

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

By L. S. GRIGG.

'Tis twenty years to-night, Jean,
Since o'er the waters blue,
You left your home, and friends, Jean,
To meet your lover true,
Your eyes were like the stars, Jean,
Which light the sky by night;
Your hair was like a raven, Jean,
And now it's almost white.

(Chorus)

But put your hand in mine, Jean,
And tell me soft and low,
You love me just as well, Jean,
As twenty years ago.

We've had our troubles too, Jean,
Some dark and dreary days,
And we have lived to know, Jean,
Our ways, are not His ways.
And though He took our bairn, Jean,
We still can thankful be.
For we've one another still, Jean,
And you're all the world to me.

(Chorus)

THE STORY OF THE GRANTS.

DICKEN'S "CHEERYBLE" BROTHERS OF MANCHESTER.

"He was a sturdy old fellow in a broad skirted blue coat, made pretty large to fit easily and with no particular waist; his bulky legs clothed in drab breeches and high gaiters, and his head protected by a low-crowned, broad-brimmed white hat, such as a wealthy grazier might wear. He wore his coat buttoned; and his dimpled double chin rested in the folds of a white neckerchief—not one of your stiff-starched apoplectic cravats, but a good, easy, old-fashioned white neck-cloth that a man might go to bed in and be none the worse for." That was the figure of the elder Cheeryble, as seen by young Nicholas Nickleby, and it is an accurate portrait of William Grant. He and his brother Daniel were the prototypes of the Cheeryble pair.

Did Dickens ever meet the brothers Grant? The Rev. W. Hume Elliot, in his "Story of the 'Cheeryble' Grants," comes to the conclusion that he did. In the original preface to "Nicholas Nickleby" Dickens stated definitely that "the brothers Cheeryble live," though in a later preface he wrote: "Suffice it to say that I believe the application for loans, gifts and offices of profit that I have been requested to forward to the originals of the Brothers Cheeryble (with whom I never exchanged any communication in my life), would have exhausted the combined patronage of all the Lord Chancellors since the accession of the House of Brunswick, and would have broken the rest of the Bank of England." The statement, "with whom I never exchanged any communication in my life" may indeed very well refer—and taking its context pretty clearly does refer—to epistolary communication. There seems sufficiently conclusive evidence that Dickens did meet the Grants in 1838-1839; he may have taken a whim to deceive his readers; on the other hand the simple explanation suggested seems sufficient.

The Grants hailed from the beautiful valley of Strathspey. Misfortune overtook the good farmer-father and his wife, the farm had to be given up, and they decided to migrate, with their seven children, to Lancashire, where the cotton industry was booming. It was a perilous undertaking. Out of the wreck of his fortunes William Grant the elder had managed to save a horse and cart; it was the only possible means of conveyance for the household, and accordingly, with a good stock of provisions, they set out. Within sight of Ramsbottom, where the family fortunes were subsequently to be made, the food gave out, and the shadows of starvation loomed black ahead. "At this juncture William Grant and his faithful wife, with their children, gathered round them on the bare hill-top, lifted up their voices in prayer to God, to relieve them in their sore trouble, and send food to feed the hungry." The next morning two gentlemen shooting on the hill took compassion on the piteous little group and left a couple of sovereigns in the father's hand. From that time forward success came; the two eldest boys obtained employment in a mill and the father turned pedlar, buying "fents and

vest pieces," which he sold from door to door. Then a shop in Bury was opened by the enterprising family; that, too, succeeded, by the aid of a "New Invented Patent Barrel Organ, with Bell, Drum and Triangle, by John Longman, London." This singular instrument was set up at their front window, and in the evening for many weeks people resorted to hear a variety of tunes. Soon afterwards the brothers started business in Manchester, as calico printers, under the title, destined to wide future distinction, of William Grant and Brothers.

Factory was added to factory and wealth to wealth, but the brothers remained the same simple souls, though they were now able to dispense lavish hospitality and to indulge their passion for generosity. Daniel was always something of a humorist; he knew his limitations, and did not pretend to knowledge which he did not possess. On one occasion a distinguished writer on Egyptian antiquities was his guest. Daniel knew nothing of Egyptian antiquities, and he was bored. "So, with a fine impulsive rush, like a skater clearing a piece of dangerous ice, or a batsman springing out of his ground to hit an unmanageable ball, he responded thus—'Yes! yes! Egypt! Pharaoh! Very old country! Mummys!' with a sharp and heavy emphasis on the embalmed ones. Daniel's butler—the 'apoplectic butler' of Dickens—'beseeemed his position.'" Dickens gives as a feat of his dexterity the rapidity with which he would produce a magnum of the double diamond to drink the health of Mr. Linkinwater." The actual order as given by Daniel was, "Alfred! Ruby! Lightning!" And the breathless butler produced the precious vintage with singular celerity.

The generosity of the brothers was without stint; Daniel literally flung money away in handfuls. No one whose plea was genuine ever appealed to him in vain. There is a pleasant story of his appearing on the sands at Blackpool during a bad season, when the fish-wives were standing dolefully about waiting for customers who did not come. Daniel bought up everything on the spot. "Where shall we take 'em, sir?" they cried. "No! no! Pay first pay first!" he said. It appeared that they had no change, so handed a sovereign to each woman. Then the cry again arose, "Where shall we take 'em, sir?" "Where you like! Where you like! Don't want 'em. Don't want 'em. Sell 'em or give 'em away. Hungry ones! Mustn't clem. No! no! Better luck! Good times coming! Good times. Won't clem!" It may be said that such random generosity is easy, but it is only an indication of Daniel Grant's deeper benefactions.

It is strange in the history of a great commercial concern that the Grants had the strongest objection to "putting their hands" to any documents. They would sign cheques readily enough—they knew exactly what they meant. On one occasion a member of a shipping firm in Liverpool called upon Daniel in Manchester and told him that they were temporarily pressed for funds. "How much do you need?" asked Daniel. "From £6,000 to £8,000," Daniel forthwith signed a cheque for £10,000. Profusely thanking him, the gentleman proceeded to put into his hands legal securities for the amount. "No! no!" said Daniel. "Take them with you! Take them with you! A thing of honor! A thing of honor! Pay when you can! Pay when you can!" Remonstrance was in vain. In the brothers William and Daniel Grant, Dickens found the very material for his genius. Nor does he seem to have in any way exaggerated the beauty and humanity of the characters of these Cheeryble Brothers.—*T. P.'s Weekly* (London, Eng.)

In the cook's absence the young mistress of the house undertook, with the help of a green waitress, to get the Sunday luncheon. The flurried maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee machine that she refused to work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce. "Well, never mind, Eliza. Go on with the coffee, and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do you keep the soap?"

DRUMMOND'S UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Some years ago the late Dr. Drummond suffered the death of an infant son. The Poet of the Habitant wrote the following verses shortly afterwards, but they were not published until subsequent to his own death:

Las' night w'en I'm sleeping I dream a dream,
An' a wonderful wan it seem—
For I'm off on de road I was never see
Too long an' hard for a man lak me,
So ole he can only wait de call
As sooner or later come to all.

De night is dark an' de portage dere
Is narrow wit' log lyin' ev'ry w're,
Black bush aroun' on de right an' lef'.
A step from de road, an' you los yours
et;
De moon an' de star above is gone,
Yet sometin' tell me I must go on.

An' off in front of me as I go,
Light as a dreef of de fallin' snow,
Who is dat little boy dancin' dere?
Can see hees white dress an' curly hair,
Can almos' touch heem so near to me,
In an' out dere among the tree—

An' den I'm hearin' a voice is say,
"Come along, fader, don't min' de way,
De boss on de camp is sen' for you,
So you' leetle boy its goin' to guide you
troo;
It's easy for me, for de road I know,
'Cos I travel it many a year ago."

An' O! Mon Dieu! w'en he turn hee's head
I'm seein' de face of ma boy is dead—
Dead wi' de young blood in hees vein,
An' dere before me he come again,
Wit de curly hair and dark blue eye,
So lak de blue on de summer sky—

An' now no more for de road I care,
An' slipper log lyin' ev'ryw're,
De swamp in de valley, de mountain,
too,
But climb it jus' as I used to do.
Don't stop on de road, for I need no
res'
So long as it's dere, de leetle white
dress—

He follow it on, an' wance in a w'ile
He turn again wit' de baby smile,
An' say, "Dear fadder, I'm here, you
see,
We're both togeder, jus' you an' me.
Very dark to you, but to me it's light,
De road we travel so far to-night—

"De boss on de camp w're I always stay
Since ever de tam I was go away,
He welcome de poores' man dat call,
But love de chil'ren de bes' of all—
So dat's de reason I spik for you,
An' come to-night for to bring you troo."

Lak de young Jesu w'en He's here
below,
De face of my leetle son look jus' so—
Den off beyon' on de wood I see
De white dress fadin' among de tree—

Was it a dream I dream las' night
Is goin' away on de mornin' light?

Scottish folk are proverbially canny and prudent in money matters, and the following shows that the younger generation is no exception to the rule.

A teacher in a Lowland school was taking mental arithmetic with a class of boys. She asked one urchin:

"How much would your mother give you to buy four pounds of tea at one and six a pound?"

"We ne'er get sae much at aince as that, mem."

"Never mind that. Four pounds at one and six?"

"But we canna afford the one and six mem. We always hae the one and twa."

"Answer the question. What would she give you to pay for four pounds of tea at—"

"Nachtin' mem."

"What do you mean by 'nichts'?"

"She'd na' gie me ony bawbees. She'd tell me tae ask the man tae pit it doon."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! But supposin' she did?"

With a pitying smile came the reply:

"A' can see ye've ne'er met me mither, mem."

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Potato Puffs.—Old potatoes at this time of the year are apt to be unpalatable, if just boiled. A good way of serving them is to mash them while hot, and to each pint of mashed potato add a teaspoon of salt, a quarter teaspoon of pepper and hot milk enough to moisten well. When partly cool add the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and lastly the whites which have been beaten stiff. Bake ten minutes in an oven hot enough to brown well.

Rhubarb Custard Pie.—Stew a pint of chopped rhubarb in a very little water and press through a colander. Add a cup of sugar mixed with a tablespoon of flour and two beaten eggs. Line a plate with pastry, brush over with the white of an egg, pour in the rhubarb and bake without a top crust. Cover with whipped cream before serving or with a meringue of beaten white of egg and sugar.

Steamed Rhubarb Pudding.—Six stalks of rhubarb, one cup suet, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one cup sugar, two cups flour. Chop the suet very fine, mix with it the salt and flour, add enough cold water to make a dough. Roll into a sheet, and with part of it cover the bottom of a baking dish. Fill with the rhubarb and add the sugar. Cover the top with the remainder of the dough, cutting a hole in the center to let the steam escape. Place in a steamer and cook for two hours. Serve with butter and sugar or pudding sauce.

New Orleans Omelet.—Three good sized potatoes are peeled, sliced, and fried in bacon fat or lard. When nearly done stir in half a small onion finely minced and cook until tender. Beat three eggs well, season with salt and pepper and pour evenly over the potatoes. When the under side is cooked, put in plate over the pan, turning the omelet out bottom upward and slipping it back into the pan for the other side to brown.

German Pudding.—Mix one pint of fresh raspberries, one pint of fresh red currants, one pint of water, and sugar to taste. If you want the pudding sweet add three teacups of granulated sugar. If a tart pudding is desired, two teacups will be sufficient. Add to this mixture six inches of cinnamon stick broken into bits. Boil for half an hour in a porcelain-lined stew kettle; then press the juice through a sieve into another porcelain receptacle, and add a teacup of blanched almonds and citron in equal quantities chopped very fine. Cook gently for twenty minutes, then thicken with corn starch, allowing five tablespoons of corn starch to a quart of the liquid. Pour into one large mould or individual moulds, and serve cold with whipped cream or a plain custard sauce. The Germans make this pudding rather tart, and sweeten to taste when serving.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Alcohol and salt will clean a coat collar that has become soiled.

The juice of half a lemon in a glass of water taken without sugar every morning before breakfast will ward off malaria.

A German physician says that a cure for seasickness is to bind lightly round the forehead handkerchiefs wrung out of hot water while the patient lies flat upon his back.

No woman, it is said should use a sewing machine without sitting upon a chair that is from four to eight inches higher than the one she ordinarily uses.

When baking a fruit or wedding cake it is a good plan to place a vessel of hot water in the oven to prevent the top of the cake from scorching. The dish should be lined with several layers of buttered paper and a layer of sawdust or bran placed in a shallow pan under the cake tin will keep the bottom from burning.

Willie—I know what sis is going to give you for a birthday gift, Mr. Noodle! A umbrella.

Mr. Noodle—And why do you think so, Willie?

Willie—'Cause I've heard her say often you ain't got sense enough to come in out of the rain. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*