ILL REMODEL ANYBODY.

Nov. 3, 1890.
J. Bliss, Esq., Compton P.O., writes:
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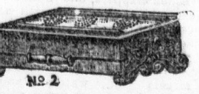

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AUNT NELLY'S VISIT.

The Cohutta Mountains lie, blue and cloud-like, in the distance. Near by, on a white, gravelly hillside, is a rude, single-roomed cabin. Gushing and boiling from the rocky base of the hill is a sparkling spring, whose stream loses itself in marshy ground shaded by drooping willows, erect, thick-stemmed cat-tails and bulrushes. Through a great reach of rolling tillage land, that lies beyond a rotting rail-fence over which the yellow love-vines and trumpet-flowers are riotously climbing, runs a clear stream toward the unseen river, miles below.

Beyond the field stand in white, weather-fuzzed dignity, a large, two-storied and dormer-windowed farm-house on a vast green lawn, amid tall, spreading trees. Its spacious halls, varandas and close-lying slave cabins tell that it was once the residence of a rich slave-holder; but the cabins are unoccupied, their logs are worm-eaten, and the roofs of some of them are gone. The spirit of ruin is in the air.

Major William Cosby, a descendant of a colonial governor, had lived there in splendor before the war; but the major and all the glories of his reign have passed away. His sons and daughters, impoverished by the civil war, have married and settled elsewhere.

But still living in the neighborhood of the old place can be met, now and then, colored people who proudly point to the white mansion among the trees and tell when they "longed to de majah." In the little cabin on the hillside dwells one of the major's old slaves, Aunt Nelly—the dusky, corpulent wife of slow-going Uncle Aaron.

Whoever might forget the past grandeur of the Cosbys, Aunt Nelly never lost an opportunity to discourse upon it. It was the nimbus which hung over her girlhood and darkened her present life by contrast. To her mind, the abolition of slavery was a cruel wrong. Her master had been almost a king in her eyes, and his children princes and princesses.

She attempted to turn up her fat nose at every move toward ostentation made by the family now living in the dilapidated farm house. She mimicked their rural speech, sneered at their rattling vehicles and their underfed stock, and pointed with scorn to the white laborers in the fields.

She had been maid to Miss Alma Cosby, and her regard for this young lady was little short of worship. It was told by truthful people among the Cosby slaves that Aunt Nelly would stand by that young lady's bedside when she took her afternoon naps, and fan the fair sleeper for hours at a time, without the slightest sign of weariness. When Miss Alma returned from parties at night, she always found Aunt Nelly nodding in a chair in her chamber, no matter what the hour might be.

But when the Cosby family broke up, after the death of the major and his wife, Miss Alma went to make her home with a married sister in Boston, and Aunt Nelly was left weeping behind. Years went by. Aunt Nelly was fond of the good black man she had married, but she sighed for the good old times of bondage, and above all for her young mistress.

"Unc' Aaron," she would say, "dis yer all right fur you, I reckon. Seem lak you aint got no membrance in you ter 'sturb you. You satisfied ter drive 'at ole se'-back hoss ter yo' lill wappity-wheel wagon, 'n' set 'n' brag 'bout whut you gwine mek wid yo' crop ef it rains, 'n' yo' watermillions; 'n' you 'ten' chu'ch 'n' lead in pra'r 'n' tek on lak de gre't Marster done strap wings on you, but hit actu'ly seem ter me dat less 'n I kin lay my eyes on Miss Alma again, I gwine stretch out 'n' die! Miss Alma useter say dat nobody kin wait on'er'less'n it's me, 'n' now she been a long time in Boston, 'n' me yer!"

Uncle Aaron would regard her with half-tearful eyes, and assume an air and tone of indifference that was far from natural, as he said:

"Nelly, you sech a fool! Now whut you 'reckon miss kin want wid you? Why, you got ole 'n' fat, 'n' everything done change. Miss Alma ain't want you up deh wid 'er. You go up deh ter Boston 'n' somebody sho' ter set de dogs on you. I is heerd tell 'at a real ole down Souf darkey is a big show fer 'em."

But Aunt Nelly's longing for her young mistress was not lessened by Aaron's sarcastic intimations. He would too often find her crying silently over Miss Alma's photograph, which had found its way from Boston to the humble cabin. Then came the news that Miss Alma, already 30 years of age, had married a wealthy New Yorker, and gone to New York city to live.

A strange, steely light shone from Aunt Nelly's excited eyes all day after she had received the tidings, and her breast rose and fell in great agitation. Aaron was away from home, and would not return until night; she was alone with her thoughts. She went up and down the narrow path from the cabin to the spring at least twenty times before noon, and then she sat down to a cold dinner, too much disturbed to eat.

Miss Alma, her darling, who used to be so helpless without her aid, had married and gone to a strange, new home to live and without her! She put down the piece of corn-bread she was trying to eat, and wiped her streaming eyes on the table-cover. She remembered how often Miss Alma used to say that if she ever married, no one should wait on her except Aunt Nelly.

She was facing a struggle with temptation. The sunbeams were slanting and red and the shadows long when the struggle ended. Peace and anticipation had come into Aunt Nelly's heart.

She took up a stone in the hearth and unearthed an oyster can. It contained gold and silver coins, eagerly she counted out the money into a red pocket handkerchief. It amounted to $40! She had been secretly hoarding it for years, vaguely thinking that some day Miss Alma might need money. Now the money would take her to the loved one!

"Who knows?" she asked herself reproachfully, as she hurriedly rolled up her two best gowns in a bundle, together with some bread and bacon. "Who knows? Hebby young miss is need me too many times already, 'n' des aint ax me kase I m yer wid Aaron. My stars! Whut Miss Alma 'low I gwine keer fur a ole black man w'en she in need o' my sarvice? Shuh! Aaron, he's good enough in his place, but I cayn't stay away fum my young miss no pos'. I'm gwine slip 'way fum 'im ter keep 'im fum raisin' sech a 'sturbance; he gwine know whar I is, I boun' you."

She closed the cabin door, leaving the key in the lock, and, with her bundle under her arm, trudged away. She reached the station just as darkness was beginning to fall.

"How much you ax me ter tek me ter my mistiss in New York, marster?" she asked of the station agent.

"Twenty-two dollars and forty cents," he said, smiling.

Tremblingly she put down her money and received her ticket.

"How long it gwine tek me?"

"Thirty-eight hours," answered the man. "Your train will be here in ten minutes."

Aunt Nelly moved away from the little square of light, and stood on the platform under the star-lighted heavens, looking thoughtfully in the direction of her cabin. Perhaps Aaron had returned. She pictured dear mind the old man's face, as she looked around the cabin, and called fondly in her heart. There was a rising something in her throat, which she could only subdue by fixing her thoughts upon the young mistress of the past.

The far-off sound of a steam whistle set every fiber in her frame to trembling, and made her heart sink like a lead lump of lead. She shivered involuntarily as she saw its fire-lighted cloud of smoke, and heard the ominous rumbling of wheels and the clang of the bell. When the train stopped she climbed into the smoking-car and sat down trembling in a corner.

Presently the engine was off again, rushing through cuts, past hills and mountains and over streams. Aunt Nelly looked from the window towards her home. How she wished that her mistress lived nearer the old plantation!

It was a forlorn and dejected human being that presented itself at the door of a brown stone residence in Fifty-Eighth street, near Fifth avenue. The manservant, in knickerbockers, stared at Aunt Nelly with wide-open eyes, and she shrank from his attire.

"I want Miss Alma—Mr. Mathews!" she gasped. "She's my young mistis."

The man left her in the hall to inform his mistress. Presently he returned. She was to follow him. She caught her breath as she began to ascend the thickly carpeted stairs, and grasped the polished balustrade. She suddenly felt a strange, undefined sensation of fear that she might not be welcome as she entered Mrs. Mathew's sitting-room. The lady was reclining upon a couch among silken pillows, and sat up as Aunt Nelly was announced.

"Why, Aunt Nelly! you dear old soul! I am glad I am to see ya!" she exclaimed, and the next moment the old negress was sobbing her darling in her arms, and had burst into sobs of joy and relief.

"Why, Aunt Nell, you are the last person I should have expected to see in New York," Mrs. Mathews went on. "I heard that you were happily married, and to Uncle Aaron, I believe. Is he here, too?"

Aunt Nelly hung her head and was silent for an instant.

"No—o, Miss Alma, I done lef' 'im. I is heerd you is married, 'n I des pick up n' come off ter see you, 'n' h'p you tho'o it, kase I know how you is, 'n' how hard you is ter suit, 'n' so few colored folks in dis town, 'n' all."

The face of the lady took on a shadow, and there were tears in her gray eyes as she thought of the past and of this old slave's devotion.

"You know, Aunt Nell," she began, in a sympathetic tone, "that you are welcome here, and always will be, but I am really afraid that you will not like city life. I would have asked you and Aaron both to come, but I fear you would pine for the hills and mountains of Georgia. Everything is so cramped and noisy—we young people can manage to exist here, but there is little that would please you."

"I'm willin' ter put up wid anything ter be 'long wid you, Miss Alma," faltered the black lips. But the small, bead-like eyes scanned the luxurious apartment with a glance of mute disappointment.

"Well," said Mrs. Mathews, reading the black visage before her and speaking very gently, "you may stay as long as you like, but when you want to return let me know, and my husband will put you on the train and give you a ticket home. You may have the little room at the end of the hall on this floor, so you will be near me."

Aunt Nelly's dream was losing its glamor. She sat in her little room and looked out of its single window at the dreary view of unpainted brick walls, which climbed so high that they cut off the view of the sky. She felt as if she were in prison, and the man-servant who had shown her to her room seemed her jailer. She was miserable. She experienced a pang of jealousy as sharp as the stab of a knife, because she had seen her mistress having her hair arranged by a brisk, saucy-looking French maid.

Days went by. Aunt Nelly's misery increased. She could not frequent the servants' room, nor intrude often upon her mistress, who was occupied in making and receiving calls, and taking morning naps to refresh herself after spending the previous evening in society. By and by a reception was given by Mrs. Mathews. Aunt Nelly, in her best gingham gown, much creased by its journey in the bundle, sat behind a portiere in the hall, with the drawing-rooms in view, watched the guests arrive, and listened to the music by the band in the conservatory. She had nothing to do, because her mistress said that each of the servants had his duties and would be offended if she interfered.

It seemed like a dream to her. Black men-servants, sent by a caterer, who spoke like white people and were attired in full evening dress, passed around delicious ices, and sniffed and looked at one another knowingly as they came to her vicinity.

The scene had no charm for poor Aunt Nelly. The only object of interest to her was her mistress, and her strange dress and way of wearing her hair almost removed her from Aunt Nelly's recognition. Overshadowed by a brooding despair and lulled by the music and the confusion of voices, she dropped her gray, wolly head upon her massive breast and slept.

When she awoke the guests were gone, and Mrs. Mathews stood before her, a letter in her hands.

"You should have gone to bed, Aunt Nell," she said, touched by the sadness in the old black face. "I was so busy that I forgot you. We had such a grand evening! The Marquis of Longley was here, and a number of other celebrated people; we don't meet people of such rank often in the South. But here is a letter about you. It was written by the postmaster at home for Uncle Aaron."

An eager, startled look lighted up the dark face, but Aunt Nelly's eyes fell to the floor. She began to tremble violently as her mistress read:

"DEAR MRS. MATHEWS.—Uncle Aaron Cosby has lost his wife, Aunt Nelly. She left him about a week ago. He thinks that she has gone to you in New York, as she had just heard of your marriage, and is so devoted to you. I am really sorry for the poor old negro; he is almost out of his mind with grief. He has been running from place to place every day since her disappearance, and comes here a dozen times a day, hoping to receive news from her. If she is with you you will confer a great favor upon all the friends of the faithful old fellow and himself by writing at once."

"Why, Aunt Nell," said Mrs. Mathews, when she had finished the letter, "you surely did not go away without telling Aaron where you were going? Could you be so thoughtless?"

Aunt Nelly hung her head in growing shame, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"I didn't spec' ter find it lak dis in New York, Miss Alma," she said in a low tone. "It ain't a bit lak de ole time. I don't see how you kin put up wid it all, 'n' sech trifin' white trash ter wait on you. You des hatter eat col' things at dinner 'n' soup 'n' vegitable at supper-time. Dis cook you got ain't bake you no hot biscuits nur puff light bread, lak old Dicey useter; 'n' you ain't got no spring house ter keep yo' butter 'n' milk in, nur ya'd where you kin walk out; 'n' no place fur yo' chickens ter scratch about 'n' pick, 'n' beehives 'n all. I don't know; it all mighty quar. Seem lak folks gone stark crazy, 'n' a constant roar lak thunder all day 'n' th'oo the night."

Aunt Nelly's mind, stirred by the pitiful description of Aaron's grief, entertained many intrusive Georgian pictures when she was alone in her room that night. She could not sleep for thinking of Aaron and his trouble. Who was cooking for him now that she was away? Perhaps he still had the neuralgic pains that only she knew how to subdue. And she had left her pet pig to nobody's care: In her fancy she could hear its piteous, hungry squeal above the roar of Fifth avenue.

Before her fancy's eye lay the broad, undulating fields and the blue, cloud-like mountains. Patient old Aaron sat in the cabin door, mending his harness. A sob rose in her throat; it choked and pained her and drove moisture into her eyes.

How soothing and yet how painful to think of home! She fancied it was a bright, balmy, moonlight night on the plantation. A bewitching haze covered the fields and clung to the trees and rocky hillsides. Far down the valley she heard the singing of the Treadwell negroes. She and Aaron used to sing replies to them, although they were a mile away.

She fell asleep and was wrapped in dreams of plantation life. She was a girl at a barn dance. Aaron was the fiddler; he was playing "Soapsuds Over the Fence," and she was dancing before his approving, admiring smile.

Again, much later in life, she and Aaron were walking together to the little white meeting-house. She had on her Sunday finery, and Aaron wore his long broadcloth coat and high beaver hat. Then, with bowed head she was listening with pride to his resonant, song-like prayer and its approval from the thick-lipped congregation in groans, clapping of hands and drum-like beating of feet.

The next morning Aunt Nelly approached her mistress timidly, as she rested in her room from the excitement and fatigue of the previous evening.

"Miss Alma," she ventured, meekly, "I want you ter write me a letter ter Aarun, please, ma'm."

"Very well, Aunt Nell," said Mrs. Mathews, hiding a smile with her hand, and drawing up her writing-desk, "what shall I say?"

"Tell Unc' Aarun," the old negress began, slowly, wrapping her thick hands in her apron in an embarrassed way, "tell Unc' Aarun I done come yer 'n' seed you once mo' 'n'—"

Here she hesitated for an instant. "Tell 'im I done he'p y-all out wid yo' big party 'n' now, dat I is done seed how y-all is fixed, I saterfied ter go back ter de ole Cosby place en live deh de rest o' my livin' time out. Tell 'im I'm a'comin' on de nex' train, 'n' fur 'im to be sho ter feed Gincy—dat's the pig, Miss Alma—'n' ter git yaller Mary ter do de milkin' 'n' churnin'—at I'll do de same fur her some day. 'N' tell 'im ter th'ow all de sour butter-milk to Gincy 'n' de slop 'n' leavin's roun' de place. Miss Alma, dis certney been a lesson ter me, sho! My place is certney wid Aarun, des lak yo's is wid Marse Mathews."

Mrs. Mathews smiled pleasantly.

"Yes, Aunt Nell," she said; "Mr. Mathews is a good man, and I am happy. He is very much interested in you and Aaron. He gave me a check this morning for $500. He wants you to take it home with you when you go. You can invest it in land, and it may make your fortune."

"Oh my, Miss Alma!" exclaimed Aunt Nelly. "Dat's a heap o' money!" She was silent for a moment, watching Mrs. Mathews' pen move over the paper, with eyes that were beaming with unspeakable gratitude. Then a look of cunning fell upon her face.

"Miss Alma," said she softly, "des put in 'bout de money, please ma'm, kase it gwine mek Aarun feel mighty proud 'n' ease 'im up fum dis yer trip I tuk. He is done pick 'im out a little farm he went ter buy some time, 'n' dis yer money is mo'n ernough. Oh my! dis yer will certney tu'n his ole head upside down, 'n' dem settlement darkies cayn't tattle 'bout dis wil' goose trip w'en dey see we-all's lan' whut I is made by comin' des when I did."

When Aaron met Aunt Nelly at the station he hardly knew her for her finery. She had on a showy silk gown and a new hat, presents from Mrs. Mathews. By her excessive dignity she subdued the triumphant look that had captured his face. She swept by him with a haughty, erect strut, and took a seat in his wagon. They drove along in awkward silence for about ten minutes. Then Aunt Nelly said:

"Now, Unc' Aarun, you is sholy ole ernough ter know better'n ter act de bo'n fool, lak you did wid yo' writin' up Nor' 'n' all. Strange thing I cayn't tek a visit ter my young miss ter raise a little money ter buy us a fa'm, 'dout all dis fuss 'n' talk gwine on. Well, well, dis is er great cometer-pass, sho!"—[Youth's Companion.

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3rd. Then wash through a lukewarm rinse water, which will take out the suds.

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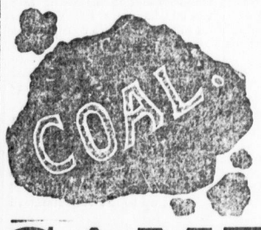

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