THE OLD SERVANT.

How what hath entered by love's door
And brought their gray with youth's golden?
What is the lot of Hatch's servant?
That makes the roadside look so strange?

Who blooded my Hatch's blushing face,
And gave the whole her silver hair?
Set golden-red within her eye,
And scattered stars everywhere?

Who polished with red the cheek bones,
The tongue was with praise dumb so long,
Gave rye-flavor to her talk,
And painted all their alters again?

Lo! she changes reaches high and wide,
Hath heard the sky in rather joins?
Hath crept along the riverside,
And trod the valleys through and through;

Discovered every hazel copse,
And stolen all the pastors bank;
Flung veils across the mountain tops,
And bowed their feet with rather bands?

Is then, September, sent on earth,
Put from Heaven for our sins,
While yet it seem but Summer's birth,
Wedding days are its beginning?

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Parkside, where the Heathcotes lived, was named in a sunny spot, fashionable the struggling village of Hunslope. From the windows you had a view of scattered cottages, farm-buildings shelting sheltered by their rickyards, the church tower peeping over Lord Hunslope's elms, and the distant, the white turnpike road to Market Basing. John Heathcote's house was well named; the gravel sweep drive up to the door skirted one of the parks that surrounded Hunslope Towers. The farmer's garden was six feet lower than the park; so there was a natural fence. The only disadvantage attending this was that, once a year or so, a South-down of his neighbours would jump into Mrs. Heathcote's flower-beds. About which catastrophes, when they occurred, Mrs. Heathcote made loud moan, Heathcote cheerily.

But her husband puffed his pipe in peace. She had pushed at him so long, he could not have digested his dinner without his usual dozen.

At Parkside, they dined at half-past two in the afternoon. Dinner was over, and they were sitting in their pleasant dining-room. The winter's sun was shining brightly in at the windows.

At one, Mary sat with some sewing on her lap. Mrs. Heathcote, in her violet silk, at the other, lazily plaiting a peak. The former was smoking the clean clay pipe by the fire-side.

"What did he say, John?" asked Mrs. Heathcote.

"I didn't see him."

"Didn't see him, John? I thought you said he was coming over to-day?"

"I saw your uncle, Richard."

"You said Dick was coming over, this afternoon."

"I know I did. Your uncle said he would."

"Why didn't you ask him to dinner?"

"I did."

"It's a wonder you thought of it, I'm sure."

"John Heathcote, grave a giant inconsiderate!

"The last time that boy was here, he was brought in with a broken collar-bone."

"Broke a tea Colgrieve Brook, on my old black mare. How that boy did ride!"

"When you invited him. Riding your horses to death! always said and come back like a bad shilling, like only had time to do it."

"Your mother used to say she knew he was bad—didn't she, Mary?"

"Sometimes she said she thought so, papa," said Mary, softly.

"I never had a lady's page in my life," sighed Mrs. Heathcote.

Her cousin Dick's cheery face flushed a bitter pill for her to swallow, but she had got it down.

"What did you want the boy fed for? You've got enough, haven't you, Lydia?" and her husband, rather angrily.

"He never was good enough to himself or anybody else. I never counted on Uncle Richard's money though, for I felt they'd come back. Such scapegrace always do. What did they ask you, John? Did they suppose all the world and Market Basing know about it by this time?"

"Market Basing! people know all about it," said Mr. Heathcote. "They were all talking about it this morning."

"What did they say?"

"Wait till the boy comes, and see him for yourself. Where's Grace gone?"

"she has gone with Frank Mellishjohnson to the church, to practice something or another on the organ for Sunday. They'll catch their deaths of cold in that church a day like this."

"Who's come with you to-day?" asked Mr. Heathcote.

"Silly Billy, father," replied Lucy."

She said this quite gravely. Silly Billy had been the name she had given the church.

"Then I'll be a near kin the greatest, I'll have a never been lighted. I take off his hat, Mrs. Heathcote's flower-beds. About which catastrophes, when they occurred, Mrs. Heathcote made loud moan, Heathcote cheerily. She was a born grumbler. The grumbling not and hurt, in her eye, one had, because it was not fine; the weather, because the turnips wanted rain; when fine, because rain was long ago; when the markets rose, because John had sold too soon; when they fell, because he had laid on to his pure so big bullocks. (7 m)

And she was infallible.

John Heathcote was honest and sensible a man as ever sowed one grain in the hope of reaping two. Sixty years, Mr. Heathcote's thirty acres of land, good, fair, and indifferent. Three hundred and eighty acres were his own good freehold. The remaining hundred and fifty he rented of his neighbour, Lord Hunslope. Of the ten, but twenty acres came under the category of good, bad and indifferent. They served their useful purpose, if they did not gladden the eye; they gave Mrs. Heathcote good cause of complaint.

"What in the world were your father wants to put any forty-two shillings an acre for Church Meadow, I can't, and my Dick Heathcote knows," she had said to her daughters and as her husband listened three times.

But her husband puffed his pipe in peace. She had pushed at him so long, he could not have digested his dinner without his usual dozen.

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