

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Only the same old story, told in a different strain: Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain: Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

PUTTING THE BABY ASLEEP.

BY MRS. M. L. MORRISON.

Mrs. Dewry paused in the pretty little room to adjust her bonnet before the mirror, which mirror reflected a fire lit, white curtained nest, where a babe slept in his pink draped crib, and a young girl sat sewing among the house plants by the window.

"You'll have no trouble, Doll," she said for the hundredth time, "if you keep the room quiet. This is his first nap to-day, and probably he won't wake until I return."

Doll nodded, afraid to trust her voice in an atmosphere where sounds were so pregnant of disaster. Mrs. Dewry gave the bonnet one last criticism and went softly out. Doll was alone with her responsibility. This was the first infant in the family since her own babyhood, and she was unprepared for the change.

"Oh, hush!" whispered poor Doll, admitting the guilty party, who proved to be the washwoman, with the clean clothes on her head and an offended face. "Is Mrs. Dewry here?" shouted the woman, "I've brought them sheets she accused me of stealing—"

"Oh, don't! The baby!" It was too late. The cradle had resolved itself into a commotion of flying legs and arms. Doll found the baby and began to walk up and down the room, singing—

"Go, go away, washwoman, go. Come, come, some other day, Mrs. Dewry's gone!"

Then in an authoritative tone—"I can't talk to you now. Leave the clothes and go."

"Go, go, washwoman, go! Auntie Dollie can't talk, talk now."

"Well, I want you should tell her I brought them sheets," pursued the Xantippe in the dulcet tones of a savage on the war path. "Next time she talks of stealing—"

For an amiable person, Doll closed the door with considerable emphasis. Singing and walking, she tranquilized her small tyrant, and there ensued an interval of rest. Bang—crash—tumble—clatter! The bundle of clothes had rolled off a chair into a work basket and filled a china cuspidor with scissors and thread.

The cradle resembled a windmill. Poor Doll tugged out the motive power, and with very flushed face continued her vocal and pedestrian exercises. Half an hour elapsed ere "jocund peace" reigned once again. She had just laid the heavy little head on its pillow when "ring!" went the door bell. Doll shut her lips together.

"That won't wake him if I don't walk around and talk to any one. Sister isn't at home, and I won't be, either."

"Ring!" went the bell with greater emphasis. "I'll try and be perfectly quiet," thought Doll. "I've read that that is what the American women need to learn, to be quiet, to just be perfectly still and rest their nerves. I'll go on with my sewing and pretend I'm not worried. I'll think—let me see, I'll think of Ruskin. Why should he have gone mad? I don't suppose he was ever left with a sleeping baby in a settlement of dancing Indians. Gracious!"

"Ting-ling-ling-ling!" It must be those boys again after their chicken. They've been here three times after the thing, and that's just the way they ring.

The cradle began to sway. "Go away?" said Doll, opening the window a little. "I know who you are, and I don't want to see you. Go right away this minute!"

Steps passed off the porch, and Doll sank back, happy but exhausted. "I didn't breathe again until you came," she declared to her sister. "I never was so glad to see you in my life."

"I shouldn't wonder if there were some one in town whom you'd be more glad to see," laughed her brother in law. "I saw Harry Burton on the hotel steps this afternoon."

Doll colored happily. At home there was a crowd of young people, her own brothers and sisters and their friends, and Harry had whispered, at parting, "I never can see you alone here. I'm going over to Granger for one quiet evening." And she knew what happiness would come to her when that "quiet evening" befell. But she had never hoped that he would come so soon.

"He'll be here to-night," predicted Mrs. Dewry with delightful cheerfulness. "Nurse will be back, and I'll leave baby

with her, and James and I will go to the revival."

It was still early when Mrs. Dewry, gloved and bonneted, rushed into the lighted parlor where her sister sat dreaming.

"Oh, Doll, get your hat, quick! Harry Burton's at church with that Blodgett girl from home. I wouldn't have you miss going for the world! He will think you're staying home for him."

"I'm not—I wouldn't. Oh, where's my shawl?" she cried. Her hands grew suddenly cold; she felt excited. So great was the shock that, save for a physical sickness, she felt exhilarated, as though something good had happened.

They hurried across the street. The church was only a short distance from the house. Mr. Dewry was waiting for them outside.

"There's such a crowd I'm afraid you'll not find a seat," he said anxiously. However, an usher guided them up the thronged, brilliantly lighted aisle to a half filled pew. Doll's ears were ringing. She felt blind and moved mechanically. It was not until she was seated that she became conscious of a well known hand holding a hymnal close beside her. She turned quickly; her shawl was brushing the arm of Harry Burton. How white and set his face was, and he made no motion of recognition.

"It is because he thinks that I'll be jealous," thought Doll. "I'll show him that I don't care enough to behave in any unusual way. Good evening, Harry," she whispered.

He turned such a peculiar face toward her that she felt it to be a question. "What surprises you?" she asked. "Didn't you know I was in the city?"

He bent his head, but did not speak. She knew that he would not have done so under any circumstances; his respect for his faith had always held him silent in the house of worship.

It was the strangest evening of her life. To be with Harry, and yet to know that he was with another! There seemed something tragic in finding the hymns for herself with Harry so close. A lump rose in her throat, until she found difficulty in singing. But gradually the solemnity of the place overcame her sense of individuality, and she forgot, in the enthusiasm of the hour, the ache of her own girlish heart.

The last hymn was sung, the vast congregation had risen, and Doll, suddenly recalled to earthly pangs, had turned toward the aisle, when she felt a familiar hand adjusting her shawl. Harry had forgotten that his attentions for the evening should have been given to another. Half his life he had been Doll's escort; the little checked blue shawl was as familiar to him as his own hat, and seemed as natural for him to take care of. Doll caught a glimpse of his companion standing awkwardly alone.

"You have forgotten Miss Blodgett," she whispered. "But I want to see you. I must see you for a moment," he answered. "Come over to sister's after you take her home. I'll wait on the porch."

"You haven't an ounce of pride," scolded Mrs. Dewry. "How could I?" replied Doll, with a gentle face. "It's only Harry, and one doesn't feel angry at anything after such a meeting."

She had not long to wait before a tall, dark form appeared at the gate. "Why don't you come in?" asked Doll in surprise. "Do you want me to? May I?"

"May you! Why, of course! How strangely you act and speak!" "Why shouldn't I, after you've ordered me off the premises once to-day?"

Doll gave a little cry and ran down the steps toward him. "Oh, Harry Burton—you don't—you can't mean that it was you who rang the bell this afternoon?"

"You told me that you knew who it was," he replied. Mrs. Dewry woke her sleepy husband. "Just listen," she gasped. "What can those two be laughing about? Doll don't think of waking the baby now."

But, good sister that she was, she was awake when Doll paused at her door, and came out in the hall to be kissed and confided in.

"It's all settled," whispered Doll. "We're to be married the last of next month, and I'm to go home at once to get ready."

"But what is the object of such haste?" Doll stifled a laugh. "Harry says he wants me away from here as soon as possible. He's afraid I'll ruin my temper putting the baby to sleep."

They Go in at the Roof. Swift & Co., the great Chicago dressed meat concern, have built a new slaughter house at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago, which is a marked novelty in structures of this sort. Instead of receiving the cattle on the ground floor they are driven to the roof of a four story building by means of a long incline. On this roof there are 24 large pens, with a capacity for accommodating 1,000 head of cattle at one time. The roof is laid with block pavement and is made perfectly tight by the use of tar and cement. The slaughtering is done upon the upper floor, the various steps in the dressing of the meat taking the carcass downward until it reaches the ground floor cooled and ready for shipment.

As to Looking One in the Eye. There is an old theory that a man is not to be trusted who will not look one straight in the eye. Yet this power of habit depends far more upon the amount of self esteem or natural courage which one possesses than upon guilt or innocence. A rascal may be either shame-faced or brazen. One of the latter sort could look the recording angel in the face without the quiver of an eyelash while committing the most atrocious crime.—[Harper's Bazar.

"How did you get along with Miss Green?" "Why, I said nothing and she talked; at the end of the conversation she announced that we were—engaged." —[Fliegende Blatter.

MAN AND WIFE ARE TWO.

JUDGE ARNOLD SHATTERS THE OLD MARRIAGE LAW.

A Decision of Interest—The Man and Woman Are United, but They Are Not Welded as of Old—An American Decision Similar to English Procedure.

If the opinion of Judge Arnold, of the court of common pleas No. 4 of Pennsylvania, is correct, the old idea that man and wife are one is likely to be overthrown in our jurisprudence. In an opinion just handed down the judge, in treating upon the rights existing between husband and wife under the marriage law, takes occasion to distinctly throw down the old idea in the following words:

"The plaintiff claims witness' fees for his wife, the defendant objects; and hence the appeal. The question is new, because the law admitting husband and wife to testify for but not against each other is new. But in the few cases in which a party may be excluded from testifying his wife is also excluded. This is not because of any supposed unity of husband and wife, for it is manifest that as witnesses they are two in number, but because of their identity of interest and the policy of the law. A husband joined for conformity in a suit by his wife prior to the married person's property act of June 3, 1887, can not recover witness' fees, because he is a party. No one who is a party can have witness' fees, whether he has an interest in the suit or not.

"The law now regards the unity of husband and wife as an obsolete legal fiction, and it has accommodated itself to that fact. The old rule of law that on a gift to a man and his wife and a third person, the man and wife together took only half the property, and the third person took the other half, is abolished by the modern legislation in regard to married persons. Each takes a third now. Statute laws recognize that husband and wife are two persons in substantial matters. The act of June 3, 1887, recognizes the customs and habits of the people, and declares these customs to be lawful. The common law was the customary law of the people, declared by the judges. It was the best statesmanship, the faculty to observe what was needed and then to grant it.

"There was a time when husband and wife were one in the eye of the law. The husband on marriage took all his wife's horses, cattle, sheep, and oxen. He could chastise her—moderately, say the books—but if he does it now he will be punished as a wife beater. A wife was a helpmate indeed. She spun yarn, wove cloth, made frocks and breeches, and was generally merged into her husband's pocket, if not into his person. Women who bring out the spinning wheels of their ancestors, or buy them if they have them not, exhibit a badge of woman's bondage. Now husband and wife wear clothes made and bought in stores. In olden time there were no bazaars and grand depots and establishments of smaller size in which all that is worn by man or woman can be bought.

"Formerly married women were under an actual disability to buy goods and make contracts; now they are not, except that the law of this State, in its transition state, still puts the burden on the storekeeper to prove and for judges and juries to decide that the articles sold by him to women were necessary for her, overlooking the fact that the best judge of what is necessary for a woman, sound in mind, body and estate, is herself. Her disability in this respect is changed into a privilege to get and keep all she can, with an immunity from liability except for necessities. The next legislation will change this, no doubt, as it has been changed in England and nearly all the States.

"As there is no policy of law violated by allowing witness fees to a wife in a suit by her husband if she is a material witness, we think the allowance of her fees by the Prothonotary is proper in this case. Whether she was a material witness is a question for the taxing officer to determine. The affidavit of a party that a witness is material is not conclusive, but it may be overcome by proof. The materiality of testimony is always open to inquiry. Appeal dismissed."

Gladstone Wisdom.

Here is a message from Mr. Gladstone to young men: "Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with you to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say nothing succeeds like success. Effort—honest, manful, humble effort—succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success; which, indeed, too easily won and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Be thorough in all you do. Work onward and work upward, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors."

A New Esop Fable.

A chicken only a few days old found an earth worm—fat, crinkly, and shining, and much longer than himself. After spending a long time and tiring himself all out in running about to find a corner where he could enjoy his prize alone, but continually tripped up by stepping upon his wriggling victim, he at last stepped upon it once too often, broke it in two, and had the greater part of it snapped up by another chicken. Hec fabula docet—a reasonable amount of wealth is better than too much.

The artistic and fashionable Mme. Lierre (Lady Granville), dressmaker and milliner, of London, thus speaks of her American patrons: "They are easy to please, pay their bills promptly, and never dispute prices; in short, they are my best customers."

Oscar Wild has not abandoned estheticism entirely, it seems, as he dines now in a white room with a shelf upon the wall and no furniture except the table and chairs, while the drawing room has settees with high white backs and sage green cushions.

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