

Miss Maywood looked piteously up in the landlady's face.

"I will do anything to oblige you, Mrs. Pennypacker," she said earnestly. "I have not forgotten how very much I am indebted to you, both in actual money, and in kindness, which money can never repay."

"My dear, don't say a word," said Mrs. Pennypacker, hastily. "You've been sick, and you've got a little behind-hand, and it's quite natural you should be a little low spirited now and then. But you must not get discouraged. And you're quite welcome to stay on here until you're able to settle up your little account."

Honora Maywood sighed as she thought how often her little advertisement had been inserted in the daily newspapers without attracting the least notice from the world of patrons and pupils. There were so many capable music teachers, willing to give lessons at moderate prices, nowadays, and how was any one to know how very much she needed the money?

And, as time crept on and no pupils came, Honora began to ask herself seriously whether she should go out in some menial capacity, or stay gently at home and starve.

"Clothes, ma'am."

Honora started from her reverie as the washerwoman's stumpy little girl banged herself, like a human battering-ram, up against the door, with a preposterously large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora, coloring. "Put them down, Sally. But I'm afraid it isn't convenient for me to pay your mother today."

"Mother didn't say nothing about the pay," said Sally, "she said I was to leave the clothes with her 'umble duty, and she 'oped they'd suit; but it was that damp on Monday and Tuesday as starch wouldn't stick. And she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they'll be done better next time."

"I dare say they are quite right," said Honora, as she marvelled at this unexpected access of civility on the part of her Missian handmaid.

But when Sally had stamped off down stairs, then clapping slippers, leaving a sort of tattoo as she went, Miss Maywood took off the fringed towel that covered that basket of clothes, and gave a little start.

"Shirts," said Honora, "and socks, and under-collars, No. 16, and great big pocket handkerchiefs, like the sails of a ship, and white vests, and goodness me, what does it all mean? Mrs. Mulvey has sent me some gentleman's wardrobe by mistake. I must send these things back at once."

But then Miss Maywood looked down at the articles thoughtfully.

"I never had a brother," mused Miss Maywood, "and I can't remember my father; but of this I am quite certain—if I had either one or the other, I should thank any girl to mend their dilapidated wardrobes, if they looked like this. And Mrs. Mulvey can't send before night, and unfortunately I've nothing to do, so I'll just mend this poor fellow's clothes, theological student, perhaps, training for the Polynesian Islands; or, perhaps a newspaper reporter, or a pale clerk, under the skylight of some dry goods house. At all events he is worse off than I am, for he cannot mend his own clothes, and I can."

And the smiles dimpled around Honora Maywood's little rosybud of a mouth, as she sat down to darn holes, sew on tapes, and insert patches.

"He'll never know who did it," said Honora to herself, "but I dare say he'll be thankful, and if once he gets a chance to do a little good in this world, he ought not to grudge one's time and trouble."

And as Honora stitched away, she mused sadly whether or not she ought to accept in position which had offered itself as assistant matron in an orphan asylum, where the work would be almost unendurable, and the pay next to nothing, with no Sundays or holidays, and a ladies' committee, consisting of three starched old maids, to "sit" upon her the first Friday of every month.

"I almost think I'd starve," said Honora. "But dear me! starving is a serious business, when one comes to consider it face to face."

Sally Mulvey came back, puffing and blowing like a human whale, in about two hours.

"Mother said she sent the wrong basket," said she breathlessly.

"I thought it very probable, Sally," said Miss Maywood.

"And mother's compliments," added Sally, "and she can't undertake your things no longer, because she does a comb business, and there hasn't been been

What a fine woman, and so to have a regular profession. If I had a daughter, I'd bring her up to supporting herself."

And Mr. Broderick, disappointed in his dream, in the midst of which stood a girl with flapping slippers, a pretentious shawl, and a bonnet which had originally been manufactured for a woman of the size.

Who are you, my good girl? demanded Mr. Broderick.

Please, sir, I'm Sally, the washerwoman's Sally, was the response.

"And what do you want here?"

"Please, sir, I've come to bring your things," said Sally, chattering off her lesson like a parrot. "And please, sir, her 'umble duty, and she 'opes they'll suit, but it was that damp and muggy Monday and Tuesday as starch wouldn't stick; and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they'll be done better next time, sir."

"Who mended them?" demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk eyes had caught sight of the dainty needlework upon his garments.

"Nobody mended 'em," said Sally. "And mother she says it's easy to see as the new gent is a bachelor, on account of the holes in his heels and toes, and strings off his dikes."

"I can tell you who mended 'em," said Mrs. Pennypacker, "for I see her at it, the pretty dear! Miss Maywood. And says she, I don't know whose they are, Mrs. Pennypacker; but they need mending, and a kind action never comes amiss. No more it does, bless her!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick, "she's right—no more it does. And she's a regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch, Mrs. Pennypacker! Euclid's Geometry couldn't produce a straighter line or truer angles. See the piece of that stocking! It's like a piece of Gobel tapestry. That's the way I like to see things done."

And Mr. Broderick never rested until he had been formally introduced to Honora Maywood, and thanked her with equal formality for the good offices she had rendered him.

It was a golden October evening that Honora came down into the kitchen where Mrs. Pennypacker was baking pies for her eccentric boarder, with the crust made of the best Albany butter instead of lard.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Pennypacker, "what an awful thing it is to be an old bachelor, to be sure!"

"He won't be a bachelor much longer," said Honora, laughing and coloring as she laid her cheek on the landlady's shoulder.

"What do you mean?"

"He has asked me to marry him after only a fortnight's acquaintance. He says that a girl who can mend stockings as I do needs no other test. And he says he loves me, and—"

"Almost think I love him!" whispered Miss Maywood.

And so the problem of Honora's solitary life was solved, all through the magic influence of needle and thread.

An official announcement has been made to the effect that the Grand Duke Vladimir has subscribed \$75,000, and the Grand Dukes Alexis, Sergius, and Paul \$37,500 each, toward the fund for constructing a cathedral over the grave of the late Czar Alexander II. The money is said to come, however, from the savings made by the economical administration of the army.

A Thoughtless Photographer.

While at Cheyenne a short time ago Mr. P. D. Kirkland, the photographic artist of that thriving city, made some experiments in still life, and the results are very satisfactory.

Knowing that our hair was very light and seldom, he didn't try to photograph it, but made us put our cap on, so as to partially shade the glistening wealth of brow.

The picture is a very satisfactory one, and would impress even a stranger with the ponderous strength of purpose, the indomitable will, the logical power and inflexible appetite of the subject. Mr. Kirkland is an artist of great accuracy of touch, and shows a genius and aptitude for catching the true expression in a way that is bound to succeed.

The only thing about the picture, however, which is in any way objectionable is the expression on the face, of a settled melancholy, and which, of course, the artist is not to blame for. This temporary sadness was the result of our being compelled to look at a large printed card while the camera rotunda was getting in its work, and on which was the ghastly motto:

"Pictures must be paid for when the negatives are taken."

Some would not be affected by this cruel blow, but a sensitive nature like ours is crushed by such things as that, and it is a wonder that we did not burst into tears and leave Mr. Kirkland looking through his Gatling gun at our empty chair.

What goeth on at present: New spring clothes.—[Erratic Enrrique.

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