

# OLIVE

OF A LIFE OF EARNEST DUTY AND PATIENT ENDURANCE

BY SARAH DOUDNEY

IN LONDON SUNDAY MORNING

## CHAPTER I. OLIVE AND MICHAEL.

HE old church of Eastmeon, in Hampshire, stands close under a high green hill that rises far above its spire. The village lies in a valley, a place little known to tourists, shut in from the march of the times by its soft, enfolding waters, and fresh winds that come blowing freely across the far-reaching slopes; a vale of pleasant lights and faint shadows, full of sweetness and restful calm.

There are still some people living here who have only seen the sea from their hill-tops, and have never traveled by railway in their lives. The Moon, a busy little rivulet, goes running briskly all about the village, winding here and hiding there, reappearing in the most unexpected spots, and mixing itself up in all the affairs of the place. It turns thirteen mills, and meddles with the concerns of a good many other villages before it pours its restless tide into the Solent at last.

The month was April, and the time four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. A young man and a girl were standing side by side, leaning against a gate which opened into a wide field. Beyond the field rose a softly-rounded hill, half grass and half woodland; and over all there was a delicious rainy blue of the spring sky. The pair stood close together with their hands clasped;



A YOUNG MAN AND A GIRL WERE STANDING SIDE BY SIDE.

the man was talking, and the girl was watching him while he talked, and drinking in every word with eager delight.

She was a lovely girl, and her loveliness was of that rare kind which can flourish in any atmosphere without losing its natural refinement. Hers was an oval face with delicately-chiselled features, and a mouth with soft red lips exquisitely cut, lips that were at once passionate and proud, but always tender. Her skin had that warm undertone of clear brown which gives a fuller richness to any beauty. But, perhaps, it was in the large limpid brown eyes that the chief charm was found; and there was something so true and trustful in their gaze that most men would have forgotten to talk and looked deep into their brown depths. Nothing, however, had ever been known to stay the tide of Michael Chase's eloquence when he had once begun to hold forth on his favorite theme—his own plans and his admirable self.

He was Olive Winfield's acknowledged lover, and she was proud of him. Not only did she love him as truly as ever woman loved man; but she looked upon him as the chiefest among ten thousand men. He had toiled night and day to acquire knowledge, and when it was won he had turned it to a good account. He had not studied for the mere love of study; he was no dreamer, delighting to tarry in a quiet world of books and thoughts. To him learning was a stepping stone, and already it had raised him to the post of corresponding clerk in Battersby's office. And Battersby's firm was a good firm and ranked high even in London. But his brains would have done little for him if they had not been backed up by his unconquerable pluck and determination.

He had said all this a hundred times in his letters, and he was saying it again to-day. The pair had only one more hour to spend together, and he was filling every precious minute with talk about himself. But a woman will cheerfully tolerate any amount of egotism in the man she loves; and Olive drank in every word. In front of them lay the calm field and the hills; soft lights were shining on the green and finding out the hollows where the primrose stars had opened; birds were singing, and a fresh yet gentle breeze was blowing into their faces as they stood leaning against the gate. Yet Michael, absorbed in himself, was unconscious of all this sweetness.

At last he paused for want of breath, and then Olive seized the opportunity to ask a question.

"Michael, dear, how is Aaron Fenlake? You have not said one word about him."

Her lover's brow darkened, and he answered rather curtly:

"If there had been anything to tell about him, Olive, I should have told it. But there is nothing. And I didn't care to waste our valuable time in talking of Aaron."

"I wanted to hear about him for Jane's sake," she said meekly. "No, not for Jane's sake," she added suddenly, in a firmer voice. "I always liked him, Michael; and when I remember what he has done for you, I am very grateful."

"How you exaggerate trifles!" he cried, irritably. "Let me put the case clearly before you, and then, perhaps, you will see it in the right light. Aaron Fenlake is one of the foremen in Battersby's works. He knows that a clerk is wanted who can write fluently in several languages, and he tells me of the vacancy. I apply, and soon convince the firm that I am fit for the post. Surely, I may be pardoned if I don't go staggering under a heavy load of gratitude to the end of my days. Do you suppose that Aaron's good word would have got me into the office, if I had not been the man that I am?"

"Oh, I know that you can do anything, Michael," said her earnest lips and eyes. "But poor Aaron is devoted to you, and he is such a good fellow."

"Well, Olive, we can't discuss his excellence now," replied Michael, standing upright. "It's nearly time for me to start, and you are going to give me a cup of tea first."

"Well, Mrs. Hooper will give you the cup of tea," she said, keeping back a sigh. "You will like her tea better than ours. She is very good to me, and I want you to see my friend, Lucy Cromer."

"Lucy Cromer? Oh, ah, yes, that's the niece who has come to live with her," he answered as they moved away from the gate. On the other side of the quiet road there were two cottages sheltered under one broad roof of thatch. Their walls were covered with moss and weather-stains, and the little diamond-paned casements were set in wreaths of creepers. And, although there was as yet no wealth of foliage to dress up the lowly dwellings with summer beauty, they had the picturesque charm that belongs especially to places rustic and decayed.

There was a large piece of ground, half flower-garden and half kitchen-garden, in front of the two cottages; and the only division between the gardens was a row of flints showing out white against the dark mold. At one of the doors stood a young woman, with a fresh, modest face, who held out her hand timidly as Michael approached. He greeted her with an air of friendly patronage.

"How do you do, Jane? Glad to see you looking so well," he said, and then stalked in through the other doorway.

The room which he entered, followed by Olive, was very low, with a heavy beam across the ceiling. A fire was burning brightly in the prim old-fashioned little iron grate, and between the fire and the window stood a small sofa covered with faded chintz. Propped up with cushions, another young woman was sitting in the corner of the sofa; and she, too, extended her hand to Michael, but her manner was not timid as Jane's had been.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Chase; I have heard a great deal about you," she said in a faint, sweet voice.

Something in the look and air of the speaker surprised Michael so much that he lost his usual self-assurance. He stood awkwardly before Lucy Cromer for a moment, and then sat down meekly in a chair near her couch. How was it possible that this woman could be the niece of plain Mrs. Hooper, who had lived in Eastmeon all her days? In her letters Olive had told him that her friend was pretty, and he had expected to see a commonplace little person, possessed of ordinary good looks. But no commonplace girl was here.

Lucy Cromer was a long, slender woman, with the kind of figure that sways and bends with a reed-like grace. Her face was long, too; she had large gray eyes that were now preternaturally bright, a delicate aquiline nose, and fair hair which surrounded her head with a golden halo. A dark-blue wrapper, of some soft material, set off the exceeding fairness of her complexion; and, simple as the robe was, it was made in a style that is seldom seen in villages or country towns. Your first glance at Lucy sufficed to tell you her days were numbered; your second convinced you that she was waiting eagerly, perhaps impatiently, for the end.

There are souls in whom God accomplishes His work quite alone. Neighbors come sometimes; but Lucy cared little for visits, and the simple country folk were afraid of her. The clergyman called, and was baffled by her gentle indifference and her curious unfitness for her humble position. What was her history? Even her aunt seemed to know very little about Lucy's life. The girl had gone to be maid to an old lady, who had taken a fancy to her and raised her to the post of companion. And then came a quarrel and changes; Lucy had left her situation and had found work in a florist's shop in Regent street. There she had displayed great skill in arranging bouquets and fashioning wreaths and sprays; and had kept this place until her health failed.

This was all that Mrs. Hooper had to tell about her niece. She was a lonely woman, and Lucy was the only relative left to her. She had given the girl a warm welcome and did her utmost to nurse her back to strength; but no power on earth could stay the progress

of the disease. Lucy had not come penniless to her aunt's cottage; she was not a burden. She repaid Mrs. Hooper's kindness with gratitude and affection, and yet the good woman always felt that there was a mysterious barrier between them. Like the neighbors, she was a little afraid of Lucy.

There was only one person who had ever stepped over the wall of reserve that Lucy Cromer had built up around her. Olive Winfield was her sole friend. It was to her that Olive had first confided the delightful news that Michael Chase was coming to spend a Sunday in the village; coming down from London on purpose to see his betrothed.

When Lucy pleased she could very soon set people at their ease. In a few minutes Michael was answering all her questions, and feeling flattered by the interest which she displayed in his affairs.

While she was drawing him on to talk about himself (no difficult task), he was admiring her more and more, and thinking how she might have helped a man to rise in the world. With that quiet self-possession and natural grace, what an admirable wife she could have been! He was glad that Olive had found such a companion; and Lucy's affection for Olive was evidently real and earnest. When Mrs. Hooper came in and busied herself at the teatable, she did not disturb the harmony of the hour. She was a woman of few words, and although Michael was an Eastmeon boy and she had known him from babyhood, she did not harass him with those recollections of old days which he so much disliked.

On the whole it was a happy tea-drinking, and Michael was in high good humor when he rose to go. Olive went with him a little way. He had to walk five miles to Petersfield railway station; but the evening was fresh and sweet, and every bit of the old road was well known to him.

The lovers stood still in the pleasant lane between the budding hedges and said good-by. He looked down into the strong brown light of her eyes, and felt that he loved her better than any girl he had ever seen in his life; and he was contented with her firm belief in him. The wind stirred a few curly brown locks that had escaped from their pins and he smoothed them with a tender hand. She was so lovely and fresh and trustful that he would have given anything, just then, to have carried her back to London to help in his hard-working life there.

"Good-by, dearest Olive," he said. "I wish there could be no more parting. But you know I am working for you. Good-by, darling, once more."

This was one of those moments which live on through a life-time. Olive feasted on that farewell for many a day afterwards. For a few seconds she stood where he had left her, and then turned homewards half happy and half sad. Some birds were flying across the sky; there was a faint tinkle of sheep-bells from the downs, and the peace of the Sabbath evening seemed to soothe and still her heart.

CHAPTER II.  
"DO YOU LOVE HER, FATHER, DO?"

"What do you think of him?" said Olive, looking up at Lucy Cromer, with a bright eager face.

The elder girl was lying on the couch, and the younger sat on a stool by her side. They were alone together in the little room, and the evening light, shining through the small panes imbedded in lead-work, rested softly on Lucy's wavy features and Olive's nut-brown head. The day was ending in golden haze; out-of-doors the patches of velvet moss still held the rain-drops, and the red blossoms of the flowering currant sparkled with moisture; but the world had died away, and there was a peace.

Lucy looked down with one of her faint smiles, and laid her thin hand on her friend's forehead.

"I think he is a most fortunate man," she said. "But this answer did not please Olive at all."

"Oh, Lucy," she began in a disappointed tone—"is that all you have to say? Why, everyone else seems to think that the good fortune is on my side."

"Do you?" Lucy's delicate lip curled slightly. "That is because they have not seen many men. I wish I could tell you how to set a higher value on yourself, little one."

There was a look of trouble in the clear brown eyes, and then came a pause; and a sigh.

"I don't think much about myself," Olive said, at last. "Why should I? It is my father more interesting to think about him."

"The old man," sighed Lucy, gazing fixedly into space.

"But listen," cried Olive, deeply earnest. "You can hardly realize what a grand noble fellow he is. You don't belong to Eastmeon, Lucy, and you have not watched his career as we have. Even if I did not love him I could not fail to admire him. Only think, he was the son of a drunken blacksmith, and he rose by dint of sheer determination. Our old vicar took him in hand and helped him, and lent him books. Then he went to be a clerk at Petersfield, and there he became acquainted with a German who taught him his language.

French he had learned already from Mademoiselle, who lived at the vicarage; indeed, there is scarcely anything too hard for him; and then came a letter from Aaron Fenlake, who is a foreman in Battersby's works in London. He told Michael that Battersby wanted a corresponding clerk, and advised him to try for the post. And he did try and got it."

"Who is Aaron Fenlake?" Lucy asked.

"Have I not told you about Aaron?" said Olive, whose eyes and cheeks were bright with excitement. "He is the son of old Fenlake at the inn. A quiet, slow fellow, but as good as gold and as true as steel, and devoted to Michael. Those two were always friends when they were little boys."

"And they are friends still?"

Lucy put the question in a languid voice, but there was something in Olive's answer that aroused her attention.

"Yes," the girl said, faintly, and with a deepening flush. "Oh, yes, they are friends still."

Lucy watched her and saw the signs of inward tumult in those delicately cut features. She understood that Olive was determined to defend her lover at any cost, even the cost of her own convictions. She was just as certain that Michael had given his friend the cold shoulder as if it had been plainly avowed, and she knew that Olive could not think of his conduct to Aaron without pain.

"Ah! I remember that you said something about this Aaron and Jane Challock," she remarked, after a pause.

"Aaron is in love with Jane," Olive answered; "but he is too shy to ask her to wait for him. I wish he would speak out for Jane's sake."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NOT BORED AFTER ALL.

How an Actor Was Spared the Awful Indignities of an Interview.

One certain steamship which came up her dock late one Saturday night was a priest who had been to Rome on a very important mission. Every newspaper was anxious to get a talk with him, and there was quite a host of us gathered on the pier.

It so happened that the same steamship had among its passengers a much advertised English actor, who was new to our shores and whose surname was very similar to that of the reverend father. For some reason or other, possibly because of a press of news, the city editors did not think it necessary to get an expression of his views, and none of us were told off to attend to him.

As soon as the gang plank was drawn up a dapper little individual in black rushed down and over to our group, and, upon receiving an affirmative answer to his question as to whether we were newspaper men, said: "Of course, you want to see Mr. —?" The name sounded like the one we wanted and we replied in chorus: "We do!" and followed him to the ship and down to one of the cabins. He flung the door open dramatically and we entered to see a long-haired gentleman sitting in a fine pose of abstraction near his berth. He rose wearily to receive us and said, with a delightfully biased intonation: "Oh, dear, I suppose I must submit to the inevitable infliction!"

Just then one of our party who knew the priest exclaimed: "Why, you are not Father —?" The actor drew himself to his full height, thrust his hand in the bosom of his frock coat and replied, haughtily: "No, sir, I am Mr. —"

"Oh, well, excuse us, then," said our spokesman; "you are not the person we wished to interview," and we all fled out.

The expression of astonishment and dismay that came over the face of the actor when he found that he would not have to submit was the very funniest thing I ever saw, and all during the interview with the priest, which was a solemn and heavy affair, we had the hardest work imaginable to keep our risibles under control.—N. Y. Herald.

## The Passing of the Buffalo.

Twenty years ago ten million buffaloes roamed about the western prairies. Now not one is to be found, save in menageries and "preserves." There are two hundred and fifty in the Yellowstone national park. A wealthy private land owner in Oklahoma has a herd of about seventy-five. The next largest collection is in the Zoological garden of Philadelphia, and numbers sixteen. Aside from these there are, perhaps, a dozen scattered over the land. The Cincinnati zoological garden has two. The effort has been made with these few remnants to preserve the species to America, but it is in peril of failure through the strange fact that all, or nearly all, the births are males. Last week in the Philadelphia garden two female calves were born, but both weak and sickly. In the Yellowstone there has not been a female calf for five years. It looks as if the buffalo must go.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## The Weight of a Dollar Bill.

In the treasury here one day this week the question came up as to the weight of a dollar bill. Scales of perfect accuracy were brought into requisition and the surprising discovery was made that twenty-seven one-dollar notes weighed exactly as much as a twenty-dollar gold piece. The latter just balances five hundred and forty grains. However, the bills weighed were perfectly crisp and new. Trials made with soiled notes, such as come in every day for redemption, showed that twenty-seven of them weighed considerably more than the twenty-dollar coin. Every paper dollar on its way through the world continually accumulates dirt, perspiration and so on, so that after a year of use it is perceptibly heavier.—Washington Letter.

## A Terrible Temptation.

Fond Wife—Why so thoughtful, dear? Will you get me such if you cure that man?

Sawbones—No; but if he dies I'll be sure to get my bill. His life is insured.—Life.

## INJURIOUS ADULTERATIONS.

Some Things We Wouldn't Eat if We Knew What They Are Made of.

Some very startling facts in regard to food adulteration have been gathered by the department of agriculture.

Glucose, it appears, is the greatest of all adulterants. It is used for making cheap candies, syrups, jellies and sirups. A vivid notion of the extent to which it is employed is obtained from the fact that ten pounds of it are manufactured annually in the United States for every man, woman and child. It is prepared from corn. Most of the less expensive jellies in the market are purely artificial products, composed of gelatine, sugar, cochineal and flavoring extracts. Most costly jellies of various fruits are simply apple jelly, colored and flavored. Apple sauce is pumpkin boiled in cider.

Cheap confectionery and liquors are the articles most injuriously adulterated. Candy commonly contains much fusel oil and other poisons. Strawberry ice cream, a plate of it, often contains more fusel oil than five glasses of poor whisky. It is colored with red aniline dye. Licorice drops are usually made out of candy factory sweepings. Wine is frequently nothing but water, with a percentage of crude alcohol and aniline coloring. Brandy is rectified alcohol from grain or the refuse of beet root refineries, colored with burnt sugar, flavored with oil of cognac, and given an agreeable woody taste with a little catechu. Among other adulterants of liquors are vitriol, opium, alum, copperas, log wood and sugar of lead.

Package coffees are principally pease, rye, roasted and ground, almond shells treated with molasses, beans, acorns and chicory. There are twenty different substances known to the trade as "coffee substitutes." Among these are the artificial beans, made out of potato starch and other materials, which are imported from Germany in large quantities for mixing with the real articles. They can be detected by the fact that they will sink in water, whereas true coffee beans will float. Shriveled coffee beans are commonly soaked in salt water to make them look plump. The only safe thing is to buy the poorest looking coffee obtainable. It is used to extract the essential oils from coffee beans before selling the latter as coffee, the essences being manufactured separately into extracts.

Spices of all kinds afford an inviting field for the exercise of fraudulent art. They are almost always sold in the form of a fine powder, and any cheap substance serves as a substitute. Pease and beans are largely employed for this purpose. In fact the production of so called "spice mixtures" or "pepper dust," from which any kind of spice can be readily manufactured by the retail grocer, has grown to be an important branch of industry. These products are variously known as "P. D. clove," "P. D. ginger," "P. D. cloves" and so on. They are sold by the barrel and are made to resemble in appearance the genuine articles they represent, the merchant having it left to his discretion how much of the real stuff he will add in each case for flavoring.

Almost any sort of refuse serves very well as material for these preparations. For black pepper the producer commonly uses roasted ship's bread, mustard husks, cornmeal, linseed meal, wheat, rice and particularly coconut shells. Pure ginger is made out of cornmeal by simply adding red pepper and salt. Allspice is composed of mustard husks, cracker dust and corn. Mace is mostly flour, cornmeal and buckwheat. Cayenne pepper is chiefly ground rice, flour and red lead. Mustard is flour and cayenne pepper. Whatever substances may be employed roasting serves to give them the proper color, while a sifting of finely powdered charcoal will transform cornmeal into black pepper at short notice. One firm in New York City puts on the market five thousand pounds of ground coconut shells yearly, for purposes of adulteration, advertising to supply dealers with "all necessary information for spice manufacturing."

The flower buds of the clove tree, known commercially as "cloves," are fraudulently subjected before they are sold to a process by which their volatile oil is removed, the latter being marketed as "essence of cloves." However, the thrifty dealer does not permit the cloves to leave his hands until he has added to them stems, allspices and burnt nut shells. What is known as "essence of coffee" consists mostly of burnt molasses. The flavoring extracts used in the household are nearly all of them mixtures of acids and other drugs. They are more or less harmful, but the manufacturer who attempted to sell pure articles in this line would have no chance in the market. Cream of tartar often contains as much as five per cent of oxalic acid. Cider vinegar is apt to be corn vinegar with sulphuric acid added. It contains none of the little seeds which are found in good vinegar, because they cannot live in it.

When one buys tea at one dollar a pound one is very likely to pay in reality two dollars a pound, because half of the quantity is currant leaves. Indigo, soapstone and China clay are among other usual ingredients of tea. Sage is potato starch. Grated horseradish is composed of turnips. Bologna sausage is a kind of meat of unidentified animals, colored with saltpeter and Venetian red. Flour is weighted with soapstone. Orange cider is sweetened water, sharpened with citric and tartaric acids and flavored with oil of orange-skin. It costs fifteen cents a gallon to make and sell for two dollars and fifty cents a gallon. Maple sugar is glucose, and so is honey, mostly. Real honey can be distinguished under the microscope by the pollen grains it contains. They are wonderfully beautiful forms, and the very flowers from which the honey has been obtained can be identified by the various exquisite shapes of these fruiting germs.

It is estimated that ninety million dollars' worth of fraudulent food products are mixed with good articles or sold in place of them annually in the United States. This amount is stolen from the people by men who coin fortunes

through cheating the consumers. Incidentally the products of the farm are cheapened, and the producers robbed as well. Necessarily, the fraud falls most heavily upon the poor, who cannot afford to buy at the more expensive shops, where extra prices give a certain insurance against swindling. Sickened by debased and poisonous foods, the victims are even unable to procure pure medicines for remedial purposes, since they too are enormously adulterated.—Kansas City Times.

## COOKERY AND HEALTH.

From a Lecture by Mrs. E. E. Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Food is one of the mightiest forces of the universe. The manner of men and women we are, depends in a great measure upon the food we eat. But very few people stop to inquire what is the diet best adapted to the maintenance of perfect health; they eat whatever gratifies the palate or is most conveniently obtained. "Give us something good to eat," is the great cry of humanity. Our food should certainly be good, but it should be chosen with reference to its dietetic value and not by the amount of pleasure which it gives to the palate. Then would our bodies be strong and pure and full of health and we ourselves able to fulfill the purpose of existence in the best and truest manner. The fitness of a food for good building material depends upon its nutritive value, its digestibility and its palatableness. The first depends upon the selection of proper material, the second, requisite is mainly dependent upon its preparation, for the best of material can be so poorly prepared that it is totally unfit to nourish the system. The evils of bad cookery are so manifold that it has been calculated that they far exceed the evils resulting from strong drink.

With good food properly cooked, our lives run smoothly because healthfully, but with poor food the reverse is apt to be true. So strong is the bond of union between mind and body that whatever creates a morbid action of the bodily functions, dwarfs and cripples the moral and mental faculties. From this it is evident that the proper preparation of food is of very great importance, although it is one which receives but little thought and study. Cookery is too often looked upon as a menial service and it is relegated to those who are totally ignorant of what constitutes healthful food, although they may be able to go through the mechanical process of mixing ingredients. The proper preparation of food involves both chemical and physical processes which necessitate careful study. The health and happiness of the family circle depend very largely upon the food served, and what higher mission can one conceive than to prepare the wherewithal to make shoulders strong to bear life's burdens, and brains clear to solve its intricate problems.

But it is often said that people have lived and do live without giving heed to these things, apparently assuming that because the present system is customary that it is right and proper. Do those who are utterly careless of dietetic principles make the best of their lives and accomplish the utmost possible with the talent which God has entrusted to them? There is a trite saying about plain living making high thinking, and I believe the reverse is equally true—that with high living one will do very plain thinking. It is just as easy to furnish our tables with well cooked, easily digested food if we only have the knowledge and the will to do so; indeed, if we have the will we will get the knowledge.

It is a common notion that foods made rich with fats are specially nourishing, but this is an error. The nourishing quality of a food depends upon its digestibility as well as upon its constituent elements. Although fats in proper quantities serve a good purpose in the vital economy, its excessive use is injurious since it is very difficult of digestion. The same may be said of the abundant use of sugar. Really rich and nutritious foods are those which contain a large proportion of the essential food elements in a condition in which they can be easily assimilated. Whole-wheat bread, oatmeal, cracked wheat and the like are really "rich foods." In fact they are the most perfect of foods, since they not only contain all the needed food elements in a form easy of digestion but also free from deleterious elements.—Reported by Helen L. Manning.

## AN UNDISPUTED DECISION.

It Was so Plainly Warranted That There Was No Appeal.

It so happened that several days ago a certain well-known lawyer, who for narrative purposes shall be nameless, came into the official presence of a learned judge whose cognomen shall likewise be discreetly veiled.

The lawyer did not arrive alone. He was accompanied by a large number of previously encompassed drinks, and, in the language of the pave, a symphonic "brannigan" was concealed about his person.

"Mr. —," remarked the Solon, "I am astonished to see you in such a condition."

"Dish un," sighed the lawyer. "Wazzermatter?"

"There is no need of explaining, sir."

"Yesher is. You 'tack my condishun—wazzermatter wish it?"

"To be plain, Mr. —, you are very drunk."

"Y'r honor," responded the inebriated one after a moment's pause, "I've been praising here for fifteen years on 'tats the first erect decidshun I ever heard in thish court."

It cost him fifty for contempt.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

## She Wanted It Black.

Uncle Ebony—I've done brought back dat dress your lady done giv my wife, sah, to go to de Couville ball gud. She say it won't do.

Bingo—Why, what's the matter with it, uncle?

Uncle Ebony—It's a little off color, sah. You see, she's done got to go in mourrain, sah, on account ob her firs' husband.—Judge.