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culars. Ward & Backell, 1 South Calvert St.,
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Select Story.
Mr. Delmayne's Ward.

"Something must be done," said
Mrs. Charles Delmayne, decisively,
"the girl is getting more reckless
every day."

"What can be done?" asked Mr.
Richard Delmayne, looking helplessly
at his sister-in-law. "We cannot shut
her up in a convent."

"No, but we can find a husband and
get her comfortably settled."

"But she is so young."

"She will be fifteen in May, and I
married at that age. It is a great
pity that you were obliged to receive
her into your household, Richard.

Guardianship over a girl like Dorothea,
was a great responsibility for a bach-
elor to assume."

"I suppose so," was the reply; "but
I could not refuse the dying request
of an old friend."

"At first, I entertained hopes that
she would improve by remaining with
us," said Mrs. Delmayne, plaintively,
"but as I remarked before, she is
wilder than ever. I am kept in a
perpetual state of nervous excitement,
for I never know what madcap prank
she will play next. I thought it dis-
graceful enough when she donned a
suit of Dick's and went skating on the
pond the evening they had that skat-
ing party, but this last prank is still
worse, if possible."

Mrs. Delmayne folded her plump
white hands and settled herself com-
fortably in a luxurious easy chair, and
prepared to enjoy her favorite pas-
time, which consisted of retailing
Dorothea's misdeeds.

"You know, Squire Vonsonby has
been looking for a wife for a year or
two—now he is quite wealthy, is re-
spectably connected, and would be
very suitable match for Dora."

"Squire Vonsonby gaped Richard,
in amazement, "he is old enough to be
her grandfather, and has a married
daughter who is considerably older
than Dora."

"Well," replied his sister-in-law,
"Dora needs a husband who is steady
and sober-minded, she is so flighty
herself. Besides, Mr. Vonsonby looks
full ten years younger than his real
age. In my opinion it would have
been a very suitable match. But it is
all over now," she added with a sigh,
"he will never enter this household."

In answer to Richard's look of
inquiry, Mrs. Delmayne continued:
"I invited Mr. Vonsonby to tea last
evening—I had my household duties
to attend to after tea was over, so I
left Dorothea to entertain our guest.
She felt the party man full of duty, and
she had seized the opportunity to
play one of her ridiculous pranks
she actually had the audacity, and
Mrs. Delmayne lowered her voice to
an impressive whisper, "actually had
the audacity to remove his wig and
substitute an old red one that she
found among some rubbish in the
garret. The poor man did not dis-
cover the trick until he had become
the laughing stock of the community.
Dick happened to hear about it this
morning, and I considered it my duty
to inform you of the affair, as you
were absent at the time."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Richard. "I
can imagine how ridiculous he looked
strutting along in his pompous man-
ner."

"I am certainly astonished at you,
Richard," said Mrs. Delmayne, severely.
"I sincerely hope you do not uphold
the girl in her disgraceful action?"

"I shall, of course, improve her," he
replied. "But will you have it that
she grows older, I have no doubt—she is
merry and thoughtless now, but I
think she will develop into a splendid
woman."

Mrs. Delmayne cast an uneasy look
at her brother-in-law's face as she
left the room. She had a reason for
wishing Dot safely disposed of; it
was fearful that Richard might fall
in love with his fascinating ward and
that would dash Mrs. Delmayne's
hopes to the ground. She had secretly
determined that her son Dick, his
uncle's namesake, should be his heir.

Richard, her father-in-law's elegant
residence made a very comfortable
home for her and fatherless boy,
and madame had no intention of los-
ing it, hence she made most of Dot's
mischievous escapades.

Just as madame's alken skirts
rustled up stairs the hall door flew
open and light footsteps danced along
the passage.

"Dot! Dot!" called Mr. Delmayne.
The appellation exactly suited the
young girl that entered. A dainty
form, a dark, piquant face, lit up
with a pair of black eyes which
sparkled with mischief.

"Well, Guards," she said, with a
gay smile, which revealed a dimple
in each soft pink cheek. "What
is it a lecture?"

"Yes, Dot," replied Mr. Delmayne
bravely. "I really must lecture you.
Your conduct to Mr. Vonsonby was
extremely unlady like."

"I don't care, Guards," cried Dot
defiantly. "I can't bear old Vonsonby,
and I am confident that Mrs. Delma-
yne invited him here to make love to
me, so I resolved to frustrate her kind
intentions. She left me to entertain
him all the evening, and I was just
dying to finish June Eyre. Well,
I gave him the last number of Scrib-
ner's and the Monthly Review and
hoped he would entertain himself;
but no—he wanted me to play a game
of cribbage, I hate cribbage, so I told
him I never played the game, without
making a small sum of money, just to
make it interesting."

"Oh, Dot!"

"He looked horrified at the idea of
gambling, and asked for some music,
so I sat down to the piano and made
as much noise as possible. He said
that sort of music was very edifying
but it made his head ache, and he
inquired if I could favor him with
"Annie Laurie." I complied by play-
ing "Yankee Doodle" with variations,
for I knew he could not distinguish
the difference. Just as I was playing
the last bar I was startled by a pro-
longed snore—he had actually gone
to sleep with his head hanging over
the chair, his wig away, and his
mouth wide open! Now Guards, you
must admit that was too much of
flesh and blood to endure, and I don't
profess to be a saint."

"Not by any means," assented her
guardian.

"Well," continued Dot, "a happy
thought struck me. I ran softly up
stairs and got an old red wig that
Dick used to wear when he belonged
to the Amateur Dramatic Club. Then
I carefully removed Mr. Vonsonby's
nicely dressed back wig, and sub-
stituted the red one. I had to
stuff my handkerchief into my mouth
to keep from laughing, you can't
imagine how comical he looked!"

"Well, I would like for him to finish
his many until his patience was exhaust-
ed, and then I went to the piano and
played an awful thump with both hands.
He gave a sudden start and straight-
ened up. I gravely inquired how he
liked the piece."

"Charming, charming!" he replied,
with enthusiasm. "I always admired
"Annie Laurie."

Just at that moment he happened
to glance at the clock and finding it
late that he expected he jumped up
in great haste.

"I declare!" he said, "I had no idea
it was your fascinating society; but I
must tear myself away, for I have an
engagement at eight o'clock."

"Then he bade me adieu, pulled on
his overcoat in a great hurry, seized
his hat and rushed down the street.
But, Guards, he did look so funny
with those three red locks around his
countenance," and Dot broke into
peals of laughter at the recollection.

"Dot," said Mr. Delmayne looking
sternly at his mischievous ward, "I
don't know what to do with you; I
believe I must find some one who
will take the responsibility from my
hands." Mrs. Delmayne thinks you
are old enough to marry, and—

"The old cat!" interrupted Dot.
"Dot," said Mr. Delmayne, sternly,
"I cannot allow you to apply such an
epithet to my sister-in-law."

"Your sister-in-law?" cried Dot,
innocently. "Why, I was speaking of
Tabby Delmayne's assistant governess,
she is a jawn."

"Yes," he continued. "I must cer-
tainly find a nice young husband for
you."

"I am perfectly willing," replied
Dot composedly, "but who is to be
the lucky man? Let me see." "The com-
ing dancing master, he pressed my
hand quite warmly the last time
he was here, and he has beautiful
eyes, and such a love of a mustache,"
she added, enthusiastically.

"The jacksnaps, he shall never
darken these doors again," muttered
Mr. Delmayne between his teeth.

"Then there is Whitely's head clerk
I am sure he admires me."

"A clerk," exclaimed Mr. Delmayne
disdainfully.

"Well," continued Dot, "there is
the German music teacher at the
seminary, he is a jolly old bear, but
then," she added thoughtfully, "he
is a widower with five children; I
don't know as I should be capable of
taking that position."

"I should think not, decidedly,"
replied her guardian, with a smile.

"Well," cried Dot, with a despair-
ing expression on her saucy face, "I
don't know what can be done—unless
you marry me yourself."

Then, suddenly realizing the
coarseness of her heedless speech, she
darted from the room.

"Marry her myself," mused Mr.
Richard Delmayne, "it is not a bad
idea. I wonder that I never entered
my stupid brain, for I believe I am
fond of the little monkey after all,
and how desolate the house would be
without the sunshine of her presence."

"Not quite nineteen he continued,
thoughtfully, "I am just double her
age and I fear I am too old to suit her
will try my fate."

The teal bell roused Mr. Delmayne
from his reflections. I must mention
this subject to Helen he thought,
when I have an opportunity.

"Marry that forward little chin,"
cried madame, in dismay, as Richard
thus ruthlessly demolished her castle
in the air.

"Why Richard, you must be crazy!
A man of your years to think of marry-
ing, when you have a comfortable
home, and a sister to attend to your
wants. If you take this step Richard,
she continued, "I am confident you
will regret it. I think you will see a
vast difference with that careless, ig-
norant child at the head of your house-
hold, for I shall not remain to be
domineered over by a noisy, independ-
ent girl."

Mr. Delmayne made no reply to
this remark; but it was evident that
his sister-in-law's determination would
not break his heart.

"Dot stood by the window in the
deepening twilight, awaiting her
guardian, who had been absent several
days looking after some property in
New York."

"Suddenly Dot was aroused from the
reverie into which she had fallen by
a well-known step, and she ran eager-

ly to the door to admit her guardian
"Well, puss, what have you been
doing during my absence?" asked
Mr. Delmayne, as he seated himself
before the glowing grate and warmed
his chilled fingers.

"Oh, dear! cried Dot, "I have been
shykinging bad. I can't remember
one half the wickedness I have com-
mitted. You must apply to madame
for the details she has a long black
list of misdemeanors ready for your
private ear; but, Guards, did you suc-
ceed in finding a husband for me?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Delmayne,
composedly, "but whether you will be
satisfied, remains to be seen."

"I suppose I shall be compelled to
marry him whether I will or no," re-
joined Dot, merrily.

"Not by any means," answered her
guardian, gravely.

"Oh, that is decidedly common-
place—you are not at all like the cre-
dentials of guardians in stories, who compel
their watched wards to wed the one
they choose for them. I am quite dis-
appointed."

"Oh, very well," said Mr. Delmayne.
"If you wish me to assume the role of
tyrant, I will do so with pleasure. The
person I have chosen will, I am sure,
satisfy you with a charming color, she
remember there is to be no appeal from
my decision."

"It is really going to be romantic
after all," cried Dot, clapping her
hands; "but when am I to be present-
ed to my fate? Now if he had only
sent his photograph, the affair would
be complete."

"I believe I have it," said Mr. Del-
mayne, coolly producing his pocket
book.

Dot glanced curiously at the *carte de
visite* which he passed to her, and be-
held the handsome face of her guard-
ian.

"Well," said Mr. Delmayne, draw-
ing his ward to his side, and trying to
look into her downcast eyes.

Dot hid her face for a moment on
her guardian's shoulder, then, look-
ing up with a charming color, she
said, demurely,

"As there is to be no appeal from
your decision, I suppose I must sub-
mit."

Correspondence.

Editor of the Times:
As I am often asked why I am a
greenbacker, and further asked to give
proofs of my position upon finance
for the benefit of those seeking the
truth upon that subject or witnesses
against me, I beg you will publish the
following list of names as my authori-
ties.

First upon the list stands out in
colossal proportions Washington, the
"Father of his country." (Gen. Wash-
ington signed the first bill ever pass-
ed by Congress to make paper a
legal tender. Then comes Franklin,
Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Gallit-
ter, Rush, Jackson, La Fayette, Har-
rison, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Ben-
t, Campbell; all of the past. Re-
cent authorities in favor of legal ten-
ders—Abraham Lincoln, Chase, Kas-
ton, Hooper, Howe, Wade, Pendleton,
Voorhes, Ewing and thousands of oth-
ers, good and worthy men. Allow me
to quote just one sentiment from Jef-
ferson, "Bank paper must be sup-
pressed, and the circulating medium
must be restored to the people to
whom it belongs."

Just such sentiments were uttered
from time to time by every important
man from the beginning of the Gov-
ernment. But I do not consider the
legal tender dogma to be our central
attribute, our antagonism to monop-
oly is the first thing, the great chart
by which we sail, that by necessity
makes legal tenders a weapon by
which we shall in the future be able
to throttle the monster monopolies of
the land.

Monopoly in every shape, Bank,
Railroad, Telegraph, &c., must be met
and put down, or not only our
property but our freedom must be lost
forever to us and our children. The
seventh plank in our platform covers
the whole ground of monopoly. An-
other reason why I am a stalwart
Greenbacker: The Democratic party
has played false to the people since
1857. In that year a Democratic
President (Buchanan) and a Demo-
cratic Congress, demoralized the
country in the interest of the bankers.
To-day, and ever since 1857, the Demo-
cratic party, as well as the Republi-
can party, has been run solely in the
interest of the rich and against the
poor.

Allow me in conclusion to say that
when I have the "opportunity" of the
future, as in the past, I shall for the
best of my ability to follow their teach-
ings, and to kick demagogues when-
ever an opportunity occurs.

OLIVER N. BRYAN,
Member National Committee, Md.

Select Miscellany.

Superstitions Attaching to Gems.

It is a curious superstition which
associates with each month in the year
a characteristic gem. It is thought
to this day among Eastern nations—and
the same belief prevailed among the
old Romans—that the fortunes of a
human being are influenced by the
stone which belongs to his birth-
month.

The fiery garnet is the stone of Janu-
ary, and it insures "constancy and
fidelity in every sort of engagement."

To February belongs the amethyst,
and he who is born in February should
wear the purple stone as a precau-
tive against "violent passions and

drunkenness," to which fate will
tempt him.

Stormy March has, and needs, the
bloodstone, which gives "courage and
wisdom in perilous undertakings and
firmness in affection."

To tickle April, all smiles and tears,
belongs the deep-blue sapphire, which
"frees from enchantment and denotes
repentance and kindness of disposi-
tion."

The emerald belongs to May, and
its brilliant green suits the spring
vervure. "It discovers false witnesses
and insures happiness in love and
domestic felicity."

The agate, which belongs to the
flowery month of June, "causes its
wearer to be invincible in the feats of
strength, and insures long life,
health and prosperity."

To burning July the glowing ruby
belongs, and it is a beneficent stone,
for it both "discoveryers poison, and
cures all evils springing from the unkind-
ness of friends."

The sardonyx to him who is born
in August, "insures conjugal felicity."

The chrysolite "preserves from de-
spair" him who is born in September.

To ripe October belongs the pale
opal, with the glint of fire at its heart—
"stone of misfortune, but also of
hopes."

The pearl meaning "tears and pity,"
is assigned to sad November, but let
him who is born in December take
heart of grace, for the light blue tur-
quoise assures to him "prosperity in
love."

About Love.
Mr. Factandancy has noticed:
That the boy who is most afraid of
the girls is the first to be corrailed in
matrimony.

That the little boys prefer boys to
girls.

That they soon change, never to go
back to their early love.

That the little girls love the girls
best.

That they don't get over their per-
ference as soon as the boys do—some
of them never.

That women love the men because
they love everything they have to take
care of.

That men love women because they
can't help it.

That the wife loves her husband so
well that she has no thoughts for other
men.

That the husband so loves his wife
that he loves all women for her sake.

That girls who have given over all
hopes of matrimony, or who never
had any, love to flirt with married
men.

That the married man is apt to
think himself unattractive to the
woman fool enough to marry him.

That homely husbands arrange to
They never forget the compliment
paid them by their wives in accepting
them.

That homely wives are the truest.
They know how to make the most of
what they have. Lightning seldom
strikes in the same place, and a home-
ly woman feels a singular law govern