BY SHIRLEY BROWNE. It was a rainy night. Patter, patter, patter, came the drops against the case-ment, with never-ending iteration, and I, sitting by the fire, in the cheery, close-curtained little room, listened to the interminable refrain, and fancied how wildly the wind must be wrestling with the forest trees in the glen below, and I'm particular about my pie-crust and how like a miniature Niagara the bein' made with lard, not butter. little brook must be, flinging showers And-"

of white spray down the steep rocks. Opposite, in the walnut-framed mirrer, was the reflection of a bright-haired girl of eighteen, with dreamy brown eyes, cheeks delicately tinted with pink, and rosy lips—my own similitude. And she wore a dark blue merino dress, with white lace fails at the throat, and the broad band of a wedding-ring gleamed on the third finger of the left hand. For I was Mrs. James Jones, a bride of three months standing, and directly opposite, at his desk, sat my handsome young husband, poring over a pile of papers which he had brought from his office to finish at his leisure. My sewing-machine occupied its place by the window-my pretty cottage piano was open, and my canary slept on its perch, a tiny ball of golden down,

while the ribbon-tied work-basket, heaped with pretty needle-fancies, stood close at my elbow. Enough to cheer have said—and yet I was not contented! Something of my ennui must have depicted itself on my face, for Jamie looked up suddenly and asked, with a "Well, Penny, what is the matter

"Jamie," said I solemnly, "I wish we had more company."

"Company ?" he repeated. "I'm lonesome, Jamie," said I. "When you are gone all day I mean. Couldn't we invite somebody to come and visit us ?"

"Child, are you crazy?" said my husband. "Do you want this peaceful little paradise of ours overrun with trunks and bandboxes, exacting old maids and whinsical young ones? And little, now and then." if it is mere companionship than you want, why don't you call on those new neighbors who have jest moved into the Eglantine Cottage?"

"I don't like their looks," said J, pursing up my lips. "I don't think they are ladies and gentlemen."

"What a little aristocrat I have parried," laughed my husband. laughed my husband.— "That curve of the lip would have done credit to the Queen herself .-However, if you are really lonesome, Penny, I will write to my cousin Antonia and her daughter to come here for a few weeks. Antonia is a poetess. and the little one is a perfect darling. And I presume Harry Hilyard, my old chum, would be glad of an opportunity to recruit himself in the country

My face brightened at once,-I began to think within myself how I would arrange my little rooms to accommodate the poetess, the "darling," and the young Maine editor, of whom I had so often heard my husband speak. "Though, as a general thing, ladies

don't care much about company," suggested James. "Oh." cried I, "I think company is perfectly delightful!"

I thought so, more than ever, the next day, when Jamie was unexpectedly dispatched on a long business trip by his employers, and I was left to enjoy the delights of solitude! But not, however, for long. That

same afternoon, as I sat reading, in the parlor, the door was opened, Margaret, the maid, appeared. "Please, Mrs. Jones," said she,

"there's a lady and a little girl at the door. And they say they have come to make you a visit." I jumped instantly to my feet. "It's

Jamie's cousin, the poetess," I thought, "with her child! The dear fellow has telegraphed to them to come, so that I should not be lonely! Was there ever anything so kind and thoughtful? But it's just like Jamie !" And hurrying to the door I beheld a

large, stout woman, with a rubicund face, and wiry bunches of cork-screw curls on either side of it, a greasy brown and Jamie himself stood before me! silk dress, a torn lace shawl, a soiled travelling-bag, and a dirty-faced child clinging to her dre s!

"Be you Mrs. Jones?" said sheand I was compelled to acknowledge the soft impeachment. "I'm your husband's cousin, come to visit you. And people?" this 'ere's my little gal, -and the boys are coming by the stage. They'll be here right away !"

I murmured some faint words of scarcely articulate welcome as the portly and perspiring female pushed past me. If this was a poetess, then was all Nature at war with itself! But Cousin Antonia must have changed materially since the days in which Jamie described her as a "graceful willowy sylph." But before I could make up my mind on this subject, I was hailed by a loud, cheerful voice:

"I suppose you are Cousin Jones" wife ?" said the voice. "Yes! All Ann, over the chevaux de frise of pillow right, mother, come ahead. Bring in the windows. along the bundles, Mary Ann."

And a stalwart, farmer-looking person trudged up the path, leading a venerable old lady with a hooked nose, privacy as perfectly unwarrantable." false teeth as prominent as those of a carrying a heap of bags, baskets, band- aid and protection,—and here Margaret

boxes, and brown paper parcels.
"We're your relations from Rhode Island," said the young man, wiping his forehead. "Come to stay a spell with you. I s'pose you've heard you man tell of Obadiah Sparks' folks?"

don't remember that I ever have."
Well, he told us he was married, and goin' to settle on Beech Nut Hill, folks directed us here, it wasn't no 35 Octaves. so here we be! Mother, this is Cousin | fault of ours, now, was it?" Jones' wife, Cousin Jones' wife, this is

flavored with rose-snuff. Sparks, "for I'm troubled with asthma, with the three children, old Mrs. Sparks as possible." and can't sleep up stairs, nohow. And with her son and niece, and the gushing my niece, Mary Ann, she'll have to young lady, of whom I had vaguely be-

fast, my dear, with a fresh b'iled egg, of the oven. Obadiah, he's a vegetarian, and never eats no meat. I hope you've plenty of garden sass for him. Mary plenty of garden sass for him. Mary diseastion, and not too hard, and raised rolls, fresh out Ann has dreadful poor digestion, and eats rye-bread and Graham gems and such like. And I'd be obleeged, my dear, if you'll just bear in mind that I prefer black tea, and never drink coffee

I looked piteously at her. "Stop minute, please," said I. "Don't tell me so much at once."

The old lady gave a sniff of scorn. "Benaiah Bright told me that Cousin Jones had married a stuck-up piece," said she, "and now I believe it !" But while I was yet hesitating in what terms to remonstrate, a rosy young lady in a pink bonnet, a pink lined parasol, a quantity of fluffy hair, and an artificially touched-up complexion, ran into my arms.

"Oh, you, darling," said she, "I am so glad to see you! You don't know me, I esee, -I always did like to take people by surprise. I'm Effie Jones, your husband's fourth cousin. I was engaged to him once," with a coquettish averting of the face, "but his ma didn't approve of cousins marrying, so it was broken off. He used to call me his rosebud. Perhaps he has told you of our youthful loves ?" I colored deeply. "No," said I.

"Men are inconstant ever," said Effie, giggling. "But you'll love me, dear, won't you, for his sake? I'm teacher in the public schools, and it's my vacation now, so of course I thought of you the very first thing. My brother Algernon is bar-tender in the Higginstown Hotel, and he don't get leave of absence until September, but he'll run up then, with a gun and fishing-rod, if you'll kindly give him a shake-down some-where, and dear pa will be here the first of next week. Pa is so stout he can't walk anywhere but he'll bring a Centennial Chair with him, and I dare say you can spare one of your men to wheel him around a

I sat down in despair and clasped both hands over my forehead. "I'm very glad to see you all," said I, " but-but it takes me so by surprise. I shall have to think a little how to arrange matters so as to accommodate

you all. There was the stout poetess, and her little girl and the two hypothetical boys -they must have the front room, with the sofa bedstead to eke out my pretty Eastlake set. Obadiah Sparks will have the servants' room in the garret, and Magaret must content herself wit a bed in the closet opening out of the kitchen. The old lady must sleep in the boudoir-1 could send to the village for a wine-woven cut, and Mary Ann must occupy the sofa in the parlor, adjoining. But where, where could I put the rosy young lady with the radiant complexion and the curls? Unless, in deed, I gave up my own room, and went down stairs to keep company

with Margaret and the black beetles! "Please, Mrs. Jones," whispered Margaret herself at the same moment, we haven't got enough in the house to feed such a regiment! Now that little girl has forced her way into the preserve closet and is eating my current jam-and the old lady is pulling all the clothes off the bed to see if it is a hair mattress or a husk one-and please, ma'am, if all these people are going to stay, I wish you to suit yourself with nother girl as soon as possible.

I looked helplessly at Margaret .-From the back of the house rose up the whoops of the poetess' little boys, who were evidently nearing the premises

with fatal rapidity. Obadiah Sparks was eating the blue plums off from Jamie's pet tree, as if for a wager. Mary Ann was shaking the pillows out of the window. The old lady was preparing to cook herself some unhead-of mess on the kitchen fire, and the poetess was calling, "Cousin Jones! Cousin Jones! I couldn't possibly sleep without a mosquito-netting on the bed," when, to my infinite relief, a light, elastic step sounded on the green turf of the garden path, "It's all right, Penny," he said, breathlessly. "Morand has concluded to go to Canada himself, and-but what's the matter? Why do you look

so pale? And who are all these "Your relations," said I, with a gasp,

'come to visit us." "Well, I swan, there's something wrong somewhere," said Cousin Obadiah, ejecting half a dozen plum stones from his mouth. "This man ain't Cousin Jones." "Cousin Jones is short and stout,

with a bald head and gray whiskers,' added the old lady, who had emerged from the kitchen, with a porcelain-lined saucepan in one hand. "We can't have mistook the place,

'cause it's Beech Nut Hill, plain enough over the railroad depot," said Mary You have certainly mistaken some

thing," said Jamie, curtly. "And I consider this intrusion upon my wife's "Ain't there no other Jones lives shark, and a prodigious poke-bonnet, around here?" helplessly demanded while a tall, ungainly young woman, Cousin Obadiah, about whom the rest attired in last year fashions, followed, of the relations had clustered as if for

spoke up:
"Please, ma'am, that family as has just moved into Eglantine Cottage is called Jones, too-Mr. Jonas Jones ! "That's the ticket !" shouted Cousin "No? said I, intersely pussed, "I tog your pardon, buss, and yours too, ma'am, I'm sure,—but of course Obedish, hilariously slapping his knee.

when we asked for Mr. Jones and the "Whose ever fault it was," briskly 320. Green Cases, The old lady gave me a kiss strongly retorted my husband, "I shall be much

obliged to you if you will get out of "I hope you've got a good room on these premises as speedily as possible." have a bed in the same room, -and gun to be jealous, and, as I turned with

Obadiah, he sleeps on feathers. I hope a relieved countenance to Jamie, he there ain't no roosters in the neighbor- said, gravely: 45 and 47 hood to wake us up before daylight. "Shall I write to my cousin Antonia DOCK STREET ... ST JOHN

And I al'ays likes milk gruel for break- and Harry Hilyard to come, Penny? "Oh, no, no!" I cried. "I don' want to see a soul but our two selves! But I thought you rather fancied

Zaw.

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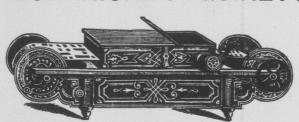
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