

MRS. HAUGHTON'S GIRL.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Haughton, as she bent over a great kettle of simmering quinces. "I don't know what we are to do. I can't get such a girl as I want for any wages, and there is just everything to be done."

"Just like papa!" said Fannie, working away at a mass of paste that was to appear later in the shape of pies. "I don't suppose he even remembered we had no girl when he invited Mr. Austin and his cousin."

"If it were only gentlemen I shouldn't care, but there is a Mrs. Austin."

"Mamma!"

"Fret my dear. Of course your papa forgot to mention that till just as he was starting for the city this morning, and they will all come with him this evening. I have sent Daisy to put the spare room in order, but you know how it will look."

"She'll make up the bed on the floor and put the toilet service on a chair," laughed Fannie. "I'll try to get a peep. Mamma, here comes Bessie Turner."

"She'll have to come in here."

The visitor, advancing up the garden walk, did not wait for an invitation to the kitchen, but came directly to the half-open door. She was a small, pretty girl of about twenty-two, with a marked air of refinement in her sweet face and the graceful carriage of her slight figure.

Two years before, she had driven to call upon Mrs. Haughton in her own carriage, but her father's sudden death had revealed the fact that he was deeply in debt, and had left no fortune for his only child. Since that time Bessie had been teaching in the Seminary at B—, but on the day when Fannie Haughton saw her from the kitchen window, it was certainly school hours. Her knock was answered by a cheerful "Come in, Bessie," and she obeyed the summons.

"Mrs. Haughton," she said, after greetings had been exchanged, "I heard you wanted a girl."

"I do, indeed. Do you know of a good one?"

"Will you take me?"

"Bessie!" cried both ladies.

"I must do something for a living, and Dr. Willis says I must neither sew nor teach nor water, if I want to live. He assures me my only chance of recovering from the trouble in my lungs that I have had so long, is to give up teaching, and he positively forbids me to touch a needle."

"But, Bessie, you—a lady!" gasped Fannie. "Are you any less a lady for making pies, this morning, Fannie—Miss Haughton, I mean? I suppose you would hardly care to have your servant girl call you Fannie."

"Don't be absurd, Bessie. The idea of your father's daughter being a servant girl!" said Mrs. Haughton.

But Bessie was in earnest, and her tone was very positive as she answered:

"I must earn my living, Mrs. Haughton, and cannot teach for a time. You must be aware that my salary has not been sufficient for me to save enough to live on all winter. If you will not have me, I must go among strangers."

"I should be glad enough to have you, if you really mean it."

"I really mean it. You can pay me just what you paid Sarah. I'm sorry," she said gayly. "I have no recommendations from my last place."

"But we are expecting company to-night," said Fannie.

"I'll allow you to have company sometimes," was the gracious reply. "Now, Miss Haughton, I'll finish the pies;" and Bessie took a large spoon from her pocket, and it over her black dress, removed her cuffs, rolled up her sleeves, and took possession of the pie board.

"What Daisy is doing, Fannie," said her mother; and Bessie went off.

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Haughton, taking Bessie's face in her motherly hands, kissed it softly.

"Darling," she said, "this must not be. I love you, Bessie, as one of my own girls, and you must come and let us nurse you well again. You shall be my guest this winter."

"You are very kind," the young girl replied, "but you must let me have my own way. I do not need nursing, only rest from the constant talking to pupils, and active exercise. I told Dr. Willis what I meant to do, and he said it was the best medicine in the world for me."

Quite a long talk followed, but Mrs. Haughton was obliged to yield her point. Bessie was resolved to be independent, and saw no disgrace in honestly getting her living in her friend's kitchen. That she had been a good housekeeper to her father's life-time all Bessie knew well, and finally her new mistress was persuaded to give the order for her company dinner, and leave the kitchen to its new occupant.

But when the girl was really alone, she certainly acted very strangely, considering her late resolutions. Just as Mrs. Haughton left her, she had said:

"We expect Mr. and Mrs. Austin, and their cousin, a Mr. Alexander Wight, lately returned from California."

Then she left the kitchen, and Bessie dashed into the buttry, and sat down behind the door.

"Oh, why didn't I wait?" she said in a half-whisper. "Alick Wight at home! Coming here? What will he think, to see me a servant here? It was bad enough to be teaching for a

living, but cooking for a living! Oh, why didn't I wait? Wait for what? I am only earning my bread. Alick Wight is nothing to me," she said again, in stern self-reproach; "probably he has forgotten my existence."

But even as she spoke there arose in her memory a picture she would never forget. In a conservatory where tinkling fountains cooled the air for choice exotics, a lady stood beside a tall, fine looking man, who held her little gloved hand fast in his own. Both were in rich evening dress, and the house was full of gay guests, Mr. Turner having accepted an invitation to a friend's party in one of Fifth Avenue's palaces. It was the second winter he had spent in New York with Bessie, the last winter of his life. But the couple in the conservatory were not thinking of death or change, when the gentleman spoke, in low, earnest tones:

"I will not bind you by any promise, Bessie, for you will be an heiress, while I have still my way to make. I sail for San Francisco very soon, and expect to go into business with my uncle there, but in a few years I shall return. I shall hope you will not forget me."

Two weeks later he was gone, and Bessie an orphan. Years of struggle for her had been years of success to him, for his uncle was dead, and had left him a large property and prosperous business. The pride inborn in Bessie's nature had kept her from telling her sad story to one who was not formally engaged to her, and she had learned to think of Alick as merely a good friend. But to meet him as she must meet him in a few brief hours, was a sore strain upon her pride and love.

"But this won't get my dinner," she said suddenly, as the little clock on the kitchen mantel warned her that time was flying. "If I must be a servant, at least I will be a good one."

The afternoon train brought the expected guests, and Bessie, peeping from her kitchen curtain, saw the pretty little lady who had been her hostess on the evening already mentioned, her gray-haired husband, and a tall, broad-shouldered, heavily bearded young man, who was introduced to his hostess and her pretty daughter as, "My cousin, Mr. Wight."

It was not the easiest work in the world, after this, to wait at table, and Mrs. Haughton started at the demure little waitress whose perfectly cooked viands, she was dispensing. But nobody noticed her, and dinner passed off very quietly, the new arrivals being full of city gossip for their country friends.

As the "girl" stood over her dish-pan, in which two scalping eels had fallen, she thought: "He did not even recognize me!"

Oh, Bessie! Bessie! Have you forgotten the bright girl with the golden curls, and dress of richest blue silk and white lace, who stood in Mrs. Austin's conservatory, that you blame Alick Wight for not seeing her in the pale girl in deep mourning, with smooth bands of hair, who waited at Mrs. Haughton's table? In the drawing-room there was music and laughter, in the kitchen tears and sighs, when Mrs. Haughton came out to Bessie.

"Bessie, dear," she said, "leave the dishes and come into the parlor. Do."

"I am too tired and hot," pleaded Bessie.

"It will rest you."

"But it is better not. I can't be servant and lady too, Mr. Haughton. Don't think I am ungrateful, but it is better for me to keep in my place."

"I think so too," said the lady, "but I do not think we quite agree as to which is your place. However, you shall have your own way to-night. Your dinner was very splendid."

And the lady returned to her guests, while Bessie washed and wiped plates, cups and dishes, and put all in order. When the last dish was in its place, the last crumb swept up, the young girl threw off her apron, and went into the garden to try to throw off the feverish heat burning in her veins.

"I wonder if I am strong enough to go through with it?" she thought, as she seated herself in the summer-house, and it was not altogether of physical strength she was so doubtful.

"He never looked at me to-night," she said to herself; "but he must see my face sometime, if he is to stay a week."

Just at that moment the odor of a cigar came floating in at the summer-house door, and before Bessie could escape, a resinous cigar holder followed the "Havana." She had started to her feet, and the moonlight shone full upon her face, as Alick Wight sprang forward, crying:

"Bessie Turner where have you come from?"

But the girl drew back from the rapturous greeting, saying in a cold, low voice:

"I am Mrs. Haughton's servant girl, Mr. Wight."

"Her—her—her!" stammered the young man.

"Her servant girl, working in her kitchen. My father is dead, and my own health prevents my teaching, so I am earning my living in Mrs. Haughton's kitchen."

She was so hard and cold that he looked at her in amazement; but after a moment he saw her face quivering in the moonlight, and he forgot everything save that the woman he loved above all other women, was poor, in sorrow and trouble.

"Bessie," he said, and his voice was full of deep feeling, "was it kind to keep all this from me, knowing I loved you? Is it kind to thrust me away now, when I have come all the way from California to find you? Have you ceased to love me, Bessie? Will you send me back alone, or," and he opened his arms, "will you

be my true little wife, as you gave me reason to hope long ago."

"But, Alick," she said, "I am poor, sick—"

"Hush, darling! You are mine; and I am not poor. You shall grow well again, my darling, when you have love and rest. Do not drive me away, Bessie!"

And nestling down in his strong arms, Bessie gave him the promise he craved.

The sound of gay voices coming from the house aroused them, and Mrs. Austin called:

"Only one cigar, Alick!"

"Go," Bessie whispered. But he gently answered, "Come," and drew her hand upon his arm.

The whole party were near the summer-house, when a couple came out into the moonlight, and Mrs. Austin recognized her former guest.

"Why, Miss Turner!" she cried, amazed. "I wrote you a month ago to come and pay me a visit, and you never replied."

"Bless me," whispered Mr. Austin, "I forgot to post the letter."

"Alick will forgive me now for disappointing him," continued his cousin. "I had promised you should be at my house to welcome him. But it is all right now, I suppose, Alick?"

"All right," was the emphatic reply.

And so Mrs. Haughton lost her girl the same day she engaged her.

BUDDHIST PREACHING IN SIAM.

At about seven o'clock one Saturday evening, we reached the Palace of Foreign Affairs, and, passing through two granite paved courts, entered the reception-hall, a large and lofty room, with a floor of several steps or stages. The lowest stage was occupied by a crowd of slaves and servants; on the stage above lay a dozen or more petty officers; the stage above this was clear, as if to keep the vulgar from too close contact with the great man, our host, who sat on the highest stage. We were conducted to him, and silently took our places beside him on the carpet. This upper end of the room was about seventy feet broad by twenty-five long. Its walls were decorated with numerous large mirrors, and rich cloth and silk hangings. Some of these hangings were covered with Chinese proverbs and poems, embroidered in golden characters, and on others were elaborately worked figures of most gorgeous Chinamen, surrounded by deer and snakes and fishes, of anatomical proportions which might perhaps be explained by the aforesaid Baramat, but which certainly seemed to lack that balance or perfection of proportion which Chinese philosophers declare to be the essence of all things. Along the two sides and end of the room were lines of tables, each decked with a choice collection of Chinese brassware, bronze, and porcelain, and bearing wax candles, set on curious stands, which, with the assistance of numerous oil-lamps, hanging from the ceiling, and reflected in the mirrors, shed a pleasant light throughout the building. There was no pulpit, the preacher occupying a gilt chair, placed in the centre of the upper stage. The minister and ourselves sat on the floor on his right, and on his left was a table or altar supporting a gold image of Buddha, from which image a silken cord passed to his side. A number of yellow-robed monks sat between him and the altar. Sitting cross-legged on the chair, his shaven head and eyebrows giving him an exceedingly clean appearance, and his robes arranged with that decent neatness which the rules of the priesthood require, an abbot, eminent for knowledge and piety, was, when we entered, giving the audience an opportunity of making merit. Despite his age, he had the unwrinkled, or scarcely wrinkled, face which Buddhists admire as a proof of the spiritual tranquillity of a life of worldly abnegation. In one hand he held a kind of fan, or screen, designed to assist the monk in keeping his eyes from wandering, and his thoughts from straying to things carnal; in the other he held a book, made of slips of palm-leaf, on which, with an iron style, had been scratched, or written, the Pali text which formed the subject of his discourse. Sentence by sentence he read from his book, following each passage by an explanation in Siamese; but his extreme age caused him to mumble so, that his ears caught little of what he said, and that little I found almost past understanding. His subject was the most vital, and probably the most ancient of all Buddhist dogmas, that called the Four Present Truths, the assertion that (1) misery ever attends existence; (2) that its cause lies in desire; (3) that it may be destroyed by extinguishing desire; and (4) that this may be effected by holiness. A finer subject he could hardly have chosen; a duller sermon he could not have given. When he had finished the four sections of his discourse, he left the chair and took his seat on a mat. The minister then crawled to him, adored him by bowing his head to the ground and lifting his joined hands, and presented him with a variety of offerings, a parcel of robes, a Japan box, scents, fruits, and a wax candle, stuck all over with the little silvery bullets which, until quite recently, were the only coinage of Siam. Taking hold of the cord, which I mentioned above as passing from the idol, the abbot uttered his blessing, and then departed, followed by a train of servants carrying the offerings of the pious minister.—Good News.

An Illinois paper consoles sportsmen for the light crop of prairie-chickens this year by remarking that it will make hunting better, for it will take longer to find them.

LOVE LETTERS.

These words recall blue ribbon, looks of hair, miniatures and dead roses, and they are as various as the hands that write them, and the eyes they are intended to bless. Sometimes they carry balm; sometimes bear disguised poison. They may be traced in honest truth and fealty by a rough red hand, that has no grace to lend the misshapen letters, save the beauty of true love in rough disguise; and then a soft white bit of symmetry may hide a lie in growing tenderness, and send it like an asp to hide in a rose's heart, to carry death to some believing breast. Some, yellowed by years, and rendered absurd by altered circumstances, or brought out of forgotten nooks to fill the evening hour with laughter at their polysyllabic vows and verbose adjectives; and others never see the light, except in tearful eyes, or feel a touch, except a passionate pressure to a faded breast that claims no other idol.

Love letters! These are women whom the world calls single, who are truly wedded to a tear-stained package as if it really were; the being that it represents to them—who live in the old sweet time these missives once belonged to, and who keep their hearts apart from the dull reality that makes up their present world. Years may have passed, and nothing may have remained the same, save the dear dream that never knew reality, yet held in their love-life by their fragile paper bond, they dwell in that fair unsubstantial Spring-time, while Autumn, fates and Winter cold and heavy reigns abroad in all the world.

We pity dreamers and their moonshine pictures, their bits of memories and mementoes, their love-words, written or recalled as spoken, and faces whose limning fades as the real one has faded long ago under the coffin lid. And yet such trifles are heart treasures, as sure as gold and silver are riches to the purse; and as long as there is a world of the present nature, so long shall old love letters find boarders and prizes, and so long shall the past and present be bridged by the heart-dreams of the world felt and written in the bygone times.

MALLEABLE GLASS.

One of the lost arts, which skill and science have for hundreds of years been making efforts to re-discover, is the production of malleable glass. It was mentioned by many ancient writers, especially by Pliny, who speaks of its being indented when lit upon a hard substance, and then hammered into shape again like brass. The world uses a vastly greater amount of glass now than during the early ages, but has never been able to overcome its brittleness. That accomplished, it would enter into uses not even suspected now, and probably dispute with iron itself for supremacy as an agent of civilization. A glass spinner in Vienna has recently made a discovery that may lead to the recovery of the last link in the chain of early invention. He is manufacturing a thread of this material finer than the fibre of the silk worm, which is entering largely into the manufacture of a variety of new fabrics, such as cushions, carpets, table cloths, shawls, neckties, figures in brocade velvet and silk, embroidery, tapestry, lace, and a multitude of other things. It is as soft as the finest wool, stronger than silk thread, and is not changed by heat, light, moisture or acids, nor liable to fade. So important is the matter deemed, that while the process is kept a profound secret, the Austrian Minister of Commerce has already organized schools for glass spinning in various places in Bohemia, and a variety of manufactured articles are now for sale, and will, no doubt, soon reach America. If it shall end in the final re-discovery of malleable glass, so that it can be wrought or rolled into sheets, it will revolutionize much of the world's industry. Indeed, no one could safely predict to what use it might not be applied, as the material is plentiful in all lands. Making have long waited for it. Let us hope the time is near when so great a boon will be vouchsafed to them.—London Times.

A very distinguished musician, Giovanni Tadolini, has just died at Bologna, aged seventy-nine. Tadolini has left no works of any importance; but his talent was so fully recognized by Rossini that when the great Italian composer was unable from illness to complete the "Stabat Mater," he promised for a particular occasion, it was to Tadolini that he applied for no fewer than four places still wanting. Afterwards when, in the year 1842, the "Stabat Mater" was brought out in Paris, Tadolini's contributions to the work seem to have been omitted. It would, at least, be difficult now to point out any portion of the "Stabat" which does not bear the impress of Rossini's own genius. Tadolini's pieces are said to have been performed only once at Madrid; and whether they were composed on motives furnished by Rossini (in which case, rebought by the master, they may still be retained in the existing score) or were wholly the invention of Tadolini, it is certain that their composer never had the satisfaction of hearing them as they proceeded from his pen. The chief sphere of Tadolini's activity was the Italian Opera of Paris, where he officiated as conductor during Rossini's brief period of management, and for many years afterwards as singing-master or répétiteur. Among the many distinguished artists to whom he taught their parts in every new work that was brought out may be mentioned Grid and Perinelli, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache.—Pitt Mail Gazette.