I DOUBT IT.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own;
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, may be you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you can—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, may be you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,
With a womanly sweetness about it,
Will you guard it, and keep it and act the good part,
Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it.

THE GENERAL'S WARD.

Gen. Biddulph set back in his chair, looking the picture of misery, while his currie was growing cold and his henchman and trusted servant Scott was amazed and a little alarmed at such extraordinary proceedings. The cause of all this was a letter with a foreign postmark held feebly in the general's hand. It was briefly, nay, tersely, written:

—TH HUSSARS, DELHI, May 10, 18—

DEAR SIR.—Just received your last letter; many thanks for the budget of papers you have sent; they are most acceptable. Am anything but well, and much worried. Will you do me a favor? My girl is anxious to see England; it is simply impossible for me to get leave for the next two years, and as that state of affairs does not please her she has determined to start off by herself. Of course she will have proper chaperonage from here and bring her own people, but I thought you would like to do me a turn for "auld lang syne" and look after her. It seems altogether a most unorthodox arrangement, but she is a young woman with a will, and you know my old maxim, "Anything for a quiet life." She will arrive, I expect, soon after you get this, and will go first to Clarges street with the woman who is taking care of her. With much gratitude and remembrances to the old set, ever, dear Dick, your affectionate friend, DRUCE DALY.

P. S.—Inclosed find draft on my bankers for any expense she might incur. Dessa is just 19.

It certainly was an alarming prospect to a bachelor. A young girl untrammeled, untaught, to be thus thrown on his hands! The general felt as if an eclipse had suddenly darkened the sunshine of his life; as if some heavy veil had dropped over the bright vista of the future. To have his days tormented by the whims and fancies of a little minx, his social joys disturbed to escort a young savage from the tower to Mme. Tussaud's—the thought was terrible. He pushed away his plate, and in his annoyance rumpled his carefully adjusted locks of hair, whereat Scott grew more alarmed, and at last summoned up courage to ask his master if he would not like some fresh breakfast. The general woke from his dream of horror and looked gloomily at the man.

"Eh, what, Scott? breakfast? No. I think I shall stroll round to the club; I have had some troublesome news."

Scott silently brought the immaculate hat, stick and gloves, and stood by while his master rearranged his locks and adjusted his hat.

The general drew a deep breath of satisfaction as he marched up St. James' street to his club. The sun was shining gloriously, the air was warm and delightful, and gradually his depressed spirits rose, and he felt once more himself.

"After all," he mused as he walked along, "Daly used to be the best fellow in the world years ago; who knows if she may not take after him? I shall look her up in the morning, trot her about to one or two places, and then I shall have done my duty. It is just like Druce Daly"—his wrath was rising again—"to put a man in my position, a bachelor, in such an awkward fix; but he always was the most careless and shiftless man possible. Wonder is how he ever married and had a daughter. Let me see, whom the duce did he marry?"

Back into the far past fled his memory; but although he thought and thought, he could not recall the mother of the girl who was coming to plague his life.

"I might ask Goodwin," he determined; "he is sure to know. Deuce take it! Why on earth am I to be troubled with another man's worries? Why did the mother die? Why did Daly marry and have a daughter?"

His railings at fate were interrupted by a hearty "good morning" from a hale-looking man, as he entered the club and sat down at the same table, whereon was laid a dainty breakfast.

"Good morning, Goodwin," he replied gloomily, not even trying to catch a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror opposite, a sign he was greatly disturbed.

"Have some breakfast?"

"Thanks."

Hunger was asserting itself. He took the cup of coffee, pushed across the table and stirred it round and round, his thoughts flown away to his vexation again.

"Why, hang it all, man; you look quite worried! anything wrong?" asked Col. Godwin, in an interval of hearty eating.

"Yes," laconically; and then he unburdened his mind to his friend.

Col. Goodwin looked amused. "Well, I don't see anything terrible in all this," he said, with a twinkle in his eye; "you are fond enough of women as a rule; why should you object to this one?"

"This is a very different case," said the general, testily. "I admire women, it is useless to deny it, but I like them cultivated, refined, gentle, not raw, untutored savages as this young female is sure to be. Then it is the greatest bore on earth to be tied and bound by the whims of a girl in her teens, who will lead me a life of horror before she is done! Want to eat penny ices in the street, or some such thing!"

The other laughed heartily. "I suppose having girls of one's one makes all the difference; I don't mind their chatter and fun; it is rather pleasant than otherwise. If this young woman is anything like her mother was, she ought to be the most charming creature in the world."

"The very thing I wanted to ask you, exclaimed Gen. Biddulph. "Whom did Daly marry?"

"She was the only daughter of Bruno—you remember him out in Cashmere. It must be—let me see," continued Col. Godwin, leaning back in his chair and musing; "it must be about twenty or twenty-one years ago since I saw her. She was the most lovely girl, with a face like an angel's."

The general's face brightened.

"Daly fell a hopeless victim, and in return I think she loved him passionately. He was nearly distraught when she died. The girl must be just the age her mother was when I first met her."

The general's hand stole unconscoously to his gray mustache. "And you say Mrs. Daly was very lovely?" he asked, glancing for the first time at the mirror. The breakfast had certainly refreshed him.

"Very!" emphatically.

"Ah, well, perhaps it may not be so bad. Druce Daly was a good-looking man."

"He was, indeed," responded Colonel Godwin. "Let me know when the girl arrives; I should like to see her, so I am sure would my wife. If she gets beyond you, pack her off to Combewall to play with my girls."

"Thanks. Are you going to Spencer's? I will come with you; I must speak to him about my new mare."

Somehow the news crept out. When Gen. Biddulph took his stroll in the park a few days later, he was greeted by sly hints and tender inquiries after his ward. Fair faces beamed on him, and pretty lips murmured kind promises to take the young stranger in hand and show her life. He began to shine with a reflected glory. Miss Daly, according to Col. Godwin's authority, must be a beauty, and—this was gently whispered—it was well known Druce Daly had dollars collected in goodly numbers. The ne'er-do-wells and out-of-pocket young men exhibited an extraordinary consideration for the general's welfare. They were always dropping in upon him unawares notwithstanding the grimness of Scott and the unmistakable frigidity of their welcome. Every morning Gen. Biddulph eagerly searched his letters in quest of some dispatch informing him of the arrival of his ward, and he called twice a day regular at Clarges street only to receive the intelligence that "Mrs. Comyns and Miss Daly had not yet arrived."

A week had elapsed since he received Maj. Daly's letter, and still no tidings had come. Contrary winds or recalcitrant engines had delayed the P. & O. with its fair freight, and the general was beginning to be uneasy. At last one morning he was gratified when he called at the house by the announcement that "the ladies were expected that evening."

Now that the actual moment was approaching when he should come face to face with the much-thought-of, much-talked-of ward, he found himself actually nervous and excited. Scott, who had received the news with stolid silence, gazed with astonishment at the spectacle of his master, fidgeting—actually fidgeting—from the window to the armchair, like the veriest school-boy. The general's mind during the unusual migrations presented a brilliant panorama of future success. He saw a vesta of long social triumphs in which he shared largely. Then he fell to thinking what the queen of all these joys would be like; tall and stately, small and fragile; blue, gray, brown, black eyes; complexion as fair as a lily or dusky as the proverbial berry: a Claopatra or a Gretchen, soft as a ball of down or sturdy as the Norse daughters. One thing, at any rate, he was certain of: she would be young. With life's spring dawning on her cheek, how could she be aught but charming? It is wonderful how a man like the general, who had lived so many years and had so much experience, could have made this mistake. Pig's beauty is all very well; but youth is more than often connected with indifferent skins, lengthy limbs and gawky forms generally desirous of wriggling out of their garments. His wishes in this case were father to the picture, and he ended by starting to welcome the traveler with the personification of female lovliness before his eyes.

He knocked briskly at the door in Clarges street, and smiled benignly on the man who opened it and preceded him up stairs. The sun was lingering on the walls as he mounted the stair case, and the evening air came in sweet and fresh through an open window. It had been very hot all day, and the general was surprised at first to find a bright fire burning on the hearth of the room into which he was ushered, until he remembered that of course the travelers would be chilly. The room was empty, but from an adjoining chamber came sounds of voices, loud and almost discordant. The general shivered. Could hers be one of them? He hoped not. It was apparent to the meanest intelligence that some sort of altercation was proceeding. He grew nervous. Rows and disturbances were at all times appalling. After a few moments the voices dropped and he let his eye wander round the room. In one corner stood a huge traveling case, with labels all over it; masses of wraps vivid scarlet, a bear skin rug and an unmistakable Scotch plaid were tossed unheeded on the floor, while parcels and small boxes were strewn around in the wildest profusion. The hands of the clock moved slowly on. Waiting is always annoying, now it was most provoking. But just as he was debating whether to go or stay the door of the inner room was opened, and a pale, fair, faded woman of about 40 made her appearance. The general advanced with a low bow.

"How do you do, Gen. Biddulph?" she said, in languid tones, extending a thin, delicate hand. "I am so sorry to keep you waiting, but I was detained by Dessa," (sighing faintly). The general hastened to push an easy chair forward. "I am really quite glad you have come," continued Mrs. Comyns, sinking into the chair, and drawing the shawl closely around her, "for she is altogether beyond me."

"Are you alluding to Miss Daly?" asked the general hastily.

"Yes," sighed the lady. out of friendship to Maj. Daly I undertook the charge of his daughter; but I was totally unprepared for her wild temper and ways.

"She is high-spirited?" he suggested feebly.

"Very," Mrs. Comyns replied dryly. "My health is so bad I am quite incompetent to manage her."

"May I not see her?" asked the general, after a pause.

"She will be here in a minute. I daresay you heard some sounds of quarreling when you came in. Yes, I thought so; that was Dessa giving her ayah a lesson—in fact pulling out the poor creature's hair in handfuls." The general uttered an exclamation of dismay. "I think it is only right to let you know what she is." the lady continued, holding out her hands to the fire, though to him the room was insufferably hot, "unless you are prepared; perhaps you are. Has Maj. Daly told you anything about her?"

The general was reluctantly compelled to reply in the negative.

"Just as I expected; he is too lazy to do anything of the sort. My own opinion is that he is too delighted to get rid of her for a time. I am not surprised."

"But she is so beautiful?" said the general, apologetically, the picture of his visionary ward rising clearly before him.

Mrs. Comyns turned her head aside. "She is a trifle dark," was her reply; and somehow the general traced suppressed merriment in her tones.

"She is a brunette, then? he asked, anxiously.

Mrs. Comyns laughed softly. "My dear Gen. Biddulph," she said, looking at him for one moment, "I see you are not an courant with the state of things. May I ask if you remember the late Mrs. Daly?"

"I have no personal recollection, certainly; but I know her to have been a beautiful and amiable woman," he returned promptly.

"That was the first wife; I mean the second."

"The second!" repeated the general, blankly.

"It is a most extraordinary story. Major Daly, in one of his eccentric moods, wandered up country, fell, ill, and was carefully nursed and tended by a native woman of inferior rank. With zeal worthy of a better cause, Major Daly sought her out when he recovered, and he married her."

Mrs Comyns' soft low voice died away. The general stood silent as a statue. "Then this girl," he said, at length, "is—is"—

"Black," observed Mrs. Comyns, "black as your hat on the chimney. A sound of rapid movement came from the inner room, the door was burst open, and before the general had time to recover himself a girl stood in the opening. "Ah, here is Dessa. Dessa, this is your guardian; come and shake hands with him."

Speechless with astonisment and vexation, the poor man gazed with horror on the figure before him. Squat, short, dressed in the most unearthly garb, with huge gold rings dancing in her black ears, and innumerable silver bangles shining on her dusky arms, stood the beauty of his dreams, the heiress, his ward. He advanced feebly, with outstretched hand. The girl's face expanded into a broad grin, her white even teeth gleaming like pearls in their ebony setting."

"She is shy," said Mrs. Comyns, with a smile still hovering around the corners of her mouth. "You will be better friends by and by."

Murmuring some incoherent farewell, the general seized his hat, and hastily made his escape from the room, and out of the house. He strode home overwhelmed with the horrible discovery. Mortification, anger and vexed pride surged in his heart, and he longed at that moment for Major Daly's head, that he might have relieved his overcharged feelings. He would be a laughing stock of the season. After so much anticipation, what result! He passed the evening alone, he could not face the club, and sought his pillow a much depressed and annoyed man.

As he sat at breakfast the next morning, carefully studying his Bradshaw preparatory to taking flight, Scott entered, marched up to his side, and tendered a tray with a card upon it. The general took it up mechanically. "Miss Daly." He dropped the innocent pasteboard as if it had been a scorpion.

"I am engaged, Scott," he gasped, leaning back in his chair aghast. "Say very sorry, but"—

"Beg parkon, general; the young lady was most anxious to see you."

The general groaned. "Show her in." He turned savagely to his Bradshaw. What was he to say to the blackmoor when she appeared? He could not submit to be hunted down in this way. She must be made to understand clearly that he would have nothing to do with her, and to-night he would start for Paris enroute for some place, the further from England the better.

The door opened. He shut the book nervously. The apparition of the night before loomed in the doorway. He turned cold; it was worse by daylight than in the evening gloom. He shut his eyes for one second, and when he opened them again they fell on the sweetest, fairest face it had ever been his lot to see. Before he could recover from his surprise the owner of the face was speaking.

"Gen. Biddulph," she said hesitatingly, "please forgive me for disturbing you so early, but I could not rest until I had seen you and apologized for my nonsensical rudeness last night."

The general looked mystified. "To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?" he asked hurriedly.

"I am Dessa Daly."

"Miss Daly! But, surely—I—that is"—

"Please let me explain all," said Miss Daly, quickly, her pretty face suffused with blushes. "I scarcely know how to begin. I—when we landed yesterday some people, friends of Mrs. Comyns, met her, and when they were gone I learnt from her that there was a little excitement about me, and—it was very foolish of them—they wished to see what I was like. They told her you knew nothing about me, and a spirit of mischief entered our heads, we determined to play a little joke on you, and pass off Sunda here," drawing the smiling black maid forward, "as me. It was very, very wrong, but I hope you will forgive us."

The general drew himself up stiffly, and looked decidedly grim.

"I don't know what papa would say if he knew how shockingly I had treated his old friend," continued the culprit, her pretty head drooping gracefully; "but I hope—I do hope you will forgive me."

The general thawed. He took the the little hand outstretched and pressed it warmly.

"Who could resist such a pleader?" he replied gallantly, the vision of lovliness before him dispelling his wrath. "But—then you were not—scolding—your maid last night?"

"No, no," laughed the girl gayly; "that was part of my plot, I wanted you to think I was the most horrible creature in the world. Sunda acted that scene all alone for your benefit."

"She was most successful," said the general, dryly; "but I will be even with you yet, Miss Dessa, for the trick you have played upon me. I might have known Druce Daly's daughter would have had a good spice of mischief in her composition. It is just the sort of thing your father delighted to do when we were boys together."

Dessa lifted her deep gray eyes to his. "Then you have forgiven me?" she said softly.

"Now—forever—always!"

The general's ward was a great success.

Gehenna According to Boston.

One of the best and brighest girls of the Back Bay teaches a Sunday school class in a certain famous Orthodox church. Recently she grew very earnest picturing to the eager infants who surrounded her the joys of heaven to be won by those who live and trust in a way to deserve them.

"You must love the lord," said she, "and be just as good as you know how to be. You must never get into tempers, you must never tell naughty stories, you must always mind your mammas, and be good in every way you know how, and then you will be sure to go to heaven when you die. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes, ma'am," lisped all the babies before her.

"But if you are bad," and she looked relentingly into the innocent faces before her, "you won't go to heaven. If you are bad," and she took a firm grip on the doctrine she felt called on to teach—"if you are bad, my dear children, you will go to hell, and that—that—" she groped for a word and ended eloquently, "and that would be perfectly ridiculous."

The Tactics of Lee and Meade.

Philadeldhia Ledger.

It was Lee's purpose when he came into Pennsylvania that he would not take a "tactical offensive"—that is, that he would not attack his adversary, but compel that adversary to attack him. There is evidence indeed that he made promise to that effect to his corps commanders because of the danger to him in case of failure growing out of his distance from his base of supplies and the necessity of recrossing the Potomac. But Meade knew all that, too, and it so fell out that Lee had to make the attack. How fierce and persistent that was and how it was finally repulsed all may know to-day. But all do not know that, after it was so repulsed, Lee baffled and beaten, lay in wait all the following day to entice Meade into a counter attack, for which he had the fresh divisions of Hood and McLaws to give Meade just the disastrous reception that Meade had given him, and which the Philadelphia brigade had given to Pickett's charging column on the 3d of July. Meade knew his men, and he knew, too, the imminent hazard of the situation too well to imperil his own vital success

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MRS. BARKER'S WOOD.

"No wood!"

Mrs. John Barker's eyes wandered in dismay around the unpromising looking wood yard. Two or three green logs lay there, against one of which an ax leaned in a cleft formed by a stove length being half chapped off. Her husband and his hired help, consisting of a man and boy, had just gone to their work on a distant part of the farm; and she knew she should see neither of them before dark.

What should she do? Half impatiently she turned toward the house, and then, with a thought of the pan of light dough waiting inside, she began to gather some of the chips which lay around, only to fling them down again.

"It's no use. I can't bake bread with these. I know what I'll do."

She quickly washed the dinner dishes with the already cooling water, and then went to the stable, in which, with hands dextrous by practice in such work, she had soon harnessed a horse to a light buggy.

"Mother and the girls will think I'm crazy," she said to herself, "but I can't help that. I swung an ax once and ached for a month to pay for it, so I'm not going to do it again."

She brought out her pan of bread wrapped in a large cloth, and, setting it in the bottom of the buggy, sprung in herself, and had soon driven the two miles which lay between her own house and her mother's. Arriving there she carried in her pan and set it down with a laugh.

"There, mother, I've come to bake my bread. John and the others went off without leaving me any wood, and I had to do it or let it spoil. Men will forget, you know."

She was not going to blame him to others, nor let them imagine how often, since she had gone as a bride to John Barker's new house only last spring, she had this same trouble about wood.

"That's right. Set it right down there by the fire, so't'ill get het up before you knead it into loaves. Yes, they will; and if any man's to be excused for not keepin' wood on his mind it's John Barker, if there's anything in blood and I say there is. His father is just so—a real forehanded man, good provider, and took proper pride in havin' things spick and span about him, but never seemin' to think what a bother it was to the women folks not to have their wood handy. Many and many's the time I've dropped into tea with John's mother and see her have the greatest time a scrapin' up a few chips or shakin' the snow off sticks of miserable green wood."

John's wife turned her face as she took off her things, for fear her friends would see in her face how nearly her own experience was already becoming like that of John's mother.

"I used to tell her," went on her mother "that she'd ought to trained him better when he was young. Now, like as not, John takes a little after his father—nobody could wonder at it—and I wish father could haul you a load or two of his good seasoned wood, s'pose 'twouldn't do—eh, Susan?"

"No, 'twouldn't do, mother; thank you all the same."

Twilight of the November day was shutting in when John Barker, returning to his house, missed the accustomed fire glow in the windows.

"What's up ? no fire! no wife! No wonder!" he ejaculated again, as he went out and took a view of the wood yard.

After fifteen minutes' work with his ax he carried in an armful of wood and kindling, and had a bright fire crackling and snapping in the stove by the time his wife's cheery voice was heard.

"I've had a real frolic, John," she said, tugging in a basket, from which she laid out several loaves of bread and a number of light, puffy biscuits. "I couldn't find any wood, so I just hitched up old Bill and went over to mother's to bake my bread."

There was not the slightest shade of reproach in her tones, but John felt a tingle of mortification at what had occurred, and resolved that it should not happen again, and so he assured Susan with great fervor.

And the next day he went vigorously to work to keep his word. Logs, some freshly felled, others which had fallen through decay, were hauled from the piece of timber land belonging to the farm, and for a week all hands sawed and chopped with a will. Then the results were flung pell mell into the wood shed, and John, who had never learned at home to look far enough ahead to think of providing seasoned wood from year to year, felt proud at having done his duty like a man.

And Susan, as she worried through that winter with wood green or decayed, too short or too long for the stove, made up her mind (and she had a good deal of mind of her own to make up) that she would never worry through such another, remembering some sensible advice her sensible, energetic mother had given her when she left home.

"Bear things, Susan. There's lots of things has to be borne in this world, and them that learns to bear 'em best's the best of all. Men will be trying, and if woman can't be patient it's apt to make trouble. But mind—when I say bear I mean there's reason in all things, and I don't mean you should bear things that's out of all reason. If a woman'll let herself be trod on, and them that does it'll never thank her for it or look up to her for it. Bear what's reasonable, Susan, but if things go beyond reason, why then look out for yourself."

It came about that when the next October term of the Circuit Court was in session John was drawn on the jury and had to be away for two weeks.

"Why, what in the world's this, Susan?" he said, staring into the woodshed when he got home the second Saturday.

"That's my winter's supply of wood," said Susan.

"And how in thunder did it get there—and in such good shape, too!" He gazed at it in astonishment.

It was in good shape. Row after row of well-seasoned, neatly sawed and split wood piled to the rafters, with a heap of pine and hemlock in kindling lengths in one corner.

"I had it put there," said Susan, quietly.

Some more questions he asked, but, with a little way, she sometimes had of asserting herself, she gave him to understand she had nothing more to tell, and he was ashamed to ask any one else.

The winter brought its usual round of simple gayeties in the country neighborhood, in which John and his wife took their full share.

"It seems to me, Susan," he said one evening on their return from a church sociable, "you don't fix up quite enough when you go out."

"Don't I look nice?"

"Yes, of course you do; but that's a dress you had when we were married, and that's nigh on two years ago. I haven't seen anything of that silk I gave you last fall."

"Are you sure?" she said, with a smile which he could not understand.

"Yes, I am. 'Taint been made up

yet, is it?"

"Yes, it is. And you've seen it worn."

John was puzzled, and felt sure he had not, but Susan would give him no further satisfaction on the subject of the silk dress.

As spring approached she made a few suggestions as to the advisability of fire wood being set to season in due time. But John, prompt and dilligent in preparation for seed time and harvest, full of the best intentions regarding his wife's comfort, still thought the wood was one of the things which could be looked to at any time, and Susan soon gave over reminding him of it.

One day in September he came home to dinner and found a cold lunch waiting him. The house was clean and quiet and cheerless; no wife there, but a written line which ran:

"DEAR JOHN—I am going to spend the day over at Mrs. Carter's. Will be home in time to give you a late supper."

He was glad to have her go, for she had had a busy summer and needed a little change. But there was a day out the next week and the next and the next, until he began to wonder at Susan's growing taste for gadding about. In early October he came home to find his woodyard, which had still remained empty, occupied by half a dozen or so cords of first class wood, with Sol. Carter and his two big boys busy at it, and they worked until it was stored up as before in the shed. And John felt cross, but asked no questions.

"Where's Mrs. Barker?" said a small Carter boy to John, as he put up his bars one evening.

"She is over to neighbor Grant's. You will fine her there if you want her."

"It ain't no matter. You can tell her here's the sewin' she's to do for mother, and mother wants to know if she can come and wash to our house to-morrow."

"The—old scratch she does?" exclaimed John, turning on the boy in blank amazement, which rapidly grew into anger. "Mrs. Barker hire out to do washin' and sewin'? What d'ye mean by comin' to me with such a message, you young rascal?"

The astonished youngster dropped his sewing and applied his knuckles to his eyes as John advanced towards him; then ran with all his might as the bundle came whizzing after him. And Susan's lord and master strode in dignified wrath down the road to meet her.

"Susan—I don't understand this—there's been a young chap talkin' about sewin' and washin' for Mrs. Carter. What in all creation does it mean, I'd like to know?"

"It's all right," said Susan, composedly. "What was the message?"

"Thunderation! You don't mean to say you sew and wash for other folks, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"And for what?" Is there anything you want, Susan, that I don't give you?"

"Yes, John, there is. I want wood. I can't saw and chop, but I can wash and sew and do anything else a woman ought to do, and there's no blame to me for changing work I can do for work I can't. I'm never," Susan spoke very firmly, but without a grain of irritation, "going to put up with poor, badly cut, green wood again as long as I can turn my woman's work into man's work. I'd rather wash for somebody every week, it's half the comfort of a woman's life. You've never had to wait for your dinner with the wood sizzling in the stove and the fire not burning since I've been providing the wood."

John was dumbfounded.

"And you've been working for Sol. Carter's wife these two years!" he said, in intense disgust.

"No; my silk dress paid for last year's wood. I hated to let it go, John, because you gave it me, but Tilda Carter took a fancy to it. It was she you saw wearing it," and Susan laughed at his grunt of dissatisfaction with the whole business.

"You to go letting me down this way before the Carter's!" he growled. And if Mrs. John's eyes flashed a little who can blame her, as she answered:

"If there's any letting down to do it's your doing, not mine!"

They finished their walk home in silence, and then John said:

"Susan, will you leave the wood business to me after this?"

"I'll try you, John," she said.—Philadelphia Call.

The Cost of Nobility.

Brooklyn Eagle: Labouchere says that the twenty-eight dukes, thirty-three marquises and 200 earls of the House of Lords have received from the tax-payers of Great Britain since 1850 the aggregate sum of £66,000,000 and odd—in round numbers some $330,000,000. By way of earning this handsome sum of money he says that they have opposed, rejected and mutilated every bill sent up to them in the interest of the people—obstreuting, as far as lay in their power, the enlargement of the franchise, the reformation of municipalities, the relief of Catholics, Dissenters and Jews, the promotion of education, the suppression of liberty at elections, the laws facilitating the transfer and distribution of land and all others designed for the good of the public, instead of the protection of their grasping and rapacious order. Adding to this sum total and cost of royalty during the same interval, it will be observed that Great Britain pays rather a heavy sum for her pageants, particularly as none of them longer represent the least utility.

How Camphor is Made.

The Druggist: Camphor is made in Japan in this way. After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut into chips, which are laid in a tub or a large iron pot partially filled with water, and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and, heating the chips generates oil and camphor. Of course, the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer, which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then seperated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs and is ready for market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.

What the Baby was Thinking.

Mrs. Fogg: As I came by the station, just now, I saw a baby in its carriage. It was amusing to see the little thing watch the locomotive as it rushed past, and until it was out of sight. I wonder what the little darling was thinking of?

Fogg: That depends. If it was a girl, she was thinking, "splendid," "just too lovely for anything," or something of that sort. If it was a boy, he might have been mentally constructing a smoke-consumer or patent coupler, but probably was considering whether it was best to invest in the road's common or preferred stock, its first, second or third mortgage bonds, its equipment sevens, land-grant eights, or car-trust thirteens.—Boston Transcript.

MARKETS.

NEW YORK.—Wheat, No. 2, Chicago, 84½c; No 1, hard, 87 to 89c; No. 1, red, 88c; No. 2, red, 89 to 93c; Corn, No. 2, 46½c; No. 2, White, 53c; Oats, mixed, western, 34 to 36c; white, western, 36 to 41c.

MILWAUKEE.—Wheat, 70½c. Corn, No. 3, 37c. Oats, No. 2, white, 30c. Rye, No. 1, 57c. Barley, No. 2, 57c. Pork, $14.50. Lard, $6.30.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Wheat, No. 1, hard, 70c; No. 1. Northern, 69c; No. 2, Northern, 67c.

CHICAGO.—Wheat, No. 2, red, 73c; No. 4, red, 63 to 65c; choice red, 73c; No. 2, red, 76c; No. 2. spring, 68c; No. 4, spring, 60 to 62c; N[illegible] spring, 64 to 69c; No. 2. spring, 70 to choice, 72; Corn, No. 2, 35 to 36c; No. 2, yellow, 36 to 36½c; No. 2, white, 33c; No. 3, 35 to 36c; No. 3, yellow, 36c; No. 4, 37c. Oats, No. 2, 24½c; No. 3, 25c; No. 2, white, 30c. Rye, No. 2, 54c. Barley, No. 2, 51 to 55c. Timothy seed, $2.00 to $2.25. Flax seed, No. 1, $1.19 rejected, $1.18c. Lard, $6.20 to $6.25c.

Rev. Dr. McGlynn's Reply.

Rev. Dr. McGlynn, lately deposed from the priesthood he gives to the public for the first time his final summons to Rome, which was sent him in May; denounces the way in which he was addressed in it by the cardinal prefect of the Propaganda, but attributes that prelate's feelings toward him to the one-sided and numerous letters sent to Rome against the doctor by Archbishop Corrigan. He also attempts to prove that his case was prejudiced at Rome, and that he was called there to be disciplined rather than for trial. Speaking of his having partaken of the holy communion last Sunday, Dr. McGlynn says:

He did so because he holds that he has not been legally excommunicated. He would not enter any church and raise a disturbance in order to partake of the eucharist. He would receive it from any friendly priests who believed as he in a quiet way, in order not to get a friend in trouble. If all priests refuse him, he, being still a priest, may administer it, and that he will partake of the emblems from his own hands.

The Earl of Aberdeen to Irishmen.

The Earl of Aberdeen, replying to an address presented by an Irish delegation in New York, spoke words of hope and advice. Incidentally the encouraging words and works of the countess of Aberdeen were also touched upon feelingly. The earl in reply said:

This address will be treasured and remembered by Lady Aberdeen and myself. It indicates that the people of America are seeking to aleviate the condition of Ireland by giving it home rule by peaceful and constitutional modes, home rule is not dead, but it is to come sooner or later. Recent results in England show that voters are won over. I came to America to have British minds disabused of the wrong ideas which have been formed, thereby letting them see and think for themselves. Their ideas regarding the Irish-American sympathizers with Ireland are formed by the great journals of the United Kingdom. I am satisfied that you represent a large and enlightened body which believes strictly in the policy of Mr. Gladstone's bill, and who desire only the reform asked in that bill. They need not expect to see all of the provisions of that bill revived. That bill is dead; but the principal lives, and in time will be carried into effect by Gladstone, aided by Mr. Parnell and his followers, and that by constitutional measures. I know that the Irish are great politicians and know the influence they have on the politics of this country. It is the duty of Irishmen to this great country, and that British country which is fighting home rule across the seas, to be good Irishmen, honorable, and assist by honorable means alone the contest which is being waged.

A Washington Weather Summary.

The torrid weather which has prevailed in nearly every section of the country during the past week is not due, the signal officer says, to any exceptional causes, and no relief can be predicted at present. The weather, however, was considerably cooler on the 14th inst., in some parts of the United States than previously. During the past twenty-four hours the temperature has fallen from 8 to 12 degrees in Western Dakota, Wyoming, Montana and Florida. A cool wave has also made itself felt in Northern Texas, the Indian Territory, Arkansas and Louisiana. The warm weather has also been broken in the Lake Superior region, Pennsylvania, New York and the New England states by a reduction of from four to eighteen degrees. The heat continues unabated in Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa, Minnesota, Eastern Dakota and the South Atlantic states. Fort Sully, Dakota, at 3 o'clock to-day was the hottest place in the United States, with the thermometer at 102. Huron, Dak., and Atlanta, Ga., followed with 98 degrees, and North Platte, Neb., Dubuque, Ia., Indianapolis, Ind., Lynchburg and Norfold, Va., with 96 degrees. The coolest section of the country to-day was the Lake Superior region, and Duluth, Minn., returns a lower temperature than any unelevated city in the United States, viz., 56 degrees.

Western Geological Surveys.

In his proposed work the coming season Maj. Powell, of the geological survey, say of the western portion:

It is proposed to commence surveys in Iowa upon the one-mile scale, for the reason that the relief there is slight and the detailed maps are required for use in the special geological work required in the region. It is recommended that for the prosecution of the work contemplated in this section there be allotted $20,000. In Montana, subsection 2, two parties, headed by R. M. Douglass and F. Tweedy, respectively, will be employed in triangulation and the topographic work in Southwestern Montana, where it is proposed to complete the surveys required. The investigations of last year have thrown much light on the iron-bearing and copper-bearing rocks of the Lake Superior region, and it is proposed to continue the investigation of those rocks in Northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota in accordance with the general plan already formulated. Prof. R. D. Irving will remain in charge of the work, and will have the assistance of the following: W. W. Daniels, W. A. Harrison, C. W. Ball, C. N. Van Bliss and C. H. Williams. It is recommended that there be allotted for this work $10,000.

The treasury department has called the attention of the department of state to the report of a special agent of the treasury department relative to the undervaluation of steel slabs exported from Charleroi, Belgium, and the certification of the same by the consular agent at that place. The special agent says: The customs officers can place no confidence in his certificates, and the invoice might as well be a blank piece of paper so far as giving any information of market values is concerned.

The Panama Canal company must be in rather desperate financial straits when the next loan, which it is proposed to issue in Paris, will net, at the heavy proposed discount of 57½ per cent, only 85,000,000 francs from the face value of 200,000,000 francs.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is becoming a universal favorite for restoring gray hair to its original color, and making hair grow thick and strong.

The crimes bill was discussed in the house of lords and put on its third reading.

$500 Not Called For.

It seems strange that it is necessary to percuade men that you can cure their diseases by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sago undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him, if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash.

The following postmasters have been commissioned: Dakota, Tarsus, P. H. Brunel; Wisconsin, Steinthal, W. Witte.

A Wonderful Freak of Nature

is sometimes exhibited in our public exhibitions. When we gaze upon some of the peculiar freaks dame nature occasionally indulges in, our minds revert back to the creation of man, "who is so fearfully and wonderful made." The mysteries of his nature have been unraveled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, and through his knowledge of those mysteries he has been able to prepare his "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a specific for all blood taints, poisons and humors, such as scrofula, pimples, blotches, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers and kindred affections. By druggists.

Young Cyrus W. Feld netted $600,000 one day on the stump in Manhatten Elevated stock.

A Bonanza Mine

of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the merits of which, as a remedy for the female weakness and kindred affections, thousands testify.

Ex-Secretary Manning is still a sick man; has lost much flesh and takes little interest in passing events.

Will Upset Some of the Devil's Plans.

Two years ago a South American fodder plant was found to possess the extraordinary power of stopping the appetite for liquors, effects of dissipation and nervous exhaustion of women at once, without stimulation or reaction, leaving no morbid appetites or bad effects more than any ordinary food. It created so much excitement among the church people and doctors, that a large manufactory was started, over five million quart bottles were sold the first months. The whole country are astounded at the size of the demand. The Grocers and Druggists are full of it. It is only 50 cts a quart bottle. The women swarm after it.

Thurman positively declines to be the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio.

It is so Everywhere.—E. B. Rall, druggist at Haittsville, Kan., has this to write about Allen's Lung Balsam: It is the best selling throat and lung remedy, and gives general satisfaction. Buy the large $1.00 bottles for Lung Diseases.

Mrs. Riegel, formerly Elizabeth Nicholson, a celebrated Philadelphia belle, recently married Baron Frederic Blanc of France.

An English physician observed a cat with symptoms of whooping cough in a family where there was a child with that disease. Query—Which one brought it into the house, the boy or the cat?—Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.

The lucky Canadian Pacific is to be permitted to ship goods in bond from Pacific coast seaports to Port Moody.

Heroes and Heroines.

There are few who enjoy bodily troubles without complaint. Did you ever meet among the heroes or heroines of your acquaintance—if any such there have been—one with a yellowish cast of countenance and that jaundiced aspect generally, which the most unpracticed eye recognizes as the product of a disordered liver, who did not complain, and peevishly too, of the soreness of the recalcitrant organ, of pains beneath the right shoulder blade, of dyspeptic symptoms, constipation and headache? Of course you never did, and of course the individual was not using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, or he would not so have looked—so have complained. To purify the blood when contaminated with bile, and conduct the secretion into its proper channel, to re-establish regularity of the bowels, banish bilious headache and remove impediments to complete digestion, nothing can approach in efficacy this peerless alternative and tonic. Malarial complaints, always involving the liver and kidneys and bladder inactively, are remedied by it. It is a capital appetizer.

Lord Churchill speaks in the house of commons against certain clauses of the Irish land bill.

Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters is not a fancy alcoholic beverage. All genuine bear the signature of J. P. Allen, Druggist, St. Paul, Minn.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere 25 cents.

Save your wagons, your horses and your patience by using Frazer Axle Grease.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms, also as a preventative against Fever and Ague, and other Intermittent Fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Hazzard Hazzard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic, and for patients recovering from Fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

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with the
CUTICURA
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TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the hair.

Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. Cuticura Remedies are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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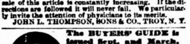

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