

could hardly stop to eat his supper, and hurried his wife to come and see his mother's shirts! Mrs. Harlowe purposely lingered about the dining-room, and when at last she came up stairs, she found her husband arrayed in his new garment and proudly surveying himself in the glass.

"I tell you, Helen, these shirts are just fine! Did you ever see a better fit?" craning his neck to get a better view.

"They seem to fit very well," said his wife. "Just examine the sewing, will you? Perhaps your mother's eyes are ailing."

"No need of that. Why anybody can see they are beautifully made?"

"Then they really suit you, my dear? You would be perfectly satisfied to have their maker do your shirts for all the time?" And Mrs. Harlowe smiled sweetly at her husband.

"Of course, what could a man want when a shirt fits well and is well made?"

"Then, my dear husband, it becomes my painful duty to tell you that the shirt you are so proudly displaying is the same one you expended so much ire upon when last you tried it on. It has not been touched or altered, and is the work solely and entirely of your poor inefficient wife. The bundle lay untouched upon your mother's table until she sent it home."

And Mr. Harlowe had his lesson. Let us hope he profited thereby.

THE TABLES TURNED.

LYDIA A. RICHES.



N the eyes of the simple people of the thriving little city of D—, there were none more prosperous and happy than Mr. and Mrs. Raymond; the former enjoying an enviable position as a real estate dealer. He was a man of prepossessing appearance, cordial, and altogether a popular man. Mrs. Raymond was a little woman, quiet and refined. Their home was one of the finest in the new city. Four children had been the issue of the union.

"I wish," said Mrs. Raymond, as they arose from the breakfast table, "that you would make haste and send me a new cook. It was unfortunate that Mary should leave us with no help but Katie."

"Well, I'll attend to it as soon as I can; but you know, that my time is pretty well filled without having time for hunting servants," replied Mr. Raymond, with apparent impatience. "Why can't you make some inquiries yourself?"

"My time is so taken up that I can not get out. Katie is only fourteen; she cannot cook or sweep, or do any of the harder work. Next week I shall have Charlie and Lulu off to school; then I hope to have some leisure." She spoke in the worried tone that always nettled him.

"I don't see how it is that women can't do as much work as they used to," retorted Mr. Raymond. "My mother raised a family of seven, and did all of her own work; and because our cook is away two days, the whole family must be made miserable by it."

If Mr. Raymond did not consider himself the whole family, he felt that he was so nearly that, that he exaggerated but a trifle.

"Never mind, Herbert; we shall doubtless manage in some way," returned his wife; quietly. Then, with a flash of spirit which she seldom displayed, she said: "It will oblige me very much if you will never again tell me how much you consider me inferior to your mother. I do the best I can with what strength I have to expend; and if I fall short of your expectations, you should respect me sufficiently to not carry

your disappointment so near the surface that all may 'read as they run.'"

"Pshaw! what's the use of getting in a tantrum? I suppose you think I mean all I say."

"I hope you do not say what you do not mean. No doubt you often mean more than you say," she was thoroughly aroused now; and Mr. Raymond, in order to avoid the consequences of his foolish words, took his hat and sauntered toward his office.

"My, but she's getting to be a spitfire! This comes of her going to the woman's suffrage meetings! I'll put a stop to that. The idea of her making such a fuss about a little work! Why, I could do it all in an hour!"

Mrs. Raymond, in the meantime, was gathering up her china and washing it.

"Please, mum," said Katie, "can I have the pay for my week's work? Brother Tim is waiting at the door for it. Mother is needing it awful bad."

"I think I haven't a dollar, Katie. Can not your brother call at Mr. Raymond's office and ask him for it," she suggested.

A hurried consultation was held at the back door, when Kate returned, "Tim sees he sees Mr. Raymond with some other men in a carriage with a lot of fish poles; and he thinks they've gone a fishin'."

"Well, you must tell Tim he must go to Mr. Raymond for the money," she replied.

"So this is the urgent business that detains him from looking for a cook." An occasional tear dropped into her pan of china dishes. She felt that she could not tolerate deceit in her husband. She swept and dusted the parlor, baked pastry for dinner, directed Katie about her work, attended to the wants of the children, entertained a caller or two, while every spare moment was filled with preparing the children's clothes for school. Mr. Raymond thought she must do her own plain sewing. Six o'clock found her so tired that when her husband returned she had not spirit enough to make any comment.

"How has business prospered to-day?" she asked, at last, forcing herself to be civil.

"Finely, finely!" he replied. "Since that new addition was platted, I've been fairly rushed. If business continues as good, I shall be able to make some good investments for myself this fall."

"And for me, too?" she wanted to ask.

"Shall we attend the theatre this evening?" he asked, not appearing to notice her weariness. "Not to-night; I am too tired," she replied.

"As Mrs. Raymond's head pressed the cool pillow that night she thought of her happy days before marriage and compared her life as a school teacher with her present mode of existence. "If it were not for my helpless little ones, I would return to the old life," she said to herself.

When Mr. Raymond retired, his wife was apparently sleeping.

"She does look tired, sure enough! I think I'll have to look for a cook to-morrow."

It seemed but an instant later that he heard his wife calling, "Come, come! Why don't you get up and get breakfast? Don't call Katie to light the fire, she is so tired. Come, hurry! The children want to get up. Take them out, and don't disturb me until breakfast is ready."

He felt that by some mysterious arrangement he and his wife were to exchange their relative positions to each other. He did not relish the prospect, but accepted the fact with the best grace he could summon. He strove to make haste, but a dull pain in his head prompted him to again turn to his pillow. His wife's voice was again heard and after making a mighty effort he managed to betake himself to the kitchen, where he at last lighted the fire. The children clamored to be dressed, and Katie must be called. After much delay, breakfast was

ready, and his wife took her place opposite him, waiting to be served. How smiling and care-free she looked! Breakfast over, he found himself saying: "I wish you would try to find a cook to-day."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" was his wife's reply. "I could do all the work there is here in an hour; besides, I am so busy at the office that I've no time for such things. You don't need to do much. Just prepare a roast, and something for dessert, and sweep and dust the parlor, and don't forget to feed the canaries, and look after the children." So saying, she adjusted her toque and tripped gaily down the street.

Left alone with Katie and the children, he found so many things demanding his attention that he was at once perplexed. The day grew hot, the house was stifling. He longed for a stroll. A few callers detained him, and at three he remembered that he had prepared no dessert for dinner. He spied an orange vender and decided to buy some of his fruit.

"Nice, fresh oranges; thirty cents a dozen!"

Mr. Raymond stepped to the door and beckoned to the boy. "I will take a dozen," he said, and returned to his room in search of his purse. What was his chagrin to find it empty!

"I cannot take any to-day; my—my wife—forgot to leave me any money," he exclaimed. He paused at the window to brush away a tear, when, imagine his astonishment at seeing his wife in company with an intimate friend, leisurely strolling toward the park, enjoying a box of caramels.

"And that is her urgent business!" he pondered. The clock on the mantel chimed off the hours, and at last his wife appeared. He forced himself to smile, and ask how business prospered.

"Never was better," was her answer, with much satisfaction.

"I'm counting on a piece of property out beyond the park. If I secure that, it will be a great stroke for me."

"And what will it be for me?" he was about to ask, but checked himself.

"Shall we go out this evening?" he heard his wife asking.

"No; I'm fearfully tired," he answered.

As he attempted to rise from the table, the room appeared to reel, and he felt himself being hurled into a fathomless abyss.

"Why, Herbert, what is the matter?" he heard his wife asking. He opened his eyes to see her standing over him in alarm.

"I—I guess I was dreaming; but I don't believe it either," he said confusedly.

"Well, I should say your dinner had been too heavy," she replied, as she again retired, but Herbert Raymond will never believe this. He feels that he has had a glimpse of the every-day life of a mother and housekeeper.

What the New Year Brings.

Vacant chairs.
Good wishes without number.
Change, but not always silver.
January—and all the others.
Mistakes—we date our letters wrong.
Friends grown older and a few joyless.
Bills of every description, but every one too large.
Improvements that cause wonder and questionings.
Dividends without variety, all shrunk like old flannels.
"The new faces at the door, the new boots on the floor."
New friends? Yes, and worthy ones too. How have we existed without them?