

PUNCTUALITY.

The trouble began as soon as we were married—nay, even before. I had been engaged to Charley long enough to learn his weaknesses pretty well, and as our wedding day approached I began to tremble.

"Charley," I said as we parted the night before, "don't be late to-morrow whatever you do."

"Good heavens, Lelia! What do you take me for?" said Charley. "If ever a man was ready for anything—"

"Which you never were since I knew you," I said. "I believe you would manage to be late for your own funeral."

"That would not depend quite so much upon my own volition," said Charley laughing. "Make your mind easy, little woman; I shall be in time."

I was by no means convinced of it, but I could say no more. At first I had thought of being married in the English style, but I did not fancy the idea of waiting at the chancel rails for Charley. The only safe thing seemed to be to secure him before we left the house.

Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the wedding, and as the time approached, of course I was in a turmoil. I was sure that the hair dresser was late, but Aunt Fan convinced me that the appointed hour had not yet arrived. He came promptly on the stroke of the clock, then all was hurry and worry until my toilet was completed. I was ready, from the spray of orange blossom which fastened my veil to the rosette on my slipper, but Charley had not come.

"It's too bad," I said. "He promised so faithfully to be here in time. Do send somebody to look him up."

"Dear child!" cried Aunt Fan, in terror. "Whatever you do, don't cry. Blushing cheeks are all very well for a bride, but blushing eyes are a decided mistake. There is plenty of time. It is only half-past one."

"But he might be here," I cried. "I'm ready, and why not he? It's too bad!"

One great tear splashed down upon the broadened seam of my dress. That frightened me, and, resolutely repressed the rest, while Aunt Fan carefully dried the spot with her lace handkerchief. It was completely effaced, but still Charley did not come. Then I fell into stony despair.

"He won't come at all. There will be no wedding, and I shall be the laughing stock of everybody."

"My dear Lelia," said Aunt Fan, "you are not in England. You can be married at any time, and it is not 2 yet."

"But just on the stroke," I said.

Just then the cuckoo clock shouted out its two absurd notes. A moment afterwards the door bell rang, and Charley walked in as calm and composed as if I had not been enduring agonies.

"Charley! Charley! how could you?" cried Aunt Fan, and bit my lip to keep back the tears which rushed to my eyes.

"What is it?" said Charley, looking utterly bewildered. Instead of looking ashamed, when he understood the state of affairs, he began to laugh. "My dear child," he said, "the clock was striking two as you came up the steps. I said I would be in time and I am."

The wedding journey was not a period of unalloyed bliss to me. Charley never missed a train or a boat, but he was never more than just in time, so that I was kept in constant terror. To the hour for meals he paid not the slightest attention. When I reminded him of them, he merely inquired if I was hungry. If I could not say that I was, he laughed and said: "Then why hurry? What is the use of being in a hotel if we cannot take our time?" As if punctuality were not a virtue in itself.

It was a relief to me when we came home and settled down at last to begin life in earnest. We had had no little quarrel about the furnishing of our house. I wanted a clock in every room to which Charley decidedly objected.

"Time was made for slaves," he said.

"Why should I be constantly reminded of my bonds?" I asked.

"I may be punctual and energetic, and a score of other things. I come home for relaxation, and I want to forget all annoyances. Have a clock in the kitchen, by all means, and put one, if you choose in the servant's bedroom. For the rest, we have our watches, and what possible need have we for more?"

My clearest and most intimate friend, Tina Verringer, was to be married and Charley and I had vowed in the most solemn manner to attend the wedding. Tina lived at Mountclair and it was there, of course, that the ceremony was to take place.

"Do you think that nine o'clock will be early enough to leave here?" asked Charley mockingly.

"Nine o'clock! My dear Charley, she is not to be married until one, and Mountclair is only an hour away."

"I know," said Charley, "but I was anxious to be in time. I think that we had better start at nine to make sure."

I swallowed my astonishment as I best could, and submitted. It was not a pleasant day. If I were not afraid of exaggerating, I should say that it was a decidedly unpleasant one, being cold and gray, damp and chilly, with that chilliness that goes through your bones. Already a few stray snow flakes were fluttering down, giving promise of a storm later in the day.

The depot at Hoboken is not a specially exhilarating place to wait in; but Charley settled himself comfortably with his paper upon one of the straight up and down settees, saying, "We need not take too early a train, but it is well to be on hand; even if we do reach Mountclair too soon, we can walk about and see the place, you know."

Walk about, and see the place on such a day! I said nothing, but I inwardly decided that we would not take too early a train. At last we were warm and sheltered, where we were, and who knew what we might find at the other end? While I was settling this point in my own mind, the door at the end of the room was flung open and Charley sprang to his feet.

Things had gone on this way for two or three months. I did not suppose that Charley knew or, indeed, saw, how I fretted about it. I tried hard to hide my irritation, for I really loved him and did not wish to annoy, still less to alienate him; but I suppose that my efforts were in vain. We were talking about a reception to which we were going, the evening and I said: "Not, Charley, for once, you do make me waste so much time waiting for you."

Charley laughed as usual, and was going to make one of his careless retorts but he stopped suddenly.

"We have been married four months, haven't we, Lelia?" he said.

"It was the 8th of August and this is the 8th of December."

"And in all that time you have not been able to cure me of my dreadful fault! Poor little girl! Your hair will be grey in a year at this rate. I am going to try the effect of turning over a new leaf, and see how we both like it."

I did not know exactly what he meant then, but I began to understand when he went into his dressing room the moment I suggested it. He came out fully equipped, even to his gloves, before I had half finished dressing.

"No hurry, Lelia," he said looking in at us as he passed. "I only wanted to let you know that I am ready whenever you are."

Of course I had to hurry after that, but as I always hurried anyhow, it did not make much difference. As I said nothing, except "the carriage is at the door," when I came down. Of course after all the fuss I had made, I could not say that it was too early to go, though I knew very well that it was and was quaking inwardly all the way.

"Don't you think it would be pleasant to drive round Washington square?" I said in desperation.

"Washington square?" exclaimed Charley. "Are you mad, Lelia? Why not by Philadelphia at once? Washington square is miles out of our way."

As if that was not just my object! I could not explain myself, however, so I kept still, and we drove to our destination by the shortest route. When we reached it, the hostess entirely unprepared to receive us, and the waiter who let us in equally surprised and contemptuous at our untimely arrival. Of course we had the pleasure of spending a solitary hour, I in the ladies' and Charley in the gentlemen's dressing room before we descended. Even then we were among the earliest guests.

"I begin to feel the reward of virtue already," sighed Charley, as we descended the stairs. "How nice it is to be early! The carriage is ordered for one, and I'll be sure to be ready."

He was—and I was not. I had met an old friend and we were in the middle of a most interesting conversation. She was only at New York en passant, and I should not see her again. It was very provoking to be obliged to break off in the middle of our talk, but how could I tell Charley that I was not ready when he stood waiting with an air of conscious virtue? Even then we were among the earliest guests.

"I had not supposed at first that Charley's reformation was permanent, but as the days went on, I was forced to confess that it looked very much like it as it were. Promptly as the clock struck six in the evening, he entered the house; promptly as it struck nine in the morning he left it. No entreaties could detain him an instant beyond his time."

"No, Lelia, my dear," was his invariable reply. "I have already wasted too much of life by unpunctuality. You have convinced me of my error. I will strive to undo the good which you have done."

Of course such sentiments ought to have delighted my heart, and they did, in a measure. Only in a measure, however, I must confess, for I began to think that we should be known everywhere as the early birds. It was now necessary to urge Charley to get ready for anything. We were always the first in church; we were waiting at the door of the operas and theatres long before they were open; at parties or receptions it was our invariable custom to spend from half an hour to an hour in the dressing room in order to descend with the earliest guests. And Charley was continually expatiating on the sweet reward of virtue and thanking me for teaching him the beauty of punctuality. I spent myself in vain wonderings as to how long this state of things was to last; but of course it came to a climax finally.

My closest and most intimate friend, Tina Verringer, was to be married and Charley and I had vowed in the most solemn manner to attend the wedding. Tina lived at Mountclair and it was there, of course, that the ceremony was to take place.

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"Come," he said; "we might as well make sure of this train, after all," and before I could find words in which to couch my objections without giving the lie to all the fixed principles of my life, we were in the cars.

Charley was seated in his newspaper and I was gazing from the window upon the fast whitening meadows, when the conductor passed before us with a demand for "tickets." They were ready to hand, but the conductor gazed upon them blankly.

"Where?" he asked, briefly.

"Mountclair," replied Charley, with equal brevity.

"Wrong train. Yours left ten minutes later from the other door. You'd better get out at Newark, and take it there. If you miss it, there'll be another along in forty minutes."

"It is fortunate that we have plenty of time," said Charley to me, as the conductor said, "Aren't you glad that I have reformed in regard to punctuality?"

"Oh, very glad!" I said with a slight tinge of irony, and adding, inwardly, "especially if it leads you to take the wrong train rather than wait for the right one."

We got out at Newark and took the next train that came along. Being the next, we made sure that it must be the right one, but it wasn't. That train landed us at Orange where we spent a quiet hour before another Newark bound train picked us up.

"You see, dear," said Charley, "I go upon your principle of always being in time. If we keep on asking the first train that comes along, we shall be sure to get there sometime—if not in time for the wedding, then, perhaps, in time for the funeral of all the family."

"We shall not certainly be in time for the wedding at this rate," I said, half laughing and half crying. "Suppose by way of variety, we try the effect of taking the last train?"

"What and abandon principle? Never!" cried Charley. "However, I think we will inquire before we try again."

We did inquire, but with the result of finding that the next train which it would be possible for us to take would not reach Mountclair until half an hour after the time fixed for the wedding.

"Shall we try it?" asked Charley cheerfully. "The wedding may be delayed, you know. The groom may be unpunctual or something."

I fairly broke down at that. "I don't want to go dragging in just at the tail end of the train, either then or when we are sitting together in the evening. Charley was too busy with paper and pencil to take any notice though."

"Lelia," he said suddenly.

"What is it?" I asked rather sulkily.

"I am thoroughly convinced now," said Charley, "that punctuality is the king of all virtues. It is the essence of humanity, but doesn't it strike you as rather an expensive one?"

"How!" I asked, melted a little, but not much.

"Well, I won't speak of to-day, for that was not a fair test. I know you think that I made all those blunders on purpose, but I didn't. I'm cold and tired and wretched, but I was more than that. I was thoroughly indignant, for I was sure that Charley had done it all on purpose. Though I had a bidden consciousness that I deserved a lesson of some kind I thought that he had punished me too severely, so I had little to say to him either then or when we were sitting together in the evening. Charley was too busy with paper and pencil to take any notice though."

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Henry T. Paddock is the husband of Maggie Mitchell, and was formerly a hatter in Cleveland, O. Cyril Searle, an actor, who we believe, does not act, is the husband of Rose Eyring, Robert Pollock an English Canadian, formerly an actor and journalist, is Annie Pixley's husband. Madame Januszek's husband is a nonentity by the name of Pilot. Minnie Palmer is the wife of her manager, Mr. Rogers. Catharine Lewis took for a husband a Swede named Oscar Arfwedson. He is said to have been in his day a very rich man, but now is so reduced in circumstances that it is said that he is tending bar in a saloon on Eighth avenue, New York. Mrs. Jeffrey Lewis, the sister of Catherine, is a Mrs. Maitland. He was a San Francisco stock operator, but he turned down his heels and returned to the stage. Lillian Russell's husband is Mr. Harry Brahan. Effie German is a widow, but her late husband was a negro minstrel, named Gibbons. Mrs. Marie Wilkin's first husband was the once famous criminal lawyer, Sergeant Wilkins. The name of her present husband, she escapes me. Miss Marie Janson took for her husband James Barton Key who was shot by General Sikes. Minnie Madden's husband is Mr. Legrand White, who was a musician, but is now a nothing. Mr. Fredric Harriott, once a flour merchant and related to the Havemeyers, is the husband of Clara Morris whose general manager and agent is, Alfred Follen, a nephew of Mrs. Frank Leslie, is Maud Granger's husband, but a suit for divorce is pending between them. William Perzel is the husband of Marie Prescott. None of these men are heard of. Their identity is entirely merged in that of their more gifted wives.

Lincoln on McClellan.

A Reminiscence Related by Ex-Gov. Austin Blair, of Michigan.

From the Detroit (Mich.) Free Press.

In a recent address at Belleville, Mich., ex-Gov. Austin Blair, gave an account of the convention of governors of northern states that met at Altoona, Penn., at the time of the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation by Pres. Lincoln, in 1862. The convention was called to bring an influence to bear upon President Lincoln to induce him to issue a proclamation or do some act that should set at liberty the 4,000,000 slaves; but the president, after the proclamation was issued, by the Emancipation Proclamation, the same day their convention met.

The governors then decided to go on to Washington and present to the president, not the urgent resolutions they had intended, but an address complimenting him upon the step he had taken. This address was prepared in an able manner by Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, who read it; President Lincoln as he sat at his desk, while the governors were seated around the room.

After that an incident happened that Gov. Blair said he had never before related to any one. Gov. Kirkwood of Iowa, since a United States senator and secretary of the interior, rose and said: "Mr. President—I should be delighted could I return to my home and say to the people of Iowa that the president of the United States believes Gen. George B. McClellan is a royal man."

He branched off upon other subjects connected with the war, and then closed by repeating with more emphasis than usual, and said, with much force and apparent excitement: "Loyal George B. McClellan is as loyal as any one of you!" Then stopping a moment the president's face assumed its naturally pleasant look, and he continued in a natural and pleasing tone: "I'll tell you gentlemen, George B. McClellan is an exceedingly fine fellow. He is a very careful, in fact, too careful, and the great trouble with him is that when he wins a victory he doesn't know what to do with it."

"Why not try somebody else?" mildly suggested Gov. Blair, and that might lose an army by it," was the quick response of the president, which Gov. Blair admitted "completely unhorsed him."

A New Steel Gun.

A correspondent writes to the New York Herald from Annapolis a very interesting account of certain experiments that have been made there during the last five months with a new style of gun. This gun was made out of an old one by putting on a jacket and hoops and a bronze extension piece to lengthen the bore. It might have been expected that with the heavy charges that have been used in this composite cannon would have gone to pieces in a short time, but it has held together without perceptible signs of weakening. The experiments with it have cleared up certain doubtful points, and the experience gained will prove exceedingly valuable in handling the guns of the new steel cruisers, which are to be of American design and manufacture. The size of the charge of powder has been determined quite satisfactorily, and a very high velocity of shell was obtained with a smaller charge than is used in English guns of the same caliber. For instance, in an experiment by Sir William Armstrong, a velocity of 1,897 feet per second was obtained with 21 tons pressure; at Annapolis, with a gun of the same caliber, a muzzle velocity of 2,323 feet per second was recorded with a pressure of only 13.2 tons. A 65-pound projectile fired with a charge of half its weight, furnished a muzzle velocity of 3,120 feet per second, with a pressure of fourteen tons. The range of this projectile at a high elevation, is about six miles.

David Dudley Field has placed a beautiful monument in the east cemetery at Williamstown, Mass., in memory of Dr. Calvin Duffee, the historian of Williams College.

Miscellaneous Matters.

The Olympia Wyoming Courier of recent date says there are now not less than 12,000 Chinamen in British Columbia, and the number is increasing fully 100 per month by the arrival of ship loads in Victoria.

Our consul to Brazil has telegraphed the department of state that I and other eminent physicians, and that after the various microscopic and other tests of the blood of yellow fever patients they have fully established the theory that the yellow fever germ exists in the blood. They claim to have found various evidences in every subject operated on.

The Trenton, N. J., editor who spoiled slightly of factory girls and their men raised a hornets' nest, and the result of fifteen hundred factory girls coupled with threats at an elaborate play of boycotting methods was so fearful that he had to come and say that wrote the offensive article in a hurry and didn't mean it.

A trial of the 81-ton guns at Dover, short time ago, resulted successfully. The ground trembled perceptibly from the effects of the explosion, windows and doors rattled, and several thin panes of glass in the lighthouse were shattered. Four rounds were fired, projecting being all of the same weight—1,100 pounds—but the charges of powder varying from 225 pounds to 4 pounds, the latter being a full charge. The projectiles struck the water at distances varying from 1500 yards to five miles, according to the elevation, as the recoil varied from four to seven feet. The cartridges and aiming apparatus worked admirably.

M. de Lesseps preaches that the children of the rich are over-dressed, over-fed, and under-exercised. He brought up in many respects like young savages—just as he has rearing little folk, and he thinks that had it been for his father's appreciation of the unadorned beauty of infants and dilapidated babyhood, (M. de Lesseps) would not have served his vitality so far into old age as he had done. The basis of a strong constitution were laid in a free and natural childhood. At the age of five he was no more afraid to ride a mettlesome horse than an Arab of the desert. Before his boys and girls were old enough to play marbles and dress dolls he got them ponies and took them out to ride in the environs of Paris.

The corner stone of the Garfield monument in San Francisco is to be laid in August 25, and it is expected that the ceremonies will be very impressive. The governors of all the Pacific coast states and territories, King Kalakana of the Sandwich Islands and his staff, the entire militia of California and Nevada, and detachments from all the coast ports of a grand army of the republic will be present, and the direction of details will be given to the Knights Templar. A monument will stand in Conservatory valley of Golden Gate park.

In Lapland the sun never goes down during May, June and July, but in winter, for two months, he never rises at all. His place, however, is somewhat supplied by the wonderful northern lights, which flash and flicker in gray skies. They look like fires of thousand shapes and colors. Now like clowns, and now like domes; now like flashing nets, and now like streaming silk; now like banners, and now arches; these welcome guests make night beautiful.

The Abbe's Troubles.

A Lady Proclaims Her Love to Him Publicly.

For the past three years the Abbe Henri, vicar of St. Vincent de Paul, Paris, has been persecuted, and, as his religious parb can in no way protect him, he has been compelled to cause his persecutors to be arraigned in the "tribunal correctionnel of Paris," and the following facts have come to light, which proves to what extent feminine romances sometimes goes in France, as applied to Mlle. Marguerite Gastineau, a young lady of some beauty, but somewhat faded by the ravages of time, though, when on trial, her bright shining under a heavy hat, "a la Empire," made some of the jurymen think that they had been the persecuted. Born of respectable trades-people, Mlle. Gastineau is not of the common order, and, with the exception of this she has borne an irreproachable character. About three years ago the poor girl became infatuated with the worthy priest, such an extent that she shadowed him everywhere. If he walked out, she costed him; at the altar, the confessional, her presence was noticeable to the world; she would stand for hours at the prie-dieu awaiting his coming and open her affection for him, and readily demanding a response. The letters that she sent him each day were the least of her love confessions. He, at his coldness, the girl became impatient, and once exclaimed in church, to the astonishment of the congregation, that she loved the abbe, scandal caused the worthy priest to the matter before court. In testing the Mlle. Legrand du Saule, Mlle. Gastineau, the eminent alienist, decided that the woman was of unsound mind, but not sufficient to warrant her incarceration in an asylum. In due course her husband Mlle. Gastineau decided that she was determined to be loved by a priest, as they were kinder and better than laymen. She made a vigorous defense in the civil suit and earned franc damages, while on the other hand she was condemned by the court to an imprisonment of two months for insulting a minister of religion.

From the ground to the top of the capitol tower is a distance of 215 feet, and the statue of justice, is 17 feet high. The distance from the top of her to the ground is 226 feet 2 inches.