

A MODEL DAUGHTER.

The meadow was all pealed over with dew; the August sun was distilling sweetness from Abigail Wray's clove-pinks and sweet-williams, and the girl sang gayly at her work, as she put the coffee and hot Graham gems on the table, and nodded to her father coming in from the fields, with his black-ribboned straw hat in his hand.

"Well, puss," said the farmer, with a smile, "how did you enjoy yourself last night, listening to this fine new lecturer?" "Oh, so much, father!" cried Abigail. "The hall was crowded, and I don't know whether we all cried or laughed oftenest. Oh, father, she added, "what a grand thing it must be to be able to move people's hearts like that!"

"Humph!" said Elihu Wray. "In my time women used to stay at home and mind the house and look after their children, instead of going tramping around the country giving lectures."

"But Miss Perceval has neither husband nor children, father," urged Abigail. "And I don't suppose she has any home to look after."

"Miss Perceval? That's her name, is it?" "Father, I wish you'd go to hear her!" cried eager Abigail. "I'm sure she'd make you laugh and cry, too! You couldn't help it. She isn't pretty, you see, but she has such an expressive face, with bright, sparkling eyes like a bird's!"

"I knew a woman once," slowly uttered Wray, "who took to speechifying in public. Nobody would have thought it of her, either—the quietest, shyest little thing in the world. But there is no accounting for women. I never heard her, but I'm told she made a success of it. Her name was Daggett."

"Father, you'll go with me tonight, won't you?" coaxed Abigail. "Do! Just to please me. I do so want you to hear Miss Perceval. John Tracey—he's on the committee you know—he says they pay her fifty dollars a night. She must have a deal of money laid up. Oh, I wish I had a talent like that!"

"Tut, tut, my little girl!" said the farmer as he sprinkled sugar over his heaping saucer of blueberries. "I don't wish it at all. What should I do if you went lecturing half over the continent and left me here alone?"

"But, father, I must leave you some time," reasoned Abigail. "Every girl does."

"Then you're not going to become a little old maid for my sake, eh, puss?" Abigail laughed, shot a roguish glance at him from beneath the dark curtain of her eyebrows, and shook her head.

"All girls marry, father," she said. "Your Miss Perceval hasn't got married, it seems."

"No, father. She can do better."

"Don't you believe that, my girl," said Mr. Wray. "There is no better fortune in all the world than to marry, if you can marry the person you love."

"Getting sentimental?" Abigail asked, clapping her plump hands.

"It ain't sentiment, child. It's common sense," sturdily maintained Wray. "Father," abruptly spoke Abigail, "I've often wondered why you did not marry again."

"I?" He looked up in amazement. "Because," added the girl, "mother never was much of a companion for you. She was always sick and complaining, and she didn't care for books, as you did, and she fretted at every little thing, until I used to wonder at your patience with her. Oh, you see, I noticed all these things, child, though you thought I was. And she told me once—"

She checked herself abruptly. Wray looked at her with grave surprise.

"Told you what, Abigail?" "I don't know whether I ought to repeat it, father," said Abigail, coming around to his side and resting her clasped hands lightly on his shoulder. "It was the day before she died; and she told me lots of things, besides, that I did not know. She said she never had any real right to your heart; that you never had cared for her, and that she didn't deserve that you should and that there was another girl—"

"There, puss, there," said the farmer, with a strange quiver in his stern eyelid. "Mother was flighty toward the last. We'll forget those things."

"But, father, if it's Lucia Lee—as I mistrust it is—and if it was, why you'd be crazy, child, to think of getting me into such a scrape at fifty-odd years old."

"But you're young-looking, father, and handsome," urged Abigail.

"Nonsense! There give me some more coffee. Those lazy fellows in the ten-acre lot will be sure to dawdle away the time until I get back to them. Let's hear something more about this lecturing old maid of yours," he added.

"Father, hush!" Abigail had gone back to her seat behind the tray, where she faced the wide, open door. She could see a figure standing hesitatingly on the threshold; her father was quite oblivious to its presence.

"It's Miss Perceval herself!" cried Abigail, jumping up. "Please walk in, Miss Perceval, I'm so glad to see you. You don't know it, perhaps, but I was one of your listeners last night, and I kept thinking how proud I should be if ever I had a chance to speak to you! Our name is Wray, and I am Abigail. Father, this is Miss Perceval!"

Mr. Wray, who had risen from his seat and now stood facing the unexpected guest, bowed courteously. Few city votaries of fashion could have displayed more exquisite courtesy and hospitality than this country lass, in the blue cambric frock with the simple white ruffling at her neck, as she welcomed the stranger.

"Will you have some of our fresh blueberries?" said Abigail. "I picked them myself, while the dew was on them. And the coffee is quite hot!"

Miss Perceval was a tall, middle-aged woman, with brown hair, slightly threaded with silver, bright, dark eyes and color that varied in her cheek, as she looked from Abigail to her father.

The Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick uses Wilmont Royal Belfast Ginger Ale and Spa Waters as the only cold drinks at his banquets and dinner parties.

"I—I have lost my way," she hesitated. "I oughtn't to have attempted to ramble about alone; but I used to know something about this part of the country, and—"

Once more her eyes fell beneath Elihu Wray's searching glance; she laughed uneasily.

"So you are the lecturing woman?" said he, quietly.

"The lecturing old maid," you called me, Elihu," retorted Miss Perceval, recovering her composure with marvelous quickness. "Have I grown so very old?"

"But—Miss Perceval?" said she. "That's my *nom de publique*," said she. "One must shelter oneself behind something. How do you suppose Huldah Daggett would look on the bulletin-boards? Can't a woman change her name except by matrimony?"

"Father," cried Abigail, "are you acquainted with Miss Perceval? Why didn't you tell me so before?"

"Because I didn't know it myself, child. How was I to know that Miss Perceval, the famous lecturer who makes people laugh or cry, according to her will, was little Huldah Daggett, who used to hunt hazelnuts with me and build snow-forts beyond the school-house forty years ago?"

"I feel exactly like a ghost come back to this earth," said Miss Perceval, shivering. "Everything is so changed, and yet the same. And I have dreamed so many, many times about returning to dear old Millville. And so Janet is dead, and this tall girl leaning on your shoulder is her daughter! But you are not changed, Elihu; at least, not outwardly."

"I am changed in nothing, Huldah," said he. "Nor have I ever changed in any respect."

"Not when you married Janet? Oh, Elihu, it was then that I felt forced to plunge into some all-absorbing occupation, to keep myself from heart-break. I never should have had a career if it had not been for that."

"Janet told me you had confided to her that you were engaged to a rich banker in New York."

"It was not true!" exclaimed Miss Perceval. "She told me that you were in love with her; that she was heartily sick of your old bargain with me. And I wrote you a last appeal, which you never noticed by word or line—an appeal that I sent you by Janet. After that what could I think?"

Abigail had flown upstairs, and now returned with a time-yellowed note in her hand.

"Father, I believe that I can explain this," said she. "Poor mother yielded to temptation and kept back the letter. Here it is. I found it between the leaves of one of her books, and, until now, I never understood what it meant. I see it all, father! Miss Perceval! Father! Father! Remember what I said ten minutes ago! Dear Miss Perceval, he is so good, so true, and I'm ready to make such a model step-daughter!"

And then she ran out of the room to rescue her pet terrier from the fangs of the butcher's big dog, coming down the road, and when she returned, Miss Perceval sat smiling in the deep window seat, a daisy in her hand, a blush on her cheek.

"Would you really like a step mother, child?" said she.

"I would like father to be happy!" eagerly answered Abigail.

"Then," said Miss Perceval, "I suppose you must have your way!"

And the world at large wondered at this brilliant lecturer marrying a quiet country farmer, and secluding herself in the wilderness. But the world at large did not know how happy she was.

THE SPEED OF INSECTS.

The Fly Makes 600 Strokes a Second When In a Hurry.

There are many insects which one would little suspect to be furnished with apparatus suited to swift and more or less continuous flight. House flies frequent the inside of our windows, buzzing sluggishly in and out of the room. But what different creatures are they when they accompany you on a hot summer's day.

A swarm of these little pests keep pertinaciously on wing about your ears; quicken your pace and still they are with you; let a gust of wind arise and carry them backward and behind, the breeze having dropped their speed is redoubled, and they return to their post of annoyance.

But this example gives only a partial proof of the fly's power of flight, as the following will show: The writer was travelling one day in autumn by rail, at about twenty-five miles an hour, when a company of flies put in an appearance at the carriage window.

They never settled, but easily kept pace with the train; so much so, indeed, that their flight seemed to be almost mechanical and a thought struck the writer that they had probably been drawn into a sort of vortex, whereby they were carried onward with but little exertion on the part of themselves. But this was soon disproved. They sallied forth at right angles from the train, flew to a distance of 30 or 40 feet, still keeping pace, and then returned with increased speed and buoyancy to the window.

To account for this look at the wings of a fly. Each is composed of an upper and lower membrane, between which the blood vessels and respiratory organs ramify so as to form a delicate network for the extended wings. These are used with great quickness, and probably 600 strokes are made per second. This would carry the fly about 25 feet, but a sevenfold velocity can easily be obtained, making 125 feet per second, so that under certain circumstances it can outstrip a race horse.

"When a man makes a large fortune what do people say?" asked the teacher. "That he is fortunate," replied the bright boy. "That's right. Now, when a man fails in business, what do they say?" "That he didn't advertise,"—Paradise Lost.

To a Water-Lily.

As idly floated in thy crystal dish, Nor rock'tst the griefs nor joys of changeable life, It's glittering triumphs nor disheart'ning strife, How oft my heart hath framed the ardent wish That it, like thee, might bask this sweet roadway, Lulled to soft dreams by the breeze' low lay.

Of whelp-poor-will, and eke the soft-breathed sigh Of gently crooning, day summer breeze, That thro' the gliding leafy em'rald trees Wafts to our ears its mournful lullaby; The mistle of Lethe then would lullaby my brow— For each tender glance, each false-lipped vow!

—R. C. Tapley, in Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Kerr Evaporated Vegetables have allowed Miners, Soldiers, and Sailors to enjoy delicious soup when thousands of miles from the fields.

A WOMAN IN A STORE.

SHE KNOWS JUST WHAT SHE WANTS. WHY, OF COURSE SHE DOES.

She Can't Pay Over \$25 for It, but She'd Like to Try on a Few at About \$50—It's So Hard for a Woman with a Good Figure to Get Fitted.

The facts relating to Maude's purchase of a fall coat are of a very ordinary nature, and I should not publish them except for their important bearing upon the question whether intellectual faculties will ultimately be developed in woman.

Her well considered and definite desire in regard to a coat took shape as follows in



MAUDE DETECTS A FEW WRINKLES.

the presence of the first salesgirl whom we met in Gadsby & Co.'s emporium.

The salesgirl brought half a dozen different styles, diverging in as many different ways from the design of Nature. Maude tried them on, one after the other, and scowled at her image in the mirror not without cause.

"Oh dear," she said, "it's so hard for a woman with a really good figure to get fitted."

Some scores of women, passing by while she was about it, regarded her contemptuously, and she looked at them as if they were the dregs of society. They were all secretly pleased to observe that one another's skirts didn't hang as they ought.

"Isn't she horrid," said Maude to me, meaning the salesgirl. "She's brought me everything but what I asked for."

"Remarkable," said I, grimly. "I thought you asked for everything."

A thin and nervous little cash-girl snick-

ered audibly, and Maude looked at her with farsee severity. "I reported a cash-girl at Brownley's the other day," said Maude, "and she lost her place."

I am gratified to state that this unpleasant event was wholly imaginary but the cash-girl didn't know it and she began to cry. Feeling that, after all, I was the cause of her woe, I surreptitiously gave her a couple of dimes. She dried her eyes, and went to work piling some cloaks upon a chair. They were heavy goods which were to be removed to a remote corner of the establishment, there to remain in hiding until next season, when they will reappear as the latest importation.

"That coat fits you just lovely in the back," the sales girl was saying, while Maude was performing feats of contortion in a vain attempt to see all sides of herself at once.

"It doesn't fit me at all," said Maude. "It's too short-waisted. Why don't you have models with stylish figures in your

cutting department? Oh dear, why don't you get me a hand-mirror? I can't see my back in this awful glass, and I know that that waist is way up between my shoulders. I believe after all, I'll go up to Brownley's."

"The hand-mirror is at the other end of the store," said the salesgirl, "and somebody's using it, but really that fits you like a glove."

"Now go and get that mirror right

When you can get 10 quarts of delicious Vegetable Soup for 15 cents why not use Kerr Evaporated Vegetables instead of bothering with raw ones.

away," said Maude to the salesgirl. "Why do you keep me waiting so long?"

The girl reluctantly went after the glass, and Maude turned to me.

"She knows that this coat doesn't fit me just as well as I do," she said, "only she thinks that I'm silly enough to be influenced by what she says."

"Here's the glass," said the salesgirl. "I told you so," said Maude, surveying her back with melancholy satisfaction. "Too big there. Funny, you couldn't see it. This isn't the style I want, anyway. I've decided to have one of those military jackets with braid on them. Don't you think they're nice, Howdy?"

"That will cost \$87," said the salesgirl. "Oh, goodness me, let me try it on!"

"My dear," said I, "remember our unfortunate financial—"

"But I don't have to buy it, you goose," said Maude. "I just want to see how I look in it. What are all these cash girls staring at me for?"

Maude was picking flaws in the eighty-seven dollar jacket. Finally she took it off, and said that if they couldn't do better for \$87 she should go to Brownley's. Then it was discovered that the coat Maude had worn when she came in was not to be found.

The scene which followed was very trying to my nerves.

A member of the firm arrived and remarked that he didn't see what he could do about it. Maude told him how he ought to run his business, but I didn't notice that he instituted any immediate reforms. However, when one of the cash girls found Maude's coat among the goods which I had seen piled upon the chair, the member of the firm observed that if it hadn't been found he should have given Maude a new one. Maude was unkind enough to say that this statement would have been worth more before the coat came to light. Then we went out.

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