

seein' to farm work. I presume she can't make a loaf of bread.

"Good evenin'," said Aunt Jerusha, to Mrs. Green, who came in with her knitting soon after the Deacon had left the house for meeting. "Take cheer, thought you'd gone to meetin'."

"Wall, I did calculate tu, but Aaron he was late 'bout milkin', and time I'd got the milk strained and the pails washed, it was too late tu go; seems to me you look kinder pale, ain't ye feelin' well?"

No, I ain't, I've got the newrology. It always brings it on tu get nervous, and I got kinder riled up talkin' with Jacob. I hinted tu him, when he was fixin' fur meetin', 'bout gettin' married."

"Did ye; what did he say?"

"He was kinder put out when I spoke 'bout Clarissa Howe he never made no answer but went right out of the room slamin' the door."

"Laud sakes, did he? guess there's somethin' tu it then!"

"Wall, I wish I hadn't spoke tu her tu come and make ray black cashmere dress."

"Good land, ye han't have ye? I must say you're gettin' stylish."

"I know I hev always made my own dresses, but this is goin' to be a nice one, and I see one she made for Dr. Watkins' wife, 'twas fixed nice I tell ye. all trimmed with satin and fringe. I am calculatin' tu go down tu see Emeline, this fall, she lives in the city, you know, and I thought I'd hav one dress that would look as well as hers, but ef I hadn't engaged her, I'd make it myself anyway."

"When's she goin' tu come?"

"Next Monday tu stay three days, but I ken just tell ye, there won't be no courtin' goin' on. I'll let the cream stau' and spite before I'll leave 'em alone a minute. You see he don't get any chance tu see her, seeing she's going round so from place tu place, all the time, and taint likely he'll go tu her cousin's Sunday night, when there's a meetin', and he a deacon."

"Wall, all I have tu say, you'll see he'll find a chance tu see her, for when a man gets his mind made up tu get married, nothin' ain't going tu stop 'em, especially if he is a widderer."

Monday, soon after breakfast, Clarissa arrived at Deacon Glover's, and was soon at work on the black cashmere dress. The Deacon did not know anything about it, until sometime during the forenoon, Mary came running out where he was at work, and told him. Was it anything strange that he left his work a little earlier than usual at noon, brushed his hair very smooth, and putting on a clean linen coat, went into the sitting-room where Clarissa was sewing. Aunt Jerusha, who was busy getting the dinner, could not follow him, but sent the children into the room, and dinner was served as soon as possible.

Aunt Jerusha, as she told Mrs. Green she would, did not leave her brother and Clarissa "alone a moment." No matter how inconvenient it was; when Jacob was in the house, she took her knitting and sat down with them. After tea when it was too dark to see, Clarissa went out on the piazza and sat down; the Deacon would soon follow, and Aunt Jerusha also, and although she had several pails of milk that needed skimming, and the evening air was sure to bring on her "newrology," remained firm to her post, with her head done up in a red worsted shawl.

So, during the three days Clarissa was at the house, she

was on guard, and as the afternoon of the third day drew to a close, she was congratulating herself that all danger was over.

The dress was finished, satin trimming and all, to Aunt Jerusha's entire satisfaction. Supper was over and they were all sitting on the piazza. Clarissa had her hat on, and her bag by her side, and was expecting Mrs. Stone, a lady she was to work for next, and who lived three miles from Deacon Grover's, to send for her.

Aunt Jerusha had been having considerable controversy with a sewing machine agent, in regard to buying a machine. She had at last consented to his leaving one on trial.

The following is what she told Mrs. Green the next day:

"We was all settin' on the piazza. Clarissa was expectin' Miss Stone tu call fur her. I could see Jacob was terribul anxious tu get rid of me. He asked me ef the cream was ready tu churn, cause David was goin' tu churn it airy in the morning, but I didn't take no hints, but sat right close tu Clarissa, knitting, and the children were playing out in the yard, when who should drive up but that pesky sewin' machine feller, with the machine I told him he might leave. You never see how brisk Jacob was helpin' him in with it. Of course I had tu go in and see about it, and the machine feller said I must sit right down, and he would show me how tu run it. I told him I couldn't stop no way then, that he must come in the mornin', but he said he was going away and couldn't come agin; that I must jest learn how tu thread it; said it, wouldn't take but a few minutes, so I thought ef it wouldn't take long I might as well larn, but ef you'll believe it, that plaguy critter never let me get up for more'n an hour. He had tu tell 'bout the tension and the feed, and show how tu ile it, and land sakes I don't remember what all. I'm sure I don't know nothin' 'bout it, for my mind was out on the piazza. Wall at last he went away, and just as soon as I stepped my foot out on that piazza I knew the mischief was done. There sot Jacob aside of Clarissa, holding her hand, and she with cheeks redder than a piny. I gave one witherin' look and went in, but Jacob come right in and said Clarissa had promised tu be his wife, and asked me tu come and speak tu her. I never made no answer but went into the milk room and shut the door. When I came out she had gone, and Jacob sat in the kitchen, and—wall—we had considerable talk, the 'mount of it is, I am going tu sister Emeline's soon as I ken git ready, and its a wonder ef I come back this way very soon."

It was not many weeks before Harland was without a dressmaker, and Deacon Grover had a wife, and the boys and little Mary a mother, who sang to them and told them wonderful stories.

In time Aunt Jerusha overcame her dislike of Jacob's marriage, enough to make them a visit, and after remaining two weeks, told Mrs. Green "that she was so surprised to find what a good housekeeper Clarissa was, that her butter was as hard and yallaras gold, and better bread she never eat."

Oliver Wendell Holmes recently said to a friend: "I have written much that I would willingly let die. The public have treated me beyond my deserts. It would be better if I should be found out in my lifetime. A "Life of Emerson" engages my whole attention at present, and whatever light reminiscent effort of which I am capable, in intervals of time, must be put forth for the *Atlantic*. I receive every day, requests to write for this or that publication, but I must decline them all."