TRAINING A HUSBAND.

So you want ter know how I come ter hev Caleb, when I knew jest heow he used Nancy, his last wife. Wal, I'll tell ye all about it.

You know Dan'l left me pretty poorly off. I had two little children, an' what ter dew I didn't know. The mortgage was ter run out in about a year an' a half arter he died. I'd sent the children down to brother John's ter go ter school. Brother John wanted me to give them ter him, and he'd do well by 'em, an' I was meditating on it, orful loth to dew it. But what else could I dew with them, when the old farm was took away from me?

One day, when the time was near out, I was a lookin' the leans side of the fence jinin' Caleb's cornfield. I tell ye, Hannah, I never felt bluer in all my born days. I'd allers lived an' worked on a farm, an couldn't do no other kind o' work; so what was to become of me I didn't know.

"Purty good hoein' for a green hand," sez somebody over the fence.

"Yes," sez I, "I've done enough of it sence I was left alone. 'Practice makes perfect,' we used ter write in our copy book when we were child'en," an' I couldn't help heavin' a sigh.

"Wall, Emmeline," sez he, "you'n I seem to be in the same fix. You need a man ter do yer hoeing an' sech, an' I need a woman to see ter my house, an' if you're agreed, we'll hitch horses an' work in double harness. I can't find no hired help that'll do as Nancy did." (Thinks I ter myself, and you'll never find another wife 'twill, either.) "So what d'ye say, Emmeline?"

P'raps I didn't think o' nothing for the next few minutes. It all flashed over me in a second, what an undecidin' man he'd allers been. Poor Nancy had ter dew all the boss-work, an' a good deal I'd longed ter him ter dew, an' he was stinger than an old miser, tew.

I knew he was a smart man ter work, was forehanded and was able to live in a good deal better shape than he did, an' you know, Hannah, that poor Dan'el was jest the oppersite. He was a norful clever man, was Dan'el, but kind o' shiftless an' easy, an' it always worried me so much tew hev things goin' so slack. Sez I ter myself, a body can't hev everything; there's allers some coats, an' a poor man's bottom' none. So I speaks right up, an' I sez:

"Caleb, we've been neibors for many a year. I know your traits, an' s'pose you know mine, an' so, if you say so, all right, p'raps we might both do wus."

Wall, ter make a long story short, we agreed ter hev the business done right off. Caleb said thet it was stylish to go on a weddin' tower now-a-days, and as he wanted ter go down to Bangor ter see about selling his wood, an' as Sarah Jane Curtis (who used ter work for him) lived about half way, an' we could stop there both ways, and not cost us anything, he thought we'd better go. (His niece, Rebecca Gilman, yer know, lives there, and we could make her a visit at the same time.) Brother John lives there tew, you know, an' I'd made up my mind that I'd jest bring home the child'en.

An' so I did; but Caleb was orful sot agin it, but sez: "of course they can come and make a visit," an' I let him think so, 'cause I wasn't quite ready to have words with him yet.

We stayed about a week, an' got home along in the arternoon all right. Ther nex' mornin' I woke up purty airly, an' I sez to myself: "Courage, Emmeline, now or never." I kep' still, ter Caleb was still a snorin', but bime by he fetched an on'arthly snort that wake't himself up, an' w'en he see 'at it was gettin' daylight, he nudged me and sez he:

"Wake up, Emmeline, Emmeline. It's broad daylight; come, come, git up, we shan't hev any breakfast ter-day."

I was orful hard to wake, but after awhile I managed tew, an' while I was a rubbin' my eyes, I sez, "Got a good hot fire, ain't ye, Caleb?"

"Fire!" said he; "no, I never build any fires. Nancy alers built the fires."

"Did she?" sez I, as cool as a cucumber. "So did Dan'el."

Wall, he wiggled, and turned, and twisted, an' he didn't move ter get up fer about an hour, an' when the sun rose and shone inter the bedroom winder he got up and built the fire. There wans't no kindlin's, nora stick o' wood, an' he had to squarmish round lively and get some in.

Arter the fire got tew crackling in good shape, I got up. I didn't hurry none, let me tell you. I was 'most dead lying abed so long, but sez I to myself: "If I make the fires now, I'll prob'ly hev to dew it in cold weather, and I won't dew it for any man."

He was pretty suilen all day, but I didn't take no notice of him, an' he got over it. The next day he was ter begin hayin', an' hed six men ter help him. I had ter do all the work, an' take care of the milk an' churnin' an' it wasn't no fool of a job. Come time ter get dinner, an' there wasn't a sliver o' wood cut. I sent Johnnie (he was then about seven years old) out in ther field ter tell Caleb I wanted him.

He came in looking savage enough, and wanted to know what it was I wanted. Sez I:

"I want some wood ter burn."

"Wal," sez he, "there's a whole wood-pile out there. Help yerself."

"An' not a stick split," sez I. "You will have ter git a bigger stove to burn that."

"Wal, it ain't such a hard job ter split it," sez he. "Nancy used tew, of'en, when I was bizzy."

"Did she?" sez I. "So did Dan'el."

He got the wood, an' said, as he was going out, that he didn't want ter be called in out o' the mowing field again, unless 'twas for victuals.

"All right," sez I.

The nex' day 'twas the same thing; not a stick split. Thinks I: "Old fellow, you ain't got no Nancy here. I'll larn ye a little somethin' that p'r'aps yer don't know." So when it was dinner time I blows the horn, an' in comes all seven of the men an' sets down ter the table. Sich streaked lookin' faces as they hed as they viewed the grub. There was the biscuits just dough, the pertaters, an' meat, an' vegetables, an' everything was washed clean and put on raw. Not a thing was cooked.

Caleb looked blacker'n a thunder-cloud.

"What does this mean?" sez he.

"It means what it means," sez I. "You said yest'day that you didn't want ter be called in from the mowin' field again, unless it was for victuals, an' here they are."

"Nice shape, tew," sez he.

"Wal," sez he, "Nancy allers give me all the money that she took for her butter and eggs."

"Did she?" sez I. "And so did Dan'el."

He got tired of holding Nancy up afore my eyes, for I would affect her with Dan'el every time. He found that I was powerful set in my way, an' he thought he might as well let me hev my own way, an' so he hez. I don't mean to be ugly, but I won't be trod on by nobody. When he wouldn't let me hev what money I wanted, I'd sell something every time. I sold two tons of hay one time, when I knew that he only hed enough to winter his critters. So, on the whole, he found out that I wasn't afraid of him, and he behaved quite decent. I told him, not long ago, that he was growin' clever.

"Clever!" sez he. "I'd rather you'd call me a dog-gonned fule, than clever."

But I notice he has improved, an' I lay it ter his trainin'.

London Fighting Gangs.

The fighting gangs have an organization almost as complete as that of the police. Each gang has its Captain, who, again, has his junior officers. A certain order is invariably preserved, and the members of the band are under certain responsibilities as to the spoils; for the gangs are by no means organized simply for the purpose of fighting each other. This is a pleasant delusion which helps to reconcile the London public to the fact of their existence. The majority of the members of these organizations—youths whose ages range from about sixteen to twenty-two—are plainly and simply thieves. There are bodies of young men who roam about at night simply for the sake of mischief, and whose playful violence frequently has unpleasant results; but when regular gangs fight it is for mastery. It not unfrequently happens that one set, bent on the extension of its territory, invades the district of another. Then there has to be some sort of rectification of frontier, brought about by the usual process. Recently there was such a conflict between the Dove row gang and the Bow commoners, in which the Dove row gang came off victorious. Such incidents as these, however, are mere episodes in the great epic of juvenile crime. The object of the gang is robbery, if necessary with violence. "What do you do at nights?" I said recently to a youth who had been a member of one of these bodies of juvenile roughs. "What did they do? Why, they waited about, and if anybody respectable passed them they tripped him up and robbed him." "Did they use violence sometimes?" "He should think they did. They wore broad leather belts with heavy buckles on them. Sometimes they carried sticks, but the belts were best. Oh, they took lots of things." "What would they do if they took a watch?" "Why, pawn it, to be sure. They often met in the mornings to reckon up what they had done the night before. Many a time they robbed shop tills. One of them hid himself behind the counter, and the others waited outside. No, their parents didn't know much about it. Most of them had no parents. Those who had generally left home and went to lodgings. They lodged together mostly, two or three of them in one place. They didn't read much; very few of them could read; p'raps one would read to the others sometimes. Didn't know that they had ever killed anybody, but had many a time knocked people down." "Yes," he said, in reply to another question, "they fought other gangs now and then to see who was strongest. Some of them had been in prison lots of times; they didn't mind it much—they got used to it. Had left them now, and was trying to lead a better life."

The fighting gangs are mostly composed of lads who, if they have ever done any work, have found the conditions of labor neither sufficiently pleasant nor sufficiently profitable. Utterly ignorant and untrained, they seem to see a kind of heroism in their present mode of life. Their spirit is much the same as that which animated the buccaneer and the brigand. Punishment merely hardens them, for the only thing which they regard as shameful is the want of "pluck" and endurance. It is not merely during the last year or two that the gangs have come into existence. On the contrary, many of them have existed for years. They are the regular feeders of the vast criminal population of London. When a thief has age or experience enough to stand alone, he leaves the gang and embarks in private ventures. Probably his maturity comes upon him in jail. He is too old to go back to the gang again; the "Wild Boy" period has passed over, and he deserts the New cut or Bow common lane for the obscurer haunts of habitual crime. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Coolies Acting Like Sheep.

"If you have the patience to watch them, you will be amused, and perhaps astonished, to see how like sheep these coolies are," Deputy-Custom-Inspector Brown said to a reporter yesterday morning, as the coolies from the Devonshire were being landed and searched. The sheepish characteristic remarked by the official was the blind, stupid persistence of each coolie in doing exactly as the one before him was doing. At one time it was desirable to have a part of the Chinamen leave the sea-wall shed through another entrance than that through which the first landed were going. It would not only have greatly assisted the officers, but would also have been a vast convenience to the Chinamen themselves, as it would have avoided the snarl and crowd and confusion resulting from packing all the Chinamen into express wagons near one of the shed entrances. Accordingly, the Custom House officers attempted to divert part of the living stream pouring in tumultuous and noisy haste over the steamer's side on to the wharf to another part of the shed. It was useless. The aid of interpreters was invoked. The coolies were plainly told in their own language to go in a certain direction. Still useless. Those crowding on the wharf went in the same direction they saw the ones preceding them go, and nothing could prevent them. They were pushed, argued with, even struck by the exasperating whites, but it was as if a sheep-herder had endeavored to reason with his scurrying, witless, panic-stricken flock.—*San Francisco Call.*

—The Atlanta *Constitution* urges the circulation of cents in the South, that section at present being too proud to handle anything less than a nickel.

Horse Injuries.

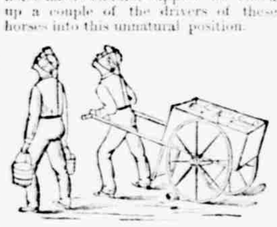
The butcher who transports a number of calves in his wagon, and allows their heads to dangle over the sides of the box, excuses himself on the score of want of room. The teamster who brutally pounds his horses when they are unable to draw the load claims that such beating will sometimes impart more strength. The drover who prods his cattle with a sharp iron defends his barbarity on the plea that this animal's can be more rapidly driven when made to suffer from this pain. But the man who fastens up his horse's head in an unnatural, painful position, with nose extended and eyes glaring upward at the sun, has absolutely no excuse. He cannot claim that the horse travels better, is super-loaded, or can draw more. And he certainly cannot excuse himself on the claim that the animal presents a better appearance, for the exact contrary is the fact.

In order to present this folly clearly before the reader, let us show the horse's head as we see it daily on our streets when fastened in position by the over-check.

UNNATURAL POSITION—THE INJURY AND DISFIGUREMENT OF THE HORSE WHICH RESULTS FROM THE PRESENT "STYLE" OF THE OVER-CHECK.

In the above illustration we see the horse's head not only held unnaturally upward in such manner that great pain must result, but the eyes are prevented from seeing the roadway, and thus the animal is continually liable to misstep, slip and fall. With head held up thus and eyes blinded by the sun, and unable to see where he steps, the horse is compelled to travel at a rapid rate over our common roads, drawing a buggy which often contains two or three persons.

In order to fully realize what the horse has to endure, suppose we check up a couple of the drivers of these horses into this unnatural position.



LET THEM KNOW HOW IT IS THE SLAVES—THE DRIVERS OF OUR HORSES BOING OUT AND PUTTING ON "STYLE" WITH HEAD PULLED BACK AND FACE TURNED UPWARD BY THE OVER-CHECK.

The first ten minutes these men will probably endure this torture without much complaint, but as the hours go by and the pain in the neck becomes excruciating, and the mouth bloody from the effort to get the head down, they will understand and appreciate what causes the continual restless tossing of the head which the horse exhibits when he is thus tortured by the over-check. To add to the pain arising from this terribly unnatural position, let these men, while the sun is blinding their eyes, with their burdens to draw or carry, unable to see where they are to step, be whipped into a run over the rough roads of the town, and we have the brutality of the exhibition complete.

A day of watching the best horses of our city as they are being driven will reveal the fact that this torture is imposed on them under the impression on the part of their owners that, rigged out thus, with a straight strap over their necks, they exhibit more "style." The real fact is, however, that the horse with neck straightened, thus having head and nose extended forward, is greatly injured in appearance, as the following illustrations show.

NATURAL POSITION—THE GRACE AND BEAUTY WHICH COME FROM ARCHING NECK AND CURVED LINES.

A well-fed, well-groomed, spirited horse is the most beautiful animal in existence. This arises from his elegant proportions, the contrasts that come from his supple movements and handsome colors, and the graceful curves that outline the body. All this is seen from a study of the animal in a natural condition.

Particularly will the reader observe the graceful arch of the neck in the beautiful horse. This curve of neck is one of the chief beauties of this handsome animal, and this feature of attraction is entirely destroyed when the neck is straightened by the over-check.

Nature abhors a straight line. Those beautiful things of her's which we most admire always adhere to the curve. Examine her works and see. The leaf, the blossom, the tree, the waving grain, forest, mountain, planet—all have curving outlines. There are no straight lines. The same is true of all beautiful animals. The human countenance when wasted by disease, becoming thin, angular and full of straight lines, loses its exterior beauty. When health comes back and the face swells into graceful form with increasing flesh, beauty returns. In lower life those animals that exhibit the greatest amount of curve, accompanied by harmonious proportion, are the most beautiful.

This idea of curved line is brought out in the illustration below, which shows the two methods of checking horses.

NATURAL AND UNNATURAL POSITION—TWO HORSES, ONE BEAUTIFUL FROM HEAD HELD IN GRACEFUL POSITION, THE OTHER DISFIGURED FROM ITS NECK BEING STRAIGHTENED AND ITS HEAD DRAWN INTO A POSITION WHICH INFLICTS PAIN AND TORTURE.

—Elkanah P. Stedman, of Cincinnati, heard that his daughter had appeared in a charity entertainment at Leominster, Mass., dressed in male costume. In his will, recently admitted to probate, is found the following clause: "I have heretofore intrusted to her a larger share of my property than prudence justified. I shall not leave her anything. I heard she appeared before promiscuous assemblies dressed in men's clothing to excite the admiration of the audience, trying to raise money to pay a church debt. I cannot devote any more to such purposes."—*Iowa State Register.*

Late Fashion Notes.

Amber satin toilets are imported, trimmed with panes and revers of pale blue velvet, embroidered with amber beads.

The sunflower and the lily are seen in printed dress fabrics, and in military ornaments, brooches, bangles, and fancy trifles of enamled under crystal.

The balayeuse of black or white lace will again adorn summer costumes. Those, however, made of brightened silk or satin are utterly out of fashion.

Irish batiste, in soft, pale shades of color, as sky blue, lilac, orange, pink, cream, ivory, fawn and corn-color, will be among the list of popular summer fabrics.

White foulard night-dresses appear with shirring over the shoulders and upon the sleeves, and are trimmed with Medici lace and bows of white satin ribbon.

Spanish lace drapes many of the stylish visites and cloaks of black satin and surah, but in the height of summer all foundations will be dispensed with, and the rich lace alone will be used for visites and dolmans over toilets of the prettiest colors.

New evening shoes of pale blue, lilac, fawn or black velvet, are laced up the fronts with slender cords of gold or silver, and the pointed toes are covered with embroidery worked in gold or silver threads intermingled with silver, gold and amber beads. They are made over Spanish lasts, and have high French heels.

Some of the new Parisian dinner dresses of black Turkish satin are made with sharp-pointed Canaraje bodice, to which are applied full panniers of black Spanish net, edged with wide ruffles of Spanish lace of a pattern to correspond. The bodice is high at the back, cut heart-shaped in front, and ended with Spanish lace. Superb jet-beaded embroidery borders this opening and also garnishes the sleeves and lower edge of the pointed bodice.

Some ladies, a few—are this spring wearing scarlet cloth tailor-made Newmarket jackets on the promenade. One of these was lately worn in combination with a black velvet underskirt and Watteau tunic of the same. The bonnet was of black velvet, and the gloves of black kid were embroidered in tiny red rosebuds. Worn in conjunction with black alone the red coat was not disagreeably obtrusive, though a description of it sounds somewhat startling.

Among the model bonnets from Paris are poke shaped Panamas, lined with velvet and trimmed with handsome satin ribbons, trails of the most exquisite flowers, and aigrettes and pompons in soft and beautiful tints. One of these is faced with dark laurel-green velvet. Around the crown is a wreath of smilax, wood moss and gold-tipped mignonette, blossoms intermingled. At the left side is set a cluster of wild roses, overshadowed by two full ostrich tips shading to pale gold. The green satin strings are embossed with a lace design in gold color.

Handkerchief pouches and bags continue in fashion. They add very much to the delicate finish of full dress designed for any occasion, be it ball, party, wedding or opera. Some very dainty ones accompany newly imported garden-party toilets, many of them in envelope shape being made of satin, exquisitely hand-painted and trimmed with gold or silver lace; others in the form of tiny muffs are bordered with white marabout feather trimming, but the prettiest of all are in Greek style, depending low on the skirt from a fine gold or silver chalelaine, and trimmed with Grecian embroidery and bows and ends of satin ribbon.

For spring and summer wear fancy silks will be in great demand. In taffetas, Louisine, glace, chene and other light silks, are found some novel and attractive patterns and combinations. These fabrics make inexpensive and dressy costumes which, with care, will last two seasons, especially if a thin lining is used in making them up. A pretty model for a seaside costume is made of fine shepherd's plaid silk in black and gold. Three kilted ruffles trim the underskirt, and the full panniers are edged with black lace. Long looped bows of black satin, faced with old gold, are added, and the visite is of the same material, trimmed around the bottom with two ruffles of lace. A zig-zag fall of lace is arranged down each side of the visite in front, which is closed with tiny gold buttons.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A Cat and a Bird.

On Sunday last we witnessed a singular contest between a mocking-bird and a cat. When first observed the bird was on the ground, about three feet from the cat, singing a shrill and triumphant melody, that held its enemy entranced. The bird had come under the mesmeric influence of the cat and could not get away, and the cat, charmed by the melody of the bird, could not eat it. Several times it would crouch, give its tail a switching motion and prepare to spring, but the bird would approach, warbling in a milder strain, and puss would rub her head against it, purring in that manner so peculiar to these animals when pleased.

We watched to see how this novel contest would end, and even tried to frighten the bird away, but the cat caught it up in her mouth, ran off a short distance, put it upon the ground and let the little creature sing, seeming perfectly content with its music. We again approached, took the cat up, when the bird also flew up a tree near by and seemed deeply distressed, the cat meanwhile eying it wistfully. At last we succeeded in scaring the bird away and put the cat down, when it immediately started off to hunt up the bird. Whether it succeeded in finding it or not we can not say.—*American Republican.*

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