

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft In der Rialto you have abused me About mine moneys, and said dot I took more interest in a year...

A RECEIPT IN FULL.

The tins had all been scoured until she could see her face, or grotesque caricatures of her face, in each and every one of them; the window-panes polished until they sparkled, or had sparkled—for it was now twilight—in the bright June sunshine; the silver burnished until neither spot nor speck marred its mild luster; the loaves of bread baked until each crispy crust took on the right shade of tempting brown; and Molly was scrubbing the only unscrubbed corner of the kitchen when Miss Cameron's deep, harsh, precise voice came to her from the dining-room: "Mary, are you not through yet?"

"Almost, ma'am," answered Molly. "I think it is high time you were quite," declared the voice. "You must make haste. We are going to the lecture this evening, Miss Georgette and I; and as Mr. Malcolm also wishes to go out, we will be obliged to look up the house. Therefore it is necessary that you should leave as soon as possible."

"Yes, ma'am," said Molly, meekly, and finished her scrubbing, with her tears falling fast and thick. Poor little girl! she had tried so hard to please her mistresses, or rather her mistress—for Miss Georgette was but a reflection of her elder sister—and her efforts had been met with a grim silence that betokened a begrudged satisfaction, until the last few weeks; that is, in fact, until Mr. George Malcom came there. Mr. Malcolm was a sort of step-brother to the Misses Cameron (his father, a widower, with two boys, had married their mother, a widow, with two girls), and they inheriting nothing in the way of property from their own father, he generously made them an allowance from the moderate fortune left him by his. Generously and forgivingly—for they had not rendered a tithe of the respect, to say nothing of affection, which was his due, to their kind-hearted and indulgent step-father, choosing to look upon their mother's second marriage as an insult to the memory of the parent whose not-at-all-amiable characteristics had been his only legacy to them.

The cottage in which they lived, situated in the prettiest part of Meadowville (the furniture therein being their own, the bequest of a maternal grandmother), belonged to Mr. George; and here he had come in search of solitude and quiet, for the first time in twelve years or more, to spend a month or two in thinking out and arranging plans for starting a large business in a neighboring city. And, as I have already intimated, things had changed much for the worse with Molly, the servant-maid, since his arrival. The grim silence had given place to most open fault-finding, when Mr. Malcolm was not within hearing. The coffee was too strong, the tea too weak, the chickens underdone, the steaks burned, the eggs boiled too hard, the rooms badly swept, the shirts poorly ironed; and all these complaints, with many more, the elder spinster, confirmed by the younger, gave her to understand originated with the guest.

"What a hard man to please he must be!" Molly said to herself many times. "And yet he is one of the handsomest and kindest faces I ever saw; and he spoke right pleasantly to me the first day he came, and even offered me his hand (how Miss Cameron did frown!); but I pretended not to see it, for I knew it was not my place to shake hands with him. It is strange he should have become so fractious. He was so good and merry and kind when I was a little girl. I've heard father say often he'd rather shoe a horse for him than for any one else in the village." And then she would fall to thinking how grand he used to look to her childish eyes when he came riding up on his bay mare to the smithy, where she spent half her time watching her father at the forge. And he always brought her a gay picture-book, or a pretty ribbon, or a box of candies, or a bright new silver piece—one Christmas it was a gold one—and claimed a kiss (good gracious! how her cheeks flushed at the remembrance!) for payment when he rode away again. How happy, how very happy, she had been then, with that dear father and

dear old Aunt Nanny!—so happy that she had scarcely ever felt the loss of the mother who had died in giving her birth. But when Molly was fifteen, the blacksmith, so strong and ruddy that it seemed impossible pain or sickness could ever come near him, fell sick, and after lingering, sorely crippled, for nearly two years, died, leaving nothing to his darling but hard work. Yes, there was one alternative: to become Mrs. Jake Willow, and mistress of the forge again; but Jake was a rough, vulgar fellow, and Molly, inheriting the delicate tastes and gentle ways of her mother (who had been a shy, pretty young governess before she married the handsome blacksmith), shrank from the loud voice and rude laughter of her would-be husband. And so, in preference to accepting Jake's offer, she became—and Heaven knows this was a hard enough thing to do—maid-of-all-work in the cottage of the Misses Cameron.

The kitchen floor finished, the rugs shaken and returned to their places, the bread put away in the big stone jar in the cupboard, Molly sought her own room (which, truth to tell, was no room at all, but a corner of the garret rudely partitioned off, with only a small skylight to admit light and air—there were rooms, empty, unused rooms, in the attic, but they were much too good for a servant," Miss Cameron said; and "very much too good for a servant," agreed her sister)—to make ready for her sitting. Molly looked around it as she tied her straw hat over her rebellious tresses, and again the tears filled her eyes. It had not been a happy place of rest to her, but it had been a place of rest, and a shelter, and she had been glad to have it, fearing to leave it lest worse luck lay beyond.

And she would not have been compelled to leave it had it not been for that unfortunate mirror, and the unceasing complaints of the old bachelor, Old bachelor! Why, he couldn't be so very old, after all, for he was only one-and-twenty (she was then between five and six) when he gave her the ribbons and books and silver pieces, and she gave him the kisses.

But the sound of closing shutters broke in on her reverie, and reminded her that her departure was waited for, and taking her bundle in her hand, she ran quickly and lightly down the stairs to the parlor, where the maiden ladies sat erect and stern, their bonnets already on in readiness for the lecture.

"I'm going now," said Molly, standing in the doorway, her sweet, pathetic face, with its pleading gray eyes and quivering lips, in no way touching what her mistresses were pleased to call their hearts. "Good-by, ma'am. Good-by, Miss Georgette."

But the only reply she got was: "Bear in mind that you are still indebted to us eight-and-twenty dollars. If, however, you should prefer to purchase a mirror yourself in place of the one broken by you, we will consent to receive it, provided it is in every way as good as that left us by our grandmother. And in that case we will agree to refund the eight dollars, your last month's wages, which we have retained as the first installment of your debt; which is really much more than could have been expected of us."

"Oh yes, indeed, very much more than could have been expected of us," murmured Miss Georgette.

"For such gross carelessness—" Miss Cameron went on.

"Indeed, ma'am," interrupted Molly, her cheeks flaming and her eyes sparkling, "as I have told you I never touched it, I wasn't even near it. I was sweeping the other side of the parlor when it fell, and the cord it hung by was all moth-eaten, and had parted just in the middle, as I showed you at the time."

"—Should be punished," continued Miss Cameron, not paying the slightest attention to the girl. "And one word more: Please to remember that we have your signature to an acknowledgment that you consider yourself responsible for the breakage."

"You frightened me so that I scarcely knew what I was signing," said Molly. "But as I have promised, I will pay you, for it shall never be said that my father's daughter broke her word. I'd give you the few dollars I have saved, if I had not to keep them for my own support until I get another place. Poor Aunt Nanny can only give me shelter, for, as you know, she has depended almost entirely on me for food and clothes ever since my father died."

"Yes, and a very ridiculous thing for both of you," snapped Miss Cameron, with a cold snap. "She might much better sell the hut she lives in for kindling-wood, and go to the poor-house, and you might much better save your wages to pay for the things you break. For break you will to the end of your days. I never saw a person with such fly-away hairs as yours that was not vain, careless and frivolous. You may go."

"Yes, indeed, you may go," added Miss Georgette. And the poor child went out into the road, homeless and almost friendless, with a shadow on her fair young face and a pain in her young heart. But she had only turned into the long lane that led to old Nanny's cottage, when some one came quickly to her side, and said, in a kindly voice: "Molly! poor little Molly!" and there was Mr. Malcolm. And Molly, in her grief, thinking only of him as the friend of her childhood, who had known her as the darling of the kindest of fathers, flung her bundle down, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"They were hard on me, your sisters, Mr. Malcolm," she sobbed—"very hard on me. I did my best for them. I worked—and I am not very strong, though I am a blacksmith's daughter—from morning till night, and yet I could not please them. And it was not my fault about the mirror. It was not—it was not—it was not. Though Miss

Cameron insists that I stopped sweeping to look at my curly hair—I can't help its curling; I did everything to make it straight; I tied it back so tight, over and over again, that my head ached awful—and knocked it with the broom. She was a little better before you came; but after you came, and complained so much about the tea, and the coffee, and your shirts, and—and everything—"

"I complain!" exclaimed her listener, breaking in upon her rather confused narration of her wrongs. "Why, I never complained of anything. How could I? There was nothing to be complained of."

"She said you did. But I beg pardon, sir"—suddenly remembering the difference between the candy-and-kisses time and the present. "She is your sister, and—and my troubles are nothing to you."

"She is my sister, an extremely long step off," he replied, gravely, "and your troubles are a great deal to me; and furthermore, I think I see a way—a pleasant way—out of them. Let me walk with you to your Aunt Nanny's, and there, with her to advise us, we'll talk matters over."

"Oh, it's such a poor place, Mr. Malcolm! Miss Cameron called it a hut, and said it was only fit for kindling-wood."

"I've been in much poorer places, Molly," said he, and picking up her bundle, he walked by her side to the old woman's cottage. Two weeks passed by. A poor drudge from the work-house, whose chief (in fact whose sole) recommendation was "no wages," had taken Molly's place in the Misses Cameron's kitchen. Mr. Malcolm had gone away on business directly after her coming, and on the evening appointed for his return, the two sisters, attired in dresses of dull gray, unrelieved by a single touch of color, sat (everything in the house being in heart-chilling, dreadful stony order), one at each parlor window, awaiting his arrival.

"He must be coming; I think I hear wheels," said the elder, in her usual precise tones.

"Wheels," repeated the sister. And "wheels" they were, but not the wheels of a carriage, but those of a truck, and this truck, on which lay a long wooden box, stopped before the cottage door.

"A mirror for Miss Cameron," the driver called out as he jumped down.

"A mirror!" repeated the spinster, unable to restrain a gesture of surprise. And "A mirror!" said Miss Georgette, with another gesture of surprise.

"Yes, ma'am; from Willard's, New York. Where is it to be taken?" "First unpack it out here," commanded the lady, recovering her self-possession. "I can't have the house littered up with splinters and shavings!"

"No, indeed," chimed in Miss Georgette, also recovering her self-possession. "Splinters and shavings!"

So the box was unpacked at the roadside, and the mirror taken from it proved to be better and handsomer in every respect than that it had been sent to replace.

"I've brought wire to hang it with," said the man, as he carried it into the house; "so there'll be no danger from moths this time."

"Moths!" said Miss Cameron, glaring at him. And "Moths!" echoed her sister, also glaring. And they both continued to glare, as though called upon to superintend a piece of work highly repugnant to their feelings, until the mirror was hung, and the driver again in his place on the truck.

"Of course George sent it," said Miss Cameron, when the man had driven away. "But Mary Brown must pay for the other all the same. Our having this makes no difference in regard to the agreement with her."

"No difference in regard to the agreement with her," assented Miss Georgette—when she should walk in, in a gray silk walking dress, a bunch of crimson flowers at her throat, and another in her belt, and the most coquetish gray hat, adorned with more crimson flowers, but Molly herself?

"Good-evening," she said, smilingly. "I have called for a receipt in full."

"A receipt in full! And for what, pray? Have you brought the money?" asked her willom mistress. And, "Have you brought the money?" echoed her other willom mistress.

"No, I have not brought the money," answered Molly; "but I have sent you a mirror that more than answers all your requirements."

"You!" from both sisters at once. And again, for the second time in one short hour, they were guilty of being surprised, and letting their surprise be seen.

"Yes, I have the bill with me. A receipt in full, if you please."

Miss Cameron arose, walked in a stately manner—Molly following her—to her desk in the dining-room, seated herself, took pen, ink and paper, and began: "Received from Mary B—"

when—

"Stop a moment," said Molly; "my name is no longer Mary Brown."

"And what may it be?" inquired Miss Cameron, regarding her with lofty contempt.

"I'll answer that question," answered Mr. Malcolm, suddenly appearing, and passing his arm round the slender gray silk waist, thereby crushing the bunch of roses in the natty belt—"Mrs. George Malcolm."

The pen fell from Miss Cameron's hand, and for the first time in her life that estimable woman went into hysterics, whether her equally estimable sister immediately followed her.

And Molly, taking her leave at that moment, never received any receipt, in full or otherwise, after all.—Margaret Eytzinger, in Harper's Weekly.

Youths' Department.

THE WINGS OF THINGS.

As Molly sat by her mother, She heard of some curious things; For one lady said to another: "Yes, money has certainly wings." "Oh, has it?" thought little Molly. "I never knew that before!" And, questioning, looked at her dolly, Who calmly sat on the floor. Then entered a breathless caller, With shawl hanging quite unpinched; Lest a thunder-storm should befall her, She had come "on the wings of the wind."

WHAT LILL FOUND IN FAIRYLAND.

Lill ran down the garden walk and through the gate. She generally went across the lawn and climbed the fence. That was the pleasantest way, she thought. She left the gravel walk for the hop-toads, who paraded up and down it, hopping in a stately manner, at all hours of the day and perhaps the night. Lill did not know about that. She did come out once in the middle of the night and ran over the lawn in her night-dress, just to see what things were like out of doors at that time of night, but everything was so still and the moon stared at her so that she ran back frightened, and cuddled into bed again. She did not remember about the hop-toads. But to-day she went down the walk because it happened to be the shortest and she was in a hurry. She was going to look for Fairyland. She did not see why the fairies stayed at home now, and did not come around managing people's affairs as they used to do. She knew all about that, for she had read a great many histories of their doings, and she thought it was a great pity that they had stopped attending to things. She thought it was particularly nice to have all the wicked people turned into owls or bears or something horrid, and all the good people made very beautiful, if they were not so in the first place, as they generally were. To be sure, sometimes the good ones were turned into ugly things by wicked fairies, but Lill did not care so much about that, because it never lasted. They were always turned back again before long. But how nice it would be, if, when that horrid Tom Wilson snatched her lunch at recess and ate it all up, as now and then happened, a fairy should appear and point a tiny wand at him and say: "Go wallow in the mud!" and he should turn into a pig and run away and never come back again! And there was Maida Lawrence, the nicest girl in the world, Lill thought, who was made unhappy twenty times a day, though she tried hard not to mind it, by allusions to her red hair and freckled face.

"Such big freckles!" said Lill to herself, as she ran. "I don't see why the sun and wind should hit people's faces in spots! All over she wouldn't care half as much. If I find one single fairy I'll ask her to make Maida pretty the very first thing. The way to Fairyland is always behind an old stump or through a hollow tree, and I just believe I can find it. I mean to try, any way."

It was astonishing how many stumps and hollow trees there were in that old piece of woods when Lill came to examine them all carefully. She gave it up at last and threw herself down on a patch of fern-moss to rest and think whether there was any place she had forgotten. A squirrel ran down on a bough close above her head and chattered and scolded at her, and a robin hopped almost on her arm, but Lill did not stir; she did not mind squirrels and robins. They did not mind her much, either, they were so used to seeing her. But presently she discovered that the chattering squirrel was saying:

"What are you doing here in Fairyland I should like to know? No mortals allowed here!" Lill started up and looked around. It was the same old wood, or if it was not she could not tell the difference, and there sat Maida Lawrence right in front of her surrounded by a swarm of—what? White moths? No, they must be fairies. Lill could see their lovely little faces, all turned toward Maida. They patted and stroked and touched her softly, as if they loved her, and their wet fingers seemed to have a remarkable effect on Maida. In fact, now that Lill looked more closely she was not sure that it was Maida. It looked like her, certainly, but there were no freckles and no red hair and Lill thought the face the most beautiful she had ever seen. Could it be an angel, she wondered? One of the fairies fluttered close by her and Lill asked the question aloud.

"Very near it," said the fairy; "it is Maida's soul, her real self. That is what she looks like inside. Her face won't always stay as it is now, but her soul will stay beautiful and grow more so, because we make it more and more lovely all the time."

"And who are you?" asked Lill. "I am Unselfishness and my sisters there are Truth, Self-Control, Helpfulness, Gentleness, and a great many more whose names you would not recognize if I should tell you. Maida would not mind her freckles and red hair if she knew they were making her soul more beautiful. They bring her my sisters Patience and Modesty, and you see how lovely they have made her already."

Lill walked all around Maida, who did not seem to see her, and wished she had a mirror to show her how she looked. Lill herself had always been

called pretty, but now she thought scornfully of the face she had seen in the glass, comparing it with this one.

"Why, she makes me feel as if I wanted to love her to death!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if you can hug a soul? I mean to try?"

"And she was about to rush at Maida when something came poking in between and stopped her. Lill looked down to see what it was.

"O! O!" she screamed, "is that you, Tom Wilson? and what is the matter with you?"

But Tom Wilson, if it were he, paid no attention to her. He was about half Tom Wilson and the other half pig. He had a long snout, and rushed hither and thither, nosing for something to eat, and wherever he went a swarm of little black imps followed him, poking and punching and tweaking him, and never leaving him for an instant.

"O, what are they doing to him?" Lill shrieked, horrified.

"Making him into a pig," responded one of Maida's fairies. "Those imps are Greediness, Selfishness, Rudeness, and their brothers."

Lill forgot her wish, and said hastily: "But I think that's dreadful, to be turned into a pig."

"Of course it's dreadful," said the fairy, "but it's his own fault. What does he keep the imps about for if he does not want to be turned into something ugly? Every one must be turned into something, and they have their choice of fairies or of imps for company. If they choose the fairies, they will grow into something lovely, and if they don't, the imps will make some horrid thing of them. There's a boy turning into a peacock over there because he is so conceited."

Lill turned and looked at him. Near by was a girl half made into a cat, and another one beginning to be a fox. One or two were growing to look just like the imps themselves, and a very few had a slight resemblance to the fairies. Lill noticed that with some the fairies stayed for awhile, and then were driven away by the imps, who by and by gave place to the fairies again; and these grew more beautiful under the fairies' hands, and ugly again under the imps', but with each of them the visits of the fairies, or else of the imps, grow longer every time and accomplished more work, so that they grew steadily, though slowly, either toward beauty or else toward ugliness.

"Dear me!" thought Lill, uneasily. "I wonder what I am growing into myself?"

As she spoke a grinning little imp flew straight at her; she jumped aside and awoke, and all the creatures vanished, and she was alone in the woods, with a squirrel running away overhead.—Ida M. Lane, in Alliance.

Only the General Manager.

At a station on one of the railroads leading out of Detroit the train had arrived and departed, the other day, when the station agent, who had been in the place about three weeks, and was looking for a call every hour to come to Detroit and take charge of the line, was approached by a quiet, well-dressed man, smoking a cigar, who asked: "Keep you pretty busy here?" "Yum," was the jerky reply. "Business on the increase?" "Yum," again.

"Do you run this station?" asked the quiet man, after a turn on the platform.

"Nobody else runs it," growled the agent. "Have you got a patent car-coupler?"

"Oh, no."

"I was going to tell you to go to thunder with it if you had. Want special freight rates, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"I don't give any passes."

"I don't want any."

"Waiting for the next train?"

"Not particularly."

"Want to charter a car?"

"No."

The agent left him on the platform, and entered his office and busied himself for half an hour, when the quiet man looked in on him and asked:

"What's the salary of a position like this?"

"That's my business," was the prompt reply.

"What's the income from this station?"

"Ask the baggage man."

"Your name is —, isn't it?"

"Suppose it is?"

"Oh, nothing much—only I'm the General Manager of the line, and I'd like to exchange cards with you.—Detroit Free Press.

—A Chattanooga letter says: Already there is invested here over \$3,000,000 in manufacturing enterprises, over \$2,000,000 of which is in iron interests. One company alone, the Roane Iron Company, has a paid-up capital of \$1,000,000, and I understand money is every day seeking investment here. To give an idea how much value has increased here, in 1871 there was \$3,500,000 worth of property, and in 1881 it swelled to \$6,500,000, or about one hundred per cent. In 1882 the assessed value will be over \$7,000,000. In the manufacturing there are employed over 3,000 hands, the Roane Iron Company paying one-fourth of these, or 800 in all.

—The Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette relates that in removing a large apple tree, which had stood for many years on property known as the James Gale estate, it was found that it inclosed a fence post, and that it occupied the exact center of the trunk. When the tree was cut about it fell over, and the post, lost in the center, drew out and broke a foot or more below the cut. The post is of chestnut, as near as can be made out, and must have been inclosed in the tree perhaps one hundred years.