

MASTER JOHNNY'S NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.

It was spring the first time that I saw her, for her papa and mamma moved in...

"I never knew whether she saw me—for she didn't say nothing to me. But Ma here's a slant in the fence broke, and the boy that is next door can see."

"And then we were friends from that moment, for I knew that she told Kitty Sage, and she wasn't a girl that would niter, that she thought I was all right."

"So I think I will get up quite early, I know I sleep late, but I know, Bridget pulls the string that I'll be to my lot."

"What shall I wear, mammy?" And little Nely Day looked up into her mother's face with a wistful glance, as if she was half amused and half sad.

"Wear your new dress, of course," placidly answered the Widow Day.

"But, mother, that's a ten-cent calico!" "That's very true, and ten-cent calico at that; still, it is all you have got, Nely."

"My dear, dear little girl, look the thing in the face. You own two calico dresses and a black silk and gray merino; the merino is too heavy, and you can't afford to wear the silk scrambling after artubus. Look things in the face and take your choice."

"Then I should certainly stay at home," was the serene answer. "Oh, mother!" Mrs. Day got up and came across the room to Cornelia.

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"Who's proud now, mamam, I'd like to know?" laughed Nely, her sweet temper and sense coming to the front; and kissing her mother, she danced off to put a fresh frill in the throat of her silk dress for Sunday, for to-morrow the artubus party would take all her time.

"Nely and her mother were poor; but when one is young and pretty, poverty is only a matter of small things. I was the mother who felt anxiety for the future, and now little herself all superfluous comforts, who pinched and pared and labored to lay up a little for some day of rain or perhaps for Nely's wedding. Who knows?"

"Her husband had been dead this fifteen years. Had he lived, she would probably have been poorer. He was a country clergyman, studious, dreamy, helpless. It is true, his wife loved and mourned him, but everybody knew it was better for her that he died, and left her his life insurance. If she did not think so, it was owing to a foolish way women have of preferring a living, loving husband to \$5000. Of course; but then they are only women."

Now she had only Nely, and she loved her after that same fashion; but a certain crisp common-sense and provident maternal instinct helped her not to spoil the child, however much she would have liked to.

Only calico! But when Nely left her little room the next morning dressed for the expedition, Mrs. Day was altogether satisfied with her aspect.

girl's wedding, and had not Lina Holdridge sent Nely the letters every week? Moreover, Mrs. Day had an artist's eye for dress; she would have been a treasure in some great dress-making establishment, and she knew very well that Nely's array was thoroughly in keeping, and then it was on her treasure set off to meet the party at the depot, and perhaps the little girl's heart sank a bit when she saw the elaborate wedding dresses of dove-colored cashmere, seal brown de serge, or shining poplin, frilled, pleated, shirred, bunched, tied back, and elaborate in a fearful and wonderful manner, that the Holdridge girls and their two friends from New York wore; even the village girls had done their utmost to be fine in emulation.

Adly Mason was a spectacle to behold, in a pea green alpaca trimmed with black velvet, and pink roses in her hair of soft white, fine glass was gotten up in her best black silk turban with yak lace, and her new Sunday bonnet of white straw with blue-green ribbons and tips of pink; ough! she shuddered at the sight, for Jane and Lina together, Lina Holdridge brought a gentleman toward her seat and introduced him as Mr. Fearing. How pleasant he was! What nice gray eyes he had! and how they twinkled at her, and how he looked to her in a gentle, respectful, deferential way that she could not be shy; and pretty soon her eyes sparkled, the color rose softly, her red lips opened to a stream of gentle, playful talk, and her bright laugh rang cheerily, if softly. How soon they came to Pine Hill station; then Mr. Fearing carried her lunch basket; she threw her sash across her arm, the sun was so hot; and in five minutes they were at the wood road, while the rest lagged behind, and left their heavy dresses, and tired with holding up the long skirts. So Nely and Mr. Fearing stood still and waited, and when the halting company arrived, her quick wits and nimble fingers were speedily at work to help them.

"I always carry pins, sash and matches to a picnic," said Nely with a laugh, "for I've noticed often that nobody ever remembers those things."

Here, under the brown grass, hiding shy faces of baby bloom with their thick dull curls, and their eyes, as if they were looking at the great stone, or creeping among bushes of sweet fern, low white birches, and tangled strings of last year's grass, the artubus grew in profusion; and Nely, with glowing face and soft fingers, coated the delicate clusters of faded golden-rod, ground their small spines, into Adly Mason's pea-green gown, and a fierce low blackberry vine laid hold of it and effected three triangular rents; Jane Glass' yak lace left a shred on every bush, in memory of Lina Holdridge said; while Lina's own pretty dobe was not only torn in the flounce badly, but was sown all over with those small black seeds that on two sharp legs set themselves in any soft fabric by the thousand, and leave their traces even when picked out.

But Miss Bristow's dainty cashmere had its own libation of claret from the hands of a dreadful boy, who stumbled over a stone with that dot in his hands, and liberally sprinkled that dove-colored garment with irremediable spots. The lady's dark eye flashed, and she bit her beautiful lips. To be sure, she had other dresses; but how should she get back to New York without a traveling dress in the basket at Nely, and envied her, though the next half hour brought her a companion in misery, for her cousin, Miss Ryker, in an embroidered batiste, just imported, slipped fairly into the brook and set down, ignominiously, in a shallow pool, of which she made a mud puddle by her sudden intrusion, splashish the elegant dress from head to foot, and making the wearer thoroughly uncomfortable. Other slight mishaps befell the party, but they forgot them in the fragrant blossoms and keen sweet air.

Nely had filled her basket to the brim with carefully chosen sprays, fastened a bunch of the deepest hue at her throat and another in the jet-fur collar that fastened her feather hat band. It was no special vanity in her, for they were all adorned with their spoils. Even the gentlemen were decked with button-hole bouquets. But nobody looked like Nely; and Mr. Fearing thought so too, as she stood on the brow of the hill, looking over the long valley that ran northward, threaded by a bright stream, and closed at the end of the vista by a great dark mountain. Behind our little girl a deep green growth of young trees made a verdant shaded background. Her black hat hung on her arm; her face was full of keen pleasure and simple, fresh beauty; the red lips, warm color, open, innocent eyes, dark-sweet as pansies are, and the fluttering fringe of hair, which the sun threaded with gold, burnishing in deep brown as the wind breathed gently among the shining tresses, played over a low white forehead. The artist's eye took in the whole picture and remembered it, but the man's heart took in more of it, and a lasting guest; for here he found a real woman—not a doll of fashion, or a queen of society, but a bright, pure, tender creature, fresh and sweet as the blossoms she wore, unaffected, sweet tempered, delicate, yet withal, placid in her manner and speech from native wit and quick perception.

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"That was quite the best part of it, dear. I was so glad I wore it." And for the next day of the excursion—the mishaps of finery, the beauty of everything, and just a very slight mention of Mr. Fearing in every other sentence, till her motherly eyes began to look anxious and her heart to give a warning throb, for she remembered her youth.

But if Nely had not mentioned the name the Widow Day's eyes would have perceived one side of the question, at least, the next Sunday, from the frequent and ardent gaze this young fellow directed towards the singers' seat, where Nely sang the quaint old hymns and white pique jacket, with poppies and daisies wreathed about her little black hat. It is clear, Mr. Fearing went back to New York Monday, but he re-appeared in Becket more than once or twice the ensuing summer, for Lina Holdridge, who was his fast friend, contrived to let him know of every picnic, and he was available for almost all. Then there were bits of scenery he must paint, and autumn colors were proverbially splendid about Becket. But why need I recount his excuses?

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Important AUCTION SALE!

From the great auction sale of last Tuesday and Wednesday, at which the entire stock of Messrs. E. Molinix & Co. (large Importers) was sold at the highest bid, we took advantage of this extraordinary opportunity, and will offer

TO-MORROW \$20,000 Worth of Imported French Goods, AT PRICES THAT WILL DESERVE YOUR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.

As the goods were imported by Messrs. E. Molinix direct from the manufacturers of France, they are CAREFULLY SELECTED to meet the wants of this section.

Having bought this Immense Stock AT HALF THE IMPORTATION PRICE, We propose to allow our friends and customers the benefit, and

Will Offer To-Morrow THE ENTIRE STOCK. Without going into details, we would call your attention, among the MANY EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS, to the following:

FRENCH CORSETS, At 50 cents a pair. BOYS' ULL FINISHED FRENCH SOCKS, At 15 cents a pair. VEIL BAREGES, Worth 60 cents, at 25 cents a yard. WHITE TAILLANS (French), At \$1 75 for 16 1/2 yards. ETC., ETC.

We would also call your attention to \$5000 WORTH CHOICE BLACK GOODS, which we received from this great sale, and will offer

50 pieces BLACK FRENCH DELAINES at 25 cents. 100 pieces BLACK FRENCH DELAINES at 30, 35 and 40 cents. 20 pieces BLACK FRENCH CASHMERE, at 50 and 60 cents a yard.

The Very Finest Black French Cashmeres, at 75 and 90 cents. BOMBASSETTES, TAMMES, ETC., AT EXTRAORDINARY LOW PRICES. Also, twenty-five pieces BLACK SILKS, of the famous "Bonnet" make. At \$1 a Yard. Never sold in New Orleans for less than \$1 60.

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As this stock is very large, we also call the attention of city and country merchants to the same.

JNO. JEWETT & SONS, CORRODERS LEAD AND CRUSHERS LINSEED, NEW YORK.

The above LEAD is strictly PURE. They have manufactured only this quality for the last twenty years. Guaranteed as good as any made in this country, and the above OIL is WARRANTED TO BE PERFECTLY PURE. For sale by W. M. ARHATT, No. 32 Peters Street, SOLE AGENT FOR NEW ORLEANS.

GO TO GRUNEWALD HALL, FOR THE BEST—PIANOS AND ORGANS, SHEET MUSIC AND BRASS INSTRUMENTS, WHICH ARE OFFERED AT LOWER PRICES

Than at any other Music House in this Country. A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED PIANOS OF Steinway, Knabe, Pleyel and Fischer ALWAYS ON HAND, AND SOLD ON EASY, ACCOMMODATING TERMS. Get My Estimates Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

Special attention paid to REPAIRS ON PIANOS, which are done by skilled workmen at moderate prices, and using only the BEST MATERIAL. Buying everything for CASH, and having no HIGH CANAL STREET RENT to pay, I can sell my goods MUCH LOWER, and let my customers have the benefit of it. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

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The Headquarters of the Piano and Music Trade of New Orleans and the South. The house "Werlein" is renowned for its LOW PRICES AND ACCOMMODATING TERMS, and for the SUPERIOR QUALITY of its instruments. At his Mammoth Warerooms can be found an assortment of 200 PIANOS AND ORGANS, CONSISTING OF THOSE UNEQUALLED AND PERFECT CHICKERING UPRIGHT, GRAND AND SQUARE PIANO.

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