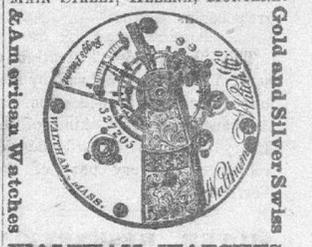


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MISCELLANEOUS.

On the walk a hat did lie, And a gallus chap sailed by, And he cut a lively swell— He was a clerk to a hotel; And he gave that hat a kick, And he came across a brick— Now upon a crutch he goes Minus half a pound of toes.

How to put a horse on his metal—shoe him. The noisiest piece of crockery is the cup that cheers.

When were there only three vowels in the alphabet? Before you and I were thought of.

Lot's wife wouldn't have looked back, but a woman with a new dress passed her and she wanted to see if the back breadth was ruffled.

An old lady from the country, with six unmarried daughters, went to Augusta Ga., the other day, hunting for the Patrons of Husbandry. She meant business.

"Just keeping it lighted for another boy," is the latest juvenile invention, when mother comes suddenly around the corner, and sees her youthful prodigy with a cigar in his mouth.

An old lady with a large family, living near a river, was asked if she didn't live in constant fear that some of her children would be drowned. "Oh, no," she replied. "We have only lost three or four in that way."

It is stated that the heart of a man weighs nine ounces, that of a woman about eight; As the age increases, a man's heart grows heavier and the woman's grows lighter. Some girls lose theirs at sixteen.

"This strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumbler all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

A young lady lately explained to an editor the difference between printing and publishing. At the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said: "You may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

"What should a man do," asked a gentleman of a lady, "When he has an opportunity to correspond with a charming woman, but being a bachelor, is a little afraid of such business?" "I should say to him, do write," answered the lady.

A Pennsylvania seven-year-old was reproved lately for playing out-of-door with boys; she was too big for that now. But with all imaginable innocence she replied, "Why, grandma, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em!" Grandma took time to think.

"No," was the reply, "advertisements are absolutely necessary. Even Divine worship (le bon Dieu) needs to be advertised. Else what is the meaning of church bells?"

Nineteen years ago a Tennessee father refused to let his young daughter go to a candy-pull, and she disappeared. The other day she returned, lifted eleven children out of the wagon and entered the house and took off her things as coolly as if she hadn't been gone over a bay.

Not many years ago a Hartford man was drowned, and friends brought home the dead body to his afflicted wife. As they came to the front door with the corpse, the new made widow appeared and sadly remarked: "I guess you had better take him around to the back door, so he won't drip on the carpets."

Mrs. Nye, of Iowa, can get supper, split kindlings, wash the dishes, milk two cows and feed the hogs while her five boys and two girls are playing a game of croquet.

A Western editor speaks of his rival as "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog." The rival retorts by saying: "He knows he lies; I never stole his swill!"

A Western paper tells how "Mr. Sim Cing, with a Colt's revolver, killed a wild turkey, which weighed twenty-eight pounds on the top of a tree one hundred and fifty yards distant." A good-sized turkey, certainly; but that Mr. King should have taken the trouble to weigh it on the top of a tree, at that particular distance is a little curious.

A young Boston mechanic saw an overcoat in a second hand clothing store, which he thought he would be glad to possess, at a reasonable price. "How much?" he asked. "Twenty-one dollars," was the answer. The usual haggling took place, and the mechanic started to leave the store. "How much you give?" asked the merchant. "Three dollars." "Take it, then. I shall shut the door on myself. I only make two dollars on that coat, so help me gracious."

"Indiscretions," such as "undue familiarity with certain ladies," have been decided in the case of Bett, a Baptist minister of Philadelphia, not to be inconsistent with the performance of pastoral duty, as no criminal intent was proven. For such "indiscretions," supplemented with sundry pastoral letters whose "intent" has never been satisfactorily explained to our mind, Henry Ward Beecher has been rewarded by an increase of his salary to \$100,000 and a grand ovation at Peekskill. A little less circus and more humility would be in order.

of you have hit the description within a mile and a sand' bar. "Let's see it," asked two or three at once. "It's a five, and I found it on the walk," he whispered, holding out his hand.

The five was a nickel. Some of the crowd leaned back and held their hands on their outraged hearts, while others rose up, carefully brushed their coat-tails, and said it was time to go home. Only one of the victims seemed to appreciate the situation. He chuckled and gurgled and gasped, and asked the stranger what he would take.

"Whisky straight," was the prompt reply. "So would I, if I ever drank," said the citizen, and he lounged down town to get up a bet on the weather.

No More Pooling Now. A woman named Hastings, living near the House of Correction, came down town yesterday in search of her husband, and finding him hanging round the Post Office waiting for the "latest returns," she collared him and called out: "I want you up home."

"Not yet, my dear, I want to hear the result," he replied. "You come along home!" she repeated. "I want to see this thing decided as much as you do, but we are out of wood, flour meat and potatoes, and we've got to eat whether this country ever has a President or not."

"I'll come up this evening after I hear the result," he protested. "The result can be learned right here, Peter Hastings!" she chuckled, catching him by the collar. "Now you trot, or I'll double you up right before this crowd!"

"Lemme hear from Louisiana—only Louisiana!" he pleaded. "You'll hear from me!" she howled, giving him a shake, and seeing that she was backed by the crowd he meekly followed her away.

The Work of War. The whole of the blood-stained literature of war contains nothing more touching than the following furnished by an English officer in the Turkish army.

"Not far away lay the body of another officer, his right hand pressed on his breast, where the splinter of a shell had hit him, and grasping a piece of paper. A strong man, he appeared to have struggled long with death, his face, which had the unmistakable Russian type, was distorted from pain. It was with difficulty that the paper was removed from his hand. It was a letter without any date, in cyrillic writing, and evidently from a child's hand—

"I remember, who was once in the Russian service (he is a Circassian from Daghestan, subjected by the Russians, translated the letter into Turkish, and then one of our Cossack Poles, who had been brought up in France, gave me the contents in French, as follows:

"Dearest father—Be good enough, dear father to come back from the war— Since you have been away mother weeps continually, and she dreams every night that thou liest dead under a tree. Come to us, dear father, for mother has become so pale, and is always crying. I am very good, so that she may not cry still more, and when thou comest back will remain good, and never be naughty again. But thou must come soon, father, and must kiss mother, that she may become red again, and also kiss thy little Minka."

Ladies dresses are made more and more close fitting and every contrivance is now made to make them cling tightly to the figure. They have a graceful appearance when walking, but sitting comfortably in them is an impossibility.

Quilp and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own that you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman. "But I have the better judgment." "Yes," said Quilp, "our choice in marriage shows that." Quilp was informed that he was a brute.

"Twenty years ago," says an exchange, "Leland Stanford arrived in California with only one shirt to his back. Since then, by close attention to business, he has contrived to accumulate over ten millions. His laundress must be making a fortune, unless he patronizes Chinese cheap labor."

Dying is expensive in New York. According to the Tribune a first-class funeral costs \$2,101. It gives the figures for rose-wood coffins, coaches, lot in Greenwood, monument, and other tender memorials. When poor people there find their sands running low, no resource is left but to remove to some cheaper spot.

A ministerial wit in the west, who has not received his D. D., kept a body of teachers convulsed with laughter during a convention with his humorous sayings. One day, he happened to mention the fact that he belonged to a sacred profession. One fellow from the country gazing with surprise at this confession was heard to exclaim, "A minister! wa'l I do declare!" If I was out shootin' ministers, he's the last man I'd snap at

had evidently been expecting my approach and, betrayed by the exultation of the moment, had waved her hand as she saw my form emerge from the shadow cast upon the path by the tall hollyhocks. I knew that her face was beaming with smiles, although in the gloom of the apartment I could not see a feature. I could picture the rosy flush upon her cheek, her bright glance towards me, the pointing of her lips that would murmur, "Uriah, dear, I love you." I knew all this was expressed on my Araminta's face by the tremulousness of her hand and the quivering accents in which she said how delighted she was to see me.

I did not ask my beloved the usual question relative to the state of her mamma's health, as I feared this would lead to the Medusa herself being summoned to pay her respects to me, but went straight to the cause of my visit, dreading lest Smith should forestall me. Drawing my chair closer and closer to her; we rang the usual changes upon the topic of the weather, and then with the exhaustion of the subject came an interval of silence—a hush of nature, as it were. Still nearer to her I approached; then, taking her willing hand in mine, I murmured; "Dearest!"

She had evidently been expecting the avowal of my love, for, without drawing back her hand, she whispered, "Uri, dear, go on, I do so like to hear you talk."

This encouraged, I proceeded; "Sweetest, you had me talk. Ah, love, had I ten thousand tongues they could list no name so treasured as your own. Dearest, I love you—you know it. Long has my heart been yours. Why have my visits here been so frequent? Because, dearest, you were the magnet that attracted me. Tell me, may I not call you mine?"

"Oh, Uri, dear, this is so sudden, so unexpected—give me time to consider."

"Not an hour, not a moment!" I exclaimed, in the mad enthusiasm of my love. "I would have my answer at once—this anxiety I cannot brook."

"Then, Uri, dear, I will be yours, and yours alone."

In a moment I had clasped her waist and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. "That ratifies our compact. Now tell me, dearest, how long it is since you knew I loved you?"

Oh, a long time, Uri, dear—a very long time almost as long as I have known you. But you have not yet told me how we are to live, Uri. You know I have a small income, but it is not sufficient for us both."

Three hundred pounds per annum a small income. "Twas thus slightly she spoke of her wealth. Oh, how I loved the girl! I felt the inferiority of my position at once, but I summoned courage and told

"Oh, Uri, dear," she murmured, her head resting upon my shoulder, and her face upturned to mine, "I am more than satisfied. Oh, how I have longed for you, yet feared, the arrival of this moment!"

"Then, my betrothed, you confess to having loved me ere my avowal?"

Never shall I forget the ecstasy that filled my soul as she replied, hesitatingly, "Yes, Uri, almost from the commencement of our acquaintance."

Darling girl! "And what, dearest," I continued, in my delirious joy, "what trait in my character charmed you most—what led to my winning your heart? Was it my poetic genius?"

"Oh, no, it was your resemblance to Algy."

"Algy? Do you mean your step father?"

"No, my second husband."

Great Powers! I had proposed to the Gorgon of a mother. In the horribly poetic twilight I had mistaken Mrs. Johnson for her daughter. The fatal resemblance of voice and height proved my betrayal, and I snubbed back in my chair dumbfounded.

Next Wednesday what some people call an "interesting ceremony" is to be gone through at the Church of St. Magnus—namely, Little-Benjamin. If I survive, then I am to be dragged to the hymeneal altar by Mrs. Johnson; and immediately after she has become Mrs. Quick that detestable Smith is to wed the lovely Araminta and her three hundred pounds per annum. For me there is naught but genteel poverty and pettish government. I feel it is coming. Should my spouse be again widowed (as is more than likely), may the earth lie lightly upon my blighted corpse.

Human Nature. It is the same here as in Cairo or New Jersey. The other day when a Tarheel, with sunken eyes and high cheek bones, sat down on the steps of a grocery beside several others, he sighed heavily and asked:

"Gentlemen, if any of you found a five on the sidewalk, would you hunt for the owner?"

"I would," came from each individual with promptness and dispatch.

"Haven't any of you lost a five, have you?" anxiously continued the man.

"I have," answered one, and the echo went all along the line.

"Describe her, gentlemen," he remarked.

One said his had a figure "5" on it. Another said his had a picture of De Soto discovering the Mississippi River. A third said the words "U. S." were plain to be seen on the bill that fell out of his vest pocket.

"Gentlemen, this five don't tally," mournfully remarked the Tarheel. "None

A weight was lifted off my mind; but never having previously heard of "poor, dear Algy," my curiosity was stimulated and I determined to pursue my inquiries further.

"Dear me," I said, moving my chair closer to Mrs. Johnson. "pray what was the nature of Algy's complaint?"

"Oh! Mr. Uriah," she murmured, placing one hand in mine, while the other held her handkerchief to her eyes. "You have a sympathizing heart, Mr. Uriah, is it not so?"

I admitted the fact, upon which she gave my hand another squeeze. Araminta and the annuity could not be far off now.

"He was my second, and I think I loved him better than the rest."

"Indeed," I replied. "Why, I thought, Mrs. Johnson, you never had but one?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Uriah! I have had three," answered the grief-stricken woman.

Determined not to be daunted in my investigation, I asked, "Were they girls or boys, Mrs. Johnson?"

The widow's hand was suddenly withdrawn from mine; then bending upon me a look, in which pity and indignation seemed to be strangely mingled, she said, "I do not understand you, Mr. Quick."

"The blood rushed to my cheeks, and I know I blushed horribly at the consciousness that somehow or other I had, vulgarly speaking, "put my foot in it."

What made the matter worse was that Mrs. Johnson's last inquiry had disturbed Araminta and the hated Smith, and they also were looking inquiringly at me. "Pray ma'am, were you—you—not speaking of your child—dren?" I stammered.

"Children! No sir!" she exclaimed, drawing herself to her full height, "I spoke of my husbands!"

Involuntarily I drew my chair a few paces from the terrible woman from whose clutches I was bent upon rescuing Araminta. It was very rude and pained of me, but I could not help it. Lucky for my purpose was it that this revelation had not come sooner. Had I known how things were, I could not have had courage to escort Mrs. Johnson from church so frequently. No matter, my design was now accomplished. Araminta, I felt sure, would shortly be mine, and it would be my care to see that she did not follow the fearful example of her mother.

I recollect nothing of what transpired after this until I found myself outside the house with Smith by my side. He had been talking some time ere I listened, but suddenly my ears caught the name of Araminta, and then I became all attention.

"You have influence, great influence as any one can see, with her mother. You might get her to consent to my marriage."

"Because you might be enabled to gain her consent to our marriage."

"To your marriage? Marriage with whom?"

"Why, with Araminta, of course. Don't you know that if she marries without her mother's approval she loses \$200 a year?"

"What have you proposed to her?"

"Not yet, but I mean to shortly. That's why I want you to talk about it to the old woman."

"What!" I observed, "is fifty lure when weighed against true love?"

"Exactly," said he, "but I don't care about the girl without the money."

This, then, was the mean, contemptible creature who had been held up to me as a paragon among men. He could not dissociate Araminta from her yearly income. The two must come together or she should never bear his name. Oh! paltry squanderer! Had he been a man, I tell you, I would have crushed the pretence of him as he stood before me. But nature has made me a short man, and Smith towers a foot above my head, so prudence repressed all my bellicose inclination.

We had now arrived at a road where he had to take one direction and I another. He wrung from me a half promise that I would say what I could in his favor, and then we parted. I was glad to be quit of him, for I knew that he had entered the lists for Araminta; and I wanted to mature my own plan of action. I resolved to declare my passion the next night.

The resolution with which I retired to rest was strengthened when I arose; and from the first hour of business to the time when I returned to my lodging my purpose remained unaltered. When and under what circumstances was it best to prefer my suit? Twilight? Yes, in "the twilight's holy calm"—in that romantic hour when the shadows deepen and all around gives token of the approach of night, I would address to her words of love.

I saw it all, and dressing myself with scrupulous care strode forth upon my mission. As I paced the strip of path which led to the portal of my beloved, I saw through the parlor window, in the gloaming, a hand waved a welcome to me. A thrill of delight passed through me as I felt that it must be her—my beloved.

So well had I become known at the little villa that it was not necessary I should be announced by the servant. She, with a knowing smile, motioning with her finger towards the parlor door, gave me to understand that the object of my search was within and alone.

Quickly turning the handle of the door, I entered the apartment sanctified by her presence. As I had anticipated, she was alone. Seated in front of the window, she

sympathized with her under the trying circumstances in which she was placed! Naturally Mrs. Johnson would look with distaste upon every suitor. To inherit a fortune and then to lose it by the caprice of a mother? No, this must not be. Araminta should not risk such disappointment. I was the gallant knight to rescue her from thralldom; Araminta and her 300 pounds per annum should be mine. Worldly wisdom taught me that first of all I ought to conciliate the mamma. My soul despised artifice, but it was for her—for Araminta's sake. And the poor girl was grateful. In the presence of Mrs. Johnson I was cold and distant to my beloved, but I felt sure that Araminta saw through the ruse.

I had not long been a frequent visitor at the little Cononbury villa ere I began to fear that in the pursuit of Araminta's affection I had a rival. At first I only heard of Mr. John Smith through Mrs. Johnson, who informed me that he was a most desirable young man to know, and that she hoped we should shortly become acquainted. Smith, it was said, was a handsome young fellow; Smith was an accomplished man, his vocal ability being somewhat marvellous; Smith was well-to-do; Smith was of good family—in short, Smith was everything desirable, and my ears were tired of his name ere I once set eyes upon him.

One night he accompanied my friends to church, and with disgusting impertinence placed himself next to Araminta. They shared the same hymn book, and seemed to be on the most agreeable terms.

I could have struck my rival to the earth when, on issuing from the church, Araminta gave me a nod of recognition, and immediately took the proffered arm of Smith. But I was true to my purpose; I showed no spleen; I was resolved to conciliate Araminta's mamma, and I flattered myself that already she was beginning to regard me as a suitable son-in-law.

Steadily pursuing the plan I had formed in my mind, and of which I felt my charmer was cognizant, I offered my arm to Mrs. Johnson, and all the way from the church to the dwelling of my beloved we spoke of poetry and the arts. A very clever, appreciative woman is Mrs. Johnson. In stature there was scarcely an inch difference 'twixt her and her daughter, and when she spoke it seemed the very echo of Araminta's voice. Therefore when I avoided looking into Mrs. Johnson's face, and refrained from the mental calculation of how far she had advanced on the wrong side of 40, I was able to fancy that I had Araminta by my side. This gave me poetic inspiration, and I felt little of the embarrassment of a young man's conversation with his future mother-in-law.

"Oh, you must come in and take a little supper with us," said Mrs. J., when we reached the gate; "I want to introduce you to our friend Mr. Smith."

Throughout our walk Araminta and her companion kept well ahead. They started with a lead, and maintained it so well that they had entered the house ere we were in sight. I did not want to become acquainted with Smith; but I did wish to bid Araminta good-night, and to indicate, by a stronger pressure of the hand than usual, that I was making the way smooth with her mamma.

Smith was, as I imagined, a shallow-brained coxcomb. 'Twas Hyperion to a satyr over again; I being Hyperion, of course, and he the distorted monster. They said he was a musician; well, if loud growling among the lower "F's" in the bass, in the attempt to drown everybody else's voice, constitutes a claim to be considered a musician, then Smith should at the very least have put "Mrs. Doc." at the end of his name.

It was a welcome release when supper was announced. Then offering my arm to Mrs. Johnson, we left her offspring and Smith to follow. Of course all this time my heart was with Araminta, although I let no desires of my own interfere with my purpose of rescuing her from the thralldom of her mother. Taking furtive glances at Araminta on the other side of the table I could not but compare her to Andromeda. Yes, she was the beautiful creature tied to the rock of single blessedness her mother was the monster, I was the gallant Perseus, resolved upon rescuing my beloved, and Smith—well, he was an officious on-looker, a sort of theatrical "supper," nothing more.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. J., during an interval of cold beef and salad, "my Algy was so fond of music. Often and often has he called me to his side and insisted upon my joining him in 'Meet me by moonlight alone.' Do you know that song Mr. Quick?"

I became all attention to the mention of this Algy, of whom I had never heard before. Was he among the living? If so, he must be Araminta's brother. Perhaps he would have been conciliated ere the three hundred pounds per annum became mine! My experience with Mrs. J., and the fear that a similar process would have to be gone through with this Algy, completely took away my appetite, and I had barely strength to gasp out:

"No, ma'am, I do not know the song. Pray does Algy live?"

"Live; certainly not, Mr. Quick; poor dear Algy, he died in 1848. Poor, dear

sympathized with her under the trying circumstances in which she was placed! Naturally Mrs. Johnson would look with distaste upon every suitor. To inherit a fortune and then to lose it by the caprice of a mother? No, this must not be. Araminta should not risk such disappointment. I was the gallant knight to rescue her from thralldom; Araminta and her 300 pounds per annum should be mine. Worldly wisdom taught me that first of all I ought to conciliate the mamma. My soul despised artifice, but it was for her—for Araminta's sake. And the poor girl was grateful. In the presence of Mrs. Johnson I was cold and distant to my beloved, but I felt sure that Araminta saw through the ruse.

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