The Herald.

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THE HERALD
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
From the Office of KANE & Co.,
54 GERMAIN STREET,
AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, Post-paid, or delivered in any part of the City or Town of Portland.

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Next door to A. Sinclair's)
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Coaches furnished for Weddings, Funerals, &c., at the very shortest notice.
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$290.
YOU ask WHY we can sell First-Class 7 1-3 Octave Rosewood Piano for $290. Our answer is, that it costs less than $300 to make any $600 Piano sold through Agents all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but sell DIRECT to Familiest Factory price, and warrant five years. We Send our Pianos everywhere for trial, and require no payment unless they are found satisfactory. Send for Illustrated Circular, which gives full particulars, and contains the names of over 1500 Bankers, Merchants and Families that are using our Pianos in every State of the Union. Please state where you saw his notice.
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Custom Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE REMOVED
TO
MARSHALL'S INSURANCE BLOCK,
Cor. of Market Square and Prince William Street,
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☞GENTS GARMENTS made to order at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

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JAS CAMPBELL,
(for the past 15 years in the employ of Mr. Thomas Campbell,) wishes to inform the public that he has commenced business on his own account, in his Shanty,
South Side King Square,
opposite the Fountain, and, being determined to use none but the best material, is prepared to guarantee all work done by him. Orders respectfully solicited

Butter, Lard and Eggs.
Just received per I. C. Railway.
40 TUBS choice Dairy Butter; 17 lbs. Pure Leaf Lard; Produce Fresh Eggs. For sale low, wholesale and retail by
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
12 Charlotte street.

APPLES, RAISENS & CURRANTS.
200 BARRELS No. 1 choice Winter Apples, comprising part of Bishop Pippin, Baldwin, Greenings, Nonpareil, Russets, Tripolin Spitzenbergs, &c.; 10 boxes Layer Raisens, 25 do., box London Layers, for Table use, and 5 bbls. Currants. For sale
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
12 Charlotte street.
Also, a choice assortment of Family Groceries, Flour, Meal, Ship stores, etc., for sale at Market rates and delivered free of extra charge in any part of the city or vicinity by
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
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AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE
[illegible] POPE LEO XIII. Size 16 by 20 inches. Published by Thos. Kelly, N. Y., and is the best selling picture in the field. Nothing like it. Sells on sight. Multitudes realized last year. Sent post-paid on receipt of 25 cents. Liberal discount to Agents. Address,
W. B. KEENE,
apr6—3m St. John, N. B.

LACE CURTAINS, CURTAIN NETS,
NETS FOR SHORT BLINDS,
LACE LAMBREQUINS.
We are now Showing our SPRING IMPORTATIONS of the above Goods.
200 PAIRS NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, ranging in price from $1.00 to $6.00 per pair.
600 PIECES CURTAIN NETS, from 6 to 60 cents per yard.
40 PIECES NET, FOR SHORT BLINDS, from 5 to 14 cents per yard.
10 DOZEN LACE LAMBREQUINS, all prices.
☞These are all NEW DESIGNS AND PATTERNS, and for the prices CANNOT BE BEATEN.
INSPECTION INVITED.
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Corner of King and Germain Sts.

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NEW SPRING GOODS!
M. WALSH, begs respectfully to announce to his friends and the public that he has moved to his New Premises, Melick Block, No. 5, Market Square, and is now showing a full assortment of
NEW GOODS, IN ALL THE DEPARTMENTS!
FANCY DRESS GOODS,
BLACK PERSIAN CORDS,
BLACK SICILIAN,
LUSTRES AND ALPACCAS.
English and American Prints,
HOUSEHOLD GOODS.
Sheetings, 8-4, 9-4 & 10-4. Tickings, Table Linens. Table Cloths, Colored and White, 5-8 & 3-4. Napkins, Towels and Towellings, 4-4, 6-4 & 8-4. Floor Oil Cloths.
TABLE OIL CLOTHS.
Lace and Leno Curtain Sets, Curtain Lace, 18 to 54 inches. Hamburg Edgings and Insertions, Imitation Hand-work. Edgings and Lacings, Collars and Cuffs. English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Coatings, Diagonal and Basket. Hindoo, Oxford and Regetta Shirtings.
HOSIERY & GLOVES.
A full assortment of Gent's Furnishing Goods; Gent's White Shirts made to order.
M. WALSH,
Melick Block, - - - - 5 Market Square.

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City Contractor,
COR. OF ELLIOT ROW & PITT ST.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A slate will be kept at J. C. Ferguson's, King Square, and orders left will be promptly attended to.

HOLLANDS GENEVA
Just received:
50 GREEN Cases DeKuypers' GENEVA;
25 " " Key do;
25 " " half bottles do. 1 dozen each pattern.
5 " " quarts do. 1 "
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IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
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and a large assortment of
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Gents' Clothing made to order in the most Fashionable styles, and a perfect fit guaranteed.
A large stock of SEAMEN'S CLOTHING AND OUTFITS always on hand.
Intending purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere.
Portland Bridge, North Railway Track.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
HAS A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL
At $2.50 per day.
Tremont House
No Liquors Sold mar9

WILLET & QUIGLEY,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,
Notaries Public, &c.,
55 KING STREET, (up stairs)
JOHN WILLET. RICHD. P. QUIGLEY,
Of Lynn, Mass. Commissioner, &c., for Massachusetts.
feb9

TO LEASE,
FOR 3 OR 5 YEARS.
ON Sydney street, one of the finest locations, the Respectable Dwelling with Bath rooms, Patent W. C., Gas, Register Grates and all the modern improvements. Possession 1st May next. These premises are suitable for respectable families. Enquire of William Burns, at the Board of Health office or on the premises. feb9

NOTICE.
WE have in Stock a splendid line of
COATINGS AND TWEEDS
for our Custom Department, and will make to order at our usual low prices at our Old Stand, Dock st.
MULLIN BROS.
We are selling our Ready-Made Clothing at Cost to make room for our spring arrivals.
feb23 MULLIN BROS.

THE BEST PLACE
TO BUY YOUR
Boots and Shoes
IS AT THE
Portland Boot & Shoe Store,
where you can get anything in the Shoe line as cheap as any house in the Trade. I have on hand a large stock of Men's Kip, Coarse and Calf Boots of our own make, hand made, which will be sold at very low prices.
dec22 H. BOWLES.

NOW OPEN
—AT—
JEWELLER'S HALL,
14 King Street.
Gold & Silver Watches,
GOLD AND GOLD-PLATED
JEWELLERY,
Clocks & Fancy Goods.
T. L. COUGHLAN

A QUANTITY OF
PAPER BAGS,
WILL BE SOLD CHEAP
APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

For the HERALD.

MONTH OF MAY.

Pious Aspirations to our Blessed Lady for every day in the month of May.

Translated from the Italian.

1 Joy of my heart! O let pay
To thine own sweet month of May.

2 Mary! one gift I beg of thee—
My soul from sin and sorrow free.

3 Direct my wandering feet aright
And be thyself my own true light.

4 Be love of thee the purging fire
To cleanse for God my heart's desire.

5 Mother! be love of thee a ray,
From heaven, to show the heavenward way.

6 Mary! make haste thy child to win
From sin and from the love of sin.

7 Mother of God! let my poor love
A mother's prayers and pity move.

8 Oh, Mary, when I come to die,
Be thou, thy spouse, and Jesus nigh!

9 When mute before the Judge I stand,
My holy shield be Mary's hand.

10 Oh, Mary! let no child of thine
In hell's eternal exile pine.

11 If time for penance still be mine,
Mother the precious gift is thine.

12 Thou, Mary, art my hope and life;
The starlight of this earthly strife.

13 Oh! for my own and others' sin,
Do thou, who canst, free pardon win.

14 To sinners all—to me the chief—
Send, mother, send thy kind relief.

15 To thee our love and troth are given;
Pray for us, pray, bright Gate of Heaven.

16 Sweet Day-star! let thy beauty be
A light to draw my soul to thee.

17 We love thee, light of sinner's eyes!
O let thy prayer for sinners rise.

18 Look at us, mother, Mary! See
How piteously we look to thee.

19 I am thy slave, nor would I be,
For words from this sweet bondage free.

20 Oh Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign
My soul in heavenly ways to train.

21 Sweet Stewardess of God! thy prayers
We beg, who are God's ransomed heirs.

22 Oh Virgin-born! Oh Flesh Divine!
Cleanse us and make us wholly thine.

23 Mary, dear Mistress of my heart,
What thou wouldst have me do impart.

24 Thou who wert pure as driven snow,
Make me as thou wert here below.

25 Oh Queen of Heaven! obtain for me
Thy glory there one day to see.

26 O then and there, on that bright day,
To me thy womb's chaste fruit display.

27 Mother of God! to me no less
Vouchsafe a mother's sweet caress.

28 Be love of thee, my whole life long
A seal upon my wayward tongue.

29 Write on my heart's most sacred core
The Five dear Wounds that Jesus bore.

30 O give me tears to shed with thee
Beneath the Cross on Calvary.

31 One more request, and I have done:—
With love of thee and thy dear son,
More let me hire and more each day
Till love of self is burned away.

[—PHILALETHES.

A Mexican Adventure.

I was riding along the Taolumnes River one summer afternoon, after "going through" half the claims on Sandy Bar, when I came upon a camp of Mexicans, some ten or a dozen in number. The day had been unusually warm. No, that is not the word; it was hot, smoltering hot, and I felt tired and worn out with my long ride and hard exertions. In fact, my condition was such that I determined to accept the proffered hospitality of the Mexicans, rather than travel eight or ten mile to town. So, taking the saddle off "Gringo" my tough little mustang, I staked him out and rejoined the party, a portion of whom were busily employed getting something to eat. They did not appear to notice my presence particularly; treating me however, with marked politeness which they generally show to a stranger. But one among them could speak English, and from him I learned that they were miners, who had come from an adjoining county in search of better diggings. On the way a quarrel had risen between two of the party about that fruitful cause of man's troubles as well as blessings—a woman. Antoine, my informant, stated to me that he had made every effort to stop the difficulty without effect, and now it was proposed to fight it out early next morning with bowie-knives. My arrival, Antoine stated, had caused them some uneasiness, as I was looked upon as an officer of the law; and they were even now undecided what to do, although the general idea was to postpone the combat until after I had taken my departure.

Here, thought I, is a chance for me to play the part of a peacemaker; and there and then, through the medium of Antoine, an interpreter, my work began. The aggrieved parties were brought together, and the folly and madness of proceeding to extremes, strongly represented. My eloquence prevailed, mutual explanations followed, the Mexicans shook hands, the friendship was apparently fully restored. After this we all felt in such good humour that the bottle passed freely, and I fear that more than one of our number swallowed a little too much of the ardent. At all events, I knew that my head appeared to have attained a most remarkable growth the next morning.

During the evening, however, one of the Mexicans—a big, swarthy fellow, with an ugly scar on his cheek, evinced rather an unusual interest in a piece of personal property belonging to me—namely, a large-sized six-shooter, with a white ivory handle, and handsomely mounted. Twice he requested me to let him see it, and his eyes fairly danced with pleasure while examining and handling the beautiful weapon. Time and again, through the medium of the interpreter, he wanted to know how much I would sell it for; until, worn out with his importunities, I at last consented to trade the revolver for one that he had and six ounces of gold dust into the bargain. This, you will agree, was a pretty good trade, even for those days; but then I really prized the weapon very highly, and did not want to part with it. Tired with my journey, and drowsy from drinking, I finally rolled over in my blankets for a sound sleep, leaving the Mexicans, including the happy possessor of my pistol, deeply engaged in a game of monte.

Despite the effects of the brandy, of which I had certainly got my full share, my sleep was disturbed and broken, and I awoke early next morning, just as day was breaking, sick at stomach and with a racking headache. Looking around I could see my companions of the night, each wrapped in his blanket of serapa, and to judge from their heavy breathing, all fast asleep. Having a long day's ride before me and feeling vexed and disgusted with myself, I quietly arose and went out to where "Gringo" was doing his best to get a square meal from the stunted and scorched grass within range of his tether. To blanket and saddle him was the work of a few minutes, and we were soon galloping rapidly away, without the formality of leave-taking, or so much as saying good-bye to a single one of the party.

I had not gone more than a mile or two, however, before I became conscious that someone was riding hard in pursuit, or at least coming at a furious gait from the direction of the camp. The sound of the horses hoofs rang ominously in my ears. For some cause or other I felt all was not right, and apprehended danger. A sharp bend in the road brought the horsman into full view, and a glance served to show me that it was no other than the ugly looking customer with whom I had swapped pistols that night before. My first impulse was to draw my six shooter. But horror! I saw it was not loaded! The next movement was to strike the spurs into the flanks of poor "Gringo," determined on a race for life. Looking back, the swarthy Mexican could be plainly seen, urging his horse with lash and spur, while to add to my terror, he was brandishing my white handled revolver over his head in a threatening manner.

We had now entered a piece of woods which was but little travelled. In fact, it was nothing more than a trail, which I had resolved to take as a cut-off. I knew, however, that a few miles further on we should strike a mining camp, and then I should be all right. But poor "Gringo" never much for speed at his best, and now jaded and broken down, was no match for the swift-footed animal in pursuit, and every moment I could hear the latter's hoofs sound closer and closer, while my pursuer shouted savagely in his barbarous lingo. At last in utter despair of escape in this way, I threw myself from the saddle and sought safety by taking to the brush. Too late! Too late! The Mexican, with the hideous scar, and his horse covered with foam, was upon me in an instant. I had sense enough left, and courage, too, to not give up life without one desperate struggle. So, clubbing the old six-shooter, I raised my strike, just as the big Mexican rushed open me. When within a few feet of where I stood, however, he suddenly jerked his horse back upon his haunches, and then a wild laugh rang through the woods, loud enough to be heard a mile away. The fellow's eyes fairly rolled in his head as he looked at me, while he shouted and laughed as if his sides would split.

I confess to being a man of sensitive feeling, and ordinarily don't like to be laughed at. But this time the coarse peals of laughter sounded like music in my ears. I was stunned, stupified, dumb-founded; but knew intuitively that the man who could laugh that way didn't have murder in his heart. A few minutes sufficed to put things in their true light, although I could not speak a word of Spanish, and he was almost equally ignorant of English. He made me understand, by words and signs, that he lost all his money playing "monte" the night before, and now wanted to sell me back my pistol for a couple of ounces. He was awake when I got up, and intended to make the offer before my leaving. My sudden departure, however, prevented his doing so, and he therefore speedily jumped on the fleetest horse in the lot and started in pursuit. Mortified and ashamed of myself, for having been so dreadfully frightened without cause, I gladly gave the fellow the money he asked, and resumed possession of my revolver. He then assisted me to catch my horse, and on taking leave I gave him to understand that it he wanted to be my friend for life, he must never say a word about this adventure.

In the year 1861, 17.1 per cent. of the population spoke Irish—namely, $1,105,537 persons. In the year 1871 this proportion had sunk to 16.1 of the population—namely to 817,875 persons. Thus it appears that the use of the Irish language is dying out at the rate of 20,000 persons in ten years.

During the seven years which have elapsed since the establishment of reformatory and industrial schools in Ireland, 2,530 children—852 boys and 1,678 girls—have been discharged from the institutions. Of this number only five boys and three girls are know to have been afterwards convicted of crime.

M. McLEOD, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET, keeps a fine assortment of Tobacconists Fancy Goods, Virginia and Canadian Smoking and Chewing Tobacco Havana Cigars, &c. His "Queen" Cigars, "three for a quarter," are the genuine article. Virginia Shag and Gold Leaf Smoking Tobaccos a specialty.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Own Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., May 16.

The political atmosphere has been considerable disturbed the last few days. The *Post* says that the Democrats have at last got down to solid work and that before long Mr. Hayes' title will be so thin that he won't care to look at it. On the other hand the *Republican* maintains that the Democrats have put their heads into a pretty hot place and want to draw out now, but if they can't do that, will give up the fight. This is the status of the proposed attack upon the present occupant of the White House. While affairs remain in this complex condition, the President enjoys life, diversified by short pleasure trips, drives, &c. His horses like those of Grant's are blooded and attractive. The team which generally appears before his heavy family landau are dappled greys which he brought from the Buckeye state. They may be seen most any evening prancing along the avenue and champing their bits as proudly as did the steeds of the rosy-browed aurora. He also drives before his elegant Brewster "dog cart" a heavy pair of clad bays. This last turnout is peculiarly that of Mr. Hayes', as his wife never rides upon it. He has a sharp eye to business, and knows how to use his horse for political purposes. Some time since a leading nothern journal attacked the President's policy in a very determined manner, but a little missive confidential was sent to the proprietor suggesting that a visit to the Capital and a lunch at the White House might have a sedative effect upon unsettled political convictions. The editor came and lunched and mine host, the President, suggested a few hours drive amid the beautiful surroundings of the city. What was said during that time is not known, but it is known that that prominent journal afterwards has upheld Mr. Hayes. Oh, conciliation thou art a jewel! Senator Edmunds is said to be in favor of taxing christianity, thro' church property. This is not strange, for it is a noticeable fact that men always want to tax the heaviest, things of which they consume the least. Senator Kellogg has received a letter from Gen'l Packard in which he intimates that he may not accept the Liverpool consulate. Packard does not say flat-footed that he will decline, but says he don't see how he can accept, as he cannot possibly leave the country before the middle of June. This is considered by some as an indication that he is weakening, and that he will finally compromise on the Liverpool job. At last this District is in a fair way to have an established form of government. But that is of little consequence in comparison with the fifty per cent. clause in the new bill. That gives the heretofore overburdened tax payers relief and makes life in the District worth living for. For years the affairs of the city have been unsettled because Congress has used it as an experimenting ground for all the wild schemes of government suggested by certain political lunatics. With all the hue and cry raised against Boss Shepherd and his ring the city was never more prosperous than during his administration. The new bill which has already passed the House, and will of the Senate, provides that the affairs of the District shall be in charge of a triumvirate, in conjunction with a common council, and further that the U. S. Government shall bear fifty per cent. of the expenses, and that there shall be no more special taxes. The question of tariff reform is now occuppying the attention of Congress and must have made a decided step forward Wednesday. Surely men who are desirous of legislating in the interest of the whole country could not have listened to the argument of Mr. Tucker of Va., without becoming awakened to the importance of this issue and the necessity for a change. To say that Mr. Tucker made a great speech, but partially conveys the idea of the force and grandeur of his effort. No speech during the session has commanded such close attention. For two hours the members kept their seats listening to his every word, and at the close applause broke forth spontaneously from both sides of the House and the well filled galleries.

PHONO.

It Was Alive.

He was rather an uncouth looking individual, and as he sauntered into the store the crowd sitting on the barrels winked at each other and made remarks about his person.

"Where did he come from?" asked one pointing at him.

"Somebody left the door open and it blew in," said another.

"I don't think its alive," said a third.

"Touch it and see," remarked a fourth.

"Yes, it's a man—see it move?" queried the first.

All hands laughed boisterously.

"I'm a poor man, and I don't want to have any trouble with anybody. I'm a Christian, and I don't believe in turmoil and strife and can't participate in it. I pray, you wordly minded people, that you will allow me to depart in peace," said the new arrival.

One of the crowd more daring than the rest, hammered the man's hat down over his eyes, and another dabbed his nose full of molasses from a barrel standing by.

Then the poor Christian took a small volume from his pocket and began reading the Scriptures in a sing-song tone.

While he was engaged at this the crowd played all sorts of tricks on him.

One put eggs in his pocket and another smashed them.

Then the biggest man in the house poured some oil on his hat and lighted it.

The clerk hit him under the nose with a codfish.

Then that man quietly put the little volume into his coat-tail pocket, and the clerk went head first into the molasses barrel. When the biggest man in the house picked himself from under the counter it was next to an impossibility to guess where his nose left off and where the codfish began. No. 1 made work for the glazier as he knit a ventilator in the window. No. 2 hatched out half a barrel of eggs, and No. 5 got up on the pie-shelf and stayed there. As No. 4 walked out of the door on his back he wondered how much it would cost to make him as good as new, and the poor Christian remarked:—

"The next time you fellows pick me up for a slouch, look out you ain't in the wrong pew. Good day, fellers."

The clerk is waiting for them to come round and settle for damage done, but they must have forgotten where the place is as they pass right by without looking in, and their bills remain unpaid.

PLAIN
AND
ORNAMENTAL PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
At Low Rates and with Despatch
AT THE
"HERALD"
Book, Card and Job Rooms
54 GERMAIN STREET,

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD."

HOW A MARRIAGE CEREMONY WAS MADE FUNNY BY A GIGGLING BRIDE.

Several days ago a prominent Episcopal clergyman of this city was invited to one of the hotels to marry a couple from Canada. They did not want any witnesses, and they wanted the ceremony to be about one minute long. To this the reverend gentleman objected. Under the law of this State a marriage is not valid which is not witnessed by two persons. They were procured, and the couple struck an attitude calculated to show to an advantage an array of fine clothes and two rather good-looking faces, the owners of which would (so the marriage certificate stated) never see their twenty-sixth birthday again. The ceremony ran smoothly until the pledges were given.

"I, Kate," continued the minister.

"I, Kate," she faltered.

"Take thee. William,"

"Take thee, William,"

"To be my wedded husband—'

"To be my wedded husband,"

"To have and to hold—"

A smile puckered the corner of her mouth, which was finally extended in a hearty laugh: no response. The minister was astounded at the untimely exhibition of frivolity; the witnesses were highly amused, and the would-be bridegroom struggled to retain his possession.

"To have and to hold—" repeated the minister.

"To have—To! he!" he!" and she broke down again. A repetition of the scene was broken into by solemn and commanding voice

"To have and to hol—"

"To—" she began; then indulged in a frenzy of mirth which spread to all but the dignified and chagrined tyer of knots.

"You think this is a very trivial matter," he said sternly, "but I fancy you won't find it so funny if you intend beginning life together in this ridiculous manner. I've a mind to punish you by refusing to complete the ceremony, but on second thought I think it will be better to read you a homily, and then I will finish that which I have begun if I have to stay here until to-morrow morning."

The homily was delivered, and the couple, now quite serious, resumed their trying position and were duly married.

"I wouldn't have laughed," said the bride, by way of explanation, "but I never heard the Episcopal marriage ceremony before, and it was so funny to think that I had got to promise to hold this great big fellow (indicating whom she meant by a loving salutation) all the rest of my life, that I couldn't keep from laughing."—*Detroit News.*

How She Managed It.

Mr. Marooney is foreman in a foundry and gets $30 a week. With this salary the family ought to get along well and save money. But they do not. Mr. Marooney has a cousin, a shoemaker, who gets only $15 a week, yet who sails right along in lightning express, while Marooney comes lagging along in a freight with a hot-box.

"How do you manage it, Jack," he would frequently ask, "to get along the way you do? Here you actually keep your family and save your money on $15 a week, while it takes every cent I make to live, and I get double the pay."

"Oh, I don't manage it at all," says Jack; "I just take my money home to the old woman on Saturday night, and she takes $5 to run the house with, and puts the rest carefully away."

"Do you give her all the money?" asks Mr. Marooney, musing.

"Oh, no, not quite; I keep out a little for tobacco during the week, and a trifle to keep me from feeling lonesome. If I kept it all in my pocket I would spend it sure, but Mary keeps it tight and safe."

Mr. Marooney talked it over with his wife that night, and they concluded to try Jack's plan. The following Saturday night he brought home his $30, and keeping back one, put the rest in her keeping, and she promised to do her level best to set the table on but $5. The first week she squeezed through somehow, and got along with $6.50. Mr. Marooney was quite pleased, and began laying awake at night thinking of what kind of a house he would build. He thought that a plain rustic cottage with a bay window would be about right. The next week her expense account footed up to $5.80 and Mr. Marooney changed his design for a future residence from frame to brick The next week she brought it down 40 cents more, and he added a wing with a wash-house. Then she made a superhuman struggle, quit buying milk, and came within two shillings of the goal for which she had been striving. Mr. Marooney decided on an iron fence in front of his premises. The next week she lost ground slipped, and came out at the $5 post. Mr. Marooney thought a neat railing fence was good enough for anybody, but when the ensuing week she came in with flying colors and struck the $5 mark in both eyes. Mr. Marooney had the iron railing reinstated, and granite steps running up to the door.

The next week she took the money she had saved and went and bought her a love of a hat, too 'cute for anything, a black silk dress, and a cherub of a cloak, that made the woman next door cry with envy till her nose got sore, and Mr. Marooney came to the conclusion that it did'nt pay to live on one's own property keeping up repairs, insurances, etc., and the worry and stew in dread of fire and earthquakes more than counterbalanced any trifling advantages there might be.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*