

HELP!

A DOMESTIC STORY.

By Honorable Missis Joyous.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Hiram H. Haricot sat at the breakfast table pouring out the matitudinal coffee. Hon. Hiram H. Haricot sat opposite his lady. Mr. Ernest Hernando Haricot, the eldest son and heir to all the Haricots, was seated on her right, and Miss Helena Hyacynth Haricot, her only daughter, occupied a place on her left. We put Mrs. H. H. Haricot as the centre figure of the family group, partly because at the time our story opens she was doing the honors and was the central figure, and partly because she then, and indeed at all times, was the managing directress of the establishment, or in the words of a notorious western divine, she was "boss of the ranche."

"Hiram Haricot," said that lady with forced calmness, and with a glance at the senator's face that gave him the same sensation that he experienced when he tripped over Lady O'Mulligan's satin train at a state ball in Ottawa, "you will be kind enough to pay that impudent creature in the kitchen off. I beg you will not hesitate, but give her her moucy and let her leave this house at once."

"What impudent creature do you refer to, my dear? There are so many creatures down stairs, and they, it appears, are all impudent. Tell me the one and away she goes," replied Mr. H. with his mouth full of hot biscuit.

"Ann Jane Hoopendyke, that—"

"What? Ann Jane? Why you know she's your second cous—"

"Mr Haricot, how many times must I beg of you not to refer to that girl's antecedents? It is enough that I can and will not put up with her any longer," interrupted Mrs. H., sternly, "whatever relation she may—"

"Well, she's old Aunt Hanner's gal, and I thought—However, I don't care a darn, and off she goes," said Mr. H. hastily, and muttering *sotto voce*, "she ain't none of my relations, anyway."

Immediately after breakfast the culprit, Ann Jane Hoopendyke, was arraigned before Mr. Haricot charged with taking surreptitious walks with young men and "sassing" the missis, to which she sneeringly and in fact defiantly pleaded guilty, at the same time volunteering the statement that Mrs. Haricot was a hateful old "bonton" who had performed the very remarkable "contortionist act" of getting herself above her shoulders, and the advice that she had better go back to the old buckwheat farm and toss pass pancakes for the hired man as she did in her youthful days. Uttering which with great volubility and *esprit*, she bounced out of the house, leaving the hall door wide open after her.

Such a state of things as above indicated by the actions of a domestic servant could not be tolerated of course by a lady moving in the circles that Mrs. Haricot did. The appalling fact was made quite manifest to her mind that Canadian girls were but ill-fitted to perform the duties of their station in any well-regulated household. They were by no means subservient enough. Their manners were too familiar, and their language, alas! too often partook strongly of that peculiarity of speech commonly called "sass." In a word, they were too "ily," and Mrs. H. determined to obtain an imported "help," who would, she hoped, nay, was assured, "know her place." Responsive to an advertisement in the *Evening Telegram* (only one cent a word), there came to the Haricot mansion next morning quite a bevy of "maids" all transplanted from Merrie England, and all desirous of being enrolled in Mrs. Haricot's Household Brigade. As only one was required, only one was accepted. She was a young lady from London—the eastern portion thereof, vaguely described by herself as "Whitechapel way." She was a blonde of

the most pronounced type, very good-looking and wore a fashionable hat and "coat" and an "air distangy," the latter qualification being the great incentive for Mrs. H. engaging her. For had she not been at service in the very highest families in the West End, and had not Lady Arabella Bellvor actually shed tears when she expressed her intention of leaving 'ome for good? Therefore Miss Emma Brusherton was duly appointed house and table-maid *rice* Hoopendyke dismissed the service.

CHAPTER II.

It was not long before Mrs. Haricot became convinced that Emma, or "Hemmer" as she called herself, was indeed a treasure. She always looked so neat and handsome, almost too handsome, indeed. And then how well-spoken! So different from Canadian girls. She was a long time getting over the habit of calling Mrs. H. "my lady" and "yer ladyship." She was "so haccustomed to hit," she said, and moreover "Mrs. 'Aricot did remind 'er so much of dear Lady 'Astings that used to visit Lady Arabella, the dead himage," she declared. True it was that on more than one occasion Miss Emmaw was discovered trying on Miss Haricot's new bonnet, and was not unsuspected of using her perfumery, but when Miss Haricot took exception to it, Emma burst into tears and said she "meant no 'arm," that Lady Arabella "hoften and hoften hasked 'er to try hon 'er new 'ats to see 'ow they looked," and that the ways of the ladies "ere were unbeknown to 'er." She was readily forgiven.

One thing was clearly manifest. Mr. Ernest Hernando Haricot liked her—liked her very much. In fact it would not be saying too much to declare that Ernest was "mashed on her shape," for it came to pass that he brought her to the "Grand" one evening, and encountered his recognized *fiancée* on that occasion just as he was handing "Hemmer" into a cab. Hence a slight unpleasantness arose. Ernest replied to his mother's rebukes that Emma was as good and a blanked sight better looking than Miss Teasum, his betrothed, and that he'd take her where he blank pleased, which cutting and ungentelemanly remarks on the part of her son brought anguish to her heart and tears to her eyes. All through Miss Emma's sojourn in the Haricot mansion almost any evening might be observed sitting in the kitchen a stoutish young man of broad contour of visage with remarkably well-developed jawbones. He wore his hair very short even for the prevailing fashion, and he almost invariably had a sprig of hay between his teeth, which he chewed with evident satisfaction. He could not reasonably be called a good-looking young man, nor did he in any wise resemble his cousin Emma, whose relative he was.

A week or two passed over the heads of the Haricot household, and Ernest grew more and more attentive to the fair Emma. He went to the kitchen, and taking umbrage at the presence of the short-haired cousin, ordered him off. But the short-haired one did not conform with his wishes, but told him if he "hever did meet 'im houtside" he would have great pleasure in "punchin" 'is blooming 'ead." So Ernest was fain content to steal a kiss from the blushing Emma behind the kitchen door, and steal up-stairs to the "company," as a grand party was held that evening.

Next morning, as usual after prolonged "music" and dancing, the household slept until a late hour. The cook had breakfast prepared, but where was Emma? Overslept herself, no doubt. They visit her room to arouse her—no Emma. Where could she be? We shall tell you. Emma was in Buffalo, New York. That's where Emma was. So was her "cousin," 'Arry Perkins, the "downey one," in Room 44, Jimblain House.

"Is your swag all right, Hem?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"Right as a bloomin' trivet, and yours, 'Arry?"

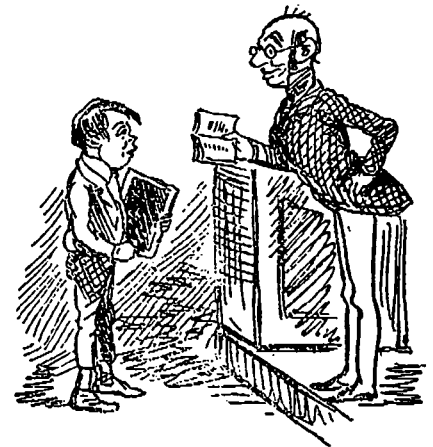
"'Pre she is, my daisy. Let's see wot we got. 'Ere's the old un's watch and chain, and the young un's watch and chain, and the hold lady's watch and chain, and the young lady's watch and chain, and 'ere's the old un's dummy with ten centuries in notes, and the young un's boodle. Well, we're ahead about five hundred pounds, altogether. Not a bad take, Hem?" And the young lady replied, "Bet yer life."

Did Mr. Haricot lay information? No, he was too much ashamed and disgusted.

Did Mrs. H. advertise for another imported "help?" Well, no—

Does Ernest still pine for the dizzy blonde? He does.

FINIS.



MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

Master—Now, Johnny, supposing your uncle, Mr. Shifty, was to borrow one hundred dollars, and promised to pay it back at the rate of ten dollars per month, how much would he owe at the end of seven months?

Johnny—One hundred dollars.

Master—I'm afraid, sir, you don't know your lesson very well.

Johnny—Maybe not; but I know my uncle.

TIFFIN'S NEW SOCIETY.

You know Samuel Tiffin, of course! You don't? Well, you surprise me. Thought everybody knew Tiffin. Big fellow; stands six feet in his stockings, sports an enormous expanse of vest, with face and voice to match; always has "something good, you know," to tell you. Look along Yonge-street, cold days on the sunny side, hot days on the cool side, wet days, either side under an umbrella large enough to cover a farmer's rig. A few months ago Tiffin got left pretty badly over a new society of his own invention. You heard of it? No! Then let me tell you the story. It has a powerful moral. One morning I met Tiffin; a significant smile played across his expansive features, indicative that he had "something good, you know," to let loose upon me. My surmise proved correct, for Tiffin linked his arm in mine as comfortably as our irregularities of size would permit, (for you see I register just five feet four with the aid of clump-soled boots), and proceeded to pour into my ears the latest idea that had fermented itself within his capacious caput, I cannot say brains, because, between you and me, I am exceedingly doubtful as to whether he possesses any. Now, this was not the first time that Tiffin had confided in me his various schemes for the improvement of the human race, all of which, however, tended primarily to Number One; but this, his latest, he evidently thought to be one of self-sacrifice in