### WHAT MAKES A TRUE GIRL.

Truth, Patience, Gentleness, Earnestness and Simplicity.

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The Girl of the To-Day, the Baby Girl and the Girl Baby-Women and Their Feet-Gossip For the Ladies.

#### The Girls That are Wanted. New York Ledger.

The girls that are wanted are good girls— Good from the heart to the lips; Pure as the lily is white and pure. From its heart to its sweet lip tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to, And the little ones understand. Girls that are fair on the bearthstone,

And pleasant when nobody sees; nd and sweet to their own folk, Ready and anxious to please. The girls that are wanted are wise girls That know what to do and to say: That drive with a smile or a soft word The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense Whom fashion can never deceive; Who can follow whatever is pretty, And dare, what is silly, to leave, The girls that are wanted are careful girls. Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with heart;
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms,
The strongest and frailest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl, They are very few, understand;
But, oh! for the wise, toying, home girls
There's a constant and steady demand.

London Queen: A true girl! How much is embraced in those three words, and what does constitute a true girl? We must not merely understand by a true girl one who is truthful, but one who en-deavors, under whatever circumstances she me be placed, to do her duty. There is no happiness in this life without duty. A sense of duty always pursues us; it is omnipresent, like the deity.

What Makes a True Girl.

The chief characteristic of a girl should be truth. 'Of all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. Truth is God. To love God and to love truth are one and the same." It is this quality more than any other that commands the esteem and respect and secures the confidence of

others.

To the true girl in all her relations, as daughter, sister, friend, in all her actions, in all her words, faithfulness will be the first consideration. Faith is the root of all good works, and it is a fruitful parent of all other graces. "Her word must be her bond through life." A true girl will not make a promise and break it, nor say one thing and mean another, but will be true in word and deed. A broken promise is an untruth told. The excellent advice given by Polonius to Lacrtes in "Hamlet" may well be followed out by girls:

This above all-to thine own self be true: And it must follow as the night the day Thou canst not then be false to any man. The next attributes which hold a high

place in the character of a girl are patience and gentleness—necessary qualities in every girl's life. Patience aids us in extinguishing envy, overcom-ing anger, and crushing pride. How much good may be done and joy brought by a gentle word or look! Truly, "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Girls are not called upon to do great things, except in rare instances, but the every-day trials of life in the day trials of life in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the christian graces afford ample scope for the practice of that virtue of mankind which has become proverbal. The best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by our selves, are those in which we have to bear with the failings of those about us; to endure neglect when we feel that we de served attention, and ingratitude we expected thanks; to bear with disappointments in our expectations, with interruptions in our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance-in short whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor. Earnestness ranks next to holding high place in a girl's character, for do not earnestness and simplicity carry all before them? Charles Dickens tells us that there is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Let us bear this in mind, and whatever we have to accomplish, let us be earnest. Hand in hand with earnestness goes the Roman virtue-perseverance, which has perhaps been the radical principle of every truly great character. Persever-ance, working in the right direction, grows with time, and when steadily practiced, even by the most humble, rarety fail of its reward. Trusting in the help of others is of comparatively little The grandest inventions have been completed by the diligent pursuit of perseverance. The great success of this vir tue is seen in the proverb "A falling drop

at last will cave a stone. We are told by a great author that he considers a beautiful form better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behavior better than a beautiful form. To have true beauty a girl must have a tender re-gard for the old and young, for the poor and suffering; must be sensible and pure In her thoughts, chaste in her conversation, sympathetic to those in adversity and have an affable and even disposition;

and, above ali, humbleness of soul. e true girl is not complete without the blessing of the gift of industry. instilled with habits of industry are more safely provided for than if they had a for tune given them, for there is no art or science too difficult for industry to attain. "Sloth maketh all things difficult, but in-dustry all easy." Industry qualifies us in all our various classes for the highest and lowest employments; it inspires us with fresh vigor in the performance of social and religious duties, and it gives a wider scope for the display of our talents. The nabit of constant useful occupation is a resential for the happiness and wellbeing of woman as of man. The happiness of the body hes in health, that of the mind in knowledge. Without the mind in knowledge. Without occupation women are upt to sink into a state of listless ennul and uselesness, a state of fistess child and useleshess, accompanied by sick headache and attacks of "nerves." Every girl ought to be a good needlewoman, and the foundation for this has to be taid in school in the girl of seven years. If we followed in the steps of the Germans in this respect teaching children all kinds of speet, teaching children all kinds of work, it would no doubt prove more beneticial to domestic happiness. The education of women has made great strides in the last few years, and the question of higher education still holds prominent place it deserves. Are we content to be as we are? No: let us put forth our strength in doing our utmost to elevate our standard of perfection and striye, one and all of us, to become "true girls." We need not live grand lives, but good and useful ones, doing the work which falls to our tot most faithfully and conscientiously, for, as George Eliot tells us. "The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so itl with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life." Let us also bear in mind

clever; Do noble things, not dream them all day

those beautiful lines of Charles Kingsley Be geed, sweet maid, and let who will be

our fidelity by carrying out all we have

promised Poets give so few records of true and nice girls, sweet Anne Page was one. So was the heroine of "Sucking's Ballad upon a Wedding." That must have been a true girl indeed of whom it was said by the poet that to know her was a liberal education-the sweetest compliment ever

Joseph de Maistre, speaking of women, said: "It is quite true that women have produced no chefs-d'-ceuvre, but," he said, 'they have done something far greater and better than all this, for it is at their knees that upright and virtuous men and women have been trained-the most excellent productions in the world."
Women accomplish their best work in
the quiet seclusion of the home and family by sustained effort and patient perseverance in the path of duty. The influence they exercise, even though it he unrecorded, lives after them, and in its consequences forever,

The Girl of To-Day.

Castroville (Texas,) Anvil: If there is anything we know less about than we think we do it is the girl; and of this the girl is glad, for there is nothing she hates to be known about her so bad as the

truth.
We have been acquainted with her for a long time and watched her pranks from afar, seen her cut the "pigeon wing" and knock the "back-step" in the back vard when she thought she had no spectators, but still we don't know her.

From the time she is big enough to swing on the gate and tie a ribbon in a double bow-knot she begins to locate a sweetheart, and she keeps this up until he is located in the back-yard exercising his talents dissecting stove wood.

She may be a little dull on mathematics but invariably solves the problem of

putting a No. 5 foot in a No. 3 shoe. She will wear out two old dresses run ning around to find out how to make a new one in the latest style, She will break the point off her brother's

knife making a crack to peep at stranger's when they come visiting.

She will greet you with the most bewitching smile and laugh at your stupidness when you are gone.

She will walk three blocks out of the

way to get a peep at a beau, and then pass She will tank with you two hours without being able to repeat a word you have said, but will know how long you have worn your duds and how many buttons

have lost their grip.
She will attend church, listen with absorbed interest to eloquent and pathetic sermons, then return home and expatiate upon the horrible fit of Miss Snow's new

basque, She will go to table, mince over delica-cles with the most fastidious taste, then slip back in the kitchen and eat a raw po She will wear out her best pair of shoes

dancing all day, then attend a ball at night and complain of being out of prac-She will spend all night writing a carefully worded letter, in the most precise

hand, to her Simon Suggs, then scratch off a page to her sister that Old Harry She will be the most devout creature on earth, and hate the earth that Sallie Grimes walks on.

She will be industrious and economical for a month, then spend her savings for a She will slouch around the house for a

week making preparations to look neat on Sunday.

She will flirt with all the best young men in the neighborhood, and finally marry some knotty-headed Jim Crow.

The Baby Girl.

Baby girl, with dark brown eyes, Looking so innocent, arch and wise, With your small white hands and your I wonder of what you are thinking, sweet!

Where are you looking? Is it far away Into the future? Tell me, pray, If beautiful visions there you see, As bright as a baby's dreams should be.

Of happy laughter and childhood's blisses, Caresses, chidings and stolen kisses, Of the gladsome days that will come and go While the baby shall to girlhood grow?

Oh! God grant that her future years May not be clouded with grief and tears. Those little feet, may they never stray In paths of sorrow and sin away,

The tiny hands so soft and white. May they ever be raised in the cause of right The dark brown eyes and spotless brow Be always as guileless and pure as now.

Whether in joy, or perchance through pain, A home at last beyond gates of pearl, Not more could I ask for the baby girl.

The Girl Baby in Prose. Toledo Journal: To-morrow my baby will be my baby no longer; she is going to school. Her world is about to her life is about to broaden, but I. I shall lose my baby! What a short six years they have been. They brought her and put her on the pillow beside me; I put my linger near her hand and she grasped it Heaven came closer to me than I had ever dared hope it might. The first day that I sat up nurse gave her to me and held her in my arms. My own little baby! I wanted no past, no future; was supremely happy in the present. When she lay in her crib and followed me with her eyes, that was bliss. When she cooed to me! When she stretched she cooed to me! When she stretched out her little hands to me! When she laughed as I came near her! Ah, God is very good to mothers, and I wondered why such joy should come to me! Perhaps there was a pang of sorrow as she left off her long clothes. Yet the cunning little feet, the creeping figure, the aimless steps, the final walking, these made the change a time of fuliness for the mother. and the baby was still all my own. She has grown in everything except in get-ting along without me. Mamma has been around which her life has revolved. She has come to me with her pains, her disappointments, her failures and her joys. In my ear she has whis-pered the wonderful thoughts that childhood lives upon. No question could reach so high or pierce such depths but that manima could answer it. No danger could threaten her that mamma's arms were not a safe refuge from; no pain so severe but that mamma could relieve it. How many hours in these six we shall be but one from this on, but we have been but one thus we have been but one thus far. Not any less real to her than I am are the hundred heroes of stories that I have evolved for her; they seem very real, indeed, to me. If I have entertained her she has no less been my Scheherezaide, and has related tales fully as impossible as the "Arabian Nights," Of late she has wandered further away, but never so far but that she could run quickly home if her fear was aroused. She has brought with her thoughts gathered from other children but they are brought to be tried in the crucible of mamma's judgment and wis-dom. When she "keeps house" 1 often take tea with her, and she cannot take more pleasure in the "make believe than I do. But now she is going to school. I shall lose my baby; I have lost her. She will leave the door with kisses on her lips, and my words in her ear, but she will come home full of school, of combanions and teachers. She will pass into a world where I am not; where I can only

more fearful than all my thundering. She was a baby an hour ago, but she is one no longer. I shall pick up most of the playthings and put them away. To-morrow night she will look upon them with great scorn, she will be a baby no onger and she will have to put away her baby things. So I sit here pitying myself while I press her to my heart. She is full of the anticipations, but I whisper to my aching heart-I am about to lose my baby.

Women and Their Feet. "Women who pose as models have, as a rule, poorly-shaped feet," said an artist to a New York Mail and Express reporter "If their feet are not poorly shaped they are apt to be out of proportion by being too small. The reason is obvious. Women are ambitious ho have small feet and hands, and at an early age they begin to wear tight shoes. The re-sult is that their feet are cramped and do n st grow with the other members of the body. Of course there are some profes-sional models who began early in life and never cramped their feet with tight shoes. They have correct proportions. I speak generally of the mass of women who become models after they are eighteen years old. Women imagine if they have small feet and hands they have all that is necessary to give them a shapely appearance. A worse mistake was never made. Women who are large should naturally have feet in proportion; from an artistic point of view they look better. But you

cannot make them think so. cannot make them think so.

"A crusade ought to be waged against wearing tight shoes. The tight shoe in the first place cramps the toes all together until they lose shape and become frescoed with corns. The foot doesn't get the free circulation of blood in it that it should have and falls behind in growth. The big toe usually bears the brunt of the sin for tight shoes, and manages to have a large lump gather just where it joines the body of the toot. The Americans are more prone to wear tight shoes than the English women. The French, than the English women. The French, outside of Paris, are not devoted to the semi-barbarous habit either, and some of our finest models come from the prov-inces of France, The noblity are sup-posed to have small feet and hands, but hat is an erroneous impression, as many notble families I could mention in England are noted for their large feet. All American girls feel their nobility, and hence the wish to have small feet. To produce a race of perfect-shaped women reform must be made in their shoes, even if we have to substitute the ancient sandal.

Oh, woman! Thou who rulest the band box With a hairpin And would st yank the lid off The ballot box For thine own pleasure and profit, In domestic matters thou art

The boss,
And why shouldst thou be
Scepterless
In all affairs of state?
The hand that spanketh a baby
If placed upon the helm,
Which guided the governmental ship, Would show an equal grace;
And thou couldst legislate
Some other plan by which the baby
Could pull through.
And some day run against its
Mother for congress!
Women make men of children. And the men unmake their makers, Which is neither fair in law or equity, And calls for reform, As long as there are boarding houses

In the land, What's home and wife and mother? And if we grant you man's Prerogatives
You will know how it is yourself
Trying to wind your watch up
With a night key, after election,
And will kick less vigorously than now!
Wherefore, oh, woman,
Lead or.

Lead on!
My voice is still for equal rights,
And I don't care who knows it!
Signed: HENRY W. BLAIR,
U. S. Senator from New Hampshire,
Attest: E. Cady Stanton, S. Bunthorr Kate Field, L. Devilyou Blake,

Belva Lobkwood, et al. Gossip For the Ladies. Lawrence Barrett's daughter, now young woman in her teens, has, in obedi ence to her father's wishes, never seen a

play or an opera. The editor of a Georgia paper says liberty is always pictured as a woman because liberty to survive must be vigilant, and there is no blind side to

The Woman's Temperance Publication association received \$52,520 last year from its publications. It issues nine periodicals aside from its leaflets and books.

Miss Mather's Juliet calls forth the following gush from Joaquin Miller. Hear him! "Hers is a spotless, pure and simple heart, a fily still wet with the morning dew. Miss Henrietta Montalba is modeling a medallion portrait bust in bas relief of

the late Mrs. George Augustus Sala. is to be put upon her grave in Aus-Catharine V. Warte, who graduated from the Chicago law school fast June, has just started a quarterly magazine called the Chicago Law Times. It is considered a valuable addition to legal

The first candidate for admission to Brown university under the recent vote of the faculty admitting women, is a graduate of the Providence high school. She will pursue the study of chemistry

Mrs. Ernest Hart, who established the London agency for the sale of knitting and embroidery from Donegal, Ireland, is now in Canada with a view of found-ing markets for her wares. She has spent \$10,000 on this work.

Miss Adelaide Detchon, the dramatic reader, appears to be the most popular of our American girls abroad. She was en-thusiastically received in London last year, and now has achieved a marked success both in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Mile, Sardou has given her father so many reproaches for writing plays which not be allowed to see that he

has at last taken the hint, and his play "Le Crocodile" is guaranteed not to bring the slightest blush to the check of modesty. With all our boasted progress we ap pear to have been going backward, at least so far as female suffrage is con-cerned. Miss Catherine Craft, of New

Jersey, who has just celebrated her ninety-eighth birthday, says she voted for Jefferson for president. The next royal marriage will be that of the Princes Elizabeth, of Saxe-Weimar, to the Grand Duke of Mechlenburg-Schwerin. The bride-elect is upward of thirty years old, is marrying for love, and her wedding dress cost \$15,000. Her chances of happiness appear to be good. It is at last settled that Dr. Mary Walker is not to be Miss Cleveland's suc cessor as editor of Literary Life. A cruel Chicago quill-driver settled the question by suggesting that as she doesn't know how to clothe herself she would not be

likely to kno w how to clothe her thoughts. A Public Telephone. Chicago Herald: A South Water street merchant, who has been sorely pestered by custom house officials using his tele-phone, grew desperate the other day and n a fit of anger printed this sign:

A PUBLIC OFFICE IS A PUBLIC TRUST, BUT A PUBLIC TELEPHONE IS A ---- NUISANCE.

Do noble things, not dream them all day long.

And make life, death, and that vast forever One grand, sweet song.

We should all endcavor to live for comathing, and begin life by promising to live for greater than mine, your frown will be from the custom house crowd. Contemplating the inscription with great deal of satisfaction, the merchant nailed the sign near the telephone, since which time he has suffered immunity

## THE WAYS OF THE WEDDED

Now at the Hearth We'll Sit and Sing and Let the Winter's Tempest Beat."

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING:

Seven Ways of Marrying-What a Man Wants a Wife For-Work of Authors' Wives-Marrying the Whole Family.

### To My Wife.

Lee O. Harris. Why need you care, dear wife, or heed The passing of your early grace? What though the lilies supersede The springtime roses of your face? What though the azure of your eyes

Why should the ripened fruit regret

The sweetest fragrance of the rose
Is from its fading petals pressed,
And Nature spreads her earliest snows
Above the flowers she loves the best.

What care we for the vanished years, Save for the fruit their summers brought; What care we for our fallen tears, Save for the rainbows on them wrought? Why should we mourn the joys we shared, Or see them rainbows.

And summer's buds and blooms expire?
Love hath an ever radient home,
And bids us welcome to its fire.
He dwelt with us through all the spring,
We sheltered him from summer's heat;
Now at his hearth we'll sit and sing,
And let the winter tempers heat; And let the wintry tempest beat.

Does He Love Her?

"If I could only hear him say once, just as he used to in our early married life,

a habit he had fallen into, and unless shocked into a realization of what he was doing, the days would go on and on, and the conviction of the indifference would grow deeper and deeper, until the love would go out in her heart for aye. And then it would be too late! that used to irradiate the plain, stern face of a man 1 knew, at some unex-pected word of fondness or caressing action from the wife he loved, whose only sin was omission from sheer care lessness. And then, suddenly, he folded his strong arms across the stilled heart, and his ears were deaf to her voice, and her touch had no power to awaken him

This is the cruel cross of life, to be This is the cruel cross of life, to be Full visioned only when the ministry Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place Of some dear presence is but empty space. What recollected services can then Give consolation for the might have been?

It is not only those that are wedded who forget to keep the fires of affection The gay young girl, that strong, vigor-ous youth, both full of the luxury of living that health and animal spirits give, ofttimes forget the loving word, the tender caress, to the mother whose heart has beaten all these years a full measure of hope and pride for their future. you feel inclined to be carcless. O. fair maiden and brave youth, and to give more of thought and care to those who have denied self for your sake, as she has done. remember that the day is coming when you will stand "full visioned" beside her still form, and thinking bitterly, if you have a heart, of the "might have been. And yet it is not only young men and maidens who forget to make home hearts glad by loving words and ten-der actions. Nor is this care-lessness confined to the home circles. Friends hold fast to a reticence,

would be so easy and so charming to Be not chary of loving words to dear ones, nor of pleasant, appreciative ones

mean that we should overflow with what is untruthful and misleading, but to the heart and sunshine to the life of those who may perhaps seem to have the least need of our ministrations.

The First Baby. Columbus (O.) Dispatch Do you notice that young fellow— Eyes of blue and mustache yellow? He's so happy that he can't conceal his joy.

He's a daddy! He's a papa! He's the father of a bouncing baby boy! What a grin expands his features As he greets his fellow creatures When he meets them in the morning com-

How he slaps you! How he grips you! He is certainly the craziest man in town. And he never tires of telling What the buby weighed, or dwelling On its beauty and its rare latelligence.

We'll not tell him, That it's like all other babes in looks and

Seven Ways of Marrying. Brooklyn Magazine: There are seven separate and distinct ways in which the nuptial knot may be tied, the attending expense of the different modes varying from \$1 to \$1,000. The least expensive, and the one seldom adopted, except in cases of elopement, is that afforded by the justice's office. There a couple can be firmly united in the space of a minute for a small sum. It is customary for a groom to dress as he may please when the marriage is to be performed by a justice. and a dress-suit would be sadly out of place in the musty law office. The one great advantage of the justice shop mar-

sanction of the church in addition to that of the law, the young people may visit a parsonage instead of a justice's office with the same preparation. The cere-mony may be fully as imformal when performed at the minister's home, the performed at the minister's home, the only difference being that not less than \$3, and, better still, \$5 or \$10, should be paid for the service, although there is no axed sum charged. The most popular ceremony among people who do not class themselves as in "society," and also among many who do, is a quiet home wedding, where the bride is attired in a suit of plain white or a traveling dress, and the groom in a plain black or brown business suit, where only a few brown business suit, where only a few friends and relatives are present. The affair is informal, perhaps a modest sup-per or lunch being served after the cere-mony is performed, and the entire expense to the groom being covered by \$20, or even less. This is the most popular wedding ceremony, and this is the way in which fully 25 per cent of young peo-

ple are married. Next in point of favor and inexpen iveness is the informal church wedding. being similar in all things except that the service is performed within the portals of the church. If the affair is strictly private the bride and groom may be unsupported, or have bridesmaids and groomsmen, as they please. In the latter case full-dress suits should be worn, ter case full-dress suits should be worn, increasing the expense. The "full-dress wedding," as it may be called when the ceremony is performed at home, is next in favor. Elaborate trousseau, full-dress suits, bridesmaids and groomsmen, flowers in abundance, and a host of invited transfer are the sequents. guests are the requisite, followed by a reception, feast or lunch, as the contracting parties may desire.

The seventh and last, and most pop

ular, is the full-dress affair performed in church. Among people who desire to create a stir in society this is the favorite. It is expensive, and in many cases un satisfactory.

What a Man Wants a Wife For. Pittsburg Dispatch: Let me join with 'Mabel' in giving society women a hint of their usefulness. No wonder that men who go in these women's company do not want to merry. They are disgusted with them. Not all, of course, but too

many are. Now, let me tell you what a man wants a wife for. In the first place to love her, and in return to be loved. In the next place he wants her for a helpmate. In case of sickness who can do more than a loving wife? When you are sick, Mr. Bachelor, a wife comes in mighty handy. In health all are your friends, ness none are to be depended on except your wife and mother.

Tell "Bertha" to keep on learning housekeeping. It isn't a burdensome knowledge to carry, even if she hasn't to do the cooking. It makes you so independent that you don't have to take impudence from a cook, and in case she leaves you suddenly as she may do, you will know how to get your hubby a de-cent bite to eat. If he doesn't think more of you for knowing that much he

hasn't any heart. Remember that some are rich to-day and poor to-morrow. When fortune has taken wings such a wife as "Bertha' will make would be a Godsend to any man. I could tell you some very interesting things about the way I started in married life, and how I have had to struggle along. Maybe I will take the notion to jot them down some day, I am very proud of the part I have taken in helping my husband

Wouldn't Marry the Whole Family. Pittsburg Dispatch: "Yo ing man," said the stern parent to the applicant for his daughter's hand, "are you sure you can support a family?" "I—I wan't m—making any calcula-tions on that," stammered the young

man; "I only want the girl, you know. Authors' Wives.

Some authors have freely acknowledged their indebteness to their wives. It is admitted by the most cymcal that women make excellent critics, and their judgment is usually sound, "Molicre," said Addison, "used to read all his come dies to his old heusekeeper as sne sat with him at her work by the old chimney corner, and he could tell the success of his play in the theater from the reception it met at his fireside, for he observed that the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in

the same place.''
Tom Hood had such confidence in his wife's judgment that he read and re-read and corrected with her all he wrote. Many of his articles were first dedidated to her, and her ready memory supplied him with his references and quotations. He frequently dictated the first draft of his articles, although they were always finally copied out in his peculiarly clear neat writing which was so legible and good that it was once or twice begged printers to teach their compositors a first and easy lesson in reading handwriting. Macaulay read all his articles to his sister before sending them to the press, and Anthony Trollope said that no person had ever read a line of his manuscript but his wife, "to my very great advantage in matters of taste.

The most noteworthy examples of joint authorship are those of Samuel Carter and Anna Maria Hall and of William and Mary Howitt. Mr. and Mrs. Howitt worked together for fifty-six years, and wrote not fewer than 340 volumes. Unlike the great majority of "women of mind, Mrs. Howitt ably discharged her domestic duties. "My wife," boasted Mr. How-itt, "is the best poetess and the best housewife in England. There are cases, however, when the in-spiration, the sympathy, and the help of

a wife are never acknowledged. The hero alone comes to the front—the wife is hidden in the background. "Oftentimes," says Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Pro-fessor at the Breakfast Table." "as I have fessor at the Breakfast Table. lain swinging on the water in that long, sharp-pointed, black cradle, in which I love to let the great mother rock me, have seen a tall ship gilde by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible towlines with a hundred strong arms pulling it; her sails being untilled, her streamers wheel nor sternwheel; still she moved on stately in her serene triumph as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hull that swam so majestically there was a little steam-tug with a heat of fire and arms of iron that was hug-ging it close and dragging it bravely on and I knew that if the steam-tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off the refluent tide, no one knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that but for the brave, toiling arms and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close in his shadow and clung to him so that no wind or wave could part them, and dragged him on against all the tide of circumstances. would soon have gone down the stream and been heard of no more."

Many authors and journalists known to us find in their wives and daughters excellent amanuenses, who not only make good copyists, but suggestive literary assistants. Terrible is the loss of such an assistant. Sala has recently given expression to his grief at the loss of Mrs. Sala. He declares himself a heart-broken and desolate old man, utterly without ambition; and he certainly seems hard to please. He advertised for a lady secretary and received no fewer than 435 applications, but, he adds, with a touch of irony, "the amanuensis who is now kindly assisting me is not one of

the 435. The novelist, Alphonse Daudet, had

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class of goods. Prang's X-Mas Cards a Specialty.

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Our stock includes repairs for all stoves ever sold in Omaha and the west. Remember, it is your stove we keep repair for.

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### HOW TO ACQUIRE WEALTH.

Next Drawing, This Month, on November 20th. Big Prizes. No Blanks

One City of Barletta 100 Francs Gold Bond These bonds are drawn 4 times annually, with prizes of 2,000,000, 100,000,000, 500,000, 200,000, 100,000, 50,000, etc., down to the lowest prize of 100 Francs Gold. Anyone sending us \$2 will secure one of these Bands and is then ENTITLED to the whole prize that it may draw in next drawing, balance payable on easy installments. This is the best investment ever offered. Besides the certainty receiving back 100 Francs Gold, you have the chance to win four times a year. Lists of drawings will be sent free of charge. Money can be sent by registered letter or postal note.
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For further information, call on or address 305 Broadway, New York. the United States.

his imagination. He has given expression to this fear in the "Femmes d'Artis-tes," and more particularly in the tale "Madame Heurtoise," with which the volume opens. But, on being introduced to Mile. Julie Allard, who loved literature and was a charming writer and critic herself, his fear was removed. The union proved a very happy one, and the picture of the two at work is an attractive bit of blography: "She has been," says his brother, "the light of his hearth, the regulator of his work, and the discreet counselor of his inspiration. There is not a page that she has not revised, retouched, and enlivened; and her husband has borne witness to her devotion and indefatigable collaboration in the dedica-tion of 'Nabob:' but she would not allow this dedication to appear." Once, it is related, he had a sentimental and dra-matic scene with his wife, concerning

which he remarked: "This seems, my dear, like a chapter that has slipped out of a novel."
"It is more likely, Alphonse," was the reply, "to form a chapter that will slip

Henry George in San Francisco. San Francisco Chroniele: It sounds strange to hear of Henry George, nominee for mayor of New York, and his enormous vote. I met the other night a man who knew him very intimately when, years ago, the legislature created for him the office of inspector of gas meters. It was purely for his benefit, and a friendly act to a very clever man, who was poor. Henry George is not rich now. Indeed, it is an open fact that at no time has he been wealthy, and the fight he made in New York is all the more suggestive because he was chosen purely as a representative labor candidate, But I don't think he's quite as poor as he was for many years in San Francisco, or even some time time after the publication of "Progress and Poverty." When that singular book was making its little stir

the gentleman I speak of met George on the street. "By the way, George, have you been

writing a book on political economy?"
"Yes. It's just out." "I hear a great deal about it. Where can I get a copy?"
"Well," said George, "I have a few copies, and if you don't mind I' rather you'd buy it from me direct. It will do

And the gentleman waited till the po-litical economist went and brought him a copy of "Progress and Poverty," and was very glad to pocket the money. Whatever views George holds on the subject of property, a good many of his old friends will be only too glad if he can make his fortune. They are not political economists, and they will not ask him to divide it with them

Scalping the Scalper.

San Francisco Call: So severe have the inroads of the scalpers been in the trade of eastern railroads that a new descrip-tion of ticket has been adopted on a number of eastern railroads. It has lately been introduced on those roads leading into Salt Lake City, and will probably be adopted before long by the Southern Pa-cific. The ticket is divided into the usual number of coupons, but at one end of it there is a tabular earmark. which must be regulated by the ticket-seller. This consists of the following words printed down the end of the ticket:

Slim, Medium, Stout, Young, Old, Middle-aged, Elderly, Light, Eyes Light. Hair i stustache. Beard

The selling agent punches out the des-cription, and the conductor thus has his passenger perfectly marked, and there is not the slightest danger of his passing the wrong man or woman.

Didn't Know What Hit Him. Chicago Herald: "Ever hear of an

icicle stopping a burglar's flight) asked a veteran officer of the Third Precinct yesterday. Two weeks ago I was patrolling my teat along Green street, when my attention was attracted to a man who was skulking up an alley, took after the fellow and chased him a block or two, when I saw him suddenly fall to the ground as though he had been shot. When I came up to him I found him as stiff as a corpse, with a bundle of booty in one of his hands. He was bleeding from a cut in his head, which I could see had been inflicted by a huge icicle, the pieces of which lay about lain.

The great chunk of ice had dropped from
the caves of a building by the side of
which he had been running. When the wagon reached the station the fellow opened his eyes and in a dazed manner asked, 'What did you want to shoot a fel-low for?' He didn't know what struck Man that is married to woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary, and in the evening

It is vanished, and no one knows whither it goeth.

He riseth up clothed in the chilly garments
of the night
And seeketh the somnambulent paregoric

And seeken the somnamous paregoric Wherewith to soothe his infant posterity. He cometh as a horse or ox And draweth the chariot of his offspring. He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine linen. To cover the bosom of his Familie.

Family:
Yet himself is seen at the gates of the city
With one suspender.
Yea! he is altogether wretched.

Popular Names of Cities. Baltimore—Monumenal City, Boston—Modern Athens; Hub of the nivers Brooklyn-City of Churches.

Chicago—Garden City. Cincianati—Queen City; Porkopolis; Paris of America. Cleveland—Forest City. Detroit—City of the Straits. Indianapolis—Railroad City. Keokuk, Ia.—Gate City. Louisville-Falls City, Lowell-City of Spindles

Milwaukee-Cream City (from the color of its bricks). Nashville-City of Rocks. New Haven -City of Elms. New Orleans-Crescent City.

New York-Gotham; Manhattan; Em-Philadelphia-Quaker City; City of Brotherly Love.

Pittsburg—Smoky City; Iron City. Portland—Forest City. Rochester, N. Y .- Frour City; Flower St. Louis-Mound City.

San Francisco - Frisco. Washington - City of Magnificent Distances. Miss Elizabeth Peabody is still a vig-

### dron's writer and an active philanthropist oespite her eighty-four years. 2: JACOBS OIL CONQUERS PAIN.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS. Rheumatism-30 Years-Cured. heumatism—30 Years—Curen.

187 N. Chester St., Baltimore, Md.
For thirty years I was subject to sovera
rheumatism in my left arm and shoulder.
Every possible remedy was tried, but of
no avail. At last I tried St. Jacobs Oil
and before I had used two bottes, was
as well and as strong as ever.

W. H. HEESON.

Sciatica -Instant Cure. Gardiner, Maine.

Gardiner, Maine.

I was taken with genuine schatten and suffered as only one who has had it can describe. I employed the best physicians and they could only relieve me for a time. I tried St. Jacobs Oil, and much to my surprise received almost instant relief and a complete cure.

ROBERT GOULD.

Neuralgia-2 Years-Cured. Tower Hill, Appenditox Co., Va.
For two years I suffered with neuralgla
in its most stubborn form and with most
acute pains in every part of the body.
My physician had given up all hopes, but
St. Jacobs Oil gave me instant rellef,
causing all pains in the limbs to cease.
ROBERT B. KYLE.

Mrs. Phobe Rice, 1208 Madison street, St. Louis, Mo., suffered from inflamma-tory rheumatism for seven years; the muscles of her hands and limbs were contracted and she used crutches. By a signic application of St. Jacobs Oil she was benefited instantaneously and fin-ally completely cured.

ally completely cured. Toothache Cured. Mr. George W. Harris, of Hagerstown, Md. had suffered for some time with toothache, when he tried 81, Jacobs Chi. He says; "It gave me instant relief."

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follow at a distance; and she will never

again be wholly mine. Oh, good teacher

she is but one of fifty in your room, and

Has mellowed to a softer blue? The fairest tints that deck the skies Are caught from twilight's fading hue. Its summer bloom, howe'er so fair?
Why need you sigh, though Time should se
His crown of silver on your hair?

> Or see them perish with regret, Since on the fruit our nearts have fared, And memory keeps the rainbows yet? What though our winter time has come,

that he loves me, I believe I could go to work again without feeling that every-thing is such a dreary failure," said a woman to me once, writes Emily Bouton in the Toledo Blade. "You do not doubt his affection?" I asked. "O, I suppose he cares, but he never,

neve tells me so,' she replied, with a pas-sionate sort of wail in the tones of her "We just go on week after week, eating and drinking dressing, working and sleeping, and thet is all there is of it.

I often think he would care if I would pass entirely out of his life, for he never seems to notice what I do, never speaks one tender word to me any more. And yet he did care; but it was simply

I shall never torget the glow of pleasure

to life. Then how she regretted the lost

Surely the poet who wrote the lines I have quoted had a living realization of the pain which "the silences" had cost.

so far as expression is concerned, of their kindly feeling toward each other. They go on week after week, meeting often, conscious of the excellence of which they do not speak, full of kindness of thought, which may sometimes, when chance arises, be put into deeds, but too often letting "silence" multiply when it

break and to throw them away. to those around you. It is hard to tell what the influences may be upon the future of the latter, even though they be not of those whom you have gathered into your heart of hearts.

Faith in the present good, hope for the future, courage to do and dare—these are all often inspired by a chance expression of kind appreciation that costs the speaker absolutely nothing. I do not praises that are meaningless or utter that we shall be alert and thoughtful, that no moment when kind words may be spoken shall slip by and leave them torever unsaid. We are all too prone to take things for granted, to live by each other day by day and speak of myriad things, but seldom say the full, sweet words that would have brought gladness

As some people object to being married by a justice of the peace, preferring the