G. Bose, from New London.
G. Bose, from New London.
Writes: Send me two boxes of Kemp's Pile Suppositories by Our druggist is out. They are friend. I tried every particularly bearing the proof of the Supposition of the Sup

NELTKE. Editomg ago,

room; I watch him till the evening lays her mask Upon the face of day; and in the gloom He lays his pencil down and silent sits, And leans his chiff upon his hand and sighs How well I know what memory round him flits I read it in his eyes.

And when his pencil's skill

Has sometimes wrought a touch of happy
I see his face with sudden gladness fill;
I see him turn with eager lips apart,
To bid me come and welcome his success;
And then he droops, and throws his bushle.

Oh, if my darling then could only guess That she is near who died!

ometimes I fancy, too, That he does dimly know it—that he feels ome influence of love pass thrilling through Death's prison bars, the spirit's bonds seals, me dear companionship around him still; some whispered blessing, faintly-breatl

caress,
The presence of a love no death can kill
Brightening his ioneliness.

Ah, but it cannot be!
The dead are with the living—I am here; The dead are with the living—I am nere,
But he, my living love, he cannot see
His dead wife, though she cling to him so neal
I seek his eyes; I press against his cheek;
I hear him breathe my name in wailing toneHe calls me, calls his wife, I cannot speak—
He thinks he is alone.

This is the bitterness of death;
To know he loves me, place and yearns fo

To see him, still be near him, feel his breath
Fan my sad cheek, and yet I am not free
To bid him feel, by any faintest touch,
That she who never left his side in life—
She who so loved him, whom he loved so mucl
Is with him still, his wife.

### AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY EDNA R. RUSSELL.

Lilian Whitney looked out into the gathering twilight, her fair face, with the nut-brown curls clinging about it, brought out in startling relief by a background of

vivid blush 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

And she smiled softly and blushed And she smiled softly and blushed as she looked at the diamond ring which gleamed in the tender light of the glorious June noon, just grandly rising behind the far-off purple hills.

"Oh!" murmured Lilian, "what have I ever done that such a grand, noble man should love me?"

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 Lilian shrank back among the rose-bushes, thinking fondly that Frank would soon find her

bushes, 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. Hark! Frank was speaking, and Lilian strained her ears to hear. What a look of love and devotion there was on his face as he bent over her! Lilian clenched her hands, and her lips grew white and rigid. "Dear Maud," he said, softly and tenderly. "you can never guess how very. derly, "you can never guess how very, very thankful I am that that man is dead. very thankful I am that thus man. Now you are free, and nothing shall part

Nothing, Frank?" she said, looking up at him; and Lilian could see the passionate love shining in his eyes. "Not even your marriage with this beautiful Miss Whitney?"

Whitney?"
"Surely not," he answered, almost reproachfully. "Why should it?"
And then they passed on.
With a low moan, Lilian fell prone among the rose-bushes.
Lilian did not stop to reason—did not stop to consider that there might be a mistake, that deceit and falsehood had ever been foreign to Frank Carleton's ever been foreign to Frank Carleton's

And so the next day Frank received a

and so the next day Frank received a small package—a few books, some old love-letters, and a diamond ring. There was no note of explanation, but he well knew who had sent them.

Enraged and astounded, he immediately sought Lilian for an explanation; but the servant who answered his impatient ring said that she was "not at home."

A week later Frank Carleton started for

the Continent, and so these two lives, that might have been all in all to each other, drifted further and further apart.

Five years later. It was the evening of Mrs. Roderick Forrest's ball, and the best society of Melville was there. Lilian Whitney leaned back in the embrasure of one of the windows, and hidden by the flowing draperies of the curtains, watched with dreamy, half-closed eyes the bright,

herry throng in the ball-room.

Her beauty was more spirituelle than it had been five years ago, and the proud look on her face had softened into more tender, more womanly curves. She was decidedly the belle of the evening, and i was only by much skillful maneuvring that she had been able to gain this quiet retrea

for a few moments.

All at once she caught her breath with sudden gasp of pain, and placing her hand on her heart to stop its wild beating,

leaned forward and peered out.

Yes, it was surely Frank Carleton she saw, though he was much changed. Tall and straight, and browned, with heavy mustache and beard, he looked at least ten years older, and certainly a great deal more hansomer and manly, than he had looked five years ago. looked five years ago.

"How noble he looks!" Lilian thought, with a sudden thrill. "Oh, how could I

misjudge him so by my dark suspicions?
And now I have lost him for ever!" And
the hot tears of bitter anguish and remorse trickled between her daintily-gloved

fingers.

The curtains parted, and Mrs. Rederick Forrest and Frank Carlton stood before

"Lillie, love, you thought you would outwit us this time, but you see you have failed, for I knew where you were all the time. Allow me to present-Why, child are you ill?"

For, white and trembling, our heroine had sunk down, looking like a broken fily. She had thought she could bear the meeting firmly and calmly, but her strength When, a few minutes later, she opened

her eyes, she found Frank Carleton's arms were about her, and that he was showering kisses on her face.

For a moment she felt as if she could die

for very happiness.
"Frank," she whispered,—"oh, Frank can you forgive me after I have wronged you so deeply?"
"Hush!" he said—"hush, my darling!

"She has told me all," she went on—
"your sister Maud—how you have loved her, and how much you have helped her white her miserable, drunken husband was alive! And, oh. Frank, I misjudged you so cruelly! I did not know she was your

"Of course you did not," he said, ten-derly. "Has not your mistake made us miserable for five long years? Do not mention it again, my darling And he stopped her lips with a kiss.

### "AS YOU SOW."

"Nothing but a shop girl married for a bome."
So I heard the sentence pass through

I turned aside, and bending over my cheerful tre, wondered if she too must be of the polesty. train in the way of furniture and delike of the way of the w

ise in running on in this he belives injury, while hundreds

hey are the same thing, and marry vide they are usually to usual the same thing, and marry vide they are usually the same thing, and marry vide they are usually the same thing, and marry vide they are usually the same thing, and marry vide they are usually the same thing, and marry vide they are usually the same thing, and marry vide they are usually the same thing, and marry vide to usually they are usually th But this has grown so extremely old-fashioned of late that our ladies of style dare only glance at "what might have been," and eagerly grasp the moneyed

The working populace, seeing the ex-The working populace, seeing the example of their more favored sisters, quickly follow in 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 miserable spot within you.

able spot within you.
You eat, drink, and sleep, while the full
purse and folded arms may prove an ever-

lasting 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 ex-

tremely delicate, for by securing yourself a home others may have been driven out to battle with the world, and their tale of 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 As years glide on, a quarrel ensues separation is talked of, a divorce threat

ened, and only too often, in the frenzy of the moment, a 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 he preceding.

Your little buds of promise are heed lessly neglected, because of your one great misery; while he, the provider of your home, loiters in "private bars," and drowns his troubles in the poisoning cup.

But who—oh, who is to blame?

Women, use carefully your mysterious power over the hearts of men.
You possess, in a measure, the means of increasing their happiness or woe.
Therefore, look well to the trust within

your keeping, and have the casket which contains it brightly garnished.

Then the clerks in the divorce court would go begging for bread, and who would not give them a loaf, with a "God bless you?" Many a prison cell would remain vacant

while the pot of soup containing the nutri-ment of clean bones would be more strengthening, as the quantity of water i considerably less.

The churchyard mounds being fewer, the

wild flowers playing free amid the long grasses would flourish quite as well with less water from the great fount of human tears.
"But is not separation preferable to a life

"But is not separation preferable to a life of continual unhappiness?" I still hear some silently questioning.

My fire has gone out; the last coals have faded into ashes.

I would have all such queries pass from the lips of humanity.

But this cannot be while marriage is a white of have simple for gain.

thing of bargaining for gain.

When we are ready to place only the one great power upon the altar, then, indeed, will dawn the millennium in this respect, and until then some few will strongly battle for the right, hoping the end may lie somewhere in the dimly-lighted future.

#### Davy Crockett.

No quieter or more gentlemanly per son did I ever meet than David Crock

He came slowly lounging into the venerable office of The National In telligencer one severe winter afternoon when and where I was industriously warming my little boy body all round the small, square stove.

There was a vacant chair near me

He took it with solemn deliberation. Then over the flat stove-top he ex tended his big, rough hands.
"Cold," he said. Nothing more for a

long while. I looked up at him-looked intently: for this was an uncommon comer. large form—to my boyish idea gigantic -a great, strange head, down each side of which, from a middle parting, fell long, black hair. Something savage about him, yet a most gentle savage, as if he could fondle a baby, pet a puss and even cry very heartily, being moved

by proper circumstance.

My father, present, of course, for he "belonged to the office," observing my amazement, found opportunity to whis per in my ear: "David Crockett."

I knew a few things about the fa-mous man—knew that his life had been a romance surpassing the imaginings o any poet or novelist-knew, and what so surprising as this?—that he was now a member of Congress. Indeed, I had heard read at the breakfast-table some of the "b'ar stories" with which he frequently amused, convulsed, and conrinced the House.

I saw David Crockett. Presently I felt David Crockett. His oig right hand, gliding away from the lovingly among the curls of my hair.

hot stove-plate, chose to rest itself "You never met a b'ar?" remarked Davy; "in course you never?"

I acknowledged my total unacquaint-

"Would like to?" "Certainly."

"Don't know. Better hear about 'em "I'd be glad to hear, them.

"So you shall, my boy. I'll tell you story of one I seed once't." I was charmed with the anticipation. He would have begun it immediately, but several members, Senators, and others that moment entered the office Their business soon over, they still lingered, for a whisper had stolen mong them, and more chairs were brought up to the fire, and an expectant

circle unexpectedly resulted. "I was going to tell this lad a b'ar story," resumed Davy, when every voice interrupted him with: "Tell it! tell it! We all wish to hear

He complied. Listening that after noon proved my chief enjoyment of life to date. Listening seemed to prove a similar sensation to every person group. It was grand excitement just to listen. Whatever was related we saw. We lived along the remarkable incidents from word to word. Who of mortals, save David Crockett, could display such vivid power—could so wield thunder and lightning? Yet it was not altogether terror. Comical situations were introduced. We were ager, we were alarmed, we were suddenly in most violent paroxysms laughter.—Brooklyn Magazine.

conversed very pleasantly, and was as SEVERAL young men were sitting to gentle and as amiable as a little child.
At times his rugged features would be lighted up by a happy smile, which gether, and a young lady happened to approach the vicinity. One "real sweet" young fellow seeing, as he supposed, the young lady looking at him, re-marked, playfully and with a becoming simper, "Well, miss, you needn't look seemed like a gleam of terrific storm. On the day following the events above narrated Mr. Stanton visited Brady's gallery by appointment

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 Benton. 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 was a very accomsome success. He was a very accomplished gentleman, and his visit to New England friends always gave them great

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 Morse, except that he limps a little, owing to a wound re-ceived in a duel when he first came to this country. He has never held office except when for a time he was Consul deneral 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, aided by Mr. Corcoran and other hard-shell Bourbons. 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 e parties whose portraits were included in the group surrounding the death-bed of the dying President, the portraits having been painted from pho-tographs. One of the most conspicuous portraits in the group was that of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, 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 a fashionable cut, and as unlike the loosely-fitting garments of dark cloth which he usually wore as it would seem possible to make them. So confident were those who saw the picture that Mr. Stantan would be angry when he saw himself portrayed in such a ridicu-lous 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 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 em-

and off in the still lake the ugly heads of alligators toasting in the sun.— Charles Dudley Warner, "The Acadian Land," in Harper's Magazine. phatic and indignant protest against being presented in a fashionable and fancy costume. so totally different from It is not to a baby millionaire that I that in which he was usually attired. "And who ever heard," said he, "of a wish to call your attention, nor even to "And who ever heard, sand heard baby.

cabinet minister wearing a lilac coat baby.

You, of course, know all about what You, of course, know all about what what and know the sand know any baby; but to the finances of your and drab pantaloons?" These were his precise words. As he proceeded he the little fellow has cost, and know grew fearfully angry, and finally rose to his feet. His face was almost purple, and his burly frame quivered with ful hours and anxieties innumerable. rage. His wrath was truly volcanic. For several moments he held undis-But, after awhile, the now costly baby will require not only schooling, but bus puted monopoly of the situation, for no iness education, and a foundation upon 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 pallette and brushes, and

his arm hung powerless by his side.

while his face was of an ashy paleness.

After Mr. Stanton had given full ex-

pression to his feelings, and 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 im-

possible to convince him that he had not

een 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

reply, "that the artist had committed

an unpardonable anachronism, which he

has not done in your case; for though

he has taken a license in the draping of

your portrait, he has strictly adhered to

the costume of the day, while knee-breeches and shoe buckles belong to a

but remained silent for several minutes

Finally, turning to the artist, he said:

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

ilent for some minutes, when the artist,

who had recovered his self-possession,

ventured to speak to him and state why

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

inseparable from a group of male por-traits clad in the unpicturesque cos-

tume of our time. He also assured

him that if he would give him another

sitting he would repiant the drapery of his figure in any style or color he might suggest. With this assurance Mr. Stan-

ton seemed perfectly satisfied, and im-

sunshine after a

That, sir, is your painting, and you

"I should think," was the

He made no reply,

think."

his shoes?"

bygone period."

which to stand in the great money-getting world.

There are so many ups and downs with prosperous people, that the child of wealth to-day may twenty years hence be eking out a scanty living a clerk; and, on the other hand, the little

by cape-like woods stretching into

plain, and the horizon line was alwa

the landscape, game birds abounding There was the lively little nonpare

the oriole family—the papabotte, favorite on New Orleans tables in t

autumn, snipe, killdee, the cheroc

of teal ducks in the ponds. The little ponds are called "bull-hole

in the North not made by bulls.

Mr. Jefferson's residence—a pret

country. Along one side of his ho

enclosure for a mile runs a superb hed

of Chickasaw roses. On the slope bac of the house, and almost embracing i

is a magnificent grove of live-oaks, gre

gray stems, and the branches hung w

heavy masses of moss, which swing

the wind like the pendant boughs of th

willow, and with something of its sent mental and mournful suggestion. Th

recesses of this forest are cool and dark but upon ascending the hill, sudden!

bursts upon view under the trees a mos

lake, which may be a mile long and

half a mile broad, is called Lake

Peigneur, from its fanciful resemblance

are wooded. On the island side the

bank is precipitous; on the opposite shore amid the trees is a hunting-lodge,

and I believe there are plantations on

the north end, but it is in aspect alto-

gether solitary and peaceful. But the island did not want life. The day was

brillant, with a deep blue sky and high-

sailing fleecy clouds, and it seemed a sort of animal holiday; squirrels chat-tered; cardinal-birds flashed through

the green leaves; there flittered about the red-winged blackbird, blue jays, red-headed woodpeckers, thrushes, and

occasionally a rain-crow crossed the scene; high overhead sailed the heavy

buzzards, describing great aerial circles

believe, to a wool-comber. The shores

Great variety of birds enliven

fellow whose baby wardrobe is plain and limited, by the same time may be on the broad road to fortune. When you sit by the darling's cradle is the time to thoughtfully mature your plans for the future. There are so many little trifles bought for baby that might be dispensed with and the money allowed to accumulate for future use. It is wonderful how nice s sum may repose in one of the many saving-fund institutions by just a little forethought and economy. A Mayor in a Southern city gave on Saturday even-ings to his four little daughters all the dimes he happened to have in his pocket. A lady of my acquaintance saved all her gold pieces for her son, depositing them in bank to his credit, she acting as trustee. Another lady having a small house renting for \$8 month, put the sum to her children's account in the savings fund, and care

fully refrained from using any of it. I know of many instances of well-todo parents who are faithfully laying up for the children, and that in a small matter-of-fact way which would astonish many with whom they mingle in so ciety. A pencil and paper and a half hour or less spent in calculating the possible accumulation of even \$20 year for twenty years will show what can be done.—Babuhood.

### Degrees of Silence.

"It was so still in the hall," said Dobbins, speaking of the concert, that you could have heard a pin drop. "Was there a large audience?" asked Peterby.

"The house was half full." "Is that all? Hem! You ought to lear the silence there when there is a full house. Oh, it's something grand!'

mediately took a chair, where he sat patiently and quietly for an hour while the last touches were added to the face VERY few men are wise by their own of his portrait. During this sitting he ounsel, or learned by their own teach ng; for he that was only taught by nimself had a fool for his master.—Ben lonson.

DON'T imagine a titled Englishman to be old-fashioned when you read of his stood for a photograph, from which ancient manor.

the silver you have got.

"Alcohol will clean silver," Yes, alcohol well stuck to will clean out all

his figure was entirely repainted, the great satisfaction of himself his family. CALL ON

Joe Jefferson's Home.

Across the marshes and bayous eimiles to the west from Petite A
Island rises Orange Island, famous
its orange plantation, but called Jef
son Island since it became the propest McBENRY, ILL.
and home of Joseph Jefferson, No

FOR

BC

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ar

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fo

to

and home of Joseph Jefferson. No high as Petite Anse, it is still const

## ous with its crown of dark for from a high point on Petite Ar through a lovely vista of trees, we flowering cacti in the foreground, ferson's house is a white spot in landscape. We reached it by a circ tous drive of twelve miles over MERCHANDISE

the West Division. tous drive of twelve miles over prairie, sometimes in and sometimes the building, low insurout of the water, and continually verted from our course by fences. In a good sign of the thrift of the race, a good sign of the thrift of the race, a good sign of the thrift of the race, a good sign of the thrift of the race, a good sign of the thrift of the race, a good sign of the thrift of the race, a good sign of the thrift of the race, a good sign of the thrift of ling, paying no interest ey, having good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest ey, having good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest ey, having good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest in tracts of thirty or forty acres, put ling, paying no interest in tracts of thirty or forty acres, put ling, paying no interest in tracts of thirty or forty acres, put ling, paying no interest and a good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest and a good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest and a good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest a good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest a good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest a good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest a good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest a good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest a good credit and a good credit and a people have taken up or bought ling, paying no interest a good credit and a good credit a closures. At one place, where the meat all as well, or even betroad was bad, a thrifty Acadian had han many others, by offering up a toll of twenty-five cents for thins in

# privilege of passing through premises. The scenery was pasto and pleasing. There were freque round ponds, brilliant with lilies a fleurs-de-lis, and hundreds of cat feeding on the prairie or standing in t

water, and generally of a dun-coldtable to our Town and made always an agreeable picture. Titry trade, of real merit and monotony was broken by lines of treatyles; made up by capelike woods stratching into the types.

ELEGANTLY.

Splendidly which seems to change its color, and red and green and blue—I believe AR SATISFACTORILY. ht our customers will buy

Our

### (snipe?) the meadow-lark, and quantit The traveler is told that they are start in this watery soil by the pawing bulls, and gradually enlarged as the state of the cattle frequent them. He remembe that he has seen similar circular poor the Spring of 1887 is all

rose-vine-covered cottage—is situate or some on the slope of the hill, overlooking broad plain and a vast stretch of bayo match them all. Also

> PAPER WITH PIECES, NTER

AND DECORATIONS.

our W . longer to evade the whites. One after another of the scattered lovely lake of clear blue water. This hostile bands surrendered. Gen. Miles says in his report: "The hostiles fought until the bulk of their ammunition was exhausted. Pursued for more than two thousand miles over the rugged and sterile districts of the rocky Sierra Madre Mountain regions, beneath the burning heat of midsummer, until worn down and disheartened, they find no place of safety in our country or Mexico, and finally lay down their arms and sue for mercy."—

Youth's Companion. A Mental Grave.

The Observer recently chatted with bright young man who holds a secondclass clerkship (\$1,400) in the War De-partment at Washington. He took the place ten years ago, after having been graduated with high honors from one of the leading New England colleges, intending to thus support himself while studying a profession. His salary at that time seemed large, and he was able to save quite a nugget each year. He studied less and less and after months gave it up altogether. Then he married, and instead of saving anything, it is all he can do to support his family in a very modest way. These are his own words: "A government clerkship These are his is no place for a young man of education and ambition. Alas! I did not know that when I started in, but I know it now to my sorrow. Such work is well enough for maimed soldiers or for soldiers' widows and daughters who have to earn their daily bread; in fact, it is a godsend to many such. But let strong, hearty, energetic young men choose almost any other line of work. The work is easy and the hours are from nine to four only, with a half hour for lunch; but it is a treacherous routine and insidiously works upon a man's mental powers until it saps them all up nd he becomes no better than a machine. The government clerkship accomplishes the destruction of one's mind just as the galleys used to of the body. I would gladly resign this very but what would become of my dav. family? I know absolutely nothing about any profession or business occupation; and were I to start in now. I would have to begin at the bottom and work up, and it would be several years before I could earn what Uncle Sam now pays me so regularly. There are hundreds of men in Washington similarly situated. Their ambition is gone, their talents are gone, and all they desire is to hold on to their clerical positions as a drowning man clings to a rope. I want to make a desperate effort, even at this late day, to get into business and be an active worker; but I see no opportunity, and the chances are that I shall continue to be fed with government pap to the end of my days, unless I receive the grand bounce when some change occurs in the administration."-New York Graphic.

A Good String.

A well-known druggist in this city was filling an order for a lady when a hawk-eyed young man whose raiment bespoke hard times stood by without making any errand. As the lady went out he was asked what he desired: "Twenty-five cents to pay for a night's lodging, please."
"Well, you won't get it."

"Very well, sir. You put up quinine for that lady?" "Suppose I follow her home and raise

the query of whether you didn't make a mistake and put up morphine?" "But it was quinine. "No doubt, but just to show you how a word will upset some people I will run after her and—"

wanted?" "A quarter, please." "Well, here it is, and as you probably haven't had any supper here's fifteen cents extra. "Thanks, sir, and may you never make another fatal mistake. Good-

"Here! How much did you say you

tongues were out of use. -Shakespeare.

night!"-Detroit Free Press.

The Lost Bracelet

One evening, when Napoleon I. was in all his glory, there was a grand gala production at the Grand Opera. How many reigning kings and princes occupied the boxes and balconies it is impossible for me to estimate; the very seats usually occupied by the claqueurs were filled with noblemen.

The Princess Borghese, the beautiful and accomplished Pauline, sparkled and shone in her box, eclipsing all around her by the splendor of her loveliness, as the sun does its satellites by the brilliancy of its rays. On her neck she wore a necklace, the diamonds and massive pearls of which, intertwined and blended with transcendent art, still further enhanced her incomart, still further enhanced her incom-parable brilliancy. When she entered her box there was a murmur of general admiration.

admration.

The imperial box opened in its turn and the master of the world appeared, saluted by these kings and princes with a formidable cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" It was generally remarked that the Empress seemed unable to take her eyes off her sister-inlaw, and appeared to be fascinated, dazzled, like the other occupants of the vast auditorium, with the marvelous brilliancy of the necklace. Suddenly the box of the Princess Borghese opened and a young Major presented himself, wearing the brilliant blue and silver uniform of the aides-de-camp of the Emperor's staff. "Her Majesty, the Empress," said he, bowing low, "admires the wonderful necklace worn by your Imperial Highness, and has expressed the liveliest desire to examine it closer." The beautiful Pauline made a sign to one of her ladies of honor, who unclasped and detached the necklace from the Princess' neck and placed it in the hands of the staff officer. The latter bowed gravely and disappeared. This episode occurred toward the middle of the second act. The entracte came and passed away. The third act concluded in its turn. The fourth act came and passed, and the entertainment concluded, yet still the necklace was not returned.

The Princess Borghese took this for a characteristic freak of Marie Louise's. Next day, however, she asked if the necklace had pleased the Empress and whether she had found the setting and arrangement of the jewels to her taste. The Empress was thunderstruck, for she had not seen it and had sent no officer for it as described. Napoleon deigned to mix himself up in the affair. He had the names of all the staff efficers on duty the preceding evening, ascertained. And then one by one under some pretext or other, he had them called before his sister. She did not recognize one of them. They summoned the Prince of Otrante, Minister of Police. A long council was held. Everything possible was done, but in vain. The unfortunate Fouche was ready to tear his hair in despair. He set his keenest bloodhounds at work. His best detectives were literally worn off their legs, without result. As to their imperial master, he was literally bubbling over with rage, and was almost on the point of thrashing his Chief of Police. But neither the necklace (which was worth nearly a million) nor the audacious thief was ever seen again.—Home Journal.

### Mary Stuart.

We could wish, if it were possible, that no one should he allowed to write about Mary Stuart who has not previously testified his acceptance of and who shall not in his writing adhere to the following propositions: That the following propositions: That Scotch and English, Catholic and Pro-testant, nullo discrimine habeat in the matter. That he will constantly bear in mind the ideas prevailing at the time about statecraft and public morality, and will never assume that Mary or that Elizabeth, that Cecil or that Murray "could not" have done this or that thing which a modern Queen and a modern statesman would think it wrong to do. preconceived character of this or that person to the probable conduct of that person in such a case, he will examine the recorded conduct in the cases, compare it with the general morality, public and private, of the time, and then, and then only, construct his general character. That he will carefully exclude not only the national and religious prejudices referred to, but all minor irrelevant provocations to ira and studium. These are hard conditions, no doubt, but if they be not observed study of such a problem as the character of Queen Mary becomes impossible. And, above all things, it is neccessary that the inquirer into this ques-tion should from the beginning understand that he is not called upon to decide between the theories of a glorified saint, such as Father Stevenson seems to picture, and a white devil like the creature of Kingsley's and Mr. Froude's imagination, or even a kind of renaissance Venus, such as Mr. Swinburne would like to fancy. Glorified saints are not met with at kirk and market every day; white devils also are scarce, and even renaissance Venuses dans ces parages. Our own conviction, founded upon a very long study of the facts, is that an investigation conducted on these principles will find "not proven" in regard to the two great charges against Mary, with a decided leaning to acquit-tal in the case of Darnley and a dubious leaning to condemnation in the case of Elizabeth, this latter qualified by a strong recommendation to mercy considering the great provocation received and the ideas of the time on the modes of vengeance open to sovereigns. Further, we have no doubt that the execu-tion of Mary was a crime in the eyes not only of international law, but of true statesmanship and general morality, differentiated duly for time and place. -Saturday Review.

### Would Talk Irish.

During the legislative vacation Sena-tor Cullom took a trip to Europe. While in Paris he saw Chauncey M. Depew, who was the first man that the Senator had met who understood English. Going up to him he warmly grasped him by the hand and said, in s

way peculiar to the Senator:
"Mr. Depew, how are you? I am
pleased to meet you, if it is only to
have somebody to talk English to and
who will talk English to me."
Mr. Depew eyed him for a while and

then pured forth a speech in the most excellent French. That the Senator was astounded goes without saying. He tried all the arts known to him to induce the President of the Central road to reply to him, in English, but failed. Finally, becoming desperate, he shook his fist in his face and said: "Mr. Depew, I'll get even with you

I hear you are traveling for pleasure, and that you will go to Ireland before you are through. I'll make it my business to meet you there, and if you speak to me you will have to speak in GUILTINESS will speak though Irish for I shall use no other tongue." -New York Star.

PITH AND POINT.

A CAT-BOAT is always dangrous when Crows never kick up a disturbance

vithout caws.

LAYINA wonders if the lot of a pawn-broker isn't a loan-ly one.

A MAN isn't liable to arrest for assault and battery if he "beats" his creditors.

Debtor—Good morning, sir. I just wanted to pay my respects. Creditor—Anything else? BRUSQUE EDITOR-I must decline

your poem. It lacks merit. Indignant poet—No, sir. You simply lack appre-nation. WHEN a woman endeavors to ser-

her beauty from the public gaze her efforts are not without a veil.—Detroit Free Press. THE reason s

with any failures in life is because they never make any efforts to succeed.—
Philadelphia Call.
A PRIVATE watchman in New York

City is charged with five different robberies. He was on duty but five nights, and this accounts for the few charges. LANDLADY—Have you noticed, Mr. Brown, that there is nothing but leaves on the streets now? Boarder (who has come late to breakfast)—Yes, madam,

and that fact is very suggestive of your

"In that drawer," said the poet on his death-bed, "you will find a lot of my posthumous works. I bequeath them all to you." "Ah! you are too kind," protested the friend. "No, I am not. No one else wants them."

"I HOPE, my dear, that you don't intend to go to the theater alone?" "No, indeed; I never go unless I am chaperoned." "Unless what?" "Chaperoned." "That's just the way with me; I always like to have a chaperoned." like to have a chap around." Counsel for the defense—Gentle-men of the jury, if there ever was a

case which, more than any other case, challenged careful comparison with similar cases, this case is that case.— Fliegende Blaetter. "Isn't it pretty lonesome out in the country?" he said to the boy whose parents moved out on a farm last fall. I guess not," was the reply. "Pa and

ms have just as many discussions as they did in the city, and us children get licked about the same.—Detroit Free Press. "Your friend, Lawyer H., dresses pretty well, it seems to me, for a man years," said Smith to Thompson; "he is mighty lucky." "I hope he don't gam-ble?" "I'm afraid he does, for he told

me yesterday that he won nearly every suit he was in."—Chicago Ledger. A CHRISTIAN clergyman once went to an orthodox synagogue with a Jewish friend. He listened to a congregation chanting "Mismar L David" usual congregational discord, and was told by his Jewish friend that it was sung to the same tune in the days of David. "Ah!" said the clergyman, with a sigh of relief, "that accounts for it. I

have often wondered why Saul threw his javelin at David." A SLIGHT CATASTROPHE. A SLIGHT CATASTROPHE.
They stood in beauty side by side,
They felt the ice with glee.
Now Johnny was his mother's pride,
And Tommy eke was he.
"I guess der ice is strong enough;
Let's have a slide," said John.
"Well, you go first," said little Tom,
"And soon I shall come on."
But ice which may be safe for one
May not be safe for two.
When John and Thomas reached the
Some tears two woodsheds knew.
New York Morning Journal.
With stealthy hand be strong to all

With stealthy hand he strove to clip
One golden ringlet from her head.
"Ah, don't!" Then, with a smiling lip,
"They are my sister Jane's," she said.
Harper's Magazine.

Girls' Friendships.

Among the joys of girlhood is friend-ship, which, though often laughed at as absurd and "missish," is, nevertheless, very sweet. Most girls, even if they have sisters, have also some special friend to whom they yow eternal devotion, write voluminous letters when they are apart, and for whom they contrive all sorts of little presents, more or less useful or ornamental. If the friend is an ordinarily good girl, this affection is beneficial to both parties, takes each a little out of her own small circle as well as of herself, and widens her horizon. It is often very pure and unselfish, and, especially between girls

who never marry, endures as long as

they live.
But there comes a time when, to use the ordinary phrase, a girl's education is finished, when books are somewhat laid aside, and she becomes a young lady at large, free to follow her own bent if she has one, and generally dis-posed to see as much as she can of the world. A wholesome-natured girl is ready for anything, and "takes the goods the gods provide" with all sim-plicity. She enjoys a country ramble thoroughly, trips along with feet as light as her heart, plays vigorously at lawn-tennis when she has the opportunity, reads the book and sees the pictices of the day, and adds wonderfully to the brightness of the home circle. She is her father's pride, her mother's vicegerent, and her brother's 'chum." This is the halcyon time of life, when innocent pleasures have not begun to pall, and when the future is rosy with the sunshine of love and happiness. Our Mary grows critical about her appearance, detects the smallest approach to a misfit in her frocks, and is somewhat difficult to please in the matter of hats and bonnets. It is quite natural that she should wish to look her best, and if a lover comes along who sees in her His heaven-born Eve, on whose unsullied brow The shadow of the sinning never came,"

and she reciprocates his feeling, a new world opens before her, and her parents live their own youth over again as they feel that the new love only deepens old ones, and draws all natural ties closer. This is as it ought to be; and a wise lover, knowing that a dutiful daughter makes a good wife, will rejoice to see it, and congratulate himself on having won the heart of a girl who so win-somely answers to the sweet name of Mary.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

Too Young to Appreciate What She Said. A lady visiting at Bethel, Me., writes: "The children here are very bright and quick. The other evening some one in discussing a sermon spoke of the Son of God. Allan (the boy) says: What was God's wife's name before she was married?' Edith, his sister, answers quick as lightning: 'Her name was Mary Virgin.' Virgin is a common

name about here.' "Ir may be," saith a philoso that he who yerns for perfection in this world makes a great mistake, for as soon as anything arrives at perfect ripeness it begins to decay."

THE man who feels remorse for evil he had done is to be pitied; but there is one being still more unfortunate, he who feels his guilt beforehand, and yet commits it.