

## HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The first tiff that young Mrs. Garland had with her husband when they came to live in Cloverdale Cottage was whether his mother should visit them. Harry wanted her to come and see them, but, as Sophie pouted and threatened to burst into tears, he agreed that for the present they would not speak of his mother's visit.

What was the young wife's surprise, a few days later, to see a juvenile, elderly looking lady alight at the gate and enter.

"Mamma!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, darling, it's me," said Mrs. Percy, her mother. "I was on my way to Saratoga; so I thought I would surprise you and dear Harold."

Mrs. Peregrine Percy was one of those old young ladies who remind one forcibly of an antique piece of furniture varnished up to look like new. Sophie Garland had never been in sympathy with her fashionable mother. She had married in opposite direction to that lady's wishes, and was, to tell the truth, not especially pleased at her appearance on the scene at this particular moment.

"But what am I to do?" she said to herself. I certainly can't turn her out of doors; though I'm sure I don't know what Harry will say after all those disagreeable things I said about his mother.

But Harry Garland was too much of a gentleman not to behave like a Sir Launcelot under any circumstances. He welcomed Mrs. Percy with genuine hospitality, and did not even notice Sophie's appealing glances when the old lady incidentally let fall the information that, since she liked the situation of Cloverdale Cottage so well, she should, perhaps, remain there all summer, "just to keep Sophie company, you know."

"It is so good of Harry now to fling back my own silly words into my face," she thought, with a thrill of gratitude.

But at the end of a week Mrs. Peregrine Percy sickened.

"I hope it is not going to be anything serious," said she. "Sickness does age a person so. I never had any wrinkles, you know, dear, before I had that last attack of neuralgia."

But when it transpired that Mrs. Percy's ailment was the severe and contagious form of disease known as "spotted fever," there was a general commotion at Cloverdale Cottage. The servants gave warning; the neighbors kept away; and poor Sophie was weary, worn out with nursing and fatigue, when one day a gentle little woman dressed in black presented herself.

"She will see you, ma'am," said the little charity girl, who alone could be induced to cross the infected threshold, and who loudly declared that "at the asylum she had had everything, and wasn't afraid of nothing." "I told her to go away, but it was no good."

Sophie, pale and haggard, crept down into the darkened drawing-room.

"I don't know who you are," said she, "or what your business is, but you had better go away. There's a terrible sickness here."

"I know it," answered a mild voice, "and that is the very reason I am here. I am Harry's mother, darling. I have come to help you."

So, like a ministering angel, the "mother-in-law" came into the house just as Sophie herself succumbed to the fell disease.

No sooner did Mrs. Peregrine Percy recover than she packed her trunks and made off for Saratoga as fast as possible.

"One always needs a change after illness," said she. "And the atmosphere of a sick room always was most depressing for me. I dare say that good Mrs. Garland will do all that is necessary for dear Sophie, and I have my own welfare to look after."

Sophie, just able to sit up in a pillowed arm-chair, her cheeks hollowed by illness, her large eyes shining from deep, purple circles, looked after the departing carriage and then lifted her glance to the tender nurse who sat beside her.

"Mother," she said, wistfully, "you will not leave me?"

"Not unless you send me away, Sophie," said Mrs. Garland, tenderly.

"And that will be never," said Sophie, closing her eyes with a sigh of relief. "How angel-good you have been to me! Without you I should surely have died."

And even in her slumber she could not rest peacefully unless she held Mrs. Garland's hand in hers.

That evening when Harry came home she opened her heart to him.

"Harry," she said, "can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you, dearest?"

"For what I said about our dear, dear, mother," fervently uttered Sophie. "She is precious beyond expression to me now. She has saved my life by her courage and devotion. And I feel that I cannot part with her any more. Would she stay here with us always, do you think, Harry?"

Harry smiled gravely.

"I am her only son, Sophie," said he. "Yes, I think she will—if you ask her."

Sophie made her confession to her mother-in-law at once.

"I was so rude, so selfish," she candidly acknowledged. "But I did not know you then."

And Mrs. Garland's tender kiss was a seal of the most loving forgiveness. Mrs. Peregrine Percy never has gone back to Cloverdale Cottage.

## GRIFFIN, OF '66."

"Griffin, of '66."

That was the name he gave the landlord of the dingy hotel at Joyner's station.

He was a big, good-natured-looking fellow, who stood straight six foot two. But there was a sad something in his looks which at once gave the impression that Griffin had a history looked up in his heart—and a melancholy history at that.

Well, he went to work on the new railroad, wielding his pick-axe and shovel along with the rest of them; toiling faithfully from dawn till dark; saying but little—quiet and reserved among the rabble.

It was not long before I saw that he had been used to better things than fell to the lot of an ordinary day laborer on a railroad; but though, when the road had progressed a distance of twenty miles from the station, and we were forced to camp out, my cot was next to his, he never took me into his confidence. Only, one night when he thought I was asleep, I saw him take a picture from his bosom and shed tears over it. It was the face of a woman.

Griffin was a mystery to us all; but we all liked him—no one could help liking him. He was known as "66" to all the boys in camp. "Sixty-six" was the name of a railroad station where he had formerly lived.

But if we liked him, working there among us day by day, how much more did we admire him, when we learned his true character; and we had not long to wait before it was revealed to us.

On a day which I will always remember with moist eyes and thrilling heart, Griffin and I were riding on the engine. We were hauling to the camp fifteen cars, heavily freighted with steel rails and ties. We were going down grade at a rapid speed, when just as we were nearing the camp, the engineer made an exclamation of surprise and horror.

There was a little child upon the track!

The shrill whistle screamed desperately for the brakes, but the engineer knew they would be useless.

"Good God!" he cried, "I can't stop her in time. The child will be killed!"

"Where is Griffin?" He was leaning forward just now straining his eyes at the little white toddler on the track!

"He's climbing along the rods to the front!" shouted the engineer. "God guide him! He may save the child!"

And he did! But Griffin?

Poor fellow that brave act of heroism cost him his life.

Tenderly we bore his bruised and bleeding body to the camp; tenderly we laid him down, and stood around him with wet eyes and bowed heads.

"Comrade," he said, beckoning me to his side, "kneel down beside me and let me whisper something to you."

I obeyed, and then he said:

"There is a picture that I wear near my heart; it is the likeness of my wife. I have never been as good to her as I might have been; I loved the bottle, comrade, and it made us both unhappy. I have been separated from her for a year. But I have been trying to overcome my weakness; I meant to be a better man and go back to her again. But take the likeness—you will see her, and tell her how I died."

Was it unfeeling in the men that stood around, that as the life died out of his face and his limbs straightened in death, they shouted, till the solemn words reverberated: "Three cheers for Griffin, of '66!"

No! it was an outburst of admiration for a dead hero.

## WITH ONE ARM.

Advantages from Having One Instead of Two Hands.

"On the whole," said the one-armed man, reflectively, "I am glad I lost my arm, even if I don't get a pension for it. I was never in any war in my life. I could have gone, but I did not want to do it. Isn't that good reason enough?"

"Still, I am not sorry I lost my arm. It saves cuffs and sleeves and lots of other things you fellows have to buy. Do I miss it? Yes. But not so much as you would think. I have got used to it, and am quite happy. I was single when I lost my arm. I had just been jilted by a girl who married a gambler later on, and went to the bad. After I got through the mill and was maimed I paid court to another girl, and she took me as I was. Since then we have made money, and had healthy children. I think that is doing pretty well for a man with only one arm."

As he spoke he reached to the top of the door, and lifted himself up eight times in succession. Then he held by his little finger for two minutes and a half. There is no one man in the world with two hands that can do that.

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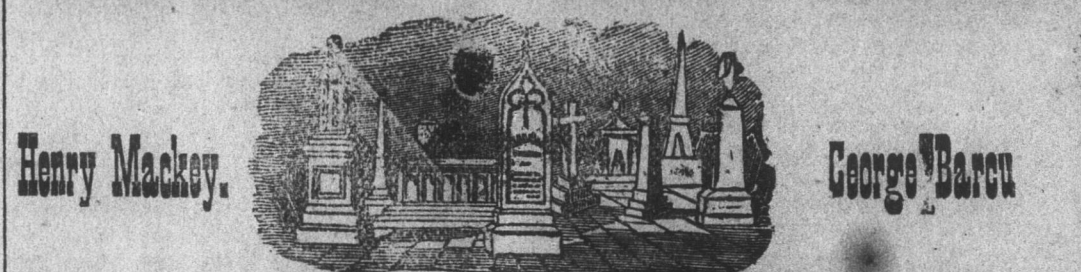
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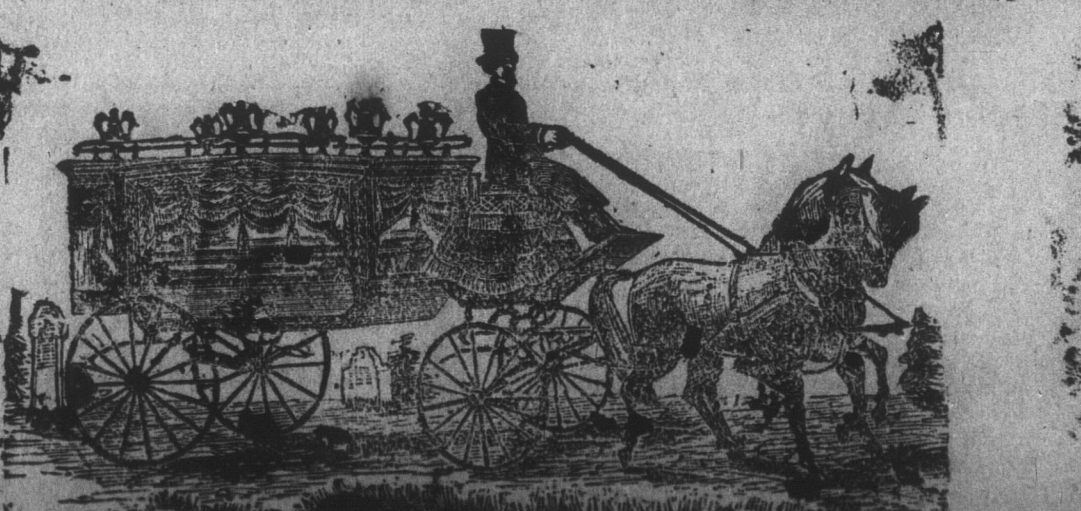
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