CARLISLE MERCURY.

VOL. XVIII. CARLISLE, NICHOLAS COUNTY, KY., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1879. NO. 37.

MRS. CLEMENT'S HELP.

"Of all things this is the worst. I'm sure it will be impossible for me to get a girl to stay more than a week or two," moaned Mrs. Clement.

Good Mrs. Clement's patient husband bowed quietly her off her bright eyes, and dropped a kiss on her lips, as she turned round to her husband, the most sympathetic of listeners, and continued, shaking at her head:

"Dearest, if ye hear that!"

This time the dear had asked the question, there was a touch of sadness in her voice.

"Yes, what is the matter? I am sure it is natural enough. It kind of runs in the family, I guess."

But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of her husband's joke.

"I don't know what's the matter, I don't. We needn't think how's coming here with the new-married lady, all spics and graces, and flounces and ruffles. There's plenty of girls, and better that wanted help. Right in the middle of the week, too, when I've got all the here in hand to manage. I do so hate it, I think George is a fool."

A peaceful, dainty little lady, in a cool white dress, sitting in the shade of the porch, with a book, instead of a basket of work, looks quite having a pair of dots. Mine eyes, as she looked up at her husband of a month, and a dimple in each cheek.

That was Mrs. Clement's answer. We have not told that George had failed to love with her.

She sat in the bright little parlor, low basket by her side, waiting for the hour for the bored husband's return; and the latchkey in the door of the street, and came him. Looking up she asked:

"Harry, what's the latest from George? I've left care of it all day. Is he coming home to-night, or to take up his abode at the office?"

He smiled and shook his head. "I shall guard you for both, Mrs. Clement. George is all right. He's not coming home to-night, but he'll be here to-morrow."

He put his arm around her as he spoke.

"And supposing I am to be the one to do you think it would make a difference to me, Ina?"

"Oh, no, not truly it would not—no more than it does to have you here to protect from evil."

And a one-sided discussion it would be, too.

And when they were in the cool breeze of the evening.

The explanations were rather complicated, and not very satisfactory.

"That's true as preacher. If the fire was not out, it was not to be found. The servants were all in bed, and the doors locked.

A little thought set everything right.

You won't stay here, Miss—excuse Madam, it would be more proper—but you will go home to-night?"

So Mrs. Clement went home, and the bankers would be very annoying to her. Good-night, Mrs. Clement. Let's go down to dinner. I've got a terrible appetite."

And they went down to the dining-room, and from her perch the very next morning that her favorite's luggage was in the street, and was soon locked away in the basket.

My dear, you must remember I am not a rich man, and cannot afford to keep a maid of all work. I must insist on your dearer to me than ever before."

A little pang of needless anxiety that had been at her heart for a week or two, made it all the sweeter to her.

"I shall do that happy day. I shall be sure to do it."

And she did.

A friend, after that, Mrs. Clement can get for love or money. She is one of a type of women too precious to be lightly parted with.

"This will never do, my dear," the husband would say, when he came home to find her in tears. And I have found a delightful little girl, and she will suit you to a T."

The new 'find' kept what she called the kind house I ever lived in. Not that it pretended to be a very fine one, but it was so comfortable, and so well ordered in the management of the Lord Chamberlain, and the servants were so civil and obliging.

"Many South, and, indeed, if you will keep on in this manner, you will keep me in the seventh heaven."

It was not long before that marriage had become a thing of the past, and Mrs. Clement lived in peace and happiness with her husband, and the mind gave a great widow, which around the corner of the house.

"You can cook, you can" or shake up the feather bed—and that's more than I can do."

Agricultural Items.

Indeed I can. I may not cook well yet, but I can" [illegible].

And she was right, and to the large open fire-place in the kitchen, where the dinner was shelling over.

"But if ye are, dearest, is it her or not? I kind of like her looks, and the dear knows it will be a good lift while we're killin', if she couldn't do so many other things, and make meals for the people.

"Take her of course, Hannah. You are hard drive. I know. Let her stop a week or so, anyhow."

So Mrs. Clement came slowly back to her own home.

It was early and very lonely, anywhere—there's a morning home hasn't three times there, and it's an so low, sure enough. You may as well take your things up stairs to the next room, and I'll come down and help with the supper.

Then followed directions to the next room, and where the new girl was to find [illegible].

"I mean you could bring [illegible] your sister there. But such as her don't stand, I can tell you that of nothing else."

Here she came down in a jiffy to help with the supper, and Hannah had a handful of them for the first time in a month. She smiled, listened with a will at being of some service to some body else, and [illegible] and out of the pantry, and then down the cellar. Then, after the meal, she washed up the dishes, and [illegible] was [illegible] her own.

Hannah consented to carry her bread, butcher, and I like her very well.

"Now, Hannah, you can go to—dinner—I will put that all nothing else."

Mary made, too, to see the door was on the latch-string, and went out to the garden to gather a few flowers for the table, [illegible] with a nail [illegible] of some kitchen. It seemed [illegible] as if she had left her, so lonely she felt in