

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Boston's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER IV.

The vindictive pleasure of signing her will, and receiving a stiff acknowledgment from Mr. Rawson of its safe receipt, occupied Mrs. Saville for a few days, before the expiration of which she received a few polite lines from Miss Rawson saying that, if quite convenient, Miss Desmond would call on Mrs. Saville between one and two on the following day.

"I am sure I hope she will do, and not be too silly," thought the imperious little woman, as she penned a brief acceptance of the appointment. "The generalty of women are wonderfully foolish and narrow; though men are idiotic enough too, occasionally. A whole day of Richard's company is all more than I can stand; yet he is always respectable, and would never commit the culpable folly of his—there, I will not think any more of that."

The morrow came bright and warm, and Mrs. Saville established herself in the smaller of her two drawing-rooms, a beautiful and gorgeously-furnished room, full of built and marble-inlaid tables, luxurious chairs and sofas, old-china statuettes, flowers, and all the accoutrements which wealth can give. It opened on a small conservatory in which a fountain played, and was cooler than her boudoir.

She was half-reclining among the cushions of a lounge, with her precious little dog beside her, and trying to give her attention to a newspaper, when the door was opened and "Captain Lumley" was announced.

"Why, where did you come from?" she exclaimed, not too cordially, and holding out her small-bellied hand to a tall, slight, well-set-up young man, with light hair and moustaches, laughing eyes, and a certain resemblance to Hugh Saville, though of a slighter, weaker type.

"From Herondyke, my dear aunt," he returned, drawing a chair beside her. "I have just a day or two in town, and I thought I'd try if you were still here."

"Are you on your way to Herondyke?"

"Yes, just like my luck! they give me my leave when there's not a thing to do. And that young beggar Mignolles, my sub, gets it next week."

"I suppose you are all as usual?"

"Yes, Uncle Everton is at Herondyke just now, and in great force. He is the most amusing old boy I ever met. Are you better, Aunt Saville? My uncle said he called here on his way through, and you were not well enough to see him."

"I was not well, and I certainly should not get out of my bed to see Lord Everton."

"Wouldn't you? Well, I—Oh—ah—yes, to be sure," said the young man, hesitating. "I am glad to see you looking so much better, at all events," he went on. "When do you go down to Ingfield?"

"On Saturday."

"I can often ride over and see you," continued Lumley, with a fascinating smile. He had a nice voice and a pleasant manner; indeed, he was considered a very irresistible young man by the women, and "not a bad fellow" by the men.

"You are very good," frigidly.

"I suppose there is hardly a soul left in town. Just called at the Montgomerys, and found the house shut up; so I came on here to have a chat and a bit of luncheon."

"My dear George, I don't mean to give you any luncheon. A lady is coming here, she ought to be here now. I am going to test her qualifications for the generous office of companion to myself, and I can't have you here talking nonsense."

"Won't she be a bore?"

"Do you think I shall allow myself to be bored?"

"Well, no, Aunt Saville," said Lumley, with a bright smile, "I don't think you will."

Here the door was again thrown open, and the butler announced, with much dignity, "Miss Desmond."

"There, you may go," said Mrs. Saville, impatiently.

"Very well," said the young man, good-humoredly. "I will call again before I leave town. My mother sent you her best love."

"I am, very much obliged. If you want a dinner, come back here."

"A thousand thanks, I am already engaged. Au revoir!" He shook hands and retreated, pausing at the door to let a lady pass—a tall, slender young woman, in a simple black dress, as straight as it could be at that period of flounces, furbelows, draperies, and sashes. The newcomer was young, yet youthfully mature; she wore a quiet, becoming bonnet, and was rather pale—warmly, healthfully pale—with wavy nut-brown hair, a pair of dark gray or blue eyes, deepened by nearly black brows and lashes, a sweet pathetic mouth and red dewy lips, she moved with easy undulating grace suggestive of long, well-formed limbs.

"A fine girl," said the young dragon's mental commentary, as he stood aside to let her pass, and, with a slight bow, disappeared from the room.

"Miss Desmond," repeated Mrs. Saville, "come and sit here beside me." She looked piercingly at her visitor as she made a slight courtesy and handed her a note before taking a seat, saying, in a soft, clear, refined voice, "Mr. Rawson was so good as to give me a few introductory lines."

"Quite right. A lawyer's instinctive precaution," returned Mrs. Saville, opening it and glancing at the contents.

during hope which in such strange situations is too deeply rooted to be scorched by the noontide heat or withered by the midnight blast—the instinctive consciousness of her own tenderness and loyalty, which gave vitality to her belief in the possibility of happiness. The quiet beauty of the country, the soothing tranquillity of the hour, gave her an exquisite sense of rest which she thankfully accepted.

Returned, however, and shut up in the lamp-lit drawing-room, silence did become oppressive, and Miss Desmond, remembering her employer's hint, felt reluctant to break it.

"I suppose you do need work? Girls like you generally have something of that kind in their hands."

"I do a good deal, and I have some that can appear in a drawing-room."

"I used to do fancy-work myself," said Mrs. Saville, "for it is intolerable to sit idle; but I had I dare not trifle with my eyes, which I have always tried to keep. However, I must do something, I cannot sit with my hands before me while you read."

"Knitting is not bad for the eyes," suggested Miss Desmond.

"I have always despised it as purely mechanical, but now I shall be obliged to adopt it. Do you know how to knit?—can you teach me?"

"Yes; I did a good deal of knitting when I was in Germany."

"Oh! do you understand German?"

"I could make my way in Germany; but I cannot read German aloud as I do French."

"And I do not understand a word of the language. I was only taught French and Italian. Ah, what a potent epitome of man-kind's opinion, the rage for that uncouth tongue as soon as the race that speaks it succeeded! Success is the measure of everything."

"I cannot think so. We have no plumb line with which to fathom the depth where future triumph lies hidden under present failure."

"That is no argument," returned Mrs. Saville. "Now, Miss Desmond, I am going to my room, and I dare say you will be glad to do the same. I breakfast in summer at eight. Good-night."

The next few days enabled Mrs. Saville and her newly-established companion to fit into their places. "She is less formidable than I expected," thought the latter. "I must keep constantly before my mind that she is on her trial with me, as I am with her. I am not bound to spend my life here, nor have I given up my freedom. She interests me; for, hard as she seems, I believe she is not without heart. Shall I ever be able to find it?"

"That girl is not so tiresome, after all. She is not a bit afraid of me," mused Mrs. Saville. "How I hate and despise folly and cowardice! They generally go together. There's a great deal of style about her, yet she must have been always steeped to the lips in poverty. If I had a daughter like her, I should want the first statesman in England for her husband. Bah! what folly! If I had had a daughter she would have been as indifferent to me as the rest, and would probably have married a groom to spite me. As no one cares for me, I had better concentrate my affections on myself. People may be indifferent to love, they are never indifferent to power; and money is power, especially if backed by common sense."

"So the knitting and reading went on successfully, and Mrs. Saville was sometimes surprised by the light-hearted enjoyment which her companion showed in any drolleries which cropped up in the course of their readings. Mrs. Saville herself was not without a certain grim sense of humor, but she was sometimes surprised, and not too well pleased, at the quick perception of the ridiculous which so often gleamed in Miss Desmond's expressive eyes."

(To be continued.)

WON DRESS FROM JEFFERSON.

Original Gretchen in "Rip Van Winkle" still living in London.

Mrs. John Billington, who is still living in London and who took the original part of Gretchen in Joseph Jefferson's first production of Dion Boucault's "Rip Van Winkle" in London in 1855, relates that in those days an American actor was looked upon in the same light as a Cheroke Indian would be at this time, the New York Herald says. When she was told there were only two women in the play and that she was suited to neither part, she said: "Then I shall get through the Provinces with Toole." But to this Boucault objected, as he always wanted her to appear in his productions, so she was obliged to play the part of Gretchen.

The play was a great success from the very beginning. There were five or six curtain calls after the first act and Mrs. Billington said to Mr. Jefferson, "It will run a hundred nights." Mr. Jefferson modestly replied that he was willing to wager that it would not.

"What will you bet?" said the actress.

"I am willing to wager a new silk dress to a silk hat," was the reply.

The piece ran 170 nights, and in the day Mrs. Billington points to a photograph taken of herself in the very silk dress she won in her bet with Jefferson.

So sure was Boucault of the fallacy of the play that he refused to be present at the first performance, and it was several nights before Jefferson knew him to be among those present in the audience, recognizing him by his shaggy bald head. After the performance the author went around to the actor's dressing room and congratulated him.

"But," he said, "Joe, I think you are shooting over their heads."

"I am not even shooting at their heads," was the reply. "I am aiming at their hearts."

After the first week in London it was Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" not Boucault's, although the playwright was at that time so popular that the name of Boucault alone was sufficient to draw a large house, and the name of Jefferson did not appear in big letters, nor was it even "feared."

Upon his return America greeted the wanderer, proud of the victory of an American actor in an American play in foreign lands.



THE FIRST PASSENGER TRAIN IN AMERICA.

It is a curious fact that it was the South Carolina Railroad that hastened the beginning of the New York & Erie Railroad, and made it the second railroad in the world projected and designed for the use of locomotive power. When the Erie was ready to place its first locomotive in service in 1831 there were only four locomotives in use in this country, and only one railroad then in operation had been built with the original intention of having locomotives as its motive power. This was the South Carolina Railroad, between Charleston on the coast and Hamburg on the western border of South Carolina. In December, 1830, the first six miles of that railroad were opened. The pioneer locomotive built for use upon it was designed by Horatio Allen, who became president of the New York & Erie Railroad Company some years later. It was built at the West Point foundry, New York City, and was named "The Best Friend of Charleston." The engine was placed on the railroad in October, 1830.

After several trips the locomotive was pronounced ready for regular operation, and it was attached to the first train load of passengers drawn by a locomotive in this country, Jan. 15, 1831. The success of the trial trip satisfied railroad men that a similar road would be feasible between New York and Lake Erie. "The Best Friend of Charleston" was thus instrumental in spurring men to action in the matter of a railroad between the Hudson river and Lake Erie. The history of its career and fate may properly have a place in this chronicle. That history was thus tersely related in the Charleston Courier of June 18, 1831:

"The locomotive 'Best Friend' started yesterday morning to meet the lumber cars at the forks of the road, and, while turning on the revolving platform, the steam was suffered to accumulate by the negligence of the fireman, a negro, who, pressing on the safety-valve, prevented the surplus steam from escaping, by which means the boiler burst at the bottom, was forced inward, and injured the engineer and two negroes. The boiler was thrown to the distance of twenty-five feet. None of the persons are dangerously injured. The accident occurred in consequence of the negro holding down the safety valve while the engineer was assisting to arrange the lumber cars, and thereby not permitting the necessary escape of steam above the pressure the engine was allowed to carry."

That was the first locomotive explosion on record, but the "Best Friend" was patched up at a machine shop, and was in service at long time thereafter.

NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS.

"Canadian Born" will be the title of Mrs. Humphry Ward's next novel. It will run serially in the Cornhill Magazine.

E. F. Benson has completed two new books. One is a novel, "The Osbornes," the other is a volume in the style of "The Book of Months." It is entitled "A Reaping."

Perhaps the most important announcement of fiction to be published in 1909 is that of a new novel by Suderman. His latest work—perhaps his greatest—is a novel entitled "The Song of Songs" (in German "Das Hohe Lied").

Few of Chicago's writers are more widely known in the professional field than Mr. Forrest Crissey, for many years western editorial representative of the Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Crissey has recently become editorial director of the Currier Publishing Company, which issues the Woman's World.

Wilson Vance, father of Louis Joseph Vance, well known for his "The Black Bag" and "The Brass Bow" and other novels, is himself the author of "Big John Baldwin," which Henry Holt & Co. expect to issue in the fall. Big John is a Puritan gentleman who has experiences as a colonist in America and also under Cromwell in England.

Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine," was for ten years rector of "Christ Church in Cambridge, and since 1900 he has been devoting himself to a professional career of letters. His first novel was "Griseida," and it was followed by "Let Not Man Put Asunder," "In the Garden of Charity," "The Steps of Honor" and "The Giant's Strength." Mr. King is 50 years of age, and his present residence is in Munich.

Mrs. Frances Boyd Calhoun died on Tuesday, June 12, at her home in Covington, Tenn. To the many who have read her "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill" this news will bring sincere regret. The book bore the impress of a lovable personality. Of late Mrs. Calhoun has been busy on the manuscript of a second book of the same nature, which unfortunately is now lost to the reading public.

Lieutenant Shackleton, the Irishman who has returned to London from his south pole expedition, is described as "a man of extreme modesty, very reluctant to speak of his personal experiences, wishing rather to refer to the admirable work of his colleagues. He is broad of build and of medium height, with strong, determined features suggesting a will to overcome extraordinary difficulties and hardships. His sparkling blue eyes indicate good nature and his whole appearance suggests a type that men would follow and suffer privations for."

CHEMISTRY 4,000 YEARS AGO.

Employed by Chinese in Cure of Disease—The Philosopher's Stone.

Yu Tung Kwal, a Chinese delegate to the chemistry congress, read an interesting paper before a section of the assembly yesterday on the chemical industry of China. Alchemy, he said, was known in China at least 2,700 years before Christ, and China still occupied an important position in regard to the chemical industries of the world.

The principal object of the practice of alchemy 4,000 years ago, he said, was the cure of disease. Efforts were also made to evolve a preparation somewhat analogous to the philosopher's stone, the result attained being known as gold pills.

Metallurgical work and dyeing were known in China from time immemorial, while the processes of making gunpowder, paper, glass and porcelain all originated in the same country, while it is admitted that the Chinese of the Seventh century had a clear knowledge of oxygen.

"Circumstances in China," said the lecturer, "have now changed. Since China has been known for thousands of years to be an agricultural country and to possess an enormous wealth of undeveloped minerals, attention has naturally been directed to the study of these two branches of applied science."

"A board of agriculture and industries has been instituted, composed of different bureaus, each bureau managing some department, such as land surveying, mine surveying, irrigation work, etc. Having its headquarters in Peking, the affairs of each province are controlled directly by provincial executive committees, and shortly, it is believed, government experimental stations will be established. Also in the formation of chemical societies provincial societies have been formed, which will constitute sectional branches. Agricultural societies too are being formed in good numbers, and the last few years have witnessed the establishment of 'commercial guilds.'"

"A characteristic feature about the teaching system of China is that chemistry, together with mathematics, is a compulsory subject in the elementary schools. This is insisted upon, not only that the public's mind may be trained, but also that the young student may acquire some elementary knowledge of natural phenomena."—London Standard.

GERMAN INSTRUCTOR MADE MANY AMUSING SLIPS IN HER ENGLISH.

The late Prof. Carla Wenckebach, of Wellesley College, notwithstanding her long residence in America, never quite mastered the English language. She spoke it forcefully and fluently; but there would be occasional amusing slips, some of which enrich to this day the traditions and anecdotes handed down from class to class. A Wellesley girl who was in one of Professor Wenckebach's earliest classes recalls a few of them.

"It is so cold!" declared the professor one day, when the mercury had dropped far below zero. "It is too cold, even for me. I have been sitting all the morning with my feet over the transom."

"It was not often cold enough to drive her to sit by the register—which was, of course, what she meant—for she was a fine, vigorous, outdoor woman, and passionately fond of skating. Once when she fell on the ice and received a severe sprain just as she was starting the lake, she had no

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Senator Hernando De Soto Money of Mississippi, it is said, has the ability to be more acutely annoying than almost any other senator when he starts. And he starts at slight provocation. One of the stories current in Washington is of a certain aged correspondent, who may be called Dan Smith. "Poor old Dan," said one friend to another, "he's getting horribly absent-minded—can't even recognize faces." "And why?" asked the other friend. "Told me to-day he had had a pleasant talk with Senator Money."

A high street small boy, about 5 years old, was taken to an entertainment by his mother the other evening. It was 10:30 o'clock when they reached home and the little fellow was very tired and sleepy. He undressed quickly and hopped into bed. "George," said his mother sternly, "I'm surprised at you. Why, mamma?" he asked. "You didn't say your prayers. Get right out of that bed and say them." "Aw, mamma," came from the tired youngster, "what's the use of wakin' the Lord up at this time if night to hear me pray?"

There joined the police force of London a young Scotchman but recently arrived from his native land. Being detailed one day to block the traffic in a certain thoroughfare where members of royalty were expected to pass, he was accosted by a lady hurrying to keep an appointment, who thrust her head from the carriage window to remonstrate with him over the delay. "I canna let you pass, ma'am," answered the man of the baton. "But, sir, you do not know who I am. I am the wife of a Cabinet minister." "It dinna make na difference, ma'am," he answered. "I could na let you pass if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

General Stawa was a martinet, a stickler for etiquette, a man with a prodigious sense of his own dignity, and when Private S. Weigh, the bugler, one day failed to honor him in passing with the customary salute he flew—internally—into a towering rage. "Knutt," he said that afternoon to the colonel, "Private Weigh failed to salute me this morning. A breach of etiquette, sir! A piece of impertinence, my dignity—haw! See that the man is severely reprimanded." Colonel Knutt trembled and nodded and next day spoke to the captain. "Blaske," he said, "Private Weigh failed to salute the general yesterday. Please see that he is severely reprimanded." "Right, sir," said Captain Blaske, and the next day he spoke to the sergeant. "Sergeant," he said, "Weigh didn't salute the general. See that he is severely reprimanded." "Look here, Binks," said the sergeant next day to the corporal bugler, "give Weigh a good talking to, will you? He didn't salute the old general the other day." Finally the corporal bugler communicated with Private Weigh. "Look here, funny fella," said he, "if you don't salute old Poberbeck next time you meet him, what-ho, young feller, you'll get a bloody clout on the ear 'ole!"

ETIQUETTE OF THE TELEPHONE.

Some Advice as to Use of Common Instrument.

How best to utilize the service of the telephone has led to a study of methods on the part of many large and some smaller business concerns, and not only has this resulted in a vast saving of time, but a certain "etiquette of the telephone" has been established which has a tendency to obviate many annoyances and to smooth over the rough places and soothe the nerves and the temper of many sensitive souls.

The telephone becomes a nuisance when it is abused and when persons at either end indulge in protracted or senseless repetitions of "Hello!" "Who is this?" and the like, says an exchange.

How much better and more business-like in answering the telephone to abolish the senseless and rude salutation, "Hello!" and to at once give the name of the firm. For instance, "This is the First National Bank," this is Mr. Brown's residence," and how much more satisfactory to the calling party, conveying to him, as it does, the knowledge that he has the right party, or if the wrong one the lack of excuse for useless talk, which monopolizes the circuit to the exclusion of more important business. By the universal adoption of such a rule less confusion would arise and "Centrals" and the subscribers' nerves would remain in a better condition.

"Central" is blamed for much, almost everything, but a little assistance and patient co-operation on the part of the subscriber would go a long way toward improving the service, something which the telephone company is constantly striving to effect.

The person at the telephone should be prepared, instantly the operator responds, to give the number wanted, not from memory unless recently refreshed by reference to the directory, or if a long distance call, the name of the party wanted, together with the proper address. To be unprepared to give such information is almost inexcusable, and delay and frequently irritation is certain to follow.

Following are some of the rules of "Etiquette of the Telephone" which are laid down for the guidance of the thoughtful and politely disposed, which if more generally observed would not fail to make the telephone an even more popular institution than it now is:

Avoid telephoning to a private house too early in the morning or too late at night, or during meal hours, unless the case is urgent and will not break delay.

Employees in a business office should never use the wire for protracted conversations with personal friends; this is a growing abuse and likely to inter-

RED WAS REMISS.

"Why is that haughty Miss Laburnum so prejudiced against everything red?"

"Don't you know? Her father made his fortune selling circus lemons."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is more or less moonshine in the astrology business.

People who admire us are always pleasant company.

fore seriously with the business of the employer.

Do not forget that although you are not seen over a telephone wire, you are likely to be overheard, so don't shout out your private affairs so that others may be made familiar with them.

Cultivate speaking in well-modulated tones, as these carry the best and produce the most gratifying results at the distant station.

Don't lose your temper and thus shame yourself and bring distress to others.

When answering the telephone, give your name, or the name of the house or person whom you represent, instead of saying "Hello!"

EAT RATTLESNAKES IN BOLIVIA.

German Jurist Tells of His Experiences in South America.

Dr. Hermann Gans, first judge of the criminal courts of Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany, is in Mexico City on a trip around the world. He is at the Palace Hotel and expressed his overwhelming disgust yesterday at being back in civilization after a trip along the west coast of South America.

"Some years ago I made an extensive trip over the United States of America," he said to a Mexican Herald reporter. "If my duties did not keep me in Germany I would certainly live in the United States. Mexico is the nearest proposition to civilization I have met since leaving Europe. In fact, I consider it at least the doorway to the United States, and much like it when it comes to comforts."

"On arriving in Mexico City I stepped upon the first asphaltum, or decently paved streets, since leaving Buenos Ayres. Yet in comparison with Mexico City Buenos Ayres is filthy, inconvenient and dirty. Mexico City is not to be compared to anything in South America.

"The west coast country is not fit to live in. Bolivia, which is immensely wealthy in mines and natural resources, was the worst proposition I struck in my travels. I went over much of it on muleback.

"There is no bread in the interior and no meat of any kind known to civilized people. I stopped at one magnificent castle of a wealthy hacendado in the interior, where every effort was made to treat me royally. The meat upon the table resembled fish, and I was so surprised at seeing fish so far in the interior that I asked how they could have it there. It was explained that the fish was intended for Sunday, but that my arrival had caused them to serve it at midweek. It was not fish at all, but an enormous rattlesnake. I learned that rattlesnakes were choice food there. Boa constrictor is considered fairly good, but it does not come up to rattlesnake. Did I like it? You mean to ask did I taste it. Well, rattlesnake may be all right, but I do not know any more about how it goes as food than I did before.

"Bubonic plague, typhus and yellow fever rage continuously at Guayaquil. Every sailor on one German vessel at that port died of the yellow fever, and while I was there another vessel arrived with a new crew for it. Filth is no name for conditions on the west coast of South America. The whole country needs a general and civic laundry process."

Judge Gans will go from Mexico City to San Francisco and thence to the Pacific Islands, Samoa, Japan and India. He has a year's leave of absence. In his trunk he has brought a large assortment of boa constrictor, rattlesnake and other reptile skins as trophies of his South American trip, the flesh of most of which he said was served as special dishes at banquets and smart dinners. Referring to the matter of diet in Bolivia, Judge Gans said that a species of rat is the nearest he met with in the flesh line to real meat.

WHY SO MANY DESERTED FARMS.

Immigrants Bunch in the Cities Instead of Becoming Land Workers.

The country is filling up with immigrants, but it is a fact that they are not going on the land. It is also a fact that some of our best farmers, by the tens of thousands every year, are leaving us to take up homesteads in the Canadian Northwest. We have more mouths to fill, but we are not producing food for them in sufficient additional quantity to keep up with the increase in their number. That is the reason why wheat is high. It is a big factor in the "increased cost of living," of which our wives have evidence every day.

Good land is going out of cultivation, and farm labor is scarce everywhere, notably in this State. The reason for it is not entirely economic. The drift to the cities is not explained by the claim that a better living is to be made there. In the country the job is hunting the man, and not a man is hunting the job, and not always finding it. The immigrant of one and two generations ago settled on the land and raised wheat and corn and beef, insuring a cheap and plentiful supply. The immigrant of to-day settles in the cities and consumes wheat and corn and beef, diminishing the supply and raising the price. He does so not because it is less profitable to till the soil, for its produce commands higher prices than ever before, but because he is of a different stock than his predecessor. He stays in the seaport cities because others of his race have made foreign "quarters" there, because of his own inertia, because this country has never made proper efforts to bring the landless man and the landless land together.—New York Mail.

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