

NOT WEATHER TOING.

Oregon has just had its biennial June election. It was an important contest, as the selection of Governor, State officers, Congressmen, and United States Senator depended on the result. The outcome leaves the State without change in its representative public men.

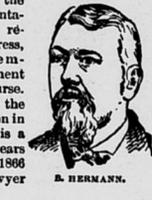
The election of a Republican legislature secures the re-election of John H. Mitchell as United States Senator. Senator Mitchell is now serving his second term as Senator, and will begin a third term in 1891 if he lives. He is a Pennsylvaniaian, 55 years old. He went to California in the fifties and practiced law.



JOHN H. MITCHELL.

For a time in San Francisco. He removed to Portland, Ore., in 1860. He was 4 years in the State senate, half of that time as president of the body. He was a candidate for United States Senator in 1866, and was defeated in the primary caucus by one vote. He was chosen professor of medical jurisprudence in Willamette University, at Salem, Oregon, in 1867, and served in that position nearly 4 years. He was elected to the United States Senate and served from March 4, 1873, to March 3, 1879; and was again elected to the United States Senate in 1885. His term of service will expire March 3, 1891.

B. Hermann, the present Republican incumbent of the office, was also re-elected, securing an emphatic endorsement of his public course. He is one of the most popular men in the State. He is a Marylander, 47 years of age. Since 1866 he has been a lawyer in Oregon.



B. HERMANN.

He has been in the legislature and was deputy collector and a land office receiver. He gets the largest salary paid to any Congressman, his mileage amounting to over \$3,000.

Governor Penoyer, the present Democratic incumbent of the office, was also re-elected, sufficiently proving his popularity by carrying for a second time a State that has come to be ranked as one of the stanchest in the Republican line in the country.

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

A \$300,000 cotton mill is talked of at Florence, Ala.

Russians use American sleighs lined with buffalo robes.

A Chicago working girls' club teaches dressmaking, millinery, cooking, etc.

In Brooklyn it is against the law to charge over \$1.50 a load for moving a half mile.

Chicago terra cotta workers and the stone masons have worked 8 hours since 1897.

A Philadelphia father recently paid \$3,500 for a doll's house for his little 4 year old daughter.

Nine sewer pipe works near Toronto, Ohio, have been purchased by an English syndicate.

Prominent men and leading clergymen in New York are aiding the demand for seats for the girls in stores.

The future of the cattle industry in Texas has not looked so bright as it does at present for several years.

One of Chicago's leading general stores now works 350 cash girls only 8 hours and has them at school 2 hours.

A big contracting firm in Pittsburg is bringing negroes from Virginia to take the place of the Italians it formerly employed.

Philadelphia in population is second only to New York, but under the recent action of her license court she has only 1,173 saloons, while New York has 9,885 licensed bars.

The first negro land company of the South, and probably of the world, has been organized by leading colored men of Atlanta. The company has a capital of \$100,000.

From careful estimates received from farmers themselves in every county in Kansas the cost of raising a bushel of wheat in an average crop—15 bushels to the acre—is believed to be 49 cents.

Mrs. Sarah Williams, of Coloma, Mich., gives this sample of home industry. The other morning she made a barrel of soap, did her family washing, churned 16 pounds of butter, put on her other dress, and read the morning paper all before 10 o'clock. And she isn't a very big woman either.

Never in its history has the State of Texas been so prosperous as now. The crops for this year have been the best ever known; but the greatest advance has been in the cotton crop. Conservative estimates place its value at \$90,000,000, or \$20,000,000 above any crop of previous years. The total agricultural product will this year exceed \$180,000,000.

CAKE FOR YOUR WATCH.

A Few Valuable Directions for Keeping It in Order.

Boys and girls sometimes treat their watches badly from indifference, sometimes, because they do not know how to take care of them. Here are some hints that have been furnished to Youth's Companion:

Do not let a watch run down, but wind it regularly at a fixed time each day.

Set your watch by and compare it with a reliable regulator.

Hold the watch still when winding it. Never make a watch violently.

Never make a watch work.

Never carry your watch near an electrical machine.

Do not let your watch run more than two years without cleaning.

Never put your watch in the hands of a poor workman.

If your watch stops, see whether it is run down, and if it has, wind and set it.

If it has not run down, see whether the hands have caught. If they have, by using care you may free them.

If neither of these, take the watch to a watchmaker.

HOW TO TRAIN CHILDREN.

BY BREATHING RIGHT HE CAN HAVE HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Little Good in the Gymnasium—To Breathe Correctly Means an Erect Body and a Graceful Carriage—Every Boy May Reach a Green Old Age.

Edwin Chockley, a teacher of physical education in Brooklyn, N. Y., has some new ideas which he has given to the public in regard to the physical training of children.

"The present system is wrong from beginning to end," he said to a reporter.

"Pick up a 6 month's old infant," he added, "hold him in an unstrained upright position, and you will find that his back is broad and flat and that his spine is perfectly straight. As soon as the child begins to walk the spine begins to curve. Why? The weight of his abdomen causes the lower part of his back to sink forward and sag down. There is error number one. Subsequent physical training takes no notice of it."

"You will find, too, that an infant in arms has the power, while sitting bolt upright, of putting his foot, or at least a part of it, in his mouth. This is because his hip joint is perfectly free and flexible. He loses this flexibility almost from the moment he begins to walk. The ordinary system of athletic or calisthenic training takes no notice of this loss."

"The child should be taught to stand and to walk correctly. Next he should be instructed as to the proper way of using every muscle and joint. Teach him those things and he will be a graceful healthy strong man. Neglect them and while he may become temporarily strong his power is neither lasting nor conducive to long life and vigor."

"Nothing is more important than to teach children the general principles of right development. It is a mere makeshift to bring forward calisthenics. Only a small minority of the children in classes for physical training give any vigor or meaning to the few insignificant movements of the arms. Most of the boys and almost all of the girls make merely superficial movements, with no sense of the meaning and no feeling of exhilaration. If anything has been said to the children about breathing no effect is visible. If anything has been said about the carriage of the body the instruction has been confined to an injunction to 'keep back the shoulders.'"

"In a nervous effort to obey the latter injunction children are often found with hollowed backs and shoulder blades driven in against the spine. When the shoulders are violently and persistently thrown back the shoulder blades almost meet. They press on the spine and jam the upper part of it forward. This effect is simply unavoidable."

"If a child is sent to school at the age of 5 or 6 the teacher should watch him at his desk to make sure that he maintains an erect position. It will be found that if the head is kept properly held erect the chin is bound to draw up the breast bone. By holding the body erect and straight the child will find it easy to breathe in the costal way—that is, with the upper part of the chest. This, I claim, is the proper way to breathe. Of course it is not easy to learn all at once, but a careful teacher, by taking pains, could soon bring her class into such a condition that they would find it easier to stand, walk, and sit right than wrong."

"It is not necessary to spend any special half hour a day in teaching these things. The instructor who is with children all the time is the one to keep them standing or sitting properly. Folding the arms, the present attitude of respectful attention, is one that cramps the chest and the breathing apparatus. It should never be practiced. Let the teacher instruct her children to keep the upper point of the forehead and the most prominent part of the chest always uplifted, as if trying to push up through the ceiling. A word now and again will soon inculcate the right sort of carriage. Let all bending forward be done from the hip joint and not from the waist. The backbone need not and should not be bent in stooping to pick up anything."

"Instead of wasting time over rods and wands, teachers should make the children learn how to hold their bodies and how to move the shoulders, hips, and other joints properly in the ordinary business of life. Children can get little good from what they learn mechanically. The youngster's mind must be aroused. Teach him that dumbbells, but the knowledge he acquires in the carriage and deportment of his body, will make him a more intelligent and a more physically educated man than anything else accomplished only through the mind."

"The mere acquirement of muscular tissue is not of so much importance as a good sheath of sound healthy agile bone covering. By that I mean elastic supple tendons and muscles working in harmony, directed by a well regulated mind. This is what children need. The shoulders should not be strained back of the hip joint. These two joints should be on the same perpendicular line. The chest must have prominence, and then firm support, and the shoulders when held back far enough to give the chest free development find a natural and comfortable center. I am no believer in the theory of extensive destruction in tissues and hurried rebuilding of them to secure health. Such training is abnormal. The cat, the horse, dog, tiger, and other lower animals keep their strength for the most part with light exercise. The tendency of hard exercise is hard muscles, and hard muscles are dead. It is in the conservation of energy, and not in the prodigal dissipation of energy, that the greatest strength and endurance of the body will always lie. Our bodies should remain firm but pliant, and in most parts soft. There is no reason why any of us should become inactive before our 80th birthday."

Judge Kelley's Point on Mr. Beck.

In the heat of the (reconstruction) debate over the Alabama constitution, 20 years ago—so runs the account of the deceased Philadelphia Congressman—there was a tall gaunt man occupying the floor and reading from a paper containing the names of the signers of that document. He was reciting them off one by one in the broadest Scotch, through which there burst the words "Car-r-r-pet-bagger" and "Scalawag." The speaker was a new man, and the Pennsylvaniaian, asking some one for his name, learned that it was "Mr. Beck, of Kentucky."

Two or three hours later the judge had occasion to go to the office of the Public Printer, where he found Mr. Beck alone, waiting for the coming of the printer's boy. The two Congressmen stood for a moment side by side, when the elder ob-

DR. KEENE'S STORY.

I am a New Yorker, born and bred. I graduated in medicine and held out my first modest shingle in that city. My modest amount of money left me by my parents who died when I was a mere boy was at this time nearly exhausted, and my practice for some time left me with a good deal of leisure time. Not more, though, than I would have liked for scientific research. I was fond of burrowing into old and forgotten medical works, not neglecting, however, by any means, newer writings, and for a time kept abreast of the times, but these old books had a singular fascination for me. I was very fond of experiments, too, and am still, but never tampered with life or health. I was only not just satisfied, if the usual remedies failed, to fold my hands and let the patient die. I wanted to try, then, something out of the usual, if I was sure that no harm would ensue. I was not so reckless as you may think, either, and this my medical brethren learned, so they quit shunning their shoulders over my experiments."

The most interesting of my experiments they never knew about, and this is the first time I have ever spoken of it to any one besides those chiefly concerned. Frank Howard was one of my most intimate friends. I met him one summer in the Catskills, whither I had taken myself for a week's change and fresh air. I put up at a lonely farm house, where Howard, stopping for a day to await the arrival of some friends, was so unfortunately to sprain his ankle. It was nothing serious, but it compelled him to remain quiet for a few days. His friends, arriving, proceeded on their way, leaving him in my care.

Frank was a cheery happy young fellow of 30, and took his mishap with uncommonly good grace. I read to him from my small store of books and papers, and we had long and interesting talks. Frank was full of the enthusiasm of youth, and I, eight or ten years his senior, was, my steady good colleagues would have said, a visionary romantic boy. These few days made a better acquaintance than we would have become in months of intercourse in the city. When Frank was able to rejoin his friends, my time was up and I returned to town, regretting the necessity that compelled me to part with the pleasant young fellow.

He did not forget his promise to look me up when he returned to the city, and from that time on we were the best of friends.

My friend was a good looking young fellow, tall, well made, to figure, easy and graceful. He had blue eyes, a well shaped brow and rounded chin. His hair, which, however, was quite thin, giving promise of early baldness, a nose perhaps a trifle too long, and an upper lip a trifle too short. His front teeth, though white, were not well shaped. Greatly to his sorrow he could not raise a mustache, try hard as he might, and he had tried very hard, indeed, investing many a dollar in nostrums warranted to produce the desired result.

Frank's well known, which, however, he had not a mustache, but he did not want a hanker after whiskers, a mustache was all he wanted—for he had worn false ones upon several occasions when talking part in private theatricals. He was quite clever, and played very well for an amateur, but often accepted a part. I verily believe, more for the opportunity it gave him to wear a mustache than for any other reason.

He was very well situated, financially. His parents were dead. His father had left him a good business, which, however, he had so far demanded little of his time, as his father had also left him a partner, a shrewd steady bachelor, without near kin, who was devoted to the young man. Considerable property outside of the business added a good deal to his income. Like myself, he had few relatives, but then he had hosts of friends, and was a great favorite in society. There were plenty of nice girls who would have become Mrs. Howard—one at a time, of course—and he asked them, mustache or no mustache. No one thought of his lack of one as he did, and none but I know how he felt about it.

We had been discussing various experiments one evening when he had dropped in, as he often did, on his way to a reception. After a silence of some moments, evidently spent in deep thought, for he had not seemed to hear one or two of my remarks, Frank broke out:

"See here, doctor, can't you transplant a bit of one's scalp to my lip, and make a mustache of it all grow. You read or told me something, one evening about such an experiment, or else dreamed it. I have been wanting to speak to you about it. I'd gladly spare some of my own scalp if the hair on it was so awfully thin. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you can manage it, and pay all expenses. Think it over, and see if there isn't some way to do it, and now I must be off. Good night, old boy!"

I laughed at the idea, but after he had gone I could not help thinking about it. A thousand dollars was certainly tempting. My practice did not increase so rapidly as I could have wished, and, of course, like many another foolish young fellow, I had married a nice girl when scarcely able to keep myself comfortably, and the tiny olive branches had a dreary, sweet as they were, of appearing all too frequently for a poor man. I'm not saying, mind you, that I've ever regretted my marriage, or been willing to spare one of the boys and girls now growing up so fast around me, but money was very scarce in those days, and a thousand dollars seemed too much to let go without some effort to earn it.

I did a lot of hard thinking for a few days and spent all my spare time over some old books in a dusty, out of the way library down town. I finally found that I would see what could be done if he would give me \$500, the rest if I succeeded in the undertaking. He agreed at once, so I put a carefully worded "Want" in the Herald, offering \$200 for a bit of scalp from the head of a healthy person, a young woman preferred, and naming an hour for applicants to call at my office.

I had a good many answers in person, but by letter. The letters I paid no attention to, and those who called, not suit, until I began to think I would have a good deal of trouble to find the right person, when my small boy of all work ushered in a young lady. I knew that she was young, though she was a little veiled, by her slight girlish figure and low sweet tremulous voice. Her dress was neat and plain and fitted exquisitely. Her gloves and boots were not new, but they were the gloves and boots of a lady. Wavy dark brown hair was worn in a simple coil beneath a little round hat, and I thought "Here's the very girl at last!"

I questioned her closely, and explained

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to her more fully than to the others just what I wanted. She was nervous, as was quite natural, but she evidently made up her mind to win the \$200, if possible. She was perfectly healthy, she said, and so far as she knew came of healthy parents.

Her father was dead. Her mother was usually quite well, though not very strong. She was just now suffering from injuries received in a fall on the stairs.

"The doctor says," the young lady went on, "that my mother will soon be as well as ever, but we need money very badly at present. On account of my mother's illness I lost my position—that is, I am out of employment, and as I am the bread winner for our family, I am willing to do anything honorable that will not injure my health to earn money. I must stipulate that my face shall remain covered, and that no effort will be made by any one to discover my identity."

"Can you endure the operation without the aid of an anesthetic?" I asked. "You must know that your confidence is sacred."

But no. She insisted that her nerves were strong enough to endure the ordeal; so I appointed an hour next day for the operation, and bowed her out. I then rushed off to inform Frank of my success. He was charmed with my description of the girl, and delighted with her luck.

"Give her \$500," he said, "whether the operation is successful or not. She is a brave girl to do such a thing for her family. Great hulking boys, no doubt, some of them. Now I haven't much family, but I am sure I wouldn't part with any of my scalp for all of my relatives in a heap."

The young lady was promptness itself. I had just shown her into an inner room when Frank arrived. After the operation I sent her away first, then put her into a cab, taking care to withdraw before she gave the driver his orders.

No. I'm not going to tell you how I transplanted two bits of scalp from the back of the girl's head to the lip of the young man. I have never told any one how it was done, but it was a success.

The young couple were as brave as possible. There was not even a groan from either. The girl lay face down upon a lounge, her luxuriant wavy hair streaming around her. I could not but admire the demure shape of her head and the pretty neck, with the curls of hair curling down upon it. Just below one's shoulder like a small star shaped spot showed white upon the now rasped skin. It would probably not be noticeable usually. The young lady came to my office for some days until the wounds were quite healed. As she was young and healthy it did not take long, but I never got a glimpse of her face, nor did I try to do so, having too much respect for the courageous young creature. When I handed her the \$500, she was full of joy and her voice was full of happy tears as she clasped my hand in both of hers and faltered:

"Oh, doctor, I do not know how to thank you; you can not realize what a help this money will be to us. It is a perfect godsend, and I don't owe a bit mind the pain, which I will confess now was rather hard to bear."

My own needs enabled me to quite understand her feelings. My \$1,000 freed me from many a present worry, and before it was gone I had secured quite a paying practice.

I attended Howard in his own apartments. When he was sufficiently recovered he went abroad for a while. He returned, after some months, pleased with his trip, and delighted with his handsome brown mustache, which certainly added much to his good looks. He was so busy with social arrangements and I was so fully occupied that for some months I saw very little of him. The fault was chiefly mine, however, for Frank seemed to think more of me than ever, and I often found his card upon my return from a professional call. One evening he came and found me at leisure.

"So glad to find you in, doctor," he said, "I've come to be congratulated. I am going to marry the dearest girl in the world, and want you, my best friend, to wish me joy."

I did congratulate him heartily, and as I did so he replied: "She is Miss Mildred Faye, a member of the company at— theater. Don't look so surprised. Not a nice girl, lives. A breath of slander has never touched her name. Her father died when she was about 18—just out of school. He was thought to be very well off—the family had always lived in good style—but at his death his wife and two daughters found themselves almost penniless. Not even their father's fortune was left. Mrs. Faye, a delicate little body, unused to work of any kind, had no idea as to how they were to make a living, so Mildred had to take the lead. Kate, three or four years younger than she, must be kept in school, and the three must be provided somehow with food, clothing, and shelter. Mildred had been fairly educated, but not thoroughly enough to attempt teaching, so she determined to go upon the stage. She had had a good deal of experience in amateur theatricals, and had been very warmly praised for her acting. I had heard of Miss Faye's talent, but never happened to see her. Good critics had said she would make a sensation if she would go on the stage, professionally. When she announced her determination her friends were much shocked, and her mother quite overcome, but no one had anything better to suggest, so she had her own way. She knew that she was inexperienced, and must be content with a small salary and a small part to begin with. She wished very much to get into a home company, but that seemed impossible, so she accepted a minor part in a very good company going upon the road."

No one who has not tried it can understand what she had to endure. Tenderly cared for all her life, with plenty of money for reasonable needs, she now had to practice the strictest economy. She stopped at cheap hotels, did without fires, walked whenever it was possible to do so, all to save every cent she could for the loved ones at home. She was understood for the leading lady, who was neither young nor pretty, but who possessed what Mildred most lacked, experience. She also possessed a temper, and one night, not long before the rising of the curtain, refused to go on. The long suffering manager appealed to Mildred. She was letter perfect, and in spite of considerable natural nervousness made a great hit. The delighted manager gave her the part for the rest of the season, but tried to keep her salary unchanged. This she would not agree to, so they finally compromised on a fair sum, which enabled Mildred to take better care of her loved ones at home. The part suited her, and every where she was warmly praised for her acting. Everything looked bright and

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promising when a telegram came her to her mother's side. It was so worded that she was not much alarmed. It was Saturday night. They were near New York, and she left, expecting to rejoin the company in time for the performance Monday evening.

She found that her mother had slipped upon the stairs and dislocated her arm. This had been set, and the doctor said, would soon be well; but she was nervous and shaken, and would not hear of Mildred's leaving her, and kept the poor girl until her place in the company had been filled. When Mrs. Faye, slowly recovering, came to her senses, the season was nearly closed and an engagement was not to be had. Their money was about gone, and times, I fancy, were pretty hard, when some good friend must have helped them with a loan. At the beginning of this season Mildred got her present position. A very good one, if she was going to remain upon the stage, which she did not know. She is going to marry me two weeks from to-day. I want you and Mrs. Keene to come to the wedding. Only the family, a young lady friend of Mildred's, and my dear old partner, will be there. The rooms are too small to have any one else. We go away at once. Mrs. Faye and Kate will take possession of our house, which I am busy furnishing. You know I've never had much of a home, and feel awfully happy over the prospect of having such a nice mother and sister and the sweetest wife in the world. I am now good-by. Don't forget the day!" and the happy fellow went away as if walking on air.

The appointed hour found myself and wife knocking at the door of Mrs. Faye's cozy little flat. Frank presented us to his future mother and the minister—Mr. Haines, Frank's partner, we knew already—and then stepped to the door of the next room and handed out the bride, who was followed by her sister and her friend. The bride wore a simple white gown with a veil falling over her face. Miss Duncan, a pretty blonde, was in blue. Kate Faye, a slip of a girl, dark haired and dark eyed, wore pink. The minister soon made the happy pair one, and after the bride's mother and the young ladies had kissed and cried over her a little while, my wife and I stepped forward to be presented and offer our congratulations.

The new Mrs. Howard was all that her lover's fond fancy had painted her, with graceful girl of medium height, with soft brown eyes, a lovely complexion, a sweet mouth about which played pretty dimples, and wavy brown hair worn in a heavy coil at the back of a shapely head, and falling in tiny rings upon a low white brow. When my name was mentioned, she looked up with a deep blush, which quickly receding left her very pale. In a low musical voice, whose tones were strangely familiar to my ear, she thanked us for our good wishes.

After some simple refreshments the bride went away to put on her traveling dress, and as they were about to depart I stood beside her for a moment. She turned to speak to her husband, and I saw what answered my question, "Where had I heard that voice?" Just below the left ear was a tiny star shaped spot, showing white through the tony blush called up by her husband's tone and glance.

They went away a happy couple and returned more in love, if possible, with each other than before. I have been settled, as you know, in this place for a number of years. I do not see Frank Howard very often nowadays. I do not know, though, whether he and his wife, devoted as they are to each other, have exchanged confidences on the mustache question or no. They have made no sign. Neither have I.—Mrs. Juliette M. Babbitt.

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

Dr. Gatling, inventor of the sulphur shower bath, gun which bears his name, is 85 years old and lives at Hartford.

General Joseph E. Johnston, one of the surviving heroes of the Lost Cause, is 84, but as buoyant and as active as a man of 60. The whole Southern people feel a great pride in him.

Bret Harte is a careful, even fastidious worker. He called at a friend's office in London the other day and filled the waste basket with epistolary attempts before he was satisfied with a letter which he left on his friend's desk.

Louise Michel, the "stormy petrel of French politics," has a flaming red face, an egg-shaped forehead, and straggling ringlets of hair falling loosely on her neck. She dresses in black, and wears neither flowers nor jewelry.

Sir Julian Goldsmid has returned to England with a very good opinion of American newspaper men. He says he found them to be generally "an intelligent and most polite set of men." Sir Julian must be a gentleman and an ascolar.

Kowalski, the Polish tailor, who was the Poole of Paris 20 years ago, owning a magnificent shop in the Passage des Princess, and being patronized by the dandies of the day, gave too much credit and became bankrupt. He worked at his trade until a few days ago, when he killed himself in a miserable garret.

William Dean Howells lives in an apartment house on Commonwealth avenue in Boston. He and his wife have led a retired life since the death of their eldest daughter. Mrs. Howells is fond of painting, for which she has great talent. Mr. Howells likes to take long walks through the crooked streets of the old part of Boston.

Only One Order in Three Years.

Two traveling men were seated in one of the leading hotels a few days ago, when a third entered in an unassuming manner and approached the clerk's desk. As he did so one of the two said to the other:

"Now, there's a man who has a soft thing, if ever a fellow had it on earth."

"Why, what does he do?"

"He's a traveling man; runs for one of the biggest concerns in the country; gets a good salary, and I pledge you my word he's only taken one order in three years."

"Oh, come off, now, that's too thin."

"Fact, though, I assure you. He has, as I say, taken but one order in three years."

"Why, man, it can't be so. There isn't a house on earth that would stand it five minutes. Who does he travel for, anyway? I'll hit them for a job myself!"

"He travels for a suspension bridge company."

An immediate adjournment was taken to the bar, where mutual sorrow and laughter were drowned in a familiar and soothing beverage.—(Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.)

The grave of a little son of the late Jefferson Davis, in Richmond, is decked with flowers every day by an old gentleman of that city.

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A Smart Aleck Who Was a Lawyer.

In one of St. Paul's palatial houses lives a young widow—willow blondes, with brown eyes, who has occasion to appear in dress she will probably wear a pair of gloves which she took from a well known gentleman who has apartments on the same floor. This is how it happened. The gentleman came home one afternoon and as he passed along the hall, his rooms he saw through the half-open door of the fair one's room a slight glimpse caused him to stop and exclaim: "What on earth are you doing?" The lady stepped to the door and explained that the new dress had just been sent home and that she had placed her mirror down on the floor so that she could see how the dress looked as she walked past.

"Looks all right," said he.

"That's all you know about it," said the widow. "In the first place it doesn't hang well behind; there is a certain satisfaction and peace of mind to a woman that knows that her dress hangs well behind that the comforts of religion do not give. But the greatest fault with it is that it is so short that I am almost ashamed to wear it."

"That's so, it is awfully short," he said, looking down at the widow's graceful ankles as she moved around behind a chair. "But I always did admire those embroidered lisle thread—"

"You don't know what you're talking about; they're not lisle thread and you have nothing to base an opinion on except your too fertile imagination."

"Well, I never worked in a dry goods store, but I'll just bet you a pair of gloves that I am right and that they are lisle thread."

"And you won't ever tell a living soul if I show you that you are wrong?"

"Never! upon my honor."

"Well, come in and close the door, but remember that I trust you to be honorable in this and never breathe a word of it. And if I satisfy you that you are wrong I am to have a pair of eight button white gloves."

"Yes, yes, that's all right," he answered impatiently, thinking it would be a good bet if he lost.

Walking demurely to a dressing case, she opened the upper drawer and said: "I bought three pairs yesterday; here are the other two, and you see they are silk, not lisle thread, and they have just a little line up the side instead of embroidery."

"But I thought you were going to—"

"Sir! There are some subjects upon which you have no right to think. Never mind what you thought," she continued, as she held the door open for her caller to exit. Just utilize your shaker in remembering that you owe me a pair of gloves.—(St. Paul Pioneer Press.)

Lincoln, the Lawyer.

"Yes, we can doubtless gain your case for you," said Abraham Lincoln to a man anxious to retain him; "we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children and thereby get for you \$200, to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which, rightly belongs, it appears to me, to the woman and her children."

"You must remember," continued Mr. Lincoln, "that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we shall charge you nothing. You appear to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making \$600 in some other way."

Mr. Herndon, for twenty years Mr. Lincoln's law partner, and now his biographer, says that he once wrote to one of their clients: "I do not think there is the least use of doing anything more with your lawsuit. I not only do not think you are sure to gain it, but I do think you are sure to lose it. Therefore the sooner it ends the better."

"I see that you've been suing some of my clients, and I've come down to talk with you about it," he said one day to a lawyer who had brought suit to enforce the specific performance of a contract.

Upon seeing the evidence to be presented, Mr. Lincoln said: "Your client is justly entitled to a decree, and I shall so represent it to the court; for it is against my principles to contest a clear matter of right." Some lawyers would have contested the case until the value of the farm was consumed by the costs of litigation.