

**GUARDING THE TONGUE.**  
Each of us, as pass through life,  
Will bridle and curb the tongue,  
And speak of only the pleasant things  
To be said of every one.  
What a wonderful difference there would be  
Between this world of ours  
And the paradise it might become  
With all paths strewn with flowers  
How surely a little reflection  
Will show us as plain as the day,  
The mistakes we made when we hastily  
Allowed our tongue full sway.  
When the day is done and we think it o'er,  
Ah me, that it should be true,  
There are few of us who can honestly say  
There is nothing we would undo.  
Too often the faults we clearly see  
In others are faults of our own—  
And those who dwell in houses of glass  
Should be wary in casting a stone.  
So, have charity, much charity,  
The loveliest virtue of all,  
And look well to your own tongue,  
For it is prone to slip and fall.  
—Good Housekeeping

**THE EVENT OF OUR LIVES.**

My wife and I were a happy couple. We loved each other, and we had two children, who were as pretty and healthy and nice-mannered as parents could wish. We were also rich, and when one has love and wealth, not counterbalanced by bad health or bad temper, one has pretty nearly everything that can render life delightful. We had, indeed, only one subject of complaint; sometimes we found existence a trifle monotonous.

"I think," my wife would say, yawning, "I really do think life is too uneventful. It is quite stupidly flat. Why doesn't something interesting happen?"

"Well, what should you like?" I would rejoin. "Shall I hire an assassin to stab me at the opera? or a gypsy to steal the children? or—"

"Nonsense!" cried she, laying her pretty hand on my lips. "Of course, I don't mean anything fearful and hideous, like murder and kidnapping. I don't know what I mean, anything would do, so long as it was exciting and unusual."

"This, however, was the one thing in which I couldn't gratify her, for one can't buy unusual events by the ounce, or keep them bottled in one's cellar. So I tried to assuage her longing with philosophy.

"We are both young," I said. "Who knows what may happen before we keep our golden wedding? We must wait!"

"Wait!" exclaimed my wife. "Yes, the end of the world is coming, but we shall live to see it."

Time, however, proved that I was right. One day she received the following letter from her only brother in Australia:

"My Dear Lucy—I have just nursed back to life, after a long and dangerous brain fever, my great friend, George Stormont, and as the doctors concur in saying that a voyage is the best thing for him, I mean to put him on board the Mount Vernon on the 28th, and ship him off to England. His only relation, a married sister, lives in Scotland, so I am desiring him to go straight to you, as I am sure you will be willing to put him up for a short time till he is equal to a long railway journey, and I feel confident you and Frank will pay him all the attention you can for my sake."

"If he recovers on the voyage, you will find him sociable and agreeable and up to everything; but the doctors tell me that he may not be quite himself for some months, and if so, you will see him as he is now—a silent individual, rather eccentric, preferring solitude, and always mooning about the place and wandering into rooms where he has no business. But one must excuse the vagaries of an invalid, and trust that you and Frank will bear with him, as I said before, for my sake."

"No more now, as I am busy with my usual avocations, and extra busy looking after Stormont. With much love to you all, ever your affectionate brother,

"EDGAR ARROWSMITH.

"P. S.—Stormont will arrive fortnight after this letter."

He came, however, that evening. We were astonished and hastened to welcome him, and found him in the study, a small, spare man, with a short, dark beard, and cropped black hair. He rose slowly from the easy chair in which he was seated, and looked at us foolishly.

"We are very glad to see you, Mr. Stormont," said I, taking his hand. "How are you? Better I hope?"

"Not much," said he, in a wearied tone, and putting his hand on his head.

"Country air will soon set you up," said I. "How did you leave Edgar?"

"Edgar wrote you were coming by the Mount Vernon, but surely she isn't in yet?" remarked Lucy.

"I got off earlier than I dare to hope," said Stormont. "In the Monte Rosa there was a berth, and it was thought better that I should not delay."

"That was the mail which brought Edgar's letter?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Stormont.

After that he relapsed into silence, and we could only extract monosyllabic answers from him. We saw that he was fatigued, and I presently showed him to his rooms, two apartments on the ground floor, which Lucy's thoughtfulness had provided.

"My wife fancied you might like to be saved the stairs," I said.

He thanked me warmly.

"It was very kind of Lady Dennis," he said, "I sleep badly, and often take a walk in the early morning, so this will suit me exactly, as I shall be able to leave the house without disturbing any one."

"Take care none of my servants mistake you for a burglar," said I, laughing.

"Oh, they won't do that," he returned, with a smile.

So I left him, and as he was very quiet and taciturn, and his brain evidently still extremely weak, Lucy and I found that his presence made very little difference to us.

"Don't mind me," he said the next day. "I feel exhausted, and conversation tires me. But I am not ill, and you will please me best and

serve me most if you will let me go my own way and not concern yourselves about me."

So we left him to follow his own devices, and as he preferred to have his meals in his own room, we saw very little of him.

"It's too bad," said Lucy to me. "I did think Mr. Stormont would have been an exciting element. I hoped he should have had the house crowded with nurses and brain specialists, and that perhaps he would have gone suddenly mad, and you would have restrained him in some heroic manner. Instead of which he is as humdrum as possible. At least he might have gone a little crazy."

"Well, he may yet," said I. "He has only been here a week to-day."

That evening Johnson demanded an interview with me.

"Well, Johnson?" I said to this old and faithful domestic.

"I'm not easy about Mr. Stormont, Sir Francis," said Johnson, carefully looking over his shoulder, though he had as carefully closed the door behind him when he entered.

"What about Mr. Stormont?" I inquired.

"He's an uncommonly queer gentleman, Sir Francis," replied Johnson. "Several nights I've found him wandering about my pantry, and yesterday he frightened Mrs. Rowe out of her wits by coming in when she and me was holding a confidential communication in the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Rowe's heart is weak, Sir Francis."

I couldn't help smiling, for it was no secret where the weakness in Mrs. Rowe's heart tended.

"What explanation did Mr. Stormont offer?" I asked.

"None, Sir Francis," said Johnson. "He put his hand to his head and looked bewildered, and then went off. He's been caught upstairs by the girls just the same, and Jane met him at your dressing-room door. And it makes it worse because he walks so soft. We ain't none of us angry with the poor gentleman, Sir Francis, but we think he's stark mad, and we think there'll be murder if he ain't looked sharp after."

"I hope not, Johnson," I said. "This is just what Mr. Arrowsmith prepared us for; his words were: 'He goes mooning about the place, and wandering into rooms where he has no business.' I can't turn my brother-in-law's friend out of my house because he's odd."

"I hope nothing may come of it, Sir Francis," said Johnson solemnly. "I trust not," said I. "Mr. Stormont will go soon. Meantime don't let any one frighten her ladyship. There's nothing murderous in a tendency to poke into strange places."

Nevertheless, I felt somewhat uneasy, and watched my guest narrowly. But there was nothing in his deportment to warrant my apprehensions, and I presently forgot Johnson's revelations, and ceased to lie awake at night listening for sudden shrieks.

Stormont had been with us a fortnight when we went to a ball at the Duke of Bengal's. Lucy donned her diamonds, and I thought she looked very beautiful in them, and told her so. I was just kissing her when she suddenly found that Stormont was in the room. Lucy blushed prettily at being caught by her husband's diamonds, and I dare say I grew hot.

"We are going to a ball," I stammered. "I was just telling my wife her diamonds became her."

"So I heard," said Stormont. "May I look at your diamonds, Lady Dennis?"

He approached and gazed admiringly at her necklace and earrings.

"Beautiful!" he said several times.

"Diamonds of the first water. I know something about diamonds; my great-uncle was a diamond merchant."

"If you were going with us, you would see far finer diamonds than mine," said Lucy. "The duchess has diamonds that are absolutely priceless, and such a quantity! She has them sewn on to her dress, and two detectives close to her."

"I wonder she dares walk about in such precious things," observed Stormont. "At large parties it is impossible to say what bad characters may not slip in."

"Well, as a matter of fact, she doesn't walk about," said Lucy. "A fortnight ago she hurt her spine out hunting, and she is always on the sofa."

"Wouldn't you like to come with us, my dear fellow?" said I.

"Thank you, I think not," he replied plaintively; "I should like it, but I fear the noise and heat would hurt my head. Thank you, Lady Dennis, for letting me see your treasures. I hope you keep them carefully."

"Oh yes! Frank keeps them in his strong box, and when we travel they go to the bank," she replied. "Frank will lock them up tomorrow as safe as a church."

"To-morrow, not till to-morrow?" exclaimed Stormont in a horrified voice.

"No," said she; "why should he tire himself? Nobody could take them out of our room."

At this moment the carriage was announced, and I carried Lucy off. It was a grand ball, and the duchess lay in state, covered with superb diamonds, and watched by acute and intelligent functionaries. In the course of the evening a gentleman-like stranger, with a long, fair beard and rather long, fair hair, addressed me and asked if I could point out Sir Francis Dennis. I told him that I was the gentleman in question, and bowed courteously.

"You will excuse the liberty I took," he said, "but I believe my old friend George Stormont, is staying with you. I only heard of his whereabouts to-day, and at cockerow I start for the Continent, or I should have called to see him. Perhaps you will say that you met Col. L'Estrange."

I was pleased with the colonel's manner, and we entered into conversation, and after a time he begged me to present him to the duchess. This I did willingly, knowing that the poor duchess's chief pleasure lay in talking with agreeable people, and after that I lost sight of him.

It was late when he left, and on reaching home we found Stormont

walking in the drive, smoking. He followed the carriage quickly and helped Lucy to alight, and we stood talking in the hall for a few minutes.

"And the duchess and her diamonds?" inquired Stormont presently.

"The duchess and her diamonds were all there," said I. "By the way, Stormont, I met a friend of yours Col. L'Estrange, and I introduced him to the duchess, who, I understand, was charmed with him."

"He is a very nice fellow," said Stormont; "quite a ladies' man. I wonder what he was doing there? However, I mustn't keep you, Lady Dennis, you must be very tired."

We went upstairs, and, as usual, Lucy's diamonds were left on her dressing-table. We had done this so repeatedly that it never occurred to us to do differently, notwithstanding the astonishment that Stormont had expressed. But we committed the indiscretion once too often. The next morning Lucy's exquisite diamonds were gone.

An unusual event had happened at last, but it was too serious for joking. Lucy was too miserable to get up, and at length I left her to her maid, and went down to breakfast alone, pondering what steps I should take. I had hardly poured out my coffee when Stormont came in. He held an open letter in his hand, and seemed quite alert and cheerful.

"Good morning," he began eagerly. "I've heard from my sister. She is in London; has come up on purpose to meet me and wants me to join her to-day."

"Indeed," said I absently. "Your sister—Mrs. Macdonald—in town?"

Stormont looked at me, surprised.

"Anything the matter?" he said.

"Lady Dennis, not well?"

"Well, yes, something is the matter," said I. "Something decidedly disagreeable has happened. My wife's diamonds have been stolen."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Stormont. "He was so taken aback that he literally fell into a chair and sat staring at me."

"Those diamonds?" he said at last. "Those splendid diamonds? I have no words. Did you lock them up?"

"No," I replied. "I've been a confounded fool. But the diamonds were close to us, and we don't sleep heavily."

"Whom do you suspect?" asked Stormont.

"No one," I said. "All my servants have been with me for long. Some one must have been secreted in the house."

"And what are you going to do?" he asked. "Can I do anything in town? I must go up by the 3:15."

We discussed the subject all the morning, and Stormont's indignation was very consoling, and when Lucy appeared she was greatly cheered by his sympathy and hopefulness. He was certain that the rogues would be taken and the diamonds recovered.

"You are very sanguine," said she. "You seem quite well today, Mr. Stormont."

"I feel much better," he replied. "Joy is a fine doctor, and the expectation of seeing my sister has made another man of me. Then this atrocious burglary excites me to a pitch I can't describe. Lady Dennis, you shall recover your diamonds. I shall run down on Saturday to hear the news. A talk will be so much more satisfactory than letters."

I drove Stormont to the station. By his advice I had not called in the local police, but telegraphed to London for a detective and I should meet him by a train which would arrive soon after the 3:15 departed.

"By the way," said Stormont, as we stood waiting on the platform, "about Col. L'Estrange—what was he like?"

"About your height," I said. "Thin and fair, with a long beard and longish hair, not military-looking at all."

A very peculiar expression came over his face, and he whispered softly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "that's your burglar! How these rascals get to know things passes my comprehension, but somehow they do. I have a friend—a Col. L'Estrange—but he is stout and extremely stout, and wears a moustache only. I wonder he didn't pay his attention to the duchess's diamonds also."

So he had. A gentleman came up at the moment, and after shaking hands, said, excitedly:

"Heard the news, Dennis?"

"Only my own, Shaw," I replied, dully.

My wife's diamonds have been stolen.

"By Jove!" cried Shaw. "And the duchess lost twenty of her finest diamonds last night, out of her dress, while the detective stood by."

We told him about L'Estrange, and he listened with interest.

"We think it is a celebrated burglar of the name of Paxton, alias Grubb," he said, lowering his voice. "That's what the police think. They say no other man could have done it."

"I thought Paxton was safely out of the way," said Stormont. "Surely I remember hearing of him when I was a lad. Wasn't he concerned in the great diamond robbery of Grey Towers in '69?"

"He was," replied Shaw, "but he's on the loose again now, and the police have been watching. A fortnight ago Mrs. Howard lost her dressing-bag, with £200 worth of jewels in it. Paxton was suspected, and traced to Canterbury, then gave his pursuers the slip and disappeared."

"He has probably been lying perdu in the neighborhood," said Stormont, as the train came. "Dennis, write to me at Morley's if I can help you in the least. Au revoir till Saturday. Thank you beyond words for all your kindness."

That evening as we sat at dinner, Mr. Stormont was announced. I rushed out. But the Stormont who stood before me, with Edgar Arrowsmith's letter in his hand, was not the man who had gone to town that afternoon. In a moment I had realized the truth. Stormont the first was Paxton the burglar.

Certainly a very uncommon thing had happened, and it was when Paxton was caught it all came out, how he had robbed Mrs. Howard, and hid-

ing in my grounds, had heard Lucy read her brother's letter aloud; how as Col. L'Estrange, under cover of my introduction, he had robbed the duchess; how, as he stood on the platform talking of the burglary, the duchess's diamonds and Lucy's were actually on his person. There was no doubt that Paxton had been superlatively clever, and in my admiration of his talents and my sorrow that they were put to such ill uses, I forgave his chucking over his delight at having "gammoned that fool, Sir Francis."

My dear wife never sighs for extraordinary events now; we both think we have had enough of them. We are as happy as ever, for burglars cannot take away love and children, and good health and sweet temper. But we are happy minus the diamonds, for Paxton got them aboard before he was caught. I wanted to give Lucy some more, but she wouldn't let me.

"I couldn't bear the responsibility again," she said. "Give them by and by to Baby's wife."

As for the duke, he never wears of chaffing me, and calling me Col. L'Estrange's confederate.—London Society.

**That Troublesome Trunk.**

I stumbled over an old-fashioned hair trunk as I jumped on the front platform of a crowded horse-car in Morrisania the other afternoon, says a New York Star reporter. A spruce looking young dude was using it as a foot-rest and when the conductor came out to collect fares he told the young man that he wanted an extra fare for carrying the trunk. "I've paid my fare, and that's all you get from me," said the dude.

"All right, smarted the conductor; 'Then off it goes,' and a moment later he had bundled it off into the roadway. A couple of blocks farther on the conductor, who had been glowering at the dude all the way, said: "I told you I'd throw it off, and I did, see?"

"What's that to me?" said the young fellow, quietly. "It isn't my trunk."

While the conductor was running back after the trunk the dude appeared on the car, and with the remark "seems him right for thinking I'd own such a looking thing," disappeared in the gathering gloom.

**Why Mary Had to Go.**

Mrs. B. recently visited her relatives in the East and left her little daughter at home in charge of Mr. B. and Mary, the servant. When the mother returned the father was interested in the story of the little daughter detailed all the events of importance that had transpired during her mother's absence, and amongst other things acquainted her with the fact that she knew something she had promised papa not to tell. The mother did her best to persuade the child to divulge her secret, but without avail. When the father returned and entered the room, and after he had fondly kissed and embraced his affectionate wife, the younger exclaimed: "Papa, I've told mamma all the news but I didn't tell her anything about your kissing Mary." The little rogue was just about as discreet as her papa was when he told her to keep mum. No amount of explanation on the part of Mr. B. could satisfy his wife and Mary had to go.—Des Moines Graphic.

**Anxious to Get Letters.**

"I wonder more and more all the time," said a letter carrier to a writer in Parlor and Kitchen, "what makes people so anxious to get a letter. If a person is expecting to receive a challenge to fight a duel, or thereby of his lady love to a proposition of marriage, or even a check for \$25, I can be eager and excited about it. Why there are some people upon my route who, I really believe, don't do anything else but sit down and wait for me to come, or else stand at the gate or window to watch for me. If I say 'nothing to-day,' they groan and sink away. If I hand them a letter they fly with it into the house as if they had found a pocket-book."

**Practical Rather Than Sentimental.**

"Do you remember when and where we first met?" I heard a loving wife ask her husband. "Certainly, my dear," I'll wager you don't," she said; "I don't believe you can tell me now." "The first time I met you," he said quite readily, "was at a charity ball at the hall." "So it was," she said, quite pleased; "it is very nice to know you remember so well." And when she left the room he turned to me and said: "For heaven's sake don't say anything; but I remember because that night some fellow walked off with an \$800 overcoat of mine, and I had to go home without any."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Use of Safes.**

Foreman Dakota Slasher—I see the big safe you spoke of has arrived. "Yes, had it hoisted in this morning. Beauty, ain't it? Ten feet square on the inside, walls a foot thick, solid iron. I just tell you, nothing can go through that."

"But you say you can't raise money to pay the printers; what do you want of a big safe like that?"

"Oh, that isn't to put money in. It's for me to get into when my great reform crusade starts."—New York Weekly.

**A Neat Compliment.**

Auber, who was chapel master at the Tuilleries under the second empire, was a confirmed bachelor. One evening, as the Empress Eugenie was chatting with him, she asked if he never had regretted remaining unmarried.

"Never, madame," replied the witty old man "and less than ever now, when I think that Mme. Auber would be nearly 80 years old."—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Luna and Lunacy.**

The old idea that Luna and lunacy have an intimate relation appears to be not wholly without foundation, according to this Pall Mall Gazette. This, at any rate, is demonstrated by the commissioners in lunacy for Scotland—that the seasons have a distinct influence on asylum statistics. The tables of admissions during the years 1880-7 show that there are two well marked periods—one in which the number rises considerably above the average, and the other in which it falls considerably below. The average monthly number for the eight years was 1,699. During the three months of May, June, and July the number was 628 above what it would have been if the average number only had been admitted. On the other hand during the months of October, November, December and January, the number was 462 below what it would have been if the average number had been admitted. The tables show further that this rise and this fall are preceded by a gradual rise and a gradual fall in the rise taking place during February, March, and April, and the fall taking place during July, August, and September.

"The special frequency," the commissioners say, "with which asylum treatment is resorted to during the period from the middle of April to the middle of July corresponds with what has been observed by asylum physicians—that there is a tendency to an exacerbation of the mental disorder of patients in asylums during the early part of summer; and it is interesting to notice also that statistics of suicide in the general population shows that this occurs most frequently during the same period."

The greatest number of recoveries take place during June, July, and August, and they are fewest during the months of November, January, and February. The regularity in the rise and fall of the numbers is twice interrupted by a fall in April, and the fall is interrupted by a rise in December.

"It is considered probable that these interruptions are due to some causes which recur regularly at these periods, because they are well marked in character; and it is suggested that the December rise is occasioned, in part, at least, by the annual statutory revision of the condition of patients in asylums during that month. The revision is made by medical officers of asylum with a view to determine whether they can properly give the certificate of the necessity for further detention in the asylum, which is annually required to legalize the continued residence of all patients who have been three years in an asylum. The occurrence of the large number of recoveries during the months of June, July, and August is probably due to the large number of admissions during May, June, and July, as more than 48 per cent of all the recoveries which take place during the first year of residence occur within three months of the date of admission."

**Another Wonderful Plant.**

There has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant, which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of six meters a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hours of the day. All powerful after two o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb and bends its head during a thunder shower. It remains there without force or virtue even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves and the needle is unaffected by it. One never by any chance sees a bird or insect alight on the electric plant; an instinct seems to warn them that they would find their sudden death. It is also important to remark that where it grows none of the magnetic metals are found, neither iron, nor cobalt, nor nickel—an undeniable proof that the electric force belongs exclusively to the plant. Light and heat, phosphorescence, magnetism, electricity, how many mysterious and botanical problems does this wondrous Indian plant conceal within its leaf and flower!

**Women Ahead There.**

The constitution of the state projectors in Wyoming have been framing contains a peculiar feature or two that may not facilitate its entrance upon statehood. It is the only new state that has ever abolished the distinction of sex in the voter. This instrument not only provides for female suffrage but establishes a new educational qualification. The voter must vote in English and read in English, and if not a native, must be fully naturalized. This is a marked change from the practice of the other new states and some of the others in the west with a large alien born element. Women have had the right to vote in Wyoming in nearly all its history, and have sat on juries and held the lower judicial positions. But an applicant for admission, coming with this condition, may be discovered by wary congressmen to have insufficient population.—St Paul Globe.

**A PENNY FAMINE?** is now what threatens the large cities of the West and Southwest. The people have learned to use the long-despised 1-cent coin, and the needs of circulation have increased far beyond the power of the government machinery to supply them. The Philadelphia mint is two months behind with its orders for these pieces, in spite of keeping at work night and day turning them out.

**HE LOVES HIS HOME.**

No Other Spot in All the World is So Dear to the Cape Coddler.

To the Cape Coddler, like the Ice-lander and the Swia, his native province is the best the sun shines on, says the New England Magazine. So unique, emphatic and personal the Cape and its towns have become to those reared here, that a Cape man finds nowhere else so glorious as home, so full of such sweet memories. The Cape colors him all his life—the roots and fibers of him. He may get beyond, but he never gets over the Cape.

Make him a merchant at Manila or Cebu, a whaler at the north pole, mate in Australian waters, a millionaire on Fifth avenue, a farmer in Minnesota, and the Cape sticks to him still. He will feel in odd hours to his life's end the creek tide on which he floated inshore as a boy, the hunger of the salt marsh in the gray time, the cold splash of the sea spray at the harbor's mouth, the spring of the boat over the bar when he came home from fishing, with the wind rising on shore out of the gray night clouds seaward, the blast of the wet northerner in the September mists when under the dripping branches he picked up the wind-fall of golden and crimson apples, the big-faked snow of the December winter when he beamed his first sweetheart home from singing school; and he will see, in dreams, perhaps, the trailing arms among the gray mosses on the thin edge of a spring snow bank, the bubbling spring at the hill foot near tidewater, the fat, crimson roses under his mother's windows, with a clump of Anon's red or lilac for background; the yellow dawn of an October morning across his misty moors, and the fog of the child pond among the pine trees, and above all, the blue sea with its headland, on which the white-washed ships to that great far off world which the boy had heard of, and the grown man knows so well.

An Irish-American Poet-Boat.

No end to good stories are told of Patrick Gleason, mayor of Long Island City, illustrative of his native shrewdness and aptness at repartee, says the New York Star. Years ago, before he came into public life, Gleason got possession of an abandoned street-car track and proceeded to run one car upon it. In this enterprise he was a regular Poet-Boat, being superintendent, starter, conductor, and driver. One day a lady gave him 10 cents and complained when he failed to return any change. Gleason referred her to the superintendent. On arriving at the end of the line he stepped quickly into the office and took his seat at the desk. When the lady appeared to make the change he received her with all the courtesy and dignity in the world, and heard her through, and then told her that she would have to make her complaint in writing. This decision displeased her and she exclaimed: "Why, you're only the driver! I will see the superintendent." "I beg your pardon, madam," replied Patrick; "when I'm on the car I'm the driver, but when I'm behind the desk I'm superintendent. You'll have to make a formal complaint in writing or your case will not be considered." The lady left disgruntled.

An Editorial Necessity.

House Agent—"Let me see, I have a very nice vacant flat, sir, on—"

Applicant—"Won't do. I don't want a flat. I must have a house."

"House?"

"Yes, with a garden."

"Garden?"

"Certainly."

"Um—well, now I think of it I have once place a little out of the might suit. There is a house of ten or fifteen square feet at the back. It is now paved with stone, but the pavement can be taken up easily enough."

"That will do."

"All right. Fond of flowers, eh?"

"No, but I've got to have some sort of a garden, you know, because I'm the editor of an agricultural paper."

Right of a Chinese Husband.

If a man beats his wife, but does not break her limbs or maim her, the Chinese law takes no notice of it; if a wife beats her husband she is liable to receive 100 blows, and the husband may separate from her. Those who have been shocked by the sale of women in the former regions will be interested in knowing that the law provides that "he who from poverty sells his wife shall not be heavily punished; if the woman revert to the last husband (that is, to the man she was sold to)."

Heard Him Once Too Often.

Bills: "Come up and hear our new minister to-day." Nobbs: "No thanks; I heard him once and have always regretted it." Bills: "Why, I guess you are mistaken." Nobbs: "Not a bit of it; he is the minister who married us."

GEO. A. BELL. T. C. SHELLY. C. W. MCCOY. S. F. MCCOY. GEO. A. BELL, HOG SALESMAN.

**The Iowa Steam Feed**  
The most practical, most economical, and in every way the BEST STEAM FEED COOKER MADE. It is enough to convince any man that it is far superior to any other. For descriptive circulars and prices apply to N. E. STEAM FEED COOKER CO., Manning, Iowa.

**W. Jewett Henderson & Co.**  
BREEDERS AND SHIPPERS OF PURE BRED POLAND CHINAS OF THE MOST POPULAR STRAINS. Pigeons furnished in pairs and tris not skinned. Prices the very lowest. Personal inspection invited and correspondence solicited.

**J. M. ROBINSON,**  
KENESAW, ADAMS COUNTY, NEBB.

**Wm. Daily & Co.**  
LIVE STOCK  
Commission Merchants  
Cattle, Hogs, Sheep and Horses.  
CASH ADVANCES ON CONSIGNMENTS.  
ROOM 34, EXCHANGE BUILDING, UNION STOCK YARDS, SOUTH OMAHA. REFERENCES: Ask your Bankers.

**J. C. McBRIDE H. S. BELL.**  
**McBRIDE & BELL**  
DEALERS IN  
REAL ESTATE,  
Loan and Insurance  
AGENTS.  
Office, 107 S. 11th St.,  
BASEMENT,  
LINCOLN, - - NEBRASKA.  
Agents for M. K. & Trust Co. - - - - -  
10 years' time. Debt cancelled in case of Death. Anything to trade let us know of it.

**BEATRICE MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.**  
CHA'S NEIDHART, Proprietor.  
618 EAST COURT STREET, N. E. OF POST OFFICE.  
Established 1868.  
MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS, VAULTS, SARCOPHAGI, & CEMETERY WORK OF ALL KINDS. Branch Yards, Brownville and Rock Port, Mo.

**NOTICE TO MILLERS**  
For Sale or Rent,  
A Roller Flouring mill with water power, one mile from Lincoln.  
A. J. SAWYER

**GREAT-WESTERN-FEED-STEAMER.**  
LARGE FIRE-BOX, 3 FEET LONG TOP AND SIDES ENTIRELY COVERED WITH WATER.

**Great Western Feed Steamer AND TANK HEATER**  
Cooks one to three barrels feed at one billing. Fire box surrounded with water on top and sides. Kind of fuel. Easily managed and cleaned as a box stove. Send for Circular. Agents wanted. BOYEE H. M. CO., 3m10 Tama, Iowa.

**WHY PAY RETAIL PRICES WHEN YOU CAN BUY AT WHOLESALE**  
WHATEVER YOU EAT, WEAR OR USE. WE HAVE NO AGENTS. Write for full Catalogue Sent Free.

**H. R. EAGLE & CO.,**  
Farmers' Wholesale Supply House,  
68 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

**W. D. NICHOLS**  
GENERAL DEALER IN  
Real Estate,  
BEATRICE, NEB.  
Have some Fine Bargains in Improved Farms.  
Lots for Sale in Every Addition in the City.  
OFFICE, 505 COURT ST. TELE. 82. 1242 LINCOLN

**Business College.**  
AND INSTITUTE OF PENNSYLVANIA, Shortland, and Typewriting, is the best and largest school in the West. 600 Students in attendance. Full course of study. Graduates in 3 to 5 months. Experienced faculty. Students in 3 to 5 months. Illustrated catalogue, college journals, and specimens of penmanship, sent on application. LILLIBRIDGE & ROOSE, Lincoln, Neb.

**INSURE YOUR DEATH FROM YOUR OWN ACCIDENT**

**CENTRAL NEBRASKA LIFE STOCK INSURANCE CO.**  
Kearney, Neb.

**JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT.**  
2-TON WAGON SCALES, 250. BEANS CASE BEAM. BEAMS BOX. Warranted 5 Years.

Agents Wanted. Send for Terms. Here and Warehouse Sole. JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.