

who walked beside her and whom she usually had wanted as far from her as possible.

"It's a good sign," muttered Hartsey to himself; "I guess I won't disturb her reformation by hurrying home."

Days passed, and Hartsey became impatient to get out of doors; his business partner could be trusted, but a man must do something to kill time. He threw open his window after dark and paced the floor by the hour merely for exercise, but by daylight he could only read, which he did not much like to do, and look across the street. One day he saw his wife standing in her chamber window and looking wistfully down the street. His heart gave a little jump and he murmured:

"I do believe she's wishing I'd come home. Let her wish; she can stand a great deal of it without suffering much."

Time went on, until one day Hartsey saw his oldest daughter, who had always been most exasperatingly impatient to him, standing in the front doorway looking as if she expected some one, and wiping her eyes from time to time. The spectacle caused Hartsey to say to himself:

"It's good that I left home, if that child is being reformed."

One evening as he paced the floor he heard something that compelled him to spring to the window. It was only the music of a ballet that his wife used to sing and play for him before they were married. He had not heard it in years, except from hand-organs, and even then it awakened wonderful reflections, but now it really seemed as if his wife must be playing it. Yes, she was; the windows of his own parlor were open, the sound came from them, and he would wager a thousand dollars to a cent that his wife was at the piano: could he ever be mistaken about her touch?

"She is thinking about the old days. Let her think, God bless her—'twill do her good."

Then Hartsey began to want to go home. He told himself not to be in too much of a hurry, or everything would be spoiled; he had seen many previous promises of reformation come to naught. But a morning or two after he had heard the long-neglected piano he saw his wife, standing near the chamber window, take something from her bosom, look at it intently and kiss it repeatedly, he knew it at sight, it was a locket, containing his picture, he had given her during their engagement; Mrs. Hartsey had worn it night and day for a year, then she put it on occasionally, but finally she had laid it aside entirely, saying that it was old-fashioned and, beside, it made her nervous.

Hartsey's spirits had fallen many a time at seeing the locket in a drawer full of hair-brushes, crimping pins, and superannuated gloves, for the mate to that same locket had always been over his own heart. But now she is wearing it; in; what could it mean? Nothing but that—

At this point of his reflections Hartsey seized his hat, dashed out of the house, across the street, entered his own door by a latch-key, and flew up to his wife's room. Mrs. Hartsey was ready to faint when she saw who the invader was, but her husband prevented her. After the couple found their tongues, which Mrs. Hartsey was the first to do, there was much questioning by the wife and unlimited lying by the husband, who had previously been scrupulously truthful. He did not know where he had been; why he had not written; how sick he had been, or anything else, but when his wife asked him why he had left home so strangely, he nerved himself to tell the whole truth, and replied:

"A scolding wife."

Then Mrs. Hartsey became her customary self at once and complained of wounded feelings, but her husband held her at arm's length and said kindly but very distinctly:

"Perhaps I had better go again?"

"No—not!" screamed Mrs. Hartsey, throwing herself on her husband's neck, and from that time forth her tongue found a safe outlet in lecturing those of her intimates, who did not appreciate their husbands.

OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

A jest, a joke, a laugh, a smile,
Doth many a weary heart beguile—
The spice of life, in wholesome mirth,
Was born of heaven, and not of earth.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

A bad lot—The lot you have to pay taxes on and can't sell.

Shallow men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

Tellers of exaggerated stories are known in business circles as yarn merchants.

Life is a tiresome journey, and when a man arrives at the end he is all out of breath.

Old age has deformities enough of its own; do not add to it the deformity of vice.—*Cato*.

A lie is like a brush-heap on fire; it is easier to let it burn out than to try to extinguish it.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.—*Colton*.

When a man dies men inquire what he has left behind; angels inquire what he has sent before him.—*Mahomet*.

Hens may be a little backward on eggs, but they never fail to come to the scratch where flower-beds are concerned.

Friendship is like good coffee; when once it becomes cold it can never be warmed over without losing its first flavor.

Speak the truth; yield not to anger; give, when asked, of the little thou hast; by these three steps thou shalt go near the gods.—*Buddah*.

A remarkably honest Chicago doctor sent in a certificate of death, the other day, with his name signed in the space reserved for "Causes of death."

Pu.k's receipts. To remove dandruff—marry, to keep gloves clean—wash your hands, to take out grease spots—sit on the warm stove, to preserve cherries—keep the small boys off.

"Trust men, and they will be true to you," says Emerson. We showed this to a respectable grocer. He grew livid with rage, seized a club, and wanted to know where that Emerson fellow lived, anyhow. There was murder in that grocer's eye. We did not tell him.

The Italians have a prayer which reads: "I pray that I may never be married. But if I marry, I pray that I may not be deceived. But if I am deceived, I pray that I may not know of it. But if I know of it, I pray that I may be able to laugh at the whole affair."

As red as the rose was my love last night—

Yes, red as a rose was she;

But to-day my love's as pale and white

As the blooms of the apple tree.

Poor thing! she is paling for me I think;

But the wicked neighbors say

Her mother crept in while she was asleep,

And stole her pink saucer away.

—[*Chaff*].

At a fashionable wedding in New York the other day, the ceremony was performed under a floral umbrella. Whereat a contemporary comments that it was probably a little suggestion of the bride's mother, who wanted the groom to understand by the emblem that he ought to put up something for a rainy day.

A justice of the peace who is constantly trying criminal cases was called on to marry a couple. After he had asked the usual question if they desired to be united in the bonds of matrimony, and they had replied in the affirmative, the justice asked them, solemnly, "Having pleaded guilty to the charge, if there are in your opinion any mitigating circumstances, now is the time to state what they are."

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