just got up to go went in; the hall was about full, an' went clear up front, and got some was glad of it, 'twas a good chance my bunnitt. I saw Miss Watson 'ere, an' she was lookin' at me. I thought she was thinkin' I was a fool, an' she had the prettiest bunnitt that I 'ad.

I saw folks looking a good deal, an' der smilin', and some young girls at right behind began to giggle. John looked around at me. Now I took no notice of my clothes; but he tell calico from cashmere; but he was in at me, and I thought my bunnitt very becomin' for John to take a notice of it.

Just then he whispered to me, "For massy sake! what did you do without your bunnitt for?"

I put my hand to my head, an' enough, my bunnitt was gone. I of it, Matildy; there I was, in the of folks, right up in front, with on, and that little horn comb to bunnitt on stickin' in my hair. I you, I wished I could sink down the floor. I was so 'shamed I didn't know what to do. I never thought of the bunnitt, where it had gone on.

I only wanted to git out of that hall, did. I don't know how I ever got spunk to do it, but anythin' was better sittin' there and everybody laughin' at me.

John followed me out,