

## Kitty's Sanitarium.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Kitty! Yes, that is me. They have laughed at me a good deal about what they call my adventure. But I think it is I that have the best right to laugh. And, after all, why shouldn't a New Hampshire farmer's daughter have adventures, as well as any one else?

So now if you care to hear my story, I will tell it, just as it happened.

I was seventeen years old that very summer, and I had never been anywhere away from home. Father was not rich, and mother had a deal to do, with the butter, and the poultry, and the children, who must be sent to school, and who were so hard on their clothes. So it happened that I grew up without knowing anything beyond my little home-world, hedged in by the purple crests of the White Mountains on one side, and the tall, scarlet poppies of the home-garden on the other.

Until one day, Deacon Sedgewick's wife leaned over the stone wall where I was picking early strawberries in the sunny angle, with my curls tucked away under an old green sunbonnet, and my fingers dyed ruby-red with the fragrant fruit.

"Kitty Kent," said she, in that abrupt way of hers, "would you like to earn a little money for yourself?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried out, eagerly, for had not my mind been full of the great things I would do for mother and little Polly, and the boys, if I only had twenty dollars of my own?

"I know of a place where you can make ten dollars a month and your board, until November," said Mrs. Sedgewick. "It's at my brother's, up in Bridgeboro." He takes summer boarders, and he's short of help, and needs more dining-room girls. The work is light, and you'll be treated quite as one of the family, if only you manage to make yourself agreeable to the boarders. It's a place, you see, where their whims and caprices need to be especially studied. Will you try it, Kitty?"

"Yes," I answered promptly.

And I hurried home to mother, with the little splint basket only half-full of strawberries, to relate the good news.

Mother was in the kitchen, peeling russet apples for a pudding. Aunt Betsy Larkins, the tailor's wife, was cutting down a pair of father's old trousers for little John, at an opposite table, with a pair of huge shears, and steel spectacles to match.

"Do tell!" said mother, her face brightening at the tidings.

"Humph!" said Aunt Betsy, severing a button as if it had been the head of a State criminal. "I know Doctor Sedgewick's place; it's a sanitarium!"

"A what?" said mother, timidly.

"A sanitarium," said Aunt Betsy.

"And what's that, please, Aunt Betsy?" said I, breathless with interest.

"Don't you know?" said Aunt Betsy, eying me from beneath the spherical glasses of her spectacles. "A place where they keep insane people."

Mother looked at me. I looked back at mother, half startled for a moment, but I recovered myself presently.

"I don't care," said I. "Ten dollars a month is a great deal, and I mean to earn it. And Mrs. Sedgewick wouldn't have recommended the place if there was anything wrong about it. I shall go!"

"Do you think you'd better, dear?" asked mother, timidly.

"Of course," I answered resolutely.

Aunt Betsy Larkins was the village mischief-maker, but I was resolved that she shouldn't spoil my plans; and I went to Bridgeboro.

"They're none of them dangerous, sir—are they?" I said to Doctor Sedgewick, with a palpitating heart, the first evening that I was there, and saw the ladies and gentlemen boating on the lake, wandering under the scented awning of the old pine-trees, and playing croquet on the level lawns in front of the stone mansion.

"Oh, not in the least!" the doctor carelessly answered. "They are all in different stages of pathological disorder; but I don't despair of any of them."

So I stayed on. They were all kind and pleasant to me. There was one old gentleman who used to call me "Little Blue Eyes;" and an old lady who used to insist on my reading poetry to her, because she said that my voice was like the tinkling of the little brook in the glen.

And they all noticed me very much, and asked me questions, and were so good, that after a little while I ceased to be afraid. I had read somewhere in a book that insane people were very docile, if only they could be under the right system of management.

And I concluded that Doctor Sedgewick's method must be very successful, and left off being nervous and startled when I met Mr. Neville in the corridor, or came across Miss Sedleigh walking for exercise under the pine-trees.

One afternoon, however, when I was gathering wild roses by the brook—I liked my tables to be gay and pretty with wood-blossoms all the time—I heard voices in the summer-house above, which was built out over the ripple of the water. Naturally enough, I shrank down among the rose-thickets until they should be gone, and so I could not hear hearing what they said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mixell, "she is pretty!"

"A perfect little forget-me-not!" said Mr. Denham, enthusiastically.

"One can easily excuse Neville's infatuation," said Mrs. Mixell. "And, besides, she is not a common servant."

I had quite a chat with her, the other day, when she was spreading table-napkins on the grass to bleach, and it seems she is a farmer's daughter from Greenfield, and has been carefully brought up. She is *au fait* in Tennyson and Milton, and knows Macaulay's history by heart, and there isn't a single grammatical error in that shy, pretty speech of hers, if you've noticed it."

So they passed on, across the rustic bridge, and left me, coloring and trembling, among the wild-rose briers. For I knew quite well that it was myself they were talking of.

be told, I knew that Mr. Neville, the tall, stately young clergyman, with the dark, wistful eyes, and the deep, sweet voice, was beginning to like me—a little.

As to whether I liked him or not, I had hardly dared to ask myself. For was he not under the dark shadow of mental aberration that clouded all of Doctor Sedgewick's guests? He had never said to me in words, "I love you!" But if he should, oh, what should I answer him?

And so I was growing quite unhappy at the sanitarium, where I had once been so innocently contented; and I decided, after two or three sleepless nights and many tears, that I had better go back to mother and the dreary old pasture lands, where the mulleins upheld their yellow stalks along the stone fence, and the blackberry-bushes wore tangled canopies above the streams.

"So you are going to leave us, Kitty Kent?"

It was Mr. Neville himself. He had found me out, in spite of all my poor little plans, whereby I had coaxed Alice Aitkens, the other waitress, to take my table, and kept persistently out of his path in every possible way and manner.

He had surprised me even in that lonely glen, where I had come to tell good-bye to the trout-pool and the clusters of dark-green maiden-hair fern that grew under the rocky ledges.

"Yes," I answered, with resolutely downcast eyes and averted face.

"But you cannot go, Kitty," he said, quietly, "until I have said some things that are in my heart—until I have told you that you have been a new revelation to me since you came—that I love you, Kitty, with all my heart and soul!"

"That you love me?" I repeated, vaguely, scarcely knowing what I said.

And then, all of a sudden, like a mountain torrent overflowing its boundaries, came the sudden, overwhelming conviction, that I loved him—that all my precautions had been in vain.

I could feel the scarlet suffuse my cheeks, neck and brow—I knew that the light flashed into my eyes, the tell-tale gladness surrounded my lips—and then my hands were imprisoned in his, my face hidden in his shoulder.

I did love him! I would be true to him, in sickness or in health, madness or sanity.

I cast aside all other considerations than the promptings of my own heart, and accepted the future as if it had been a Valley of Eden, all because I loved Frank Neville truly, and tenderly, and irrevocably.

I don't remember quite what he said, or what I answered, or how it was all settled. I only know that we were sitting side by side on the moss-enamelled boulder, with the tangled maiden-hair at our feet, and the thrushes singing overhead, with Frank's arm around my waist, and that I had promised to be his wife.

"But you must tell me tell my mother myself," I hesitated. "For I know she will object at first, and—"

He looked at me with a certain amazement shining out of his dark eyes.

"I don't quite understand," said he.

"Why should she object?"

"Because—because of my misfortune," said I, shyly hanging down my head.

"What misfortune?" he insisted.

"You think I do not know it," I said, bravely summoning up all my failing courage. "But I do; and, oh, I love you a thousand times better for it! and it shall be my life's care to hide it from the world."

"Know what, Kitty?" he persisted.

"Hide what?"

"Your insanity," I whispered, bursting into tears.

"But I am not insane!" he cried out.

"You are one of Doctor Sedgewick's patients," said I.

"Granted; but that does not prove my insanity, little Kate."

"Is not this a—private asylum?" I faltered.

"Nothing of the sort. We are here simply to enjoy the mountain air and health-giving breezes, and for no ulterior reasons whatever. My little darling, is it possible that you have been under such a delusion, and that you were willing to give yourself to a madman, simply because that madman was myself?"

"I loved you!" was all that I could answer.

"And you will love me still, even though I chance to have all my wits about me?" he laughed.

And what could I answer but "Yes!"

Aunt Betsy Larkins had been wrong. The "Sanitarium" was not an "Insanitarium" at all. Doctor Sedgewick's patients were all sound in brain, whatever their physical condition might have been. And I am to be Frank's wife, and preside over his little Connecticut parish, and he is to help educate the boys, and dear mother is the proudest and happiest woman in the world, except me. I think that I am prouder and happier still.

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