

ONLY A CALICO DRESS.

Now do be reasonable, Jane. What if it is but a little thing? I tell you, in these days of heavy taxes and war debts, and all the rest of it, a man wants all the money he can rake and scrape, and can't afford to spend a cent on anything that can be got along without. So I guess you must get along without your calico dress, Jane, till times are a little better."

The young wife turned and looked at him—an angry light in her blue eyes.

"I'll not ask again, if I never get au-

thing to do with it, and she, too, began to think that she had dresses enough, goodness knows!—she checked herself suddenly, but in a moment added, "Only a calico dress! And to be refused! You get your housework done very cheap, Josiah. A hired girl would cost you more than many calico dresses in the course of the year!"

With a bitter smile she left the room; and Josiah Webb, muttering something that was not exactly a blessing, snatched his hat, and darted out of the house into the farm-yard, where, for half an hour or so, he confided his sentences to several newspapers in general, and his

Wife in particular, to a select audience of a dozen cows.

And then Mr. Webb began to cool down and to see some reason in his wife's remarks and request after all.

"You get your housework done very cheap Josiah!" It was the keen truth of the remark that had stung him so keenly.

Well, it was cheap! To any hired girl, capable of doing the daily work that Jane turned off so readily, he must pay at least a dollar and a half per week.

What did Jano do, by the way? Got breakfast, washed dishes, swept, made beds, and put the house in apple-pie order from cellar to garret, before twelve each day. Had dinner—a nice one too—smoking on the table at two twelve exactly, herself presiding neatly dressed, and with a pleasant smile. Set the house in order again. Got tea at six, and cleared up after it. Washed, ironed, baked:

made shirts and sheets and towels and table-clothes; made butter and cheese for the market; fed poultry; raised flowers for the autumn show at the fair; knit stockings; turned, patched, contrived; took care of him in sickness, and nursed with and petted him in his health. And for all this he gave her—what? She had asked the little advance of wages—only a calico dress—and he had refused!

Too bad! too bad! What if Jane should be taken sick, with the fever that was flying about, and die and leave him!

could not spare the money for her coffin and her shroud? Why, what, what could have put that dreadful thought in his head? Janell—dying—dead! Good Heaven! How could he ever learn to live without her? Out from among the placid cows dashed farmer Webb, and away he went with long stride to the village store, where the coveted calico dress was lying. A pretty thing enough with its snow ground and delicate sprigs of rosebuds, just the thing to set off Jane's rosy cheeks, and dark bright eyes and jetty hair. He bought it at a rapid

She was sitting in the kitchen in her own favorite chair—the morning's work undone, and her head resting on her clasped hands. He heard her sob—he saw bright tears steal through the slender fingers, and down the great clumsy fellow went beside her, on his knees, package in hand.

"Jane, what is it? Don't cry, Jane. You shall have anything on earth that you want, if you won't cry."

"That a new calico dress has just come home for you," he cried out in a trembling voice, wiping his own tears away with the brown paper parcel. "Jane, I don't mean to be cross—and just look here."

He rent the brown paper in every direction as he spoke, and the snowy,

"Oh, Josiah—you dear, good, dear Josiah!" she exclaimed. "And you really thought of me like this, and didn't mean one word of all you said. What a good for nothing little wretch I was, to doubt you.

She smiled brightly at him through her tears, and flinging her arms about his neck, gave him a kiss worth five thousand calico dresses, all told.

And home was bright again and happy, and the new dress was made and

World for thirty a pleasant day thereafter. But Josiah Webb never forgot the lesson it had silently preached to him; and he is to day a fonder and a better husband because of that trifling thing—only a calico dress.

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A Mistake.

'I know what you want,' she screamed, as soon as we knocked at the door of a modest house in——street, 'You're a reporter and are after items, and you want to know whether its true that one

of his wardrobe was roasted alive last night by falling into a kerosene lamp. No it ain't true, and there's nobody here that's got the small-pox, and there hasn't a man fell down stairs in over two years, and there never was a murder committed in my house, and there wasn't a fight here last night, and it's a fearful lie if anybody said I looked up a man's clothes for his board, and—

"But, madam—"

"Don't but me! I tell you I know you. There ain't no news here as I know of. The boys are all in the street."

there was nobody accidentally shot while cleaning a pistol, and no poison was put in the coffee accidentally or otherwise, it was none of my relations that got killed on the railroad. There's been but one baby born in this house in eighteen years, and that didn't have three arms and one leg; there isn't—'
'I want—'
'Yes, I know you do! You want to know if my servant girl eloped with the dry goods clerk, next door, or if burglar tried to break in here last night, or

truly disconsol'd son for a building and broke his neck, and I got the insurance, or if our dog has gone mad, or if a horse and wagon ran over my cook, or if I was shot through the brain this morning, because I would not take out of a bill for being gone three days, or if—'

'But, my dear woman, you don't—'

'No, of course I don't, and I'm glad of it! I don't know whether it's true that the woman on the corner takes opium, nor whether the drug clerk, over the

'Then why didn't you say so?' The door closed with a bang, and we came away, and haven't yet quite got over the bewilderment of the meeting.

When a couple of young folks get so that they want to wait all the time at a ball, and have no quadrilles, that's a sign they are never going to stop until some furniture man is made happy.

It is said there are more lies told in the sentence, "I am glad to see you!" than any other six words in the English language.

Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.

