

Why Mrs. Peter's Didn't Leave.

"DEAR, DEAR! no toast: eggs boiled as hard as brickbats, and the coffee stone cold."

And Mr. Peters rose from the table in a temper by no means amiable, and rang the bell violently. There was no answer. He rang again, a third, a fourth time, and still no answer! Out of all patience he went to the door and called—"Maria! Maria!"

A slight, pretty little woman, dressed in a soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of direful confusion, answered his summons. She had one of those bright faces which Nature intended should be decked with continual smiles, but now, with all its roses in bloom, it was drawn to its full length, and the large blue eyes had a serious, or rather doleful expression, totally at variance with the usual joyous look. Her voice, too, had lost its melodious, ringing, sound, and was subdued to a dismal whine.

"What is it, Joseph?"

"Where's Bridget?"

"Gone out for me. I want more white ribbon for my ascension robe."

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word and then continued: "Cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit to eat."

"I wish," whined his wife, you would think less of temporal matters, and turn your attention to the great end of life."

"Hang it all, madam, I like to enjoy my life when I have it. Here was I, the happiest man in the United States, with a pleasant home, a chatty, cheerful loving wife, and good quiet children; and now, since you have joined the Millerites, what am I?"

"O, Joseph, if you would only, only come into that blessed circle."

"Oh, Maria, if you would only come out of it. Where are the boys?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Are they going to school to day?"

"No, dear Joseph."

"For what reason, madam?"

"My dear! their teacher has given up the school and is turning her mind to more exalted objects. Oh, Joseph, turn now, while there's time. You have still a week for preparation and repentance."

"Repentance! Well! when I take up the subject it will take more than a week to put it through."

"And Mr. Peters put on his coat and took up his hat."

"Joseph," said his wife, "you need not send home any dinner. I shall be out, and I'll take the boys over to their uncle's to dinner. Joe made no answer, unless the violently emphatic manner in which he closed the door was one. Muttering with anger, he strode into a restaurant to make a breakfast. Here he was hailed by one of his friends, Fred. Summers, who looked up as he heard Joe's order."

"Halloo!" he cried, "you here? What you doing here at breakfast time? Wife sick?"

"No."

"Had a quarrel?"

"No."

"Gone to town?"

"No."

"Then? why don't you breakfast at home? Chimney on fire?"

"No."

"Well, what in thunder is to pay?"

"Maria's joined the Millerites?"

Fred gave a long shrill whistle, and then said: "Going to ascend next week?"

"Yes, and if I don't commit suicide in the mean time, you may congratulate me. I am almost distracted. Can't get a decent meal, children running riot, servants saucy, house all in confusion, wife got the blues either noting the speeches of the elders at me, or sewing on a white robe, and groaning every third or fourth stitch. Hang it all, Fred, I've a great mind to take poison or join the army."

"H'm! h'm! you give an enchanting picture, but I think I can suggest a cure."

"A cure?"

"Yes, if you will promise to take my advice, I will make your home pleasant, your wife cheerful, and your children happy."

"Do it," cried Joe. "I'll follow your word like a soldier under his superior officer. What shall I do?"

At tea time Mr. Peters entered his home, whistling. Maria was seated at her sewing and there were no signs of preparation for the evening meal.

"Maria, my dear," said Mr. Peters, "is tea ready?"

"Don't know," was the answer, "have a day attending meetings."

"Never mind. Attend to your work. I am resolved that you shall be here for the next week."

"Oh very well," said Maria, "I will be here for the next week."

"Oh Joseph I must go when I am called."

"Yes, my dear, of course. Well, I must resign myself, I suppose. By the way, my dear, had it ever occurred that I shall be left a widower with three children? I think I am a handsome man yet, my love," and Joe walked over to the glass, passed his fingers through his hair, and pulled up his collar. Maria looked up in surprise.

"You see, dear, it is rather a relief for you to go quickly, you know. It is so wearing on the nerves to have long illness—and besides, my dear, there will be no funeral expenses to pay, and that is quite a saving."

Mrs. Peters' lips quivered, and her large blue eyes filled with tears. Joe longed to quit his heartless speech, and comfort her but he was fearful the desired effect was not yet gained.

"So my dear," he continued, "if you must go, I have been thinking of getting another wife."

"What!" cried Mrs. Peters.

"Another wife, my love. The house must be kept in order, and the boys cared for." The grief was gone from Maria's face, but her teeth were set with a look of fierce wrath.

"Another wife, Joseph! Another wife!"

"Yes, I think I have selected a good successor. I have deliberated a long time, when I was a bachelor, between her and yourself. You will like her; she is your bosom friend?"

"What! Sarah Ingraham?"

"Yes, my dear. I think that on the day you ascend, I will marry Sarah Ingraham."

"What! That good-for-nothing, silly, empty-headed old maid—the mother of my children! What!"

"Well, my dear, it seems to be the best I can do. I don't want to leave my business and go a courting, and she will have me, I know."

"No doubt! Oh, you great, brutal, hateful—"

"Stop, my dear; don't fly into a fury. We will try to spend our last week in happiness. Oh, by the way, I have a proposition to make."

"Go on, sir, do not spare me!"

"Ah, yes that is the very thing I wish to do. I know your mind is entirely engrossed with your ascension, and I wish to spare you the care of the house. Suppose you invite Sarah here to-morrow, to stop a week?"

"What?"

"Then I can arrange our matrimonial preparations in the evening, while you are at the lecture."

"What?"

"And you can leave the house in her charge all day. That will give you plenty of time to go out and she can learn the ways of the house."

"What?"

"And my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask of you. Stay at home one or two days, and show her around, where you keep things, and so on, so that she won't have any trouble in keeping order after you go. You will do this to oblige me, won't you?"

Mrs. Peters for an answer rolled up the ascension robe into a ball and fired it at Joe. The cotton, scissors, work-basket and table-cloth followed each other in rapid succession, and he was unable to fly. Then Maria's rage found vent in words.

"So you are going to marry Sarah? That's the reason you whistled so when you came in. But you shan't marry her, sir! You shan't have that gratification! I will stay if it is only to spite you! I won't go! I tell you, Mr. Peters, that I won't go!"

"But my dear, you must go, if you are come for."

"I won't go!"

"But consider, my dear."

"I won't go!"

"But what will Sarah Ingraham think of it?"

"Sarah! Don't dare to mention Sarah to me again! I—I—I—oh!—I am fairly choking!" and the little woman threw herself into a chair, in a fit of hysterics.

Next morning Mr. Peters met Fred in the street.

"Well, old boy, how goes it?"

"Fred," was the reply, "I am the happiest man in the world. I have regained my wife and domestic peace, and got rid of a busy, tattling old maid, who, under pretence of loving my wife, was everlastingly interfering in all our household arrangements."

"Then Mrs. Peters will not ascend, will she?"

"If Sarah is to be my second wife, and step-mother to my children, Mrs. Peters has concluded that, on the whole, she won't go!"

A Romantic Story.

SOME fifteen years ago there lived in the northern part of Portage township, Ohio, a young married couple by the name of William and Annie Clarkin. They owned a little farm, and made enough to keep themselves comfortable in the world, and were apparently happy. William was handsome, and well educated, having graduated with honor at an Eastern university. He did not like the humble but honest occupation of farming. Wealth accumulated too slowly following the plow; he wanted to make money by thousands of dollars. So the farm was sold. Mrs. Clarkin went to live with her parents, and William started for the golden State of California, with the expectation of "picking up" a couple of million dollars in a couple of years.

For a few months Mrs. Clarkin occasionally heard from her husband, either directly or through some of the neighbors with the same train with which her husband was going. Then there was a long interval during which no word came. After a time there were rumors that the train had been attacked by Indians and every one killed. This was at last too truthfully verified by one poor fellow, who was found by another party a few days after with just life enough to tell how the train had been attacked one dark night, and before any could recover from their surprise all were killed and scalped, and the Indians rode triumphantly away with their booty.

For three years Mrs. Clarkin mourned for her dead husband. After the lapse of that time she married again, and moved to Wood county. For nearly 12 years she was happy as a kind and affectionate husband and two beautiful children could make woman. At the end of that time (which carries us up to the 1st inst.) affliction again cast its mantle over her. Death claimed her husband, and again she was a sorrowing, weeping widow.

She follows weeping to the grave; she hears the sad, solemn words: "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes;" the earth falls with a dull, dreary thud upon the coffin, as the sexton slowly covers up all that remains of him whose spirit has gone before to the other world.

The widow raises her black veil and looks around. As she does so she meets eyes fixed intently upon her. She starts—memory rushes back fifteen years and brings up the picture of her first husband. There can be no mistake—'tis he! The recognition is mutual. There is a scene; the widow and wife faints; the bronze stranger explains his relation to the woman, and all repair to the house of her who ten minutes ago was a widow, but now again a wife. Then Mr. William Clarkin tells how he was not killed by the Indians at the time of that sudden onslaught on the plains, but was taken prisoner by the Blackfeet, and carried far away among the mountain fastnesses, and during all those long years had been forced to slave for his cruel captors.

He had finally escaped, and during his flight through the mountain gulch he discovered a rich gold deposit. How he had written back to his old friends but could get no answer. He then went back and worked the gold mine which he discovered. He grew rich and longed to again visit the home of his youth and happiness. He had got off the cars at Pittsburg and taken the stage to Bowling Green; had hired a buggy there and was driving to his old home when he overtook the funeral; a strange impulse induced him to follow; the widow's person seemed strangely familiar, and when she drew aside her veil he recognized her as the wife he had bidden adieu to fifteen years before, and whom he had thought to be dead. They now live happily together.

Singular Arithmetical Fact.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5, will give the same result if divided by two—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cypher to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer.

For example, if you wish to multiply 844 by 5, the answer is 4220. Now by dividing 844 by 2, the quotient is 422, and by adding the cypher you have the answer, 4220. If you take 265 and multiply by 5, the answer is 1325. By taking the same sum and dividing by 2, the answer will be 132 with a remainder, and for this remainder add 5, and you will have the correct answer.

Legal Advice.

A GENTLEMAN ordered a suit of clothes from a tailor, and specially enjoined him that they must be made by the next Tuesday, and must be made in the finest style, and that unless the tailor could have them ready to a certainty beyond peradventure to the day, that he must not undertake them; but Snip promised faithfully that they would be finished. Tuesday came and no clothes; the enraged man flew to the cabbage-garden man's house and said:

"What's the reason my clothes are not ready as you promised? Here you've kept me in the city at a loss of time and business only to disappoint me; now, if we had you in our part of the country, I tell you what they would call you: they would call you a perfect squirt!"

The humble knight of the goose explained that the only competent workman that he had, capable of making the suit, had a wife lying at death's door, and he could not possibly leave her. The outraged gentleman was not able to smother his disappointment, and berated the tailor pretty soundly for falling in his positive promise. The ninth fraction of the "genus homo" could not stand this, and plainly told his customer to go to the caloric regions of Pandemonium.

The customer, red with rage, rushed across the street to a lawyer, and in an excited and hurried manner, said:

"Do you know, Snip, the tailor across the way?"

"Yes, I know him," answered Brief.

"Well, now, I want your advice," said the gentleman; "I want to know what you would do in such a case. That old stitch louse has kept me here in the city on expense, to the great detriment of my business and disappointed me in a suit of clothes; but when I went to remonstrate with the fellow about it, what do you suppose he said to me? He told me to go to the devil!"

With these words he laid down a ten dollar bill on the desk, and said, "Now, sir, what would you do?"

"Do you mean this for a retainer?" asked Brief.

"I do," was the reply.

"Then," said Brief, quietly folding up the ten and putting it into his pocket, "he told you to go to the devil. Well, my opinion and advice to you is, don't do it. There is moreover, no statute or local law that can compel you to a specific performance. I say, don't do it until called by Almighty power."

A Very Peculiar People.

An inquest recently held at Plumstead, England, on the body of John Walton developed the following facts:—He was one of the sect called the 'peculiar people,' and had been ailing for some time, and became seriously ill about a week before his death, when the elders were called in who laid hands on him and anointed him. No doctor was called in. Wine, it was stated, was given, and brandy, but no medicine. They gave the stimulation to nourish the deceased. Abraham Andrews was called and explained the views of the "Peculiar People," and repeated that they were bound to nourish the body with food, including wine and spirits; but medicine was a different thing altogether, and they did not believe in the doctors.

The Coroner asked him whether he would call a doctor if he broke his leg; and he said that, while in the fold of Christ, such a thing would not happen to him. His legs could only be broken through disobedience, and would be a sign of his being without the grace of God. They did not despise medical men believing they were of great use to those who were not walking in obedience; but those who possessed Christ considered that God would be their help in every time of need. Eventually the inquiry was adjourned for a post mortem examination to ascertain if the man's life could have been saved by proper medical advice.

The Philadelphia reporter of the dresses at a ball, who wrote that "Miss Bloodgood wore a double shirt, neatly trimmed with satin ribbon," is dodging the girl's brother, who wants to know how he found it out. The reporter now says he tried to write "skirt," and he thinks he must have been drunk, which is very likely.

"Sammy, my boy, what are you crying for?"

"Bill have the Bible at me, and hit me on the head."

"Well, you are the only person in my family on whom the Bible ever made the least impression."

A Boy on Corns.

CORNS are of all kinds. Vegetable corn grows in rows and animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corn; there is unicorn, capricorn, corn-dodgers, acknowledge the corn, field corn and toe corn, which is the corn you feel most. It is said, I believe, that gophers like corn; but persons who have corns do not like to "go far," if they can help it. Corns have kernels, and some Colons become "corned." Vegetable corn grows on ears, but animal corn grows on the feet at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is the acorn; these grow on oaks, but there is a hoax about the corn. The acorn is a corn with an indefinite article, but the corn is very definite indeed. Try it and see. Many a man when he has a corn wishes it were an acorn.

Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is corned, he would probably do as well as if he isn't. The doctor says corns are produced by tight boots or shoes, which is probably the reason why when a man is tight they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well he can get a good deal of corn on one acre, but I know a farmer that has corn that makes the biggest acher on his farm. The bigger crop of vegetable corn a man raises the better he likes it, but the bigger crop of animal corn he raises the better he does not like it. Another kind of a corn is a corn-dodger. The way it is made is very simple, and is as follows (that is if you want to know):

You go along the street and you meet a man you know has a corn, and is a rough character, then you step on the toe that has the corn on it, and see if you don't have occasion to dodge. In that way you'll find out what a corn dodger is.

"Ain't That Kind."

AMONG the stories told of General Thomas, is one of an incident which occurred when he and his chief of staff, General Garfield, were inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga, in 1863. They heard a shout, "Hello, mister! You! I want to speak to you;" and General Thomas found that he was the person addressed, by an uncouth, backwoods, East Tennessee soldier. He stopped, and the dialogue which ensued was as follows:

"Mister I want to get a furlough."

"On what grounds do you want a furlough, my man?"

"I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long is it since you saw your wife?"

"Ever since I enlisted, nigh on to three months."

"Three months!" good-naturedly.

"Why, my good man, I haven't seen my wife for three years."

The East Tennessee stopped whittling for a moment, and stared incredulously; at length he said:

"Well, you see, me and my wife ain't that kind."

Even General Thomas's grimness was not proof against the laughter which he rode away to conceal, leaving the astonished soldier without an answer.

Big Feet.

A New Orleans paper says: Yesterday, a well-to-do citizen was down town until late in the evening, and the society of a number of friends had somewhat disturbed the serenity of his mind. In getting into a car, to return home, he staggered a little, and tangling his feet in a lady's skirt, measured his length on the floor. He struggled to his feet, and looking around, indignantly demanded to know who struck him. A gentleman present remarked, "You fell over that lady's feet—nobody struck you." The salubrious citizen turned round and surveyed the cause of his accident a moment, and then, as if by no means satisfied with the reason of his mishap, said: "Madame, you've got the biggest feet I ever saw." "Sir!" aspirated the lady, flushing with anger. "Pray, don't apologize, madam," interposed the man. "I am aware it ain't your fault, but take my advice—sit always sideways in future, and give them the full range of the car," and taking a seat he looked the essence of sublime indifference.

Argue not with a man whom you know to be of an obstinate temper, for when he is once contradicted, his mind is barred up against all light and information: arguments, though ever so well grounded, do but provoke him, and make him afraid to be convinced of the truth.