

THE HAPPY HOME.

The Husband's Testimony.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY.

ACTOR OF "WITH KINDS," "ELLEN BROWN," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XI.

An elegant easy chair, a present from Dr. Harding's mother...

"Everything is a dream," she said languidly, closing her great blue eyes...

"And why is everything a dream, my darling daughter?" was Aunt Hulda's companionate query...

"Because I once had long and heavy beads of hair, and now—but, say—Amos, Mattie Armstrong, or is Mattie dead?"

"You have been very sick, dear, and your beautiful hair was sacrificed to make room for an ugly blister."

"Where's Nettie? Who took care of her while I was sick?"

"And she didn't suffer, you think?"

"Of course not, dear. We all loved you so well that we'd have taken care of her for your sake, if for nothing else."

"I can't tell what makes any body love me. I'm not lovable a bit! I hate domestic drudgery, and I'd a great deal rather die than live to go back to it."

"Goes to visit a poor patient over the hill, dearie. The mother is in bed with a tooth confinement."

"But she mustn't marry unless they're willing to abide the consequences."

"But you were a boy. And boys don't mature early, like girls."

"More nonsense, mother, dear. Girls have a great deal more maturing to do than boys."

"Well, I must say, you take your news very coolly. I was so sorry for you when Mattie said she wouldn't marry that I hardly knew how to tell you of it."

"Yes, Aunt Hulda, there is something wrong. I'm not going to get married, and Mattie closed her eyes and leaned back upon the cushions in languid helplessness."

"My dear," said Aunt Hulda solemnly, "do you suppose Amos believes that?"

"I haven't told him yet."

"Good Aunt Hulda was sorely grieved. She had learned to look upon the forthcoming marriage between her son and Mattie as something inevitable."

"When the doctor came in from his professional visit, Mattie was asleep in the elegant chair."

"Amos, my darling boy," said his mother, while a look of hardness stole over her face...

"What is it mother? Has anything gone wrong with Mattie?"

"She declares that she will not get married. I'm sure you never thought of that."

"Nonsense, mother! Who's asking her to get married? When I think of the examples of married life that Mattie has witnessed in Stonehenge county, I don't wonder that she shrinks from the possible ordeal."

"But marriage depends upon the man. If a good woman gets a good husband, she has nothing to complain of."

The New Northwest.

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which Mattie would have been unwise. If she had refused, but her life has been a constant sacrifice of suffering and drudgery and privation and neglect.

"Ol, Amos! I hope you have not heard such horrid talk from Mattie Armstrong." The doctor laughed quietly, noting her look of frightened disgust.

"Amos Harding, you are crazy. Marriage is a Divine ordinance. It is the only safeguard of human society. Without it, the world would return to its ancient barbarism."

"But she mustn't marry unless they're willing to abide the consequences." "Thousands marry before they are old enough to imagine the consequences."

"I'm not going to get married, and Mattie closed her eyes and leaned back upon the cushions in languid helplessness."

ried, you ought to, for you're perfect simulators about each other," said Aunt Hulda. "As soon as Mattie gets a little stronger we intend to discuss a co-partnership that doesn't mean marriage," explained the doctor.

"I should prefer that you take precautionary measures to quiet the clamorous tongue of Father Grundy," said Mattie with a ringing laugh.

"Dear-a-me!" sighed the good lady, adjusting her spectacles and smoothing her apron as she rose to go to the kitchen to make arrangements for the household meal.

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"It is a shame for a woman to speak in church." Paul is still quoted to justify man in his occupation. Does it follow that because that antiquated bachelor, Paul, of the thousand years ago, relieved his brain of that tremendous conception...

"The idea of quoting Paul for woman's political subjugation! He could not do it, even if he were a priest in his sacerdotal robes from the Holy Ghost; a steam engine from the Devil's chariot; his whistle from Gabriel's trumpet; the White House from Solomon's Temple, he would be accepted as a junior to either of these."

"Before woman could vote, she was an angel." She has lost that. Of a truth, there is one thing "swallowed up in victory." An angel of darkness she must have been, if, after untold ages of loyalty, she does not know how to write, and needs educating to be on a equality with the blackest and most stupid African and the most taunted and despised of the ignorant.

"Uncertainty."—When we walk near powerful machinery we know that one misstep and those mighty engines will tear us to pieces with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws.

"The fire was the result of gross carelessness," said an insurance broker to a man whose store was in ruins.

My husband is a doctor. Judging from his reputation, he is second to none in saving life and making short cases. He is extremely sensitive and conscientious in the discharge of his duties...

"The celebrated geological writer, Mr. Lubbock, in his book entitled 'Pre-Historic Times,' says that all the facts of geology tend to indicate an antiquity of which we are beginning to form but a dim idea."

"THE DEEPEST WELL IN THE WORLD." At about twenty miles from Berlin is situated the village of Sperenberg. It is noted for the deepest well that has ever been sunk. Owing to the presence of gypsum in the locality, which is at a moderate distance from the capital, it occurred to the government authorities...

"LOVE LETTERS."—In every year will be written just about so many letters of this kind whether people continue to call them silly or sensible. It makes no difference what is called them, so long as that the parties interested are suited with the contents.

"A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT."—One fountain there is, says Miss Bremer, whose deepening veil is only just begun to throw up its silver drops among many...

Will Carleton's pathetic farm failed, bearing the above title, is brought forcibly to mind by a recent local occurrence. One day this week Hon. S. W. Brown appeared before the County Auditor and made the necessary affidavit to entitle Julius Suliste to relief from the county. The application was granted, and Julius became a charge on the county.

"Over the Hill to the Poor-House." Will Carleton's pathetic farm failed, bearing the above title, is brought forcibly to mind by a recent local occurrence. One day this week Hon. S. W. Brown appeared before the County Auditor and made the necessary affidavit to entitle Julius Suliste to relief from the county.

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