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HOOPER & ELDREDGE BLOCK.

OLIVE'S TWO LOVERS.

We were very fond of Tom, and when he first hung out his sign, "Thomas Winchester, M. D.," we stood behind the counters to see the connection it most naturally came.

But people, as a general thing, are very stupid; they looked over and under and around it, as if it were not there at all. And not a person entered his poor boy's office for a week.

But one day an elegant carriage was driven to the door, from which a young lady of striking appearance alighted, and I ran in great excitement to tell mother.

"Tom has a patient now worth having," I cried. "A lady in a splendid carriage. Perhaps she fell in love with him somewhere in the cars and followed. Think how romantic."

"Some stuck up thing, I suppose," Olive said, with a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders.

"Hush!" I exclaimed. "You had better not be so hasty in your judgments—certainly not until you know a little more than you do now."

Olive sargent had been taken into the family when quite small simply on account of her eyes, which indicated mother thought, remarkable genius. But the genius did not develop, for she was a perfect ignoramus, with nothing unusual about her, except her brown eyes and her skill in using them.

Miss Sergeant proved a valuable patient. She induced Tom to meet people of standing and influence, and to grand numbers was his many desirable friends. My sister Lucy and I made the best use of our opportunities, but we could not mention the young lady's name before Olive without bringing a scowl to her brow, for the little simpleton really had the presumption to be jealous, and about this time a very eligible young man commenced paying her marked attention, but she treated him with all the airs and caprices of an experienced flirt.

"You might to be ashamed of such conduct," I said to her one day. "Mr. Lamson is worthy of the most superior woman and you might feel greatly flattered by his attentions. If you do not love him why do you encourage his visits?"

"Do you want me to marry him?" she asked.

"You certainly will not have much chance," I replied.

"Does Tom want me to marry him?"

"Of course he does. He has a very high opinion of Mr. Lamson, and knows you could not make a better match—if you intend to marry at all."

"Then I shall accept him. I always knew I should love the man I married."

And she flounced out of the room, smiling fearfully.

"How queer she is," Lucy said. "I never did like such cold girls in real life. They do well enough in stories."

"I shall be glad when she marries," I replied.

And soon afterward she announced her engagement to Mr. Lamson.

"There is some one that cares for me anyway," she said. "Tell Tom I have accepted the man he is so crazy to have me marry."

I did not deliver the ungracious message, but made a point to

engagement I saw his cheek his breath, as if very much moved.

"Little Olive engaged!" he said. "I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Little Olive is twenty years old," I replied. "And I supposed you would be pleased. Mr. Lamson is such a fine young man."

"Oh, yes; he is to be congratulated."

"She is the one to be congratulated," I answered quickly. "Such a lady as she is, and she, Tom, she is so selfish!"

"You are very harsh, Lillian, where Olive is concerned. Remember that she has had nothing to try her. She must grow quite a heroine yet."

"But, my dear brother, just compare her with Miss Sergeant."

"They are entirely different in their natures and characters."

"I should think so."

"Then Miss Sergeant is several years older, to begin with, and having been left so orphan at an early age she has acquired a great deal of self reliance and character."

"You like and admire her very much, Tom, do you not?"

"Yes, Lillian. She has been the kindest of friends, and I owe her more than I can possibly repay. She will be married soon."

"What!" I fairly gasped, all my beautiful air castles scattered in a moment "Is she engaged?"

"Certainly. But what is the matter dear? You look as if some one had struck you."

"Nothing—nothing," I answered feebly as I turned to leave the room, my heart thrilling with joy when I heard him speaking to himself, "Little Olive engaged!"

I went on round to my mother for consolation, and throwing myself upon the floor, hidden by a chair, I cried.

"Oh, mother, mother, Tom is not going to be engaged to that lovely Miss Sergeant after all. And some still I believe he is in love with Olive—of all patients in the world. Think of it!"

"What do you mean, Lillian?" mother demanded, with a look of unpalatable horror.

"It is so, mother, I am sure."

"Well, if I had ever dreamed of such a demonstration, I never would have taken the child into our family. But what makes you think the boy is in love with her?"

"He just told me that Miss Sergeant will soon be married to some one else. And he looks so shocked and depressed because Olive is engaged to Mr. Lamson. I cannot be mistaken—and such a wife for Tom!"

At that moment Olive entered the room, looking glowing and queenly.

"My dear," mother asked, "when does your lover wish to be married?"

"A good deal sooner than I do," she answered testily.

"I do not believe in long engagements," mother continued, "and I consider you a very fortunate girl to have won his love in a man like Mr. Lamson. Still"—

"Oh, if you are tired of me of course"—

"You ungrateful little thing!" I exclaimed.

"Hush, Lillian!" my mother said sorrowfully. "Olive, have I not treated you kindly, have I ever done anything to hurt your feelings or cause you unhappiness?"

"No, you and Tom have always been nice, but the girls do not like me one bit, I know."

"We like you when you do not insist in that dreadful manner—and are so cold and quiet"—

"I cannot help the way I am made."

"But you were not made in that way. There is no end of your acting so strangely. However, if I have been in fault I am sorry."

I was not at all surprised when a few days afterward Lucy entered my room in great excitement, but my fears were realized.

"Oh, Lillian," my sister cried, "there has been taking in earnest, and"—

"Olive?" I exclaimed. "You can be shocked by the folks seeing her crying, I hope."

"But she is on the hot seat myself."

"Don't call Tom, and then we have an avalanche on us."

"Lillian, you are just as hard feathered as you can be!" She looks as white as the sheet she is lying on."

"Call Tom and she will soon get her color."

We did as I told her, and we all went to her room together, Lucy and Tom very much agitated, but I myself, feeling composed and magnanimous.

"Stop a moment!" I said, holding the others back. "I want to speak to her alone, either."

Tom was not the slightest movement in response to my call.

Lucinda was not more startling to face her daughter.

"Then Tom whispered to Lucinda as we"—

"Never, my little child!"

It was the working of a miracle.

At the first sound of his voice her eyes opened in a bewildered way, and she raised herself up on her elbow, and looked around upon the faces of a group.

"Tom!" I said to Lucy, and a more disgusted young woman was never seen.

But Tom was not the first man dupe by a pair of trembling brown eyes, and he was under her influence.

Kneeling by the side of the bed, he asked in a tender, low way.

"Why did you do this, my child, why did you do it?"

"Because I do not want to marry Mr. Lamson," she answered painfully.

"You shall not marry him if you do not love him in any feeling."

"But they will you wanted me to accept him."

"I want you to accept a man you do not care for! No, indeed, I have yet to wish for that."

"Do you love me, Tom, do you love me?"

"Better than my life, little Olive."

"And I love you a hundred times better than any Mr. Lamson."

"My darling!" Tom cried rapturously, while I gnashed my teeth in impotent fury.

I could not contain myself, however, and approached the bed.

"That is all very interesting," I said. "But what do you suppose Mr. Lamson will think of it?"

"Lillian," Tom replied, with a determined look upon his face, "no man was finer of a sister than I am, but I will not allow you to interfere between me and the woman I love."

For the first time in my life I was really angry with him, but I only answered by a look, and if my eyes were not as scarlet, they were quite as expressive to Olive's. Then I went toward the door, but the door fellow followed me, and the swing on arms around my waist he cried.

"You are not angry, sister, are you?"

I was rolled in a moment.

"Oh, Tom," I said—"poor boy—poor boy!"

And tears fared to keep back my heart. I felt him turn to my darling.

"Do not cry, dear, poor boy, but the anxiety is not if I would see Mr. Lamson, was that you called."

"Oh," I exclaimed. "You wish to get rid of a disagreeable duty, do you?"

"He'll insist on his money back, and I never want to see the man again."

"Very well," I said. "I will see him, but it is on his account, not yours."

And I descended to the parlor with my heart aching for the fairy whom fondest hopes had been so cruelly blasted.

I grew more and more agitated, and when I opened the parlor door my face must have betrayed me.

Mr. Lamson extended his hand and said very coolly.

"Is Olive sick?"

"No," I replied, "but I have an unpleasant duty to fulfill. Oh, Mr. Lamson, if my sympathy"—

"I think I understand," he said, in a manner so utterly exasperating that I flashed at him in amazement. "You are surprised," he continued, "but Olive has not believed in a proper womanly manner. I was greatly deceived. The fact that the eyes are made for her purposes are so long, but upside, by pleasure was nearly exhausted, especially as I think she prefers your brother to me. Indeed, she almost told me. But I never can feel that your sympathy is fully appreciated."

Then he turned the subject, and we spent a very pleasant evening. I had always liked Mr. Lamson.

He continued to call as frequently as ever, seeming to appreciate my sympathy more and more, especially when it changed into the tenderest love.

And he was convinced me that it was merely a passing fancy he had felt for Olive.

There was a double wedding, and, although several years have passed, Tom is as much in love with his wife as ever.

He is successful and prosperous, enjoying his prosperity, yet when we speak of him to each other we always say, with a sigh.

"Poor Tom!"—Chicago Times.

Floors.

Whenever it is possible the entire floor should be of some good hard wood, whose natural colour will give richer will age and whose smooth surface grow smoother with the wear of years. It costs no more to relay a floor than to put down a good carpet, and rugs can be used, if necessary, in winter. Kalsomine and cheese are in high favor for floors, and may be used with the highest satisfaction, as oil, maple, butternut and oak. Any floor, if stained in uneven stripes, perfectly bad, is one of the best and most durable. The French doors, which are almost perfect, are laid on an even bed of cement and are perfectly true, level and lasting.—Decorator and Furnisher.

ORNAMENTAL WATER FOWL.

Some Information Concerning Handsome Breeds of Birds.

Every town and village, however small, now has its park. Most of these contain miniature lakes which could be here, if they have not, beautiful nature seems to them. It will soon add, I remember that a hundred years ago swans were placed in the lakes. The Duke of Bedford was not palatable, but the swans were highly esteemed and held the place which the turkey now has in the poultry yards. Then the turkey came and displaced the carpet for swans. Now the swan is simply a beautiful ornamental water fowl.

WHITE SWAN.

The Poultry World gives, accompanied by the illustration below, the following information about some of the handsomest breeds of swans.

These large, long, but graceful birds are appropriate for ornamental purposes, and are rapidly increasing in popularity, and are seen on lakes, taking the place of tame geese in the hands of the children of the more wealthy people, and in parks frequent where offered.

Speaking of the swan in general terms—the white species of Europe—is the species most in vogue, although A white pleasure boat, which Tom, a red bill, accompanied by a black knob, sometimes called the berry. The bills the story. Everybody knows that the swan has a very long neck, and it may be noticed that the bill is nearly of equal width in front and at the base, and that it is high in the centre. They are not only strong swimmers, but fly with lightness and ease, going in flocks. Swan's down is very soft and fine. The food consists of green, tender plants found in the water, snails, fish, etc.

When these birds are let alone, and have free swing in making their nests, they pile up material about two feet high and five feet in circumference. The sitting down place is in the middle and upper part, in which are deposited usually less than nine eggs of a greenish green color and very large. The time of incubation is from five to six weeks. The male swan "forage around" during this process, and takes an interest in the family prosperity. When just hatched the cygnets are covered with down of a gray color and with no delay accompany the old birds to search for food. After awhile they are covered with feathers of a dark brown color, but change gradually for a period of nearly two years, when they become pure white. Some of these birds live to a good old age. It has been said that a swan's chances for living seventy years are as good as those of a temperate man who takes a cold water bath daily.

BLACK NECKED SWANS.

Another species worthy of mention, on account of handsome appearance and large size, is the black necked swan, found in the southern part of south America, being a native from the mouth of Magellan to the north as far as the land lies in Terra del Fuego. The head, bill, or berry on the mouth is red, feathers on back and head are black, edged with white rings about the eyes. The body plumage is pure white and the feet are pink. The peculiar arrangement of colors may be called "fancy," and it is certainly interesting to those persons who admire variety. The black necked swans have been the most noted, stand confinement well and breed freely in that condition.

Barns for Poultry.

Not all animals have the same opinions in far as food or flesh of the same quality. There is not only a great difference in breeds, but we observe equal difference in individual animals of the same breed. There is no only a difference between animals in their ability to digest food and convert it into meat, but different animals get a given food to different purposes, some animals will store it in the most undesirable parts, like the skin and intermuscles, another will put the bulk of the gain upon bone and hard structure, and so a pound of food or feed is worth more to one than twice as much as a pound of the food equally or more valuable, one animal may be inclined to grow to the selection of animals for breeding, and only of the best specimens of their breed, and also of the best types of their breed.

With a little experience and close attention one may make but very few mistakes. By selecting blackbirds or Brewster's Berry goats and those with horns that curve with a large sweep upward or horns and head, strong bone, small feeds, fine horns, mellow skin and fine, silky hair and a general healthy appearance, one will not often be disappointed in the result.—Rural New Yorker.

Grasp Horses.

Grasp horses, first longest, some said. So it is said.

The Dog Didn't Like His Name.

In hunting for a number of a dog half hunting for others burned that one Herbert Spencer, a terrier, had been stolen for a canine investigation showed that Spencer went to bed Saturday night with a full pup. Spencer moved and the disturbed the dog, so he scratched his owner's face to wake him. Spencer retaliated by cuffing the canine, whereupon the bad tempered dog left bedding the member. Spencer finally broke the hold, chasing the dog with a cane and that gave a neighbor to shoot him. The man was sober, but looks bad.

Bees That Gather Spite.

At a meeting of the Zoological society Mr. Sclater exhibited some curious black and white mice recently added to the society's collection of living animals. These creatures are the product of Japanese ingenuity, and show several curious characteristics. Their black and white color is remarkable, since they appear to be merely a variety of the common domestic mouse. They have a habit, too, of pursuing their own tails.

This habit is peculiar to a remarkable way by the "tumbler" pigeons. In the two cases it may possibly be due to a defect in brain structure. In any case, the peculiarities are handed down from parent to offspring in both animals. The mice are usually called "spinning mice."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Hand Organs.

It is a mistake to believe that the hand organs heard on the streets are made in Italy. Probably not one in a hundred has ever been on Italian soil. Many of them are made in the United States and a few in Belgium and France. The Germans lead the world in the manufacture of these and nearly all other musical instruments, and at least two-thirds of them are imported from that country. Every summer the large importers leave this country and buy a stock, which sells republic, owing to the large increase in the Italian population.—Philadelphia Record.

A Pet Seal.

When the Thetis was in the Arctic, she had a seal for a pet, but soon tired of it. All it would do was to eat seven meals a day, bathe in a tub and lie on its side on the deck to be scratched and petted. All attempts to make a learned seal of it were utter failures.—New York News.

Open to Argument.

I have always held that two and two made four, yet if a person of known respectability came to me and said that he had discovered that they do really make five I should certainly hear all his arguments.—Archbishop Whately.

Capacity of Centipedes.

With the exception of centipedes, millipedes have more legs and feet than any other insect, and are distributed everywhere in the tropics. They are not fear for insectivorous birds, but they are the possibly effect attained from the little bird eat glue. A large centipede in the Wagner museum grasped squeezed with force and great vigour, but such fellow was merely a small specimen. A giant in form is best kept in flask. When the heads of flowers are injured the flies in tropics.—Domestic and Furnisher.

Quakes and the tortoises are compared but with different feet for purposes, some are adapted for walking, others for swimming, and others for climbing. A millipede cannot climb and cannot swim, but it can walk, decorate and exhibit—Domestic and Furnisher.