



"Let me forget in time
Folly of dreams that I had;
Give me my share of a world most
fair—
Let me work and be glad."

Miss Smarty.

By Minna Stanwood.

The girls on the handkerchief counter at Watson, King & Co.'s were excited. You could tell that by the way they whispered and giggled, and, if the floor-walker happened to be at a safe distance, by the fact that they failed to observe so significant an object as a waiting customer.

"Yes," one of the girls was saying, breathlessly, to the four who hung breathlessly toward her. "Fred took me. We sat down at quarter to eight and never got up till half-past eleven. I won this elegant chatelaine. Real seal, you know. Oh, see that old frump! Wonder what she wants?"

A supercilious stare and a yawn struggled for place on the girl's face as she waited for the "old frump" to make her need known. She had a sweet face and a kind voice, if her clothes were old-fashioned, but, of course, the smarty saleslady did not notice such things.

"I wonder if I could find a couple of wide-bordered, hemstitched handkerchiefs? Have you anything of that sort?"

"How wide?" The saleswoman had taken on her "stand and deliver" tone. This was evidently not only an "old frump," but also an old fuss, and she must not be indulged too much.

"Well, about—a—two inches wide, I should say," faltered the abashed customer.

"Hemstitched two inches wide! Haven't had those for years! Yes"—the haughty tone suddenly became genial—"we had an elegant time. I was the only lady who won anything. Three of the gentlemen won—"

"I beg your pardon, but would you please look?" It was the timid voice of the "old frump." "I hate to trouble you, but I have bought my handkerchiefs here for a number of years, and they always have had the kind I want."

The customer's eyes fell before the outraged mien of the saleswoman. "I have told you that we don't carry them. I never saw a handkerchief with a two-inch hemstitched border. They may have had them in this store fifty years ago. All we carry now are those you see on the counter. Twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five, any price you want to pay. We have ten-cent ones, too."

Thereupon the saleswoman turned her back, oblivious of the fact that the customer still lingered, and began another chapter.

A young girl farther down the counter had just handed a customer her change, and, seeing disappointment on the face of the "old frump," said, kindly, "was there something special you wanted, madam?"

The lady smiled gratefully. "Oh, thank you. I wanted a hemstitched border two inches wide, but I dislike to trouble you. The other—a—lady said you didn't carry them."

"I'll see. I think I've seen some of those handkerchiefs. Oh, it's no trouble, madam. We're hired to show the goods, you know."

Box after box the girl took down, deftly and cheerfully, and then she stood a moment thinking. Suddenly a light broke over her face, and she stepped on

the rung of her stool to reach the highest shelf.

"Those are just what I want," declared the customer, delighted. "Two, please."

The elderly lady, in clothes unfashionable though fine, took her package and said, with old-fashioned courtesy, as she departed, "I am greatly obliged to you, my dear."

"Well, Teresa Davis, if you're not fresh to pull down all those boxes for two fifty-cent handkerchiefs," observed the smart saleswoman, as the girl called Teresa bent to the task of rearranging stock.

The next morning the smart saleswoman was interrupted by the floorwalker in the midst of a glowing account of another whist party.

"Mr. White wants to see '14' and '23' in the office," he announced.

Miss Smarty and Teresa Davis looked at each other in amazement, and then passed on to the superintendent's room.

When they came out, Miss Smarty's eyes were red and swollen, and Teresa Davis walked quietly with a sad little smile.

"It was that old two-inch-border frump," sobbed Miss Smarty, angrily, to her sympathizing friends behind the counter. "She's Watson's wife and she's sick most of the time and she only gets out once in a dog's life, to buy handkerchiefs, I suppose, and she told Watson that I was rude to her, so I get through Saturday night. And the old thing asked as a special favor to her that Teresa Davis be marked for promotion right away."

"It's a mean shame!" commented the girls, but they were careful to "look alive" just then, for several customers were approaching.—[Classmate.

Notes from Some Old-time Chronicles.

A VOYAGE TO HUDSON'S BAY IN 1851.

WE WEATHER A GALE.

August, 1851, seems to have ushered itself in most boisterously, a terrible gale bursting upon the sister ships worse than any they had hitherto encountered. There had been times when for two or even three weeks we had not come within signalling distance of each other. Now we parted company as though we had picked a quarrel and were having high words, and even blows. Truly, when King Boreas lets his angry passions rise he is neither to have nor to hold. The previous day had been rainy and dull, in marked contrast to the clear sunshine and blue skies which we had had of late. Upon the night before that, we had been called on deck to see the sailing by, in stately beauty, of a magnificent iceberg, its peaks rearing high above our masts, and divided in its very center by an archway of such exquisite formation, and of such glistening whiteness, that we were awed into silence. It seemed as if words would have been a desecration. At any rate we uttered none until it had drifted far astern, and under the fitful lights of the Aurora Borealis, which shone with extraordinary brilliancy, it had disappeared upon the horizon. "After that the deluge," Ominous clouds had gathered; the

wind blew in puffs and sudden squalls. The sails were reefed; two men were placed at the wheel, and all hands at the ropes, whilst our good ship reeled and heeled and wallowed in the trough of the sea, which seemed determined to swallow her up, but which, after all, only soused the bonnie creature from stern to stern, and when she had weathered the storm and had shaken out her sails, left her not one whit the worse. The journal of that second day of August reads like a doleful ditty, but all the same I am glad, even in my old age, to know that I not only kept my feet when my fellow passengers in both cabins were groaning with fear and a return of seasickness; but that, perhaps, ignorant of the danger, I most thoroughly enjoyed it. I know I became black and blue in my wild excursions from cabin door to cabin door, carrying nonsense messages from one to the other, and getting frightfully snubbed for my pains. I got drenched to the skin, when at rare intervals the captain or mates, in sou'-westers and tarpaulin coats, sobbed down the companion-stairs in a flood of sea water, deaf to my implorings for "just one peep," but nothing could lay the sprite of fun and frolic which had gotten possession of me. Well, one can be young but once. I see that on the 4th the sea had subsided, though the rain poured in torrents. The journal says: "In the afternoon, with the wind at half-fair, we were carried by Pembroke Cape and Mansfield Island, and later on another exploration party landed at Southampton." Please get your maps and find if I have mentioned now or at any time places which have been or may become points for arbitration, or subjects of territorial dispute.

NEARLY IN PORT.

"Saturday, 9th August. Ten weeks out to-day, and nearly at the end of our voyage. At 1 o'clock two guns were fired, and three rockets let off, and by 8 p.m. the joyful news passed round, 'We are in York Inner roads, and at anchorage.'"

But that announcement by no means signified that the women folk were to go ashore yet awhile. The little schooner which had, off and on, been cruising about for some days in expectation of our arrival, and which reached us in due time after hearing the signal from our guns, brought some of the officials from the Fort, eager to receive their one yearly mail, ravenous for news, and comically curious to see what manner of human freight the good ship had brought to their shores, one at least, as it became afterwards apparent, with matrimonial intent, for the journal tells of the speedy transformation into a buxom bride of a kindly-faced, middle-aged widow, who with her boy of eleven or twelve had come out in our second cabin, and who, instead of going on with us to Red River, would spend her days as the wife of a chief trader in charge of one of the Hudson's Bay Company's outposts.

ON SHORE AT LAST.

Not until Tuesday, the 18th of August, did we go ashore at last, our most kind and hospitable captain considering it advisable that we should continue to make the Prince of Wales our home until comfortable

quarters could be provided for us, and definite arrangements made for our inland journey by the brigade of boats which were to convey us across Lake Winnipeg. These, we were told, had not yet arrived, but might do so at any moment, and as soon as they had made their exchange of cargoes, "hurry" would be the order of the day.

A WELCOME AT YORK FORT.

Never was anything less like fairyland than the spot of flat and swampy ground upon which, for the first time on a new continent, we planted our unaccustomed feet.

From a high, gaunt, gallows-like structure, erected partly as a bell tower and partly as a point of outlook, floated the flag of the company, the H. B. C., with which we afterwards became so familiar, and under the ægis of which we received thenceforth much kindness and protection. The large area of the Fort, composed of several clean, white, tidy, but very unpicturesque buildings, viz., the central hall, residences and offices of its governor and officials, was enclosed by a high stockade or fence, platforms or wooden walks, apparently on stilts, owing to the swampy nature of the soil, intersecting one another from end to end. At the entrance gates stood four large brass cannon, with their carriages too decayed to admit of more than the firing of blank cartridge salutes, on the solitary big occasion of the year, the arrival of the ship from England, and then their boom sounded quite imposing, something like the growls of the once-upon-a-time fierce old watch dog, who, from the infirmities of age, could bark, though he had no longer a tooth in his head to bite with. But no such threatening aspect awaited the travellers. At the very threshold of our new world a gracious welcome and an unbounded hospitality awaited us, one which provided for all our needs during our stay at the Fort, anticipating our wants, and when the moment of final parting came, joining hands with the captain and the whole ship's company in practical tokens of kindly consideration for us, surprises turning up at intervals from the hitherto unexplored corners of our canteen and provision baskets, which came as greetings from afar, as we sat by our camp fires at night, or took nondescript luncheons in the stern of the big boat which was conveying us to our new home in the settlement on the banks of the Red River.

H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

Ode to a Hen.

A great American poet has composed the following ode to a hen, which she richly deserves:

Cackle, cackle Plymouth Rocks,
Ye can have the waggon box,
'N' the smokehouse, 'n' the barn,
Take 'em—we don't care a darn.

Cackle here and cackle there,
Lay your eggs just anywhere,
Every time ye lay an egg,
Down the mortgage goes a peg.

Cackle, cackle all the day,
Who kin find a better way
Fer to git ahead again
Than to cultivate the hen?