

What are supporters?

G. Rose, from New London, Conn., writes: Send me two boxes of your famous supporters. I have a friend who is a supporter of the supporters. I tried every other supporter, but the supporters are the only ones that will support me. I have a friend who is a supporter of the supporters. I tried every other supporter, but the supporters are the only ones that will support me. I have a friend who is a supporter of the supporters. I tried every other supporter, but the supporters are the only ones that will support me.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY EDNA H. RUSSELL.

Lillian Whitney looked out into the gathering twilight, her fair face, with the nut-brown curls clinging about it, brought out in startling relief a background of vivid black roses. She was expecting her lover—noble, handsome Frank Carleton! Only a week ago he had poured into her ears the story of his love, and had asked her to be his wife. And she smiled softly and blushed as she looked at the clock. The hands gleamed in the tender light of the glorious June noon, just grandly rising behind the far-off purple hills. "Oh," murmured Lillian, "what have I ever done that such a grand, noble man should love me?" The love-light in her eyes became brighter, the blushes on her cheek deepened, for she heard a footstep which she could never mistake. With a fluttering heart Lillian sprang back among the roses, thinking fondly that Frank would soon find her. But Frank Carleton was not alone, for a woman, tall and graceful in form, dressed in somber black, was walking beside him. Frank was speaking, and Lillian strained her ears to hear. What a look of love and devotion there was on his face as he bent over her! Lillian clenched her hands, and her lips grew white and rigid. "Dear Maud," he said, softly and tenderly, "you can never guess how very, very thankful I am that that man is dead. Now you are free, and nothing shall part us again."

He is running on in this... But this has grown so extremely old-fashioned, that only ladies of style dare only glance at "what might have been," and eagerly grasp the moneyed purse. The working populace, seeing the example of the more favored sisters, quickly followed the wake, thus placing crime upon crime until it ends in family quarrels, separation, divorce, prison, and death. Very strong language to use, for a girl tired of working for herself, without a home, and a scanty purse. Well, do you obtain a home, a full purse, and folded arms? The home may turn to be the one miserably spot within you. You eat, drink, and sleep, while the full purse and folded arms may prove an everlasting curse. No happy blessings can, surely, follow such injustice to him who shares your lot. The unforseen misery inflicted upon yourself is a just reward for your unfaithfulness to him. If he be a widower, your position is extremely delicate, for by securing yourself a home others may have been driven out to battle with the world, and their tale of woe will be a heavy burden for you to bear ere you reach your long home. Women of fashion, and the vast multitude who work for your living, if you marry upon any pretext whatever, except for love, death hovers over your bridal feast. As years glide on, a quarrel ensues, separation is talked of, a divorce threatened, and only too often, in the frenzy of the moment, weapon is seized, and death may claim one offender, while the prison may receive the other. Else you will live on in a perpetual war. Each day will have heavier trials than the preceding.

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Baron Boileau came to the United States as Secretary of the French Legation, and was for nearly a year charge d'affaires. Subsequently he was Consul of France at New York City, and while there he married Susan, the youngest daughter of Senator Rensselaer. Subsequently he was appointed Minister to Ecuador. While in New York he was induced to recommend, as an official agent of Government, the negotiation of the Memphis and El Paso Railroad bonds, issued under the auspices of his brother-in-law, Gen. Fremont. Boileau was discharged from the diplomatic corps, and sentenced to imprisonment. While in prison his wife died, leaving six children. Senator Sumner and others endeavored to have Baron Boileau's term of imprisonment shortened, and I believe with some success. He and his wife to New England friends always gave them great pleasure. August Belmont, who has for some years been the agent of the Rothschilds at New York, has exercised a powerful influence in the Democratic party. He married a daughter of the Commodore Perry who discovered Japan, not the one who fought on Lake Erie, and he was for years the leader of fashionable society in New York. Personally he resembles Leopold Mure, except that he is not so often in the front of a duel, owing to a wound received in a duel when he first came to this country. He has never held office except when for a time he was Consul General of Austria at New York, and afterwards United States Minister to Holland. His son, Perry Belmont, now in Congress, is a smart young fellow, lavish in his expenditures, and anxious for distinction. Boss Tweed had his eye on the United States Treasury, and had he not been arrested in his speculations at New York, he would have elected Gov. Seymour, or some one else whom he could have controlled. As a first step in this direction, he invested \$25,000 in the establishment of a newspaper at Washington, edited by John Corcoran and other hard-shell Bourbonists. When about \$30,000 had been sunk in the publication of the paper, Tweed came to grief, and the Patriot was no longer published. During the winter of 1866 a New York artist who had executed a fine painting representing the death of President Lincoln brought it to Washington and placed it in one of the committee-rooms of the Capitol, his object being to obtain life-sittings from some of the parties whose portraits were included in the group surrounding the death-bed of the dying President, the portraits having been painted from photographs. One of the most conspicuous portraits in the group was that of Edwin M. Stanton, who was that of a man who was represented as standing a few feet from the head of the bed, towards which his head was turned, a full profile view of his head being visible. His left arm was thrown behind him, and in his hand he held a paper supposed to be a telegram. Strange as it may seem, the artist had represented him in a lilac coat and drab pantaloons, of the loosely-fitting garments of drab cloth which he usually wore as it would seem possible to make them. So confident were those who saw the picture that Mr. Stanton would be angry when he saw himself portrayed in such a ridiculous costume, that the artist was urged to repaint it before he should visit the room; but this advice was unheeded. Mr. Stanton finally called at the room to give the artist the desired sitting. Taking a seat in a large armchair, he looked earnestly at the picture, which was then rapidly approaching completion. For a moment the deep silence which pervaded the room was painfully significant. It was finally broken by Mr. Stanton, who uttered a most emphatic and indignant protest against being presented in a fashionable and fancy costume, so totally different from that in which he was usually attired. "And who ever heard," said he, "of a cabinet minister wearing a lilac coat and drab pantaloons? These were the precise words. As he proceeded he grew fearfully angry, and finally rose to his feet. His face was almost purple, and his bulky frame quivered with rage. For several moments he held undisputed monopoly of the situation, for no one present had the temerity to interrupt him. The artist seemed paralyzed with astonishment, not unmingled with fear, and leaned against the marble mantel for support. His left hand grasped his palette and brushes, and his right lung powerless by his side, while the color faded from his cheeks. After Mr. Stanton had given full expression to his feelings, his anger had, consequently, become somewhat modified, a friend of the artist, who fortunately happened to be present, took a seat by his side and entered into conversation with him, but found it impossible to convince him that he had not been grossly insulted. "What would you think," said he, "if old Mr. Welles, who sits by the bedside, was represented in knee breeches and with buckles on his shoes?" "I should think," was the reply, "that the artist had committed a most culpable anachronism, which he has not done in your case." Though he has taken a license in the drawing of your portrait, he has strictly adhered to the costume of the day, while knee-breeches and shoe buckles belong to a bygone period." He made no reply, but remained silent for several minutes. Finally, turning to the artist, he said: "That, sir, is your painting, and you can do whatever you please with it; but I will never endorse its accuracy or give you a sitting until you repaint the drapery of my portrait." After making this emphatic declaration he was again silent for some minutes, when the artist, who had recovered his self-possession, ventured to speak to him and state what he had thought it advisable to drape his portrait in colors so offensive to him, assuring him that his sole object in doing so was to avoid the unpleasant monotony inextricable from a group of male portraits clad in the unpicturesque costume of our time. He also assured him that if he would give him another sitting he would repaint the drapery of his figure in any style or color he might suggest. With this promise Mr. Stanton seemed perfectly satisfied, and immediately took a chair, where he sat patiently and quietly for an hour while the last touches were added to the face of his portrait. During this sitting he conversed very pleasantly, and was as gentle and as amiable as a little child. At times his rugged features would be lighted up by a happy smile, which seemed like a gleam of sunshine after a storm. On the day following the group was carried Mr. Stanton visited Brady's gallery by appointment, where he was met by the artist who had so unintentionally offended him, and stood for a photograph, from which

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