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A Pleasant Story.

From the Hearth and Home.

MRS. MONTGOMERY'S HEIR.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"So you have refused my nephew!"

Mrs. Amborse Montgomery looked severely at the young girl who was calmly tying her bonnet strings before her mirror. She was a severe old lady, very wealthy, about whom fluttered poor relations innumerable. Edna Sergeant might have counted as one of these, being certainly very poor, though people were apt to say of her, "proud as Lucifer himself."

"Yes, Aunt Lucille, I refused to marry Walter Templeton. Since he seems to have told you, I suppose there is no impropriety in my doing the same."

"May I ask your reasons?"

"Certainly! I want my husband, if I ever have one, to be a man, filling a man's place in the world, doing a man's duties. I will never be the wife of a lazy dandy who dawdles through life, waiting for a possible fortune."

"Your cousin is very useful to *me*."

"Doubtless. But I do not need any one yet to put my footstool for me, fetch me a shawl, feed my poodle, and run my errands."

"Oh!"

"I want my husband to work for me at a man's work of brain and hands."

"Upon my word! You had better marry a mechanic. But, pray take him away from here, if you do. I want no low fellow claiming kinship with me. I should think when these plebeian ideas come into your mind, Miss Sergeant, it would be well for you to remember the fact that you can trace your descent direct from the Pilgrim Fathers!"

"I am not likely to forget that fact, Aunt Lucille, hearing it every day. By the way, auntie, do you suppose if our noble ancestors, the Pilgrim Fathers I mean, were to present themselves in your drawing-rooms that you would recognize them? I imagine them, in their common clothes, holding by shabby wives with babies in their arms, homeless, exiled, coming suddenly upon you. I can hear you now telling John to put those 'horrid low people' out of the house."

"You are pleased to be sarcastic," was the cool reply. "I can value my ancestors if you are incapable of doing so. I hope your ideal husband may appear. In the meantime I think you are but one remove from an idiot to refuse Walter, a perfect gentleman, and my probable heir!"

"Perhaps! I will come to-morrow and finish your dress."

And so saying Edna wrapped her shawl about her and departed. For this girl, sharing with her mother an exceedingly slender income, the legacy of her long dead father, utilized a ready needle and exquisite taste by sewing for her relatives. Her mother would have fainted in horror had any one suggested to her that her daughter was a dressmaker. But dear Edna, she admitted, helped her more prosperous relatives with their sewing, omitting to add that said relatives put a sufficiently small pecuniary acknowledgment into Edna's purse.

The girl herself, a superbly handsome brunette, rebelled mentally every hour of her life against all this pretence. Proud to her heart's core, she had no mean shrinking from facing the truth that she was poor and obliged to work for money; but the prejudices of her rich aunt, the affections of her helpless, fine-lady mother must be respected, and so she worked for half pay and secrecy when she might have won an honest living as an acknowledged dressmaker.

When Walter Templeton asked her to be his wife some of this long pent-up irritation at the false life forced upon her found vent in her refusal of his suit. She half regretted the sarcasms she had poured out upon his position when she saw his dejected face and the expression of hurt amazement there.

"After all," she thought, when he left her, "the poor fellow is not so much to blame. He has been under Aunt Lucille's thumb ever since he was a mere boy, brought up upon small doses of common sense and vast ones of Pilgrim Fathers, blue blood, and the degradation of honest labor. But I won't marry him! I get enough of the family failing without going to live with Aunt Lucille, one more hanger-on. I earn all she gives me, that's one comfort. Any dressmaker would charge twice as much as she will pay me to make that black velvet."

Yet when she came day after day, working busily at the fall sewing of her rich aunt, she missed the courteous attentions of her cousin. Truly Aunt Lucille had spoken when she said Walter Templeton was a perfect gentleman. His manner was the perfection of good breeding, with deferential courtesy for all womankind, and a most fascinating deference for the one woman he loved. Stung by the bitter emphasis of Edna's refusal, the contemptuous sarcasm of her reasons, he withdrew from her presence, seldom coming to the room, where he had read to his aunt while she sewed.

Truly Edna had defined his position in that mental retrospect she had taken. He had been his aunt's plaything in his boyhood, a handsome lad full of talent and promise. When he attained riper years he was sent to school, to college, and, graduating there, was put into the position of a dutiful nephew to an aunt who openly proclaimed him her heir. Courted in society, his aunt's favorite, with ample means at his ready command, his own idea of his course of life was that it was far superior to that of common men.—Thoroughly imbued with his aunt's pride, he rather scorned the idea of labor of any kind until he loved Edna.

By the light of that love he felt uneasily that she scorned the money he took freely, unless she earned it first. More than once he had known of her proud refusal of any gift for which her nimble fingers had not given a full equivalent. He loved her first for her beauty, then for the nobler attributes of mind and heart she certainly possessed, though she screened them well with her sarcastic pride.

Gradually, indeed unconsciously, she had sheathed the weapons she kept at command, her pungent wit, her keen satire, when her Cousin Walter was by. She let herself be interested when he read, and spoke freely when they discussed literature or art.

Mrs. Montgomery looked well pleased. It was one of her pet schemes to leave her wealth divided between Walter and Edna, as man and wife, and she encouraged intimacy with all her heart, hiding her satisfaction under her usual curt manner.

Partly from her hints, partly, it must be confessed, from his own sense of superiority, Walter had a settled conviction that he was conferring an honor when he offered his hand to Edna, a hand that would lift her to his side in the affluence of his aunt's favor.

So the first spur that drove him from her presence was certainly mortified vanity. More reasonable motives came later.

The fall sewing was completed, when, with that unreasonable perversity that fall often to the lot of the most favored mortals, Mrs. Montgomery was obliged to have it all renewed in mourning for her only sister, Edna's mother.

It was "dreadfully provoking" of course, the more so as Edna, really loving the peevish invalid who had been her care for years, could not attend to the sewing.—She sorrowed sincerely for many weeks, and then, to Mrs. Montgomery's infinite disgust, accepted a position as companion to an invalid lady and went abroad.

"I suppose," her aunt said, when it was too late, "if I had offered you a salary with a home you would have come when I asked you."

And Edna frankly admitted that she would.

So over the ocean she carried her sorrows and pride, the one fairly stifled for the time under the weight of the others. For she missed her mother, she found her new duties uncongenial and confining, and she grieved for Walter's love.

She did not regret her decision, knowing the uncertainty of riches. She saw no future of usefulness before him if, at the end, his aunt disappointed his expectations. She knew him for a man who could turn his brain or hands to no purpose in life, and for this she despised him as a mere dandified puppet of her aunt's.

Yet in the heart-hunger of her new life she thought often of the glorious capabilities of her young cousin. She knew he had a mind clear and strong—full of power to grasp any intellectual pursuit. She knew him patient, kind of heart, strong of purpose when once aroused, and it fretted all the grander attributes of her nature to think of the waste of such a manhood.

For what was he? A walking tailor's advertisement, a charming partner in a dance, a courteous gentleman, a willing servant to his aunt. No more.

Yet when Edna wandered with her new mistress over the Old World, enjoying with keen zest the intellectual, artistic, and musical treats spread before her, she turned mentally to Walter for congenial pleasure. When the vapid praise or weak criticism of the fashionable invalid was poured into her ears, she wondered how Walter's clear brain would have viewed the same object. Her home memories were not very pleasant ones to her soul, full of sordid cares, of mean shifts, of shallow pretence, and she rested upon those of her Cousin Walter, floating upon them to rosy dreamlands, till stung to life again by the fact of her rejection of his hand and her reasons for that step.

Viewed through the medium of this rose haze of memory she softened to her discarded lover, thinking of the chivalry of his wooing, the unselfishness of his love. She knew well that Mrs. Ambrose Montgomery's heir might have chosen a bride amongst the wealthiest, that Walter's handsome face, undoubted talents, and courtly manners would have won him true love amongst the most fastidious. And yet he had turned from all these to choose her, a penniless girl, whose education was, for the most part, self-imparted, who was quick tempered and unpopular. In spite of her beauty, she knew well that she often owed it to Walter and his efforts that she was not a wall-flower in social gatherings.

He loved her, and she had shut her heart to his love. She did not regret that home of luxury he could have commanded for her, the probable fortune she would have shared with him, but in her bitter loneliness she hungered for the sound of his tender voice, the love of his pleading eyes.

For four years she wandered hither and thither across the Old World at the caprice of her employer. Then a lawyer's letter informed her of her Aunt Lucille's death, and her own inheritance of thirty thousand dollars and a superbly bound copy of the "Lives of the Pilgrim Fathers," Mrs. Montgomery's one literary effort, being a collection of all her own cuttings upon the subject.

She was glad to go home again, glad to end her uncongenial bondage. At the steamer's arrival her Cousin Walter met her. There was a new beauty upon his handsome face—the beauty of purpose, of a noble content. He had a hack in waiting, and drove first to a hotel for breakfast. In the private parlor where it was served he told her:

"Edna, I want to thank you!"

"Thank me!" she said, wondering.

"For awakening me from a slothful dream to an object in life. Do you know how I have spent the last four years?"

"With Aunt Montgomery, have you not?"

"Certainly. I would not desert her in old age, when I was certainly a comfort to her. But I studied medicine, won a diploma, and have now a practice. It is large, Edna, but not very lucrative, being amongst the very poor for the most part. But I have found what you told me I lacked, cousin—a purpose in life, a field for labor where I hope I am not altogether useless."

"I congratulate you with all my heart," she said, impulsively, holding out both hands.

"I want more than that, Edna. Your words opened my eyes to my own waste of life; but, though I find my time busily filled, my heart wants something more. Edna, all the old love there cries out for you. Can you love me a little now?"

"Not a little," she said in a low voice, her cheeks flushing rosily, "but with my whole heart, Walter."

"Then will you grant me my hope, and be married here and now, coming to my old home as my wife, to help me in the life-work to which your words guided me?"

And Edna, loving him, granted his wish, and in his old home proves, as he hoped, a true wife and helpmate in his noble works of charity and usefulness.

Selected Miscellany.

What Apoplexy Does.

A very interesting article in the *Popular Science Monthly* says: If there is any one disease that the diligent brainworker a little past middle life has reason to fear, it is apoplexy. Although statistical evidence is wanting, the experience of the physician confirms the popular belief that more of our dstinguished men are carried off by this disease, or by one of its sequels, paralysis, than by any other cause. There are no vessels carrying blood to and from the various organs of the body which so frequently rupture as those in the brain. The causes that produce this result are the fatty degeneracy of the middle arterial coat of the cerebral vessels, whereby their elastic strength is much impaired, the great irregularity of blood distribution to the contents of the cranium and the little support which the pulpy substance of the brain gives to the weakened vessels imbedded in it. The chief causes which produce this structural change are the habitual use of ardent spirits and tobacco. Every one is aware that the leading effects of these agents on the body are such as show that the functions of the nervous system are more affected than any other, and the physician also knows that when the symptoms of disorder arise from their use they are such as denote that the nervous system is almost alone implicated.

Ardent spirits also tend to produce an overfullness of the cerebral vessels, and to affect the functions of the brain in a manner which strangely blend stupidity, brightness, and exhilaration. Effects so unnatural and so frequently ending in disease, influence injuriously the nutrition of the nervous centers. And to interfere with the nutrition of any part of the body is simply to impair the life and power of its structure. The evidences of this impairment may not be felt immediately. In fact the evidences of impairment by any bad habit are seldom apparent during the prime of youthful vigor. But the mischief is going on, nevertheless, and the organ upon which the weight of infringement falls will be the one that will first manifest signs of disease, and through which death will make its conquest over the body.

During sleep the brain is almost bloodless; its substance seems to shrink into a lifeless mass, but the moment that wakefulness occurs it swells out, gets red, its arteries and veins becoming distended with a great tide of blood. No other part of the body is subject to such droughts and floods in its circulation. This inequality is still further increased by severe mind labor. The ardent student is well aware that deep thought heats the head and cools the feet. The first apoplectic stroke, as a rule, is not a severe one; a little blood escapes by a tiny rent, the shock to the system slows the action of the heart, the escape of blood ceases, and nature heals the part torn and removes the blood-clot by absorption. Then, as the blood-vessels in the brain grow weaker, under a greater tension than ordinary, a larger rent is made, allowing the blood to escape in hopeless profusion. Napoleon stood in great dread of this disease, and was told by his medical adviser: "Sire, the first attack is a warning, the second a summons, the third a summons to execution."

What is to be done by those who inherit a tendency to apoplexy or whose habits of life predispose them to this disease? Clearly to diminish and keep the tension on these vessels by the blood at a low rate at all time. A prudent fire-engineer, when his water hose are old and weak, would work them at a low pressure. Men must carry out the same simple mechanical principle, when there is reason to believe that the vessels of the brain are getting weak and brittle. A stroke of apoplexy occurs frequently after eating a full meal.

As soon as old age puts a decided check on the amount of daily exercise, it is time to put a decided check on the amount of food daily consumed. The kind of food best adapted to keep down superfluous blood is the vegetable. The true rule is not to eat to entire satiety. Even those of younger years and sedentary habits will feel lighter and better in every way by leaving the table a little hungry.

Bran Kills Cabbage Worms.

Let me say, in answer to Mr. F. W. Fearman, that the object of scattering wheat bran over cabbage, is to protect them from the ravages of the green worm. It will not do to wait until the worms are strong and fat; as then it will not destroy them. Two years since I saw this remedy recommended, and at the time thought it a humbug, as it seemed scarcely possible that such a simple thing could affect the worms, still I made up my mind to try it, as I do all things, holding fast to what is good. In June, in going through my early cabbage, I found one completely covered with the worms. Immediately I obtained a handful of bran and sprinkled it over the head. The worms began to squirm and fall off the cabbage, and whenever the bran touched them, they seemed to be in pain. The following morning they were all dead. Since that time, on the first appearance of the worm I sow the bran. Some seasons it may be necessary to do it the second time. If the worms are very thick it is necessary to take a handful and sprinkle it over the cabbage. A hundred weight is ample for an acre.—*Cor. New York Tribune.*

☞ Here is a good thing on the "tater bug." Three men comparing notes: One says, "There are two bugs to every stalk." A second says, "They have cut down my early crop and are sitting on the fence wasting for my late crop to come up."—"Pshaw!" said the third, "you know nothing about it. I passed a seed store the other day and saw the bugs looking over the books to see who had purchased seed potatoes."

☞ Some men always want to cast a cloud of gloom over a good thing. For example, when Mr. Harrison, of Delaware, found that he must die, he said to his wife: "Jane, you'll have full swing now, and it won't be a year before you'll be in the poor-house." She didn't take a bit of comfort at the funeral.

The Man Who Felt Sad.

A Melancholy Talk with the Proprietor of a Hardware Store.

He entered a hardware store on Woodward avenue about 10 o'clock Saturday morning, and taking a seat by the stove, he beckoned to the proprietor and said:

"Sit down here—I want to speak with you."

He was a man who looked sad from the crown of his hat to the toes of his boots. There were deep care lines on his face, his eyes were red and anxious looking, and his tattered overcoat was drawn in at the waist by a wide leather belt.

"Can we do anything for you to-day?" asked the merchant as he sat down.

The sad man slowly wiped his nose, slowly turned around, and slowly replied:

"Sir, it makes me fell sad when I reflect that we have all got to die!"

"Yes—um," replied the merchant.

"Christopher Columbus is dead!" continued the sad man, "and who feels bad about it—who sheds a tear over his loss?" He is gone, and we shall never see him more! You and I must sooner or later follow him, and the world will go on just the same."

"Then you don't want anything to-day?" queried the merchant after a painful pause.

"And King James is dead!" exclaimed the sad man, wiping his nose again. "Is anybody weeping over his loss? Don't folks laf and laf, and don't the world go on just the same? Sir, it may not be a week before you and I will be called upon to rest from the labors of this life. Dosen't it make you feel sad when you think of it?"

"Of course, we've got to die," replied the merchant, a tear falling on his hand.

"Yes, Andrew has been gathered, and a good man has gone from among us. Were you acquainted with him?"

"I believe not," was the answer.

"Well, he was a fine man, and many a night I have laid awake and cried to think that he would be seen among us no more forever. Yet, do you hear any wailing and sobbing? Does anybody seem to care a cent whether Andrew Jackson is dead or living? You or I may be the next to go, and the world will move on just the same as if we had never lived."

"The world can't of course stop for the death of one man, no matter how great," said the merchant.

"That's what makes me sad—that's why I weep these tears!" answered the man, wringing his long, peaked nose with vigorous grief, "William Penn is also dead. Once in a great while I hear some one express sorrow, but as a general thing the world has forgotten William with the rest. Don't it make you feel sad when you will never see him again? Don't you feel like crying when you think he has gone from among us?"

"I never have time to think of these things," answered the merchant, fondling the coal-stove shaker.

"And Shakespeare's gone, too!" exclaimed the man, his chin quivering with agitation, "We may sigh, and sigh, and sigh, and wish, and wish, and wish but poor Shaky will never be seen moving with us again! They have laid him away to sleep his long sleep, and a bright lamp has been extinguished forever."

"Well, did you want anything in the line of hardware?" asked the merchant as he rose up.

"Can you speak of hardware to me at such a time as this?" exclaimed the sad man. "Knowing my sad feelings, seeing these tears, and listening to my broken voice, can you have the heart to try and force hardware upon me?"

The merchant went over to his desk and the sad man wrung his nose again and went out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Receipts.

Soap and water is the best material for cleaning jewelry.

VIOLET POWDER.—Violet powder is made by scenting finely-sifted arrow-root with a little orris-root.

To each bowl of starch, before boiling, add a teaspoonful of Epsom salts. Articles prepared with this will be stiffer and in a measure fire-proof.

TO REMOVE KEROSENE OIL FROM CARPETS.—Scrub the oil spot thoroughly with hot water in which either ammonia or ox gall has been put. Repeat the process if necessary.

KEEPING PRESERVES.—It is said that to set newly-made preserves for several days open in the sun is one of the best methods of making them keep through the summer unfermented.

One ounce each of muriate of soda, cream of tartar, and alum, boiled in a gallon of water, gives plate a beautiful whiteness. Dip the article in the mixture, remove and rub dry.

WASHING RIBBONS AND TIES.—Put a little ammonia into clear cold water, and the ribbons can be cleansed without rubbing. Rinse in two or three waters and press with a warm iron while damp.

To wash calico without fading, infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of water. Put in the calico while the solution is hot, and leave until the latter is cold. It is said that in this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.

PREVENTIVE AGAINST MOTHS.—A very pleasant perfume, and also preventive against moths, may be made of the following ingredients. Take of cloves, carraway seed, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, of each one ounce, then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and put it in little bags among your clothes, etc. This will answer for furs also. But the best plan we know of as a protection against moths in furs is to first shake out or beat out every foreign substance before putting away for the season. Then wrap them up in a perfectly sound newspaper. What we mean by sound is, that there shall be no holes or breaks in the paper. Make a bag of the paper by pasting; pack in and paste up the mouth of the bag. Put in a drawer where it will not be disturbed. If well done not a moth will ever be found inside. Try it.

☞ The saying, "Excuse haste and a bad pen," has been attributed to a pig who ran away from home.