

Literature.

MR. BROWN'S OFFER.

"I do think it is never for anything! The idea of a man I've never seen, having the insolence to write to Uncle Josiah that he is coming all the way from West to ask me to marry him!"

Kitty Clover's blue eye flashed, and something very suspiciously like angry tears were glittering on her long, curling brown lashes. Her cheeks were flushed, and her lovely mouth dimpled into a look of scorn and rage that did not at all suit Aunt Susan's view of the case, as she looked over her spectacle rims, and took Kitty quite sharply to task.

"I can't see what there is so terrible about it, Brother Josiah, and I have known Archie Brown ever since he was knee-high to a grasshopper, and a nice boy and a nice man you'll never find that he was and is now. He's good-looking and rich, and wants a wife, and he's seen your picture and fallen in love with you, and he's written to know if Brother Josiah has any objection to his coming to ask you to marry him. We take it as a great compliment, and a streak of luck on wouldn't come across twice in your life, and here you must set up contrary to it, and consider yourself almost insulted. Kitty is ashamed of you."

Miss Susan Clover jerked her needle so emphatically that the strong thread snapped viciously, Kitty, perched in the wide, shady window seat, pointed her red lips. "Well, I don't care. It is a shame! And Mr. Archie Brown needn't think I'm to be bought and sold like a cow or a pig, just because he happens to have the cash. And I won't have anything to do with it, now! I know I'll just late him, yes, I hate him already; and when he comes you can tell him my opinion of him."

And then, after she had finished out of the pleasant sitting room, her wavy brown hair all a tumble over her low white bonnet, she went to her room, and took a long eager survey of herself. "Yes, I am pretty, and I don't wonder this horrid Mr. Brown—ah, what a name, Brown! I don't really feel surprised that he has fallen in love with my photograph and Uncle Joe and aunt. See both say he is good-looking—and indeed for all that I perfectly myself him? It is a good deal, just fix myself up as I've a good mind to, and see him when he comes, at eight o'clock, and then pay him for his impudence by completely crushing him. Yes, I will!"

The singer was all gone from the blue eyes now, and the scorn from the luscious scented lips; and instead there were gleams of merry mischief, and dimpling smiles at prospect of the glorious triumph so near at hand. "Archie Brown! The idea! But would be revenged! Oh, he is here already!"

For the one maid-servant of all work in the Clover household was handing Kitty a card, and on it she had read a name that sent warm flushes to her cheeks despite her determination. "Tell Mr. A. Brown that Miss Clover sends her compliments, and will see him presently."

Then she turned her glass for a parting critical survey, and saw a very satisfactory reflection of a slender, graceful girl, with a fresh, sweet face and blue eyes that were half-English, half-French, and a saucy mouth that struggled between the expressions of cold contempt and haughty indifference—a lovely, lovable girl, in a dark blue silk costume, whom it was little wonder Archie Brown, away out in Kansas, had come all the way back to win, if he could.

And he was down stairs—come to bargain with her, come to buy her as he would buy a load of hay. The thought sent flashes of suppressed indignation to her eyes, and more beautiful flushes to her cheeks, as she went slowly down stairs and into the parlor, her train rustling after in a sort of eloquent protest—yet standing in the bay-window, curiously examining a luxurious pot of saffron, a little dimpled gentleman, with a bald chignon spot on the back of his head, and wearing a suit of clothes that were neither especially new nor well-fitting.

Kitty gave a little silent gasp, as she took her rapid survey, with the thought that for this horrid-looking man she had taken so much trouble to dress, so she might have the delightful triumph she planned. This odious, vulgar A. Brown!

As her train rustled over the carpet, Mr. Brown turned suddenly around, showing Kitty a good-humored, middle-aged face, small twinkling eyes behind eye-glasses, and a little bristling tuft of a beard on a fat, double chin.

"Is this Miss Clover? Ah, yes!" so Kitty bowed, rigidly. "I am Mr. Brown." "So I presume. Will you sit down, or—"

She was about to suggest that Uncle Josiah be sent for, but Mr. Brown acted so audaciously on her suggestion, and took a chair so near her, that she was momentarily dumfounded.

"I despatch you were looking for me?" Kitty flushed almost painfully at having to admit she had been expecting this, but she was as brave as could be.

"Oh! That is, I thought it very probable you'd come." "Just so; and when anybody makes an appointment, they cannot be too prompt in keeping it. So I'm here—and excuse me—but suppose you've your answer ready for me?"

Kitty almost shrieked. An answer to this man! Whatever could Uncle Josiah and Aunt Susan mean, to have exposed her to such cruel degradation. "I don't know what you mean!" she flashed at him, almost beside herself.

"You don't? Well, now, that's strange. Why, Mr. Brown, you understand it all, and he agreed to tell you the other made you—the other I made you, through him."

Mr. Brown's matter-of-factness almost overcame Kitty. Her words of hot indignation stuck in her throat; and yet this odious fellow sat there placid, at ease, as he went on.

"I will say I am disappointed in your appearance, Miss Clover; agreeably disappointed, for I expected to see quite a different—quite an elderly lady!" "Indeed!" she flashed out tartly. "Then it seems we are both surprised—although I am sorry I cannot be so complimentary as yourself, seeing that I had certainly expected a very much younger man."

Her language, her manner did not seem to annoy him in the least. "Oh, well, age and looks don't count for much, if there's the hard case to back 'em. Come, Miss Clover, what is it to be—yes or no? I won't deny I've come quite a way to have you answer, and now I'm here, I'd like to settle at once. You'll better agree to it, here and now; or, if I say it, you should deny it, believe you'll ever get another such chance."

Then Kitty jumped up from her chair, raging at his cool, calm impudence. "How dare you speak to me, sir? As if any man in possession of even half his senses would know there would be but one answer! No—a thousand times no!"

She fairly shrieked, it at him, as he stood staring at her. "Then, as he hurriedly rushed from the room, he frowned indignantly at her strange conduct, and then slowly gathered his hat, gloves and walking-stick together, and went out, astonished, in a puffed.

While Kitty rose up stairs, to her room which so lately she had left in mischievous, half-impudent triumph—her cheeks crimson with fury, her eyes so full of indignation, she could scarcely see what she was doing, as she almost frantically tore off her laces, her ribbons, her lovely dress, tossing them angrily on the bed.

"To think I really thought of trying to fascinate him—oh, oh! A nasty, stumpy, greedy, impudent, intolerant old man! To think he dare come in here, and stare at me! I'll pester my hair down to my face, and wear the most horrid eccentric wig I can find, to do penance for the insult I have permitted myself to receive. Oh, Mr. A. Brown, how I hate you!"

And this naughty, willful heroine of mine sat down in her favorite rocking chair, and cried until her blue eyes were all red and swollen, and her nose almost bald; so that, when Aunt Susan, called her to come down a moment, she was as sorry a sight to see as ever a girl was before.

But she went down, so angry and miserable to care for Aunt Susan's remarks, or Uncle Josiah's quizzical looks—went down in her wrapper, with her swelled eyes, and occasional sobs welling defiantly up from her chest, would down in the parlor, to meet a tall, elegant gentleman dressed just as a handsome, graceful fellow should dress; a gentleman whose splendid gray eyes looked just a trifle astonished at the sight of her; a gentleman who came easily forward to respond to Uncle Josiah's introduction, while Aunt Susan gave a little scream of horrified surprise at the girl's appearance.

"Why, Kitty!" "Kitty, here is our friend Archie, Miss Clover, Mr. Brown."

Poor Kitty Clover! She wondered if she were dreaming or crazy. Archie Brown? This Archie Brown—this splendid fellow that almost fastidious girl could not have failed to detect fall in love with at first sight! Who then, what then, where then, was that horrid man? Great banners of scarlet shame were hanging out like signals of distress on her cheeks as she extended her dimpled hand to the gentleman—such a fair, shapely, dimpled hand he noticed, as he took it, with a smile that was sweetness itself.

"I am afraid there is somebody for you to fight, Miss Kitty—some one has been annoying you."

Kitty flashed him a grateful look from her swelled eyes. "I—I cannot quite understand it! There was a horrid old man here, and—"

And he was away! And his name was Brown—A. Brown; and—and I thought it was—you; and there he goes past the window now!"

Just then Aunt Susan craned her neck inquisitively, sprang from her chair, and rushed to the door.

"It's old Andy Brown, come to buy my house down by the timber-land. I told his folks to send him to close his offer to it. He, then, Mr. Brown?"

And then while Uncle Josiah and Aunt Susan were arranging for the "poor mistaken Kitty had supposed was an offer of marriage for herself, she and the gentleman Mr. Brown, had a remarkable-confidential fifteen minutes' interview, and after the old people had come back, and were enjoying a hearty laugh with Archie over the lumber, Kitty stole back up stairs to don her toilet again, and came down to show Mr. Brown what a really pretty girl she was.

And she succeeded to perfection, not only in convincing him of that fact but also that, with all her little human faults of temper and disposition, she was just the girl he wanted for his wife; and when he returned to his pleasant, promising Western home, it is months later, Kitty went with him, his happy wife.

The *Triumph Herald* says—At the world's fair at Erie, on Wednesday, she had a lady show. A maker of plows, offered a \$2500 prize for the finest lady under 18 months old. The judges were appointed; but they request that their names and addresses be not published—they fear the vengeance of the ladies whose babies didn't take the prize. It is rumored that they have gone to the States to remain until the excitement abates. There were six babies shown. They were all the handsomest. Each one was much handsomer than the other. None of them looked alike but one, and it was just alike. There was some discussion as to whether the babies were to be classed with the fine arts or the domestic manufactures. They were finally put in a class by themselves. The judge looked at them. They felt their ribs, tickled their chins, and "toothy-wooly izzzy" examined their mouths. For symptoms of teeth, and finally with a "drew cuts" to see which was which. One baby was shown as the winner, and the prize ticket was fastened to its ear. A man came forward, grabbed the child, and swinging it aloft, cried ecstatically, "Behaviors, I am the father of that child!" The child was wise and knew its own father, and made approving demonstrations with its fists, finally coming to its mouth. The sex of the prize baby is not given; but one of the judges—a doctor—says he thinks it a boy, judging from the fact that it had very little to say.

"Doctor," said a lady, "I want you to prescribe for me." "There is nothing the matter, madam," said the doctor, after feeling her pulse; "you only need rest." Now, doctor, just look at my tongue, she persisted; "just look at it—look at it, look at it! Now say what does that need?" "I think that needs rest, too," replied the doctor.

The relationship of a man and woman in rainy weather is discovered. If they are lovers the woman will have all of the umbrellas, and the man won't care how wet he gets. But if they are married it is just the opposite. Marriage makes the difference, that is all.

A schoolmaster tells the following story: "I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. 'Is this the dunce-block?' I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, 'Suppose the teacher always sits on it!' The stool was unoccupied that term."

A man who has the elements so mixed within him that he naturally, as one says, borrows trouble, and crosses bridges before he gets to them, and permits things small or great to fret him, is bound to worry. He may as well attempt to alter his complexion, or change the thickness of his skin, as to stop worrying. The most he can do is to control the expression of his mental state within himself—and that is often more wearing to him than to give vent to his feelings.

The Sea. The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumbers sleep without an monument. All other grave yards show some small distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in the great ocean cemetery all are alike distinguished. The same wave rolls over all; the same ripples by ministrals of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unadorned, will sleep on until awakened by the same trumpet.

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