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Mrs. Batterby's Crazy Onilt.

cas, because after careful observation and deep consideration of the subject, I berself to fall under the baleful spell of "crazy" patchwork, becomes surely and swiftly lost to every other influence, and heedless of every other appeal either to her consciene or her affections.

Well, Mrs. Batterby was a dear little roly-poly of a woman, with dark blue eyes, and a soft, gurgling laugh that was lately decided to have one. perfectly infectious, and which had the added charm of suddenly bringing into Her bright brown hair waved naturally 10:30 P. M., he looked over the banison either side of her smooth, white forehead, and Mr. Batterby, who had the turily exclaimed : reputation of being quite a connoisseur in female beauty, and given to admiring showy, brilliant women, thought there never was anything in these days of bangs and frizzes, so exquisitely feminine, and bewitching, and suggestive of home and happiness, as that tiny white parting in his wife's bounteous brown hair, wrappers, their cheeks flushed, and their and the little rippling waves on her white brow. However, he simply remarked that he 'liked that way of wearing her hair," and let it go at that, In his instantaneous mental conceptions of her, there was always distinct in his ind, her bright, loving glance, her pretty brow and hair, her dark dress and te apron, and plump, white hands; and generally he thought of her with a baby in her arms. They had been married ten years, and there had been

three children, so that Mr. Batterby had good cause to remember his wife as hold- of manner. I muss confess that Mrs. Batterby was not a great reader. But then, her husband was, and as she was very sympathetic and receptive, and he was fond of conversation, she became, so to speak, infused with current information, and had the leisure she might otherwise have

spent in reading, in which to manufacture little ornamental knick-knacks for things which books do not teach. She Mr. Batterby, giving another pull at the knew corned beef and cabbage make the pile, and bringing out a rich blue satin best dinner for a hungry man in seven scarf. cases out of nine. See knew that a great many disagreeable things happen in a them, she won't cut one !' cried Mme. house, which, (unless his wife tells him,) Pumpernickel, gayly. the master of a house will never knowand it isn't best he should. She knew you this for your quilt, very gallantly that as neither Mr. Batterby nor she were angels, their progeny would not be, the bright silken ribbon. and that therefore diversion was sometimes better than discipline. She knew 'Why, Gustave! and I've been saving but there is no editor who can afford that to use in some to give space enough for the record. these five years !' Suffice is to say that poor little Peter

after ten years of exile, and having not divide with her!" placed their children in good Christian 'No, you keep it all !' jocosely advised ay crying at night in his lonely bed, two women delving into the rags. that he had Mrs. Batterby for a mother ; or help a fellow so about scrap-books, and kites, and reins. So you see why I sense was all that restrained her from call her a model mother. And consider- jealousy. ing her in the light of a wife, Mr. Perbor, Mr. Greer, whose wife was very that scarf she knows I was hoarding?" intellectual and wrote works on art, and

Such a woman it was who fell a victim - to that 'crazy quilt' manis, which is now insidiously undermining the moral and intellectual character of the females in all ranks of life throughout this whole

good fortune.

It was Mme. Pumpernickel, who, being herself demented, introduced this contagious mania into this hitherto happy here. household. Who was Mme. Pumpernickel. Everybody asked that the moment they saw her. With her gray hair coiled like a coronet on her wellpoised head, and her air of good-breeding, and her lively wit ? and her gracious and training, and adored the opera. manner, one almost expected to hear she was a Duchess. But in reality she till the last minute, barely allowing themwas only a woman of defeated possibilities. She might have been a world-renowed pianist if she had not been born to poverty. She might have been a first love. She would have been a great writer if she had been a better talker, and she would have been celebrated as a wonderful conversationalist if she had been sickets on the mantelpiece !' -horn to wealth, and in Boston, instead How long will it take for

learning and teaching music in a West-

But despite her disadvantages Mme Pumpernickle's consciousness of her own superiority to criticism never deserted her, and never failed to impress, with more or less intensity, those with whom

So when Mme. Pumpernickle open came tumbling out silk rags, snippings quilts!" she said, in her gay way :

'I travel like an sesthetic ragman. It's my 'crazy quilt.' You must have one. Everybody is making them. They are elegant.' And Mrs. Batterby immed-

That night, when Mr. Batterby, who added charm of suddenly bringing into view two rows of little white teeth and been requested to attend a 'ratification meeting' down town, arrived home at ters into the dining-room, and involun-'Up yet ? Why, what in the world are

you doing ? Well might he exclaim.

The floor of the room into which he looked was strewn with rags ; the diningtable was heaped with them; and, bend hair dishevelled in their eagerness, were tossing around the heap of silk scraps. 'Oh, I'm making a 'crazy quilt !' ab-

stractedly returned his wife, scarcely raising her eyes from her work. 'Mme. Pumpernickel is helping me plan

Mr. Batterby looked on a moment his habitual abiding sense of a man's inability to comprehend the mysterious workings of the feminine intellect enabling him to maintain a becoming composure

*Well, good-night!' he said, with the air of one who was giving up a problem. But as he turned to go, his eye was caught by the familiar pattern of one silken fragment. He drew it from the

scarfs !

'Now, Gustave!' cried Mrs. Ratterby, snatching it away; 'you gave up wearing that years ago !' 'Here is one I bought in Paris,' said

'And she is so close and stingy with

'Here, Mme. Pumpernickel, I'll give

responded Mr. Batterby, handing over 'Oh!' involuntarily gasped his wife.

'Oh, thank you, Mr. Batterby ! Now

families, had gone back childless and Mr. Batterby, keeping up the joke; and free to heathendom, used to wish as he he betook himself to bed, leaving the

They finished their squares, though and a'l of her children's playmates Mrs. Batterby had to let the baby cry a thought it must be delightful to have a little while, till she pieced out a corner mother who could make such lovely but there was not quite the same cordicostumes and furniture for paper dolls, ality between them, as before Mr. Batterby's entrance. Mrs. Batterby's good

She knew what a belle and flirt Mme. kins, the right-hand neighbor, whose Pampernickel used to be, and 'really,' wife never having had any children, and she was mentally saying, 'gray hairs and detesting housework, had become his wrinkles would not prevent her being a most invaluable business associate in his coquette yet. Will she really take addentist's office, and the left-hand neigh- vantage of Gustave's fun and carry away

But Mme. Pumpernickel, (who had a Dr. Mattock round the corner, whose keen sense of humor, and read Mrr. Batwife was musical and sang in a choir and terby's mind like a book,) really did at church concerts, etc., and was there- carry the scarf away to her valise, and fore away from home a good deal-all poor little Mrs. Batterby, (who lay awake these held the private opinion that that night planning squares, and thought Batterby was a wonderfully lucky man about that beautiful tie, and Gustave's in his wife, and doubted, with a slight reckless generosity), never saw again the feeling of envy, if he appreciated his own treasure of which her husband and her guest had so ruthlessly despoiled

Immediately after breakfast the next morning, the two women sat down to

'I'm going to let Mary dress the baby and pick up the house, I'll just let things go, and devote myself to you.'

'Yes, and we'll see how many squares of your quilt we can finish while I'm "We must go to the opera matinee this

afternoon, you know.'
'Dear me! I hardly feel as if we could take the time,' cried Mme, Pumpernickel, who was a musician by nature

They worked on their respective squares tea each.

'We shall be a little late,' said Mrs Senator's wife if she had married her Batterby, when they were almost at their

'Oh, mercy! If I didu't leave our

of spending her first twenty years in back for them?"

'Not even to eat and sleen?' 'Oh, I suppose you'll be obliged to stop or those things, returned Mme. Pumpernickel, half in jest, half in earnest;

ardor would soon cool.' But Mr. Batterby, in the goodness of play being a society drama gave great display of costumes, and afforded the to whisper aside, such as :

'Look at that elegant brocade she has n. Wouldn't I just like a piece of that in my quilt !'

'See that rich purp'e velvet in that page's cloak! Wouldn't that show in your square ?'

'I'd just like to snip a piece off that lady's bonnet-strings. We haven't any green that lights up at night.'

Fortunately Mr. Batterby could hear these remarks or he might have feared for his wife's mental condition. and as he sat between the ladies in the car returning home they were obliged to make an attempt at least to speak on next day to the great delight of the ladies, it stormed. 'We shall have no callers, and we can't

go out,' they said. So they sat in the midst of rags, snipping, clipping, basting, too busy to comb their hair or don their morning dresses until the daylight began to wane.

'O, dear ! It's too bad to have to stop. but I suppose we must,' said Mme. Pumpernickel. We must make ourselves decent before Mr. Batterby comes.'

And just then there was a ring at the door and a telegram from Mr. Batterby that business would keep him down till between nine and ten o'clock.

'And now we needn't dress,' joyously cried Mme. Pumpernickel. 'I shall finish this square before I go to bed. I am determined on it,'

But it did seem to Mrs. Batterby as if fore. What was the reason three-yearold Edith should be so tiresome about Lowe, Johnny Batterby's great friend, I shall always have something to remind getting to bed? And then after she was whose father and mether being missionme of you, 10 my quilt. Now, you see there she wanted the pillow fixed, and aries, had returned to their native land how your wife feels about it! But I shall the sheet smoothed, and a drink of water. and the last moment she called her mamprayers. Then when the impatient mother again reached the stairs the little voice called :

'Mamma, mamma, Edie wants dollie.' eparation from her 'crazy quilt,' return. ed, and snatching up the battered, baldheaded object of Edie's affections tossed it into the crib.

'There's dollie, get into bed with you.' she said crossly. 'You haven't got to say any prayers, because you haven' got

Edie snatched up her child and turned on her mother with flashing eyes.

'Tee hab dot tum toul too;' she roared. Mrs. Batterby, smitten with remorse, kissed her child and soothed her, and yet it did not occur to the mother how strong and baleful must be the influence which could render her thus hard and petulant to her darling Edith, patient and tender and considerate of the feelings of dollie's mother as she generally

The next day Mme. Pumpernickel departed, but the evil which she had disseminated remained. Mrs. Batterby grew worse daily, until she became a hopeless crazy-quilt maniac. At length chiefs and stockings had vanished. the dusty mantels and book-shelves, the rent tablecloths, the children's buttonless garments, and his wife's neglected toilet began to force themselves even on Mr. Batterby's unobservant eyes. He began to truce a connection between these things and the different squares of silk patchwork, some one of which was always pinned on the inside of the nursery door. Apparently casual inquiries as to his wife's employments and occupations on different days led only to disclosures that some other feminine sufferer from the mania had called to leave s fresh collection of rags, or that Mrs. Batterby had been to some neighbor's to other afflicted creature, or that some requilt. The devoted Lusband, his atten-

tion now drawn to the subject, was alarmed to observe how fixed a hold the terrible mania had taken upon his poor wife's aberrated mind. It was only Sunday she abstained from creative work vacation in the bosom of his family, a

Forty minutes, and forty back. Call spon this destroyer of domestic happiit an hour and a half. The opers will be mess. But it was, after all, only a physical abstinence, for her husband marked Never mind. We can stop and buy her long memorizing gaze upon the that pink satin for your quilt, and then illuminated texts above the pulpit, wherego home and plan two more squares bein the gray haired minister was impressing
upon his hearers the spiritual darkness
'I know you only say that to relieve
of the ancient Jews. Subsequently he
me. You must be dreadfully disappointsaw the ornamental 'conventional' forms, her value, and from every part of it ed! Oh, they're well-named 'crozy- and the blending of tints reproduced in the crazy-quilt. He even thought, with 'Yes; but you see I must leave you a cold thrill of fear, that she might have Friday, so there is only one more day for so far forgotten the teaching of her us to work on the quilt. Dear child,' childhood as to take her needle on Sun-

pleaded Mme. Pumpernickel, earnestly, day. But no! she was the mother of Mrs. Batterby rose and left the room, and laying her hand on Mrs. Batterby's Sunday school scholars! He banished As she went slowly through the hall and arm, 'don't, don't stop until your quitt is the thought. He noted her roving, ab- up the stairs her mind vividly recalled stracted gaze over the congregation, and that \$10 worth of plush. It seemed he divined the envy and covetousness in pity not to let Mrs. Smith see that, and her soul as her eye caught the beauty of get a clear idea of the whole effect of the some new tint in bonnet-trimming.

er you. Delay would be fatal. Your surprised her daughter with a visit. at her extravagance. At least he would Now, Mrs. Batterby was a model of filial think it extravagance. affection. One of the things she had his heart, brought home theatre tickets learned without recourse to books was for that night, and the ladies, with secret | that a woman should always live to be a reluctance, tore themselves away from grandmother, because her daughters their rags and accompanied him, but the never appreciate her till they, in their turn, become mothers. But no sooner were the old lady's wrappings off than two demented creatures many occasions | the crazy-quilt was brought to notice, and the daughter could not be induced to make any but a momentary digression on any other subject : but there she sat, only stopping reluctantly for lunch, 'feather stitching' on her 'square' as if

her next day's bread depended on getting it done before night. 'Well, goodby,' said the old lady at parting. 'If they conclude to send you to the asylum at Batavia, tell them to

let me know immediately.' And she went back to the suburbs with a little chill of disappointment at

her heart. But while Mr. Batterby was racking eyes. his brain to know how he could surrepother torics besides crazy quilts. The titiously minister to his wife's diseased mind, a kind Providence was sending a

blessing in disguise. It was something like the sensational society drama where the sickness of the child recalls the erring wife back to virtue. Little Phillip fell ill, It was only the said, 'it was not once in a hundred times

that there was such a severe case.' The morning of the fourth day of his gentle arms the little sufferer, whose swollen face was covered with the confluent eruption, and whose beautiful blue

brother very thoughtfully. 'Phille doin' to die?' she lisped.

'O, no, darling ! mamma hopes not.' Mamma could work all ze time on her tazy twilt zen.' rejoined Edie gravely. The unconscious reproach went straight to the mother's awakened con-

freed from their beloved burden she gathered up all the materials of her ma back because she hadn't said her crazy-quilt and put them in a bureau drawer in the sewing-room. In the drawer lay the five yards of dark-green plush for the border; for the squares were all ready to be put together. Five The usually gentle mother, frantic at yards at two dollars a yard, ten dollars ! And now there was all the expense of Philip's sickness to meet. She half regretted the spending of the ten-dollar gold-piece Gustave had given her. He had told her to buy a comfortable housedress with it. Not that he would ever ask what she did with it. But now she really needed the dress. And ten dollars just for the border of the quilt seemed a good deal. Satin would have been cheaper, of course. But then, plush was the thing. Still she sighed a little per-

plexed sigh as she shut the drawer. The next Monday morning Bridget left her wash in the tubs, declaring she was sick and must go home to her

aunt's. 'An' shure ye wudn't be kapin' back a week's pay for a week's warnin' whin I'm that sick I can't stand on my two

So she got her full pay and she went and when the strange washerwoman hired to finish the wash was gone, it was found that all the towels, and handker-

Then the intelligence office began to send its Bedouins through the kitchen of poor Mrs. Batteroy,

It was the same old tribe. In the ourse of three weeks they had them all -the girl who broke everything from the largest platter down to the handle of the furnace door, the girl who served her hair up with various dressings at each meal, the girl who put her potatoes on to cook when she heard Mr. Batterby's voice in the hall, and baked all the griddle-cakes before the breakfast bell rang. And so forth and so on.

But they lived through it all, as people leave a bundle of promised scraps for an. | always do, and nothing ever really came of it all except a secret change of Mr. cently-inoculated woman had called for Batterby's views on the subject of a directions and advice about her crazy. Purgatory, and his growing conviction of such a place as a necessary adjunct to celestial housekeeping.

In the meantime the crazy quilt was almost forgotten. One day, however, when Mr. Batterby was enjoying a day's

lady visitor came in; and somehow the e style of patchwork became the topic 'Ah, but you just ought to see my

wife's quilt ! Go get it, dear, and Mrs. Smith see it. 'It's not quite finished. Baby's sickness made me lay it away,' demarred

Mrs. Batterby, who felt a strange veluctarce to take out her old enslaver. 'Never mind. Show the squares. 'O do. I should so like to see them

'Prettiest things you ever saw!' en thusiastically said the proud husband. quilt. But it might set Gustave think-One cold morning Mrs. Batterby's inz. Of course the gold piece had been but you must not let anything else hind- mother came in from the suburbs and her own. Yet he would be astonished

> So thinking she opened the drawer It was empty.

Mrs. Batterby stood confounded. The

other drawers were packed with old halfworn garments to be remade. No quilt in them. Gone-plush and squares Also the gingham for aprons, and her unmade calico dress.

With a lightning flash she recalled sending Bridget to the bureau one Sun day afternoon for flaunel for Philip The next Monday she left.

Mrs. Batterby went back to the sitting room. She was pale but dry-eyed. She told her woe.

'Never mind, my darling ?' said her husband, putting his arm about her, 'I'll buy you a handsome Marseilles

spread. Her hours, and days, and weeks of slavish work rose up before Mrs. Batter-

by's mind, the tears gushed from her man know about a woman's feelings?

she sebbed. - Chicago Tribune.

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