

## WEARIED.

Dear Nature, hide me in thy most heart,  
Safe from the pangs of doubt and strife,  
will.  
My own and others; I would fain lie still;  
Bathed in thy silence, of thy life a part;  
Unconscious and unerring as thou art,  
Bear me as mothers bear their babes, until  
Of thy pure strength my weakness takes  
its fill.

And I may dare on some new course to start,  
Find some quiet grave wherein my soul  
May lie as bodies lie when life is fled.

Freed from the madness of its own control,  
By wisdom's self through unknown  
changes sped;

In sleep un vexed of dream of end or goal,  
And, living still, be all as good as dead.

—Emily Peiffer.

## THE SPINNING WHEEL.

"I don't like the looks of him!" said the Widow Clegg.

"You don't say?" said Aunt Hannah, smoothing down her gingham apron, in a disturbed way.

They sat on the plainly-furnished little sitting-room, this soft spring afternoon, looking out through the open window to the front porch, with its climbing morning-glory vines and its yellow-painted door.

It was a charming picture which the window framed: A pretty young girl, in a perfectly-fitting and wonderfully becoming blue cambric, with her blonde hair piled high, and falling in fluffy thickness to her eyes; and at her side, bending toward the easel before him, brush and palette in hand, a much-bedaubed rag and a profusion of small tin color-tubes on the floor beside him—a pleasant-faced young man, with bright, dark eyes and a curly, brown head.

"It ain't that he ain't good-looking enough," Mrs. Clegg continued. "He's too good looking, and too fine-appearing—that's where 'tis," said Aunt Hannah, soothily. "Oh, well," I dunno."

"I shouldn't feel so," said Mrs. Clegg, "if Janie wan't so—well, eat up with him. He can't want nothing of her, Hannah."

"Well, I dunno," said Aunt Hannah, looking from the young man to her niece, anxiously. "No, I s'pose 'tain't no way likely."

"Likely!" Mrs. Clegg repeated. "Tain't to be thought on. I wish I hadn't took him to board, Hannah; there'll be trouble yet!"

Out on the porch the conversation was far more cheerful.

"It's the old maple itself!" Janie was saying, admiringly, studying the canvas with half-shut eyes—a trick she had caught from the artist. "Do you think so?" said George Dayton, looking gratified. "Do you know, Miss Clegg—where's that green tube?—that I should like immensely to paint you?"

"I should like to have you, said Janie, simply."

"You'd make a stunning sketch as you are," said Dayton, looking at the girl with frank admiration; "but, you see, blonde young ladies in blue dresses have been done to death."

Janie laughed.

"I have a Japanese costume at home," Dayton continued, reflectively; "but I hardly think it would suit you," he added, with a smiling glance at Janie's fresh, fair face.

"Maybe I could find something," said the girl, rather timidly.

"That would be jolly!" Dayton rejoined, enthusiastically. "Let me see; I could take it back to the city for the exhibition, if I'm quick about it. There! don't you think that touch has improved?"

"Janie!" called her mother, rather sharply—she had listened more and more uneasily to the light tones and the laughter—"come in and set the table for supper right away!"

"Pretend you didn't hear," said Dayton, blandly. "I want your opinion on this. I'm suffering for it. Do you think that touch?"

But Janie had risen, with a reproving frown and a guilty smile struggling for supremacy, and tripped into the house.

Dayton laid down his brush half-unconsciously, and turned to gaze down the narrow hall into the kitchen beyond, where frequent glimpses of a slender, blue-clad figure, with a long, white apron, freshly-donned, and with sleeves rolled high, rewarded him.

The light, hot biscuits which steamed on the supper table were made doubly delightful by the fact that Janie had made them. The dried apple pie, though not in itself attractive, was rendered positively delicious by the reflection that Janie had sprinkled the cinnamon and squeezed the lemon juice into it, and arranged those narrow strips of crust cross on the top.

Janie herself, too, looked prettier than ever, with her cheeks flushed with the heat of biscuit-making, and her bright hair prettily disarranged.

"Will you have some more tea, Mr. Dayton?" said Mrs. Clegg, almost severely.

Her face had grown anxious as the lively conversation which Janie and their boarder had been carrying on progressed.

"Thank you!" said Dayton, passing his cup promptly. "As I was saying, Miss Clegg—"

There was a knock on the door, and Janie rose to open it.

A middle-aged man, roughly dressed, with a sharp and not ill-humored face, followed her into the kitchen, and sat down in the chair she placed for him.

"Mr. Orcutt, mother," said Janie.

And Dayton saw that the rosy color had fled from her face.

Mrs. Clegg rose hastily; Aunt Hannah pushed her chair back from the table.

The man looked hesitatingly from one to the other, and cleared his throat.

"Wal," he said, with an effort at cheerfulness, "I was coming, by, and I just thought I'd drop in and see about that—wal, that money, Mis' Clegg."

There was a painful pause.

"I don't know as I need to tell you," said Mrs. Clegg, gathering her apron between her fingers nervously and casting an appealing glance at her sister; "that I hasn't got it—not yet. I was hoping—"

"We're hoping to git it, Mr. Orcutt," Aunt Hannah interrupted, turning to their visitor calmly. You needn't be a mite afraid. But we hasn't got it to day. I dunno as we can jest say when we shall have it."

The man's face—it was not an unkind one—expressed contrition for his haste, and some embarrassment.

He rose, with a muttered word or two meant to be apologetic, and took, an abrupt leave.

The remainder of the meal was silent and constrained.

Aunt Hannah's cheerful face was troubled; Mrs. Clegg wore a worried frown, and ate nothing; Janie, her fair face filled with a sweet distress, replied in monosyllables to Dayton's observations.

The young man smoked a cigar on the porch that evening.

It was not his usual custom; perhaps it might have been accounted for by the fact that a blonde-haired person in a blue cambric sat beside him, and looked so wonderfully picturesque, too, in the white shawl she had thrown about her.

"I have thought of a costume," she said, with a pretty hesitation, as they partied in the dim hall—that is, if Aunt Hannah will let me," she added, mysteriously, and vanished up the stairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What be they up to now?" said Mrs. Clegg, fretfully, pausing over the breakfast dishes, next morning, to listen to the sound of voices proceeding from an upper room.

"It's my doing," said Aunt Hannah, regretfully. "You see, Janie teased so hard for 'em that I didn't jest know how to say no."

"Eh?" said her sister, blankly.

"She wanted my old spinning wheel and Grandma Phillips' old yellow silk dress, and that old back-comb I used to wear," Aunt Hannah explained. "That feller's going to make a picture of her that way."

Mrs. Clegg sank into a chair.

"How could you 'a' done it?" she queried. "The more she sees of him, the better she's a-going to like him; and he don't want nothing of her! I do believe," Mrs. Clegg concluded, beginning to cry into a corner of her apron, "take it all together, I'm the most unhappy critter that ever was!"

Poor Aunt Hannah churred away in conscience-stricken silence.

"You couldn't have hit upon anything more perfect, Miss Clegg," George Dayton was saying at the same moment, up in the big unfurnished upstairs room.

Janie was charming, indeed, as she sat there smilingly—the quaint, short sleeved, high waisted, yellow silk dress falling in shimmering folds about her; her soft hair brought up higher than ever, and crowned by a tall back-comb; the fax on the old wheel at her side held lightly in both small hands, one slipped foot pressing the treadle.

"I'm glad you like it," she said, demurely.

"Like it!" cried the young man, delightedly. "I'm entranced!"

And he rushed down stairs for his painting materials.

"Where did you get it?" he inquired, eagerly, with a nod at the spinning wheel, as with easel before him and the inevitable paint rag across his knee, he began studying the scene with narrowed eyes, and "blocking it in."

But Mrs. Clegg was surveying him doubtfully.

"You don't mean to say," she said slowly, "that you're a-going to marry her?"

"Don't I?" cried Dayton, jovially.

"We didn't reckon, Hannah and I," said Mrs. Clegg, gathering up a corner of her apron instinctively, "that you wanted nothing of her."

And she was not wholly convinced that he did until Orcutt had come for the last time—till the little house was decked for a wedding, and Janie, smiling and tearful, had gone away in the hack at the young artist's side.—*Emma A. Opfer, in Saturday Night.*

When Janie turned back at last, Aunt Hannah was surprised and delighted to see a gay smile on her face; not the regret and disappointment she had feared.

But Mrs. Clegg only groaned when she was informed of it.

"She thinks he'll come back to git her, I s'pose," she said, with despairing resignation. "She can't see yet that he don't want nothing of her."

The weeks went by.

Spring deepened and mellowed, and was giving place to summer. The cherry-trees bloomed; the old maple which Dayton had sketched filled its branches with leaves of a tender green.

"What does she think now, I wonder?" said Mrs. Clegg, grimly.

She was mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs. Clegg.

"She's mending stockings by the kitchen-door. Aunt Hannah was paring potatoes near by.

"Does she believe yet that he's ever come near here again?" said Mrs