WOMAN against WOMAN

By Mary E. Holmes.

"Lawks, she do look ill!" exclaimed the man. "He she going to die, missus? If so, she can't come in here."

"Die! No, fool! She's upset, as you would be if your brother were as ill as hers. There, go on! Fetch us some food, and be quick about it."

The man toiled up the old-fashioned staircase, and Myra followed with some difficulty, for she supported Alice, whose strength was going at every step.

Once inside the sweet-smelling bedroom, Myra put her gently into a chair, and with one faint sigh Alice's head sank back, and she became unconscious.

CHAPTER XVII.

As soon as the food came, Myra busied herself in restoring the poor girl who lay before her so white and cold.

Her strength is gone," she murmured, wetting the pale lips with some brandy she had ordered; "she wants the fire of revenge and jealousy to keep her up as I am kept."

Her efforts were soon rewarded; Alice's dark eye-lashes were lifted, and she looked round. She smiled faintly as she met the glance of Myra's great, dark eyes, and tried to rise.

"First you must eat some food, and then you must lie down on the bed and sleep. I have told that fool to call us at six—the train goes at half-past; we are close to the station."

"But will he not reach us before then?" gasped Alice.

"We must risk that," Myra said gloomily. "He will be insensible for some time, and then the cart has gone, so we have a very good start. But be brave, you are free now; trust in me, and you shall remain free, or my life will answer for it. He shall not get you into his power, the cruel, cowardly wretch!"

Alice bent and kissed her brown hands.

"Has he wronged you?" she whispered.

"Wronged? aye, most shamefully. But now eat, and then to sleep."

Alice swallowed a few mouthfuls of bread—she could do no more—then with whole steps made her way to the bed, and flung herself on it. In a few minutes she was sound asleep.

Myra folded her arms and stood gazing at her for some time. The fair, pale beauty of the young face touched her great womanly heart with pity; she read the traces of sorrow round the sweet mouth, and from the few words Alice had uttered, she knew that some grief had entered this other girl's life too.

"She is too frail to bear much," she murmured; "what shall I do with her? I am not fit to live with her, besides, I live now for revenge!" she clenched her hand. "Who is she, I wonder, and why will she not seek her friends? Perhaps she may think differently in the morning. Now I must rest."

Myra flung herself into a chair. She would not disturb Alice.

"She can sleep," she murmured; "my brain refuses to be stilled. She has done no wrong, while I—Oh, George—George, how cruel you have been; and how I loved you!"

She covered her face with her hands, and choking sobs broke from her lips.

Alice stirred uneasily in her sleep, but her fatigue was too great; she did not waken, and by-and-by Myra's paroxysm of grief died away and she too slept.

* * * *

The two girls were safely away before the chloroform began to leave Count Jura's brain, then gradually he came to his senses. He groaned a little and moved uneasily on the ground, then, as his brain grew clearer, he staggered to his feet and leaned against a portion of the broken wall to think.

"What happened?" he mused, passing a hand over his brow. "I was stilled—fell to the— Ah, I remember! It was Myra, curse her! Where is she now? Can they be gone?"

He stood upright and peered into the darkness; not a sound met his ear "Curse her, she is gone, and the other! Now what to do— What is this?" His foot struck a box on the ground; he stooped. "The diamonds. Great Heaven! they have left them. Good. I will take them. Which way will they have gone? Quick, let me think. The pony-cart. To Moretown, of course; then to London. Curse that woman! I could wring her neck."

He lifted the diamonds and staggered along.

The cart was gone as he feared. He stood still and thought what to do.

He must walk; there was no other way. It would be madness to stay in the vaults. Paul Ross was growing suspicious, and the count felt that Paul's fear about the Grange robbery coming off wrong was well founded. No; he must get away.

The few steps he took seemed miles; the perspiration trickled from his brow still he went on.

Just as he was growing altogether spent, his quick ear caught the sound of something moving towards him. He drew his revolver, and, creeping back into the bushes, waited. The noise came nearer, his eye saw the outline of some object.

He strode forward a little with an exclamation of delight, put away his revolver and went towards it.

It was the pony and cart Myra had deserted. The pony walked on slowly, browsing the grass as he went.

Count Jura could have embraced the animal.

He thought for a moment, then drew the pony back from the road, unharnessed him, tethered him to a tree, then hiding the diamonds under the straw at the bottom of the cart, he wrapped himself in the cloak he had placed before under the seat, and made himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

He was thoroughly worn out with fatigue, and in a very few minutes was fast asleep.

* * * *

The landlord of the inn was up early. It was market-day at Moretown, and he would do good business. It wanted a few minutes to five o'clock, but already the market people were coming into the town, and he would have to get breakfast for some.

His wife was busy in the kitchen, and away from her sharp eye the landlord found many an opportunity to exchange greetings with his friends.

So quickly did the time pass in this congenial occupation, that the clock struck six before he remembered the duty he had to perform in wakening Myra and her supposed mistress.

"Lawks, there's these two young women!" he exclaimed, breaking off his conversation.

"I maun just go and wake them, to be sure."

The farmers nodded, and slouched away, all but one man, who was rubbing down his pony with some hay.

"Hi, landlord!" he cried, stopping the innkeeper, "I want you."

"What is it?" asked the other gruffly.

"Did you say two young women were here?" demanded the man in a low voice.

"I did.

The stranger nodded.

"What like?"

"Well, one's a poor, pale, weak thing, and the other's a bold black-eyed wench, good to look at."

Count Jura's brows met; he thought for one second.

"The pale, thin one is my wife," he said boldly at last, "and the other is her maid; she had enticed her mistress to run away."

"Lawks, you don't say?" ejaculated the man in astonishment.

"Where did they say they were going to, my good man?"

"Launon by the furst train."

"Ah, I thought so. Now listen to me. Go up and wake them. Let them get to the station. See here is five pounds; it shall be yours if you do as I ask. I must get my wife back, but she is in the power of that other woman. When the train is just going to start, call the maid back about some mistake in the bill, and I shall get my wife safely away. You understand?"

"Aye, sir, quite. I'll help you, and most willing. Lawks, to think I let such a bold hussy into my house!"

"Be quick. I shall be at the station."

The man nodded.

Count Jura led his pony across the road to the station. It was empty. He beckoned to a porter.

"Get me a carriage," he said authoritatively, carrying the diamonds in his hand, the cloak flung over his arm; "and look here, a pale, thin, yellow-haired lady is coming, bring her to the same carriage. She is my wife."

"All right sir." The porter touched his hat and pocketed the fee.

Count Jura put the diamonds safely under the seat and sat down peering behind the curtain to see the two women enter.

He saw Alice's slender form, the hood drawn over her golden hair, and behind her Myra's pale, revengeful face; the landlord followed them, detaining them in arguing.

Alice shrank back frightened. The engine whistled; Myra motioned her to go; the porter lifted her into the carriage; Myra, white with anger, followed; but an arm was thrust out against her, she heard Alice's scream of terror; she saw Jura's triumphant face; there was a rush of shouting in her ears; then came the sound of a loud report, the sensation of sharp and awful pain, and Myra sank to the platform insensible, as the train with her betrayer and his victim steamed away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As the train moved away, Alice started to her feet and screamed wildly.

All that had passed had been so swift, she scarcely realized what happened; but the sight of Count Jura's dark face, and the revolver in his hand, roused her fear to its utmost.

"Let me go!" she cried, wildly, struggling against his hold. "You have shot her! Coward! Let me go! I will—"

"Be silent!" hissed the man fiercely, pushing her down into a corner, and drawing her cloak across her mouth. "Another word and I serve you as I served her!"

Alice shrank back cowed by his brutal words and grew faint and her eyes closed.

"Good!" muttered Jura, as he watched her. "Now let us understand one another. You are in my power. I intend to take you abroad. You cannot resist me. I shall proclaim you as my wife; no one can deny it. You wear a ring. If you attempt to escape, I shall say you are mad. No one will gainsay that. You comprehend me?"

Alice made no sign.

He bent forward, and took her hand. It was limp and still. Her fear was lost in a dead faint.

"So much the better," he muttered. "That was cleanly done. Myra will not trouble me much more, I think. Will they stop me at Uxton?" He bit his lip suddenly. "Great Heavens! I never thought of that. They will trap me like a dog! What shall I do—what shall I do?"

He gazed out of the window, as they whirled along swiftly.

He saw they were approaching a small village.

In an instant his determination was taken.

He touched the signal to stop the train—again, then again.

In a few seconds the train came to a full stop just beyond the few scattered cottages, and in another instant the guard was at the door in alarm.

"My wife is taken suddenly ill," exclaimed Count Jura abruptly. "We must lift her out."

"What is it?" demanded the guard excitedly.

"She suffers from heart-disease. This is a sort of faint. The action of the train will kill her. Help me to lift her. There, that's right. We have no luggage."

The guard bore away Alice's motionless form, and placed her on the incline of ground beside the lines, while the count grasped the diamonds firmly; put them down, carefully covered with the cloak, then knelt beside the girl, and began to try and restore her.

"Do not let me keep you," he said to the guard. "She will be better directly. I will get help from the village."

"One instant, sir. Your name and address; I must take that."

"Frank Meredith," said Count Jura glibly, "Lincoln's Fields, London."

He spoke the first name that rushed to his mind, and not until it was written did he remember that he had read it on the cards taken from Alice's pocket.

He frowned at first, then dismissed his vexation quickly. Much was yet at hazard.

"Where do you stop next?" he asked hurriedly.

"Not until we reach Uxton—a good hour's journey on, sir. Sorry I can't stay to help you. Hope your good lady will soon be all right. Good-day, sir."

The guard blew the whistle, jumped into his compartment, and once more the train was in motion and speedily lost to sight.

Count Jura watched it eagerly.

"That was a bold move," he muttered, "but it was the only thing. Now, what to do next? Let her faint on; it is the safest thing that could happen. She will scream perhaps, if so, I must gag her."

An ugly look passed over his face then, after bending over Alice once again, he stood upright, and scanned the road.

The village seemed deserted, but while he was debating whether it would be wise to leave the senseless girl alone with the diamonds while he made enquiries, his eyes caught sight of a cart coming leisurely along.

It was a miller's dray, drawn by three stout horses, going in the same direction as the train had gone.

Count Jura hailed it, and in a very few minutes the driver was beside him.

By dint of much eloquence he persuaded the man to believe his tale, and promised their travelling in the cart as far as the nearest town, and then lifting Alice easily between them, they placed her on some sacking at the bottom of the cart.

Count Jura placed his precious diamonds beside her, jumped in himself, and very soon they were lumbering along heavily.

He watched Alice like a lynx; the jolting motion soon began to rouse her, and he answered the driver's questions briefly while he kept his eye on her.

At the first look of returned consciousness, under pretence of making her comfortable, he bent over her.

"Scream or utter one word," he muttered fiercely, "and I shoot you like a dog."

Alice shrank away from his flashing eyes; all that she had undergone had undermined her strength; the fatigue and walking of the night before made every limb ache, she could not make any resistance to his cowardly threats; she had grown as weak as a child, but her brain worked wildly.

What was happening? Where was she going? Would no one come to her aid?

She sent up a prayer for help and release—if need be, for death, rather than be longer in this man's power.

Seeing her lie so quiet, Count Jura put it down to fright, and was well satisfied.

This girl was no spitfire like Myra; he should be able to manage her well.

He talked to the driver leisurely, and managed to extract the knowledge he required.

The town they were approaching was some forty miles from Moretown, and branched off the line that led to Uxton. There he could get a train that would take him to one of the big manufacturing towns, lie hidden there for a day or two, then creep cautiously to London, and from there abroad.

He reckoned at the rate they were going it would be quite mid-day before they reached the town, but he was well content.

If the station-master at Moretown had telegraphed at once to Uxton to stop him there, it would be an hour and a half or nearly two hours before the news that he had escaped would reach Moretown, and as he thought, contemptuously there would be only one or two policemen handy, the chances were the whole thing would get into a good muddle, and he would get comfortably away.

Not one shred of pity was in his heart for the girl he was carrying away. He was lost to everything but love and desire. No woman had ever inflamed his heart as this fair, lovely, slender creature did, and he swore she should be his. As for Myra, the woman he had ruined, a sense of gratification that she was, perchance, dead was all her memory brought. He had long wearied of her, and sought to be rid of her.

He sat smoking comfortably as the cart jogged along making his plans with calm minuteness, while Alice lay in an agony of fear, shame and weakness. Her mind was peopled with many visions. She seemed to go back to her childhood, and saw once again the face of that lovely woman she had spoken of when Roy's mother had questioned her.

Then all the cruelty, the harshness of Aunt Martha, then that dark night, the ghastly murder in the woods, the memory of Roy's pale, handsome face, and then her hurried marriage.

Then her mind went over all the unhappiness that followed, and yet strangely through it all ran the picture of her husband's tender face as he looked at her the last night they were together.

A faint thrill of happiness went through her heart as she recalled his gentle words; even Valerie's revengeful form melted away, naught remained but him; and he was lost now—lost to her for ever; she should never see him again. Though he might not have cared for her, though he had been cold and unjust, she loved him, and would love him on through all time.

She was awakened from her dreams by Count Jura shaking her roughly.

"Get up," he muttered; "we are here. Now, remember what I have said. Give me your hand. One word—a murmur, and you are dead!"

Alice staggered to her feet, and he drew her cloak and hood carefully round her.

She was in a maze of fear and weakness again; the driver, catching a glimpse of her white face, exclaimed, sympathetically:

"Laws, he she so bad as that, poor lass!"

"She'll be better directly. Many thanks, my good man; this way to the station, you say?"

The driver nodded, and the cart moved slowly away.

The passers-by stared at the strange couple standing at the entrance to the town, and seeing this and feeling Alice's weight grow heavier on his arm, he turned round and addressed a policeman.

"Is there an hotel handy?" he asked, grasping the diamonds tightly. "My wife is ill."

"One just here, sir," the man answered kindly. "Shall I give you a hand? It's only a step."

(To be continued).

Couldn't Pass Good Money.

"Talking about money," said a drummer, "I had a curious experience several years ago with a sheet of $5 bills. I had gone to our bank to get some cash for a trip and found the paying teller in the act of cutting apart the lot of new currency just received from Washington. It was in sheets of $100 or 20 notes each, and I prevailed upon him to let me have one just as it was. Next evening I was in a cafe in the first town on my route, and when I went to pay my check I pulled out my new money and asked for a pair of shears. The proprietor stared at me in amazement. 'What is that? he asked?

"'Money, cash, boodle, long green,' I replied. 'Give me the scissors, and I'll cut you off a piece to remember me by.'

"'Not much,' he said firmly. 'You'll have to work that off on somebody else.'

"Then I tried to explain, but he wouldn't be convinced, and 'pon my word I believe he would have sent for a policeman if I hadn't happened to have some silver in my pocket. It was the same everywhere else. The stuff was universally pronounced counterfeit, and, to tell the truth, it did look spurious seen in that form. I was finally obliged to go to my room and cut the bills apart before I could use them."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Thrifty Damsel.

A spirit of thrift was shown by a young woman who entered a car with sundry boxes and bundles. Another young person came in at the next station and recognized her.

"Oh, my, who is to be married?"

"Nobody, and me last of all."

"Then what are the flowers for?"

"A funeral. Our teacher died, and we girls put together to get this wreath."

"Poor thing! Did she know she was going to die?"

"I don't think so." Then, after a pause, she added cheerfully, "But she does by this time," all being said in a most unconscious way.

"How much was the wreath?"

"Two dollars and sixty cents. I only had two twenty-five."

"Did you pay the difference?"

"Dear, no. I made him give me it for $2, so I saved my own quarter I put in, but I'm going to make the girls think I paid two sixty."

"Well, that's right; the wear and tear is worth a quarter surely."—Observer.

The Cause of His Delight.

Grimes—Look here, Smith, why didn't you call last night? I told you my daughter was going to sing some of her new songs, and you appeared delighted.

Smith—I was delighted—to know she was going to sing.—Boston Transcript.

INTEMPERANCE AND INSANITY.

Alcohol is specially a brain poison. Its speediest and most striking effects are on the judgment, the will and the other mental faculties. The suddenness and extent of these effects show how quickly and greatly the brain and nervous system are injured by this noxious drug. It is no wonder that the asylum looms large across the pathway of the inebriates whose bodies alone are strong enough to sustain continued dissipation. In his evidence before the Canadian Royal Commission on the liquor traffic, Dr. J. T. Stevens, Medical Superintendent of New Brunswick Insane Asylum, said:—"The insanity of about one-eighth of our patients is due directly to intemperance and one-eighth indirectly. Compared with other causes, intemperance stands as the leading cause of insanity. It stands pre-eminently above any other cause. This is admitted on all hands. The other causes are dissipation of all sorts, anxiety, troubles, sorrow and so on."

There is both a moral and economical consideration that commends Samaria Prescription to those who are addicted to the liquor habit. The dread of the inevitable results of intemperance is not to be compared with the distress in mind and body and material sustained which many a man suffers and inflicts on his family by continued excesses.

The thought of insane asylums does not deter men from intemperance any more than the thought of the gallows might deter some from committing murder. It's the ever-present reminders of the distress, discomforts, and disgracing and degrading features of his condition which sometimes forces the impulse on a man to quit drinking, and if through his own or some friend's foresight he could have Samaria Prescription at hand at such a moment, his purpose could be firmly established at once and a cure assured from the very first treatment.

BETTER THAN WAR EAGLE.

Hiram Sarthout, Vancouver, writes:

"Your letter duly received. When I wrote you for the Samaria remedy a year ago I did not at once begin to take it. It laid around for a month or more, until one day, after a jamboree, I felt a fresh resolve to give up drinking, and while I was in that penitent shape I took the first dose of the medicine. My luck was in having Samaria Prescription on hand just when I felt like trying it. I have not had a drop for taking a drop of liquor since I was cured. The $5 invested in the remedy has paid me better than if I had invested a hundred times that in War Eagle stock. I've got a few hundred plunks in the savings' bank now. This used to go for booze—now, thanks to your remedy, it goes into the bank, and I am also feeling better physically than I have felt for years. You can use this letter to show others and you can count on me to crack up Samaria Prescription to anybody who wants to quit drinking. It has worked a miracle in me."

A later letter from Mr. Sarthout contained a draft for $75 for twenty-five packages of Samaria Prescription, which he wrote he was going to take with an outfit to Dawson City, where he expected to sell the remedy for many times its weight in gold dust. It pays a man who is addicted to drink and who has an occasional fit to reform to have Samaria Prescription at hand the moment he feels like trying it. The first dose will put him in condition to stick to it for a complete cure. Sent in sealed package, plainly wrapped, to any address on receipt of price, $3. All correspondence considered sacredly confidential.

SAMARIA REMEDY CO.,
Jordan St., Toronto, Ont.

DIVORCE CONDEMNED.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Deplores the Ease With Which They Are Obtained.

A Timely Discourse on the Marital Relations and Frequency With Which Marriage Vows Are Broken--Uniform Divorce Laws Needed.

Washington, Sept. 17.—Dr. Talmage in this discourse discusses a question of national importance, which is confessedly as difficult as it is urgent. The text is Matthew xix, 6, "What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

That there are hundreds and thousands of infelicitous homes in America no one will doubt. If there were only one skeleton in the closet, that might be locked up and abandoned, but in many a home there is a skeleton in the hallway and a skeleton in all the apartments. "Unhappily married" are two words descriptive of many a homestead. It needs no orthodox minister to prove to a badly mated pair that there is a hell. They are there now. Sometimes a grand and gracious woman will be thus incarcerated, and her life will be a crucifixion, as was the case with Mrs. Sigourney, the great poetess and the great soul. Sometimes a consecrated man will be united to a fury, as was John Wesley, or united to a vixen, as was John Milton. Sometimes, and generally, both parties are to blame, and Thomas Carlyle is an intolerable grumbler, and his wife has a pungent retort always ready, and Froude, the historian, pledged to tell the plain truth, has to pull aside the curtain from the lifelong squabble at Craigenputtock and 5 Cheyne row.

Some say that for the alleviation of all these domestic disorders of which we hear easy divorce is a good prescription. God sometimes authorizes divorce as certainly as he authorizes marriage. I have just as much regard for one lawfully divorced as I have for one lawfully married. But you know and I know that wholesale divorce is one of our national scourges. I am not surprised at this when I think of the influences which have been abroad militating against the marriage relation. For many years the platforms of the country rang with talk about a free love millennium. There were meetings of this kind held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn; Cooper Institute, New York; Tremont Temple, Boston, and all over the land. Some of the women who were most prominent in that movement have since been distinguished for great promiscuity of affection. Popular themes for such occasions were the tyranny of man, the oppression of the marriage relation, women's rights and the abolition. Prominent speakers were women with short curls and short dress and very large tongue, everlastingly at war with God because they were created women, while on the platform sat meek men with soft eyes and cowed demeanor, or, apologetic for masculinity and holding the parasols while the termagant orators went on preaching the gospel of free love. That campaign of about 20 years ago has given birth to the marriage relation than will be exorcised in the next 50. Men and women went home from such meetings so permanently confused as to who were their wives and husbands that they never got out of the perplexity, and the criminal and the civil courts tried to disentangle the iliad of woes, and this one got alimony, and that one got divorced, and this one's mother kept the children on condition that the father could sometimes come and look at them, and these went into poorhouses, and those went into insane asylum, and those went into dissolute public life, and all went to destruction. The mightiest war ever made against the marriage institution was that free love campaign, sometimes under one name and sometimes under another.

The System of Polygamy.

Another influence that has warred upon the marriage relation has been polygamy in Utah. That is a stereotyped caricature of the marriage relation and has poisoned the whole land. You might as well think that you can have an arm in a state of mortification and yet the whole body not be sickened as to have any Territories or States polygamized and yet the body of the nation not feel thee putrefaction. Hear it, good men and women of America, that so long ago as 1862 a law was passed by Congress forbidding polygamy in the Territories and in all the places where they had jurisdiction. Thirty-seven years have passed along and nine administrations, yet not until the passage of the Edmunds law in 1882 was any active policy of polygamic suppression adopted. Armed with all the power of government and having an army at their disposal, the first brick had not till then been knocked from that fortress of libertinism. Every new president in his inaugural tickled that monster with the straw of condemnation, and every Congress multiplied itself in proposing some plan that would not work. Polygamy stood in Utah and in other of the Territories more intrenched, more brazen, more puissant, more braggart and more internal than at any time in its history. James Buchanan, a much abused man of his day, did more for the extirpation of this villainy than all the subsequent administrations clubbed to do up to 1882. Mr. Buchanan sent out an army, and, although it was halted in its work, still he accomplished more than the subsequent administration, which did nothing but talk, talk, talk. Even at this late day and with the Edmunds Act in force the evil has not been wholly extirpated. Polygamy in Utah, though outlawed, is still practiced in secret. It has warred against the marriage relation throughout the land. It is impossible to have such an awful sewer of iniquity sending up its miasma, which is wafted by the winds north, south, east and west, without the whole land being affected by it.

Another influence that has warred against the marriage relation in this country has been a pustulous literature, with its millions of sheets every week choked with stories of domestic wrongs and infidelities and massacres and outrages, until it is a wonder to me that there are any decencies or any common sense left on the subject of marriage. One-half of the news stands of our great cities reek with the filth.

Easy Divorces Condemned.

"Now," say some, "we admit all these evils, and the only way to clear them out or to correct them is by easy divorce." Well, before we yield to that cry let us find out how easy it is now. I have looked over the laws of all the States, and I find that, while in some States it is easier than in others, in every State it is easy. The State of Illinois, through its Legislature, rushes in first on list of proper causes for divorce and then closes up by giving to the courts the right to make a decree of divorce in any case where they deem it expedient. After that you are not surprised at the announcement that in one county of the State of Illinois in one year there were 833 divorces. If you want to know how easy it is, you have only to look over the records of the States—in Massachusetts, 600 divorces in one year; in Maine, 478 in one year; in Connecticut, 401 divorces in one year; in the city of San Francisco, 333 divorces in one year; in New England in one year, 2,113 divorces, and in 20 years in New England, 20,000. Is that not easy enough? If the same ratio continues, the ratio of multiplied divorces and multiplied causes of divorce, we are not far from the time when our courts will have to set apart whole days for application, and all you will have to prove against a man will be that he left his slippers in the middle of the floor, and all you will have to prove against a woman will be that her husband's overcoat was buttonless. Causes of divorce doubled in England and doubled in the United States. To show how very easy it is, I have to tell you that in Western Reserve, Ohio, the proportion of divorces to marriages celebrated was in one year 1 to 11; in Rhode Island, 1 to 13; in Vermont, 1 to 14. Is not that easy enough?

I want you to notice that frequency of divorce always goes along with the dissoluteness of society. Rome for 500 years had not one case of divorce. Those were her days of glory and virtue. Then the reign of vice began, and divorce became epidemic. If you want to know how rapidly the empire went down, ask Gibbon. Do you know how the reign of terror was introduced in France? By 20,000 cases of divorce in one year in Paris. What we want in this country and in all lands is that divorce be made more and more difficult. Then people before they enter that relation will be persuaded that there will probably be no escape from it except through the door of the sepulcher. Then they will pause on the verge of that relation until they are fully satisfied that it is best, that it is the right, and that it is happiest, then we shall have no more marriages in fun, then men and women will not enter the relation with the idea that it is only a trial trip and if they do not like it they can get out at the first landing, then this whole question will be taken out of the frivolous into the tremendous, and there will be no more sailing down the lovesoms in a bride's hair than about the cypress on a coffin.

Uniform Law Required.

What we want is that the Congress of the United States move for the changing of the marriage relation, so that a law can be passed which shall be uniform all over the country and what shall be right in one State shall be right in all the States and what is wrong in one State will be wrong in all the States. How is it now? If a party in the marriage relation gets dissatisfied, it is only necessary to move to another State to achieve liberation from the domestic tie, and divorce is effected so easily that the first one party knows of it is by seeing it in the newspaper that Rev. Dr. Somebody a few days or weeks afterward introduced into a new marriage relation a member of the household who went off on a pleasure excursion to Newport or a business excursion to Chicago. Married as the bride's home; no cards. There are States of the Union which practically put a premium upon the disintegration of the marriage relation, while there are other States, like the State of New York, which has the pre-eminent idiocy of making marriage lawful at 12 and 14 years of age.

The Congress of the United States needs to move for a change of the national constitution and then to appoint a committee—not made up of single gentlemen, but of men of families, and their families in Washington—who shall prepare a good, honest, righteous, comprehensive, uniform law that will control everything from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. That will put an end to shenanigan in marriage. That will send divorce lawyers into a decent business. That will set people agitated for many years on the question of how they shall get away from each other to planning how they can adjust themselves to the more or less unfavorable circumstances.

More difficult divorce will put an stopal to a great extent upon marriage as a financial speculation. There are men who go into the relation just as they go into Wall street to purchase shares. The female to be invited into the partnership of wedlock is utterly unattractive and in disposition a suppressed Vesuvius. Everybody knows it, but this masculine candidate for matrimonial orders, through the commercial agency or through the county records finds out how much estate is to be inherited, and he calculates it. He thinks out how long it will be before the old man will die and whether he can stand the refractory temper until he does die, and then he enters the relation, for he says, "If I cannot stand it, then through the divorce law I will back out." That process is going on all the time, and men enter into the relation without any moral principle, without any affection, and it is as much a matter of stock speculation as anything that was transacted yesterday in Union Pacific, Wabash and Delaware & Lackawanna. Now, suppose a man understood, that if he goes into that relation there is no possibility of his getting out or no probability. He would be more slow to put his neck in the yoke. He should say to himself, "Rather than a Caribbean whirlwind with a whole fleet of shipping in its arms, give me a zephyr off fields of sunshine and gardens of peace."

Marriage to Reform Men.

Rigorous divorce law will also hinder women from the fatal mistake of marrying men to reform them. If a young man, by 25 years of age or 30 years of age, have the habits of strong drink fixed on him, he is as certainly bound for a drunkard's grave as that a train starting out from the Grand Central depot at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning is bound for Albany. The train may not reach Albany, for it may be thrown from the track. The young man may not reach a drunkard's grave, for something may throw him off the iron track of evil habit. But the probability is that the train that starts to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock for Albany will get there, and the probability is that the young man who has the habit of strong drink fixed on him before 25 or 30 years of age will arrive at a drunkard's grave. She knows he drinks, although he tries to hide it by chewing cloves. Everybody knows he drinks. Parents warn; neighbors and friends warn. She will marry him; she will reform him. If she is unsuccessful in the experiment, why, then, the divorce law will emancipate her, because habitual drunkenness is a cause for divorce in Indiana, Kentucky, Florida, Connecticut and nearly all the States. So the poor thing goes to the altar of sacrifice. If you will show me the paving-stones and streets in any city, I will show you the homes of the women who married men to reform them. In one case out of ten thousand it may be a successful experiment. I never saw the successful experiment. But have a rigorous divorce law, and that woman will say, "If I am affianced to that man, it is for life, and I will bear in the ardor of his young love and I the prize to be won, he will not give up his cups, when he has won the prize surely he will not give up his cups." And so that woman will say to the man: "No, sir; you are already married to the club, and you are married to the evil habit, and you are married twice, and you are a bigamist. Go!"

A rigorous divorce law will also do much to hinder hasty and inconsiderate marriages. Under the impression that one can be easily released, people enter the relation without inquiry and without reflection. Romance and impulse rule the day. Perhaps the only ground for the marriage compact is that she likes his looks, and he admires the graceful way she passes around the ice cream at the picnic! It is all they know about each other. It is all the preparation for life. Now, that relation is to pay his own board bill, with not a dollar in his possession, will stand at the altar and take the loving hand and say, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." A woman that could not make a loaf of bread to save her life will swear to love and keep him in sickness and in health. A Christian will marry an atheist, and that always makes conjugal wretchedness; for if a man does not believe there is a God he is neither to be trusted with a dollar nor with your lifelong happiness. Having read much about love in a cottage, people begin to think in case will go and starve in a hovel. Runaway matches and elopements, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of which mean death and hell, multiplying on all hands. You see them every day's newspaper.

Clergymen Left Defenceless.

Our ministers in some regions have no defence such as they have in other regions where the banns must be previously published and an officer of the law must give a certificate that all is right, so clergymen are left defenseless and unite those who ought never to be united. Perhaps they are too young, or perhaps they are standing already in some domestic compact. By the wreck of ten thousand homes, by the holocaust of ten thousand sacrificed men and women, by the hearthstone of the family, which is the cornerstone of the state, and in the name of that God who hath set up the family institution and who hath made the breaking of the marital oath the most appalling of all perjuries, I implore the Congress of the United States to make some righteous, uniform law for all the States and from ocean to ocean on this subject of marriage and divorce.

Let me say to all young people, before you give your hearts and hand in holy alliance, use all caution. Inquire outside as to habits, explore the disposition, scrutinize the taste, question the ancestry and find out the ambitions. Do not take the heroes and the heroines of cheap novels for a model. Do not put your lifetime happiness in the keeping of a man who has a reputation for being a little loose in morals or in the keeping of a woman who dresses immodestly. Remember that while good looks are a kindly gift of God, wrinkles or accident may despoil them. Remember that Byron was no more celebrated for his beauty than for his depravity. Remember that Absalom's hair was not more splendid than his habits were despicable. Hear it! Hear it! The only foundation for happy marriage that ever has been or ever will be is good character.

"Then shall our names be as familiar in their mouths as household words."
Says Shakespeare—
Or,
as Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

THAT VACATION TRIP.

Now is come the vexing season when a fellow's very reason
Totters to the verge of madness, and his thoughts become a crime,
At the old, recurrent question, "Shall I flee from the congestion
Of the city, in the country spending my vacation time?"

And he vows he will not waver—he's determined not to favor
Once again the coaxing spirits of the forest, field and farm.
(Bugs and snakes that wait to fill him full of poison and to kill him
Are some pleasures that impress him with a total lack of charm).

When the place had been selected (and his board had been collected),
On his last trip he recalls the fact of bunking in a room
Where through ceiling, walls and flooring came an awe inspiring snoring,
Illustive of the advent of the distant crack of doom.

While with fierce intent to ravage came a horde of hungry, savage
And uncouthly rude mosquitoes, sipping madly through the dark,
O'er his blood raising contention with some things I wouldn't mention,
But the whole of which considered him a nice and juicy mark.

When he fished, how hotly broiling was the sun as he came toiling
Seven miles along a dusty, crooked, crazy country road!
In his speech loud objurgation, in his heart profanation—
'Twas three scraggly catfish that comprised his piscatorial load.

Much more pleasant it is, very, in the city now to tarry,
Lolling round he holds, in negligee, and taking things at ease,
Than to rustle for diversion on a most absurd excursion,
For the craze for leaving town, he says, is simply a disease.

He proclaims it's nicer resting in a quiet flat, digesting
Coolly, calmly, undisturbedly, his little old two weeks,
While serenely contemplating with a smile the enervating
Wild and foolish hurly burly of the country going freaks.

Though he makes these sage pretenses, when his fortnight off commences
With the details of a country trip you'll find him all aflame;
And he'll go. (To come back "busted," nearly broke and all disgusted)
It was thus last year, and every year it's just the very same).

THE LIFE OF A WASP.

IF SOLITARY IT IS ONE THING, IF SOCIAL IT IS ANOTHER.

These Insects, Dreaded by Humans, Are the Most Intelligent of Their Order of Creation—Some Facts and Stories of Wasps by Scientists Who Have Studied Them Thoroughly.

Wasps, according to their mode of living, may be divided in two groups, social and solitary. In the case of the latter each female makes a separate nest and provisions her offspring by her own labor. The eggs are generally deposited in the bodies of spiders, maggots, etc., caught by the mother and stunned by one or more stings, so as to be not wholly dead, until the young wasp-child has emerged from the egg and has fed upon them to its heart's content.

The solitary wasps, having no knowledge of their progenitors, who die long before their children see the light, are all the more interesting, because inherited instincts alone determine the course of their activities. But their ways and habits are influenced to a great extent, nevertheless, by so much individual judgment and experience that they offer a wide field for study and experiment.

The female ammophilas and urnarias make their nests in the ground. They

WASP USING A PEBBLE TO SMOOTH DOWN HER NEST.

dig a short tunnel extending over the surface and ending in a minute cave. There they deposit one or more caterpillars, stunned by one or more stings, lay their eggs in the caterpillars' bodies, close the opening of the tunnel, and retire.

"Just here," say Dr. George W. Peckham and Mrs. Elizabeth G. Peckham, who have studied these insects for many years, "must be told the story of one little wasp. We remember her as one of the most fastidious and perfect little workers of the season, so nice was she in she adaptation of means to ends; so busy and contented in her labor of love. In filling up her nest she put her head down into it and bit away the loose earth from the sides, letting it fall to the bottom of the burrow, and then, after a quantity had accumulated, jammed it down with her head. Earth was then brought from the outside and pressed in, and then more was bitten from the sides. When at last the filling was level with the ground, she brought a quantity of fine grains of earth to the spot and picking up a small pebble used it as a hammer in pounding them down with rapid strokes, thus making this spot as hard and firm as the surrounding surface.

"Before we could recover from our astonishment at this performance she had dropped her stone and was bringing more earth. We then threw ourselves down on the ground that not a movement might be lost, and then saw her pick up the pebble and again pound the earth into place with it, hammering now here and now there until all was level. Once more the whole process was repeated, and then the little creature, unconscious of our very existence and intent only on doing her work and doing it well, gave one final, comprehensive glance all around and flew away."

One morning the observers noticed one of these wasps which was busy digging her nest on the side of a stony hill. "While in the burrow she hummed away, and in five or six trips a little heap of earth would accumulate, whereupon the animal would lie flat upon the heap and kick the particles away in all directions." She worked on her excavation at intervals during the whole day, and toward evening, after having been caught in a bottle, was brought to the doctor's cottage and made comfortable in a wasp cage during the night.

"On the next morning we took the lady down to her house and placed the mouth of the bottle so that when she came out she had to enter the nest. This she did, remaining below, however, only a moment. When she came up to the surface she stood still and looked around for a few seconds and then flew away." In a while she returned, finished her excavation, and again left, reappearing this time after the lapse of an hour with a large, light green meadow grasshopper, which was shoved into the hole, whereupon the wasp laid her egg and left on another excursion.

"The sight of a wasp returning to its home without hesitation or uncertainty from some far distant spot is, indeed, marvelous."

Of a certain wasp they tell the following story:

"We followed her easily, and as she was in full view nearly all the time, had no difficulty in watching her movements. She hurried along with her victim (a caterpillar); twice she dropped it and circled over it before taking it again. For 60 feet she kept to open ground, passing between two rows of bushes, but as the end of this division of the garden she plunged, very much to our dismay, into a field of standing corn, zigzagged among the plants in the most bewildering fashion, and keeping a general direction of northeast. It seemed quite impossible that she could know where she was going. The corn rose to a height of six feet all around us; the ground was uniform in appearance, and, to our eyes, each group of cornstalks was just like every other group, and yet, without pause or hesitation, the little creature passed quickly along, as we might through the familiar streets of our native town.

"At last she paused and laid down her burden. Ah, the power that has led her is not a blind instinct, for she has travelled a little too far. She must go back into the open space she has already crossed. Nothing like a nest is visible to us. The surface of the ground looks all alike, and it is with exclamations of wonder that we see our little guide lift two pellets of earth covering a small opening in the ground.

"The way being thus prepared she hurries back with her wings quivering and her whole manner betokening joyful triumph at the completion of her task. She picks up the caterpillar, brings it to the mouth of the burrow and lays it down. Then, backing in herself, she catches hold of it and drags it out of

Miller's Worm Powders cure fever in children.

Food's Effect on Temper.

Some authorities hold the idea that a child's disposition is largely governed by his diet, citing the gentleness of the rice-eating races against the quarreling of heat-eating children in proof.

Miller's Compound Iron Pills restore the color to pale cheek and bloodless lips.

Spiders as Mechanicians.

The spider that seeks out a pebble and anchors her web with it clearly makes use of a tool. The peb