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ptive, at least to try on

"Making six in five months," says Jack. "I wouldn't mind if we seemed to better ourselves; but I can't see that my health began to fail, with a distressing Couph, Weakness, and Nervous-rious remedies prescribed sysicians, but became so ald not go up stairs withrest. My friends recomtry Ayer's Sarsaparilla, d I am now as healthy and .— Mrs. E. L. Williams, we do. If our room is not dirty, the parlor is. If the other boarders are not noisy, there is sure to be a piano next door, or a vocalist or French horn across the street, or a church bell around the corner, or something equally objectionable. Here, where it is clean and quiet, we are half starved. What do you say Aver's Sarsaparilla, in my ofula, and knew, if it is y, that it will thoroughly irrible disease. I have also a tonic, as well as an alternay that I honestly believe best blood medicine ever -W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., to a flat, Ethel ?"

"Oh, not a flat !" I cry, in horror. "I saw enough of that at Aunt Mary's. She had a piano below her that went all day and half the night, and the gentleman above her had a pleasing habit of coming home in the small hours and kancing a double shuffle in his boots. Then the trouble with servants, and the way the elevator got stuck, and the danger of fire. Oh, Jack, not a flat, whatever we do! I never, never could come down one of those dreadful fire escapes on a nark night."

Our House-Hunting

BY H. H. HOLDICH.

It is too bad !" I said, half-crying.

'I really can't stand it much longer.

We shall have to make nother change.

Well, then, what would you think of a house in the country ?" says Jack. "A house in the country!" I cry. "But

do you really mean it? Could we afford

"I really think we might," says Jack, pondering. "My salary is to be raised next month, and take it for all in all, I don't believe that a small house in a country town would cost much more Only we can't go in for luxuries, you know, little woman. A small house and one servant. Do you think you can get

"Get along? Oh, Jack!" I cry, "it would be heaven. To go out of this hot, dirty city that I always did hate, and to have a little house all to ourselves, where I can patter about as much as I like, and perhaps a flower-garden-just a little bit of a one, Jackoh !" I gasp for breath, unable to express the rapture which fills my soul at

had no idea you felt like that about it." tell me that you hated the city so range?" much ?"

But you and the country together!" And mer." again I pause and clasp my hands in 'A piazza won't cook our dinner nor

Jack having obtained leave of absence inclined to cry. "I suppose there is a house-hunting expedition. It has taken us long to decide where to fix our abode, but we have at length settled upon the there must be a range. town of Medfield as the very place for us. It is healthy, it is pretty, the society is good, and it is near enough to the had only cold water. city to enable Jack to go in and out of ed, and of course provided we can find a noticed the two faucets." suitable house, Medfield seems the very place for us. Jack has provided himself with lists of houses from several agents, and we charter a hack at the station and start upon our explorations.

Really these house agents appear to have had most singular ideas. Jack has range is ever put in. Now my bath-room small house with modern improvements, rent not to exceed a certain very modest sum. The first before which our back Jack?" pauses is an elaborate affair standing in rather extensive grauuds. It has conall manner of fanciful decorations.

"Jack," I whisper, softly, "however in it as two mice in a dog kennel."

Jack laughs. 'You need not trouble yourself, my dear," he says. "We will take the next house on our list. The agent has evideutly made a mistake.

The next is a small plain four-square we discover that it has no modern im-

"Any range?" I ask, timidly. "I said no modern improvements," answers the tenant, stiffly.

"Why, Jack," I gasp, "is a range a 'modern improvemet?' I never knew that before." At which both Jack and

The next house has no closets; the ene after that has a cellar kitchen far below the level of the street, damp and musty for want of light and air.

"I could never eat anything that came out of that kitchen," I cry, aghast.

The morning is wearing on, and no house to suit us has been found yet.

Jack, "we can never get on at this rate. little woman." Suppose we separate. There are two lists left; I will take one, and you the know yours are the tough, bitter kind, our lunch. How will that do ?"

on our separate ways.

There is no use in dwelling upon all my disappointments; but at last-at last I find the very house which I have seen in my dreams. Small, snug, convenient, it is, I am convinced, the very place for us. Time is just up as I leave its door, and I drive to the meeting brown with red blinds. with a heart swelling with satisfaction, between the two would be only so much spite me?" time lost. My heart sinks within me at the sight of Jack's beaming face as he paint would soon remedy that. Besides, llooks." comes forward to help me cut, and I am my blinds are not the sort of red you're

quite prepared for his first words.

"So have I," I say, faintly; but Jack does not stop to hear me.

room for us in it."

on the second floor." "So has mine," says Jack, "and anthought would make a capital den for

"Mine has a large, light eloset, which will be just the thing for a store room,' I say.

"Mine is only five minuaes' walk from the station," says Jack. "Just a convenient distance for me."

"Mine is some distance from the tion, I am afraid," I say ; "but the lady who lives there now says that her son goes in and out every day. And oh ! than our board and washing in the city. Jack, it is quite in the country. The street is heavily shaded with trees, and sloping up to a little hill with a grove on it. Think what a change from brick

> "My house has open fireplaces with grates all thraugh it, says Jack. "I looked out for that the first thing. No proper ventilation without open chimneys, you know."

"Oh, Jack !" I cry. "And I told you that we must have a furnace. How can one servant spend all her time making up open fires every day? Now mine has Jack looks at me, half laughing, half a furnace—a most excellent furnace. sad, wholly surprised. "Why, Ethel, I The lady who lives there now says she had no idea you felt like that about it," has never needed an extra fire in the house. I suppose your house has a

"I suppose so. I'm sure I don't "Why should I?" I say. "I thought know," says Jack. "I never thought of you had to be here, and-and-I don't asking. But I know it has a large love the city as much as I love you, Jack. piazza, which will be delightful in sum-

send hot water up to the bath room," I said anything of the kind, and I never "I can't Leep it up any So it falls out that one bright day, say, half laughing, but more than half bath-room ?

"Oh yes," says Jack, brightening up-"an excellent bath-room; so of course

"It doesn't follow," I say, gloomily. "Some of the bath-rooms I have seen

"But there are two faucets," says the city every day. All things consider- Jack, triumphantly. "I particularly "Did you turn them or ask about

> them?" "No : but-

"Then how do you know that one was for hot water?" I ask sardonically. "It may have been put there in case a carefully told them what we want—a has hot and cold water, and a beautiful large closet for house-linen besides. How are the closets in your house,

"I don't know," says Jack, frewning thoughtfully. "Somehow I can't seem servatories, bay-windows, verandahs and to remember any. It has beautiful mantlepieces, though."

"We can't keep our clothes in mantellow the rent may be, this will never do pieces, nor on them either," I say. "I'm for us. We should be as hopelessly lost not going to live in a house without closets in every room."

"Most likely mine has plenty of closets," says Jack; "only I can't remember. Besides, I never did see much good in closets anyway. Things are always getting tucked away in them and that it is a great saving not to have though-a first-rate vegetable garden.

den ?" I cry, becoming a little exasperat- cide upon. ed. "We can buy all the vegetables we want, and, besides, who is going to take Jack shakes his head. care of it if you are going to be in town the tenant laugh, and we promptly all day? I don't suppose you meditate

should have to hire a man, and his wages would come to more than the price of day-lilies and such,"

other. Then we will meet at the hotel full of little hard knots. The trees are space, for which I pine. at one o'clock, and compare notes over only in blossom yet, so you couldn't

It will do very well, I think : so a se- "Neither e uld you for that matter," cond hack is called, and Jack and I start says Jack. "I might as well say that all I ask wistfully. "And those dark shut your roses are wormy, and I dare say ters, with their red markings, make such that they are.

ge just determined not to like my house. What color is yours ?"

"Color?" says Jack, looking pozzled. "Well, really-oh, brown, I think; yes,

"Red blinds !" I cry, in horror. "Oh, and a very decided hope in my mind Jack, I never could stand red blinds I never had an eye for colors, you that Jack has not been equally fortun- never in the world. They're hot, and know." ate; not that I begrudge him any suc- they're dreadful for the eyes, and they're cess, but this house suits so perfectly dreadful for the eyes, and they're just lady-Mrs Pierson I find her name to that I am quite sure no other can do as horrid. How could you pick out a house be-greets us smilingly. well, and the comparison and discussion with red blinds, unless it was just to

"Well, well," said Jack; "a pot of thinking of. They're so dark that-"I have found the very place to suit maybe you would not call them red after all. What color is your house?"

with brown blinds just hicked out with me. "Just such a house as we decided upon | red. Not enough to hurt, you know, -small and compact, yet with plenty of only just a line or two. And, oh, Jack hask. "A bay-window and two others. "It can't suit us as well as mine," I window and two others, and I can make is in the floor at this corner." cry. "Mine has three good bedrooms it just lovely."

"My house has a beautiful diningroom," says Jack-"large and light, and inc about him. other little room besides, which I looking to the south. A dining-room ought to be the most cheerful room in the house."

> "And where is the kitchen?" I ask. know, Downstairs, I think, But it is just such as I like." a good kitchen. I asked particularly." "Is there a dumb-waiter?" I ask, and again Jack looks puzzled.

"I don't know," he says, slowly. "Do houses generally have dumb-waiters in anxious, I suppose," says Jack. the country ?"

course they do, when there is a down- you know." stairs kitchen. How could one servant there are no houses opposite—only fields spend her time in carrying the meals up says Jack. "I may have been mistaken, separated from it by a short passage, so can do is to take it," that the smell of cooking cannot reach

kitchen," says Jack.

"Yes, it can," I say ; "up the dumbwaiter. It will always be just full of "But you don't know that there is

dumb-waiter," says Jack, laughing. "Then that's worse," I cry. "But I you're mind that we are to go and live soin your house, whether it suits or not,

ever so much better in every way, and time, now surprises me by going off into "Why, Ethel, Ethel, what ails you?" azement, "I am quite sure I never one to the other inquiringly.

saw you like this before." know. I struggle for a moment against it happened I cannot tell yet; but this the conviction; then a sudden rush of is my house-brown paint, open grates, remorse rushes over me. I can't well and all. My dear child, it is too de

away the salt drops that rise to my eyes see your list." "Poor little woman !" says Jack, see-

out. Never mind, Dear. I know what it all means. You are tired and overbest thing we can do is to go straight to Really it is the best joke I ever heard the agent and take your house, and then of. go home quietly."

"Oh, Jack !" I cry, "I am a wretch. want. No; what we will do is to go straight to your agent and take your house. I know mine can't hold a candle to it.

Jack laughs. "We seem to have could not be quite sure." changed sides rather suddenly," he says, "and not to be much nearer to settlement. I'll tell you what we will do. We have nearly an hour yet before the house, which looks more promising, until lost. Then you have to buy more, so first train goes. I will tell your hackman te drive us to your house, and after of all this is, you knew, that it inspires them. I'll tell you what my house has, we have seen that we will go on to us with such absolute confidence in each mine. Then we can make up our minds, "What cares for a vegetable gar- and write to the agent of the one we de-

"I know it will be yours," I say ; but course, will do the same by me.

sitting up nights to dig and weed. We things than men. At all events, it is brown dress for me, for instance well to have a choice."

beautiful flower beds in front, and flow- I remember well. I am careful to point Bazar. ers that stay-roses and larkspur and out all its beauties to Jack-the heavy; trees which nearly met overhead : the

> The house is reached at last, and Jack looks up without a word.

"Isn't it a pretty shade of gray, Jack a nice finsh to it. But you know yours "Nonsense!" I say, peevishly. "You is much prettier," I add, with a magnanimity of which the effect is, I fear, a

little injured by a faint sigh "Gray, is it?" said Jack. "I never was good at colors, you know; butwell, yes, it's very pretty. I like the shutters too. Brown, you say they are?

"You have come to look at it togeth er," she says. "That is much wiser. One can always see what the other over-

"Yes," I say. "I liked it so much that I wanted my husband to see it too." But what further I would say is checked by the fact that Jack has turned into "Gray," I say-"a very dark gray, the open door of the parlor and calls to

the parlor is so pleasant! It has a bay- just as I told you. And the register "And a grate, in case the furnace

"Is it not a pretty room, Jack ?" I

should not be enough," says Jack, look-"They have never been obliged to use

it," I say eagerly. "But it ventilates the room, all the same," says Jack. "The dining-room is Jack looks blank. "Really, I don't back, I suppose. Yes, a fine light room,

> "The kitchen is back of it," I say "separated by a short passage." "That settles the question of dumb-waiter, about which you were

"That was in your house," I say. "Jack!" I exclaim, indignantly. "Of "The kitchen was down-stairs in that,

"Oh-ah, ves. I said so, I believe, and down? Now my kitchen is on the though. Well, little woman, as we both same floor with the dining-room, but like the house, I think the best thing we

"Oh, but we haven't seen your house yet, Jack I cry, "and I am sure it is "The smell of cooking can't well come ever so much nicer. The vegetable into the dining-repm from a down-stairs garden, you know, and the pear trees and all. "Your wife did not see the segetable

garden when she was here before," says Mrs Pierson. "She was satisfied with the flower beds."

"Oh, is there a vegetable garden too ?" I cry. "Then-But never mind ; ee just what it is. You've made up we are not likely to take the house

and you don't care a bit that mine is twinkling in a peculiar way for some a roar. Mrs Pierson laughs too, as if cries Jack, looking at me in simple am- simply dazed, and can only look from

longer," says Jack at last. "Ethel, my That is quite true, as I very well dear, it was not a deliberate sell. How burst into tears in a hotel dining-room, lightful! Our first quarrel nipped in and I fight valiantly against the choky the bud, our minds moving instinctively feeling in my threat and try to wink in the same channel, all that. Let me

I hand him the list, and running his ing my efforts. "You are just worn eye down it, he said : "Ah, yes, I see. "The Ogilby house'-the same name which is on my list. They have given heated and nervous, and I ought not to the house to two agents. Under the have let you do so much, I have no circumstances they ought to toss up for doubt at all that your house is better the commission. Well, Ethel, I suppose than mine. Women are always better the best thing we can do is to take both judges of such thing than men. The houses, and be sure of being suited.

And he gees off into another fit of up-But Jack's aimability is the finishing roarious laughter, in which, after a noment's hesitation, I join,

"When did you find it cut first?" I am thoroughly ashamed of myself. I asked at last. "Not certainly until I don't believe my house will do at all, saw Mrs Pierce's face," says Jack, reand I know that yours is just whant we gaining his gravity with an effort. "We approached it by a different way, which threw me off the track. I thought the house looked familiar, as we drove up to it, but I have seen so many today that I

"I thought your house was so near the station," I hazard. And Jack replies "So it is. Your drive took you by a round-about way, and besides there is a short-cut for foot passengers. The best others judgment. Hereafter I shall confide my affairs to your hands with infinite certainty, Ethel, and you

"Except in the matter of matching "More likely yours," he says. colors," I say, laughing. "I should "Women always know more about such hardly like to select the trimming of a

"Well," says Jack, "if you trust me The hackman takes us back by the in all the rest, I think I can safely leave the vegetables. Now my house has way wh I travelled before, and which you to select your own gowns. Harpers

"Mine has grape-vines and currant-bushes and two pear trees," says Jack, the road under the mossy stone bridge; striumphantly. "You know you like pears the pretty cottages at anding each in its "I tell you what, little woman," says triumphantly, "You know you like pears the pretty cettages standing each in its the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean space of greenery on one side of the and good color. Be sure and get the

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