

HOUSE CLEANING.

"Saidee! Saidee! Where are you? Why don't you answer me when I call?"

"Yes, aunt Leah—I am coming in a minute."

"In a minute," sarcastically repeated the old lady. "It's always 'in a minute' with you, Saidee! But I suppose, because I am old and helpless, my comfort is a matter of no consequence whatever."

"Dear aunt Leah, you must never think that," answered a bright, cheery voice; and Saidee Lynn came into the room with a little tray, where was arranged on a snowy napkin some tea biscuits, half a dozen pink radishes, a few thin cut shavings of smoked beef and a little pot of tea, with a cup and saucer of old blue china which would have been invaluable to a collector. "You see I had you in my mind all the time, Aunt Leah," she said merrily. "I gathered the radishes from our own garden. Don't they look nice?"

Aunt Leah, with a little old lady, in a dress of worn black silk, with sharp gray eyes, peering through gold-bordered spectacles, tasted of the tea and shook her head. "It's not so good as it used to be," she said. "It isn't fit to drink!"

"I put all the tea there was in the vanister, Aunt Leah," said Saidee with a distressed countenance.

Aunt Leah, pushed away the cup, with an expression of distaste.

"It is as I might have expected, said she. 'My nieces have too little thought for my comfort to study my poor and few necessities. Never mind the tea; I can drink cold water, I dare say!'"

Saidee wrung her hands in despair. How could she tell this weak, feeble old lady, above whose declining years hung the threatened Democles sword of heart disease, of the narrowing circumstances, of the empty exchequer, the clamoring creditors, the pitiful straits to which they were reduced?

"What shall I do?" she asked herself, as she went slowly back to the kitchen of the ruinous Gothic cottage which they had obtained for a ridiculously low rent because it was ruinous. "I've borrowed of the restorer's wife again, and I'm ashamed to go there again, and I've sold everything I can lay my hands on. But," glancing up at a picture which hung in the hall beyond, "there's the Velasquez still. A Velasquez is always worth money. Belle will scold about parting with it and Aunt Leah will mourn, but we can't live on air and dew like the fairies. I'll take it down to Mr. Bruner, the artist, this afternoon, and ask him to get us a purchaser. Poor people such as we are can't afford to retain old family relics." And so, when Aunt Leah was indulging in her afternoon nap, and Belle, the beauty of the family was ironing out bonnets of her white muslin dress for the morrow's picnic, valiant Saidee climbed on a chair, took the unframed picture down (it was a head of some Spanish grandee, with a self-pointed ruff and an evil leer in the eyes), wrapped it up in a newspaper, and crept across the meadows with it to the village.

Mr. Bruner was in his studio, a grizzle-headed, blunt old gentleman, in a belted linen blouse and a faded velvet cap. He nodded kindly at Saidee, who had once taken a few lessons from him, but when she displayed the canvas he shook his head.

"How much do you think it is worth?" asked Saidee wistfully.

"Nothing!" said Mr. Bruner.

"Belle!" cried the girl, "it's a Velasquez!"

"That's Velasquez!" said Mr. Bruner, contemptuously. "My dear, there isn't a picture dealer in the country who will give fifty cents for it. It is a mendacious imitation and a wretched one at that!"

So Saidee tied up the poor picture and went home again shedding a few tears as she walked under the whispering trees.

"My last hope gone!" she thought. "But I'll not tell Aunt Leah or Belle that it is an imposture. They have always taken such innocent pride in the Velasquez."

As she came past the old brick house at the foot of Locust Lane, a load of furniture was being carried in, for it was the second week in May. Window chairs, trined with blue ribbon, a cottage piano, cases of books, engravings, bird-cages, plants—all sorts of pretty things.

Saidee paused and looked at them, not when interest, but when she remembered who our new neighbors are. "I wonder who our new neighbors are. Just then out trotted a stout, cherry-checked old lady, with her cap all on one side and a worried shawl over her shoulders.

"Oh!" said she; "are you the young woman who disappointed us yesterday about cleaning?"

"No," said Saidee, crimsoning to her temples.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the old lady; "what is to become of me? All the furniture coming in, and my daughter's lane from falling off a step-ladder, and the girl gone, and—oh, what a wretched state of affairs!"

"I am sorry to say that 'an aunt,' answered Saidee, and she vanished behind the lilac hedge, rather amused at the mistake which the old lady had made.

Belle was full of news that evening.

"Oh, Saidee," she cried, "such a nice family is moving into the Locust house!"

"Yes," said Saidee; "I saw the furniture cart at the door, as I came back from the village this afternoon."

"Oh, the village!" cried Belle, tossing her blonde head. "It's strange, Saidee, how much time you get to run about and enjoy yourself, while I am drudging at home. But there's a young gentleman there—the handsomest man, Alice Aiken says, that she ever saw—and Mr. Pyle knows him, and he is to be at the picnic to-morrow, to get acquainted with the young people of the neighborhood. Won't it be delightful?"

"Very," said Saidee, indifferently. But while Belle was talking she had made up her mind what to do on the day of the picnic.

Early in the morning, while the dew of sunrise was still crimsoning the

sky, and Belle lay asleep with her yellow hair in crimping-pins, Saidee arose, dressed herself quietly, and slipped out of the back door like a little grey shadow.

At 8 o'clock Aunt Leah rapped with her cane on the ceiling of her room, which was directly beneath the one occupied by her niece. Belle made her appearance presently, in a faded calico wrapper, rubbing her eyes after a drowsy fashion.

"Where's breakfast?" said Aunt Leah.

"Where's Saidee?" counter-queried Belle. "Oh, I know, the selfish thing! She has got up early, and gone down into the woods to get some pink azaleas for her hair before the other girls think of it. She wants to astonish us all at the picnic. But I think she might have told me."

"I'm afraid Saidee thinks more of herself than she does of us," said Aunt Leah, sourly.

And Belle, in a very bad humor, began to prepare the breakfast—a task generally assumed by her elder sister.

While Saidee, hurrying down the path by the swamp, took the short-cut across the clover meadow, and was presently knocking at the door of the brick house where the load of furniture had stood the day before.

The old lady with the crooked cap and the cherry cheeks came to the door.

"Have you engaged any one to help you get settled?" said Saidee, blushing very prettily.

"We can't have a soul!" said the old lady. "Every one is engaged just at present, and—"

"If you thought I could be of use," faintly began Saidee.

"Bless me, child," said the old lady, "you are too slight and small. Besides, I'm looking closer at her, 'you are a lady.'"

"But I know how to clean houses, for all that," said Saidee valiantly.

"I've done it every year at home. We ladies, but we are not parties of means. And I think you will be suited with my work. It is necessary that I should earn a little money."

"Come in, my dear!" said the old lady. "Come in, and have a cup of coffee with us. I am Mrs. Hartwick, and this is my daughter, Kate."

"Saidee Lynn!" exclaimed the soft voice of a pretty young girl, lying with a sprained ankle on the sofa.

To her amazement, our heroine recognized one of her schoolmates, Katherine Hartwick, who had graduated in the same class with her at boarding-school two years ago.

"But you surely have never come here to work!" said Kate, amazed.

"Yes, I have," said brave Saidee. "Why is it any less creditable to clean paint and wash windows than to get us a purchaser. Poor people such as we are can't afford to retain old family relics." And so, when Aunt Leah was indulging in her afternoon nap, and Belle, the beauty of the family was ironing out bonnets of her white muslin dress for the morrow's picnic, valiant Saidee climbed on a chair, took the unframed picture down (it was a head of some Spanish grandee, with a self-pointed ruff and an evil leer in the eyes), wrapped it up in a newspaper, and crept across the meadows with it to the village.

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General Business.

TIN SHOP.

I have now opened the well known establishment formerly occupied by the Messrs. Gray, and with a view to executing all work in

TIN, SHEET-IRON, GAS-FITTING, Granite Ware, Japanned Stamped and Plain.

TIFFIN'S PATENT PLOUGHS, Parlor and Cooking Stoves, and Patent Sewing Machines.

Always on hand, which I will sell for cash. Also, a nice assortment of

A. O. McLEAN, For Commercial Men.

THE demand for sample rooms to accommodate the supply of commercial travellers is increasing rapidly. It is now necessary for every business man to have a sample room in his office.

It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have cured many cases of this disease, and I can give you a list of names if you wish. It is a very simple and safe medicine, and it is sold in bottles of 100 pills each.

From the Akron Commercial, Ohio, Nov. 25th, 1882.

Readers of the Commercial will have seen that a large space has been taken up by an advertisement for Kendall's Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall's Spavin Cure for some time, and we can give you a list of names of persons who have been cured by it.

It is a very simple and safe medicine, and it is sold in bottles of 100 pills each.

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General Business.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it cures in ten days and does not blister. Read Proof Below.

ADAMS, N. Y. Jan. 30, 1882. I used a good Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success. I thought it would cure my spavin, but it did not. I was told that you would cure it, and I tried it, and it cured me. I am very much obliged to you for your kind and successful medicine.

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Genl. Having used your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought it would cure my spavin, but it did not. I was told that you would cure it, and I tried it, and it cured me. I am very much obliged to you for your kind and successful medicine.

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