

Connected with this Office  
IS A COMPLETE  
Job Printing Department  
A Specialty made of Fine Grade of Printing  
WRITE FOR TERMS.

# The Bee

BY INDUSTRY WE THRIVE

As an  
Advertising Medium  
THIS PAPER STANDS WITHOUT A RIVAL  
LONG TIME CONTRACTS MADE ON AP-  
PLICATION TO THIS OFFICE.

FOURTH YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1892.

NO. 1.

## The Bee.

TERMS—  
Per Year (in advance) \$5.00  
Six Months 3.00  
Three Months 1.50  
Transient Advertisements—  
Special Notices five cents per line each insertion.  
Local Notices (Brevier) run with local reading matter, fifteen cents per line each insertion.  
Rates by the quarter or year furnished on application to this office.  
Advertisements of resolutions of respect, less than twelve lines, inserted free. Per line, or fraction thereof over twelve lines, will be charged five cents.  
Club Rates furnished for best papers and periodicals.  
Be Publishing Co.,  
PUBLISHERS.  
W. H. JERNAGAN, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Man'gr.  
O. W. WADDILL, Cashier.

### Hopkins County BANK

MADISONVILLE, KY.

Capital Stock, - - - \$50,000.

Transacts a general banking business, and invites the accounts of the citizens of Hopkins and adjoining counties.  
Has the finest and most secure vault in this section of Kentucky.

### THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

JANUARY 1, 1892.  
ASSETS, \$1,361,985.58  
Liability, 4 p. c. 109,905.537.82  
SURPLUS, \$26,292,980.56

New Business written in 1891, \$233,118,331  
Assurance in force, 804,894,557

Its latest form of Policy is UNRESTRICTED after one year, INCONTTESTIBLE after two years, "NON-FORFEITABLE" after three years, and payable WITHOUT DELAY.

Write for rates and results, giving age.  
PAUL M. MOORE, AGENT, EARLINGTON, KY.

Commenced Business in 1867.  
JOHN G. MORTON, MADISONVILLE, KY.

### BANKER

Transacts a General Banking Business. Special attention given to collections.  
Thos D Walker, Alias "Old Joker," is still in the lead with a complete stock of Stoves, Castings, and Tinware.

Repairing and Roofing a Specialty.  
"Old Joker" has marked his goods so low, that everything is bound to go.  
LOW CASH SALES AND PROFITS SMALL. Insures the patronage of all.  
Earlington, Ky.

ALA BELLE JARDINIERS.  
L. FRITSCH, 112 FASHIONABLE

MERCHANT TAILOR

IMPORTER OF CLOTHS AND SUITINGS.  
J. B. MOONEY, Steam Engines.

### Cheap Excursion Rates

ARKANSAS AND TEXAS VIA THE COTTON BELT ROUTE!  
THE COTTON BELT ROUTE IS THE ONLY LINE FROM MEMPHIS With Through Car Service to Texas, And Trave as the Finest Farming, Growing and Timber Land in the South, to the most Profitable Towns and Cities in the GREAT SOUTHWEST.

All lines connect with and have tickets on sale via the COTTON BELT ROUTE.  
Ask your nearest Ticket Agent for maps, time tables, etc., and write to any of us following for all information you may desire concerning a trip to the Great Southwest.  
S. G. HATCH, S. G. WARNER, Louisville, Ky.  
W. G. ADAMS, H. H. SUTTON, Louisville, Ky.  
T. W. P. AGENT, Louisville, Ky.  
W. B. DODDRIE, Louisville, Ky.  
Gen'l Manager, Louisville, Ky.  
E. S. BAKER, M.D., J. S. HARKER, M.D.

### DR. E. S. BAKER & SON, Oculists and Opticians, MADISONVILLE, KY.

Treat all Diseases of the Eye, Perform Operations, Insert Artificial Eyes, Etc. Eyes Carefully Tested and the Best Quality of Gold, Silver and Steel, Flint Glass and PURE PEBBLE SPECTACLES SUPPLIED.  
We have one of the Finest Test Cases in America, and can Overcome any Difficulty of the Eye that can be CORRECTED WITH GLASSES.

### W. H. HOFFMAN, DENTIST, MADISONVILLE, KY.

Office on Main street, opposite North Door of Court House.

### T. H. MERRIWEATHER, TONSORIAL ARTIST, EARLINGTON, KY.

If you want a first-class Shave, Shampoo or Hair Cut, this is the place.  
Children's hair-cutting a specialty.

### PATENTS

Claims and Re-issues secured. Trade-Marks registered, and all other patents secured in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted.  
J. R. LITTLE, Solicitor and Attorney and Patent Cases Washington, D. C.

### L. & N. RAILROAD

THE GREAT THROUGH TRUNK LINE between the cities of Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville, Evansville, St. Louis, Nashville, Memphis, Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans, Without Change! AND SPEED UNRIVALED.

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE From St. Louis, Evansville and Henderson to the SOUTHEAST AND SOUTH!  
THROUGH COACHES From above cities to Nashville and Chattanooga, making direct connection WITH PULLMAN PALACE CARS For Atlanta, Savannah, Macon, Jacksonville and Points IN FLORIDA.

Connections are made at Guthrie and Nashville for all points North, East, South and West, in Pullman Palace Cars.  
EMIGRANTS Seeking homes on the beautiful road will receive special low rates. See agents of this company for full particulars, or write to C. P. ATKINS, G. P. & T. A., Louisville, Ky.

### WOODS' P. OSPHOD'NE

The Great English Remedy.  
J. B. MOONEY, Steam Engines.

### Church Directory.

CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.  
First Mass, 8 o'clock. Second Mass and sermon, 10 o'clock. Holy Eucharist and benediction at 3:30 p. m. every Sunday. A. M. Coonan, pastor.  
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.  
Services regularly held, morning and evening. Prayer in each month. Prayer meeting, Thursday night.  
MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.  
Services every Sunday evening and Sunday school at 10:00 p. m.  
M. E. CHURCH.  
Services first Sunday each month. Sunday school at 10:00 p. m.  
ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.  
Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, pastor.  
MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.  
Services Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, pastor.

### Madisonville.

BAPTIST CHURCH.  
Preaching every first and third Sunday, morning and evening, by Elder J. S. Harker. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15.  
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.  
Preaching every second and fourth Lord's day, morning and evening, by Elder J. S. Harker. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15.  
M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.  
Preaching every first and third Lord's day, morning and evening, by T. C. Peters. Prayer-meeting Thursday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock.  
CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
Preaching every second and third Lord's day, morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at 9:15 a. m.  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15. Preaching every third Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. church.

### Kodge Directory.

E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 548, F. & A. M. Meets every first and third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p. m. Transient brethren cordially invited to attend. HENRY C. BOWLAND, W. M. CHAS. CORWELL, Secretary.  
ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 491, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday and Friday night at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. H. WYATT, N. G. C. H. HUNT, Secretary.

### Musical Organizations.

THE ST. BERNARD CORNET BAND meets at the Masonic Hall every Tuesday and Friday night. All musicians are invited to join. Meetings begin at 8 o'clock. Manager, Thos. M. Evans, Railroad Commission. I. B. WYATT, N. G. T. G. TERRY, Recorder.

### Official Directory.

State.  
Governor—John Young Brown.  
Lieutenant Governor—Michael C. Alfred.  
Secretary of State—John W. Headley.  
Assistant Secretary of State—Edward O. Leigh.  
Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Brown.  
Auditor General—W. J. Hendricks.  
Judge of the Supreme Court—C. S. Williams.  
Treasurer—H. S. Hale.  
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Ed. Porter Thompson.  
Register Land Office—Green B. Swenson.  
Insurance Commissioner—Henry F. Duncan.  
Deputy Commissioner, W. T. Havens.  
Militia General—A. J. Green.  
Assistant Adjutant General—F. M. Richardson.  
Supt. Arsenal—Capt. David C. Chick. McDowell.  
Inspector Public Trusts—W. J. Marcy.  
Commissioner of Agriculture—C. C. Dick.  
Court of Appeals—Chief Justice, W. H. Holt; J. H. Lewis, Clerk, A. Adams, Justice.  
Superior Court—Presiding Judge, Jos. Barbour; Judges, W. H. Yost, Jr., Jos. Johnson, J. B. Brent, Librarian—Mrs. Mary Brown Day.  
Public Printer and Binder—John Johnson.  
State Geologist—John R. Proctor.  
Inspector of Mines—C. J. Norwood.  
Railroad Commission—A. Spalding, W. B. Fleming, G. M. Adams.

### LONG LIVE SANTA CLAUS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.  
Don't tell the dear little children That Santa Claus is a myth, And ruin the moments with: They color the moments with: The truth that is so precious I pray thee awhile delay, And let everyone keep Christmas In the good old-fashioned way.  
Bring in the fir-trees and holly, And let all the jay-bells chime! Away with dull melancholy At this sweet holiday time! With smiles and with kisses stife The voices of sad complaint, And cheerfully hail the coming Of the children's patron saint.  
Hang up by the chimney corner The stockings both large and small, And see that the little baby Has the biggest one of all; Then fill them to overflowing With goodies, and books, and toys, And let all the house make merry, Like a parcel of girls and boys.

Then here's to a merry Christmas! And long life to Santa Claus! As long as time lasts, because He is ever a precious symbol Of the spirit that rules above, And children learn that Santa Claus Is another name for Love.

### TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A man was found murdered in the village of Norton, East Tennessee, and the authorities arrested a stranger named Alfreds. Of course Alfreds had no business in the community, and this of itself portook of the nature of a crime; but, aside from this, evidence of serious import was not wanting. Here is the case briefly set forth. Alfreds and a man named Jenkins were seen together one evening walking along the road, and the next morning Jenkins was found, with his head crushed in, lying in the briars. At the preliminary trial before a justice of the peace Alfreds declared that he and Jenkins had parted company near the briar patch where the body had been found, but as this declaration was not admitted as evidence Alfreds was handed over to the grand jury and was, as everyone expected, indicted for murder and imprisoned to await the action of the circuit court.

The jailer in an obscure village is often a leader in society, and the jailer's daughter is naturally a person of much moment. Old Lias Springer had, during many years, been jailer in Norton, and his daughter Ruth had declined several good offers of marriage. She was exceedingly bright of countenance and it was the mysterious boast of the neighborhood that she could parse anything. I say mysterious, for parsing was a vague mystery to many people who were glib in repeating this commendable brag. Ruth, from the first moment of Alfreds' imprisonment, showed a sympathetic interest in him. He had dreamy eyes, waving chestnut hair, and was therefore innocent. In the afternoon, when the jail corridor was lighted by the sun, she often placed her rocking chair near the door, and sitting there talked to him while she sewed.

"Would you let me out if you could get the key?" he asked one day.  
She pretended to pout. "Why should I? You'd run away and then I'd not have anybody to talk to."  
"But if I stay here to talk to you I shall be hanged."  
"Yes, but a woman would rather talk to a man, even if he is to be hanged for it, than not to talk at all."  
"What an odd little creature you are, Miss Ruth."  
"Oh, you think I'm odd, do you? That isn't very kind of you. I was in hopes that I was something besides odd. Anybody can be odd. But anybody can't have your sort of oddity."  
"Oh, then, I've got the oddest sort of oddity. I don't know whether to like that or not. Do you know that you are the only man I ever met that didn't try to flatter me?"  
"I didn't know it, but if I am, why, I must be thankful for the distinction."  
"Oh, you must, must you, Mr. Sarcasm? Why don't you tell me something about yourself?" she asked, after a moment's pause.  
"I have—I have told you that I am innocent."  
"Oh, that isn't anything. Anybody can be innocent. Where do you people live?"

"I haven't any people."  
"Well, where do you come from?"  
"I have come from a place where there was no happiness to a place where nothing but misery and disgrace can be expected."  
"You make me sad when you talk that way, Mr. Alfreds."  
"And would you expect me to inspire gayety, Miss Ruth?"  
"No, I don't think I ought to expect that. But you are not without friends, Mr. Alfreds. Most all the ladies in town are interested in you."  
"Women are always interested in a man who is about to be hanged," he replied.  
"Oh, don't talk about being hanged. I don't see how they can hang you, you are so nice." He laughed. "I don't; I really don't. Now if you were some ugly, good-for-nothing thing, it would be different. You follow my advice: When you are taken into court look just as pleasant as you can."  
"Unfortunately, Miss Ruth, the jury will not be composed of women."  
"Well, don't you fear. I think it will come out all right."  
"But did it come out all right? The court met three days later, and after a very short trial he was sentenced to be hanged. It was no surprise to him. He was to meet death sixty days later, on the day after Christmas. It was dark when he was taken back to his cell, and he clung to a hope that Ruth might come to console him; but the weary hours passed and loud-mouthed dogs bayed the turn of night. Morning, and still no sympathetic face, no voice of soft encouragement. Weeks passed. Ruth was away on a visit. Christmas morning a man came in with the prisoner's breakfast.

"Do you think the weather is likely to change between now and to-morrow morning?" W. Alfreds asked.  
"Why so?"  
"Because, if it should cloud to-day will give me my last glimpse of the sun. Has the young lady returned?"  
"No, not yet."  
"When do you expect her?"  
"Don't know. I'm hired to chop wood and work around the place and not to listen to the news of the family."  
"Will the hanging be public?"  
"As public as out of doors can make it."  
"Do you think there'll be many people present?"  
"Oh, certainly. People look for amusement during the holidays."  
"I must say that you are cold-blooded."  
"And why shouldn't I be; why shouldn't I hate every man that's unfortunate?"  
"Why should you be the question?"  
"Because I served a term in the penitentiary."  
"What had you done?"  
"Told the truth."  
"What, they sent you to the penitentiary for telling the truth?"  
"Yes, they asked me if I committed the forgery and I said that I did."  
"Oh, you are a satirist."  
"Well, I must go and split a piece of knotty wood. Fires must go even if Christmas does come. I suppose you can take care of yourself to-day, and as for to-morrow, why, the sheriff will have to take care of you."  
He passed out and a merry voice was heard. The prisoner's blood leaked. Ruth had returned. All smiles and airs of gayety, she entered the corridor; and she was not alone; the sheriff and the jailer were with her.

"Mr. Alfreds," she cried, "I have brought you a Christmas present. Here is your pardon."  
"Open the door," said the sheriff. Before Alfreds' swimming eyes the iron bars were shadow lace work. "Come on into the sitting room," said the girl; and she led him out. He sat in a rocking-chair. A long time passed before he said anything.  
"And have they discovered my innocence?" he asked.  
"No," she answered. "Let me tell you what I did. I made all the jurymen and the prosecuting attorney and the judge and hundreds of other people sign a petition asking for your pardon, and then I went all the way to Nashville and made the governor sign your pardon. Don't you think I'm smart?"  
"I think you are an angel."  
"No you don't—you think I'm a hap-hazard rattle-trap. I told the governor about your hair—that of

primitiv Justice.  
I heard Bill Stone plead his first case. It was many years ago more than twenty anyway. I do not remember the name of the judge, but a notorious horse thief was up for trial on a charge of stealing cattle. As he had no counsel the court appointed Bill Stone to defend the case. Stone took his man over to a window and talked to him for a few minutes, then announced that he was ready for trial. We plead guilty, your honor, to the charge against us," announced the young lawyer. The court wasted no time in giving a verdict, for horse stealing in those days was a heinous offense, and condemned the man to fifteen years in the penitentiary.  
But, judge, we plead guilty! yelled Stone, expressions of amazement and disappointment alternating on his face.  
Fifteen years, repeated the judge. But, judge, we plead guilty! repeated Bill Stone, raising his long arms like windmills. But the judge was obdurate.  
If that is the case, said Stone we will argue the case, and he forthwith started in upon the defense. For thirty minutes he argued and pleaded, with that eloquence characteristic of him and at the end of his harangue he sat down and watched the effect of his words. The judge smiled and made the sentence five years. Bill Stone had won his first case.—Kansas City Times.

### A Musical Instrument.

Tin Peddler who has met with an accident—(What will I do now? Effery wheel off my wagon is broke. Summer Boarder (consolingly)—Leave the tins in the wagon just as it is and perhaps you can sell it to one of the boarding-house keepers for a piano.—N. Y. Weekly.

### A Tight Squeeze.

I hadn't heard that you'd been ill, Smithson.  
Have, though; been pretty close to death's door.  
Is that so?  
Yes; two doctors in the house at the same time.—Life.

### Not a Visitor.

Mrs. Gadds—That new minister ain't much on visitin', is he?  
Mrs. Gabb—No. I guess his wife is a pretty good cook herself.—N. Y. Weekly.

### One More Angel.

Willis—So your hired girl left rather unexpectedly. Is there anything missing?  
Wallace—Yes; the kerosene can.—Jury.

### A SACRIFICE.

Like Rasselas, the Abyssinian, we lived the balmy days "only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose." We wandered "in gardens of fragrance and slept in fortresses of security," but like all pleasure seekers, we were now weary of the monotonous round of uneventful days, and former delights grew stale. Gentle Mrs. Gray and Miss Harland, the invalid whose thin, scarlet cheeks and bright eyes told too plainly the presence of the destroyer, the quiet rector and the somewhat pompous major, with his little blond wife made up our party.

"Some one tell a story, please," cooed the pretty blonde, tossing aside "Hero Worship." "Who ever knew a live hero?" she laughingly asked.  
"I," promptly answered Mrs. Gray.  
How delightful! Do tell us about him, who was he?  
The only true heroism that ever came under my immediate notice, said the little woman, was displayed by a hero of ebon hue—a strong young Hercules, who, though rough and untaught, possessed a grand nature.  
Yes, assured the sentimental major. Often among the humblest flowers we find the rarest odors.  
And, resumed Mrs. Gray, among the busy workers, with hardened hands and toil stained faces, we find great hearts. During the late war, she continued, my father and brother were in the army, and the overseer being drafted into service my mother, my sister and myself were compelled to leave our beautiful home in the city and go up the river to the plantation to manage as best we could the affairs of that place.

"Our people were trustworthy and kind, so we had but little trouble. A few weeks after our arrival at the plantation our hearts were saddened by the death of a much loved servant. Rachel was her name. She had nursed my mother's older children, and we were all very much attached to her. Rachel died suddenly, of heart trouble, the physicians said, and her little children were cared for by a good old granny. Albert, the husband of Rachel, was a field hand and a reliable man.  
Of what time do you speak?  
This was in the spring of 1864. The transmississippi department was under the command of the Confederate General E. Kirby Smith. The struggle east of the Mississippi river had drawn from us the chivalry of the great south-west; the sons of Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas were scattered from Gettysburg to Vicksburg, and a diminished force composed of the fathers and husbands was left to meet the gathering foe that threatened, with Gen. Steele at Little Rock, and Gen. Banks at Alexandria, La. The conscript bureau had gleaned the fields of the last of the 'bearded grain,' and nothing was left but 'the flowers that grew between'—the boys too young to go.

Then a new order came, and the men slaves were impressed and sent to the shops as laborers and teamsters in the various departments, to fill such places as they could, in order that for every slave so employed a soldier could be recruited and go to the front. The burden of feeding and clothing the army devolved upon the women of the South. Cheerfully and with untold sacrifices, did they do their part. Our people did not escape the impressment law.  
Excuse me, but whom do you mean by 'our people?' chirped the beauty from the hammock.  
We called our slaves 'our people,' responded Mrs. Gray, with a smile. They were impressed into service and sent to Shreveport to work. Among the men was one who had been married only a year; he objected to leaving his wife and baby. Jake was his name. While they were discussing the question among themselves, Albert presented himself at the dining-room door.  
Good mawin, mistis, he said, doffing his hat, an skuse me fo' 'sturbin yer brekfus, but I'ze axin a favor dis mawin.  
All right, Albert. What is it? asked my mother.  
Yer see, mistis, as how Jake is 'pressed along wid tudder niggers an Jake he got a likely wife an mighty antic boy.  
Well?  
Albert hesitated and scratched his woolly pate.

I know, my mother said, sympathetically, I know all the circumstances, but am powerless.  
I ain't er blamin nobody, but I'd ruther go in Jake's place an let him stay wid hees wife and boy.  
Why, Albert! exclaimed my mother. You can't mean it! How should I get along without you? Think of the number of women and children to be provided for; the men left behind are too old and the boys too young to be depended on.  
I'ze recommembrin all dat, mistis, but I know what it is fer a man an hees wife to be seperated. Oh, mistis, de days all lonesome an de nights er year long. Tain't no sunshine fur Albut her no no-whar. Hit's all a dark shadder an de moonshine don't nigh tech Albut. No, mistis, hit's all trials an tribberlashins. Limme go, please, mistis. Let Jake stay wid hees wife, pleaded the earnest voice, half choked by sobs.  
Unk Albert, called my little sister, going to his side, would you really go away to save Jake from going?  
Yes, honey, he replied, his sorrowful eyes lighting up with a pleasant expression, as with his great black hand he stroked her sunny curls. Yes, honey, Unk Albut ain't got nuffin to stay here for. Jake got hees wife. Honey, ax your mudder to let old Albut go.  
Use your own pleasure, Albert, at last consented my mother.  
De Lowd bless mistus? he cried, as he hastened to the quarters.  
De Lawd save mistus! echoed Uncle Gabe, waving his hat as he leaned on his crutch.  
They left us that afternoon, 100 tall strong sons of Ham, of varying ages, from twenty to forty-five. Albert, said my mother, I must tell you before you go that in Shreveport men die at the rate of fifty a day. Often the death rate is greater. The fever is terrible. She looked up into his face, hoping by this last appeal to discourage his going.  
"Kain' help it, mistis, I spect hits 'bout es nigh a route to hebbin by Shreveport as hit air by dis plantashin. Albut ain't keerin mistus, kaze de big white gates up yander is wide open waitin fer Albut; an, Lawd, Rachel's er standin jest inside. Boys! he cried, turning to the multitude assembled under the oaks on the lawn. Boys, mind mistis an do right an be bidderble. Be honest, boys. Don't go to cuttin up no disregardable capers and pranks. Jest whirl in an up an make de crap fer mistis. Nebber mine de cotton, but ten do cawn. Plow deep, boys, en don't let de grass git de upper hand of de crap. Move on there! Move on, boys, commanded their leader.  
Goodby, mistus. Far well chillun! cried Albert. Gawd bress mistis!  
In those turbulent times there were no established mail routes in our country; indeed the receipt of a letter was quite an event. For two months we heard nothing of our men; then one ran away from Shreveport and came home more dead than alive. One of the hundred who had gone from our plantation twenty-two had died. Albert had been detailed on hospital duty, and before another month had passed he, too, had given up the burden of life. Good, faithful Albert! Though he lives neither in song nor in history, his was as grand a heroism as was ever recorded; his Rachel waited just within the big white gates, and waited not in vain. Mrs. Gray had 'ears in her voice' as she concluded her pathetic story.  
We brush the skirts of martyrs and tread the path with heroes, and are all unmindful; but God noteth all, and will reward as surely as the day followeth the dark night, reverently spoke the white haired rector as we sat silent and thoughtful.

And it's just as near heaven by way of Silvanale as home, murmured the invalid, folding her light wrap closer about her.—Mrs. C. C. Scott in Romance.

### Remembrance.

Wife (revisiting the scene of her betrothal)—I remember, Algernon, so well when you proposed to me, how painfully embarrassed you were.  
Algernon—Yes, dear; and I remember how kind and encouraging you were, and how very easy you made it for me, after all.—Brooklyn Life.

In Glasgow, Scotland, 15,740 women have municipal suffrage.