

A TALE OF RUE.

Of all the tired passengers of the midnight express bound eastward over the Old Colony road, perhaps there was not one more thoroughly used up than John Coleman, Esq., of the law firm of Coleman & Riggs, Ashland, Massachusetts.

But as he drew nearer home his scowl vanished, and the lines about his firm mouth softened. Stretching his long suffering limbs across the seat he spread the Evening Journal between his aching eyes and the glare of the bobbing lamps, and indulged in tender speculations. How would Rue look when he appeared before her next morning, two days earlier than he promised?

Dear, warmhearted, impulsive, little Rue! She certainly was fond of him. He wished he had never been such a brute as to reproach her about Mr. Lynde. He was convinced now that she had not really cared for the fellow. She had only been cordial with him in her free, girlish way.

"Mr. Lynde is bewitched with her, that's plain," continued the voice. "He's having a fine time out of Coleman's absence."

"Pluperfect," said an answering voice. "They say Miss Rue wouldn't mind Coleman's taking himself off for good."

"He's an able man. You know there's talk of running him for Congress."

"Oh yes; he's 'a dig,' and all that; but he's a crotchety fellow. Makes Miss Rue walk Spanish, I hear. By-the-way, how are she and Mr. Lynde coming on with the operetta? I had to cut last rehearsal."

"Famously. Miss Rue's solo will bring down the house. Lynde thinks the entertainment will foot up at least one hundred dollars toward the new organ. He's jubilant. I believe that instrument comes next to Miss Rue in his affections. Can't he get the music out of it, though? Halloo, here's Ashland!"

Wincing beneath his newspaper, Mr. Coleman had recognized the voices as those of two college students returning from a lecture at B—.

Forgetting at last of travel stain, weariness and headache, he waited till the youths had left the car, and then waked out at the opposite end, his whole energies engrossed in weighing the evidence so gratuitously afforded. How far could he rely on current gossip? What attitude should he assume toward Rue? Morning found him undecided.

he hustled the music under his arm and departed in haste.

Miss Rue wheeled the big easy chair in front of the grate, playfully forced her sullen suitor into it, and perched herself on its arm to hear about his journey. Had he been ill? No. Then he must be fearfully tired. She knew his head ached. Shouldn't she try to magnetize it, and put him to sleep?

No, he preferred that she should not. He had kept his eyes closed too long already.

As well might a zephyr have attempted to pet an iceberg. With a shiver Miss Rue slipped from her perch, and seated herself with her work in a neighboring rocker. What had come over John? She had never seen him like this before. He did not seem a bit glad to meet her. He turned away from the distracting vision, mentally preparing his brief—this astute lawyer, as ignorant of the nature of a girl as an elephant of the structure of a rose. Presently he began about the festival. He admitted that Rue had once confided to him her intention of participating in an operetta but he had supposed an operetta to be something like an oratorio, not a jumble of silly love songs. Did she think it becoming to herself, an engaged young lady, to coroll amorous ditties from morning to night with a tuneful swain?

"They are burlesques, John—only burlesques. If I had dreamed of your disapproving, I wouldn't have promised to sing, but I can't retract now."

"Not when I particularly request it, Rue?"

"Indeed, no John. I have the leading part. I can't refuse to act without offending Mr. Lynde."

"On the other hand, you can't persist in acting without offending me."

"Now John do be reasonable. How should I feel, announcing at the next rehearsal that I must be excused—Mr. Coleman was not willing to have me connected with the operetta? What would Mr. Lynde think?"

"Oh, if his opinion has more weight with you than mine, I will retire."

"John, you are too absurd. Can't you see how ridiculous it would look for me to throw up my part the moment you came home? People would say you were jealous of Mr. Lynde."

"The jackanapes?"

"And that you were a Blue-beard. John, I'm not sure, but they'd be right."

"If I'm a tyrant, Ruefelle, you're an amazing fearless Fatima."

"I don't propose to be your Fatima, John."

"What did Rue intend by that? The wrinkle in Mr. Coleman's forehead deepened into a trench, his brown face flushed like an oak in October."

"Please lay aside paradoxes, Ruefelle. Do you mean you don't wish to marry me? Rumor has told me as much."

In truth Miss Rue had meant nothing of the kind, but her lover's insulting tone exasperated her into silence.

Had it come to this that she could not wink without first consulting his lordship? Her blue eyes flashed ominously, the steel hook in her fingers darted out of her crocheting with a murderous rapidity.

"Rumor has told me as much," repeated Mr. Coleman, as impressively as if he had been addressing a jury.

"And you let people talk about me, John, and listen to what they say?"

"I might have known that a girl who would not respect my dignity could not value my esteem. Tyrant or not, Ruefelle, at least I have no desire to rivet galling fetters. Henceforth you are free to smile upon Mr. Lynde or any other gentleman."

Griselda for the amusement of the village.

"John wants to bend the whole world to his will," mused she, angrily peeping through her chamber blind as he stalked away chewing his black mustache; "he wants to bend the whole world to his will and I won't be bent. Our engagement is broken, and I'm glad of it."

For full fifteen minutes she was unequivocally glad.

John Coleman thought that he too was glad. Walking fiercely on he squared his broad shoulders, and told himself that the engagement had been a mistake—an error of judgment. A grave self-made man of thirty should have been wiser than to trust his happiness to the keeping of a gay, capricious maiden. Why had he been so dotingly fond of the child, so hoodwinked by her coquetries? Blind, drivelling idiot that he was, the sooner he was buried in the law the better. The man's soul was hot within him.

Shocked at his partner's ill looks Mr. Riggs in greeting him asked if he had a chill.

"Yes, something of that nature," was the grim reply. "How about the suit of Ingalls versus Wade? I find a flaw in the indictment."

"Mr. Coleman was in the mood for finding flaws. Habitual self-control had deserted him. Once he nearly annihilated Mr. Riggs for causally mentioning Mr. Lynde and his reported engagement."

"Oh! I recollect now; Coleman had a lien on the young woman himself. Queer I should have forgotten; mused the discomfited advocate, dipping his pen in the ink."

That night Mr. Coleman had a chill—no metaphorical heart ache, but a genuine physical, bone-shaking rigor that demanded blankets and hot brick and a heroic dose of quinine.

"He's caught malaria from some of those Western bog-holes," said the doctor aside to the landlord. "Unless we break it up, he's in for a fever. See that he has a good nurse. I'll be round in the morning."

The landlord himself sat up with the patient, and a busy night he had till day break, when Mr. Coleman sank into a drowse. The weary watcher improved this opportunity to steal away for a nap, and sent his son to take place by the bedside.

After an hour's sleep the sick man awoke refreshed, the ringing in his ears greater, but the throbbing of his temples less, the pain in his limbs no longer absolutely unbearable.

"Heigho! that 'you, Harry?' he said, catching sight of the boy munching an apple for entertainment."

"Where were you when I came home last night? I didn't see you."

"At St. Mark's sir, blowing the organ. Mr. Lynde has hired me for the quarter."

"Oh he has, has he?" Mr. Coleman turned over in bed, and scowled at the smoky lamp chimney. Soon he flopped back again. "Do you like this Lynde fellow, Harry?"

"Tip-top; everybody does."

Mr. Coleman groaned.

"Is the pain coming on again, sir? Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you, my boy; I'm pretty essentially done for. I'd like to hear you talk, though. Tell me what's happened while I was away. What's this Lynde been up to?"

"Oh he's been flying round, you'd better believe."

"Been doing a stiff business, I suppose, driving out with the ladies?"

"He's been driving out with Miss Haywood some. I haven't seen him with anybody else."

The invalid suppressed another groan.

"They've been looking at dishes and curtains and things."

Mr. Coleman rose savagely upon his elbow. This was ten thousand times worse than he had dreamed. "The story I've heard then is true, Harry; Mr. Lynde is going to be married."

Maine. She thinks after the wedding on Christmas she's coming with Mr. Lynde to his boarding house; but instead of that, sir, he's going to fetch her right home to this bully cottage. I'll bet she'll be surprised."

Mr. Coleman dropped back upon the pillow with an expression a Raphael might have despaired of reproducing. He lay there a few minutes reflecting, and then sat bolt upright, his towel-begirt head in bold relief against the mahogany head-board.

"Blow out the lamp, Harry, please, draw up the curtains, and hand me my writing desk there on the table. I'll give you a dollar if you'll carry a message to Miss Haywood for me this morning."

"Bless my soul, Coleman, your as tough as a pine knot!" exclaimed the doctor, bolting in as his patient sealed the note. "You had ague enough last night to shake a sensitive mortal into the grave, and here you're up and attending to business. Let's feel your pulse. Rapid yet, but softer. If you're prudent you'll be out in a few days."

Harry rushed off on his errand, and delivered Mr. Coleman's billet into the hands of Miss Rue herself, who in his private opinion looked very sober and red-eyed.

"DEAR RUE," (thus ran the missive)—"I've been having a chill, one of the bona fide castanet order. I hope you'll do me the favor to believe it was coming on at your house. If I raved furiously and behaved worse than a savage, as I know I did, do forgive me, dear. I'm coming to beg pardon on my knees as soon as they are firm enough. Inclosed please find your ring. Ever thine."

JOHN.

"P. S.—Don't on any account withdraw from the operetta."

"Poor dear soul, how ill he must have been!" mused loving little Rue, slipping the cherished ring back upon her finger. "But I hope he isn't going to be subject to these chills," she added, with a doleful look. "I do hope he isn't for the sake of both of us."—Penn Shirley, in the Bazar.

FASHION NOTES.

Black watered ribbon sashes are very stylish.

Tinsel ribbons are much used on ball dresses.

Embroidered shoes and slippers are much worn.

Gold embroidery is fashionable for dress bonnets.

Braiding will retain its place as a favorite trimming.

Undressed kids hold their own against every other variety.

Canvas with lace border for trimmings is one of the novelties.

Dressed kids are shown with elaborately embroidered backs.

Satin Khedive, plain and embroidered, is used for evening toilets.

Gold and silver threads glisten in dress fabrics and their trimmings.

Velvet is largely used for trimming wool and silk as well as cotton dresses.

Pearl-embroidered fronts in all the evening colors have lace to correspond.

The camel's hair jackets are lovely to look at and wear, but rather expensive.

Norfolk bodies will be again worn, as well as postillion bodies which are short on the hips.

Every day adds new and exquisite designs in gauze fans, and some reach a fabulous price.

High dog collars of velvet are universally worn but there is no limit either in color or design.

GLEANINGS.

The death rate from chloroform is one in 1,000.

Mexican tobacco promises to supersede the product of Cuba.

The Chinese population of San Francisco is larger now, it is stated, than ever.

The United States Treasury has paid out in pensions since 1861 nearly \$750,000,000.

The Comstock lode has been worked to a depth of 3,200 feet and has produced about \$350,000.

About 8,000 people are employed in manufacturing silk in the city of Philadelphia, and the business is rapidly increasing.

It is estimated that the annual crop for the picking alone of the cotton crop of the Southern States is forty million dollars.

Up to date M. Pasteur has treated nearly three hundred dog-bitten patients, and has thirty under his care at present.

An American living at Kiobe, Japan, has engaged thirty very skillful Japanese ivory carvers to introduce the art into this country.

There are still public lands open to settlement in nineteen states and eight territories, at prices ranging from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre.

The Southern Pacific railroad company is working an immense salt deposit in the bottom of the Colorado desert, 264 feet below the level of the sea.

The gathering of "witch hazel," so called, is becoming a recognized industry in Southern Vermont. It is bought for medicinal purposes at \$3 per ton.

There are now in use in the United States 96,000 arc lights and 250,000 incandescent lights, and the money invested in the electric light industry amounts to \$70,000.

The extinction of the deer in Northern Michigan, one of their few remaining strongholds, will soon be accomplished. Many thousands of carcasses are being shipped from that region.

John King, who died recently in Cincinnati, was only a news boy crippled and poor, but he gave to the public library a valuable collection of 2,700 volumes, which he had purchased with years of toil and privation.

Trimnings will be massed in the fronts of hats and bonnets very much as they have been, only higher, if possible. Some of the new models have strong wires to support the trimmings, that are concealed by loops of velvet or silk being passed over them.

HUMOROUS.

Hobbies are hard steeds to manage. Society's favorite flower—The dandy lion.

A tongue that never talks scandal—The tongue of a shoe.

An anomaly in pantaloons—They are never tight when they are full.

The pupil of one eye is made to attend to business by the lash that is held over it.

A woman refused to give a meal to a dwarf the other day, because she was opposed to dine-a-mite.

A man should buy ready-made shoes if he wants something to wear well, because he never sees the last of them.

She—"What a man you are George! always making fun of the ladies taper waists." He—"And what should I do with a taper than to make light of it."

"Give us the ballot box!" is the cry of but very few of the fair sex, while the rest of our feminine population is content with being allowed to frequently stuff the ballot-box.

"Maud, dear, why is a gardner like your cheeks?" "Now, John! you know I never can guess conundrums."

Why is he? "Because he is the culler of roses, love." Tableau.

In olden times they used to punish a man for lying by boring a hole through his tongue. In modern times they quit it, because a man's tongue would not last more than six weeks, if a hole was put in for every lie he told.

Lieutenant (to a brother officer): "I have ill luck in getting married. A fair one without money my father objects to. A homely one with money my personal feelings objects to. A fair one with money her father objects to. A homely one without money—why, naturally every body objects to."

A PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH.

Read the Sworn Testimony and Satisfy Yourself.

THE HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD.



This is the only appliance made that can be applied directly to the Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Spleen, or any part of the body. It can be worn at night or during the day by either Man, Woman or Child. If you are Weak, Languid, Irritable, Fretful, Nervous, Exhausted, or suffering from any of the above named ailments, your Energies can no longer be Concentrated, your Thoughts Clouded and Disconnected, that Home and Social Circle no longer derive any Charm from you, and that Hope is almost gone. The Howard Shield will overcome it effectually.

I hereby certify that the following testimonials are a true and exact copy as given by me by the parties whose names are attached thereto.

W. C. McCLELLAN, Sworn and subscribed before me this 5th day of June, 1885, Lafayette Webb, Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Mifflin county, Pa.

PARALYSIS AND CONSTITUTION. Mifflin, Pa., May 26, 1885.

Gentlemen—I deem it a pleasure as well as a duty to state that I have used the Howard Shield for several months and have gradually improved from the effects of Paralysis of one side and Constipation. Since using the appliance have been free from the use of any medicine. I have improved in my general health. I therefore commend them to any who may be suffering from the same troubles. D. M. CONTELL, NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND SLEEPLESSNESS. Mifflin, Pa., June 2, 1885.

Gentlemen—My wife has suffered for years with Nervous Prostration, and she has been so weak and so much broken and disturbed that she could not without much difficulty perform her daily household duties. She was induced to try the Howard Shield, has worn it over two months can now sleep well at night, and even during the day, can walk with comfort, and has been able to give them a trial feeling sure that they would be benefited as I have been.

WHAT A LEADING DOCTOR SAYS. Mifflin, Pa., June 2, 1885.

Gentlemen—I have suffered many years with Grains in my lower extremities, steadily at night, often having to rise and walk the room for relief. I procured a Howard Shield and have been wearing it for Louisa or Edwina for several months. I have had the most wonderful relief since wearing it over the small of my back and have gained strength of muscle in a most surprising manner. I therefore recommend the use of these appliances of all Rheumatic and nervous complaints particularly nervous debility. I have recommended them to my patients in every case with success.

A HARSHBERGER, M. D. WHAT THE PRESIDENT OF THE 1st NATIONAL BASKET BALL LEAGUE SAYS. Ashland, Pa., March 9, 1885.

Gentlemen—I know what your Appliances are your personal use and I therefore recommend them to Mrs. Hanburger some time ago for Sciatica and induced her to send for one which she did and has used it for about a year. She is now able to go to school and feels entirely cured. Yours very fully, GEO. H. HELFRICH, President of the 1st National Bank.

Another Affidavit From a prominent Citizen of FOM NERVOUS DEBILITY IN ITS WORST FORM. Columbus O., Oct. 21, 1885.

Gentlemen—I take pleasure in saying, that I tried almost every known remedy, as well as so-called Electric Appliances, without any benefit. I was weak, nervous, debilitated, despondent, almost without hope, almost entirely emaciated, lacked power and will force, in a word was afflicted with the worst symptoms of Nervous Debility the effects of which are so well known to every sufferer. I can truthfully say that the Howard Shield and the Howard Shield entirely cured me. I commenced the use of the Howard Shield in 1881 and was restored to perfect health. I am now married and have never had a recurrence of my former troubles. I was very grateful to you for your ever grateful to you. Your treatment is as represented. You have proven yourselves worthy of the confidence of every sufferer. UG. F. ELLERMAN, Tired, H. B. K.

Personally appeared before me, Aug. F. Ellerman to me known, deposes and swears that the above letter certifying as to the curative powers of the Howard Electric Shield and Spinal Appliance is true. Sworn and subscribed before me this 5th day of May, A. D., 1885. Deputy Clerk of Courts of Franklin Co. O.

For further information, we send our Illustrated Pamphlet giving a large number of testimonials of other ailments. AMERICAN GALVANIC CO. 1103 Chestnut St. Phila. Pa.

Advertisement for 'FREE MEN ONLY' featuring 'HARRIS REMEDY CO.' and 'NERVOUS DEBILITY'. Includes text about 'NERVOUS DEBILITY', 'PHYSICAL WEAKNESS', and 'DECAY'. Mentions 'HARRIS REMEDY CO. CHEMISTS' and 'RUPTURED PERSONS! NOT A TRUSS. WE GIVE FREE TRIAL!'.

Advertisement for 'The Old Doctor' featuring 'NERVOUS DEBILITY' and 'PHYSICAL WEAKNESS'. Includes text about 'A Life Experience, Remarkable and quick cures. Try this Remedy' and 'Address Dr. WARD & Co. Louisiana, Mo.'.

Advertisement for 'RAINBOW RUPTURE RELIEF & CURE'. Includes text about 'Simple, safe, reliable and a perfect restorer. It is not a Truss' and 'Address Central Medical and Surgical Institute 2202 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.'.

Advertisement for 'LIVE CANVASSERS'. Includes text about 'Grand Opportunity for every man, woman and child' and 'Write at once to W. H. THOMPSON & CO., Publishers 404 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.'.

Advertisement for 'Hearthstone, Farm & Nation'. Includes text about 'The Cleanest, Healthiest, Purest and most valuable property in America' and 'Write at once to W. H. THOMPSON & CO., Publishers 404 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.'.

Advertisement for 'American Home and Farm Cyclopaedia'. Includes text about 'The package mailed and the attention given every applicant who answers the advertisement, costs us 25c, so we ask you to give us your name, age, occupation, business experience, if any, and some reference. If you are already settled in business, send us the address of your or some good personage. We will send you the paper two months. Write at once. W. H. THOMPSON & CO., Publishers 404 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.'.