Notwithstanding the frosty weather, be Empire City was never in gayer gel thoroughfares, stylish turnouts arenged thotographic transfers and the transfers to the tinkling music of silvergued bells and low, happy laughter, eding away to the open roads and ow-clad country, lying white and still youd the hurry and turmoil of the

rest city.
Though so cold without it was warm mough in the elegant room where we were sitting—my cousin Althea, her alf-sister, Mrs. Irene Chester, and I. My cousin Althea was not young—past hart, in fact; but she was the most bentiful woman I ever saw, and as she sat in the large crimson damask chair by the window, dreamily looking out at the the window, dreaming looking out at the lutried passers-by, I thought I had lever seen any one so charmingly and invisibly lovely. Her lustrous black gres, clear clive complexion and glossy realth of purple-black hair, were so perfeely perfect that one did not know which to admire the most, and her voice and smile were as sweet and winning as her form was graceful and her face

natchlessly beautiful. Howard Tremaine loved her as few men love their wives; and Althea, as everybody knew, idolized her handsome husband, and yet somewhere there was a midden sorrow, the nature of which I would not for my life divine. I had seen the shadow more than once, but the subseriow could exist in her luxurious home, much less fix itself permanently

We were going to the opera in the evening. Mr. Chester was to attend us in the absence of Howard, who had gone any two or three hours before with three or four friends, who had, very much to his wife's regret, called for him to accompany them on a little half-hour erso sleigh-ride out on the Blooming-

dale road. As the short winter afternoon wore on. Althea grew every moment more and more uneasy; her faith in that "little half-hour or so," never having been very strong, died utterly, before the sun's last cold, golden rays faded in the west; and when Mrs. Chester rang for lights, and arclessly remarked that it was time to dress, she was noticeably ill at ease and would do nothing but walk to and fro between the window and the warm, rosy frelight, in that nervous, listening, expectant way which is so painfully sugrestive of secret dread and anxiety too eep and wretched for words.

Whatever Howard Tremaine touched turned to gold and all that money could buy his wife possessed. Her wardrobe, jewels, house and carriage were among the most superb in New York, yet her closet evidently had its skeleton, and tonight, more than ever before, it seemed to mittle its dry bones in our very ears, and make itself felt and seem in every nook and corner of the millionaire's sumptuous home, in spite of all Althea ald do to keep the unpleasant thing out of sight.

For the twelfth time she walked to the window, and, with a half-suppressed sigh on her lips, stood watching the sleighs fly past so long that Mrs. Chester lost patience, and exclaimed rather petulantly:
"Nonsense, Althea! Why is it that

you always will be worrying about Howand! He is not a baby and no doubt is quite capable of finding his way home slone, as most men are. Mr. Tremaine knows that we are going to the opera | rack. this evening and will be sure to drop in before the end of the first act, you may depend. And we must dress, if we wish to hear the opening air in Faust, which

Mrs. Chester was one of those positive characters who immediately act upon what they say, and in less than an hour were on our way to the opera. The house when we entered was liter-

ally packed with a most brilliant and ishionable audience, but Althea seemed to move like one in a dream and took not the slightest notice of anybody or mything around her. I could not make it out at all and

hardly dared to look at her for very sympathy. Her magnificent dress of noiet velvet and creamy old lace became her perfectly, and never did a queen carry herself more royally, or seem more unconscious of her beauty and grandeur.

Diamonds-a fortune's worth of them -flashed on her arms, neck and bosom, and gleamed like drops of liquid light said the rich abundance of her dusky lair ; but she was not happy.

There was much too heavy a sorrow lying unrestfully at her heart for thatto much of nameless dread and anxiety to allow of enjoyment of any sort.

At the end of the second act a gentleman made his way to our box, and asked, in the usual conventional way, after the customary greetings were gone through

with, how we liked the music. Mr. Chester, who had been comfortably dozing in his chair the whole time, declared he was never more charmed—an

innocent fabrication which none cared to "And where did you leave Mr. Tre-

maine?" inquired Mrs. Chester, in some exprise. "He was with you, I think, Mr. Richland." Yes, and I left him with the othersat

Delmonico's. I don't care for that sort of thing, you know," lowering his voice, and glancing furtively at Mrs. Tremaine. "It makes one feel so confoundedly wretched the next day."

Althea was a well schooled woman of the world, and full and unflinchingly she

met his meaning glance.
I can't say just how the evening pass d. I only know I was intensely glad when it was all over with, and we were

Mr. and Mrs. Chester went at once to their apartment, but lingered a moment ho hurry to go to her room, though it open now, and he's an Episcopal kitten."

Was late and the house as still as death. It is fair to surmise that the 'opening of But as she did not appear inclined to it's eye's proved the salvation of pussy, alk, I kissed her, said good night, and and found for it an agreeable and convent up to my chamber, leaving her genial home."

alone there, like another Ariadne, sad, broken-hearted, in the midst or princely splender and untold wealth.

I had barely left the room before the jingle of bells and the clatter of flying hoofs in the almost silent street arrested my footsteps.

A sleigh dashed passed and stopped at the door, as if driven by a whirlwind. The night was intensely cold, but the tired horses were smoking, and their quivering flanks white with foam and

Not earing to see more, I dropped the curtain and turned to look at Althea. She stood like a statue in the middle of the room, one hand pressed hard against her breast, and the other holding close about her the rich white opera cloak she still wore, with its soft, snowy fringes and swan's down trimmings shimmering in the faint, uncertain firelight like a silken cloud, for one dim gas jet was burning in the deserted parlor when we entered it, and even this Althea had turned down so low that it was no more than

a glimpse of light.

Unsteady steps sounded on the stairs, then came the sound of a muffled fall, and something like a half-muttered oath, mingled with the low cry of uncontrollable anguish that burst involuntarily from

Althea's pale lips.
"I knew how it would be," she moaned. "I knew how those unfeeling creatures he calls his friends would bring him home.

And swiftly and noiselessly as a spirit, unmindful of her elegant toilet, and the strangely beautiful picture she made, Althea hurried to the assistance of her helplessly intoxicated husband.

It was not the first time she had waited his coming in a pale agony of fear and dread, not the first time she had heard that dull, soul sickening fall, not the first time she had glided down the great the shadow more than once, but the substance itself is well kept out of view, and but for the sad, anxious, restless look that often of late crept into Althea's great, soulful eyes, I'd not have thought sorrow could exist in her luxurious that dull, soul sickening fall, not the first time she had glided down the great oaken staircase to find her husband—handsome Harry Tremaine—lying prone on the floor, a sight to stir the pity of the boldest heart, and cause the new of the shadow of the boldest heart, and cause the new of the same time is a sight of the same time. gels in heaven to weep.

I could have cried aloud in my unut-

terable surprise and grief, and on my knees have begged him for God's sake to desist from further breaking the heart of the wife who loved him so dearly-aye,

I saw her through a rush of blinding tears help him somehow to regain his to do. feet, and even in his pitiable weakness he looked like a fallen god; the noble head, clear-cut features, the something indescribable that stamped him a man of wealth and intellectual force, was still with angel's wings just sprouting apparent, though so completely had the from his shoulders; the real baby is man been gotten the better of by the demon that lurks in the wine-cup.

And she—Althea—the look in her eyes

I'll never forget to my dying day. She did not say a word; a kind of dumb despair seemed to settle upon her countetenance—a despair that paled her cheek to the hue of ashes, and chilled the very life blood in her veins. I had seen enough, heaven knows, of

Althea's hidden sorrow, and stole away to my room, wishing I could believe the whole miserable scene but a troubled dream, that would vanish with the coming of the morrow's sun, Howard did not make his appearance

at breakfast the next morning. Althea explained, in a tone of apology, that Mr. Tremaine came in late, and "was tired."

Mrs. Chester did not guess that anything was wrong, and really thought that Howard was ill—taken cold the day the leading business men of Portland are previous, perhaps—and advised Althea all young, and people from the East are to send for the family physician.

Althea, however, did not follow her

sister's advice, but sat all day beside the sofa where her husband lay, suffering miserably from the combined tortures of headache and remorse.

Toward evening he began to "feel better," and good resolutions began to Hart & Co., dealers in Hardware, timber, shape themselves in his mind, as is often the case when one's head and conscience have been for some little time on the

"Althea," he said, drawing her lovely face down to his and kissing the sweet mouth, that trembled beneath his lips in a way that betokened the near approach I certainly do, however it may be with of tears-"Althea, I saw a look in your get, and which I hope never to see in them again; and I promise you, here and now, that I will never, so long as I live, touch a drop of wine articles of page more room for the transaction of business they have just completed a new dock and a 100 foot square warehouse back of the National Hotel. All the heavy articles of page lines. live, touch a drop of wine again. It's the devil's own and never-failing well spring of sin and misery, and my wife-God bless her!-is not to have her happiness clouded and her heart broken by the folly and madness that lie in a bottle of green seal. There! do you believe me, darling? or do you think me incapapable of successfully resisting the sparkling temptation that has proved the ruin-the utter and absolute ruin-of unnumbered millions, and blighted and embittered the lives of more women than I dare to think of."

"I believe you. Howard," she sobbed; I must believe you; for to do otherwise would kill me. If there was to be no end-nothing to look forward to but this-how could I endure to live? Oh, if you will but keep your promise I shall be so happy-so happy, Howard."

She fell, sobbing, into his arms, and through the fast-falling tears that filled her eyes the glad smiles were coming and going, like sunshine through an

April shower. Three years have passed since that day; but Howard has never broken his vow, and I feel quite certain now that he

never will. A DENOMINATIONAL KITTEN.-Not for relation's sake can we afford to suppress a story told by the Clinton Courant: few days since-this is a fact-a little fellow, anxious to find a home for a pet kitten, where it would stand a right good chance of being well brought up, carried it to the residence of one of our clergymen, asking him, as he responded to the knock, if he would like a kitten. "Oh, I don't know," said he; "what kind of a kitten have you got?" "A Unitarian kitten, sir." "No, I guess not of that sort." "A few mornings after, the little fellow appeared at the same door, rang the door bell, and again found himself face to face with the man of the house. The boy repeated his offer of the juvenile feline. "But, aren't you the same boy that called the other day, and isn't this the same little Unitarian kitten you had then?" "I know it," the little man responded: "It's in the parlor with Althea, who seemed in the same kitten, but he's got his eyes

The Ideal and Real.

The ideal husband is a kind hearted, noble man, with the figure of an Apollo and the beauty of an Adonis, who pays the same delicate attentions to his wife that he did before their troth was plighted; the real husband is a round shouldered, grizzly looking fellow, who buys the second quality of butter for the table. eats his meals at a down town restaurant, and only remembers that he is married when he is obliged to pay the household expenses.

The ideal housewife is a woman who keeps her home in the most delightful order, who cooks the most delicious dinners and presides at the tea table with the grace of a queen; the real housewife is a woman whose face is red and blazed with cooking over a hot stove, whose voice is sharp and earnest and who just "slats" things around anywhere, no matter where, in order to get her work done in season for a buzz over the back yard fence with the neigh-

The ideal newspaper man is a man whose brain is crammed solid full of all things classical, social and political, whose pen can reel off poetry, seatiment and sense to order, and into whose presence we should come with feelings of awe inspired by overpowering genius; the real newspaper man is a worn out fragment of humanity, who carries a sickly smile significant of hope deferred and financial depression, and wears a seventy-five cent alpaca coat.

The ideal politician is a man whose breast is heaving full of patriotism and whose interest in the welfare of the country is second only to his allegiance to Divine power; the real politician is a man with his hands full of wires, pulling in all directions, from the dram shop to the pulpit, to worm himself into an official position with big pay and lots of nothing

The ideal baby is a little fellow with the daintiest tinted cheeks, curliest hair, sweetest little "coo," and with angel's wings just sprouting a young wad of humanity with open valves, screaming all the time, fuzz on his bald head like thistle down, and as for angel's wings-well, they don't fasten them on with safety

The ideal clergyman is a man born too good for this world, with the virtues of Christianity bristling all over his character and shining forth like the rays of the noontide sun; the real clergyman is a man who preaches his best sermons "on an exchange," in the hope of getting a call with a bigger salary .- New Haven

A Prosperous Firm.

It has been frequently remarked that surprised at the energy displayed. One firm in particular, which is composed of young men, has been attended by prosperity until to-day they have a mammoth establishment that would reflect great credit upon any of the old New England cities, and that firm is Thompson, Deetc. Their store runs through the block from Front to First street and fronts on Salmon the entire length. For years their patronage has steadily increased until it now rolls up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars annually and they find themselves even with their immense store crowded to unpleasantness. In order to give more room for the transaction timbers will be stored therein, thereby giving space for the additional stock just received. Farmers will find it to their interest to deal with this firm as they make it a point to give complete satisfaction to their patrons.

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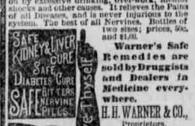


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