

HOUSEHOLD.

The Sitting-Room Window.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

It is autumn and we are busy garnering the fruits and other products of the earth. The sitting-room window is deserted, but for a few ferns, and every one is doing a little toward the harvesting. There are flower seeds to pick and label, sweet herbs to dry and put in bottles, and the pumpkins and squashes to put on a cool dry shelf. Parsley dried in the oven and packed away in paper bags is very useful through the winter, and speaking of bags, those who have only a few grapes can keep them from birds and have them ripen better if put into paper bags as soon as they are formed. I find, too, it is a protection against early frost.

This Province has a great deal to contend with in the matter of climate. Late frost and cold in spring, early frost in autumn make a short season and make fruit growing quite precarious. The children revel in grapes and apples and they seem to be able to eat them without any decrease of appetite.

The bees have finished storing honey for this season, and we realize that it has been a very poor one comparatively. How rich this luscious sweetness is and so scarce this year that it is being manufactured and simply given and syrup. The science of adulteration has made rapid progress and one is hardly sure, off a farm, that products are genuine.

I like these long autumn evenings, they are full of pleasant possibilities, and if we do not always carry out our intentions in the way of improvement and study, who does? Let us enjoy the seasons as they come. The violets have left us, the roses are gone, so we will try to be contented with the chrysanthemum and our home cheer. We will burn on the back log, and get out the plates of fruit, for the long winter is at hand when the sitting-room must be the coziest and cheeriest room of the house, full of pleasant associations and cordial good will.

"Come, stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And in innocent recreation and mirth,
With thankful hearts and contentment that all is well.

"So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

The Care of Shoes.

For men and children, especially, shoes (or boots, if they are worn) should be well oiled from time to time, depending upon the employment of the wearer, the quality of the leather, and the weather. Not only is a hard, dry leather painful to the feet, but it is of short life, cracking and breaking away oftentimes when with proper care it would last much longer. It is not frequently happens that makers or dealers are blamed when their goods do not wear better, when in fact the principal fault is with the wearer, or in not using reasonable care. Speaking generally, any shoes which have been well should be well dried, thoroughly cleaned, and then faithfully oiled before being worn again. The kind of oil to apply varies somewhat with the nature of the shoes. For ladies' fine shoes, vaseline is recommended; glycerine is sometimes used with good effect; or castor oil can be employed, and will be found excellent. Whatever is applied, the leather should be warmed—not heated—so as to involve danger of burning—and the application should be faithfully rubbed in, so that the entire body of the leather may be reached and softened. For coarser shoes, such as are often worn in farming and manufacturing employments, any oily substance possessing "a body" will give satisfactory results, provided it be absolutely free from salt. Lard should not be used, but entirely fresh butter answers admirably. So does a mixture of about equal parts of pure neat's foot oil and beef tallow; and mutton tallow is an old-time favorite. But one thing is quite certain—no boot or shoe which feels harsh and stiff from exposure to wet weather or dampness of any sort should be worn in that condition. The leather will be almost sure to crack and spoil the shoe. And there is another fact which should be borne in mind, and that is that a coat of blacking, while it may make the external appearance of the shoe all right, does not in any degree atone, so far as wear and comfort are concerned, for the absence of a lubricant and of proper care.

General tidiness not only "pays" on its own account, but because to be tidy is to be economical. First of all—and it is surely only necessary to say this for the children—keep the shoes neatly buttoned or laced. It requires only the absence of a button or two to spoil the effect of the most elegant pair of shoes; and as for going with them unbuttoned, as sometimes is done, for the sake of ease to the feet—don't. But a pair of slippers or easy low shoes, if necessary, for this particular service, but do not spoil a fine pair of shoes in that way. Do not consider that it is too much work to replace a missing button when it is needed; do not put it off because "things are not handy." Have them handy! It is very little trouble, indeed, to have a little box of shoe buttons, a needle and thread, in easy reach, and it is the work of but a moment to give the few stitches that are needed. Then—the work is done. If laces are used, never fail to have a few extra pairs, right where the hand can be placed on them when they will be wanted. All this costs nothing—it is simply the difference between providence and improvidence. And speaking of buttons, especially for the restless feet of the child, beware of patent fastenings. They are sure to break away sooner or later—generally sooner—and then it is no simple matter either to replace them, or supply the absence with an ordinary button. A plain, round, black button, securely fastened with strong thread, is the best.

A Few Pickles.

You call for recipes. The following are from my home-made, hand-written book, and I know they are reliable:

BEAN PICKLES, PLAIN.—Pick and top young tender beans (wax are best), and boil in salted water till tender. Pack carefully in glass jars or crocks, if not for long keeping, and pour over them clear white-vinegar in which you have boiled to each quart one tablespoonful of sugar, any spices liked, and one small teaspoonful of vanilla. Seal while hot.

FRESH PICKLE.—Slice one part of small onions to two of cucumbers. Put in separate dishes, well sprinkle with salt and let stand twenty-four hours. Drain, mix, and pack in jars. Cover with cold vinegar and a paste made of one tablespoonful of pepper and two of mustard mixed with sweet oil. Seal.

CHILI SAUCE.—Four quarts of tomatoes, four onions, six peppers, six cupsful of vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of salt, one of cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Skin the tomatoes, chop the onions fine, and boil about one hour. Bottle hot.

PICCALILLY.—One peck green tomatoes, sliced, one-half peck sliced onions, one cauliflower, one peck small cucumbers. Leave in salt and water twenty-four hours, then place in kettle with a handful of scraped horseradish, one ounce tumeric, one ounce whole cloves, quarter pound pepper, one ounce cinnamon, one pound white mustard seed, one pound English mustard. Cover with vinegar and boil fifteen minutes.

CHOICE MUSTARD PICKLES.—One cupful vinegar, half-cupful sugar, half-cupful of flour, six tablespoonfuls of mustard, half ounce of tumeric, half-ounce of curry powder. Have the vinegar hot and stir in the dampened seasonings. Pour over onions (small), sliced cucumbers, cabbage, beans, etc.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Peel small white onions and boil in milk and water till tender. Drain, put in jars and cover with hot spiced vinegar.

PICKLE FOR PEACHES OR APPLES.—Pare fruit, stick with cloves, scald till tender, and pack in jars. Pour over them one gallon of vinegar, seven pounds brown sugar, one ounce of cloves, one each of cinnamon and allspice.

PICKLED WALNUTS.—Gather when soft enough to be pierced with a needle. Cover with strong brine and let stand three days, changing the brine each day. Place in the sun till they turn black. Pack in jars and pour over them one gallon of vinegar in which has been boiled two ounces pepper, half-ounce each cloves, ginger root, allspice and mace. Will keep any length of time and will be ready for use in four weeks.

CHOW-CHOW.—One quart cucumbers, one small cucumber, two of onions, four heads of cauliflower, six green peppers, one quart green tomatoes, one gallon of vinegar, one pound mustard, two cupfuls sugar, two of flour, one ounce tumeric. Put all in salt and water over night. Cook in the brine till tender. Pour over vinegar and spices.

PICKLED RED CABBAGE.—Slice into a colander, sprinkled with salt and let drain two days. Place in jars and cover with boiling vinegar. A few slices of red beet will give it color. Spice if liked.

Sleeping Two in a Bed.

The custom of sleeping in double beds is one which is going—and rightly going—out of fashion, says the Sheffield Telegraph. Of course, every one knows, theoretically, that it is far more healthy to sleep alone. But of what avail has this theoretic knowledge been?

The child has been first allowed to sleep with its nurse—a most pernicious custom—or its elder sister, or its mother; the growing girl sleeps with her room-mate at school; the young lady with her aunts and her cousins and her girl friends indiscriminately. People who would have hesitated to allow a bunch of roses to remain in the room over night, or a growing plant, have never had their own bed to themselves year in and year out. The plant—which did not consume the oxygen of which their lungs stood in need, but precisely the effects gases thrown off by their own system—was thought very injurious.

Another pair of lungs breathing up the breathable air and infecting the remainder with the respiratory refuse of those physical processes that are most active during sleep was not thought of with any objection at all.

Yet what a simple law of hygiene would not do, fashion, a notion as to what is "correct," is beginning to achieve. From fashionable furniture establishments there comes the announcement that two single bedsteads are always called for at present with each chamber suite furnished for what is known as "swell patronage."

How many fatal diseases, how many cases of slow undermining and poisoning of the system are due to this custom of promiscuous sharing of double beds on the part of young girls, who will ever know? The fact will never be fully realized till people grow sensible enough to know that bed linen takes the insensible rejections of the pores as well as body linen, and who would care to wear another's body linen?

Have your single bed, then, if possible; if not possible, do not sleep with a person much older than yourself. Young girls occasionally sleep with their grandmothers!

She Took Them Back.

They had quarreled, and the high-spirited girl said, as she handed him a small package: "There, Mr. Ferguson, are the presents you have given me. Now that all is over between us, sir, there should be no reminders of the foolish past."

"You are right, Miss Keizer," he said, humbly, "and I suppose I must return the gifts you have presented me."

"I never gave you anything, sir, that I remember."

"Indeed you did."

"Sir, I—"

"Miss Keizer—Katie!" he exclaimed, with something that sounded like a sob, "I value them beyond every thing else in this world. It will break my heart to return them, but there is nothing left for me to do."

"Will you kindly tell me, sir, what things you speak of?"

"I am speaking, Katie, of the kisses you have given me! They are not mine now. It is my duty to restore them. Forgive me, darling, but I cannot go away without—"

"Oh, George!"

When the clock struck eleven, about three hours later, George was still returning them.

A scandal-monger is a person who talks to our neighbors about us. An entertaining talker is a person who tells us mean stories about our neighbors.

"The town is booming," writes a Georgia editor. "We have taken in seventy new subscribers, and our efficient justice has given us ten dollars—or thirty days."

THE HERO OF MANY BATTLES.

Wolsley's Remarkable Career.

Anent the departure of Lord Wolsley for Ireland—held to be a sign that we have entered upon a period of halcyon calm—the *Review of Reviews* gives some interesting reminiscences of the General's career. As a commander he has been singularly fortunate. His record is unstained by a single reverse in the field. Wherever he went fortune smiled on his flag, and promotion followed as a matter of course. Curiously enough his luck on the field was coupled by a persistent ill-luck in other matters. Some men go through the hottest battles without a scratch. Lord Wolsley was wounded—sometimes very seriously—in almost every action in which he fought. Still more curious and persistent has been the misfortune which has dogged him in the minor matter of the loss of his kit. After the loot of Lucknow an officer gave him a valuable cashmere shawl; it was stolen. The men of his company presented him with two large silver bowls. They afterwards shared the same fate. A similar malign influence seems to dog his footsteps when he makes a voyage. His first journey to China was one long

culminating in the foundering of the transport in the Straits of Malacca. When he went to Ashantee the steamer behaved so infamously that the war correspondents on board declared that the voyage out was enough to account for all the mortality of the West Coast; and when he was hurried out to Canada, during the Trent affair, his ship took 30 days in crossing the Atlantic. It is the more notable because Lord Wolsley, unlike that great sea captain Nelson, does not suffer from sea sickness. Like General Joubert, he is a very good general on horseback, but he hates the sea and life on board ship, which makes it all the more trying when storms pursue him as if he were a new Jonah. Lord Wolsley's career as a soldier is the more interesting because his warfare has been waged more against the brute forces of nature than against his fellow-men. Excepting when a mere stripling, he has never been engaged against a civilized foe. He has done plenty of slaughter, no doubt, in his time, but that was incidental. The triumph was gained before the slaughter began—in some cases it was so complete there was no need of slaughter at all. Of

HAIR-BREATH ESCAPES

he had enough to furnish even a hero of one of Ouida's novels. In his first serious action in Burmah nothing but the accident of falling into a covered pit as he was leading a storming party against the Burmese position saved him from destruction. In the second attempt, he and his brother officer, who were the first to enter the enemy's works, were both shot down together. Both were struck in the left thigh, each by a large iron-jingall ball. His companion bled to death in a few minutes Wolsley, although for months he hovered between life and death, recovered, thanks to a magnificent constitution, which has stood him in good stead at every turn in his career. But it was in the war of his escape from the perils of the siege of "During its progress Captain Wolsley was wounded severely on 30th August, and slightly on the 10th April and 7th June. On 15th Feb. his coat was pierced by a ball; on 10th April a round shot struck the embankment at which he was working and his trousers were cut; and on 7th June a ball passed through his forage cap from the peak to the back, knocking it off his head. It may be said without exaggeration that he

BORE A CHARMED LIFE,

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds. Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

COVERED WITH BLOOD.

Although he had not reported himself wounded, Wolsley had been hit in the thigh by a bullet from a canister shot, which tore his trousers and caused considerable loss of blood. This, however, was a less serious affair than his wound in the advanced sap on 30th August. The Russians made a sortie, and for a moment, after capturing the advanced sap, had been driven out again, and Wolsley, with two sappers, was busy superintending the repairs of the mischief they had done, when suddenly a round shot dashed into the middle of the group. The round shot struck the gabion, which was full of stones, and striking its contents with terrific violence, instantaneously killed the poor fellows by its side, the head of one being taken off, whilst the other was disembowelled. Wolsley was dashed to the ground, where he lay insensible for a time. After a time he rallied, and was able to totter to the doctor's hut, where he was laid down unconscious. "He's a dead'un," said the doctor. This round shot, who turning in his blood, said, "I am worth a good many dead men yet." Wolsley's head and body presented a shocking appearance. His features were not distinguishable as those of a human being, while blood flowed from innumerable wounds caused by the stones with which he had been struck. Sharp fragments were embedded all over his face, and his left cheek had been almost completely cut away. The doctor fancied, after probing the wound, that his jawbone was shattered but Wolsley made him pull out the substance in his mouth, when a large stone came away. The surgeon then lifted up and stitched the cheek. Both his eyes were completely closed,

and the injury done to one of them was so serious that the sight has been permanently lost. Not a square inch of his face but was battered and cut about, while his body was wounded all over, just as if he had been peppered with small shot. He had received also a severe wound on his right leg, so that both his limbs had now been injured. The wound in the left thigh received in Burmah rendered him slightly lame.

My Old Wife and I.

Many long weary years have labored by. Since I caught the first glance of her sparkling eye.

Her cheek, all aglow, was passing fair; Her temples adorned with nut-brown hair.

I sought her affections, I gained her hand; I united, we pledged in life's battle to stand. We've passed through deep waters, we've struggled in pain, But still Spartan was she, and scorned to complain.

Our summer of life with the past is told, My good wife and I are growing old, Week and sullen her form, all silvered her hair, Pale and frank her cheek, her brow furrowed with care.

But come winter's cold blast, come summer's parched breath, Come weal or come woe, come life or come death, My old wife is faithful, confiding, serene, I ask what the future, tho' obscure and unseen, In trials heroic, in all things a Queen.

And now, as the evening of life draws apace, And our limbs can no longer contend in the race, 'Tis the source of much anguish of soul, aye, and of tears; No provision is made for declining years.

Were due recognition of merit the rule; Had labor its recompense just and full; There were store of the needful to cheer her way, Down the winding slope, till the close of day.

Half a century's labor, in sunshine and cloud, Should command other robe than a pauper's shroud, Half a century's labor, if righteousness reigned, Would mean independence, with competence gained.

What now is in store for that pure, brave soul? Too tender, too royal, for charity's dole, I ask what the future, tho' with bated breath, For the only reply must be: timely death.

Whenever these hands shall relinquish their And cease to respond to the bid of the will, When overstrained effort falls short, to provide Little comforts, that now should be multiplied.

O say not: "effeminate, cowardly, base," When a man to compassion is brought face to face, Should he long for this boon, the last, nay, the best, he, with his loved one, may soon be at rest.

O yes, there are children, as loving and kind, As e'er blest a household, love's pledges to bind, But on what a troubled ocean which they're afloat, It will need both their hands to steer their own boat.

You will say that provision in manhood's pride, Would avert these forebodings in life's fall; That a little saved here, and a little there, Would in time assume proportions fair.

That the provident bee, in its native meads, Will provide ample store for its winter needs, That wise nature has written on every page,—"In the day of thy strength prepare for age."

The industrious bee in its native haunts, Will provide ample food for its future wants, The bee will get something to keep it alive.

But civilized man in this Christian age, Must toil all the year at a nominal wage, But on what a troubled ocean which they're afloat, Enough for his family needs, and more.

The surplus, oftentimes the larger share, Pays for the working God's earth, and breathing God's air, Not to God the donor from whom those gifts came, But a brother, with bogus priority claim.

O, preach not to those on self-sacrifice Who for leave to exist have paid the full price Who in life's early spring, to the yoke were inured, And throughout a long life have no respite secured.

Who would stint the young mother with nourishment, That she shares with her offspring to form its young blood, Would discount the comforts enjoyed by the saint, Would withhold the last meal from the doomed convict's cave.

With clothing, and fuel, and house rent to pay, There's little to save from a dollar a day, Who could revel in dainties that pittance would bring?

She had little enough, God knows, poor thing, And when nature's forces give signs of decay And fail to bring forward the usual relay, When the hand can no longer the body supply, The man, like the worn horse, is turned out to die.

No record is kept of his long years of toil, No stipend from those who have eaten the spoil, His labors and penury pass to the shade, Though a green tract appears where there grew out one blade.

G. G. PURSEY.

The Day We Bade Adieu.

Rapt in immensity the sun Still lingered, tho' the day was done, The day we bade adieu.

Penitent, even out of space, Reluctant, with a word of space, I watched you pass from view, I saw you in the waning light Go up the hill and out of sight Like some celestial trance, Then all grew dim; my severed path Led down a forest vale, and hath Been shaded ever since.

I wondered what the years would do, When you were gone. To be with you Was such a peace serene; And even now I scarce can look On any little flower or book, Remembrance is so keen.

A. RAMSAY.

Practical Person—"Pshaw! I hate to see newly-married people all the timespooning." A Student of Human Nature—"Oh, let them enjoy their spoons as long as they can. It is nine chances to one that they'll be knitting one another before ten years are up."

The public schools are a great benefit to public interests," said the thoughtful man to his neighbor who is always kicking. "Yes," was the reply, "they are. I don't know what the school-book publishers would do without them."

An old negro, who had business in a lawyer's office, was asked if he could sign his name. "How is dat, sah?" "I ask," the lawyer answered, "if you can write your name?" "Wall, no, sah; I never write my name. I jes' dictates it."

First Wife—"And so you have been married twenty years? Really, you must excuse me for asking, but does your husband still kiss you every day?" Second Wife (proudly)—"Yes, always. My Tom is one of the most conscientious men I ever knew."

NEBO WORE A MONOCLE.

The Double Eyeglass, Though, is Only Six Hundred Years Old.

Spectacles were invented just 600 years ago this fall. The use of glass to aid the sight of defective eyes is, however, much older. Nero looked through a concave glass in watching the gladiatorial games, and many other historical men of his day were dependent on similar devices for lengthening their sight. Till the latter part of the thirteenth century only the single glass was in use. In 1290 the double glass was invented, some say, by Salvo d'Armati; others, by the monk, Alexander of Spina. In the fourteenth century spectacles were used quite frequently by the very wealthy and high born, although they were still so scarce that they were bequeathed in wills with all elaborate the care that marked the disposition of a feudal estate. The holy Antonius of Padua, who preached to the fishes when men according to the legend, not only his clothes, but also his spectacles.

The first spectacles, which were very expensive, were made in Italy. Somewhat later the manufacture of cheaper glasses sprang up in Holland, and it spread late in the fourteenth century to Germany. Nürnberg and Rathenow acquired fame for their glasses between 1490 and 1500. For many years glasses were used only as means of aiding bad eyes. First in Spain appeared the fashion of wearing glasses merely for the sake of wearing them. It spread rapidly to the rest of the Continent and brought about the transformation of the old thirteenth century spectacles into eyeglasses and eventually, into the monocle, "the cosmopolitan trademark of the dandy."

Tales of Sacred Trees.

The palm, the oak, and the ash are, according to a timely and interesting article in the June number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, the three trees which, since times immemorial, were held to be sacred trees. The first among them, which figures on the oldest monuments and pictures of the Egyptians and Assyrians, is the date palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*), which was the symbol of the world and of creation, and the fruit of which filled the faithful with divine strength, and prepared them for the pleasures of immortality. "Honour," said Mahomed, "the paternal aunt, the date palm, for in Paradise it was created out of the same dust which left Paradise he was allowed to take with him three things: a myrtle, because it was the most lovely and the most scented flower of the earth; a wheat-ear, because it had most nourishment; and a date because it is the most glorious fruit of the earth. This date from Paradise was in some marvellous way brought to the Hejaz; from it have come all the date-palms in the world, and Allah destined it to be the food of all true believers, who shall conquer every country where the date palm grows. The Jews and the Arabs again looked upon the same tree as a mystical allegory of human beings, for, like them, it dies when its head (the summit) is cut off, and when a limb (branch) is once cut off it does not grow again. Those who know can understand the mysterious language of the branches on days when there is no wind, when whispers of present and future events are communicated by the tree. Abraham of old, so the Rabbis say, understood the language of the palm. The oak was always considered a "holy tree" by our own ancestors, and, above all, by the nations of the north of Europe. When Winifred of Devonshire (680-754 A. D.) went forth on her wanderings through Germany to preach the Gospel, one of his first actions was to cut down the giant oak in Saxony, which was dedicated to Thor and worshipped by the people from far and near. But when he had nearly felled the oak, and while the people were cursing and threatening the saint, a supernatural storm swept over it, seized the summit, broke every branch, and dashed it "quasi superni motus solatio," with a tremendous crash to the ground. The heathens acknowledged the marvel, and many of them were converted there and then. But the saint built a chapel of the wood of this very oak, and dedicated it to St. Peter. But the sacred oaks do not seem to have always done their duty. Thus, for instance, a famous oak in Ireland was dedicated to the Irish Saint Columban, one of the peculiarities of the tree being that whoever carried a piece of its wood in his mouth would never be hanged. After a time, however, the holy oak of Kenmare was destroyed in a storm. Nobody dared gather the wood, except a gardener, who tanned some shoeleather with the bark; but when he wore the shoes made of this leather for the first time he became a leper and was never cured. In the abbey of Vetrone in Brittany, stood an oak tree which had grown out of the staff of St. Martin, the first abbot of the monastery, and in the shade of which the princes of Brittany prayed whenever they went into the Abbey. Nobody dared to peek at it. Not so the Norman pirates, two of whom climbed the tree of St. Martin to cut wood for their bows. Both of them fell down and broke their necks. The Celts and Germans and Scandinavians, again, worshipped the mountain ash (*Fraxinus*), and it is especially in the religious myths of the latter that the "Ask Yggdrasil" plays a prominent part. To them it was the holiest among trees, the "world tree," which, eternally young and dewy, represented heaven, earth, and hell. According to the Edda, the ash Yggdrasil was an evergreen tree. A specimen of it (says Adam of Bremen) grew at Upsala, in front of the great temple, and another in Dithmarschen, carefully guarded by a railing, for it was, in a mystical way, connected with the fate of the country. When Dithmarschen lost its liberty the tree withered, but a magpie, one of the best prophesying birds of the north, came and built its nest on the withered tree, and hatched five little ones, all perfectly white, as a sign that at some future time the country would regain its former liberty.

She Convinced Him.

Mrs. DeCoursey—"By the way, Pauline, as I passed the drawing-room last evening I heard you and Mr. Havemyer engaged in an animated discussion on some question. What was it about?"

Pauline DeCoursey—"Why, you see, ma, he was trying to maintain that in spite of a short acquaintance it was a girl's duty to kiss her acknowledged lover."

Mrs. DeCoursey—"Well, the idea! I never heard such audacity. Of course you upset his argumentative fabric?"

Pauline—"You bet I did, ma. Why, I convinced him in no time that it was the lover's duty to kiss the girl."

—[Binghamton Leader.