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GEO. R. GARNER.

Oct. 29, 1874—1m*

THE WIFE'S ALLOWANCE.

There were people enough to envy Millicent Haughton when she was married to Ratcliffe Gates. She was only a district school teacher, at so much a month, without home or parents. He was a wealthy banker, who seemed to have nothing on earth to do but to indulge his whims and caprices to their utmost bent, and the world in general announced its diction that Mill- Haughton "had done uncommonly well for herself."

But Milly did not look happy on that golden July morning, with the sunshine streaming through the Oriel window of the great breakfast room at Gates' Place, and scattering little drops of gold and crimson, and glowing purple on the massy ground of the stanes colored carpet.

She was dressed in a loose white cambric wrapper, looped and buttoned with blue, and a single pearl arrow upheld the shining masses of her lovely auburn hair. Her eyes were deep, liquid, hazel; her complexion as soft and radiant as the dimpled side of an early peach; and the little kid-slippered foot that patted the velvet ottoman beneath was as perfect and tapering as a sculptor could have wished it.

Mr. Gates, from his side of the damask-draped table, eyed her with the complacent gaze of proprietorship. She was his wife. He liked her to look well just as he wanted his horses properly groomed and his conservatories kept in order; and he troubled himself very little about the shadow on her brow.

"I'm in earnest, Ratcliffe!" she said, with emphasis.

"So I supposed, Mrs. Gates," said the husband, leisurely folding his paper—a sign that the news within was thoroughly exhausted—"so I supposed. But it isn't at all worth while to allow yourself to get excited. When I say a thing Mrs. Gates, I generally mean it. And I repeat—if you need money for any sensible and necessary purpose, I shall be most willing and happy to accommodate you."

Millicent bit her full red lower lip and drummed impatiently on the table with her ten restless fingers.

'And I am to come weekly imploring you for every five-cent piece I happen to want!'

'Yes, Mrs. Gates—if you prefer to put the matter in that light.'

'Radcliffe,' she coaxed, suddenly changing her tone, 'do give me an allowance, I don't care how little! Don't subject me to the humiliation of pleading for a little money half a dozen times a day. You are rich.'

'Exactly, my dear,' nodded this Benedict; and that's the way I made my fortune by looking personally after every penny; and I mean to keep it up.'

'But think how I was mortified yesterday, when Mrs. Armour came to ask me if I could subscribe fifty cents toward buying a hand-carriage for our washerwoman's lame child—only fifty cents—and I had to say, 'I must ask my husband to give me the money when he returns from the city!—for I had not even fifty cents of my own.'

'All very right—all very proper!' said Mr. Gates, playing with the huge rope of gold that hung across his chest in the guise of a watch chain.

'Other ladies are not kept penniless!'

'That rests entirely between them and their husbands, Mrs. Gates.'

'I will not endure it!' cried Milly, starting to her feet, with cheeks dyed scarlet and indignantly glittering eyes.

Mr. Gates leaned back in his chair with provoking complacently.

'I will have money' said Milly.

'How are you going to get it, my dear?' retorted her spouse, with an aggravating smile playing around the corners of his mouth. 'You have nothing of your own—absolutely nothing. The money is mine and I mean to keep it!'

Milly sat down again, twisting her pocket handkerchief around and around. She was not prepared with an immediate answer.

'And now, Mrs. Gates,' said the banker after a moment or two of overwhelming silence, 'if you'll be good enough to stitch that button on my glove, I'll go down town. I have already wasted too much time.'

So the verbal passage-at-arms ended, and Milly felt that, so far, she was worsted.

She watched Mr. Gates drive off in an elegant open barouche, drawn by two long tailed chestnut horses, all aglitter with plated harness, and turned away, almost wishing that she was Millicent Haughton once again, behind her desk in the little red school house.

She looked around at the inlaid furniture, Aubusson carpets and satin window draperies, and thought, with a passionate pang, how little all this availed her.

'It is so provoking of Radcliffe!' she murmured. 'I've half a mind to go out to service, dressmaking or something—for I must have money, and I will!'

Just then a servant knocked at the door, with a basket and a note.

'An old lady, in a shaker bonnet and one horse wagon, left it,' said the girl with a scarcely-disguised titter. 'She wouldn't come in, although I invited her.'

Mrs. Gates opened the note.

It ran, in a stiff old-fashioned caligraphy, as if the pen were an unwonted implement in the writer's hand:

'DEAR MILLY:—The strawberries in the south medder lot are just ripe, where you used to pick 'em when you were a little gal; so Penelope picked a lot, and we make bold to send them to you, for the sake of old times, as aunt Araminta is going to the city to-morrow. We hope you will like them.—Affectionately your kind friend,

'MARIAH ANN PEABODY.'

The tears sparkled in the bride's eyes. For an instant it seemed to her as if she was a merry child again, picking strawberries in the golden rain of July sunshine, with the scent of wild roses on the air, and the gurgle of the little trout stream close by.

And as she lifted the lid of the great basket of crimson, luscious fruit, and inhaled the delicious perfume, a sudden idea darted into his head.

'Now I will have money of my own!' she cried out—'money that I will earn myself, and thus be independent!'

Half an hour afterwards Mrs. Gates came down stairs to the infinite amazement of Rachael the chambermaid, and Louisa, the parlor maid, in a brown gingham dress, a white pique sun-bonnet, and a basket on her arm.

'Won't you have the carriage, ma'am?' asked the latter, as Mrs. Gates beckoned to a passing omnibus.

'No, I won't!' said the banker's lady. And within the city limits she alighted, and began work in good earnest.

'Strawberries! who'll buy my wild strawberries!' rang out her clear, shrill voice, as she walked along, lightly balancing the weight on her arm, and enjoying the impromtu masquerade as only a spirited young man can.

Mrs. Powler bought four quarts for preserving, at twenty-five cents per quart.

'Wild berries has such a flavor!' said the old lady, reflectively. 'And taint often you get 'em here in the city. I s'pose you don't come round regularly, young woman?'

'No, I don't, ma'm!'

'Because you might get some good customers, said Mrs. Powler.

Miss Sininthia Hall, who kept boarders, purchased two quarts; Mrs. Captain Barbary took one; and then Millicent jumped on the cars and rode wearily down town.

'I've got a dollar and twenty-five cents of my own now at all events,' said she to herself.

'Strawberries! Nice, ripe wild strawberries! Buy my strawberries!'

Her sweet voice resounded through the halls of the great marble on whose first floor the bank was situated.

It chanced to be a dull interval of business just then, and the cashier looked up with a yawn.

'I say, Bill James,' said he to the youngest clerk, 'I have an idea that a few strawberries wouldn't go badly.—Call in the woman?'

Billy, nothing loth, slipped off his stool with a pen behind each ear, and scampered out into the Hall.

So Milly sold another quart.

As she was giving change for the cashier's dollar bill the president himself came in, bustling and brisk as usual.

'Eh? what? How?' barked out Mr. Radcliffe Gates. 'Strawberries? Well, I don't care if I take a few myself.—Here, young woman, how do you sell them?'

Milly pushed back her sun bonnet, and executed a sweeping courtesy.

'Twenty-five cents a quart sir if you please,' purred she, with much humility.

The President dropped his paper of strawberries on the floor.

'Mrs. Gates!' he ejaculated.

'The same, sir,' said Millicent.

'May I venture to inquire—'

'Oh, yes!' said Milly. [illegible] inquire as much as you [illegible] ed a little money, and I [illegible] it. See how much I've made [illegible] she triumphantly displayed [illegible] of crumpled stamps. '[illegible] were all my own, [illegible] by old Mr. Peabody, [illegible] them to get an [illegible]

'You, ma'am, [illegible] the street?'

[illegible]

'Extreme [illegible] measures, Mr. Gates,' said she, [illegible]. 'I earned my own living before I saw you and I can again.'

Mr. Radcliffe Gates looked uneasily around at the crowd of gaping clerks.

'James,' he said, 'call me a hack.—My, dear, let me take you home.'

'Not until I have sold the rest of my strawberries,' saucily retorted the young wife.

'I'll take 'em—at any price!' impatiently exclaimed the banker.

'Cash down?'

'Yes; anything, everything—only come out of this crowd.'

So Mr. and Mrs. Gates went home, and that evening the banker agreed to make his wife a regular allowance of so much per week, to be paid down every week, Monday morning at the breakfast table.

'But we'll have no more selling strawberries,' said Mr. Gates nervously.

'To be sure not,' said Milly. 'All I wanted was a little money of my own.'

And Mr. Radcliffe Gates respected his wife all the more because she had conquered him in a fair battle.

MAX ADELER'S HUMOR.—Our county fair is just over, but Johnson's Cotswold ram did not take the prize that was offered for the best animal of that kind. Judge Pitman was chairman of the committee on rams, and he manifested the deepest interest in Johnson's ram, indicating clearly that if any sheep ought to take a prize that one ought to. Johnson's ram was by itself in a pen with a high board fence, and before adjudicating the prizes the Judge thought he had better go in and make a close examination of the animal for the purpose of ascertaining the fineness of its wool, etc. As soon as the Judge reached the interior he walked towards the ram, wherupon the ram began to lower its head to the ground and to shake it ominously. Just as the Judge was about to feel the fleece, the ram leaped forward and planted its head in the Judge's stomach, rolling him over on the ground. Before the Judge had time to realize what had happened, the ram came at him again and began a series of promiscuous butts, each given with the precision and force of a pile-driver. It butted the Judge on the back, on the ribs, on his arms, on his shoulder-blades, on the bald place on his head, on his breast, on his shins, it butted his nose, it butted his watch into a mass of loose cog-wheels, it butted his spectacles off, it butted his high hat into black silk chaos, it butted him over into a fence corner and up against the fence, then it butted four boards out of the fence, butted down another of the committee, butted three small boys into fits, butted the money-taker at the gate, and then fled out into the country, butting harmlessly at the fresh air. The Judge did not distribute the prizes that day. When collected from various parts of the pen, they wiped the mud from his trousers and the blood from his nose, and sent him home with a perennial stomachache and a determination to start after that wandering mutton the first thing in the morning with a shot-gun.

OVERREACHING HIMSELF.—An anecdote is told of Velpeau, the eminent French surgeon. He had successfully performed, on a little child five years old, a most perilous operation. The mother came to him and said:

"Monsieur, my son is saved, and I really know not how to express my gratitude; allow me, however, to present you with this pocket-book, embroidered by my own hands."

"Oh, Madame," replied Velpeau, sharply, "my art is not merely a question of feeling. My life has its requirements like yours; dress, even, which is a luxury to you, is necessary for me. Allow me, therefore, to refuse your charming little present in exchange for a more substantial remuneration."

"But, Monsieur, what remuneration do you desire? Fix the fee yourself."

"Five thousand francs, madame."

The lady quietly opened the pocket-book, which contained ten thousand francs in notes, counted out five, and after politely handing them over to Velpeau, retired. Imagine his feelings!—*Medical Record.*

☞ Tom bought a gallon of gin to take home, and, by way of a label, wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along and observing the jug, quietly remarked, "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!"

"Why?" said Tom.

"Because somebody might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

TRAVAIL OF LIFE.—In a late London paper the following was appended to a notice of a woman starved to death:

"On Thursday her landlord opened the bare room, whence all the furniture had been taken bit by bit for food.—There was no fuel, no food in the room; only a skeleton that a few days before had laid down her pen, never to take it up again—laid it down in that moment when her childhood's home had risen [illegible] of life rolled into eternity's deep sea!"

Who was it that thus went out a famished thing into the world to come?—Her journal contained these few words, the name of the owner having been carefully erased:

"Fire I have gone without for days, and now I am trying to see how long this tired body can endure without food. Strange, that during the last few days I have lived over again my girlhood's life. I am again in the old rectory, once more I hear through the open church windows the flow of the river, I smell the sweet-scented hay; and amidst all this dreamy, delicious Sabbath silence, a voice is preaching the law of charity to simple listeners: "Faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of these is charity." So far I have listened, and I am off again, eyes and thoughts following the gayly winged butterfly which has just come in at the opened window.

"We penetrate into the very heart of the dense copse, and somehow or other silence keeps our tongues. The ripened nuts fall softly upon the dried leaves, and the nimble little squirrel overhead is eyeing up askance. Suddenly my brother leaps to his feet to gather some flowers growing near. I am by his side; he has extended his hand, but it is rapidly withdraw—a viper's head had darted up from among the moss. * * * Hunger tortures me, and the water I drink is icy cold; but I am in sunny France—sunny Southern France, and our convent grounds slope to the swift Rhone. We, a knot of happy girls, are talking of our future. I do not look so far as they; my eye is following the laden grape carts as they wind slowly down the opposite hill and some grape gatherers are singing in their soft pathos, so musical and sweet when draped in poetry. Schiller's 'Maria Stuart' rings in my ears, mixed with murmur of the Rhone, and I stay my pen to listen to waters as they leap over Schaffhausen's Falls; the murmur grows louder, the waters are dashing along in mighty flood; they deafen me—they are coming nearer and nearer. But "*Wi die Arbit, so der Lonu*" repeats itself again and again. "As the labor, so the reward." I have labored, and my reward is hunger, cold, a pauper's grave. I will try a little longer. "Appeal to your relatives," I am told each time I ask for help. I did appeal. One sent me five shillings, another sent me two, and told me to make use of my education—that would find me bread. I dropped the seven shilling into the poor box last Sunday when I dragged myself to church. I could not buy bread with anything so grudgingly given. The four walls of my desolate room close around me, the roar of the cataract of the Rhine comes nearer, but a voice from its dim waters says: "The greatest of these is charity." Have I lived in vain? Shall I die in vain?"

THE HAPPY MAN.—I noticed a mechanic, among a number of others, at work in a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had always a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced a sunbeam upon his countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, Doctor," he replied. "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she has always a word of encouragement for me; when I go home she always meets me with a tender kiss; and she is sure to be ready with my meals; and she has done so many things through the day to please me, so that I cannot find it in my heart to speak unkindly to anybody." What influence, then hath women over the heart of man, to soften it and to make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotion? Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far towards making a home happy and peaceful.—*Dr. Franklin.*

A negro boy was driving a mule in Jamaica, when the animal suddenly stopped and refused to budge. "Won't go, eh?" said the boy. "Feel grand, do you? I s'pose you forgot your fadder was a jackass."

MYSTERIES.—It is a singular fact, says a Parisian writer, that a man generally requires different qualities in a wife from those he admires in a sweetheart. While a lover, he expected to see his future wife neatly and stylishly dressed whenever he chose to call, either morning or evening, and the girl busied her little brain all day in efforts to please his taste. If he left town for a few days, he sent letters full of sweet nothings that filled her soul with joy. Then came delightful rambles in the moonlight, and hours spent in charming tete-a-tete after the family had retired, when the two saw no one but each other in their world of love.

Also that such bliss must ever be dispelled. Time brought preparations for the approaching wedding; for the devoted couple imagined that their happiness could never be complete until the hymeneal knot was tied.

So the wedding and honey-moon were soon over, and the parties settled into the matter of fact part of life. The bride knows nothing of housekeeping. Since her schooldays she has spent her time in studying the tastes of her lover, which certainly seemed to incline towards dress and sentimentality.

Now, alas! she discovers that his stomach demands food of the best quality, and because she knows not how to cater to his palate his love seems to be waning. While he is vainly trying to appease hunger with sour bread and burned steak, little does he appreciate the sweet nonsense and honeyed words which used to be so satisfying to his sentimental nature.—Ah, men are so unreasonable! They expect to find every quality of excellence in the woman they marry, yet have not penetration sufficient to choose the most worthy. To shine in society, to exhibit every feminine accomplishment, both at home and abroad, are duties which they require in the women they marry; and what have they to give in return? It seems impossible that these delicate attentions which characterize the lover should be so withdrawn by the husband.

The other day when I heard a neighbor demanding his dinner in not the most pleasant tone, I thought, "Can it be possible that he ever played the ardent lover to that pale, dejected woman, whom he called his wife!"

The lover who could scarcely tear himself away from his sweetheart at midnight is the same man now who leaves his wife to spend her evenings as best she may, while he passes the hours in doubtful enjoyment.

Ah! how soon men forget the solemn vow to love and cherish till death!—And how many women regret that the charming delusions of courtship were ever exchanged for the unpleasant realities of marriage.

LUDICROUS SCENE IN A PULPIT.—A South German paper relates the following: "In a Bavarian town of the most pronounced Catholic orthodox, the priest preached lately against the Old Catholics and related such horrible things about them that his pious hearers were literally horror-stricken at Old Catholic impieties. At last the preacher cried out, 'The Old Catholics are so vile that they will all be cast into the pit, and if what I say is not true, may the devil take me on the spot!' His excitement was terrible, and he so struck the cushion that the book fell from it. Not far from the pulpit there sat an American, who had a negro servant with him, to whom he beckoned to take the book up to the priest, who, perhaps, had never seen one of those sons of Ham in his life. The negro at once obeyed, and as he mounted the lowest of the pulpit steps the clergyman repeated his wish, that the devil might come if what he had said against the Old Catholics was not true.

"Although the negro went softly, the preacher heard his footsteps, and turning around, saw a black object solemnly, steadily, and surely approaching him. He looked at him in terror, and believing that he would be the next instant colared by his Satanic Majesty, he cried out, with trembling voice, 'It is, after all, possible that there may be good people among the Old Catholics.' Turning then around to see if the object had disappeared, he saw it still steadily approaching. The perspiration burst out upon his brow; and full of despair he called out, 'There are even many good people among the Old Catholics!' Thinking that this would suffice, he turned around, but what was his horror to find that the object was close at hand. Imagining himself in the very grasp of Beelzebub, turning partly to the negro and partly to the congregation, he cried out, "May the devil come and take me if all the Old Catholics are not better than we are!' The terrified priest fainted from the fright, and it was only after some time that he recovered."

One of the meanest things a small boy can do is to put tacks in the chairs when he knows that a young man is coming to call on his sister that evening.

Read this, my dear: "Be assured that when once a woman begins to be ashamed of what she ought not to be ashamed of she will not be ashamed of what she ought."

"Mary Jane, have you given the gold-fish fresh water?" "No, ma'am.—What's the use; they haven't drunk up what's in there yet."

THE CHILD AT THE TOMB.—At Smyrna, the burial-ground of the Armenian like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town, is sprinkled with green trees and is a favorite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose feelings are not thus darkly overcast. I met there one morning a little girl with a half-playful countenance, bushy blue eyes, and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed (which it appeared the cup contained) into the slight cavities which had been scooped out of the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreath upon its pure face.

"And why," I inquired, "my sweet girl, do you put seeds in those little bowls thus?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied, with a half-wondering look; "they will alight on this tree," pointing to the cypress above, "when they have eaten the seed, and sing."

"To whom do they sing?" I asked; "to you, or to each other?"

"Oh, no!" she replied; "to my sister. She sleeps here?"

"But your sister is dead."

"Oh, yes; sir! But she hears all the birds sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see the wreath of flowers."

"But she knows I put it there, I told her, before they took her away from our house, that I would come and see her every morning."

"You must," I continued, "have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look; "I shall see her in heaven."

"But she has gone there already, I trust."

"No; she stops under this tree until they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together."

AT NIGHT.—Here is one of Thackeray's pleasent touches: "It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past—sorrowful remorse for sins and short-comings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad.—Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long since ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed under the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch, here and there in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and fall as though a hushed blessing were upon it."

CHINESE MAXIMS.—1. Let every one sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

2. Great wealth comes by destiny; moderate wealth by industry.

3. The ripest fruit will not drop into your mouth.

4. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.

5. Dig a well before you are thirsty.

6. Water does not remain in the mountains, nor vengeance in a great mind.

"How much better it would have been to have shaken hands and allow it was all a mistake!" said a Detroit judge. "Then the lion and the lamb would have lain down together, and white-robed peace would have fanned you with her smiles of approbation. But no; you went to clawing and biting and rolling in the mud, and here you are. It's five dollars apiece."

An American youth, while traveling in California, was ambitiously displaying a small pistol before a brawny miner whose belt was weighed down with two heavy six shooters, when the miner asked what he had there. "Why," replied the youth. "that is a pistol." "Well," said the rough, "if you should shoot me with that, and I should find it out, I'd lick you like fun."

Here is a comical advertisement:—"To the credit drapery trade. Wanted, a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter." What will be the result when the door slams?

"My dear sir," said a candidate, accosting a stray wag on the day of election, "I am very glad to see you."—"You needn't be," replied the wag, "I have voted."

An exchange asks: "Where does the cotton go?" We know where a good deal of it goes, but don't like to tell.

The earliest participants in the fall trade—Adam and Eve.