

A USEFUL OPPONENT.

My husband was a gambler, a member of a prominent club. Night after night I was left alone, while he pursued his calling at the club, presumably a gentleman, yet only intent upon winning the money of his acquaintances.

Time after time I had urged him to give up his despicable habit, but he turned my entreaties aside by offering excuses, which were not at all satisfactory.

"We live well," he said, "and I need money to pay our expenses. You are well aware that when I married you I had no visible means of support, although your parents were laboring under the most delightful delusion that I was a millionaire and wealth in the matrimonial market worth more than came to setting up a house. I had to make some money, and money I made by playing cards, which is easy enough when you know how."

A peculiar expression flitted across his face, and he called the names of "When you know how," I suppose you were going to say," I remarked, wondering why a sentence should have been begun only to be left unfinished.

"Yes," he answered, "in all games which combine chance with skill, the skill is bound to tell in the long run. With a cool hand and a level head the odds are in your favor, especially when you are playing against men who will more money than brains and fonder of whisky than soda."

"My luck as you have good reason to know has been phenomenal. It accounts for the horses you drive; it accounts for this luxurious furniture; it accounts for my bank account in the best society, in the fashionable circles which surrounded you when you were born—destined to marry a Standard Oil millionaire, the son of a Sugar Trust Senator, at least, if it had not been for the senseless adventurer who made such capital out of his good looks and charming manners."

"Good looks and charming manners, indeed," I said, turning him on the shoulder. "Well, go on."

"That's all," he said. "Well, and what is there to prevent you from leaving off now, without tempting Providence any further?"

"Good gracious, child," he said, quite angrily, "don't you see? The men in the club expect at least a chance of getting some of their money back. That's the only reason I don't see the good of winning at all if you feel bound to go on playing till you lose."

"I don't intend to lose," he said, quietly. "Winning back lost money is the most expensive game a gambler plays. It makes him demoralized and reckless. Besides, people grow suspicious of a man who gives up play before play, and I am not a man who would have anything to do with us were the ghost of a suspicion cast on my honesty by some evil minded fellow at the club. The loss of society's smile would do more to me, but to you—"

"Nothing to him, indeed!"

"A neat maid opened the door and brought in a note on a tray. It is unusual for notes to arrive at three o'clock in the morning, but Horace Linley did not seem in the least surprised. He took it, read it through quickly, then tore it into fragments, and put the pieces carefully, very carefully, in the fire."

"He watched the flames leap upon them, he watched the blackened scraps of paper curl and break into a thousand tiny bits, and he smiled. "Thank Heaven!" he said. Then he drew a deep breath of relief.

"I shall have to go out for half an hour," he remarked, getting up and holding out the coat for me to take. He turned as he reached the door and kissed his hand, an unusually serious expression in his face. "Perhaps I shall manage to take you advice after all," he said, with a forced smile. "Smile, only you must give me time."

NEW MEMBER OF THE CLUB SAT READING HIS EVENING PAPER, WENT OUT INTO THE ROOF OF BROADWAY.

The chief card room of the Nonpariel Club was crowded as it had never been crowded before that night. The news of the great contest had spread abroad, and prominent actors and men about town were there to see the contest between Horace Linley and the comparatively new member of the club James Balsam.

Lacy and a group of his intimate friends stood just behind my husband's chair, and Cushman was on the opposite side of the table.

From the very first, Balsam was a winner. He had the most astonishing luck in drawing. If he needed a king, or an ace of spades, he was almost certain to draw it.

The bets ran high, good hands were the rule, but Linley was in hard luck. After an hour's play he had lost at least \$25,000.

Toward midnight something occurred which made Cushman raise his eyebrows. He looked across to Lacy, Jared Henderson, who was an exceedingly nervous man, turned white to the lips, and suddenly left the room. Balsam had been detected cheating.

With his face darkened by an angry frown, Horace pushed back his chair. "These cards are marked," he said, quietly. "They must have been smuggled into the club with the connivance of one of the servants."

"It's a lie!" Balsam hissed. He looked around the room, hoping to find some support among the members, and amid his wranglings on the table, feeling like a whipped dog.

In a moment, Cushman sprang at him and seized his wrists.

"Not so fast, my friend," he said, "the lips, and suddenly left the room, but my husband called the man back. "Don't make an ass of yourself," he said; "whatever happens, let us avoid a scandal."

"There's the door," he said, pointing with his finger. "Go."

The other put his hand in his pocket, drew forth a large roll of bills, and laid his wranglings on the table, feeling like a whipped dog.

Horace removed a few of the notes—probably a hundred dollars—and handed them to Balsam, without a word.

A murmur of approbation at his generosity ran round the room.

When the door was closed upon Balsam, and those who had witnessed the disgraceful episode had returned to the card-room, my husband begged to be allowed to say a word publicly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am going to act on impulse. From this moment, and in your presence, I swear solemnly never to touch a card again for the remainder of my life. Whether I am a fool for my pains or not, will probably be a matter of dispute, but my mind is made up. I have never before seen cheating at cards, and never again will I willingly submit to such an experience. I am impelled to the course I am about to take, and I take it confident that I shall at least have your sympathy."

SALT LAKE AND DEAD SEA.

The Two Bodies of Water Have Little Resemblance.

The water of the Great Salt Lake varies greatly in its contents of dissolved solids, depending upon the relation between the supply of water through streams and the evaporation.

A fair average of total solids dissolved in the lake at its present mean level is from 19 to 20 per cent by weight. But not all of this is common salt.

The Dead Sea contains a greater proportion of solid matter dissolved in its waters than does the Great Salt Lake. Much discrepancy exists among published accounts of its contents, the fluctuations in composition being due to the same causes that prevail here.

Therefore, though the Salt Lake carries a lower percentage of dissolved solids, the lake contains more than double the proportion of salt. The chief solid constituent of the Dead Sea water is not sodium chloride, as is commonly supposed, but magnesium chloride.

There is a great number of applicants. As for myself, I am not as I am often supposed to be an editor, and have no wish to do which I am not competent to do myself with a fair amount of help from members of my own family.

I regret not to be able to give you encouragement as to employment in Boston, but the truth is, there is next to nothing of the kind in prospect, most of our writers being as poor as rats themselves and no more able to keep an amanuensis than they are to set up a coach and six.

I do not even know how to advise you beyond this simple counsel, which I have occasionally given to young aspirants: If you think you have literary talents worth something for the world, keep to one signature and you will be found out by a public which is ready to give the highest praise for its most recent kind of literary ability.

I do not "stun" from your petition with cold indifference, but it is utterly out of my power to do more than give you these few words of kindly advice.

"Schools" of Electricians.

There is just now much uneasiness, not to say alarm, in electrical circles at the prospect of a grave abuse of public confidence. A prominent journal, referring to the earnest popular seeking for information on all electrical matters, says what is heralded as the course of instruction of certain "schools of electricity" is of doubtful benefit to many of those who may be induced to enroll.

The supply of electrical engineers is already greater than the demand, and every day the standard of skill and knowledge necessary for responsible positions is rising, and the examinations for electrical engineers are becoming more exacting and exhaustive. Hence, many leading electricians are inclined to regard popular schools of electricity just as they would a school of quackery.

Automatic Folding Seat.

An automatic folding seat has been designed for the use of steeple and bar attendants, for providing extra seating accommodation in churches, music halls, assembly rooms and all places where space is too limited to allow of permanent chairs or stools.

Preserving Telegraph Poles.

WEDDED TO A SIOUX

AND FINDS THAT MARRIAGE IS A SUCCESS.

Elaine Goodale, who married a Full-Blooded Indian, a Happy Wife and Mother—Her Husband Now Occupying an Envious Position.

There are several excellent reasons why the world is interested in Elaine Goodale, once the child poetess of the Berkshire Hills, now the wife of a typical Indian of the Sioux race.

Elaine Goodale, who married a Full-Blooded Indian, a Happy Wife and Mother—Her Husband Now Occupying an Envious Position.

Dr. Charles Eastman.

Dr. Charles Eastman, under appointment by the government to an Indian agency, that he was respected by his college associates, morally correct, mentally bright (this class orator at college), and that he inherited a splendid physique, which he had developed by training and athletic sports.

Has she made a mistake? Was her marriage a sacrifice, socially considered? Was it to end her usefulness as a brilliant contributor to literature? Would her pen continue to surprise and charm the world of literature with sonnets and sketches, or would it be laid aside with her assumption of wife and maternal responsibilities and cares?

Dr. Eastman's Position in St. Paul. The residence of Elaine at Pine Ridge.

Settled Down at Pine Ridge.

Elaine Goodale Eastman.

Ridge continued for about a year and a half. During this time she wrote occasionally for the magazines poems or prose sketches, and her letters to the "old folks" at home were full of her cheerful and comparatively uneventful life.

When it was decided to abandon the agency work, Dr. and Mrs. Eastman determined to make their home, for awhile at least, in St. Paul, to which city they removed about a year and a half ago.

Providing Bedding.

Elaine Goodale Eastman.

Next winter will want bedding for all kinds of stock, and unless you store it up now the chances are that cattle, pigs and colts may lie cold many a night to the shrinkage in growth and the extra consumption of hay and grain to help maintain some degree of warmth.

state comfort. The life on the plains was not a new one to Elaine. Her sympathies with the Indian race, which had been developed by the teaching of some Indian pupils at Carlisle and Hampton institutes in the East, had induced her in 1885 to accompany Senator Daves on a trip through the Indian reservation.

Thus as a former resident of Pine Ridge, the young wife found herself surrounded by familiar objects and by the friendly faces of the people of her adoption. Her interest in the welfare of the Indians, always keen, was now intensified, and she labored earnestly in their behalf.

On many of these journeys his wife was his companion, and, although these journeys were marked by privations, hardships and fatigue, she never uttered a word of complaint.

Dr. Charles Eastman.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Vintage of France, 1894, just received, report a yield of 30,000,000 hectoliters (660,000,000 gallons), only three-fifths of the yield of 1893, while the qualities of the red wine is apt to be inferior, owing to a cool summer and a very late vintage.

1800 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is a great deal of disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known.

A Good Investment for 1895.

Forty years since "Porte Crayon" was down on Albermarle sound and told a native that there were men with mouths eight inches wide in the woods.

Look Out for Cold Weather.

But ride inside of the electric lighted, steam heated, vestibule apparatus trains of the Chicago, and rail way and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or home.

Trees of Gold.

WELL MACHINERY.

SPRAINS POSITIVE and NEURALGIAS (URE) ST. JACOB'S OIL

Consumption

Scott's Emulsion

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

Mutilating Horses.

The United States Veterinary Medical Association, at its thirty-first annual meeting, held in Philadelphia, adopted a resolution condemning the "docking" of horses' tails and calling attention to the fact that nature surely intended the tail as the animal's defense against the assaults of insects.

Qualified Forgiveness.

A Child Enjoys The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constive or bilious, the most gratifying results will follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

When the heart speaks the whole man will say amen.

There are men who like to speak well of others—on a tombstone.

When the heart speaks the whole man will say amen.

There are men who like to speak well of others—on a tombstone.

When the heart speaks the whole man will say amen.

There are men who like to speak well of others—on a tombstone.

When the heart speaks the whole man will say amen.

There are men who like to speak well of others—on a tombstone.

When the heart speaks the whole man will say amen.

There are men who like to speak well of others—on a tombstone.

When the heart speaks the whole man will say amen.

There are men who like to speak well of others—on a tombstone.