THE JOURNAL.

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TAKING BOARDERS.

'It was a scandal,' the neighbors said, 'that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders, after all she'd been through; and heaven knows boarders didn't help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too, taking it by small and large. Wasn't her Uncle Eben, over at Dover, well to do, and not a chick of his own to care for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? It was odd, now, that a man with poor relations should take to a stranger, when his own flesh and blood was so needy, but sometimes it did seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kith and kin. Then there were cousins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who never were worth a row of pins to Delia; and there was her great-uncle John's widow a-larking on the continent, a-gambling at Baden-Baden, and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdoms for no disease under the sun but old age. She'd been known to say that her own folks were too rich already, and probably she would endow some hospital with her property.'

Plainly, wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never seen her great-aunt since she was a child, when her Uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit, with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals, which won the heart of her little namesake. Since then her Uncle John's widow had been a sort of gilded creation, always young and always beautiful; for, though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had neither seen nor heard anything of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive, she seemed to have made no material difference in Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her father through a long illness, Delia found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the high road to the poorhouse, unless they should bestir themselves. As her mother was already bed-ridden, the stirring naturally fell upon Delia, and she advertised for summer boarders.

'Good board in the country by the river side, at $7 a week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, fine views, berries and new milk. One mile from the station. Address Delia Rogerson, Craftsborough, Me.'

'Cheap enough!' commented an elderly lady who happened upon it. 'Delia Rogerson. An old maid, I suppose, obliged to look out for herself. I have a good mind to try her broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like it there'll be no harm done.'

And so Delia's first boarder arrived—an old lady with a false front of hair, brown, wrinkled skin, faded eyes, a black alpaca gown and a hair trunk. Delia made her as welcome as if she had been a duchess, lighted a wood fire in Mrs. Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and saucer, with the fadeless old roses wreathing them.

'Wonderfully kind,' reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her wisp of gray hair and consigned the false front to a box. 'Wonderful kindness for $7 a week! She's new to the trade. She'll learn better. Human nature doesn't change with latitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty-stricken old creature.'

But in spite of her worldly wisdom Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to demand her attention, to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Miss Gresome complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson were responsible for their creation; of the flies, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it along with berries and new milk; of the weather, as if she had pledged herself there should be no sudden changes to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and antiquated furniture, 'too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion'—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission.

'What makes you keep us, my dear?' asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. 'Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I dare say?'

'Yes; a long, long time ago.'

'Tell me about him—it.'

'There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave mother and father, you know (they were both feeble), and he couldn't stay here. That was all.'

'And you—you—'

'Now all men besides are to me like shadows.'

'And have you never heard of him since?'

'Yes, he wrote; but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a millstone about his neck. I didn't answer his last letter.'

'But, supposing he should return some day, would you marry him?'

'I dare say,' laughed Delia, gently, as if the idea was familiar; 'let the neighbors laugh ever so wisely. I've thought of it sometimes, sitting alone when the world was barren and commonplace. One must have recreation of some kind, you know. Everybody requires a little romance, a little poetry, to flavor every-day thinking and doing. I'm afraid you'll think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement.'

'No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eye fades, the features grow pinched; but the soul is heir of eternal youth—is as beautiful at four score as at 'sweet and twenty.' Time makes amends for the ravages of the body, by developing the spirit. You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you'd rather not.'

'His name was Stephen Langdon. Sometimes Capt. Seymour runs against him in Melbourne and brings me word how he looks and what he is doing, though I never, never ask, and Stephen never asks for me, that I can hear of.'

Delia's summer boarders were not a success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket, they put none in. She was obliged to eke out her support with copying for Lawyer Dunmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge Dorr. One by one her boarders dropped away, like the autumn leaves, all but old Mrs. Clement.

'I believe I'll stay on,' she said. 'I'm getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates. Eh?'

'Do you think my terms high?'

'By no means. But when one's purse is low—'

'Yes, I know. Do stay at your own price. I can't spare you.'

She had grown such a fondness for the old lady, that to refuse her own terms would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; besides one month more would not signify. But she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went hungry to bed that her mother and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough, without their appearing to be 'just a pattern.' At Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in the shape of a $100-bill from an unknown friend.

'It can't be meant for me,' she cried.

'It's directed to Delia Rogerson,' said her mother, 'and there's nobody else of that name, now that your aunt Delia is dead.'

'We are not sure that she is dead,' objected Delia.

'Horrors! Don't you know whether your own aunt is dead or alive!' asked Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone.

'It isn't our fault. She is rich and lives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to believe I'd inherited her beauty with the name, though she was only our great-uncle's wife.'

'She ought to be doing something for you.'

'How can she, if she's dead? I don't blame her, any way. Her money is her own, to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself, and gave it to her.'

'But if she should come back to you, having run through with it, you'd divide your last crust with her, I'll be bound.'

The winter wore away, as winters will, and the miracles of spring began in fields and wayside; and Delia's boarders returned with the June roses, and dropped away again with the falling leaves, and still Mrs. Clement staid on and on. Just now she had been for some weeks in arrears with her reduced board. No money had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing more feeble daily, needing the luxuries of an invalid and the attentions of a nurse, both of which Delia bestowed upon her without taking heed for the morrow.

'I must hear from my man of business, to-morrow, Delia. I'm knee-deep in debt to you,' she began one night.

'Don't mention it!' cried Delia. 'I'd rather never see a cent of it than have you take it to heart. 'You're welcome to stay and share pot luck with us, you're such company for mother and me.'

'Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. Draw the curtain, dear, and put another stick on the fire, please. It grows chilly, doesn't it? You might kiss me, just once, if you wouldn't mind. It's a hundred years or so since any one kissed me.'

And the next morning when Delia carried up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder lay cold and still upon the pillows.

The first shock over, Delia wrote directly to the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. Clements speak as having charge of her affairs, begging him to notify that lady's relatives, if she had any. In reply, Mr. Willis wrote:

'The late Mrs. Clement appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who, having an abundance of this world's goods, yet served her shabbily when she tested their generosity, as she tried yours, are all that remain of her family. In the meantime, I enclose you a copy of her last will and testament, to peruse at your leisure.'

'What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will,' thought Delia, but read nevertheless:

'Being of sound mind this 16th day of June, 18—, I, Delia Rogerson Clement, do hereby leave $100 to each of my cousins; and I bequeath the residue of my property, viz: $30,000 invested in the Ingot Mining Company, $50,000 in United States Bonds, $20,000 in the Fortune Flannel Mills, and my jewels to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson, Delia Rogerson, of Croftsborough, Maine. 'For I was a stranger, and ye took me in; hungry, and ye fed me; sick, and ye ministered unto me.''

'Goodness alive!' cried the neighbors, when the facts reached their ears. 'What a profitable thing it is to take boarders! Everybody in town will be trying it. Of course, Steve Langdon will come home and marry her, if she were forty old maids. You may stick a pin in there!'

Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in looking after her money and spending it; in replying to letters from indigent people, who seemed to increase alarmingly; in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and all the village said:

'I told you so!'

'It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia,' he said.

'And we are too old to think of a change now, Steve.'

'Nonsense! It's never too late to mend. I'm not rich, Delia; but I've enough for two, and to spare.'

'I would'nt be contented not to drive in my carriage and have servants under me now,' laughed Delia.

'Indeed! Then perhaps you have a better match in view? Capt. Seymour asked me, by the way, if I had come to interfere with 'Squire Jones's interest.'

'Yes. Squire Jones proposed to me last week.'

'Now, see here, Delia. Have I come all the way from Melbourne on a fool's errand? There I was growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings me in a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love, Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still, is poor and alone and needs me—me! And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. I packed my household goods and came—'

'I'm glad you did.'

'In order that I may congratulate 'Squire Jones?'

'But I haven't accepted him. In fact—I've refused him—because—'

'Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia?'

In Croftsborough, people are not tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders.

A conceited young man, in talking with an aged clergyman, said, with a most dogmatic air: I will never believe anything which I cannot understand." The old clergyman mildly responded, "Then, young man, it is probable that your creed will be a very short one."

Facetious Parson (to parishioner, who is not believed to be a rigid abstainer, and who has fallen on the ice) —"Ah, Mr. Brown! Fools stand in slippery places, I've heard." Mr. Brown (the footpath was in a frightful state)—"So I see, sir; but I'm blest if I can!"

A little girl in one of our public schools the other day had occasion to parse the word "angel." Coming to the gender she stopped dismayed, and asked her teacher if "there are any men angels."

Garfield Near Home.

CLARIDON, O., June 10, '80.

DEAR JOURNAL:—It is not best for a prophet to be too modest. I predicted in your columns last November, that the people of the State would soon take James A. Garfield away from us his constituents of the nineteenth district, and that after awhile the people of the country would be very apt to take him away from the State. But I would not allow that the latter act of violence and mainprise was to take place so early as 1880. Of course nomination is not election, but as I am writing, the booming cannon from our county seat of Chardon, which lies full in sight, "a city set on a hill," at five miles distance, advises me that I might as well have been a little less confident in deferring the term of his highest service. Chardon just at this moment is doing her best to assure our illustrious Representative that if we must part with him, we are determined, on second tho't, that it shall be for nothing less than the White House. It does seem a pity to deprive him of six years in the Senate, but it looks a good deal as if the thing was going to be done.

The General was, I understand, this afternoon at Buston, our next town in one direction, and is, as the guns inform me, dividing with the raingusts the honors of the evening at Chardon. The moon comes out and goes in as if she had not fully made up her mind about the nomination. But that does not matter, as we expect to see her over the right shoulder some time in November.

Of course I am not going to say anything to disparage the present harmony of the party; but, between you and me, don't you think three noted Senators have very unexpectedly been brought up all standing on learning that New York begins with an N and not with a C, and Pennsylvania with a P and not with a C, and Illinois with an I and not with an L, nor even with a G? The Chicago spelling school has afforded some sudden, and to the people at large, very agreeable light on questions of political orthography.

C. C. S.

P. S. The lightning has got such a way of striking in Ohio, that the editor of the JOURNAL must be tempted to bewail the hour he left those depths of mud which he was ridiculing last winter, while we were floundering in them. And, in very truth, if every mother's son of us were to be advanced to the White House in turn, it would be little more than a just and equitable indemnity for the sufferings we have to undergo from November till April.

Girls as Housekeepers.

Begin with your own things and your own place. That is what your mother will tell you if you rush to her, enthusiastic with great intentions, and offer to relieve her of half her housekeeping. Don't draw that little bucket of cold water to have it poured back upon your early zeal. Reform your upper bureau-drawer; relieve your closet-pegs of their accumulation of garments out of use a month or two ago. Institute a [illegible] and cheerful order, in the clear [illegible] daily move; midst of which you [illegible] and learn to keep it. Use yourself to the beautiful, which is the right, disposing of things as you handle them, so that it will be a part of your toilet to dress your room and its arrangements while you dress yourself, leaving the draperies you take off as lightly and artistically hung, or as delicately folded and placed, as the skirts you loop carefully to wear, or the ribbon and lace you put with a soft neatness about your throat. Cherish instincts of taste and fitness in every little thing you have about you. Let it grow impossible to you to put down so much as a pin-box where it will disturb the orderly and pleasant grouping upon your dressing-table, or to stick your pins in your cushion even at all sorts of tipsy and uncomfortable inclinations. This will not make you "fussy"—it is the other thing that does that—the not knowing, except by fidgety experiment, what is harmony and the intangible grace of relation. Once get your knowledge beyond study, and turn it into tact—which is literally having it at your fingers' ends—and order will breathe about you, and grace evolve from commonest things, and uses, and belongings, wherever you may be; and "putting things to rights" will not be separate task-work and trouble, any more than it is in the working of the solar system. It will go on all the time, and with a continual pleasure.

Take upon yourself gradually—for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need—all the cares that belong to your own small territory of home. Get together things for use in these cares. Have your little wash-cloths and your sponges for bits of cleaning; your furniture-brush and your feather-duster, and your light little broom, and your whisk and pan; your bottle of sweet-oil and spirits of turpentine, and piece of flannel, to preserve the polish, or restore the gloss where dark wood grows dim or gets spotted. Find out, by following your surely growing sense of thoroughness and niceness, the best and readiest ways of keeping all fresh about you. Invent your own processes; they will come to you. When you have made yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartment so that it is easier and more natural for you to do it than to let it alone—so that you don't count the time it takes any more than that which you have to give to your own bathing and hair-dressing—then you have learned enough to keep a whole house, so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.—*Floral Cabinet.*

Trees and Health.

Everbody knows that trees take the carbonic acid thrown out in the breath of men and animals, separate it into component parts—carbon and oxygen—give back the latter to be used over again, and work the former into wood and fruit.

It is also coming to be generally understood that forest trees do general and important service in helping to retain the surface water for springs, streams and general use.

It is also known that certain species, planted in malarial localities, help to render the latter healthy by somehow using up the deadly miasma.

It would now appear that trees growing near drains carry off the sewerage water.

A gentleman whose cess-drain was constructed just like his neighbor's, and in the same kind of soil, has found it unnecesary to clean it out, while others had to be cleaned out frequently.

An examination showed that three large trees whose roots had penetrated into the vicinity of his second or waste cess-pool, were clearly the channels through which the waste all escaped.

Whether it was changed into plant food, as is likely, or was exhaled through the leaves, in either case it was disposed of with equal safety.—*Exchange.*

Cleaning Black Silk.

One of the things "not generally known," at least in this country, is the Parisian method of cleaning black silk; the *modus operandi* is very simple, and the result infinitely superior to that achieved in any other manner. The silk must be thoroughly brushed and wiped with a cloth, then laid flat on a board or table and well sponged with hot coffee, thoroughly freed from sediment by being strained through muslin. The silk is sponged on the side intended to show, it is allowed to become partially dry, and then ironed on the wrong side. The coffee removes every particle of grease, and restores the brilliancy of silk, without imparting to it either the shiny appearance or the crackly and papery stiffness obtained by beer, or, indeed, any other liquid. [illegible] really appears thickened by the [illegible] this good effect is the process, and [illegible] will permanent. Our readers who [illegible] experiment on an apron or cravat will never again try any other method.

Trespass on Uncultivated Lands.

Yesterday, in the District Court, His Honor, Judge Pound, ruled on the demurrer made by Mr. Foxworthy to the petition in Miller vs. Hawley and others, noticed in the *Journal* some days ago. His Honor said that in Nebraska there could be trespass on uncultivated lands. In Ohio the courts rule differently, but then the common law has never been adopted in Ohio, whereas the common law is a part of the law in Nebraska. On that ground, therefore, the demurrer would be overruled but the other ground of demurrer—that there had been a misjoinder of parties—though there was an allegation in the petition which at this stage might be sufficient, yet he has inclined to think there, perhaps, had better be separate actions, or dismissal as regards some. Mr Blodgett (for defendant) said that he had thought of dismissing except as to one defendant, but he would take leave to amend the petition.—*Lincoln Journal.*

"See here," said an eccentric old man to an office boy who had brought a doctor's bill to him. "See here, tell your master that I'll pay him for the items of medicine charged in his bill, but as for the visits, why I'll return them."

Rates of Advertising.

Space.	1w	2w	1mo	3m	6m	1yr
1col'mn	$12.00	$20	$25	$35	$60	$100
½ "	8.00	12	15	20	35	60
¼ "	6.00	9	12	15	20	35
4 inches	5.25	7.50	11	14	15	27
3 "	4.50	6.75	10	12	15	20
1 "	1.50	2.25	4	5	8	10

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