

## TROY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1878.

## Going into Partnership.

Mrs. Nottingham, being unable to get the means from her husband to supply her necessities, at last informed him that she should resume her profession of teaching, so as to be as independent as she was before she was married.

"You're not in earnest, my dear?" said Mr. Nottingham.

"Of course I'm in earnest. Why not? Do you suppose I intend to go this way, begging and praying for every farthing I spend? I've been independent once, and I can be so again."

"No; but look here!" Mr. Nottingham had risen, and was pacing up and down rather uneasily. "My wife can't go to teaching! What is it that you want?"

"What I can earn!" proudly retorted Mrs. Nottingham.

"But put it into words."

"Well, then, look here," said Mrs. Nottingham. "I have always done my own work and sewing. Considered as a cook, I demand three pounds a month; as a seamstress, one pound; as your wife, and the lawful mother of your children, at least ten pounds more. And then I shall not consider myself properly compensated."

"Whew-w-w! Let me see—it's nearly £20 a month!"

"I consider my services as worth that, at least," said Mrs. Nottingham, with dignity; "but if you would rather hire a housekeeper, I will prosecute my original idea of opening a select school."

Mr. Nottingham walked up and down the room once more, rumpling his hair into porcupine fashion with his fingers.

"I'll consult Uncle Wetherbee," he said.

"Very well," said Mrs. Nottingham. "I am quite willing to abide by his decision."

Uncle Wetherbee, a bronze-visaged ex-sailor, who was comfortably smoking his meerschaum up stairs, was summoned at once. He came down—rather slowly, on account of a wooden leg—and listened to the special pleading on either side with the utmost gravity.

"D'ye want to know my opinion?" said Uncle Wetherbee, when they both had finished.

"Certainly," said Mr. Nottingham.

"Of course," said his wife.

"Then look here," said Uncle Wetherbee. "Matrimony's a copartnership of joys and sorrows, and it ought to be of money as well. My advice is, Nephew Nicholas, that you divide even with your wife."

"Divide—even!" blankly repeated Mr. Nottingham.

"Or, better still," went on Uncle Wetherbee, "take one-third of the money yourself, lay aside one-third for household purposes, and give the other third to Phoebe."

"Yes, but Uncle—"

"You asked my advice," said Uncle Wetherbee. "There it is. And I have nothing more to say."

And off he stumped up stairs again.

Mr. Nottingham looked at his wife. His wife looked back again at him.

"Well," said Phoebe.

"I will try it," said Mr. Nottingham. "It seems a wild idea, but Uncle Wetherbee is a remarkably sensible man. Yes, I'll try it."

And for the next three years Mr. Nottingham remained in partnership with his wife on these unusual financial conditions.

"Though, for the life of me, I can't see what you do with all your money," said he to his wife.

"The very idea that has often suggested itself to me in regard to yours," retorted Mrs. Nottingham laughing.

"I had intended to buy a house for you, if it hadn't been for this unexpected appropriation of my funds," said Mr. N.

"I can wait, dear," said his wife, serenely. "All in good time."

But one afternoon Mr. Nottingham came home early from business and

rushed up to Uncle Wetherbee's room.

"My dear Uncle," said he, "that house of Falkirk's is in the market at forced sale. Such a bargain! Only six hundred?"

"Why don't you buy it then?" said Mr. Wetherbee, scooping fresh tobacco out of his jar.

"Because I've only been able to lay up four hundred out of that deucedly small allowance of mine," said Mr. Nottingham. "Ever since I divided with Phoebe, according to your suggestion—"

"Yes," nodded Uncle Wetherbee, "according to my suggestion—"

"I've been a comparatively poor man," sighed Mr. Nottingham. "One can't lay up anything on such a pittance as that."

"Perhaps your wife thinks so, too," chuckled Uncle Wetherbee.

"Matter," said Mr. Nottingham. "I've been thinking I ought to reconsider that affair."

Uncle Wetherbee stared intently at his wooden leg, and said nothing.

"But," added Mr. Nottingham, "about the Falkirk place? It's a little gem of a house, and I've always wanted a house of my own. This rent-paying business don't altogether suit me. And I could give a mortgage for the odd \$200 if you would allow me to use your name for security."

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" said Uncle Wetherbee, "use it as much as you like."

And Mr. Nottingham went off rejoicing.

But Wiggs and Sangster, the agents in charge of the Falkirk place, were exultant when he arrived.

"Four hundred pounds and a mortgage for the balance is all very well," said Mr. Sangster, "but they had had another offer that morning—of cash down! And they had considered it their duty to Mr. Falkirk to close with it. Very sorry—but perhaps they might suit Mr. Nottingham with some other piece of property."

Mr. Nottingham went home, sadly dispirited.

"What's the use of trying to save money?" said he. "I'm going to give it up, after this?"

"I don't agree with you there, my dear," said Mrs. Nottingham. "I've been saving money for the past three years, and I've found it pays!"

"You have?" said her husband.

"Of course I have. Do you suppose that I spent all the money? Not a bit of it. I put the best part of it out at interest, always following Uncle Wetherbee's advice in my investments, and I have bought a house with it!"

"What house?"

Mr. Nottingham's eyes opened wider and wider.

"The Falkirk house," said Mrs. Nottingham, her cheeks and lips dimpling all over with satisfaction. "I completed the bargain to-day. My dear,"—stealing one arm around her husband's neck—"how do you think I have held up my end of the business partnership?"

"Better than I could have done myself, Phoebe," said Mr. Nottingham, with a curious moisture coming into his eyes. "My plucky little wife, I am proud of you!"

"It was your money, Nicholas," said the wife in a faltering voice.

"But it was your prudence and economy that stored it up, Phoebe."

"Then you don't regret the terms and articles of our partnership?"

"Not in the least," answered Mr. Nottingham, fervently.

So the young couple moved into the Falkirk house when the first of May came around, and the coolest room in the house, with a south window and an open fireplace for a wooden fire, was reserved for Uncle Wetherbee.

And Mr. Nottingham is never tired of telling his friends his wife bought the place with her share of the partnership profits.

"The most charming woman in the world," says Mr. Nottingham—*English Magazine*.

It is estimated that Missouri has 450,000 acres of land subject to entry. Of this only 2,700 acres lies north of the Missouri river.

## A Wife's Power.

The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, courage and strength; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where his wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intellectual man with a whole heart, he needs his moral forces in the conflicts of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of comfort. There his soul renews its strength and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and trouble of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, jealousy or gloom, or is assailed by complaints and censure, hope vanishes and he sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many who, it might seem, have no conflicts or trials of life; for such is woman's power.

## Boys And Other Colts.

(Golden Rule.)

Now, boys, let the colts out into the lots, and see them run. Don't keep them penned up in the stalls. That is as bad as keeping a healthy boy in bed all day. They were never made for prison, but for freedom. More colts are permanently injured by lack of exercise than by any other cause. What they want is a chance to run, and race, and curvette, and kick up their heels, and draw the cool fresh air into their lungs and blow it out with a snort. Bring them all out into this four-acre lot; slip the halters; climb up on the fence and see them go it. What a sight! See them sweep! See them circle! Ha! see that fellow trot! Did you see the chestnut catch his gait? Here they come, heads and tails up, steaming toward us like a torrent of leaves blown by the gale! How their eyes shine! How their feet fly! How full of life, and vigor, and fire they are! There is no sight in the cities like that, boys; no work purer, healthier, manlier than yours. Stick to the farm and stable, and the free exhilarating life of the country. You are a deal happier than you would be measuring tape and clerking it for eight dollars a week in the city.

## A Solid Cause at Last.

An Irish matron enters a lawyer's office: "Is this the place, sur, where people git divorces?"

"Yes, occasionally we engage in that kind of business. What can we do for you, madam?"

"Faith, sur, I'd like to git a divorce from me husband Patrick."

"What is the matter with Patrick, madam?"

"Shure and Patrick gits drunk, sur."

"That's bad. But I hardly think that alone will be sufficient cause. Have you no other complaint?"

"Indade I have, sur. Patrick bates me."

"Yes, yes, I see. That adds cruelty to drunkenness. But, madam, you do not seem to suffer much in your appearance from Patrick's cruelty. I think you must find a stronger reason before the court will grant you a divorce."

"Well, sur, besides all that, I fear, sur, that Patrick isn't true to me."

"Ah! now, madam, you begin to talk business. What reason have you for thinking that Patrick is unfaithful to you?"

"Well, sur, I may say that it's myself that has a strong suspicion that Patrick is not the father of me last child."

There is a fish used as a gandle, and is caught on the coast of Alaska. It is almost eight inches long, almost transparent and very fat, which fat is pure, white and very sweet. The Indian dry this fish, then light it at the tail, and it burns with a clear, sparkling flame which the wind will not extinguish.

## Living Cheaply.

From the Golden Age.

One of the subjects talked and written about a good deal at the present time is, how to live cheaply. The question is asked seriously and earnestly by a great many city people. Prices of all the great staples of life are high. Rents are enormous. Fashions are exacting. Wants multiply, while resources diminish. How to make strap and buckle meet, is the problem which presses on hundreds of housekeepers of the middle class.

We have been not a little amused at some of the suggestions on this subject in the daily papers. One writer proposes that everybody shall live in flats, paying from \$1,000 to \$1,800 rent for a suit of rooms; when a rent of five hundred dollars is all that a family of the middle class can really afford. Another has found relief in dismissing one domestic and doing part of the housework herself, and requiring her eldest daughter to take care of a chamber or two; while the middle class family keeps but one girl at the most, and hardly knows how to afford even that luxury. A third has discovered that buying the family stores in large quantities at wholesale prices is far more economical than to purchase at the corner grocery; a fact which the middle-class family long ago found out, and always acts upon when it has money enough to purchase in that way. A fourth thinks that the most economical way, for a family of small means, is to buy all it wants on credit and never pay the bills; a method, we are sorry to say, that some families of more pretension than principal resort to, and yet are always poor and always complaining.

The difficulty in the problem is to reconcile irreconcilables. The middle-class family generally wants all the fine things, all the style and display of wealthy neighbors. It insists on having costly furniture, showy upholstery, rich dinners, and a party now and then; all of which cost money, and a good deal of it. The problem would simplify itself at once, would the middle class family cease trying to appear what it is not, and be content to appear as thought just what it is. It is the pretense that occasions the perplexity. It is the display which makes such havoc of the dollars that are slow to come and quick to go. It is what is done to keep up appearances that destroys the equilibrium between outgo and income, and makes life a drudgery and vexation.

How to live cheaply is a question easy enough to answer if one will be content for show. Put convenience in the place of fashion. Study simplicity. Refuse to be beguiled into a style of living above what is required by your position in society and is justified by your resources. Set a fashion of simplicity, neatness, prudence and inexpensiveness, which others will be glad to follow and thank you for introducing. Teach yourself to do without a thousand and one pretty and showy things which wealthy people purchase, and pride yourself on being just as happy without them as your rich neighbors are with them. Put so much dignity, sincerity, kindness, virtue and love into your simple and inexpensive home that its members will never miss the costly fripperies and showy adornments of fashion, and be happier in the cozy and comfortable apartments than most of their wealthy neighbors are in their splendid establishments.

It does not follow that in order to live cheaply one must live meanly. The great staples of life are not costly. Taste, refinement, good cheer, wit and even elegance are inexpensive. It is amazing how much comfort and beauty, joy, and culture and refinement can be put into the humblest home with very little expense. Will husband and wife really set about the thing in earnest and call upon their ingenuity when their money fails, and make affection supply what ingenuity cannot compass? There is no trouble about young people marrying with no outfit but health and love and an honest purpose, provided they will practice the thrift and prudence to which their great parents owed all their

success, and make their thought and love supply what they lack in the means of display. Those who begin life at the top of the ladder generally tumble off, while those who begin at the foot generally acquire steadiness, courage and strength of arm and will as they rise.

## Corruption.

The enormous thieving of the carpet-bag legislature of South Carolina has been reported by the investigating committee. During one session the state paid \$350,000 for "supplies;" \$125,000 for wine, brandy, whiskey and cigars, at the rate of \$20 a gallon for brandy, \$10 for sherry, \$80 for champagne, \$20 a hundred for cigars, etc. In four years more than \$200,000 was paid for furniture, which was shipped away at the close of the session. The bills were more than doubled, and certificates were issued for them. They were made up of such items as follows: Clocks and mirrors, costing \$600 each, Webster's dictionaries, \$12 call bells, \$25 inkstands, and \$10 gold pens, imported kid gloves, ladies' watches, men's white and brown hosiery, linen cambric handkerchiefs, ladies' hoods, cambrics, ribbons of all qualities, fine plain goods, extra long bath towels, pieces of crepe, scissors, skirt braids and pins, baize, spool cotton, prints, tooth brushes, heavy combs, flax, buttons, whalebone, gingham, hooks and eyes, boulevard skirts, "bustlers," extra long stockings, chignons, "palpatators," garters, chemises, under-vests, parasols and sun umbrellas, fine overcoats, pants, vests, coats, shirts, undershirts, drawers, socks, boots, suspenders, collars, shoes, slippers and hats.

The Treaty of Paris, March 30, 1856 establishes the neutralization of the Black Sea, and closes the straits to all foreign men-of-war. On the same day another treaty was signed between Great Britain, Austria, France, Sardinia and the Porte, relative to the straits, in which the treaty of July 13, 1841, was approved. The latter treaty agrees upon the closing of the straits to all foreign men-of-war in time of peace, and that all light men-of-war in the service of the European empires at Constantinople shall be provided with special permission issued by the porte. In October, 1870, Russia denounced the stipulation which limited her naval forces in the Black Sea. The Treaty of London, March 13, 1871, recognized the military and naval rights of the Russians in the Black Sea, but did not change the situation of the straits. From 1856 to 1871 nine foreign war vessels passed through the straits, viz: one British in 1872, one American in 1866, two American, two Austrian, one French and one Russian in 1868, and one Prussian in 1868—not to speak of an English fleet the other day. Such are the treaties now in existence, which the anti-Russian element in England declare shall not be encroached upon.

A good many years ago a President of the United States who had no taint of fraud, either in his title or his nature, entered a meeting house after the sermon had begun. The minister was not a D.D., but a plain, old-fashioned Methodist preacher. He was telling of the terrors of hell—rather a favorite topic with Methodist preachers in those days—when a minister sitting behind him in the pulpit suddenly, twitched his coat tail; "Brother, General Jackson has just come in!" "General Jackson!" shouted the preacher, "Who is General Jackson? If he doesn't repent and get religion, God will send Gen. Jackson to hell as quick as he would a Guinea pigger." Old Hickory stayed after meeting to shake hands with him, and they were warm friends ever after.

As an illustration of the deplorable tendency of this age to the use of "slang," we quote the following from the verbatim report of an Omaha Judge's charge: "Plaintiff seems to have got the bulge on the defendant; jury please take notice."

The exports of meat and live stock to Great Britain last year are nearly double what they were in 1876.

The gift to our government of articles from the Centennial exhibition are estimated to be worth \$1,000,000.