

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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A FRIEND, LADS, A FRIEND.

"Oh—ah—why, my daughter goes there." (Cluck.)
Miss Clutterby took all painting, Mrs. Clutterby, looking at an engraving in a friend's house. "Ah, you should see some of Julia's painting, Mrs. Oliver. Such taste in color and design." (Cluck, cluck.)
Julia came home at vacation and a friend calls. "Come, my dear, show Mrs. Melville how beautiful you can play (cluck, cluck). Julia obeys. "Isn't that perfectly lovely, Mrs. Melville?" (rapturous cackle) and so on. Through all the details of her existence Julia seemed to be the pivot on which Mrs. Clutterby's thought ran, and it is not to be wondered at that the wedding of the old chicken should be a phenomenal affair.
It goes without saying that Mrs. Clutterby was a perfect specimen of match-making mamma, and she had angled in waters deep and shallow for Julia, but with such a bare hook that the fish had invariably slipped off and returned to their native element, until Miss Julia, in despair of reaching a satisfactory settlement under her mother's wing, had the good sense to leave the home coop and do a little scratching for herself, or in other words, to make a dear friend a summer visit, and by this means she succeeded in hooking a very presentable fish.
True he was not a whale, either financially or socially, but a good enough young man with whom Julia was as desperately in love, as she had been with ten or a dozen more eligible predecessors, who might have come to proposing point had not Miss Clutterby been so anxious to say "Yes."
Mrs. Clutterby was delighted. Any one who had good taste and sound sense enough to love her Julia commended himself to her without further qualification, and if she had any misgivings in regard to wealth and station she hid them skillfully under a tremendous stuffing and bridling over the wedding arrangements, which she calculated with a view to bringing in the greatest possible returns for the least expenditure.
Like the proverbial ostrich which hides its head in the sand, Mrs. Clutterby imagined that no one but herself would know this, but society is lynx-eyed, and the air was thick with sly hints and knowing remarks as the time drew near.
"Going to the Clutterby wedding, old chap?" and Captain Parmalee clapped a fellow exquisite on the shoulder.
"Aw yes, Cap, doocid unpleasant, don't cher know, but the truth is, I came within an inch of getting in the bridegroom's place myself, old boy. Thought the old lady had me booked sure, and out of gratitude, you know, Cap—," and he winked suggestively.
"So your wedding present will be a sort of thank offering, eh?" laughed the Captain. "What is it to be?"
"Pon my soul, I don't know. Some sort of silver trumpery I supposed. Confounded boob, anyhow."
"Miss Julia hinted pretty strongly toward a French clock," said the Captain.
"Just the thing, Cap. I've got a gilt Watlewrap that I drew in a lottery. It's showy enough on the outside, but it wouldn't run a day to save the nation. Wouldn't it be a good one for all us fellows to take clocks," and the facetious young men poked each other in the ribs with their elbows.
"Isn't it a shame those Clutterbys have slighted the Greens and the Cottrells in giving out their invitations?" said Miss Blanche Newcombe. "Such old friends and neighbors, and just because they are poor and not crushingly stylish."
"And the Oglebys, who have just come to town and scarcely know the Clutterbys by sight, have cards," rejoined the friend to whom she was speaking. "I declare it's disgusting to see such a bare-faced begging for presents."
"It would serve them right if we all sent regrets and a bangle board," replied Miss Blanche.
"But I confess to a curiosity to see how the affair goes off," hastily replied the friend.
There is a peculiar fascination about a wedding which does not pertain to any other form of entertainment, and however presuming or uninteresting the parties may be, people will go from motives of curiosity, if no other. So the Clutterby parlor were well filled on the wedding morning with a curiously-assorted crowd, out of which, perhaps, half a dozen carried a rye straw whether Miss Julia's matrimonial bark anchored in safe harbor or in a divorce court.
"Oh, you dear, sweet thing, how perfectly lovely you do look this morning," gushed Miss Blanche after the ceremony, "and what charming company you have," her eyes lighting on the four Misses Allen ranged in mathematical precision against the wall; they had elbowed together, contrary to all precedent, and sent a pair of antique vases, costly but intensely ugly, to Mrs. Clutterby's horror and Julia's wrath; indeed, they might have sat directly in front of her in their primest row and she could not have smiled, she was so thoroughly angry.
"And so lovely of you to remember me with that charming—er—," Miss Julia's memory gave her the slip, and she could not have told for her life whether Miss Blanche had given her a china poodle dog or a house and lot.
"Have you seen the wedding presents, Miss Blanche?" and Mrs. Clutterby swooped down to the rescue with a cluck and a flutter as Mrs. Julia's face was turning a most uncomfortable

THE CLUTTERBY WEDDING.

Not as Presentable an Affair as Was Anticipated.

"Of course we'll invite the Bigboss!" said Julia Clutterby. She held a pencil in her chubby fingers, and a list of names lay before her.
"Well, I hardly know, said Mrs. Clutterby; "they are poor as Job's turkey, you know," reflectively.
"But they have such exquisite taste, and dress like fashion plates," remonstrated the daughter, "one likes to have stylish-looking people at one's wedding."
"And they would pawn their old shoes rather than bring a present," said Mrs. Clutterby, still reflectively.
"I declare it's enough to make one laugh to see how ridiculously poor one can be," said Julia, "and they are so good at it that every rag they wear has been turned and made over a dozen times, and yet they wouldn't carry a little parcel home from a store for the world. Well, yes, have the Bigboss, though I presume they'll go on much and molasses a week to pay for the present."
"That's not my affair," laughed Miss Julia, lightly; "there's the Cottrella."
"The Cottrells! You know, child, they always carry bangle-boards or pin-cushions."
"Which I am supplied with for the next generation," and Miss Julia's plump shoulders shrugged suggestively, arguing oblivion for the Cottrells, so far as the wedding was concerned.
"Sentiment and pin-cushions are all very well for every-day affairs, but one doesn't get married every day in a week, Captain Parmalee!"
"Yes, of course," Mrs. Clutterby became all animation. "He can't decently do less than a French clock on his income."
"Is there is anything which I could survive having a variety of its clocks," said Miss Julia. "There are such lovely designs this year that I would like one in each room."
"Suppose you mention in an artless way how you do on clocks in Captain Parmalee's presence, for instance," suggested the mother, craftily. Her eye had spied her for a diplomatic position in the nation, hence her talk was confined to the home and social circle.
"Oh, ma!" and Miss Julia giggled outright, putting the hint away in her memory nevertheless. "What a plotter you are."
The mother smiled complacently, evidently taking the remark as a compliment. "Have you put down the Allens?"
"No, ma; they are so horribly vulgar. Mrs. Allen is always saying: 'La, sue, at every thing, and the sight of those four girls ranged along the wall in a graduated way makes me nervous.'"
"But they have such an allowance, and are so tickled at being invited out, that each one makes a separate spread by herself."
"Just think of the Allen name five times repeated in the list of wedding gifts," and Julia rolled up her eyes in much despair; "but just as you please, mother, though I know I shall giggle if I catch a glimpse of them during the evening."
"I will take care that they are seated in convenient obscurity," and the maternal head nodded sagaciously, "and a few of their names might be accidentally omitted from the list."
And so the making-up process went on, and the Clutterby wedding was evidently to be a strictly presentable affair.
Miss Julia Clutterby was naturally an amiable and thoroughly nice girl, had she not had the misfortune to be her mother's only daughter.
Mrs. Clutterby, a selfish and artificial woman, reminded her acquaintances of an old hen with one chicken in her superabundance of cluck and fuss.
Julia was sent to a fashionable school, and the burden of Mrs. Clutterby's conversation became: "My daughter is at Madame B's this year—the finest school in the State (ruffling her feathers)."
"In what respect?" asks a listener with a sincere desire for knowledge.

BOSTON'S PIED PIPER.

A Greer Man Who Makes a Business of Hunting for Dead Rats.
This B.W. is a sort of Pied Piper of his own, who makes a business of luring from dark hiding-places the predatory rat. It is his professional task, however, to operate, not upon live rodents, but upon dead ones.
Now, it may be admitted that although a living rat is not a pleasant beast to tackle, the same animal after its demise, and lacking proper sepulture, is far more disagreeable. Thus it must be considered that the function of the post-mortem Pied Piper is one of extra difficulty, and its correct performance therefore exceptionally creditable.
At all events, you would be apt to think so if you had a dead rat at this moment peacefully decomposing under a floor or in a partition wall of your domicile. There is nothing in all this world, as you would soon discover, that smells so horribly. It fairly discounts the Mephistophelian. True, one rat will only last six weeks before drying up and becoming henceforth offensive; but you are likely to conclude that, rather than endure it for such a length of time, you would pull the house down to find it. And there it is that the trouble comes in. In most cases it is nearly impossible to locate the source of the stench. Carpenters must be hired to tear every thing to pieces, and not infrequently it costs a large sum to remove the nuisance.
Think what a relief it must be, under such circumstances, to simply send out for a man who makes this kind of thing a regular occupation, and have him find the rat and take it away for a small fee. Five dollars is the price charged by Boston's Pied Piper for such a service. It is always the same price, whether it takes him a week or five minutes. As a rule, however, the job is accomplished very quickly. It is a matter of practice, like any thing else. The man's nose, naturally an acute organ, has been trained to a surprising degree of sensitiveness. There are certain rats, too, by which he goes. Upon entering a building whither he is called to operate he gives a few experienced sniffs here and there, in order to find out where the smell is most intense. He can not always tell this at once, for such things are deceptive. But he continues to prospect, keeping an eye open as he goes for likely corners, such as are beneath fireplaces and other warm spots, which dying rats would be likely to seek. Finally, having located the trouble pretty satisfactorily, he bores a hole with an auger and sniffs at it once more. If it is a find it only remains to make a bigger opening and take out the corpse. The labor is disagreeable, but it pays. It is always \$5 for each rat found, and sometimes the man will get three or four together within a few minutes.
Every town should certainly have a post-mortem Pied-Piper. It would be the most profitable to owners of tenements, who are continually suffering from this cause. If a dead rat turns up in a flat-house the landlord is at once sent for and threatened with abandonment by his tenants unless he takes prompt measures to remove the obnoxious thing. Sometimes it costs a round sum of money, and a single rat bill may cost up two or three months' rent. Here is a good suggestion for somebody in your city who has a good smelling organ and is looking for gainful employment. Let him turn Pied Piper and make his everlasting fortune. A terrier, by the way, can be trained to great usefulness as an assistant in such work.—Boston Cor. San Francisco Post.

INDIAN HEIRESES.

An Excellent Country for Impetuous Foreign Noblemen.
The Chickasaw maidens are fair to look upon. They are of the Castilian type of beauty. They are tall, graceful, with languishing black eyes and an abundance of black hair. They dress tastefully and all, or nearly all, are fairly educated.
Chickasaw citizenship is worth at a moderate estimate \$8,000. There are now about 6,000 Chickasaws by blood and marriage. If Chickasaw lands were divided up each man, woman and child in the Nation would be entitled to about 750 acres.
Formerly the marriage laws were loose and a smart fellow coming into the Nation could get married in a week at an expense of \$1.50 for a license fee. This law was so badly abused that the Legislature some years ago amended it, and now a citizen of the United States must reside in the Nation two years, produce a good moral character, be touched for by three Chickasaws in good standing and pay a license fee of \$50 before he can marry in a manner to qualify him for citizenship.
The National party favors increasing the marriage license fee to \$100 and putting greater restrictions on the applicant for matrimony. This is not advocated in any narrow spirit, but in the interest of good citizenship. It is a fact that the refuse of Texas, Mississippi and Kansas is dumping itself in here.
The National party is opposed to a cheap and rowdy citizenship or tolerated population. It believes that by increasing the fees and strictly enforcing the laws only good men would want to marry or do business in the Nation.—St. Louis Republic.

ALGERIAN ZOUAVES.

What These Adventurous Soldiers of France Were Originally.
Many of our readers will remember a class of soldiers in the civil war known as "Zouaves." A writer of a magazine article upon the war in the Crimea, offers the following account as to what these soldiers were originally: As considerable misapprehension appears to prevail as to what the Zouaves really are, we may observe that these regiments originally consisted of Arab natives of Algeria, and were so called after an Arab tribe. They were afterwards disbanded and reconstituted; only Frenchmen, with a very few exceptions, being admitted into their ranks. Native regiments were then formed under the name of "Indigenes," or "Turcos." The Zouaves are notorious for their activity and courage, and at the same time for their propensity to plunder—a habit easily contracted in an African campaign. They chiefly consist of men who, having served their prescribed five years in the army, have no desire to leave it, but prefer the perils and excitement of a military life, and of various other adventurous spirits who love war better than peace. It requires the strictest discipline to keep them under control, and to place some check upon their natural propensities. They wear a loose Oriental dress, with a turban, both becoming and convenient.—Christian at Work.

IMMENSE CRABS.

Some That Have Claws Each About Five Feet in Length.
Of the great crab family, one of the largest and most remarkable specimens is to be found in Japan, where it is highly esteemed as an article of food. Mr. Holder tells us about it, its chief claws are each five feet in length, measuring from ten to twelve feet between the nippers, and presenting an astonishing spectacle when entangled in the nets and hauled aboard the boats. The body is almost triangular, and comparatively small. They have the remarkable habit of leaving the water at night and crawling up the shores of the coast, presumably to feed, and there they are sought by the crab-hunters. A story is told of a party of fishermen who had camped out on the river bank, and one of whom aroused the others in the night by yells and screams. Running to the spot they found that one of these monster crabs, in wandering over the flats, accidentally crawled over the prostrate fisherman. He awoke with the great claws moving about him, and it would be hard to tell whether the man or the crab was the more terrified.
But the robber-crab of the Indian Ocean surpasses the Japanese crab in strength. It is called the palm-crab, because it lives in the oceanic groves, making its nest in a hole under the tree. It subsists upon the fruit, tearing the husk from the nuts with its claws and carrying it to its bed as a lining. The Malays often pillage the crab's nests and get the shreds of husk to calk their vessels or for the manufacture of mats and other articles. These crabs are very intelligent, for they always open the ends of the nut that contains the eye-spots and hammer away at the eyes until an opening is made. Sometimes one will secure so firm a hold upon a nut with its large claw that it can dash it against a rock until the shell is broken.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WOMEN WHO SHAVE REGULARLY.

"Did you ever shave a woman?" was the queer question put to an up-town barber by a customer who was being shaved. "Many a time," said the barber, who went on to tell his experience in that line of business. "There are ladies in town who have quite a mustache, and others who have something like a chin beard, and I have operated on both kinds. I shaved the upper lip of a lady yesterday afternoon to prepare her to go out to a party. She keeps down the growth of hair by clipping it, but she wanted to look extra fine on this occasion. Some of them who are troubled as she is pull out the hairs a few at a time, till they get rid of the whole growth, and there is now an electrical way of removing them without pain from any part of the face, but I know of ladies who get barbers to shave them at times, and others who can shave themselves just like men. I tell you there are more kinds of folks in this barbarous world than some folks know of." Here the knight of the brush shouted "Next!"—N. Y. Sun.

STRUCK A BONANZA.

Woman (to Tramp)—So you want a drink of some kind? I'll get you up something nice.
She brings it to him. "There, drink that."
Tramp (suspectingly)—What is it? Woman—It's a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen.
Tramp (gratefully)—Oh! I gen'ly drink plain Old Tom, but I s'pose them fancy brands is good enough so long as they're gin.—Esopch.

THEIR FIRST QUARREL.

Callithumpian, dear, are you ill?
With troubling solicitude the young wife hung over her husband, a lovely pity beaming from her mild blue eyes, and her low, beautiful voice vibrating with tenderness and infirmity.
"Not at all, Elifeda," he replied. "I am perfectly well. What makes you think any thing is the matter with me this morning?"
Mrs. Magruder placed her hand soothingly on his forehead.
"Callithumpian," she persisted as she felt his pulse and looked at her watch apprehensively, "show me your tongue."
"Nonsense, Elifeda! I tell you I am as well as I ever was in my life. Don't be foolish, my love!"
"Do you call it foolish, Callithumpian, for me to be concerned about your health?"
"Certainly, Elifeda, when there is no cause for my concern."
"It is nothing, my dear, that your hand seems to tremble, that you head is hot, and that you drink a quart of water before breakfast?"
"Nothing, my love. Every man is affected in that way once in awhile. It only indicates a kind of—um—ah—billions that passes away in a short time."
"But you ought to do something for it, Callithumpian."
"I tell you, Elifeda, I don't need any thing. Don't make such a fuss about nothing. Why, I can see that your nose is a trifle redder than usual this morning, but it doesn't alarm me. I'm not going to tear the house upside down about it."
"You are mistaken, Callithumpian—and it's none of your business to say so, any how."
"If your nose isn't any redder than it has been all along," said the young husband, as he looked at it critically, "then all I've got to say is that you're been doing the most artistic work in calculating it for the last six months that I ever knew of a woman to do, and you have forgotten to smear any thing on it this morning."
"Mr. Magruder, you—you're heartless, insulting, despicable!"
"Take care, Mrs. Magruder. Don't talk about desert, if you please. Remember, when I was going to see you there never was a time when I could get to examine your family Bible, and you always claimed to be only twenty-two years old."
"You talk about desert, Mr. Magruder! Who was it that hid that bottle labeled furniture polish that wasn't furniture polish at all in the woodshed?"
"Who was it, madam, that brought to the table a loaf of Boston cream bread she had made with her own fair hands, and it happened that her own fair hands had neglected to remove the baker's tag?"
"Mr. Magruder," exclaimed the young wife, as she rose to her feet and looked at him with superb scorn, "after what has happened this morning it will be impossible, of course, to carry out our plans for the coming season. It would be a mockery. Aunt Ann, as you may remember, sir, was coming to make me a visit and stay five or six weeks. I shall write to her not to come."
Callithumpian W. Magruder threw himself at his wife's feet.
"Are you going to do that, Elifeda?" he gasped, his eyes blazing with uncontrollable excitement.
"I am, sir," she replied, firmly, coldly, relentlessly.
"My darling!" he murmured, in a broken voice, as he buried his face in the folds of her dress, "forgive me! You are an angel! Only keep that promise and life will be full of joy for us once more!"—Chicago Tribune.

AN UNMAILED LETTER.

A Lawyer's Forgetfulness Saves a Young Girl from a Life of Misery.
A lawyer in this city tells a good story apropos of the habit the great majority of the male sex have of carrying letters round in their clothes from one week to a year, which the female members of the family may have intruded to them to mail. This attorney has in his family a servant who has been with them almost from her childhood, and, being an unusually bright, intelligent girl for one occupying so menial a position, her relations come as nearly being those of a member of the family as it is possible for a servant to acquire.
Last spring Mary gave her employer a letter to mail. To her it was a most important missive, and as she gave it to him she blushed slightly and hurried away about her work. He dropped it in his inside overcoat pocket, and, man-like, never thought of it again.
Mary did, though. She waited and watched, and every shrill whistle of the postman for days and weeks sent a thrill of expectancy through her whole being. Her future was in the balance. But the letter she looked for never came. There is no doubt that the song about the letter that never came was based upon this very incident.
A few days ago the lawyer resurged his heavy overcoat. In rummaging through it to see if there was fifteen dollars in the inside pocket he found Mary's letter.
"Mary," he said, in a singularly strange voice for him. He felt as all men feel under such circumstances.
"Mary was not used to the strange voice, and she trembled a little in the shoes which her mistress had discarded."
"Mary," repeated the attorney, this time in a sort of a plea-to-the-jury-for-morose tone, "here is a letter which I regret to say I never mailed. I trust no irreparable injury has resulted from the omission."
Mary took the letter. When she saw what it was she screamed with joy, and would probably have choked the attorney in her wild delirium of delight had not her mistress just at that moment entered the door and seen her.
"God bless you!" cried Mary again and again, and when she finally smothered down she told an interesting story.
A young man had asked her to marry him, and the letter which had hung up in the overcoat pocket all summer was an acceptance. For days and weeks she had waited to hear further from the young man, and when in June she saw by the papers that he had married another, the voluntary slight made the blood tingle in her veins.
"That is too bad," said the attorney in a guilty voice.
"But your sweet life it ain't," rejoined Mary. "He's been on the Island ever since last July for drunkenness and beating his wife."
And, after "God-blessing" her employer again for having saved her from a beast, she prepared the best dinner the family ever sat down to.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

FULL OF FUN.

"Wot school ob medicine yo' b'long to, doctah?" "I don't b'long to no school, sah. I's graduated."—Harper's Bazar.
"Was Mickey drunk, soof, when he fell off the scaffold?" "Well, yer 'unner, after he tumbled, he seemed to have had a drop 'oo much."—Fun.
A ruby-nosed bourbon from Rye Beach went head first through a Jersey City manhole one day last week and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "sewerside."—Drake's Mag.azine.
The man who wants the earth bed enough to put up with a soiled specimen like ours ought to be accommodated while his desires are modest. Next thing we know he'll be asking for a new one.—Life.
Scientists have succeeded in photographing a yellow-fever germ. Those who have seen the likeness recommend dressing it up in tights and isuing it with cigarette packages as a cure for the tobacco habit.—Burlington Free Press.
"Bessie—'O, Jessie! Isn't that sunset just too lovely for any thing? And do you hear the sobbing of the water under the rocks? It is like the sad repining of the human soul." Jessie— "Yes, say, Bess, let me chgw your gum for a few minutes, won't you? You make me most frantic."—Burlington Free Press.
First Benedict—"Yes, it is mighty quiet at my home. When wife and I are alone in the evening you could hear the clock tick." Second Benedict (unhappily wedded to a temper)— "The silence is still more oppressive at my house. When wife and I are alone you can only hear the broomstick."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.
"They were viewing the leaning tower of Pisa." "What do you think of it, Elifsha?" asked Mrs. Porkchop. "Don't it strike you as being a little crooked?" "It's the worst out o' plumb thing I ever seen," replied Mr. P. "The contractor couldn't build a chicken-coop for me."—America.
"Dear Old Lady"—"What's the price of this article?" Salesman—"Seven dollars, ma'am." Old Lady—"Seventeen dollars! I'll give you thirteen." Salesman—"Seven dollars only, madam, not seventeen, is the price." Old Lady—"O! seven dollars. I'll give you five for it."—N. Y. Ledger.
"The movements of men are most certainly queer." Sighed Quic, who'd only been married a year: "When lovers they always till one's clock stay, And when they are husbands, till one stay away!"
"Most trying," said Belle, "but we have no redress." It's the law that they call compensation, I guess."
—Life.
Mrs. Simpkins—"My dear, can you let me have five dollars for the church fair?" Simpkins—"You know I do not approve of gambling." Mrs. Simpkins—"The truth is, I dreamt three times in succession last night that a certain woman would draw the parlor furniture." Simpkins—"You don't say! Well, here's ten dollars. If you want more let me know."—Time.
"Citizen"—"What'll it cost me, Uncle Rastus, to have my hen-coop whitewashed?" Uncle Rastus (dubiously)— "Well, I would gib yo' advice, Mister Smith, not ter hab do hen-coop whitewashed at all. Take a white-washed hen-coop along 'bout one or two 'clock in de mawnin', an' I tells you, Mister Smith, it looks mighty goodly, 'doocid it do; at least (hastily) tho' what I have heard sayed."—N. Y. Sun.

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