

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

A TALE WHICH SHOWS THAT ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.

"Two offers at once! You are truly a favored maiden, Rose," said Annette Lewis to her young friend, Rose, in a gay tone.

"And happy shall I be if I have the wisdom to choose rightly," was the reply of Rose.

"If it were my case, I do not think I should have much difficulty in making a choice."

"No, you? Suppose then you give me the benefit of your preference."

"Oh, no, not for the world!" replied Annette, laughing. "I am sure you might be jealous of me afterward."

"Never fear, I am not of a jealous disposition."

"No, I won't commit myself in regard to your lovers. But if they were mine I would soon let it be known where my preference lay."

"Then you won't assist me in coming to a decision. Surely I am entitled to this act of friendship."

"If you put it upon that ground, Rose, I do not see how I can refuse."

"I do not put it upon that ground, Annette. And now, I ask you, is a friend, to give me your opinion of the two young men, James Hamilton and Marcus Gray, who have seen such wonderful attractions in my humble self as to become suitors for my hand at the same time?"

"Decidedly, then, Rose, I should prefer Marcus Gray."

"There is about him, certainly, Annette, much to attract a maiden's eye, and to captivate her heart; but it has occurred to me that the most glittering surface does not always indicate the purest gold beneath."

"I remember, once, to have seen a massive chain, wrought from pure iron, placed before me, and with a surface of ten times richer hue. Had I not been told the difference, I should have chosen the latter as in every way more valuable. But when it was explained that one bore the hue of genuine gold, while the other had been colored by a process known to jewelers, I was struck with the lesson it taught."

"What lesson, Rose?"

"That the richest substance has not always the most glittering exterior. That real worth, satisfied with the consciousness of its own soundness of principle, assumes for imposing exterior aspects and forms."

"And that rule you apply to these two young men?"

"By that rule I wish to be guided, in some degree, in my choice, Annette. I wish to keep my mind so unclouded that it may not be swayed from a sound discrimination by anything of imposing exterior."

"But it is not the exterior—what which meets the eye—all we can judge from? Is not that the exterior—a true expression of what is within?"

"Not by any means, Annette. I grant that it should be, but it is not. Look at the fact just named respecting the gold chain."

"But they were inanimate substances. They were not faces, where thoughts, feelings and principles find expression."

"Do you suppose, Annette, that had gold would ever have been colored so as to look even more beautiful than that which is genuine if there had not been men who assumed exterior graces and virtues that were not in their mind? No, the very fact you adduce strengthens my position. The time was in the earlier and purer ages—the golden age—of the world's existence, when the contentment was the true index to the mind. Then it was a well-tuned instrument, and the mind within a skillful player, to whose touch every muscle and chord and minute fiber gave answering melody. That time has passed. Men now school their faces to deception. It is an art which nearly all practice—myself and yourself too often. We study to appear what we are not. Look at some men whom we meet every day, with faces whose calmness I should rather say rigidity, give no evidence that a single emotion ever crossed the waveless ocean of their minds. But it is not so. The mind within is active with thought and feeling. But the instrument formed for it to play upon has lost its tone, or bears only relaxed or broken chords."

"You have a strange, visionary way of talking, sometimes Rose," replied Annette, as her friend passed speaking. "All that may do for your German transcendentalists, or whatever you may call them; but it won't do when you come down to the matter-of-business of life."

"To me it seems eminently a practical principle, Annette. We must act in all important matters in life with a just discrimination; and how can we truly discriminate if we are not well versed in those philosophical principles upon which, and only upon which, right discriminations can be made?"

"I must confess, Rose," replied her young friend, "that I do not see much bearing that all this has upon the matter under discussion; or, at least, I can not see the truth of its application. Good never assumes a laxer exterior."

"Well?"

"We need not be very eminent philosophers to distinguish one from the other."

"Very well. Here is Marcus Gray, with a genuine golden exterior, and James Hamilton, with a leaden one."

"I do not grant that position, Annette. It is true that Mr. Hamilton is not so brilliant and showy, but I have found in him one quality that I have not yet discovered in the other."

"What is that?"

"Depth of feeling and high moral principle."

"You certainly do not pretend to affirm that Mr. Gray has neither feeling nor principle?"

"Of course I do not. I only say that I have never yet perceived any very strong indications of their existence."

"Why, Rose?"

"I am in earnest, Annette. I doubt not that he possesses both, and, I trust, in a high degree. But he seems to be so constantly acting a brilliant part, that nature, unadorned and simple, has no chance to speak out. It is not so with Mr. Hamilton. Every word he utters shows that he is speaking what he really feels; and often, though not so highly polished in speech as Mr. Gray, I have heard him utter sentiments of genuine truth and humanity in a tone that made my heart bound with pleasure at recognizing the simple eloquence of nature. His character, Annette, I find in no way difficult to read; that of Marcus Gray puzzles my closest scrutiny."

peculiarities in these young men that you seem to make of so much importance. As for Mr. Gray, he is a man of whom any woman might feel proud; he combines intelligence with courteous manner, and a fine person—what the Hamlets of the world are so miserably stupid. And no one, I am sure, can call his polished and manners any thing like polished. Indeed, I should pronounce him downright boorish and awkward. Who would want a man for a husband of whom she would be ashamed? Not I, certainly."

"I will readily grant you, Annette, that Mr. Hamilton is a man of fine exterior attractions; but as compared with those of Mr. Gray, but as I said before, in a matter like this, where it is the quality of the mind, and not the exterior appearance of the man alone, that is to give happiness, it behoves a maiden to look beneath the surface, as I am trying to do now."

"But I could not love a man like Mr. Hamilton, unless, indeed, there were no possibility of getting any one else. In that case I would make a choice of evil between single blessedness and such a husband. But, to have two such offers as you have, Rose, and hesitate to make a choice, strikes me as singular indeed."

"I don't hesitate, Annette," was the quiet reply.

"Have you then, indeed, decided, Rose?"

"I have—and this conversation has caused me to decide; for as it has progressed, my mind has been enabled to see truly the real difference in the characters of my suitors."

"You have then decided in favor of Mr. Gray?"

"Indeed I have not, Annette. Though I admire his fine talents, and his polished exterior, yet I have never been able to perceive in him those qualities upon which my heart can rest in confidence. He will possess these in a higher degree than Mr. Hamilton, but I am afraid to run so great a risk. In the latter, I know there are moral qualities that I can love, and that I can repose upon."

"But he is so dull, Rose."

"I really do not think so, Annette. There is not so much dull about him. If I may use the word, about Mr. Gray, but as to his being dull, I must beg to differ with you. He has his conversation always interesting."

"It never is so to me. And besides all that, his tastes and mine are as widely different as the poles. Why, Rose, if you become his wife you will sink into obscurity at once. He can never make any impression on society. It is not in him."

"Rather make no impression on society at all than to false or disgraceful one, say I, was the firm reply of Rose."

"You are not, certainly, mean to say, returned her friend, "that the impression made upon society by Mr. Gray is either a false or disgraceful one?"

"I should like to see any man that asserted for I do not believe such to be the case, Rose, replied. "What I mean is, that I can read Mr. Hamilton's true character, and know it to be based upon fixed and high moral principles. These can never make the woman who truly loves him unhappy. They give place to moral conditions, agencies, by which hopes are so often wrecked and hearts broken. In regard to Mr. Gray, there is nothing in his character, so far as I can read it, upon which to predicate safe calculations of this kind. He is intelligent and highly interested in companionship. His personal appearance and his address are attractive. But all below the exterior is hidden. The moral qualities of the man never show themselves. I feel that to give my heart to such a one would be risking too much. Of course I must decline his offer."

"Indeed, indeed, Rose, I think you are very foolish!"

"Time will show, Annette."

"Yes, time will show," was the prophetic response.

And time did show that Rose made a right choice when she accepted the offer of James Hamilton, and gave him a warm, true heart. Wisely and well did she choose, for in her choice she was governed by a rational conviction that James Hamilton's character was based upon high moral principles. In resting her hopes upon these she had nothing to lose.—T. S. Arthur, in Yankee Blade.

What a Somerset (Pa.) County man thinks of the Invalids' Hotel and Burglar Institute, located at Buffalo, N. Y.

W. H. Miller, of Soyestown, Pa. who has been suffering for nearly a quarter of a century from an affection of the kidneys, resulting in the necessity of a surgical operation, after consulting and being treated by a number of our own doctors, as well as receiving the treatment and advice of one of the most eminent professional men of the land, finally became acquainted with the above Institute, and their mode and means of treatment. After due consideration and comparison with the various Dispensary Medical Association, the proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel, he was induced to visit said institution. On arriving there and after being fully acquainted with the abundant means they possess, he lost no time in making the necessary arrangements for the required treatment. After remaining for nearly four weeks at the Invalids' Hotel, where you receive the kindest and best treatment, and where patients are left to leave, after recovery, he returned to his family and friends a cured and happy man.

In giving this to the public, Mr. Miller wishes to say that he owes the aforesaid Institute nothing but his best wishes. And the fact that his own success and great relief is due to similar testimonials from others who were successfully treated for all manner of chronic diseases, from every State and Territory of the Union, Canada, Mexico, and South America. It is a marvel of success. He further says, should this fall to the notice of any sufferers from chronic diseases, such as seen to baffles the skill of your own physician—But first and above all give your attention to a fair and impartial trial, and all the available means offered, as Somerset county may justly feel proud of her medical men, who spare no means nor time in the treatment of all cases entrusted to their charge. And if they fail, in many cases it will be a case of charity to point to you a place where a probable cure may be effected, which is the humble intent of the above communication. The above Association is courteous, prompt and reliable.—Somerset (Pa.) Herald.

When the Politicians.

"Why don't you say 'thank you, Johnnie, when you are handed anything?' said Mrs. Brown at the table."

"Your sister always says it."

"Yes," replied little Johnnie. "She's a woman and always wants to have the last word."

Do You Know?

Do you know that in the great West and Northwest there are boundless areas of the choicest farming lands uncultivated, and offered to you on easy terms? That there are still millions of acres of Government Free Lands that can be had for the taking, free of all cost, and that the opportunity to obtain these cheap lands and free lands will soon be gone? Do you know that nature has stored in these regions mineral wealth of untold value, that is still undeveloped and unexplored; that the entire West is teeming with opportunities for money making and that it is being rapidly settled by an intelligent and enterprising people? And do you know that the great Chicago & North-West Railway, with its over 7,000 miles of thoroughly constructed and equipped road, penetrates and ramifies the most interesting portions of this grand empire, and that this territory tributary to this great system alone would afford ample support to a million of its present population? If not, then learn from this, that they are all facts, and learn also, that the Chicago & North-Western Railway has arranged for a series of its popular half-rate Harvest Excursions to be run on August 6th and 7th, September 19th and 24th and October 8th, for which tickets will be sold to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, and Montana, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, with thirty days' allowance for return passage, thus enabling home seekers, investors, prospectors and all classes of travelers, to investigate the West and Northwest at one-half the usual rates. Circulars giving detailed information with important points will be mailed on application to E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Illinois.

A Cheap Arrangement

First Swell—I say, did I follow, how do you manage to have so many styles of coats? Do you buy only one at a time?

Second Swell—Bless your poor little heart, no. You see, I have a washer-woman who washes for half a dozen well-dressed fellows. We all wear fifteen and a half inch collars. She bunches them all together, and no matter how they are marked she sends home just as many as she takes away. The collars are shuffled like a deck of cards; occasionally she deals me some of my own, but there are always enough of other styles to make a pleasant variety.—N. Y. Herald.

An Important Element

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real counterfeits, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

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RHEUMATISM

I Am Now Well!

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JUMPED NIAGARA FALLS

Steve Brodie West Over and Over.

Steve Brodie the Brooklyn bridge jumper, went over Niagara Falls in a rubber suit, and survived.

Steve Brodie sat in the little room above his Bowery saloon and received the congratulations of his friends upon his safe return. Steve explained the whole situation over and over again.

The thing which impressed him more than any other was the fact that he had jumped over Niagara Falls and survived.

"I've been thinking about Niagara Falls for years," said Steve, "and if I hadn't gone over there I'd have died a crazy man. You see that picture of Niagara? It's all marked under it in black where it's been handled so much. Many a night I've looked at it and I say to me ole woman, 'I'll jump Niagara or I'll die, and I did jump it, and de man dat says I didn't is a paralyzed liar.'"

Steve then went on to tell about the trip to Niagara. At Clifton a custom inspector who was posted to watch him, was seen at one end of the train, and Steve avoided him by getting out of the car at the other end.

"I was rigged up so me ole woman wouldn't know me," said Steve. "I had my eyes on blue clothes and a mustache. I wasn't around long till I started out to look for a place to start from. A nigger driver took me up de bank to a place called Cedar Island, on de Canada shore. I took bits of wood and hung 'em into de water and I kept 'em up de bank, and I was de best place to start from. We spent de night at de hotel. I never slept a wink all night."

"De hotel proprietor was told we was crooks from New York, pick-pockets bound for de Toronto fair, and he kept me watching all de time we was with him. It was three o'clock Saturday morning when I got up. 'I can't sleep no longer, Bill,' says I to Harding, 'an' I'm goin' to have dis thing over one an' for all.' We had about two miles to go to Cedar Island. Harding an' Ledger went below to fish me out when I went over, an' Jerrold an' McCarthy went along wid me."

"I was tired when I got there an' laid down."

"Are you weakening, Steve?" says McCarthy. "No says I. 'Give me a drink o' beer, I'm drinkin' it. When they put dis suit on me, first of all de wrapped me around with cotton an' took an' half hitch. An' then they put dis over me. I got in at 5:30 an' started out for de trip."

"Me neck was bound too tight an' I started to come back. 'He's scared!' says Jerrold. 'We got de word now de me an' I began to puddle out. I couldn't come back, anyhow. There was too much current."

"How did you feel going over de Falls?" asked one of de crowd.

"Feel?" replied Brodie; "I can't beget no feel. I remember de heavy air I ever down, and me hair got cold and me scalp felt like ice water was dripping down on it. I felt a kind of a plunge when I hit de top of de Falls, then a second plunge when I landed on me. I guess it was about then I lost me senses, for I don't remember rightly how I got out. It seemed to me I was a month in de water before I was hauled out."

"I was brought to de Waverly, an' a doctor came. I felt like all me bones were broke. I tried to get up at twelve o'clock, but I began heaving an' had to lie down agin. 'When I was arrested de Judge says: 'If you'll say you didn't go over de Falls I'll let you go.'"

"Well," says I, "I didn't go over de Falls."

"You'll swear to dis paper," says he, "an' he'll be a big long paper certifying an' he'll be de judge. I fixed up a job on de public's never went near de Falls. Hold up your hand and swear to de statements, so help me God," says he.

"Judge says I, I am at your mercy, you got me here an' you can do what you please wid me. But, Judge, I'd lay and rot for fifty years a fore I'd swear to lie. I went over Niagara an' I am proud of it. Now you can hang me if you want to." Now while I was talking me lawyer never said a word. After it was all over I found out dat all de time he was standin' in de Judge's shoes."

"What are you going to do now?" someone asked.

"I am goin' over Niagara agin, responded Steve promptly. "They have put up \$1,000 for me an' as me bail was only \$500 I'll give this sucker \$200 agin on de about me business."

"All Brooklyn, I hear, say he's goin' over de Falls."

"I will take an oath and hope I may drop dead and my arm rot off if I didn't see Steve Brodie go over the Falls