



PERFUME MANUFACTORY AT GRASSE: SORTING ROSES.—(See last page.)

## BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The tears rose to Milly's eyes as, holding out her hand to Thomas, she told him that she was quite ready to assume her share of the responsibility, if mother would consent to his plan.

Thankful as Milly was for the interest shown by the faithful old servant, she was more than doubtful, not only of obtaining mother's consent to such an extension of her experiment, but also of the results, if such were attempted. Although the boys had not been known to take anything which did not belong to them, since they had been admitted to the house, it was evident that they had no very exalted ideas of the laws of *meum et tuum*: and the recollection of the breakfast obtained from our neighbor's milk pail and our own bread basket was still fresh in mind.

But, to her surprise and gratification, mother did not show herself averse to this new phase of the enterprise. It was true, she said, that Thomas was getting old, and was not as active as he had been; and the boy might save him many a weary step, and lighten his labors somewhat; and, if he chose to take him under strict supervision, it perhaps was as well to let him try what could be done with him. So did dear mother strive to reconcile her judgment and her conscience, too, to what she, and others than she, believed to be a foolish risk; but there was something tugging at the strings of her heart which would not be gainsaid, and she was forced to yield to its pleadings, even while she reproached herself for so doing.

So it was arranged. The small bedroom over the stable, where sleeping accommodations were to be provided for Bill, was made to suffice for Jim also, and seemed a palace to their imaginations. Indeed, we thought that the prospect of "sleepin' where them splendid horses did," went far to induce Jim to exchange his roving, vagabond life for the restraints of civilization, and the means of making an honest living. Bill was more amenable, and accepted the offers made to him with less hesitation.

Bill, decently clothed, and with an air of peacockism about him that was extremely diverting, as he surveyed himself in his unwonted habiliments, was duly installed within a day or two in Edward's office, where he did not disgrace the sponsorship of his master, for he proved himself bright, apt and active, entering readily into the duties which devolved upon him, and doing his best, according to his light, to please. And, as he goes to and fro upon his errands, many a hurried business man checks his steps, and turns wonderingly to listen,

as the boy passes by, with the music which he "cannot help," trilling from his lips.

Jim, also rejoicing in shoes and stockings, whole jacket and trousers, with shirt beneath, and, occasionally, clean hands and face and combed hair, became our shoe-black, errand boy, knife-cleaner, snow-shoveller, Jack of all trades; becoming gradually a credit to the care of Thomas, who took unwearied pains with him, ready and willing to do anyone's bidding, but still full of pranks. He won his way, in some measure, even with the old cook, making himself at once her torment and delight, as she declared, forty times a day, that her "heart was broke with him," and who alternately snubbed and petted the "b'y" who saved her many a weary step.

The other two boys were, in the course of a few weeks, sent off to good homes in the West; and our Milly's heart was in some measure at rest respecting the future of her hitherto unpromising proteges.

### CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERER.

The change to our summer quarters was made much later than usual that year, owing to some alterations and renovations which had been needed in our country house, and which were not completed until the warm weather had well begun; and we had all commenced to feel a longing for a fresher and more invigorating air, when it was intensified, just on the eve of departure, by two or three days of extremely warm weather, which made the exertion of packing almost unendurable. At length, however, all was ready; and the next morning was to see us on our way.

Bill and Jim sat upon the area steps that warm evening, unheeding or unconscious of our presence upon the vine-covered balcony above. The extreme heat, and the fatigue of preparation for the morrow's fitting, had made us all unusually quiet, and we sat languidly around, only an occasional remark breaking the stillness, when the two boys came out for their share of such refreshment as might be gathered from the motionless evening air; and, taking up their position below, began a conversation, at once edifying and amusing to the listeners.

"Ain't it good to be sittin' here, on our own steps, an' no M. P. to tell us to move on?" said Jim, in a tone of hearty appreciation of his surroundings.

"Fust-rate," answered Bill, as heartily.

"An' ain't it funny to think that it's all come along of our goin' to hear Mood and Sank that day?" said Jim.

"O, look a here," said Bill, who had some small sense of the propeties, and who took to civilization more readily than the other, "look a here, you ought ter say

Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. The boss docs, and if such a swell as him says it, we ought ter."

"The boss" and "her" were, as will be supposed, brother Edward and Milly; the rest of the family, father and mother included, being mere appendages to their dignity, in the eyes of these young personages.

"Ain't it bully, though, to think of me a-goin' to the country with the family, an' a-stayin' all the summer there?" continued Jim. "I wish yer was a-comin', too Bill; it would be jolly if yer was."

"O, yer know me an' the boss is a-goin' up some nights, an' all of the Sundays," said Bill, quite contented with the fate which had fallen to him; "but the Fourth of Julyin' I'm goin' to get is the bulliciest of all. We're goin' to shut up shop then, an' take four whole days, all to oncet, an' go up to the country."

Bill had an overwhelming sense of proprietorship in "the shop," to wit, brother Edward's law office; and always spoke of it as a joint concern.

"But I say, Jim, ain't this a reg'lar summer Thanksgivin' to us? To think we should be in sech luck, an' got to be sech swells, an' Mr. Edward givin' us each a dollar for our own selves! An' sech a lot of fireworks an' crackers an' rockets as he bought this mornin', an' the nex' day is Miss Milly's birthday, too. An' don't I know what he's got her for a present; I seen him a-showin' it to Miss Amy. All gold an' shinin' stones, a reg'lar splendid thing, an' jest fit for Miss Milly; but I ain't goin' to tell what it is."

"I'm for out West, to make a fortin', a big one," said Jim, whose imagination was vivid, and before whom the largest possibilities were always looming up. "An' I might git to be president, yer know, nobody kin tell. If I do, I'll come back fust afore I go to makin' laws, an' marry Miss Milly."

At this matrimonial prospect, thus laid out for our dainty Milly, we had nearly betrayed our presence by our only half-suppressed merriment; and Bill made it plain that the proposition by no means coincided with his views.

"Ah, now, ain't yer great!" he ejaculated. "You a-marryin' Miss Milly! Ain't that likely!"

"If I got to be President," persisted the ambitious youth. "'Tain't every gal in New York gits the chance to be Presidentess, I kin tell yer; an' they'd jump at it. I'd be awful good to Miss Milly, too, 'cause she's been awful good to us. I say, Bill, ain't it funny to think how me an' you was last Fourth, an' now we're livin' on the inside of a brown stone front."

"Brown stone fronts ain't nothin' to

country," said Bill. "Just think, Jim, there's the water where yer kin swim an' boat an' fish, and the hosses an' dogs an' all the critters, let alone the posies an' the grass an' the birds, too."

"Yer allers was an awful feller fur birds an' posies," said Jim. "Yer never would let me have a shy at the sparrers in the parks and streets, an' yer allers a hangin' round the posy stan's, till they think yer wanted to hook 'em. An' yer allers a-gittin' yer sperrits up on a bit of moonshine or a poorty sky, an' them kind o' things that folks calls natur."

Bill's love for music, flowers, birds, and other "things that folks calls natur" was indeed wonderful, in one who had known so little, until now, of anything refining or softening, in his young life; and the boy's own beautiful voice was a marvel and delight to all who heard it, or who had sufficient interest in him to rejoice in this harmonious chain, whereby it was hoped that his spirit might be led to better things.

But Bill's love of the beautiful was not always appreciated as it should have been; and, at this moment, proof of that was heard in the accents of a sharp voice, exclaiming:

"You'bys jest come and clear out them dandelions and weeds you've brought in! I ain't a-goin' to have my kitchen messed up with the like of trash like them standin' round, and yer can jest take it out, every mite of it!"

This, as may be supposed, was from that uncompromising tyrant, Mary Jane. O, the galling rule of these old family servants! What bondage is equal to it! And, although our two boys had so recently been brought under authority, they obeyed her decrees as they would those of a stern fate.

But Bill, although he complied with her behests, could not, on this occasion, refrain from entering a protest.

"Dandelions!" he said, indignantly, as he rose to obey. "They ain't no dandelions, nor trash, neither; but real, true posies, what the boss bought of a flower girl what came in our office, an' he gave 'em to me. If I had to be one of them gals, I'd be a flower one, you bet! Dandelions! Guess you know more 'bout pots an' kittles nor yer do 'bout posies, ole lady."

With this he dived into the recesses below; followed by Jim; and we indulged in the laugh which we had hitherto, with some difficulty restrained, not wishing to betray our presence. The conversation had, truth to tell, been interspersed with some expetives and expressions not necessary to repeat to ears polite; for, spite of the vast improvement visible in these boys, the restrictions of civilized life were as yet a novelty to them, and, even when conscious of our presence and hearing, they were apt to lapse into some of the inelgancies, and worse, consequent upon the license of the career of street vagabondage, from which they had been rescued by our Milly, through the charm of their love for music.

And now divers sounds, both melodious and contrarywise, came mingled from the lower regions; the old cook's voice, in loudest objurgation—for Mary Jane put little restraint upon herself, when, as she would have phrased it, her "sperrit was up"—Jim's teasing, and taunting, but still good-naturedly boisterous and laughing, while Bill tried to drown both by the clear, flutelike notes in which he raised some of the popular songs of the day, the chorus of songs presently rising to a height which compelled a summons of the bell, with the reprimand that there "was too much noise below."

(To be Continued.)

A BOY AND HIS YOUNGER SISTER were one day the companions of Dr. Tregelles in a country walk. In a very narrow lane, near Plymouth, they were met by a loaded corn-waggon which seemed to fill the road, and apparently placed them in imminent danger. His sister was much frightened, but not so was the boy. He quietly took her hand, and leading her on towards the small space between the hedge and the waggon, said, "Don't be afraid, Edith; we are quite safe; for the Bible says, 'The Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand,' and the waggon is on our right hand, so God will keep us safe." His little sister was quite satisfied; and the infant believers of seven and five years were kept from harm.