

The Subscriber. It was the old subscriber. His eyes were old and dim. But "he was takin' no paper That was pokin' chaff at him." For he picked his paper up one day And it went to his heart like a rocket; "Whom the gods love, die young, it is said, But their whose hearts are dry," he read, "As summer's dust, burn to the socket." Then he looked through the paper with heart and soul, And his heart with anger burned; For he found a had been left out And he found an o that was "turned." And he lifted his voice with a mighty shout As the sheet with his test he spurned. He stopped his paper; he would not read Such a blundering, villainous sheet; Of the news it contained he had no need, He could hear the news on the street. Only ten days later, he sold his corn. But he pounded his head full of dents, When he learned, after selling for twelve and a-half, It was quoted at forty-two cents. And his farm was sold for taxes, because He didn't know when they were due, And he bet on a race three days after, And he bet on the wrong horse, too. He was fined nine dollars and seventy cents For going out shooting on Sunday, For he didn't know, with no paper to read, Whether 't was Sunday or Monday. He came to town to the Fourth of July, But it had been gone for a week, And he felt so mad, that he wanted to cry, For he didn't know how to speak. He thought that Grant was President yet, And he never had heard of Hayes; It was worry, and blunder, and trouble, and fret, All of his weary days. So he came to town, one summer morn, And signed "for his paper again, And went back home to his wheat and corn, The happiest man among men. —Burlington Hawkeye.

THE TWO MR. SMITHS.

"It is not either her money or her position that does me, Carroll. It is her smile. Think of asking Eleanor Bethune to become Mrs. William Smith! It had been Alexander Smith." "Or Hyacinth Smith." "Well, Hyacinth Smith would have done as plain William Smith!" "Yes, as far as I can see, you are not to blame. Apologize to the lady for the blunder of your godfathers and god-mothers. Startle her with the news, and she will have thought of Hyacinth," and Carroll threw his cigar into the fire and began to buckle on his spurs. "Come with me, Carroll." "No, you are going against my principle to like any one better than myself, and Alice Fontaine is a temptation to do so." "I don't like Alice's style at all." "Of course she has the beauty, as compared with Mrs. Bethune's settled income, is skin-deep." "If sarcasm was intended, Smith did not perceive it. He took the criticism at his face and looked at Carroll. Eleanor's income is satisfactory; and besides that, she has all kinds of good qualities, and several accomplishments. If I only could offer her, with myself, a suitable name for them." "Could you not, in taking Mrs. Bethune and her money, take her name also?" "No. A man does not like to lose all his individuality in his wife's name." "Well, then, I have no other suggestion, and I am going to ride." "So Carroll went to the park and Smith went to his mirror. The occupation gave him the courage he wanted. He was undoubtedly a very handsome man, and he had, also, very fine manners; indeed, he would have been a very great man if the world had only been a drawing-room, for polished and fastidious, he dreaded nothing so much as an uncomfortable, and had the air of being uncomfortable unless his hands were in kid gloves. Smith had a standing invitation to Mrs. Bethune's five-o'clock teas, and he was always considered an acquisition. He was also very fond of going to them; for under no circumstances was Mrs. Bethune so charming. To see her in this hour of perfect relaxation was to understand how great and beautiful is the art of idleness. Her ease and grace, her charming amiableness, her indescribable air of inaction, were all so many proofs of her having been born in the purple of wealth and fashion; no parvenu could ever hope to imitate them. Alice Fontaine never tried. She had been taken from the life of polite shifts and struggles by her cousin, Mrs. Bethune, two years before, and the circumstances that were to the one the mere accidents of her position were to the other a real holiday-making. Alice met Mr. Smith with embarrassment, fluttered about the tea-tray, like a butterfly, wasted her bonnets and the sugar recklessly, and was as full of pretty animation as her cousin Bethune was of elegant repose. During the afternoon Eleanor's hand had rested a moment very tenderly in his; he had seen her white cheeks flush and her eyes gleam, and he felt almost sure that he was beloved. And as he had determined that night to test his fortune, he was not inclined to let himself be disappointed. Consequently, he decided on writing to her, for he was rather proud of his letters; and indeed it must be confessed that he had an elegant and eloquent way of putting any case in which he was personally interested. Eleanor Bethune thought so. She received his proposal on her return from very stipulating party, and as soon as she saw his writing she began to consider how much more she could do for the evening had been if Mr. Smith had been present. His glowing eulogies on her beauty, and his passionate descriptions of his own affection, his hopes, and his despair, chimed in with her mood exactly. Already she had a fine person and manners had made a great impression on her; she had been very near loving him; nothing, indeed, had been needed but that touch of electricity conveyed in the knowledge that she was beloved. Such proposals seldom or never take women unawares. Eleanor had been

expecting it, and had already decided on his answer. So, after a short, happy reflection, she opened her desk and wrote Mr. Smith a few lines which she believed would make him supremely happy. Then she went to Alice's room, and woke her up out of her first sleep. "Oh, you lazy girl, why did you not crimp your hair?" Get up, Alice dear, I have a secret to tell you. I am going to marry—Mr. Smith." "I knew some catastrophe was impending, Eleanor; I have felt it all day," said Eleanor. "Now, Alice, be reasonable. What do you think of him—honestly, you know?" "The man has excellent qualities; for instance, a perfect taste in cravats, and an irreproachable propriety. Nobody ever saw him in any position out of the proper center of gravity. Now there is Carroll, always sitting round on tables or arms, or if on a chair, on the back or side, or any way but as other Christians sit. Then Mr. Smith is handsome; very much so." "Oh! you do admit that?" "Yes, he is a man myself like men of the hairdresser style of beauty." "Alice, what makes you dislike him so much?" "Indeed, I don't, Eleanor. I think he is very nice, and very respectable. Every one will say, 'What a suitable match! I do dare say you will be very happy. He will do everything you tell him to do, Eleanor; and—oh, dear me!—now I should have a husband of that kind!'" "You little hypocrite!—with your talk of woman's 'rights' and woman's 'supremacy.'"

"No, Eleanor, don't call it hypocrisy, please; say many-splendored. It is more womanly definition. But if it is really to be so, then I wish you joy, cousin. And what are you going to wear?" This subject proved sufficiently attractive to keep her waiting a couple of hours. She even crimped her hair in honor of the bridal shopping; and before matters had been satisfactorily arranged she was full of anticipated pleasures that she felt really grateful to the author of them, and permitted herself to speak with enthusiasm of the bridegroom. "He'll be a sight to see, Eleanor, on his marriage day. There won't be a handsomer man or better-dressed man in America, and his clothes will all come from Paris, I dare say." "I think we will go to Paris first." Then Eleanor went into a graphic description of the glories and pleasures of Paris, as she had experienced them during her first bridal tour. "It is the most fascinating city in the world, Alice." "I dare say, but it is a ridiculous waste of money to go to Paris, and I don't see how you can expect to have a Paris, when one has to sail three thousand miles to get to it? Eleanor, I feel that I shall have to go." "So you shall, dear; I won't go without you." "Oh, no, darling; not with Mr. Smith. I really could not. I shall have to carry and manage matters with my travels and waiting rooms, and second-class hotels, and troublesome letters waiting for you at your banker's, and disagreeable paragraphs in the newspapers. I think Carroll's idea is splendid." "So the marriage took place at the end of the season, and Alice and Carroll sailed happily away into the unknown. Eleanor was at a loss what to do with herself. She wanted to go to Europe, but Mr. Smith had gone there, and she felt sure that some unlucky accident would throw them together. It was not her nature to court embarrassments; so she stayed in the city, and in the middle of the winter she called one day on Celeste Reid—a beautiful girl who had been a great belle, but was now a confirmed invalid. "I am going to try the air of Colorado," Mrs. Bethune said. "I have heard wonderful stories about it. Come with our party. We shall have a special car, and the trip will be at least have the charm of novelty." "I love the mountains, Celeste. I will join you with pleasure. I was dreading the old routine in the old places; but this will be delightful." "That is happened that one evening in the following August, Mrs. Bethune found herself slowly strolling down the principal street in Denver. It was a splendid sunset, and in its glory the Rocky mountains rose like Titanic sentinels built of adamant. Suddenly the look of intense pleasure on her face was changed for one of wonder and annoyance. It had become her duty in a moment to do a very disagreeable thing; but duty was a thing that she could not remember whether she had put it there or not. The man stood looking at her in an expectant way; she felt that any delay about the message might be fatal to his worth; perplexity ruled her absolutely. She was about to explain her dilemma, and return to her hotel for money, when a gentleman, who had heard and watched the whole proceeding, said: "Madam, I perceive that time is of great importance to you, and that you have lost your purse; allow me to pay for your message. You can return the money if you wish. My name is William Smith. I am staying at the American."

"Thank you, sir. The message is of the greatest importance to my brother. I gratefully accept your offer." Further knowledge proved Mr. William Smith to be a New York capitalist who was slightly known to three of the gentlemen in Eleanor's party; so that the acquaintance began so informally was very speedily approved. Mr. William Smith, the New York capitalist, was very much interested in the trip, and he had seen in the door of the postoffice a runaway cashier

"Really!—Alice, dear, won't you bring that piece of Bunsell pottery for Mrs. Hollis to look at?" So the wonderful cup and saucer were brought, and they caused a diversion, so complete that Mr. Smith and his eccentric move were not named again during the visit. Nor, indeed, much after it. "What is the use of discussing a hopelessly disagreeable subject?" said Eleanor to Alice's first offer of sympathy. To tell the truth, the mere mention of the subject made her cross, for young women of the finest fortunes do not necessarily possess the finest tempers. Carroll's next visit was looked for with a good deal of interest. Naturally it was thought that he would know all about his friend's singular conduct. But he professed to be as much puzzled as Alice. "He supposed it was something about Mrs. Bethune; he had always told Smith not to take a pretty, rich woman like her into his calculations. Or his part, he felt that she had no right to marry a girl, and felt that he had a gift that way, he should have looked out a rich German girl; they had less nonsense about them, and were more to the point." "That was how the affair ended as far as Eleanor was concerned. Of course she suffered, but she was not of that generation of women who parade their sufferings. Beautiful and as respectable as she was, above all, endowed with physical self-control. Even Alice was spared the hysterical sobbings and faintings and other signs of pathological distress common to weak women. Perhaps she was more silent and more irritable than usual, but Eleanor Bethune's heartache for love never led her to the smallest social impropriety. Whatever she did, she did in the proper mixture of calm and vigor, or neglect her title of the mint, and amiss due to her position. Eleanor's reticence, however, had this good effect:—it kept Alice to the quietude of her own home. Carroll's and Smith's singular and complicated love-story, however, had had a good effect on her. In discussing Smith, they got to understand each other; so that, after all, it was Alice's and Eleanor's bridled shopping time was to do. And there is something very assuaging to grief in this occupation. Before it was completed, Eleanor had quite recovered her placid, sunny temper. "Consolation, thy name is satin and lace," said Alice, thankfully, to herself, as she saw Eleanor so tired and happy about the wedding rings. At first Alice had been quite sure that she would go to Paris, and nowhere else; but Eleanor noticed that in less than a week Carroll's influence was paramount. "We have got a better idea, Eleanor—quite a novel one, in fact. We are going to make our bridal trip in Carroll's yacht!" "Whose idea is that?" "Carroll's, and mine too, of course. Carroll says it is the loveliest life. You leave all your cares and your bills on shore behind you. You issue your own sailing orders, and sail away into space with an easy conscience." "But I thought you were bent on a European trip?" "The yacht will be ever so much nicer. Think of the nuisance of tickets and waiting rooms, and second-class hotels, and troublesome letters waiting for you at your banker's, and disagreeable paragraphs in the newspapers. I think Carroll's idea is splendid."

"I intend to go on a little while; but it is impossible to go on with the same set of opinions forever. Just think how dull conversation would become!" "Well, dear, you may go to sleep now, for mind, I shall want you down to breakfast before eleven. I have given you a promise to go with me to-day, and we shall have a *tele-a-tele* tea." Alice determined that it should be strictly *tele-a-tele*. She went to spend the afternoon with Carroll and sister, and stayed until she thought the lovers had had ample time to make their vows and arrange their wedding. There was a little pout on her lips as she left Carroll outside the door, and she was a little regretful at the way in which private party. She was trying to make up her mind to be civil to her cousin's new husband elect, and the temptation to be anything else was very strong. "I shall have to go with the same set of opinions forever. Just think how dull conversation would become!" "Well, dear, you may go to sleep now, for mind, I shall want you down to breakfast before eleven. I have given you a promise to go with me to-day, and we shall have a *tele-a-tele* tea." Alice determined that it should be strictly *tele-a-tele*. She went to spend the afternoon with Carroll and sister, and stayed until she thought the lovers had had ample time to make their vows and arrange their wedding. There was a little pout on her lips as she left Carroll outside the door, and she was a little regretful at the way in which private party. She was trying to make up her mind to be civil to her cousin's new husband elect, and the temptation to be anything else was very strong. "I shall have to go with the same set of opinions forever. Just think how dull conversation would become!"

of her brother, and his speedy arrest involved a matter of at least forty thousand dollars. This Mr. William Smith was a totally different man from his last lover—a bright, energetic, alert business man, decidedly handsome and gentlemanly. Though his name was greatly against him in Eleanor's prejudices, she found herself quite unable to resist, the cheerful, pleasant influence he carried with him. And it was evident from the very first day of their acquaintance that Mr. William Smith had but one thought—the winning of Eleanor Bethune. When she returned to New York in the autumn she ventured to cast up her accounts with life, and she was rather amazed at the result. For, she was quite aware that she was in love with this William Smith in a way that she had never been with the other. The first had been a sentimental ideal; the second was a real life. She felt that she had married a girl, and felt that he had a gift that way, he should have looked out a rich German girl; they had less nonsense about them, and were more to the point. That was how the affair ended as far as Eleanor was concerned. Of course she suffered, but she was not of that generation of women who parade their sufferings. Beautiful and as respectable as she was, above all, endowed with physical self-control. Even Alice was spared the hysterical sobbings and faintings and other signs of pathological distress common to weak women. Perhaps she was more silent and more irritable than usual, but Eleanor Bethune's heartache for love never led her to the smallest social impropriety. Whatever she did, she did in the proper mixture of calm and vigor, or neglect her title of the mint, and amiss due to her position. Eleanor's reticence, however, had this good effect:—it kept Alice to the quietude of her own home. Carroll's and Smith's singular and complicated love-story, however, had had a good effect on her. In discussing Smith, they got to understand each other; so that, after all, it was Alice's and Eleanor's bridled shopping time was to do. And there is something very assuaging to grief in this occupation. Before it was completed, Eleanor had quite recovered her placid, sunny temper. "Consolation, thy name is satin and lace," said Alice, thankfully, to herself, as she saw Eleanor so tired and happy about the wedding rings. At first Alice had been quite sure that she would go to Paris, and nowhere else; but Eleanor noticed that in less than a week Carroll's influence was paramount. "We have got a better idea, Eleanor—quite a novel one, in fact. We are going to make our bridal trip in Carroll's yacht!"

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Pain and the Weather.

It is a familiar experience that certain bodily pains vary in their phases according to the weather, but probably few have made exact scientific observations of this to any considerable extent. A series of such observations, made with care, by Prof. A. M. Brown, of the Academy of Science by Prof. Mitchell. They are by Capt. Catlin, of the United States Army, who lost a leg during the war. It is found that he suffers a great deal from traumatic neuralgia. He carefully noted, during five years, the effects produced on him by changes of the weather. For the first quarter of five years, he was in the north of the Pacific coast at the beginning of the first quarter—July, August and September. During these five years, while the sun was south of the equator, there were 4,022 hours of pain; for the second quarter, 3,162 hours; for the third quarter, 2,921 hours; for the fourth quarter, 2,211 hours. The best "yield of pain" is in January, February and March, and the poorest in the third quarter—July, August and September. During these five years, while the sun was south of the equator, there were 4,022 hours of pain, for the second quarter, 3,162 hours; for the third quarter, 2,921 hours; for the fourth quarter, 2,211 hours. The best "yield of pain" is in January, February and March, and the poorest in the third quarter—July, August and September. During these five years, while the sun was south of the equator, there were 4,022 hours of pain, for the second quarter, 3,162 hours; for the third quarter, 2,921 hours; for the fourth quarter, 2,211 hours. The best "yield of pain" is in January, February and March, and the poorest in the third quarter—July, August and September. During these five years, while the sun was south of the equator, there were 4,022 hours of pain, for the second quarter, 3,162 hours; for the third quarter, 2,921 hours; for the fourth quarter, 2,211 hours. 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