

HER REPROOF.

Underneath a shady tree
Chained a youth a maid to see,
To this cool, sequestered nook
She had wandered with a book;
But the heat her senses dulled,
Insects droned to slumber lulled,
And the author was so deep
She had fallen fast asleep.

Spying her thus slumbering there,
Sweetly innocent and fair,
He stole softly up behind,
Gently o'er her forehead laid
A hand, and leaning forward took
A kiss, perchance, she might awake
As the bees sweet honey sip,
Bodily kissed her pouting lips.

Wakened thus, in shy surprise,
The maid cast down her lovely eyes,
And the youth began to try
His rash suit to justify,
"I know," said he, "that I did wrong,
But my temptation was so strong,
Such a melting mood as this
Surely was but made to kiss."

Deeper still the maiden blushed,
Roused yet her sweet face flushed,
Lower down she dropped her head,
As with modest air she said:
"It was wrong, most certainly,
Thus to steal a kiss from me—
I was sound asleep, and you—
Might just as well have taken two!"

—From the Somerville Journal.

TOO MUCH MONEY.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

The long dining room of a pleasant New York hotel was fast filling, at 7 p. m. of a cool autumn day; and the bright gaslight, the soft warmth, the flying waiters, the subdued clatter of dishes and the murmur of conversation combined to make it as cheerful a room as possible.

A party of three sat at a table near its center—a portly gentleman and two young ladies.

If the latter were targets for the wandering glances of the male occupants of the surrounding tables, certainly it was not surprising, since both were, in widely different styles, strikingly pretty. Moreover, they were calmly oblivious of the admiration they excited. They ate their soup with a business-like concentration which bespoke healthy appetites, and a profound indifference to the approval of strange gentlemen.

It was not until the waiter was gracefully removing the soup plates that the silence was broken. Then, Alice Gardner, glancing at her father to make sure that he had fallen into his usual table reverie, turned her blue eyes upon the dark haired, rather pensive faced girl, at her side—her cousin and her father's ward.

"Supposing he comes right on after us, Nettie? Supposing he left the island on the next boat?" she said, half mischievously, "What shall you do?"

Nettie Avery's soft, somewhat romantic eyes gathered a frown; her grasp upon the lemon she was squeezing on her oysters grew rather fierce.

"Refuse him again, if necessary," she said, firmly. "It's no laughing matter," she added, severely, seeing her cousin on the verge of a smile.

"Not for poor Harry, certainly," responded Alice, with a touch of indignation.

Nettie laid down her fork and gazed reproachfully into the other's fair face.

"Shall I never be understood? Shall I never find a sympathizer?" she murmured.

"Not in me," said Alice, with candid promptness. "I don't understand why you have refused as rich, and well behaved, and nice looking, and good tempered, and altogether sweet a fellow as Harry Miller, and all your high flown reasons don't make it a bit clearer."

She looked defiantly at her cousin, who continued to empty her half-shells with the air of a martyr.

"I never could have treated Dwight so," Alice went on, with a fond glance at the diamond sparkling on her left hand; "and I don't see—good gracious, Nettie, there he is!"

Nettie turned with a start.

A jolly looking young man was in the act of sitting down at a distant table. His roving eyes fell upon the two young ladies as he unfolded his napkin, and he smiled and bowed eagerly.

"I told you!" said Alice, triumphantly. "I knew it. He followed you on the next boat."

"I am not surprised," said Nettie, in an injured tone. "He has taken away my appetite," she added, plaintively. "I don't care for dessert; I'm going upstairs."

She brushed a stray crumb from her brown satin lap, and left the table; while Alice unsympathetically ordered steak and mushrooms from the waiter.

But she was only half way up the stairs when the bell boy rushing after her, thrust a card into her hand.

"The gentleman wants to see you in the parlor," he informed her.

Nettie hesitated. Then she turned and walked with dignity down the stairs and into the reception room.

Harry Miller was waiting near the door.

"I was anxious to see you," he said, as he grasped her hand warmly, "and I didn't lose any time."

Indeed, he held his napkin still clutched in one hand.

Nettie smiled slightly. Then she checked the smile and replaced it with a frown.

that," said Harry, with something of a gasp.

"But we would!" said Nettie, decidedly. "They'll do."

"I'll celebrate our wedding day by subscribing five thousand to a hospital and founding a public library," the young man declared.

But Nettie only frowned.

"I'm to conclude, then," Harry went on, musingly, "that it's because I've too much money. Supposing I make it all over to you. Then I'll be a pauper and it will be a charity in you to marry me."

Nettie regarded him sharply. She was not quite sure as to whether or not he were making light of the subject.

"Yours is a view of the subject which I had never considered," Harry continued, with much gravity.

"It would be wrong, then, for a millionaire—with a fortune equal to millions yours and mine together—to marry at all!"

Nettie turned to the door. She was no longer in doubt as to whether he were making fun of her; and she stepped past him frigidly.

"Don't go!" said the young man, with repentant fervor.

"I shall not remain here," said Nettie, severely, "to listen to jokes upon a serious subject—a subject, moreover, upon which my mind is fully made up!"

She swept through the door and up the stairs. The young man stood for a moment staring after her helplessly; but ended by going back to his dinner.

"I've seen him in the parlor," Nettie announced, when her cousin joined her in their room a little later, "and I don't think he'll trouble me again."

Alice took the dish of "frozen pudding" from the waiter who had followed her, and passed it in resigned silence.

"I've brought you some cream," she said, "but you don't deserve it. Such a dear fellow—almost as nice as Dwight. I can't understand it with all your ridiculous explanations. Money! Why, in a serious matter should have refused Dwight on account of his money; I think it an additional advantage. Of course you won't confess it; but you've got your queer notions out of some absurd novel or other, Nettie Avery! I haven't the slightest patience with you!"

"You don't understand," said Nettie, regarding her cousin with an expression such as John Rogers might have worn at the stake.

"Indeed I do not!" said Alice, emphatically.

Nettie's prophesy proved true. Mr. Miller did not trouble her again. He bowed to her with great politeness three times a day across a dozen intervening tables, but he did not again send up his card, nor in any way attempt another interview.

"Do reconsider it, Nettie," Alice implored, when this had gone on for four days. "I'm a papa talking of taking us on to Boston for a month or so. This is your last chance."

"Chance!" echoed Nettie, indignantly—"chance! Chance to lose all my principles, all my independence; to sink into a cold-hearted monster, a selfish, purse-proud creature, a mere lay figure for the fine clothes!"

"That would be dreadful!" Alice responded, with a wicked glance at Nettie's charming toilet—"shocking!"

"You will never understand," said Nettie, with forbearing meekness.

"Poor Harry!" said Alice, compassionately. "I'll marry him myself if Dwight won't do on the point of dragging me down to the dreadful level you mention. Only it isn't me he cares for."

"The next day was Wednesday, and Alice, returning from a solitary walk, flourished two matinee tickets in her cousin's face.

"We've only time to lunch and get ready," she said.

"You have plenty of time for that, for when they took their seats at the theater, the first act was well under way."

It was a light comedy—a combination of catching songs and mild humor. Nettie was not deeply attentive.

She folded her play bill into complicated shapes, and regarded the acrobatic hero absentmindedly.

Perhaps it was this distraction that caused her, during the intermission, while Alice was industriously studying the synopsis of the second act, to listen more intently to the conversation of two gentlemen directed behind her, or perhaps it was the word "Miller" which she caught.

"Young Miller, you know—in the iron business," the speaker continued. "He's lost every cent he had; no small amount, either. Bad job."

Nettie felt her heart thumping.

"Young Miller, and in the iron business!" Harry was in the iron business—it was Harry they were talking about.

A sudden rush of pity and commiseration to the place of the determined indifference with which she had hitherto regarded the young man.

He was in trouble, or perhaps it was the word "Miller" which she caught.

"Young Miller, you know—in the iron business," the speaker continued. "He's lost every cent he had; no small amount, either. Bad job."

and narrow minded, and—What was the rest of it? Promise me—quick!"

"How, in the face of such logic, could she resist?"

At any rate, when Alice returned from the matinee, her cousin met her with the announcement of her engagement, and the news of Harry's altered fortunes.

"Lost his money!" Alice repeated, incredulously, and subjected the other to a close examination as to the manner of her hearing the news and Harry's treatment of the subject at the end of which process she merely laughed, with strange inappropriateness.

"He's going to take me for a drive to-morrow," said Nettie, passing over this mysterious mirth with gentle dignity. "I told him that it was an extravagance for a person in his position, but he was so anxious to celebrate our engagement. He promised not to repeat it."

She was much annoyed by the appearance, next morning, of a huge red rose-bud, with her lover's card attached.

"He really has no idea of economy!" she said, with a frown.

But she fastened half the bunch at her breast, when she dressed for her drive, and looked herself not unlike a rosebud.

It was a charming little conveyance which bore them up the avenue, and Nettie felt all the exhilaration which a pretty girl, faultlessly dressed, driving in an irreproachable equipage, with a good looking young gentleman holding the reins, must necessarily feel.

But she forced a look of severity into her soft eyes.

"This is extravagant, Harry," she said—"recklessly extravagant. I shan't go again."

Then he grew serious and seemed to be pulling himself together for an effort of some sort.

"It's my own trap, Nettie," he said, "and I intend you shall go often. I've imposed on you shamefully. I haven't lost my money, and shan't in a hurry. I reckon. But I won't alter our engagement, mind you. You must stick to your bargain, little girl, he concluded, in tender triumph.

Nettie pulled a bud from the bunch and picked it to pieces slowly.

"Whom were they talking about?" she asked, lifting a bewildered face.

"How should I know?" said her lover, laughing. "There are probably hundreds of Millers in the iron business; I don't keep track of them. But you're irrevocably bound to me, my dear," he went on, gently. "You wouldn't break a solemn promise, would you? You wouldn't make me the most miserable being on earth, simply because I've had the misfortune not to lose my money? Besides, you're just a little fond of me, aren't you?"

Nettie looked up at the overhanging trees, as they entered the park.

Her response was not a word, but it filled her lover's soul with peace.

"How Alice will laugh," she said softly.

Chit-Chat of New York.

Among the "Social Chit-Chat" in the New York Mail and Express we find the following:

And now the fashionable divorce-seeking woman at Newport settles down to make the winter months glide by as quickly as possible.

Newspaper reporters are apparently the only ones who take any interest in the affairs of something that is called "the fashion of the duds."

"Squandered and mismanaged estate," is the excuse some shrewd society women now give for not giving elaborate entertainments this season.

In a majority of cases the scandals in which young men about town are so frequently implicated are directly attributable to brandy and soda.

It is said to be sarcasm to send to people in Canada invitations to people in New York, which, if accepted, would lead to their arrest.

At very few wedding receptions now days is there any exhibition of the wedding presents. Whether the presents are two free, or whether the custom has been abandoned as ostentatious, society doesn't say.

One of the newest of society's customs is to withhold all announcement of the matrimonial engagement until a day or two before the wedding.

Never before have the feuds, jealousies, spites and prejudices been so marked in fashionable society as at present. The "mission comes none too soon."

There are people malicious enough to say that a trip to European winter means in fashionable society either trouble, scandal or a necessity for economy.

Too much portable bric-a-brac in houses where they give afternoon receptions is said to be a temptation some highly fashionable women have been quite unable to resist.

It is a true story that \$5,000 was the sum paid an actress of small repute last month to release a silly Arthur Pennidini from a promise he made to marry her and go to Europe.

Pompey and the 'Possum.

Washington letter to The Philadelphia Record.

Of course, you have heard the classic 'possum story which is always told when 'possums is mentioned? No? Well, an old darkey once caught a 'possum one cold Thanksgiving Day, and taking it home to his cabin, but up the fire and put it in the pot. Then he lay down, tired out, with his feet to the fire, darkey fashion, and went to sleep. As he lay there snoring while the 'possum simmered in the pot his son, a limber, bright-eyed youth, glided into the cabin. He took in the situation in a moment. The 'possum was ready to be eaten and its strong aroma filled the room. Stepping softly to the fire the graceless youth took the 'possum out of the pot and rapidly devoured its gamey flesh, chucking softly to himself as he did so. When he had eaten all there was to eat he gathered the bones in a little pile beside the fireplace, and then smearing a little of the 'possum grease on the mouth and nose of the sleeping man he stole softly out. By and by old Pompey awoke. The air was replete with the boiled 'possum—the old man's mouth watered. Rising slowly to his feet he took of the lid of the pot and looked in. "Jerusha mighty!" he exclaimed, "it's done gone." Then glancing down at the fireplace, he saw the whitened bones, and passing his hand over his mouth he felt and smelt the 'possum grease. A broad smile spread over his puzzled face. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "I done forgot I ate him!"

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If meat bakes too fast cover with buttered paper.

Unslaked lime near meat preserves it by keeping the steam dry.

To remove tea stains from cups and saucers scour with ashes.

Boil coffee in a salt sack; this is better than egg for setting the coffee.

A piece of zinc put on the live coils in the stove will clean out the stove-pipe.

When there is a crack in the stove it can be mended by mixing ashes and salt with water.

A few drops of extract of lavender will prevent moulting from moulding or becoming sour.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water and apply with a coarse brush, and dry thoroughly.

Cold sliced potatoes fry and taste not to repeat it.

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A LEGISLATOR'S STORY.

The peculiar political changes which have occurred in Michigan within the past few years, causing it to be transferred from the list of purely Republican States to that of doubtful ones, give a seasonable interest to a story told by Mr. M. J. Ludington, Jr., of Verona, that State, an ex-member of the Michigan Legislature. Mr. Ludington, who is one of Verona Mills' most progressive citizens, was elected to the Legislature by an appreciative constituency some six years ago. That Mr. Ludington has not figured largely in public life since he returned from the State Capitol is due to a peculiar concentration of circumstances that aptly illustrate by what apparently trivial matters a political career may be made or unmade:

"The second day of August, 1879," in the honorable gentleman's words, "was a very hot day, and I ate a hot dinner and got very warm. I got into my lounge after dinner and started toward Verona Mills. I had driven about three miles when I met a North-west wind and had storm. I got a little wet and became chilled. I drove on home, sixteen miles distant, and when I reached there felt sick. I went to bed and my wife made me some ginger tea, but not enough to sweat me. The next morning a pain, sharp and piercing as a knife, caught me in the ankle and did not leave me until I was able to walk at all. We did everything we could think of, with warm water and vinegar, smartweed and other remedies, but with no good effect. Neither my wife nor I could discover what the matter was."

"In three or four days I could not stir nor turn in bed. A doctor was called in who said I had rheumatism of the worst kind. He recommended that I should get up and walk wherever I caused swellings. I got better in six months and was able to walk a little, but the disease settled in my ankle and continued to trouble me. Last October 1884 I began taking a prescription which the doctor said would drive the swelling out of my ankle. In November the rheumatism began to recede first to my toes, then to my hip and back and all over me. I then quit taking the medicine, and was getting pretty well, when, on the 11th of last May, I sent for a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has nearly all gone, except in one of my ankles where I was hurt last fall, and that is getting better every day. The rest of my body is cured."

"I had done everything for me."

"And all this long sickness came from a hot meal eaten on a warm day, followed by a chill. If Mr. Ludington returns to public life it may be safe to say that he will go around with a little of Hood's Sarsaparilla for the life crisis from which not even legislators are exempt."

"If you cannot get ATHEROPHOS of your druggist, we will send you a sample of our 'Red Star' price-one dollar per bottle. We prefer to do our business from your druggist, but will mail you a bottle if you send us a check or note for \$1.00 from an express. Address: ATHEROPHOS CO., 111 Wall Street, New York."

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