

WHO IS MISTRESS?

"Foolish!" said Mrs. Jenkins. "Oh, how I should have known before, Simon had been married twice before, you know, and I never had any trouble with his wife."



On her homeward way.

While pretty Aelia Jenkins, the bride, even then on her homeward way, seated in a luxurious Pullman car, with a novel and a bunch of the prettiest roses in her lap, was playfully questioning her husband as to the new home which she was so rapidly approaching.

"Is it a cottage, Simon?" she asked. "Well, it's not exactly a cottage, dear!" "Shall I like it, Simon?" "I think, dear" (still abstractedly), "Does your mother like it?" "Didn't mention it," said Mr. Jenkins, turning very red. "She is a very agreeable old lady."

"Why have you never told me this before?" she asked. "Well, it didn't occur to me," said Simon, looking rather sheepish. "I was so full of confidence, and I was sure you'd get along famously together. My first two wives did."

"They both died, I believe," said Aelia dryly. "Mary was consumptive, poor darling," said Simon, frowning. "And Kate had always suffered, since her childhood, from heart disease."

"The tears came into Aelia's bright eyes. 'Dear Simon,' she said, 'how much you must have suffered! Do pray pardon my foolishness, and I will never, never speak so unkindly again. But you know now I have a natural prejudice against mother-in-law.'"

"That was all she said then. But he didn't know Aelia. Neither did he know the valiant spirit of his mother, Mrs. Jenkins, senior, received Aelia with the air of a queen graciously welcoming a subject into the royal realm."

A DOUBLE SURPRISE

In a large, square, old-fashioned house lived Philip Bigelow and his sister Esther. Philip had reached the mature age of forty, and Esther was close to him. Still, each had pursued his literary pathway through life, seeking his companionship with books, and the other with music.

Early one afternoon, Esther was startled by a rap at her door. She opened the door, and a gentleman of forty-five, carefully, yet elegantly dressed, stood before her.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, madam," said he, as he noticed Esther's look of surprise; "but can you direct me to the next house on the left, sir?"

"I beg your pardon for intruding, madam," he heard that it was for sale, and from a description I have heard of it, I judge it will suit me."

"Go back to your work this instant!" room with the bay window, as soon as Rebecca is ready to attend me. "I shall allow no such performances!" said Mrs. Jenkins, turning very red.

"Rebecca is my husband's servant," corrected Mrs. Simon. "But with her money, she will obey my orders, and I shall know the reason why."

"Who is mistress of this house?" cried Mrs. Jenkins, half-shocked with rage. "I am," said Aelia. "And I intend to rule it after my own fashion. I am no poor, pale consumptive to be bullied by a dog, nor palpitating invalid, to tremble at a frown. I am a woman who knows her rights, and who intends that they shall be respected! If you don't like the manner in which I manage the house, you are at liberty to leave! But as long as you choose to treat me with due respect, I shall be most happy to have you here as my guest."

"As you please," said Aelia quietly. "I leave the house first?" "That is entirely for you to decide," said the bride.

"I can hardly believe that, mother," said Simon mildly. "She has declared that she is mistress of the house," gasped Mrs. Jenkins. "Well, and so she is," calmly asserted Simon.

A CONFEDERATE MATCH FACTORY.

The first match factory in the Confederacy was in or rather near Atlanta. The owner was an Atlanta man. These matches were sold from Richmond to the Gulf.

Unlike some of our recent experiments in this line, there was no trouble about igniting the matches. A man did not have to strike one sixteen times, and finally have to hit it on the head with a hammer, or light it by the fire. His main trouble was to keep the thing from going off prematurely, and the only effectual safeguard was to keep it in a bottle of water. They were the most utterly to previous matches ever seen in this or any other country.

The owner of this match factory put up the stuff in which the matches were dipped, and sold it for rat poison. It certainly killed the rats, but the nasty character of the stuff created such a panic in the city that the industry had to be squelched.

A Whitehall street merchant bought a box of the poison one day and carrying it to his store, added to spread a dab of it on a piece of dry bread as a bait for the rats. He gave it one spread when there was a "whish!" and the whole affair blazed up in his face, singeing off his whiskers.

Women's Ready-Made Clothing. There is hardly a trade that has grown so rapidly during the past few years as the cloak trade, said a manufacturer to a reporter. "A few years ago it was a trade almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic. In this country there are now hundreds of houses devoted to this interest alone."

The separation between us is from this moment. Thou dost not know me, and I have never seen thee. (Gilbert Sage's Reminiscences.)

The Last Slave in this Country. The Thomasville (Ga.) Register is authority for the statement that the last slave in this country was owned by a negro, Collins Alston, who years before the war became his own master, and by thrift saved enough to purchase Milly Reynolds.

Comfort for the Smiths. Virginia was founded by a Smith. Two of her Governors have been Smiths, and one of them was Governor twice. One of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was a Smith. There have been nine Smiths in the Senate of the United States. A Smith was the first Attorney-General of the United States, then Secretary of the Navy, and afterwards Secretary of State. Eight of the Confederate generals were Smiths. Smith is one of the illustrious names in England, and Scotland furnished Adam Smith, the great political economist. So there is no discount on the Smiths. (Lynchburg Virginia.)

Many people are under the erroneous impression that the leaving off of wraps or the wetting of the feet are the causes that are responsible for colds. Probably if all the cases of pneumonia, bronchitis and kindred lung diseases were traced to their rightful source, the overheating of railway cars and living rooms would be found responsible for the trouble. The rapid changes from heat to cold, and first upon the delicate vocal chords, and sometimes upward to the tissue of the lungs, and repeated exposures of this kind end in consumption.

MISTAKE OF ATHLETIC STUDENT.

Professor F. W. Newman, the eminent English scientist, contributes an account of his way of life, to the Herald. As Prof. Newman has passed his eightieth birthday, and is still hale and hearty, his example has some value.

"Perhaps I ought not to conceal that I am sadly out of harmony with the prevalent doctrine of the day concerning hardihood. "When I was a young man I had my own theories about bracing and hardening my body; I was standing a hard strain; I generally scorned a great coat—at least a warm one. In Asia to travel I had plenty of necessary hardships. I slept with open windows in most seasons; but travel brought me around to an opposite conviction."

"At University College, London, I found that the young men with open necks had no such immunity from cold and cough as I enjoyed through my wraps. One of my greatest distresses there was speaking (loud) against their coughs and nose-blowing. "Except in warm summer, I seldom rise early, because I become cold in sitting still, especially after the night has chilled the room."

"Once only in seventeen years was I absent from my lecture room in London through inability to use my voice—infirmary caused by struggling against the noise of coughs, etc. But my dear wife said that in more than forty years she had never known me to have a cough; yet at this moment I am the weaker for having foolishly roughed it years ago when, in the month of September, sudden cold came on after great heat and I had no winter flannels with me."

"Let me add that I hold to Cicero's advice, given to a student: 'Take exercise, so much as is needful for health, but not so much as will conduce to the highest bodily strength.' "I have no doubt that hard, muscular work stupefies the brain. I have as much manly strength as my duties require. Not long since a person standing at my side while I spoke loud to a large audience for an hour and a quarter, told me that my last sentence was uttered as vigorously as my first, and that he had watched in vain to hear me failing."

"I, of course, in lifting weights, etc., should not be called any thing but a weak man. What does it matter? Each has his own speciality. With no padding of fat, I am glad of good, thick clothing; and, in bed, of soft underclothes or feather bed. I shun linen sheets and everything that is heavy, preferring rough cotton. In short, I try to nourish and cherish my skin, and find it succeeds."

An Arab who wishes to sell a horse will never consent to be the first to name a price. Some one comes up and says, "Sell, will you?" "Buy, thou wilt gain."

The venter replies, "Buy, thou wilt gain." "No, speak thou first." "No, speak thou first." "Was he purchased, or reared?" "I have him in my tent, like one of my own children." "What hast thou been offered for him?" "I have him offered 100 dours." "Sell him to me at that price—thou wilt gain. Tell me then, what thou askest."

"See what is written with Allah." "Come, let us drive away the previous bidder, and do thou take ten dours over and above his offer." "I accept. Take thy horse, and Allah grant thou mayst be successful upon his back as many times as he has upon it." "Should the seller be desirous to avoid all risk of future annoyance on the subject of warranty, he adds, in the presence of witnesses: "The separation between us is from this moment. Thou dost not know me, and I have never seen thee. (Gilbert Sage's Reminiscences.)

THE HOUSE OF ADVENTURE.

Judge Weaver, of Atchison, Kan., has a very fine cat that he values highly. It is an excellent mouser, and like most playful cats, likes to tease its victims before making away with them. The other day it was observed toying with a mouse. It would strike it just hard enough with its paw to partly maul it, and then suffer it to run away a distance.

Soon the mouse gathered up strength and as the cat was about to spring forward to catch it, with mouth open, the mouse ran into the cat's mouth. The cat was soon observed to be in great agony. It climbed up the banisters, ran up posts, and seemed to be decidedly uneasy with the load upon its stomach.

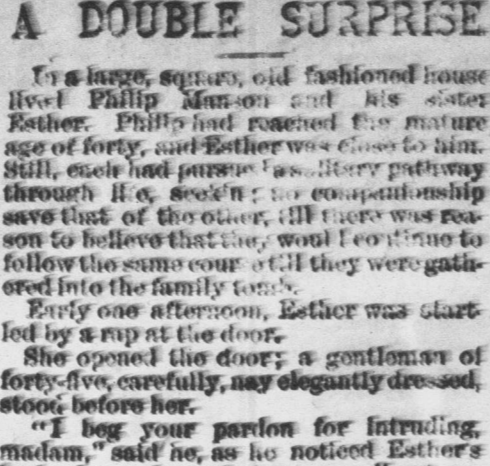
But soon the mouse was seen to emerge from the cat's stomach, and most singularly, it came out head foremost, so that it must have turned around in the cat's stomach and came out as it entered—head foremost. The cat was much exhausted, and lay in a comatose state for an hour or more, in which time little mouse escaped.

Latest from Japan. The ladies of Japan show not less readiness to adopt Western ideas and usages than the Japanese of the other sex. The belles of Yedo order dresses from Paris; and the progress of imitation has gone so far as to make a knowledge of the fashionable dances of Europe an indispensable feature in the education of every Japanese lady who respects herself. A riding school is about to be opened in Yokohama exclusively for the use of native ladies, and it promises to be largely patronized.

The Japanese Government is about to take a step which will have the effect of bringing the more solid branches of Western education within reach of the female subjects of the Mikado. A number of young women are about to be sent to Europe to receive a thorough training in the essential branches of female education as it is understood there, with a view to their subsequent employment as teachers in their own country when qualified.

An Intelligent Miss. Jim Miller, of Waycross, had a fine young mare named Bessie. He reports one of her exploits thus: "I went out to feed Nellie and when I got to the barn door the key was missing, and thinking it was at the house I called some of the children to bring it. To my surprise my nag came trotting up with it in her mouth." (Lynchburg Virginia.)

A Curious Wreck. On a tomb stone in a New York church yard the following inscription can be read: "Mrs. Jones, mother and confidante of two children, age 25 years."



He took her hand and kissed it.

There's checks. She did not trust herself to speak. "Need I say that you are the one whom, of all others, I would seek to place in that position?"

"No need of it. Let's run away to New York and get married. You know," he protested, "I have some doubts as to the romantic, and it would be quite in character."

After some demur Esther consented, and that day week was appointed for the departure. "While, if Esther had not been so exclusively occupied with her own affairs, she might have noticed that a change had come over Philip."

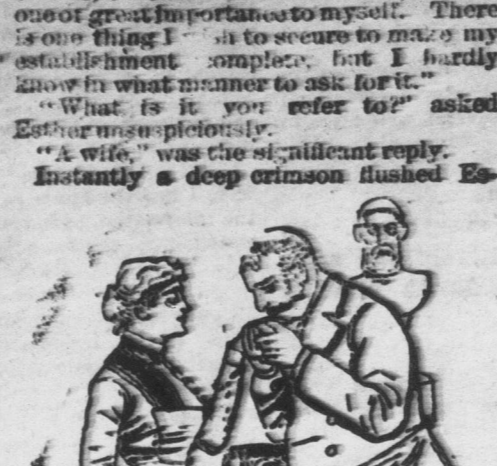
He was so absent evenings, and when at home was silent and abstracted. "We, who are in the secret, may follow him on one of his business calls."

It was at a neat cottage, from whose front door dangled an immense knocker, that Philip Manson knocked. The door was opened by the same Miss Preston who, some months before, he thought might do for Mr. Bigelow.

"Good evening, Maria," was his salutation as he entered. "After a brief conversation about the weather, the crops, and other standard topics, he began to show signs of embarrassment, and finally ejaculated: "Maria—Miss Preston—I mean Maria, what are your opinions about marriage?"

"Why," said she, "I hardly know. I don't think I have given much consideration to the subject." "Because," continued Philip, "I find my opinions have suffered a great change on this point. There was a time when I thought it unwise, but now, if I could get a good wife, such as you, for example, I should be inclined to try it."

"Oh, for! Mr. Manson," said Miss Preston, in perturbation; "how do you talk?" In five minutes Miss Preston had accepted. "The only thing I think of," said the gentleman after a pause, "is that my sister Esther is a decided enemy to marriage, and I hardly dare to tell her that I am about to marry. If we could only go away and have the ceremony performed, it would be pleasanter."



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And they lovely green lawn under the

And he answers: "Perfectly!"

I would like to ask your advice, Miss

And he answers: "Perfectly!"

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