

your grandmother. So, after all, you are far from being penniless. You know, however, my darling, that they enhance nothing of your priceless value to me; and he tenderly kissed away the two bright tears that rested for a moment upon her rosy-tinted cheeks. Then he led her down into the drawing-room, where a few guests were waiting, and the gipsy's legacy was sealed to him for life.

"TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US."

Bill Baker owned a fighting dog,
A brute, coarse-haired brute,
Whose chief delight was to engage
In a canine dispute;
An ill-conducted, vicious, cross,
Stub-tailed, hair-lipped, crop-eared,
And red-eyed canine nuisance,
By the neighborhood canines feared.

Bill's dog came down the street on a
Diagonal dog trot,
A-looking for some other dog
For whom to make it hot;
When, on a scruffy-looking brow
His vision chanced to fall,
Staring from out a looking-glass
That leaned against the wall.

Bill's dog surveyed that strange canine
With sinister regard,
And doubted if he'd ever seen
A dog look quite so hard.
The more he gazed the less respect
He felt within him stir,
For that demoralized, cross-grained,
And haug-dog looking cur.

That strange dog returned Bill's dog's
Insulting stare, in kind,
Which tended to still more disturb
Bill's canine's peace of mind.
With every bristling hair along
His back he fiercely frowned,
And curled his tail until he raised
His hind feet from the ground.

And he showed his teeth and cocked his ears,
And otherwise behaved
Impertinently, as dogs do,
Whose instincts are depraved,
But all his hostile signs were met
By signs, as hostile, quite,
And Bill's dog felt himself compelled
To slink away or fight.

He flew into that looking-glass
With all his might and main—
Killed with chagrin, and broken glass,
He soon flew out again.
Reflection showed Bill's dog that he
Had got into a scrimmage,
Through indignation at the sight
Of his own hideous image.

The knowledge of his aspect quite
Destroyed his self-esteem;
For the hideous reality
Surpassed his wildest dream.
Life lost, at once, all charm for him,
So, mournfully he steered
Into a neighboring sausage shop
And never re-appeared.

The moral of this doggerel
Is obvious, I trust;
(For there is a moral lesson in
Bill Baker's dog's distrust.)
If some men knew how they appear
To others, they would hide
Themselves within a sausage shop—
That is, they'd suicide.

ANNIE'S FIRST FLIRTATION.

BY SWEET SIXTEEN.

CHAPTER I.

The twilight of a dull, cold November day had given place to the gloom of night, when I drew a comfortable rocking-chair before the cheerful wood-fire blazing on the sitting-room hearth, and gave myself up to a series of reflections. First, I wondered if my hair, which I had just finished putting up in curl-papers, would hang in graceful ringlets on the morrow, and call forth the exclamation which I had once before elicited, of "corkscrews."

We lived in a delightful little village which was only a few hours' ride from a flourishing little city, and, in the evening in question, I was sitting up, waiting for papa to return from E— on the evening train—dear papa, who had promised to bring home to his teasing daughter the "love of a hat" which had so won her admiration, as it hung temptingly displayed in the show window. That same little hat I had destined should be placed in the most jaunty manner possible on my flowing curls the next morning, as I sauntered into church, and I smiled as I saw in anticipation the looks of admiration which would be cast upon it by my lady friends, while I felt sure the face and curls beneath would fascinate the gentleman's gaze.

So absorbed was I in my fancied triumph that I had forgotten the object for which I was waiting, when the opening and shutting of the hall door aroused me. I hastened to meet papa—and my new hat—but paused a moment in surprise, for a lady stood at his side. Only a moment did I hesitate; the next instant, the visitor and I went through a pantomime suggestive of the greatest delight, and at which the gentleman's face, had any been present, would have grown long with envy. I recognized Annie Bradford, a friend of my school days,

who had been for two years promising to pay me a long visit. I had long since given up all hopes of its fulfillment, and yet nothing could have given me more pleasure than the surprise.

"Isn't this a delightful and unlooked-for pleasure to you?" she asked, with the old mischief shining in her eyes, as I assisted her in removing hat and cloak. "Upon honor, Sue, been wanting to come all this time, but couldn't. But I intend to stay until you get tired of me, then going to give you a resting time and come back again. But what great event is in prospect? From the present decoration of your head, I imagine you are settling a trap, intending to ensnare somebody in the meshes of brown curls. We can then test our superior charms; I will contend the field with you. I came to Clinton for the express purpose of captivating its famed lady-killing gentlemen."

"Having failed in your desired aim at home? I think Clinton will not be found wanting in good taste, either," was my sportive reply.

Immediately upon his arrival papa had gone to mother's room, while, after relieving Annie of her traveling wraps, I led her upstairs in triumph. Thus, having secured the doors against intrusion, we settled ourselves for a long talk, each ensconced in the depths of a large easy-chair drawn near the blazing fire.

"When does Miss Bradford intend to commence her vanquishing career, and whom has she designated as her first victim?" I repeated, after we were comfortably seated.

"Well, you see, Sue, every prophet is without honor in his own country, and so am I. Besides, it did not accord with my plan to thus display my full powers. *Mamma* and *Buddie* seem lamentably ignorant of the fact that I am almost eighteen, but still regard me as a wee bit of a girl. I feel my growing importance, and have at length won their reluctant consent to visit Clinton without them. My plan is this: to assume all the dignity of which I am mistress, confine these flowing locks under a huge chignon, and, under your protection, enter Clinton society as a young lady of twenty. What say you? Am I not clever in invention?"

For a moment I was silent.

"Alas for the rarity of clarity!" cried Annie. "You only know that my superior charms will eclipse your own. Oh, it is pitiful to be so very attractive as I am. It is just envy in you to wish me to 'blush unseen, and waste my sweet tears on the desert air.' But, Sue, I faithfully promise not to succeed you in the affections of—what's his name, by the way?"

"I haven't discovered myself, yet. But seriously, Annie, your mother and brothers do not intend that you shall live a recluse, while here, and not see visitors? Why, I fear you will have no enjoyment at all. Clinton is partial to strangers. I would never be forgiven if I allowed you to isolate yourself while here, for some of my friends are so anxious to see you! You see, young lady, your fame is not confined to territorial limits. You need not attempt to personate a young lady, and burlesque that character," I added with a mischievous glance, "but be simple, natural and silly. I am determined you shall enjoy yourself while here, and you most certainly will not, if you follow the programme you have laid out."

"Quite an acknowledgment. I presume you speak from experience. But I have never been thrown in gentlemen's society, nor do I care to be. Ever since I was a little girl Willie has been telling me how fastidious men are. I am positively afraid of them all."

"Nonsense, Annie! It is foolish in your mother and brothers to endeavor to keep you a child so long. While you are here, I will take the liberty of varying things a little. It is time for you to enter society."

"Very well, Sue. Mamma's parting injunction was for me to be an obedient girl, though to whom I was to render obedience I never inquired. So I will install you as my guardian, and most conscientiously follow your dictates. You will surely regret presenting me to your gentlemen friends, however; they will be so terribly disappointed. But how long must it be ere I will see them? To-morrow, at church?"

"You will have the pleasure of seeing two at the breakfast table in the morning. I thought I told you in my last letter that we were now taking gentleman boarders."

"You did, but I had forgotten the fact. What kind of specimens of humanity are they? Will I like them? Are they handsome or ugly? Married or single?"

"Well, which question must I answer first? Messrs. Crawford and Lester are both rising young lawyers; both handsome; both unmarried; and both very intelligent. Mr. Crawford is decidedly a ladies' man—loves every girl he sees. Mr. Lester seems from his actions to ignore the whole sex, never has anything to say to them, but devotes his whole time to his profession."

"Doesn't know how to render himself entertaining, I presume?"

"You are mistaken. He seldom thinks it necessary to exert himself. You never saw such a peculiar man in your life. He does not care for the good or bad opinion of any one in the world. When he is introduced to you to-morrow he will acknowledge the introduction, and perhaps never think of you again."

"I sincerely hope he will shun me as I intend to shun him. How perfectly horrible he must be! But the other one—what of him? There surely must be about him some attraction to compensate for the deficiency of the other?"

"Remember, Annie, I have not endorsed your opinion of Mr. Lester. I will wait until you see him, and find if you are correct. Mr. Crawford is the pet of the ladies of all Clinton.

He is a perfect gentleman (as is Mr. Lester), gay, witty, polished in manner, handsome in person, young, and, as I said before, a universal favorite among ladies. You asked me if I liked them. I do, very much indeed, and think you will too, after knowing them some time."

"No, I won't."

"Why?"

"Because."

"A logical reason, I must say. I fear I have given you a different idea of the gentlemen from what I intended, so we will say no more on the subject. Have my words prejudiced you? Why are you so thoughtful? A penny for what is now passing in your mind."

"I hate lawyers!" she said, with an emphasis which left in my mind no doubt as to the truth of the exclamation. "Truth is as foreign to their profession as—as—well, I don't know what—and they are just hateful, that's all!"

"No, those are not; see if you don't say so, too, after a while. But see—we have been so busily discussing these limbs of the law that we have failed to notice the lateness of the hour. I advise you, Annie, to go and dream awhile of the hard-hearted Lester."

"I don't care to be frightened in my sleep, and sincerely hope the fate of seeing him in dreams may be averted."

CHAPTER II.

"Well, the question which is now disturbing the serenity of my mind is, what am I to wear this morning? Sue, help me to decide, and remember how lasting first impressions sometimes are."

Annie turned to me for advice, throwing dress after dress upon the floor as she took them from her trunk. We finally made a selection, and I commenced the rather formidable task of taking my hair "down." Annie was in ecstasies over the "graceful ringlets," and laughingly asked me if I thought curls would be becoming to her style of beauty. We had just arranged the last ribbon, and given the finishing touches to our toilet, when the breakfast bell sounded below. I took my friend's hand, to lead her down, but for a moment she hesitated, while I felt her hand tremble.

"What a foolish girl I am! But really and truly, Sue, I dread to go to the table. I don't believe I can face the music."

I assured her she need not fear, as she would not be noticed. At last, after what I saw to really be an effort on her part, she summoned courage to accompany me down-stairs. The members of the family who had not seen her the previous evening gave her a most rapturous greeting, and the kissing process had just been finished, and Annie had taken the designated place at the table, when our boarders entered. Introductions followed, of course. Mr. Lester never appeared to notice Annie after his first bow, but commenced an animated discussion with papa upon some law case which was presented the previous day in court, and which excited considerable interest in our usually quiet little country seat. Mr. Crawford played the agreeable to Annie, and, although somewhat embarrassed, she endeavored to conceal the fact, and take her share in the conversation.

I could see that my young friend had favorably impressed both gentlemen, and was pleased with the knowledge. The first few days of her visit were pleasantly passed in making and receiving calls. Annie was much pleased with Clinton, and rendered herself as agreeable as possible to the many who sought her society. A warm friendship seemed established between her and Mr. Crawford, and it seemed she would never cease to sound his praises.

"Only see, Sue, this beautiful book Mr. Crawford has sent me," said Annie one day, holding up a handsomely bound volume of poems. "He wishes me to express my opinion of several authors which he has marked. Of course I know he only wishes to test my taste. Have you a *Kames' Criticism*? I think I could find the desired information there; if not, then you must read these poems and tell me your opinion, and of course it will be mine."

Of course I did my best to assist my little friend. In the evening, we all met again in the parlor. Mr. Crawford seemed enjoying an animated conversation on the subject of books in general, and the one he had lent Annie in particular. They were seated by a window near the piano, while, in a distant corner, Mr. Lester and I were coolly discussing them both. From one topic to another the conversation drifted. Mr. Lester talked more, and consequently was more entertaining than I had ever before seen him. I was deeply interested, and ceased to think of Annie or Mr. Crawford. I only noticed they spoke in whispers. The greater part of the talking seemed to revolve upon him.

That night I noticed that an unusually thoughtful expression rested on my little friend's face, I did not question her, however, thinking that in time she would confide in me this trouble, as she did all others. I was not mistaken. She was standing before the bureau, brushing her hair in an idle, listless manner, when she turned away, and said, in a fretful tone, with that impulsiveness so natural with her—

"I do despise Taylor Crawford!"

"Why, Annie, what has he done to forfeit your good opinion?"

"Oh he's hateful, that's all! I did like him so much—he was so pleasant and agreeable! But now—"

"Well Annie?"

"I have discovered why he has been so."

"You speak in riddles. I cannot understand you."

"Well, Sue, Mr. Crawford has been saying sweet nothing to me ever since I have been

here. That was nothing, for I thought it was his way. But to-night he made love to me—I, who am only a stranger to him! I feel sure he is only a flirt, and is trifling with me, and I hate him for it."

"Well, Annie, pay him back in his own coin—make him feel your power."

"I cannot do it," she emphatically exclaimed. "I will not pretend what I do not feel. I do not care to stoop to deceit to humor him. If he is so anxious to carry on a flirtation, he must seek some other associate than Annie Bradford."

"He has tried others; you are the next on the list. You might as well flirt with him, Annie, if you think your heart can remain uninterested."

"Heart remain uninterested, indeed! Do you think one tender emotion could be excited in my breast for the man whose ambition it is to make a fool of me? I am no match for this accomplished flirt. I could not make a flirtation interesting. He might know it."

"But he ought to be punished."

"Yes, Sue, you are right. I will let this scheming man see that two can play at his game. He thinks me more childish than I am. I will listen to all his soft speeches—in fact, let him make a fool of himself. A flirt. Ha! ha! What will mamma and Willie say?"

For several days I waited for Annie to tell me what progress she was making in her first flirtation, but her only answer to my questionings was—

"He hasn't said much yet—takes it all out in looking. It frightens me sometimes to catch his glance, it is so full of pretended love. Well, I can see through him, thank goodness!"

My little friend had now been in Clinton almost three weeks, and had set the day of departure during the succeeding week, when she received a letter from her brother, requesting that she would join him a few days earlier in E—, when he would accompany her home. She heard of this change in her programme with undisguised sorrow, but came to the usual conclusion whenever "Buddie" was concerned, that "of course he knew best." A large party was to be given in town that night, which we determined to attend.

"My last in dear old Clinton," said Annie with a sigh.

"No, not the last," I cheerfully said. "You know you promised to come again in the summer, and then we will have all the fun over again. Will your young ladyship be then sufficiently recovered from her first flirtation to be ready for the second?"

"No, I hope this will be my last. I am tired of this deceit. I am fearful all the time of saying something which will jeopardize my cause. I like to believe every word any one tells me. I hate to have to sift so much falsehood to find a little truth, and then it is so difficult to draw a dividing line between deceit and truth. Mr. Crawford has been acting a part, and I have too. By the by, Sue, my sudden departure will bring our little affair to an untimely end. Do you suppose he will wait to bring it to a focus in the summer?"

"No, I have taken pains to inform him of your proposed departure. He seemed really sorry, but of course we know why. I know him too well to think he will not learn his fate to-night."

"Well, if he claims my answer, I don't care. I feel conscience clear about the way I have acted. It was no premeditated thing on my part—I was drawn into this flirtation."

But, in spite of her gay tone, I saw that Annie was ill at ease, and I smiled at the success which my little plot had met with. Knowing Annie's shy nature, I had felt convinced from the first that Mr. Crawford's love for her would never be returned unless plaque led her to engage in a flirtation with him. I knew the gentleman was in earnest—her modesty would not permit her to do so. I saw that she was interested in him, despite herself, and felt pretty sure that Annie's home would yet be in Clinton.

The party was a brilliant affair, and Annie and I enjoyed it extremely. The clock on the mantel struck two as we went hurrying up-stairs to our room. There was an unusually bright color on Annie's cheeks, and a gratified gleam in her eye. She threw her arms around me.

"Well, dear?" I said.

"O Sue!" she softly exclaimed, "he really loves me after all!"

"Nonsense, my dear!"

"No, truth! He loves me dearly, and wrote to Buddie about it a week ago, and that's why Buddie wants me to meet him in E—. And—I am so happy, Sue!"

I kissed her, and we remained quiet for a while.

"Sue, you plotter," she said, suddenly, "you have been deceiving me all this time—you knew all about it!"

"Well, my dear, you would never have found out that you loved Mr. Crawford if I had not plotted a little."

"I forgive you—but, after all, Mr. Crawford did make a goose of me—I never dreamed he really loved me."

"Just as if he could help it!" Another pause.

"Annie—"

"Well schemer?"

"Let's get married on the same day."

"Sue! You are not even engaged, are you?"

"Yes, Miss Consequence. I have promised to become Mrs. Lester."

There was a shriek of delight, a rapturous embrace; and then two of the happiest girls in Christendom went to bed and dreamed of the philosophy of flirtations.