



## Meddlin' M'ary.

**T**HERE wor an old woman 'at lived i' awr fowld 'at used to be called Meddlin' M'ary, an' throo Mundy morn to Sundy neet shoo seemed to think abaat nowt else but makkin' bother between men an' ther wives 'at wor her neighbors. Shoo used to stand at th' end o' th' ginnel an' stop onny on 'em as they coom aght, an' shoo'd allus a saycret to tell 'em abaat sombdy, but one day shoo gate rayther dropt on. This wor ha it happened. Doad Greeneye wor known to be a trifle jaylus ov his wife, net 'at he'd onny cashun, for a straighter woman nivver braik breed,—but shoo wor varry gooid lukkin' an' prided hersen o' bein' wshed an' donned as sooin as shoo could in a mornin', an' shoo'd a smile an' a cheerful word for onnybody, an' could enjoy a bit ov a lark as weel as ivver shoo could. This didn't suit M'ary at all, an' shoo considered it her duty to find her summat else to do nor be singin' an' laffin' all th' day long asteead o' bein' miserable like th' rest on 'em.

Soa one neet shoo wor lukkin' aght an' shoo saw Mistress Greeneye had gotten her blinds daan an' th' lamp leeted befoor th' usual time. "Oh!" shoo says to hersen, "ther's summat i' th' wind nah! Aw thowt aw should find summat aght in a bit," soa shoo crept cloise to th' winder an' shoo could hear ivvery word 'at wor sed. "Well, Tom," shoo heard Mistress Greeneye say, "tha's come to see me agean, has ta? Tha does reight to come when tha knows 'th maister's aght, for ther'd be a row if he should come an' catch thee here. But aw dooan't think it's me 'at tha loves, tha comes just for what tha can get. Nay, nay, behave thisen do! Tha'rt too big to sit o' mi knee, tha'd better get that stuff into thi an' get off afoor th' maister comes, an' aw expect him here ivvery minnit." Mary didn't wait to hear what Tom sed, but shoo pooasted hersen at th' end o' th' ginnel to wait for Greeneye an' give him a hint as he went in. Shoo hadn't long to wait for up he come wi' his empty dinner can swingin' in his hand.

"Come here, lad, for a minnit," shoo sed, "aw dunnot like to cause onny bother, especially between wed fowk, an' especially fowk 'at aw think soa mich on as aw think o' thee, but aw think it's mi duty when aw see a chap 'at's workin' hard ivvery day an' tryin' to mak his hooam comfortable an' keep all abaat him respectable, to tell him if aw see things gooin' on day after day 'at he knows nowt abaat, an' wodn't allaa if he did."

"What does ta meean, Mary? Aght wi' it?"

"Nay, aw'st say nowt noa moor it's noa affair o' mine, nobbut aw think a wed woman mud be makkin better use ov her time nor to be nursin' a chap on her knee an' stuffin' him wi' th' best ther is i' th' haase;

but yo have it amang yo an' yo mun settle it as yo like, awm ommost soary aw've spokken."

It didn't tak Greeneye a minnit to raich his door an' oppen it, an' he lukt raand rayther wildly but all he could see wor a breet fire, an' th' kettle singin' o' th' hob, an' a nice teah spread aght for him, an' his wife cleean an' tidy, wi' a smile on her face to welcome him hooam. He felt ashamed ov his suspicions an' he stammered aght, "Are ta be thisel?"

"Nay, ther's Tom here," shoo sed, as shoo stroked a grand black cat; "he's just come in to luk at me an' aw've been tellin' him tha'd play th' hangment if tha caught him here." He set daan to his teah an' if he didn't say swear he thowt it. Shoo saw ther wor summat to do wi' him but shoo ne'er bothered him. When he'd finished he jump't up an' goas to Mary's.

"Has yor Tom getten back throo his wark yet?" he ax'd her.

"Nay, he hasn't," shoo sed, "an' awm capt whativver's comed on him."

"If yo want to find him yo'd better goa to awr haase," he sed.

"Does ta meean to tell me 'at it wor my own felly 'at wor i' yor haase? But aw'll let him see! Aw'll scrat his een aght!" Away shoo flew an' Greeneye followed, "Whear's that taistrel?" shoo shaated aght, an' just then shoo saw her own cat, an' a thowt shot across her mind at shoo'd been a foil, soa shoo grabbed it up an' gave it a claat aside o' th' heead, an' sed shoo'd learn it better nor to keep her runnin' up an' daan a seekin' it. Poor Tom! But it did Greeneye gooid.

## Our Granny

**H**AVE you a Granny, reader? If not, I can pity you, poor as I am. Ah! there she sits, knit, knit, knit. What would all the family have to do for stockings if it was not for Granny? Buy them do you say? But where? There are no such stockings to be bought! 'Prejudice,' is it? Well, you just try. You don't believe there is anything saved by having stockings knit at home? Then I venture to hazard the statement that you have no Granny, or you don't know anything about the subject. Perhaps you'll try to convince me that Granny doesn't understand your ailments as well as a doctor,—and cannot enlighten your cook,—and doesn't know the history of all the respectable families in the neighbourhood,—or cannot soothe a fretful child, and doesn't know the exact shop where to purchase the very best article for the money! Is there one in the family circle that can ask for a blessing on the meal spread out, that carries to the heart such a strong conviction that it will be granted? Everybody ought to have a Granny. None so readily can reduce to submission the plague of the family, and into no other ear, when wearied and harrassed, can you pour forth your troubles and trials, and be sure of a willing listener. You say the wife. No! you are wrong. The wife has, as a rule, too much to battle with and worry herself about. She is willing to do all she can, but she has so many other things to grapple with, and she has not got to the period of serenity that will suffer her to placidly listen to a long list of things that interest her only

in just as much as she has affection for you. No, Granny is the one to depend upon. And when at night, the little ones kneel at her feet and repeat the simple prayer, unconscious oftentimes of its beauty or significance, her venerable head bowed low, her lips mutely moving as she inwardly repeats the prayer, seems to me to be a stepping stone from the unsophisticated child to the throne of grace. Ah, reader! A Granny is a blessed institution after all.

