

Tell Your Wife.

"TELL your wife!" said Aaron Little, speaking aloud, yet to himself, in a half-amused, half-troubled way. "Tell my wife, indeed! Much good that will do! What does she know about business, and money matters, and the tricks of trade? No, no; there's no hope there."
And Aaron Little sat musing with a perplexed countenance. He held a newspaper in his hand, and his eyes had just been lingering over a paragraph, in which the writer suggested to business men in trouble, the propriety of consulting their wives.
"All a very nice theory," said Aaron Little, tossing the newspaper from him, and leaning back in his chair, "But it won't do in my case. Tell Betsy! Yes, I'd like to see myself doing it." A man must be hard pushed indeed, when he goes home to consult his wife on business affairs.
And so Aaron Little dismissed the subject. He was in considerable doubt and perplexity of mind. Things had not gone well with him for a year past. Dull business and bad debts had left affairs in rather an unpromising condition. He could not see his way clear for the future. Taking trade as it had been for the past six months, he could not imagine how, with the resources at his command, his matured payments were to be made.
"I must get more capital," he said to himself. "That is plain. And with more capital must come a partner. I do not like partnerships. It is difficult for two men to work together harmoniously. Then you may get entangled with a rogue. It's a risky business. But I see no other way out of this trouble. My own capital is too light for the business I am doing, and as a measure of safety more must be brought in. Lawrence is anxious to join me, and he says he can command ten thousand pounds. I don't like him in all respects; he is a little too fond of pleasure. But I want his money more than his aid in business. He might remain a silent partner if he chose. I'll call and see him this very night and have a talk on the subject. If he can bring in ten thousand pounds I think that will settle the matter."

"And you were going to see him on that business?"
"I was."
"Don't do it," said Mrs. Little, emphatically.
"Why not?" asked Aaron.
"Because he isn't the man for you—not if he had twenty thousand pounds."
"Because is no reason," replied Aaron Little.
"The extravagance of his wife is," was answered firmly.
"What do you know about her?"
"Only what I have seen. I've called on her two or three times, and have noticed the style in which her house is furnished. It is arrayed in palace attire compared with ours. And as for dress, it would take the interest of a little fortune to pay her milliner's and mantua-maker's bills. No, no, Aaron; Mr. Lawrence isn't your man, depend on it. He'd use up ten thousand pounds in less than two years."
"Tell Betsy, that's pretty clear talk," said Mr. Little, taking a long breath. "I'm rather afraid, after what you say, that Mr. Lawrence is not my man. But what am I to do?" and his voice fell in a troubled tone: "I must have capital; or—"
Mr. Little paused.
"Or what?" his wife looked at him steadily, and without a sign of weak anxiety.
"Or I may become bankrupt."
"I'm sorry to hear you say that," and Mrs. Little's voice trembled perceptibly.
"But I'm glad you have told me. The new parlor carpet, of course, I shall not order."
"Ah, as to that, the amount it will cost can make no great difference," said Mr. Little. "The parlor does look shabby; and I know you've set your heart on a new carpet."
"Indeed and it will make a difference, then," replied the little woman, in her decided way. "The last feather breaks the camel's back. Aaron Little shall never fail because of his wife's extravagance. I wouldn't have a new carpet now if it were offered to me at half price."
"You are a brave, true woman, Betsy," said Aaron kissing his wife, in the glow of a new-born feeling of admiration.
"Suppose you had five hundred pounds within the next two months beyond what your business will give you?"
"That sum would make all safe for the two months. But where is the five hundred pounds to come from, Betsy?"
"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies," replied the brave little woman, in a resolute way. "I'm not afraid of the auctioneer's flag."
"Let us sell off our furniture at auction, and put the money in your business. It won't bring less than five hundred pounds, and it may bring more. My piano alone is worth nearly a hundred.—We can board for a year or two, and when you get all right again return to housekeeping."
I have something more to propose. It comes into my mind this instant; after breaking up housekeeping we will go to mother's. You know she never wanted us to leave there. It won't cost us much more than half what it does now, taking rent into the account. We will pay sister Annie something to take care of little Eddie and Lizzie through the day, and I will go into your warehouse as chief clerk."
"Betsy, you're crazy."
"Not a bit of it, Aaron, but a sensible woman, as you will find before you're a year older, if you'll let me have my way. I don't like that Hobson, and never did, at you know. I don't believe he is a fair man. Let me take his place, and you will make a clear three hundred pounds a year, and maybe, as much more."

of rebellion among the clerks and shop girls at the beginning, but Mrs. Betsy had a quick, steady eye, and self-reliant manner, that caused her presence to be felt, and soon made everything subservient to her will. It was a remarkable fact that at the close of the first week of her administration of affairs, the cash receipts were over thirty pounds in excess of the receipts of any week within the previous three months.
"Have we done more business than usual this week?" she asked of one clerk and another; the uniform answer was "No."
"Then," said the lady to herself, "there's been foul play here. No wonder my husband was in trouble."
At the end of the next week the sales came up to the same average, and at the end of the third week were forty pounds better than before Mrs. Little undertook to manage the retail department. Whether there had been foul play or not, Aaron Little could never fully determine; but he was in no doubt as to one thing, and that was the easy condition of the money market after the lapse of half a year.
By the end of the year, to use his own words, he was "all right." Not so a neighbor of his, who, to get more capital, had taken Mr. Lawrence as a partner. Instead of bringing in ten thousand pounds that "capitalist" was only able to put down three thousand, and before the end of the year he had drawn out six or seven thousand, and had given notes of the firm for as much more in payment of old obligations. A failure of the house followed as an inevitable result.
When the fact of the failure and the cause which led to it became known to Mr. Little, he remarked, with a shrug:—"I'm sorry for B—, but he should have told his wife."

"Of what?" asked the person to whom he addressed the remark.
"Of his want of more capital, and intention to make a partner of Lawrence."
"Who would that have done?"
"It might have saved him from ruin, as it did me."
"You are mysterious, Little."
"Am I? Well, in plain words, a year ago I was hard up for money in my business, and thought of taking in Lawrence. I told my wife about it. She said 'Don't do it.' And I didn't; for her 'Don't do it,' was followed by suggestions as to his wife's extravagance that opened my eyes a little. I told her at the same time of my embarrassments, and she set her bright little head to work and showed me the way to get out of them.—Before this I always had a poor opinion of woman's wit in matters of business; but now I say to every man in trouble—TELL YOUR WIFE."

Relative Rank of Cities.
The cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn maintain the same relative rank as to population they did in 1860. There has been considerable shifting of places, among those that now constitute the remainder of the twenty foremost cities in the Union.
During the last decade St. Louis has ascended the scale from the eighth to the fourth.
Chicago in a similar proportion, changes from the ninth to the fifth.
Baltimore, which in 1860 was the fourth, retrogrades to the sixth.
Boston pursues the same direction, from the fifth to the seventh.
Cincinnati retires a step, from the seventh to the eighth.
New Orleans falls back from the sixth to the ninth.
San Francisco, taking a noble, forward leap, vaults from the fifteenth to the tenth.
Buffalo lags behind from the tenth to the eleventh.
Washington makes a stride from the fourteenth to the twelfth.
Newark, New Jersey's thriving metropolis, drops, nevertheless, from the eleventh to the thirteenth.
Louisville, twelfth in rank in 1860, is now assigned to the fourteenth.
Cleveland, four steps forward, mounts from nineteenth to the fifteenth.
Pittsburgh alone retains the same relative rank now as then, the sixteenth.
Jersey City rises from the twentieth to the importance of the seventeenth.
Detroit recedes from the seventeenth to the eighteenth.
Milwaukee from the eighteenth to the nineteenth.
Albany, which was, ten years ago, the thirteenth, now takes the old place of Jersey City, twentieth.

SUNDAY READING.

The Work Done Inside.

One of my friends is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems always to know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin-shop in Manchester, England, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said:—"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"
"Of what, my friend? What's the matter?"
"O! you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the largest sheet you have." The sheet of paper was soon procured. "Now will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.
"Why, whatever are you going to do?"
"You shall see presently." He then quickly printed, in large letters:—"SPECIMEN OF WORK DONE INSIDE."
He then fastened the paper over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passers-by stopped and read aloud, "Specimen of work done inside."
In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded, in an angry voice, "Who did that?"
"Which?" asked my friend who now joined the crowd. "If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if you mean the man, you did that! This morning when he arose he was sober—when he walked down this street, on his way to work, he was sober—when he went into your gin-shop he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is it not a true specimen of the work done inside?"—Rev. Charles Garrett.

Saying "Hateful" Things.

What a strange disposition is that which leads men to say "hateful" things for the mere pleasure of saying them; you are never safe with such a person. When you have done your best to please, and are feeling kindly and pleasantly, out will pop some underhand stab, which you alone can understand—a sneer which is masked, but which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may be at your person, your mental feeling, your foolish habits of thought, or some little secret opinions confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how sacred it may be to you, he will have his fling at it; and since the wish is to make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just a half dozen words, only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush and eye lose its brightness, only spoken because he is a fraud you are too happy or too conceited. Yet they are worse than so many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender-hearted men! How, after them, one awakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before everything—that bright, sharp, well aimed needle of a speech, that probed the very center of your soul!

An Elder's Mistake.

A United Brethren presiding elder, out in Minnesota, preaching to a strange congregation, was much annoyed by some of the young folks talking and laughing during the service. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man, who sat just before me was constantly laughing, talking and making ungodly grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service one of the official members came and said to me, 'Brother—you made a great mistake. That young man whom you rebuked is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church lest I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service, at least, there was good order.

Eternity.

The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! O, stupendous thought! Thou art ever-present, the unborn, undecaying, and undying—the endless chain composing the life of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for their grave; its palaces, they are but the gilded sepulchre; its pleasures, they are bursting bubbles. Not so in the untied bourn in the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay.

Sour looks and cross words fall more heavily upon the hearts of the home ones than they would upon strangers; but perverted pride and self-respect impel people to be pleasant to outsiders when they are ugly as brutes at home. True pride induces kind treatment and encouragement to those who are helplessly dependent upon you. The smiles and pleasantries of life are not wasted when dispensed in the home circle.

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Has been tested by the public FOR TEN YEARS.
Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar
Renovates and Invigorates the entire system.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Is the very remedy for the Weak and Debilitated.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Rapidly restores exhausted Strength!
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Restores the Appetite and Strengthens the Stomach.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Causes the food to digest, removing Dyspepsia and Indigestion
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Gives tone and energy to Debilitated Constitutions.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
All recovering from any illness will find this the best Tonic they can take.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Is an effective Regulator of the Liver.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Cures Jaundice, or any Liver Complaint.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Makes Delicate Females, who are never feeling Well, Strong and Healthy.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Has restored many Persons who have been unable to work for years.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Should be taken if your Stomach is out of Order.
Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar
Will prevent Malarious Fevers, and braces up the System.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Possesses Vegetable Ingredients which make it the best Tonic in the market.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Has proved itself in thousands of cases capable of curing all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Cures all Chronic Coughs, and Coughs and Colds, more effectually than any other remedy.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Has Cured cases of Consumption pronounced incurable by physicians.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Has cured so many cases of Asthma and Bronchitis that it has been pronounced a specific for these complaints.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Removes Pain In Breast, Side or Back.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Should be taken for diseases of the Urinary Organs.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Cures Gravel and Kidney Diseases.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Should be taken for all Throat and Lung Affections.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR
Should be kept in every house, and its life-giving Tonic properties tried by all.
Dr. CROOK'S Compound
Syrup of Poke Root,
Cures any disease or Eruption on the Skin.
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SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,
Cures Rheumatism and Pains in Limbs, Bones, &c.
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SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,
Builds up Constitutions broken down from Mineral or Mercurial Poisons.
DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND
SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,
Cures all Mercurial Diseases.
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Should be taken by all requiring a remedy to make pure blood.
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SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,
Cures Scald Head, Salt Rheum and Tetter.
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