

A REMINISCENCE OF TROY.

FROM THE SCHOLIAST.

It was the ninth year of the Trojan war.— A tedious pull at the oar— A lot of us were sitting by the shore—

BORROWING A GIRL.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"I suppose you never had any housekeeping troubles, Mrs. Marble," said her friend Mrs. Brown, newly married and newly awakened to the depth of kitchen woes.

"It isn't so hard to get through with a dinner as it might be for you," said Mrs. Marble; "but there was a time when I was as ignorant of housekeeping affairs as a kitten.

"I poured the tea, and Theo, helped the dishes, and our girl and boy friends were delighted with the sumptuous little home, and declared they should marry as soon as possible, for the sake of having one like it.

"Friday always was an unlucky day, and when Theodore said, as he kissed me good-bye before running away to catch the train, 'Tell Anne to have a very nice supper, I felt that a heavy responsibility rested upon me at last.

"I looked up. There stood my good-natured fat neighbour, Mrs. Willis, who often ran in for a chat, or to borrow a paper. Her rosy face was a pleasant thing to look at just then, and I told her all my troubles.

"That's the worst of living here, hours away from any kind of stores," said Mrs. Willis. "Now, if this was New York, I'd run to an intelligence and get you some kind of a cook in two hours. As it is, let's see. Why, I guess I can let you have my Minty this afternoon.

"Oh, you are too good, Mrs. Willis," said I. "You'd do so much for me, I know," said my neighbour. "Mind you come and take pot-luck with me at twelve," and off she went.

"No'm," said Minty. "If it's possible, I'll please de lady. I'll try my best. Ef she give out do things, I'll cook 'em like my white folks always had 'em, or any way she gives turections."

"This with a long drawl, and much shaking of the head. "I know you'll do very nicely," I said. "And I'm very much obliged to Mrs. Willis, and to you too."

"And away I went, followed by my new assistant. We had hardly got to work when tinkle, tinkle went the bell.

"Oh," said I, "I'll have to run and dress. You open the door, Minty."

"Yes, 'm," said Minty. "And as I stood before my glass, looking despairingly at the hair which failed to crimp, because of heat and perspiration, she brought me Mrs. Dwight's card.

"Only one lady?" said I. "Mighty fine elegant lady!" said Minty. "There'll be another here soon," said I. "And, Minty, I can't come out again for more than a moment. Do do the best you can."

the cake was in the pan; the upper part on the table. "Speak he an't done frough neither," said Minty.

"Let it cool," I gushed, "and I'll try to slice it up, and put it in the cake basket." I could have scolded or wept, or both; but Minty was not my Minty. She belonged to Mrs. Willis. She was, so to speak, the "gift horse," in whose mouth one may not look.

"Got de butter, and got some salmon," said Minty. "Nuffin but dem plums to cook now. Missy make ten herself?"

"Yes," said I. "Now don't burn the plums, Minty."

"I never burnt nuffin," said Minty, offended. "No white folks neber 'cuse me of dat." "I fear Miss Martha Dieks is not coming," I said, after an hour of talk about nothing.

"There is only one train more this afternoon." "Just like her to disappoint you," said Mrs. Dwight. "My dear, the colored person again."

"Well, Minty?" said I. "Please come here," said Minty. "What is it now?" I asked, with a dreadful

"Says I, 'I won't neither. She's got company—real first-class white folks. No time for talkin' to no low class poor trash now.' "And I jest shuts the gate; and says she: "No micro'n I expected; and toted herself off."

"What did she look like?" said Aunt Agatha. "Little and squeezy eyes," said Minty. "Ole green dress, and ole black shawl, and mighty queer bunnit, and kind of a bag in her hand."

"It's Martha Dieks," said Mrs. Dwight bursting into a laugh. "Oh, it is the best thing!"

It was Aunt Martha, and the fact made Mrs. Dwight quite amiable for the rest of the evening; but Aunt Martha never forgave us, and left all her fortune to an almshouse. And I understand that an exaggerated account of my supper circulated in Mrs. Dwight's family for years.

"It was very hard, when Mrs. Willis asked me, 'How did Minty do?' to reply 'sweedly,' 'Oh, very well, thank you.'"

ROBINSON CRUISE'S ISLAND.—At a distance of less than a three days' voyage from Valparaiso, in Chili, and nearly in the same latitude with this important port on the western coast of South America, is the island of Juan Fernandez, where once upon a time Alexander Selkirk, during a solitary banishment of four years, gathered the material for Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe."

This island, little thought of by the inhabitants of the Chilian coastland, has lately become of some interest by the fact that in December, 1869, it was added to a society of Germans, under the guidance of Robert Wehrman, an engineer from Saxony, Germany, for the purpose of colonization. The entrepreneur of this expedition, Robert Wehrman, left Germany several years since, passed several years in England, served as major through the war of the Republic against secession, and was subsequently engaged as engineer with the Coropaco Rail to South America.

He and his society, about 60 or 70 individuals, have taken possession of the island, which is described as being a most fertile and lovely spot. They found there countless herds of wild goats; some 30 half-wild horses and 30 donkeys, the latter animals proving to be exceedingly shy. They brought with them cows and other cattle, swine, numerous fowls, and all the various kinds of agricultural implements, with boats and fishing apparatus, to engage in different pursuits and occupations. The grotto, made famous as Robinson's nook, situated in a spacious valley, covered with large fields of wild turnips—a desirable food for swine—has been assigned to the hopeful young Chilian gentleman, to whom the charge of the portico part of the society's stock has been entrusted, and that he and his proteges are doing very well in their new quarters. Juan Fernandez is one of the stations where whaling vessels take in water and wood.



THE LAME BOY'S OFFERING.

"Yes'm," said Minty. It is a trying thing to a young wife to be introduced to her husband's relations, and to introduce one's self is worse. I trembled so that I could hardly fasten my bracelets or button my busque; and finally, red and flustered, with not a sign of crimp in my hair, I hurried down stairs to offer my greetings to Mrs. Dwight, whom I found to be a very large, fat, handsome lady, in gorgeous attire, with diamonds on her fingers, and diamonds in her ears and on her bosom.

"I am so glad to see any of Theo.'s relations," said I. "Ah!" said Mrs. Dwight. "Thank you. I suppose you'll have the gratification of seeing Martha Dieks after a while. I presume she'll come in that rag of a black silk, and her old grey shawl. Such ostentation, for a rich woman to dress so! Nothing else, Mrs. Theodore, I assure you. Has had charity offered her in the streets, I'm told, on account of her forlorn appearance. She is Theodore's mother's sister. I am his father's."

"I admire handsome dress very much," said I, with a view to propitiation. "It shows proper respect for one's self," said Mrs. Dwight. "I wouldn't be seen in public with Martha Dieks. My dear, somebody wants you, I think."

I looked behind me. There was Minty telegraphing me with a rolling-pin. I went out. "Missy," said Minty, in an awful whisper, "what's I gwine to do 'bout butter?"

"No butter in the tub? What shall we do, Minty?" said I. "Hes butter at de store," said Minty, "I'll run an' get some."

I gave her a dollar, and went back to the parlor. Butter was forty-cents a pound, and the tub had been half full. It was a loss for young housekeepers; but nothing mattered just then, if I could but please Theo.'s aunt.

Oh, if I had but dared to ask her what she saw in me to stare at in such a mystified manner.

I talked constantly, as in duty bound. I mentioned the weather. I alluded to the cars, the neighbors, the news, the Rev. Mr. Pulsett's sermons, but all the time my heart was with Minty in the kitchen. I had a presentiment that she would call me again. She did.

"Missy!" "Please excuse me," I said to Mrs. Dwight, who seemed to me to be suppressing a satirical smile, and out I went again.

Minty stood backed up into a corner of the hall. "Clar to gracious, 'an't my fault, no how," she said. "If white folks wants to eat cake do dny it's baked, dey's got right to do it; but hot cake don't burn out good, no how."

"Out with it, Minty," said I. "What has happened?" "Bottom done come clar off dat cake," said Minty. "I hurried to the kitchen. The "bottom" of

look, of which I was fully conscious, but in the faintest whisper of a voice. "Reckoned I'd ask you whether I should dish 'em up, or throw away dem plum reserves," said Minty. "Dey's filled full of glass."

"Good heavens!" said I. "I's jest holdin' dat ar glass dish, dis ar way, over de kettle," said Minty, "and dishin' of de hot reserves into um wild dat yar wooden spoon, and olek it goes, smashed to frizzles, straight into de hull bilin. I an't nuffin but a servant. I don't take sponseribility. I jes comes to white folks fur orders. Shill I pitch 'em out? Shill I dish 'em? Leaves it to you."

"Oh, good gracious," said I. "Can't you get the glass out?" "Kin try," said Minty. "Dish 'em, then," I said, in desperation. "It's half-past five o'clock."

Then I made the tea after Anne's receipt, only a little stronger, to be sure that it was good, set out the dishes, and hurried back just in time to see Theo. shake hands with Aunt Agatha.

"I'm sorry not to see Aunt Martha," he said. Then he looked at me. "Kitty," he whispered, "I think [your dress is somehow wrong."

I rushed to the glass. I think the most cold-hearted of my lady readers will pity me when they hear that on the occasion of my first introduction to my husband's fashionable aunt I had, in the hurry and anxiety of the moment, tucked all the back breadths of my overskirt into the back of my busque, and buttoned it up there.

"I'm so relieved," said Aunt Dwight faintly, as I pulled it down. "I've been wondering all the afternoon whether it really was a hump."

"Tea is ready, Missy," said Minty, at the door. "I led the way to the dining-room. On the table stood the feast. It did not look so very badly. I filled the cups. "The bread isn't on," said Theo. "The bread, Minty," said I. "White folks," said Minty solemnly. "I clar to gracious I done forgot dat bread altogether. If it hadn't been for getting the glass in dem reserves, I meant to make you two kinds of hot bread."

"Glass in the preserves?" cried Theo. "Isn't the tea rather strong?" I asked, to change the subject. "It has tanned my tongue," said Aunt Agatha, and pushed her chair back from the table. "Missy," said Minty, "kin I go now? You done with me?"

"Yes, you can go, Minty," said I. "And 'fore I goes, I'll just mention," said Minty. "Speck she'll come and say I sassed her. When I was gwine for butter, dar comes to de gate some kind of ole white trash. Says she: "Missy Marble live here?" "Says I, 'She do.' "Says she, 'Show me in.'"

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