

# • Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

## A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER, 1891.

[Vol. 3, No. 12.]

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

### Ray's Reconciliation.

BY MUSA DUNE.

"H, girls! I say,—Have you heard? It's really the most astonishing thing that has happened in this old 'Sleepy Hollow' since old Jacob Smiley's bank broke, and Jack Smithett's dog committed suicide."

These lucid remarks proceeded from Miss Rachel Rathbun, commonly known among her associates as "Ray Rattle," the suitability of this sobriquet being very apparent.

The girls addressed were seated in the cosy sitting room in Rose Lawrence's home. They were all busily employed—Cora Nielson crotcheting at an intricate antimacassar, Laura Moreton with an exquisite bit of embroidery, and Rose seated at the machine finishing a dainty apron.

As Ray rushed into the room, announcing her wonderful news, she unfurled a stocking of alarming length, and as soon as she found breath, proceeded to account for it.

"My work isn't pretty like yours, girls; but I'm going to be useful as well as beautiful! I had no fancy work in a presentable state, so mother suggested Jack's stocking."

"Of course!" said Rose,—"Jack's stocking is welcomed, but please enlighten us!"

"Yes, do be a little more coherent, Ray. Your remarks are usually about as intelligible as Polly's yonder." Laura's hands had been idle for a moment, but after delivering herself of this thrust, she resumed her occupation.

"Thank you, Rose, for the welcome, and Laura for the advice. But really, Charlie Green quite took my breath away, just now by telling me that 'Old Mortality' has resigned at last. I knew we'd worry him into it at last."

"Really!"

"You don't say!" exclaimed Rose and Cora in a breath.

"Roy Rattle, aren't you ashamed to speak so of Dr. Raynor, or, for the matter of that, to repeat what Charlie Green says, as though anyone ever believed him."

"I humbly beg your pardon, Lady Laura," said Ray, "I had quite forgotten your friendly relations with the fossil, and as to believing it, Roy Clarke told me the same at the gate, and even your majesty doesn't venture to contradict his statements."

"Roy's father is chairman of the Board, and there was to be a meeting last night, so it may be true," said Rose.

Cora looked up from her work to remark, "He used to be very strict, but then we tempted him sorely. You were always such a saucy baggage, Ray, I often wondered that he did not box your ears."

"Ah, you were such a prim precise little prude, it's no wonder that you escaped!" replied Ray, "Do you remember the day, Cora, that we dropped the pepper down his register, and presently, when he began sneezing, how funny he did look, and how he thought it must be 'La Grippe' that had gripped him, especially when his head ached too. His headache was the result of the hours he spent the night before concocting such a nauseous dose of algebra that my note book died, and I cremated it."

"Which, the book or the algebra?"

"Both, Mrs. Lawrence, for the book had swallowed the dose."

Before the laugh over the novel cremation was ended, Mrs. Lawrence had seated herself in an easy chair, and went on to say, "You seemed to be having such a lively time in here, I could not resist the temptation to look in."

"Oh, Mrs. Lawrence!" cried Cora, "Ray says Dr. Raynor is going to leave—that he has already sent in his resignation."

"Indeed! I'm very sorry to hear it," answered Mrs. Lawrence. "It will be very difficult to fill his place."

"Now, Mrs. Lawrence, don't say that. I've been hoping we'd get a Pestalozzi, with all the modern accomplishments."

"Ah, my dear, you expect too much. Don't you remember the old saying, When the old is gone, seldom comes better."

"I think so too, Mrs. Lawrence," said Laura, "Where we should get one better, we might get twenty worse."



"THERE, THEY'VE RUN FULL TILT AGAINST EACH OTHER."