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WHOLE NO. 647.

WHAT BECAME OF HER.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

There was a great commotion in Foxville when old Parson Fox died. It was not only because he was the pioneer of the place, having come there when the woods were one primeval mass of green, and himself having erected the old stone parsonage around which the thriving village had grown up with almost incredible rapidity.

It was not that he had preached the gospel to them for four and forty years; it was not that his footsteps had been instant on every threshold where sickness came or sorrow brooded.

All this had been received as a matter of course, and forgotten as soon as the necessities were past. But it was because Foxville curiosity was on the qui vive about Joanna, his grandchild, the sole remaining blossom on the grand old family tree who was left quite unprovided for.

"I declare to goodness," said Mrs. Emmons, "I don't know what is to become of that girl!"

"She hasn't no faculty," said Sabina Sexton, the village dressmaker, "and never had."

"Books possessed no charm to her!" sighed Miss Dodge, who taught the Foxville district school. "She always cried over her parsonic rhetoric, and I never could make her understand cube root or trigonometry."

"There's no denying that the old minister was as near a saint as we often see in this world," said Mrs. Luke Lockedge, piously. "But he hadn't ought to let Joanna run loose in the woods and fields as he did. Why, I don't suppose she ever made a shirt or fried a batch of fritters in her life!"

"Is it true," said Miss Dodge, peering inquisitively up under her spectacle glasses, "that she is engaged to your Simon, Mrs. Lockedge?"

Mrs. Lockedge closed her mouth, shook her head and knitted away until her needles shone like forked lightning.

"Simon's like all other young men, Miss Dodge," said she, "took by a pretty face and a pair of bright eyes. And her set on the same bench at school. And as long as we 'sposed Parson Fox had left property why there wasn't no objection. But there wasn't nothing—not even a life insurance. So I've talked to Simon and made him hear reason. There can't nobody live on air!"

"But that's rather hard on Joanna, ain't it?" said Mrs. Emmons, with a little sympathetic wheeze.

"Reason is reason!" Mrs. Lockedge answered. "My Simon will have property and the girl he marries must have something to match it. So that Joanna Fox, sitting listlessly in her black dress by the window, where the scent of June honeysuckles floated sweetly in, and trying to realize that she was alone in the world, had divers and sundry visitors that day."

The first was Simon Lockedge, looking as if his errand was somewhat connected with matrimony. Joanna started up, her face brightening. She was only sixteen—a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl with a solemn, red mouth and a round, white throat, banded with black velvet.

"Oh, Simon," she cried, "I knew you would come when you heard!"

Simon Lockedge wriggled uneasily into a seat, instead of advancing to clasp her outstretched hand.

"Yes," said he. "Of course it's very sad, Joanna, and I'm awfully sorry for you. But—"

Joanna stood still, her face hardening into a cold, white mask, her hands falling to her side.

"Yes," said she. "You were saying—"

"It's mother!" guiltily confessed Simon. "A fellow can't go against his own mother, you know. She says it's nonsense our engagement, and we shouldn't have anything to live on! And so," with a final twist, "we'd better consider it all over. That's the sense of the matter—now ain't it, Joanna?"

She did not answer.

"I'm awfully sorry," stammered Simon. "I always set a deal of store by you, Joanna."

"Did you?" she said, bitterly. "One would scarcely have thought it."

"And you know, Joanna," he added, awkwardly, mindful of his mother's drill, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window!"

Joanna smiled scornfully.

"It seems," said she, "that love does not always wait for that."

And she turned and walked like a young queen into the adjoining apartment, while Simon, slinking out of the door like a detected burglar, muttered to himself:

"It's the hardest job o' work that ever I did in my life. Splitting stumps is nothing to it. But mother says it must be done—and mother rules the roost in our house!"

Next came Mrs. Emmons.

"Joanna," said she, "I'm deeply grieved at this 'ere affliction that's befallen you!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Emmons," said the girl, mechanically.

"I've come to ask you about your plans," added the plump widow. "Because if you have no other intentions, I'll be glad to have you help me with the housework. I'm going to have a house full o' summer

boarders, and there'll be a deal more work than me and Elvira can manage. Of course you won't expect no pay, but a good home is what you need most, and—"

"Stop a minute!" said Joanna. "Am I to understand that you expect me to assume the position and duties of a servant, without a servant's wages?"

"You'll be a member of the family," said Mrs. Emmons; "and you'll set at the same table with me and Elvira, and—"

"I am much obliged to you," said Joanna. "But I must decline your kind offer."

And Mrs. Emmons departed in righteous wrath, audibly declaring her conviction that pride was certain sooner or later to have a fall.

"I have plenty of friends," said Joanna, courageously, "or rather dear grandpa had. I am sure to be provided for."

But Squire Barton looked harder than any flint when the orphan came to him.

"Something to do, Miss Fox?" said he. "Well, that's the very problem of the age—woman's work, you know, and ain't smart enough to solve it. Copying? No, our firm don't need that sort of work. Do I know of any one that does? No, I can't say I do; but if I should hear of an opening, I'll be sure to let you know. Ahem—I'm a little busy this morning, Miss Fox; sorry I can't devote more time to you. John, the door. Good morning, my dear Miss Fox! I assure you, you have mine and Mrs. Barton's prayers in this sad visitation of an inscrutable Providence."

Old Miss Gringe, who had fifty thousand dollars in interest, and who had always declared that she loved dear Joanna Fox like a daughter, sent down word that she wasn't very well and couldn't see company.

Dr. Wentworth, in visiting whose said daughter near old Parson Fox had contracted the illness which carried him to his grave, was sorry for Miss Joanna, of course, but he didn't know of any way in which he could be useful. He understood there was a kid-glove factory to be opened on Walling River soon.

"No doubt Miss Fox could get a place there; or there could be no objection to her going out to domestic service. There was a great deal of false sentiment on this subject and he thought—"

But Joanna without waiting for the result of his cogitations excused herself.

She would detain him no longer, she said; and she went away with flaming cheeks, and resolutely repressed tears.

"When she got home she found one of our trustees of the church awaiting her."

He didn't wish to hurry her, but the new clergyman didn't want to live in such a ruinous old place; and it was their calculation, as the parsonage was mortgaged much beyond its real value, to sell it out, and buy a new frame house near the depot, with all the modern conveniences, for the use of the Reverend Silas Speakwell.

"Am I to be turned out of my home?" said Joanna, indignantly.

Deacon Blydenburgh hommed and hawed. He didn't want to hurt no one's feelings; but as her home, it was well known that to all intents and purposes the old place had long ago passed out of Parson Fox's ownership; and they were willing to accord her any reasonable length of time to pack up and take leave of her home.

So Joanna, who could think of no remaining friend but her old governess, who had long ago gone to New York to fight the great world for herself, went down to the city, and appealed to Miss Woodin in her ex-ecution; and Miss Woodin cried over her and kissed her and crossed her, like an old maid un-derstand.

"What am I to do?" said poor, pale Joanna. "I can't starve!"

"There's no necessity for any one starving in this great busy world," said Miss Woodin, cheer-fully. "All one wants is faculty. Joanna shrank a little from the hard, stereotyped word which she had so often heard from the lips of Mrs. Emmons, Miss Sabina Sexton, and that sisterhood."

"But how do you live?" said she.

"Do you see that thing there in the corner?" said Miss Woodin.

"Yes," answered Joanna. "Is it a sewing machine?"

"It's a type writer," announced Miss Woodin, "and I earn my living on it."

"But what do you write?" said Joanna.

"Anything I can get," said Miss Woodin.

And thus in the great heart of the great wilderness of New York, Joanna Fox commenced her pil-grimage of toil.

First on the type-writer, then pro-moted to a compiler's desk in the "Fashion Department" of a pro-minent weekly journal; then by means of a striking original sketch, slipped into the letter-box of the "Editorial Department" with fear and trembling, to a place on the con-tributors' list; then gradually rising to the rank of a spirited young novelist, until our village dame had her pretty "flat" furnished like a miniature palace, with Miss Woodin and her type-writer snugly installed in one corner.

"Because I owe everything to her," said the young authoress, gratefully.

And one day, glancing over the exchanges in the sanctum of the *Ladies' Weekly*, she came across a copy of the *Foxville Gazette*.

"Hester," she said, hurrying home to Miss Woodin, "the parsonage is to be sold at auction to-morrow, and I mean to go up and buy it; for I am sure quite sure that I could write better there than any where else in the world."

Miss Woodin believed most firmly in whatever Joanna believed. In her loving eyes the successful young writer was always right.

So Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin, dressed in black and closely veiled, went up to Foxville to attend the auction sale.

Every body was there. They didn't have an auction sale every day in the week.

Squire Barton was there, with a vague idea of purchasing the old place for a public garden.

"It would be attractive said the squire. "These open air concert gardens are making no end of money in the cities. I don't see why the Germans need pocket all the money that is going."

Mrs. Emmons came because every body else did. Miss Dodge, who had saved a little money, thought if the place went cheap she would mortgage for the remainder.

"And my sister could keep boarders," she considered, "and I could always have a home there."

But Simon Lockedge was most determined of all to have the old parsonage for his own.

"I could fix it up," he said to himself, "and live there real com-fortable. It's a dreadful pretty location, and I'm bound to have it—especially since mother's in-vestments have turned out bad. We've got to sell the old farm. Noth-ing hasn't gone right since I broke off with the old parson's grand-daughter. It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but there seemed no other way. But, let mother say what she will, it brought bad luck to us."

And the rustic crowd surged in and out, and the auctioneer mounted the platform, on an old kitchen table, and the bidding began at five hundred dollars, and "hung fire" for some time.

"Six!" said cautious Simon Lockedge, at last.

"Seven!" piped Miss Dodge, faintly.

"Eight!" said Simon, resolutely.

"A thousand!" uttered the voice of a quiet, veiled lady in the corner. Everyone stared in that direction.

"Tain't worth that," said the squire, sotto voce; "all run down—square goes to nothing."

But Simon Lockedge wanted it very much.

"E-le-ven hundred!" said he, slowly and unwillingly.

"Fifteen hundred!" spoke the soft voice, decidedly.

"Fifteen hundred!" bawled the auctioneer. "I'm offered fifteen hundred dollars for this very de-sirable property. Fifteen hundred—fifteen—teen—teen—Fifteen hundred once—fifteen hundred twice—fifteen hundred three times and gone? What name, ma'am, if you please?"

And the lady, throwing aside her veil, answered calmly:

"Joanna Fox."

The old parsonage was rebuilt, and studied with bay windows and meager porches. Laurels and rhododendrons were set out in the grounds, the little brook was bridged over with rustic cedar-wood, and Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin came there to live in modest comfort.

But Mrs. Lockedge and her son Simon moved out of Foxville when the mortgage on their old place was foreclosed, and the places that had known them once knew them no more.

And Mrs. Emmons said:

"She's done real well. Joanna has. I always knew there was something in her."

And Mrs. Wentworth and the Misses Barton tried desperately to become intimate with the young authoress, but without avail.

For there is nothing like the wide world so successful as success, and it is a fetish which has many worshippers.

George W. Simpson's Proposal.

"Do you dance?"

"No, I dropped on myself two seasons ago," was the response, in a strong, manly voice.

Veronica McGuire looked up at George W. Simpson, an expression of wonder and surprise in her soft, velvety eyes. Very beautiful was this girl, as she stood in the dim, half-light of the conservatory, the pearly flesh and rounded curves of her arms and shoulders seeming more than humanly beautiful, while her loving eyes the successful young writer was always right.

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Hugging in the Park.

From an Unknown Journal.

The Fitchburg Sentinel advises the removal of seats from the park be-cause hugging is done on them. Great heavens, has it come to this? Are the dearest rights of the Ameri-can citizens to be abridged in this summary manner? Let us call the attention of that powerful power to a clause in the Declaration of inde-pendence, which asserts that all men are created free and equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights, and are like a lion that has done duty in the pursuit of happiness. When the framers of that Declaration of inde-pendence were at work on that clause they must have had in view the pas-time of hugging in the parks. Hug-ging is certainly a pursuit of happi-ness. People do not hug for wages, that is, except on the stage. It is a sort of spontaneous combus-tion, as it were, of the feelings, and has to have proper conditions of the atmosphere to make it a success. Parties who object to hugging are old, usually, and have been satisfied, and are like a lion that has done duty in the pursuit of happiness. When the framers of that Declaration of inde-pendence were at work on that clause they must have had in view the pas-time of hugging in the parks. Hug-ging is certainly a pursuit of happi-ness. People do not hug for wages, that is, except on the stage. It is a sort of spontaneous combus-tion, as it were, of the feelings, and has to have proper conditions of the atmosphere to make it a success. Parties who object to hugging are old, usually, and have been satisfied, and are like a lion that has done duty in the pursuit of happiness. When the framers of that Declaration of inde-pendence were at work on that clause they must have had in view the pas-time of hugging in the parks. Hug-ging is certainly a pursuit of happi-ness. People do not hug for wages, that is, except on the stage. 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