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"We!"

JOHN.

Lucille, you know this is the twenty-seventh—
A month has gone since you and I were wed
And not a pettish word has passed between us
In all the golden time, and people said—

LUCILLE.

Ah! yes, they said we two should have our quarrels,
As all young married couples soon must do;
I knew that we should not upbraid or bicker—
And bet a box of gloves with Cousin Hugh.

JOHN.

You've won the gloves—and ne'er refuse such wagers,

LUCILLE.

(I don't believe we could fall out, do you?)

JOHN.

For I, be sure, shall never loose my temper—
And quarreling, you know, requires two,

LUCILLE.

You say that you will never loose your temper;
Pray, John, why could you not have said that we?

JOHN.

I only spoke of what I knew, my dear, and—

LUCILLE.

Indeed! I thought you knew and trusted me!

JOHN.

Oh! well, of course I do, Lucille, and fully.

LUCILLE.

Then why not say that we shall never loose our temper:

JOHN.

But—

LUCILLE.

I'd rather have an answer!

JOHN.

But, Lu, how can I tell—

LUCILLE.

Then you refuse?

JOHN.

Be sensible, Lucille, and you'll acknowledge—

LUCILLE.

Enough! I never thought to see the day
When you should think so poorly of the woman
You call your wife!

JOHN.

Lucille! what in the na—

LUCILLE.

Desist, sir! I excuse you further trouble—
I hate hypocrisy and all that stuff!

JOHN.

Madam?

LUCILLE.

And I shall be obliged to you, sir,
To let me pass. This has gone far enough.

JOHN.

It has, Mrs. Lanier—

LUCILLE.

Please let me pass, sir!

JOHN.

A moment first; you make me entertain,
I am compelled to say, the poor opinion
You charged I held of you!

LUCILLE.

Sir?

JOHN.

I was plain.

LUCILLE.

Will you repeat?

JOHN.

It is not necessary.

LUCILLE.

'Tis not, sir, black is black, and white is white.

JOHN.

Madam good-night! sweet dreams and easy conscience
To you!

LUCILLE.

Oh, thanks! May you sleep well! Good-night!

JOHN.

L-u-cille.

LUCILLE.

Well, sir!

JOHN.

I—I—by Jacks! I've acted
Too thoughtless to-night!

LUCILLE.

Boo-ho!

JOHN.

Gads, yes!
Don't cry!

LUCILLE.

Now, John, say we have acted badly

JOHN.

But, dear—

LUCILLE.

Now, John!

JOHN.

Well, we!

LUCILLE.

Now for our chess.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

DOWN THE SHORT ROAD.

"Here's the book," said Sue Whitton.

Jenny Hare pushed a roll of dress goods along the counter, and Sue hid the novel—with the flaring picture on its back of a woman pursued by an armed ruffian—under it, and shoved it back to her.

"It's perfectly splendid!" she whispered. "Flora Vernon, the heroine, was in New York seeing life, and there is a Russian prince madly in love with her. He met her in a street-car, and they exchanged handkerchief greetings. Take it to lunch with you, and hide it back of the coal-scuttle when you come down."

The saleswomen at Ford & Biddle's had an hour for lunch. Each girl brought her own sandwich, and tea was furnished by the firm. They ate in the upper room.

Jenny, who was a shy, delicate little girl of fifteen, hid "The Adventures of a Female Free Lance" under her overskirt as she ran up stairs, and read it eagerly as she sipped her tea and ate her bread.

Such books were no novelty to bold, black-eyed Sue, who had her own adventures to tell—flirtations with salesmen in the store, or with car-conductors; but Jenny had been religiously brought up by her Quaker mother, and there had been an interdiction of all fiction.

This book to the girl, therefore, was like the first intoxicating drink to a boy. It bewildered, frightened, yet maddened her.

Was this really "life?" Was her quiet, poor home, with its habits and teachings, all a dream?

Two months ago her father had died, and his fortune was suddenly wrecked. Mrs. Hare was forced to take Jenny from school, and to find work for the young girl and for herself to keep them from want.

Jenny was still poring over the book when Sue came up. Her pale cheeks were dyed red; there was a guilty fire in her eyes.

"It is a bad book, Sue Whitton!" she cried, pushing it away. "How could thee bring it to me?"

"What does thee read it for?" laughed Sue, boisterously. "Why, you are ten minutes behind time. Clear out! Give it to me. Just wait till you've read it all, and I'll show you the world—a different place from your poky Quaker home."

From day to day Jenny continued her studies of this new life, in which Russian princes, California millionaires, shop-girls and daring, flashy young fellows, who were forced to commit forgery and murder to avoid hard work, and who came out triumphant at last, all bore a part.

At night, when she went back to her mother, shame overcame her. She felt as if she was not fit to kiss her good-night, or hold her baby brother in her arms while she slept. She would sob to herself through the wretched night, and vow never to open the book again. But the next morning the fever was upon her afresh, and she went back to the poison.

One day Sue said to her: "I have a plan. You know we were all to be kept here to take account of stock to-night?"

"Yes."

"Does your mother know it?"

"Certainly. I shall be detained until eleven, and I am to go to Aunt Deborah's to sleep. I have no one to take me home to-night."

"Very well. Now I'll tell you. Mr. Ford gave notice while you were out just now that he would defer taking stock until to-morrow. Write a note to your Aunt Deborah not to expect you. Don't tell your mother anything about it, and come and stay with me. Bob, who is my friend and a nice fellow, has tickets for Fox's variety show, and we'll go."

"I? Oh, I dare not! Lie to my mother?"

"Who asked you to lie to your mother? She'll think you are at your aunt's—your aunt will think you are at home. You will be at the loveliest place in the world, seeing life, like Flora that we've read about. Who knows what Russian prince may see you, Jen?"

It is not worth while to linger on the girl's arguments. She conquered; Jenny went. By eight o'clock she was in the dress-circle of one of the theaters of the lowest class, looking down into what seemed to her fairyland.

There was a vast glimmer of red lights, of dazzling beings in gossamer dresses covered with diamonds, and wooed by gallant cavaliers in trunk hose, satin doublets, swords and plumes.

Were there indeed such human beings in the world? She knew it was but a play, but she felt that these lovely women and princely men must be of quite another order of beings from those which she had known. When Sue and and Bob took her home, she said little. She was stunned, bewildered with pleasure.

Sue's trick was not discovered. The girls repeated it once and again. Jenny went to the theater and slept with Sue, her mother supposing that she was busy at the store, and safe at night with her aunt.

One day Sue appeared to be laboring under unusual excitement. She hopped and danced behind the counter, and whistled comic songs, until Mr. Ford reproved her sharply.

"I have a plan," she whispered to Jenny.

"The theater?"

"Better than that! The stage! Come here quick!"

Drawing her aside, she conveyed her startling news in an eager whisper.

Twenty new girls were needed to appear in a spectacular play, and Bob had interceded with the stage manager to admit Sue and Jenny.

"You will not have to say a word or dance a step—only to stand, holding a torch, while the queen of the Amazons enters. You will see them all close by your side—go behind the scenes! Oh, just to think of it!"

Jenny was terrified, trembling; half with delight and half with repugnance. She went home to supper. It was Saturday evening. The little house was clean for Sunday. Her mother had put aside her work, and the baby Wally was dressed in his pretty new suit.

"Back to the store?" said her mother. "I was in hopes thee could stay, Jenny. I promised Wally we would take him to the park. Thee works too hard, my child."

Wally began to cry, and climbing on her lap, put his fat little arms about her neck.

"Poor Jenny! work all a time—all a time!"

"I—I will stay, mother!" cried Jenny, with a sudden sob. "Oh no, I cannot!"

"No, of course thee cannot. But I will speak to John Ford about this constant night-work."

Jenny gulped down her supper in silence. There was a certain kind of cake, which she knew her mother had made to please her. The poor old mother! Jenny looked at her mild face and wrinkled hands with a terrible longing for the old time wringing her heart—with a great pity, for her mother, too. She thought of the years which she had sacrificed to the child who showed her now such black ingratitude.

But she must see that fairyland near at hand! After to-night she would never go again, never! She would go back to the old time, and the old truth and love.

"Good-bye, mother; good-bye, Wally. Sister is coming back soon," she said, as she ran down the stairs.

"She did not kiss me good-bye," said Wally, fretfully.

"Never mind; sister is tired and worried," said Mrs. Hare. But the good woman was startled. It was the first time in her life that her daughter had left her without a kiss. Could there be anything wrong with Jenny?

"I cannot sleep while she is at work. If I had any one to stay with Wally, I would go to the store and bring her home," thought the poor mother, beset with a strange, nameless terror.

She sat by the little fire while the long dark hours went by, praying to God for her girl, as she bent over her work.

Jenny, when she reached the theater, was given a scant white dress to wear. She would have rebelled, but the stage manager ordered her into the room where the fifty other girls were dressing. If she objected, he would ask who she was. He would know that it was Isaac Hare's daughter!

She put on the thin and soiled dress, wrapped a mantel of flaming red muslin about her shoulders, and marched out with the others. As she came to the wings, a torch and spear were given to her.

The spear was of wood, wrapped with silver paper. All the other spears were of wood, which she had fancied, as she had seen them from the audience-room, were glittering steel; all the velvet robes were red muslin, with gilt paper pasted over them.

But she was coming into fairyland! She would see the splendors of the hall of the Amazons close at hand! The Princess Adaljoga, with her enchanted train! The knights in armor! The pages in costly velvets, plumes and laces!

"Torch bearers!" said the call-boy; and Jenny and her companions were huddled on the stage, and ranged in a semi-circle at the back.

She stared around in dismay. The "hall of the Amazons" was a parcel of screens painted on the side toward the audience; but toward her it was dirty canvas and wood, daubed by the painter's brush.

The Princess Adaljoga was a gross, leering woman, whose face was smeared with red and white paint. The armor of the knights was tinfoil. The knights were laborers, hired by the week. The lace of the pages' dress was cotton, their hands were dirty, they chewed tobacco and kicked each other as they stood.

The Princess Adaljoga had a glass of whisky and water brought to her as the curtain went up.

There was in front the audience—a rising mass of staring, curious eyes fixed upon her—her!

Jenny's knees smote together in an agony of fear and shame. She turned to run off the stage.

"Curse you! stand still!" said the ballet-master, from the wing.

And then—she never knew how it came. There was a sudden gust of wind, a whirling of the gauzy skirts of the dancers, which turned into a yellow glare—a swift clinging tongue of fire on her face, shrieks and yells from the audience.

Three of the dancers and one of the torch-bearers were on fire, and that one was Jenny.

It was the man who had sworn at her the moment before who wrapped her in his own coat, smothered out the flame, and carried her to the green-room. The sound of wild tumult still came from the theater, but a few of the actors gathered in about her, and it was very quiet as they laid her on the floor. A doctor was summoned, who dressed the burns.

"Take me home—home," she moaned.

At midnight a carriage stopped at the door of Mrs. Hare's little house, and poor Jenny was carried in, as even the doctor thought, to die.

"I have come back, mother," she cried, wildly, "never to leave you again!—never, never!"

She did not die; but she came back to the old life and the old love. She is now a happy wife and mother, and she thanks God that she was saved, though by fire, from a ruin worse than death.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Sad Case.

"Jennie June," the New York correspondent of the Baltimore *American*, tells this pathetic story of a ruined home: "The gentleman is wealthy; the lady a refined, elegant woman, well known in the society in which she had been accustomed to move, though singularly quiet and domestic in her habits. The woman in the case was a widow of considerable intelligence, who was engaged by the gentleman in question for a certain number of evenings to do copying at his house. Her ladylike manners made her at first a favorite with the wife as well as with the husband. She paid her many attentions—took her out to ride and introduced her to her friends. But after a time she began to feel a considerable distrust of the very quiet, stealthy person who found so much copying to do in the library of her house, and who seemed to require the constant presence and assistance of her husband in the execution of her task. She complained, and requested that the woman might come no more. She did not, for a time; but this did not help matters, for the husband, under one pretext or another, constantly visited her in her own more humble home. No thought of actual danger crossed the wife's mind. She had been married eighteen years; had a son nearly seventeen years old, and a daughter of four. Her home was a part of her existence; her taste had helped to build the house, had selected the furniture, and she had added to it all sorts of pretty, tasteful knick-knacks—rugs, mats and the like—the work of her own fingers. Yet, within one year of the entrance of the copyist into her home, she found herself dispossessed of it forever, a vagrant, and an unwelcome guest in the house of a relative; another woman occupying her place, and that woman's children by a previous marriage sleeping in the rooms, being fed, clothed and cared for as her own had formerly been. Worse than all, a baby was born within a couple of months after her husband had effected a kind of legal separation and gone through a formula of marriage with this second woman. The wife, with her newly-born baby and her little girl of four years, is weeping away her life in an obscure corner in the country. The woman that has taken possession of everything that belonged to her considers herself a model of purity, and remarked recently that "she," meaning the first wife, "could have very little delicacy, for she had recently written to her husband for money with as much assurance as if she had the claim upon him that love on his part only could justify."

Wit in Washington.

A clever little passage at the expense of a member of the Belgian legation is current in Washington. A young attache recently reached there fresh from London, his last station, and greatly vexed over what he was pleased to call his exile. "At all events," he was in the habit of saying, and the remark came to be widely quoted, "I shall speak no English in Washington. I learned it in London, and I don't intend to spoil my accent." Time passed. The attache was at a reception. Some friend of his asked a bright young American woman to permit him to present the attache to her. "Oh, dear, no," was the reply, and it has traveled over Washington. "I couldn't think of such a thing. I learned my French in Paris, and it would ruin my accent to talk to a Belgian."

GRANDPA BROWN'S BROWN COW.

The Tricks She Played, and the Trouble She Made.

To begin with, or, more literally, to end with, she had a short, stumpy tail, with which she had a habit of making herself very disagreeable in fly time. Her age was considerably past that which is allotted to animals of her kind. One of her horns was straight, and the other one crumpled, like that of the animal described in "The house that Jack built."

She was an exceedingly nervous creature. She would not submit to provocation without proper resentment. In other words, whoever attempted to milk her had to be very gentle about it or he would find her heels flying in a very uncomfortable manner about his head.

She gave an abundance of very rich milk, for which reason Grandpa Brown did not see fit to dispose of her, and so she remained in his possession for many years.

One Sabbath afternoon Uncle James went out to do the milking. The flies were very thick in the barnyard, and, upon attempting to milk the brown cow, he found her very nervous and uneasy. He had just succeeded in getting comfortably seated upon the milking stool, when "Old Brownie," as we were accustomed to call her, struck him a sharp blow in the eye with her stumpy tail.

After rubbing his eye a moment, Uncle James commenced milking, but soon received another rap that fairly made his head ring.

"So!" he yelled impatiently. The old cow bounded away to the other side of the yard.

Uncle John stood by, an interested spectator of the scene.

"Don't be rough with her, Jim," he said.

"Rough," exclaimed Uncle James, with an exhibition of much feeling, "let her hit you in the head with that old tail of her's and see how you'd feel."

"Give me the pail," said Uncle John, with an air of one who knows what he is about; "I'll milk her. I never have any trouble."

He took the pail from Uncle James' hand and approached "Old Brownie," who pricked up her ears and regarded him approvingly.

Uncle John seated himself upon the stool, pushed up his coat sleeves, and commenced milking.

"There," he said, "I have no trouble. It's the easiest thing in the wor— Confound your old brown hide!"

The latter portion of his speech was directed to the old cow, who struck him savagely in the mouth with her restless, stumpy tail.

Uncle James laughed.

Uncle John proceeded with the milking.

Another whack from the stumpy tail of "Old Brownie."

"Hold on there," yelled Uncle John.

The next moment the milkpail was overturned, and Uncle John found himself sprawling upon the ground, while "Old Brownie" stood regarding him from an opposite corner of the yard, with an expression of pleased wonder.

"Boys," shouted Grandpa Brown, who had been looking from the other side of the barnyard gate, "why can't you never larn to be gentle."

He opened the gate and came into the yard.

"Fetch the stool and pail here," he said patiently; "I never have any trouble with her. So boss—so—so—so."

Grandpa Brown put himself resolutely to work; the milk began to flow and stream into the huge tin pail.

"Whisk" went the stumpy tail, and Grandpa Brown's Sunday hat went dancing across the yard.

"So boss—so—so—so," he said, patiently.

He received another severe blow upon the nose.

"So, so, so," he said, soothingly. "Boys, you see it's just as I told you. There's no trouble at all about milking this cow, if you only— So, so, so," he received another whack, on the top of his bald head, from her remarkable tail.

"Yes," continued he, "after this, do just as I do—so!" he suddenly shouted as that abbreviated tail knocked his false teeth half way across the barnyard.

A pair of heels were unexpectedly presented against him; and he found himself sprawling upon the ground, with the milk from the pail streaming over his person. When he arose he was a pitiful object to behold; his Sunday clothes were ruined, his face was purple with passion. Seizing the three-legged stool, he hurled it at "Old Brownie" with all his strength. It struck her squarely upon the shoulder, and she was soon skipping about the yard upon three legs.

"You old heap," said Grandpa Brown, "you shall be sold to-morrow."

And she was.

Items of Interest.

A lamp is a wick-ed contrivance.

Too much gravity argues a shallo mind.

A maiden of very uncertain age—Mi Ology.

The knight of the road weareth a co of steal.

Nothing speaks our grief so well as speak nothing.

A bouquet is a good scenter piece f the dining table.

Corn is king! Yes, corn is achin most of the time.

Fall fashions always send a thri through an aeronaut.

The United States manufactured o hundred million shoes last year.

Temperance is a tree which has co tentment for its root and peace for i fruit.

Maria Edgeworth used to say that straight line is shortest in morals as we as in mathematics.

Married—In Calloway county, Ky Mr. Ronus Kemp, aged ninety-six, a Miss Mary Bridget, aged sixteen.

The borrowing fiend, who is always little short of change, is an enemy whom no quarter should be shown.

"Black my boots! but, Sam, I've half the pri within my fist!"

"Yes, mister, I'll half black 'em!" said t grinning colorist.

There is no mistaking a real gentl man. When he approaches a free lunc table he always wants a napkin and chair.

A Pittsburgh man has manufactur a glass speaking trumpet. Isn't th rather a novelty, when a man thro tones with glass?

"Suppose I should work myself up the interrogation point?" said a bean his sweetheart. "I should respo with an exclamation!" was the repl

It is the polite thing in Germany when a person sneezes, to salute him her, with the words *Gute gesundhe* (good health). The same custom pr vails in Belgium.

It is a remarkable circumstance th the larger number of the world's volc noes are either on islands or directly the sea-coast, showing a relation b tween them and the sea.

The Edison of Hart county, Ga., John Laird, a boy of seventeen. He h whittled out the best fiddle in the cou ty, and made himself a photograph apparatus, with which he takes pictur superior to those of the traveling artist The lenses in his camera are taken fro an old magic lantern, and ground up a common grindstone.

All thinking beings have been ma one for the other; they owe patience o toward another—for we have all one a the same nature. We are creat especially for the sake of one anothe We are made for co-operation, and act against one another is contrary nature. The good man remembers th every rational being is his kinsman.

A Determined Suicide.

The inmates of a New York city boar ing-house heard Rowland Levine wal ing in his room late one night. Th remembered that he had threatened kill himself, and so rapped at his doo He readily admitted them, and his co posed manner was disconcerting, a they hardly knew how to excuse the i trusion; but he relieved the awkwar ness by saying that he was glad to s them, as probably it was for the la time. He had seen all the trouble wanted to, he continued calmly, and w going to escape from any more, havi just taken something that would p him at rest forever. He pointed to empty bottle that had contained lau num. The boarders sent at once fo doctor, to whom Levine reported th he had poisoned himself. The physici tried to induce him to take an antido "No," he said; "I have made up mind to die, and I am going to." sat upon the sofa, fully dressed, and body but the physician could detect t effect of the drug. An emetic and stomach pump were suggested, but t young man firmly declined to have an thing to do with either, and threaten violence if any force was used. two hours they watched the man wi out observing any particular change his appearance, when the doctor depa ed, thinking the unfortunate had tak too small a quantity to kill. Levi walked up and down his room comp edly, talking with his friends, when s denly he collapsed, and although stomach pump and emetics were plied, he expired in a few minutes. cause could be assigned for the sing lar suicide.

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