

"I am sure, James," she said, "that I try to be as economical as possible. I went without a new silk dress this winter, because the one I got last spring would answer, I thought, by having a new body made to it. My old bonnet, too, was retrimmed. And as to the gloves, you know you are very particular about my having gloves always nice, and scold, if I appear in the street with a shabby pair on."

Mr. Morris knew all this to be true, and felt still more ashamed of his conduct; however, like most men, he was too proud to confess his error, except indirectly.

He took out his pocket-book and said,

"How much will satisfy you for a year, not for gloves only, but for all the other et ceteras? I will make you an allowance, and then you need not ask me for a dollar whenever you want a pair of gloves, or a new handkerchief."

The wife's eyes danced with delight. She thought for a moment, and then said,

"I will undertake, on fifty dollars, to find myself in all these things."

Mr. Morris dropped the newspaper as if it had been red-hot, and stared at his wife.

"I believe," he said, "you women think that we men are made of money. I don't spend fifty dollars in gloves and handkerchiefs in half a dozen years."

Mrs. Morris made no reply, for a full minute, for she was determined to keep her temper. But the quickness with which her needle moved, showed that she had some difficulty to be amiable. At last she said,

"But how much do you spend in cigars?"

This was a home-thrust, for Mr. Morris was an inveterate smoker; and consumed twice as much on this needless luxury as the sum his wife asked. He picked up the paper, and made no reply.

"I don't wish you to give up smoking, since you enjoy it so much," she said. "But surely a cigar is no more necessary to a gentleman than are gloves and handkerchiefs to a lady; and if you expend a hundred dollars in one, I don't see why you should complain of my wishing fifty dollars for another."

"Pshaw," said the husband, finally, "I don't spend a hundred dollars in cigars. It can't be."

"You bring home a quarter box every three weeks; and each box you say, costs about six dollars, which at the end of the

year, makes a total of one hundred and four dollars."

Mr. Morris fidgetted on his seat. His wife was aware of her advantage, and smiling to herself, pursued it.

"If you had counted up, as I have every dollar you have given me for gloves, handkerchiefs, shoes, and ribbons, during a year, you will find it amounted to full fifty dollars; and, if you had kept a statement of what your cigars cost, you would see that I am correct in my estimate as to them."

"A hundred dollars! It can't be," said the husband, determined not to be convinced.

"Let us make a bargain," replied the wife. "Put into my hand a hundred dollars to buy cigars for you, and fifty to purchase gloves and et ceteras for me. I promise faithfully to administer both accounts, with this stipulation, that, at the end of a year, I am to retain all that I can save of the fifty, and to return to you all that remains of the hundred."

"It is agreed. I will pay quarterly, beginning with to-night." And he took out his purse, and counted thirty seven dollars and a half into his wife's hand.

And how did the bargain turn out? Our fair readers have no doubt guessed already. Jane continued, during the year, to supply her husband with cigars, and at the end, rendered in her account, by which it appeared, that Mr. Morris had smoked away one hundred and ten dollars, while his wife had spent only forty on gloves, handkerchiefs and shoes, the ten dollars she had saved having just enabled her to keep her husband's cigar box full, without calling on him for the delicency till the year was up.

Mr. Morris paid the ten dollars, with a long face, but without a word of comment. He has ever since given, of his own accord, the fifty dollars allowance to his wife. Husbans, who think their wives waste money on gloves, should be careful to waste none on cigars.

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Never nod to an acquaintance in an auction. We did so once,—and when the sale closed we found four broken chairs, six cracked flower-pots, and a knock-kneed bedstead knocked down to us.

If you cannot speak well of your neighbour, do not speak of him at all.