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THE SILENT GOSSIP.

When a young woman stands beside the fireplace, taps her foot on the rug, and says coolly: "I feel very much honored, I'm sure, but I don't think we are suited to each other," the young man who is most interested in the conversation can do nothing better than to depart as soon as consistent with his dignity.

So Richard went out and banged the door, leaving Dolly in the library. Dolly was eighteen, Richard was twenty-three, the ages at which man and woman are most given to tormenting each other.

One fine afternoon, less than a week before this painful interview, Richard walked down Main street, enjoying the mild, spring air, thinking of Dolly and tennis, Dolly and his canoe, Dolly and his tandem and Dolly and his buggy, as had been his habit ever since he returned from college and found that Dolly had treasured up all his letters to her brother.

Main street was crowded; the evening train the "supper train," from town, had just arrived and Richard, who had come down by an earlier train on some business with old Mr. Frankland, met the crowd, and beamed serenely on every one. People meet very closely on the narrow sidewalk of a village street; that was the reason why the two Poulett girls, apparently struck by Richard's new scarf-pin, stared and giggled as they passed.

The young people in Sunnysdale have tempers. They do not pine in secret or let a fog of misunderstanding nourish poisonous vapors. It is well known that thunderstorms clear the air; thus Richard and Julie presently developed a social thunder-storm which cleared the social atmosphere of Sunnysdale.

Richard, I grieve to state, swore over his friend's instructive and admonitory letter and then sent this telegram to Frederick Frith in Sherman. "Obliged for advice. A pack of lies. Will write to-morrow." That afternoon Richard Dale and Julie Frankland were seen together in Richard's buggy.

Richard only raised his hat slightly when Dolly turned and viewed this very unexpected trio, but Julie exclaimed: "Dolly, dear, I've telegraphed George that all Sunnysdale has gone quite mad, except we three. Bessie hung my red collar on the hat stand, Mr. Dale caught his coat in it that day he came to see grandpa, when I was upstairs sick, and everybody in town saw him with a piece of my fringe hanging to his coat, and behold! all the world accused us of flirting. We never knew a word of it till this morning, and now we are taking Bess around, who is proud to confess her performance."

Dolly's face glowed and dimpled as she looked at Julie. "Bessie has a good deal to answer for," she said trying to appear joking, but the deepening blush told Richard exactly what she meant, and the change in his looks, voice and manner showed so much to Julie that after a few words she exclaimed to her sister: "Bess, you are crushing me, you roly-poly ball! Let's get out, and go to see Miss Lawndes. I'm ready to face all the world with my collarette on, too."

Richard offered to drive her where she wished to go, but she insisted on being helped out, and presently was hurrying down the path with Bessie, leaving Richard standing within a foot of Dolly's ladder.

take him! Oh, I would be just such a fool and forgive him—if the whole village hadn't seen it!" and Dolly wept above the new mantle cover, regardless of decorative art.

Dolly was not one to tell when she had refused an offer, so she had no one to sympathize with her. The friendship between her brother Fred and Richard had been long and unshaken, and possibly Dolly might have begged Fred to call him back and try to clear him of the charges against him; but Fred was in Texas, not to be home for weeks, so Dolly had her trouble all to herself and tried to be amiable.

Not so did Richard. That young man appeared on the next morning with a face so forbidding that none of "the boys" ventured to sit with him. A short "morning" was all the greeting he returned to any one, and he was left to his paper and his thoughts. Meaning glances and masculine chuckles went on about him. All imagined he had learned what an amazing amount of work had been accomplished by the silent gossip, and they rather unwisely concluded to drop the subject, for it would have shortened various troubles if Richard and Julie had known about the talk. But Richard had not even heard his name connected with Julie's and was simply in a furious temper over his unexpected rejection by the only girl he had ever loved.

At least two people in Sunnysdale experienced nothing but clouds and rain for the next three weeks, no matter what the weather report said. Then came two letters. One from George Lane, in Vienna, bitterly reproached Julie Frankland for her conduct toward Richard Dale and offered to release her from her engagement if she wished. The other from Frederick Frith to Richard Dale reproached him for his flirting with an engaged girl and regretted that he should have lost the high sense of honor which had so ennobled his boyhood.

"Where did you put it, then?" "Back in your drawer—oh, first I hung it on the hat stand; I guess it was there till after supper, but I didn't hurt it a scrap, and put it back in your drawer when I took up your supper. You were sick that day."

"There! You caught the fringe on your coat when you got your hat and cane?" exclaimed Julie, with beaming face. "Bessie, get your hat and come with us." "Well I'll swear—" "No, don't swear, Mr. Dale; you have no need. It has been the hardest on me," said Julie.

"That's all you know about it," growled Richard, as he helped Bessie into the buggy, and thereupon Julie's quick wit revealed her various things. They drove to Mrs. Allen's where Bessie related her performance with the collarette, and then Julie, looking down the street, said: "There's Dolly Frith tying up her honey-suckles. Let's go there. I can't bear to think she should have believed me a flirt, the darling girl!" "I won't," said Richard.

"Yes you will, Bessie, just take the reins; Mr. Dale likes to have little girls drive," said Julie. Bessie took the reins, and Richard, leaning back in his seat with air of indifference, was driven into the pretty gardef where Dolly, standing upon a ladder, was tying up honey-suckles.

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She said she had pulled off of brother Dick's coat one evening. So the atmosphere of Sunnysdale cleared delightfully, and almost any man may now wear fringe on his coat button.

George Lane is coming home soon, Julie is keeping Miss Lawndes very busy, and Richard, in his mediation upon Dolly, now combines her with a nebulous arrangement of white lace and orange blossoms, to be worn before long for his benefit.—Exchange.

WAGES IN 1800.

A Time when Men Could Be Hired for \$6 a Month.

In McMaster's History we are told workmen were paid at the beginning of this century. On the Pennsylvania Canals the diggers ate the coarsest diet, were housed in the rudest sheds, and paid \$6 a month from May to November, and \$5 a month from November to May.

Wages at New York were 3 shillings, or, as money went, 40 cents per day; at Lancaster \$8 to \$10 a month; elsewhere in Pennsylvania workmen were content with \$6 in summer and \$5 in winter. At Baltimore men were glad to be hired at 18 pence a day. None, by the month asked more than \$6. At Fredericksburg the price of labor was about \$5 to \$7. In Virginia white men, employed by the year, were given \$16 currency; slaves, when hired, were clothed, and their masters paid \$1 per month. A pound of Virginia money was, in federal money, \$3.37. The average rate of wages the land over was, therefore, \$65 a year, with food and perhaps lodging. Out of this small sum the workman must with his wife's help, maintain the family. But then the cost of living was vastly less, and the habits of people generally infinitely cheaper. There were no art or brie-a-brac crazes.—[Phrenological Journal.

The Strongest Drink.

Water is the strongest drink. It drives mules; it is the drink of lions and horses, and Samson never drank anything else. Let young men be teetotalers if only for economy sake. The beer money will soon buy a house. If what goes into the mash tub went into the kneading-trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, workhouses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks the landlord's bow and "How do ye do, my good fellow?" means true respect, is a poor simpleton: We do not light fires for the herrings comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pothouses for laborer's good; if they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why then should people drink, "for the good of the house?" If I spend my money for the good of any house, let it be my own, and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer-house is a bad friend, because it takes your all, and leaves you nothing but headaches.

He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, then, lions and tigers and eagles and vultures are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm-tree for pears, as look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public-house for happiness climb the tree to find fish.—Spurgeon.

"Now, you tell me I have a fair memory, a great capacity for learning languages, and a well-developed head generally?" "You have," said the phrenologist, "is there anything," asked the man under examination, in the exuberance of his joy, "that my head needs to make it absolutely perfect?" "Yes," "What is it, pray?" asked the man. "A shampoo."—[Chicago Tribune.

A customer went into an eating-house where they sell basins of soup for a penny, and having consumed his basinful, began complaining that he had not had his pennyworth, the soup was bad, and he had found a piece of worsted sticking in it. "Did ye think we can put bits o' silk stockings in soup at a penny a bowl?" was the reply.—[Boston Post.

There have been found 275 varieties of birds in Washington T.