GUARDIANS OF OUR HOMES.

Women Rapidly Gaining Their True Places in the World as Individuals.

BEWARE OF THE TALE-BEARER.

The Fashionable Waist and its Evil Consequences—The Old-Fashioned and the Lightning-Change Girl.

A Woman's Portrait.

J. R. Lowell.

Blessing she is; God made her so
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor had she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman; one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

Women as Character-Builders.

Pleasant gossip, says a writer in the Cleveland Leader, can hurt no one. A recital of the happenings about you, a word of praise for another, is no harm; but set your face as flint as soon as slander begins; check it in your family, and never allow your curiosity to carry you away to so undignified an act as to ask for any information of the private affairs of others.

If you are a good woman at heart and feel this fiend tugging at you, set yourself some task that will enlighten your mind, and try if it be possible to realize the dreadful position you are assuming. Improve your mind, and work as deliberately to eject this evil spirit from you as you would fight against the terrible appetite for strong drink, or opium, or any other bad habit.

A tale-bearer and slanderer in olden times was a candidate for the ducking stool. I think it is almost a pity that that punishment was abolished.

"To thine own self be true: and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man," or woman, which is of more importance just here. Try to realize in what undignified attitude you are posing when you attempt this role. "Spirits are not finely touched, but to fine issues," and you are flaunting your vulgarity to the winds when you act this part. You destroy all the influence for good which you may have. If you are so unfortunate to know people who indulge this talent, avoid them, and, if that is impossible, try to turn their thoughts in a different direction. Be very sure a person can do you nothing but harm when you cannot remember one good thought or word after being in their society. Choose for companions those who are your superiors, those from whom you can learn something, their influence is inspiring and ennobling, and a desire for such society will be your best recommendation to it. Ruskin says: "If you would be the companion of nobles, make yourself noble." Any one who wills may accomplish this. It is only turning from the ditch where they root for filth to the broad highway of truth, and honesty, and fair dealing, and lo! you are in the company of the nobles of the world.

Women are rapidly gaining their true places in the world as individuals. We would have them put aside all such trivial amusements and acquit themselves as true women should, laying aside every hindrance, ready to take their places without fear of insinuation or hair-pulling, beating each other with brooms and rolling-pins, etc.

We are of the opinion they will make as fair a showing as an equal number of our brothers, from whom such insinuations come. Such remarks are usually made by those men who do not wish woman to be an individual, but wish her to be, while they live, a servant or drudge, and when they are gone a relic, and these are usually men who can claim no superiority over woman except mere brute force. So much depends on women for housekeepers and character-builders that the entire abstinence from slander, in even the mildest forms must be enforced. Then our brothers will not vilify us, because they will have been taught they have no occasion.

The Woman Who Never Slanders.

San Francisco Report: Here's to the woman who never slanders, who never retails ill-natured gossip, and who does not feel it her duty to straighten out the world around her. These curios are not so scarce as men would have us think. But tennis-grounds, winter ball-rooms and fashionable tea-tables are not their stamping-ground. They have to be hunted; they are not matrimonial Dianas aiming at pocket rather than heart; they mind their own affairs strictly. That's why the male creature seldom hears of them and seldom sees them. They have no time to purr with the tommies and tabbies of leisure.

The Maid Who Laces.

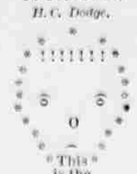
St. Paul Globe: If, as Koko says, married men never flirt, then it may be taken as a proposition equally true that married ladies never lace. Unfortunately the same excellent statement cannot be made regarding the maidens with equal universality. The age which so recently existed for taper waists and trim figures, and which for a time sensibility gave way to a desire to attain a standard nearer that of which the Venus of Milo is the recognized type, is again cropping out. Why the fashion of disproportionately small waists should be regarded as fulfilling the demands of beauty and should meet with such ready acceptance is, in view of the personal discomfort it involves to its devotees, little short of inconceivable. Not only does the abnormally small waist which is the product of tight lacing fall as far short of true beauty as does a large waist, but, obtained as it is in direct violation of physiological laws, it is in most cases accompanied by evil results, which may prove vital. Permanent injury is too great a price to pay for the gratification of a temporary whim of capacious fashion, and the young girls who ready fall victims will some day discover the fact. Better let nature have her own way in the matter of the "human form divine," and let tight lacing, with its attendant evils, alone, even if fashion does require a sixteenth-inch girth at the belt line.

A Lightning Change Girl.

Cleveland Plaindealer: It was in Chicago, which, by the way, beats all creation in everything but base ball. A girl—she was not more than twenty—very pretty and as innocent looking as a lamb—was caught begging and locked up for obtaining money under false pretenses. When taken to police headquarters and searched the girl was found to be arrayed in the garments of a lightning change artist of the vaudeville stage. Her dress revealed a new phase of criminal cleverness, and when she saw that she was discovered Miss Innocence owned up and operated her costume for the entertainment of her captors. She wore a tight, dark suit, and, what seemed to be, a dark felt hat with one of those rolling wide brims so often seen upon the streets. A swift displacement of many hooks, eyes and buttons and a deft movement of fingers around the hat changed the shape and drapery of the dress, revealing a differently-colored front, and upon her head was a neat turban. Another manipulation of the dress changed her into a sister of charity, and still another a fashionably dressed girl. Hundreds of charitable people and nearly every church of every denomination in Chicago had given up to her. Only Chicago could have produced such a girl. And I think that it will take good care of her for many days.

Of Corset Is.

H. C. Dodge.



"This" is the shape of a woman's waist on which a corset tight is laced. The ribs deformed by being squeezed press on the lungs till they're diseased. The heart is jammed and can not pump. The liver is a torpid lump, the stomach crushed cannot digest and in a mess are all compressed. Therefore this silly woman grows to be a fearful mess of woes, but thinks she has a lovely shape tho' hideous a crippled ape.

"This" is a woman's natural waist which corset never yet disgraced. Inside it is a mine of health. Outside of charms it has a wealth. It is a thing of beauty true and a sweet joy forever new. It needs no artful padding vile or bustle big to give it "style." It's strong and solid plump and sound and hard to get one arm around. Alas if women only knew the mischief that these corsets do they'd let Dame Nature have her way and never try her "waste" to "stay."

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

Toronto Week: Has it occurred to nobody in his struggles to keep abreast of the tide of new activity that sets in fiction, as in every other department of modern thought, to cast one imploring glance over his shoulder at the lovely form of the heroine of old-time, drifting far into oblivion? It would be strange, indeed, if we did not regret her, this daughter of the lively imagination of a bygone day. By long familiarity how dear her features grew! Having heard of her blue eyes, with what zestful anticipation we foreknew the golden hair, the rosebud mouth, the faintly flushed ethereal cheek and the pink sea-shell that was privileged to do auricular duty in catching the never-ceasing murmur of adoration that bent about the feet of the blonde maiden. Wotting of her ebon locks, with what subtle prescience we guessed the dark and flashing optics, the alabaster forehead, the lips curved in fine scorn, the regal height and the very unapproachable demeanor of the brunette. The fact that these startling differences were purely physical, that the line of physical construction ran sweetly parallel, never interfered with our joyous interest in them as we breathlessly followed their varying fortunes from an auspicious beginning through harrowing vicissitudes to a blissful close. So that her ringlets were long enough and her woes deep enough and her conduct under them marked by a beautiful resignation and the more becoming forms of grief it never occurred to us to cavil at the object of Algernon's passion because her capabilities were strictly limited to making love and oriental landscapes in Berlin wool. Her very feminine attributes were invariably forthcoming; and if the author by any chance forgot to particularize the sweetness of her disposition, the neatness of her boudoir—they all have boudoirs—or the twinining nature of her affections we unconsciously supplied the deficiency and thought no less respectfully of Araminta. She was very wooden, this person for whom gallant youths attained remarkable heights of self-sacrifice, and villains intrigued in vain; her virtues and her faults alike might form part of the intricate and expensive interior of a Paris doll; and we loved her perhaps with the unmeaning love of infancy for toys. She was the painted pivot of the merry-go-round—it could not possibly revolve, with its exciting episodes, without her; yet her humble presence bore no striking relation to the mimic pageant that went on about her. She vanished with the last page, ceased utterly with the sound of her wedding-bells; and we remembered for a little space not the maiden but the duels in her honor, the designs upon her fortune, and the poetic justice that overtook her calumniators.

A Woman's Year.

Harper's Bazar.

We wandered in May, when the blossoms
In every zephyr were blowing,
When down from the branches the blossoms
Like delicate snowflakes were snowing.

Our hearts were as young as the blossoms
That blew all about us so lightly,
Our thoughts were as sweet as the blossoms
That drifted our pathway so whitely.

But May-time has fled with its blossoms—
The blossoms I so fondly remember;
But dearer the pale orange blossoms
That blossom for me in December.

Educated Girls Who Do Not Marry.

Boston Herald: A prominent woman physician of Boston has freely expressed her conviction that the great superiority in culture of so many of the young girls to-day over that of the average men who go early into business exerts one very bad effect, namely, that these young girls do not want to marry such men. There is, no doubt, a great deal of truth in the statement. In fact, in other departments it has always been noticed that one of the standing ill effects of the culture, say of flowers, has been to make its votary prefer a tea rose to a head of cabbage; or of music, to a harmonious orchestra to a discordant street band; or of religion, to prefer piety to profanity. Now, there is no reason why the rule should not work equally in the case of marriage. The maxim that "any husband is better than no husband" had once a great deal of truth in it, for the condition of the unmarried woman was in bygone days a forlorn one. She could no more help growing sour than milk in a thunder-storm. Any and every woman with the most insignificant sprig of a husband could turn up her nose at her and embody a weight of public opinion in her contemptuous attitude that few single unfortunates could have the dignity and self-respect to stand up against. To-day, however, the scales tip the other way with a vengeance. How on earth could Lucy or Fanny or Alice consent to marry such a man? is heard from many a curling lip among a bevy of young girls. Only think of the free and happy times she had at the art school, in the conservatory of music, in the reading club or out sketching by the lake or among the mountains. Why, the fellow does not know Beethoven from a street organ grinder, would yawn with weariness in the richest picture gallery in the world, and see nothing in the most glorious forest but so many thousand feet of lumber. I'd rather be Titania and fondle and kiss an ass' ear.

Now, it is not to be disguised that this is getting to be a very prevalent way of arguing, and that there is real danger of a growing conspiracy on the part of superior women to leave the matter of marriage largely in the hands of their more commonplace and prosaic sisters, while they hold themselves free for a wider and more attractive career. Just as in the middle ages, well nigh all the higher intellectual and spiritual interests of society devolved in the hands of celebrated priests and monks, so it would look as though their legitimate successors in Massachusetts and other states of the union were to be this order of the Vestal Virgins. One encounters them everywhere. In a hundred scattered villages they are the life and soul of all that is active in the churches, while the deacons are mere worm-eaten apologies for pillars. If a lecture or concert is to be started, apply to the Vestal Virgins. They alone keep the sacred fires burning. The charities, the literary culture of the place, what the place knows about poetry, art, education, the beautifying of the home, all this is due to them. In fact, busy as they are, they are almost the only people of leisure in the community, the only class free to devote themselves to liberal pursuits. Is it any wonder, then, that they do not seem to sigh, especially after commonplace husbands, glad as they might be to mate themselves with such as could share with them a sympathetic life of interest in the higher things? Read, for example, the tributes the press has lately been paying to Miss Lucretia Cracker, of Boston. What a boon to any community to have a woman of such a stamp, with her whole time at her own disposal, and free to devote herself to the highest public interests of education and morality. She became thus the spiritual mother of thousands of children, doing for them often more wisely and tenderly than their natural mothers ever could. Indeed, seeing how strong are to-day the tendencies toward a mere materialization of life, through press of business cares on the husbands' minds, and press of household duties on the wives of the land, who knows but the intellectual and spiritual salvation of Massachusetts, and the saving of the state from lapsing into practical barbarism are to come largely from its so-called surplus population of 75,000 unmarried women, precisely as Europe was saved in the middle ages, and art, literature and religion rescued from destruction by its unmarried priests and monks. Still enough of these finer women ought to be willing to go into married life to keep up the dignity of the profession. Even while freely admitting that the average standard of men available for husbands is deplorably low, it will not do to abandon them altogether. This was exactly the danger the church fell into in olden times. So strong was the attraction of the monastic and priestly life for all men of intelligence, goodness and piety, that society at large was a howling wilderness. It is devoutly to be hoped that the vestal virgins of to-day will not run into the same deplorable extreme, however great the personal sacrifice involved.

How to Manage Men.

St. Paul Globe: A young lady of wide and varied experience declares that it is perfectly easy to manage men, and, proceeding to elucidate, she says that there are but few methods of treatment: "You must either let a fellow plainly see that you feel yourself infinitely above him, that you are superlatively indifferent concerning him, and don't care a rap whether or not you ever put your two eyes on him, snub him, slight him and sit down upon him at every opportunity, or else you must make him believe that you regard him as the sweetest, dearest and most charming creature on earth, and that he is the wisest and you are the silliest thing in all creation; in short, you must either act as a tonic or a sugar-plum, and if one plan fails the other is bound to succeed." I remarked to this wise female that there was a remote possibility of selecting the wrong method, and trying to work off the sugar-plum on the man who required the tonic, but she promptly replied that in such a case it was easy enough to reverse one's mode of procedure, and I had nothing more to say.

What a Woman Afire Should Do.

Dr. John Marshall: A girl or woman who meets with this accident (of setting fire to her clothes) should immediately lie down on the floor, and so any one who goes to her assistance should instantly, if she be still erect, make her lie down, or, if needful, throw her down in a horizontal position and keep her in it. Sparks fly upward and flames ascend. Ignition from below mounts with fearful rapidity, and, as a result well known to experts, the fatality of disfigurement in these lamentable cases is due to the burns inflicted about the body, neck, face and head, and not to injuries of the lower limbs. Now, the very moment that the person whose clothes are on fire is in a horizontal position on a flat surface the flames will still ascend, but only the air and not the flames encircle their victim. Time is thus gained for further action, and in such a crisis in a fight against a fire a few seconds are precious, nay priceless. Once in the prone position the person afflicted may crawl to a bell pull or to a door, so as to clutch at one or open the other to obtain help. The draught from an open door into the room would serve to blow the flames, if any, from the body; or again, still crawling, the sufferer may be able to secure a rug or table cover, or other article at hand, to smother any remaining flames.

THE TOWER OF PARIS.

What Is Destined to Be the Highest Structure in the World.

If one crosses the Seine by the bridge named in honor of the victory at Jena one finds himself in the Champs de Mars. Cur ing walks, chestnut and pine trees, fountains and stones made it as much like the older and more famous Parisian parks as possible. The Champs de Mars, however, will be wonderfully famous some day—when the big tower is built. Babel of old built a big tower, and Babel of to-day follows the example.

M. Eiffel is the architect, and the French government has granted a subvention of $200,000. The huge iron pile, which will dominate all Paris from its perch in the Champs de Mars, will be nearly twice as high as the highest existing structure. Lord Nelson's monument is 162 feet in height; St. Paul's is 360; the great pyramid, 460; St. Peter's, 507; The Cologne Cathedral, 522; the Washington monument, 555; and when one jumps off the top of the great Paris tower he will have just 1,000 feet to fall.

His Little Girl.

St. Louis Republican: As is known, the daughter of McVicker, the elder, married Edwin Booth, but it is not generally known that when their marital relations became streined that McVicker sided with his daughter, and that Horace McVicker (her brother) took up Booth's cause. This led to an estrangement between McVicker and his son that absolutely separated them. Time passed on without the breach being healed or overtures being made. One day, long after the first trouble, McVicker pere, journeying on the cars, by chance made the acquaintance of a little girl—a mere child—whose beauty and winning ways fascinated him.

Just before he left the cars he asked her her name, and she answered 'McVicker.' Scarce believing his ears, the old man went to the child's nurse and inquired again as to her name. "She is the child of Horace McVicker," was the reply. Without a word the father wrote on a card: "Horace, come to me at once," signed his name to it and sent it by the nurse to his son. The child had softened his heart and brought together once for all time the father and son.

AMONG THE WITS AND WAGS.

A Varied Assortments of Smiles in Winter Garments.

THE LENGTH OF A DOLLAR.

Public Coffee's a Public Thrust—An Illustration of Colossal Lying—Pointed Paragraphs.

Cabin Laconics.

Rooster mighty proud w'en de hen am a layin';
Mule back its ears w'en de donkey am a brayin';
Cows step slow w'en dey come to de milkin';
Squir'l whet him teet w'en de cohn am a silkin';
Ducks quack de loudes' w'en dey march to de water;
An' yo' dun lose yo' friend w'en yo' len' him a quarter.

Vines hug de tightes' w'en de wall am a crumblin';
Niggah's feet de lightes' we'n de storm a rumblin';
Wahtermillion's ripes' w'en de rin' goes a snappin';
Nuts mighty plenty w'en de leaves am a drappin';
Bees hive de bes' w'en yo' kick up a racket,
An' yo' kynt jedge a man by de size ob his jacket.

Rabbit mighty tired w'en de snow am a fallin';
Niggah never de'f w'en dinnah horn am callin';
Crow berry fren'ly w'en de cohn am a plantin';
Traces often loose w'en de hoss am a pantin';
Stiddy layin' hens am de fus' to go to settin';
An' de debbil hol's de stakes w'en a niggah gits to bettin'.

A Clear Breach of Trust.

Detroit Free Press: He climbed two pairs of stairs at 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon and entered an office to find a young woman at the desk.

"What is it sir?" she asked, as he hesitated.

"This is Mr. Doe's office, of course?" he queried, as he looked around.

"Certainly."

"And he is not here?"

"No, sir."

"In other words, he has made a new deal and you are to be in charge?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph! So that's the kind of a man he is!"

"Anything wrong, sir?" she asked.

"Rather! I've been in the habit of dropping up here about every forenoon in the year at this hour to borrow a chew of tobacco, and this arrangement has been made without consulting me in the slightest! Humph! If that's the kind of a man he is I'm glad to have found him out, even at this late day!"

A Public Trust.

Chicago Tribune: "This coffee is for the use of the public, I presume," said a rusty-looking man with a benevolent smile, as he stirred a cup of chickory at a railway lunch counter the other evening.

"Certainly, sir; I don't drink it all myself," snarled the proprietor.

The rusty-looking man drank the beverage leisurely and turned to walk away.

"Ten cents, sir," said the proprietor sharply.

"Didn't you say this coffee was for public use?" inquired the other.

"You don't suppose I furnish it free, do you, you gosh-blamed lunkhead?"

"My dear sir, public coffee's a trust," rejoined the man as he disappeared from sight with a celerity acquired by long practice.

Able Lying.

San Francisco Chronicle: As an illustration of the "colossal liars" of the west, General McCook relates the following: He was traveling among the Rocky mountains, and straying out one morning from the trail, stood for a moment entranced by the magnificent landscape spread before him, when he was aroused from his meditations by the footsteps of one of the guides, who had followed him lest he should lose his way.

"Is not this magnificent, Bill?" exclaimed the general, anxious to share his delight.

"It's might purty, gineral," said the guide, "but I can show you bigger sights nor this. Why, one time Kansas Jim and mehad been trampin' three days and nights, and we came to a plain, and in the mid st of it was a forest all turned to sold stun."

The general smiled, and remarked: "I have heard of petrified trees before, Bill."

The guide expectorated without changing countenance, and continued: "But that warn't all, gineral; thar war a buffalo on that plain and he was petrified on the clean jump, and his hufs had kicked up a bit of sod, and I am blamed if that warn't petrified in the air!"

The general turned an amused countenance on the narrator and said: "Why, Bill, the sod would have fallen the ground by the force of gravity."

"Without any hesitation, Bill answered: "Well, by ——, gineral, the gravity were petrified too!"

It Went Farther Then.

Lord Coleridge was the guest of Mr. Evarts in a house which formerly belonged to George Washington. At the end of the grounds the Potomac river broadly rolls. Talking about the prowess of George Washington in other ways, Lord Coleridge said: "I have heard he was a very strong man physically, and that, standing on the lawn here, he could throw a dollar right across the river onto the other bank."

Mr. Evarts paused a moment and measured the breadth of the river with his eye; It seemed rather a "tall" story, but it was not for him to belittle the father of the country in the eyes of a foreigner.

"Don't you believe it?" asked Lord Coleridge.

"Yes," Mr. Evarts replied, "I think it's very likely to be true. You know a dollar would go farther in those days than it does now."

The Pious Man and the Scientific Cane.

Science was the cane, and religion the man who walked with it.—Mr. H. W. Beecher.

The pious man is walking out
Adown some country lane,
And as he walks he swings about
His scientific cane.
He pokes it into flowers and roots,
And curious worms up prizes,
The while upon his labor's fruits
He blandly moralizes.

The pious man is walking through
The slummy city alleys,
And weeps with sympathy unto
Poor Ragged Bills and Sallies:
But when they mock the good man's pain,
And hoot him with defiance,
He gives them with his learned cane
A little touch of science.

"This branch," says he, religiously,
"From the true tree of knowledge
Will teach you children not to be
Pert to a man from college.
I caught the crumbs of science dropped
In youth from learning's table,
Children grow wise by being whopped,
And cane can make them able.

The Boss Liar.

Texas Siftings: The train had started off. A young man rushed breathlessly into the depot.

"Got left did you?" said the ticket seller.

"Of course I got left," he replied.

Then some one said he could go across the bridge and catch the train, and another told him when the next train would go, and various suggestions were made. The chap looked at the disappearing train a few seconds, when some one asked:

"Where were you going?"

Then the wicked fellow said, "Oh, I wasn't going in the train. My wife's mother is on that train and I wanted to kiss her before she left."

"Liar!" roared twenty-four married men in chorus.

Her Idea of Cleverness.

She—Say, Charley, what is a "sour mash?"

He—Why, Clara, that is when your best girl goes back on you.

She—And what is a "Hub punch?"

He—One of Sullivan's, or perhaps a collision between two wagon wheels.

She—Oh! Charley, you are so dreadfully clever. Now let's try prohibition. What's a "driven well?"

He—Blessed if I know, Clara.

She—Well, that team I rode behind yesterday was driven well. Ta, ta, Charley. You're not half so clever as you look.

Literary Definitions.

The Scarlet Letter—One that is read.
Hard Times—The Present.
Border Reminiscences—Hash and intellectual butter.
Taken at the Flood—Noah's ark.
One Night's Mystery—How to get in without disturbing the old lady.
Yeast—A good razor.
Settlers in Canada—The cashiers—unsettlers of the United States.
What Will the World Say?—Rats!
A Knight of the XIXth Century—Election night.
The Married Bell—The one with the finest ring.
Three Beauties—A pair and a half of aces.
The Curse of Gold—Its scarcity.
Prince of Darkness—Footprints of George Washington Jonson Jr.
Kept in the Dark—The bottle.
Out of the World—St. Louis.
From Night to Light—We won't go home till morning.
What Can She Do?—Talk back.

Lines in an Album.

[A farmer's daughter during the rage for albums handed to the poet, Willis Gaylord, an old account book ruled for pounds, shilings and pence, and requested a contribution. He happily utilized the figures as follows:

	£	s	d
This world's a scene as dark as Styx			
Where hope is scarce worth...		2	6
Our joys are borne so fleeting hence			
That they are dear at.....			18
And yet to stay here most are willing			
Although they may not have..		1	

What the Matter Was.

Kentucky State: "I see you didn't get the appointment you were after, Mr. Smith?"

"No, I didn't."

"Do you know the reson?"

"Well, I reckon his private secretary, Dan Lamont, got mad because I added to his address. 'Privy Secretary.'"

She Had a Fellow Feelin' for the Old Fellow.

Jackson (Tenn.) Deer Blade: A newly married couple arrived at one of our hotels a few days ago and were assigned a room in which there were two beds. While the groom was out taking in the town a lady boarder entered the room, when the bride, mistaking her for the landlady, remarked: "I see you have two beds in here; do you expect to put any other person in the room?" The lady grasped the situation and replied: "Yes, we are crowded and will have to give you company to-night." After a moment's reflection the bride answered: "I do not care so much for myself—I've been married before—but I hate to have company on my husband's account."

Progressive Courtship.

She—What is progressive euchre, John?

He—I'm sure I don't know. The thing I'm most interested in just now is progressive courtship.

She—Oh! what is that?

He—Well, for a little while after he begins to pay his addresses to her he simply shakes hands with her when they are parting at night, as I have been doing for the past two months. Then he becomes a little bolder, and some night as he is leaving her, he puts his arm around her waist like this, and kisses her as I do now. There!

She (blushing)—And next thing, I suppose, he proposes.

"English as She is Spoke."

Washington Critic.

"Oh! tailor, press my suit to-day,"
The young man cried in sorrow;
"Because my girl expects that I
Will press my suit to-morrow."

"These clothes I wear are thin and old,
And scarcely worth a hooter,
And such a suitor as I am
I'm sure would never suit her."

"Of course," the tailor said with glee,
To see the young man's sorrow:
"My lawyer has your last year's bills,
He'll press the suit to-morrow."

One Broadway Man Who Was Not Worth a Million.

Atlanta Constitution: Smith Clayton has just returned from New York. He was walking on Broadway with a New York friend, who was pointing out to him the business places of the many millionaire merchant princes of that street. Smith looked and listened attentively, and finally paused on the street, and said to his companion:

"Well, say; is there anybody on this street that ain't worth a million dollars?"

"Oh, yes," the other replied. "You see that man across the street selling peanuts?"

"Yes," interrupted Smith with an expression of relief.

"Well," continued his informant, "I don't think the poor fellow is worth more than a hundred thousand dollars."

Another Mistake.

Wall Street News: "I thought I saw your brother Abraham around here yesterday," he observed to old Moses at the door of his clothing store to other day.

"Yes; Abraham wasn't in peesnees in Toledo any more."

"Burn out?"

"No. A fire takes place next door and Abraham throws water all oafer his shtock und says it vhas py der firemen."

"And how did they prove it wasn't?"

"Because it vhas a chemical engine at der fire. Abraham vhas a dunder-head who vhill die in poverty."

What Worried the Statesman.

Boston Record: Rising Statesman to Reporter—I'm very glad to see you, but of course you will not mention that this is my birthday, and that many of my friends have called?"

Reporter—What else would you like to have suppressed in the same way?

"I'm afraid that something will be said about the fact that I am sending my family to Europe for the winter."

"Dose anything else worry you?"

"Nothing but this: Isn't there danger that what you put in the daily will also appear in the weekly edition? Then, too, I am anxious lest it may be necessary to give a week's notice for a thousand extra copies or so, and that my friends may be disappointed about getting their papers."

The Way She Settled It.

"So you have broken off with Mr. Smith," said Maud. "Well, I never could make him out."

"I found him a good deal of a conundrum myself," replied Clara, "so I gave him up."

A Dangerous Spot.

Husband—I hear that young Sampson who went west last summer has been shot.

Wife—Was he shot in a bad place?

Husband—Yes, he was shot in Chicago?

Worth Climbing Up to See.

"Why, I am told, my dear friends," said a temperance orator in a low, earnest tone, "that 16,000 liquor saloons are in sight of Trinity church steeple. Now, what do you think of that?" A voice from near the entrance replied: "It's wuth climbin' (hic) up the stairs to see."

AN OLD GEORGIA TRAGEDY.

A Fugitive From Justice Seeks a Pardon.

An envelope which reached the office of the governor of Georgia last week, postmarked Kansas City, Mo., recalled two of the most appalling tragedies ever recorded, in one of which a wife's honor was ruined, her betrayer slain, and her husband made a convict, while in the other a frail creature lost her life at the hands of a confirmed old roue.

In 1874, writes an Atlanta correspondent of the New York World, there lived in one of the prettiest little cottages on Hunter street, in this city, the family of Colonel Spinks. The daughter of the household, Miss Cora, was just blooming into the graces of womanhood. When young Sam Hill, the son of an excellent family and the possessor of abundant means, secured her hand in marriage, he was the recipient of congratulations from every hand.

Into a cottage near that of her parents, Sam Hill inducted his charming wife. Their devotion towards each other in these early days of love is a tale still told in the neighborhood. In time the cares of business led the husband into other cities. He noticed a gradual nereasing despondency in his wife. It was a long time before the truth broke in upon him, and when it did it was on the streets, where he heard his wife's name freely handled. Crazed with grief he rushed home and repulsing his wife's accustomed caress, flung her roughly from him, while he poured forth the revelation which had been made to him. On her bended knees she confessed all. She had been betrayed by John P. Simmons at the house of Lottie Ross.

Silently he raised his weeping wife from her knees, and kissing her left the house without a word. Down Hunter street he walked, a little in advance, the figure of John P. Simmons. He trackled his steps through the crowd into the National hotel and into the barroom. Simmons stood in the act of taking a drink, when a bullet from Hill's revolver went crashing through his brain. The trial which followed was long and tedious. The public he was shocked when Mrs. Hill entered the court room and fondled and caressed the husband who was the victim of her folly. To conclude the trial, Hill made a statement full of protestations of love for his wife, and then the pair kissed each other in open court. The sympathy which was felt for the husband gave way to disgust at such a scene, and the jury promptly rendered a verdict of guilty of murder.

Sam Hill went up to the supreme tribunal, only to have his sentenced confirmed. Finally, when all hope had to be abandoned, Sam Hill's friends succeeded in having him put in the lunatic asylum, from which he escaped later, and for six years he was a wanderer. He first went to New Orleans, then to Corpus Christi, Tex., and finally to the City of Mexico, following the career of a desperate gambler. He always kept posted on home affairs, however. Regularly every week, until six months ago, a letter addressed to Mrs. Cora Hill, would be received at the Atlanta postoffice, and, being as regularly refused by Mrs. Hill, always found its way to the dead-letter office at Washington. Three years ago Mrs. Hill applied in DeKalb county superior court for a divorce. The case was never called for trial, because, it is understood, Mr. Sam W. Small, now an evangelist, but then court stenographer, was retained by Sam Hill to fight the case.

And now the second tragedy remains to be told. Lottie Ross, the beautiful blonde at whose house Mrs. Hill was drugged to her ruin, kept sinking lower and lower, but she never ceased to be beautiful. One morning about two years ago the people of Nashville were astonished to hear that Colonel Boyd, a wealthy gentleman of that city, had murdered his mistress, Birdie Patterson. Twice Boyd has been convicted of the crime, and he is still engaged in the unpleasant duty of fighting the verdict of the court. Boyd, who has many relatives in Marietta, Ga., during one of his visits there, took a run down to Atlanta, met Lottie Ross, became enamored of her and had her conveyed to Nashville under the name of Birdie Patterson.

Now, Sam Hill, having traveled the world over, is in Kansas City. As a sentence of death hangs over him, he must keep shady, but he has ventured to write a long letter to Governor Gordon, narrating his temptations and pleading for that executive clemency which it is not improbably he may obtain.

A Wise Verdict.

Wall Street News: At a late meeting of a debating society in Kansas City the question was discussed: "Is Jay Gould a philanthropist, or what?" The discussion was a hot one, and lasted an hour and a half, and then a vote was taken, and it was decided by four majority that he was a "or what."

"Gentlemen," said a big man who looked into the room after the question was settled, "allow me to congratulate you. There's a crowd of fifty of us out here who were waiting for the verdict, and if it had been 'Philanthropist,' every blamed one of you would have been carried home on a shutter."