Mrs. Haven's Plot.

BREAKFAST had just been cleared away and the little sitting-room was very bright and cheerful in the yellow flood of the April sunshine. There were pots of purple-blossomed violets in the window seat, and a blue-ribboned guitar lying on the sofa, and books piled on the table, and close by the fire Mrs. Haven had scated herself at her desk to write some letters.

She was a trim, compact little woman, with bright brown hair, and eyes to match. and a resolute mouth that somehow carried out the expression of a nose that our French neighbors phrase "retrousse," Mary Haven had character, that you might see at a distance.

As she sat there selecting her pen, and unscrewing 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 Mary Haven, descrying at once by the infallible barometer of a woman's ear the rising thunder storm in the domestic atmosphere below. "What is it cook 919

"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 evenings always ours, but there are somethings flesh and blood can't stand, no more they can't mem, 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 in the wrong corner, an,' the sugar boxes ain't kept covered proper, it's the mistress should tell me of it, and 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 cook flounced out, maltreating her apron, having had her say.

Mrs. Haven flushed scarlet. She arose, 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 Mary 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 the past 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 a half pint a day."

" I will see to it, she said.

"But you don't see to it, my dear ! I found a box of stale eggs, on the top shelf -eggs, my dear, that are completely wasted, when eggs are five cents apiece !"

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 woman are, and she was very much out of temper, as she walked up and down the room with her price. I don't at all object to giving it." hands behind her, and her brown eyes glittering with an ominous sparkle.

"Mary, have you seen my memorandum asked her husband, pulling on his book ?"

"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, how very unreasonable that is of you."

"Henry," said Mrs. Haven, laying one hand appealingly on his shoulder, and looking up in his face, "you don't know how it mortifies and annoys 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 depart-

ment 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 man-

"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 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 mem-

"See Kartwyn & Dalcey about the house in 12th street, do not let them have it for \$1,200. Call at McAllister's and order the green oilcloth instead of the buff one for the office floor. Tell Martin to proceed directly with the suit in Russel es Russel. Remind the clerk not to settle tailor's bill

-alteration to be made first. Go halves with Jordan in lot opposite Central Park-" Thus indefinitely.

Mary Haven read the words without much interest, but presently her eyes brightened, and a reguish suspicion of a face at every step. Of course, there was smile began to tremble around her resolute

"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

She glanced at her watch and rang the

"Bridget, will you 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 in jotting down various addresses from the directory.

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

"Drive to Kartwyn aud Dalcey'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 should have the house in 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 started, but entered the order in his books.

"I will send it round immediately."

" Now the tailor," thought Mary. "Snip & Scissors have an elegant establishment on a side street, just out of Broad-

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 gracious-

ly. "I came round to tell you that my husband has thought better of the Central Park lot. He will not take half." "All right," said Jordan "Smyth and Parker are only waiting for the chance.

I'll let 'em 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 re-arrange the law

books." So the carriage left Mrs. Haven at her husband's office in a narrow, down-town

street.

About an hour subsequently Mr. Haven sauntered into the establishment of Kartwyn & Dalcey.

"About that 12th street lease, Mr. Kartwyn?" "Yes, sir," said the lawyer, rubbing his

hand, "a thousand dollars is a very fair

"Who the deuce 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, van-

quished but chafing. At the door of the carpet store McAllister

met him. "It's all right, sir; the oil cloth is half

down by this time!" "Which oil cloth ?"

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

" The mischief she did?"

"I hope there's no mistake, sir?" asked the dealer anxiously.

"N-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 very amiable humor by the time he reached "Snip and Scissors.

"I'd like to know what you mean by sending home such garments?" he demanded, imperiously. "I wont wear 'em un-less they are made over completely, nor will I pay the bill !"

"Sir!" demanded the surprised tailor, you are aware that our rule is, no alteration after the bill is settled "

"Very well, your bill isn't settled; and it won't be, either, in a hurry.

" Mrs. Haven paid it, sir, this morning," said the surprised tailor, referring to his books.

Mrs. Haven ! How the uncalled for interference of "Mrs. Haven" stared him in the no remonstrance to be made, however, and the discomfited husband left the establish-

" 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 the 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 bet-

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

"And by whose authority?"

"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 round, so that its iron elbow projected into your face; very much as if it would have said, "Take my arm!" And Mrs. Haven sat at his desk sorting and arranging papers with industry worthy of a more legitimate cause.

" Mary !"

Mrs. Haven looked quietly up. "Yes, my dear; Jones vs. Brown; he be longs 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 dingy, 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 and

"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.

Wife-and therefore interests are identi-

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

"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 finterference' principles at the office, for Mary never saw any more of them. Neither husband nor wife ever alluded to the subject again, but Mr. Haven was cured of one bad habit. Mary's single stratagem was worth a thousand remonstrances.

A Disappointed Dog.

Here is a true dog story : A family down town having a false grate in one of the rooms of the bouse, placed some red paper behind it to give the effect of fire. One of the coldest days this winter the dog came in from out doors, and seeing the paper in the grate, deliberately walked up to it, and laid down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few minutes : feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat, he arose and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelled it. It was as cold as ice .-With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room.

Once I visited a show in Georgia It was a moral animal show. I heard a fellow shouting.

Says he, here's your celebrated tropical American that feeds on auts.

Says, I, eats nothing but auts, does he? Says he, sir, he is the most interesting animal in the show. Observe his bushy tail and his long face, with a tongue in it formed for nothing but catching ants.

Says I, he is interesting, so he is. But I can tell you an animal that would be just two times as interesting if you could pro-

Says he, sir, what animal would be more interesting than the great tropical American ant eater?

Says I, a mother-in-law eater would knock spots out of your old ant eater.

I guess he had a mother-in-law, for he embraced me, and gave me 'two tickets' to go'in and see the moral wax works, made Political Rogues.

There is no doubt but what the dishonesty in politics at present is owing to the fact that rascality in that direction is made a study of by professional politicians. This fact is well set out in the following sketch which we find in the Philadelphia Evening

"But how to become a politician of the modern kind was the constant study of little Tommy. His kind father had made him a little ballot box and had shown him how to stuff it, and it was one of his childish amusements to pretend to vote several times a day under different names. Then he pretended to be a member of the Legislature, and introduced a bill appointing himself as inspector of groundnuts and horse gingerbread, with power to confiscate all that he thoult was not suitable for him to buy.

He also passed a law doubling the amount of pocket-money his father allowed him. but this the old man decided he should veto. And yet he was not happy. He wanted to do something real, which should be discreditable enough to show his father that he was not wasting his time in virtuous idleness but was earnestly striving to qualify himself for political service in Philadelphia,

"My son," said his father one day, "what are you doing with that slate all this time?" "I am adding up these figures wrong," said little Tommy, so that I may be a return Judge when I get to be a man "What is the real total?" asked his father.

"It is 831," replied Tommy, "but I make it out 972." "I am ashamed of you, Tommy," said his father sternly, "have you not sense enough to put a 1 before the 8? What kind of counting would that be in real election? The boys would laugh at you. Besides, if you would make the total 1831, you might easily explain it afterwards as a clerical error." "Yes, father," said Tommy, "but I would put the clerical error at the end of all, and then it would be 8,311." "Come to your old daddy's arm's," cried the delighted parent, "you are a comfort to me in my old age. There, take-take-'' "A ten-cent note, father." said Tommy. "No, take my blessing," said the old man-"a father's blessing to a nice little boy is worth a great deal more than ten cents." "Yes," said Tommy, "but it's not worth so much to the father," and he turned away with an expression of pain, "blessings are cheap, but it takes money to buy gingerbread."

Tommy's father was very proud of his son's progress and intelligence, and when he went out to the tavern that night where he generally got drunk, he told the statesmen he met of his eleverness. They all agreed that if he kept on in such a way, he might in time be elected to the Legislature or the Row. "Did you ever hear, gentlemen," said the father, "of a smarter boy than little Tommy."

My Adventure at Fayal.

rather laughable adventure happen-A ed to me on my first visit to this Island. I took a walk up town by myself, when as I turned a corner, I was approached by an old Portugese woman, wearing a fashionable hood. Now be it known, that these hoods are different from anything else on earth, and generally are made of blue cloth, attached to a cloak of the same; and is worn regardless of season. This hood fits, much like a circus tent on top of a pole and is made without any trimmings; and for ugliness, would take the first premium at any county fair. It is impossible for a woman to make any headway against the wind with this hood on

But I am forgetting my old woman. As I turned the corner, I suddenly came in sight of her, waiting a change of wind to turn the corner. As soon as she saw me, she drifted towards me, held out her hand, which I seized, and shook heartily; such friendliness in a strange land being very acceptable. She drew her hand away, said a few words, which I could not understand, curtaied and kissed her hand to me.

I blushed, (being quite young) and said madame these attentions are flattering, but really I cannot return your-regard-as I could wish. She kissed her hand again and murmured a few soft words. I was now getting desperate, and sharply said I must go, madame.

But she stood her ground and kissed her hand over and over again, and curtaied repeatedly. Here was evidently a case of love at first sight. I then asked myself if it was possible for me to love a foreigner, (particularly one so ugly,) and I began to think of retreating, when some friends from the ship, overtook me. Quickly throwing a few pennies to my lady-love, my friend George said, " what are you standing here jawing about with that old beggar ?"

The boys on ship often joked me about my love-scrape with the beggar woman, and to this day, I hate the sight of one.

A down-countryman sending the Savananah (Ga) News thirty cents for sample copy of the paper, puts this sentiment in one corner of the envelop : "To A printer recently made "Be ye post Masters-Gents this letter contains therefore steadfast," the text of a minis- money. Please handle It with a Pare of ter's sermon, "Be ye there for breakfast." tongs."

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