

had to live on pancakes most of the time sense it took place, and they are tougher than leather; I have been most tempted to cut some out of my boot legs to see if they wouldn't be tenderer, but I never should hear the end of it if I did. She jaws me awfully, and orders me round as if I was a dog, a yeller dog—" he added despairin'ly, "if I was a yeller dog, she couldn't seem to look down on me any more, and treat me any worse."

Says I, "I always did mistrust these wimmen that talk so much about not wantin' any rights, and clingin' and so forth. But," says I, not wantin' to run anybody to thier backs, "she thought it was her spear to marry."

"I told you," says he, in agonizin' tones, "I told you that spear of hern would destroy me, and it has."

He looked so sorrowful that I says to him in still more jokeuler tones than I had yet used, "Chirk up, Simon Slimpsey, I wish you joy." I felt that he needed is indeed. He give me an awful look that was jest about half reproach, and half anguish, and I see a tear begin to flow. I turned away respectin' his feelin's. As he went down the steps slowly, I see him put his hands in his pockets, as if searchin' for his handkerchief, seemin'ly in vain. But he had on a long blue broadcloth swallow tailed coat that he was married in the first time long years ago, and as he went round the corner he took up the skirts of his coat and wiped his eyes. I said to myself with a deep sithe, "And this is woman's only spear." And the words awakened in my breast as many as 19 or 20 different emotions, and I don't know but more.

I murmured mewsin'ly to myself, "It seems to me, if I was a woman I should about as lives be a constable."

While I was still mewsin', Betsy, his wife tore down the street, in a distracted way, and paused before me.

"Have you seen my husband?" says she, "can you tell a distracted wife—have you seen her husband Simon Slimpsey?"

She looked wild, as if she feared a catastrophe, and she cried out, loosin' holt of her self control, in a firm constable like tone,

"He shall not escape me! I will telegraph to the next station house! I will have the creek dragged! the woods shall be scoured out!" says she.

"Be calm, and compose yourse if," says I frigidly, "Simon Slimpsey has gone up towards the house."

She heaved a deep sithe of content, and triumph agin brooded down upon her eyebrow as she follered on after him.

I hadn't no idee of callin' on her, I wouldn't,

but the next day, Simon Slimpsey went by on his old white horse. It is a very dejected lookin' horse in the face, besides carryin' a couple of wash-boards in its sides, in the line of ribs. Thomas Jefferson says, "What gives it its mournful expression, it is mournin' for the companions of its youth." Says he, "you know Noah saved a pair of every-thing," and says he, "his poor companion passed away several thousand years ago." That boy worrys me, I don't know what he is comin' to. Slimpsey's old horse hain't more'n 35 or 40 years old, I don't believe. They say Betsy is makin' a pale blue cambric ridin' dress, and is goin' to ride him a horse back this fall. It don't seem to me there would be much fun in it, he is so lame, besides havin' a habit of fallin' frequently with the blind staggers; howsomever its none of my business.

But as I was a sayin' I stood silently in the door, to see old Slimpsey go by a horseback, and I thought to myself as I pensively turned out my tea grounds, (I was a gettin' dinner) how much—how much it looks like a night mare that has broken out of its lawful night pastures, and is runnin' away with a pale and harassed victim. So haggard and melancholy did they both look. And I sithed, I hadn't much more'n got through sithin', when he rode up, and says he,

"The seventh boy is worse, and the twin girls are took down with it, it would be a melankoly pleasure Miss Allen if you could go up." I went.

Betsy had got the most of 'em to sleep, and was settin' between a few cradles, and trundle beds, and high chairs all filled with measles, and a few mumps. Betsy's teeth was out, and her tow frizzles lay on the table with a lot of paper—so I mistrusted she had been writin' a poem. But she was now engaged in mendin' a pair of pantaloons, the 8th pair—she told me—she had mended that day, for Simon Slimpsey was a poor man, and couldn't afford to buy new ones. They was a hard and mournful lookin' pair, and says I to her—in a tone in which pity and contempt was blended about half and half—

"Betsy are you happy?"

"I am at rest," says she, more at rest than I have been for years."

"Are you happy?" says I, lookin' keenly at her.

"I feel real dignified," says she. "There isn't no use in a woman tryin' to be dignified till she is married, for she can't. I have tried it and I know. I can truly say, Josiah Allen's wife, that I neveh knew what dignity was, until one week ago last Sunday night at half-past seven in the evening," says she, turnin' over the pantaloons, and