

THE FATAL QUARREL

BY W. W.

"But I say you shall not."

"And I say I will."

The speaker was husband and wife.

The former leaned on the mantel-piece.

He looked down on the latter.

She spoke to him, still sitting by the

table, for that meal had just been

finished, and she did not glance up as

he answered, but went on talking to

her lap-dog in terms

of fond endearment and feeding it with

sugar.

Yes! they were husband and wife.

Seven years before, Carrie Dayton, just

eighteen, freshly freed from the trammels

of a boarding-school, had launched forth

as a lover and manager. There she had

met with Harry Aylmer. To her he

seemed almost a god, so far superior to

all the other fellows who were so

thinking more of him than any other

girl, and listening with beating pulse

to his many tones. Men had envied him,

women had loved him, and this man had

grown weary of it all. But under the

pride, cold smile was hidden away a

warm heart, somewhat crushed over with

love, it is true, but it was there. And

when he met Carrie Dayton, he felt that

he had encountered his fate. Day after

day he found himself putting forth every

effort to make himself agreeable. So after

a few brief months, they were married,

and went forth to tread life's journey

together. They travelled for awhile, and

at last they settled in a home of their own,

replete with every comfort and luxury

and life began in earnest.

Now came the crisis. From early child-

hood Harry Aylmer had shown himself

possessed of an iron will, stern and un-

yielding. Carrie, too, had a will of her own.

For the first few months of marriage, the

very pleasant for her to have him will for

her—and gracefully she yielded; but as

length the reins were tightened, the

intense selfishness of the husband became

apparent even to Carrie—and there began

to grow up a spirit of rebellion on her part.

At last she came to a desire to judge for herself sometimes, and

to act accordingly. Matters grew from bad

to worse, until after a lapse of some three

years a beautiful baby lay on the mother's

bosom, a bright, wee flower, with its

ringlets of hair, its pure, white skin, and

heavenly blue eyes, very miniature of the

mother who bore it. Reconciliation ensued,

and the mother and child were again

gladly reunited. The father, however, was

not so easily reconciled. He had seen the

child, and he had seen the mother, and

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PLAYING CONSEQUENCES.

How an Invidious Game May Make Two Hearts

Beat as One—A Fresh Story.

They were playing an invidious game, in-

vited by the devil or some of his followers,

called "Consequences." Presuming that

our readers know how the thing is done, we

shall only detail what happened.

Joe Smith and Missouri Brown had been

sweethearts for some time, though she never

would say yes when he asked her to marry

him. In fact, she flirted with some of the

other fellows in a manner totally demoral-

izing to Joe. He, poor fellow, had stood it

miraculously, and had come to the conclu-

sion that he would have to speak, and

had spoken to his friend Tom Brown, a

cousin of Missouri's, on the subject. The

result was that on this particular evening

he proposed the fiendish game above

alluded to.

The slips of paper were prepared, passed

around, written on, and read. The

first one was something after this order:

Joe Smith and Lizzie Simpson—met in a

corner—she was playing the piano—

he said, "My darling, I love you!"—She

said, "I'm hungry."—The consequences were

that they fell in the gutter—And the people

said, "I were better to laugh than to sigh."

This was deemed such a success that the

game was passed around again. But this

time it was Tom Brown, with the mother's

consent, who was to play the piano. She

said, "My darling, I must kiss you!"—

She said, "Oh, Joe, you must!"—She

did, "My darling, I love you!"—The

consequences were that she didn't equal

him, and the people all said, "Why on earth

don't those two fools get married?"—

Missouri blushed, and the crowd tumbled

to the racket and howled. In the midst of

the uproar the young lady rushed out of the

room and Joe after her. She was going

right home, she said, indignantly, and she

did, and Joe with her. And although she

only lived some four squares away, it took

them from nine o'clock to half-past ten

o'clock to walk it. It is observed that

Missouri doesn't flirt any more, and that

Joe has begun to wear a plug hat, from

which one may infer that the "consequen-

ces" of that night's work will be all

right.

The Life of the Frog.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

A frog will probably live ten or fifteen

years if steering clear of accidents. They

are not worth catching until they are two

years old, and are not worth catching until

they reach the age of five. A frog sees his

prey from five to ten feet. Before reach-

ing five feet he is excited and thoughtful.

After that he settles down to a life of ease

and contentment, and the days come and go

and he is content. A frog has been

caught in the St. Clair marshes weighing

as high as seven pounds and having legs

almost like drumsticks. One was caught

at the head of Belle Isle two years ago

which kicked the beam at nine, and one

weighing only a half pound less was on

an exhibition at the central market in

London. The frog-hunters say that the

best time to catch them is in the evening

when they are out of their holes. Before

a storm he can be found only in certain local-

ities. When there is to be a great rain

he seeks certain localities. If the day

is to be cool and cloudy his altitude betrays

him. If it is to be hot and sultry the frog

remains below. "During a thunder-storm

he is 'on deck' to witness the display, and

if it is to be hot and sultry the frog

remains below. His natural

enemies are man, several species of birds,

three or four species of fish and one or two

kinds of snakes. He is a very cunning

creature, and he will do anything to

manage to dodge all for years is proof

enough that his lack of brains has been

more than made good by his suppleness.

The Radical Programme.

The nature of the plan which the Eng-

lish Radical party has formed for the next

session may be partly estimated from the

following notice of motion put on the paper

last Friday, and which will be presented

to-morrow by Mr. Jesse Collins, M.P. for Ips-

wich: "That it is desirable, in order to in-

crease the productivity of the land, to

arrest the decline of the rural population

and to promote the interests of the com-

mercial industries of the country, that pro-

vision should be made by parliament

to facilitate the acquisition by agricultural

laborers and others of proprietary rights in

the soil they cultivate." Mr. Collins is

not what Lord Palmerston used to call a

"radical tramp." On the contrary, he is

a retired Birmingham merchant of very

large means, and an active promoter of

YES! YES!

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