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TWILIGHT DREAMS.

They come in the quiet twilight hour,
When the weary day is done,
And the quick light leaps from the glowing heaps
Of wood, on the warm hearth-stone.

When the household sounds have died away,
And the rooms are silent all,
Save the clock's brief tick, and the sudden click
Of the embers as they fall.

They come, those dreams of the twilight hour,
To me, with their noiseless tread,
A tearful band, by the guiding hand
Of a grave-eyed spirit led.

There is no voice within the hall,
No footstep on the floor,
The children's laughter is hushed, there is
No hand at the parlor door.

Like fingers tapping eagerly
Against the shattered frame,
Where the trailing rose its long branch throws,
Beat the great drops of rain.

But my heart heeds not the rustling leaves
Nor the rain fall's fitful beat,
Now the wind's low sigh, as it hurries by
On its pauseless path and fleet.

For now in the dusk, they gather round,
The visions of the past,
Arising slow, in the dim red glow,
By the burning pine brands cast.

My brow is calmed as with the touch
Of an angel's passing wing;
They breathe no word, yet my soul is stirred
By the messages they bring.

Some in their grasp impalpable,
Bear Eden-cultured flowers,
That sprang in gloom, from the tear-bathed tomb
Of hope's long-buried hours.

Some from the fount of memory,
Lasting, and pure, and deep,
Bring waters clear, though many a year,
Hath saddened their first fresh sweep;

And some in their hands of shadow bear,
From the shrine of prayerful thought,
A fragrance blest, to the stricken breast,
With balm and healing fraught.

The night wears on, the hearth burns low,
The dreams have passed away;
But heart and brow are strengthened now
For the toil of coming day.

TONY HARDSCRABBLE'S WIFE.

Tony Hardscrabble was carpenter, blacksmith, mender of tubs and barrels, and Jack-of-all-trades for the rural neighborhood in which he lived. His little shop in which he made horse-shoes, shod the farmers' horses, sharpened plowshares, made tables, doors, desks, cupboards, bureaus, and occasionally coffins; in which he pounded away at wonderful pork and vinegar barrels, and tightened up dilapidated old tubs and casks—this little shop was situated at a point in the woods where an old road crossed a new one, and was in itself a queer, patched-up, new and old building. Tony owned no corner lots, but no one intruded upon him. His little house, the gay, hewn logs divided by seams of white plastering, seemed cosy and comfortable; and while the shop opened on the road the house stood back among the trees. North, south, east and west were neighbors within a quarter or half mile range, and the neighborhood was thickly settled. But no one saw the advantages of corner lots near Tony's shop, not even the speculators and wise men of the village three miles distant, and Tony was sole resident at the Corners, where he had a garden patch that did not flourish and a family that increased rapidly. Tony had a fair skin where it showed above his elbows and below the collar band of his shirt (collar he disdained to wear), but his face had a dark, grimy look. He was strong without being stout, and was fond of displaying his strength and prowess. His face was that of a daring, resolute man, and his neighbors never took much comfort in looking at it. Tony was a handy man and, as the country people said, was not afraid of work. He never received much ready money, but he got his pay in shape of corn or flour or pork, or money in good time. The people who patronized him did not neighbor with him, however. They knew little about the family, but they inferred that Mrs. Hardscrabble had a hard time of it. She was a good-natured, round-faced woman, who was always busy indoors, and who seemed to take great comfort with her children, all of which was a mercy, the good old women of the neighborhood thought, as she had little comfort in her husband.

Tony's wife in those days did not make much of an impression. People caught only glimpses of her, but they knew she was a comely woman. While other women of her age in the neighborhood were sallow and broken down, Mrs. Hardscrabble was fresh, plump and strong. The face was attractive, but had little character; and Tony's wife was classed among the simple-minded drudges, and was frequently referred to as a woman who thought the world and all of her children, but who had not an atom of spirit. And Tony was good to her. That was all people could say about Tony's wife.

Tony had never been seen at church. He had certain loose ways and independent notions that the people did not like. He considered that there was no harm in taking a mess of roasting ears from any man's corn-field whenever he wanted them. He thought the carrying off of fine watermelons from some old farmer's carefully-guarded truck-patch was good sport. He would take a fine walnut rail from a fence whenever he needed seasoned walnut for frame-work in his shop. He shot game in season and out of season, on Sundays as well as work-days. He had been accused of shooting fat young hogs and wringing the necks of other people's chickens, but only accused. He would take his boys and go on nutting expeditions on Sundays, and always had an abundant supply of wild grapes, berries, nuts, plums, etc. He was the freebooter as well as the Jack-of-all trades of the neighborhood, and was considered a suspicious character.

So, when it was announced that 'Squire Prim's house had been broken into and over a thousand dollars in money taken, and that the smoke-house had been broken open the same night, and that the hams and shoulders taken had been found buried in the woods near Tony's house, no one was surprised. Tony was arrested, had a preliminary examination, was bound over to court, could not procure bail, and was sent to the county jail. His trial came off in due time, he was convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for five years. People were agreed that he got what he deserved, but they were sorry for his wife. She was left with six children, and it was too bad. Many of the good women of the neighborhood could not find it in their hearts to help her, as she persisted in asserting her husband's innocence. She clung to the man with what these practical women considered a nonsensical, romantic affection, and they had no patience with her. Others honored her for her faith in her husband and for her affection, although they doubted not for a moment that Tony Hardscrabble was guilty as charged. The wife and her boys and girls kept close to their home, grieving as for a husband and father dead. After a few weeks, Mrs. Hardscrabble was seen abroad, then at the county seat, and then, wonder of wonders! this woman, who had never been a mile from her home since her marriage, went to the state capital. Few of the men would undertake such a journey. Tony's wife received the compliment of being a plucky woman. In due time a notice appeared in the county paper that an application would be made for the pardon of Tony Hardscrabble. This the people deliberately and emphatically frowned upon, and comparatively few signed the petition, although it was presented to every man in the neighborhood by Mrs. H. herself.

Everybody was now talking about Tony's wife. She was constantly going. There were hints that she or her lawyer had found new points of evidence. During the year she went to the governor twelve times with her plea for pardon, and was met with refusal every time. And yet she persisted. She went out washing, went out in harvesting time, worked even in the fields for money, and spent it in going to and from the state capital. People reasoned with her and tried to convince her that there was no hope; that all this effort was worse than useless. She rarely made any reply except to protest that her husband was innocent and she would never rest until she had proved that he was not guilty and until she had secured his release. The old ladies pronounced her crazy, but their grandmotherly old eyes were tender as they said it, and they thought it was a shame that such a man as Tony Hardscrabble should have such a fine woman for a wife. And while they praised the wife they abused the husband.

Mrs. Hardscrabble had been to the governor's office eighteen times, carrying each time some new atom of evidence, some new suggestion from her lawyer, some fresh concession from the judge or prosecuting-attorney, an additional name from the jury before whom the case was tried. She haunted the governor's office and the offices of the prison authorities. She always had a personal interview, and aroused sympathy even while her facts were considered unimportant. She went the nineteenth time with a sealed letter from the prosecuting-attorney. She was received with the old smile at the governor's office, but waited patiently for her interview with the governor himself, who had almost declined to see her. Her letter produced astonishing results. The prosecutor withdrew the charge. The real thief had been arrested, and had submitted statements in regard to the theft that showed that Tony Hardscrabble had not been concerned. The affidavits and other documents were inclosed with the formal recommendation for pardon by the judge and prosecutor. They joined heartily in the praise of Mrs. Hardscrabble, and hoped the governor, in view of the persistent efforts of the woman, and in view of the extraordinary circumstances of the case, would waive all formalities, grant an immediate pardon, and allow the woman to take her husband home with her.

The proof of the man's innocence was so plain, the statements were so clear, that the governor hesitated not to join in the plan to surprise the woman who had so worked for her husband's release. She was asked to wait a moment in the audience-room, and, sad and almost disheartened, she waited while the governor came to her he held in his hand a parchment, and unbent to say:

"Mrs. Hardscrabble, the documents presented to-day establish your husband's innocence. I thought you might like to carry the pardon to him yourself. Here it is, and I only hope he is worthy of his wife."

The good woman's face trembled like her own baby's when about to cry. She dropped on her knees, caught the governor's hand and covered it with kisses, as she had often in her loneliness kissed her baby. Then came an outpouring of thanks.

"Your husband is innocent. I do my simple duty. No thanks are due to me."

"But I must thank some one."

Then, clutching the pardon, she flew to the penitentiary. In less than an hour she was dragging her dazed and awestricken husband through the capitol corridors to the governor's office, to present him to that officer.

Tony was overwhelmed by conflicting and tremendous emotions. He was free. His wife had done it. He knew that. She had held the pardon under his eyes, and he had taken her in his arms and had given her the first genuine, full-meaning kiss of his life. He had always liked her and had always been kind to her, as he understood kindness. But he had never known her. She pulled him along as though he were a boy. She, who had never been a mile from home, knew the governor. This, to Tony, with his prison experience before him, was a tremendous fact. What would happen? The governor took him by the hand:

"Now, my man, I am glad this is as it is. And I am glad that you have such a wife. Try the world again, and let me hear from you."

That night Tony Hardscrabble's children clambered about him and awoke in him a hundred new sensations. He had never seen such a pretty baby, such sweet little girls, such well-formed healthy boys. And they were all his. He would try the world again, and he laughed as he thought how he would astonish the people.

The shop was open the next morning and Tony was at work. How his veins swelled over the motion of a free man! The story had been told and retold, and Tony was the hero of the hour. Everybody had something to say about his wife. She was clearly (judging from the evidence offered, which Tony accepted without question) the best woman in the neighborhood, and Tony was very proud of her.

For a few weeks affairs moved in the old way at Tony's. Then one Sabbath, there was a departure. Tony and his wife and children went to church. This was their first appearance, and Tony was complimented. He declared they needn't make any fuss over him. He didn't care for church, but his wife did. She had remained at home a good many years to please him, and now he was attending church to please her. He was a hard case himself, but he wanted his children to be like their mother, and he guessed they would anyhow. But he was going to help her now. And then Tony would drop his voice:

"Just think of it! She made nineteen trips to get me out of that scrape, and spent ninety-five dollars, all of which money she raked together herself. By jinks, I get to thinking about it sometimes when I am at work, and I pound a horse-shoe all to flinders before I know what I am doing. She's a wonderful woman, sir, and—and she's my wife. She can run the boat to suit herself now, sir."

Tony meant what he said. His wife's individuality was the controling one at the Corners. In time there was carpet on the floors, and then, wonder of wonders to Tony! a common but pretty pattern of paper on the walls. Tony became Jack-of-all-trades to his wife. "Couldn't he make picture-frames, brackets, and other ornamental and useful articles for the house?" Of course he could, and he took great delight in it. He couldn't sit down and tell his wife, in words, how much he was surprised at her better self, nor how grateful he felt, nor how much he loved her, but he could work it out, and all his spare time has devoted to doing things that he imagined she wanted done. He was simple and awkward in springing his surprises on her, or in discovering what she desired, but the very simplicity of his action made his acts the more pleasant and touching to his wife.

Tony became proud of his house. He would shoe a horse with the old skill and carefulness as to details, and would talk as much while doing it, but now all the talk was about his own home; and when the work was done he would maneuver to have his customer go in and look round, as he expressed it; would take him in to show him a new flour-barrel he had made, or a new rat-trap, when all the time he meant to show him the paper on the walls, the carpet on the floors, and the general features of his cozy little home. He was always inviting people to dinner now, too. He made a childish parade of his wife and her accomplishments. This became a habit with him, and, unconsciously, people encouraged him in it.

Tony was no longer a freebooter, and made no more raids on Sunday. He "hooked" no more roasting ears or watermelons. He carried off no more rails, and was never accused of shooting other people's chickens or hogs.

As the improvements at the house assumed definite shape, improvements were inaugurated at the shop. The rambling old building was straightened up and brightened up, the fences were made new, the garden flourished in proper season, and an air of comfort pervaded Tony's corners.

Tony went to church regularly and always took the whole family; and at church he made much of little things. He devoted more attention to keeping his children quiet than to the sermon. The children always had their pennies to put in the contribution box, and the day the baby accomplished the feat of dropping a bright five-cent coin in the box without grabbing for the other coins already in was an hour of triumph for Tony. There was something pathetic about these little oddities that appealed to all the tenderness there was in people's hearts.

In time, Tony would have been indignant had any one asserted that he was not a member of the church. He wasn't clear in his mind as to when he "joined," but new customs had crept into his home, new thoughts into his mind, and new sentiments into his heart. People said there was a great change of heart, and, as Tony was proud of the evidences of such a change, the people were probably right. The movement with Tony was steadily progressive. He groped blindly at first, but in time the resolution of the man and his versatility of talent showed in good works.

He was now spoken of as Mr. Hardscrabble, and he neighbored with all the people. He didn't get above his work, but he took his work up to a higher plane. Mothers never objected now to their sons lounging about Tony's shop. The boys liked to be with Tony, and even the men were rather glad when circumstances made it necessary to go to the shop.

The great change in Tony's life was at first attributed to the reformatory influence of prison discipline. But, in good time, people saw with clearer eyes. He commenced living a better life, not so much as a matter of conviction as to please his wife. Under this influence his convictions were reached and the man was aroused. He liked the better life and clung to it. The people now understand that the instrument used to work the great change in Tony Hardscrabble was his wife, and they speak tenderly of her, remembering what she was and what she is.

The Jews as Merchants and Money-Lenders.

In one instance only have the Jews consented to change their habits of life, and in that we discover anew the marks of their perpetual suffering. From active and successful husbandmen and tillers of the soil they have been transformed into merchants and money-lenders. They seem to have wholly lost that love for nature and that agricultural skill that made Palestine a land of plenty. In Babylon and Persia, under a comparatively gentle rule, they were rather farmers than traders. Even late in the Roman period, and probably until near the sixth century, they were chiefly an agricultural people. The Talmud abounds in allusions to the cultivation of fields and gardens, of oil, wine, and wheat, fruit and flowers. Its nice and varied rules of conduct relate chiefly to the people of rural districts rather than of cities. When the great schools of Babylon and Pumbeditha were flourishing, and the vivid intellect of the Israelites was expanding into a literature of commentators and professors, the race was marked by an intense love for the Oriental lands they cultivated. But when the universal persecution fell upon them, when they were hunted from Babylonia and Persia, and began that remarkable series of wanderings from city to city, and from realm to realm, that has lasted for more than a thousand years, the manners of the race changed. They became a nation of traders. Industry, thrift, learning, and rare acuteness they never lost, but they were never again to become tillers of the soil. They were forced to snatch opportunities of gain from the midst of their wanderings. They became the most acute and untiring of traders. Their wares and their profits were such as could be easily handled and secured. They supplied the barbarous princes of Germany with the most costly drugs and spices of the east. They dealt in jewels that they could easily conceal or swallow, and in Oriental cloths that were of priceless value. They were the most active slave-traders of the middle ages, and the church vainly heaped its maledictions on the Jew who should dare to purchase christian slaves. Their capital in money probably grew from age to age. They were the common money-lenders of the early period. The Jews seem to have concentrated the wealth of the middle ages among themselves; they lent their money at an enormous interest, and upon ample security; they accumulated immense fortunes, which they were obliged to hide from their persecutors in an aspect of extreme poverty. But their home was never again to be amid the soft landscapes of Babylonia and Persia; and crowded together in a miserable Ghetto, living apart accursed and forsaken in the walled, fortified, and secure cities of western Europe, they counted their secret gains, and sometimes displayed in their obscure dwellings a suspicious and Oriental splendor. Their daughters were clad in the rich silks of Persia, and shone with the gold and gems of the east.

Down South.

Southern towns there are in existence that are untouched by the hand of to-day as though they were buried deeper than Pompeii of old. They are buried to all modern interests and purposes. Not a breath of air breathed by live, active men and women ever reaches them; not a ripple of the great wave called progress ever touches their shores; they have few books, and anything they see in the newspapers beyond the market, the crops and their side in politics has no meaning for them. Yet they have gentlemen and gentlewomen in their midst, full of a quaint, old-fashioned dignity, and surrounded by an aroma of good breeding not unlike in quality to the odor of dried rose leaves; they have a few young men and girls growing up in their mother's footsteps, young people lacking the full measure of what society to-day reckon as thoroughbred, assured beau or belle; but often their youths are honest and simple hearted even at twenty-five, and the girls, why, they grow up, and bud and blossom into a modest, sweet beauty, have their day of triumph and conquest, and settle down to be the wife of some country squire, and mother of children, whom they will train to grow up exactly as they were trained.

—The Saturday Review yearns for a novel, the hero of which will be left in the sequel to make his living by his wits or his muscles, instead of being inevitably well set up in the real estate business.

—A hen at Carlisle, Pa., has laid nine eggs with shells that are perfectly black, the hen being of the Dark Brahma variety. Evidently a civil rights fowl.

An Armenian Bride.

Oliver Harper writes from Constantinople of an Armenian bride as follows: "She was covered with a most curious veil made of long slips of gold tinsel, which reached to her feet. Through this you could not see, except the bottom of her dress. The Armenian women are generally very pretty, but perfect fools in manners and expression; so much so that when one man wishes to offend another he says "Pretty Armenian!" which really means a fool. The women dress like Europeans in general. The women, after I had twice made the circuit of the veil, lifted it in front and separated the long strings of tinsel, till I could see that the bride was dressed in white silk, brocaded with silver and pearls, and that around her waists was a wide belt containing a fortune in precious stones. Her cheeks were painted a deep crimson, laid on in a heart shape, and another heart was artistically put on the chin, while the rest of the face was as white as the luminous cosmetic could bring it. The eyebrows met, and also stretched to the hair on each side her temples, and were as black as they could be painted. The inside of her fingers' ends and finger-nails were stained a deep crimson. Her hair, which was long and thick though coarse, was braided full of little jingling coins. The outlines of her form were, as usual, totally hidden by the clumsy-made clothes. I admired her to her heart's content, and even went so far as to take up a fold of her dress to see if the pearls sown on so lavishly were real ones, to the evident pleasure of all present; for what would be the height of ill-breeding among us is considered a delicate flattery among these women. I forgot to look at her feet, and was about to go and sit down, when she struck out first one and then the other, that I must see that they were shod with velvet slippers, embroidered with pearls, and then showed me her ear-rings, which were large solitaire diamonds. She had on no brooch nor necklace, and one of the women interpreted for me, and told me the bridegroom was to give them after the ceremony."

Home-Sickness.

There are conditions in which home-sickness assumes the form of the disease known as "nostalgia. Many opportunities for observation have enabled pathologists and other scientific men to trace the causes and effects of this disease; but its seat has been sought for in vain. Some fatal terminations have been credited to the disorder, but we incline to the opinion that it never killed any one directly, only through diseases superinduced by the depression of spirits which is occasioned. The French medical academy thought the subject worthy of a prize essay, which, when produced, threw much useful light upon it. The French, Swiss and Italians are among the nations most subject to the affection, and that will account for the comparatively small emigration of those people. The Germans are less liable to home-sickness; while the English are free from it in the superlative degree—hence the cosmopolitan character of these people, and their presence and conquests in every quarter of the habitable globe. The disease was very marked among the French troops during the late war, not only impairing their efficiency as soldiers, but actually killing them outright by the pining for home and familiar scenes. The Italian army is hardly less distinguished by the malady than the French. The phrenologist would cut this Gordian knot with the greatest ease by referring the whole trouble to the organ of inhabitiveness. Nations may as reasonably be expected to differ in this respect as species. If you change your domicile, your dog goes along with you, his "adhesiveness" ranking his "inhabitiveness;" but your cat will stay behind—caring greatly more for the habitat than for you. Applying a varying propensity of this kind to various nations—in the same manner as we are forced to accredit them with faculties which make them variously martial, æsthetic, intellectual, humane or superstitious—and the problem is solved at once: the Frenchman has simply larger inhabitiveness and the Briton less—and there's an end on't.

A Child's Plaything over One Thousand Years Old.

Of even greater interest are the household articles, implements of trade, food, etc., which, like the spoils of Pompeii, restore for us the domestic life of the people. Here, for instance, are stools, cane-bottomed chairs and work-boxes, 4,000 years old, yet no more dilapidated than if they came out of a garret of the last century; nets, knives, needles and toilet ornaments; glass bottles and drinking cups, as clear as if just blown; earthenware, glazed in blue and yellow patterns, the very counterpart of old Majolica; seeds, eggs and bread; straw baskets and a child's ball for playing; paint boxes with colors and brushes, and boards for games of draughts—in short, a collection almost as varied and complete as the ashes of Vesuvius preserved for us of the Græco-Roman life of the year 79 of our era. But these Egyptian relics date from 1,000 to 3,000 years before our era began.—*Bayard Taylor, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—Some one says if we would show ourselves really good to our daughters "we must be generous to them in a truer sense than that of hanging trinkets on their necks." No words could be more sensible. Nine girls out of ten would rather have a camel's hair shawl than a necklace. Parents should remember this.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Why is the letter Y like a young lady? Because it makes pa pay.

—A Delaware obituary: "His hat wasn't always cocked over the left ear, but he didn't owe a butcher in town."

—A costly monument has been placed by the widow of James Fisk, Jr., over his remains at Brattleboro, Vermont.

—A mother advised her daughter to oil her hair, and fainted flat away when that damsel replied, "Oh, no, ma; it spoils the gentlemen's vests."

—A young lady wants to know whether a girl may be sure a man loves her unutterably when he sits in her presence for an hour without speaking.

—"What kind of sausages is them?" queried an old lady of the young man of literature and peanuts, as he passed through the train, selling bananas.

—There is one good thing about those white gauze veils—a woman who powders looks as respectable behind one of them as a woman who doesn't.

—A teacher asked an advanced school-girl why beer in French was feminine. She replied that it was probably owing to the fact that the boys liked it so well.

—In Switzerland there is a law which compels every newly-married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two on the birth of every child. Birch?

—Dried tongue, is the answer which a minister, just going out to exchange, gave some one who asked him what he had in his carpet-bag—which contained seven sermons.

—Elder sister—"Mamma, do come here and see to Alfred. He's got the urn off the mantel, and spilled some of grandmamma on the rug, and is mixing the rest of her up with ink."

—A curiosity is shortly to be placed in the ordnance museum at Washington, consisting of a federal and confederate bullet impacted in the air, which was picked up before Petersburg in 1864.

—A western editor thinks that the habit of carrying tobacco in the pistol pocket is a bad one. To meet a man on a lonely road and see him reach for his tobacco box suggests unpleasant possibilities.

—The time has come when the wearer of the starched linen coat rises from his chair and goes forth, unconscious of the fact that the lower portion of his garment retains the position which it acquired while he was seated.

—A little boy of five years, dressed in his first sack coat, stood leaning against his mother's knee. "Mamma," said he, after a pause, "I wish you had put tails to this coat; I have wanted a tail coat these good many years." There was silence for a space.

—"My dear boy," said a fond aunt to a very fast-living nephew, "don't you know that in leading this irregular life you are shortening your days?" "It is quite possible that I may be shortening my days, but then look how I lengthen my nights," was the cool reply.

—A Yale student has written a twelve verse poem entitled: "We kissed each other by the sea." "Well, what of it?" asks a western journalist; "the seaside is no better for such practice than any other locality. In fact, we have put in some sweet work of that kind on the towpath of a canal in our time, but did not say anything about it in print."

—No French or English woman of cultivation nowadays wears her garters below her knees. The principal vein of the leg sinks there beneath the muscles; and varicose veins, cold feet, and even palpitation of the heart may be brought on by a tight garter in the wrong place. When it is fastened above the knee all this pain and deformity may be avoided.

—A Dresden paper says that seventeen experiments have been made during the previous year, with invariable success, in the hospitals of that city, to infuse lamb's blood into the human subject. In the first case tried the patient had long suffered from pulmonary diseases, and the immediate effect of the operation was to raise the pulse and impart a sense of greater strength.

—A correspondent wants to know if it is true that the human body has seven million pores. The Brooklyn Argus, after poring over the question, says: "The last time we counted them there were seven million and nine; but we have always had an idea that those nine were nothing but extras, spontaneously generated for the purpose of misleading us."

—A new line of steamers is just ready to commence its trips between New York and Venezuela. The vessels are all American-built, and American-manned. They will stop at St. Thomas, Laguayra, Porto Cabello, Curacoa, and Maracaibo. Such a communication has long been needed, the trade of that rich section of the world having been nearly monopolized by England. Except a monthly steamer to Brazil, no other American steamers sail to South America upon either coast.

—From Mr. Codman's book on Utah: "I was astonished to hear polygamy advocated by ladies of education and refinement; among them a school-teacher who strongly favored it, perhaps because she was no longer young. At a hotel where I was staying, I met a young married lady of one of the first families of Salt Lake. Two of her intimate friends were with her. One day, when they were out of the room, she asked me, 'What do you think of A—?' 'She is a charming girl,' I replied. 'Decided she is,' exclaimed Mrs. B—. 'I do wish B—(her husband) would marry her; I should so like to have her with me all the time!'"