

## Mrs. Crisby's Visit to Spoonsville.

(From Household Monthly.)

One day, a short time ago, Mrs. Crisby went to visit a grand-niece of her late husband. This niece had lately married a wealthy, childless widower, and they were living in Spoonsville.

Mrs. Crisby had had no invitation, but she said to Mrs. Flyspat, her next-door neighbor, that, "Louisy Ann being" so near a relation, an' her alivin' so close by, I guess I'll jest run down an' stay a week or so with her. Taint no kind o' use to send her word I'm comin', cuz she's so well tu du, she won't hev to put tu rights none. They say she lives in great style."

The train was at the station when the old lady arrived there. Rushing in, she bought her ticket, and the last that was seen of her, was, as she mounted the car steps.

Her apple-green satin bonnet, with its brown and pink roses, was all awry, and her yellow umbrella was under her arm, while her carpet bag, which she had had since her 'weldin' tower, she had thrown on the platform of the car, and a brakeman was pulling her up the steps.

The rest of the story you may read as told in her own words, while relating her adventures to Mrs. Flyspat.

"Well, Mis' Flyspat, I hev had a time of it, an' let me tell you now, at the beginnin', that never will I go avistin' to Louisy Ann Tempest's agin."

After ridin' along in them cars till I thought my poor old bones would abin all broke up, the train stopped at Spoonsville. When I got off, there wuz a half dozen or so, of men, apintin' of their fingers at me, an' yellin', "Kerridge! Kerridge!" An' what would I want of a kerridge? Me, with my good thick gaiters on. So I shook my hed at 'em, an' asked a man, all dressed up in brass buttons, of he knowed where William Henry Joseph Tempest lived. He sez to me, sez he, "Yu mean the Honorable W. Henry J. Tempest, don't ye? Well he's alivin' on St. James' Avenue." So he directed me the way, an' after avalkin' a good bit, I come to a big imposin' lookin' stone house set away back sorter in the woods, an' over the gateway wuz the words, "Tempest Lodge." Tempest being the name of the person I wuz alookin' fur, I thought this must be the place, but "la!" sez I to myself, sez I, "I didn't know they kep' a lodgin' house, but then, it kinder runs in the family, cuz Louisy Ann's ma kep a boarding house, an' that wuz where her husband found her."

But, as I wuz sayin', I come to the gate an' went in. After avalkin' quite a distance up the path, I come near rummin' inter a woman that wuz standin' on the grass, with nothing tall on. Fur a mimit I wuz struck all of a bunch, an' wuz agoin' tu tell her she'd oughter be ashamed of herself, when I seed she wuzn't alive, but wuz made out of chiny-ware. But I wondered at Louisy Ann keepin' of sich like in her own door yard. On lookin' round, I seed that there wuz a little boy near by, with wings ontu his back, an' he wuz standin' on one foot apintin' a bow an' an' a rarer at me. It sorter startled me, "but then," sez I, "it ain't nothing but another of them chiny figgers."

When I got in front of the house, I see it wuz very han'some, but not feelin' over-inspired by its imposin'ness, I walked up the stone steps, an' looked on the door for the knocker, but there weren't nothin' there. Sez I tu myself, sez I, "Funny they don't hev a knocker tu the door." So I knocked with my knuckles till they wuz sore, an' no one come.

Suddenly the door opened, an' a man dressed in "liver," as Louisy Ann calls it, stood in front of me.

Well, this man I tho't, at first wuz some gentleman boarder, it bein' a lodgin' house. I bowed perlitely to him, an' sez I, "I'm Keturah Crisby, what's come to visit Louisy Ann Tempest, the niece of Jeremiah Crisby, my husband, that wuz I s'pose yu lodge here, but kin tell me of she's tu hum." He stared at me, kinder

as of I had been the two-headed lady at the show. Then sez he, "My mistress hez gone to drive in the bullyard fur her health." "Oh!" sez I, "yos, Louisy Ann alluz wuz of a domesticated nater, an' I s'pose she's gone fur to look after her cattle, a' very healthful occupation it is tu." I tho't he looked at me kinder odd-like, but he asked me inter the parlor, an' there left me.

I sot till I heered a kerridge adrivin' up, an' in a mimit Louisy Ann come in. I knowed she wuz reel glad to see me, fur she sed, sez she, "Why Aunt Keturah, is this yu. I hev'n't seed yu in sich a long time, that I hardly know yu." Then she asked me tu take off my things, an' set awhile. I told her I had come tu stay a week or so. She appeared delighted, be-cuz she riz right up an' sez she, "Well that is reel nice, to be sure, but it may not be reel pleasant fur yu, cuz I hev some comp'ny in the house, an' I'm spectin' some more to-morrow." "Never mind," sez I, "I s'pose business is good, it gen'ly is this time o' year." She looked at me, kinder askance, an' sez, "business?" "Yes," sez I, "the bizness o' keepin' lodgers." "But this aint a lodgin' house," sez she. Sez I, "What have you got the word 'lodge' over the gate fur, then." An' would you believe it, Mis' Flyspat, that air critter, she bust out alarfin' fit tu kill herself, an' sez she, "That's the name of the house." "Oh!" sez I, an' I subsided inter silence. I seed my mistake then.

Well, that night at supper, Louisy Ann's husband come hum, an' a reel nice man he wuz tu, an' there was a Mister an' Miss Diggins there, an' their darter, a pert young miss of seventeen or thereabouts, but she put on airs 'nough for a woman of thirty. When I wuz induced to Mr. Diggins, I asked him of he wuz from Frogtown, cuz I knowed the Digginses from there. But he sed to the contrary. He sed he wuz from 'Digginsville.' "Yes," sez I, "thet wuz the name they give tu Frogtown after Josiah Diggins struck a strike o' ile down in the back lot. Before that he wuz a shoemaker, an' his father afore him, an' his gran'ther, an' so on, way back, an' many's the time I've heerd my mother tell o' goin' down O—street, an' o' seein' old Jacob Diggins a sittin' in the door of his shop—he wuz a dreedful shiftless sort of man—in his bare feet—'an' well do yu know, Mis' Flyspat, I didn't go no further when Mis' Diggins wuz took of a suddint, an' fainted ded away. I don't know what ailed her, but I advised all sorts o' things tu give her, when Louisy Ann asked me tu not tu talk any more, as poor Mis' Diggins wuz very nervous. Sartinly, I wuz willin' to seceded with her wishes if the keepin' still would help the poor lady."

The next morning the Digginses went afore I wuz up.

"Bout noon a kerridge drew up an' a lot o' young people got out."

Louisy Ann sed as they wuz friends o' hers who had come fur the ball. "My," thought I, "what a big ball it must be for so many people tu come fur it." But I sed nothin', an' I'm glad I didn't, cuz, come tu find out, a 'ball' wuz a party.

Louisy Ann wuz very kind tu me, an' sed that if I thought it would be tu gay fur me, she would seuse me tu go hum the day before the ball wuz to come off. But I told her that the needn't worry 'bout me. I wuz one what liked tu zet an' watch young folkses enjoy theirsels."

Well, I stayed, an' Mehitable Flyspat, I never seed sich goin's on, an' I hope never tu see sich agin.

La! but it wuz orful! All the wimen wuz drest in the shamefulest manner. They hed long 'nough skirts on 'em, but my! there weren't no wastes tu 'em at all, an' they let the men put their arm 'round their wastes, an' then they'd wu'rl round the room till I wuz dizzy. It wuz disgraceful, an' so I told Louisy Ann, but she only larfed, an' sed it wuz the fashion.

Fashion or no fashion, I wuz disgusted, an' went up stares reel early, not awaitin' fur anythin' tu eat, even, fur I thought it an evil thing fur me tu look at 'em—

told Louisy Ann that I would leave fur hum the next day, as I couldn't, no how stay in sich a place any longer.

She didn't seem a bit put out, but sed that the kerridge would be at my exposal at any hour I wanted it.

Well, I left at an early hour, an' here I am tu hum, an' never agin will I go avistin' any o' them folks o' fashion."

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General Agents for Canada

Sherbrooke, Que., June 1st, 1888.

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DANIEL THOMAS,

Notary Public

Sherbrooke, March 7th, 1889.

Messrs D. THOMAS &amp; Co., Sherbrooke.

Dear Sirs.—As a duty to the afflicted, I desire to testify to the efficacy of "BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIC CURE." My son, aged about 10 years, has for the last three or four winters suffered from inflammatory rheumatism and rheumatic fever, and has been for weeks at a time confined to his bed. After using part of a bottle of the "Cure," which I purchased from you, he was able, in about a week, to be round the house, and in less than a fortnight had fully recovered. Only one bottle was used and he is now apparently as well as he ever was.

P. W. NAGLE,

Crown Land Ranger.

Portland, Me., Nov. 16, 1887.

E. M. BARBER &amp; Co.

Dear Sirs.—I went into a store here a few weeks ago and saw some of your Rheumatic Cure; it being something new that I had never heard of before, as I had tried everything for that complaint, having suffered fourteen years with it, I thought I would try a bottle. In three days time it helped me so much that I went back and bought the remaining eleven bottles. I have taken two bottles. The pain and soreness have all left me, but my joints are a little stiff yet. It did me so much good I thought I would try it on a lady acquaintance of mine who has been laid up for eight months, unable to rise without help. In three days she was running around the house. I have tried it on several others and it has helped them all. I have not got a drop left out of the 12 bottles. Now what I want to know is, how much more I ought to take to cure me up. There is not any more in the State of Maine that I know of, so I must send to you for it. I am an old Ex-Police Officer, and well known here. Now I would like to get the agency of it here. I think I could get up a big trade, as every body knows how I have been for the last few teen years, and can give references. Write and let me know what you think of it, and send me what you think will make a cure.

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