

ESPECIALLY FOR LADIES.

Where Marriage is a Crime.—Love's Way Everywhere.—Fortunes for Two.—Chit-Chat.

Where Marriage is a Crime.

Rev. George Hepworth, in a newspaper article descriptive of New York "fashionable" society, says of a certain large class: "They have money, but that is only another way of saying that they can afford to do their worst and procure partial means of concealment. Their peculiarities are chiefly developed in secret and after dark. They dare not tell the half they know about their neighbors, nor listen to half what they know about them. Their gospel is the gospel of 6 per cents., and beyond a large income and unchecked passion lies the terra incognita of morality, which they have no desire to explore. Their time is spent in a round of pleasures, suggested by painful ennui. Intrigues of the most compromising character are not infrequent, and the air is at times made foul with scandals which point to the hopeless wreck of domestic happiness. Now the wonder of this whole matter is that pure young girls can be fascinated by a man—I use the misnomer in the way of politeness—who ought never to throw a shadow on their path. A marriageable girl who feels herself to be in the market is not in the slightest degree shocked because her lover dare not tell her where he goes when he leaves her; on the other hand, his known impurity seems to be an added charm in her sight. She has not been taught to set any high value on virtue, neither does she regard it as indispensable in a husband. She excuses the inexcusable and ignores the prime condition of happiness. So she can have money, she ceases to ask questions. It is better so, perhaps, because if she were at all curious she would never marry. Old maidism is the purgatory of social life; and so, rather than live in purgatory, she moves into a palatial residence in the nameless region beyond. Who does not know that in the set to which she belongs simple honor and fidelity are regarded as "slow," and that the appetite for excitement is so quickened by the condiments of vice that excitement is tasteless and insipid unless it is highly seasoned with immorality. Nay, the whole community, for that matter, is wallowing in the pit. In dramatic representations, for example, Shakespeare is adored with a sham adoration, but never listened to with even tolerable patience. In the rivalry between Shakespeare and a semi-lordly play, the bard of Avon is voted out of the house. The sensational drama in which the heroine totters in the first act on the dizzy edge of a vicious precipice and in the last act falls into the fathomless depths of domestic infidelity, rouses us to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Nothing pays so well in a play as disguised indecency; and if the disguise is very thin, we do not allow our scruples to mar our enjoyment. Good reading, also, has suffered a characteristic "sea change." In order to be really interesting, a novel must have a sulphurous plot, one of the heroes or heroines of which has a reputation which ought to bring a blush to the cheek of the reader, but which generally fails in the accomplishment of that end. We use the word "French" to express, not the nationality of a book, but its character—that is, its bad character. James or Howells may be found on the sitting room table, sham representatives of the style of writing we most enjoy; but Zola, always kept out of sight, has thumb-marks which show that it is the source of oft-repeated pleasures. The most salable books are made up of the piquancy of broken vows and the delights of a life of shame. This Moloch worship which demands that mammas shall turn their daughters into the open fiery and consuming arms of an unholy marriage, is far more prevalent than we think. Young girls are drilled into the belief that an elegant mansion on a corner lot in a matrimonial inferno is preferable to an honest snuggerly on a side street in the matrimonial heaven. Money must be had at any cost, and since the only merchantable article in her possession is herself, the young girl gets the largest price the market offers, and runs the risk with the man who pays it. I use the word risk, but that implies a chance of happiness, and the chance is so small that I may as well be a little more exact, and say that she gets the largest price, endures the new relationship for awhile, and then either seeks her own pleasure in her own way, or applies to a divorce court for relief. A blasted life with fashionable society, or alimony as a last resort, is the history of scores.

Love's Way Everywhere.

A correspondent says: "Matamoros is at present excited over the elopement of Licut. Col. Eulers, of the 4th infantry, stationed in this city. He is a dashing middle-aged officer, born in Mexico, but of German parentage. He is of good presence, plays the guitar, and sings Spanish love songs with a rich baritone voice. Directly opposite the officer's quarters, at Happy Jock's place, on Calle de Bravo, lives or rather lived, Signora Belfigia Carranza, a tall, pale, but rather pretty girl of poor but very respectable parentage. The colonel had sung many love songs and exchanged many burning glances with his pretty neighbor, and a flirtation ripened into love and an elopement was planned. A few evenings ago a carriage drew up in front of a house about half a block below the residence of the pair, and, to lull suspicion, the gallant colonel got his guitar and sat on his balcony singing. Under the cover of this diversion, the young lady slipped out of the house and into the covered hack. As soon as her retreat was effected the colonel closed his serenade, with which he had charmed the old folks into oblivion, slipped down the back way and also entered the hack, which drove away, and soon the happy pair were in safety in Brownsville, on this side of the river, where the law or angry relatives could not reach them.

She Made Fortunes for Two.

Mr. Bell, the telephone man, is worth \$6,000,000, and he has the most elegant residence in Washington. A man told me recently that his wife is very beautiful, and that she is deaf and dumb. Bell became infatuated with her beauty and married her. In experimenting with an audiphone, that she might be able to hear, he discovered the

principle of the telephone. In this way his wife indirectly made his fortune. Her husband's fortune is not the only one Mrs. Bell has made. Andrews the portrait painter of Washington, owes his start to the picture of her face. Before this he had been unknown. He came here from Cincinnati, and had but little to do. Mrs. Bell gave him a sitting, and he had the luck to catch one of her most beautiful expressions. The picture was shown at Corcoran's gallery, and crowds went to see it. After this the unknown artist was unknown no longer. Orders poured in, and he has now made enough to build him a fine house, and he is the portrait painter of the capital.

CHIT-CHAT.

All red-faced women are not residents of Flushing.

Some people are like a well-used rocking-chair; they are always on the go, but never get ahead.

There's a difference between the affability of a young girl and the taffyability of an experienced flirt.

Most women tremble at the discharge of a gun, and yet they are perfectly familiar with powder puffs.

Dressmakers ought to make good railroad conductors, they are accustomed to making up long trains.

When an elderly maiden lady adorns herself with false hair, false teeth, paint, powder, etc., she is "making up" for lost time.

"O dear, I'm so tired. I finished cleaning house yesterday. What! you haven't begun yet?" This she says to all her neighbors, just to make them feel miserable.

"O dear! you've driven that hairpin way into my head," screamed a lady customer to the milliner, who was fastening a bonnet on her head. "Sorry, mum," replied the woman, "accidents will happen."

In Washington: "What does the figure on the capitol represent?" "Liberty." "Female figure, is it not?" "Yes." "Very pretty; but what kind of a woman is this symbol of liberty and independence supposed to be?" "A servant girl, I believe."

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to eight hundred different positions, and yet a man who suspected that his wife was going to ask him about where he was the night before couldn't get into a position in that chair which seemed comfortable.

The latest mathematical question runs as follows: Two girls met three other girls and all kissed. How many kisses were exchanged? In the hurry and bustle of newspaper life we haven't time to make the computation—we only remark that the whole business was a melancholy waste.

A lady never feels more like going home and raising a row in the family than when she adjusts her garments as she is about to pass a clothing store where she sees fifteen or twenty men standing around the window, and finds out after she has passed them that they were "dummies."

A fond and proud parent is showing a work of art by his daughter to the delighted company. "This crayon drawing," he says, "represents the interior of a railroad tunnel, through you will perceive a train is passing slowly." "Exquisite! Very fine indeed!" says one of the company, "but what makes you say that the train is passing through it slowly?" "B cause, sir," says the father acutely, "if it had been running rapidly it would have been out the tunnel long ago; don't you see?"

"You say your wife is trying to get a divorce?" said the lawyer. "Yaw," answered Hans Spreckendontson. "Yah, dot is so." "And now you want to sue Jacob Schneider for damages for alienating her affections?" "Yaw." "Was she a good wife?" "No, she was a bad woman." "Did you love her very much?" "No, I'm p'ter midout her." "Well, if she was a bad woman, and you are better without her, you are not much damaged if Jacob Schneider takes her off your hands." "Yah, it looks like dot, ain't it. Mebbe its p'ter I don't say nuttings about it. But, by shiminies, I pitties dot Yacob Schneider."

The Story of the Three Apples.

One of the Turgeneff's latest tales has a shrewd touch of humor. He recounts how Giafir, the renowned Vizier of Haroun Al-Raschid, while yet young and undistinguished, rescued a mysterious old man from assassins and afterward visited this old man at his request. The old man took Giafir by the hand and led him into a garden inclosed by high walls, in the midst of which grew a strange tree, in semblance like a cypress, only its leaves were of an azure hue. Upon this tree hung three apples: one of longish shape, and white as milk; the second round and red; the third little, shriveled and yellow. "Youth!" said the old man, "pluck and eat one of these apples. Of thou eatest the white, thou wilt be the wisest of men; if the red, thou wilt be the richest; if the yellow, thou wilt be singularly acceptable to all old women. But make speed; the charm loses its virtue within an hour." Giafir ruminated with much perplexity. "If I know everything," thought he, "I shall know more than is good for me; if I become too rich other men will envy me. I will eat the yellow apple." And he did so. The old man laughed with his toothless mouth, and exclaimed: "Good youth! in sooth thou hast chosen the better part. What need hast thou of the white apple? thou art already wiser than Solomon. Nor needest thou the red apple, either; thou wilt be rich enough without it, and none will envy thee." "Venerable sage," responded Giafir, "deign to indicate to me the dwelling of the august mother of the Commander of the Faithful." The old man bowed to the ground and showed the way. And Giafir is the greatest subject in Bagdad.

While a New York woman was passing a quarry a blast was fired. When she revived after being struck with a stone weighing fifty pounds the first words she uttered were: "Good laws! how glad I am that I didn't have on my new bonnet!"

Willie has a four year old sister, Mary, who complained to mamma that her button shoes were hurting her. "Why, Mattie, you're put them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer: "What'll I do, mamma? They're all the feet I've got."

The Lesson the Eel Teaches.

"Well, boys," said the Old Settler, "spring's with us 'ordin to the almanick, but natur don't seem to be in much of a hurry to git her new frock on, does she? They tell me ez they's still two feet o' snow back in the woods, and that the b'ars han't commenced to trapse 'round with their cubys yet. The way it looks now, 'bout all the brook trout we'll git 'fore the first o' June 'll be suckers. Well, suckers is jist ez good a fish ez swim, if they're only left to swim. When you come to ketchin' an' eatin' of 'em you spile 'em. Whenever I see a mən ez kin spend his time a fishin' fur suckers I allers thinks to myself, 'There's a fast-class mule driver spilt.'"

"Well, Major," said the Sheriff, who had been sucker fishing nearly all day, "I think fishing for suckers am't any worse than bobbin' for eels, and every one knows that if there is one thing you like better than another it's bobbin' for eels."

"Right you are! He's a garwine hunter, he is, an' don't wait fur his victuals to come a floatin' long inter his mouth. Take a nice cool night, when they ain't no moon, but when they's plenty stars a looking down at you from the sky an' a blinkin' at you from the water."

"An' you git in yer boat an' row out on the river, or out on the pond, an' every chug o' the oar-lock stirs up an echo over ginst the hills, an' ev'ry swish o' the oar blade breaks the water into little waves ez turns white, 'z if they war kinder skeert o' bein' rustled 'round like that. An' bime by you git to the place where you're givin' to anchor, cause you know they's eels thar, jist a layin' low for suthin' new to pounce on. An' you anchor an' sink yer bob, big yer fist, an' in less'n the wiggle of a tadpole dip comes Mr. Eel's teeth inter the bob. They ain't no mistakin' it. He telegraphs it to you up the stick ez proper ez kin be, an' you feel it go clear to yer shoulder, and distribit itself from your topknok to your toes. Then you begin ter raise him. You handle him as gentle ez if he was yer sweet heart. Steady an' slow! Steady! Thar you have him to the top o' the water! Now's yer time to lose him if you don't look sharp! You rest a second, then zip! an' thar you have him in the boat, not a layin' like a stick, but a slashin' an' fightin' ez if he know'd what a durn fool he'd ben a makin' o' hisself, an' wanted you to know, b'gosh, that he know'd it."

"You larn suthin' a bobbin' for eels, boys. The way he sticks to the bob larns you—when you get a good thing, hold oner it; an' the way he fights arter he gits him in the boat larns you, b'gosh, to never give up when you are down, an' to never die till you have to. So don't be a talkin' to me about sucker fishin' bein' a sport like bobbin' fur eels, Sheriff, 'cause I won't have it, b'gosh! 'mightry."—*New York Sun.*

An Extraordinary Career.

Baron Ward, the famed Yorkshire groom, who played so prominent a part at the Court of Parma, has died at Vienna. The history of this extraordinary man is full of remarkable events. He left Yorkshire as a boy in the pay of Prince Lichtenstein, of Hungary, and after a four years' successful career on the turf at Vienna as a jockey, became employed by the then reigning Duke of Lucca. He was at Lucca promoted from the stable to be valet to his royal highness. This service he performed up to 1846. About that time he was made Master of the Horse to the Ducal Court. Eventually he became Minister of the Household and Minister of Finance, which office he held when the Duke abdicated in 1848. At this period he became an active agent in Austria during the revolution. As Austria triumphed he returned to Parma as Prime Minister, and negotiated the abdication of Charles II., and placed the youthful Charles III. on the throne, who, it will be remembered, was assassinated before his own palace in 1854. It should be observed that as soon as Charles III. came to the throne the then Baron Ward was sent to Germany by his patron as Minister of Plenipotentiary to represent Parma at the Court of Vienna. This post he held up to the time of his royal patron's tragical end. When the Duchess Regent assumed State Authority Ward retired from public life, and took to agricultural pursuits in the Austrian dominions. Without any educational foundation he contrived to write and speak German, French and Italian, and conducted the affairs of state with considerable cleverness, it not with remarkable straightforwardness. Baron Ward was married to a humble person of Vienna and left four children. Perhaps no man of modern times passed a more varied and romantic life than Ward, the groom, statesman and friend of sovereigns. From the stable he rose to the highest offices of a little kingdom, at a period of great European political interest, and died in retirement, pursuing the rustic occupation of a farmer, carrying with him to the grave many curious State secrets.—*London (England) Sportsman.*

Another Narrow Escape.

Some time since the papers published a thrilling story of the narrow escape of Capt. Worth, of the Brooklyn police force, from being shot by a thief. The man who was alleged to have made the attempt was arrested, and his pistol taken from him and sent to the property clerk at Police Headquarters. I was at headquarters a few days ago, when an old lady, who claimed to be the mother of the owner of the pistol, called to get her son's dangerous weapon.

"What do you want with a pistol?" asked the property clerk.

"It's useful 'round the house."

"What for?"

"Why, I have used it for many years for driving tacks. It's rusty and won't go off, and makes a capital hammer."

When the weapon was produced the woman's statement was found to be correct. It would have gone to pieces before it would discharge a ball.—*New York Star.*

A book agent named Joe Smyrk, Was put out and hurt by a jerk, He says as a cure, St. Jacobs Oil is sure, At all times to get in its work. A lightning-rod man in St. Paul, From a house had a serious fall, Though battered and bruised, He said when he used St. Jacobs Oil—"it simply beats all."

A MINISTER'S ESCAPE.

From the Asylum to the Bosom of His Home—How it was Done.

A prominent minister residing in Vermont made the following statement, which is here with reprinted entire:

To the Editor of the Herald:

I have always shrunk from appearing prominently before the public, but a sense of the duty I owe humanity and the world prompts me to ask this opportunity for making a brief statement in your paper.

Whether it be true with others I cannot say, but during my entire life I have frequently been conscious that something was slowly and silently working to undermine my health and life. What it was I could not tell, but that some enemy of my being was devouring me within I was certain. At times I would seem comparatively well and then I would be attacked with the most distressing symptoms. I would feel peculiar pains in various parts of my body, my head would seem heavy; my respiration labored; my appetite would be ravenous one day and I would loathe food the day following. Then again I would lose all interest in life; would feel weary without exertion; would become sleepy at mid-day and restless at night. Occasionally my breathing would be labored and my heart almost motionless, while at other times it would palpitate violently. I thought these troubles were the result of malaria, and I treated them accordingly, but I got no better. Shortly afterward my stomach became deranged, my food failed to digest, and the fluids I passed were of a peculiar odor and color. And yet I did not realize that these things meant anything serious. Finally I consulted a number of eminent physicians, each one of whom took a different view as to the cause of my troubles. One said I was suffering from brain disease; another spinal difficulty; others heart affection, kidney disease, etc. My symptoms were terrible, and in the hope of relief I was cauterized, cupped, blistered and subjected to almost every known form of treatment. During one of these attacks while at Red Bank, N. J., a physician was called, and left a prescription. After he had gone, I requested a friend to go and ask him what he thought of my trouble. The reply was: "Oh, he will be all right in a few days; it is only an attack of delirium tremens." He was at once informed that this was impossible, as I had never used any kind of intoxicating drinks, whereupon he returned, made inquiries, and changed his prescription. But all the care of my friends and physicians availed nothing. I grew worse constantly, and what is more terrible to think of, I did not know what ailed me, nor could I find any one who did.

During the summer and fall of last year my pulse ranged from 120 to 130 per minute; I had no relish for food, and was indeed a most pitiable object. I continued in this state until last December, when I became unconscious and lost my reason, though I had two physicians in whom myself and friends placed implicit confidence. In this condition I was taken to Brattleboro, Vt., for the purpose of being placed in the insane asylum. I remained there until last April, being attended all the while by my faithful wife who never left me and believed that some disease and not insanity was the cause of all my trouble. I regained consciousness in March last and insisted upon being taken home. The physicians advised that I remain, but I insisted upon leaving, and we began the journey, travelling slowly. I was met at the dock by a friend whom I recognized and then I became again unconscious and remained so for over a week. When I once more recognized my friend and knew my surroundings I determined to try, as a last resort, a treatment of which I had heard much but knew nothing. Neither myself nor friends had much faith that it or anything could help me, but we resolved to try. We accordingly dismissed the physicians, gave up all other remedies, and I rejoy to say that with the blessing of Him who guided us, I am to-day a well man; having not been so vigorous for many years, and I owe it all to the wonderful, almost miraculous, power of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

You can well imagine how grateful I must feel under the circumstances, and, like a new convert, I earnestly desire that all who are suffering should know and avail themselves of this means of recovery. Had it not been for the remedy above named I should doubtless now be within the walls of an asylum or in my grave. The great trouble with my case was that no one seemed to know what I was afflicted with, and I am positive that thousands of people in America to-day are in the same or a similar condition, and do not know its cause. Kidney troubles are the most deceptive of all diseases. They have no symptoms of their own, but often show the symptoms of nearly every known complaint. I know that people are dying every day from supposed consumption, apoplexy, heart disease, spinal complaint, and many other diseases, when, could the real cause be known, it would be found to originate in the kidneys. In their advanced stages kidney troubles are the most terrible of all known maladies, as my own experience can fully verify. That I had Bright's disease of the kidneys there can be no doubt. That the symptoms were those of many other diseases is equally certain, and that I was doomed to a terrible death had I not been saved as I was, I am positive. The following letters just received will confirm this:

VERMONT ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT, Oct. 30, 1882. Rev. E. D. Hopkins:

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 21st inst. received. We congratulate you not only upon the continuance of your health, but also upon its apparent continual improvement. Few persons, I think, have passed through so exhausting an experience as you and rallied from it. Certainly I cannot recall one who came to us in so critical, and for days and even weeks in so hopeless, a state for amendment as you, and who survived and recovered from it; for, I think, you may now consider yourself recovered and no longer on the convalescent list. Hoping for the continuance of your present health, with the best wishes from all here.

I am, yours truly,
J. DRAPER.
OCEANIC, N. J., Nov. 2, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Replying to your letter I would say, I have been acquainted with my highly valued friend, the Rev. E. D. Hopkins about eighteen months, and

very intimately acquainted for about six months past. For a little more than five months he was an inmate of my house, and we enjoyed constant intercourse with each other. When he came in April last he was almost a perfect wreck in point of health. I thought he had come to us but to die. Soon afterwards he began the use of some of H. H. Warner & Co.'s remedies, namely: the Safe Cure, Safe Nerve and Safe Pills. From almost the time he began their use his improvement was very marked and wonderful, and when he left us, after having taken some two dozen bottles, he was like a new man. The change was the most remarkable I ever witnessed.

SAMUEL MILLER,

(Pastor of the Presbyterian Church.)
In view, therefore, of these facts and with hope that all who read this may take timely warning, I make this open statement freely and for the good of my fellow men.

Sincerely,
(Rev.) E. D. HOPKINS.
East Richmond, Vt., Nov. 7, 1882.

What's the weight of a country press which is stopped to an ounce?

Why Be Downcast?

True, you may be in a miserable condition—you may be weak, pallid, and nervous. You cannot sleep at night, nor enjoy your waking hours; yet, why lose heart? Get a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. It will restore you to health and peace of mind. (23)

A damaging admission—Letting the hens into a newly planted garden.

Copy of a letter received from Dr. R. Maitland Coffin, F.R.C.P., &c. To H. Sutherland Esq. Having taken Sutherland's "Rheumatism" myself, I can bear testimony that it will prove a great boon to persons who suffer from rheumatism. R. MAITLAND COFFIN, F.R.C.P., &c. Barton Court, S.W., May 17th 1882.

The coal dealer should always throw his weight in favor of the poor widow.

Vegetine

IS THE GREAT
Spring Medicine & Health Restorer.

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

Debility is a term used to denote a deficiency of blood. The nutritive constituents of the blood are in less than the normal proportion, while the watery part is in excess. Debility is of frequent occurrence. It is incident to a variety of diseases. The lower limbs are apt to be swollen. The patient is feeble and cannot bear much exertion. The circulation is irregular, but almost always weak. Fatigue of the heart is a very common symptom. Violent emotion often throws the heart into the most tumultuous action. The vital functions are languidly performed. The muscular strength is diminished; fatigue follows moderate or slight exercise. The breathing, though quiet when at rest, becomes hurried and even painfully agitated under exertion, as in running, ascending heights, &c. The nervous system is often greatly disordered. Vertigo, dizziness, and a feeling of faintness is very common. Violent and obstinate neuralgic pains in the head, side and breast, or other parts of the body, are also frequent attendants upon the disease. The secretions are sometimes diminished. In females the menses are almost always either suspended or very partially performed. The bile is scanty, and costiveness, with unhealthy evacuations from the bowels, and dyspeptic state of the stomach, are extremely common symptoms.

GENERAL DEBILITY CURED.

TORONTO, ONT., November 25, 1879.
H. R. STEVENS, Esq., Boston:
Sir—I have much pleasure in testifying to the virtue of the VEGETINE. For years past I have suffered exceedingly from chronic headache and general debility, from which I obtained no permanent relief when at rest, induced, about a month since, to try the VEGETINE. I am better in health than I have been for the last four years; enjoy my food better, am much stronger, and quite free from my old enemy, the headache. Hoping that my testimony may induce others to try the same remedy, I am
Respectfully yours,
MRS. D. A. JOHNSTON,
100 Lippincott Street.

I have very great pleasure in endorsing the above statement of the benefit to my wife's health, since she commenced the use of the VEGETINE.
D. A. JOHNSTON,
Late Minister of the C. M. Church.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

The keeper of a boarding-house is never too beforehand about introducing strawberries.

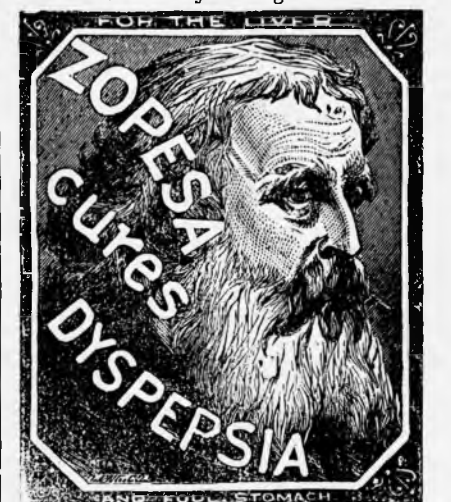
Take Your Choice.

You can be weak, nervous, debilitated, and despondent, disqualified for work of head or hand, or you can enjoy a fair share of health and peace of mind. Burdock Blood Bitters will alleviate your misery and do you a world of good if you will persevere in their use for a few weeks. (21)

Did you ever see a fisherman try to walk a rod, and reel? We have.

People wishing their Teeth to look white, Use "TEABERRY" daily—at morning, at night;

It sweetens the Breath and reddens the gums,
Enhances the beauty of daughters and sons.



Mr. Austin Jay, Copenhagen, Ont. said he was so afflicted with Liver complaint that he was about to give up work. The druggist at Aylmer induced him to try ZEPES with such good results that after using two bottles he was able to resume work as usual. Says he got relief from the first dose, and is satisfied there is no better Liver remedy in existence. He gladly allows us to use his name.