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City Court meets on the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

SABINA WILKINS.

Miss Sabina had finished her morning duties, had dressed the butter, swept the back porch and turned the broom up in the corner, and neat housekeepers do, had gathered flowers and seed and eggs and now seated herself by the window to crochet.

But the fingers moved sluggishly. She was clean sickened out of fancy work, of nursing the sick, sitting up with other people's children, going to funerals and to church picnics to see young people in love enjoying themselves. She was tired, too, of being asked why she didn't get married. She had been literally joked to death on the subject.

But to look in the little room where Miss Sabina sat one would think she might be tolerably happy. Old Fuss purred kindly at her feet, ready to follow every step. On the mantel stood vases of gay flowers, and between them an old clock, ticking and striking the hours softly, out of respect, it may be supposed, to the sensitiveness of Miss Sabina, who fain would linger awhile longer at the rose gate to the temple of time. On a table lay the family Bible, in which, however, was recorded one date that saddened Miss Sabina—her age. Near by hung a birdcage whose occupant, with head askew, perceived his owner's melancholy and forthwith began to sing.

Between the windows stood an old fashioned bureau, whose mirror kept Miss Sabina informed of all the changes in her face, which she prayed Father Time to touch gently, as it might yet be her fortune.

Feeling lonelier than ever before in her life, she looked about her, sat for some moments in deep meditation and then exclaimed:

"Is this all there is in the world for me?"

Here was the key to her discontent. Miss Sabina was right pretty, hadn't a sharp tongue nor a long neck and was well off. Now, why did she have to live alone? God's original plan must certainly have included her happiness. Why not? What could Providence possibly have against her? She had never harmed anybody and never talked spitefully of men—a remarkable thing in a single woman of 40. When Miss Sabina contemplated the shrews, the redheads, the feminine scarecrows, that were flourishing like green bay trees with husbands, and with children to spare, she just settled it that there was a hitch somewhere—something out of gear in the world's marriage machinery—and it never occurred to her that it is always darkest before day.

As Miss Sabina sat musing on life and its inequalities she heard the sharp whistle of a train which passed right in front of her house. Something must have happened. The whistle did not usually sound so far from the station. Looking out, Miss Sabina saw the train at a standstill, men running back on the track and passengers looking excitedly from the car windows. Seizing her sun-bonnet, she dashed down the yard to find out what had happened. Four men were approaching, bearing gently a gentleman who had been hurt. Attempting to walk from one car to another, he had made a misstep, lost his balance and fallen. The result was a badly mutilated foot. Miss Sabina's house being the nearest one in sight, he was taken to it, a surgeon summoned from town and the train moved on.

Amputation was at once pronounced necessary, and David Ware would not preach the next Sunday in the city to which he had accepted a call. He lay moaning on a cot in Miss Sabina's neat little parlor. She never had anything to touch her feelings quite so much in her life as his sufferings and his big brown eyes, which she caught sight of now and then through the door. David Ware's foot was taken off, and a trained nurse employed to attend him. Miss Sabina had nothing to do in the case but to furnish fresh flowers and dainty edibles to David. She was relieved of much embarrassment when she heard that it was a minister under her roof. People wouldn't be so apt to joke about a man being in a house that never had such a thing before.

As David, in his pain, saw the little woman moving through the hall and heard her giving orders for his comfort, he thought of the cloud with silver lining about which he had so often preached. A realistic vision was passing before him. The third day that he lay in the little parlor, the nurse left him while he was sleeping and engaged Miss Sabina in conversation on the porch. It was pranks played by that David was an un-the compasses, the after that the flowers by supposing that his greater care, the toward the north, will more faintly, and of fact, he was steering on a more delicate

brown. Woman's wiles often hide under just such covers.

David, when he was not sleeping, spent most of his time watching the door. Sabina, when she was not cooking or making bouquets, spent most of her time gliding stealthily by the door, for of course she was too modest and proper to enter it except occasionally with neighbors who called upon the unfortunate minister.

Mrs. Tabitha Topp, a neighbor and a great believer in the law of compensation, made Sabina blush herself nearly to death by saying: "Well, Sabina, the Lord took the minister's foot, but he'll be sure to give him something in place of it. You've been good enough to let him have the little parlor; you don't even open for most folks, and maybe you'll get your pay in some manner you're not expecting." Sabina pretended not to be thinking about pay, but she was already thinking about possibilities.

Well, there's no situation in life but changes sooner or later. David Ware, minister, could not be forever in that little parlor being waited on, and Sabina Wilkins could not go on forever broiling chickens and arranging sweet flowers for a strange man.

David was at last able to limp out to the porch, where he caught Miss Sabina sitting under the vines. The nurse was down in the village; Rex was asleep on the doormat. Sabina blushed like a girl of 18 and was afraid to sit with the minister for fear a neighbor might come and catch her. She was afraid to get up and leave for fear she would be losing an opportunity, and a woman at 40 can't afford to be reckless.

David rocked; Sabina rocked. Then he said, "Pleasant evening, Miss Wilkins."

"Yes, very," she answered.

David rocked; Sabina rocked. Then he said: "Sweet little home for you here, Miss Wilkins. Suppose you never get lonely, do you?"

"Yes, very," she answered him. It announced to him that here was a tender, loving woman robbed by some broken law of the love and sympathy to which she was entitled. Modest and refined as David was, he was suddenly moved to an outburst of admiration that filled the very air about Sabina with music and light and fragrance. "Miss Sabina," he said, "I think you're the sweetest woman I ever saw. Why don't you get married?"

Poor little Sabina felt for her salts bottle. She had never been attacked that way about marrying! And she never dreamed that love and courtship could be condensed or reduced to one sentence. Recovering herself, after a prolonged quiver of joyous surprise, she came back at David facetiously: "Mr. Ware, I think you are the nicest man I ever saw. Why don't you get married?"

"Because I can't find a woman with my name in her hand, Miss Sabina."

"Oh, my! What do you mean, Mr. Ware?"

"Don't you know, Miss Sabina, some palmistry philosophers claim that every woman's hand has a man's initial in it?"

"Do tell!" gasped Sabina, with eyes aflare and palms instantly upturned, while blushes chased with burning hope over her cheeks and throat. "Would you mind my looking at your hand, Miss Sabina?" David asked, construing favorably her excitement. Sabina extended her hand. David examined it closely, looked up into her eyes, then spelled slowly, "W-a-r-e! There it is!" Sabina gasped, held her salts bottle to her nose, having jerked her hand from him with a coquettish way that said, "Take it again." "You mustn't fly in the face of Providence, Sabina. Beware!" A pun and proposal in one word. Seeing that Sabina was unspokeably happy, David continued: "Only as my wife, Sabina, can I repay your kindness. You and I are a pair of scissors, divided and lonely. Come, let us unite and after this 'cut the fabric of life together.'"

Sabina's head drooped, Rex barked, and the minister and maiden kissed.—Cincinnati Post.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The husbandman of human hearts am I—
 Older than all the titlers of the soil.
 I've seen the hopes of prudent men recoil
 And expectation pale as I passed by.
 All lands are mine! Of people low and high
 I gather tribute. Of his daily toil
 Not one refuses when I take the spoil.
 Though breaking hearts are vainly wondering
 why,
 Yet, when I've plowed about the roots of pride,
 Blown with my cold winds till weak faith was
 strong,
 Drenched till the heart was mistletoed through
 and through
 And all its powers of fruitfulness were tried,
 The hearts of men from sighing turn to song.
 For life gains meaning that they never knew!
 —Christian Register.

Rousseau.

Rousseau was a type of the melancholic temperament, assuming sometimes the symptoms of a veritable pathetic insanity. He sought to realize his phantasms in the least susceptible circumstances; he saw everywhere enemies and conspirators, frequent in the first stages of insanity. Once, coming to his sailing vessel in England, he interpreted the unfavorable winds as a conspiracy against him, then mounted an elevation and began to harangue the people, although they did not understand a word he said. In addition to his fixed ideas and deliriant convictions, Rousseau suffered from attacks of acute delirium, a sort of maniacal citation. He died from an apopleptic attack.—New York Times.

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