

How Two Learned a Lesson.

Betty sighed. Now why she should have sighed at this particular moment no one on earth could tell. And it was all the more exasperating because John had just generously put into her little shapely hand a brand new \$10 bill. And here he began to trouble.

"What's the matter?" he said, his face falling at the faint sound, and his mouth clapping together in what those who knew him but little called an "obstinate pucker." "Now what is it?"

Betty who just begun to change the sigh into a merry little laugh rippling all over the corners of the red lips, stopped suddenly, tossed her head and, with a small jerk no way conciliating, sent out the words—

"You needn't insinuate, John, that I'm always troublesome!"

"I didn't insinuate—who's talking of insinuating?" cried he, thoroughly incensed at the very idea, and backing away a few steps, he glared down from his tremendous height in extreme irritation. "It's yourself that's forever insinuating and all that, and then for you to put it on me—it's really abominable!"

The voice was harsh, and the eyes that looked down into hers were not pleasant to behold.

"And, if you think, John Peabody, that I'll stand and have such things said to me, you miss your guess—that's all!" cried Betty, with two big red spots coming in her cheeks as she tried to draw her little erect figure up to its utmost dimensions. "Forever insinuating! I guess you wouldn't have said that before I married you. Oh, now you can, of course!"

"Didn't you say it first, I'd like to know?" cried John, in great excitement, drawing nearer to the small creature he called wife, who was gazing at him with blazing eyes of indignation; "I can't endure everything!"

"And if you bear more than I do," cried Betty, wholly beyond control now, "why, then I'll give up," and she gave a bitter little laugh and tossed her head again.

Here they were in the midst of a quarrel! These two who but a year before had promised to love and protect and help each other through life!

"Now," said John, and he brought his hand down with such a bang on the table before him that Betty nearly skipped out of her little shoes, only she controlled the start, for she would have died before she had let John see it, "we'll have no more of this nonsense!"

His face was very pale, and the lines around his mouth so drawn that it would have gone to any one's heart to have seen their expression.

"I don't know how you will change it or help it," said Betty lightly, to conceal her dismay at the turn affairs had taken, "I'm sure," and she pushed back the light waving hair from her forehead with a saucy, indifferent gesture.

That hair that John always smoothed when he petted her when tired or disheartened, and called her "child." Her gesture struck to his heart as he glanced at her sunny locks and the cool, indifferent face underneath, and before he knew it he was saying:

"There is no help for it now, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Betty, still in the cool, calm way that ought not to have deceived him. But men know so little of women's hearts, although they may live with them for years in closest friendship. "You needn't try to endure it, John Peabody, if you don't want to. I'm sure I don't care!"

"What do you mean?"

Her husband grasped her arms and compelled the merry brown eyes to look to him.

"I can go back to mother's," said Betty, provokingly. "She wants me any day, and then you can live quietly and live to suit yourself, and it will be better all around."

Instead of bringing out a violent protestation of affection and remorse which she fully expected, John drew himself up, looked at her fixedly for a long, long minute, then dropped her arm and said through white lips very slowly:

"Yes, it may be as you say, better all around. You know best, and was gone from the room before she could recover from her astonishment enough to utter a sound.

With a wild cry Betty rushed across the room, first tossing the ten dollar bill savagely as far as she could throw it, and flinging herself on the comfortable old sofa, broke into a flood of tears—the first she had shed during her married life.

"How could he have done it—oh, what have I said? Oh, John, John!"

The bird twittered in his little cage over in the window among the plants



"Oh, what have I said?"

Betty remembered like a flash how John and she filled the seed cup that very morning, how he laughed when she tried to put it in between the bars, and when she couldn't reach without getting upon a chair, he took her in his great arms and held her up just like a child that she might fix it to suit herself.

And the "bits" that he said in his tender way, they had gone down to the depths of her foolish little heart, sending her about her work singing for very gladness of spirit. And now!

Betty stifled her fingers hard into her eyes as she shut out the bird's chirping. "If he knew why I sighed," she said, "Oh, my husband! Birthdays—nothing will make any difference now. Oh, why can't I die?"

How long she stayed there, crouched down on the old sofa, she never knew. Over and over the dreadful scene she went, realizing its worst features each time in despair, until heavy footsteps proclaimed that some one was on the point of breaking in upon her uninvited, and a voice out in the little kitchen cried—

"Betty!"

Betty sprang up, choked back her sobs, and tried with all her might to compose herself and remove all traces of her trouble.

The visitor was the worst possible one she could have under the circumstances. Crowding herself on terms of the closest intimacy with the pretty bride, who with her husband had moved into the village a twelvemonths previous, Miss Elvira Simmons had made the very most of her opportunities, and by dint of making great parade over helping her in some domestic work, such as house-keeping, dressmaking and the like, the maiden lady had managed to ply her other vocation, that of newsgatherer, at one and the same time, pretty effectually.

She was always called by her first name, though Betty resented it; and she made a great handle of friendship on every occasion, making John rave violently and vow a thousand times the "old maid" should walk!

But she never had— and now, scenting dimly, like a carrion after its prey, that trouble might come to the pretty little white house, the make-mischief had come to do her work, if devastation had really commenced.

"Been crying?" she said, more plainly than politely, and sinking down into the pretty chintz-covered rocking chair with an energy that showed she meant to stay, and made the chair creak fearfully.

"Only folks do say that you and your husband don't love— I know 'taint your fault."

Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to this? John and she not to live happily together? To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful scene of gotten around so often—a story in everybody's mouth? With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth. So Miss Simmons, failing in that, was forced to go on.

John caught up the little woman, dressing gown and all. I don't think they have ever quarrelled since, at least I have never heard of it.

"Only folks do say that you and your husband don't love— but I! I wouldn't mind—I know 'taint your fault."

"An' I tell folks so," she said, rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words, "when they git to talking, so you can't blame me if things don't go easy for you, I'm sure!"

"You tell folks so?" repeated Betty vaguely, and standing quite still. "What? I don't understand you."

"Why, that the blame is all his'n," cried the old maid, exasperated at her strange mood and her dullness. "I say, says I, why they couldn't no one live with him, let alone that pretty wife he's got. That's what I say, Betty. And then, I'll tell 'em what a queer man he is, how cross, and—"

"And you dare to tell people such things of my husband?" cried Betty, drawing herself up to her extreme height, and towering so over the old woman in the chair that she jumped in confusion at the storm she had raised, and stared blindly into the blazing eye and face that with indignation—her only thought was to get away from the storm she had raised, but could not stop. But she was forced to stay, for Betty stood just in front of the chair and blocked up the way, so she shrank back into the smallest corner of it and took it as best she could. "My husband!" cried Betty, dwelling with pride on the pronoun—at least, if they were to part, she would say it over lovingly as much as she could till the last moment, and then when the time did come people should know that it wasn't John's fault—the best, the kindest, the noblest husband that ever was given to a woman. I've made him more trouble than you can guess; my hot temper has vexed him—I've been cross, impatient and—"

"Hold!" cried a voice, "you're talking against my wife!" and in a moment John Peabody rushed through the door, grasped the little woman in his arms and folded her to his heart, right before the old maid.

"Oh!" said Miss Simmons, sitting up straight and setting her spectacles more firmly. "And now that you have learned all you can," said John, turning round to her, still holding Betty, "why— you may go!"

The chair was vacant. A dissolving view through the door was all that was to be seen of the gossip, who started up the road hurriedly, leaving peace behind.

"Betty" said John, some half hour afterward, "what was the sich for? I don't care now, but I did think, dear, and it cut me to the heart, how you might have married richer. I longed to put ten times ten into your hand, Betty, and it galled me because I couldn't."

Betty smiled and twisted away from his grasp. Running into the bedroom she presently returned, still smiling, with a bundle rolled up in a clean towel. This she put on her husband's knee, who stared at her wonderingly.

"I didn't mean," she said, unpinning the bundle, "to let it out now, but I shall have to. Why, John, day after tomorrow is your birthday!"

Three weeks before his death Mrs. Leslie herself did little well, one morning was a little dyspeptic, and proposed to consult a physician.

"Suppose you step around with me, and ask about your throat," she said. He agreed to do so. After prescribing for the lady, the doctor looked at Mr. Leslie's neck.

"Take off your coat," he said, "and your vest."

The physician's face was entirely impassive.

"You might try electricity," he said. "Take it three times on alternate days, and then come back." The doctor knew then that his patient was a doomed man, but he said not a word. The Leslies thought he treated the matter lightly.

The days went on till within two weeks of the day he died. He and his wife were still ignorant of the doom that hung over him. He began to have great difficulty in swallowing. Then he said, impatiently:

"My sore throat is no better. The doctor is tampering with me. I'm not satisfied. I want a consultation—six or eight doctors."

Dr. J. Marion Sims was his personal friend for years. He asked him about the consultation, and requested him to be present. Dr. Sims said:

"By all means, old boy, have it if you like; as many doctors as you want."

The consultation was held. Once more he removed his coat and vest for the doctors. They sounded him, questioned him, and prodded his neck and chest. Then they went aside and consulted with one another. At the end of it all they said not a word.

"They simply looked quiet," said Mrs. Leslie. It was in December. A few days later, one snowy, sleety morning, Dr. Thompson, the first physician who had seen the patient sent for Mrs. Leslie. A thought shot through her brain like a flash.

"It was the very first time I had an idea that my husband might be seriously ill. I went to the physician and said: 'Doctor, what did you send for me for? Was it about Mr. Leslie?'"

"Yes," said he, "it was. I must tell you that this trouble of his is of a cancerous nature."

Mrs. Leslie held fast to the chair in which she sat.

"Do you mean that he will die?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, "his case is hopeless. I have known it from the first."

She visited Dr. Sims, and told him the verdict.

"My poor child, I know it," said Dr. Sims. "I have known it all along. It is not the disease itself, but the location of it which makes the danger so imminent. The cancerous growth cannot be cut out without risk of severing the windpipe or operation."

The physicians told her that nothing could be done for him but to give him opiates, just as they are giving them to Gen. Grant now. Time went on till within ten days of death. Still he was ignorant of his fate. Up to that time he had gone to his office regularly.

"I knew he was going to die," said Mrs. Leslie, "but I knew not how to tell it. His business was in the hands of an assignee. He had to compromise with the creditors, and he, unconsciously to himself, was in the hands of death. Any other misfortune than the last I could have borne."

"His appetite was good. He was able to swallow beef tea, soft boiled eggs, and raw oysters, able to take enough food to keep him nourished. He was not emaciated, his strength was not weakened. I kept the accounts of his illness out of the papers, so that he himself might not read how hopeless his case was."

At last, however, it seemed necessary

CANCER OF THE THROAT.

Mrs. Leslie's Story of Her Husband's Sickness.

The New York papers have been remarking that the late Frank Leslie, the well known publisher, died of cancer of the mouth and throat. This is not strictly true. With Mr. Leslie there was no break of the skin or discharge of any sort. It was a cancerous growth upon the throat. The only thing apparent to the eye in his case was a slight swelling upon the gland of the neck, beneath the jaw, near the jugular vein. There was no visible breaking down of tissue.

Mrs. Leslie herself told me the other day how her husband died. No detailed account of it had ever been written, she said, and it would be of interest now because of Gen. Grant's case. I give the story, as far as may be, in her own clear text, well chosen words. The musical voice, the glance of the eloquent eye, I can not reproduce.

Mr. Leslie was a man of perfect physique. He had never suffered from an ailment in his life. Five weeks before his death he was sound and strong, to all appearances as any man in America.

One morning, five weeks before his death, Mr. Leslie said to his wife: "My collar feels tight. Put your finger on my throat, and see if there is not some kind of a swelling there?"

She did so, but could find nothing. A few mornings later he asked her again to see if his throat was not swelled. "My collar seems to choke me," he said. This time she detected upon the neck a small swelling, like a gland hardened and enlarged by cold. There was no pain, but he thought he had a cold, which had swelled his throat. Mrs. Leslie made a loop in his collar, which let the nodule and gave more room. He went to his office every day, just as he had done for years.

Three weeks before his death Mrs. Leslie herself did little well, one morning was a little dyspeptic, and proposed to consult a physician.

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that he should know. In the unsettled state of his affairs there were a hundred things that he might wish to do, directions he would want to leave behind him, arrangements for the future, and so on. He must be informed.

"Day and night," said Mrs. Leslie, "this thought was with me," how can I tell that great strong man he must die?"

Mr. Leslie had a habit of pacing the floor as Gen. Grant does. He walked up and down in his apartment by the hour, saying sometimes that he done so many miles and so many laps on that day.

Finally, while thus walking the floor one day he said to his wife:

"This doctor is doing me no good with his elixir of life. My throat is slowly but surely closing up. What shall we do?"

"I don't know that we can do anything," she said. Then she knelt down on the floor beside him and told him the worst.

He took the blow as a strong man should do. He talked over their tangled affairs with his wife, and then uttered the words which the world knows:

"Little girl, if there is any power by which after death I can come back to you, I will do it. But I want you to go down to my office, take charge of it, and sit in my place till my debts are paid."

After that there was nothing for it but to be as comfortable as possible and wait for the end.

The day he died he arose early in the morning and dressed himself, to the last minutia, carefully, as was his wont. He had had six hours' sleep, the attendant said.

But I don't feel refreshed after it, somehow," he told his wife, "and I haven't any appetite. I think I took so much food last night that I am not hungry this morning."

Mrs. Leslie was obliged to go out on business. She went to the publishing house, and was busy throughout the morning. At 2 o'clock she received a telegram to come home at once.

"I knew what it meant," she said. She hastened home with all speed. Mr. Leslie appeared to be sleeping quietly, with nothing alarming in his appearance. She turned to the nurse:

"Why did you send for me like that?" she asked. "You drove me almost mad."

A little while before her husband had undressed himself with his own hands and gone to bed.

Mrs. Leslie went to the bed, with her bonnet on still. Her face was flushed from the rapid walking. She roused her husband.

"What is the matter?" she asked him. "Do you feel worse?" He raised his eyes to her flushed face and smiled. "How pretty you look," he said.

Those were his last words. He sank into unconsciousness, and breathed more and softly till about 6 o'clock, when he was no more. The pressure of the swelling upon his windpipe caused a gradual and progressive imperfect aeration of the blood, and the effect produced was as if he had taken a narcotic. He became slowly stupefied. In that way he passed away without a struggle or a pang. N. Y. Cor. Cin. Commercial Gazette.

VALUE OF OLD SHOES.

They Find Their Way into Artistic Decorations.

It may be a surprise to some people to learn that the old shoes cast into the ash barrel and carried away with other offal should find their way back to the house in the form of handsome wall decorations. A reporter asked a prominent wall paper manufacturer whether it was true that old shoes were used in his business.

"We buy," said the foreman, "all the boots and shoes that the scavengers can bring us. We pay different prices for the qualities of leather. A pair of fine calfskin boots will bring as high as 15 cents. We don't buy cowhide boots. The boots and shoes are first soaked in several waters to get the dirt off them. Then the nails and threads are removed, the leather is ground up into a fine pulp and is ready for use. The embossed leather paperings which have come into fashion lately and the stamped leather fire screens are really nothing but thick paper covered with a layer of this pressed leather pulp. The finer the quality of the leather, the better it takes the bronze and the gold, and other expensive colors in the designs painted on them. Fashionable people think they are going away back to medieval times when they have the walls of their libraries and dining rooms covered with embossed leather boots which their neighbors threw into the ash barrel a month before form the beautiful material on their walls and on the screens which protect their eyes from the fire. We could buy old shoes cheap if it were not for the competition from carriage makers and bookbinders from other countries. I don't know how many other trades use old shoes and boots, but the tops of carriages are largely made up of them, ground up and pressed into sheets. Book binders use them in making the cheaper of leather bindings, and the new style leather frames with leather mats in them are entirely made of the cast-off covering of our feet." Boston Transcript.

Woman's Faith in Man.

Men come home utterly discouraged; their best efforts have failed; self esteem has sunk within them until hope is quite extinguished. What does a woman do under such circumstances? Just what she ought to do. She revives his waning manhood by praise. She shows him every particle of her own loving recognition of all there is in him. She who knows him best of any, whose love has never admitted the existence of his faults, never truly great, except as her love and confidence endow him with goodness and greatness, but the endowment is genuine; the man arouses to find himself the possessor of gifts he hardly imagined, and with a new born strength, goes to work in a way that conquers obstacles, and makes his life a success.

Gloomy indeed must the household be where woman's divine faith in man is inoperative; where she fails to infuse and inspire him with the courage that makes him feel himself the peer of other men.

Helen Willmans, in Woman's World.

COMMUNING WITH A BABY.

A Chicago Bachelor's Recollections of a Pleasant Scene.

Women may not have a brain that can grasp and comprehend at sight the details of complex mechanism or the problems of abstract philosophy, but when it comes to tossing out baby talk with a vim that makes zeal appear apathetic, and in a manner that makes lightning seem slow, she stands peerless and alone, at the apex of the pinnacle. It may be that she is not destined to become eminent in the councils of the nation, but in a go-as-you-please baby-talk trial of speed abundant capital can be found to match her against both houses of congress, with the president himself thrown in; and, although she may never become famous for anything but beauty and back talk, there is no dodging that she stands at the summit of possibility in twittering to a toddler.

Man can occasionally do things that shake the earth and stir up the British, but when it comes to communing with a baby, he strikes an impassable barrier that he can neither climb over nor crawl under, and until the youngster becomes familiar with ordinary vernacular, he is unable to find much pleasure in its company. But not so with a woman. She will grab up a bunch of dry goods that might be a Dutch pillow or a balloon sandbag, for all anybody in breeches could tell from the look thereof, and she will straighten it up, turn it over, and poke around till she brings into daylight a little patch of dimpled, crimson-hued complexion, and then look out for music that cannot be found elsewhere on earth.

Let a man try the same game, and what kind of music does he get? He stirs up a species of melody that is never encored with hand-clappings of gladness afterward. The demonstrations are of the opposite character, and though hand-clappings are frequent, they are not prompted by a joyous heart. But when a woman is in charge of the orchestra how different the result. From the manner in which she will immediately proceed to purse up her mouth as soon as she comes at the true inwardness of that bundle, smack her lips and chirrup to the mystery, and kiss the same all in one breath, it looks as though destiny understood its business when it hustled her out of one paradise to form another.

We don't know much about the spirits who people the bright hereafter and the beautiful beyond; but if the angels do not stand on tiptoe and listen with a new taste of glory whenever a young mother talks baby talk to a bunch of clothes containing a small lump of infantile possibility, we would like to know in time to shun their company, unless the explanation is satisfactory. When a woman is rolling out baby talk faster than fire can eat up wealth, she is no longer of earth earthly, but a being of light and love. For the moment you forget that her ways are past finding out, and her whims many and diverse. You remember that she may be at times a stumpy cross-grained and snappish. You cease to cherish resentment on account of too much salacious in the basinet, or too little of glabrous nutriment in other things incinerated to tasteless crisp.

You hear nothing but the divine melody of love, and forget the maltreatment of language that carries the strain. You pause not to think that her words are weak, bow-legged, and deformed. It is enough to know that they are strong alone in that which makes cold clay divine. Love is the brightest jewel in the crown of life, and in absolute purity it is probably the hardest to acquire. But when you find it with a baby cooing in its arms in response to grimes that might scare a horse or make a cow hold up her milk, communing with a reckless volubility that defies all rules of speech, you can anchor a hope to the immovable rock of certainty that you have cornered it at last, purified from all trace of selfishness. Nothing on earth is more incomprehensible to an able-bodied man than a woman talking baby-talk, and nothing is more fragrant with the buds that blossom in the heart and grow into fruit treasured in paradise. E. P. Brown, in Chicago Leader.

A Trait of Human Nature.

"Where are you going with the puppies, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a small boy whom he met with three pups in a basket.

"Goin' to drown 'em," was the reply.

"I want a pup for my little boy to play with. What do you say to 'letting me take one of them?'"

"I'll sell you one," spoke up the kid with true American enterprise. "I'll sell you this yaller one for 50 cents, the black one for 75 cents, and spotted one is worth \$1 of any man's money."

"I think my little boy would like the spotted one best, but you ask too much for it. You had intended drowning all of them, but I'll give you 25 cents and save you the trouble of drowning the spotted one."

"Twenty-five cents for that spotted pup?" exclaimed the boy. "I can't stand it; taxes is high; rent is high. It costs good money to get into the roller rink. Oh, no; I can't take less than \$1."

"But you intend to drown—"

"Take the black one at 75 cents."

"My little boy wouldn't like the black one."

"Take the yaller one at half a dollar, and he's dog cheap."

"My little boy wouldn't like his color."

"Well, then, you better tell your little boy to play with his toes," and he continued on his way to the river, remarking that "no party can dead beat his way on me these hard times."

HERE AND THERE.

The forests of Scotland yield 10,000 deer annually.

A bullet travels a mile in three and two-tenths seconds.

TIMELY PORTRAITS.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.



Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for India under Lord Derby, Chancellor of the University of Oxford and leader of the Tories and other opposition to the Gladstone government was born in 1830. He succeeded to the marquise in 1868. As an orator he is especially brilliant and he occupies a prominent place at present in public opinion as the probable successor of Gladstone as Prime Minister of England.



Captain Nicholas Ilarionovitch Skrydloff made his name in the late Russo Russian war. He commanded a torpedo boat which attacked a Turkish ironclad in broad daylight but the electric apparatus of the torpedo becoming deranged the affair was unsuccessful. Skrydloff received severe wounds from which he was long recovering, for his gallantry he received the St. George's Cross. He was given command of the torpedo boats in the Black Sea, and after the close of the war was sent to Egypt. He is forty years of age and at present is in command of the man-of-war Strok which has lately been an object of attention on our eastern coast.



Daniel M. Fox, who was appointed Superintendent of the Mint at Philadelphia on June 9th, 1885, by President