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VOL. VI. NO. 20.

TIONESTA, PA., AUGUST 20, 1873.

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TOM'S WIFE.

We had just finished breakfast. Tem laid down an egg-spoon he had been playing with, and looked across

"Aunt Anne, I think I'll take a wife," he said, exactly as he might have said, "I think I'll take another cup of cof-

"Well, I don't know," answered

"All nonsense!" said mother, sharp-"Do you think so?" said Tom, apparently doubtful, but not in the least

put out. "Think so? I know it. What in the world can you want of a wife? After all these years we have lived so comfortably together, to bring home somebody to turn the house upside down! And, then, what's to become

for herself when Tom interposed,

"I'm sure May knows I would never have any wife who would make it less a home for her-don't you, May?"
"Of course," I said.

"And I'm sure she knows nothing of the sort," persisted mother, "ner you either, Tom Dean. How can you you either, Tom Dean. How can you enough what was going on right under my eyes, and I had a pretty clear idea her head to do, once you get her fixed here you can't expect her to forget, as so often as he had taken to coming you do, that May has no real claim on lately. There was a "situation," then,

"That I have no real claim on her, I suppose you mean, ma'am," Tom put in for the second time, just as I was getting thoroughly uncomforta-ble. "But, for all that, I intend to keep her—that is," added Tom, with one of his short-sighted blinks sideways at me, "as long as she'll stay with me, eh, May? And whoever has anything to say against that arrangement will have to go out of my house to say it-not that I'm afraid of any such result in this case—and, on the whole, Aunt Anne, I should like to try

the experiment.' Mother smiled grimly, but Tom was so evidently bent on his "experiment," as he called it, that she gave up the

argument.
"You can dance, if you're ready to
pay the piper," she said, shortly. "And pray, how soon do you mean to be

Tom's face fell a little at this ques-

"I can't say exactly. I suppose we shall have to be engaged first." "What!" said mother, opening her

eyes; "You never mean to say, Tom, you haven't spoken to her yet?" "Not yet," answered Tom cheerful-"Time enough for that, you know SUGARS, ly. "Time enough for that

Mother, as a minister's widow, was is as the cracking of thorns under a pot, but now she leaned back and laughed till the tears stood in her eyes. "Well she said, "if it was any-body else I should say he was cracked; but you never were like other people, and you never will be, Tom Dean. But, at least, you have fixed on the

"Oh, yes," answered Tom; "but, if you will excuse, Aunt Anne, I would rather not say any thing about her just yet, for, if—if any thing should happen, it wouldn't be pleasant for either party, you know." And with which veiled allusion to his possible rejection Tom took his hat and left

Our household was rather queerly put together. There was no particular reason why I should have been of it at all; for I was not really related to Tom, nor even to "mother," as I called her, though I am sure we were as dear to each other as any mother and daughter could be. She was the second wife of my father, who, like most ministers, had been richer in grace than in goods, and had left us at his death with years little to live. death with very little to live on. Then it was that Tom Dean had come forward, and insisted on giving a home to his aunt and to me, whom he had scarcely seen a dozen times in his life before. That was exactly like Tom— "queer Tom Dean," as his friends were fond of saying, "who never did any-thing like anybody else." I suppose, in spite of his clear head for business, there is no denying that he was whim- unfeeling briskness sical; but I am sure, when I think of his unfailing generosity and delicacy, I can't help wishing there were a few more such whiniscal people in the world. Naturally, at the time I am don't see my way clear; I'm waiting the state of the st I can't help wishing there were a few more such whimsical people in the world. Naturally, at the time I am speaking of, my opinion had not been asked; all I had to do was to go whither mother went, and, while she grave her energies to the house leaving of the state of the house leaving of the house leaving of the state of the leaven of the state of t

ed. But perhaps for that very reason -for one sees with different eyes at twelve and eighteen-my companion in the house had already begun to seem unsatisfactory to me; and the morning's words put it in a clearer light, since it had been used as an argument against Tom's marrying. I knew that mother had spoken honestly, believing that such a step would "Take a wife!" repeated mother, by not be for his happiness; but was not tranquilly as it had been given. if reflection should bring him round to be convince to to her opinion, to be perfectly capa-ble of quietly sacrificing his own wishes Tom, thoughtfully. "It's a notion I've for my sake, who had not the shadow got in my head, somehow." of a claim on him; so it must be my part to prevent his own kindness be ing turned against him now. Still, it was not so easy to see how I was to provide for myself, in case it should become advisable. What could I do? Draw and sing and play tolerably, but not in a manner to compete with the hosts that would be in the field against me. Literature? I had read so many stories whose heroines, with a turn of the pen, dashed into wealth and fame. of that poor child?"

The "poor child"—that was I—reddening at being brought into the argument in this way, was about to speak

That would be very nice, only—I was not the least little bit literary; I had never even kept a journal, which is saying a great deal for a girl in her teens. The fine arts, then, being out of the question for me, what remained? There was some clerkship, or a place in some family, and—and there

was Will Broomly! That may seem like going away from the point, but it was not. I was matter-of-fact, but I could see well that would give me the home life I liked best and felt myself better suited for; but would it answer in other respets? I overcast the long seam I was sewing twice over, I was so busy trying to make up mind whether I liked Will Broomly well enough to pass my whole life with him, and even then I had not come to any decision, when I was called down stairs to Letty Wal-

Letty was the prettiest, I think, of all my friends, and certainly the livli-est. Tom called her "the tonic," and used to laugh heartily at her bright speeches. I suppose it was this that made mother fix on Letty as his choice. When I came into the the sitting room I found a kind of cross-examination going on. It was amusing to anybody in the secret, as I was, to watch mother's artful way of continually bringing the conversation round, as if by chance, to bear on what she wanted to know. But it all amounted to nothing, either because Letty was too good a fencer or because she really had nothing to betray. But, when Tom came home, mother took care to men-

tion that Letty had called. "What, the tonic?" said Tom. "Too bad I missed her."

"But for your choice being already made," said mother, with a covert scrutiny of his face, LARD, not much given to the idle mirth that might have as much of the tonic as you liked."

"But I go on the homeophatic principle, you know," answered Tom, with

a twinkle in his eye. After that, mother's belief in Letty's guiltiness wavered. Her suspicions were transferred from one to another of our acquaintance, but always with

the same unsatisfactory result. "It passes my comprehension," she said to me, desparingly, one day. "I am positive I could not tell the right one by Tom's face in a minute, and yet I have mentioned, everybody we know."

"Perhaps it is somebody we don't know," I suggested; "some friend of his we have never seen."

"What, a perfect stranger?" said mother, sharply. "Never talk to me, child; 'Tom's net capable of that." I was silent, for I did not want to worry her; but that was my opinion

The same evening-it was rather more than a week since Tom had hurled that thurderbolt of his at us-

all the same.

mother began about it openly.

"When are you going to introduce your wife to us, Tom? I suppose you have come to an understanding by

"Oh, there's no hurry," Tom said, as he had said before; but this time he did not speak quite so cheerfully. "The fact is," he continued, with a little hesitation, "there-there's a rival

"A rival?" repeated mother, with

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Subpagnes, Warrants, Summons, &c. to be sold cheep for each.

White industries well, and, white she you to make up your a gave her energies to the house-keeping, forgetting in her propensity to right matters, that she was playing the energies sold cheep for each.

"There's something in that that never occurred to me," said Tom, his face brightening. Mother saw her mistake,

and made a counter move at once. "But the ways of my time are oldfashioned now; young ladies, now-a-days, take matters into their own hands. If she cared for you, you may be pretty sure she wouldn't have waited till this time to let you know itthat is, I judge by the girls I am in the habit of seeing; but if this one is a stranger to me—" (here mother riveted her eyes on Tom's face; oh, dear, my unfortunate word!) "if she is an entire stranger, I cannot pretend to form any opinion of her, of course." "Of course," repeated Tom, absent-

'Not that I have any such idea,' resumed mother, growing warmer; "I have said, and I say again, that to

bring a perfect stranger under this roof is not my opinion of you, Tom."
I felt my mother's words like so many pins and needles; for Tom was looking meditatively across at me, and, though that was just a way of his, it seemed now as if he were reading in my face that the opinion was mine, I should always be ready to do. and that I had been meddling in what did not concern me. I felt myself, for very vexation, getting redder every moment, till it grew intolerable.

"It is so warm here," I said, for an excuse, turning toward the French window. "I am going to get a breath of air.'

I went out into our little strip of garden ground; Tom followed. I thought I should never have a better opportunity to say what I had it in my mind to say, so I waited for him by the bench under the old pear tree. "Sit down here, Tom," I said, "I've something to say to you."

"Have you?" said Tom; "that's odd for I—. Well, never mind that just

for I -. Well, never miyet. What is it, May?" "Tom," I said, still surer now he

had misjudged me, and more resolved to set him right, "I want a place." "A place?" repeated Tom, puzzled, as well he might be, by this sudden and indefinite announcement; "what |

kind of a place?" "I don't know," I said, for, indeed, my ideas were of the vaguest. "I thought you might, being in the way of those things. Now, pray, Tom," I went on quickly, "dou't fancy I am discontented, or-or anything of that sort; the truth is, ever since I left off school I have wanted something to do, and had it in my mind to speak to you about it." With this I looked at Tom, fearing he might be vexed; but he did not look vexed, only preoccu-

"I do know of a place, as it happens," he said, after a while, "only I'm not sure how it would suit you."
"That's soon seen," said I, "what is

"Well, it's a sort of-of general use-"It must be to run errands," said I.

again, "it's with me. am concerned," said Tom, and with that he turned round and looked at 1 wanted to see how you to

Will Broomly, and why I could not.
I am sure Letty Walters, who interrupted us just then, must have thought my wits were wandering that evening, and, indeed, they were; for I was completely dazed with the sudden turn things had taken. But Tom,

ever till she went away. ver till she went away.

It was pretty late when we went in. quainted with Tom's wife.—Appleton's Mother sat where we had left her, Magazine. knitting in the twilight.

"Wasn't that Letty Walters with you a while ago?" she said, as we

"Yes," said I, with a confused feel-ing of an explanation of something being necessary; "she just came to bring the new crochet-pattern she promised me."

"H'm!" said mother, as much as to say she had her own ideas as to what Letty came for.

ing up and putting down in the wrong places all the small objects that fell places all the small objects that fell in his way. He came up and took a seat by mother. I became of a sudlen yer bury with the clark in the state of polish.

Sapolio it is the quickest and easiest thing in the world to keep every utensil in a high state of polish. den very busy with the plants in the window; for I knew he was going to

"Wish me joy, Aunt Anne,' 'said he,

This wasn't a very encouraging sort of congratulation, and Tom seemed a circus poster. His wife repraction rather taken aback by it, debris with the bald end

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"I'm sorry you're not pleased," he said, after a pause; "I had an idea somehow you would be."

"I don't know from what you judged. But there, it's no use crying over spilt milk. You'll be married directly, I presume; I must be looking out for a house," and mother stroked her nose reflectively with a knitting-needle.
"What for?" said Tom; "I thought

of keeping on here all the same.' "I never supposed otherwise," said mother, "Of course I did not expect to turn you out of your own house." "But what is the need of looking for another, then?"

"Why, for myself."
"For yourself!" repeated Tom, in a tone of utter amazement. "Going to leave us-just now? Why, Aunt Anne.

I never heard of such a thing!" "Now, Tom," said mother, speaking very fast, and making her needles fly in concert, "we might as well come to an understanding at once on this subject. I am fully sensible of your past kindness-now just let me finish-I say I appreciate it, and have tried to do my duty by you in return, as I hope wish all good to you and your wife, and shall be glad to help her if I ever can, but to live in the same house with her is what would turn out pleasantly for neither of us, and, once for all, I can't do it."

"Aunt Anne," said Tom, pushing back his chair, and staring in mother's excited face, "either you or I must bo out of our wits."

"It's not me, then, at any rate," retorted mother, getting nettled. Amusement and a certain embarrassment had kept me a silent listener so far, but there was no standing this; I tried to speak, but could not, for

laughing.
"I think you are all out of your wits together," said mother, turning sharply. "What ails the child? It's no laughing matter." "You don't understand each other,"

I gasped; "oh, dear! it—it's not Let-ty—oh—oh, dear!" and relapsed "Not Letty?" repeated mother, turning to Tom. "Then why did you tell me

"I never told you so," said Tom.
"Yes you did," persisted mother.
'You came in and told me you were going to be married."

"Yes, so I am," said Tom, still at cross-purposes. "Now, Tom Dean," said mother, rising and confroating him, "what do you mean? And who is to be your

wife?"

"Why, May, of course," answered Tom. "May!" and then, after a pauce of inexpressible astonishment, mother's turn to laugh. mean to say, Tom, it was that child you were thinking of all the while? 'Why, who else could it be?' said

Tom, simply, Well, said mother, I ought to laughing. "And where is it, Tom?" (Well, said mother, 'I ought to "Well," said Tom, hesitatingly have remembered you never did do anything like anybody "The sooner the better, so far as I still why in the world did you go to

'I wanted to see how you took to me, and directly I met his eyes I knew my idea,' said Tom. somehow, all in a moment, what he 'And how did you suppose we were meant; and I knew, too, both that I to guess your idea meant May?' moth-could not have passed all my life with asked.

ly found an unanswerable argument. It was no use talking to him. Mother gave it up with a shake of the head. 'And you won't want another house then, Aunt Anne?' said Tom, suddenwho had the advantage of me there, took it quite colly, and laughed and talked with Letty just the same as think we ever passed a merrier eventalked with Letty just the same as think we ever passed a merrier eventalked with Letty just the same as

A HINT TO HOUSEWIVES-HOW TO KEEP KITCHEN-WARE CLEAN AND BRIGHT.-Every housewife of neat and tidy habits takes especial delight in keeping all the tin, copper and iron ware of her kitchen as clean and bright as painstaking labor can make them. A pride in this direction is commendable, and always meets the smiling approval of the tyrant man who pays the household bills. Remember that saropio is the only thing Tom had been wandering about the on earth that will make an old tar-room in an absent sort of fashion, takas bright as new. And by the use of

A good-looking telegraph operator in Columbus, Ohio, waited about an hour the other afternoon to witness a plunge by the sea-lion. His lionship finally jumped, and a suit of linen duck went to the washerwoman in the afternoon.

A Danbury man imagined himself a hen, and while under the influence of that conceit sat down on a dozen eggs, and hatched out an Italian sunset