

THE HOUSEHOLD



Contents.

- PAGE.
3. "MY BROTHER FRANK." A story in eight chapters. Illustrated. By Mrs. O. W. Oliphant.
 5. "THE COLONEL'S CORRESPONDENT." Part II. Illustrated. By Miss Harriet W. French.
 6. "HOW ONE WIFE MANAGED." Illustrated. By Mrs. N. A. M. Roe.
 7. "MANY CUTS MAKE THE PUDDING FLY." Illustrated. Mrs. Z. A. R.
 8. SKETCH OF MRS. O. W. OLIPHANT. Illustrated.
 9. "FOR THE SICK POOR." A work for the King's Daughters. "Ever of Thee." A Thrilling Story of How it was Written.
 10. MUSIC. "Ever of Thee."
 11. FACTS AND INCIDENTS. "The Winter Girl." "Put it Out of Sight." A Wife's Stratagem." "Dressed Babies."
 12. A SKETCH OF LUCY STONE. Illustrated. By Mrs. Esther T. Housh.
 13. "A PARADOX PARTY." "The Hanging of the Crane." "Young People's Socials." By Mrs. A. G. Lewis.
 14. THE NEW "MAYFLOWER" SEWING MACHINE. A Great Offer.
 15. HEALTH TALKS. "Microbes." By J. Tracy Melvin, M. D. "Burns and Scalds." By a Physician. Medical Don'ts.
 16. CHILDREN'S PAGE. "Dorothy's New Year." By Ella Mason. "Two Lessons." "A Thimble Story."
 17. MOTHER'S PAGE. "The Mothers' Conference." No. I. How Baby Karl and Baby Robert were Made Happy. "The Children's Eyes." "Cultivate Self-Reliance." "A Warm Dressing-Room."
 18. HOME GARDENING. "Floral Notes for January." "Foliage Window Plants." "Bulbs for the House." "A Plant Table." "The Legend of the Pansy."
 - 19-20. THE SEWING-ROOM. "Suggestions for Women who Must Economize." "The Woman in Black." "House and Dinner Gowns." "Home Millinery." "Avoid Extremes." "My Breakfast Gowns."
 - 21-22. PLEASURE WORK. "Crocheted Infants' Socks." "Crochet Work Basket." "Chain Lace." "Tumbler Doily in Crochet." "Talk on Lace." "A Knitted Counterpane."
 - 23-24. HOUSE FURNISHINGS. "Something New in Bed Linen." "Fresh Air Without Draught."
 25. HOW TO GIVE A DINNER WITH NINE COURSES.
 - 27-28-29-30. RECIPES and Practical Articles for Kitchen.
 31. GREAT PREMIUM OFFERS.

A paper of pleasure and profit
for the entire family.

THE HOUSEHOLD

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Established in Brattleboro, Vt., 1868. Copyrighted, 1894.

110 BOYLSTON STREET,
Next to Public Library.

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY, 1894.

VOL. XXVII. No. 1. \$1.00 per Year.
10 cents per Copy. Foreign, \$1.35.

For The Household.

MY BROTHER FRANK.

Mrs. O. W. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

MY first recollections are all associated with a small house in a little Scotch village on the banks of one of the many rivers called Esk, once a beautiful stream flowing through lovely woods. Now, though, the woods still hang over it and lament its downfall, black and hideous with the refuse of the paper mills, which, since I was a child, have been established upon many of the most beautiful points in the valley.

It is not a country of mountains. We are generally very modest in our words in Scotland, and call our mountains hills, even when they are great hills and worthy of the longer title, but on my little Esk we talked of braes only, meaning little hills, though there was more than one range of lofty slopes on the horizon which are known to fame.

One of the earliest recollections I have is of lying on the thick grass in a field behind the house, looking up into a sky of that fathomless blue which seems to carry the eye away and away into a vague paradise. All is vague when we are children. I must have been very small, for I remember the blue speedwells in the grass standing up about me with a reflection in them of the wonderful blue above, and far more important in size than any blue flower in the grass will ever seem to me again.

The only other scene which quite detaches itself from this childish life is one of a very different character, and which has more to do with the story I am going to tell you.

It is of a winter morning in the dark, the fire shining, candles lighted on the table, and the boyish face of my brother Frank shining, too, in the glow of the unusual light, behind which there appeared the darkness of the early morning through the window. The table was covered with an abundant Scotch breakfast, and my mother, with a face which in itself was enough to light up any room, was moving about serving him with her own hands. I sat on a stool by the fire, very low down, I was so little, and close to the blaze.

It was Monday morning, and the rolls were brought at an unearthly hour by the family baker for Frank's early breakfast, and along with them a small cake of dough for me, which it was my pleasure to toast at the fire. This was perhaps what tempted me up in the cold morning to see Frank off. I sat and scorched my cheeks, and looked on while he consumed what was set before

him with the appetite of sixteen, and my mother served him and hovered over him like a bird over her nest.

We were not a handsome family, but she was—or had been, as people say—a very pretty woman, and the brightness of her looks had descended to us. It was very hard for any of us to look dull in those days. We might look angry, disagreeable, vexed, but we never looked dull.

There were two lively lights in my brother's eyes, which spoke of a quick temper sometimes, but which never

and rare to him when I had made my appearance, a good ten years younger than himself. I had never received from him any other name, and when he spoke of Johnny, I pricked up my little ears.

But, otherwise, there was not very much share in the conversation possible to a little personage of six, toasting her cake and her cheeks close by the fire, while the big boy discussed with his mother all the particulars of his life.

He was just about to set out hopeful and bright, with his step that scarcely seemed to touch the ground, and his

And then the moment came to help him on with his great coat, to give him his hat so nicely brushed, to go out with him to the door, and watch him along the village street till he took the turn to cross the bridge, and looked round and waved his hand.

He was a tall boy, not robust, but as elastic and full of life as you can imagine. For many years after, indeed until he began to grow old, his foot scarcely seemed to touch the earth as he walked. He skimmed the ground.

He was so light-hearted, never down for more than a moment.

The light by this time was faintly struggling into the sky, the houses on the other side growing more and more visible, a sort of grayness of twilight taking the place of the night.

When the boy was out of sight my mother remembered that it was a cold morning.

"You little thing," she said, "you will get your death. Come in, come in to the fire; it is not a time for you to be about." And I was so little that I was swept in by her skirts, almost more than by my own will, to the warm corner which indeed was very comfortable after the sharp prick of the morning air.

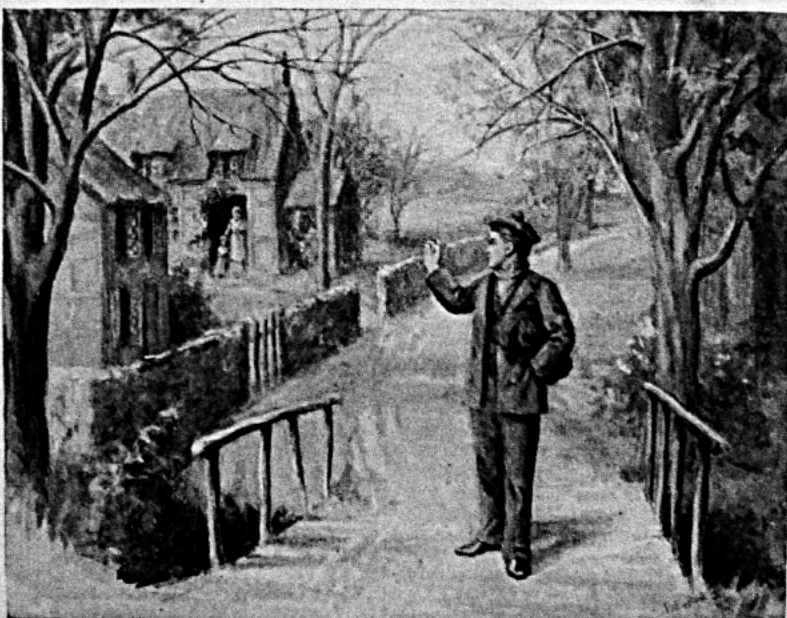
But I no longer cared for my toast, and the table was soon cleared and the candles extinguished, to give place to the chill rising light of the morning. The meaning of the little scene was over. Frank was gone.

He walked into Edinburgh every Monday morning, and walked out again every Saturday night. These were the

festivals of our life. How we listened for him when the time came for his return! Willie, my second brother, would sometimes set out on the road to meet him, and sometimes I, too, clinging to Willie's hand—but I was not the delight to Willie that I was to Frank.

He liked me well, but perhaps, as he was always at home, the trouble of a little sister constantly crossing his path was more than the pleasure. He preferred Jack Todd, or Bob Miller, and liked to stop at the smithy and watch the sparks flying up into the air, and hear the men's jokes ringing over the sound of their hammers.

Imagine a little puss, very low down at the big boy's elbow, with a little mouth open and two big eyes staring, wondering, at the sparks that flew from the red-hot iron, and the strange glowing picture of the smithy with Jack and his men, huge black figures moving against the light. I kept a nervous hold upon Willie's hand, pleased yet frightened, but I must have been a sad trouble to him. This happened when we went



"He looked around and waved his hand before he disappeared."

clouded over into sullenness or monotony.

My mother had the most sweet and pure complexion that could be seen. Her eyes were liquid brown, full of laughing lights, though they had shed many and bitter tears. To see her, you would have thought fortune must have dealt very kindly with that smiling woman, whose eyes had an answer for any one who looked into them.

But that was far from being the case. To me the recollection of her face, appearing and disappearing in the ruddy light, is like that of a picture. I can see now the anxiety in it which never wholly went away, the love unspeakable, the wonder and longing, yet excitement of sympathy, with which such a woman watches the flight of her nurslings out of the nest.

The talk that went on over my head was barely intelligible to me. Now and then an allusion to "Johnny" would rouse my attention. It was the pet name my brother had given to his little sister, the plaything which was so new

shining face, through the dark of the winter morning, for Edinburgh, to work in his office till Saturday night left him free again. Some scraps of the talk got into my childish memory, bright stories of the young firm which was trying to establish itself in business, and for which the young clerk, meaning in his turn to do something worth while in his own person, formed such high hopes.

"They will send me out to the Levant when they get on a little, and then if I behave myself," Frank said with a laugh. "That is the chief thing," my mother would reply; "I would have any failure but that."

At which he laughed again, and I can remember that, where I sat by the fire-side, my heart swelled with mingled pride and indignation. Not behave himself, my Frank! It was as if you had said the skies would get soiled like the streets. Some things are not possible in nature, and that was one of them. My mother smiled, too, but there was always a vague mist of anxiety in her face.

to meet Frank, and sometimes on other occasions, too. And when Willie and I, somewhat unwillingly on his part, got as far as the bridge and saw the two lamps on the other side shining, reflected in the water, and heard the roar of the coach coming across, which was more exciting to him than the other incident for which I was awaiting—the skim of quick, light step, the slim line of the young figure coming towards us, at sight of which, with a little shriek of joy, I abandoned Willie's hand and flew.

I was never a nuisance to Frank. His light step became a bound forward when he saw me, and his cry of "Johnny!" was as joyful as mine. Willie would stroll off to see the coach unload, while we two went home to mother, who always stood at the door watching for Frank.

Life was simpler in those days, servants fewer, and many things were done by the hands of the mistress of the house, which would be thought nowadays out of the question; and we were not at all rich people.

Our house was nothing but a house in the village street, with, so far as I can recollect, no particular beauty about it. But then, the recollection of the first six years of existence is limited. The road which ended at one side in the turn across the bridge, ended (to me) on the other, in two great ash trees which threw their large branches across the path, and seemed to form a gateway.

Beyond the ash trees was the world. Carriages drove through between them with a grand clamor and glitter, while we children stood and gazed from the roadside. People on foot walked away against the sky, and disappeared, into distances unknown.

Sometimes a poor beggar woman, wrapped in a ragged shawl of tartan which held her baby upon her back or in her arms, and with two or three flaxen-haired, ragged little figures clinging to her skirts, would sit down to rest on the roadside, not unconscious of my mother's face at a window, or the wondering, pitiful looks with which I, a serious child, often pricked to the heart with remorseful pity for children so different from myself, regarded the group. In such a case it needed no prophet to tell what would happen.

"Betty, have ye not a piece for these poor bairns?" my mother would say. "A piece" in Scotland, means a slice of bread and butter, or perhaps, still oftener, oat cake.

Between Betty and my mother, this "piece" soon developed into a substantial meal.

"They would be the better of a little broth," my mother would say, and then something still more substantial would be found for the poor woman, with fragments to be carried away.

The second scene in the little comedy (inevitable as the first) was still more interesting to me. The woman outside, having eaten and drunk, would bestir herself and come across the road to thank the lady. "And, oh, mem! ye will maybe have an auld pair of shoon, or a bit frock that is done with, that ye would not grudge to a poor body."

In my heart I knew very well that already my mother had made a mental review of my little wardrobe, and of her own, to see what she could bestow. I have known her steal away and take off something she was wearing which suited the poor creature better than the fine things in the drawers up stairs.

All this seemed the most commonplace proceeding in the world to me. It was a delightful incident, rescuing that day from the monotony of other days. And the "beggars wife," fed and clothed, would get up from her lucky resting-place, and call the weans about her and

trudge away, I following them with wondering looks, between the over-hanging branches of the ash trees, and disappear. Sooner or later everybody disappeared into that dim world beyond—all but my own belongings, who went over the bridge, about which I had no superstition, which led, I knew,—for had I not been there?—honestly and steadily into Edinburgh, and the ascertained and habitable world.

I cannot distinguish the date upon which the first convulsion of our peaceful life occurred. It was a Saturday in summer, in June, when the days in Scotland linger as if they would never end. This for an hour so disguised from everybody but my mother, who always timed his arrival to a minute, the appalling fact that Frank had not come home.

The table was set for him and waiting—cold lamb, newly in, for in Scotland, and in those days, the season was somewhat late—a huge loaf of new bread with the floury crust he loved, the freshest of butter, green lettuce fresh from the garden. The table was so pretty that I always walked around and admired it, attending the moment when Frank would lay its provisions low, with that boyish appetite which my mother exclaimed at with a mist of tender delight in her eyes.

It became impressed upon my mind after a time, during which I had continued my game outside in trembling, expecting every moment to be called to bed, that something must have happened.

My mother stood at the door looking out towards the bridge. She took no notice of my going to bed. Her face had paled out of its usual brightness. Over her eyes there were those lines which appeared when she was anxious, which formed the horse-shoe, which, in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Red Gauntlet," you will find described as characteristic of that family.

How my mother got the horse-shoe, we never could make out, but there it was. She stood for a long time, at first shielding her eyes from the sunset, then contracting her brows to see through the slowly advancing dimness which was night, yet was not night.

By-and-by the meaning of all this burst upon me with a pang which was as profound in its ignorance as anything a mature mind could feel, the fact which made the whole world tremble and darkened the very sky, that Frank had not come home.

I left my play, and came and stood by her, concealing myself in her dress, holding to her, partly to share the trouble which I vaguely divined, partly to give myself some support in this sudden overturn of all possibility. She put her hand upon my head, and took a little comfort for the moment. But what comfort was there for her or me? Frank, my Frank, where was he; where had he gone?

As we gazed, my father's dark, solid figure came slowly forward through the twilight, and my mother made a spring towards him in her trouble. "Frank has not come home," she said.

My father was very calm at all times. He looked up at her in the astonished, half-disapproving way which was usual to him. "Ay?" he said quietly, without any astonishment, "he's a little late."

"A little late! he is hours late. I don't know what to think. Something must have happened to my boy."

"What should have happened to him? It is a fine night; he will have gone round by the woods, or maybe stopped to get a game on Brantsfield Links."

"He would never do that without telling me. He has never been so late, never in all his life, and he knows that I am anxious, always anxious."

"That is true, always looking out for

trouble before it comes; you should be satisfied at last to get what you're looking for," said my father with a short laugh. But then he added, "There is nothing to be frightened about, and there is that little thing, instead of standing glowering there with her big eyes, should be in her bed."

I suppose I was put to bed. I remember nothing but a blank so terrible that there seemed to be nothing left in heaven or earth to make up for it, for Frank did not come home all that night.

(To be continued.)

JANUARY.

Janus I am; oldest of potentates!
Forward I look, and backward and below.
I count, as god of avenues and gates,
The years that through my portals come and go.
I block the roads and drift the fields with snow;
I chase the wild fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts conceal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

For The Household.

THE COLONEL'S CORRESPONDENT.

In Two Parts.—Part II.

THE Colonel had been drawn into admitting to one of his especial friends that he expected soon to meet his charming correspondent, and a few of his comrades, who were interested in what they called "The Colonel's Romance," though hardly suspecting any element of seriousness in it, had made inquiries about the ladies of the vicinity.

"There was Miss 'Lisbeth Carter at Fa'ah Oaks, she done return 'bout foah weeks ago. Been away visitin' a year, scusin' that, she done live here ever since she was bawn."

This account from an old negro, now a "masterless man," who hung aimlessly about the store and smithy, was corroborated by the postmaster, who corrected the mispronounced title. "Miss Elizabeth Carter was the only lady of the name thereabout."

"Her husband, Major Peyton Carter, died sixteen or seventeen years ago."

"Her daughters?"

"Oh, she had never had any children. The place was mighty quiet now, but had been very gay before the war. Mrs. Carter's aunt was a powerfully high-spirited old lady; was always at head of the place, and kept it full of young company for her niece."

"Reckon the ruin and the trouble of the bad times broke her heart. She just kind of gave out and died a short while back."

"Sold, Colonel!" exclaimed Bob Faulkner. "Sold!" groaned Page Randolph, and "Sold!" echoed little Jeems Mason, as the young officer, with a very hard-set mouth, turned from his informant and walked away.

"Hold your tongues!" he said fiercely, turning sharply upon the three, as they stepped along beside him with ready jests.

"What's the odds, so long as you are happy. I had some delightful reading in camp, and who cares whose writing it was?"

"Ah!" remarked Faulkner, an incorrigible tease, "'Tis pity 'tis, 'tis true,' that a man may not marry his grandmother."

Colonel Hunter flushed and struck out rather viciously at his tormentor, who dodged the blow, while his companions, fearing a rencontre in earnest, bade him hold his tongue, and Randolph walking away with the Colonel, Mason drew Faulkner in an opposite direction, grumbling at him for "rubbing it in," as he said, and so the men separated.

Randolph left his friend at his room in a very bad humor, having elicited from him only a single half-audible remark that he "wouldn't stand any chaff."

Once alone, the young man paced his shabby room in no agreeable mood. He was but twenty-three, and at that age a man suffers in being made ridiculous with a keenness which, in later life, he remembers as absurd.

Hunter had been reticent about his affairs, but he knew that, in the free intercourse of campaign life, he had sometimes betrayed his feelings, and that he should have been dreaming and sentimentalizing over the letters of an "old lady," as he now contemptuously designated "Elizabeth Carter"; that he should have so looked forward to meeting her, and that his associates were aware of his interest—oh, the situation was unbearable!

What sport the fellows would have over it by themselves, though he might silence their open comment! The thought put him in a white rage.

No wonder the woman had not sent him the picture of herself which he had asked!

Then came a sadder mood. He had loved the unknown as though she had been real. He had told her so.

And now the tender fancies, the dear hopes, the half-adoring devotion which he had lavished upon her, seemed not only dead, but desecrated. The coarseness of such a deception! The treachery of it!

Could he ever again trust woman, since the exquisite sweetness, the delicate purity, the devout aspiration of the letters which he had received, could be simulated by one incapable of them, for mere pastime?

Should he go to her, make only light mention of their pleasant correspondence, and bear himself as though he, also, found trifling with sacred things an exquisite jest, or should he send her back the letters which he had treasured, and ask return of his own?

A storm of anger shook him anew, as he thought of his letters shown by her, with laugh and witticism, to her gossiping friends.

Colonel Hunter spent several very bad half hours between his evening retirement and sunrise next morning. At that hour he would gladly have left the miserable little town, but an appointment to meet the General, in whose command he had been, compelled a stay of several days.

He had just returned from a long walk, aimlessly taken after breakfast, when he received a call from a brother officer, who had been taken prisoner some months before the fall of Richmond, and was only now making his way home, after his release.

The two men greeted each other warmly, and after first inquiries and news had been exchanged, the newly-arrived drew from his breast pocket a letter much soiled and worn.

"By the way," he remarked, "I don't suppose this old water-logged letter is of much consequence now, but I always like to do what I undertake, and long ago I promised to get this to you in some way."

"It was passed on to me at third hand by a scout, who had carried it for weeks; had it in his pocket when he had to swim a swollen stream for his life, that accounts for the water mark. Once, I came so near you that I was just directing one of my men to take it to you, when orders came for immediate action. Soon after I was taken prisoner, but, by some lucky chance, I've always been able to keep it."

Colonel Hunter was scanning the writing on the envelope as he listened to this account, and remarking, "Thank you very much, but 'tis now of no consequence," was about to tear it into bits, when, realizing the ungraciousness of

THE HOUSEHOLD



Contents.

- PAGE.
- 35. "MY BROTHER FRANK," Chapter II. Illustrated. Mrs. Oliphant.
 - 36. "MISS DEUCIE'S CHARITY." Illustrated. A. C. Watts.
 - 37. "WIDE OPEN, OR WHAT I SAW." Z. A. R.
 - 38. "MR. SLAWSON." Three Illustrations. J. L. Harbour.
 - 39. "THE BEAR WHO LIKED DOUGHNUTS." Frank M. Bicknell.
 - 40. "DEACONING THE HYMN." Frank S. Freeman.
 - 40. "ON BEING TOO EXACT." "Witty Replies." "St. Valentine's Day."
 - 40. GENEROUS AND ATTRACTIVE GIFTS TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS, Page 40.
 - 41. FACTS AND INCIDENTS. "Human Shopping." "Electric Car Etiquette." "Hisses Changed to Cheers." "Explosive Wig." "An Effective Cure," etc.
 - 42. VOCAL MUSIC. "Darkie's Cradle Song."
 - 43. THE HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY of New Books and Magazines.
 - 44-45. MISCELLANEOUS. "True Love." "The Carpenter of the Sea." "Shar- ing Domestic Problems." "The Value of Failures." "The Dwarf Por- tune-Teller." "The Doctor's Prescription." Etc., etc.
 - 46. EMERGENCY GUIDE for Treatment in Accidents and Sudden Illness.
 - 47. HEALTH TALKS. "How to Treat Poisons." "Treatment of La Grippe." "Appendicitis." "Selfishness of Good People."
 - 48. CHILDREN'S PAGE. "The Washington's Birthday Party." Etc., etc.
 - 49. MOTHER'S PAGE. Poem, "Rest." "Is it Worth its Cost?" "Fourteen Years Old." "Advice Written on Sand." "Our Little Mirror."
 - 50. HOME GARDENING. "February." "Vegetable Ivory." "The Lashorn." "Fuchsias." "My Cutting Box." "Arm Chair Gardening." Etc., etc.
 - 51. THE SEWING-ROOM. "Fashions for Little Folks." "Some Pretty Frocks for Children." "Fashions in Hair-Dressing." "Cloak for School Wear," etc.
 - 52-54. PLEASURE WORK. "Pancy Work Notes." "Celluloid Work," with many illustrations. "Basket Lace." "Shell Lace." "Baby's Band," etc.
 - 55-56. HOUSE FURNISHINGS. "On Cozy Corners." "Home Made Tea Table." "To Decorate Window Glass." "Trained Nurses."
 - 57. A YOUNG GIRL'S LUNCH, with cost of each course; Illustrated, etc., etc.
 - 58-59-60. HOW TO COOK APPLES in some most delicious fashions.
 - 61-62. NOVELTIES IN TABLE WARE. Carrie M. Ashton. Etc., etc.
 - 63. A PERSONAL WORD TO YOU. Do not fail to turn to page 63 at once. There is something there for you.

A Paper of pleasure and Profit
for the entire family.

Art Supplement, Water Color, "Romeo and Juliet,"

Was not received from the Art Printer in time to be mailed with the Jan- uary Household as we expected. For further particulars see page 63, this issue.

THE HOUSEHOLD

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Established in Brattleboro, Vt., 1868. Copyrighted, 1894.

110 BOYLSTON STREET.
Next to Public Library.

BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1894.

VOL. XXVII. No. 2. \$1.00 per Year.
10 cents per Copy. Foreign, \$1.35.

For The Household.

MY BROTHER FRANK.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I grew older, I learned what my father meant by his sarcastic words, that my mother was always looking out for trouble and must be satisfied when it came, but I need scarcely say that I did not understand them, or put any meaning to them at the moment. I understood nothing except that there was a dreadful vacancy all around, the earth giving way under our steps, for Frank had not come home.

The next morning my mother—who could not have slept all night—kept coming and going to the door. It was but vaguely that I was aware why she went and came; for she talked and smiled as usual, which restored me to my usual composure. But when she tied the strings of my bonnet before we set out for church, she suddenly began to cry, and kissed me and told me to think upon Frank when I was in church, and when I said my prayers. "For how can we tell what trouble he is in?" she said.

I remember very well her face in church, as I sat trying to keep still and not to show how tired I was of the sermon.

What made her look as if she did not see anything or hear anything, as if her face was made of stone? Usually it moved so much, a little smile would come creeping about the corners of her mouth, or her eyes would turn to me to give me a look which said "keep quiet" better than words. But that day she took no notice of anything.

Our minister was very good, but he preached long sermons, longer than children are made to listen to now. I knew that I ought to be attentive, but very often it seemed impossible to keep still. I worked about my fingers without knowing it, and put the books in patterns, and tried how far I could push the umbrellas with my foot without making them fall. Generally they fell with a tremendous noise, which made everybody in church look at me, I thought, and say, "What a little monkey!"

That was what my father said, "What a little monkey!"

When we came out of church that day, my mother was in a great hurry to get home, but my father shook hands with everybody at the church door. The ladies all walked arm in arm with their husbands on those days, and to have hurried back without him would have been very unseemly. So there she had to wait, while he and all the Millers and Mr. Dalkeith and Dr. Maxton said to each other that it was a fine day. Their

wives were all ready to talk to her as she stood holding my father's arm, but that morning she seemed to have nothing to say. Her eyes got home before her, going quick up the street, far quicker than we could walk. But there was nobody to be seen.

Late in the evening, after she had given up all hopes of Frank, there came a knock at the door. We were all sitting together, with candles on the table, and Sunday books, as was the custom, not saying much to each other, for each one had a book. I was so lucky as to have a "Pilgrim's Progress" full of pictures. It is true, I knew the pictures all by heart, and always had the same book every Sunday night; but still I was better off

"here's Cripple Tam, poor body, has brought me Frank's letter that should have come last night."

"And is it for keeping back a letter that you're rewarding him with his supper?" my father said.

"Oh, Francis! the boy is well and safe, and nothing has happened. I might have known, but I'm just faithless and unbelieving, and cannot trust my God when my bairns are away."

I think I see her coming to the light with a parcel in her hand. It was brown paper with a big seal, and a little white letter inside—that was how letters were sent by the coach in those days when the post was dear.

Frank had made up his little parcel

mother, now that she had come to life again, and listened to her eagerly telling that Frank had stayed to work, to help his young master, who was so busy and needed him.

"I will not have the lad taken up with worldly business on the Sabbath day," my father said.

"Oh, but, Francis! when it is a work of necessity and mercy," she said.

I did not know what they meant, but it sounded as if it belonged to the House Beautiful, where the ladies all said many things that were like verses out of the Bible, which I did not understand.

Next day we went to Edinburgh, my mother and I. She whispered it to me when I went to bed, making my heart dance. It was a great thing to go to Edinburgh, though it was but six miles off.

We went in the coach, which was often so full that I had to stand all the way, looking out of the window, or finding a slippery rest on my mother's knee. But that did not make it less a great event to go to Edinburgh. The pretty road, the village through which the coach passed, spread out before my eyes, accompanied by a murmur of the conversation going on over my head, to which I was not aware that I paid any attention, but I heard everything.

That day my mother told the people on the road, who were all people she knew, how it was that Frank had not come home on Sunday: that there was a great deal to do at the office, and he was so much thought of, though he was so young, and relied upon where a thoughtless boy would never be trusted. It pleased her to tell how much confidence was placed in him, and that he was not like other boys.

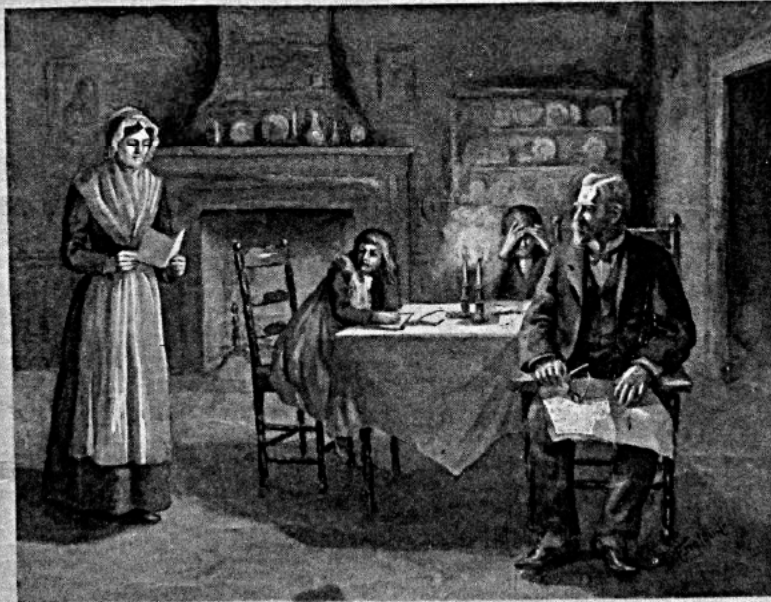
Old Mr. Mouter, who was one of the other passengers, and

whose knees reached more than half way across, he was so tall, and who always sat well forward, leaning upon his stick and listening to everything, asked in what office Frank was, and he shook his head when he heard the name. My mother caught her breath, and there was a little silence, and the rumble-rumble of the wheels came in, and the crack of the coachman's whip.

Then she said quickly, "Do you know any harm of them?"

"No harm, no harm, but they're just very young," the old gentleman said, shaking his head.

I knew very well that it was a silly thing to be young, but then Mr. Renwick, Frank's master, was certainly a big man, and not a little thing like me, but that was very different from grown up people. My mother, for her part, spoke back quick and high, as if she were angry, and when we got down at



"O, Francis, the boy is well and safe, and nothing has happened."

than Willie, who was nodding over his book, going to sleep and then waking up again, and saying, "I was not sleeping," if any one looked at him.

When the knock came, my mother made a spring to the door, and got there long before Betty, before any of us could move. My father took no notice, except to look up from his book and take off his spectacles. By this time I had half forgotten about Frank, but the sound of a knock on a Sabbath night was of itself a great excitement. My mother did not come back at once, but when she did, it was clear that something that was pleasant had happened.

"Take him ben* the house, and give him something for his supper, poor body," she said to Betty outside the door, and came back with her own face, and not that stony one that would not move.

"What do you think!" she said,

and carried it to the coach office, and given it to the guard with his own hands, to tell that he could not come home, that his mother might not be uneasy. The light shone upon her face, that was so bright. She was trembling and laughing a little, as people laugh when they are very nearly crying. All this puzzled me at the time, especially as no one else showed any excitement.

Cripple Tam had found the little parcel in a corner of the boot, and for that he was having his supper and a silver shewpence, which was a great sum of money in my eyes. My mother, too much excited to sit down again to her book, told my father all that was in the letter, while I, sitting up at the table with my "Pilgrim's Progress," went back to the picture—Christian with all the ladies of the House Beautiful about him was the picture I was looking at. I wondered if they were as pretty as my

the end of Princes' Street, walked very quickly along, almost more quickly than I could follow.

Frank's office was in one of the streets that divide the long line of the Princes' Street shops. He jumped up from his desk when he saw us, and came out to meet us with his shining face. The little dark, bare office, with no carpet on the floor, and a high desk against the window shutting out half of the light, looked very strange to me, and my mother's face was anxious, as she asked her questions. She had a great many questions to ask, while I had nothing to do but to wonder at the high stool on which Frank sat, which I could not reach up to, and at the great book lying open upon his desk. He told her something about sitting up all night with Mr. Renwick, working at the books, which made me think they had been at prayers all night, for "the books" in Scotland used to mean family prayers; and how any one could find fault with him for that, I could not understand. And then I heard my mother repeat what old Mr. Mouter had said, "They are so young."

"They are not a bit young; Mr. John is twenty-eight; and if they were young, is that a fault?" said Frank, standing up for his master, with the lights in his eyes flashing up.

He was hasty in his temper, and ready even to be a little angry with my mother on account of his friends. He would not have it said that he was working on the Sabbath day.

"We were done by six o'clock in the morning, so that it was not much more than Saturday night," he said.

My mother could not argue with him; she shook her head, but she smiled all the time, so she could not have been angry. And then Mr. Renwick and his brother came in, and took great notice of me and were very civil, and praised Frank. As for being young, they were just as old as everybody else. One of them had long whiskers, which were common then, and they were both far taller and stronger than Frank. I could not think what Mr. Mouter could mean.

After that, my mother was always uneasy on the Saturday evenings, and often went to the door, and sent out Willie to meet the coach, to see if there was any parcel. But one week my mother heard his light foot skimming up the street. She gave a little start and listened, and said, "If it was the evening instead of the forenoon, I would think that was Frank."

And there he was! All dusty with the walk, but in a great hurry, and full of something he had to say. No one thought of sending me out of the room, so I heard everything, and understood, without knowing what the details were. He wanted my father and mother to do something, which alarmed her so much that she sat and looked at him without saying a word. There was one thing that he repeated over and over.

"It is only a little money," he said; "even if it were to be lost, it would only be money."

"Oh, but you're young, young! Mr. Mouter was right; you are all too young; you don't know what money means."

"Hang Mr. Mouter!" Frank cried, "would you let them be ruined all for a little money, when we can help them—them that have been so good to me!"

That afternoon was very warm, but we did not go out for a walk as we generally did. They shut the windows even, for it was very near the street, lest people outside might hear. When my father came in, he sat down in his big chair, and it was all explained to him over again, my mother saying nothing, but watching them, and Frank, growing more and more in earnest, talking and explaining. After a long time, which seemed endless to me, for I wanted to go out and play, Frank jumped up suddenly, with the red in his cheeks, and shook my father's two hands and gave my mother a kiss.

"Now, we'll save them!" he said with a kind of hurrah. "It will be all your doing, father. And, mother, when I am rich, I will buy you the Hewan!"

My mother shook her head, but she

interest, and so, without any more trouble, our money was given away.

"Ben the house" means in this case to the kitchen. "A but and a ben" are an outer and an inner room.

(To be continued.)

A WIFE'S REVERIE.

O heart of mine, is our estate—
Our sweet estate—of joy assured?
It came so slow, it came so late,
Brought by such bitter pains endured:
Dare we forget those sorrows sore,
And think that they will come no more?

For The Household.

MISS DRUCIE'S CHARITY.

HE was only an old man, a poor old tramp, homeless and forlorn, and he stood at Miss Drucie's little white gate, looking wistfully at the cozy cottage, where late roses tapped at the

she asked softly, for she was doing this for the Master, and the old man was no longer a tramp, but a poor fellow creature, who, from wickedness or misfortune, had come to need her help. Ah, how doing things for Him changes it all!

"I am hungry, ma'am, an' the other houses looked so big an' shut up like."

Miss Drucie's heart swelled.

Then it was her very lowliness that had been her fitness for serving the Lord this time, and she had just been wishing that she could do something for Him.

"Come in and I will get you something to eat," she said cheerily. He followed her to the little kitchen. While he ate, she noticed that his clothes were very thin, and she thought of the cold days that were coming.

"Will you wait here a moment?" she said, and went out.

Up in the low attic she opened a trunk and took out a thick, dark overcoat. Bowing her head over it, she moaned: "Oh, father, this is so like you. Somehow I always see you in this. How can I let it go?"

Then smiling, while the tears glistened in her eyes, she whispered, "Giving to the poor is lending to the Lord. Surely I can trust God with my father's overcoat."

Then she carried it down, and helped the old man put it on. He thanked her in a few simple words and went away, and Miss Drucie returned to her reading with a heart strangely filled with peace and hope.

Along the dusty, leaf-strewn road the old tramp went slowly. People passed him as he went, some of them wondering why all men have not homes and honest work. Others thought how well the forlorn old figure fitted into the dreary, faded landscape.

Only a few saw an unfortunate brother in the weary old man.

On he trudged, passed comfortable farm-houses, through brown meadows and groves, where every leaf whispered of death and decay. On to the town that lay miles beyond the pretty village in which Miss Drucie lived.

He had gone slowly, asking a meal here and a night's lodging there, meeting kindness sometimes, but oftener turning

away, silently, from unkind faces and harsh words.

He was very weary when he reached the large town, but he walked along its busy street with no object except that he had nowhere to sit down and wait for the end; surely, where so many men and women were congregated, there must be more brotherly love. Perhaps some one would be kind to him here.

So he walked slowly along, while people hurried past him. Suddenly he heard a cry, "Look out there, old man, take care!" Then something rushed against him, there was a sharp pain, and all was dark.

After a while he heard a voice that seemed very far away, saying, "Who is he? Are there no letters anywhere about him?" And another voice said: "Look in the coat pockets."

All the time, he had felt a strong, tender hand bathing his face and rubbing his hands. Somehow he knew that skillful hand wherever it touched him, and now he felt it tremble, as one of the voices said: "Here is a letter addressed to Miss Drucie Darrow, Edgewood. Does anybody know her?"



"He rose, took the old letter from his pocket, and laid it in her lap among the leaves."

smiled, too. And as for Frank, he got his hat, and pushed a parcel of paper into his pocket, and held me up for a moment in his arms to kiss me, and then went off, back again to Edinburgh, though it was Saturday, "To save them," he said. And he was over the bridge and out of sight almost before my mother and I could get out to look after him to the door.

I did not know what it all meant till after. It meant that we had given all our money to keep up Mr. Renwick's business and "save him," as Frank said. It happened there was no time to wait, for if they did not pay something at once, they would be ruined.

I did not understand what "ruined" meant, but evidently it was something very bad, and the money would save them from it.

If I could have kept off Willie's toothache by paying all the expenses in my money box, of course I should have done it, and my mother thought so, too, though she was frightened. As for my father, I don't think he cared so much for Mr. Renwick, but he said it was a good business and they offered good

windows, and feathery chrysanthemums clustered close to the low piazza.

The October winds tugged persistently at the sturdy oak that grey near the gate, and for all the old tree's fighting and complaining, many a crisp, brown leaf hurried down and scurried along the walk like a frightened, homeless bird.

Pretty, crimson maple leaves fluttered about the yard, and over by the fat little chimney a holly stood resplendent in scarlet and green.

Miss Drucie sat at her window reading from that old but ever new Book from which she had found joy in sorrow, strength in weakness, and light in darkest days. She had seen the tramp, but she had hoped he might pass on. As she read on, she came to these words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

Tears sprang to Miss Drucie's brown eyes. Laying the Book aside, she went out quickly, down the chrysanthemum-bordered walk to the little gate over which the old man leaned.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

THE HOUSEHOLD

EASTER

1894



Florence
England

THE HOUSEHOLD

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Established in Brattleboro, Vt., 1868. Copyrighted, 1894.

110 BOYLSTON STREET,
Next to Public Library.

BOSTON, MASS., MARCH, 1894.

VOL. XXVII. No. 3. \$1.00 per Year.
10 cents per Copy. Foreign, \$1.35.

For The Household.

MY BROTHER FRANK.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.
CHAPTER III.

The opening up of a child's mind is like the rising of the day. At first all is dim and confused, but gradually, though one scarcely can see how, everything becomes clear. As I grew older there seemed to roll away something from the landscape upon which I look back, like a mist rolling off the face of the country, and I begin to see how life went on, and the meaning of all that happened becomes clear to me. At least the meaning of many things that happened, for life is very puzzling and not even the wisest can understand all that is in it.

After what passed in the last chapter, there seems to be a long time in which there was nothing particular to remember. Frank came home every Saturday night, and went back to Edinburgh every Monday morning, and the Saturdays and the Sundays were our high days.

Willie did not take any particular notice, and my father never disturbed himself, but my mother and I were never so happy as on these Saturday nights. I had always been Frank's pet from the moment I was born. He had carried me about as long as I could remember, and never was tired of his little sister; but now something happened that was better even than that, for he began to find out that I was old enough to understand what he meant, and to talk to me and tell me everything. Every Sunday afternoon, after church and early dinner, he took me out to walk.

The woods were full of a thousand delights in summer, and even in the dark wintry afternoons they were always pleasant to him and to me. When my father laid back his head on his easy chair, after dinner, then was the time when we set out.

My mother came out to the door with us, to tie the strings of my bonnet, and smooth Frank's hat, and watch us as we walked away together.

I think I can see her, looking after us, her face shining with love and pride, admiring the two who belonged to her. She never came with us herself, I scarcely know why, but it seemed quite natural at the time; perhaps it was because the first thing my father did when his nap was over, almost before he woke, and the first thing when he came in, almost before he had taken off his hat, was to call "Marg'ret." The house was not itself when she was not there. We all had the same habit.

We all cried "Mother!" as soon as the door opened to let us in, and she was always ready to reply. So she did not go out much, you may be sure. But she came to the door and looked after us,—he so straight and so light, and I dancing along beside him, scarcely able to recol-

lect that it was Sunday, I was so happy. Sometimes we went so far that she had an excuse for going out to meet us, amusing herself with a little anxiety as to what could keep us so long.

What walks these were! Sometimes we came home with armfuls of wild flowers and ferns and mosses; sometimes we had so much to talk about that we forgot that there were any flowers.

Frank used to tell me what he was going to do—that was our chief subject,

said, since he was a little boy, that he was to make her a present of the Hewan, and this was always in his thought. The Hewan was not a grand house or a fine estate. It was only a delightful cottage with a little garden, and a field or two, which stood on a height up the Esk, and overlooked the course of the river, and the sweet, green valley, and the woods and scattered houses.

My mother had always loved the place; she was fond of the quiet, and the sound

side to put the papers up in a large envelope (we neither of us knew what papers; but Frank told me there were always papers when property was sold), and lay them on her plate at breakfast on New Year's morning.

Frank told me a delightful story of some poor gentleman who had lost everything, and who got back all his old lands through the means of the lady he loved, in this way.

And then we took another thought, and resolved to take her for a little excursion to the Hewan, saying nothing till she was there, and then turning round like the Lord of Burleigh in the poem, to say to her, "All of this is mine and thine." We were never tired of discussing how it was to be done, and often would go on talking till we suddenly saw her looking out for us, and Frank would say "Whist," and I stop talking, in a fright lest she should hear. Ah, what a long, long way off it was, though it seemed to us so near.

The first interruption to this happy time was when Frank had to go and spend the Sunday with the Renwicks, which occurred two or three times, to my indignation and sorrow. He said he *had* to go; but I had an uneasy feeling that he rather liked it even when he said this, and my mother, you may suppose, was as much disappointed as I was, but she stopped me in my lamentations and was almost angry that Frank must do what was expected, and what he thought was right, for he was almost a man now, and should judge for himself.

And then it came to be talked of that we must ask the Renwicks, who had been so kind to him, to spend the day with us.

My mother, who would have entertained all the world if the house had been big enough, was not anxious to have the Renwicks. The little wrinkles came in her forehead that were like a horseshoe. But she would not refuse, to cross Frank, and my father wished it, too. They came on a Sunday in June, which I remember as if it had been yesterday. It was not our custom to have visitors on Sunday, but it was the only day on which they could all come.

There were two brothers, Mr. John and Mr. Charles, and Mrs. Renwick, who was the wife of the elder brother, and their sister Isabella, who was very pretty and very gay. At the first glance I fell into the greatest enthusiasm for this young lady. I had never seen any one so pretty, so well dressed, so full of smiles and pretty ways, and I did nothing but follow her about and gaze at her, and admire everything she did and said. She was "great friends" with Frank. The others all laughed when they said so, why I did not know, for I saw nothing ridiculous in it.

But in the afternoon when the time of our usual walk came, it was Miss Isabella



It was Isabella, and not I, who went with Frank.

He thought the firm would most likely send him out to the Levant to manage their business there, an idea which pleased him, but which always sent a shiver to my heart; but it would be the making of his fortune, he said. And then he would describe the beautiful place it was, and the things he would send me, and how I could make a voyage out with the captain's wife of one of the ships, to see him; and how happy we should be when he came home rich, and able to do everything he wished.

But the first thing he was to do, the thing above all others, was to buy the Hewan for my mother. He had always

of the water and the trees, and the beautiful landscape, and all the changes of the clouds and flying shadows that were never the same for half an hour. Of all the castles we built in the air, the first was always the Hewan for my mother. Frank used to count up how many years it would take to save up the money. If he went to the Levant he thought it would not take very many years.

And then we would jump all preliminaries and plan the delightful surprise for her when the Hewan was bought at last. We changed our minds often on the subject, and discussed it with the greatest minuteness. Sometimes we would de-

and not I who went out with Frank. I had gone to get my things as usual, delighted to have this new, beautiful companion as well as my brother, and was walking after them, when Mrs. Renwick laid her hand upon my arm.

"Do ye think they want you with them?" she said to me with a laugh.

Want me! There had never been a moment in my life, so far as I knew, when Frank had not wanted me. I was so startled that I did not know what to say, but stared at her, and then went on slowly, as if I had not heard. But in a moment all the world had changed to me.

I followed them to the door, lingering, not knowing what to do, but the first glance outside determined me. They were hurrying on as if they wanted to escape, and as I appeared at the door, Frank cast a quick look behind. Ah! what that woman said was quite true. They did not want me!

I crept away up stairs and shut myself into my room. It seemed to me that my heart was broken. What did I care for these strangers?—but Frank, my Frank! I stayed there all the afternoon, hearing the pleasant sound of the voices down stairs, and the tinkle of the teacups, and sometimes a laugh or a scrap of the conversation when the door was opened. Everything was going on just the same as usual,—more brightly than usual, though Frank did not want me, and my heart was broken.

Most people have made a discovery like this sooner or later; but a child feeling thus abandoned, and for the first time disenchanted with life, has all the deeper sense of desolation because she has no experience, and cannot understand the unreasonableness of her own misery.

I did not come down stairs till I was obliged to come, after Frank had come back from his walk, and the visitors were preparing to go away. He was sitting by Miss Isabella, talking to her as if he had not time enough to say everything in the long, long afternoon, while I sat and cried—they were such great friends.

In the little bustle of their going away, nobody took any notice of my red eyes, and Frank did not say a word to me, or even look as if he cared what I was thinking. Their carriage, for they had come in a carriage, was to meet them at the bridge, and my father and the boys went with them to see them off. They sounded like a sort of procession streaming along in the half-light, in what we call the gloaming in Scotland, talking and laughing, the ladies' light dresses showing all the way along the street.

I was about to run upstairs again, very miserable and dejected, when my mother put her arm round me, and would not let me go.

"You have cried enough," she said. "Do you know what you have been crying for, Marjorie?—partly anger, and partly pride."

"Mother! I never said I was crying. I—I am not crying," I cried; and then to show how true it was, burst out again.

And to hear them all the while walking along, laughing and gay, their voices sounding in the silence of the evening, and to think that Frank did not want me, or think about me! I tried to escape from my mother's arm, and to keep from sobbing, but I could not, and she drew me with her into the room they had just left and sat down in the dim evening light, still holding me close to her. She was tired with the talking and the noise, and perhaps not very happy either.

"My dear," she said, "we are not very reasonable, neither you nor I. We must just let him be happy in his own way; we must not be angry or vexed because he has his own friends—but rather—glad; if that is what is to make him happy."

There was a little break in her voice, too, like a sob. I don't know why it should comfort one when one is unhappy to know that some one else is unhappy too. It touched my heart, which was already very tender, and made me cry the more, but it gave me some consolation all the same.

"O mother," I cried, "my heart is broken, my heart is just broken!" and buried my face in her shoulder. She held me in one arm, and stroked my hair with her hand.

"Yes, my dear," she said, "it is a harder lesson to learn than your verbs or your music. But they say you are clever at them, and you must try to be clever at this, too. Those that are dearest to us we must just learn to be content to let them go, and the more we love them, the more we must consent to let them be happy their own way."

We could scarcely see each other in the dim evening, but we were so close pressing together that the feeling of her heart so near gave a little ease to mine, which was beating wildly like a bird in a cage—and what she said brought a little awe upon my soul which was so young and so little accustomed to anything but love. I gave her a hasty kiss, putting up my cheek against hers, and whispered, "Have you learnt it, mother?" for I was very anxious to find out what was in other people's hearts.

She was some time before she answered me, and then she said, with a trembling voice, pressing me closer and closer to her—"Oh, very badly, very badly, Marjorie! oh, I have not learned it well! I have more command of myself than a little thing like you, and I can keep from crying, but maybe I, that preach to others, am myself a castaway; for I've learnt my lesson badly, badly!"

She said she could keep from crying, but I felt the tears start out quite quietly, not in a flood like mine, down her cheek. The next minute she put me softly away from her and rose up.

"I think I hear your father's step coming back. We must have the candles lighted and not sit in the dark like two owlets," she said quite briskly. And when my father came in, the room was bright and the books got out, and I had my head in my Pilgrim's Progress as if there had been no visitors nor anything out of the common.

My father said "Marg'ret!" as he always did as soon as he had pushed open the front door which was never shut, and she had answered, "Here I am, Francis," as she always did. He came in full of all that had happened, and all that had been said, and of what the Renwicks had told him, and what they thought; and my mother looked up at him as if she were quite interested, too.

"I am glad to have had this conversation," my father said, "now I understand all they are doing. There is nothing like young men for enterprise. I think as soon as Frank is old enough he will be offered a share, and that is wonderful for a lad of his age."

"He is well worthy of it, where would they find another like him?" my mother said.

"You may be sure they will not take his mother's opinion on that subject," my father said with a laugh, "but he is very much taken up with their interests—there is no doubt of that."

"And did they say when they were to pay you back your money, Francis?"

"Marg'ret, my dear, you are a close woman in your way, but you know nothing about business. So long as we get good interest for our money what would I do asking it back?—not to speak of the grand opening for Frank."

"Well, Francis," said my mother, "I am not one to meddle in what is a man's

affairs—but, oh, be canny! There is Willie to think of, and that little thing there, that is tender and small, and not fit to fight with this hard world if anything should happen to you or me."

"That little monkey with her two eyes!" said my father. He never called me anything else, but he was very good to me all the same. "It is time she was in her bed instead of hearing everything there is to hear. But we'll not forget her nor Willie either. I hear there's some grand secret project to buy the Hewan," he said with a laugh, "and make you a present of it. He is to do it with his savings in four or five years."

"To make me a present! and who told you that?" My mother had grown quite red, and I looked up with a great flush of indignation. Her eyes were shining, too. "If it's a secret project what business had any one to tell you? I am wishing to hear no more," she cried.

"Nonsense! It was Mrs. Renwick that told me. Frank is just like other lads, he can keep no event from his sweetheart. Well, what is wrong now? She is bonnie and young and his masters' sister, he would not do better that I can see."

"And tells over again the things he says to her. Oh, I have no confidence in these Renwicks—neither for my boy, nor for your money—oh, no confidence!" my mother said.

She had not meant to say it, and perhaps she was sorry that she had done so, but it was true.

Chapter IV.

I need scarcely say that we were not rich. We had enough for all our needs, which were very simple. Life in a Scotch village at that period was not expensive, with few servants and very little display. Everybody knew exactly who we were, and our fathers and mothers, and everything about us; so that no one could deceive the little community by a vain show, as it is so much easier to do now-a-days. Had we spent more than we were known to have to spend, our neighbors would have thought less, not more, of us. Accordingly, our life was moderate in every way.

My mother's extravagance was in my dress, which was, from my earliest consciousness, much daintier and more delicate than that of any of my contemporaries. I was never *fine* in the ordinary sense of the word. I did not, till I was grown up, possess a single ornament; but I set the fashion in everything that was fresh and simple, in my white frock and gingham, in my pinafores and tuckers.

My little edgings were of good lace, my frills were of fine French cambric instead of muslin—a refined kind of coquetry which vulgar eyes were not aware of. I was dressed like a little princess, though I did not know it, and often envied the showy garments, which were not half so much worthy of admiration.

Perhaps there was something of this same costly simplicity in my mother's housekeeping, too, but at all events, I began to be conscious, after a time, that the money which had been put into the Renwicks' business was occasionally wanted, and that various things which had been a matter of course in the house were no longer so.

The chief thing which fretted my mother was Willie's education, which, I suppose, must have come to a standstill. He was to have gone to college by this time, and I think he had got everything he could get in our village in the way of education. I heard for a long time, without much remarking, the conversation on this subject. Willie was not much interested himself. He was quite

willing to stroll about the village, to amuse himself, to read just as much as was necessary and no more.

My mother had a great deal of ambition. She wanted the boys to be much higher up in the world, and better off, than she was. She would have had them mount up upon her shoulders and my father's, and surpass anything that their parents could do. But Willie did not care. He liked his village friends, and his village ways, and had no objection to go on, day by day, without looking forward or thinking what was to come.

Willie was not a disagreeable boy. He did what was told him, and he was very good humored and easily pleased, and he was not at all disturbed by the thought which took away my mother's sleep and fretted her very life, that it was time for him to go to college, though there was no money enough to send him there. After a while, my mother, seeing I grew older every day and more able to understand her, poured out her heart to me. I could not do anything, nor could I bring any wisdom into the discussion which could help her, but to talk it over with me gave her a little consolation.

"I am not one that interferes in a man's business," my mother said. "Never do that, Marjorie, whatever you do, but I cannot shut my eyes. I could not say no when Frank was imploring for help to his friends; I would not set myself on the other side, but when your father consented, which was more than I expected, oh, but I had a sore heart!"

"But, mother, they will give it all back."

"Maybe they will give it back, maybe not; but sure am I they have never offered it yet, and the interest is never regular, let your father say what he will, and there is many a thing wanted that I have not the heart to get, seeing that all our money is on the boy and of a business that may stand, or it may not, who can tell. It is always the same risk with Frank, your father says, and that's true; but all that would happen to Frank would be to lose his place, and have to look for another; and I would like him to be in a larger way of business, for my part. But your father says it is better for him to begin with young men not much older than himself, and then they will all make their way together. I cannot tell, but, oh, my heart is heavy, and I have many a troubled thought. And there is Willie just wasting his time, when he should be at the college. As I tell your father, it is not one we have to think of, but both the boys, and you, too."

"I am not wanting anything," said I.

"Nothing but what we can do for you at the present moment, the Lord be praised—but if anything were to happen to him or to me."

"O mother, why will you speak like that? Nothing would be wanting for me then, for I should just die, too."

My mother gave me a kiss, and smiled and shook her head. "My dear," she said, "you know little about dying, or living, either. That comes according to the will of God, and not according to our vain thoughts. You will live, after I am gone, many a blithe year, I hope, but that is not what I was most thinking of."

"It is Willie, my poor Willie, that is getting no justice—that should be at his classes, instead of wandering about a little place like this, and learning ill ways. No, no, I was not meaning ill ways, but just idleness. He has no ambition," said my mother, shaking her head, "no ambition! Oh, if I could put a little into him!" she cried.

"But, mother, if he cannot go to col-

lege, and cannot do anything, it is better that he should have no ambition," I said.

"It is never better not to have ambition," she answered me, with the light blazing up in her eyes. She gave a sigh a little after, and sat down and took up her work again. "Your father says I like to be anxious, and that I am always looking for trouble, and perhaps it is true," she said. "But how can I help looking forward, thinking of my dearest? and I see clouds and darkness—but God knows I am thinking only of their good. The boys and you, Marjorie—when you are all well and doing well, I have everything I want in this world."

"We are all well, mother," I would say, and she said, "The Lord be thanked, my darling!" and then put up her hand to her eyes.

I did not, as you may suppose, think very much of this, at my age, though I was very sympathetic with my mother. I thought, as children are so apt to do, that it was her way. She was always thinking of us, and she liked to be anxious, as my father said. It was natural that one's mother should be so.

She was anxious when we had colds, which seemed to me extremely unnecessary, and, if it were not disrespectful to think so, even ridiculous, for what harm could a cold do one? All this made me receive her confidence without alarm, besides the fact that the loss or gain of money was unintelligible to me, who had never possessed any, nor knew what it was to wish for things which I could not have, and which money might have possessed.

There were no shops to speak of in the village, and when I went to Edinburgh with my mother, the shop windows were a spectacle to me like the castle and the great houses, no more. I saw no change in our existence. To be sure, there was Willie who ought to have been at college, but he did not grumble, and why should I?

I became quite accustomed to the discussion of the question, and to the horseshoe on my mother's forehead, as she went all over the pros and cons. "He will be ruined if he hangs about doing nothing; I cannot bear it. It puts me out of all patience, and out of heart!" she said, with a hot color on her cheeks, and the water rising in her eyes. Willie was out with some of his friends. He was never the audience like me.

"Hoots," my father said, looking up with a little surprise, "what harm will a month or two do him? he is young enough."

"A month or two? and do you think you will have your money back in a month or two? O Francis, you are deceiving me! You know there is no prospect of getting it, and what is to be done with that boy?"

"If you are so clever, and know so much about it," my father said, gathering his eyebrows together, which was a sign of anger, "why do you ask me?" But I think he was very glad to escape the question by pretending to be angry, for he could make no answer that would satisfy her; and he was beginning to think he had been rash to risk in this way all that his family had in the world. "If Willie is idle," he said after a time, "we must just put him into a writer's office, or—"

Here my mother gave a cry, and threw up her hands in dismay.

"Well!" my father cried, "if the one is in a mere office of business, he that is the light of your eyes, why should you make such a fuss about his brother, who is perhaps not as clever as you think? What's good enough for Frank should be good enough for Willie; and I said a writer's office."

"Oh, Francis!" said my mother, "when you know it was always settled he was to be a minister, from the time he was born—unless he had objections himself." "And he has no objections," said my father. "If you said he was to be a blacksmith, it would be all the same to Willie. Why should we insist on giving him education when he does not care? I have long wanted to say it, but I knew you would cry out. Let us put him into a writer's office."

A writer in Scotland means a lawyer. It is a very excellent profession, and there are many of the best men in Scotland in it; but those were the days when the kirk of Scotland was not divided, and Willie was considered very clever, and my mother had set her heart upon making a minister of him. This suggestion silenced her for that evening and several more. She was so little willing to give

pointed to see that it was nobody more interesting, and dropped our heads into our books again—but not before I had seen the horseshoe come out very clearly on my mother's forehead. What she thought was, that he had heard something that was disagreeable about Frank, and had come to tell us—but it was not quite so bad as that.

He sat down with his thin knees projecting half way across the room as they had done across the coach, and he began to talk to my father of the business of the kirk session (for he was an elder) and about the precursor, who did not please the old-fashioned folk. But even I, with my face in my book, which I was half reading, was aware all the time that this was not what he had come to talk about.

And when he said at last, "By the by, I have not seen Frank at the kirk for

"What is it that you have heard?" cried my mother. She was very angry, and she did not believe a word—or so she would have said. But she was anxious to hear everything he had to say. My father gave her a warning look again.

"I would not wonder," he said, "if those young Renwicks who are doing so well, better than their neighbors, should make many an enemy—for prosperity goes to the head, and they are a little too free in saying what they like and what they don't like."

"Prosperity!" said old Mr. Monter, and he said no more.

We all looked up at him—four faces lighted up with the light of the candles, and with curiosity, and anxiety, and indignation. Even my father took off his spectacles, which was always a sign of great commotion. "Do you mean that they are not prosperous? or that there is anything against these young men?"

"Nay," said Mr. Monter, "you that have trusted your son to them, and your money besides, if all tales are true—you ought to know better than me."

"Oh!" cried my mother, "cannot you say it out and be done with it? I knew when I saw your face that there was ill news coming."

"Whisht, Marg'ret. We all know Mr. Monter means us well. And what is this against these young men?"

It was some time before he would speak, and his face had a gleam in it that I thought was like the picture in the old Bible of the serpent that tempted our first parents in the garden—as if he was pretending to be sorry, and yet full of wicked pleasure.

"Well," he said at last, "if ye will have it, it is just this, that these young men have spent every farthing they have, and everything they could get, and that they are just on the brink of ruin, for themselves and all connected with them. Maybe it's not true. I just hear what people say. I am not making myself responsible for the common talk of the town. No doubt you that have so much confidence in them—you're better informed. The talk of Edinburgh—that's all that comes to my ears. But I thought it just a duty to let you know."

It was mother's turn this time to give my father a look. She had grown quite pale, and the horseshoe stood out upon her forehead. "Oh, Francis!" she cried, but said no more.

Chapter V.

Frank came down on the next Saturday morning early, as he had done once before. We heard his step, both my mother and I, being full of an expectation, which was in my mind, I suppose, just the reflection of hers, for I was too small and young to have any insight of my own; but she and I were so close together that her thoughts went in some strange way through my mind, too, even though I did not understand them. She rose up quickly when she heard Frank's step, and the color went out of her face.

"I knew," she said to me, "that he would come this morning, and he will be miserable, my poor boy."

I hurried after her as she went to meet him, my heart full of her and pity for Frank, though I was not clear as to what was the cause.

"Oh, my boy!" I heard my mother say—taking him into her arms as if she knew all about it; but Frank did not reply as we expected.

He answered in a hasty, cheerful voice.



"I am not blaming you, my dear."

up her hopes that she preferred to wait, even though that vexed her very soul.

One evening while we were all sitting rather quiet, for my father did not like any noise, and for Willie and me it was a little hard to keep still, and read our books all the evening through, there came suddenly a knock at the door which made us all raise our heads—my mother with anxiety, for she could not but think that any unexpected sound was some messenger or letter to say that something was amiss with Frank—and the rest of us with secret pleasure, for anything that broke the quiet was agreeable to us.

In a moment more Betty opened the door and showed in old Mr. Monter, the old gentleman who had annoyed my mother in the coach, and so very much surprised me, by saying that the Renwicks were young. He was very old himself, as I thought in those days, very tall, very thin, with two gray eyes that seemed always on the outlook for something new, and twinkled with eagerness when he got hold of a piece of news. I had always heard that he was an old gossip even before I knew what an old gossip meant.

Willie and I were very much disap-

several Sabbaths," I raised my head just as my mother did, knowing that we had got to the real object of his visit at last.

"He was there the Sunday before last," said my mother very quickly. "You were not there yourself, Mr. Monter. I saw that your seat was empty. When he is at home, Frank is never absent from the kirk."

"So I was," said the old gentleman. "It was the week I had that terrible cold. But he'll be away often on Sunday with his gay friends?"

"I know no gay friends he has," my mother cried. Her eyes were shining bright like two lamps, or rather like two swords that would have slain her victim if eyes could do so. My father put up his hand and gave her a look, for he was cooler than she was.

"At his age all his friends should be gay. I like a light heart when you are young. He is with his young masters, who are the best company he could have," said my father. Mr. Monter nodded his head many times in reply.

"If you are satisfied, there is nothing more to be said. His mother and you are the best judges; and to be sure more than the half that ye hear about your neighbors is not true."

with a little astonishment. "How did you know it was me before I came to the door? and why do you always think something must have happened, mother?"

He came in quite hastily, putting his arm around her, and yet half displeased.

"I'm in a great hurry," he said. "Oh, no, I've no time to eat. Mother, you must listen to me—I would do nothing without asking you—but you must be patient, you must not just fly out and take the words from my mouth."

She sat down in her chair which faced the light. "It is something about money," she said.

"Yes, mother, it is something about money."

They had forgotten that I was there, and if they had recollected, what difference would that have made? for I was always there, and heard everything. I went to the side of Frank, who was restless and could not keep still, and he put his arm round me without knowing what he was doing. His eyes were shining like two stars, and his upper lip, which projected a little, seemed to form the words my mother said before she uttered them, in his impatience and quickness. Not a finger of him was still, and yet it seemed rather eagerness to be doing something than anxiety.

"It is something about money, and I must get some, whatever happens. I knew you would not listen to me—but you must, you must hear me out."

"I have heard too much already," my mother said, "there is no money here, as you know. There has been care taken of that—but if there was plenty, and though you should have my last penny if that was all—yet for love of you, my laddie, I would have strength to give you nothing, nothing—if I had it, and I have it not."

"Mother," he cried, "I knew you would not hear me out."

"Why should I hear you out? I know all you've got to say. These—young men—" she was going to give them a harder name, but stopped out of regard to Frank—"oh, I will not say a word against them. You have faith in them still, and I would not say—"

Frank put me away from him unconsciously as he had drawn me to him.

"If you mean the Renwicks," he said, "it is not for them. They never meant any harm, but it is not for them. Oh, mother, you that never see a creature in want without trying to help them—do you know what it means when a master, a man who is employing other men, has no money left on a Saturday night? Is it he that suffers? Yes, perhaps he suffers, too, but, however he may fail in business, it is a long time before he will come to wanting a dinner or a roof over his head—but the men—they have done their master's work, and they will be going home to-night without a penny—without a penny!"

He got up from his chair, his lips trembling and quivering, his eyes filling. "There wages are not very much, at the best," he cried, "you may say they should save, but how are they to save? Perhaps a pound, perhaps thirty shillings a week to keep a family on. And to-night they will go home—to the wife that is waiting to make her markets, without a penny—unless I can coin it for them," he cried, "or steal it for them!"

He made a wild movement with his clenched hand. His face was all moving and quivering, his eyes full. To me it was all dreadful earnest. I thought he meant that he would steal, as he had said. I caught his arm with my hands, and burst out crying with a feeling of horror which I have never forgotten. "Oh, no, no, oh! Frank we must not

steal. Oh, no, no, oh, no, no! Don't let him, mother!" I cried.

"They should have thought of that sooner," my mother said. "How dare they leave such a burden upon you? Oh, Marjorie, be quiet and let us talk. Frank, my dear, oh, it's right, it's true, what you say, but how dare they, how dare they put such a burden upon you?"

"No more burden than is upon themselves," he said. He stopped for a moment to put his hand upon my head and smooth my hair, and gave me a smile in the midst of his trouble.

"You forget," he continued, "that I have been with them in everything—both the bad and the good, and I was to share the good, and you were pleased with that—why not the evil, too?" Then he sat down again, getting more quiet. "Mother," he went on, "You can't think what it is in business—the one thing that can't be done is to stop—you must not stop, whatever happens. Drive on if it should be to your destruction, but on, on you must go."

"But you should not, Frank. Right and wrong is above business. If they were not sure of the money to pay the men, it was their duty to stop, and bid them find some other work, poor fellows. Oh, I feel for the men with all my heart! and I feel for you, my own laddie, but as for these,—oh, aye, drive on, drive on! that is what they well know how to do, with their horses and phaetons, and excursions on the Sabbath day—those were always dreadful, dreadful to me!"

"Mother," said Frank, the water in his eyes drying up, the hot lights coming into them. "You are unjust, I knew you would be unjust."

The lights came out in her eyes, too. "If you know that, why do you come to me? Am not I a sufferer, too? All that we have gone in the wreck, just as bad, or worse, than the men without their wages. For if they want their wages this week, they will get another master the next, and all will be well. But your father is growing an old man, and if anything happened to him or to me, what would become of that little thing there, and of Willie that is stopped in his education? and all to keep up a strange family in pleasure and diversion, and fine clothes and visiting. Unjust! If I had been unjust sooner, and let my heart speak, that never put any trust in them. Oh, say no more about them, say no more to me!"

Frank got up again from his seat in a determined kind of way, not in impatience as before. "I felt that it was no use," he said, "but I would not go to any one else, or do anything else before I spoke to you, mother. I couldn't, but I knew it was of no use."

"How did you know it was no use? And to whom, then, are you going?" she cried out with a sort of fright in her voice. "Who would you go to but your mother. Frank, Frank, tell me this minute?"

"You said I was to say no more," he replied.

Oh, it was very exasperating to my mother! I saw it even then, and I see it better now. She made a quick gesture to him to sit down again, and for a moment I did not know if she was going to cry like me, or to be angry, or what was coming. But, in the end, she did neither. She looked at him with the horseshoe in her forehead, and with something that was neither a sigh nor a cry, but something between the two, to relieve her breast, bade him sit down again.

"Whatever I said and whatever I did, it means the same thing," she said, "that there is nobody you can go to (and I don't know who in this place you will go to) that will understand you like

your own mother. What is it you want, and why do you want it, and what is the reason of it all? What has been going wrong? And why is it that a Saturday morning, the last moment, when you had all the week before you, you should come to seek the men's wages in this hasty way? Are you sure it is the men's wages? Are you sure it is not some vain, wild, extravagant project of their own?"

"Mother, for heaven's sake don't be so prejudiced."

"Oh, yes, I am prejudiced, I know that, and an old-fashioned, stiff-necked woman. I was brought up to think little, little of that kind of diversion. Sit down, and tell me what you are wanting. You need not give me your opinion of me. I am well acquainted with myself, far better than you can be, and I am not denying my faults. Laddie, sit down this moment, and tell me what you came to seek. What was it, in simple words?" she cried, with an excitement that made her eyes shine.

He sat down against his will. It was very hard for him to subdue himself, and it was clear to me that he was in great trouble. I crept up to him, and stood close by his knee, and put my arm round his neck. I took sides, even against my mother, with Frank. And I could feel, as I leant against him, the trouble and quiver in him, and how he subdued himself.

"It was just this, mother," he said. "Money—to pay the men's wages. I



"Peas like I couldn't go, nudder; not when I looks at dat dere peas' little pickaninny."

could not bear that the poor men should suffer, that have never been to blame."

"Then it has come to that?" my mother said.

Frank answered her only with a little nod of his head. He could not look at her. His upper lip, that always betrayed what he was feeling, quivered, and I felt a shiver go through him, as if in a cold wind. And for a moment there was nothing said.

My mother was quite silent. She was not so "angry," I thought, for that was how I described it to myself when she found fault. So long as my mother was not angry, I thought nothing very dreadful would happen. Things would come right, or they could not be so very bad. But all in a moment, she rose up very quickly and came to Frank, and put her arms round him, putting me away. I don't think she saw me. He rose, as she came up, to meet her, crying "Mother!" half frightened.

"Oh, my boy," she said, "oh, my boy! All is gone then, everything, Frank! I am not blaming you."

"Mother! Oh, I would rather have died."

"Whisht, whisht! do not say that. No, no, thank God, you are all living and well. What could all the money in

the world matter if ye were not all living and well? O God, forgive me, if I am making more of it than I ought! It is all we have in the world, your father and me."

(To be continued.)

For The Household.

A THOUGHT FOR THE WANDERER.

The world outside is gray with gloom and chill,
And all fair things are hidden under snow,
While through the grim old pine trees on the hill,
The lonesome winds their minor music blow.

Within, the fire that crackles on the hearth
Leaps up and fills the room with ruddy gleams,
And makes, in this best, happiest spot of earth,
A rosy atmosphere of rest and dreams.

And listening to the stormy wind's shrill cry,
I think of homeless ones of earth who roam,
And breathe this prayer, as the chill snow drifts
by,

God grant that soon or late they all find Home!
EBEN E. REKFOR.

For The Household.

"IN MASSA'S PLACE," OR A DUSKY ALTRUIST.

IF you had called Uncle Joe Harkins an altruist, he would not have recognized himself in the epithet, nor have taken any meaning from the word into his woolly head. But, nevertheless, under his bowed and dusky form he



bore a heart that overflowed with intense, though often dumb and inarticulate love for others. So that, not in the wordy phrasing of would-be philanthropists, but in actual deeds of self-sacrifice, he carried out unconsciously the supremest form of ethics given us to know below.

"Who saint themselves, they are no saints," says Henry Vaughan, and Joe would have come as far short of an apotheosis in the thought even of those who saw him daily as he did in his own.

He was just a human-hearted, loving man, a little less learned, even, than some of the other exhorters in the congregation where he worshipped, and the good people of Briarrose, where he lived, a village in one of our Southern States, only felt instinctively, if anybody needed positive assistance and real brotherly help of a substantial kind, "why, there was Uncle Joe Harkins."

It was the mute appeal that he seemed to hear most quickly, showing that there is an inward ear finer and subtler in its swiftness of hearing than the outward one, which in Joe's case had grown a little dull.

How so sympathetic a responsiveness to the numberless forms of human need, and how so altruistic a love had been

THE

PRICE 10 CENTS

HOUSEHOLD

APRIL
1894

Contents.

My Brother Frank.

Illus. MRS. OLIPHANT.

Robt. McKenzie's Mistake.

Illus.

JEANETTE SCOTT BENTON.

My First Buffalo Hunt.

Illus. V. V. U. S. A.

Facts and Incidents.

Miscellaneous Articles.

Health Talks.

Children's Page.

Mother's Page.

Home Gardening.

Woman's Wear.

Fancy and Needle Work.

House Furnishing

Housekeeping

Cooking, Etc., Etc.

GREAT OFFERS and Sub-

scription Blank, pages
105, 106.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.



BY THE RUDE BRIDGE THAT
ARCHED THE FLOOD,
THEIR FLAG TO APRIL'S
BREEZE UNFURLED,
HERE ONCE THE EMBATTLED
FARMERS STOOD
AND FIRED THE SHOT HEARD
ROUND THE WORLD.

MINUTE MAN. CONCORD. APRIL 1775.

THE HOUSEHOLD

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Established in Brattleboro, Vt., 1868. Copyrighted, 1894.

110 BOYLSTON STREET.
Next to Public Library.

BOSTON, MASS., APRIL, 1894.

VOL. XXVII. No. 4. \$1.00 per Year.
10 cents per Copy. Foreign, \$1.35.

For The Household.

MY BROTHER FRANK.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.
CHAPTER VI.

"Oh, mother, mother, oh, mother! if work will do it, or slaving, you shall have it back."

"All we have in the world," she repeated, "except you, except you, who are far more than money. I knew that was what it was coming to; but your father, poor man, your father never doubted. It will be hard, hard upon your father."

Frank had put down his head on her shoulder, and she held him close to her, not looking at him, looking out at the window, her eyes wide opened, her face as if it was cut out of stone. I could not bear to see her look so, and I flung my arms round her waist and hid my face in her dress. Thus we all clung together, she in the centre, bearing the weight of both of us, though Frank was a man. Perhaps it was the touch of me, helpless as I was, and not understanding more than half, though I see it all so clearly now, that brought her back to what was now to be done.

"Well, well," she said, patting Frank's shoulder with her hand. "Well, well, that's over, we'll say no more about it. I'm not blaming you, my dear. No, no; there was a time when I was in great fear lest you might be led away. But God be praised that the siller has been taken, and my own laddie left! But, oh, Frank, Frank, my boy! now that all this has happened, and everything lost and gone, do you come, is it possible, asking more?"

She gave a laugh at this, and loosed herself from us, and went back to her chair. Her face looked white and drawn, but she gave that laugh as if there was something that amused her, something that was ridiculous in it. "That shows a great confidence, a wonderful confidence in your mother," she said, shaking her head a little, and looking at him with a smile on her face.

"Oh, mother! where could I go but to you?—to you that never turned a poor creature away from the door—for my men's wages, my poor men's wages," he cried, putting, for a moment, his hands together.

Frank, like me, though he was grown up, and I was only a child, had a feeling that, as long as my mother was not "angry," everything would come right,

and his mind was freed of a great burden by what she had said. He took it simply as I did, as if it meant just that and no more—"that's over, we'll say no more about it."

Nothing could be very bad when my mother said that, and his mind returned to what he was wanting. So did mine, which, perhaps, was more natural. I put my arms round his arm, and looked at my mother as he did. It seemed to us both that she could do what he wanted if she pleased—that, or anything else, that she could do if she pleased.

And her eyes softened as she looked at us. The tears came into them. "That's my own laddie," she said, as if there was something in her throat that kept

man, do not look so meeserable. We will get your men's wages. I will run in debt for that; it's a holy thing; it's no extravagance. But when ye pay them, which ye will do yourself, not leave it to another, ye will give them their warning, Frank; ye will tell them to seek another master honestly; ye will tell them that if ye pay them, it is just with your heart's blood, for that is what it will be."

"Oh, mother! do you think we can get it?" cried Frank.

"We will get it," said my mother. She went into her room which was behind the parlor, and we could hear her talking to herself as she put on her bonnet. "For the week's wages, that's holy, that's a righteous thing," she said. "But Frank, my man, you will give them all warning. You will say find another master, and may he be a better one. You'll not tempt Providence and keep them on, and have this to do again?"

I thought in a moment (for I was fantastic) of how a house would be when the people in it had all died, or when perhaps they had gone away, emigrated, never to come home any more. Why I should have thought such thoughts at that moment, I cannot tell; perhaps, because I had heard of emigration as a terrible expedient that you tried when you were ruined.

What did ruin mean? Was it ruin to lose all our money? Mr. Monter had said that the Renwicks were ruined. I wondered to myself whether they would emigrate, and this thought partly consoled the feeling of vague desolation I had in my mind, for I had never forgotten that Sunday afternoon when Isabella Renwick went out to walk with Frank, and they did not want me. If ruin meant that they would go away, and Frank come home, I did not so much object to it in my heart.

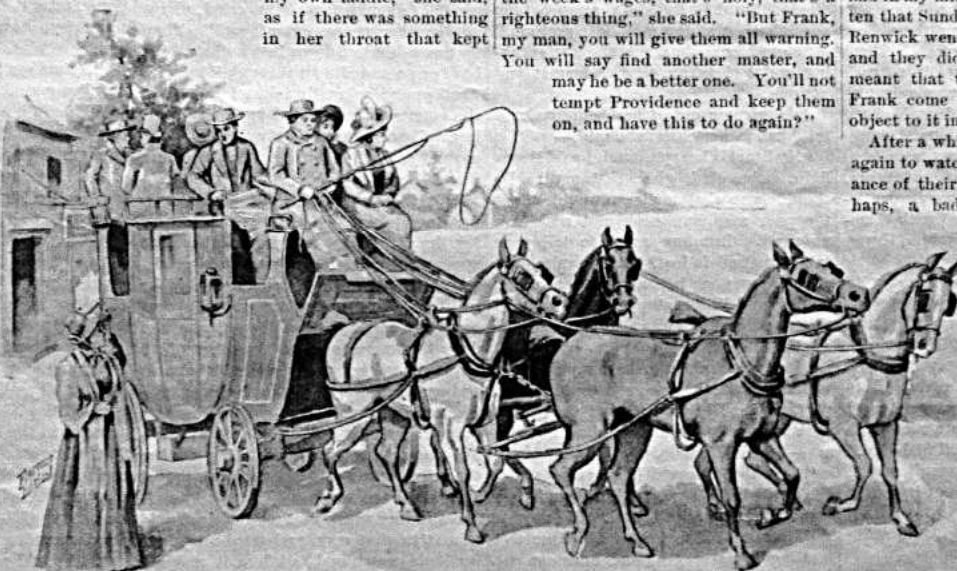
After a while, I went out to the door again to watch if there was any appearance of their coming back. It was, perhaps, a bad habit, looking out and watching like this for those you like best. "They will not come a bit the sooner for all your watching," my father said, but my mother always did, and how should I not follow in the same way?

I stood upon the steps, and looked down to where Robert Todd's house stood out against the corner. It was an autumn morning, and there was a little haze in the air, not many people

about, two or three coming and going—for the men were at work, and the children at school, and all the women busy about the dinner—only a very idle person would walk about in the morning, or those that had something very particular to do.

As I stood there, I perceived after a while two men standing on the other side of the road looking—I could not tell at what, at our house, at me. It was so curious to me that at that time of day, standing, first on one leg, then on the other, doing nothing, staring at something either in the house, or, what was it? I came out half way across, and gave a look up at the windows; but there was nothing to be seen that was ridiculous or could make people stare. I could not, however, after I had once noticed them, keep my eyes off the men.

They were shabby men, not like any that I knew, neither gentlemen (oh, no, far from that) nor poor folks. It was very strange how they looked and looked at our house. What had such men to do with our house? I looked down the street wondering when my mother would come, and tried not to think upon them,



"Then I walked with him to the coach, which was just starting."

her from speaking. But then she wrung her hands together, and all at once began to cry. "I have nothing, I have nothing!" she said, "how am I to pay your men's wages when I am just ashamed for Betty, that did not get hers to this day? And your father will break his heart; he will blame himself; he will think he should have known better, though how could he know, he that was never acquainted with business? And then, your poor men, your poor men, what are they to do for their wages? and the poor wives waiting, and the bairns without their Sabbath dinner. O Frank, my man! if they could walk out here, I would give them all their dinner, and something to take home, but money, money's just what I have not got to give."

The sight of my mother crying made me cry, too, and Frank, though he was a man, had to turn his head away; when, all at once, she got up from her chair. "We must see what we can do," she said. "Robert Todd is a kind man. Me that never borrowed for myself, he will understand what it means if I ask him for the men's wages. My bonny

"But if things should mend, mother?" "Things will not mend. You will do just as I bid. You will bid them find another master—you will tell them—"

She put her arm into his, and went away with him, advising him what he was to do. Even at that moment how proud she was of him, holding his arm with her hand clasped tight in it, looking up into his face, proud to think he was so much taller and stronger than she was—guiding him and leaning upon him both in one.

They paid no attention to me, which was a strange thing, but I forgave it because Frank was in trouble. I watched them going away with a kind of forlorn feeling, for I was not used to being left out whatever was going on. And the house felt very lonely, and had a kind of deserted look when they were gone.

My mother went out very little. The air that she took at the door, or in the garden, was enough for her, and for exercise she was always about the house, up and down stairs in constant motion. After I had watched them go down the street, I went back to the parlor, and it had a forsaken look.

but still they stood there. At last, and this made my heart jump, they came across the road one before the other. There was nobody else in sight for a long way, and I was rather frightened and felt a great desire to call Betty; but I thought that would be silly, for what could they do to me? So I stood still, leaning against the jamb of the doorway, and looked as if I was paying no attention.

The one that came first gave me a nod, (he was far, far from a gentleman) and said, "Little Missie, you are looking for somebody, who are ye looking for?" with a sort of laugh to the other man who was behind.

I looked at them, for my mother always said there was a proper pride, and that we should take no notice when ill bred persons were presuming, but I did not make them any answer. If I had said it was no business of theirs what I was doing, that would have been ill bred like them. Then the man, who was dusty, as if he had been taking a long walk, laughed again.

"Ye'll no answer me," he said. "You're a prudent young lady. You're little yet to be looking for your sweetheart. And what would mamma say?"

This made me grow red with anger and shame. I cried out—"I am looking for my mother and for Frank, my brother Frank. They went down the street, and I am waiting for them to come home!"

It was because I was so angry, to defend myself, and to show them how wrong, oh, how wrong they were! There was no need for me to explain to such strangers; but after all I was only tender and knew no better. I could have cried I was so angry and ashamed.

The man laughed, and gave a look to his companion. "Oh, it is your brother, Missie—that will be the young gentleman we are wanting a word with, Tammas. Where would we find him, if you would be so kind as to say?"

"He has gone down the street with my mother," I began to have a strange feeling as if some harm was meant to Frank, though I could not tell why.

"Down the street? but that's little information. It would be real kind to tell me where he was going, for I must have a word with him. Be a nice little Missie, and tell me where I'll find him."

"He's gone down the street," said I, obstinately, though I could not have told why.

"Which way, Missie?" said the other man.

I waved my hand the way they had gone, but I could not say, and I would not say a word more.

"That way, or this way?" said the first. I was getting more and more frightened every moment, but Frank had done no wrong that I should hide him. I said, "That way!" more angry than ever. But, oh, how it frightened me, and made the heart stand still in my breast when they hurried away towards Robert Todd's house which stood half across the road. They both laughed, and said, "Thank ye Missie," looking back at me. Oh, but what could men like these want with Frank?

My mother came slowly up the street alone, some time after. She walked in a very quiet, leisurely way, as if she were tired a little, and thinking, but no more.

Though I have very good eyes, I have always been, from a child, a little short-sighted; and this has given me a habit of noticing people's moods from their walk, and their way of carrying themselves. There was a kind of satisfaction in her figure, as she came along quietly, not hurrying as people do when they are anxious and restless. But it was a great disappointment to me to see that she was by herself. As soon as she was

within hearing, she began to tell me why.

"Frank has gone back to Edinburgh," she said. "He will be back to-night, or at least, I hope so. He could not put off, for he had his men to pay. Oh, my heart is light for the poor men; they will get their wages. And I wish my laddie had eaten something before he went away."

"Did he see the men, mother?"

"What men?"

"Two men that were over yonder on the road, standing watching, and they came and asked me who I was looking for. And I said, my brother; and they said they were looking for him, too, and went down to Robert Todd's; but I did not say you were there."

"That was well," said my mother, "for we were not there. I took another thought. I went up to Marion Hunter's, who is much in my debt, though I have never said it to anybody. And by God's good providence, she had the siller, and gave it—not that I asked it in payment of the debt, which is what I would never do. But there was no need to name your father, or bring him in between us two that were both women, and could understand what it was to send poor working-men home on Saturday night, without their wages."

Then I walked with him to the coach which was just starting, and so back on the bridge, and up the village. I saw no two men; who would they be that they wanted Frank? But he's away by the coach half an hour ago, to lose no time."

She had come in while she was speaking, and had taken off her bonnet and her veil.

As she came out of her bedroom, and sat down in her chair, she said,—

"My heart is heavy though I said it was light. I'm glad, glad, that my laddie should have that tender thought about the poor men, and could not see them wronged. But how am I to tell your father that all is lost? And you're just ruined, my poor bairn, you that are so young; and Willie stopped in his education, and not a penny left if trouble should come."

I had come close to her, standing by her side, which was my usual place. "Oh, mother!" I said, "what do I want with money? We are very well as we are—and Willie, too."

"As if things could last as they are!" she said with a sigh. "But your father is growing old, and so am I. Oh, no, not Willie, too. He is losing his time and wasting his strength, and how can we send him to college now?"

"Mother," said I, "couldn't we save something? I want no new frocks, I am very well off, and I am sure if you would send away Betty, I could do the most part of what she does. You said yourself, when I washed the tea things they were far brighter."

My mother turned and gave me a kiss. "No," she said, "we cannot send away Betty, nor make a drudge of our only girl. Your father would never consent to that. You may have to do without the frocks, but the maids we must keep, if not for our own sake, for the sake of other people. Oh, no, my dear, your father would never hear of it. And besides, it is not so easy as that. Oh, Marjorie, if we could but flee away where nobody would know anything about us, how fine it would be to do everything for your father and the boys—you and me! But as long as we are here there are things that are expected. And your father would never consent."

Just then we heard the sounds we knew so well, my father's step coming steadily up to the door, and then his voice in the passage—"Are you there, Marg'ret?" and then he came in with an anxious look on his face.

"What has Frank been doing here," he said, "so early in the day? They tell me he's been here and gone again. Is anything the matter? Surely I have a right to know."

"He has been here, and he went back with the coach at one o'clock—and I'm feared there is a great deal the matter, Francis," my mother said.

"It could not be money that he was wanting—again?"

"It was just money he was wanting; but no, nothing about speculation or the business you say I cannot understand. It was for a righteous purpose, it was to pay the wages of the men, poor fellows, kept on till Saturday at their work—and nothing for them then."

"Ay, that was a fine story for you," my father said, "just the story to get every penny out of you. And you gave it him?—you threw good money after the bad?—that was like you, Marg'ret!"

He had not sat down, and he walked heavily about in his boots which made a noise, and with his face as black as the night. He was glad of something to be angry about, as I have often seen that people were when they were miserable with a far greater trouble.

"They should have all starved," he cried, "before they should have got another penny out of me!"

"If it had been them, Francis—but the poor, innocent men, the poor working men, that had no blame—"

"They should never," he cried, "have got another penny out of me!" Then he threw himself down into a chair. "It has been a swindle all through," he said, "and you're so easily taken in, so easy! the moment a good word is said of your boy. That is how they've bamboozled us, and made fools of us. And to think that I should have been taken in, too!"

This that my father said puzzled me, for it had always been he that stood up for the Renicks, and my mother that opposed. I looked at her, thinking she would tell him so; but she never said a word. He was very angry, and burst out again and again, as if what she had done that morning was the worst of all—as if it had been her doing all through; and asked her how she could be so foolish, and did she think these blackguards meant all that they said about Frank—no! they were just calculating all the time, knowing that was the way to get around a woman.

I was very angry that my father should take it in that way, and tried to put in my little word, and tell him it was not her fault. But my mother pressed me close with her arm which was around me, and said, hush, hush! with her eyes. For my part I could not bear it that she should get the blame; but she told me afterwards that it was a great ease to a man when he could be angry, and that what was the advantage of having a wife if she were not there to be found fault with? But I scarcely understood that at the time.

By and by, when all was a little quieted down, and the table was laid for our early dinner, there was a question, where was Willie, and why did he not come into the dining-room? We had all heard him come in, rushing with his heavy, noisy footsteps, and going up stairs three steps at a time.

I was sent up to call him, but Willie would not open his door.

"No, I'm not coming down. I'm not very well. I don't want any dinner. I've got the toothache," he said through the keyhole, and when I pushed to get in, put his shoulder against the door.

"The toothache!" my mother said when I gave her my message.

Willie was a boy who was never ill. He had great strong white teeth that could have crushed anything—indeed,

he was scarcely a boy at all, he was seventeen, and almost a man. My mother went up stairs directly, and made him come down.

"You are sure to be better for your dinner," she said.

He came in with a big woollen comfort twisted about his face, bending down his head, and turning his back to the light, upon which, my father, who was angry before, immediately began to find fault with Willie.

"What do you want with that thing about your head? Ye need not turn yourself into an old woman because you've got the toothache. In my time we would have thought shame to make a fuss about a toothache. And do you think that thing does you any good?" said my father. "Take it off this moment, and take your broth like a reasonable creature."

"Let him be, Francis," said my mother. "The poor laddie is in pain. If he thinks it does him good let him have it on—though it is not bonnie to look at, and not like Willie—but if he thinks it does him good—"

"He is like the old wife at the bridge, the old, old wife that sells the apples," said I.

"And it is all nonsense," said my father. "Take it off, take it off this moment! He is too old to make a fool of himself, though you always encourage them, Marg'ret, in every nonsense. Come, take it off, and bear your toothache, if ye have got a toothache, like a man."

"Let me see if I can put it on another way," my mother said.

Willie did all he could to put her hands away, but he would not be rude to my mother; and when the comforter was undone, what did we see but a face, not swollen with toothache, as we expected, but all bruised and blackened in another way. One eye, the eye he had kept bound up, was red and angry with a cut over the brow, and the skin of his cheek was broken and had been bleeding.

My mother let the comforter fall from her hand. "You have been fighting, Willie. Oh, Willie, at your age!"

"Fighting!" my father said. Betty was not in the room, which was a mercy. My father struck his fist upon the table, and shouted out, "What's the meaning of this? Are you all going mad, every one of you?"—with all the trouble he was in turning to rage. And I began to cry. I could not help it. The sight of my brother's face all battered and beaten was more than I could bear.

"You needn't make such a row," said Willie, glowering, with his eyebrows meeting over his eyes; it was for no harm, and then he sat with all his wounds showing, not looking at my father, but black with wrath and trouble.

My mother was the only one of us who kept quiet. She put her hand upon his shoulder, though he tried to push her away. "My laddie," she said, "what was it? There's a reason for it, Willie. Oh, do not answer your father like that, but tell me, tell me, my bennie man."

He waited for a long time, looking down upon the tablecloth as if he had made up his mind never to yield. But, at last, with my mother's hand upon him, Willie could not hold out any longer. He burst out with it all in a moment. "How do you think I was to bear it? If it had been me, they might have said what they liked, but to hear you scoundrel! and all about our Frank?"

Frank! what was about Frank? We were all struck dumb by that. My father sat and stared and never said a word, and I stopped with the sob in my throat, and felt as if I could never cry more.

Then Willie told us by degrees, very unwillingly at first, what had happened. He had been coming home, sauntering along, because he had nothing to do, when he met a number of idle lads that had been hanging about to see the coach go off. Oh, my mother was right! it was bad, bad for Willie at his age to have nothing to do. Some of the boys he met were gentlemen's sons, and some were common folk. They all herded together to do nothing, staring at whatever happened, and one of them began to jeer Willie about his brother.

"Your brother, he's a fine fellow; he's in business in Edinburgh, and thinks as much of himself as if he was one of Mitchell's firm, or just the British Times Company itself. But for a' that, the sheriff's officers are out after him, and he's just fled for his life."

"What's fled for his life?" our Willie cried out.

And then, as if it was not enough to make him wild, they all began to cry out and laugh and make their wicked jests that it was Frank, our Frank, with two sheriff's officers at his heels! To hear such words was more than we could bear.

My father jumped up from the table in the middle of his dinner, and paced about the room like a madman, stopping sometimes to question Willie, kicking everything out of his way, not knowing what he did.

Oh, no, he did not know what he was doing. He thought of nothing in this world so much as his honest name, that there had never been a cloud upon. And of all his family, Frank was the one of whom he was most sure. Willie was not developed as yet; he was an idle boy. He was stopped short in his career; there was no telling what might become of him. But Frank!

My father jeered my mother about her boy that was like nobody else's boy, but in his heart he was of her opinion, or more.

The Renwicks had a great opinion of Frank, and for that reason, though he would have died rather than own it, my father had given them his money, confident that people who judged his son so well would do well in every other way. That was his motive, though nobody knew it. My mother told me long after, and I can see now how true it was.

He was out of his senses almost with rage. Had the lad that said it—oh, the ill-conditioned, ill-tongued, wicked boy!—had he been there, I think my father would have killed him.

My mother was far less excited. She shed a few tears, and she stroked Willie upon his hair, and laid her own cool, white handkerchief over his eye. "God bless you, my boy," she said quite low, and gave him a kiss when nobody was looking, for he was shy and proud, and thought it was childish to be kissed.

As for me, I did not half understand what it all meant, though everything comes back to me now.

There came a moment, however, when it all stopped again—my father's pacing up and down, and the rage he was in, and my mother's silence. This was when my father came to a standstill in the middle of the room, and said sharply, "There would be no truth in it. He was here to-day, and you all saw him. There would be no truth in it." He threw his words into the middle of us all, as if they had been shot, and we all looked up as if he had thrown them in our faces.

"Not a word of truth," my mother said. But then there was a silence which I could not explain. Willie looked up, moving in an uneasy way under my mother's hand, and there suddenly came up before my eyes the thing that had

happened to me, the two men that had been standing on the other side of the road watching the house, and then had come and spoken to me. They were wanting to speak with my brother, yes, that was what they had said.

I got, uneasy too, like Willie, and began to nestle about on my chair. I wanted to tell it, but I could not. My mouth seemed closed, and something began to ring in my ears. My father stood still in the same spot looking at us. He had looked at my mother first; now he looked at Willie, at me, and we did not say anything; we could not say anything.

This was the time when that knock came at the door. A big knock, not made with the knocker, as a visitor would do, but sounding like the end of a big stick upon the panel of the door, and then a voice, saying, "Is there nobody in? I've got business with the master of the house."

The dining-room door was a little ajar, and so was the outer door, so that we heard every word. My father went out to the door of the dining-room, and asked who was there, and they came in without hesitating, pushing their way. I had no doubt in my mind who it was. Then suddenly they were in the room, asking nobody's leave, casting a keen look round before they said a word. One of them came quite into the room, the other stood blocking the doorway, that nobody might get out. The first stood for a moment looking, and then his eye fell upon me, turning round from the table staring at them.

"Ah," said the man, "here is our clever little miss, that gave us such good directions. You are maybe proud of her, mem, but I would be feared of her. She is too clever, too clever, or else she has more acquaintance with the world than is fit for her age. I took her for an innocent that would tell the truth. I'm no sure, little miss, that I'll no put the police after you, for giving false directions, and letting our prisoner escape."

"What prisoner?" my father said in a sharp voice.

"Well, sir, I'm afeared it is just your oldest son that we're after," was what the man said.

Chapter VII.

I had given false directions! In the bewilderment I was in, that was the first thing that was clear to my mind. To be blamed unjustly is a terrible thing to a child. It seemed to take away my senses. I jumped from my chair and faced the two men, and I must have been like a little fury, my face scarlet, stamping on the floor with my foot. I could not speak for the passion I was in.

Me tell a lie! Me deceive them! I stood and stared at them speechless, with my hands clenched, stamping my foot, feeling, oh, such a pang and a misery behind the passion, but able to think of nothing except that I would have trampled on them, that I would have killed them if I could.

But my father's fury stopped when mine came upon me like a flood. He got quite quiet all at once. "My man," he said, standing up serious and calm, "there's some mistake here. What have you against my son? Everybody knows my son, you must be making some great mistake. What have you against my boy?"

"Francis!" my mother said, "is it Frank you are speaking of—Frank? There is no man in all this world, whoever he is, that can have anything against Frank."

"Whisht, Margaret—sit down and compose yourself; the more confidence you have in him, the more easy should you be."

My father seldom took any great part in what went on in the house. But this time he took it all upon himself. He was not angry any more, but stood just like a rock, and looked at the two men. But he did not say a word about me! He took no notice. He let them say that of me, and never answered a word!

"There is no difficulty about that," said the man. "Dobson, you keep a good lookout that nobody slips through at any other door. I'll answer for them that are here."

"We're wanting your son, and no mistake about that, Mr. Sinclair. Here's a writ out against him for two hundred and fifty pounds, besides costs which run up to thirty or forty more. It's not a criminal action; no, no, and we're no policemen, my man and me. No, no, if that is what you are feared for, it's nothing of that sort. It's a protested bill—and two hundred and fifty, or more like three hundred pounds to pay. If you like to pay it for him, I'm very agreeable, and the whole thing can be squashed. Just the money paid, and the young man can go where he likes for me."

My mother cried out, "God be thanked, that it is but money!" without knowing what she said. And then she grew red with shame to think that she had maybe betrayed the dread that had come into her mind. So she said quickly, "But it cannot be! still it cannot be. What would he do with that money, a steady, good lad that comes home every Saturday night, and never a word against him. No, no. It will be another Francis Sinclair—it will be—"

"Whisht, Margaret," my father said. He was looking at the papers the man showed him, and there was a little tremble in his hand, as he held them up to the light. "The thing is to set it right if we can, and not ask why and wherefore it is; this man is just a sheriff's officer and knows nothing about it. You will understand that people like us," he said, turning around, "are not just likely to keep a great sum of money like this, in our pockets, in the house."

"That's nothing to me," the man said. "It may be likely, or it may not be likely. I want my money or my prisoner. Nothing else matters to me."

My mother was no more able to keep her misery down than I was. She started up with a cry. "Your prisoner," she said, "your prisoner! that's what he'll never, never be!"

"We'll see about that, Mistress," the man said.

"Whisht, Margaret," said my father. He gave her a look that stopped her in a moment. "We will find the money; but not to-day, nor to-morrow, for to-morrow is the Sabbath. Can you not take it upon my word and wait? You will find out my character easy, and whether I am a man to break my promise, for everybody knows me here."

Then the officer, who was just no worse than other men, though I thought him no better than the Satan or one of his angels, took off his hat, which he had worn upon his head all this time.

"I'm very sorry," he said; "it's no pleasure to me to bring trouble into a house. I've no more doubt that you're a man of your word than I have of the sun shining—but I cannot help it. If I do not get the money, I must get the man, and that's all about it. It is no doing of mine. Young gentlemen should think upon the consequences afore they throw away their parents' means in that way. The man or the money—I must have the one or the other."

"The money I cannot give you now; the man as you call him, poor laddie! is not here."

"Who is to prove that?" the officer said with a laugh.

To hear a laugh like that in the midst of your trouble, is more than flesh and blood can bear. Willie sprang up as if he would have taken him by the throat, but my mother stood in front of him and kept the boy back with her hands.

"They can search the house if they like, Francis," she said with a trembling in her voice.

"They have no right to search an honest house, and I will not permit it," my father cried.

"We may have no right to search, but we've got a right of blockade," the man said, with another laugh. "My man and me, we're in no hurry, we have plenty of time. We'll just wait till the young man shows, if it's night or day."

"Sir," said my mother, coming forward, "I saw my son off by the coach at one o'clock. He came here to ask me for the money to pay the poor men for their honest work."

"Oh, ay!" said the officer, "that was a fine excuse. Oh, the money for the men! We've heard of that before."

I heard Willie grind his teeth, and struggle with my mother to get free, and I could not bear it. I flung myself upon the officer, and struck him with my hand. Oh, what a little, useless hand it was! It did not make any impression on the man. He looked down on me and laughed.

I threw myself down on the carpet and cried—oh, such hot, burning tears. When you hear lies told, and false witness, and those that you love best accused of what they never did, and yet can do nothing, I think there is nothing in the world so hard to bear.

All this happened in the time when men were put in prison for debt. It is different now. I cannot tell, for I don't understand business, what is done to a man now if he does not pay, when he has put his name to a paper, as Frank had done, to help his masters. They had told him it was nothing, and that he would never be troubled, and he believed everything and knew no better.

All that afternoon—oh, what a miserable time it was! He had said he would come home as usual, knowing of no danger, nor thinking of any, as how should an honest lad that had never wronged any man think of danger? The officers had gone away, but we knew well they were about somewhere, on the watch for him, and never, never in all my life did the hours go by so slow as on that day. Every one was like a week or a year.

My mother went up to the high window in the box-room, where you could see farther than anywhere else.

And Willie went out, though he was a sight to see, with his eye bound up and the scar upon his cheek, and walked away towards Edinburgh, thinking he would meet him.

My father, for his part, was always walking up and down, up and down. Sometimes he would go out and stroll down the street, and that was a little ease, for the sound of his steps in the parlor, and up and down the stairs, was more than could be borne.

We thought that any moment Frank might appear, skimming the ground with his light foot, coming quickly home, looking about him with his cheerful eyes, and fearing nothing, and that we should see the men step forth out of their hiding-place, and take him away to prison.

To prison! We were people that had never known shame, and that was like death to every one of us, from my father down to me. It was no shame, if you think of it rightly, but that was how we felt. I think we would have died sooner, any one of us. And what was the alternative? That if he came, we should hide him, and smuggle him away. The

one was as bad as the other. I cannot say which was worst. Hide him, disguise him, help him to run away and conceal himself, or let him go to jail, as if he was a bad man, as if he was a thief or a cheat—our Frank!

If there is any one who reads this who was ever in such a position, they will understand what I mean.

My mother was a proud woman, though we were people without any pretensions. She was as proud as a duchess of our good name and our honor.

In this way the afternoon lingered out, and night came, and no word of Frank. Had the officers got him? or had he heard they were after him, and made up his mind not to come?

"I think I cannot bear it a moment more, Marjorie," my mother said. "I must go and look for my boy."

"Oh, mother, let me! If he was to come and find nobody!"

"That is true, that is true. Oh, women have a heavy lot! We must just sit and wait, and do nothing. No, you must not go; you are too little. Women and bairns are just fit to sit in the house and listen to every sound. What was that? It was like a step. Oh, is it you, Betty?"

While my mother was giving necessary directions to Betty, I took the opportunity, and slipped out. I scarcely knew where to turn, to the right or to the left, or what to do, for I could see nothing. When my eyes were used to it, I did see little, but very little—the houses of the village, like an indistinct shadow behind, and in front of me in the distance, a faint lightness which I knew was the road, leading away through the two great ash trees, which to me was always like the road into an unknown world.

Why I should have turned that way I cannot tell, for there was no likelihood that Frank would come that way. Both Willie and my father had gone down by the village to look for him. But perhaps it was his heart that drew mine to the other side. For as I looked that way, for no reason that I could tell, except that there was a faint lightness of the road as I have said, I heard a sound that made my heart jump. It was a step, but a step so light it scarcely broke the stillness! Oh, so light, that it could be nobody's but his! For though it was so light, it was not a girl's step, or a child's step.

(To be continued.)

THE SECRET OF ENDURANCE.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "I have been asked, sometimes, how I can perform so large an amount of work with apparently so little diminution of strength. I attribute my power of endurance to a long-formed habit of observing, every day of my life, the simple laws of health—and none more than the laws of eating. It has become a second nature to me. It ceases any longer to be a matter of self-denial. It is almost like an instinct."

If I have a severe tax on my brain in the morning, I cannot eat heartily at breakfast. If the whole day is to be one of nervous exertion, I eat very little till the exertion is over. I know that two forces cannot be concentrated in activity at the same time in one body.

If I am to be moving around out of doors a good deal, I can give a fuller swing to my appetite—which is never exceedingly bad; but, if I am engaged actively and successfully in mental labor, I cannot eat much. I have made eating with regularity, and with reference to

what I have to do, a habit so long, that it ceases any longer to be a subject of thought. It almost takes care of itself. I attribute much of my ability to endure work to good habits of eating, and constant attention to the laws of sleep, physical exercise and general cheerfulness.

FAULT-FINDING.

Shame on the nature,
Thankless and vain,
Shame on the temper
Lager to pain!
Hearts that in selfishness
Only are cast,
Darkening the present
With clouds of the past!

—Charles Swain.

For The Household.

ROBERT MCKENZIE'S MISTAKE.

THE April night had fallen moist and warm. Inside the low farmhouse everything was very quiet. Supper was over and a woman was noiselessly putting away the dishes, watched curiously by a group of children on a bench in one corner.

In the next room two women sat

hand in his quick, kindly grasp, answering reluctantly,—

"I fear so, my boy," then turned his eyes from the dumb agony in the boy's, as the slow, hard sobs convulsed his chest. He leaned over and kissed her, a hot tear falling on her still face, then turned and stumbled from the room.

The others, still uncomprehending, kissed her, the doctor lifting the tiny, solemn boy to her cold cheek.

"Now go to bed," the father said.

One of the women arose. "Shan't I undress Alan and Janet, and take them to the loft?"

"No," Mr. McKenzie responded curtly. "My children are not pampered. They always go alone, and assist each other."

They were already ascending the ladder from the kitchen to the loft.

"But they will want a candle," the woman still persisted.

"They never take a light," he replied in an annoyed tone.

The physician, from his position by the bed, could see them going up one by one, Alan last, and the sturdy little legs,

and stood by the open door, looking out into the vaporous silence of the night. A tiny, luminous moon sketched the landscape in misty grays—the low-browed house fronted by a straight, white road, and brown, broad fields; the woodland back, pressing to the farm-yard fences, a riotous crew, dwarfing to insignificance the home and barns, crowding against them with spreading tumultuous growth; all seemed ethereal, unreal.

"I wonder which is the reality, we, or she in there?" he murmured, still under the tension of his long vigil.

The bustle of after service commenced behind him, and Robert McKenzie came and stood beside the physician.

"It is God's will, and He will sustain me," he said slowly, "but the suddenness of it has swept everything from under me; I lean on empty air."

His voice changed. "Tell them at the church!"—there was a note of almost fierceness—"I will not have the organ played at her funeral, her body shall not be desecrated by that heathenish, soulless thing. For this time, at least, they may regard my wishes."

So the day of the funeral in the little village church, a few voices sang a sweet old hymn or two, the simple sermon was preached, and they all looked their last on the already unfamiliar face in its narrow confines.

Thus Mary McKenzie vanished from the earth when most she was needed, it seemed to them all.

Still, the year following his wife's death, Robert McKenzie probably suffered much less discomfort and trouble than usually falls to the lot of men similarly situated.

True, there were two or three changes of help, but the children were trained, even to the baby, to the faithful performance of the tasks set them, and Robert was a stern, observant task-master, whose fear was always before the eyes of his "help," however shiftlessly inclined, so things ran along in not so bad a fashion. But the "help" told awe-some tales.

"It's the solemnist home I ever was in," groaned one. "Taint a hard place. The children do pretty near half the work, and never kick up a muss. But they aint no more like children than a chip is like a spar-row. I hadn't bin there more'n a week before I got to going around heavy and solemn."

"Oh, no; taint natural on account of their mother's death at all. There aint a child alive but what would break out some if they had lost every endurin' relative they had. They've just had the life and fun squeezed out of them ever since they was born."

"Why, Robert McKenzie would tie down every calf's leg on the place if he could, an' put his lambs in straight jackets."

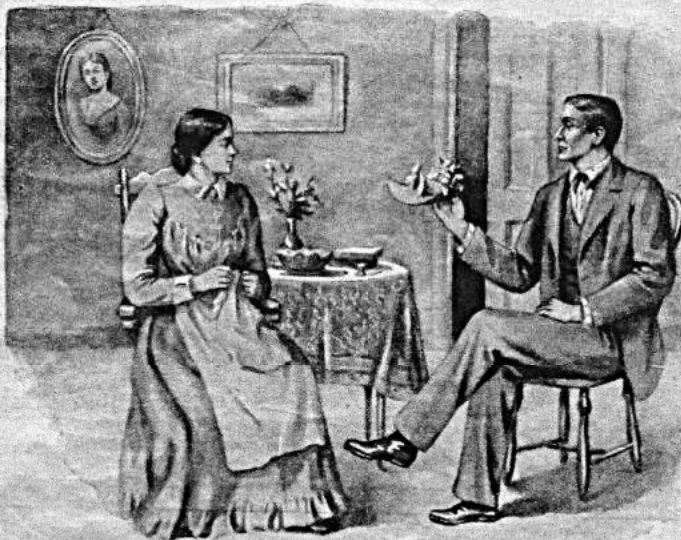
"Then, as for readin', the interestingest things I could find on the place, barrin' the Bible, was Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' or Young's 'Night Thoughts.'"

"Them children are dull, of course—a steady feed of work and the catechism would dull anybody."

The doctor, who received confidences from the whole country, repeated this conversation at home. Drusba Allen, his wife's cousin, listened with a ripple of laughter.

"Mary Ann Jones is funnier than her story," she commented.

A most wholesome individual was Miss Drusba Allen, of Quaker stock, still using its form of speech, and holding its reverence for truth to the extent of frankly confessing it when she reached her thirty-fifth birthday.



I show no such frivolities, he said, picking up the hat.

silently. Over against the wall was a bed with a motionless figure stretched upon it. The fair hair and pale face shone out from the shadows; an unmistakable Scotch face, good and homely even in its awful pallor. The doctor sat by her, his fingers resting lightly on her wrist.

The kitchen door opened and a large, stern-featured man came in with a heavy resounding tread that jarred the silence.

"Children, it's time you went to bed!" he ordered sternly to the little group, then passed into the next room.

The doctor looked up. "The children better kiss their mother good-night to-night," he said.

The man's face paled. "Is it so bad as that?" he asked in a low tone.

The doctor nodded. He turned again to the kitchen. "Children"—he spoke with an effort—"come in now before you go to bed, and kiss mother good-night."

They got up slowly and wonderingly—five of them. Wallace, a boy of fourteen; then James and Andrew; Janet, a girl of eight; and last, Alan, a tiny boy of three yet in skirts. They came in frightened, reluctant, at the strange request.

The unnatural atmosphere about them awed them as they huddled uncomprehendingly to the bedside, all but Wallace. He laid his hand on the doctor's, and said huskily, "Is she going to die?"

The doctor took the rough, trembling

climbing up so bravely into the darkness, looked very pitiful to him. In the last eighteen hours he had fought a hand to hand fight with death, and now, feeling that death had won, he simply waited with hope only because she breathed.

He had known Robert McKenzie for years, as a stern, puritanical, unloving man, the dull prosperity of whose home had thought only to the animal needs of protection, food and covering.

The absolute unlovingness of it all had moved the doctor to pity many a time; pity for the dutiful, honest woman who had tried so faithfully to conform to her husband's standards, choking back all her own quick, affectionate nature. Pity for the repressed, stoical children whose short lives held only three phrases, work, sleep, church.

"God will be kinder to her," he thought; then his thoughts grew misty, and he slept lightly, until the hand under his growing colder, woke him to alert consciousness.

The low, slow beat was still. He bent over her an instant with closest scrutiny, then arose and laid the hard, worn hand lightly on her breast.

"She has gone, very quietly, very easily," he said.

Robert McKenzie dropped on his knees by the bed, and there was silence for a little space.

Oppressed and weary, the doctor went

PRICE 10 CENTS

THE HOUSEHOLD

MAY
1894



THE HOUSEHOLD

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Established in Brattleboro, Vt., 1868. Copyrighted, 1894.

116 BOYLSTON STREET.
Next to Public Library.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY, 1894.

VOL. XXVII. No. 5. \$1.00 per Year.
10 cents per Copy. Foreign, \$1.35.

For The Household.

MY BROTHER FRANK.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

(Concluded in this issue.)

CHAPTER VIII.

I STOOD and scarcely breathed, not daring to make a sound, and then between me and that faint light I saw something coming, a shadow, a line of something that was more solid than the darkness. Perhaps he saw a little thing in the way and knew it must be his little sister.

For when I put out my hand, and said below my breath "Frank!" his hand took hold of mine so suddenly, so tight, that I had almost cried out. He never said a word, but just drew me with him, as if a wind had taken hold of me. And the next moment he was standing in the light with my mother's arms round him, the three of us all clinging together, but no one saying a word. I had remembered to shut the door behind him, which was what I always forgot in ordinary times, and here, at least, he was safe.

Our Frank! Was it Frank? I had never seen him like that before, oh, never like that! When he loosed himself from our arms, and stood up as pale as marble, the two hot red lights shining in his eyes, his nostrils expanded, as you will sometimes see in a fine horse, and his upper lip moving over his teeth, he was like another man, like a man in a great passion and indignation, like one that was going to be put to death by false witness, that is what he seemed to me.

I think I see him now, with that quiver in him—oh, not a martyr, for the martyrs die for God, which is worth the while—but one whose life had been sworn away falsely, one that was betrayed.

He loosed himself from us, and he said, "You seem to know all about it, mother, I thought I would have to bring you the news," with a sort of laugh that it was dreadful to hear.

"Oh, my boy! all I know is, that they've been here after you, and they may be waiting for anything I can tell, to get you now."

"To get me? who is waiting to get me?" he cried, and there came a kind of light, a look of hope upon his face.

"Frank! my own lad! the sheriff's officers—for the money for the bill." Then she threw up her hands with a low cry. "He knows nothing about it, nothing about it, Marjorie!"

The light went out of Frank's face, and then a strange look came over it, a look of such disdain—like what a great man might give at little things unworthy of his thoughts. "The bill," he said, "that, too!—I had forgotten that," and so

sat down, with his lip still quivering, though he smiled.

I can never forget the look of his face. He was not much more than a boy, not twenty-two, but to me he was not a boy; he was great and grand like a hero. I thought he looked like the Bruce or the Wallace when he was betrayed—struck to the heart because his friends had betrayed him, but caring nothing more whatever they did to him—for what was torture in comparison with his friend that had failed him.



"Mother, we are all together now, we three, and the Hewan is yours."

"My dear," said my mother, "we have had a terrible day. Your father, poor man, is up and down the village to see you first, if you should come, and Willie, too, has walked out upon the Edinburgh road; and that little thing and me, we have been waiting as women have to wait."

I was standing close by him, but he did not put his arm round me, as he had been in the habit of doing. He took no notice for a moment or two; then he looked up and said, "Not all women," with something in his smile that was terrible to behold.

"Frank," said my mother, "there is more trouble than I know. I thought it was ill enough, but there is something more."

Then he got up and began to march about the room, as my father did, and made no answer for a while. I think his mouth was quivering too much and

his voice unsteady, then he said, "There is just this, that they are all gone—all gone away sure. When I got there, the office was shut, and the house, too."

"The Renwicks?" my mother said.

"Every one, brother and sister, husband and wife," and with this he burst into a laugh, such a laugh!

It was a long, long time since, a whole lifetime, but I have never forgotten the sound of it. I caught his knees, it was all I could do, and threw myself on the carpet and held him fast and cried. I

ing what I meant, nor why that rough knock at the door should have alarmed us so, and, rousing up out of his own misery to wonder at mine, kissed me and consoled me, asking what ailed his little Johnny, which was the little baby name he called me. It did not seem possible to him that it could be for him his little sister was so unhappy—what was it?

For me, I was almost frantic with terror, with that terrible feeling that Frank was about to be dragged away to prison, when I could not tell what dreadful thing his enemies might do to him.

I know now that they could not have done much to him. He would have been locked up somewhere for a night or two, till my father got the money to pay; but that would have been all. And there could have been no disgrace in it. But this was not a reflection possible to an excited child, and, perhaps, as foolish and ignorant people are very like children, I was not so far wrong as the wise may think; for, no doubt, it would have been said by the ignorant, years after, when everybody had forgotten the story, that Frank Sinclair, when he was young, had been in jail.

I remember that I dragged away with my small hands (I never knew how I could have done it) my mother's dressing-table from before the open window, and implored him (as if it had been a tragedy) to flee.

"Go round the field, and you will get into the road, and it's so dark nobody will see you; and, oh, Frank, when you are safe, write and tell us, or it will kill my mother and me!"

I said this to him, dragging him to the window that he might make his escape, my heart so throbbing with misery that I thought it would burst out of my breast.

Frank looked at me as if he thought I had gone out of my senses, and then, in a moment, his face changed, and he caught me in his arms.

"Is this all for me, all for my sake?" he said, and held me close to him, and laid his cheek against mine.

"Oh, Frank, never mind me; go away, go away, or they will put you in the jail," I said, but always in a whisper, for I was afraid to make any noise.

He held me close, close, and I felt the tears running silently between his cheek and mine.

"Never mind," he said. "What do I care? There is worse than that. Oh, Marjorie!"

"What is it, Frank?"

He did not speak for a long time. I thought it was a long time, but I suppose it was only a few minutes. Then he said with a sort of sob in his voice: "I was ready to do everything for them."

I trusted them so, every one of them, and they've gone away and left me—left me—without a word!" He held me close, close, and put his head upon my shoulder. It was dark; I could not see his face, and all the time I was listening, thinking the men would burst in to carry him away.

But it was only my mother who opened the door, letting in the light.

"Are you here," she said, "my boy, my bonny boy? I was feared you had taken fright and gotten away to fall into those men's hands. But you're safe here for to-night, my dear, and to-morrow being the Sabbath day, they can do none of their foul business, and before that, we will have thought of some plan for getting the money."

Frank came out into the light, that dazzled his eyes after the darkness, and nobody but me knew that he had been shedding tears in his trouble. But he was very pale. He came forward to my father, who was there, too, sitting in his chair, having come in a moment before, and who was very silent. Not because he was angry, as I thought, but because his heart was full.

"You don't reproach me," said Frank, "about putting my name to it, and giving you all this misery and distress. Father, I have not got a word to say."

"And who was saying a word?" my father said, as if he were angry. But he was not angry, only he could not let his heart go out like my mother's, and he did not know what to say.

"But there is just this one thing, I will not have you to pay it," said Frank. "No, they have ruined you besides that; they have ruined me. I will never have the heart again—I will never again—"

But here he made a stop, for he could not say more. I came close up to him, because I knew what he meant, and he put his arm round me in the old way, and, though I was only a child, I think it was an ease to him.

"No, father, you are not to pay it; you have done too much already. I am going to Glasgow, and there I will take a ship to America. If I can make the money out there, I will pay it, but not you—not you. It is not fair or just. I think I was mad, but I could have given my life for them—And here he stopped again with a quivering in his mouth.

"Oh, Frank, they have been ill masters to you," my mother said, shaking her head.

He did not make her any answer. He could not bear any one to say a word, even though he let us see it had broken his heart.

And then my father began to ask him questions, and all the story came out.

The Renwicks had always made him believe to the last moment that all would be well. Even that very last day, when he had rushed to my mother to get the money for the workmen, his masters had told him that all was going well, that it was the last time they would be in such straits. And when he came back, they were gone!

If they had confided in him, they would have had him for their champion and defender; but when they deserted him, it broke his heart.

They sat talking almost all the night, and my mother did not send me to bed, but let me stay, standing by him with his arm around me.

What a strange night! I was confused by sleep and did not understand the half of what was going on; but I see it all now like a picture—Frank sitting with his face so pale and his eyes so bright, telling them everything, and what he had resolved upon, and what he was going to do, while I, oh, so tired, so miserable and confused, and proud and happy to be his comforter, leant against

him, and fell asleep, and waked and opened my eyes, and heard everything.

It was like a fever, it was like a dream. And then the blue morning light came in, and made the candles look unceremoniously and wicked, and there was an opening of doors, and the fresh air blowing in.

And then, before I knew what had happened, my mother with her face as pale as the morning, and tears upon her cheek, took me upstairs and put me to bed, all dazed with fatigue and trouble.

Though it was the Sabbath morning, and though nobody knew what was to become of him, Frank, our Frank, had gone away.

CHAPTER IX.

He went away that morning in the early light, but it was twenty years before we saw our Frank again.

Twenty years! When I think what a little thing I was then, and how much has happened since, I just stand and wonder at the strange things that are in this life, and how we suffer and are miserable and think we will die, but still go on and on. How many times it has seemed as if everything must come to an end, comfort and happiness, and even life itself. But still we have gone on.

For a little time we could not contain ourselves for anxiety and suspense waiting for word of Frank; and then news came that he had got safely to America, and had found employment and was doing well; and then all was quiet again in our lives as though nothing had happened.

It was not what we mean by America now, not the great United States, or any of the great towns there, it was South America he went to, where there were some merchants in business, who had once offered to take him into their office, and who knew what a good servant he had been to the Renwicks, who used him so ill; and though he went away in so much trouble, many persons in the neighborhood were envious when they heard where he was, and said it was an excellent opening, and they wished they had as good for their boys, but that Frank Sinclair always fell on his feet whatever happened.

My father paid the money, though Frank had bidden him not to do so. He could not bear that a cloud of any kind should be on his son's name. It cost him a great deal of anxiety and pain, not so much to get the money as to pay it back, for as we had lost all we had besides, there was now nothing to rely upon but my father's income, which was not very great.

We had many straits and pinches for some years, and Willie, instead of going to college and being a minister, had to go into a writer's office, which was a great trouble to my mother. But I must not begin to speak of Willie.

We all had our stories as is the case in every family, and if I were to go on to tell what happened to him and what happened to me, I should have far more to say than there is room for here.

After some years Frank sent home the money to pay my father, which was the first cheerful thing that happened to us. And then, in a few years more, a very sad thing happened, for my father died. And so the time went on, one year following another.

My mother and I were alone after this, living very quietly in our old house. I had not been always there, I had left her and gone back to her, and had many experiences of my own in life. But we were now together again, we two and no more.

The door was closed now, that used to stand ajar, and when we heard a footstep coming up the street we were no longer disturbed from our work or our reading,

to think who it might be. There was no father to come pacing steadily along, pushing open the door and saying, "Where are you, Margaret?"

No brothers skimming along with Frank's light boat, or rushing with Willie's heavy boat. We sat quite still opposite to each other, expecting nobody, my mother and me.

When we heard that Frank was coming home, it brought a wonderful excitement into our life. It made us very happy as you may suppose, but it frightened us, which you will think strange, perhaps. We never said it to each other, but in my heart I was afraid, and so was my mother, though she never said a word to me.

After twenty years! How could we tell what Frank would be like, how he might be changed! He had gone from us not much more than a boy, and he was coming back a middle-aged man.

We were very quiet, seeing few people, and those people chiefly the neighbors whom we had known all our lives. It was not a cheerful place. Would Frank be dull? Would he show that he was disappointed? This was the question we were asking ourselves night and day.

In one of his letters he had asked me a question which made me smile and which made me cry. He said, "Would my mother still like to have the Hewan?" I asked her that day when we were sitting at our work. And then a curious thing happened; my mother laughed, and then she put down her knitting and cried.

"Would I like the Hewan?" she said. She could make no answer for thinking of the past, and all the old hopes and pleasures that came back with that name. But when I wrote to Frank, remembering how much we had once thought of that, I said to him, yes, that my mother liked the Hewan still.

We went to Leith to meet him, where he was to come in a ship of his own. We went trembling, both my mother and I. Twenty years—what a long, long time that is. We said nothing to each other, except about trivial things, but our hearts were very full.

Would he be like our Frank still? Would we know him? Or would he be strange to us, like some one whom we had not known before?

My mother took my arm to support her, and I felt her tremble. We stood out upon the pier, and soon the ship came slowly in like a dream. We looked and looked, but of all the people on the deck, we could see nobody that was like Frank. Had he changed so that we did not recognize him?

My mother leant so heavily upon me, that I thought she was going to faint; her heart was sick with disappointment; she said to me,

"Marjorie, my boy is not there."

"Mother," I said, "we must recollect he is not a boy now."

But at that moment I heard something that made my heart jump—a step I knew, a light step that skimmed the ground, and then some one came and drew my mother's arm out of mine, and took her to himself into his arms.

Oh, how could I have thought for a moment that we would not know Frank? He was Frank still, always Frank, however old he might be. And the moment that he came between us, and took my mother from me, yet did not forget to put an arm round me in his old way, we were all just the same age again, just the same again that we had been twenty years ago.

He came home with us to the little house, and did not find it dull. And the door stood ajar again all the summer through; and he came and went, and called "Mother" as soon as he crossed

the threshold, and could not do without her and me, any more than he could do without us when he was a boy.

My mother did not go out to look for him, to watch for him, that is true; she sat smiling in her chair now and waited till he came to her. For now she was old and still and anxious no more.

One day Frank came with a carriage to take us out, to give her the air, for she could not walk far now. When I saw the road we took, I knew what was coming. We drove along the banks of the Esk where all the trees were green, and then took the road which led through the muddy corn fields, all ripe for the harvest, up to the little garden gate. Inside there was a glow of autumn flowers, and the second blooming of the roses made the air sweet.

He took my mother out of the carriage, and led her in and took her to the spot which she loved, where there was that view over all the valley of the Esk. The little house was high above the stream and the other dwellings round.

It was like the house of peace, with all its sounds and sights far away, and the flowers blooming and the sun shining, and the soft harvest air making a pleasant tune among the trees. "Mother," he said, "you were fond of the Hewan in the old days."

"So am I now, Frank, my bonny man! Many a thought of you have I brought here." She was leaning on his arm, and he put out his other arm to me. "We used to have many plans," he said, "Marjorie, how we were to give the Hewan to my mother."

"We were always sure you were to have it, but how it was to be given to you we were not sure. And now here we are, mother, all together, we three, and now the Hewan is yours."

She did not say anything for a moment, but just leant upon him, resting her head upon his arm. And the first words she said were not to him. She said to herself, "Francis—I wonder if you know."

THE END.

Sweet is the image of the brooding dove! Holy as heaven a mother's tender love! The love of many prayers, and many tears, Which changes not with dim declining years, The only love, which, on this teeming earth, Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

—Mrs. Norton.

For The Household.

TAXATION.

HAVING often heard the expression, "Nothing is sure but death and taxes," I never realized, until I had occasion to look up some statistics on taxes in general, how much property there is in the United States which is exempt from taxation.

I found, to my surprise, some property in every State, and a great deal in some States, exempt from taxation.

Church property, as a rule, is free, California, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Washington and Wisconsin being the only States which do not specially mention church property and all buildings used for religious purposes.

Wisconsin exempts only property belonging to the United States, and Pennsylvania, only property to the amount of \$300 for each individual.

The greater part of the States exempt all United States, State, county and city property, and cemeteries. This includes, of course, all water works, engine houses and fire apparatus, public libraries and public schools.

Some States, like Missouri, South Dakota, Nebraska and a few others, exempt all property held by agricultural and horticultural societies.

In Arizona and Idaho, the property of widows and orphans not to exceed \$1,000, and in Connecticut, \$3,000 in