

they were addressed to, but each knew it was a doctor somebody, so each felt satisfied as he received the letter, especially as Uncle Dan'l had given both more than a letter before going away. Lionel had a supply of ready money, and a letter of credit to a Cleveland bank, where he could draw as his pecuniary wants demanded, while Cyrus had on a new suit of clothes, the best he ever wore, and twenty-five dollars in the pockets of them, all of which came from Uncle Dan'l.

Ten minutes after the cars had started on their way for Cleveland, Lionel missed Cyrus from his side, and although he went from the smoking car in front to the Pullman in the rear he could not find him. That worthy was away with the train hands, acting as breaksmen on the baggage car, for he had no desire to submit to the restraint which he believed the supervision of Lionel would place upon him. He respected and even liked the latter, but preferred "padding his own canoe" as he termed it, during the trip to Cleveland.

Fortunately everything went right and as they neared the city Cyrus was on hand, and relieved from Lionel his address to call at if he required his, Lionel's, assistance at any time. Arrived at the station they parted, and as they followed different ways, the reader had better take chances of Cyrus getting into trouble and leave him for a time, to watch the course of Lionel. That young man hired a coupe, and ordering the driver to drive to Dr. Oglesby's house on Euclid Avenue, ensconced himself inside of the vehicle. The drive was quite a long one, and seemed more so to him than it really was, for it was now nearly two o'clock in the afternoon, and he had eaten nothing since early morning and was consequently quite hungry. At length he reached the home of the doctor, quite a pretentious residence in a fashionable locality. He paid his hack-driver, and rung the door bell on the main entrance of the house. A few minutes and it was opened by a young servant girl, and he was admitted to the spacious hall-way, while the domestic carried his message to see the doctor, who was evidently at dinner, judging from the pleasant smell which greeted Lionel's nasal organs as he stood waiting for him. The doctor soon made his appearance, a tall reserved and dignified personage, to whom Lionel simply said "good morning doctor," and handed out his note of introduction.

The doctor looked hurriedly at the note, then coldly replied, "O! yes, you are the young man from Mr. Hornby." Then turning round he called loudly, "Hulda! Hulda." In a few seconds a stout, freckled-faced, red-haired woman came into the hall in a kitchen garb, to whom the doctor said, "Here Hulda is the young man I spoke to you about. You attend to his wants until after dinner, when I shall have a talk with him."

Hulda looked scrutinizingly at Lionel, and it was evident his appearance did not altogether please her. She led the way through a narrow branch of the hall and down a few steps into a spacious kitchen, followed by her new charge, who was amazed at his reception, and obeyed commands in a mechanical way.

Arrived in the kitchen Hulda pointed him to a seat, then as she took a fresh survey of her charge she commenced, "So you is the new hand as is comin here are you? An sich high falutin fine clothes as you wear too. Guess we'll take some o' the tone out o' ye before ye're long here."

Lionel replied that he understood this was to be his home for a time at least.

"Humph!" said Hulda, "then the first thing as I'd advise ye to do is to get off these fine clothes and get on something like workin' in a kitchen, for I tell ye, ye've got to wash every dish from the dinner table while I dry them afore ye touch a bite o' hash."

This forcible speech fairly took the breath from Lionel, and he began to wonder if he was awake or dreaming. This, thought he, is the kind treatment I was to receive at Uncle Dan'l's request. To be led into a kitchen to wash dishes, and stand the abuse of this virago. He could control his rising temper no longer, and

in a loud tone he demanded, "Madam, what do you mean by insulting me thus?"

His words almost sent Hulda into hysterics. She screamed, pranced and reiterated the word madam. "Oh!" she gasped out, "me as has been a 'spectable domestic ever since I was chair back high to stan' the inprence o' this Jack monkey, and be called 'madam' just what they calls the missuses o' these blackguard fandangos houses. Where's my pot clout till I slap his jaws with it?"

For a few minutes there was more noise than decorum in the kitchen, and a semblance of order was only restored when Dr. and Mrs. Oglesby appeared on the scene. There was a frown in the doctor's face as he asked in a commanding tone of Lionel, "What is the meaning of this, sir? You have raised more noise in my house than has been heard here in seven years."

Hulda chimed in her appreciation of her employer's sentiments with renewed vehemence while Mrs. Oglesby clung trembling to her husband's arm. All contributed to add to the boiling temper of Lionel, who felt keenly every sting he supposed he was getting, and at length he burst out in a loud voice saying, "Dr. Oglesby have I come to your house to be stuffed into a kitchen, ordered to do scullion work, and abused by a virago? I thought my letter of introduction from Daniel Hornby would entitle me to better treatment."

Dr. Oglesby trembled with rage and hissed out the reply, "Young man it is the name of Daniel Hornby prevents me from taking 'you by the collar and throwing you into the streets."

Lionel broke in abruptly, "save your expectations Dr., I can leave your house at once," and seizing his hat he rose and walked to the open door of the kitchen. There he turned, bowed scornfully, and said, "I shall not forget to tell Uncle Dan'l, what kind of treatment his letter of introduction secured for me." An instant more and he was gone.

As Lionel is now in anything but a sweet temper, the reader had better leave him for a time, and see what has happened to Cyrus since he arrived in the city.

Cyrus did not take any hack at the railway station. He made inquiry of a policeman about his way to the house of Dr. Arton, and in obedience to instructions took a passing street car, and was soon beside the driver. Very unwillingly he paid five cents fare to the conductor, after exhausting every scheme to stand him off, and as soon as that official was gone, he insisted upon the driver letting him have hold of the ribbands, as he called the reins. In this he also failed, and retired to a seat in the car, muttering as he went, "darn't mean skunk."

Arrived at the house of Dr. Arton, Cyrus required to muster all his courage to ring the door bell of such a fine mansion. But he rung it, and soon had the pleasure of handing his note of introduction to Dr. Arton, who shook his hand warmly, telling him that he came in good time, as the family were just sitting down to dinner, and he must come and join them.

Cyrus dispensed with hand washing, and was soon seated at the table with the Reverend Doctor, his wife and two daughters, who were polished handsome young ladies.

For a time Cyrus felt shy in such high toned society, but as the cravings of his stomach began to be satisfied, his courage and precocity returned, and to an inquiry if he enjoyed his trip, he answered his host with "Bet ye'r boots I did boss."

The whole company were a little astonished at such slang, but when in answer to Mrs. Arton's inquiry, if he would have a cup of coffee, he replied, "You're whis'lin old woman I will," they gazed at him in perfect amazement, and his host suggested mildly, that he would be better to use less slang in conversation.

Cyrus had nearly replenished the inner man, and felt inclined to make inquiries as to the duties of his new situation, so he asked his host "How many horses ye got boss," and was astonished at the answer of "only one." So straightening himself in his chair he said rather sharply, "It's kiddin' ye're on to boss, now I don't want

none o' that racket, if ye hain't got only one horse, ye've got no use for me about this ranche."

Dr. Arton felt stung by the insolence he was receiving at his own table from one who should treat him with reverence, and there was irony in his tone as he said, "You would not be a minute longer in my house, but for the respect I have for him who sent you, and the reverence I have of your dead and sainted mother."

This was too much for Cyrus, he started, stared at the doctor and literally yelled out. "My mother dead, guess if you'd a turned the wringer for her, as I did last washin day, and had yer shins peeled wi the toes o' her shoes as I had, you'd think she was alive an kickin too." He drew breath and continued, "Now boss I see yer game's kiddin, an I ain't goin to have none o' that racket. So cheese it if ye don't want a row in the house." Then with a defiant swing of his head he reached for his coffee cup to quench his thirst and assumed anger at the same time.

Dr. Arton was a warm natured nervous man, and the last speech of Cyrus not only raised his temper, but unstrung his nerves. He rose shaking with agitation, and gasped out, "Sir you have forfeited any claim you had on my forbearance, leave my house instantly, or I will throw you into the street."

There was a scene of confusion for a minute or two. The two young ladies rushed in tears to clasp their arms around their papa, and beg of him not to get agitated. Cyrus was so startled with the doctor's rage while swallowing a swig of coffee that a considerable portion of the liquid took a wrong direction, and after gasping for breath until he was red in the face, sneezing and coughing and blowing his nose wildly in his table napkin, he found power of articulation to shout out as he placed himself in a pugilistic attitude, "Now my huckleberry, just pile on with yer' throwing out. I'm jest a goin' when I get a good ready on."

Mrs. Arton was the only cool person in the room, and she displayed her coolness by stepping out of the dining room, and calling for George the only male domestic in the house. That functionary (a tall, gaunt, raw-boned man of forty) arrived, and was instantly ordered by the doctor to expel Cyrus from the house. That worthy made a show of opposition, but he had no show in the powerful grasp of George, and he soon found himself rolling in the gutter of the street, from which he arose fuming and spluttering, and with no distinct idea in his mind beyond one of baffled revenge, and a determination to see Lionel, and tell him how he had been abused.

The afternoon of the day following these occurrences Uncle Dan'l received three letters in his little office, and a smile stole over his face as he recognized the handwriting of Lionel on one. He opened it at once and as he read a puzzled look gathered on his brow. He opened the other two and they proved to be from Dr. Oglesby and the Rev. Dr. Arton, and by the time he had perused them all his puzzled look had changed to one of absolute sheepishness, and he soliloquised, "Well bang me if I didn't give both the boys the wrong letters." He did not tell any person the cause of his trouble, but his foreman thought that never before did he see Uncle Dan'l sit so long and so close at letter writing, as he did that afternoon and evening, and it is said that next morning he mailed three heavy letters each requiring two stamps.

Five days after his first call Lionel was again at the house of Dr. Oglesby, this time accompanied by Cyrus. The doctor gave him quite a different reception, and there was quite a little snickering and laughing as they conversed together. The doctor after taking Cyrus to the kitchen and introducing him to Hulda, queen of that realm, rejoined Lionel and asked him to accompany him in his carriage to the Rev. Dr. Arton's house. They dined there that day, and the old minister's dining room never so rang with laughter, as it did that afternoon. The laughter and all that preceded it were as the reverend gentleman said merely the result of some peculiarities connected with "Uncle Dan'l's business habits."