

**THE AMERICAN GIRL OF
THE PERIOD: HER WAYS
AND VIEWS; PP. 10-158**

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The American Girl of the Period: Her Ways and Views; pp. 10-158 by Garry Gaines

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GARRY GAINES

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GIRL OF THE PERIOD:
HER WAYS AND VIEWS.

BY
GARRY GAINES.

"Some odds and ends,
With homely truths too trite to be sublime,
And many a moral scattered here and there,—
Not very new, nor yet the worse for wear."

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1878.

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TO

THOMAS HUBBARD, ESQ.,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,

AS AN INADEQUATE EXPRESSION OF RESPECT AND
ESTEEM.

couldn't dress better than they do. This is the second season Kate Smith has worn that black mohair, and anybody can see it's as old as the hills; and that hat Flora has on,—oh, dear! did anybody ever? I'll bet she trimmed it herself, for she's got that rose stuck on the front instead of the back, where it should be. And there's Mary Dean, with her everlasting old green silk on; I wish somebody would present her with another, for I'm sick and tired of seeing it. It has been ripped up and turned half a dozen times to my certain knowledge, and yet she hangs on to it. I wonder she didn't cut that flounce bias and put a velvet heading on it! And then she *will* persist in wearing her hair so ugly and plain,—not a crimp or a frizz about it. She says the present style is not becoming to her; but what of that? It's not becoming to one in a hundred; but one might as well be dead as out of the fashion. She certainly ought to dress better than she does, for she gives music-lessons; but they say she is such a greeny that she helps support the family with her earnings. How sweet that lace is on Mrs. Smart's polonaise! It must be so nice to have plenty of money and dress as elegantly as she does,—she must be perfectly happy.

I declare, if Jenny Jones isn't still wearing that same cloth sacque she got a year ago! Goodness! if my father was as rich as old Jones, you wouldn't catch me looking the way she does. I'd have a new

outfit every month in the year, and if he was too stingy to give me the money I'd run him in debt all over town; but the Jones girls are *so* odd, they don't seem to care a straw about dress. And that bonnet their mother wears! It looks as if old Mrs. Noah had owned it when she lived in the ark.

Oh, good! the choir are going to sing now. I hope they'll sing something pretty; but if they do pa will growl, as he did the last time they sang "When the swallows are returning." He says such church music is too operatic and hifalutin' for old people; that he don't believe in the way that latter-day Christians have of praising God by proxy, and having the music furnished by paid artists, and that in the cities they are often people of questionable character who perform this part of the service, and he thinks it is all wrong. He likes "Old Hundred" and "Dundee," and all those horrid old tunes, and wants the congregation to help do the singing; but, thank fortune! the old fogies have had their day, and nobody cares how much they complain.

I do wish that man in front of me would keep his head still,—he keeps it bobbing about so that I can't see whether Miss Brown's ruche is real Valenciennes or only imitation. What a heavenly scarf she has on! I'm bound to have one like it to wear to the dance to-morrow night; and I shan't ask pa, either; I'll just have it charged, and he'll find it out when he comes to settle the bill.

I suppose Mollie Bush imagines that she's cutting quite a dash with her new Irish poplin. What sweet fringe on it! it didn't cost a cent less than two dollars a yard, I'm certain. But with all her fine clothes nobody ever hears of her having a beau; and yet the poor thing seems tolerably contented, too. However, she always was a queer creature, and different from other girls. Humph! there's that largest Stokes girl with a new set of jewelry on. I'd like to know how they paid for it,—everybody knows her father is as poor as Lazarus.

There! I wonder who is that handsome stranger in Mr. Clark's pew? He's *awful* sweet,—has such lovely whiskers, and I'll warrant he's rich, for that's a splendid *solitaire* he has on his little finger. I wish I could manage to get acquainted with him,—he's looking right over this way now,—straight at me, I do believe! I wonder how I look? I'd like to get up a handkerchief flirtation with him, just for the fun of it, if pa wasn't watching. I don't see why he can't settle himself down for a nap during the sermon, as other men do; but asleep or awake he'll manage to keep one eye on me, just as if he was afraid to trust me out of his sight.

Dear me! I'm awful tired sitting here, and I've seen everything there is to be seen. I hope the sermon is nearly finished. I can't see any sense in a man preaching forever; they always seem to forget that there's such a thing as having too much of a good

thing. If he don't quit pretty soon I won't be able to stand it, for my new shoes pinch my feet awfully; besides, I want to get home to finish reading "The Angel Bride," for I've got to the most exciting part now, and I can hardly wait to see how it ends. It is the best book I ever read—the hero is *so* captivating, and the chapter that describes little Nellie's death is so touching. I nearly cried my eyes out over the description, till pa came in and said I would show more feeling by "helping my poor tired mother get dinner than to sit sniffing over a novel." Pa is *so* coarse, and hasn't a bit of sentiment!

I can hardly keep my eyes off of that handsome fellow—he's as pretty as a picture. And what delicate hands he has!—as white as a lady's. *He's* none of your mechanics, I'll bet.

Good! the preacher is through at last, and is going to pronounce the benediction. If I meet Joe Vance on my way home I shall treat him mighty cool: to think of his engaging himself to that quiet, stupid Jenny Jones, when he has been paying such marked attention to me all winter! Pa says a young man is willing to flirt and have a gay time with almost any girl, but when he comes to marry he don't want the girl who is always on the street and throws kisses to strangers, but selects the one who is modest and has domestic virtues and will make his home happy. What stuff!