

TURNING THE TABLES.

Breakfast had just been cleared away and the little sitting-room was very bright and cheerful in the yellow flood of the April sunshine.

She was a trim, compact little woman, with bright brown hair, and eyes to match, and a resolute mouth that some how carried out the expression of a nose that our French neighbors phrase "retrousse."

As she sat there selecting her pen, and across the silver top of her inkstand, the door opened very softly, and a round, full moon face appeared.

"Mrs. Haven, mem, if you please." "Yes," said Mrs. Haven, desecrating at once by the infallible barometer of a woman's ear the rising thunder storm in the domestic atmosphere below.

"It's not that you are not a kind mistress, mem," said the cook, twisting the hem of her checked apron, "and the wages is good, not to say company allowed once a week, and Sunday evening always ours; but there are some things flesh and blood cannot stand, no more they can't, mem, and I hain't no patience with such doin's, and if you please, suit yourself, mem, at a month's warnin'—"

"Why, cook, what is the matter?" "Some can abide meddlin' with, mem, and some can't; and if the barrel o' mackerel sets on the wrong corner, an' the sugar boxes ain't kept covered proper, it's the mistress should tell me of it, not the master, an' if Mr. Haven wants to be cook, mem, well and good; but I won't stay in the same kitchen."

And the cook flounced out, maltreating her apron, having had her say. Mrs. Haven flushed scarlet. She arose and went down stairs to the cellar, where her husband minus his coat, was endeavoring to move a huge washing machine.

"You see, Bridget," he called out, "this is the worst possible place the thing could stand in, and—why, Mary, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I," said Mrs. Haven. "I thought you had gone to your office, Henry?"

"I'm going presently," said Mr. Haven. "But you see, Mary, everything down here is by sixes and sevens. It's well I come down occasionally. Cook has no more economy than a wild savage, and Bridget puts everything where it shouldn't be. My dear, have you looked over the grocer's bill for a month?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Haven. "Well, it's quite alarming. There must be a leak somewhere; and that reminds me—the molasses keg is dripping at the rate of half pint a day."

"I'll see to it," she said. "But you don't see to it, mem, of your shelf—eggs, my dear, that are completely wasted, when eggs are five cents a piece!"

Mrs. Haven turned and went up stairs again, with a round, red spot glowing on either cheek, signal pennons of the disturbance within. She was not a faultless angel, any more than other women are, and she was very much out of temper, as she walked up and down the room with her hands behind her, and her brown eyes glittering with an ominous sparkle.

"Mary, have you seen my memorandum book?" asked her husband, while he pulled off his gloves.

"No, I have not. Probably you will find it on the pantry shelf, or under Bridget's machine," answered Mary, shortly.

"Now puss, you are out of temper," said Mr. Haven, good humoredly, "and how very unreasonable that is of you."

"Henry," said Mrs. Haven, lying one hand appealingly on his shoulder, and looking up in his face, "you don't know how it annoys and mortifies me to have you interfere in my domestic affairs."

"Aren't we a firm, Henry Haven & Wife?" he asked, coolly; "and are not our interests identical?"

"Yes; but Henry Haven has his department, and his wife ought to have hers."

"That's all nonsense, my love." "Henry, you will oblige me by leaving these domestic concerns to my own management."

"I would do much to oblige you; my dear Mary, but I shall not concede that point," he said, as he took his departure, leaving Mrs. Haven very indignant and meditative.

Bridget's voice broke with Celtic accent upon her reverie.

"Please, ma'am, I found this little black book behind the flour barrel."

"Thank you, Bridget, it is Mr. Haven's."

She glanced mechanically at its pages as Bridget disappeared. The column devoted to that day was full of closely written memoranda.

"See Kartwyn & Daley about the house in 12th street; do not let them have it for \$1200. Call at McAllister's and order the green oil cloth instead of the buff one for the office floor. Tell Martin to proceed at once with the suit of Russell vs. Russell. Remind clerk not to settle tailor's bill—alteration to be made first. Go halves with Jordan as

lot opposite Central Park—" Thus indefinitely.

Mary Haven read the words without much interest, but presently her eyes brightened, and a roguish suspicion of a smile began to tremble around her resolute lips.

"I am very glad I found this memorandum book," she thought. "Let me see—Henry told me he was going to Brooklyn in the morning, there will be plenty of time."

She glanced at her watch and rang the bell.

"Bridget, you will step around the corner and tell them to send a carriage for me immediately."

Her bonnet and shawl were on long before the vehicle arrived, and she employed the surplus time to jotting down various addresses from the directory.

When at length the carriage arrived, she took her seat with the self-possession of a queen.

"Drive to Kartwyn & Daley's, No. 123—street."

Mr. Kartwyn came to his office door, a dried up little lawyer, much astonished at the unexpected apparition of a pretty woman in a carriage.

"Good morning, Mr. Kartwyn!" said Mary calmly. "I am Mrs. Haven. I called to let you know that you could have the house on 12th street for a thousand dollars a year. I suppose you are aware that the property belongs to me!"

Mr. Kartwyn bowed low, delighted with the bargain he was about to secure.

"And now drive to McAllister's carpet store," said Mrs. Haven.

She walked in with cool self-possession.

"Mr. Haven has concluded to take the buff oil cloth," she said.

Mr. McAllister stared, but entered the order in his books.

"I will have it sent around immediately."

"Now the tailor," thought Mary.

Snip & Scissors had an elegant establishment on a side street, just out of Broadway. Mary walked up to the counter calmly.

"Mr. Haven's bill, receipted, if you please."

The tailor presents the document, which was promptly paid.

"Where now, ma'am," said the driver.

"Mr. Jordan's Real Estate Agency, opposite—street."

"Ah, Mrs. Haven, is it you?" said the agent, cheerfully. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"Nothing, thanks," said Mary graciously. "I came around to tell you that my husband has thought better of the Central Park lot. He will not take half."

"All right," said Jordan. "Smith and Parker are only waiting for the chance. I'll let them know immediately."

"I don't think I've done quite mischief enough," said Mrs. Haven to herself. "I'll go down to the office now, turn the stove around and have Jack rearrange the law books."

At her husband's office in a narrow, downtown street.

About one hour subsequently Mr. Haven sauntered into the establishment of Kartwyn & Daley.

"About that 12th street lease, Mr. Kartwyn?"

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "A thousand dollars is a very fair price. I don't at all object to giving it."

"Who the duce is talking about a thousand dollars?" demanded the puzzled Haven. "I don't mean to let you have it a cent short of fifteen hundred?"

The lawyer looked amazed.

"Mrs. Haven was here this morning, and told me it was her property, and I could have it for a thousand dollars!"

"Mrs. Haven!" echoed the astonished husband. "But really, you know this is quite unbusiness like?"

"I don't know whether it is or not," returned the lawyer stiffly. "I only know that Mrs. Haven spoke before witnesses, and that the property is undeniably hers!"

Mr. Haven retreated from the field, vanquished but chafing.

At the door of the carpet store McAllister met him.

"It's all right, sir, the oil cloth is half way down by this time!"

"Which oil cloth?"

"The buff one, sir; cheap goods. Mrs. Haven was here and ordered it some time since."

"The mischief she did!" "I hope there's no mistake, sir?" asked the dealer anxiously.

"No—no," returned honest Henry, disconsolately, adding to himself as he turned away, "What has got into Mary? is she crazed?"

All things considered, it was not strange that Mr. Haven was in no amiable humor by the time he reached Snip & Scissors.

"I'd like to know what you mean by sending home such garments?" he demanded impudently. "I won't wear 'em, unless they are made over completely, nor will I pay the bill!"

the face at every step. Of course, there was no remonstrance to be made, however, and the discomfited husband left the establishment.

"I'll stop in at Jordan's any way," he thought, "and secure that lot; it will be a capital speculation."

Mr. Jordan was standing whistling in front of his gate with both hands in his pockets. He looked up as Henry Haven entered.

"Well, old fellow?" "Suppose we clear up this business about that Central Park lot," said Haven, carelessly. "I don't think I can do any better."

"Your decision comes too late," said Jordan, shrugging his shoulders. "I signed over to Smythe and Parker half an hour ago."

"And by whose authority?" Mr. Haven's brow was darkening.

"Mrs. Haven's. She was here a little while since, and told me you would not take the half lot."

Mr. Haven bit his lips! This was really growing a little provoking. He left the real estate office abruptly, and went directly to his own place.

But had he not been tolerably certain of his own number, he would not have recognized the rooms. Two men were on their knees, diligently hammering down the hard buff oil cloth. Jack, the office boy, had turned the stove around, so that its iron elbow projected into your face, very much as it would have said, "Take my arm!" And Mrs. Haven sat at his desk sorting and arranging papers with industry.

Mrs. Haven looked up.

"Yes, my dear; Jones vs. Brown, he belongs on the left hand pile. Really, Henry, the confusion of your papers is appalling!"

"Confusion, madam! I tell you they are in the most perfect order, or, rather, they were before you got hold of them. Where are my law books?"

"Oh; I put them in the closet, the bindings were so dirty, and the directories and handbooks looked so very much brighter!"

"Mary, are you crazy? It is scarcely becoming for a woman thus to usurp her husband's place!"

"We are a firm, my dear, at least so you told me this morning—Henry Haven & Wife—and therefore our interests are identical."

"Yes, but—" "Consequently," went on Mary, mimicking her husband's rather pompous voice of the morning, "I shall beg the privilege of interfering whenever I deem it advisable."

Mr. Haven looked frowningly at his wife, but the wrinkles vanished out of his forehead at the smiling sunshine of Mary's eyes.

"My dear," said he, "it is rather late to transact any more business to-day. Shall we walk home together?"

And Mr. Haven must have left his interference principles at the door. Neither husband nor wife ever alluded to the subject again, but Mr. Haven was cured of his one bad habit. Mary's single stratagem was worth a thousand remonstrances.

ANECDOTE OF THIERS.

A very amusing story is going the rounds of Paris now, said to have been told of himself by President Thiers at one of his last receptions. M. Thiers was walking one morning lately alone in the new camp which he has established near Versailles at Ville neuve' Etang. He saw a soldier stationed on guard and at the moment vigorously engaged in eating bread and cheese.

"Good morning, mon garcon," said M. Thiers.

"Good morning, ma petite vieille," (my little-old woman) replied the soldier.

"Eh bien! You don't get tired, do you, of your camp life?"

"That depends on the hour. At present not. I am off duty and am eating my bread and cheese, as you see."

"And the camp bread, it's good, isn't it? I find it far superior to that they gave us before."

"Tiens! Do you eat it? What are you, then? Are you an oil merchant or a hospital nurse?"

"Better than that," replied M. Thiers. "Bah! Then you're a second lieutenant."

"Better than that."

"Captain?"

"Better than that."

"General?"

"Better than that; I'm the President of the Republic."

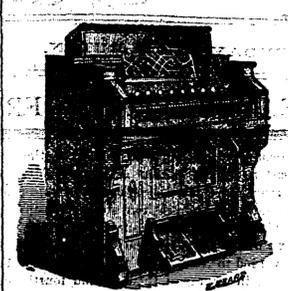
"You are Thiers? Saurezvous! Then quick, hold my bread and cheese so I can present arms to you!"

SOMEbody of a statistical turn is puzzled to account for the great surplus of births over deaths in 1872. We suppose the reason is because it is cheaper, for a man can be born for much less than he can be buried. And a penny saved is a penny earned.

A PITTSBURGH man has invented a new tombstone. It is of iron, cast in the right shape, with grooves or rests, for marble tablets. They can be manufactured at a price that will give the poorest of us two or three changes of tombstones apiece.

A DANBURY man said he has read of beggars dying with stockings full of silver, but the only beggars he ever saw had real estate in theirs.

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