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her mother's face; and so great was her loneliness and terror of the big, unknown world beyond Kilclooney that she would have flung herself from the car but for some of the kindly neighbours who were bound the same long journey. Mary kept up her noisy grief till they were aboard the steamer at Queenstown, when her new world began to distract her, and she turned a more willing ear to the golden dreams of her companions of the fortunes to be made in New York, and the sums they would send to the people at home.

Poor Mary's first experience was a sufficiently hard one. She engaged with a stern New York boarding-house keeper as kitchen-maid and general drudge. Mrs Deely thought Mary ought to be very grateful to any one burdening herself with the girl's "Irish awkwardness," and Mary accepted her assurance in absolute good faith. Twenty dollars a year seemed a large sum to Mary's unsophisticated eyes, and she became the willing drudge of the household and the slave of the old negress who ruled the kitchen, and of whom at first Mary was terrified.

She was not long out when the cholera discovered Kilclooney, sunk between its mountains. One or two letters of Mary's remained unanswered. Then the girl grew alarmed, since already panic-stricken refugees from plague and famine were appearing in the streets of New York. She wrote to the priest, and received a pitying answer. Her mother and Teasy were both dead of the cholera, and henceforth Mary was alone in the world.

She bore the blow with a dumb resignation very characteristic of her. Her patience moved even her mistress and Mandy the cook to a certain sympathy; the more that she shirked none of her work, despite the heavy sense of desolation that was never absent from her. The hard climate and incessant work and her life in the basement told on Mary. She stopped growing, and became more awkward-looking because she was stunted. The white in her face went yellow, though she kept the hard bright colour of her cheeks. She was as strong as a little mule, and tramped and carried and scrubbed and swept, with never a complaint. After a time she began to take comfort from the affection of Mrs Deely's spoilt little crippled boy. Adolph was so cross with everyone else that his mother rejoiced when he took a fancy to Mary. Mary laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks when he told her that she was so very pretty; but Adolph was in earnest, and would have kisses and affection for Mary at a time when even his mother was moved to tears by his imperious rejection of her offers of service. The capricious love was the first warmth to steal into Mary's heart after she had had the black news from home. She grew to love the child who was so difficult with everyone else, and she worked harder than ever in order to snatch intervals of leisure when she might be with him during the day.

It was at this time Miss Somers, a lady who wrote stories, came for a few days to Mrs Deely's boarding-house. Before she left she made a startling proposal to Mary.

"I want you to come with me," she said, "out of this unwholesome place, and be my servant. I'll treat you like a fellow-creature, and I believe we'd make each other happy."

The wages the kind-hearted lady offered seemed enormous to Mary; but there was Adolph, and at the thought of him she was braced up to refuse. She looked at Miss Somers' strong, clever face, and thought how much she should like to be her servant, but she stood firm.

"Master Adolph, the poor wee man, would roar his life out. No, Miss; I thank you kindly; but, all the same, I can't go."

Miss Somers refrained from saying what she thought—but Adolph would not long stand in the way. She only smiled kindly at Mary, and said:

"Well, you good creature, stay with the boy. But it only makes me want to have you the more. If you ever change your mind, write to me at this address."

A few months later Mary, in evident trouble, and wearing a bit of black ribbon for mourning at her neck, arrived at Miss Somers' cottage in New York State, on the border of the pine woods.

"I'm glad to see you, Mary," said her new mistress. "I'm plagued with the little monkey who has been pretending to do my work. I've packed her home to her mother. Take off your bonnet, and go and see your kitchen."

This was Mary's installation in the home that was to be hers for forty years. For that great stretch of life mistress and maid abode together in great peace and affection. Occasionally they locked up the cottage and went for a while to New York, or to the mountain or the sea in the hot weather, and returned rejoicing to the cottage in its garden, which seemed ever so sweet and restful. Mary managed all the housekeeping, while Miss Somers wrote her books; and so the two grew old women.

M E A N E E .

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

July 31st, 1895.

On the 28th of July the Children of Mary in Meanee met in the Convent School to make a presentation to their much respected and esteemed director, the Rev Father Huault, of the Meanee Seminary, on the occasion of the returning anniversary of his birthday. The rev gentleman founded the sodality two years ago, and under his able direction the work has progressed and developed considerably. There are already over thirty Children of Mary in Meanee, all very regular and well disciplined. The presentation, which took the form of a very handsome writing desk, was made by the president of the congregation, Miss Mary Hawkins. She read the following address: "Rev and dear Father,—We, the Children of Mary, desire to convey to you, on the occasion of your birthday, our sincere good wishes, and to express our heartfelt gratitude for all the kindness you have shown us. We feel deeply grateful for the interest you have taken in our welfare as director of our sodality, and we hope with the help of God's grace always to put in practice the good advice you have so often given us and to be ever faithful to the promises of our consecration to Mary. We pray that God may grant you many long years to work for His glory and for the salvation of souls. In conclusion, we beg of you, dear Father, to accept this gift as a slight token of our esteem and gratitude.—Signed in behalf of the Children of Mary, Mary Hawkins, May Jeffares, Hannah Johnson, Agnes Hawkins, Edith Loppell, Annie Donanghey." The Rev Father Huault answered in a few well chosen and appropriate words. He heartily thanked the Children of Mary for their beautiful address and their splendid present. He said the whole thing was quite a surprise to him, but a most agreeable surprise. Ever since the foundation of their sodality he had always found them most devoted, most obedient, and regular in the observance of their rules. Then quoting the old axiom, "Union is strength," he congratulated them on their perfect union, family spirit and charity. He also praised their boldness in the performance of duty and their tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In conclusion, he asked of them to be ever faithful to their monthly communion. It would be their consolation in life and the most assured pledge of their eternal salvation. After this beautiful discourse, the Children of Mary indulged in various games and spent together a most enjoyable afternoon.

Mark Twain says that in large cities we are decidedly lacking in courtesy. He advises a vigorous all-round "kick" as a remedy. If you do not mind discourteous treatment yourself "kick" for the sake of some poor sensitive human being who may follow you.