

Burns were seated alone in a small private parlor before she had a fair chance to say whether she really had the time or not. But she was grateful for this unusual companionship. With no friends for many months save the pitiless ones of the boarding-house, and with the scathing comments ringing in her ears, which her own family had uttered when she returned home, the sympathy of this old-fashioned couple gave her comfort and peace.

"Mayme" was a girl of many impetuous faults. She was lacking in refinement and self-control, and her ideals had been nurtured in that false school known as "society," but she was still young enough to develop into a sensible, wholesome woman under proper environment. This much, at least, might be said in her behalf, that she was now sadly penitent over the estrangement with her husband.

Mr. Burns had reached some such conclusions as these, although he had not stopped to analyze his impressions, and when he set out to find the son of his old neighbor, Charles Ryburne, he was sure he was not undertaking a thankless task. With a zeal that would have found a way to Lhassa, the sealed city, he soon reached the cluster of real estate offices not far from the hotel, and by a few words of inquiry was almost at once at the desk of the derelict bridegroom.

It was as the shrewd old Scotchman had suspected. Charles Ryburne was more than anxious for a reconciliation. Mr. Burns neglected not, on the way back to the hotel, to

give him some poetic counsel as to the duties of the man who marries a young wife:

She is ta'en as a colt frae the heather
 Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
 Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
 As humor inconstantly leans,
 The chiel maun be patient and steady
 That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.

The two women were still talking earnestly when the door of the small parlor opened part way, and Mr. Burns with one dexterous movement propelled the young man into the center of the room, himself whispering hoarsely from the keyhole: "Mither, Mither! Kem quick!"

If there was anything lacking in dignity in the peace-making scene between Mr. and Mrs. Ryburne, and if the attitude of Mr. and Mrs. Burns as peace-makers did not possess all the attributes of outward grace which are shown in the famous painting of the same name, the discrepancies must be set down to that inevitable difference between the world as it really is, and the world as the artist sees it. Suffice it to say, that each one of the four was satisfied with the part he or she had played, and when in the following summer the quaint old couple were entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Ryburne as guests in their own home, and Mrs. Burns, with an old-fashioned coquetry, was posing her chin on the half-closed fingers of her left hand, it was observed that Mrs. Ryburne also wore no jewels save only a plain gold wedding ring.

AN HISTORIC MANSION

BY ELLA MATHEWS BANGS.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses."

WHEN Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote these lines he perhaps had little thought of how fittingly they would one day be applied to the house which was the home of his own childhood and young manhood, yet to-day one who visits the old Wadsworth-Longfellow mansion in Portland, Me., finds it indeed haunted by memories of those whose lives once centered there.

A little back from the main street it stands, with its three stories of red brick dwarfed by newer and more pretentious buildings on either side; tall trees shadow it, but no grass now grows upon the plat of ground once the front yard, yet as the door, with its ancient knocker, swings open, we catch a glimpse of green from the old garden at the farther end of the hall, and of tall elms, and a tangle of shrubbery and trailing vines. But though the chief interest in it lies in the fact that it was once the home of a poet who has, perhaps, come nearer the hearts of English-speaking people the world over than has any other American writer, still the old mansion has a history of its own, and one not without interest, connected as it is with the name of a brave soldier of the Revolution, General Peleg Wadsworth.

Would we see the General as in the old days he might have stood to welcome us, we have to aid the fancy the following description given by his daughter, Zilpah: "Imagine to your-

self a man of middle age, well proportioned, with a military air, and who carries himself so truly that many thought him tall. His dress, a bright scarlet coat, buff small clothes and vest, full ruffled bosom, ruffles over the hands, white stockings, shoes with silver buckles, white cravat bow in front, hair well powdered and tied behind in a club, so called." If we add to this a cocked hat of black felt, we have the picturesque figure of the man who in the year 1785 began the erection of the first brick house to be built in Portland.

The interior is but little changed, for though repairs have been needed on so old a building, care has been taken to preserve as nearly as possible the original appearance of the rooms. All the windows have the same old paneled wooden shutters, as of yore, and some of those on the back of the house retain the old casements, with their many tiny panes of glass; the doors all have their curious old "box latches," and, thanks to the generous thickness of the walls, there are wide window-seats in all of the lower rooms, cushioned and inviting. On the left, upon entering, is the parlor, which, at the time the house was built, was the largest private reception room in Portland, and in this room was placed the first piano to be brought to town. It was probably called a spinet, and the story is told that such was the curiosity of the