

## The Inglenook.

### Sabrina's Exhibition Gown.

(By Emily S. Windsor.)

The Waverly Academy was to have a quarterly exhibition, when essays were to be read, and prizes for proficiency in various studies were to be awarded. There were several other features in connection with it which would make it a notable occasion.

A group of girls seated on Miss Hopkins's side porch were discussing the gowns for the event.

"Mine is to be of white swiss, with lace insertions," said Bettie Haydon.

"So is mine," said Louise Lawton.

"I want mull," remarked Anna Brendon, "with a wide sash."

"Oh, a sash, of course," exclaimed Louise, then turning to the girl sitting on the upper step of the porch, with her head leaning carelessly against a post, she asked, "What material do you want, Sabrina?" Sabrina knew very well what she wanted, and also that it was not probable that her wishes would be consulted in the matter.

"I have not thought much about it," she answered carelessly.

That was true. What was the use of thinking of something which she knew she could not have? For, of course, her Aunt Miranda would go as usual to the old trunk.

"Of course, for that gown, Miss Hopkins won't be so—" began Bettie, but checked herself suddenly, for Sabrina was "queer," too, and never took in good part any reflections upon her aunt's peculiarities. Bettie finished her sentence with, "I mean she'll let you have a new gown."

But no sooner were the words out of her mouth, than she realized that they were worse than the ones which she was going to say at first.

Louise and Anna looked startled, supposing Miss Hopkins should have heard Bettie!

Sabrina colored. She returned in an indifferent tone, "I don't know." Miss Hopkins, from her seat by the window of her sitting-room, had heard. The girls in the far corner of the porch had not seen her. When after a little farther conversation on the subject of the exhibition, Bettie, Anna, and Louise went home, Miss Hopkins called out, "Sabrina!"

"Yes, Aunt Miranda."

"I want you," said Miss Hopkins, shortly. When Sabrina entered the room her aunt put down her religious weekly and looked at her severely over her spectacles.

"What was that foolish talk about clothes that I heard out there just now?" she asked.

"The girls were saying what kind of gowns they wanted for the exhibition."

"Humph! Well, don't you get any nonsense about it in your head," admonished Miss Hopkins, coldly.

"But, Aunt Miranda," said Sabrina, hesitatingly, "won't you please tell me what I am to wear?"

"I don't think it at all necessary that you should know," returned Miss Hopkins, "still I don't mind telling you that I intend making over that pink barege for you."

Sabrina stifled an "Oh." It was worse than she had feared. That pink barege! Horrors! It was not one shade of pink, but a half dozen, at least. In all the years that it had been lying in her grandmother's trunk

with the rest of her clothes from which at regular intervals Sabrina's were evolved, it had faded in spots and streaks.

"Yes," went on Miss Hopkins's sublimely unconscious of her niece's dismay. "I'll shorten the skirt, and fix up the waist a little and it will just do."

Shortened skirts and fixed over waists were what Sabrina had worn ever since she could remember. That the prevailing mode of skirt was gored or sleeves large, or skirts were full and sleeves small, made no difference to Miss Hopkins. Her method of procedure was to select a gown from the stock of clothes left Sabrina by her paternal grandmother, which she thought most suited to the young girl's immediate want, and "shorten the skirt and fix over the waist." Not that Miss Hopkins lacked means to buy clothes for Sabrina but her grandmother had left her the great trunk full, and in her opinion it would have been sinful not to use its contents.

The spirit of revolt was strong within Sabrina, but in the presence of her aunt's stern eyes and unbending figure it did not dare manifest itself.

In the days that followed Sabrina wished that she would fall sick—something that she had never done yet in her sixteen years of life, or that the house would burn down and her grandmother's trunk with it. That last was not a very wicked wish, she thought, for her aunt had everything well insured. If something, anything, would happen to prevent her appearing at the exhibition in that awful pink barege. For the latter was now in process of shortening and making over. It was even worse than she had thought it. In the two years since she had last seen it, at a periodical opening of the trunk, it had taken on several new shades of pink.

If something would happen to it! But nothing did, and the week before the exhibition the pink barege was ready to be worn.

The sight of it made Sabrina shiver. How could she wear it! She would be a fright. She half resolved to stay away from the exercises and lose the chance of winning the oratorical prize, of which she was almost sure. But she knew that her aunt would not permit her to do so. And she would not defy her. With all her peculiarities Miss Hopkins was kind to her in her way. She had done everything for Sabrina since her parents had left her a child of five years in Miss Hopkins's care. The girl felt that she owed her obedience. On this morning the air was balmy and honey suckle laden. Sabrina had planned that, her usual Saturday morning tasks completed, she would ensconce herself in a shaded corner of the porch with "The Old Curiosity Shop." She was crossing the hall, book in hand, when Miss Hopkins called to her from the kitchen.

"Sabrina, if you are through with your work you may put on your sunbonnet and weed the lettuce bed."

If Sabrina disliked anything as much as she did her grandmother's trunk it was the lettuce bed.

Miss Hopkins had a boy to attend to her garden, but it was her whim to keep the radish and lettuce beds in order herself, with Sabrina's assistance. In no place in the neighborhood, it seemed to Sabrina, did the weeds thrive so well as in those beds. She

had quite given up eating salad because it reminded her so strongly of the mornings she spent stooping over the weeds under the shade of a stuffy sunbonnet. It was another of her aunt's whims to insist upon Sabrina wearing a sunbonnet in the garden. Young girls had always done so when she was growing up, Sabrina did not care whether she was sunburned or not; she loved the air.

She put down her book with a sigh, donned the hated sunbonnet and went out to the lettuce bed. The weeds were in full force. Sabrina attacked them vigorously. The sooner she was through the sooner she could return to her book.

About half of the bed was weeded when she heard her aunt calling her from the front porch. Sabrina hastened towards her.

"Sabrina," said Miss Hopkins, "I forgot to send word to Nancy Brown to come to help me clean the spare room on Wednesday. Just leave the weeding and go now and tell her."

Sabrina exchanged the sunbonnet for her straw sailor and ran off gladly. Anything was better than weeding.

She had accomplished her errand and was walking homeward. She had reached the road which ran along the rear of her aunt's garden. The rows of maples bordering it made a pleasant shade. Sabrina's steps became slower. She wondered if her aunt would finish the lettuce bed.

There was a rattle of wheels. Sabrina glanced up. A stylish cart and horse, driven by a fashionably dressed woman was coming towards her. Sabrina knew the woman by sight. She was a Mrs. Campbell, who lived on the other side of the town. She was a distant cousin of Miss Hopkins, but the latter never had anything to do with her, and had always spoken of her in Sabrina's hearing as "that scatter brained Sally Campbell."

Sabrina was surprised when the cart was, drawn up, and its occupant leaned out to say "This is Sabrina Hopkins isn't it? Yes, you have the same grey eyes and fair skin that your mother had, and you are straight like her." She held out her hand to Sabrina, and smiled into her eyes. Sabrina found herself returning the hand clasp and the smile.

"I have been wanting to talk to you for so long. You see Miss Hopkins does not like me, and so I could not come to see you," she went on, and again smiled at Sabrina,

"Yes, ma'am," returned Sabrina. She felt bewildered. Her attention was divided between the speaker's words and her hat. She had never seen anything so fine. My, if she could only have one like it. And a gown trimmed with embroidery, and just such a pin—

But Mrs. Campbell was speaking again. Sabrina forced her eyes from the wonders of her toilette, to understand what she was saying.

"Yes, Sabrina, you would be a very pretty girl if you were properly dressed. It's a shame the way Miss Hopkins keeps you. Now I was a friend of your mother's and take an interest in you. Just leave this place and come with me. I'm going to New York to live. Mr. Campbell said I could have you if I wanted you. I'd like to have a pretty young girl to go around with me. We'll have fine times."

Sabrina gasped. "Go to New York!" she repeated.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Campbell. "I'll dress you just splendidly. And we'll see everything. You'll be my daughter, you know. Mr. Campbell has made a lot of money with his mines, and we're going to New York to spend it. You will never want to see this poky old town again."

"My aunt would never let me go!" ex-