brothers, ten and a dozen years her senior, and Miss Nannie, who, since their parents' death, had kept the chilren together. The winter day drew to close, and the room grew dusky, and still the ladies lingered. Agatha could endure it no longer; this, of all days, she was without patience. She rose quickly.
"Ladies," she said, with an indignant

nished with such taste! Such carpets!

uiver in her sweet contralto voice, "you ust excuse me. I cannot listen to such onversation!" There was silence a moment; then Miss Fortescue lifted her cumbrous "Oh, certainly, I quite under-

stand. We will withdraw. We do not wish to offend." "Oh, certainly," faintly echoed Mrs. lecker, sliding from the sofa for the

ast time and preparing to follow. Agatha's impatience only increased. "And allow me to say," she exclaimed, with no compunction, "that I think adies might be better employed than with their neighbors' affairs."
"Good afternoon." said Miss Fortes-

ie, savagely. "Good afternoon," sneered Mrs. Becker.

"Good riddance!" cried Agatha, harply, ere the door had closed. "To-day of all days," she said, as she walked to and fro in the dusk. Presently the door opened. "All in the dark, Agatha?" said a cheery

"I thought you would never come, Sannie," was the swift, unnerved reply. Then she lit the gas. "Why, what is the matter, dear?"

"I have just put Miss Fortesque and Mrs. Becker out of the room, and ithas annoyed me.' "Dear me! What had they done?" "The same old sickening gossip. Miss Bruce flirts on the street; Mr. and Mrs.

Brown have shown no marriage certificate; Mrs. Gray holds her step-child to the fire to burn it, and so on and so on." "They get their ideas from the morning papers," said Nannie, calmly, unclasping her fur-lined circular. "The clasping her fur-lined circular.

step-mother holding the child to the fire is a favorite paragraph when the news is scare. Sometimes she heats the flat-iron. For my part, I would never go to that But Agatha could not respond to her

staid humor. She helped to put away he wraps, and inquired after the subur-

"You look rather pale; aren't you well?" asked Miss Nannie, when they were seated.

The girl dropped her eyes. "Nannie, I have some news for you," she said with an effort. "I—last night—I promised Mr. Peters to—to marry him.' Then she sighed if relieved of a great

burden. The room was still, utterly still.

Miss Nannie was surprised or shocked looking at the girl and taking time to collect her thoughts. Agatha never lifted a her eyes until, after some moments, her ousin cleared her throat and tranquilly nquired: "Well, dear, are you satisfied that you

will be happy? Then the girl rose and threw herself

upon the sofs. "know; I can't tell." More silence; then Miss Nannie asked she had told the boys.

To these women George and Lewis would be "the boys" as long as they

"I told George at noon," Agatha replied, in a voice heavy with tears. Lewis was not here. I wish you would

tell him." "And what did George say?" "He only said, 'I congratulate Mr.

Miss Nannie leaned back in her chair and meditated, bringing Peters up for mental review. Poor little whiffet! To be sure, he had money, some standing socially and a fair education. They had known him a long, long time, and even felt for him a sort of distant relatives' affection. They would do anything in the world for him. He often took Agatha about, to places of amusement, to church

or riding. But he was at least fifteen

years her senior, and they never thought of his aspiring to marry her. His appearance was pityfully against im. Miss Nannie reviewed his bad build, his bow legs, his "wild eye," as she called it-a suspicious eye that seemed to skirmish about the room while its mate regarded you with steadfast respect. Then she turned her thoughts to Agatha Agatha, perfect in face and figure and all were satisfactory.

Agatha accepted his adoration quite ennebled by education and advantages-Agatha, for whom a senator had proposed, and a congressman languished, to say nothing of her lesser adorers—Agatha, who had rejected the senator

because he lacked principle, and the congressman because he was a widower. Nannie remembered that the girl had suffered and shed tears over refusing hese and others. She had a curious

position, as the boys had said. At length Nannie roused and spoke. better dress; it's near dinner-time. little Florida water will cool your cheeks-

"Hark!" cried Agatha, "there he now-gone into his room. Nannie recognized the clumsy step. Lewis had never yet come up those stairs without tripping at the top; the rushing, impetuous way of his boyhood would always cling to him.

"I am going at once to tell him, before George comes," said Nannie,

"Yes, do," said Agatha. And when her cousin had gone out across the corridor, and her tap had been welcomed by a careless "Come in!" the young girl stole after and listened at the crack of her brother's door. "Lewis, I have news for you," said

Nannie, gently, and there was a hidden sob in her fond voice. "Agatha has promised to marry Mr. Peters." "Oh, Lord!" cried Lewis, in openmouthed disgust.

Agatha crept away from the door; her face was burning and her heart beat

But Miss Nannie remained awhile in her cousin's chamber.

"Lewis," she said, quietly, "I sup-pose we all feel the same over thismatter?" Agatha says when she told George he remarked that he 'congratulated Peters." "Well, this is too bad," said Lewis,

uch decorative art! And the Fosters indignantly. "It is a shame if a girl were tip-top people. There were four of them-Miss Agaths, her two bachelor with her face and brains can't do better. She is altogether too soft-hearted. She would have married all the men who ever proposed, if we had let her, and out of sheer pity, not because she cared for them. That is why she accepted Peters; couldn't bear to hurt his feelings-didn't want his straight eye to suffuse with tears! We must do something to prevent.

Nannie smiled deprecatingly. "We must be very careful. Agatha has a curious disposition, and if she thought we were all against him, she would only pity him the more."

"If there were only some way to dispose of him," exclaimed Lewis, grimly; if we could send him out with the next Arctic expedition—"
Nannie rose. "You will be very care

ful what you say, Lewis?" "Oh, of course.

She lingered at the door. "Agatha has not a forceless nature by any means," she said; "she can get angry if she cares to. She tells me she put Miss Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of our parior to-day, because of their vile gossip. I have no doubt she did.' "Humph!"

Agatha came down to dinner with her face composed and her manner gracious as ever. Her inward defiance was not ontwardly manifest. Of her family, George was a shade more dignified than usual, and Lewis appeared annoyed, while Nannie put on a regretful look and occasionally sighed. When they left the dining-room Agatha swept haughtily by the table, at which sat the Fortescue and the Becker. She was done with the twain and intended they should see it.

Up in their own parlor, George sat down by his sister. "Agatha," he said slowly, and with an evident distaste for the subject, "do you think you did well to engage yourself to Mr. Peters before consulting your family?"

"I was of age three years ago," she said, regarding him with serene dignity. 'Yes, yes, of course. But there is such a thing as advice. Mr. Peters is cur good friend, but is he a suitable husband for you?"

"What is there against him?" she asked, unflinchingly. She was not blind to her lover's bodily imperfections. She had lain awake all night. mentally endeavoring to straighten his crooked limbs and control his recreant orb. But with daylight they had dawned upon her as uncompromising as

But George would not stoop to per-sonalities. "Nothing," he answered, quietly. "Only we have looked very We want you to be high for you.

happy." Then do not speak against Mr Peters," she said, in a way that seemed to dismiss the subject.

George betook himself to his own room, and Lewis took his place by "I suppose I am to congratu-Agatha. she gave no token. She only sat quietly late," he said, with a careless disregard of Nannie's injunctions.

"You do not seem very enthusiastic," responded his sister, calmly, recalling his secretly heard ex damation upon first learning the news.

"I can't help it if I don't," he answered, half impatiently. "You know were brought to a sudden halt by found how proud we are of you, Gath, and we cries and confusion. Down the street, "Oh, Nannie, I don't can't be expected to think any man good and directly toward them, came a run-You know enough. She smiled.

He went on recklessly: "I don't believe you know what you are doing. You don't love Peters; you only pity him, just as you used to pity the Senator and all the rest. This crooked little curmudgeon! Why, he is older than George and cross-eyed-

She sprang up in a rage. "Lewis, you have said quite enough. Never speak so again to me; I forbid it." Then she sought her own chamber and threw herself upon the bed.

Nannie came to her after awhile. "My poor darling! Why are you feeling so

"Lewis has been saying such awful things!" "And are you quite sure you have made no mistake?"

"Quite sure." She rose and arranged her toilet; Mr. Peters was to come that evening.

He arrived early. Nannie endeavored to be gracious, but soon excused herself, leaving Agatha to her lover, the boys having both gone out. And Agatha, with Lewis' ernel criticism still ringing in her ears, felt as if in a dream. For tunately, Peters made no inquirtes as to brother's opinion of the marriage. Miss Nannie had congratulated him as though

passively, and at last, when he had gone, retired to her own room to pity him and weep for him, and tell herself how much

she loved him. But as the winter slipped away the engagement was ancounced, and, having remained unbroken, Agatha's brothers even began to feel resigned.

The quiet, intense devotion of Norman Peters was touching. He wor-shipped his betrothed; to him she was a I will tell Lewis; and now, you had very goddess.

regret, "if he were only not quite so now. All I ask is the right to care for small! If he were only a half-inch you"—his voice broke and he fell to taller, to be of even heighth with weeping. Agatha!

Meanwhile poor Agatha was fretting herself to death. A thousand little other; the heartless sarcasms and glances of the room. ridicule, to which Peters, in his great happiness, was utterly oblivious, were constantly stabbing her. Night after despicably. But if you will forgive and night she passed in wakeful agony, to the idea of breaking the engagement future." mever once occurring to her. She was sure she loved him, and she realized the death of his devotion. She endeavored to rise above morbid sensitiveness, telling herself that people would cease their cruel ways when they saw that she was determined to stand by him. But she grew thin, and her face wore a hunted expression. Mesdames Becker and Fortescue now began to circulate pretty little stories about her- happy." ingeniously constructed but untruthful romances.

Nothing very bad, for Agatha was woman to whom no doubtful mist could cling for a moment; but whispers of "coquetry," "blighted hopes," "girlish folly," and "last resort," which, blown from lip to lip on the dubious breath of friendship, came at last to vex the ears of the Fosters. Agatha only grew more pale. Stormy Lewis, however, con-fronted Miss Fortescue in the hall before

his sister's room. "I tell you, madam, that you must discontinue your talk of my sister," he cried, angrily.

Agatha came out. "Oh, Lewis, dear." He took her by the arm. "Go back. ath. I've a matter to settle with this Gath. lady. She knows what mischief she has been trying to work, and I intend the talk shall cease, or I will take measures she may not admire!' Without a word Miss Fortescue turned

and fled. "I was sorry for her," said Agatha, 'she looked so guilty and helpless.'

"I declare I haven't much patience with you," exclaimed her brother, "to think that you would defend her, and she every day assailing your good name. But all your ways of late are provoking. You are going to marry a man you don't love, because you pity him. For God's sake, why don't you pity some one suitable—"
She trembled with excitement and passion.

"Lewis, if you have the least particle of love or respect for me, you will never speak so again. I do love Norman, and it would kill me if anything should break the engagement.'

Lewis quit her presence crestfallen. The days slipped by. There had been no date fixed for the wedding, nor was the subject discussed by the family. None but Nannie knew the terrible tremor in which the girl existed. She was ever moving about, her hands con-

stantly occupied. Day after day, rain or shine, the two women were out of doors. They had always an errand, usually one of mercy. Nannie, however disinclined, would have felt it a sin to oppose, and so Agatha dragged her off through the flitting sunshine, the moodiness, 'the chill or the storm of the springtime, until one last morning. It had been raining for three days,

and so steadily that the sidewalks flags were cleaned and whitened.

Agatha said they would not be hampered with a carriage, and they took a car for a mile or so, alighting to walk a few squares to another line. The storm had abated, and the rain was but a listess drizzle. Agatha slipped and slid once, and

Nannie gave a frightened exclamation. "My overshoes are useless," said the girl, carelessly. "I must have another pair. I have a good deal of shopping to

"Your outfit-" ventured Nannie, and stopped.

Agatha sighed, but her sigh was lost ni the noise of the street.

A poor little yellow dog limped out from a passing vehicle, holding up one paw and yelping pitifully.
"Oh, see!" cried Agatha, with her

eves wet. "Poor, poor doggie! I am so sorry!" The yelps died away in the distance,

and the ladies went on. A blind man crying "Cough loz-enges!" upon the corner de ained them

for a moment. In the next block an old building had been torn away to give place to a new one. Careless workmen had left the side-

walk unguarded in one place, 'a step from which would have landed one in a deep cellar, where lay a number of loose foundation stones. Just as they had reached this spot they

away team, dragging a splendid carriage. Agatha took an irresolute step forward and then sprang back as the horses dashed up against the sidewalk.

The women were thus separated, and in a second Nannie was reaching forward, cold with borror. "Agatha!" she cried, but too late.

The girl had lost her balance and had fallen backward from the unguarded sidewalk down into the deep cellar, and lay there upon the stones limp and unconscions.

She would live, sadly crippled and helpless; the spine had been injured and one hip dislocated. So said the best of surgeons. She would henceforth require all care and tenderness.

"Thank God, she is not poor!" cried Nannie. As for the boys, George was comepletely crushed, and Lewis paced the floor for hours, crying for "his poor! poor sister.'

Agatha insisted upon bearing the worst, and when it was made known was very silent. By and by Nannie could see great tears trembling under the long. dark eyelasbes. "I would not mind," faitered the suf-

care for him now?" Then she asked that he be sent for at once. When he arrived, Nannie and the boys were in the room, but they withdrew to the window. Peters' face was as

pale as Agatha's own. "Norman, dear," she said without preface, "I am a cripple for life. I may never walk again. I sent for you-to give you back your freedom.

A frightened expression overspread his countenance; his lip quivered, and he sank on his knees by the bed and buried his face.
"Agatha, darling!" he cried, with real pathes, "don't, don't cast me off.

"If," thought Nannie, with a softened You are a thousand times dearer to me

By the window three persons heard it all. They looked in silence at each other; then Lewis strode swiftly across

"Peters," he said, "we haven't done right by you. I, myself, have acted

Then Peters, who had risen, stood silent and bewildered till, through the mist, the room grew suddenly bright, on the bars of a grate a nut, repeating honor; but we agree with him, against for they had encircled him and were clasping his hands with loving warmth. And as Agatha lay watching, she raised a feeble hand to stay the tears that

coursed her cheeks,
"I never thought," she sobbed aloud, "I never dreamed I could be made so

#### Sw fis and their Habits.

Swifts eat on the wing, drink on the wing and collect materials for their nest on the wing. Hence, like all other creatures, they produce extremely small broods, for the material used up in muscular motion cannot also be devoted to genesis as well, Long ago Gilbert White was much puzzled with the diffiwhat became of the annual increase which must take place even among such small breeders as these, for though but once each summer, instead of twice, like the other swallows, yet they must give a constant increment of population at the rate of about double every year, even after allowing normal deaths of old birds. What becomes of such increase? That was the question that puzzled the naturalist of Selborne; and if he had been a Darwin or even a Malthus, it might have led him gradually on to the great discovery of the principle of natural selection, which has since revolutionized all biographical science. As it was, he came only to the lame and impotent conclusion that they must disperse themselves over the remainder of the world, as though Selborne church tower were the central Ararst of an unpeopled and vacant continent, whence endless colonies might go forth to increase and multiply and replenish the earth. I n sober fact, one-half of them fail to pick up a living at all; the other half just keep up the standard of the race to its fixed numerical average; for everyone who has watched the swifts closely knows that each year just the same number of pairs return punctually to just the same acwith the vast majority of species, animal or vegetable. There are a few which, like man, the Colorado beetle and the Canadian pond weed, are rapidly increasing and overrunning the world; there are a few others, which, like the great auk, the beaver and the edelweiss, are rapidly dying out before their enemies. But by far the greater number seem to year to year, at least within the range of ordinary haman observation. Out of 40,000 seeds of one common English weed, only a single seed on an average produces a full grown plant every season. - St. James Gazette.

## Hints for Homes.

jolly speeches are as good at home as perity in the marriage state.—[Some elsewhere, only the latter cannot bear a thing to Read.

too frequent repelition. That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is the really domestic man, in the wife's sense; who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, whom he feels in the home circle, where nobody is above him, and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in drawback of home-life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness and conown happier moods. He is no more plagued by his children than with his own lighter thoughts. The man slways at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside it, for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is, that he should like nome when he is there; and that living, we contend, belongs, first of all to the active and strong and deeply engaged, and not the lounger, or even to teenth street by being raised

bell, which correspondence had cut minated in a proposition and acceptance of marriage. Now, Mr. Soloman had its final resting place occupied three never seen his betrothed, and on Thursdays. Six men were at work one day day morning he started off with the intention of calling upon her at her home. When he got as far as Kenosha he left the train and hired himself taken to the postoffice and inquired who owned box No. 785, and upon being told he started with a happy heart to a well-known residence on Park avenue, where he inquired for his affianced. No such person was known there, and after several inquiries he went to the postoffice and ferer, "but for him. Who will love and fold them they had made some mistake. "for," says be, "I have been writing to a young lady for over a year to box 785, Racine, Wisconsin." Upon being told that he was in Kenosha and not Racine, he was thunderstruck and only asked the time the next train left for Racine.

> An Attorney's Last Hope .- A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad cir-cumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawver met Jerrold and said: "Have you heard about poor R-? His business is going to the devil." Jerrold-"That's all right, then; he is sure to get

#### Superstitions About Love.

From the earliest times no event in human life has been associated with a more extensive folk lore than marriage. Beginning with love divinations, these are of every conceivable kind, the anxious maiden apparently baving left no stone unturned in her anxiety to ascertain her lot in the marriage state. Some cut the common brake or fern just above future husband's name. Again, nuts and apples are very favorite love tests. The mode of procedure is for a girl to place this incantation:

### If he loves me, pop and fly: It he nates me, live and die.

Great is the dismay if the anxious face of the inquirer gradually perceives the nut, then they are helped even by the false-instead of making the hoped for pop. die and make no sign. One means of divination is to throw a ladybug into the air, repeating meanwhile the subjoined complet:

# Fly away east and fly away west. Show me where lives the one I like best.

Should this little insect chance to fly the direction of the house where the loved one resides, it is regarded as a

favorable omen. Another species of love divination nce observed consisted in obtaining culty suggested to him by the swifts to five bay leaves, four of which the anxions maiden pinned at the four corners of her pillow, and the fifth in the middle. If she was fortunate enough to dream of they lay but two eggs at a time and set her lover, it was a sure sign that he would be married to her in the course of the year.

the week for love omens, and in Norfolk eigns; their vanity is engaged, their afthe following lines are repeated on three Friday nights successively, as on the last one it is believed that the young lady will dream of her future husband;

To-night, to-night is Friday night, Lay me down in dirt; white; bream who my huseand is to be, And lay my childeen by my side. If I'm to live to be his bride

In selecting the time for the marriage eremony precautions of every kind have generally been taken to avoid an unlucky month and day for the knot to be tied. Indeed, the old Roman notion that the May marriages are unlucky survives to this day in England. June is a highly popular month. Friday, on account of its being regarded as an inauspicious and evil day for the commencement of any kind of enterprise, is generally avoided.

In days gone by Sunday appears to have been a popular day for marriages. It is, above all things, necessary that the sun should shine on the bride, and it customed station in just the same ances-tral towers. Indeed, that is the rule many that she should weep on her wedding day, if it be only a few tears, the omission of such an act being considered ominous of her future happiness.

In Sussex, a bride on her return home from church is often robbed of all her pins about her dress by the single women present, from the belief that whoever possesses one of them will be marriel in the course of a year, and evil continue absolutely, invariably from fortune will sooner or later inevitably overtake the bride who keeps even one pin used in the marriage toilet.

"Flinging the stocking" was an old marriage custom in England. The young men took the bride's stockings, and the girls those of the bridegroom, each of whom, sitting at the foot of the bed, threw the stocking over their heads, endeavoring to make it fall upon that of Think as well as act. Use your en- the bride or her spouse. If the brideergy wisely; the constantly active are groom's stockings, thrown by the girls, not necessarily the most energetic. Mis-fell upon the bridegroom's head, it was a directed labor is sometimes as great an sign that they themselves would soon be evil as idleness itself. What is the use married, and similar luck was derived of firing unless you aim at the target and from the falling of the bride's stockings, learn the skill of a good marksman? So thrown by the young men. There is the owners of humanity are but wasted superstitions notion in some places that unless your industry executes with cor- when the bride retires to rest on her rectness and promptitude each duty as it | wedding night her bridesmaids should lay her stockings across, as the act is Pleasant looks, pretty clothes and supposed to guarantee her future pros-

# Monster Flag Stone.

An immense flag stone, which is said to be the largest ever quarried in America, is destined for the sidewalk in front of R. L. Stuart's new brown-stone residence on Fifth avenue and Sixty-eighth street, stretched across avenue from curb to curb yesterday, and made it necessary to close the street between Sixty-eight and Sixty-ninth streets. The great slab is of river bluestone, and measures twenty-six feet six inches by a heaven of ease and reparation. The fifteen feet six inches. It is nine inches thick and weighs over thirty tons. If raised on its side it would make one side sequent weariness is never present to of an average seaside cottage. It is such a man. He no more tires of his perfectly smooth with the excepof an average seaside cottage. It is tion of a slight ridge through the center which will be removed after it is in position. The stone was cut from the same quarry in Sullivan county as the great flag stone now composing part of the sidewalk in front of the Vanderbilt mansion, but it is much larger. It was brought down the Hudson from the quarry on the deck of the barge and unloaded at the foot of Fourthe easy-minded man .- | Sunday Re- enough with jack screws for two heavy flat stone wagons to be placed under it, corresponding with a young lady in raised again with jacks and lowered by bell, which corresponding the same many and classical states of the same The operation of moving the great slab and getting it on the rollers in front of days. Six men were at work one day moving it with jacks into its position directly in front of the main entrance to the new house, where a four-foot stone foundation had been prepared for it. It is moved at the rate of a foot an hour, and the masons expect to get it in position in a day or two .- New York

Apple Jelly .- Make a syrup of a pound of sugar, putting in sufficient water to dissolve it. When boiled enough! lay in it the peeled and cored halves of some large sour apples. Let them simmer till tender, then lay them carefully in a dish so they will remain unbroken and in good shape. Add another pound of sugar to the syrup, let it boil, skim it, and when partly cool pour it over the apples. When the dish gets cold each apples. piece of apple will be surrounded by a delicious jelly. Eat with cream.

Mrs. John Murphy, of East St. Louis. with a pillow and drove him from the full of them, and pour the syrup over

#### Good Talkers in Society.

There are few women, not well sunned and ripened, and perhaps tougheued, who can stand apart from a man and say the true thing with a kind of genial cruelty. Still there are some-and I doubt if there be any man who can return the compliment. The class of men represented by Vernon Whitford in the Egoist says, indeed, the true thing, but he says the root to ascertain the initials of the it stockishly. Vernon is a noble fellow, future husband's name. Again, nuts and makes, by the way, a noble and instructive contrast to Daniel Deronda; his conduct is the conduct of a man of our consciences, when he remorsefully considers "its astonishing dryness." He is the best of men, but the best of women manage to cembine all that and something more. Their very faults assist ness of their position in life. They can retire into the fortified camp of the proprieties. They can touch a subject, and suppress it. The most adroit employ a somewhat elaborate reserve as a means to be frank, much as they wear gloves when they shake hands. But a man has the full responsibility of his freedom, cannot evade a question, can scarce be silent without rudeness, must answer for l is words upon the moment, and is not seldom left face to face with a damning choice, between the more or less dishonorable wriggling of Deronda and the downright woodenness of Vernon Whitford.

To two classes we pay court: women and the aged. But the superiority of women is perpetually menseed; they do not sit throned on infirmities like the Friday has been held a good day of old; they are suitors as well as soverfections are too apt to follow; and hence much of the talk between the sexus degenerates into something unworthy of the name. The desire to please, to shine with a particular engaging lustre, to draw a fascinating picture of oneself, banishes from conversation all that is sterling and most of what is humorous. As soon as a strong current of mutual admiration begins to flow, the human interest triumphs entirely over the intellectual, and the commerce of words, consciously or not, becomes secondary to the commercing of eyes. Each to the commercing of eyes. Each simply waits upon the other to be ad-mired, and the talk dwindles into platitudinous piping. Coquetry and fatuity are thus the knell of talk. But even where this ridiculous danger is avoided, and a man and woman converse equally and honestly, something in their nature or their education falsifies the strain. An instinct prompts then to agree, and where that is impossible to agree to differ. Should they neglect the warning at the first suspicion of an argument, they find themselves in different hemispheres. About any point of business or conduct, any actual affair demanding settlement, a woman will speak and listen, hear and answer arguments, not only with natural wisdom, but with candor and logical honesty. But if the subject of debate be something in the air, and abstraction.—[R. L. S. in the Cornhill Magazine.

### Grocery-Store Talk.

The articles in acountry store got mad and had a little talk over politics, religion, etc., in a most spirited manuer.

"I'm no sucker," said the mackerel. "You are a mighty scaly sort of party, though," said the sugar, "and I've got sand enough to tell you so to your face."

a piece of woodwork lengthwise of the

"Lay the question on the shelf," said another portion. "Let us have peas," cried out the cof-

"Bah! you must be green," said the starch, "look at me and get a little stiffening to brace you."
"Lard help us," said the butter.
"Shell out and let's get from beneath

this yolk," cackled the eggs.
"Hit him with a London club," said a bottle on the top shelf.

"None of your sauce, wait till you catchup with the times," fired up the pepper, in hot temper.
"Shut up, or I'll sour on the whole of

you." snapped the vinegar.
"Taffy, taffy," whispered the molasses,
let's get into the thick of it." "Let us call it a draw," simpered the

tea. "We are too strong," howled the cheese. "How have the mitey fallen," replied the knife, as it slung the cheese on to the

floor. "Aw, you shut up," answered the cheese as it closed the blade and chucked it out of sight behind a barrel.

"Let's soap for better things," said the "How can we in the presence of a lye?" said the soda.
"Well, if I'm a lye you are an alkali,"

came the answer. "I rise to a point of order," sung out the yeast. "Salt him down," squealed out a ham, "for I'm smoked out."

"You can all be bought," said the "Ah, you sweet thing," came back the

response, "what are you giving us?"
"Well, I'd be darned," ripped out the coffee sack, "if this must stop."
"That's oil right," gurgled the kero-

"Blast you all," roared the powder. "I can match that," fumed the sulphur.

the corner. "I'm out," groaned the meat, "and will have to be mustered out of service." "I'm killed," chorused the oyster, the lobster, the codfish, the mackerel, pork, the bead-and in the midst of it

"I'm shot," shrieked the lead over in

the grocer walked in and everything was hushed, and trade went on as usual. -[Steubenville Herald. PRESERVED CRAB APPLES,-Rub each crab apple with a clean bit of flannel, and prick each one in several places with a needle to prevent bursting. To every pound of fruit allow one and one-half pound of fruit and one pound of water.

Make a syrup of the sugar and water,
boiling it in a porcelain kettle and
skimming it until clear. Put in the

crab apples, adding for each pound the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Simmer them slowly until tender enough for Ill., awoke the other night to find a broom straw to pierce them. Put them burglar in her room. She attacked him warm into glass jars; fill the jars half warm into glass jars; fill the jars half