

A MISCHIEVOUS SIGH.

Betty sighed. Now why she should have sighed at this particular moment no one on earth could tell. And it was all the more exasperating because John had just generously put into her little shapely hand a brand new ten dollar bill. And here began the trouble.

"What's the matter?" he said, his face falling at the faint sound, and his mouth clapping together in what those who knew him but little called an "obstinate pucker."

"Now what's it?"

Betty, who had just begun to change the sigh into a merry little laugh rippling all over the corners of her lips, stopped suddenly, tossed her head, and, with a small jerk no way conciliating, sent out the words:

"You needn't insinuate, John, that I'm always troublesome!"

"I didn't insinuate—who's talking of insinuating?" cried he, thoroughly incensed at the very idea, and backing away a few steps, he glared down from his tremendous height in extreme irritation. "It's yourself that's forever insinuating and all that, and then for you to put it on me—it's really abominable!"

The voice was harsh, and the eyes that looked down into hers were not pleasant to behold.

"And if you think, John Peabody, that I'll stand and have such things said to me, you miss your guess—that's all!" cried Betty. "Forever insinuating! I guess you wouldn't have said that before I married you!"

"Didn't you say it first, I'd like to know?" cried John in great excitement.

"I can't endure everything!"

"And if you bear more than I do?" cried Betty, wholly beyond control now,



"Didn't you say it first, I'd like to know?"

"Why, then I'll give up," and she gave a bitter little laugh and tossed her head again.

Here they were in the midst of a quarrel! These two, who, but a year before, had promised to love and protect and help each other through life!

"Now," said John, "we'll have no more of this nonsense!"

His face was very pale, and the line around the mouth so drawn that it would

have gone to any one's heart to have seen their expressions.

"I don't know how you will change it, or help it," said Betty, lightly, to conceal her dismay at the turn affairs had taken. "I'm sure" and she pushed back the light, waving hair from her forehead with a saucy, indifferent gesture.

Her gesture struck to his heart as he glanced at her sunny locks and the cool, indifferent face underneath, and before he knew it he was saying:

"There is no help for it now, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Betty, still in the cool, calm way that ought not to have deceived him. "You needn't try to endure it, John Peabody, if you don't want to. I'm sure I don't care!"

"What do you mean?"

Her husband grasped her arms and compelled the merry brown eyes to look up to him.

"I can go back to mother's," said Betty provokingly. "She wants me any day, and then you can live quietly and live to suit yourself, and it will be better all around."

Instead of bringing out a violent protestation of fond affection and remorse, which she fully expected, John drew himself up, looked at her fixedly for a long, long minute, then dropped her arms, and said through white lips very slowly:

"Yes, it may be as you say, better all around. You know best," and was gone from the room before she could recover from her astonishment enough to utter a sound.

With a wild cry Betty rushed across the room, first tossing the ten dollar bill savagely as far as she could throw it,

and, flinging herself on the comfortable old sofa, broke into a flood of bitter tears—the first she had shed during her married life.

"If he knew why I sighed," she moaned. "Oh, my husband! Birthdays, nothing will make any difference now. Oh, why can't I die?"

How long she stayed there, crouched down on the old sofa, she never knew.

Over and over the dreadful scene she went, realizing its worst features each time in despair, until heavy footsteps proclaimed that someone was on the point of breaking in upon her uninvited, and a voice in the little kitchen cried:

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herself and remove all traces of her trouble.

The visitor was the worst possible one she could have under the circumstances. Crowding herself on terms of the closest intimacy with the pretty bride, who with her husband had moved into the village a twelvemonth previous, Miss Elvira Simmons had made the very most of her opportunities, and by dint of making great parade over helping her in some domestic work, such as house-keeping, dressmaking and the like, the maiden lady had managed to slip her other vocation, that of news-gatherer, at one and the same time pretty effectually.

She always called her by her first name, though Betty resented it; and she made a great handle of her friendship on every occasion, making John rage violently and vow a thousand times the "old maid" should walk!

But she never had—and now, scenting dimly, like a carrion after its prey, that trouble might come to the pretty little white house, the make-mischief had come to do her work if devastation had really commenced.

"Been crying?" she said. "Only folks do say that you and your husband don't live happy—but ha! I wouldn't mind—I know 'tain't your fault."

Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to this? John and she not to live happily! To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful scene of words and hot tempers; but had it gotten around so soon—a story in everybody's mouth? With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth. So Miss Simmons, falling in that, was forced to go on.

"An' I tell folks so," she said, rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words, "when they git to talkin', so you can't blame me if things don't go easy for you, I'm sure."

"You tell folks so?" repeated Betty, vaguely. "What? I don't understand you."

"Why, that the blame is all his'n," cried the old maid, exasperated at her strange mood and her dullness. "I say, says I, why they couldn't no one live with him, let alone that pretty wife he's got. That's what I say, Betty. And then, I tell 'em what a queer man he is, how cross, and—"

And you dare to tell people such things of my husband?" cried Betty, drawing herself up to her extreme height, and towering so over the old woman in the chair that she jumped in confusion at the storm she had raised, and stared blindly into the blazing eyes and face of indignation. Her only thought was how to get away from the storm she had raised, but could not stop.

But she was forced to stay, for Betty stood just in front of the chair, and blocked up the way, so she slunk back into the smallest corner of it and took it as best she could.

"My husband!" cried Betty. "The best, the kindest, the noblest husband that ever was given to a woman. I've made him more trouble than you can guess; my hot temper has vexed him—I've been cross, impatient, and—"

"Hold!" cried a voice, "you're talking against my wife!" and in a moment big John Peabody rushed through the door, grasped the little woman in his arms, and folded her to his heart.

"Oh!" said Miss Simmons, sitting up straight and setting her spectacles more firmly.

"And now that you've learned all that you can," said John, turning round to her, still holding Betty, "why—you may go!"

The chair was vacant. A dissolving view through the door was all that was to be seen of the gossip, who started up the road hurriedly, leaving peace behind.

"Betty," said John, some half hour afterward, "what was the sigh for? I don't care now, but I did think, dear,



"Hold! You're talking against my wife!" and it cut me to the heart, how you might have married richer. I longed to put ten times ten into your hand, Betty, and it galled me because I couldn't."

Betty smiled and twisted away from his grasp.

Running into the bed room she presently returned, still smiling, with a bundle wrapped up in a clean towel.

This she put on her husband's knee, who stared at her wonderingly.

"I didn't mean," she said, unpinning the bundle, "to let it out now but to-morrow is your birthday."

"So 'tis!" said John. "Gracious! has it come round so soon?"

"And you, dear boy," said Betty, shaking out before his eyes a pretty brown affair, all edged with silk of the bluest shade, that presently assumed the proportions of a dressing-gown, "this is to be your present. But you must be dreadfully surprised, John, when you get it, for oh, I didn't want you to know!"

John made the answer he thought best. When he spoke again, he said, perplexedly, while a small pucker of bewilderment settled between his eyes:

"But I don't see, Betty, what this thing," laying one finger on the dressing-gown "had to do with the sigh."

"That," said Betty, and then she broke into a merry laugh that got so mixed up with the dimples and the dancing brown eyes that for a moment she could not finish.

"Oh, John, I was worrying so over those buttons! They weren't so good, but they were the best I could do then. And I'd only bought them yesterday. Two whole dozen."

"And when you put that ten dollar bill in my hand I didn't hardly know it, but I suppose I did give one little bit of a sigh, for I was so provoked that I hadn't waited buying them till to-day."

John caught up the little woman, dressing-gown and all, and—

I don't think they have ever quarrelled since—at least I have never heard of it.

HOUSEHOLD.

GERMAN TOAST.

Cut in thin slices a loaf of bread, soak half an hour in sweet milk; beat two eggs, a small spoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of cornstarch in milk, and after taking the slices out of the milk dip them in this mixture and fry brown; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

SNOW PUDDING.—One-half a box of gelatine in a pint of water; when dissolved and nearly cold beat briskly with the whites of four eggs two cups of coffee sugar, the juice of a lemon; make a custard of the yolks and pour over it; add the grated rind of the lemon to the custard.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two cups of water, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of shortening, one quart of sifted flour two tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar and one tablespoonful of salt. Flavor to taste.

OATMEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—To a pint bowl of cold oatmeal mush, stir in about half a cup of hot water (use only enough to moisten it and beat it smooth) add three eggs, beaten light; add cold milk to make a thin batter, one teaspoon of baking powder, one-half cup of flour; if they break in baking add more flour. Bake on a griddle.

ROAST PIGEONS.—Pick, draw, and truss them, keeping on the feet; chop the liver with some parsley, add crumbs of bread, pepper, salt and a little butter; put this dressing inside; split open one of the legs and slip the other through it; skewer and roast for half an hour baste them well with butter. Serve with bread sauce.

How to prevent the breakage of glass jars in canning.—Now in fruit canning season, the women of the household, to whom we are so deeply indebted for the good things we eat, should be told that the trouble so many of them take in warming glass cans before putting hot fruit into them to prevent breaking is all needless, that in fact, it results in breaking more than it saves. By placing the cold can on a wet rag taken from a dish of cold water it may be filled with fruit boiling hot without the least danger of breakage. The only requisite is that the cloth be fully saturated—and with cold water.

KALTE SHALE OF APRICOTS.—Choose a number of fine, ripe apricots peel, halve, and cut one-half of them in fine slices, which stew with fine sugar the other half you can rub raw (or previously cooked in sugar and water) through a sieve; break the stones, blanch the kernels, boil them in sugar and water and pound them to a paste, and mix the whole with a bottle of white wine and a little water; if not sweet enough add sugar to taste, and the slices of apricot and ice all together. These kalte shales are served usually at the beginning of dinner or luncheon instead of soup, and in summer are very refreshing. Slices of bread strewn with sugar and glazed in the oven, or fried in butter are generally offered as an accompaniment.

CUCUMBER SALAD.—A refreshing variety of salad to be eaten along with cold meat, is made of cucumbers and onions. The cucumbers are to be pared and then sliced crosswise as thinly as possible; one or two large ones are sliced in the same manner and mixed with the sliced cucumbers; the whole put into salt water; this water at once extracts the juice; when in this and dish, they are to be well peppered and half covered with good wine or cider vinegar, a little olive oil may be added if liked. This salad may also be frozen and served with boiled fish.

How to restore the rubber rings of cans.—The rubber rings by the use of which fruit cans are made air-tight after being used become hard and unyielding, so much so that fruit seldom keeps as well as when used the second time. Though new ones cost but little it is not always convenient to get them. Every one should know that the elasticity of the old ones can be restored, and that they can be made as good as new by baking them half an hour in a mixture of ammonia and water—two-thirds ammonia and one-third water. Try it.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—Warm and squeeze the berries, add to one pint of juice one pound of white sugar one-half ounce of powdered cinnamon one-fourth ounce of mace, two teaspoonfuls of cloves. Boil all together for one-fourth of an hour strain the syrup and to each pint add a glass of French brandy. Two or three doses of a tablespoonful or less will check any slight diarrhoea. When the attack is violent give a tablespoonful after each discharge until the complaint is in subjection. It will arrest dysentery if given in season, and is a pleasant and safe remedy.

PLUM PRESERVES.—Allow equal quantities of sugar and fruit; add water to make a rich syrup; boil and pour over the plums; let stand over night, drain off the syrup and boil half an hour, pour over the plums and put in glass jars.

PEAR PRESERVES.—Peel cut in halves, core and weigh; allow three quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, when done skim out the fruit and put in glass jars. Boil the syrup low, pour over and seal.

BEAN SOUP.—Take one bean, thoroughly washed in two buckets of water, one stock of parsley thoroughly washed in three buckets of water, chopped fine and seasoned to taste. This is

highly recommended for dyspeptic people. Try a dish and be convinced.

TIPPLING DOGS.

A correspondent writes: I have known many dogs that would readily drink beer or port, and seemingly thoroughly enjoy it. I knew two terriers belonging to men in a dragoon guard regiment who would absolutely get helplessly drunk and have to be carried home from the canteen. One of the dogs in particular was fond of fighting when in his cups, but in his sober senses was very good tempered. I well remember one night this dog was bitten in a fight by another, and his owner said it was not fair, a his dog was too drunk to fight. This statement seemed almost incredible, but having been in the regiment I can vouch for the facts. It was scarcely safe to put your can of beer out of your hand while in the canteen; some dog would be sure to help himself to drink out of it.

Another correspondent says that the well-known bull-terrier Victor was a beer-drinker. I knew, he says, the dog's drinking propensities when he was the property of Mr. C. Chorley, who at that time kept a public house at B. Wineson-Windermere. Possibly it was here the champion took to his dissipated habits for as a matter of fact, he would drink beer until he became quite intoxicated, when falling asleep and keeping so until morning, he would awake and appear quite uneasy until his master brought him round with a glass of mild and bitter. Mr. Chorley, however then told me that Victor, preferred the bitter for choice. While under the influence of liquor the old dog became quite docile and amiable, which he certainly was not when out of his cups.—London Field.

OLD AGE.

A medical man compares an old man to an old wagon; with light leading and careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Many people reach the age of fifty or sixty or seventy measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone, broken with ease mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, and hour of heating work an evening of exposure to rain or sun, or a severe chill, an excess of food, an unusual indulgence of appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine—any of these or similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.—Scottish American.

AN OLD PRINTER

Major Gilbert, of Palmyra, N. Y. who is well-known as the compositor of the first Mormon bible, celebrated his eighty sixth birthday the other day by doing a good day's work at the case in the office of the "Palmyra Courier." He is hale and hearty, and delights in the fact that he still can set as good a proof as most any younger man. He saved the first sheet of the book of mormonism printed from each form and preserved in the Book until a short time ago, when he sold it for \$500.

By the burning of a theater at Richmond, Va., Dec. 26, 1811, a large number of people lost their lives among them being the Governor of the state.

It has been calculated that if 32,000,000 people should clasp hands, they could reach around the globe. Very likely, but some of them would get their feet very wet.

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The federal system was introduced into England by William the Conqueror about 1070.

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News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. Price 50 and \$1.00.

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