

LITERARY.

VISITORS FROM THE CITY.

"What!" said Mrs. Haven, almost in a shriek.

"It's true," said her husband. "They're coming to visit us—every one of 'em! My Sister Zuleima, because the Saratoga hotels are too intolerably hot for endurance; Cousin Herbert Halley, because he is an aesthete, and wants to study nature from a level hitherto untrodden; Mrs. Johnson, because the children don't recuperate after the whooping cough; Aunt Sadie, on account of a difficulty with her landlady on the subject of poodle dogs; and Uncle Jenks, because he never has visited us and wants to know what my wife is like!"

"Dear me!" faintly gasped Mary Haven, looking around her pretty sitting room, draped in pink chintz, fragrant with fresh flowers, and decorated with gilt bird cages, water color sketches and Kensington embroidery; "what shall I do?"

"Do?" repeated her husband, who was intent on clipping off the end of his cigar so that it should draw satisfactorily. "There is but one thing to do—let 'em come."

"All at once?"

"Yes, all at once."

"And I with only one girl, and the thermometer at ninety in the shade, and the painters in possession of the second storey!" hysterically cried the lady.

"Couldn't be a better combination of circumstances, my dear," said Mr. Haven.

"I don't believe these people care a straw about seeing me," said Mr. Haven, ready to burst into tears.

"Neither do I," said her husband.

"It's only on account of their convenience, the hot weather and the high prices at the hotels," added Mrs. Haven. "Hugh, I've a great mind to commit suicide."

"Don't do that, my dear," said Mr. Haven. "I can suggest a better plan, was just thinking, do you know—"

"Of telegraphing to the city for a few force of servants, a box of provisions from Minardi's, and half a dozen cots, with hair mattresses and bedding to match?" eagerly interrupted the lady.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Mr. Haven, severely eyeing the distant landscape through the amethyst rays of gar-amoke. "Of—moving."

"Moving, Hugh?"

"To the little cottage by the lake," Mr. Haven exclaimed. "Only for a few days, merely on account of the repairs at the house. Paint upsets my digestion, and the sound of a carpenter's hammer sets my teeth on edge. Besides, Hodge, the contractor, can work a deal faster if we're all out of the way."

"But, Hugh, the cottage is nothing on earth but a camping out place, with board floors, and not a particle of paint or plaster about it," remonstrated Mary.

"What of that, my love?" said the imperturbable husband. "Our friends don't come, as I take it, to admire fresco and gilding, but to enjoy our society."

"They'll think we live there always," said Mrs. Haven, with corrugated brow.

"That is precisely what I wish them to think, my dear."

"Oh!" said Mr. Haven.

"You follow my meaning?"

"I think—I begin to—" said she, with an amused light beginning to

sparkle into her eyes. "Yes, dear, perhaps it would be a good plan to move—just while the repairs are in progress."

And she hurried up stairs, to pack a few necessities, at once.

The cottage by Wiscomac Lake was not an imposing edifice. There was plenty of room in it, such as it was, but the floors were of rude pine boards, the windows were undraped, and the furniture was such as was adapted merely to the wants of camping parties who were prepared to "rough it" after the most primitive fashion; and when Mrs. Zuleima Montagu Prout drove up to the door in a wagon, heavily laden with trunks, she stared through her gold eye-glasses, in a most ridiculous manner, at the rude porch of shingles, supported by cedar posts mantled in their native bark, the shutterless windows, and the unpainted wood settees on the grass.

"This isn't 'The Solitudes,'" said she; "drive on, man, you have made a mistake!"

"This 'ere's where Lawyer Haven's folks live," said the man, leisurely chewing a straw. "Guess it's enough of a solitude to suit anybody."

"I thought it was a picturesque cottage," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, in accents of the keenest disappointment.

But at this minute Mrs. Haven herself hurried to the door.

"I think you must be my husband's sister, Zuleima," said she graciously. "Do come in!"

"But where are my trunks to go?" said the fashionable widow, who had dazzled the eyes of the Saratoga world with her numerous changes of toilet during the past fortnight.

"You can put them in a shed at the back of the barn," said Mrs. Haven, graciously. "I don't think they will quite go up the stairway."

Mr. Haller arrived later in the day—a long-haired, sallow-complexioned young man, in a velvet suit, followed by a countryman carrying his portable easel, color cases, traveling library and writing desk. He knocked loudly at the door of the cottage with the ivory knob of his cane.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Haven live?" said he.

"This is the place," said the hostess.

"This!" echoed Mr. Haller.

"You are Cousin Herbert, I suppose," said Mrs. Haven politely. "Walk in! My husband will come in the evening train. Allow me to show you to your room. It is rather small; but we are expecting a good deal of company, and I dare say you won't mind a little inconvenience!"

And she left him in a seven-by-nine apartment, under the eaves, where he couldn't stand upright except just in the middle of the room, and where the three-paned window was close to the floor.

"Humph!" soliloquised the aesthete, looking ruefully around him, "this isn't at all what I expected!"

Mary Haven had scarcely got down stairs, and resumed the manufacture of raspberry pies, when shouts and cries in various keys announced the coming of Mrs. Johnson and her four children, on a "back-board wagon" from the nearest stage station.

"Is this Cousin Hugh's house, ma?" said Adelaide, the eldest, discontentedly.

"It ain't nothin' but a shanty!"—loudly proclaimed Alexander Gustavus, the second hope of the family.

"There ain't no paint on it," said Helen Louise.

"Lemme get out! lemme get out!" shrieked Julietta; "and play in that lovely black mud, where the frog-toad is sitting!"

Mrs. Johnson sailed in, with a scarlet face and a perturbed look.

"I'm afraid, Cousin Mary," said she, "that we shall inconvenience you. There don't seem to be much accommodation here."

"Oh, there's plenty of room up in the garret, such as it is!" said Mrs. Haven smilingly. "Of course, one expects to lead a gipsy life in a place like this, and the lake will be so nice for the little dears to play in, if only they are a little careful; for it's very deep; and it's so lucky you are here, Cousin Johnson, to help me with the pies and bread, for I'm not a very experienced housekeeper, and—"

"I thought you kept two or three servants," said Mrs. Johnson, frigidly.

"I have only one young girl just at present," said Mrs. Haven; "and of course, when there's so much company, there's a great deal to do. Oh, there comes an old lady with a sweet little yelping dog!"

She glanced out of the open doorway.

"Goodness me, if it ain't that intolerable old Aunt Sadie, with her inevitable dog!" groaned Mrs. Johnson, as a fat elderly lady toiled up the path, in a scarlet shawl and a black lace hat.

"Bless me!" said Aunt Sadie, purple with the heat and dripping with perspiration, "you don't never mean to say, Niece Haven, that this 'ere's the place I've heard tell of on Lake—what d'ye call it?"

"It is where we live at present," said Mrs. Haven, quietly.

"I'm downright sorry I left the tavern at the railroad," said Aunt Sadie, sadly. "I ain't used to these unplastered houses, and I'm most sure Trip will catch cold."

Uncle Jenks was the last to come—a shrewd, brown-faced old man—in a grey suit, and keen eyes like an eagle. He looked around him and seemed to take in the situation at once.

"No servant, eh?" said he. "Well it's lucky I come, I'm pretty handy to fetch water, and split kindling, and help around the house; and you're pretty slim, my dear, to do all the work of this house, with only a young gal to help you. So Hugh hasn't done real well in business? I've a little money uninvested myself, and I don't know as I could do better with it than to lend it to my sister's son."

Thus he spoke, cheery and kind, while Mrs. Montagu Prout fanned herself on the porch. Cousin Herbert Haller did battle with the mosquitoes and midgits, Mrs. Johnson followed her four children about in ceaseless terror lest they should be drowned, and Aunt Sadie felt her dog's pulse, and groaned with the heat.

One night at the cottage settled the question of "to stay or not to stay," in the minds of Mrs. Haven's guests.

"I never slept in such a hot place in my life," said Mrs. Johnson with a sigh.

"The bed wasn't long enough to stretch myself out in, and the eaves touched my forehead," said Cousin Herbert, sadly.

"The owls hooted all night in the woods," said Aunt Sadie, "and kept dear little Trip barking until he was hoarse."

"I wouldn't stay here if you were to pay me a thousand dollars a week," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, thinking of her pink silk party dresses and twelve button kid gloves.

"Well," said Uncle Jenks, drily, "it ain't just the location I should have selected for a summer residence, but I ain't going off to leave Hugh and his wife while I can manage to be useful to them."

So the company departed, with various adieux and insincere protestations of regard, and only Uncle Jenks was left. And then Mr. Haven took his cigar out from between his lips.

"Uncle Jenks," said he, "suppose we go up and see how the carpenters and painters are getting along with the conservatory up at the house."

"At what house?" said Uncle Jenks.

"Mine," said Mr. Haven.

"Don't you live here?" said Uncle Jenks.

"Not all the time," said Mr. Haven.

"We only came here to accommodate such of our relations as merely desire to make a convenience of us."

"Oh!" said Uncle Jenks, a slow smile beginning to break over his shrewd, brown face.

And Mary Haven confessed that her husband's advice had proved its own excellence.

Uncle Jenks, the only one of the troop who really cared two straws for them was with them still—the rest had all been frightened away by the rusticities of the Lake Wiscomac cottage.

"And I wish them bon voyage," said Mr. Haven, calmly.

"So do I," agreed Mary.

For man it has no equal; for beasts it is not excelled. What? Kendall's Spavid Cure.

They say that "whom the gods love die young," which naturally sets one to thinking how the gods dislike ballet girls.

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Is it a sign of a healthy state of affairs when drugs are a drug in the market?

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the forgetfulness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, and "liver complaint."

The porters who handle kegs of silver in the Treasury Department are rolling in wealth.

FLIES AND BUGS.

Fies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Itats." \$1.

Solon Chace is to call his new paper "Them Steers." After a little experience he may change it to "Them Shears."

The reason why "Myrtle Navy" tobacco has taken so strong a hold upon the smoking community is because it is the genuine article. No man has a desire to smoke anything else than tobacco. Even opium is not smoked for the pleasure of smoking it but for its soporific effects. The desire for tobacco is, of course, best satisfied by getting the pure article, and when to this is added the finest quality the satisfaction is complete. These two things are combined in the "Myrtle Navy."

A Brooklyn boy wrote a composition on the subject of the Quakers, whom he described as a sect who never quarrelled, never got into a fight, never clawed each other and never jawed back. The production contained a postscript in these words: "Pa's a Quaker, but ma isn't."