

to tell you the offer I made you—the offer I made you through him."

Mr. Brown's matter-of-factness almost overcame Kitty. Her words of hot indignation stuck in her throat, and yet this odious fellow sat there placid, at ease, as he went on:

"I will say I am disappointed—agreeably disappointed—in your appearance, Miss Clover; for I expected to see quite a—different—quite an elderly lady!"

"Indeed!" she flashed out tartly. "Then it seems we are both surprised—although I am sorry I cannot be so complimentary as yourself, seeing that I had expected a very much younger man."

Her language, her manner, did not seem to annoy him in the least.

"Oh, well, age and looks don't count for much if there's hard cash to back them. Come, Miss Clover, what is it to be—yes or no? I won't deny I've come quite a way to have you answer, and now I'm here I'd like it settled at once. You'd better agree to it here and now, for if I say it who shouldn't, I don't believe you'll ever get such another chance."

Then Kitty jumped up from her chair, raging at his cool, calm impudence.

"How dare you speak so to me, sir? As if any man in possession of even half his senses would not know there could be but one answer! No, a thousand times no!"

She fairly shrieked it at him as he stood staring at her.

Then as she hurriedly rushed from the room he frowned inquiringly at her strange conduct, and then slowly gathered his hat, gloves and walking-stick together and went out perfectly astonished, nonplussed.

Kitty tore up stairs to her room, which so lately she had left in mischievous, half-indignant triumph—her cheeks crimson with fury, her eyes so full of disgusted tears she could scarcely see what she was doing, as she almost frantically tore off her laces, her ribbons, her lovely dress, tossing them angrily on the bed.

"To think I really thought of trying to fascinate him—oh, oh! A nasty, stumpy, greasy, impudent, intolerant old man! To think he dare come trying to make love to me! I'll plaster my hair down to my face, and wear the most horrid calico wrapper I can find, and do penance for the insult I have permitted myself to receive. Oh, Mr. Brown, how I hate you!"

And this haughty, wilful heroine of mine sat down in her favorite rocking-chair and cried until her eyes were all red and swollen, and her nose almost as bad; so that when Aunt Susan called her to come down for a moment she was as sorry a sight to see as ever a girl was before.

But she went down, too angry and miserable to care for Aunt Susan's remarks or Uncle Josiah's quizzical looks—went down in her wrapper, with her swelled eyes and nose, and occasional sobs welling defiantly up from her chest—went down to the parlor to meet a tall, elegant gentleman, dressed just as a handsome, graceful fellow should dress—a gentleman whose splendid gray eyes looked not a little astonished at the sight of her—a gentleman who came easily forward to respond to Uncle Joe's introduction, while Aunt Sue gave a little scream of horrified surprise at the girl's appearance.

"Why, Kitty?"

"Kitty, here is our friend Archie. Miss Clover, Mr. Brown."

Poor Kitty Clover! She wondered if she were dreaming or crazy. Archie Brown? This Archie Brown—this splendid fellow that the most fastidious girl would not have failed to almost fall in love with at first sight? Who then, what then, where then was that horrid man?

Great banners of scarlet shame were hanging out like signals of distress on her cheeks as she extended her dimpled hand to the gentleman—such a fair, shapely dimpled hand he noticed, as he took it, with a smile that was sweetness itself.

"I am afraid there is somebody for me to fight, Miss Kitty—some one has been annoying you."

Kitty flashed him a grateful look from her swollen eyes.

"I—I cannot quite understand it! There was a horrid old man here, and—he was—awful. And his name was Brown—A. Brown; and—and I thought it was—you. There he goes past the window now!"

Just then Aunt Susan craned her neck inquisitively, sprang from her chair, and rushed to the door.

"It's old Andy Brown, come up to buy my house-lot down by the timber-land. I told his folks to send him to close his offer for it. Hi, there, Mr. Brown!"

And then while Uncle Josiah and Aunt Susan were arranging for the "offer" poor mistaken Kitty had supposed was an offer of marriage for herself, she and the genuine Mr. Brown had a remarkably confidential fifteen minutes' interview, and after the old people had come back, and were enjoying a hearty laugh with Archie over the blunder, Kitty stole back up stairs to don her toilet again, and came down to show Mr. Brown what a really pretty girl she was.

And she succeeded to perfection—not only in convincing him of that fact, but also that, with all her little human faults of temper and disposition, she was just the girl he wanted for his wife; and when he returned to his plenteous, promising Western home, three months later, Kitty went with him, his happy wife.

Blushing to Redness before a Beggar Girl.

A touching begging story with a good moral is told by the *Pittsburg Telegraph*. A young man who had been on a three-days' debauch wandered into the reading-room of a hotel, where he was well known, sat down, and stared moodily into the street. Presently a little girl of about ten years came in and looked timidly around the room. She was dressed in rags, but she had a sweet, intelligent face that could scarcely fail to excite sympathy. There were five persons in the room, and she went to each begging. One gentleman gave her a five-cent piece, and she then went to the gentleman spoken of and asked him for a penny, adding, "I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day." The gentleman was out of humor, and he said crossly: "Don't bother me: go away! I haven't had anything to eat for three days." The child opened her eyes in shy wonder and stared at him for a moment, and then slowly walked toward the door. She turned the knob, and then after hesitating a few seconds, walked up to him, and gently laying the five cents she had received on his knee, said with a tone of true girlish pity in her voice: "If you haven't had anything to eat for three days, you take this and go and buy some bread. Perhaps I can get some more somewhere." The young fellow blushed to the roots of his hair, and lifting the Sister of Charity in his arms, kissed her two or three times in delight. Then he took her to the persons in the room, and to those in the corridors and the office, and told the story and asked contributions, giving himself all the money he had with him. He succeeded in raising over \$40 and sent the little one on her way rejoicing.

Growing English Ivy.

I have heard people complain that they could not keep English ivies, because they grew so slowly, and that they could not afford to wait for a small vine to grow to any considerable size. While visiting my old home, the past summer, I made many calls, and among them one upon a lady who is noted throughout the village for the beauty of her ivies. I never saw any more lovely. Though comparatively young plants, they were stately, while the leaves were of that glossy green which is seldom seen outside the greenhouse. I asked her, after having admired the plants sufficiently, "What is the secret of your success?" She assured me that it was no secret, adding, "I put a piece of beef-steak at the roots every spring and fall, and this is the result." "But does not the odor of the decaying beef annoy you?" "It never has, and why should it? Won't people fill the pots half full of stable richness, and never think of offensive odors?" On my return to Worcester I put some steak, a piece perhaps two inches square, under the roots of the ivy, and in a week or two it began to run, and has grown very rapidly ever since. Now, perhaps other decaying matter would do as well, but I can truly recommend the steak as having been tried. Many say too much richness will kill the plant, but I know from experience that vines, all kinds of ivies, air plants and Madeiras cannot have too much. Use mixed dressing, such as has been made ready for the garden, two-thirds of this and one of common earth, and your vines will grow rank and beautiful, astonishing you with large leaves and stout stems.—[N. A. M. Roe, *American Cultivator*.]

Bound to Have Her.

The old man Bendigo keeps a pretty sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and many a would-be lover has taken a walk after a few minutes' conversation with the hard-hearted parent. The old chap is struck this time, however, and cards are out for a wedding. After the lucky young man had been sparking Mary for six months, the old gentleman stepped in as usual, requested a private confab, and led off with:

"You seem a nice young man, an' perhaps you are in love with Mary?"

"Yes, I am," was the honest reply.

"Haven't said anything to her yet, have you?"

"Well, no; but I think she reciprocates my affection."

"Does, eh? Well, let me tell you something. Her mother died a lunatic, and there's no doubt that Mary has inherited her insanity."

"I'm willing to take the chances," replied the lover.

"Yes, but you see Mary has a terrible temper. She has twice drawn a knife on me with intent to commit murder."

"I am used to that—got a sister just like her," was the answer.

"And you know that I have sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary a cent of my property," continued the father.

"Well, I'd rather start poor and build up. There's more romance in it."

The old man had one more shot in his carbine, and he said:

"Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mary's mother ran away from home with a butcher, and that all her relations died in the poorhouse. These things might be thrown up in after years, and I now warn you."

"Mr. Bendigo," replied the lover, "I've heard all this before, and also that you were on trial for forgery, had to jump to Chicago for bigamy, and served a year in State Prison for cattle-stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to give you a decent reputation. There—no thanks—good-bye!"

Mr. Bendigo looked after the young man, with his mouth wide open, and when he could get his jaws together he said:

"Some hyena has gone and given me away on my dodge!"—[Defroit Free Press.]

When I used to tend store on Queen street the old man came round one day, and, says he?

"Boys, the one that sells the most 'twixt now and Christmas gets a vest pattern as a present."

Maybe we didn't work for that vest pattern! I tell you there was some tall stories told in praise of goods just about that time, but the tallest talker and the one who had more cheek than any of us was a certain Jonah Squires, who roomed with me. He would talk a dollar out of a man's pocket when the man only intended to spend a sixpence; and the women—Lord bless you—they just handed over their pocket books to him, and let him lay out what he liked for them.

One night Jonah woke me with:

"By Jo, old fellow, if you think that ere's got any cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep that it was cut from, and make him swear to his own wool! 'Twon't wear out either—wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years, and they're as good now as when I first put 'em on! Take it as thirty cents and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Eh? too dear? Well call it twenty-eight cents. What do you say? Shall I tear it? All right, its a bargain."

I could feel Jonah's hand playing about the bedclothes for an instant, then rip? tear went something or another, and I hid my head under the blanket, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the sheet from the top to the bottom. When I woke up in the morning, I found—alas! unkindest cut of all—that the back of my night-shirt was split from tail to collar.

A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly-decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece, placed there *pour les convenances*. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me too." Any one can imagine what had just happened. "You should say twice, Ethel dear; two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder. Clever girl, that!