

# THE TREASURE OF JEAN-MARIE FRANCHARD.

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INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

## CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"What a streak of luck for you, my good brother," he observed, when the table was over. "If you had gone to Paris, you would have played dick-duck-drake with the whole consignment in three months. Your own would have followed; and you would have come to me in a procession like the last time. But I give you warning—Stasie may weep and Henri ratiocinate—it will not serve you twice. Your next collapse will be fatal. I thought I had told you so, Stasie? Hey? No sense?"

The Doctor winced and looked furtively at Jean-Marie; but the boy seemed apathetic.

"And then again," broke out Casimir, "what children you are—vicious children, my faith! How could you tell the value of this trash? It might have been worth nothing, or next door."

"Pardon me," said the Doctor. "You have your usual flow of spirits, I perceive, but even less than your usual deliberation. I am not entirely ignorant of these matters."

"Not entirely ignorant of anything ever I heard of?" interrupted Casimir, bowing, and raising his glass with a sort of pert politeness.

"At least," resumed the Doctor, "I gave my mind to the subject—that you may be willing to believe—and I estimated that our capital would be doubled." And he described the nature of the find.

"My word of honor!" said Casimir, "I half believe you! But much would depend on the quality of the gold."

"The quality, my dear Casimir, was—" And the Doctor, in default of language, kissed his finger tips.

"I would not take your word for it, my good friend," retorted the man of business. "You are a man of very risky views. But this robbery," he continued—"this robbery is an odd thing. Of course I pass over your nonsense about gangs and landscape-painters. For me, that is a dream. Who was in the house last night?"

"None but ourselves," replied the Doctor.

"And this young gentleman?" asked Casimir, jerking a nod in the direction of Jean-Marie.

"He too?"—the Doctor bowed.

"Well; and, if it is a fair question, who is he?" pursued the brother-in-law.

"Jean-Marie," answered the Doctor, "combines the functions of a son and stable-boy. He began as the latter, but he rose rapidly to the more honorable rank in our affections. He is, I may say, the greatest comfort in our lives."

"Ha!" said Casimir. "And previous to becoming one of you?"

"Jean-Marie has lived a remarkable existence; his experience has been eminently formative," replied Desprez. "If I had to choose an education for my son, I should have chosen such another. Beginning life with mountebanks and thieves, passing onward to the society and friendship of philosophers, he may be said to have skimmed the volume of human life."

"Thieves?" repeated the brother-in-law, with a meditative air.

The Doctor could have bitten his tongue out. He foresaw what was coming, and prepared his mind for a vigorous defense.

"Did you ever steal yourself?" asked Casimir, turning suddenly on Jean-Marie, and for the first time employing a single eyeglass which hung round his neck.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, with a deep blush.

## CHAPTER XV.

ASIMIR turned to the others with pursed lips, and nodded to them meaningly. "Hey?" said he; "how is that?"

"Jean-Marie is a teller of the truth," returned the Doctor, throwing out his bust.

"He has never told a lie," added Madame. "He is the best of boys."

"Never told a lie, has he not?" reflected Casimir. "Strange, very strange. Give me your attention, my young friend," he continued. "You knew about this treasure?"

"He helped to bring it home," interposed the Doctor.

"Desprez, I ask you nothing but to hold your tongue," returned Casimir.

"I mean to question this stable-boy of yours; and if you are so certain of his innocence, you can afford to let him answer for himself. Now, sir," he resumed, pointing his eyeglass straight at Jean-Marie, "you knew it could be stolen with impunity? You knew you could not be prosecuted? Come! Did you or did you not?"

"I did," answered Jean-Marie, in a miserable whisper. He sat there changing color like a revolving pharos, twisting his fingers hysterically, swallowing air, the picture of guilt.

"You knew where it was put?" resumed the inquisitor.

"Yes," from Jean-Marie.

"You say you have been a thief before," continued Casimir. "Now, how am I to know that you are not one still? I suppose you could climb the Green Gate?"

"Yes," still lower, from the culprit.

"Well, then, it was you who stole

these things. You know it, and you dare not deny it. Look me in the face! Raise your sneak's eyes, and answer!"

But in place of anything of that sort Jean-Marie broke into a dismal howl and fled from the arbor. Anastasie, as she pursued to capture and reassure the victim, found time to send one Parthian arrow—"Casimir, you are a brute!"

"My brother," said Desprez, with the greatest dignity, "you take upon yourself a license—"

"Desprez," interrupted Casimir, "for Heaven's sake be a man of the world. You telegraph me to leave my business and come down here on yours. I come, I ask the business, you say 'Find me this thief!' Well, I find him; I say 'There he is!' You need not like it, but you have no manner of right to take offense."

"Well," returned the Doctor, "I grant that; I will even thank you for your mistaken zeal. But your hypothesis was so extravagantly monstrous—"

"Look here," interrupted Casimir; "was it you or Stasie?"

"Certainly not," answered the Doctor.

"Very well; then it was the boy. Say no more about it," said the brother-in-law, and he produced his cigar-case.

"I will say this much more," returned Desprez; "if that boy came and told me so himself, I should not believe him; and if I did believe him, so implicit in my trust, I should conclude that he had acted for the best."

"Well, well," said Casimir, indulgently. "Have you a light? I must be going. And by the way, I wish you would let me sell your Turks for you. I always told you, it meant smash. I tell you so again. Indeed, it was partly that that brought me down. You never acknowledge my letters—an unpardonable habit."

"My good brother," replied the Doctor blandly, "I have never denied your ability in business; but I can perceive your limitations."

"Egad, my friend, I can return the compliment," observed the man of business. "Your limitation is to be downright irrational."

"Observe the relative position," returned the Doctor with a smile. "It is your attitude to believe through thick and thin in one man's judgment—your own. I follow the same opinion, but critically and with open eyes. Which is the more irrational?—I leave it to yourself."

"Oh, my dear fellow!" cried Casimir, "stick to your Turks, stick to your stable-boy, go to the devil in general in your own way and be done with it. But don't ratiocinate with me—I cannot bear it. And so, ta-ta. I might as well have stayed away for any good I've done. Say good-bye from me to Stasie, and to the sullen hang-dog of a stable-boy, if you insist on it; I'm off."

And Casimir departed. The Doctor, that night, dissected his character before Anastasie. "One thing, my beautiful," he said, "he has learned one thing from his lifelong acquaintance with your husband: the word ratiocinate. It shines in his vocabulary, like a jewel in a muck-heap. And, even so, he continually misapplies it. For you must have observed he uses it as a sort of taunt, in the case of to ergotize, implying, as it were—the poor, dear fellow!—a vein of sophistry. As for his cruelty to Jean-Marie, it must be forgiven him—it is not his nature, it is the nature of his life. A man who deals with money, my dear, is a man lost."

With Jean-Marie the process of reconciliation had been somewhat slow. At first he was inconsolable, insisted on leaving the family, went from paroxysm to paroxysm of tears; and it was only after Anastasie had been closeted for an hour with him, alone, that she came forth, sought out the Doctor, and with tears in her eyes, acquainted that gentleman with what had passed.

"At first, my husband, he would hear of nothing," she said. "Imagine! if he had left us! what would the treasure be to that? Horrible treasure, it has brought all this about! At last, after he has sobbed his very heart out, he agrees to stay on a condition—we are to mention this matter, this infamous suspicion, not even to mention the robbery. On that agreement only, the poor, cruel boy will consent to remain among his friends."

"But this inhibition," said the Doctor, "this embargo—it cannot possibly apply to me?"

"To all of us," Anastasie assured him.

"My cherished one," Desprez protested, "you must have misunderstood it. It cannot apply to me. He would naturally come to me."

"Henri," she said, "it does; I swear to you it does."

"This is a painful, a very painful circumstance," the Doctor said, looking a little back. "I cannot affect, Anastasie, to be anything but justly wounded. I feel this, I feel it, my wife, acutely."

"I knew you would," she said. "But if you had seen his distress! We must make allowances, we must sacrifice our feelings."

"I trust, my dear, you have never found me averse to sacrifices," returned the Doctor very stiffly.

"And you will let me go and tell him that you have agreed? It will be like your noble nature," she cried.

So it would, he perceived—it would be like his noble nature! Up jumped

his spirits, triumphant at the thought. "Go, darling," he said nobly, "reassure him. The subject is buried; more—I make an effort, I have accustomed my will to these exertions—and it is forgotten."

A little after, but still with swollen eyes and looking mortally sheepish, Jean-Marie reappeared and went ostentatiously about his business. He was the only unhappy member of the party that sat down that night to supper. As for the Doctor, he was radiant. He thus sang the requiem of the treasure:

"This has been, on the whole, a most amusing episode," he said. "We are not a penny the worse—nay, we are immensely gainers. Our philosophy has been exercised; some of the turtle is still left—the most wholesome of delicacies; I have my staff, Anastasie has her new dress, Jean-Marie is the proud possessor of a fashionable kepi. Besides, we had a glass of Hermitage last night; the glow still suffuses my memory. I was growing positively niggardly. Let me take the hint; we had one bottle to celebrate the appearance of our visionary fortune; let us have a second to console us for its occultation. The third I hereby dedicate to Jean-Marie's wedding breakfast."

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE Doctor's house has not yet received the compliment of a description, and it is now high time that the omission were supplied, for the house is itself an actor in the story, and one whose part is nearly at an end. Two stories in

height, walls of a warm yellow, tiles of an ancient ruddy brown diversified with moss and lichen, it stood with one wall to the street in the angle of the Doctor's property. It was roomy, draughty, and inconvenient. The large rafters were here and there engraven with rude marks and patterns; the handrail of the stairs was carved in contrived arabesque; a stout timber pillar, which did duty to support the dining-room roof, bore mysterious characters on its darker side, runes, according to the Doctor; nor did he fall, when he ran over the legendary history of the house and its possessors, to dwell upon the Scandinavian scholar who had left them. Floors, doors, and rafters made a great variety of angles; every room had a particular inclination; the gable had tilted toward the garden, after the manner of a leaning tower, and one of the former proprietors had buttressed the building from that side with a great strut of wood, like the derrick of a crane. Altogether, it had many marks of ruin; it was a house for the rats to desert; and nothing but its excellent brightness—the window-glass polished and shining, the paint well scoured, the brasses radiant, the very prop all wreathed about with climbing flowers—nothing but its air of a well-tended, smiling veteran, sitting, crutch and all, in the sunny corner of a garden, marked it as a house for comfortable people to inhabit. In poor or idle management it would soon have hurried into the blackguard stages of decay. As it was, the whole family loved it, and the Doctor was never better inspired than when he narrated its imaginary story and drew the character of its successive masters, from the Hebrew merchant who had re-edified its walls after the sack of the town, and past the mysterious engraver of the runes, down to the long-headed, dirty-handed boor from whom he had himself acquired it at a ruinous expense. As for any alarm about its security, the idea had never presented itself. What had stood four centuries might well endure a little longer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## AMERICA A WHISTLING NATION

The Yankee's Gay Method of Working Off His Nervousness.

The right of a person to whistle, to the paralysis of other persons' nerves, is becoming almost as burning a question as the right of persons to smoke to the mental and bodily detriment of others, says the Boston Transcript. We Americans are probably, next to our own colored people in the southern towns, whom we have educated in the art, the most addicted to whistling. There are apparently two reasons for this. One is that we are the most nervous of people—we have got to be doing something, we can't go down stolidly at our work like Europeans or sit silent and contemplative, so we work off our fidgets with whistling. The other reason is that we are really a cheerful and expressive people, in spite of all that has ever been said to the contrary. The national whistling habit has resulted in the production of a great number of really skillful and musical whistlers. With one consideration and another there is a tremendous amount of whistling. It seems cheerful and sometimes, to the whistler, it is really cheerful. Now, undoubtedly, this would be very nice if every one's whistling was heard only by himself. It would be a blessed way of working off one's nervousness, too. What about that? An ordinary whistler's performance gives absolutely no pleasure to any one but himself.

### Very Small.

"Now, George," said Mr. Minor, pouring out a finger of whiskey and handing it to the aged dandy, "this is the finest stuff in the world. You have never tasted anything like it. It is 18 years old. What do you think of it?" After George had rolled it over his tongue and sucked it between his few remaining teeth, then swallowed it slowly and reflectively, lifting his eyes to heaven, he replied: "Mars John, hit pow-ful little fur e' age."—New York Press.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SAVE THE CITIES, THE SUBJECT OF LAST SUNDAY.

From the Text: Ezekiel, Chapter XXVII, Verse 3, as follows: "O Thou That Art Situate at the Entry of the Sea"—Moral Leprosy the Destroyer.



HIS is a part of an impressionable apostrophe to the city of Tyre. It was a beautiful city—a majestic city. At the east end of the Mediterranean it sat with one hand beckoning the inland trade, and with the other the commerce of foreign nations. It swung a monstrous boom across its harbor to shut out foreign enemies, and then swung back that boom to let in its friends. The air of the desert was fragrant with the spices brought by caravans to her fairs, and all seas were cleft into foam by the keel of her laden merchantmen. Her markets were rich with horses and mules and camels from Togamah; with upholstery, and ebony, and ivory from Dedan; with emeralds, and agate, and coral from Syria; with wine from Helbon; with finest needlework from Ashur and Chilmad. Talk about the splendid state rooms of your Cunard and Inman and White Star lines of international steamers—why, the benches of the state rooms in these Tyrian ships were all ivory, and instead of their coarse canvas on the rafts of the shipping, they had the finest linen, quilted together and inwrought with embroideries almost miraculous for beauty. Its columns overshadowed all nations. Distant empires felt its heartbeat. Majestic city, "situate at the entry of the sea."

But where now is the gleam of her towers, the roar of her chariots, the masts of her shipping? Let the fishermen who dry their nets on the place where she once stood; let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where she once challenged the admiration of all nations; let the barbarians who built their huts on the place where her palaces glittered, answer the question. Blotted out forever! She forgot God, and God forgot her. And while our modern cities admire her glory, let them take warning of her awful doom.

Cain was the founder of the first city, and I suppose it took after him in morals. It is a long while before a city can ever get over the character of those who founded it. Were they criminal exiles, the filth, and the prisons, and the debauchery are the shadows of such founders. New York will not for two or three hundred years escape from the good influences of its founders—the pious settlers whose prayers went up from the very streets where now banks discount and brokers shave, and companies declare dividends, and smugglers swear custom house lies; and above the roar of the drays and the crack of the auctioneer's mallets is heard the ascription, "We worship thee, O thou almighty dollar!" The church that once stood on Wall st. still throws its blessing over all the scene of traffic, and upon the ships that fold their white wings in the harbor. Originally men gathered in cities from necessity. It was to escape the incendiary's torch or the assassin's dagger. Only the very poor lived in the country, those who had nothing that could be stolen, or vagabonds who wanted to be near their place of business; but since civilization and religion have made it safe for men to live almost anywhere, men congregate in cities because of the opportunity for rapid gain. Cities are not necessarily evils, as has sometimes been argued. They have been the birthplace of civilization. In them popular liberty has lifted up its voice. Witness Genoa, and Pisa, and Venice. The entrance of the representatives of the cities in the legislatures of Europe was the death blow to feudal kingdoms. Cities are the patronizers of art and literature—architecture pointing to its British museum in London, its Royal Library in Paris, its Vatican in Rome. Cities hold the world's scepter. Africa was Carthage, Greece was Athens, England is London, France is Paris, Italy is Rome, and the cities in which God has cast our lot will yet decide the destiny of the American people.

At this season of the year I have thought it might be useful to talk a little while about the moral responsibility resting upon the office bearers of all our cities—a theme as appropriate to those who are governed as the governors. The moral character of those who rule a city has much to do with the character of the city itself. Men, women and children are all interested in national politics. When the great presidential election comes, every patriot wants to be found at ballot box. We are all interested in the discussion of national finance, national debt, and we read the laws of congress, and we are wondering who will sit next in the presidential chair. Now, that may be all very well—is very well; but it is high time that we took some of the attention which we have been devoting to national affairs and brought it to the study of municipal government. This it seems to me now is the chief point to be taken. Make the cities right, and the nation will be right. I have noticed that according to their opportunities there has really been more corruption in municipal governments in this country than in the state and national legislatures. Now, is there no hope? With the mightiest agent in our land, the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, shall not all our cities be reformed, and purified, and redeemed? I believe the day will come. I am in full sympathy with those who are opposed to carrying politics into religion; but our cities will never be reformed and purified until we carry religion into politics. I look over our cities and I see that all great interests are to be affected in the fu-

ture, as they have been affected in the past, by the character of those who in the different departments rule over us, and I propose to classify some of those interests:

In the first place I remark: Commercial ethics are always affected by the moral or immoral character of those who have municipal supremacy. Officials that wink at fraud, and that have neither censure nor arraignment for glittering dishonesties, always weaken the pulse of commercial honor. Every shop, every store, every bazaar, every factory in the cities feels the moral character of the city hall. If in any city there be a dishonest mayoralty, or an unprincipled common council, or a court susceptible to bribes, in that city there will be unlimited license for all kinds of trickery and sin; while, on the other hand, if officials are faithful to their oath of office, if the laws are promptly executed, if there is vigilance in regard to the outranchings of crime, there is the highest protection for all bargain making. A merchant may stand in his store and say: "Now, I'll have nothing to do with city politics; I will not soil my hands with the slush;" nevertheless the most insignificant trial in the police court will affect that merchant directly or indirectly. What style of clerk issues the writ; what style of constable makes the arrest; what style of attorney issues the plea; what style of judge charge the jury; what style of sheriff executes the sentence—these are questions that strike your counting rooms to the center. You may not throw it off. In the city of New York, Christian merchants for a great while said: "We'll have nothing to do with the management of public affairs," and they allowed everything to go at loose ends until there rolled up in the city a debt of nearly \$120,000,000. The municipal government became a hissing and a by-word in the whole earth, and then the Christian merchants saw their folly, and they went and took possession of the ballot boxes. I wish all commercial men to understand that they are not independent of the moral character of the men who rule over them, but must be thoroughly, mightily affected by them.

So, also, of the educational interests of a city. Do you know that there are in this country about seventy thousand common schools, and that there are over eight millions of pupils, and that the majority of these schools and the majority of those pupils are in our cities? Now, this great multitude of children will be affected by the intelligence or ignorance, the virtue or the vice, of boards of education and boards of control. There are cities where educational affairs are settled in the low caucus in the abandoned parts of the cities, by men full of ignorance and rum. It ought not to be so; but in many cities it is so. I hear the tramp of coming generations. What that great multitude of youth shall be for this world and the next will be affected very much by the character of your public schools. You had better multiply the moral and religious influences about the common schools rather than abstract from them. Instead of driving the Bible out, you had better drive the Bible further in. May God defend our glorious common school system, and send into rum and confusion all its sworn enemies.

I have also to say that the character of officials in a city affects the domestic circle. In a city where grogshops have their own way, and gambling halls are not interfered with, and for fear of losing political influence officials close their eyes to festering abominations—in all these cities the home interests need to make imploration. The family circles of the city must inevitably be affected by the moral character or the immoral character of those who rule over them.

I will go further and say that the religious interests of a city are thus affected. The church today has to contend with evils that the civil law ought to smite; and while I would not have the civil government in any wise relax its energy in the arrest and punishment of crime, I would have a thousand-fold more energy put forth in the drying up of the fountains of iniquity. The church of God asks no pecuniary aid from political power; but does ask that in addition to all the evils we must necessarily contend against we shall not have to fight also municipal negligence. Oh, that in all our cities Christian people would rise up, and that they would put their hand on the helm before piratical demagogues have swamped the ship. Instead of giving so much time to national politics, give some of your attention to municipal government.

I demand that the Christian people who have been standing aloof from public affairs come back, and in the might of God try to save our cities. If things are or have been bad, it is because good people have let them be bad. That Christian man who merely goes to the polls and casts his vote does not do his duty. It is not the ballot box that decides the election, it is the political caucus; and if at the primary meetings of the two political parties unfit and bad men are nominated, then the ballot box has nothing to do save to take its choice between two thieves! In our churches, by reformatory organization, in every way let us try to tone up the moral sentiment in these cities. The rulers are those whom the people choose, and depend upon it that in all the cities, as long as pure hearted men stand aloof from politics because they despise hot partisanship, just so long in many of our cities will rum make the nominations, and rum control the ballot box, and rum inaugurate the officials.

I take a step further in this subject, and ask all those who believe in the omnipotence of prayer, day by day, and every day, present your city officials before God for blessing. If you live in a city presided over by a mayor, pray for him. The chief magistrate of a city is in a position of great responsibility. Many of the kings and queens and em-

perors of other days have no such dominion. With the scratch of a pen he may advance a beneficent institution or balk a railway confiscation. By appointments he may bless or curse every hearthstone in the city. If in the Episcopal churches, by the authority of the Litany, and in our non-Episcopate churches, we every Sabbath pray for the president of the United States, why not, then, be just as hearty in our supplications for the chief magistrates of cities, for their guidance, for their health, for their present and everlasting morality?

My word now is to all who may come to hold any public position of trust in any city. You are God's representatives. God, the king and ruler and judge, sets you in his place. Oh, be faithful in the discharge of all your duties, so that when all our cities are in ashes, and the world itself is a red scroll of flame, you may be, in the mercy and grace of Christ, rewarded for your faithfulness. It was that feeling which gave such eminent qualifications for office to Neal Dow, mayor of Portland, and to Judge McLean, of Ohio, and to Benjamin F. Butler, attorney-general of New York, and to George Briggs, governor of Massachusetts, and to Theodore Frelinghuysen, senator of the United States, and to William Wilberforce, member of the British parliament. You may make the rewards of eternity the emoluments of your office. What care you for adverse political criticism if you have God on your side? The one, or the two, or the three years of your public trust will pass away, and all the years of your earthly service, and then the tribunal will be lifted, before which you and I must appear. May God make you so faithful now that the last scene shall be to your exaltation and rapture. I wish now to exhort all good people, whether they are the governors or the governed, to make one grand effort for the salvation, the purification, the redemption of our American cities. Do you not know that there are multitudes going down to ruin, temporal and eternal, dropping quicker than words from my lips? Grogshops swallow them up. Gambling bells devour them. Houses of shame are damning them. Oh, let us toil, and pray, and preach, and vote until all these wrongs are righted. What we do we must do quickly. With our rulers, and on the same platform, we must at last come before the throne of God to answer for what we have done for the bettering of our great towns. Alas! if on that day it will be found that your hand has been idle and my pulpit has been silent. Oh, ye who are pure and honest, and Christian, go to work and help to make the cities pure, and honest, and Christian.

Let it may have been thought that I am addressing only what are called the better classes, my final word is to some dissolute soul to whom these words may come. Though you may be covered with all crimes, though you may be smitten with all leprosy, though you may have gone through the whole catalogue of iniquity, and may not have been in church for twenty years, you may have your nature entirely reconstructed, and upon your brow, hot with infamous practices and besweated with exhausting indulgences, God will place the flashing coronet of a Savior's forgiveness. "Oh, no!" you say, "if you knew who I am and where I came from, you wouldn't say that to me. I don't believe the Gospel you are preaching speaks of my case." Yes, it does, my brother. And then when you tell me that, I think of what St. Teresa said when reduced to utter destitution, having only two pieces of money left, she jingled the two pieces of money in her hand and said: "St. Teresa and two pieces of money are nothing; but St. Teresa and two pieces of money and God are all things." And I tell you now that while a sinner and a sinner are nothing, a sinner and a sinner and an all-forgiving and all-compassionate God are everything.

Who is that that I see coming? I know his step. I know his rags. Who is it? A prodigal. Come, people of God; let us go out and meet him. Get the best robe you can find in all the wardrobe. Let the angels of God fill their chalices and drink to his eternal rescue. Come, people of God, let us go out to meet him. The prodigal is coming home. The dead is alive again, and the lost is found.

Pleased with the news, the saint below  
In songs their tongues employ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain,  
But kindle with new fire;  
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,  
And strike the sounding lyre.

### Joy Versus Sorrow.

No human being can come into the world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw his influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.

### Not to Blame.

"You know you think more of a rich man than a poor one," said the outspoken friend. "I can't deny it," said the statesman sadly. "But how can I help it? Every poor man I meet wants me to help him get a government job."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Corset Saves Her Life.

A steel of a corset saved the life of Mrs. David R. Evans, at Wilkes-Barre, recently. Her husband discharged a pistol at her, and the bullet struck her corset steel, lacerated the flesh and fell to the floor.