

THE SULTAN'S GREAT GRIEF.

The Sultan ambles up and down through Constantinople's town. While his Low Wallace, from him torn, sailed away from the Sultan's Horn, Woe is me, Low Wallace!

MY WEDDING.

How Cupid managed to send Stephen Barker after me I never could find out; but that is between themselves, and is none of my business. A man good enough for Elizabeth and Janet, and all such ornaments to their sex, to lay his foolish heart at my foolish little feet! I own that for a day or two the honor almost turned my head.

Then I began to consider. I had loved Norman Strong ever since I could remember, and Norman had been my friend when no one said a kind word to me. The case stood thus: I was an orphan, left to the care of an uncle and aunt remarkable for that kind of propriety that wins our admiration and awakens our hearty desire to get away from it. I had a small fortune of \$25,000; that is, I was to have it if I remained unmarried until I was thirty-five, or if I married before, with my uncle's approval.

Now, uncle did not approve of Norman. In fact, uncle never approved of anyone that I liked. But with Stephen Barker disapproved was out of the question. Stephen was the great man and the good man of our small town. To have insinuated that Stephen was not worthy of a saint, a beauty and an heiress united, would have been a heresy seriously affecting my uncle's social and commercial standing. Stephen Barker's offer was therefore accepted, and the next Sunday we walked to church together.

After this public avowal of our intentions the marriage was considered inevitable by every person but me. I must do myself the justice to state that I never regarded my engagement to Stephen Barker seriously; it was part of a plan to secure my happiness and rights. As Stephen had so coincided in it, I do not expect censure from anyone else.

I think it was no later than the third night after Stephen had spoken to my uncle that I frankly told him that I thought I ought not to marry him. He asked me why, and I said: "All my life long, Stephen, I have been a crushed, unhappy girl. I have been afraid to speak, or laugh, or sing, and no one but Norman Strong ever said a kind word to me until you came."

"And you love Norman?" he asked, bluntly. "So I answered: 'Yes, I love him and he loves me, and when he got the position of cashier in your bank he wanted to marry me, but he said we were neither of us to be trusted with my \$25,000.'"

"I could— with Norman to help me." Then we had a long conversation which it is not necessary for me to repeat; it will be understood by what follows. There was no change apparently between Stephen and me. He behaved exactly as a lover of his age and character would be likely to behave. He sent me presents from his hot-houses, and he made me presents of pretty jewelry. He went the evening at long times, and sometimes we went out for a walk. Norman came to me occasionally on a Sunday night, and my aunt said he had really behaved with more good sense than she expected. I think I thought that I was a fool to have the banker in a bad thing to my cousin Melvina, who was very plain, to marry the banker's cashier!

Everything went on with the greatest propriety. I had announced my intention to have an extraordinary trousseau, and this being a point on which we had settled, every day the next four months were spent in shopping and sewing. Never in our little town had there been seen such dozens of elegantly trimmed undershirts, such hostess, such morning dresses and evening costumes, such wonderful boots and slippers and jewelry. We held little parties every afternoon a month before the wedding, and my wardrobe was laid out in the best bedroom for comment and inspection.

It was about this time that Stephen Barker said to my uncle: "I understand Frances has \$25,000. I wish her to have it so settled on herself, and for her own absolute use, that I propose Mr. Miles, if you are willing to add \$10,000 to it, and buy for her the Stamford estate. It is only three miles from here, the house is a very fine one, the lands excellent, and then, whatever changes come, it secures her a competency, for as soon as she is married it will be worth double. What do you say?"

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Something About the City and Its Inhabitants—Secretary Lamar and His Assistant. WASHINGTON, May 25.—What a delightful trip it is that over the Pennsylvania Road at this season of the year! We came via that route one week ago from Fort Wayne to Washington, and thoroughly enjoyed the mountain scenery in this balmy month of May, and the smooth, easy-riding track of this well-built, well-equipped, well-conducted trunk line.

As Jap Tarpen is here to write up the daily happenings and items of news for the Sentinel, we will confine ourselves to a description of men and things about Washington, as they have impressed themselves upon the mind of a Hoosier. The Capital of our country is still "The City of Magnificent Distances," though most of the large intervening spaces of unoccupied ground, which a few years ago were so frequently met with between squares that were built up, are now the site of large business blocks or handsome residences. No city in the country can boast of more splendid edifices in proportion to the whole number than can this. I do not include in this comparison the Government buildings, but business and residence houses such as every city has.

This is not a city of bicycles and tricycles, which are constantly seen upon the streets in all forms and sizes, and are almost as common as buggies and carriages. They are as regularly employed in a useful way as are other vehicles, and mounted upon his bicycle the business man who lives in the suburbs goes to and from home as speedily and safely as if seated in a street car or buggy. The messenger boys expeditiously go upon their errands thus in all directions, while ladies seated in their tricycles make trips over the city on business or pleasure with as much ease and comfort as do their husbands or brothers. All the streets are paved with granite blocks or asphaltum concrete, mostly the latter, so are as even and smooth as a floor. Being swept and all dirt removed nightly, the streets of Washington are probably the cleanest and best in the world. The delight of bicyclists and the joy of pedestrians, who never have to hunt a place for crossing, but can dart from one side of the street to the other without soiling the soles of one's shoes.

Washington is a delightful city to live in. We have frequent rains, but they are not so frequent as to be a nuisance. Every body jogs along in an easy and comfortable way over the road of everyday life, there being few who worry much about business or hard times. The number of Government employes is enormous, their pay liberal, regular and sure, and the amount of money paid out in this city by Uncle Sam aggregates a sum that few imagine. This is circulated among hotels, boarding houses and stores by Government employes, most of whom are noted for spending their salary as fast as earned. Thus a large amount of money is kept in circulation constantly, and through a channel the source of which is not much affected by "hard times."

The city numbers 205,000 inhabitants, and yet there is little general business done, except the retail trade for supporting the immediate population. In company with Senator Voorhees and Congressman Ward, Matson and Lowry we called upon Secretary Lamar a few days ago. We found that gentleman besieged by a swarm of people ranged in two lines from the door of his office extending out into the hall for fifty feet. Each one in that multitude wanted a private audience with the Secretary; and seeing this how that gentleman's time is taken up by callers, each bent upon a mission of his own, and the majority of them applicants for place, we were glad to get out before to understand why it is impossible to move rapidly in the matter of making appointments.

The Secretary greeted us with a cordial handshake and a pleasant word of welcome. He is neither a cold, calculating, nor a man in every way that Mr. Lamar is a man of greatness and of towering intellect—a man in whose hands the Interior Department was well placed by our President. Twice have we called upon him, and he has been most cordial and helpful. The Secretary is not the absent-minded dreamer several newspaper correspondents have represented him to be.

In Colonel Henry L. Muldrow, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lamar has an efficient, energetic and thoroughly accomplished aide. Colonel Muldrow occupies an adjoining office and much of the detail work of directing the affairs of the Department falls upon him. He is from Mississippi, and though yet a young man, had just represented his district in Congress for eight consecutive years, when appointed to his present position. His acquaintance with public men and affairs, his experience for so long a time in the halls of Congress, together with his quick perception, good judgment and fine executive ability, will fit him to adorn the office he holds, and in which he will do service to the country and credit to himself. We are well acquainted with Colonel Muldrow, having met and associated with him at his fine plantation home in Oktibeha County, Mississippi, where he and a bachelor brother own one of the finest plantations of 2,000 acres in Northwestern Mississippi—that region so noted for the productivity of its soil and its abundant crops that it was called "The Granary of the South" before the rebellion. Its people were rich, cultured and prosperous before the war. Much of their wealth and prosperity has gone, but the ability, education and culture are as bright and shining as ever evidenced in the persons of the two Mississippians who now sit close to the head of our Government, administering its interior affairs.

In our next letter we will convey our impressions of some of Washington's places of interest. CHAMBERS. Andrew Jackson's Tenderness. [Cleveland Leader.] "People have little idea of tenderness of President Jackson's heart," continued General Brinkerhoff. "Even on his deathbed, when his body was racked with the pangs of fast-approaching dissolution, his kindness of heart was shown in nearly every act, one of his daughter's stories well illustrating this. Mrs. Jackson, jr., had some rare and tropical plants which she prized very highly and tended with a great deal of care. But a few days before she died, when her husband was near, General Jackson called his adopted son Andrew to his bedside, and pointing to the plants which were standing on the front veranda, said: Andrew, I can't live but a few

WASHINGTON LETTER.

days, and when my funeral takes place there will doubtless be a great many people here. Unless you take some way to protect those plants they will be broken off or destroyed or taken away. Now Sarah is very proud of them, and I think that when that time comes you had better have those plants carried to the upper veranda and lock the windows and then they will be safe."

"He died a few days afterward. His directions in this respect were not observed, and Mrs. Jackson's plants were destroyed or carried away in pieces or as a whole, as mentioned in the occasion. Bee Stings. Bees do not sting except in self-defense, writes a correspondent of the New England Farmer. The beekeeper goes from hive to hive, removes the covers, admits the light, very unwelcome to the bees, takes apart the brood nest, finds the queen, takes her in his hand and carries her away and not a sting is received, and he wears neither veil nor gloves. If he be a farmer, he may run in from the field to have a swarm with his arms bare to the elbow, and be not stung, and yet thousands of bees fly around him, and many alight on his person. But every beekeeper stings more or less, and the stings, for the greater part, are the result of the keeper's carelessness. In handling a frame, he does not see the bee beneath the top bar, and places a finger on him. A sting follows, as a matter of course. It sometimes happens, however, that two or three bees, often only one, are determined to sting. In opening a hive, a single bee may take a bee line for the face, and this bee must be struck down and killed. The bee likes planed surfaces. He makes slow headway crawling in the grass where the blades are long and the air is warm. Hence while crawling upon the back of a hairy hand the bee is inclined to sting. The beginner in bee culture should learn at once what effect the bee sting has upon him. Upon some persons the bee poison, and poison it is of the most violent kind. A very little effect, a swelling about the place stung may be covered with a three-cent piece. Upon others the effect is different. A bee-keeper known to the writer, if stung upon the finger, will be afflicted with an uncomfortable swelling to the shoulder. The arm is twice its natural size, and the swelling does not subside for six or seven days. It is not exactly painful, but certainly uncomfortable. Hence this bee-keeper must wear gloves and a veil. When a single sting doubles the size of an arm it is best to be protected. Some beekeepers who suffer from one sting, when they began apiculture are not affected now seriously by a dozen. A physician says that if marked swelling follows a bee-sting the person's blood is impure or weak, but this is not the solution probably.

Pressure in Corn-Planting. A recent bulletin of the New York experiment station, in discussing this point, says: Oftentimes corn that is planted early is put in the ground while the land is in a lumpy condition, and no pressure brought to bear to bring the soil in close contact with the corn. The farmer sows the seed about the same time to retard, and under the varying conditions of heat and moisture often destroy the germinative process. So marked is its influence that the per cent of germination by actual trial, as observed between two plots, both of which were planted at the same time, but upon one the soil was firmly pressed upon the seed with the foot and upon the other the seed carefully covered by means of a hoe, in the ordinary method, was largely in favor of the trampled plot. This trial was in accordance with a practical experience in farming, whereby it was found that the gain in crop through the use of a Western corn planter, whose wheel compressed the soil over the seed, as planted, compensated largely for the additional first expense of the machine, so much so that even it may be said that under conditions of the locality cited a farmer could better afford to himself plant his corn crop with a machine than to accept the gift of the planting with a hoe.

A Disabling Disease. No disease which does not confine a man to his bed to completely unfit him for business as dyspepsia. When the stomach is foul, the brain is always muddy and confused, and as the cares and anxieties of life are a sufficient burden for the organs of thought to bear, without being tormented by the miseries born of indigestion, it is highly desirable for the brain sake, as well as for the sake of every other portion of the system, that the disordered stomach should be restored with the utmost dispatch to a healthy, vigorous condition. This object can always be accomplished by a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the purest and best of vegetable specifics, which evacuates the morbid humors through the bowels, tones and tones the torpid stomach and regulates the liver, imparts firmness to the nerves and clears the system of its morbid contents. Persons subject to attacks of indigestion, bilious headache, irritability of the bowels, sickness of the stomach, or the blues, should take the Bitters once or twice a day throughout the present season.

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