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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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THE following story has been related by the Superintendent of a Sunday school:

One day a missionary beggar was permitted to address the school. He recounted the usual stories about the heathen children, told of the missionary efforts in foreign lands, and kept talking to the restless little children before him for more than two hours. At last he said: "And now, my dear children, I have told you all about these poor heathen children and their needs in that far-off land. And now, what more can I say?"

A bright eyed little girl, who was wearied almost to distraction, eagerly and quickly said to him:

"Please, mister, say amen."

THE minister was dining with the family, and Bobby thus spoke out:

"Ma, what's an adjective?"

His mother explained the meaning of the word, and then foolishly asked him why he wanted to know.

"Because I heard pa say that the sermon this morning was a dayville your one; and when I asked to tell me what 'dayvillish' was, he said it was an adjective."

THE LAST WORD.—Mr. Turtledove, in the course of his daily spat—There's no use talking, my dear. A woman is always bound to have the last word!

Mrs. Turtledove—No, she isn't; and you wouldn't say such provoking things if you didn't know I would deny them. And Turtledove's discreet silence proves the truth of his statement.

RELIEVING HIM.—"Lulu," he said, "he was a young man who had great confidence in himself, and he bent toward her tenderly. "I have loved you long and tenderly. Will you name the day?"

"Oh, the day is already named, Mr. Lattie," answered the girl, blushing. "Pa was so pertinacious I finally told him the 3d of next month. The 3d will be out in a day or two."

A LADY who was very talkative but at the same time very silly, complained that she was bothered by people who stayed too long.

"If they don't go why then don't you talk to them?" replied a female friend.

rsaparilla

100 Doses One Dollar

N THE HEAD,

DOUGLAS FOR GENTLEMEN.

DOUGLAS FOR LADIES.

A LOST GIRL.

MR. JUSTICE GRAY, of the Supreme Court of the United States, is sixty-one years of age, six feet four inches high and has a fortune. His bride-elect is Miss Eugenia, daughter of Mr. Justice Stanley Matthews, twenty-two years old and about a foot shorter than Justice Gray. In the rosey realm of love extremes meet and marry.

THE election of a United States Senator is a national as well as a State affair, and although the nation has no immediate share in it, it has a deep interest and the ability and high character of a member of its chief legislative body. And in a great measure it judges of the character of a State by the kind of men that are sent to represent it in the national councils.

THE decision of the French Cabinet to prosecute General Boulanger can hardly be considered an act of wisdom. No matter what opinion there may be as to the political machinations in which the General has been engaged, there can be no doubt that he represents the existing dissatisfaction among the people, and that any prosecution of him at this juncture would inevitably lead to serious international troubles. Better let Boulanger alone.

THE sore spot of Samoa, which is in a fair way to heal up, would be inflamed again if the reported demand of the German Government for the return of the Intermeddler Klein to Apia, there to be tried for "murderous assault," should be acceded to. Klein did some damage in Samoa, without doubt; but to make him a bone of national contention would only excite anew animosities which time would otherwise speedily extinguish.

A NEW textile has been discovered in Russia, on the borders of the Caspian Sea. The plant is called kanaff by the natives, and attains a height of ten feet. "From it a chemist has obtained a textile matter which is soft, elastic and silky, gives a thread which is very tough and can be bleached without injury. The stuffs manufactured out of kanaff can be successfully dyed in every shade of color, and would compete with any of the ordinary furnishing materials now in use."

THE Waltham Watch Company is protected by a tariff duty of 25 per cent. It has declared a dividend of 50 per cent., and it will increase its capital stock $1,000,000, its cash surplus being so large that it is unwieldy. This prosperous concern is able to undersell foreign competitors in their own markets, but greedily takes advantage of its tariff protection to fleece American purchasers by making its home prices higher than its foreign prices. Its stockholders, after they get their dividend, should make a reduction in the wages of their employees in order to keep in line with contemporary corporations.

IN selecting the seventy-foot water line cutter yacht as the type of vessel best adapted to win in American waters Lord Dunraven has displayed greater wisdom than his predecessors who have challenged for the American cup. Many British cutters of this class have done very well on this side, and one—the Madge—swept everything before her a few years ago. It will require a very fast sloop, indeed, to sail away from the coming contestant for international honors, but the vessel will no doubt be forthcoming at the proper time.

REPORTS come from Russia of a great plot against the life of the Czar, and numerous arrests have been made here and there in the Empire. The strength of the Nihilists has either been greatly overestimated or else the secret police deem it to be to their interest to revive these stories occasionally, and thus leave an impression of their wonderful astuteness. If the conspirators had even a tithe of the machinery which it is claimed they possess they would long before this have overthrown the Russian Government.

CONSIDERING the enormous duties which the United States imposes upon its cabinet officers, the service rendered is poorly paid. Canada with less than one-twelfth of our population, pays its cabinet officers $105,000 a year as against our $64 000, while $250,000 does not suffice for the annual pay of the British cabinet at London. And besides their princely salaries, several English cabinet offices entitle their holders to life pensions. The time is approaching when it will be impossible for the government to obtain good service unless it pays as well for it as private corporations do.

In the Pennsylvania Senate a resolution was passed, on March 22nd, appropriating $5000 for the celebration of the Washington centennial. In the House, the Senate bill providing for an annual enrollment of all male persons in the State over 20 years of age, with an amendment leaving the making of the annual enrollment optional with the Legislature, which was made the special order for the next assembly. The resolution authorizing the appointment of commissioners to revise and digest the public laws was considered as the special order, the question being upon an amendment vesting the appointment in the Governor rather than the Supreme Court, but in the absence of a quorum and after a resort to filibustering tactics, an adjournment was taken without action.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Tyrant Husband Confronted by a Carefully Preserved Diary.

The other evening Mr. Bowser looked pale and weary, and I felt it my duty to ask him if he was ill and to place my hand on his forehead to see if he had a fever. He was reading, and he promptly growled out:

"Mrs. Bowser, what particular object have you in pawing around after that fashion? Do you expect another dollar?"

"Don't you want me to caress you, Mr. Bowser?"

"I don't want you to act silly. We are too old for such nonsense."

"And yet you once expressed the hope that we might never let an hour go by without a caress."

"I did, eh? I never expressed any such thing!"

"And you further said you could sit and hold my hand a whole lifetime and not be weary."

"I never did—never!"

"But I can prove it."

"If you can I'll give $40!"

I went upstairs and got my notebook. Up to the date of our marriage I preserved and filed all his letters. On our bridal tour I kept a memorandum-book. Mother advised it, and I have found it to be a powerful lever on occasions when Mr. Bowser has been inclined to "get up." When I came down with the book he roared out:

"Got that old book out again have you! That's no evidence! I brand the contents as a base forgery!"

"But they are facts for all that. Let's see. Here we start. After the ceremony was over you said to mother:

"Statement I.—'I will call you by the sacred name of mother. You have given me your only daughter. I will be a true and loving husband to her. I will guard her as I do my life. I will never, so help me Heaven, speak one unkind word to her.'

"There it is, Mr. Bowser, and how have you kept that promise?"

"Never said a thing of the sort—never! I don't remember of your mother being there. You probably wrote that down this very day."

"We were married at 7 A. M., Mr. Bowser, and at 8.15 we took the train for Chicago. You held my hand all the way to the depot."

"Mrs. Bowser, you are crazy! Do you want to make out that I was a born idiot?"

"Well, here is the proof:

"Statement II.—'As we got into the hack Mr. Bowser had tears in his eyes. He took my hand and called me his angel, and I had to wipe my nose left-handed all the way to the depot. I think the driver saw him, for I heard him chuckling and saying something about you'd get over it in about a year!'

"There it is, Mr. Bowser, in black and white. This is the paw you held for two miles!"

"I deny it in toto! Mrs. Bowser, I've got to sit down and have a sharp talk with you."

"The other night," I continued, "you were about to put your arm about me as we stood in the hall, but on second thought you concluded not to."

"I am no hand to spoon, Mrs. Bowser—never was. Such things look silly in old married people."

"But you hugged me for 280 miles."

"What!"

"From Detroit to Chicago, Mr. Bowser, on the same bridal tour."

"You must be crazy!"

"Well, here's the proof:

"Statement III.—Left Detroit at 8 40 Mr. Bowser put his arm around me at once, and though the passengers winked and guyed us for a bridal couple, he said he didn't care a copper. Hugged me all the way to Chicago. Said he wished the ride would last a year. Said that Heaven had sent me to him. I write this in room 44 Tremont House while Mr. Bowser is down to look after the trunks."

"That—that's there is it?" gasped Mr. Bowser.

"Of course it is!"

"And I had my arm around you all day, giving myself dead away?"

"You did."

"I will never believe it—never. I own up to being a little soft in my bachelor days, but I was no hayseed. You are drifting to a dangerous point, Mrs. Bowser, and you should pause ere it is too late!"

"I like to go over the old times once in a while and see how you have changed."

"Changed! Changed! That's it! If a husband isn't making a fool of himself all the time his wife imagines that he is growing cool and dissatisfied. How have I changed?"

"You never call me your Birdie any more.

"O! I don't! I suppose you've got proof that I used to call you Birdie, when your front name is Sarah?"

"I have, sir! Listen while I read:

"Statement IV.—Mr. Bowser bought some gum drops of the train boy to feed to his Birdie, as he said, but I never liked them. He called me Birdie from that to Chicago and back, said it meant more to him than the name Angel!"

"Mrs. Bowser!" he shouted, as he jumped up, "is my presence desired in this house?"

"Of course it is."

"Then do not plan to drive me out of it! I see how wives have driven husbands to desperation."

"Sit down, Mr. Bowser. We are simply living over old times for a brief while. I had to tease you to kiss me the other night."

"Yes, and I suppose you have got something written down about that, haven't you? I'm of as loving a disposition as the next man, but how it does look to see a married couple billing and cooing like a couple of young idiots."

"And yet you once longed to kiss me forever.

"I never, never did! Don't drive me to the wall, Mrs. Bowser!"

"I won't, but I want to read a paragraph to you. Here it is:

"Statement V.—Third day of our tour. I am very, very happy. Mr. Bowser has just kissed me on the chin, cheeks, nose, eyes and ears, and says he'd like to keep on kissing forever. He says he can hardly help biting me in the chin."

It was a minute before he could say a word, and the bald spot on his head was as red as paint. He finally choked down his feelings sufficiently to shout:

"I brand that as pure malice and forgery! Mrs. Bowser, you must take that back and apologize to me!"

"How can I? I can read it just as it was written, and I can recall the circumstance. Don't you know we had just returned from——?"

"Never! We never returned! Nothing of the sort ever happened! I'd deny it on my dying bed!"

"You'll next declare that you didn't cry in Indianapolis when I hurt my finger, and that you bound it up in a handkerchief wet with your tears."

"Declare! Of course I'll declare. I'll swear on forty Bibles that I never did!"

With that he rushed up stairs, but I followed him to the landing and read:

"Statement VI.—Accidently pinched my finger in the door. Mr. Bowser said it was his fault, and the first I knew he was weeping. After wiping his eyes on his handkerchief he proceeded to do up my finger in the same. He has a tender heart."

I knew Mr. Bowser was listening over the banister, and so maliciously added.

"——And, with a little practice, will no doubt become the champion weepist of the world."

He uttered a snort and growl, and went off to bed without a word, but the next morning he put in an extra ten minutes frolicking with the baby, and when ready to go he said to me:

"By the way, darl, you'd better go down and pick you out a sealskin sack to-day. I was going to get it for next Christmas, but you might as well have the wear of it now."

FOOLING THE POLICE.

Six Harvard Men Have Lots of Fun With a Barber's Pole.

Not a great while ago a party of half a dozen Harvard students were in a barber's shop in this city, says the Boston *Transcript*, and after having been beautified and adorned tonsorially, one of the number was struck with an idea. It was communicated to his companions, and without a dissenting voice agreed to. The proposition was nothing less than to purchase the barber's pole, which was done, and a receipt taken. Then the young men sallied forth with their striped and parti-colored acquisition. They had not gone far, however, when they were overhauled by a policeman.

"Hello, there! what are you doing with that pole?"

"That's our business."

"You're business, eh? "Well I'll make it mine. Come along with me."

They were marched straight to the nearest station, and stood up in line before the captain.

"What's the trouble, officer?" asked the captain.

"Stealing a barber's pole."

The officer felt quite proud of his capture, and related with particularity all the circumstances of his arrest. The captain looked upon the offenders and was about to order them to be locked up for the night when one of the students produced a paper and suggested that perhaps the captain might like to look at that. The captain looked at it. Then, turning to the policeman, he said: "Officer, you may return to your beat." A moment later the students might have been seen filing out of the station with their tonsorial standard held proudly aloft.

They had not gone far, however, when they were again brought to a halt by another officer, who, like his predecessor, wanted to know where they were going with that pole. He was informed that that was their business, and he in turn assured them that he would make it his business, which he did by escorting them to the selfsame station which they had just quitted.

"What's the trouble, officer?"

"These fellers have stole a barber's pole, and—"

"Very well; you may return to your beat!"

The captain smiled as he dismissed the students. Hardly had he resumed his unwonted gravity of aspect before the door opened and again entered a policeman, six young men and a barber's pole.

And so it went on. Six several times were the students and their barberous property bought by as many different policemen into that station, and had not an officer been specially sent out to warn all patrolmen under no circumstances to interfere with six young men and a barber's pole it is more than likely that that pole and its bearers would have been brought into that station as many times that night as there were patrolemen in the district.

People who wondered what was the cause of the hilarious laughter which proceeded from the usually grave and quiet station on the night in question are now fully informed of the same.

Name Cards.

Originality is a marked feature of name cards for dinners and luncheons, and ingenious devices of many kinds consequently figure at fashionable entertainments. In California red wood bark has been utilized by skillful fingers, and in the east, where it is easily obtained, birch bark is in favor. A six or eight inch square of birch bark has the left hand corner folded over and caught with a pin. This impoverished cornucopia may hold a bunch of violets, forget-me-nots or any other diminutive blossoms. Decorator and Furnisher, which describes this and other cards, advises that care be taken to use only such colors as will harmonize with the remainder of the table decorations, as nothing is so ruinous to the general effect as a mingling of ill assorted colors in flowers.

A PRETTY DINNER CARD.

The little round straw Japanese plaque may be utilized if one has not time for elaborate work. A ribbon is tied across the center, upon which inscribe the name and date. The ribbon will hold in place a small bunch of fairy faces—pansies, or a small posy of wild flowers.

A rather pretty idea is that of fastening the name card to a small wicker basket filled with bonbons. One side presents an express company's tag, while the name and date are plainly written on the other. The basket is covered with a white satin napkin, with a Greek border edged in blue ink.

Small palettes of any finely polished wood make an effective background upon which to describe a fanciful conceit. Birch bark canoes, filled with sugar plums, to which is attached the card are not novelties, but still are pretty and artistic enough to be used.

Black brilliantine, in combination with black watered silk, is a popular costume with ladies who wear light mourning.

CURIOUS WAGERS.

Examples of "Fools' Arguments" Out of the Musty Past.

It has been remarked that "a collection of foolish wagers would make a voluminous work;" and so odd are some of these "fools' arguments," as Butler pithily terms them in his "Hudibras," that a selection of some of the most curious may prove not uninteresting.

During the last century, when, particularly in club life, the least difference of opinion frequently ended in a bet, many remarkable and eccentric wagers were made.

In 1729 a poulterer of Leadenhall market betted £50 he would walk 202 times round the area of Upper Moorfields in twenty-seven hours; and accordingly proceeded at the rate of five miles an hour on the amusing pursuit, "to the infinite improvement of his business and great edification of hundreds of spectators."

To characterize the follies of the day it will be necessary to add to the account of the walking man another of a hopping man, who engaged, in December, 1731, to hop 500 yards in fifty hops in St. James' park. He performed the feat in forty-six.

TRIALS OF SPEED.

In February, 1770, a bet was laid by a noble earl that he should find a man who would ride to Edinburgh and back again to London in less time than another noble earl should make a million dots in the most expeditious manner he could contrive.

In September, 1789, a Colonel Ross set out from London for York, on a wager with a Mr. Pigot of 800 guineas that he reached his destination in forty-eight hours on the same horse. He performed the journey three hours within the time.

On the 17th of May, 1817, a respectable farmer of Kirton-Lindsey, for a wager of a few pounds, undertook to ride a pony up two pair of stairs into a chamber of the George Inn and down again, which feat he actually performed before a numerous company, whose astonishment was heightened by the rider being upward of eleven stone weight and his horse less than thirty stone. They were weighed after the feat, to decide another wager.

In The Annual Register for 1788 we find the following: "A young Irish gentleman, for a very considerable wager, set out on Monday, September 22, to walk to Constantinople and back again in one year. It is said that the young gentleman has £20,000 depending on the performance of the exploit."

The Earl of March, on laying a bet that he would cause a message to be dispatched a certain distance quicker than any horse could convey it, won his wager by inclosing his message in a cricket ball, which was thrown from hand to hand by relays of professional cricketers. As Duke of Queensberry, he betted 1,000 guineas that he would produce a man who would eat more at a meal than any one whom Sir John Lade could find. The duke was informed of his success—not being present at the achievement—by the following bulletin from the field of battle: "My lord, I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your grace that your man beat his antagonist by an apple pie."

BETTING ON DEATH.

At White's coffee house, where, during the last century, gaming was carried on to heavy amounts, a book was always laid upon the table for entering wagers, and in these betting books, some of which still exist, may be found bets on all conceivable subjects; on marriages, births, deaths; on the duration of a ministry, on the chance of an election, on a rascal's risk of the halter or the shock of an earthquake.

Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, September 1, 1750, says: "They have put into the papers a good story made at White's. A man dropped down dead at the door and was carried in. The club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not; and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."

Certain it is that during this period no subject appears to have been too serious for a bet; and that nothing was considered too trivial a medium, the following lines, founded on fact, bear witness:

The Bucks had dined, and deep in council sat;
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.
Up starts his lordship—to the window flies,
And lo! "A race! a race!" in rapture cries.
"Where?" quoth Sir John—"Why, see two drops of rain
Start from the summit of the crystal pane;
A thousand pounds which drop, with nimblest force,
Performs its current down the slipp'ry course."
The bets were made; in dire suspense they wait
For victory, pendant on the nod of Fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll, like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But, ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are short;
How oft two jostling steeds have spoiled the sport!
So, thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.
Each cursed his fate that thus their project crossed;
How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

A Parrot Story.

A parrot was recently bought by a South Side lady upon the affidavit of the man who sold it that it had only a Sunday school education. The bird had in reality been the property of a saloon keeper, and, its cage being near the cracker bowl, everybody made free to give it crackdrs and teach it tough words, its new mistress had hardly got it hung up when a lady friend called, and, of course went into ecstasies over the parrot. When she began to poke her fingers through the cage and called out "Polly, Polly, Polly," the bird opened one eye, cocked his head sidewise, looked at the visitor, and said with great gravity:

"Now, for God's sake don't ask me to have a cracker. I've sworn off."

The paint brush that proved to be a bargain was cleaned in turpentine each time its work was done, dried, and hung up by its handle.

The Song of Songs.

I'm a man thet's fond o' music,
An' we'en folks are not eround,
I kin make our old accorjun
Squeak a mighty rakin' sound;
An' thet banjer haugin' yander,
With its gentle plink, plank, plink,
'Pears to git plumb at the bottom
Of the deepes' thoughts I think.

Does me heaps o' good on Sundays
'For' the pray'r at church is said,
Jes to stand an' hyear "Old Hundred"
Soarin' tur up overhead!
An' I 'most kin spy the angels
Leanin' 'crost the gate up thar,
When old Abrum Blackburn's darter
Leads us in "Sweet Your o' Pray'r."

But ef you sh'u'd want to see me
W'en I hev my broades' smile,
You must ketch me in the kitchen,
W'en the kittle 's on the bile!
Fer I claim thar ain't no warblin'
Ever riz on red-birds' wings
That kin holt a taller candle
To the song the kittle sings.

Seems ez ef my soul gits meller
In the kittle's first sweet note,
Till I fancy weddin' music
Screakin' f'om the iron th'oat.
Seek times, ef I squent my eyes up,
I kin fahly 'pyear to see
Old man Abrum Blackburn's darter
Sittin' thoo the steam at me!

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Here I have stood in the wide, roomy kitchen for the past sixty years, and, as you may suppose, have seen many things in my day. As a rule, I am good natured—unless a small boy pokes me with a stick, or another ill-conditioned little wretch evinces a desire to pry into my internal economy; but rudeness always rifles me, and tick away patiently in my corner, where the morning sunbeams peep in merrily to keep me company.

It was a bonny day for us all when the young master brought home his little bride. Such rejoicing was there, and such dinners! Aspictves fall me when I try to describe them, so I'll stop right off. The bride was young, and pretty, and sweet, but alas! she knew not how to cook! Was not that a sad thing for a farmer's wife? Many are the days I have watched her scorching her delicate face, and roughening her white hands, in the fruitless endeavor to cook some dainty dish that 'John liked;' and many ruined loaves, and blackened heaps of pie-crust were the result of these efforts.

His mother's patience—she had none too much at the start—began to give out at 'such reckless waste of flour and lard,' and it is my own private idea that Mrs. John soon took up the notion that cooking wasn't in her line, for she stopped 'spoiling things' and left the old lady 'in peace.'

But in other ways she was a sunbeam in the dingy old house. To be sure, everything was as clean as a new dollar, but no power on earth could make a kitchen look pretty with a hideous, flowered oil-cloth on the dining table, curtainless windows, and a rough wash-bench 'where the men folks always spruced up a bit' before going to the table.

But young Mrs. Grey soon had things ship-shape, I can tell you. She didn't go about it officiously, either, for if she had, we'd have heard from Mrs. Grey, senior. Oh, no! that wasn't the way at all, and I don't believe I can tell you how she coaxed, and suggested, first one thing and then another, in her pretty, sweet way; but, at any rate, before many weeks rolled over our heads the kitchen was a marvel of beauty. The table relieved in snow-white linen; delicate blue shades softened the glare from the windows, and the broad sills held pots of roses and geraniums. Close by hung a golden canary that sang and kept us bountifully supplied with music; near the shining stove stood several cushioned rockers, and the ugly wash-bench was banished to the back kitchen, where the men must perform their ablutions in future. What with the sanded floor, the glittering rows of tins and crooks on the dresser, the pretty paper rack and carved book shelves—these last Mrs. John's idea—I just took up the notion that nobody's house could beat ours.

The little daughter-in-law's girlish laughter and joyous songs gushed forth now and then, as if she couldn't keep them in any longer. Bright flowers glowed constantly in the tall, old-fashioned vases on either side of me, the odor of which was very agreeable after working hard all day.

Though the mother thought it a silly idea, she permitted the little thing to have her way in decking the dinner table with flowers and all sorts of pretty trifles pleasing to the young eyes. I thought things were going along mighty smooth and pleasant till one day Miss Tabitha Sims stepped in and popped herself down in the most comfortable rocker in our kitchen, and commenced wagging her meddlesome tongue.

'Well, how's things getting along with you, Priscilla?' asked Miss Sims, letting her small, inquisitive eyes roam over all the pretty things in the room.

She had been out visiting when John brought home his little wife, and this was the first time she had seen our changed house.

'I'm tolerably poorly,' said Mrs. Grey. 'Cooking don't agree with me like it used to, and warm weather's coming on, too. I reckon that is the main reason for my feeling bad.'

'Why, where is John's wife? Don't she help you with the cooking, and milking, and butter making?' said Miss Sims, lifting her head like a terrier when he's got a fresh scent.

'Well, the fact is, Bessy has no taste for cooking,' sighed Mrs. Grey. 'That is the one thorn in my flesh; I think every woman who is a farmer's wife ought to understand that sort of work, or she is a failure. John brought this young thing from a city life, and I don't reckon she hardly knew whether butter grew on trees or not; and she's brought most of her city ideas here with her, too, you see.'

Mrs. Grey glanced significantly around the dainty kitchen, but her face didn't get very hard, for she couldn't help seeing how nice and tasteful everything looked.

'Well, there's just this much about it,' said Miss Tabitha, with an indignant sniff. 'I wouldn't have any daughter-in-law dictating to me how I should arrange my house; why, she's even moved out the wash bench! I suppose the parlor now must be wonderful to behold,' sarcastically.

'Well, yes, I do whole house is mighty nice,' said Mrs. Grey. 'I never knew before folks could fix things up so pretty for so little money; though goodness knows I never had much chance to try, with all my butter to make up for the market, eggs to hunt, chickens to tend to, beds to make, and the cooking to do; and in harvesting', with fifteen to twenty hands to feed, I tell you it's no child's play.'

'No, indeed, it ain't!' said Miss Tabitha, sympathetically. 'And I tell you what, when harvestin' comes again, I'd have her help me, or I'd know the reason why.'

'Lor! I'd as soon put a big wax doll to work over the cooking stove, as her, with her pink cheeks and golden hair,' said Mrs. Grey. 'But come and let me show you the house.'

They both left the kitchen, and for a while I felt pretty indignant at the way they talked about dear little Bessy, who had brought us so much sunshine and happiness; I had no way of showing my anger, however, except by striking very hard and then stopping all of a sudden with a snap.

'I wonder what does all that old clock? It acts so queer at times,' cried Mrs. Grey, rushing back into the kitchen, followed by Miss Sims.

'It's getting old, my dear,' said the latter. 'If you had run as many years as that old fossil, you'd act queer, too.'

Now this made me angry with Miss Sims, and I never will forgive her as long as I live! Old, indeed, the spiteful minx! Why, she can't be on the sunny side of sixty herself!

'And what does lady Elizabeth do all the time you are working so hard?' said Miss Sims, resuming her seat, and continuing a conversation she had started in the other part of the house.

'She embroiders and writes a good deal of her time,' I believe, answered Mrs. Grey.

'Embroiders and writes. Upon my word! A nice way to spend her time, truly, while you are doing the drudgery. Well, there's no telling what the world is coming to, and us with it. What does she do with all her embroidery and writin' after she's finished 'em, anyhow?'

'I'm sure I can't tell. I've often wondered myself.'

'And haven't you never found out?' Miss Sims seemed so astonished at this want of curiosity that she almost tumbled out of her seat.

'I would like to see myself staying in the house with a woman this long and not find out what she was doing, no matter how big a secret it was!'

'Oh, it's no secret, I suppose!' said Mrs. Grey. 'I just guess she writes a good many letters to her fine city friends, and sends the embroidery to them as presents.'

'Humph! pretty extravagant for poor John! Really, there is no telling what she might take to next. Priscilla, I'm sorry for you.

'Oh, she's a good little thing enough?' sighed Mrs. Grey, 'but I could wish she was more suited to a farm life.'

They talked on some little time longer, and then the visitor rose to go.

'Won't you stay to tea, Tabitha?'

'No, I thank you, Priscilla. I have three other calls to make this evening, and must be going,' said the old gossip; and I knew as well as if she had told me that she was going to spread every word Mrs. Grey had said, and more beside, all over Tattletown.

The mother bustled about and soon had supper ready, and at six o'clock pretty, gleeful Bessy, who was scarcely more than a child herself, rode home from the meadow on a load of hay with little Bob, John's orphan nephew, and John driving on the front seat. How do I know? Why, I saw them through the window, in the barn lot, to be sure. How else should I know?'

It did my heart good to see this blithe young creature enlivening the old folks with her merry chatter. Every night after supper she would help Mrs. Grey wash and put away the things, and put the kitchen in order, then she would draw the old white-haired father's chair for him out on the porch in the warm evenings, and lighting his pipe with her own willing fingers, seat herself at his knee to listen to the stories of a long vanished time and age that he loved to tell. What is more soothing to old people than the loving attention of the young? No doubt it made the dear old man awfully happy to see how his wife was stealing into his parents' hearts.

A year and then another rolled by. One night, at supper, John looked sad, and wouldn't eat the slices of delicious bread and rich cream that his mother pressed on him; even when little Bessy broke open a boiled egg, and prepared it in a glass with butter and pepper and salt for him, he was not tempted. Now if a man refuses food, and especially when offered by such hands as hers, everybody knows there is something wrong.

'What is the matter, John dear?' she said, going to his chair and resting a tender hand on his shoulder. 'Are you sick, that you have no appetite?'

The look on her sweet face was enough to make any man pretend sickness just to bring it there.

'No, I'm not sick,' said John, leaning his head dejectedly on his hand, 'but I'm terribly disappointed!'

'Why, what has happened, my son?' said the old man, looking anxiously at the troubled countenance of his boy.

'Oh,' said John, 'I know it is childish to act in this way, and I am ashamed of myself, but you all know how I have toiled for years, my sole ambition being to be able one day to buy the Arnold Farm, which is the richest piece of land in all this country; the house is comfortable, too, with all the modern conveniences. I've always thought, and especially since my marriage, that if I could get that place I would be a contented man; but I never dreamed of its being put up for sale so soon after the last party bought it, and was hoping all along that when it did sell the figure would not be too high for me. But yesterday they put up advertisements on trees and fences for miles along the turnpike, saying that it would be sold for five thousand dollars cash and not a cent less. I saw Arnold to-day, and he said he was very anxious to leave immediately, and would sell it to me the next hour for forty-five hundred if I had the money. I tried to compromise by paying the greater part down and a small balance in the next six months; but he said it must be cash or nothing; that he was in need of the money for another investment. He told me that he preferred to sell it to me privately, if he possibly could, for he hated auction sales.'

'My son, I wish that I could help you,' said his father; 'but I have very little in the bank since I sent that last check to James, and this year's crops have not been good yet.

'I know it, father; I know you would help me if you could, and feel grateful; but it seems hard that I should lose such a splendid bargain just for the want of four hundred dollars,' and John looked very much as if he were going to cry. 'Four hundred dollars! John, did you say it was only four hundred dollars you needed to close the bargain?' exclaimed Bessy, consumed with some great excitement.

'Yes, little fairy god-mother,' said John, playfully. He never spoke shortly to her, no matter how much he was worried. 'It is the very enormous sum of four hundred dollars. Do you think you could run out into the yard and pick up a handful of leaves for me and convert them into money?'

'I can do a great deal better than that, for fairy money melts away. I am told, but mine is more substantial. Just wait a minute.'

Before any one could speak she darted out of the room, and we could hear her little feet running up the stairs. Even before we expected her she was back again, with a small Russian leather bag in her hand, which she threw to John.

'Open that,' she said, with a sparkling eyes and flushing cheeks. 'It is a little present from me to you.'

John obeyed in a stupefied manner, while everybody watched in breathless excitement. Putting in his hand he drew out not a plum, like the proverbial young Horner—but a round roll of green-backs, and could not have been more astonished if the moon had suddenly descended on his head.

Amazement and silence reigned supreme for a moment; then John gasped:

'Where did this money come from?'

The young wife crept timidly and with childish grace to his side.

'I earned every cent of it, John.'

'You? Am I dreaming?' exclaimed her husband.

'Yes,' she said, regaining courage as she talked; 'for two years I have done embroidery on fine flannel for Messrs. Felt & Draper's dry goods house in Baltimore, and have been liberally paid for it, too. I have also written short articles for magazines, which have brought me in a snug little sum. A short time ago the proprietors of the magazine for which I have been writing, requested me to furnish them a story with an illustration, to be the product entirely of my own imagination. I compiled, having entitled it 'The Dream' the gist of which was a mother, in a semi-nude state, seeking a dangerous coast with her children, when, perched upon a high rock, she endeavors to teach them how to swim. Great was the mother's relief, upon waking, to find it only a dream. This assured my success as a writer of this class of literature. Most of the money just given you was paid in consideration of this article alone. John, dear, I did all this for you. I knew I could never be a farmer's wife in the old accepted sense of the word—that is, in cooking, churning, milking, and all that sort of thing, but I would make money for you in another way. Isn't it nice, though, that I have earned the exact sum you need, John?'

Then she turned to Mrs. Grey.

'Mother, I am afraid you thought I was trifling away a good deal of valuable time, but I knew I could make it all right with you some day; even if I can't cook, I'm not quite the drone you thought me, am I?'

She said this with a very wistful look in her great blue eyes. Mrs. Grey got straight up from the table, and going to her, threw both substantial arms about her neck, and drew the golden head to her shoulder. Her eyes, usually so hard and bright, were filled with tears.

'My daughter,' she cried, with a sob in her voice, 'I have much forgiveness to ask of you, and it shows what a bigoted old fool I have been. I did think, sometimes, you ought to have taken more interest in cooking, and helped me with it, instead of embroidering and writing so much to your friends. You see it never occurred to me that some people are born to do one thing, and some to do another. Cooking is my forte, and making money in a far more agreeable and refined way is yours. Why, you could earn more in one year at that sort of work than I could in five! Will you ever forgive me, my dear, for having had such thoughts of you?'

The little daughter-in-law pressed her sweet lips to the old lady's cheek, and whispered that she had nothing to forgive; that she was just as happy as she could wish to be in this world.

Indeed, I think they were all uproariously happy, and took turn about in kissing her, and making a great fuss over her. John declared he was certain that no man ever had a sweeter, dearer little help-mate before. Even I, sedate 'old fossil' that I am, felt ridiculously happy, and wish that my maker had enabled me to laugh; actually, I should have liked to tumble down off my shelf, or do something else equally as absurd, to show my appreciation of this hour for rejoicing.

Oh, yes! I mustn't forget to say that Miss Sims favored us with a call, not many days later, and Mrs. Grey set her right on a great many points concerning her daughter-in-law's character, and she never dared, that is, in our hearing, to say an uncivil thing of her again.

John, with 'the Bessy fund,' as he laughingly called his wife's money, was enabled to buy the long-coveted farm, and it was not many months before we were all in the new farm-house, and as happy and well regulated a family as you ever heard of. I was given my accustomed place of honor on the kitchen staff, and soon got used to my pretty new home and surroundings and liked it even more than the old, for it was much better furnished, and seemed the sweetest home in the world; but then I haven't seen many, I don't know but what a kitchen is as good a place in which to study human nature as almost any other. I, at least, have seen several things in my time.

As the years rolled swiftly by, they brought us new joys and responsibilities. The table had to be made larger for the accommodation of two bright-haired cherubs who graced it, and quite demoralized the once decorous kitchen with their frolicsome racket. I have to fear a great deal from those chubby-fisted youngsters and they are about the only trial I have. They pick at me with their prying fingers until I wish I was dead. But trials are unavoidable in this world.

Silver combs are in high favor. Among the prettiest are those the tops of which are entwined with enameled mignonette.

All skirts of fine wool should be draped over a foundation skirt, thereby avoiding the limp effect of unsupported wool draperies.

By keeping the cattle off the pasture one day longer in the Spring you may keep them upon it two days longer in the Fall.

A handy thing to have is a box containing an assortment of bolts, nuts, rivets, nails, and a hammer, pinchers and cold-chisel.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—At New Heaven, recently, Thomas J. Osborn wrote 105 words of memorized matter on the type writer in half a minute—breaking the record.

—The President of these forty-two United States was just 55 years, 7 months and 14 days old upon the date he assumed office.

—In New York city, according to a prominent merchant of that place, 7,000 book-keepers are looking for work, which they would gladly do for $10 a week.

—The making of lamp shades is a very lucrative business for women in England. A manufacturer of lamps in London pays one lady $200 a month for shades. They are dainty mixtures of silk and lace.

—A craze for taking flowers to school recently sprung up among children in Athen, Ga., and eventually resulted in so much extra work for the janitors that an order, excluding flowers from class rooms, had to be issued.

—The display of women's work at the coming International Exposition in Paris will include exhibits from over thirty countries. Space for the display has been made in the educational department.

—Schools of pharmacy for women are a product of later days. Ten years ago there were but two women druggists in the country. Now there are over 2,000 and the number is constantly increasing.

—During the first quarter of this year 730 applications for pensions were received at the Maine State Pension Office. It is expected that the number will reach 1500 or 1800 before December 21. Last year there were 1290 applications.

—John Wanamaker's country place at Jenkintown, Pa., is his pride and joy. He has a fine collection of cattle, and his flowers are very valuable. His roses and orchids are worthy of note, and his rhododendrons are famous in Pennsylvania.

—Italy has each year nearly 300,000 cases of typhoid fever, with 27,000 deaths, according to Professor Ruata. A third of the population reaching the age of forty-five have the fever, and more than three per cent. die from it in some localities.

—The violinist Joachim made his debut as a prodigy at seven years of age, playing a concert with his brother Serwacknisky. A banquet to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his debut was given March 14 at Cambridge, England, by the Cambridge University Musical Society.

—Stephanie, the widowed Crown Princess of Austria, was spoken of in the accounts of her wedding as "the most beautiful Princess in Europe." Now it is said of her: "If she had been a chambermaid in a hotel nobody would have noticed her, so commonplace was her physiognomy."

—The place in the open Bible where General Harrison's lips touched when he took the oath were the three verses of the 121st Psalm as follows:

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

—In Boston natural history gardens are to be established in connection with the public park system. The Transcript of Boston reports that the Superintendent of our Zoological Garden has been invited to visit the Hub and aid in making plans for the buildings and laying out the grounds at Franklin Park.

—Manager Thompson of the "Said Pasha" Comic Opera Company has brought suit against the New York *Herald* for libel and for $10,000 damages for criticisms of his production. In these it was said that too much