see that healthy women attract more attention than exquisitely-dressed invalids.

I would regard my health as my fortune, to be respected accordingly by others as well as myself.

I would spend a great deal of time out of doors, even if I couldn't do it except by weeding my own garden.

I would read and study as much as my father, husband, brother or son, so as never to be regarded as "only a woman."

I would never treat a man of doubtful moral character as any better than a woman of the same sort. I know how men regard women who "make allowances" for men whose lives are not what they should be.

I would never regard a mere admirer as a possible husband, nor accept admiration as a substitute for love. I have seen thousands of dogs as much admired as women.

I would "cut" any male acquaintance who talked sense to men but trivialities to me. JOHN HABBERTON.

What Edgar Saltus's Motto Would Be.

Were I a woman:

I should consider that nothing was less aristocratic than disbelief, and nothing more vulgar than jealousy.

I would never forget to remember that beauty may allure, but that graciousness enchains.

I would not do anything important—I should emulate the rose and its wisdom; I should charm and be silent.

I would not wear corsets.

I would not wish to be a man—until I was thirty.

My motto would be Pourquoi pas, and I should be careful not to live up to it.

EDGAR SALTUS.

From Will Carlton.

If I were a woman, I should thank God for considering my soul worthy such an environment, and strive each day to show Him that His confidence was not misplaced.

WILL CARLTON.

From the Admiral of the Navy.

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

If I were a woman I would be just that, and nothing more. In these lines lie the secret of woman's greatest charm. Man was made to work for woman; woman to charm him in his hours of ease.

If I were a woman I would never go to a weather earing to reef topsails, would never take a musket and stand post in the rain and sleet for four hours; would never be a "walkist" and "go as you please" for five or six days. I would be the great magnet in my domain, and draw husband and children toward me by those unerring charms which every true woman possesses—by sweetness of temper, a loving heart, and the absence of all strong-mindedness. If my husband was named "John," I would change it to "Luxury," and sit in his lap whenever I could.

A man can never know the trials to which women are subjected, and it is idle for him to say what he would do, and what he would not do, if he were a woman. But one thing is certain: he would not perform woman's duties half as well as the woman does. So let us thank heaven that man is satisfied to be confined to his legitimate sphere, for those who interfere too much with what belongs to the other sex generally make a failure.

DAVID D. PORTER, Admiral.

From "The Poet of the Sierras."

If I were a woman, what would I do, and not do?

Now, let us look into this thing, as the man said when he fell into the well, and go back to the beginning. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Then we read in the good book that He rested on the seventh day. Then the Lord God made man, "of the dust of the ground." And then He rested again. And then the Lord God "planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there He put the man whom He had formed." And then the Lord God rested again. And I hope it was a good, long rest, for the next that the Lord God made was woman. And I search the Bible in vain for any word or sign that the Lord God—or man, either—ever rested after that woman was made!

A flirtation, and a fig leaf. As the doctors say, "There has been no marked change." And how many leaves of other trees do you suppose she tried on before she found the fig leaf to fit her? Fancy the late Mr. Adam coming home from down town in the crowded street-car, and Eve rushing in upon him with her arms full of leaves, and she making him get up and swing his heavy frame to a greasy strap, while she nursed her fig-leaves and flirted right and left with the simpering clerks!

What would I do if I were a woman? I would quit fooling with fig-leaves. I would dress up once, modestly, tastily, with great regard for health, and comfort, and comeliness, and then I would rise up and try and do something else before the day of judgment. For this fig-leaf business has lasted long enough. The very first thing laid down within the lids of the Bible, after the chronicle of creation, is this fuss and trouble about women's dress. For on the very next page we find Eve still unsatisfied about the cut and quality of her fig-leaf dress, and we read that "unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them."

Next, after I had given the clerks a rest and stopped running to the stores, I would try to stop talking so much and let the world rest mentally a little, as well as physically.

My, oh, my! If a woman only could learn how to keep quiet in word, and deed, and dress, what a dominion would be hers! All the ships we sail are for her; the gold and diamonds that we dig, the deepest ruins we explore, the lands we discover and subdue, the battles that we fight, where brother goes down to death against brother—all, all for woman! Yet here she goes galloping up and down, street-car and store, store and street-car, the same garrulous parrot as when she was the first to speak to the serpent: the first to open her sweet mouth and eat of the forbidden fruit. Fig leaves, and flirtations! Flirtation and fig leaves! "Get thee to a nunnery." JOAQUIN MILLER.

WOULD HAVE SHOT GRANT.

A Confederate Who Wanted to Shoot the Commander After Fort Donelson.

Memphis Appeal.

The morning of the surrender of the confederate troops at Fort Donelson, a federal staff officer approached the works occupied by Baldwin's brigade of Buckner's division and inquired for the headquarters of the brigade commander. He was shown to the quarters of Col. John C. Brown, Third Tennessee Infantry, who was temporarily in command of the brigade. Upon meeting Colonel Brown the federal officer announced that he had been sent forward by General Grant, commanding United States forces, to learn the location of the brigade headquarters, and that he would return and inform the federal commander. The officer then rode back to the line of works, and meeting General Grant and his staff conducted them to the tent of Colonel Brown.

"Colonel Brown, allow me to introduce General Grant, commander of our forces."

Colonel Brown acknowledged the introduction by a polite, though formal bow.

"Colonel Brown, it gives me pleasure to take by the hand an officer who has made such a brave defense." And, removing his hat, the federal commander leaned from his horse and extended his hand, which Colonel Brown accepted with that grace and dignity which, with his gallant bearing on the field, so distinguished him afterward as a major-general.

After a few minutes the party passed on toward the village or Dover, the confederate headquarters, leaving Colonel Brown standing before his tent. As he turned to enter he saw approaching, from the direction of the fort, a confederate lieutenant mounted on a splendid horse, and riding at breakneck speed, his hat drawn tightly down and a full sized navy six particularly noticeable in his right hand. An instant more Colonel Brown had seized the madman's bridle with "Where are you going, sir?" "To shoot that —— Yankee officer; now loose my bridle or I'll shoot you." And the man raised his pistol, while he foamed with rage.

"We have surrendered, sir, and ——"

"Loose my bridle!"

"I will not, sir; you shall do ——"

"Colonel Brown, for the third and last time I tell you loose my rein."

"Drop that pistol," and the man thrown off his guard by the quick movement of his horse, found himself covered by the pistol which Colonel Brown had suddenly drawn.

A moment of hesitation, and the Lieutenant's pistol fell upon the ground.

"Now dismount," and with one look that satisfied him of the firm purpose in the eyes which gleamed behind the leveled pistol in the hand of Brown, the man who would have killed Grant was safely under arrest.

HOW TO SHINE IN SOCIETY

Bill Nye Supplies an Inquiring Young Man with Several Useful Hints.

Things You Need Not Do Unless You Feel Qualified—Not Necessary to Take Your Bag to Dine or Your Trunk to Attend a Party.

[Copyright, 1889, by Edgar W. Nye.]

The following letter is just at hand:

Dear sir—Will you be good enough to answer a few inquiries from one who respects and admires you partially for your sterling worth and partly for your fatal gift of beauty?

"In the first place will you tell me some good table rules of etiquette such, as may suggest themselves to you, as I expect soon to visit friends on Two-hundred-and-ninth street, which is quite down town for me as I live on Three-hundred-and-twelfth street, opposite Newburg. These friends is dead struck on good breeding, and I like it first rate myself. We are plain folks at home and I live with my parents who has never had any advantages. Father has to work on the subway and so gets no chances to improve himself or work up the Delsart side of his nature. Therefore, Mr. Nye, he is a plain man and eats immoderately and in a very boisterous manner.

"I do not like to say this of father because he and I get along all right, and he pays for my education, yet that very education serves to kind of queer me against his low, coarse ways. Instead of asking me to pass the bread as one should, he rises just like

The Old Man Helps Himself to Bread.

he was going to address the chair and stabs a slice of bread with his fork, which is no way to do. When I rebuke him, he says he is sorry but is in a hurry and will get docked if he does not get to his job on time. He is a rough red man with vermillion throat whiskers, but wants me to shine in society. How do you reckon I can do so? I love society and crave it very much, but do not wish whilst entering the social circle to cork myself or do what is rude or reckless. My manner is pleasing, but rather embarrassed. To the casual observer I seem afraid of the ears, as one would say, while in society. Once, at this same place where I am now going to, I was asked to lead in morning prayers, but I could not think of anything to say. I am not a good extemporaneous speaker, and so I balled up on the prayer a good deal. Ought one to try to answer such a request under these circumstances, or just say that he never prays in society and so let her go? Some, you know, shines more in social prayer, whilst others aim most to reach the Throne of Grace privately. Would you wear a high hat or a straw ride? Is it proper, when asked by friends to come and dine with them, to take one's bag along in case one should be asked to stay all night? What do you do with these here pillow-shams at night? Do you sleep on them as they are or throw them over your shoulders at night? In drinking wine at table, what is proper in regards to quantity, do you think? Do you approve of the custom of carefully concealing a roll or hunk of bread in a carefully rolled up napkin, so that the preoccupied guest will flirt the blamed roll on to the floor and, covered with confusion, try to gather it up unobserved and wipe it on his sleeve? Is it proper to eat reddishes with the shuck on? In eating apricots should one conceal the seeds in his pocket while calling the attention of the guests to something out of doors, or swallow them whilst telling an amusing story? Please tell me anything you may happen to know. Find stamp enclosed for same, and oblige

"Yours truly, EDMUND PLAICE."

After steaming loose the two-cent stamp and feeling that possibly I may be able to use it again without making myself liable to the government I have decided to reply briefly to the above questions, not solely for Mr. Plaice's benefit, but in order that I may shed light on other darkened minds.

Thanking the correspondent for his high estimate of my character, which said estimate I may say is about the only evidence of a well-balanced mind which the letter would indicate, let me proceed briefly to reply.

You speak of your parents as never having had any advantages, and rather cast some little slurs on the old gentleman who is shoveling dirt that you may shine in society. Do not do that, Edmund. The weak point in your father's place is, that he puts his hard-earned money on a youth with fatty degeneration of the think wastes and regurgitation of the idea.

Still, as you say, you might shine in society. Such things are common. The only question is, how are you going to get your scheme founded? I fear you will not succeed. You say your manner is pleasing, and you do not know how glad I am to hear you come out and say that over your own signature. Many others would have concealed it. Yet you say you have a scared appearance while in society. Do not let that trouble you. If you knew how much society is scared when you enter it, you would pluck up courage.

If you had never led in prayer before, according to the strictest rules of etiquette, which I looked into whilst abroad, you could not be expected to oblige. The men who can make a pleasing and grammatical prayer in public are very rare, indeed. Just say when called upon, that you are not a good social prayer, but only trying to lead a Christian life, like the Rev. Myron W. Reed, of Denver. He was a very bright and original preacher, and many curious people came to hear him. Once he was making a low, but earnest prayer, when a gentleman from the Gunnison country, who was visiting Denver, made the remark: "Louder!" Mr. Reed ceased for a moment, and, looking at the gentleman from over the range, said, softly, and in a meek, Christian spirit: "I was not speaking to you, my friend: I was addressing God." He then resumed his prayer. Do not take your bag with you when invited to dine. You can do up a few little articles in a newspaper, and put them into your overcoat pocket so as to be taken more by surprise when pressed to remain. On the same principle do not take your trunk with you to make a party call. A shawl strap is ample, I think.

You should not wear a straw hat whilst taking a high ride, nor a high hat whilst taking a straw ride. To be appropriately dressed whilst taking a straw ride, one should wear a Denman Thompson hat, faced with gingham, a blue denim jumper, with suspenders showing through same, a pair of brown canvas overalls and heavy kip boots slightly tinctured with a rich, nut brown flavor of the quiet country life.

Pillow shams may be thrown aside at night. They are mostly for day wear. Some roll them up in a napkin ring at night, whilst others hang them on the seed corn and dried apple drapery of the room. Pillow shams go very far toward sweetening the home atmosphere and beautifying the home nest. Show me where they have no pillow shams and I will show you a desolate house. Show me where there are no pillow shams and I will show you no picture of George Washington in the act of crossing the Delaware. Show me a pillowshamless home and I will show you a home where there is no conch shell on the bureau, no dried grass or everlasting flowers on the center table, no four o'clocks in the front yard or tansy in the back yard, no soft-voiced Guinea hens in the barn-lot, or low born bleating calf in the stable.

In drinking wine at table, you should not drain the glass at once or exclaim, as you take it up, "Well, here we go!" or, after emptying your glass, look anxiously for your check, or ask the waiter "to make it the same again for all hands." This is coarse, and smacks of the common herd. Watch your host and keep your wine lowered to about the same notch as his. Then you will be all right. That is the way they do in Paris. If you are afraid to trust yourself to drink any more wine, while your host continues to dally with the sparkling, you may ask for Vichy water, which, I find, is a good drink to stick to, especially for those whose minds cannot successfully grapple with other beverages. Do not hang your eyes out on your cheeks while drinking wine, or drink too fast and get it up your nose.

If you drink coffee after your dinner, do not, if you desire more than one cup, pound on your saucer with the spoon or look around and exclaim "hi." Be gentle and ladylike in your demeanor, telling some fresh little anecdote to the guests while you eat a saucerful of olives or pin a fresh sprig of celery on your coat.

When you get anything hot in your mouth do not get mad and swear, for the other guests will only laugh at you, but take it out carefully and ask the hired girl to put it on ice a little while for you or make some other bright remark in French or English, as the mood may strike you. In London I notice also it is no longer de trop or sachet for a guest at table to remove his teeth when he gets a blackberry seed under the upper plate. Only in extreme cases is it allowable for privileged guests, for instance, who get olive seeds or oyster shells under the plate of their artificial teeth, to remove them without being excused from table. This custom also obtains in Paris, where they are even more finicky than at the courts of Europe, it seemed to me.

It is now considered perfectly proper to take the last of anything on the plate, for it is presumed there is more down cellar, or if not, the host can put on his hat and go down town for another supply.

Much laughter may be produced and general good feeling engendered by little sallies and jokes taken from a joke-book. I have an English book of jests which has helped me to pay for many a meal. Some of these jokes are real good. The best English jokes I have seen were made in Philadelphia. Here is a neat little one which you could use after some one has first played a piece on the piano or violin:

"A vain, but indifferent performer, having amused a company with several sonatas, observed that they were very difficult. 'Difficult,' replied his friend, 'I wish that they had been impossible.'"

Here is a good one to use when you visit Paris, in order to show that you are familiar with French history:

"An aged, but bright French actress was once cast for a rather young part, and so had to spruce up. Among other things she got a new and beautiful set of teeth at the swell dentist's. But they hurt her mouth exceedingly during the play, and, after the last act, she hurried to her dressing-room and hastily took them out. She put them in her pocket, and, forgetting about the teeth, impulsively sat down on the pocket containing them. With a wild yell and a French oath she bounded into the air.

"'What is the matter?' a friend asked her.

"'Oh, nothing, monsieur. I only bit myself.'"

No, I do not approve of the custom of hiding a hunk of bread, as you so happily express it, in a rolled-up napkin for the host to jerk loose over the floor. When the custom of feeding people with canton-flannel cakes at breakfast on the first day of April is abandoned, this reprehensible practice also will cease.

You may eat radishes with the shuck on. Pounded glass will also be furnished if you speak about it in time. Do not swallow the seeds of apricots or peaches. Take them home and plant them. Do the same with watermelon seeds. When cigars are passed around, take one for smoking purposes and one to put in your pocket. You will then convince the host, if you have not already done so, that the social circle in which you should move may be found within the narrow confines of the pound.

BILL NYE.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Chicago Industry.

Chicago America.

Clergyman—It's very odd, but I have actually had three cases of matrimony on hand this week where I have married a couple who have been divorced and have made up again.

Bingley—You ought to make that a specialty.

Clergyman—I believe I will.

Bingley—Then you can hang out the sign bearing the legend: "Repairing done with promptness and dispatch."

Pleasure and Profit.

Boston Times.

Mr. Boniface (of Boston)—But how did you make money if your rates were so low? Didn't you give your guests anything to eat?

Lon Beach (of the Seaside House)—Oh, they was Western folks, an 'bout all they wanted was a fish.

"Well, you didn't get that for nothing, did you?"

"Why, you see, the boarders ketched the fish."

Wanted a Pension.

Harper's Bazar.

"You say you are suffering from a cut?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what battle was this received?"

"Well, it wasn't in any battle, but I was rather prominent in the recent Gettysburg celebration, and one of the newspapers printed a—"

"Wood-cut?"

"Yep."

"I appreciate your sufferings, sir, but I can do nothing for you."

Proprieties and the Season.

Washington Capital.

"Is Gertie Wilkinson coming to our fancy dress ball?" said one young woman to another.

"Yes."

"What costume is she going to wear?"

"She is coming as a seaside bather."

"You don't mean that she is going to wear a bathing suit!"

"Yes; fearfully immodest, isn't it?"

"Perfectly shocking!"

A Valuable Talent.

Puck.

Seedy Individual—Say, can't you take me with you out West and give me a job?

Chicago Business Man—What can you do?

Seedy Individual—When I'm well dressed I can borrow more money on less credit than any man in the city.

Chicago Business Man—By Jinks! Come right along. I'll take you into partnership.

A Serious Loss.

Life.

"What's the matter, Eddie?"

"Willie Thomas has gone and moved out of the street, boo, hoo."

"Well, don't cry; there are plenty of other little boys in the neighborhood to play with."

"Y-e-s, b-u-t he's the o-n-l-y one I could l-i-c-k."

Never Dealt That Way.

Merchant Traveler.

"Why should I deny myself the pleasures of life?" said a Chicago man to a minister.

"For the sake of the future."

"Ah, but I have made it a rule never to deal in futures."

Court Scenes.

Puck.

"Well, I can't see any fun in attendin' court," said an observant old lady. "Every time a witness goes to tell anything that's got anything to do with the case, all the lawyers jump up and holler, and the judge rules the testimony out."

Put a Hyphen in the Slot.

Munsey's Weekly.

"Can you help me to recover my child?" asked the poor woman.

"Is your child lost?"

"Oh, no. His clothes are worn out."

Will Draw the Men.

Philadelphia Record.

The girls had with delight the news that party givers this season will pay more attention to the supper and less to the decorations. They say man always gauges himself by his stomach, and won't go where he can't eat.

Here We Are Again.

Chicago Journal.

Instead of burying the electric wires in New York, they are burying the men who handle them.

THE PENSION BUSINESS.

Secretary Noble Denies Exaggerated Statements About the Effect of Re-Ratings.

Washington Special to New York Evening Post.

Secretary Noble pronounces sensational the statement of a widely published dispatch that "the wholesale re-rating order (of the late Pension Commissioner) which has just been rescinded, involves untold millions," and that "it is not certain yet that the present revenues of the government will be equal to the demands created by that sweep of Tanner's pen." As the order has been rescinded, of course it can effect no damage in the future; and what has been done in the past, even if it were allowed to stand unchanged, would not, it is estimated, foot up more than $100,000 or $150,000 at the outside. The havoc had only fairly begun when the Secretary discovered it and applied a summary check. What it would have amounted to had it continued, following no rule but Corporal Tanner's sweet will, there is no telling. The same dispatch which certained the guess at "untold millions" finally sets the amount at $100,000,000, "in addition to about that sum now expended in pensions granted in accordance with some regard for law. * * * Great uneasiness exists in official circles. A demand for more revenue with which to meet these unexpected drains would create a popular revulsion, which would put a stop to pension legislation," etc.

That there is no such uneasiness in official circles as is here described the Secretary attributes to the circumstance that there is nothing to be uneasy about. "The appropriation for the current fiscal year will be insufficient, as a matter of course," said he, when questioned on the subject, "but that is not the fault of this administration. We did not prepare the estimate which determined its size. General Black did that before he went out of office."

"Was not he able to judge pretty well how much you ought to use this year?"

"His own original appropriation for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, was $80,000,000. He found that sum too small, and had to go to Congress for a deficiency appropriation of $8,000,000. Even that total of $88,000,000 proved insufficient, and when he passed out of office he left us with a very small balance on hand to do a very large amount of business with. He also last autumn prepared the estimates for the present fiscal year; but the fact that $88,000,000 had proved much too small seems to have escaped his memory. At any rate, it did not prevent him from putting in another demand for only $80,000,000, notwithstanding that the list of pensioners is continually increasing as new cases are adjudicated, and that the pensions of a good many old pensioners are being lawfully re-rated every year. You can see for yourself what this sort of thing must lead to, and how unjust it would be to set down the deficit for the present year to the charge of the recent short-lived re-rating order."

It is understood that the estimates for the next fiscal year, which Secretary Noble is now preparing, will amount to less than $100,000,000, though the precise amount is not yet determined. The Secretary, when asked whether he was going to get back all the money that Tanner threw away, and whether it was true that he had resolved to discharge every Pension Bureau clerk who had profited by the order for re-rating without examination, answered jocosely that he was not taking this time to make proclamations. From the fact, however, that his first act when he learned of Tanner's unauthorized order was to decapitate two medical examiners who had had the temerity to sit in judgement on their own cases, and that he has evidently determined to undo as much of Tanner's bad work as possible, the inference is drawn here that he intends to offer to those clerks who merely accepted their re-rating and arrears without acting judicially on their own cases, and who otherwise have nothing amiss in their records, the alternative of surrendering their boodle or getting out of the service.

"I am a believer in liberal pension laws," said he, "but I want a strictly business-like execution for them, with no admixture of sentiment. I so firmly believe in the gratitude of the people towards the soldiers who fought for them that I am now striving to rescue from ruin the old regimental records, including both the men who were injured and are entitled to a pension under the present law, and those who did their duty, but were spared from bodily harm; for who knows whether provision of one sort or another may not be made for some of them one day, when they are grown old and feeble? Nor have I any objection to the proper re-rating of a man's pension when he has submitted to an examination, and been pronounced qualified. But I do object to having a clerk take advantage of the opportunities offered by his position in the Pension Bureau to push his own case forward out of turn, or write himself higher up the scale of rates, because he happens to be where he can handle the machinery himself. That re-rating abuse was unjust not only to the taxpayers, whose money it spent unlawfully, and to the whole pension system, which it tended to bring into contempt, but to the worthy pensioners directly. Here is a man, let us say, who was wounded sufficiently to entitle him to four dollars a month. Along comes another who was never wounded, but who caught malarial catarrh from sleeping in a Chickahominy swamp, and is getting two dollars; and this second man's rate is arbitrarily raised to four dollars, because the Pension Commissioner doesn't enjoy signing two-dollar certificates. What are we going to do for the original four-dollar man? Is it fair that he should be kept down on the same level with one who suffered much less? If not, then we must raise his rate to $6, and the six-dollar man's, for a like reason, to $8, and so on. At the end of the line, at any rate, we are bound to do injustice to some one. Or, indeed, under such a system, what is to prevent our raising the two-dollar man's rate first to $4, and then to $6, and then to $8, and passing him over the heads of all the deserving men between, because he happens to be a favorite, or in a position to command the good offices of the Commissioner?"

"Do the old soldiers take your view of this matter?"

"I have every reason to suppose that they do. Of the vast mass of correspondence which has poured into this Department from Grand Army comrades and members of the Loyal Legion, and other veterans, during the last month, the writers are almost unanimous in supporting my position."

THE LONDON HOSPITALS.

Some Facts About the Medical Charities of the British Metropolis.

Correspondence New York Times.

That city has eighty-one hospitals and fifty dispensaries, which are supported by voluntary contributions. These hospitals contain 8,012 beds, of which 5,926 were occupied every day of last year, the number of patients being 74,316. In addition to these, 1,038,427 out-patients were treated at the dispensaries and out-service departments of the hospitals. How many recurrent cases are included in these aggregates it is not possible to discover, but the reports do not suggest that there are any, so that if the statements are absolutely correct they show that fully one in every four of the inhabitants of London receives gratuitous medical treatment when ill, a condition which at least suggests a large abuse of this form of charity, and want of vigilance in its administration.

During 1888 the total expenditures were (at $5 per pound sterling) $2,813,405, and the total income, not including legacies, $2,544,130; but these legacies amounted to $1,156,920 more, or a total of receipts of $3,701,050. Of the regular income, $1,679,605 came from charitable contributions, $636,520 from investments, and $227,845, or 8 per cent. only, from payments by patients.

In addition to this large array of voluntary medical relief, London has between forty and fifty provident dispensaries—that is, mutual societies the members of which contribute regularly small monthly payments during health in order to secure superior medical attendance in sickness. Some of these dispensaries employ the best medical and surgical talent in London, and thus enable all classes between those who can pay the ordinary professional fees and paupers to obtain advantages similar to those possessed by the rich. The annual income of the provident dispensaries reached a few years since about $90,000 to $100,000 per year. This is but a small showing for so beneficent a provident scheme, but the abundance of the free dispensary system and voluntary institutions check the thrift and foresight of the poor to a painful degree, and is the great cause of the carelessness of the poor in this respect.

Superimposed upon the foregoing is a vast system of poor law medical relief, where the vast army of practical paupers in London are treated at an annual expense of about $300,000.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Tablets of Rhyme.

BY JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

To Nature.

With thee, O Mother Nature, let me bide
A little space; I ask but only this,
To feel upon my face thy faintest kiss;
To hold my palm in thine, nor be denied
The touch that makes a sad soul satisfied.
Nor any joyance in thy heart that is;—
Let me, one fleeting moment, share thy bliss,
In tongueless transport, nestling at thy side.
There let the mad world beckon as it will—
In thy warm clasp, in thy serenest smiles,
I anchor all my cares, and so forget
The somber road that shimmers up the hill,
Flint-fretted, thro' the linked lonesome miles,
To where the tired stars in glory set.

Love.

Love wraps us like a cloak, and cold
Is he, and piteous to behold,
Who never feels its silken fold.

'Tis sweet to be Love's slave—his chains
Are finer than the filmy skeins
September spins along her lanes.

When discord reigns, and battle hums,
Love is the victor prince that comes
With birds for buglers—blooms for bombs.

Love tuned the morning stars, and lo!
Keyed all the fluting winds that blow,
And all the singing seas that flow.

We live for Love—for Love we die,
Love leans above us where we lie,
And, laughing, loops us to the sky.

A Child's View.

Long the night was, and to her
Rayless as a sepulcher,
As she sobbed the hours away,
Where, in death, her loved one lay.

Stole her little daughter near,
Full of childish trust and cheer,
Weeping not, and softly said,
"Mother, mother, is God dead?"

As, when after days of rain,
Sudden sunlight paints the pane,
So that sweet child's simple faith
Strewed with stars the domes of death.

MASON, Ill.

Grandmother Gray.

Faded and fair, in her old arm-chair,
Sunset gilding her thin white hair,
Silently knitting, sits Grandmother Gray,
While I on my elbows beside her lean,
And tell what wonderful things I mean
To have, and to do, if I can, some day;
You can talk so to Grandmother Gray—
She doesn't laugh, nor send you away.

I see, as I look from the window-seat,
A house there yonder, across the street,
With a fine French roof, and a frescoed hall;
The deep bay windows are full of flowers;
They've a clock of bronze that chimes the hours,
And a fountain—I hear it trickle and fall
When the doors are open: "I mean," I say,
"To live in a house like that some day."
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"There's a low barouche, all green and gold,
And a pair of horses as black as jet,
I've seen drive by—and before I'm old,
A turnout like that I hope to get.
How they prance and shine in their harness gay,
What fun 'twould be if they ran away!"
"Money will buy them," says Grandmother Gray.

To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails
Out of port, and across the seas;
Oh! to feel in my face the ocean gales,
And the salt waves dancing under me!
In the old, far lands of legend and lay
I long to roam—and I shall some day.
"Money will do it," says Grandmother Gray.

"And when like me you are old," says she,
"And getting and going are done with, dear,
What then, do you think, will the one thing be
You will wish and need to control you here!"
"Oh, when in my chair I have to stay,
Love, you see, will content me," I say.
"That money won't buy," says Grandmother Gray.

"And sure enough, if there's nothing worth
All your care, when the years are past,
But love in heaven and love on earth,
Why not begin where you'll end at last?
Begin to lay up treasure to-day,
Treasure that nothing can take away,
Bless the Lord!" says Grandmother Gray.

—Mary Keely Boutelle.

Love Makes a Change.

"I am sick of the world," he said;
"I am sick of the world and of life;
Of the double-faced hypocrisy,
And the strain of the godless strife.

"I am sick of the fools that succeed;
I am sick of the sages that fail;
Of the pitiless laughter of wealth,
And of poverty's pitiful wail.

"I am sick of the devils that leer
At innocence passing by;
I will bar my door to the world;
I will lay me down and die."

But there came a change as he spoke,
And the mists were burned away;
And the midnight darkness of his despair
Was turned to jocund day,

And the sun burst forth once more,
Till his glories filled the skies,
And the magical power that wrought the change
Was one look in a woman's eyes.

Miles Copeland.

Dynamite's Terrible Force.

Portland Transcript.

Dynamite is so instantaneous in its action that a green leaf can be compressed into the hardest steel before it has had time to flatten. One of the experiments at the United States Torpedo Works was to place some leaves between two heavy, flat pieces of iron, set them on a firm foundation, and see what gun-cotton would do in forcing the iron pieces together. A charge was placed upon them by compressing the gun-cotton into a cylindrical form about one inch thick and three or four inches in diameter, through the center of which a hole is made for a cap of fulminate of mercury, by which the gun-cotton is exploded. The reaction was so great, from merely being exploded in the open air, that one of the iron pieces was driven down upon the other so quickly and with such force, that it caught an impression on the leaves before they could escape.

The Hawk Escaped.

Spokane Falls Chronicle.

Mrs. Anna Miller, the wife of a carpenter who lives at Deep Creek Falls, met with a peculiar accident which goes to prove that a gun is a dangerous thing, even if you have the muzzle of it pointed in another direction. About three weeks ago a large hawk perched itself in a tree near Mrs. Miller's home, and the temptation to take a shot at the bird, in order to try her skill as markswoman, was too great for her to withstand; so, procuring a shotgun, which happened to be in the house at the time, she proceeded to carry out her desire. After having taken careful aim she pulled the trigger and the damage was done. Subsequent results showed that the weapon had been overcharged, and the recoil loosened several of her teeth and broke her left jaw, splitting it from the chin nearly to the back part of it.

Literary Culture in Chicago.

Minneapolis Times.

The Voice of the People fiend on the Chicago Herald, who attempts to run an answer factory, was asked the other day to tell who wrote the lines.

When the war drums beat no longer and the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

The editor looked at the lines and took down a copy of the Pork-packer's Guide, put it up again, walked down to the river and back and informed the correspondent that "they looked like Longfellow." A few days after a man from Manitowoc wrote in, telling the editor they were from Locksley Hall, by one Tennyson, an English lord.

Budhist Temple Studded with Jewels.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Buddhists in Burmah do not consider the question of expense in beautifying their temples. Here is the description of the new vane of a pagoda at Rangoon: "The vane is about three feet by one and a half feet broad, and thickly crusted with precious stones and lovely fans of the red Burmese gold. One ruby alone is worth 6,000 rupees, and there are several hundred rubies alone on this beautiful thing. On the tip of the iron rod on which works the vane is a richly carved and gold ornament called the Semboo. It is somewhat egg-shaped and a foot in height, tipped by an enormous diamond, encircled by many smaller ones crusted on like barnacles. All over this exquisite oval object are smaller clumps of diamonds, no other stone being used for this part."

Boulanger on His Own Heroism.

Hartford Courant.

Boulanger now says that his flight from Paris saved France the horrors of a civil war. Had he stayed, stood his trial, and gone to prison, the people of Paris would have risen in arms against the government, he tells an interviewer, and there would have been a terrible time.

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MRS. JULIA EATON,
No. 173 Harrison street.

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THE LAST SIX YEARS,

and while some of the doctors would help me they never seemed to reach the seat of the trouble. I always had a heavy, deep-seated pain just above the eyes, which was always increased by a slight cold, and I always took cold on the slightest provocation. My nose was stopped up, and my eyes were weak and watery, and I would notice little black spots float before my eyes when I would read or try to do any fancy work. My stomach gave me a great deal of trouble. It would feel full and heavy after eating, and I often noticed that my heart was not right. It would jump and throb violently upon the least excitement or exertion. I was always tired and weak in the morning, and scarcely had energy enough to attend to my household duties. After so many failures I had almost despaired of ever regaining my health, but Miss Browning induced me to try the Blair Treatment, and it has proven very successful and efficient in my case. I now feel like my old self and can do all my work without tiring me. I owe my restoration fully to the Blair Treatment."

Mrs. Julia Eaton lives at No. 173 Harrison street, and will be pleased to verify this statement.

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