

#### THE SCHOOLMARM.

Oh, Schoolmarm!  
Thou who teachest the young idea  
How to scoop, and spankest the rascal  
Festive small boy with a hand that taketh  
the trick;  
Who also lanmeth him with a switch;  
And crowneth him by laying the weight  
Of a ruler upon his shoulders,  
Oho!  
Thou art a daisy!  
Thou maketh him the national emblem—  
Red, white and blue—  
Thou furnisheth the stripes,  
And he seeth the stars.  
Oh, Schoolmarm,  
We couldn't do without thee,  
And we don't want to try!  
Thou art lovely and accomplish'd  
Above all women, and if thou art  
Not married, it is because thou art  
Too smart to be caught in that way.  
All schoolmarms are women,  
But all women are not schoolmarms,  
And, angels pedagogic.  
That's where thou hast the bulge on thy  
white skirt!

Oh, Schoolmarm!  
Thou mayest not yet much pay here below,  
But cheap education is a national special-  
ty.  
And thou wilt get thy reward in heaven;  
The only drawback being that thou stay-  
est there.  
When thou goest after it, and we  
Who remain here below for our reward,  
Miss you like thunder.  
Schoolmarm, if there's anything we can do  
for you,  
Fall on us!  
Apply early and avoid the rush!  
Office hours from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.  
We were a school once ourselves,  
And can show the marks of it!

—Washington Critic.

#### A HAPPY OCCASION.

From the London World.  
"Do not come too late." That was the wording of the telegram which Captain Richard Irton held in his hand as he sat, in a temperature of 109 degrees in the shade, on the veranda of his Indian bungalow.

"Do not come too late!" he muttered to himself. By Jove, as if it were probable that he would dawdle now!

It was just like Mrs. Lennox to send such a chaffing wire as this. He might have been a long time making up his mind, but it was made up now, and he meant to go home and marry her.

It was her last letter that had settled the matter—the letter in which she hinted that Lord Shorthorn was awfully "mashed." No, he wasn't going to stand by and see Dorothy Lennox married to a cad like Shorthorn. He

had been the whole year, he reminded himself, in this infernal station, with its furnace heat, its inane gossip, and its eternal tennis and polo. How he loathed the very sight of his Major's wife, with her white eyelashes, her malicious giggle, and her flirting manners!

And then he thought of Mrs. Lennox.

He remembered the first night he had met her—in the ball-room of a great house in London—and how he had seen her surrounded by a dozen other fellows, and how he had "made the running," and had cut out all those outsiders. And he recollects the call he had paid next day at her tiny house in Park street, when she had been so sweet and graceful, and had talked to him as no woman had ever talked before. He didn't go in for brains or any of that rot, but, by Jove! Dorothy Lennox made him feel another fellow. He thought of the cool, amber-tinted room where she always sat, with its drooping palms, its masses of azaleas, its Rajon etchings, and its blue-and-white Nanking. It was always cool and cosey in Mrs. Lennox's house, and she had a way of taking a fellow's hand and looking him seriously in the eyes which was quite irresistible. He remembered how it had become almost a habit to drop in on an afternoon, to lounge on her soft divan, and listen to her half-chaffing talk and her low delicious laugh. And when a woman is deemed good-looking as well as clever, why, what is a fellow to do? Perhaps it was wrong to make love in quite such a serious way as he did, but, hang it! she wasn't a kitten, and she might have known he wasn't the marrying sort.

All that was a year ago, but he hadn't forgotten her a bit—worse luck.

And her letters—how awfully nice they were, how like herself! Not spoopy, like those he wrote to her, but frank, humorously and thoroughly boy-camade. Hang it all! it was much easier to keep heartwhole in London than in this sultry and monotonous hole. He had managed to evade compromising himself definitely even when he had gone to bid Mrs. Lennox good-bye, although he had been perilously near proposing to that last evening; but he had got away, and nothing had been said which would have tied him down to an engagement.

Dick, in his roving life, had committed every folly except that which he considered the hugest folly of all—the folly of tying yourself to one woman all your life. He remembered how he had congratulated himself on all this when he went on board the *Jumna*. Was he the best-looking fellow and the keenest sportsman in the One Hundred and Fiftieth Hussars, to knock under like any spoony young sub, the moment he met a pretty woman? But now things were changed. He had never bargained, somehow, for her marrying again; he had got to look upon her more or less as his own.

When she had written that letter with all the allusions to Shorthorn in it, his blood had fairly boiled. He didn't regret a bit the letter he had written in reply, telling her he was leaving India the very day he could get leave, and asking her to be his wife. After all, why shouldn't he marry? He was over 30, and he had, as he remembered with a smile, his "fling." The other fellows in his regiment used to chaff him and call him "casual," and said that he never did to-day what he could put off till tomorrow. But that was all nonsense. He could make up his mind like other men, even to matrimony. And here was her answer to his letter: "Do not come to late." Well, he had got his leave, and would be with her in three weeks.

Mrs. Lennox was the sort of woman about whom people's tongues are always wagging. Hardly was her late husband borne beneath nodding plumes to Kensal Green than she was married, in perspective, to at least a dozen admirers. She was a great success in society, for beside being a charming woman she was a fashionable poetess, writing words for Tosti's songs, and publishing small volumes of verse, bound in white parchment, and printed on extra thick paper. Tall and slight, with smooth dark hair and liquid eyes, she had a face full of character and determination. To look at Mrs. Lennox was to know that she was a woman who rapidly made up her mind, and who, once having done so, was not likely to alter it. But two years had passed away since her husband's death, and this nineteenth-century Sappho had not concealed herself. And then had come the Dick Irton episode.

It was a bright morning in June when Captain Irton arrived at Charing Cross Station, thoroughly fagged and wearied by his long journey. He had come as fast as P. and O. steamers and mail trains can bring a man from Bombay to the Strand. But in a couple of hours he hoped to have rid himself of all signs of travel, to have got inside a decent coat, and to be in the shady drawing room in Park street with Dorothy Lennox's soft arms around his neck. He felt very sleepy and somewhat aggrieved, for he had nursed the unreasoning hope of seeing her at the station, although she could not possibly know exactly when he would arrive. He had started by the very next mail from Bombay, so that writing would have been useless. He felt, indeed, that he had answered her telegram in a very practical fashion. How overjoyed she would be to have him back! He hoped it would not be too much for her—seeing him suddenly again like this. So, throwing himself on the bed in his room at the Grand Hotel, he fell asleep.

When Dick awoke it was 3 in the afternoon. Tubbing and unpacking took an hour, and then he had to go out and buy a tall hat. After this he directed the cabman to the house in Park street.

The shady Mayfair street looked bright and pleasant as his hansom rattled along, the houses smartened up for the season with new blinds, and window-boxes full of daisies and spirea. A light breeze blew in his face, and a couple of fair-haired girls in pink cotton made a bright patch against the grey-toned houses. By Jove! how awfully nice it all was after India! A man may be very happy in London, with a charming wife who would know how to give littledinners, and the club, and the theaters, and the park.

Pulling up at the house, Dick's jaw fell. There was an awning from the door to the curbstone, with a crowd of nursemaids and urchins gaping on each side. The street was full of carriages, too. What did it mean? Then Dick remembered that Mrs. Lennox gave a great many afternoon parties. Well, it was deuced disappointing, he said to himself, when you had come all the way from India to see a woman, to find she was giving one of those infernal kettledrums the very day you arrived.

Inside the house there was the usual elbowing, well-dressed crowd that you see any afternoon in the season in Mayfair. Boys in gray coats with pink carnations in their buttonholes jogged old club-men in brown coats and white gardenias. In the dining-room hook-nosed dowagers were foraging for ice while on the landng frisky matrons loitered with the temporary swains.

On the stairs Dick met a woman he had an enthusiastic girl of 43, who was dressed in a more juvenile garb than when he had last seen her. Murmuring "Charm'd to see you back—happy occasions!" she tripped past him.

Happy occasion, was it?" said Dick to himself, wishing his gushing acquaintance and the rest of the guests at the bottom of the sea. It would have been a happier occasion still if he could have found his Dorothy alone in her amber-tinted room.

When Captain Irton reached the door he could see Mrs. Lennox standing in the midst of a small crowd of people, who all seemed to be talking at once. By Jove! how "fetching" she looked in her silver-grey gown, with a huge bouquet of orchids and that grey tulip thing she had on her head! Was that a new fashion, Dick wondered, for women to wear bonnets at their own "homes?"

And there was that ass Shorthorn close beside her, with a particularly fatuous expression on his face. It was high time he had written, Dick thought; it was high time he had come. Why, the fellow was far gone—over head and ears; Dick could see that by the way he appropriated Mrs. Lennox with his eyes.

**Consumption Can be Cured.**  
Dr. J. S. COMBS, OWENSVILLE, Ohio, says: "I have given SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of Lung diseases, and advanced to that stage when Coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and Emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight from 16 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine."

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1852.

**PATENTS** obtained by Lewis Pagger & Co., Atc., Washington, D.C. E.C. 1861. Advice free.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

**The Acknowledged Cure for Sick Headache,** CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Dose, one pill.

The first glass factory was built in the United States in 1780.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826.

Some lawyers' minds are legal blanks.

#### TWO SISTERS AND THEIR BEAUTIES.

John Quincy Adams and John Hancock, "the singer," married two sisters, the daughters of a noted Methodist divine in Connecticut. John Quincy was a favorite with the old people, and Mary's choice was approved by them. So, when the banns were published the parent said: "Mary, if you will furnish the text I will preach you a wedding sermon." She was equal to the task and gave the text: "Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from her." Needless to say that justice was done to the occasion and the banns were published she said to her father: "Father, you preached a wedding sermon for Mary; cannot you preach one for me?" He at first demurred, but at last consented and called for the text, when Margaret, who was equal to the occasion, said: "And John came, neither eating nor drinking, and yet ye say he hath no devil."

Conches were first used in England in 1569.

**WANTS THE FACTS KNOWN.**

Mr. Editor: I and my neighbors have been led so many times into buying different things for the liver, kidneys and blood, that have done us more harm than good, I feel it due your readers to advise them when an honest and good medicine like Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic can be had.

Yours truly, AN OLD SCHENKNER.

War has been declared against grease. This cowardly pun has been stamped.

**A DEEP MYSTERY.**

Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 a day. All is new. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.

The hand of Time spans rather severely sometimes.

**FOR THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS,** etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cents.

Butter is now "protected," but the cows still kick.

During the war, Dr. Lloyd, of Ohio, from exposure contracted consumption. He says: "I have no hesitation in saying that it was by the use of Allen's Lung Balsam that I am now alive and enjoying perfect health." Don't experiment with new and untried medicines. If you have a cough or cold, take at once Allen's Lung Balsam.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

We would be pleased to know of a man or woman who has never had headache or been subject to constipation. As these seem to be universal troubles a little advice may be in order. Why should persons cram their stomachs with nauseating purgative pills, etc., which sicken and debilitate when such a pleasant and sterling remedy as Prickly Ash Bitters will act mildly and effectively on the liver, kidney, stomach and bowels, and at the same time tone up and strengthen the whole system, causing headache, constipation and all such distressing evils to quickly disappear.

Percussion arms were used in the United States army in 1830.

Loy's Patent Metallic Stiffeners prevent boots and shoes from running over.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Mr. L. D. Vinson, Cashier D. & I. R. R., has tried and endorses Red Star Cough Cure.

**A MONSTER BILL OF Fare.**

Speaking of big dinners the bill of fare for the Christmas dinner at the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, at Dayton, O., affords some interesting figures. It is as follows: Oyster soup, 700 gallons; roast turkey, 3,200 pounds; giblet dressing, 80 gallons; mashed potatoes, 54 bushels; cranberry sauce, 7 barrels; celery, 200 dozen; lima beans, 300 pounds; pickles, 30 gallons; bread, 1,000 pounds; crackers, 200 pounds; butter, 250 pounds; cheese, 300 pounds; mince pie, 1,200 pies; coffee, 100 gallons; oranges, 450 dozen.

Mr. Arthur Shurtliff, Parker, Dakota, writes that he suffered for two years with lame knee, which was entirely cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. He considers it a most wonderful remedy. It conquers pain.

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In every State in the Union have been sold Electric Belts, and the price is reduced to \$10.00. Send stamp for pamphlet for Kapture, 700 cured in 85".

**WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE.**

And others suffering from nervous debility, exhausting rheumatism, etc., etc., are easily relieved by Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

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