

At four o'clock the purr of an automobile broke the quiet of the block, and Cousin Becky, leaning forward, exclaimed excitedly, 'Ha, of course I was right! It used to be tow, and the spectacles have taken out the squint!'

A moment later, to little Mrs. Billy's stupefaction, Cousin Becky was introducing her to a man with a hoarse voice, and spectacled eyes that for the time being had a tendency to water.

August and the cold wave passed out together, and September, warm and welcome, arrived. September brought Billy to Washington. He came home brown, healthy, and overjoyed to find Mrs. Billy well and contented. Shortly after his arrival, Cousin Becky returned to Haverly, Pennsylvania, happy in innumerable pleasant memories of her visit, and in a vast assortment of bargains. September also brought the in-laws back to Washington, and brought their automobile in the course of time to the door of the Billy Keenans.

'Where's Billy?' asked the elder Mrs. Keenan, as she kissed her daughter-in-law affectionately.

Mrs. Billy's eyes twinkled as she looked up at Mrs. Keenan. 'He's gone to Virginia for the day, to look into the habits of that new moth that's playing havoc with the trees in the South—and Senator Brown has gone with him.'

'What!' exclaimed Mrs. Keenan.

'Senator Brown!' cried Belle.

Mrs. Billy nodded, and her dimples threatened to appear. 'That's what I said. The Senator came and took Billy in his car this morning. I put up a lunch for them; they won't be home again till night. They have grown to be very great friends. The Senator is already immensely interested in tree culture and tree preservation and tree value, and tree effect on the climate, and—'

'Stop!' said Belle. 'Tell us how ever did that come about.'

Mrs. Billy's repressed dimples flashed forth then and her eyes sparkled. 'Through Cousin Becky,' she said, softly.

'Cousin Becky!' cried Mrs. Keenan the elder. 'Through Cousin—'

Mrs. Billy opened the desk and took out a sheet of paper. 'Here's a copy of the letter she wrote to him when he came back from Maine.' She held it out to her mother-in-law. 'He wouldn't give up the original.'

Mrs. Keenan took the sheet and read aloud, in a voice that was a succession of exclamations, a letter duly dated and properly headed and signed by Cousin Becky.

'If,' Mrs. Keenan read, 'you are the tow-haired, cross-eyed Tommy Brown who stayed in Haverly one summer, and put a mud turtle in my pail of cream to fatten, and got spanked for it, I want you to come and see me, for I want to know if your hair is still of the same color, and if you are as naughty as ever.'—Exchange.

THE STORY OF 'JINNY'

It was in the autumn of 1826, when my grandmother had been only a few months a bride, that there came to her house as cook a bright young colored girl, Jane Goldsmith, who was then, I think, about twenty-eight years old. In a few months she left to be married; but in less than a year she returned to my grandmother's house, her husband having been blown up in an accident to a small river steamboat plying the Hudson,—which occurrence led my father in later years to illustrate the story of Jane's short period of wedded bliss by telling of a colored man who said: 'If you get blowed on land, dar you are! But if you get blowed up on water, ware are you?' Be that as it may, Jane's husband disappeared forever; and henceforth she lived with my grandmother, spending over fifty years in our household. She was known to four generations of our large family as 'Jinny,' and I think she loved us as

much as we loved her. In her extreme old age she became totally blind.

When the Civil War broke out, my grandfather realised that Jinny would require extra care. At that time his house was on East Forty-Second Street, between Fifth and Madison Avenues, New York,—a block that both then and for years after was one of the most attractive in the city. My grandfather's house was the first one from Fifth Avenue, on the south side of the street; and running along the west side of it was a narrow alley, that gave entrance to the rear of a row of houses on Fifth Avenue extending from Forty-Second to Forty-First Streets, known as 'The Duke of Devonshire Row.' Externally they were built to look like a single house, and I well remember their quaint and charming appearance. The stone used was of buff color; the windows were long and narrow, having the appearance of lancet windows, and filled in with small panes of glass. On the second floor were bay windows of a rather unusual shape. The houses, English basement, stood back from the Avenue with grass-plots in front that were finished by a long iron railing which ran the length of the block. The whole row was said to represent his Grace's palace in London, hence the name. It is a pity that these and other quaint old houses in New York were ever pulled down.

My grandfather and his family, being Protestants, attended the Church of the Transfiguration on East Twenty-Ninth Street, later known as 'the little Church around the Corner.' The rector was the Rev. George H. Houghton; and as the manner in which his church got its nickname may not be known to my readers, I will recount it.

A certain actor had died, and his relatives called on the pastor of a church on the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-Ninth Street to arrange for the funeral. The rector declined, saying he did not care to have a member of the theatrical profession buried from his church; 'but,' he added, 'there's a little church around the corner where they will do it.' Dr. Houghton, whose large-hearted love and generosity made no distinction of race or profession, at once agreed to have the funeral at his church. He was also a friend of the colored race, and many of them attended his church. Among others was Jinny, who was devoted to the Doctor.

I was particularly fond of her, and she of me. She never could or would pronounce my name, and she did not want to call me by my nickname. Instead, she always called me 'Missy George'; and regularly once a week Jinny, attired in the black silk dress she always wore on Sundays, would escort little 'Missy George' to church. If I became sleepy during the sermon—which frequently happened, as sermons in those days were no twenty-minute affair—Jinny's ample shoulder made a soft cushion to lean on. She was very short and fat, and, with the addition of the wide hoops that were worn at the time, she took up so much room in the pew, especially when she stood up to sing, that I, in the corner, was almost lost to sight. Like so many of the colored race, she possessed a sweet voice, and her singing was always an event for me.

It was on the 13th of July, 1863, that the greatest drama in Jinny's life occurred. There had been a call for 300,000 enlisted men for the war. New York was filled with Southern sympathisers and half-hearted adherents to the Federal cause; and my grandfather, although a Northerner, was accused of being in sympathy with the South because he kept a colored servant.

On the 3rd of March Congress had passed a Conscription Act, whereby men between the ages of twenty and forty-five years could be drafted for service. A man, however, could procure exemption from service by the payment of three hundred dollars. This led to the draft riots, which began Saturday, July 11, when an enrolment office was opened in the city. Not only the Governor of the State but also a number of prominent men in New York were very justly opposed to the three-hundred-dollar clause in the Conscription; and it did not take the lower classes long to find out

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