

## MOLLIE'S MATCH-MAKING.

A dainty parlor with numerous easy-chairs—a glowing fire in the nickel-trimmed heater—a pretty little woman listening for the footsteps of the lord and master. It is a charming picture of domestic bliss John Ackerman fully appreciated as he stepped into the room a few minutes later.

"Well, Mollie, what's the news?"

"Oh, nothing, only supper has been waiting half an hour. Come, let us have dinner and eat; I want to talk with you."

"I thought there was something on your mind; didn't know but I was going to get a lecture for being late."

"You deserve one, for that is the last evening I shall spend with you for two whole weeks; show how highly you appreciate your wife's society."

Mrs. John Ackerman tried to frown, but failed completely.

In another half hour they were back in the cheery parlor, and Mollie began:

"I think Tom is a splendid fellow, and there were never two brothers more alike than you and he."

"Thank you, my dear; I honor your judgment."

"And, John, I have the most brilliant plan coming up."

"Tell it!" John said, with a movement of his coat pocket, where the evening paper lay in quiet solitude.

Mollie observed the motion, and promptly informed him that he should not read a word until she was through talking.

"I am going away to-morrow, and then you may read the paper from the time you enter the house until midnight, with no one to bother you," she said, as John showed signs of insubordination.

Somewhat, the vision of the little parlor without Mollie's lively chatter did not seem to strike him very favorably; perhaps this was why he tossed the paper to the other side of the room, and obediently promised to listen. Mollie herself on one arm of his chair and coast.

"You know my sister Amy is coming home for a long visit, and don't you think it would be splendid if she and Tom would fall in love with each other? They could get married and set up housekeeping in the cottage like this one across the street, and—oh, John, it would make me perfectly happy!"

John Ackerman laughed long and heartily.

"Match-making, by Jove!" he said at last. "Miserable yourself, and want everybody else to be; is that, it Mollie?"

"Don't laugh, John, for I'm in earnest; I know they like each other; and when I set my heart the match, just think how nice it would be to have Amy here always; and Tom is such a darling! Amy should furnish her parlor just like ours, only where this is blue her's should be cardinal, for she is dark, you know."

John was laughing again by this time, and it took considerable management to reduce him to order. This once accomplished, he fell in with the ready enough.

"Tell you what it is, Mollie; you don't want to say a word of this to Tom or Amy, or they will take a dislike to each other immediately."

"I know it," wilyly rejoined Mollie. "When I told Tom I was going to visit Aunt Hetty, I did not mention Amy's name, and I don't think he knows of her existence; as for Amy, I have been with her so little since I was married that I am sure I never spoke to her of Tom."

"Well, see that you don't do so now; you couldn't mention his name without praising him to the skies, and she would see through your plans at once."

Mollie departed the next morning, leaving directions enough to distract a man if he tried to remember half of them. John did not try; he only had a confused recollection of something to be done with a plantation-silverware, canary-birds, etc. James the servant, however, knew all about it.

"Don't have Tom at the house when we return," was Mollie's last injunction. "Amy will be tired with the journey, and I want her to have a chance to beautify a little before she meets him."

When they reached the depot Mollie's courage began to fail.

"I am almost sorry to go, John," she said. "Suppose something should happen to you while I am away?"

"I've got you, John. Do and have a good time, and be sure to come back in two weeks and bring Amy with you."

Mollie's heart was so thoroughly in her pet plan that she found it very hard to refrain from all mention of her adorable brother-in-law during the two weeks that followed; once she did refer to the cozy party of four which they would make, and then she was obliged to turn it off on Jenny, the little maid of all work, as making the fourth.

"The day before Mollie was to return Aunt Hetty call'd him. A nervous attack she called it, but Mollie privately pronounced it contrariness. Aunt Hetty declared she must die if left alone with the servants, and Amy felt obliged to postpone her visit for a few days at least. Mollie could go on as she had intended, and she would follow as soon as Aunt Hetty could spare her. Thus it happened that Mollie had arrived home alone.

"Amy will certainly come up next week," she said to John, "but I don't think we will another. It seems an age since I went away."

It was so pleasant to be at home once more and mistress of all she surveyed; a note from Amy saying she would come

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## THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

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## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

There will be no spring vacation at Wabash College this year, and in consequence college will close one week earlier than last year.

The First National Bank of North Manchester has been organized. It will succeed to the business of, and occupy the house of the Manchester Bank.

ELIZA HENDERSON, a colored woman of Rockport, Spencer county, acknowledges that she has killed five of her children directly after they were born.

Mrs. JOHN LONE, of Jefferson township, in Sullivan county, twenty miles north of Vincennes, was burned to death; her clothes having caught fire from a grate.

## John Gull, of Port Fulton, Clark county, now 77 years old, a few days ago received \$1,700 back pension due his father, Joseph Gull, for services in the war of 1812.

W. F. CLARK, husband of the notorious Nancy Clark, has just filed a petition for divorce from his wife, who is confined in the reformatory, her time being nearly out.

By the explosion of a boiler at John Casey &amp; Son's flour mill, at Knightstown, the engineer, Con Cleary, and his assistant, Frank Brodin, were terribly mangled, both dying in a short time.

Natural science is a wonderful thing. Who would have thought that a bright or another form of a dose of salt, or that there is enough sulphate of potash in an old chimney to physic a whole community?

Dr. Joseph Leidy goes on with his investigations that the paper trade was probably the one which turned to immediate use more waste products than any other. In it was utilized cotton, flax, hemp, and jute, waste, and old ropes and canvas rags. In fact, the paper manufacturer could turn to profitable purpose any vegetable fiber.

## Betting on a Certainty.

In the British army in India betting among the officers often runs to an extreme of vice that is sometimes fearful to contemplate. Perhaps it is no worse than in club life in London, where the most amazing as well as tragical stories are told of the curious bets that are made. Betting on a certainty is held to be unfair, unless the avowal is distinctly made, so that no undue advantage is taken.

An officer in the army had imported for his private apartments a new and beautiful mahogany table. A day or two after it had arrived and had been duly installed in his quarters, a brother officer, a great swell and very unpopular, dropped in familiarly, and greatly admired the beautiful table. The owner was shoving it about with the glass with his back to his visitor—Col. Brown—but continued the conversation until the Colonel withdrew, the latter remarking that he hoped soon to have his legs under a cigar again.

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## WEAKNING TREATMENT.

It is a law of our nature that weakness will recruit itself, and so will disease; but as well from indolence and inactive, but no more certainly than that in sufficient clothing, bathing in water so hot as to produce a shock and a permanent chill, etc., must prove an adverse to the health as the opposite extreme.

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## Jones—And pray what is that, Colored?"

Brown—"It is just a little too high."

Jones—Do you think so? How high would you suppose it to be?"

Brown—"I presume it is the usual height, about thirty-six inches, and it ought to be less than that by at least half an inch."

Jones—"That is the exact height, thirty-five and a half inches, not thirty-six, as you suppose."

Brown—"Pardon me, I am certain it is three feet high; I will make you a bet on it."

Jones—"Will you loss if you do, for I have a copy won't ever again have to go down town in the middle of the night and wake up a sleepy drug clerk, who is liable to poison him with the wrong medicine."

All he will have to do will be to endure cold weather with impunity, and thus enable them to escape the ordinary colds," it is a great relief to have a shingle roof, or that of an iron or slate roof, as to produce a shock and a permanent chill, etc., must prove an adverse to the health as the opposite extreme.

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