## ADVICE FOR THE MAIDENS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE CHOOS-ING OF HUSBANDS.

Not All of the Fair Sex Kindly Disposed Toward Marriage.

Good Words for the Old Maids of This World---Especial Care Necessary.

Infidels to Be Avoided and Selfish Men to Be Shunned

True Men Worthy of Honor-Advice to the

Young Wife.

Special to the Kansas City Times. BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 17.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the second of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring." Having spoken last Sunday on "The Choice of a Wife," he to-day preached on "The Choice

of a Husband." The organist rendered the sonata in C minor, by Rheinberger. Congregational singing, led by Prof. All's cornet, included that of the hymn

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays! And sing thy great Redeemer's praise. Selecting his text from Ruth i, 9: "The Lord

grant you that you may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband," the eloquent preacher said: This was the prayer of pious Naomi for Ruth and Orpah, and is an appropriate prayer now in behalf of unmarried womanbood. Naomi, the good old soul, knew that the devil

would take their cases in hand if God did not, so she prays: "The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband." GOOD ADVICE TO MAIDENS. In this series of sermons on "The Marriage

Zing," I last Sabbath gave prayerful and Aristian advice to men in regard to the selection of a wife, and to-day I give the same prayerful and Christian advice to women in regard to the selection of a husband. but in all these sermons saying much that I hope will be appropriate for all ages and all

I applaud the celibacy of a multitude of women who, rather than make unfit selection, have made none at all. It has not been a lack of opportunity for martial contract on their part, but their own culture and refinement and their exalted idea as to what a husband ought to be, have caused their declinature. have seen so many women marry imbeelles or ruffians or incipient sots or life time incapables or magnificent nothings or men who before marriage were angelic and afterward diabolic, that they have been alarmed and stood back. They saw so many boats go into the maelstrom that they steered into other waters. Better for a woman to live alone, though she live a thousand years, than to be annexed to one of these masculine failures with which society is surfeited. The patron saint of almost every family circle is some such unmarried woman and among all the families of cousins she moves around and her coming in each house is the morning and her going away is

BLESSINGS OF AN OLD MAID. In my large circle of kindreds, perhaps twenty families in all, it was an Aunt Phœbe. Paul gave a letter of introduction to one whom he calls "Phoebe our sister," as she went up from Cenchrea to Rome, commending her for her kindness and Christ'an service, and imploring for her all courtesies. I think Aunt Phobe was named after her. Was there a sickness in any of the households, she was there ready to sit up and count out the drops of medicine. Was there a marriage, she helped deck the bride for the altar. Was there a new soul incarnated, she was there to rejoice, at the nativity. Was there a sore bereavement, she was there to console. The children rushed out at her first appearance crying, "Here comes Aunt Phæbe," and but for parental interference, they would have pulled her down with their earesses, for she was not very strong, and many severe illnesses bad given her enough glimpses of the next world to make her heavenly-minded. Her table was loaded up with Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and like boooks, which have fitted out whole generations for the heaven upon which they have already entered.

A GOOD WOMAN'S NOBLE LIFE. "DeWitt," said she to me one day, "twice in my life I have been so overwhelmed with the love of God that I fainted away and could hardly be resuscitated. Don't tell me there is no heaven. I have seen it twice." If you would know how her presence would soothe an anxiety or lift a burden or cheer a sorrow, or leave a blessing on every room in the house, ask any of the Talmages. She had tarried at her early home, taking care of an invalid father, until the bloom of life had somewhat faded, but she could interest the young folks with some three or four tender passages in her own history, so that we all know that it was not through lack of opportunity that she was not the queen of one household, instead of being a benediction on a whole circle of households. At about 70 years of age she made her last visit to my house, and when she sat in my Philadelphia church I was more embarrassed at her presence than by all the audience, be-cause I felt that in religion I had got no further than the A B C, while she had learned the whole alphabet, and for many years had finished the Y and Z.

CAUSE FOR DELIBERATION. When she went out of this life into the next, what a shout there must have been in heaven, from the front door clear up to the back seat in the bighest gallery! I saw the other day in the village cemetery of Somerville, New Jersey, her resting place, the tombstone having on it the words which thirty years ago she told me she would like to have inscribed there, namely, "The Morning Cometh."

Had she a mission in the world? Certainly. As much as Caroline Herschel, first amanuensis for her illustrious brother, and then his assistant in astronomical calculations, and then discovering worlds for herself, dying at 98 years of age, still busy with the stars till she sped beyond them; as much as had Florence Nightengale, the nurse of the Crimea; or Grace Darling, the horse-woman of the Long Stone lighthouse; or Mary Lyon, the teacher of Mont Holyoke female seminary; or Hannah Moore, the Christain authoress of England; or Dorathea Dix, the angel of mercy for the insane; or Anna Etheridge among the wounded of Blackburn's fort; or Margaret Breckenridge at Vicksburg; or Mary Shelton, distributing roses, and grapes, and cologue in Western hospital; or thousands of other glorious women like them, who never took the marriage sacrament. Appreciate all this, my sister, and it will make you deliberate before you rush out of this single state into another unless you are

ESPECIAL CARE NECESSARY. Deliberate and pray. Pray and deliberate. As I showed you in my former sermon, a man ought to supplicate divine guidance in such crisis; how much more important than you solicit it! It is easier for a man to find an appropriate wife than for a woman to find a good husband. This is a matter of arithmetic, as I showed in a former discourse. Statistics show that in Massachusetts and New York states women have a majority of hundreds of thousands. Why this is we leave others to surmise. It would seem that woman is a favorite with the Lord, and that, therefore, he has made more of that kind. From the order whatever be the reason for it, the fact is certain that she who selects a husband has a smaller number of people to select from than he who selects a wife. Therefore, a woman ought to be especially careful in her choice of lifetime courses a special of the select from than another, but his better fortunes makes the select fortunes another, but his better fortunes makes the select fortunes makes the select fortunes another. ought to be especially careful in her choice of lifetime companionship. She cannot afford to

probability is that nothing but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in courts may interest the public, but the love letters of a married couple are poor reading except for those who write them. Pray God that you be delivered from irrevocable mistake!

INFIDELS TO BE AVOIDED. Avoid afflance with a despiser of the Christien religion, whatever else he may or may not have. I do not say he must needs be a religious man, for Paul says the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife; but marriage with a man who hates the Christian religion will insure you a life of wretchedness. He will caricature your habit of kneeling in prayer. He will speak deprecatingly of Christ. He will wound all of the most sacred feelings of your soul. He will put your home under the anthema of the Lord God Almighty. In addition to the anguish with which he will fill your life there is great danger that he will despoil your hope of heaven and make your marriage relation an infinite and eternal disaster. If you have made such engagement your first duty is to break it. My word may come just in time to save your soul.

THE REFORM IDEA NOT GOOD. Further, do not unite in marriage with a man of bad habits with the idea of reforming him. If now, under the restraint of your pres ent acquaintance, he will not give up his bad habits after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it. You might as well run a schooner a'ongside of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The conse-quence will be schooner and ship will be destroyed together. The almshouse could tell the story of a hundred women who mar-ried men to reform them. If by 25 years of age a man has been grappled by intoxicants he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up the track with a wheelborrow to stop a Hudson river express train. What you call an inebriate now-a-days is not a victim to wine or whisky, but to logwood and strychnine and nux vomica. All these poisons have kindled their fires in his tongue and brain, and all the tears of a wife weeping cannot extinguish the flames. Instead of marrying a man to reform him let him reform first and then give him time to see whether the reform is to be permanent. Let him understand that if he cannot do without his bad habits for two years he must do without you forever.

A SELFISH MAN TO BE SHUNNED. Avoid union with one supremely selfish or so wound up in his occupation, that he has no room for another. You occasionally find a man who spreads himself so widely over the path of life that there is no room for any one to walk beside him. He is not the one blade of a scissors incomplete without the other blade, but he is a chisel made to cut his way through life alone, or a file full of roughness, made to be drawn across society without any affinity for other files. His disposition is a life long protest against marriage. Others are so married to their occupation or profession that the taking of any other bride is a case of bigamy. There are men as severely tied to their literary work as was Chatterton, whose essay was not printed because of the death of the lord mayor. Chatte ton made out the following account: "Lost by the lord mayor's death in this essay, one pound, eleven shillings and sixpence. Gained in elegies and essays. five pounds and five shillings." Then he put what he had gained by the lord mayor's death opposite to what he had lost, and wrote under "And glad he is dead by three pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence." man is as hopelessly literary as that, he ought to be a perpetual celibate; his library, his laboratory, his books are all the companionship

MIGHTY MEN WITHOUT WIVES. Indeed some of the mightiest men this world ever saw have not patronized matrimonv. Ccwper, Pope, Newton, Swift, Locke, Walpole, Gibson, Hume, Arbuthnot were sinhelped. The right kind of a wife would have cured Cowper's gloom, and given to Newton more practicability, and been a relief to Locke's overtasked brain. A Christian wife might have converted Hume and Gibbon to a belief in Christianity. But Dean Swift did not deserve a wife, from the way in which he broke the heart of Jane Waring first, Esther Johnson afterward, and last of all "Vanessa." The great wit of his day, he was outwitted by his own cruelties.

Amid so many possibilities of fatal mistake, am I not right in urging you to seek the un-erring wisdom of God, and before you are infatuated? Because most marriages are fit to be made convinces us that they are divinely arranged. Almost every cradle has an affinity toward some other cradle. They may be on the opposite side of the earth, but one child gets out of this cradle and another child gets out of that cradle, and with their first steps they start for each other. They may diverge from the straight path, going toward the north, or south, or east, or west. They may fall down, but the two rise facing each other. They are approaching all through infancy.

THE COURSE OF PROVIDENCE. The one all through the years of boyhood is going to meet the one who is coming through all the years of girlhood to meet him. The decision of parents as to what is best concerning them and the changes of fortune may for a time seem to arrest the two journeys; but on they go. They may never have seen each They may never have heard of each other. But the two pilgrims who started at the two cradles are nearing. After eighteen, twenty or thirty years the two came within sight. At the first glance they may feel a dis-like, and they may slacken their step; yet something that the world calls fate and that religion calls Providence urges them on and on. They must meet. They come near enough to join hands in social acquaintance; after awhile to join hands in friendship; after awhile to join hearts. The delegate from the one cradle comes up the east side of the church with her father; the delegate from the other cradle comes up the west aisle of the church. The two long journeys end at the snowdrift of the bridal veil. The two chains made out of many vears are forged together by the golden link which the groom puts upon the third finger of the left hand. One on earth, may they be one in heaven!

NEWSPAPER PERSONALS SHOWN UP. But there are so many exceptions to the general rule of natural affinity, that only those are safe who pray for a heavenly hand to lead them. Because they depended on themselves and not on God there are thousands of women every year going to the slaughter. In India women leap on the funeral pyre of dead husbands. We have a worse spectacle than that in America-women innumerable leaping on the funeral pyre of a living husband.

Avoid all proposed alliances through newspaper advertisements. Many women, just for ble. fun, have answered such advertisements, and have been led on from step to step to catastro-phe infinite. All the men who write such advertisements are villians and lepers—all, with-out a single exception. All! All! Do you answer them just for fun! I will tell you a safer and healthier fun. Thrust your hands through the cage at a menagerie and stroke the back of a cobra from the East Indies. Put your head in the mouth of a Numidian lion to and tried to scoop up a lump of sugar see if he will bite. Take a glass of Parisgreen with it I felt embarrassed. Several peomixed with some delightful henbane. These are safer and healthier fun than answering newspaper advertisements for a wife.

A MAN FOR A HUSBAND. My advice is: Marry a man who is a fortune in himself. Houses, lands and large inheritances are well enough, but the wheel of fortune turns so rapidly that through some investment all these in a few years may be gone. There are some things, however, that are a per-petual fortune—good manners, geniality of soul, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, courage, perseverance, industry and whole-heartedness. Marry such a one and you have married a for-tune, whether he have an income now of \$50,-000 a year or an income of \$500. A bank is secure according to its capital stock and not to be judged by the deposits for a day or a week. A man is rich according to his sterling qualities, and not according to the vacillation of circumstances, which may leave with him a large amount of resources to-day and withdraw them to-morrow. If a man is worth nothing

NO MEN REALLY PERFECT. make a mistake. If a man err in his selection he can spend his evenings at the club, and dull his sensibilities by tobacco smoke, but woman has no club room for refuge and would find it difficult to habitnate herself to cigars. If a bounan make a bad job of marital selection the life in speech, in temper, in habits, do not marry him. Why! Because you would enact church, 30 cents.

NO MEN REALLY PERFECT.

Yet, do you expect to find a perfect man? If you find one without any faults, incapable of mistakes, never having guessed wrongly, his patience never having been perturbed, immaculate in speech, in temper, in habits, do not ments, \$5; summer recreation, \$15; for the marry him. Why! Because you would enact church, 30 cents.

a swindle. What would you do with a perfect man, who are not perfect yourself? And how dare you hitch your imperfection fast on such supernatural excellence? What a companion you would make for an angel; in other words there are no perfect men. There never was but one perfect pair, and they slipped down the banks of paradise together. We occasionally find a man who says he never sins. We know he lies when he says it. We have had financial dealings with two or three perfect men and they excated us woefully. Do not, therefore, look for an immaculate husband, for you will not find him.

But do not become cynical on this subject. Society has a great multitude of grand men who know how to make home happy. When they come to be husbands they evince a pobility of nature and a self-sacrificing spirit that surprise even the wife.

TRUE MEN WORTHY OF HONOR These are the men who cheerfully sit in dark and dirty business offices, ten feet by twelve, in summer time hard at work, while the wives and daughters are off at Saratoga, Mount Desert, or the White Sulphur. These are the men who, never having had much education themselves, have their sons at Yale and Harvard and Virginia university. These are the men who work themselves to death by fifty years of age, and go out to Greenwood leaving large estate and generous life insurance for their families. There are husbands and fathers here by the hundreds who would die for their households. If outlawry should ever become dominant in our cities, they would stand in their doorway and with their one arm would cleave down, one by one, fifty invaders, face to face, foot to foot, and every stroke a demolition. This is what makes an army in defense of a country fight more desperately than any army of conquest. It is not so much the abstract sentiment of a flag as it is wife-and children and home, that turns enthusiasm The world has such men by the million, and the homunculi that infest all our communities must not hinder women from appreciating the glory of 'true manhood.

CONJUGAL FIDELITY PRAISED. I was reading of a bridal reception. young man had brought home the choice of his heart in her elaborate and exquisite apparel. As she stood in the gay drawing room and amid the gay group, the young man's eves filled with tears of joy as he thought that she was his. Years passed by and they stood in the same parlor on another festal occasion. She wore the same dress, for business had not opened as brightly to the young husband as he expected and he had never been able to pur chase for her another dress. Her face was not as bright and smooth as it had been years before, and a careworn look had made its signature on her countenance. As the husband looked at her he saw the difference between this occasion and the former and he went over where she sat and said: "You remember the time when we were here before. You have the same dress on. Circumstances have somewhat changed, but you look to me far more beautiful than you did then." There is such a thing as conjugal fidelity and many of you know it in your own home

ONLY GOD CAN DIRECT ARIGHT. But, after all the good advice we may give you, we come back to the golden pillar from which we started, the tremenduous truth that no one but God can guide you in safety about this matter, that may decide your happiness for two worlds, this and the next. So, my sister, I put your case where Naomi put that of Ruth and Orpah when she said: "The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in

the house of her husband." I imagine the hour for which you pledged your troth has arrived. There is much merrymaking among your young friends, but there s an undertone of sadness in all the house. Your choice may have been the gladdest and the best and the joy of the whole round of relatives, but when a young eaglet is about to leave the nest and is preparing to put out into sunshine and storm for itself, it feels its wings tremble somewhat. So she has a good before leaving home, and at the marriage father and mother always cry, or feel like it.

NOT EASY TO GIVE HER UP. If you think it is easy to give up a daughter in marriage, though it be with brightest prospects, you will think differently when the day comes. To have all along watched her from infancy to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, studious of her welfare, her slightest illness an anxiety, and her presence in your home an ever-increasing joy, and then have her go away to some other home-aye, all the redolence of orange blossoms, and all the chime of marriage bells, and all the rolling of wedding march in full diapason, and all the hilarious congratulations of your friends can not make you forget that you are suffering a loss irreparable. But you know it is all right, and you have a remembrance of an embarkation just like it twenty-five or thirty years ago, in which you were one of the parties, and, suppressing as far as possible your sadness, you sav "Good bye."

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG WIFE. I hope that you, the departing daughter, will not forget to write often home; for whatever betide you, the old folks will never lose their interest in your welfare. Make visits to them also, as often and stay as long as you can, for there will be changes at the old home after awhile. Every time you go you will find more gray hairs on father's head, and more wrinkles on mother's brow, and, after awhile you will notice that the elastic step has become decrepitude. And some day one of the two pillars of your early home will fall, and after awhile the other pillar of that home will fall, and it will be a comfort to yourself if when they are gone, you can feel that while you are faithful in your new home, you never forget your old home and the first friends you ever had, and those to whom you are more indebted than you ever can be to any one else. except to God-I mean your father and mother. Alexander Pope put it in effective rhythm, when he said:

Me, let the tender office long engage To rock the cradle of reposing age; With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, Make languor smile and smoothe the bed of

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye, And keep awhile one parent f om the sky. And now I commend all this precious and splendid young womanhood before me to-day, to the God "who setteth the solitary in fam-

Bill Nye at a New York Hotel,

"I told the waiter at my table yesterday that when he got time I wished he would come up to my room and we would have a game of old sledge. He is a nice young man and puts himself out a good deal to make me comforta-

"I found something yesterday at the table that bothered me. It was a new kind of a silve: dingus, with two handles to it, for getting a lump of sugar into your tea. I saw right away that it was for that, but when I took the two handles in my hand like a nut cracker ple who were total strangers to me

"After dinner the waiter brought me a little pink glass bowl of lemonade and a clean wipe to dry my mouth with, I reckon, after I drank the lamonade. I did not pine for lemonade much, anyhow, but this was specially poor. It was just plain water, with a lemon rind

and no sugar into it. "One rural rooster from Pittsburg showed his contempt for the blamed stuff by washing his hands in it. I may be rough and uncouth in my style, but I hope I will never lower myself like that in company."—Chicago News.

The widow of the late James Thomas, the millionaire tobacconist of Richmond, Va., who died about two years since, has donated ten thousand dollars to the Richmond College as a memorial of

ROM THE FRENCH OF FRANCOIS COP-

I was at one time employed in a Govrnment office. Every day from 10 risoner in a depressing office, adorned vith yellow pasteboard boxes, and filled with the musty odor of old papers. here I breakfasted on Italian cheese and apples, which I roasted at the grate; read the morning papers, even to the dvertisements; I rhymed verses, and I stended to the affairs of state to the exent of drawing, at the end of each nonth, a salary which barely kept me rom starving.

I recall to-day one of my companions n captivity at that epoch. He was alled Archille Meurtrier, and certainly als fierce look and his tall form seemed o warrant that name. He was a great pig fellow, about forty years old, withwho wore felt hats with wide brims, short, but ample coats, large plaid ollars. He wore a full beard, long air, and was very proud of his hairy ands. The chief boast of Meurtrier, otherwise the best and most amiable of companions, was to trifle with an athetic constitution, to possess the biceps. of a prize fighter, and, as he said himelf, not to know his own strength. Ie never made a gesture even in the exrcise of his peaceable profession that lid not have for its object to convince he spectators of his prodigious vigor. Did he have to take from its case an empty pasteboard box, he advanced oward the shelf with the heavy step of street porter, grasped the box solidly with a tight hand, and carried it with a stiff arm as far as the next table with a shrugging of shoulders and frowning of prow worthy of Milo of Crotona. He arried this manner so far that he never ased less apparent effort even to lift the aghtest objects, and one day when he held in his right hand a basket of old papers, I saw him extend his left arm corizontally as if to make a counterpoise to the tremendous weight.

I ought to say that this robust creaare inspired me with a profound repeet, for I was then, even more than o-day, physically weak and delicate, which I lacked.

of stories concerning his adventures panying himself on an old guitar. and feats of strength. After having aken off his felt hat, his coat and his rest, and having wiped the perspira-

the morning the rendezvous at Bercy poat by one hand and I call out. Char- she played the airs of Romagnesi. pentier, pass me a small ham. Three motions in one time and I have finished it to the bone. Charpentier, pass me the brandy flask. Three swallows and it is empty."

So the description would continue -dazzling, Homeric.

the sun just overhead. The boats and arranged on it the waiter and the draw up in line on the river, before a two cups. I expected already to see tent gaudy with streamers. On the her coming in, carrying the evening bank the Mayor, with his scarf of of- coffee, the sweet, calm girl, who should fice, gendarmes in yellow shoulder be dressed in mourning like the widow belts, and a swarm of summer dresses, and resemble her very much. open parasols, and straw hats. Bang! fatigue. We dine at Creteil. How from the open window, sure of not be pipes glew in the darkness, and plates, we hear from the ball room river and frays in unknown places. the call of the cornet. Take places for the quadrille! But already a rival that I was on the point of discovering a crew beaten that same morning, has mystery. monopolized the prettiest girls. A fight! teeth broken, eyes blackened, hand held a tiny silver coffeepot, and ngly falls, and whacks below the belt; he was followed by a poodle, which In a word, a poem of physical enthu- greatly embarrassed his steps-a valiant siasm, of noisy hilarity, of animal spirits; without speaking of the re- clarinette players, a poor beggar's pooturn at midnight on crowded plat- dle, a poodle clipped like a lion, with forms, with girls whom we lift into hairy ruffles on his four paws, and a the cars, friends separated, calling white mustache like a General of the from one end of the train to the other, | Gymnase. and fellows playing a horn upon the

ture than his Sundays. Collar-and- well, and I poured it on drop by drop. ple amateur, and Dubois, the iron man air; "thank you, my little A.

MY FRIEND MEURTRIER. in person -rat chases near the mouth of sewers with dogs as fierce as tigerssanguinary encounters at night in the most dangerous quarters with ruffians and nose eaters-were the most insignificant episodes of his nightly career. intil 4 o'clock I became a voluntary Nor do I dare relate other adventures of a more intimate character, from which, as the writers of an earlier day would say in noble style, a pen the least timor-

ous would recoil with horror. However painful it may be to confess an unworthy sentiment, I am obliged to say that my admiration for Meiurtrier was not unmixed with regret and bitterness, perhaps with envy. But the recitation of his most marvelous exploits had never awakened in me the least feeling of credulity, and Achille Meurtrier easily took his place in my mind among heroes and demi gods, between Roland and Pirithous.

At this time I was a great wanderer out too much chest or shoulders, but in the suburbs, and I occupied the leisure of my summer evenings by solitary walks in those distant regions, as unrousers, and red neckties under rolling known to the Parisians of the Boulevards as the country of the Caribbees, and of whose somber charm I endeav-

ored later to tell in verse. An evening in July, hot and dusty, at the hour when the first gaslights were beginning to twinkle in the misty twilight, I was walking slowly from Vaugirard, through one of those long and depressing suburban streets lined on each side by houses of unequalled height, whose porters and portresses in shirt sleeves and ealico sat on the steps and imagined that they were taking the fresh air. Hardly anyone passing in the whole street, perhaps a mason white with plaster, a sergent de ville, a child carrying home a four pound loaf larger than himself, or a young girl hurrying on in hat and cloak with a leather bag on her arm, and every quarter hour the half empty omnibus coming back to its place of departure with the heavy trot of its tired horses.

Stumbling now and then on the pavement, for asphalt is an unknown luxury in these places, I went down the street tasting all the charms of a stroller. Sometimes I stopped before an enclosure to watch through the broken boards the fading glories of the setting sun, and the black silhouettes of the and in consequence filled with admi- chimneys thrown against a greenish improvised, without the least hesitation, ration for that energetic physique sky. Sometimes through an open win- an account of a sharp encounter on the The conversations of Meurtrier of an interior, picturesque and familiar; with a single blow of his fist, having vere not of a nature to dimmish the here a jolly looking laundress holding admiration with which he inspired her flat iron to her cheek; there workme. Above all, in the summer, on men sitting at tables and smoking in Monday mornings, when he had re- the ground floor of a caparet, while an turned to the office after our Sunday old Bohemian, standing before them, boliday, he had an inexhaustible fund sang something about liberty, accom-Suddenly I stopped.

One of these personal pictures had caught my eye by its domestic and tion from his forehead with the sleeve charming simplicity. She look so hapof his shirt to indicate his sanguine py and peaceful in her simple little and ardent temperament, he would room, the dear old lady in her black thrust his hands deep in the pockets dress and widow's cap, leaning back in of his trousers, and, standing near me an easy chair covered with green in an attitude of perpendicular solid- Utrecht velvet, and sitting quietly with ty, begin a monologue something as her hands folded on her lap. Everything around her was so old, and seem-"What a Sunday, my boy! Pos- ed to have been preserved, less through tively no fatigue can lay me up. a wise economy than on account of Think of it-yesterday was the regat- hallowed memories, since the honeya at Joinville-le-Pont-at 6 o'clock in | moon with Monsieur of the high complexion, in a frock coat and flowered for the crew of the Marsouin-the sun | waistcoat, whose oval crayon ornaments up-we jump into our rowing suits ed the wall. By two lamps on the and seize the oar and give way-one- mantle shelf every detail of the oldtwo, one-two-as far as Joinville; fashioned furniture could be distinguishthen overboard for a swim before ed, from the clock on a fish of artifical breakfast; strip to swimming draw- and painted marble to the old and antiers, a jump overboard, and look out quated piano, on which, without doubt, for squalls. After my bath I have the as a young girl in leg-of-mutton sleeves appetite of a tiger. Good; I seized the and with her hair dressed a la greeque,

Certainly a loved and only daughter, remaining unmarried through her affection for her mother, piously watched over the last years of the widow. It was she, I was sure, who had so tenderly placed her, dear mother, she who had put the ottoman under her feet, she "The hour for the regatta-noon, who placed near her the inlaid table

Absorbed by the contemplation of a The signal gun is fired, the Marsouin scene so sympathetic, and by the shoots forward of her competitors pleasure of imagining that humble and gains the first prize, and no poem, I remained standing some steps cool the evening in the dusky arbor; ing noticed in the dusky street, when I saw a door open and there appearedmoths singe their wings in the flame oh how far he was from my thoughts at of the emelette an kirsch. At the end | that moment-my friend Meurtrier himof a dessert served on decorated self, the formulable hero of tilts on the

A sudden doubt crossed me. I felt

It was he, indeed. His terrible hairy and ciassic poodle, the of poodle blind

"Mamma," said the giant, in a tone of ineffable tenderness, "here is your And the evenings of my astonishing | coffee. I am sure that you will find it companion were not less full of adven- nice to-night. The water was boiling

sibow wrestling in a tent, under the "Thank you," said the old lady, rollred light of torches, between him, sim- ing her easy chair to the table with ar

Your dear father said many a time that there was not my equal at making coffee-he was so kind and indulgent, the dear, good man-but I begin to believe that you are even better than me."

At that moment, and while Meurtrier was pouring out the coffee with all the delicacy of a young girl, the poodle, excited no doubt by the uncovered sugar, placed his forepaws on the lap of his mistress.

"Down, Medor," she cried, with a benevolent indignation. "Did anyone ever see such a troublesome animal! Look here, sir! you know very well that your master never fails to give you the last of his cup. By the way," said the widow, addressing her son, "you have taken the poor fellow out, have you

"Certainly, mamma," he replied in a tone that was almost infantile. "I have just been to the creamery for your milk, and I put the leash and collar on Medor and took him with me."

Reassured on this point, important to canine hygiene, the good dame drank her coffee, between her son and her dog, who each regarded her with inexpressible tenderness.

It was assuredly unnecessary to see or hear more. I had already divined what a peaceful family life, upright, pure and devoted, my friend Meurtrier hid under his chimerical gasconades. But the spectacle with which chancer had favored me was at once so droll and so touching that I could not resist the emptation to watch a few moments onger; that indiscretion sufficed to show me the whole truth.

Yes, this type of roisterers, who seemed to have stepped from one of the romances of Paul de Kock, this athlete. this despot of bar-rooms and public houses, performed, simply and courageously, in these lowly rooms in the suburbs, the sublime duties of a sister of charity. This intrepid oarsman had never made a longer voyage than to conduct his mother to mass or vespers every Sunday. This billiard expert only knew how to play besque. This trainer of bulldogs was the submissive slave of poodle.

Next morning on arriving at the office asked Meurtrier how he had employed the previous evening, and he instantly dow on the ground floor I eaught sight | Boulevard, where he had knocked down issed his thumb through the ring of his keys, a terrible street rough.

I listened, smiling ironically, and thinking to confound him, but, remembering how respectable a virtue is which is hidden even under an absurdity, I struck him on the shoulder, and said with conviction: "Muertrier, you are a

The Tables Neatly Turned.

A 16-year-old youth named Christ Winkelman was brought before Justice King on the complaint of Sebastian Hendenmeyer, a saloon-keeper, who charged Christ with having stolen three eigars valued at twenty-five cents. Hendenmeyer had brought his wife and family to prove the fact. Christ had no witnesses and no friends to defend him from the extremity of the law.

"What was the boy doing at your saloon?" asked Justice King of the complaining witness.

"He vas drinking beer."

timony."—Buffalo Express.

"Was he drunk?" "Yes, sir; he comes to my place

every little while and gets drunk." "That'll do," said his Honor. "I'll fine him just \$1, and you Mr. Hendenmeyer, may step over to that desk and pay a fine of \$10-the utmost the law allows. I have arraigned you on a charge of selling liquor to a minor, and you are convicted on your own testi-

A Good Memory.

A curious example of fine penmanship and remarkable memory was shown to us a day or two since, in the shape of a perfect list of the members of the executive and legislative branches of our State government, which was written from memory by Mr. G. F. Brown, representative-elect from Hamilton. As a feat of memory, without reference to any list, this was remarkable, and the more so, as every county and town or city residence was also accurately noted. But the most remarkable and really astonishing featare of the case is, that every word was written backward-that is, from right to left, and beginning at the bottom of the page and at the last letter of each word; and to cap all, the hand writing would answer for a fair specimen of the accomplishments of a good writing school teacher. - Salem Guzette.

## He Had a Scheme.

He was coming down the avenue holding on with both hands to a chain, at the other end of which was an enormous hound, when he was met by a friend, who inquired:

"Hello, Charlie, my dear boy, where did you get that big brute?"

"Bought him. don't you know?" "Yes, but he'll pull your arms out of

"Tell the truth, my dear boy, he does pull; but I got him for that, you know."

'Ah, but I don't understand you.' "Sh! don't breathe a word, dear fellow, but when I pass turn round and see how lovely my coat fits in the back." -New York Mail and Fapress.