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And everything goes wrong,
Remember that you still are free
To labor and be strong.
For him who bravely does his part
Misfortune is no crime;
Just hold your grip and keep up heart
And learn to bide your time.
The surest road to greatness lies
Through hard and patient work.
The glorious name that never dies
Comes not into the slipshod crowd.
Fame sits upon an eminence,
Whence she would scorn to seek her throne,
He who would win must seek her throne,
Strive on and bide his time.
And when the fight at last is o'er,
The toll at last is done,
When standing on the further shore,
Beneath her setting sun;
Beyond the future's unbarred gate,
The bells of heaven chime,
And justice, love and glory wait
For him who bides his time.
—Edgerly, in Atlanta Constitution.

AUNT ABIGAIL TURNS FINANCIER.
BY ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER.

ARGUERITE Creel was the loveliest, sweetest debutante of the season, and before the end of it she proved the most fortunate. She carried off Quinto Van Essen, who was conceited and vain, but she had done this, too, without having a single entanglement with any of the many entangling but undesirable young men who hunt the fair footsteps of all debutantes.
Mr. and Mrs. Van Essen were "at home" to their friends on Mondays, in a charming house, furnished with exquisite taste. Although Mrs. Van Essen knew little of housekeeping, her housekeeper and butler knew an amazing amount, and so her household affairs ran much more smoothly and comfortably than did those of her more knowing neighbors, for in housekeeping, as well as in many other matters, it is not what one knows, but what one does not know which makes life worth living.
Into this Elysium came one day Miss Abigail Van Essen, with a small trunk, a judicious amount of money, and six dollars, and sixty years to her credit. Mr. Van Essen had prepared his wife for the coming of his aunt.

"You will love her, I know, Rose," he said. "She was always a fully good to me when I speak my relations with her. She is rather—ah, rather—well, rather close about money matters, and you may think some of her financial arrangements a little peculiar, but try not to mind that for my sake, love, and you will get on, I'm sure."
And he kissed the pretty, wistful faced turned up to him, and vowed to himself that Abigail, who was so dear old girl in spite of her peculiarities, would love his flower before she knew it.
And Aunt Abigail did.

One might fancy there could be no rivalry between a young bride and a young domestic, but after all there is a choice morsel of equal interest to each, and neither wants to be caught by a hawk. Everyone knows a common love or a common hatred is a bond between women, and as these women both thought Mr. Van Essen the one man of the universe and all other men shadows, they got on very well indeed.

Mr. Van Essen had never looked very sharply after the money matters of his household. Her husband gave her a monthly allowance, and when her bills ran over it he paid the difference. She used to wonder what she would do if her husband were to die, but as such a thing had never been known the question did not interest her greatly.

In a journal devoted to women she read a story of a wife who saved her very spare dress and did not wear it for fifteen years, and then, when her husband failed in business, delighted and amazed him by producing \$20,000. The tale had made a deep impression upon Marguerite, and she had placed a little of doing the same, but she could not help telling the story to Mr. Van Essen, and his comment on it had completely upset her faith forever.

"Great Gosh!" No wonder the man failed, with \$20,000 dead capital in the house! Why, if she had given it to me, I could have done it, or placed it at interest, they might have been millionaires!"
Aunt Abigail soon thought she discovered that Marguerite had as much power as she had money, and she had a flower for which she was named. Moreover, her distrust of the butler was only equalled by Marguerite's confidence in him.

"Why, I've never seen him give her any change yet," thought the old lady indignantly. And she never laid for the butler kept a book in which all moneys received and expended were carefully entered. "If I save her what money I can while I'm here, anyway," the old lady thought. "After that, 'let me go to market—' I'd so enjoy going out early in the morning" because a frequent request Marguerite would obediently order the carriage and market basket at what seemed to her unholy hours of the day.

As she did not want Aunt Abigail to be restricted in her buying, she used to give her twice as much money as she would have given the butler.
At first when Aunt Abigail returned from market Marguerite expected change, but this was never received.
"Of course it is only small amounts," Marguerite worried, "and of course she might forget to return it sometimes; but I can't understand how she can always forget it."
Before Miss Abigail had been at her nephew's long she noticed Marguerite's careless way of handling as well as spending money.
"Now, she thought, one morning, when in that roll of bills she gave her for the hospital to-day. She had

raised a quivering face to his, saying: "What's that?"
"That's what you call a moment's absence," she said. "And will you telephone Mr. Charles Van Essen to come here at once?"
"With pleasure," was the polite response. "James," turning to a clerk, "telephone Mr. Van Essen. And now will you come here, Mrs. Van Essen?"
The two disappeared before Miss Abigail's bewildered eyes into an inner office.

"For mercy's sake!" ejaculated that horrified lady. "It can't be! It just can't be! Little Marguerite would take that pin!"
Then the sound of a pleading voice came to her through the door, that had not quite latched when she opened it. "I am perfectly willing to pay for it if you only won't prosecute!"
"Goodness!" sighed the agitated listener.

"Supposing she can't help taking little things," drifted through the door.
"Horrible! too horrible!" commented Miss Abigail.
"Only wait until Mr. Van Essen comes," she thought. "He doesn't know," she continued the voice inside, "at least I'm not sure that he knows."
"Don't he?" cried the horrified but loving aunt, outside. "Then he never shall! Without my sanction she opened the door and rushed in.

"Here, Mr. Storekeeper!" she cried; "don't say another word about that diamond. I'm perfectly willing to pay for it. Just make out your bill, and I'll give you five dollars, there, Margie, put it! Auntie knows it'll never happen again; and don't you cry so, dearie!"—for Marguerite, when Aunt Abigail offered to pay for the missing gem, gave a little cry of dismay and began sobbing violently.
The proprietor looked in puzzled surprise from one lady to the other. Certainly Miss Abigail was the most straightforward thief he had ever seen; but before he could accept her offer Mr. Van Essen walked in.

"Don't tell him a word, Marguerite!" implored Aunt Abigail.
"Why, what's the matter?" he demanded. "We have been here crying for my darling!"
"Oh, Charlie! it was—it was—"
And poor innocent Marguerite looked as if she were going to cry again.
"It was about the pin I wanted to give her," Miss Abigail explained, severely. "She couldn't decide which one to take, and so we sent for you."
"After all she must be an old offender," thought the indignant merchant, "or a mind not to let her off so easily."
"I don't see what you are doing in here," persisted Mr. Van Essen. "I can't understand yet why Marguerite should be crying about it."
"Give it to him," interposed the proprietor, politely. "I believe you have it, Miss Van Essen."

"Me?" exclaimed Miss Abigail, sharply. "You mean Mrs. Van Essen. Give me the diamond, please, and let him see it! Auntie is crying for my sake, you know," she added, soothingly, with a significant look at the proprietor.
"I haven't the diamond!" cried the startled Marguerite.
"You haven't it?" echoed Miss Abigail. "Then what made you say so?"
"Me?" almost screamed Marguerite. "Me—I say I had it!"
"Well, you haven't it, who has?" demanded Mr. Van Essen. "Give me the diamond, please, and let him see it! Auntie is crying for my sake, you know," she added, soothingly, with a significant look at the proprietor.

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Mr. Van Essen turned sternly to the proprietor.
"If I understand I've accused one of these ladies of—"
"Oh, Charlie, don't blame her!" interrupted Aunt Abigail. "She is so young!"
Then Marguerite, flinging herself into Mr. Van Essen's arms, exclaimed: "You know she was a kleptomaniac, Charlie! Why—why did you let her come here to-day?"
"I know you was a kleptomaniac," interposed Mr. Van Essen.
"Aunt Abigail, of course!" sobbed Marguerite, clinging to him. "You said she was peculiar about money matters, and I found she only took a very little—just what she needed, and a few bills—and I didn't care, Charlie. I charged it to my gloves every time in the account, and—"
Here Miss Abigail hastily pulled an envelope from her pocket, ejaculating: "Merciful Heaven! I do believe the child thinks I stole from her! Read that, Charlie. I meant to give it to her when I left to-night."

Mr. Van Essen, too bewildered to ask questions, read slowly, aloud: "My Dear Niece: Aunt Abigail has been a little worried over the loose way in which you trust that butler and maid. I know you won't allow it, but here a forty-dollar bill I've placed up around the house and got in change at market. To it I've added a few dollars more. With a loan you to buy something pretty and low, she'll always see it, and a little reminder to be more careful of your small change."
"Oh, Annie!" cried Marguerite, rushing to her, "then you aren't a kleptomaniac, after all!"
Before Miss Abigail could reply a clerk entered lastly, and said to Mr. Van Essen: "Here is that diamond pin."

"Here is that diamond pin," the clerk entered lastly, and said to Mr. Van Essen: "Here is that diamond pin."
"The quartet in the room gazed at each other a moment, and then Mr. Van Essen, who had been looking as black as a thunderbolt, burst into laughing.
"You know," he cried, "it is the lot of April, or if there is a worse set of fools, or at least a worse-folled set, in the city, I should like to see them! Aunt Abigail, you and Marguerite, kiss and make up, and we will all go home."
"Yes," replied the forgiving aunt, "that's what we'll do. Marguerite, there's no denying we are a pair of April fools, but nobody can say we ain't honest ones."—McC's Monthly.

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