

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL**"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."**

The breakfast-table was laid cozily in the sunny parlor at Emersely Hall, but no one seemed inclined to partake of any breakfast just yet. Mary Stanhope stood at the window by her uncle, watching him anxiously as he glanced hastily over the letter she had just handed him.

"Yes, Mary; Blanche will arrive this evening, I hope," said Mr. Stanhope; "and your aunt Louisa says she may spend a fortnight here."

"Oh, I am so glad! What fun we shall have together! May I take the letter to my aunt, and ask her if she will allow me to drive down to the station with her this evening to meet Blanche?"

"Yes; here it is," said Mr. Stanhope, as he handed the open letter to his niece; "and you may order the phaeton at the same time. The train is due at a quarter past six."

At this moment Mrs. Stanhope entered the breakfast-room, and readily granted Mary's request. She was an only child; her parents were in India, and she had been living with Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope for the last eight years. She was not a pretty child, and had not improved in appearance as she grew older; and now, in her thirteenth year, she was decidedly plain-looking, but an affectionate, amiable girl, thoroughly unselfish and most anxious to please every one, especially her aunt and uncle, whom she had easily learned to love, and whom she regarded now almost as second parents.

A visiting governess from the neighboring town of Emersely came every second day for a couple of hours to teach Mary, but she had a month's holiday now, and her uncle had written to ask if her cousin Blanche, who was about the same age as Mary, might come and spend some time with them. Mary had never seen this cousin, but had often heard her aunt and uncle speaking of her as a pleasant, amiable, clever girl; and the governess, who also taught Blanche some years before, had told Mary that at that time she was the most perfectly handsome child she had ever seen.

As they all sat at breakfast one morning about a week after Blanche's arrival, Mr. Stanhope told his nieces that he and their aunt would be obliged to go into Emersely the next day for a morning's shopping, and, giving them a sovereign each, he said they might come too if they liked, and lay out their money. This proposal met with a ready assent, and when Blanche and Mary had thanked their uncle, they went off together to consult how they should spend their money. Mary had long wished for a bracelet of her father and mother's hair, and was in much delight at the prospect of being able to have one now; while Blanche thought of at least twenty different things she wanted, but finally decided on a gold locket, into which she would have her mother's photograph fastened.

In the afternoon Mrs. Stanhope told the girls she expected some friends to tea the next evening, but had forgotten to send off one note, and asked them to drive to Emersely and leave it at Mr. Clifford's. Blanche and Mary readily consented, and a few minutes more saw them on the road to Emersely.

When they had left Mrs. Stanhope's note, and as they drove slowly back through the town, Blanche suggested that, as they were in no hurry home, they would stop at one of the jeweller's shops and look at some lockets.

"No, Blanche; we cannot do so," said Mary. "Aunt told me never to go shopping unless she was with me."

"Yes, but I don't want to buy anything, you know—only just to look at the lockets; and you could inquire what they would charge for making the hair bracelet, Mary."

"No, Blanche; I cannot go, and I wish you would not either. Aunt would not like it."

"Nonsense; I am not going to spend my sovereign, I assure you, and I don't think there is any danger that the shopman will eat me."

So saying, Blanche, who was quite determined upon having her own way, desired the coachman to stop at the next jeweller's.

It was a small, rather poor-looking shop, and Blanche had not entered it many minutes when she came back with a very perplexed face, and took her seat in silence by her cousin.

"Oh, Mary!" she whispered, as they drove away from the shop; "what shall I do—I have lost my sovereign!"

"Lost your sovereign! Are you quite sure, Blanche?" asked Mary.

"Yes; quite sure. I have no pocket in this muslin, so I slipped the sovereign into my glove when we were leaving home, thinking perhaps I should like to buy something in Emersely, and now it is gone; what shall I do?"

"I think we had better drive back to Thompson's again, and ask them to search the shop; you might have dropped it there."

"No, I know I did not; I missed it a minute or two after I went into the shop. What shall I do? Uncle will be so angry, and I can't have the locket after all."

"Yes, you shall have the locket, Blanche; you must take my sovereign—I don't want it now— You must take it—indeed, you must."

"But what would uncle and aunt say! for, of course, you will have to tell them you gave it to me," said Blanche.

"No, I don't think I need; you know uncle said we might spend it as we liked."

The next morning after breakfast, the phaeton was brought round to the hall door, and Mrs. Stanhope went up stairs to get ready, desiring her two nieces to do so too. When she returned to the drawing-room a few minutes afterwards, dressed for her drive, she was surprised to find Mary still sitting there, and inquired why she had not gone to get ready.

Mary colored as she answered, "I am not going with you today, aunt, thank you."

Mrs. Stanhope left the room, wondering greatly at Mary's embarrassment; but having full confidence in her at all times, she determined not to ask any more questions.

At seven o'clock the same evening, Blanche and Mary were in their bedroom dressing for tea. Blanche had chosen a lovely locket—it cost twenty-seven shillings, but her uncle, on seeing that she had set her heart on that particular one, had added the additional seven shillings, and her mother's photograph was already fastened into it.

The guests had already arrived, and Mrs. Stanhope called her nieces forward to introduce them. Beyond a stiff nod, or a cold shake-hands, Mary was scarcely taken any notice of; so escaping as soon as it was possible, she passed over to the opposite side of the room and sat down in her favorite seat by the window, while Blanche, who became immediately the centre of attraction, re-

mained talking to a group of ladies and gentlemen.

"What a lovely girl Blanche is, Mrs. Stanhope; you really must feel proud of her," said one old lady, who sat by Mrs. Stanhope on the sofa.

"Yes, indeed," said an elderly gentleman who stood near her; "but what a pretty locket that is, my dear! May I look at it, Miss Blanche?" And then added, almost involuntarily, as he unclasped it, "Oh, what a handsome face! Surely this must be your mother; the likeness is very strong."

But at this moment a servant entered the room and handed something to Mrs. Stanhope, saying that Mr. Thompson, the jeweller, sent it, and that the young lady who drove through Emersely yesterday with Miss Mary had dropped it in his shop.

"Why that must have been you, Blanche. What does all this mean? I did not know you lost a sovereign!" said Mrs. Stanhope.

Poor Blanche was perfectly thunder-struck. She stood speechless in the centre of the room, not daring to meet her aunt's eyes, and feeling that every one in the room was looking at her.

"You lost it? Surely there is some mistake. I did not hear you went shopping alone yesterday, and how were you able to buy that locket if you lost your money?"

Poor Blanche! She knew her aunt was waiting for her answer, and that a full disclosure must follow; so she looked imploringly at Mary who was still sitting by the window. Mary immediately came forward, and going up to her aunt, she explained all in a low voice, making as many excuses as she could for Blanche's behavior, and begging Mrs. Stanhope not to say anything more about it at present.

Her words were unheard by all save Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope, and old Mr. Clifford, who stood near them; but when Mary had ceased speaking, Mr. Stanhope remarked aloud—

"Well, Blanche, if I were in your place I should be ashamed to wear that locket, seeing how you came by it. You first disobeyed your aunt yesterday, and then when you lost the money I gave you, you were selfish enough to take Mary's to buy that locket. You, Mary, acted most unselfishly and generously, and you shall not be disappointed about the bracelet."

"Ah, yes! Mary never thinks about herself; she is always trying to please others," murmured old Mr. Clifford, as he glanced at his god-daughter, affectionately. "I have always been an admirer of a pretty face myself, but you see the old saying, 'Handsome is that handsome does,' is the best and truest after all."

THE ART OF LIVING TOGETHER.

The following motto was on the wall of a woman's bedroom: "Let us take hands and help each other today, because we are alive together."

She is but a bride of a year, and that is the sentiment with which she furnished her bedroom and tries to carry out in her everyday life. The hard blow we give with a word, the mean thoughts or harsh judgment recoil on ourselves. No woman who is hard and critical is happy.

"Take hands and help each other today" is the sure road to contentment and happiness.—Ex.

Do not, as you hope for success, spend time in idleness.