NOBOBY'S HERO.

No hero was he-only plain Roy Meood. Little Roy he was always called om the first to the last; from the very rst day of his pitiful baby life, when ow sad to tell—no tender mother held stood of im, the wee, cold stranger, to her warm like." eart, with a promise silent, yet true as leaven, of protection against the many ls to which she had ushered him all nwittingly. Poor little soldier! Thrust to the great battle of life all unwarned. narmed, even by the shield of mother ove. Only Mother Rose, faithful and ind, held him in her great, strong arms, and she wiped many a big tear from mong the wrinkles of her old black face s she looked at the little speek of hu-nanity. "Poor little Massa Roy"—but est, and Mammy Rose was stricken lumb by the wondering gaze. Brave blue eyes one might have called them, baby was so frail and tiny. Little only baby was so frail and tiny. Little Roy they always called him in the fair Southern village where his childish their layer has been dance. ears went by on their laughing, dancway. He was ever a merry, hardy strip of a boy, all life and frolic—but happy? No—child happiness, without mother to watch and nourish it, is a plant that never thrives. Little Roy still, even when he counted seventeen summers; and plain, almost to ugliness; naught to save him that verdict, but the same brave, blue eyes that had checked so effectually Mammy's heartfelt pity—eyes strong and true in their steady light, and above them a broad, open brow, where dwelt a something, indefinable—a something, may we say, akin to majesty? Little Roy though he was, he could remember no day in his life when his heart had been too small for its dream of love—love for a radiant, gleesome maid, who had been the sweetest, wildest, merriest of playmates, in the days when they too climbed rees together, waded barefoot the woodland branches, rolled over the green hill-sides on the sunny days, and made mud pies on the rainy ones. Bonny Alice had something of the Gypsy in her nature as well as in her great, beaming, dark eyes, and as Roy had neither mother nor father to say him nay, they had a glad, free life of it, all full of ups and downs, and freaks and pranks of the maddest kind. They had played at lovemaking in their simple way when Alice's frocks just touched her knee and Roy's jackets were as tailless as his well-worn summer kites—or, rather, he did all the love making and she took it quite like a little queen whose right it was, and forgot all about it the next moment in a way staunch little Roy did not all like,

boy though he was. And so the days sped on, and the selfsame summer that made up his seventeen years traced "sweet sixteen" for Alice Adair. But the summer was dying away, slowly dying, and Alie and Roy, taking a last long stroll together, had there all themselves down to rest at their old woodland spring.

"I don't like it, Allie, not at all! I have a half mind to rebel even now, and

just say I won't go." "And what good will that do, pray tell e. Roy?" answered Allie. "You say me, Roy?" answered Allie. yourself your grum old guardy is molded out of the granite of the everlasting hills. Besides, it will turn out all right. I dare say we'll have a glorious time, although we are to seek our respective alma maters so wide apart."

"No doubt you will; no doubt but you will have plenty of friends, and-

"And what, Roy?" and Alice smiles so archly as she asks.

"And sweethearts, too," blurted out honest Roy, in a warm way, his face flushing red all over. "Yes, sweethearts, too-all I can man-

age to secure in the midst of eternal vigilance," and the little coquette laughs at the prospect that is making darkness

in Roy's soul. But when the inevitable break did really come, and hand in hand they stood, ready to say the first good-bye of their lives, the tears that drowned the great brown eyes were as genuine, if not so bitter, as the two great drops that forced themselves slowly and unbidden from Roy's solemn orbs. Was there ever a parting without a taste of the bitterness and agony of death? What wonder that lips trembled over the word, eyes grew full and o'erflowed, and there was a choking way down-near their hearts, perhaps-that cut short the unsaid but deepfelt word.

The years sped on, though in their path loomed up tremendous, threatening shadows, shadows of coming events; on, bringing and taking away just what God willed; on, bringing to Allie and Roy an end to college days that had been bright, yet brighter than they dreamed they could be, unshared with each other. Ignorant young things, and oh! how happy in "their" ignorance not to know the real meaning of that worn phrase, so oft construed in Latin grammar days, that they knew it by heart; "Tempora mutantur et nos in illis." Roy came back the same little Roy he went away. He had made no career, nor even a hero in any sense, when it was so easy to win a short-lived glittering fame. Yet he had made many friends, and well they knew his open hand, his spirited way of standing up to those who needed a backer to see them through trouble. But all things else had changed. Alice, the little wild blosom, had bloomed into a radiant, stately flower. She stood before him, tall, graceful, regal, fair as the dream of a poet's soul; full of fire, romance, tenderness, sentiment, all that goes to make a worshipping enthusiast at the shrine Fancy erects and of the heroes ture of God. [Roy lifted his hungry eyes up for the vision they had craved so many days; but he scarce dared look again, for the vision had fled for aye; lost was his almost in a whisper. "Noble little felper year, yet the motion continues and gay, girl comrade, the maiden that was low! Brave little Roy!" Ever and anon to day the tunnel has the better of the "Then you shall have this one," said was e "all in all" of his life; and this fair the words glided involuntarily into her fight by about four feet.—[Va. C. Chron.] the little lady with the muff. "Mr. Post.

queen bearing his lost love's dear familiar name-she was a new experience. Yet, all things were changed. There was a new-made grave under the Southern skies, where slept Peace with all happy smiles and songs, and its brow of golden calm. Over the land it had blessed and made beautiful floated the blood-red banners of war. Campfires flashed out in the darkness of night; the tramp of gathering cohorts crushed to death the star-bright flowers of the valley; bugles called and brave men and gallant youths stood up to do and die for their own. Sumter's guns had boomed, and lo! another world; Roy McLeod was ever so quiet during these first stirring days, but Alice Adair was in a fervent glow of grand dreams.

"Oh, how I wish I was a man, Roy. "Even more than you once wished to be a boy, Alice, when skirts and aprons stood opposed to tree-climbing and the Roy laughed at the memory thus evoked.

"Oh, that was nonsense, Roy, but this is

hearty earnest." "And why would you be a man? There are plenty of those rough specimens in the land; whereas such rare and radiant maidens whom the angels-

"Oh! spare me, Roy. what is beauty now? Woman that I am, I can only dream and talk."

"Do that in your own sweet way, and angels could do no more. I pledge me to

do all your fighting, Allie. "You, Roy! what folly! You are not the stuff of which heroes are made—only little Roy—yet my dear, kind friend, all the same," she added, for there was such a look of pain in Roy's blue eyes. A

moment of silence, and then Roy quietly

"There may be a post of duty even for me, Allie. The sequel will show the stuff that is in us all.

So, while Alice threw heart and soul so, while Alice threw heart and soul into the cause, cheering the brave, shaming the weak. Roy kept very still, and she thought no more of him. It was a day for heroes, and he could never be one, he was only "Roy." She was startled, indeed, one moonlight night in June, when he stood before her on the balcony of her home and said:

"I'm come to say good-bye, Allie; I'm off to the war.'

"When, Roy?"

said: .

"To-night at twelve." "Don't jest, Roy; you surely are not

going; what good-But the look of pain checked her again; this time there was pride, too, in his eyes.

"Yes, Allie, a call for volunteers has been made; I am in 'for the war,' or for life, as it may be."

Roy's voice was firm enough, yet how sad! Alice fell to thinking-what folly, his going away-there were men enough to wage and win the fight, besides, she was sorry to lose Roy; and her white fingers all the while were mercilessly pulling to pieces the fair blush rose he had laid in her hands on coming. Suddenly the two fair hands were crushed, rose and all. Roy had seized them, and she almost cried out with pain. courage had come back at last, and in a terribly earnest, eloquent way, he was telling the "old, old story" over again. And Alice listened and wondered how Roy had grown so suddenly eloquent. She did not know that eloquence was but the voice of real, deep feeling. It touched her to hear his vows of fidelity to his country and his love, his dreams lowly dying, and Aliie and Roy, taking last long stroll togother, had the will hemselves down to rest at their old lace, the green, mossy bank near the was talking, and Alice could descend from the grand height where she had set all the thunderous uproar and mad carup a grand ideal. So Roy only won a few tender words full of sincere regret, of real sorrow-yes, for at the thought of all his faithful kindness and love she broke utterly down and sobbed out an appeal for pardon; that she could give no more. Then both were quiet, silent. A moment more and Roy raised the crushed palms to his lips, bowed his head and pressed them to his flushed cheeks, kissed them again and again, lovingly, slowly, as it he could not lay them down, then placed them back in her lap

> and was gone without a word. The days sped on. Alice wondered and grew warm and tender, over the grand deeds of "the men in gray." Roy had been among cannon and musketry, sabre flash and bristling steel, till it was all as familiar as the flowers of his valley home. Manassas had baptized him in blood and marked him with the sign of carnage; for a deep red scar on his brow had dashed out some of its sunny youth. The thunders of Malvern Hill went echoing through the mountains; not a man more dauntless than little Roy faced the terrors of that day. Even among the blinding battle flashes he saw his country's colors fall; his the arm that reared and placed them firmly, and was crushed and mangled even while he waved them aloft. Alice heard it all, and she said: "Brave little Roy!" Then she wrote and begged that he come home and be nursed; but he did not.

> And well he did not, for he could not possibly have been an indifferent observer of Alice Adair's new-found hero, nor of the all-absorbing way in which she yielded up her very soul to his keeping. Captain St. John was tall, dark, grand-looking-born to greatness, she knew. And indeed he was not a parlor knight alone, for many a hard-fought field could attest his courage. Most met are brave, but it takes many things on

make up a great character. The days of war rushed on with thunderous roar. Stonewall Jackson's men were reddening Virginia's valleys with blood; and making up a glorious history for admiring posterity to read. Roy Mo-Leod was only one of them, but not one to be called a laggard in the brilliant race for freedom or a grave. Young as he was, slender and boyish in his jacket of stained and faded gray, not a veteran in that veteran legion but spoke his name with a glow of pride. They leved him, too, and more than one eye grew moist one day-the day of Sharpsburg-as the tale went round in camps how he had fallen in the very face of the foe, fighting as gallantly as the far-famed "Cour de Lion," and the enemy had borne him off the field dead. "Brave little Roy. We'll see his like no more." So spoke his com-Fancy places therein; heroes vested with rades all. With a great gulp of somethe attributes and clothed in ithe garnithing like from remorse, Alice laid down the letter of "Our own correspondent;" it had told the tale in stirring words. "Dear Roy; God bless him!" she said,

thoughts, yet never once did she think him a hero fit for the pedestal where she had throned the image of her handsome cavalier, Douglas St. John.

Months later she stood arrayed in bridal white, orange blossoms gleaming in the braids of her dark hair, and such a softened yet glowing light in the great brown eyes. Douglas St. John looked almost a king, and there they were, plighting their lives to each other, many guests standing silent in the great parlors, taking in the handsome, regal-looking pair, when up the wide granite steps in front there hobbled a crippled, haggard man in gray. A small man, young, but his face roughened and aged by other things, not years; the gray jacket was faded and tattered. He only took one glance through the lace curtains of the window opening on the balcony; stood a moment, rigid as a statue, then moved away. Next morning a note was handed Mrs. St. John-one of congratulation, she thought, and with a smile she read:

"I managed to come to life in a Federal prison; I got out and dragged all these weary miles to see you, but now I had rather go back to camp. God bless you, Roy. Good-bye.

So Stonewall Jackson's men got back their pet and their pride; they would have killed the fatted calf, but they had none, only hard tack, and half rations at that.

Who knoweth what a day may bring forth? More: "Who knoweth the many, many things a year, especially a year of war, may bring forth?" A year has gone by since Roy's last look at Alice Adair; he would not have known her now. Douglas St. John had proved himself "a king," as in her fond heart she had crowned him; but a despot of a king, a coward of a despot, who could delight in crushing so weak a thing as a woman, helpless and in his power. Alice was too full of romantic nonsense about love and all that; a few cold sneers put it all to flight. She had a will, and a woman should have one; he put it under his foot and kept it there, to all appearances. She expected a husband to be a lover; he taught her there was a time for all things under the sun and what 'tempora mutantur' meant in married life. was brave in battle, and Alice was glad to know it-she could honor courage still, even with a heart that was strangely quiet and empty. Ah! this year had brought forth many things-things that had made her think, with a sorrow and regret sad as death, of the the truest and noblest heart she had ever known. The year left her a widow—a saddened, subdued, disappointed woman. Her dreams of life had all gone wrong. Did Roy see in her freedom a star of hope alive for himself? Never! He had noted the proud, happy light in the brown eyes that were lifted to the royal-looking man who stood at her side that night one year ago. Well he knew the eye could never look that way on him, and he never could have brooked, little Roy though

he was, any other than a man's true

place in his wife's regard. So he went

heart, he has forgotten all the old days.

Ah, well, 'tempora mutantur.'" The war was dying out in blood and tears; oftener now their soaring shouts of triumph were heard the low-breathed voice of despair, the weary, weary cry of pain. The ranks of Stonewall Jackson's men had grown so thin, there were so many red sears and empty sleeves that eyes which had never qualled amid nage of the four years, were drowned in bitter tears when Lee gave them his last order, not "Forward-on with the fight!" but "Lay down your arms; disband and away!" Little Roy had vowed he would never surrender, and he did not save to the great God of Battles. The last man seen to fall in the last day's strife was a crippled member of the old Stonewall brigade. And when aching hearts and streaming eyes, all over the stricken South, were welcoming back in tears and smiles, all sad alike, the war-worn "boys in tattered gray," Alice St. John watched and waited for one that came not. It was only one of McLeod's old comrades that came to her. He brought Roy's trusty musket and laid it at her feet, placed in her hands two folded papers-one, a few short lines on a soiled and torn scrap of brown paper: 'Keep it for my sake, Alice, and ask Stonewall Jackson's men if it has done your fighting ill or well. This time 'tis good-bye forever." The other was a legal document and made Mrs. Alice St. John beiress to all the possessions of Leroy McLeod. The lawyers told her it meant something like \$100,000. One hundred thousand, but poor Alice, in deed! Her dreams had, come to naught. There seemed but one true fact in her

ole existence; that was Roy-so faith-stuff of which heroes are made; but it had taken many and terrible things to convince her.

A Funny Hole in the bround.

In Castle district, at a point about five miles north of this city, is a tunnel that may be called an ex-tunnel. It is a tunnel that remonstrates against being a tunnel. It was run about four years ago into the side of a steep hill and originally about 40 feet in length. When in about 15 feet, the tunnel cut into a soft swelling clay, very difficult to manage, After timbering and striving against the queer, spongy material till it had been penetrated some 25 feet, the miners gave up the fight, as they found it was a los-

ing game. Being left to its own devices, the tunnel proceeded to repair damages. It very plainly showed that it resented the whole business, as its first move was to push out all the timbers and dump tuem down the hill. It did not stay at that, but projected from the mouth of the tunnel a pith or stopper of clay the full size of the excavation. This came out horizontally some eight feet, as though to look about and see what had become of the miners, when it broke off and rolled down the slope. In this war it has been going on until there are some hundreds of tons of the clay at the foot of the

hill. At first it required only about a week for a plug to come out and break off. then a month, and so on until now the masses are ejected but three or four times

Proverbs About Woman.

An old Spanish proverb expresses characteristically the high-bred courtliness which was once peculiar to the race: "The counsel of a woman is not worth much, but he who does not take it is worth nothing." In Puttenham's "Arte of English Poetry," a curious and inter-esting work, published about the end of the sixteenth century, the author speaking of the tender-heartedness of the female sex in general, alludes to the common proverb, "A woman will weep for pity to see a gosling goe bare foote." There must have been a touch of real humor about the originator of this ancient proverb, ridiculing, but nevertheless loving, the prodigality of tenderness, which caused him such amuse

The preference generally given in the seventeenth century to the gray mares of Flanders over the finest coach horses of England gave rise to the vulgar proverb, "The gray mare is the better

George Herbert gave the world many proverbs which are descriptive of the lives and qualities of women, Among others we select the following: "Empty chambers make foolish maids," a proverb which, of course, like so many others, only expresses a half truth; for we are willing to believe that some very wise little maidens have grown into womanhood like moorland blossoms, which only the grouse and the adder and the humble bee have looked on; but foolish is no doubt used here in its slighter significance of bashful, in which case the proverb is a true one.

"A fair wife and frontier castle breed quarrels" reads like the sigh of some baronial benedick who fruitlessly thirsted after quietness in the weary ages of warfare. "Mills and wives ever want" was no doubt the miserly conclusion of some mediseval Harpagon; one can almost recognize the snap with which it was uttered; in the laconic brevity of the phrase: "Who lets his wife go to every feast and his horse drink at every water, should neither have good wife nor good horse," to this day accords with the sentiments of many married men.

"Choose a house made and a wife to make," said some strong-minded gentle-man, who flattered himself that he had moulded the character of the girl whom he had married, who very probably all the while had gained entire ascendancy over him in essentials by flattering his weak point of moulding her in nonessentials. For that is the way these dainty creatures have.

How He Got His Wife.

The Philadelphia Times thus briefly presents a romance that many writers would have made a book out of. A rattlesnake was the inciting cause of the culminating event in the romance by which a young woman was led to choose a husband from among many suitors.

A party of young people, retiring from a basket-picnic, stopped on the hillside to gather wild flowers. Two his way, and Alice, thinking of him as she could not help but do, said, in her young men and a young woman sat down on a large rock to rest. In reaching out his hand to a bed of moss, one of the young men touched something cold. Instinctively he knew that he had placed his hand upon a rattlesnake.

At the same moment the snake was discovered by the other young man and the young woman. Both screamed and ran from the spot. It was a critical moment, but the first young man proved equal to the emergency.

Knowing that if he re the snake would sting him to death, he pressed his arm downward with all his strength, at the same time reaching into his pocket for a knife. Before he could open the knife with his teeth the snake had wound itself about his arm.

"Run and help him!" screamed the young woman to the young man by her "Go kill the snake!"

The young man, however, had no desire to die, but remained at a safe disiance and shouted lustily for help. "I'll go myself !" exclaimed the young

woman, springing forward. Her services were not needed. Pale to the lips with the pain caused by the tightening folds of the snake, the young man cut off the snake's head with the knife which he had opened between his meth. The snake was nearly six feet in lean's arm was black and blue for a month afterwards.

The sequel need not be detailed. The young woman accepted the brave young man, and both have lived happily together ever since; the snake-sin, cured and stuffed, occupies a shelf in their parlor. The other young man, driven desperate by the young woman's choice, wandered away westward. He is now serving out a term in the Kansas legislature.

A Financier.

He was a bouncing turkey, and they had him hung by the heels, so that his nose almost touched the walk just outside of the butcher shop. A little girl was standing there watching it. You could see that she was a hungry listle girl, and worse than that she was cold, too, for her shawl had to do for a hood and almost everything else. No one was looking, and so she put out a little red hand and gave the turkey a push, and he swung back and forth, almost making the great iron hook creak, be was so heavy.

'What a splendid big turkey this is.' The poor little girl turned around, and there stood another little girl looking at the turkey, too. She was out walking with her dolls, and had on a cloak with real fur all around the edges, and she had a real muff, white, with black spots all over it.

"Good morning, miss," said the butcher. You see he knew the little girl with the muff well. "That's a very big turkey, Mr. Mar-

tin. "Yes," said the poor little girl, tim-"He's the biggest I ever saw in idly. my life. He must be splendid to eat!"
"Pooh!" said the little girl with the muff, "he isn't any larger than the one my papa bought for Christmas to-mor-

"Could I have a leg if I came after it to-morrow?" asked the poor little girl "What, haven't you got a whole tur-

"Never had one in my life," said the

Martin, I have some money in my savings bank at home, and my papa said I could do just as I wanted to with it, and I'm going to buy the turkey for this little girl.'

I haven't room room to tell you about it, but the poor girl got the big turkey home.

"What's this?" said papa, when he got the bill; another turkey, eighteen pounds, \$3,60.

"That's all right," said the little miss who had the muff. "I bought him and gave him to a poor little girl who never ate one, and the money is in my iron

The bank was opened and there were four large pennies in it.

Tenement Life in New York.

A reporter who called at the Fourth avenue office yesterday, opened a conversation with Mr. Bowne, the secretary of the association for the improvement of the condition of the poor, with an in-quiry as to the extent of the existing need for sanitary work among the tenement houses.

"It is very needful, indeed," said Mr.

Bowne.

"The general condition of the tenement houses is very bad, and the landlords will assuredly never make improvements unless they are compelled. There are thousands of poor people who pass their lives, year after year, summer and winter, amid dirt and misery such as the general public never imagine, and what is more serious, constantly breathe an atmosphere which is directly conducive to disease. I may go a step further, and say that almost all those who live in tenement houses are unfavorably situated from a sanitary point of view. Such a thing as a really well kept tenement house is rare. As a rule they are neglected and out of repair. The landlord trusts the management to an agent, seldom sees what state they are in himself, and, above all, grudges to spend a cent on the most necessary

"But how do they keep their tenants?" asked the reporter. "If the proprietor of private dwellings or flats suffers his houses to become dirty, or unhealthy, or fall into ill-repair, he loses his tenants. Self-interest makes him take care of the

occupants' interest."

"Ah, the case is different. The poor families that inhabit tenement houses are at the landlord's mercy-literally so. They are afraid to make repairs or abate nuisances; they are afraid to complain to the board of health, and half the complaints they send to us are anonymous. Why, our inspector, Mr. Bootn, tells us in his last report that these unfortunate people will deny the existence of a defect which at the same moment lies plain to their eyes and bis."—[New York Herald.

Early Marriages.

Early marriages are nowhere as common as in the prosperous manufacturing districts of Lancashire. Boys and girls not out of there teens, but earning big wages and feeling independence prematurely developed by the absence of home life, get united in holy wedlock at a time when, in the higher ranks of society, they have not left school nor begun to think of a calling. Saturday is a favorite day to get married, because it is a short one, and the ceremony can be got through with a minimum of loss—a thing certain to be considered by a thrifty operative. The town is paraded for a few hours with a cheap tawdry finery of glaring colors, which can never serve any useful purpose again; perhaps one of the watering places visited if it be fine, and on Monday morning by the stroke of six the newly married couple can be found at their looms, in defiance of all poetry and romance, and the wear and tear of life begins with them once more in real earnest. Marriage makes no alteration in the position of a wife so far as mill work is concerned; she puts in her ten hours a day as she did before. Indeed she has incomparably the worst of the bargain, for when her day's work is over it is her privilege to light the fire at home, get the supper ready and do the necessary household work, while it is the prerogative of the husband to use his leisure according to his own sweet will. When the time comes for the baby to be born the mother-expectant tength, and was so strong that the young withdraws from the mill a few weeks, and when she is well enough to resume her place at the loom the baby is placed in the care of some old crone, who is past work herself and ekes out sufficient to live on by taking charge of five or six of these luckless babies for the consideration of a shilling or two a week, according to the age.—[Sacramento Bee.

Cattle Feeding.

Most animals eat in proportion to their weight, under average of age, temperature and fatness

A good guide for a safe quanity of grain per day to maturing cattle is one pound to each hundred of their weight, thus an animal weighing 1,000 pounds may receive ten pounds of grain.

Never give rapid changes of food, but change often. Give fattening cattle as much as they

will eat and often—five times a day.

Every salt feeding in the fall will make the winter progress more certain by 30 per cent.

Give as much water and salt at all times as they will take. In using roots, it is one guide to give just so much, in association with other

things, so that the animal may not take In buildings have warmth with com-plete ventilation, without currents, but

never under 40 nor over 70 degrees Fabrenheit. A cold, damp, airy temperature will cause animals to consume more food without corresponding result in bone, muscle, flesh or fat, much being used to

keep up the warmth. Stall feeding is better for fat making than box or yard management, irrespect-

ive of health. The growing animal, intended for beef, requires a little exercise daily to promote muscle and strength of consti-

tution, when ripe, only so much as to be able to walk to market. Currying daily is equal to 7 per cent.

Enquirer-No, we don't believe in taking the bull by the horns. We tried taking a goat by the horns once, and that was excitement enough for us .- Boston

MRS. MULLICAN'S BLANKETS.

The mort noticeable fact in my history is that I am a married man, and it is a consolation for me to admit that Mrs. M. is one of the lovliest of her sex.

When she condescended to unite her lot with mine I was poor, and it was my understanding that her circumstances were also humble; but upon the strength of having made me the proprietor of thirteen dollars, a cow and a pair of blankets during the first seven years of our wedded life, my companion made semi-annual accusations that I had married her for her fortune.

The time came when I found myself in easy circumstances and able to provide for Mrs. Mullican any quantity of blankets of the finest wool and best quality; but, with a perversity which is, I trust, not common to women in general, she obstinately persisted in using, in our spare room only, the blankets which she had brought with her upon the occasion of her marriage, and to which she often alluded most feelingly as "the gift of a departed mother." Figuratively speaking, the blankets became a bone of contention between us, for she claimed the right of determining who should repose beneath the fleecy folds. I disputed it, and the result was mutual unhappiness.

Finally her blankets came to grief in such a manner that my peace of mind was restored. I shall relate the history of their downfall, and remark, as an exordium, that, in case this should meet the eyes of my wife, I wish her to distinctly understand I mean no disparagement to her, and desire her to notice that when she is alluded to it is incidentally and in a highly respectful manner; so that, in case she should ever become a candidate for divorce, this article may not be brought forward in proof that I lacked solicitude as a husband or integrity as a man.

We made a fair test of love in a cottage (I can't say that Mrs. Mullican liked the cottage), and we had an or-chard and a garden in the bargain. Our cow was allowed the freedom of the former.

One day my amiable and devoted spouse visited a neighbor to inspect a pair of Chester whites, rare animals of the porcine tribe, which were so cap-tivating in thair general appearance as to win the susceptible heart of my better half, so that for a time even her blankets were overlooked, and nothing would do but I must convert a corner of our garden into a pigaty, and stock it with a couple of Chester whites immediately. She waxed eloquent upon the economy of such a proceeding; the cow, she said, gave far more milk than we could possi-bly use, and our vegetables were coming on and would go to waste. There was also a large amount of swill, which would be bread and butter to the swine she had determined I should purchase.

I loved my wife, and for her sake resolved to tolerate even pigs; so at some trouble and expense I procured a pair of young shoats such as she desired.

They came, and during the first night after their arrival they squealed almost incessantly. Toward morning my wife, who was wakeful, and, I think, uncomfortable, inquired what I thought of them. I replied, "It is my candid opinion that since the herd of swine which were possessed of demons ran down into the sea, such villainous pigs never existed." For the remainder of the night For the remainder of the night Mrs. Mullican kept up a profound si-lence, and I enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing that it was impossible for her even in her own mind, to reproach

Morning came, and my wife with her own fair hands turned the pigs into the orchard. They turned their attention to rooting, of course, and, after a day of two, became on much more intimate terms with the cow than was at all desirable to the fair owner of the quadruped. They actually mistook the cow for their mother, and we found that they milked her, and did it well, too, as our supply of lacteal was reduced to even less than that usually doled out by a milkman.

One evening when I went home, I was accompanied by a friend whom my dear wife considered a very unsuitable com-panion for me, but whom I had invited to spend the night, notwithstanding.

After he had retired I was called to account for my hardihood in bringing him, and Mrs. Mullican mentioned most pathetically that her "departed mother's blankets" would be contaminated by contact with his filthy carcass. We had a glass plot before the door, and Mrs. Mullican "added insult to injury" by putting her blankets cut to air before they were yet cold from the heat generated by my guest, and the grass was wet with dew. This she did that I might be edified by a sight of them as I departed to my daily business.

That evening I went home alone, and ipon entering the yard I beheld a sight that made my heart leap for joy, and induced me to cry out with malicious satisfaction:

"Maryanne! Maryanne! come and see how your pigs are wallowing in your de-parted mother's blankets!" She came in hot haste and screamed

for my assistance, but I was so convulsed with laughter that I was obliged to remain a spectator while she ran for the broomstick, which she used so vigorously that the belabored pigs beat a retreat into the garden, from which they were finally driven (with my assistance) after having made sad havoc among the vegetables.

The next day the wife gave one of the pigs to a poor neighbor of ours "out of charity," as she said, and the other was killed and eaten by ourselves. I relished it very much.

Upon the subject of her "departed mother's blankets" my wife is reticent of late; and I think her weakness for those blankets has subsided into a weakness for me.

The moral of this story is, that uniform kindness and consideration will finally receive the reward they deserve. In other words, the woolen blankets and white Chester pigs bring their own reward.

The defaulting and absconding Treasurer of Tennessee is a one legged man, a Colonel, and of course a Democrat, and the St. Louis Globe-Democrat cheerfully remarks: "When it comes to running away with public money a one legged Democrat can carry more and run fa and further than any two-legged Repub lican that ever lived.