

Mrs. Barton—You certainly are a wonderful house-keeper and cook, Mary. I never saw a cleaner, better kept house nor ate more delicious meals than I have eaten at your table.

Mrs. De Vere—I was about to make that very statement, Mary, it is simply remarkable what you accomplish; can it be possible you have no maid at your command?

Mrs. Kelly—All I have to my command is these two hands (holding them up), and good servants they are, or maids, as you do be calling them now-a-days, and more to be depended on, never leaving you in the middle of the spring cleaning or when company is expected.

Now, there was poor Amanda Grey (she that lives down the road a step), she just got well under way with the spring cleaning, the parlor and spare bedroom furniture on the verandah, and the bedsteads and bedticks in the back yard, and hardly a place to set or stand, when her hired girl was called away sudden like to see her cousin's wife, her as married Jim Blaxter, who went mining in California in the spring of '49.

Mrs. De Vere—Why, what could Amanda possibly do in such a contingency?

Mrs. Kelly—Well, I see'd from our back yard when I was out washing up the milk cans, that Amanda was all in a clutter, and then I see'd a wagon stop and take Mary Jane away, and I felt it was my plain duty, being a neighbor, to step over and give her a hand to put things to rights. Poor Amanda was cryin' her pretty eyes out when I went, but I told her just to