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MRS. PUFFER'S WINDFALL

By J. L. HARBOUR

I HAD been away from home for a number of weeks, and my house had been closed, so that I had not required the services of Mrs. Puffer in my laundry. The day after my return I was walking along one of the most fashionable thoroughfares in the city in which I live, when I heard my name called. Looking in the direction whence the call had come I saw a pudgy hand incased in a white-kid glove waving toward me from the open window in the door of a handsome public carriage. At the window appeared the round rosy face of Mrs. Puffer beaming with smiles. On her head was a huge Gainsborough hat with nodding green plumes, and the ends of a handsome white feather and chiffon boa fluttered from the window as she leaned forward. Making a sort of a speaking-trumpet of her hands by clasping them around her mouth, she cried out:

"I'll tell you all about it next time I see you! Shall I come Monday as usual?"

I nodded in the affirmative, and she drove on, waving a lace-edged handkerchief from the window.

Naturally enough, my curiosity prompted me to pay a visit to my laundry soon after the arrival of Mrs. Puffer the following Monday. She greeted me cheerily, and said as she wiped one of her wet hands on her apron and then offered it to me:

"Got back, ain't you? Have a good time?"

"Yes, I had a very pleasant time indeed."

"That's good. The older I grows the more I believe in folks gettin' all the injoyment they can out of this world. Mebbe there's another one, and mebbe there ain't. I think there is; but that ain't no reason why a body shouldn't enjoy themselves here below. You can't make me think that the good Lord put it into our hearts to want to enjoy all the nice things He has put into the world, and then expects us to keep in the self-denyin' biz'ness all the time not injoyin' 'em. I'm real glad the world is comin' to take a reasonable view of the Lord. La! when I was a little girl I used to think He was some one to be dreadfully afraid of, judgin' from what the preachers used to say about Him.

"Did you ever go to one o' them old-fashioned hell-fire and brimstone revival meetings? No? Well, you've been spared a good deal. I used to get so wrought up and scared at 'em I imagined I saw the old devil's horns stickin' out from behind the trees on the way home. Of course I'm a poor ignorant skeezicks of a thing, and I ain't no clear idee of what the 'advanced thought' is in religion; but I know that it wants to make the Lord the patient and lovin' and forgivin' person I feel sure He is, so I'm in for it. But here I go on and on as if my tongue was fastened in the middle and was loose at both ends.

"Saw me swellin' around the city in 'me coach,' as they say in some o' these highfalutin' plays, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Puffer, I did."

"I reckon you wondered how your wash lady happened to be sailin' around in so much style, now didn't you?"

"I was a little surprised, Mrs. Puffer."

"I bet you was! Well, I'll tell you about it. I've had a windfall since I put out your last wash."

"A windfall?"

"Yes; six hundred and eighty dollars and eighty-four cents in spot cash, thanks to an old aunt of mine who died two months ago. Nobody had any idee that she had anything but a small pension, and here when she had a shock and went off in twenty-four hours they found bank-books and deeds showing that she was worth over six thousand dollars, and it come to her nephews and nieces, and I had the good luck to be one of 'em. No one bobbed up to fight the will, as

so often happens, and we all got our shares within six weeks of her death—dear soul! That was the occasion of me splurgin' around in a carriage that day in my ten-dollar hat and a forty-dollar cloak and a green taffety silk, ready-made, and marked down from forty dollars to twenty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents, and a feather boer that I put up eight dollars for. Ain't that sweet purty?"

She took a large and showy ring of turquoise and cheap pearls from a shelf by the stove and held it out for my inspection. Then she added:

"You know that I've allus said that if ever I come into wealth I was goin' to have me a pearl and turquoise ring, and the first thing I bought out of my windfall was that ring. Ain't it sweet purty?" She slipped it on one of her moist red fingers as she spoke and looked at it admiringly.

"I don't think that anything sets off a body's hand more than a nice ring or two, and I don't begretch the ten dollars I paid for this. Jewelry ain't a bad investment, for you can always pawn it easier than most anything else. I got me a bar pin to match the ring, but I loaned it to-day to a friend who wants to wear it to a weddin' this afternoon. I believe in them that has sharin' with them that hasn't, and I ain't been mean with my money. I got old Granny Rober in our tenement-house a nice warm flannel wrapper and I bought shoes all around for the five children of the Widder Bent in the tenement below me, and I sent the Bradys a bar'l of flour, for Brady has been out of work for two months, and his wife sick in bed and six mouths to fill. Then when a big, fat, sassy landlord come around with an officer to set the Widder Haley and her three children onto the street for back rent, I had the happiness of sailin' in and payin' the rent and orderin' the landlord and the cop both out of the house. I've given away more than the gospel tenth of my windfall."

"Do you think it wise to spend it all in this way?"

"Oh, I ain't spent it all. I put an even hundred dollars into the savin'-bank, and I'm goin' to keep it there for a rainy day. But you see I never was much for scrapin' and savin' eternally for what folks call a 'rainy day.' I'd ruther enjoy the sunny days, and mebbe I won't be here to get rained on when the rainy days come. Who knows? No, ma'am! I've allus said that I proposed to enjoy myself as I went along, and that if I ever come into money I'd have one good time with it; and I'm havin' it. Puffer he wanted me to take it and open up a little store with small wares and candy and bake-shop stuff and all that in it, but I set down on that. If I had a store of that kind I'd trust half of it away and give folks the other half. I ain't no biz'ness instinc', nor neither has Puffer. He'd just as well stick to his elevator job while I stick to my wash-tub. Keep within your proper speer, says I. Ain't I right?"

"I suppose so," I said weakly.

"There's this about having a good time: No matter what comes after it you have the mem'ry of that good time left. If I should come down to dependin' on the free-soup houses for my victuals I'd think while I was eatin' my soup of that grand carriage ride I had the other day, and be glad I'd had it. I've allus thought that I'd like to know just once the feelin' of layin' back on fine carriage cushions dressed in my silks; and the Lord be praised I've had that privilege and injoyed it just as I reckoned I would! Why, ma'am, I'll enjoy that ride to my dyn' day, and I reckon that when I'm an old granny settin' in the porehouse like enough I'll gabble away about the green taffety silk and the crushed-plush cloak I once had, and the mem'ry of 'em will be

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