

ever felt happiness, and in looking around among my friends and acquaintances I am inclined to wonder if anybody really is or

can be truly happy.

I do not mean just amused or free from care; children are that, but I do not call them happy, for they cannot know how for-

a mental contrast with some other condition

in which we might have been involved; my

happiness in paying those debts was the

outcome of the misery of not being able to pay them; the happiness of the traveler's

return home is the contrast with the separa-tion and homelessness of his travels.

PLEASURE BY CONTRAST.

We have all heard of the Indian whon

piety of the neophyte, who, however, inter-

rupted him to explain, with a solemn grin.

that "Much poundee, much achee; feel muchee good when leave off,"

Perhaps, then, happiness for us who know

ouble, and as the child does not know

our world is only the absence of pain or

about pain and trouble, it cannot really know

But older children, babes between 15 and

25, what of them? Girls do not know much of the sorrow or care of existence if they have

a father to provide the means of life, and a mother to ward off worrses and responsibili-

ties, and young men with somebody to make a place for them in the world, and to bolster

of the rough side of life as they have of

But are these girls and boys truly happy?

No, for they are, both consciously and un-consciously, in a transition, and, therefo e,

in an unsatisfied condition; the girl is look-ing forward more or less frankly to the day

when some Mr. Right shall come along and invite her to become the queen consort of a little kingdom of their own, shall introduce her into some ideal condition of life wherein

THE HAPPY HONEYMOON.

A little later on, there is a condition which

suppose comes as near true happiness as

anything this world affords; it is the early

married life of two persons really in love,

ome, and be very bright and very beauti

And, in later life, how lew people, it you ask them what has been the happiest hour

moments of my existence are when, after a

upon a rest, a capital cigar between my teeth, a steady light falling over my left

shoulder, and an interesting magazine or book in my hanrs. Then, if nobody disturbs

me, I experience for two or three hours the

fullest sense of happiness of which my human nature is capable."

TO MUCH OF COMPANIONSHIP.

"A id do you not include human com-

pani anship in your recipe?"
"No, my dear madam. All through the

d y I have a great deal more human com-

"A very selfish idea of happiness." re-

ponded I; and he: "Let us talk of the

honix, or of the island of Atlantis, or of

the man in the moon; any one of them is

more tangible than this myth which you

I asked a good man-or at any rate he was

a clergyman—what happiness means and where it is to be found, and he picked up a

And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; \* \* \* \* and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. \* \* Whorefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better is he than both they which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under

"That is the verdict of Solomon, the wisest

man who ever lived," said my friend the parson, as he laid down the book, "and he

ems to think that happiness is an unattain-

And so the man of the world and the

man of God come to the same conclusion by

different paths and without a thought in

THE BUTTERFLY'S HAPPINESS.

A little disheartened in my quest, I next

applied to a person neither cynical, nor

pious, nor bright-a dear, pretty little but-terfly who has danced and fluttered over the

parterres of fashion for more years than we

"Happiness!" chirruped she, "why, of course, there's any amount of happiness go-

ing, and I'm sure nobody gets a bigger share of it than you," etc., etc.
"Yes, but you," interrupted I, "tell me, now, what is your chief form of happiness, since you have so much?"

"Well, let me see. It's when I have a

really good box at the Academy on a first night, and can see that there isn't a better

dressed woman in the balcony, and have a

lot of nice men crowding to get a word with

me; that's happiness of one sort. Then, when I receive and have secured some lion

that hasn't roared in anybody else's rooms,

and that everybody is dying to see, and oh! to have people besiege you for invitations,

and to appear at a garden party or some-where where there's lots of room in a gown

just that minute imported and see all the other women looking you over. Why, there's no end of happiness to be got out of life if you only have simple and easily contents of the wine.

One day a dear old lady, a friend of my

mother's, sent for me to pay her a little visit, and as I looked at her placid face and

not describe it to you. The happiness of this world is hope. 'Man never is, but al-ways to be, blessed.'"

MARRIED OR SINGLE.

simpler the conditions, the easier it is to ful-fill them; expect but little, and you can't be

thing, however, is certain; the

tented tastes like mine."

Bible off his table and read aloud:

call happiness."

able condition."

common

ful that especial moon comes no more.

em up in it, have as little real knowledge

ey are, and happiness must involve

HOW WOMEN SAY GOODBY.

Always Something More to Say After the Hostess fins Been Informed That Her Caller Must Go-A Little Feminine Wenkness That Should be Reformed.



go," remarks Mrs. Smith to her triend, Mrs. Brown, upon whom she is callling; "I am staying altogether too long." "Oh, don't hur.

ry," rejoins her hospitable host-"Thank you, but I must go. There! I was al-

without telling

Then follows a long story about how Brother John's chickens have been scratching in that cross Mrs. Twosticks' garden, and how she has threatened to sue Brother John for damages, and, oh! wasn't is ridicplous!-until ten minutes have passed, and still Mrs. Smith has not gone.

Presently she rises again. "How I am staying!" she exclaims again. At this moment enters Mrs. Robinson Mrs. Smith is fond of Mrs. Robinson and must remain for just a moment more. Her moment" consists of ten more minutes. Then she starts again, pausing in the hall for five additional minutes and on the door-sten for five minutes more. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Robinson have both accompanied her to the door and all three ladies affectionately exchange remarks until Mrs. Smith is fairly out of hearing.

CARRIED AWAY BY TRIPLES.

They do not like to see other ladies do this, but somehow there is almost always a reason why they should do it themselves. Many a really well bred and estimable lady, carried away by the trifling enthusiasm of the moment errs in this respect.

and really adapted by age, education, tastes Mr. Howelis refers to the "usual rustic and temper for companionship with each other. To such a couple, with money enough between them to free them from the difficulty in getting away," but this rustici-ty, it such it be, is not confined to the rural districts; it occurs everywhere, and is a consordid cares and anxieties of life, there may stant source of ridicule among men when they discuss—a s, alas! they are fain to docome a few weeks-nay, let us be liberal and say a few months-of almost perfect happithe foibles of their sisters and wives. ness; but oh, my heart! how sure it is to It is really a mark of at least lamentable change as time goes on! The honeymoon itself wanes steadily from the hour of its perfection, and though other moons may

forget/ulness of good manners, if not a to ken of positive ill breeding, to dawdle and delay in taking one's departure, and this rule, like nearly all of the views of good society, is founded upon reason. The well



"How I am Staving" She Exclaims balanced and well bred woman does not for get what she was going to say; she restrains her spirits somewhat-in fact, she is likely to be almost too well restrained. It is be ter to err in this direction, however, than in the other. The fashion of "gushing," use a vulgar but expressive term, is happily past. It is now the period of the icy and the "ornamental." "Repose or man-ner" has "come in" again. Can we not strike a happy medium between too great

indifference and the other extreme? HANDSHAKING VEESUS KISSING. Do not kiss your friend goodby unless you are very intimate with her sweet and sacred a token to be bandled light ly about among mere acquaintances. A cor-dial handshake is enough to indicate your women, one bright riember recently proposed that a reform among the entire sisterhoo

should be inaugurated. "Let us begin," she said, cleverly, "by paying attention to what our children say to us, and trying to answer them accurately; by noticing just what is remarked to us in gen eral society, and by replying to such remarks to the very best of our ability. Women are so apt to be only half attentive to what they consider trifles."

It is indeed worth while to consider that, often, "trifles discover character more than actions of importance." George Eliot some-where tells us: "It is in those acts called trivialities that the seeds of joy are forever

It is sometimes very funny to hear the "linked sweetness, long drawn out," of the goodbys o' women; but, until they learn to reform in trifles like these, it will be impossible to convince skeptics in the matter that women are anything but the inconsequent, ill-balanced, silly creatures which, ever since literature began, they have been

The dignity of the whole world of women demands a reform. KATE UPSON CLARK.

ARE WE EVER HAPPY?

Mrs. Frank Leslie Finds a Variety of Oplo lons From a Variety of People, All Unsatisfactory-Are Married Persons Happler Than Single?

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) A little while ago I was asked to write a brief paper answering the question, What was the happiest moment of your life?

peaceful eyes I said to myself: "There is such a thing as happiness, and she has found it," and I asked her if my surmise I replied to that, and truly the happier moment of my own life was the one in which I could lay before those whom they was not correct. She thought it over for a moment, and concerned the proofs that I had fulfilled the great task of my life, had paid the last penny of Frank Leslie's indebtedness, and then with her own smile said: "I am afraid I never really found it, my dear, although leared the memory of that noble man from the stigms of debt which clouded his last and I am going to find it soon. It lies the other side of the river, however, so I can-

But, after all, was that a moment of hap A moment of satisfaction, a me ment of triumph, a moment of honorable ness of the strife through which that peace was conquered, the lonely weariness of labors beyond my strength, the yearning for the word of loving thanks I could never hearall these came in, and so embittered the sweetness of that thought, so dimmed ply to persons as well as things and survive glory of that sunshine, that after all I roundings? Is a single person more likely to be happy than a double one? Are bachelors and maids happler than married folk? It is a big question, and perbaps will find as many voices in the negative as in the affirmative, but my individual answer would be, The single person cannot be as unhappy as the double one, and although the bliss of married life such as I at first described is great, so, is also the misery of an ill-assorted or disastrous marriage. The loneliness of a loving heart is hard to bear, and the longing for protecting and sympathetand the longing for protecting and sympathetic companionship is very sorrowful and depressing, but the burden of enforced companionship with a husband who has become an object of aversion and terror is a great deal harder to bear, and the slavery of dependence upon an unwilling and grudging master is far more bitter and unendurable.

It is, after all, a good deal like gambling;
you stake your dollar and you may win five
or you may lose all. Probably the wisest lan, certainly the most obvious advice, is; Don't put up your dollar i

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

ABOUT WOMANLY GRACE. Objections to the Suggestions for Improvement Made by a Writer in Last Sunday's Dispatch-The Value of Judicious

Physical Exercise.

l'o the Editor of The Dispatch: In your issue of last Sunday there appeared a profusely captioned article containing much vague speculation and many glittering generalities, but the sparest sprinkling of available wisdom, designed, seemingly, to give a lift, as it were, to suffering woman pitiedly flinching in her sedulous endeavor to pose and carry herself with dignity and grace. We will not discourse with the writer, who signs herself careless posture and motions of a being are to the missionary found pounding his ewn finger with a brick. The good man thought it was a penance, and was applauding the be imputed to the lack of "inspiration" of the Creator who, according to the philosophy of "S.," "in rare moments of inspiration" distributes His "enviable gift of grace," or to the effects of an ill-directed education. personal negligence and predisposition. But we feel constrained to remark that for those unfortunates in whom a neglected posture and awkwardness of locomotion are

manifest, even when no pronounced deviation or alteration of the organic structure exist, the suggestions of "S," are of very little value, not to say misguiding.

In the upright position of the human body the line of gravity of the head passes in front of the joint between the atlas vertebra and the head. If the muscles of the neck become relaxed the center of capital gravity falls much further forward, preenting the head of the near sighted, the writer, the student, the weak, etc. The common line of gravity for the head and trunk passes in front of tenth thoracio vertebra and consequently falls behind the hip joints. In the absence of counteraction the trunk would fall backward, but is kept upright by means of the abdominal and femoral muscles, aided by the ileo-femoral ligaments. The common line of gravity she shall find happiness, and however for the head, trunk and legs, from the fortunate her girlhood, she seldom looks upon it as more than a vestibule and waiting-room through which one passes to life.

were it not for the co-operation of the muscles of the legs with those of the abdomen, the body would fall backward, and when the muscles of the legs are lacking sufficient strength we get a representation of weak and yielding knees, together with a protruding stomach, flat chest and a general misery of majormating. The center of eral misery of malformation. The center of gravity for the whole body passes through the second lumbar vertebra and falls through the second lumbar vertebra and falls through the tarsus, in front of the joint between the foot and the leg. The body is prevented from falling forward by the arch-formed construction of the foot and by the general co-operation of a multitude of muscles, pre-dominantly those attached to the heel.

WHAT IS THE BEMEDY.

As an erect and graceful posture, and especially walking, consequently calls into action nearly all the muscles of the body, of their existence, would place it in the present epoch of life. As a rule ther go and as a faulty posture and awkward carriage in walking generally depends on the absence or nealthy and narmoniou co-operation of all the muscles, that observance is of little value back to childhood's ignorant carelessness, or to youth's calcium-lighted and impossible one man of my acquaintance, when asked which does not teach the repair of the whole structure. That very brilliant results would be forthcoming in following the solemn advise of "S" to set "like a brooding Buddha" really good dinner with good wines, I seat myself in my study chair, my slippered feet and never flinch "for half an nour each day, touching neither chair, carriage or car seat back, and sitting well toward the edge of the seat with the right foot slightly in advance of the left, ready to rise quickly without help from the hands at an emergency." I very seriously doubt the following "formula tor walking," furnished also by "S." "Fancy a slender cord about your chest, just beneath the arms, the ends of which an angel bears aloft, fluttering just above your head, and walk so gently and smoothly and erectly that the frail cord shall remain taut, yet not be permitted to break," is perhaps a pretty enough picture to sport on a lecture platform or a ladies' meeting, but it seems to me, at least, that teaching a growing girl conscious-ness of her corporeal faculties, ambition and self reliance would be considerably more useful than emulating the motions of a man-

nikin or a string doll. Whatever may be said of personal beauty, gracefulness is certainly acquirable in early training without running by inheritance or manifestation by "endowment." Graceful-ness is an idea belonging to posture and motion. In both these, to be graceful, it is requisite that there be no appearance of difculty; there is required a small inflection of the body, and a composure of the parts in such manner as not to encumber each other, nor to appear divided by sharp and sudden In this case, this softness, this delicacy of attitude and motion, is that in which all the magic of grace consists, and

what is called its je ne sais quoi.

It is-universally acknowledged that noth ing tends so much to impart this gracefulness, suppleness, vigor and health as a com-prehensive, methodical and judicious scheme of physical exercise. As in mental training it is necessary to develop the subtle faculties of the mind so, we hold, that the body can never become the ready and graceful servant of the will without the stamina of a sound physical education; and it can not be denied that the bodily health produced by physical exercise must tend in a large degree to add to the mental energy and to de-velop the intellectual faculties.

Whatever may be said of the Swedish pedagogical system of gymnastics, its tediousness, "trivial dogmatic way," and "not bringing out the muscles" so well as "the Dowd gymnastics (?)," meanwhile accepting the statements of "Shirley Dare" and Du Bois Raymoud for what they are worth, we would beg those who are interested in this subject to remember that "It is not the greater or lesser power of any part that determines the strength or weakness of an in dividual, so much as the proportion and harmony of the several parts; that the organism can only be said to be perfectly developed when its several parts are in mutual harmony with each other; that the possible development of the human body must be limited by the faculties, men-tal and boddly, belonging to the individual; that the body, whose different parts are not in harmony, is not in harmonious accord with the mind, and that perfect health and physical power are co-relative terms; both are dependent on the harmony of the several parts."

Beside the inestimable value of these and similar "trivial dogmatic ways" and prin ciples of Ling for the health that a rational physical education produces, they bring out many other characteristics of infinite benefit to the country and community at large; for there can be no doubt that an education founded on such a basis develops habits of good order, owing to the discipline and selfrestraint necessary to its completion. A healthy competition among disciples in-volves the promotion of love of fair play and appreciation of pluck, and also stimu-lates that generosity of mind and character which has done so much in the cause of civilization, humanity, liberty and justice.

AXEL C. HALLBECK.

No cure no pay, is the motto of Salvation Oil. because it cures every time. Only 25c.

that the spirit of my angel mother has ever been near to guide and shield me when temptation assailed me. And how shall I pain that angel, whose presence and influence I can almost feel with me here tonight by breaking that pledge? Shall I take a drink with you?"

"As I concluded I extended my hand toward the liquor, but before I could reach it a pistol shot rang out and echoed through the canon, and the jug was shattered in many pieces. At the same instant an old acout named Bill Reed sprang to his feet with the smoking pistol still in his hand and shouted: BULLET'S REFORM One of Captain Jack Crawford's Best

on rocks in moody silence.

reckless lives.

THE SCENE WAS CHANGED.

Gone was the rollicking song; gone was

he Bacchanalian song; gone was the liquor

but they were not. Their thoughts ha

later they seemed to be imitating the actions of the rough frontiersmen out in that lonely

BAILWAY COMPANY'S LOSS.

Originate.

There is a large amount of kicking against

the railroad companies by the business pub-

lie, but there is very little said in regard to

the heavy losses they frequently sustain.

One of the most common sources of annoy-

ance that we have to contend with is that

of claims for lost goods. There is com-

paratively little freight actually lost,

but the freight trains are con-stantly subject to the depredations of

thieves. Dishonest employes is a fruitful source of loss to the railroad companies. It

will be remembered that some time since a barn full of stolen freight was located in the

vicinity of Venice, Ill., and the goods had been accumulated in a very short time by

an organized clique of employes. Another case was that of a gang of employes which established a depot for their stolen property in New Mexico, and many cases of goods

vere sent to it from points in Illinois and other places equally distant.

The extensive steal of a gang of the Penn-sylvania Railroad Company's employes, in

which the company lost \$300,000 worth of

goods before the gang was finally appre-hended, is well remembered. It sometimes occurs that boxes of boots or shoes are

opened and a few pairs are taken out, the box nailed up and sent to its destination.

Only a short time ago we were called upon to settle tor a case of boots which had been

opened by some one who failed to find a pair to fit him, and in nailing up the box he drove a nail through one boot, completely ruining the pair. There are various other

ways in which goods are lost or damaged in transit, but the public never seems to be

A BOY MILLIONAIRE.

000,000. The little boy did not have his en-tire fortune bequeathed him, because there

were other claimants with equal rights

senior, and had a daughter who is now Mrs. Ames Van Wart. Mrs. Van Wart has a

daughter, Miss Evelyn Van Wart, who is 20

years old. This makes young Mrs. Roberts,

who is now but 30, stepmother to a lady of 40 and step-grandmother to a young lady of

20, and the little millionaire of 10 uncle to

granddaughter and his little son. The son

until he comes of age his mother is to have

MILLIONS' WORTH OF ORCHIDS.

Baron Schroder's Costly Collection of

Handsome Tropical Plants.

the income from \$5,000,000.

From the New York World. 7

has half of the fortune for his own use, but

When Mr. Roberts died he was an old

New York Morning Journal. ]

aware of it.

Freight Agent, in Globe Democrat. ]

"They were thinking of mother."

TRUE AS HIS BULLET.

SCENE IN CAMP IN THE FAR WEST.

Temperance Stories.

An Old Scout Shatters a Jug of Whisky With a Revolver Shot.

THE NOVEL PLEDGE ENDS A CAROUSAL

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, February 22.-Captain Jack Crawford, the "Poet Scout," was passing through the Hoffman House the other evening with a few friends when he was invited to have a drink with a party that sat at one of the tables. Captain Jack, as he is familiarly called by all who know him, turned toward the speakers and answered quietly: "I don't drink, but I will smoke a cigar with you."

a man who had spent all his life among the Indians in the West not drink? It seemed impossible. "I see your surprise," said the Captain,

His hearers were surprised. A scout, and

smiling, "and I think if I reel off a little story you won't blame me so much for

being a temperance man." Of course everyone was eager to hear the story, for Captain Jack has the reputation of being a charming story teller, so when 'S.," whether the ill-formed frame and the party had retired to a secluded nook in the gorgeous cafe, the scout began: "Boys, what I am going to tell you is the truth and I think it may make some of you, especially you kittenish fellows, feel stronger in this big city of temptations. In 1876 I was appointed chief of scouts to succeed Buffalo Bill, in the campaign against Sitting Bull. Returning one evening from a two days' scout, my horse went lame and I determined to turn him loose and go ahead on foot. Just as I was about to take off the saddle and bridle, I heard the sounds of song and laughter drifting from a remote part of the canon. 'It is the command,' I thought, and it is not far away. Brace up, Chief, old fellow, and we'll soon be where there plenty to eat and where we will have a

AROUND A BIG CAMP FIRE "I soon came in sight of a big campfire. in the ruddy light of which were grouped a number of scouts and packers-rough, grazzled old frontiersmen, whose lives had been spent on the borders of civilization. As I drew near the spot they began to sing a border song, the notes of which echoed and re-echoed around the great rock-ribbed gulch with weird and almost unearthly reverberations. The boys welcomed me warmly, and I learned that they had secured a big jug of whisky, and had made their present camp away rom the troops to have a good time unmolested. Of course, the jug traveled slowly but frequently around the circle, and fun and laughter reigned

"'Now, Cap'n Jack,' said one of the boys, 'you must fill up with us on this tarantula juice. We've come up y'ar for a jamboree, an' we're havin' it in Wild West style, and don't yer fergit it. Flood yer innards, Cap'n, an' take a hand in th' festivities.'
"'No thank you, boys," I said, 'I never drink." This response was greeted with the loudest laughter, as though it were the best joke of the season. The man who held the jug came over to me and said: 'That's all right, Cap'n, but on a special 'casion sich as this be, everybody must drink. Let us have a good time while we kin, for on sich a expedition as this we don't know when we'll run into injuns an' leave our unoccupied bodies layin' sort o' onconsarned like, among the sage brush in a state of bald-headed inactivity; so let's make all we kin o' life while it stays with us. Fas'en yer claws on th' jug, ol' boy, and down some of th' liquor.

A STORY IN THE CAMP. "I took the jug, and, placing it on a stump by my side, said: 'Boys, I always do Only 16 Years Old. Yet Possessing ties, but before I drink with you I want to tell you a little story. When I was a little bare octed, mischievous youngster, my home was in Minersville, in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. My father was kind and in-dulgent, and, with his little ones grouped around him, he often told us stories of adventure and life in the mines. My mother vas a sweet, gentle creature, for whom our adoration almost verged into worship. was bound up in ner children and they in her—bound with the purest and brightest links ever forged for the golden chain of love. The dove of peace rested upon our little home and cooed its sweetest

"'When I grew to be a chunk of a boy I no ticed a gradual but marked change in my father's appearance and actions. His clothes became seedy, his face flushed, and he would act strangely when he came home. Mother would always take him to bed, and afterward when I noticed her tears and asked her what the trouble was, she would reply that father was not well. He never told us any more stories, but stayed away until a late hour. When I grew older I knew that the cause of his staggering and strange actions was rum, and that it was DRAGGING A NOBLE

man down, down, day by day into the depths of a hell upon earth. He at last refused to speak kindly to us, and as we felt that our father was lost to us our hearts ached with grief. When the war broke out in 1861 my father was one of the first to go to the front, and two years later, against the wishes of my mother, I enlisted, although not of the required age. I will not detail to you my experience during the war, but I was wounded twice, and at the close of the war I returned home. My father was wounded also, and died shortly after the

war. "A few months after the death of my father, my mother was taken sick, and my heart almost broke as I saw her day by day sinking. One day the doctor came to me and said: "Johnny, I have sad news for you, but you must bear up under the great sorrow as well as you can; your mother must

leave you soon."
"'I trembled so I could hardly stand, and begged the doctor not to give her up, but to save her for me and I would be his slave for life. The good, kind-hearted old man placed his hand on my head and said: "My dear boy, she is past all human aid. Calm self as much as you can and come with me; she wants to see you."'

WHERE HIS MOTHER LAY DYING. " 'He took my hand and led me into the

room which already rested under the dark shadows of the wings of the Angel of Death. My poor mother lay there pale as the pillow upon which her dear head rested; upon her emaciated face a look of calm resignation such an expression as comes only to the dying Christian, whose hope of immortality beyond the grave has been stamped with the approving seal of the Almighty. Weeping bitterly, I threw myself on my knees at the bedside. Placing one of her thin, white hands in mine and the other on my head she said: "Johnny, my son, I must leave you. My dear boy, will you make me a promise that I can take up to heaven with me? It will then not be so hard to leave you here alone in the world," "Choked with sobs and tears, I told her "Choked with sobs and tears, I told her that I would promise anything—anything—anything. "God bless you for those words, my boy," she said, "for I know that I can trust you, promise me that as long as you live you will not let a drop of liquor pass your lips." "I promise, mother, I promise, I promise the angel that God is about to take from me that I will never touch liquor.""

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

IKE AND HIS MOTHER.

Their Very Eventful Visit in the Tropics Concluded at Last,

MRS, PARTINGTON GOES TO COURT.

A Myriad of Bats Disturbs the Serenity of the August Justices.

HER GREEN UMBRELLA SPOILS A WIG

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.I CHAPTER IX.

"'No, you shan't drink; and I've just signed the pledge with that thar bullet. I had jest sich a mother, Jack, an' she talked to me jest as your'n did to you; but I was a wild boy, parda, an' soon fergot her teachin's, although they come to me all sprinkled with my mother's holy tears. But look here, boys, when th' noise o' that shot reaches her up in heaven, the smile that oughter a been on her face when she died 'll git thar, an' th' peace that her dear soul's been a-longin' for 'll snuggle down in her breast, fer I think that God 'll give her th' power to realize th't shot was her own Bill's On the arrival of the Seven Pollies, Captain Petton brought a demand for Mrs. Partington's return, the next voyage, to be a witness in a case, affecting a balance of \$49 17, against the estate of the late Paul Partington. This had long been in controwersy, till patience being spens, if the money wasn't, it had hardened into a suit at law. power to realize th't shot was her own Bill's "A few moments later the group was scat-tered. I sat with Bill's hand clasped in A strong point in Mrs. Partington's character was justice, especially where her interest nine encouraging him to keep his novel was concerned, and she resolved to return, pledge; one or two of the men law looking into the fire with thoughtful faces; others as proposed. She was further induced, on being informed by Si that the money had strolled about gazing at the ground, or sat given out by which she was enabled to re-

main so long in retirement.

"To go before a judicious body," said Mrs. Partington to her hostess, "and tell all you know irrespective of the truth, must be inspired whoops and yells. One might have thought that the rough, daring men were brooding over the loss of the whisky, very imperturable to the nerves, and would very much like to see a court in full

"The bench is in session here now," reone skimming over the back trails of their lied her hostess. "Well," said Mrs. Partington, "the bench may do as far as it goes, but it seems to me they might have something easier to sit on. I want to see the judges and consolers and Those that heard the pathetic little story seemed strangely affected, for when they took leave of Captain Jack a few moments powers of eternity that we read about, to get an idea of the dignity and propensity of a court of instice.

canon in the West. And perhaps they were thinking of mother. Who knows. "I mean the court," was the reply, "they call it the bench here, and I will go with you to the public building where the court is held." "I thank you; you are very commodious," Claims That Must be Met and How They

said Mrs. Partington.

The court had not come in when they arrived, and they were admitted to the spec-tators' seats, though the form of Mrs. Partington was recognized and there was a de-bate among the officials as to whether she should not have a place within the bar.

THE ATTACK OF THE BATS. "Court !" was now heard, and three judges in gowns and white horse-hair wigs took their places, the counsellors, also in gowns and wigs, taking their seats within the bar; everything grand and dignified. Cases were called and given to juries, old affairs were disposed of, new matters were called and solemnly assigned, when, as one of the judges had arisen to give some formal opinion, a but struck him full in the face, and in a moment the room



A Bat Struck Him. which opened upon the corridor, was full of them. Justices, counsellors, witnesses and spectators jumped upon their feet and rushed

When Mrs. Partington came in she had spoken of the beautiful "rotundity" which spanned the center of the building, and here, for years had been the home of myriads of Worth \$5,000,000 and only 10 years old. This is the state of affairs with little Marshall bats, which, for some cause, had been dis-lodged on this bright morning and were per-Roberts, the son of the late millionaire Marshall O. Roberts. He is the younges forming a blind race, dashing about in every direction—helter skelter, pro and con, to and millionaire in town, and one of the richest. fro, up and down-stirring up things generally. The corridors were filled with judges, There are hundreds of children in New York who will probably some day inherit one or more millions, but little Marshall Roberts already inherits his vast fortune, jurors, solicitors, spectators, witnesses, beef-eaters, talesmen and bummers, all engaged in fighting the bats that swept down upon and in 11 years it will be entirely in his His father was one of the great merchants of the day, and when he died some four years ago he left an estate valued at \$10,-

Judges and lawyers swung their horse hair wigs, jumping up and beating the air, and Mrs. Partington with her umbrella, which she always carried to keep off the sun's rays, made a spasmodic dash, striking one of the judges under the ear, knocking his wig off, revealing a head as bald as a

man. His widow, one of the beautiful young society women of our metropolis and the mother of little Marshall, was his sec-ond wife. His first wite was 30 years her The bats were soon subjugated, and things resumed their former quiet, but Mrs. Part-ington had seen enough of court dignity, and moved away under the green cotton umbrella. They passed on through the market, a collection of booths, where, drinking a glass of ginger beer at one of them, was one she thought she recognized. She

a maiden twice his age.

When Mr. Roberts died he left a will dividing his money between his wife, his

Mrs. Partington to the Rescue.

BEEN HAVING A HARD TIME.

"Ah, Dame Partington!" exclaimed he,

ecognizing her, extending his hand. She

ook it and awaited further communication.

imes for punning. Ridden on a rail for

to hang me if I should return. And here I

am, going home, but devilish poor; and can you loan me a bit or two to get a bite of something? See,"
"Well," said she seriously, "I am sorry

to see you in such an abstemious condition, and an surprised that you should have been treated so when all on board the ressel

have dispensed with it altogether; but will you believe it, ma'am, that when I left the

people gathered to escort me to the line, and every vegetable raised in the place was

niers, okroes, bananas, plantains-too nu-

merous to mention, very good in their place, but not agreeable as missiles. Can you ac-

hurled after me, and hit me, too

There are millions of dollars' worth of orchids in this country alone, ranging in value from anything you please to the \$250,-000 collection of Erastus Corning, of Albany. In England there is hardly an estate worth mentioning that has not one or more greenhouses given up to the cultivation of the fascinating exotics. The Duke of Marlborough's orchids have been greatly pondered the new problem, until she heard him say that though fortune was hard he could "grin and bear it," and she remem-bered the Donnerblatt man of the Seven celebrated, and one variety, the "Cattleys Mendeli, Duke of Marlborough," named first for William Cattleys, of Barnet, Hert-fordshire, one of the earliest amateur grow-Pollies! He wore, apparently, the same clothing in which she had formerly known ers of orchids, and afterward for his highness, does him much honor.

him, but it was darned in places and far from clean, his Panama hat broken at the Famous, however, as the Duke's collec-tion has become, it pales into absolute in-significance beside the prize collection of crown, through which his hair protruded and his boots revealed a battery of bare toes. the world, also held on English soil. is the property of Baron Schroder. This astounding collection is worth a clean half million dollars, and is at Windsor, the Baron's estate coming just to the end of the "Long Walk" from Windsor Castle. Even "Had a hard time of it," said he; "fun at a discount among the Dutchmen. Couldn't understand it. Knocked down hundreds of yet the enthusiastic collector does not feel that his greenhouses are perfect, but con-tinues to buy choice specimens at equally joking. Ran tor life scores of times. Every door closed against me. Paper stopped on my account. Banished at last with a threst choice prices.

Prof. S. K. Smith, Principal of the High School and a reliable man, says: "On the recommendation of A. H. Dean, a druggist of this place, I tried Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for colds and croup; it is a most excellent remedy and I believe will do all claimed for it." Many druggists recommend it to their friends because they know that it can always be depended upon and give their customers perfect sitisfaction.

For the same reasons more druggists use it in their own families when such a femedy is fluous, thank you for the word—and I could required than any other one medicine in use; 50-cent bottles for sale by E. G. Stuckey, Seventeenth and Twenty-fourth sts., Penn ave. and cor. Wylie ave. and Fulton st.; Captain Jack's voice trembled and he paused a second to hastily brush away a glistening tear. "That's just the way I felt and acted," he continued, "and I noticed that some of the boys were doing the very same thing. I continued my story to them 'Boya,' I said, 'to this day I have faithfully kept that promise, and I know Ohio st. and I Smithfield st. wsu

posited them in his hand. He thanked her,

The wedding of May Halsford was t take place during the time set to her, for which she made a large wedding cake, and when the wedding took place she gave her the "momentum of Corporal Paul," which she begged her to accept as a memento mori of her regard. The cake was pronounced the best ever made in the colony.

the offing and her flag distinguished, her

IRE AND THE FLAG. Ike was enthusiastic about going home, and watched the signal station daily for the number of the Seven Pollies on her return The Sterner Sex Yield More to Public trip. The station was at the lighthouse within the town, and when a vessel was in



national flag was hoisted on one flagpole and her number on the other. At last, when almost tired of waiting, the American flag (or what intended as such, consisting of three stripes and five stars) was awang out, tollowed by the number of the brig. The joy at the arrival of the brig was marred by the paucity of the ensign.
"Look here," said Ike to the lighthouse

keeper, "what do you mean by hoisting up a thing like that?"

"What thing?"
"Why that thing?"
"Why that flag. The flag ain't no American flag, and you'd better believe it. You're afraid of it, that's what's the matter, and you may have more cause to be yet, I tell

"You little himp," said the man, "get away with you with your brag or I'll punch your 'ed." "You think you're darned great things," said Ike, "but, let me tell you, we've lieked you twice and can do it again. No you don't," as the man made a grab at him, very angry.

"Stop your talk, you little beggar," said "Whacher goin' to do about it?" said Ike.
"Twas right off here somewhere that the
Peacock was sunk in 15 minutes by the
Hornet, and don't you forget it. Have you
got her up yet?" got her up yet?"

This last shot drove the man mad, and he made a dush for Ike, who darted away, leaving the irate official to think it over and

The length of time permitting the Seven Polities to remain in port admitted of ample preparation, but Ike packed his trunk at least a fortnight before time. The time of parting came at last, and Mrs. Partington, as she took leave of har friends at the cotage, said: MRS. PARTINGTON'S GOOD-BYE.

"I am sorry to leave you, we have been so long assimilated, but the best of friends must part and the warmest ties be consummated. I shall always hold you in the most flagitious regard. And you, my dear May, if you are as happy as I wish you, there will never be any discrepancy in your lot." The servants came from far and near to

bid goodbye, and then quite a procession of friends walked down to the wharf to see them on board the Seven Pollies, whose colors were hoisted in honor of the occasion. The trunk had gone down previously upon a dray.
"Well, auntie," said Captain Si, as she sort of shyness entertains a man for



was helped on board, "no horses this timelush decks and plenty of room-you are the

only passenger and can have the whole cabin to yourself." The fasts were loosened and the Pollies sped away with the wind abeam.
There was a great flutter of handkerchiefs on
the wharf, and Mrs. Partington, standing
alone at the stern rail, waved to the distant flutterers a benediction with her umbrella. Ike had seized a white tablecloth from the cabin table and swung it from the main rigging, and soon, the dear ones lost to sight, the Seven Pollies was alone on the waters.

On the morning of the eighteenth day the man stationed aloft sang out, "Light, Ho!" a pilot was taken on board, and by midnight the Seven Pollies was secured at her berth B. P. SHILLABER.

A Kalamazoo Mas Exposes a Trick of Windy City Merchants.

WHY HE SHOOK CHICAGO.

Luther Laffin Mills: I had some busines once in Kalamazoo, and while I was waiting for the train I whiled the time away by talking to a young man whom I met in a grocery store. "Have you always lived in Kalamazoo?" I asked, by way of starting a "No," he replied, "I used to live in Chi-

cago."
I said I was going to Chicago.
"Live there?" he saked. "Well, I don't want any Chicago in mine," he said, "and I hope it won't get the Fair."

He seemed so much in earnest that I asked him what was the cause of his grievance.
"Well," said he, "I was clerk in a "Well," said he, "I was clerk in a grocery store down on State street. The proprietor told me one day to go down in the basement and do up a pound of tea for a certain man who lived down Prairie avenue. I did it, and wrapped the tea in some common wrapping paper. About two hours after mon wrapping paper. About two hours after the tea came back with the information that the purchaser didn't drink no such common tea as that. The proprietor took it in a back room, emptied it into a silk teapaper, tied it up with a fancy card, and sent it back. The next day the purchaser came in and told the boss that was the finest tea he ever tasted in his life, but that the first ten wasn't fit for a sick kitten. So

A Limited Convergation

"May I speak with you a minute?" "Yes, if you don't want more than dollar."

THE corner of Broadway and 29th st. is a location well adapted for a hotel such as is the Sturteyant House. Its proprietors can never tell how much of their success is due to the commodate me with a few coins for immediate use?".

She felt deep down into her pocket, and, bringing certain coins to the surface, she de-

WOMEN MEN ADMIRE

Qualities That Attract and Repel the Lords of Creation.

WHEN BEAUTY IS FASCINATING.

Opinion Than the Weaker. LITTLE THINGS THAT GO FOR MUCH

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.I In spite of the fact that "many men have many minds," and that individual tastes differ as greatly as features and tints, yet there are certain tastes which are essentially musculine the world over. We have all often heard the expression, "Oh, she is just the sort of woman men like!" and we all feel an immediate, if secret interest in the roman so referred to.

Men are the rulers of the world, and to please them is our aim and desire. Often, however, their tastes are so paradoxical that it would require a seven headed Medusa to respond to all their varied and contradictory

That a man likes beauty goes without saying, as that a bee likes flowers. But as the bee only flutters about a flower which contains no honey-vielding property, so man only hovers a brief time about the beauty without wit or charm. A man likes a woman to be capable of talking well at times, but he does not care for the garrulous gir. A man likes modesty, but gusted with mock prudery. He secretly likes a slightly unconventional girl, but he is so sensitive to public comment that he is afraid to openly show his liking for her unless she is well grounded socially. And he is quick to censure if she defies the pro-pricties or violates absolute good form.

A man is utterly lacking in independence regarding these matters, and far more sensitive to public opinion than the weaker sex. However much he might enjoy the society of a woman who defied conventional rules of dress or deportment, he would not be seen in public with her if he could avoid it.
And a lapse from good morals does not ofiend him so quickly as a lapse from good
mainers. A man likes discretion, but he invites indiscretion from women. In order to please him in the matter of conduct and morals, we must do exactly the opposite to his either bold or subtle suggestions. He will advise you to be discreet with others, but tempt you to folly himself merely to flatter his own vanity. But he is disap-pointed and disallusioned if you yield. There are no exceptions to this rule.

THE GIRL WHO ENJOYS HERSELF. The girl who enjoys herself thoroughly, and is not afraid to show her enjoyment, always wins more admirers than the languid beauty who is forever "bored." A man likes a woman who does not scold him for smoking, and he is never reformed by one who does. He likes a little spice of coquetry in a woman, but he does not like the professional filit. He may pursue her, but it is for amusement or con-quest, not from admiration. He is atraid of the woman who boasts of her conquests. The woman who tells a man how many proposals she has received and rejected from his dis-appointed fellowmen destroys his respect for and confidence in her discretion, and he is very sure not to add one more proposal to her list. He likes a hint of daring flashing through a woman's nature, but he wants it hidden and controlled. Then he enjoys thinking how be should like to develop this dangerous trait, and congratulates himself upon being an excellent fellow when he does not attempt it. But he is repelled by bold dash and venturesomeness in a woman, for that he believes has been developed by some other man, and it is not therefore to

his taste.

The French maiden is told to never lift her eyes above the second shirt stud of the compelled her eyes to meet his it bores him. He likes better the frank, honest, direct gaze of the American girl; but the unblushing stare of the flirtation-inviting belle is not to his liking, although he may respond to it for the sake of adventure.

SYMPATHETIC, CHEERFUL, OPTIMISTIC. A man likes a woman of sympathetic feeland affectionate nature, but he is afraid of the intensely emotional one. A man likes a cheerful and optimistic woman, though he may strive with all his might to convert her to pessimism. Yet the ready-made cynic in woman's form shocks him. However erroneous the idea, man regards woman as the sunlight of life, and expects to drive away malarial mists from his mind and shadows from his heart by her warmth and

Men like an accomplished and bright omen rather than a talented one, and entertaining and amusing qualities rather than markedly intellectual ones. A wise and tactful woman who desires to be popu-lar with mankind (and she is not wise if she does not) will keep her intellect subservient to her graces and charms when in the pres-ence of men. A man likes a woman's intelwhen great occasions demand it. At other times he wants it veiled by her beauty and

modesty. A man likes a woman of independent and strong character, but he is not attracted to her unless she possesses some eminine weak-nesses. He may admire her as a good com-rade, and even seek her advice, but he is more likely to love and marry the weak, elinging vine; and after the honeymoon is over he not infrequently wastes his life secretly longing for or openly seaking the companionship of the strong character he passed by. Here, again, let the discreet woman take warning, and veil the full ex-tent of her self-reliance and strength from the sight of man till occasion demands reyealing it. She must keep it to surprise him ever and anon, instead of flaunting it forever in his eyes.

MATTERS OF DRESS. A man likes a neat woman and admires a

stylish one. He always knows but can never describe what he likes in the matter of feminine attire, but it is for the woman who listens to his comments on her sisters to discover his tastes. A man censures extravagance in women, but invariably admires expensive garments. He likes a girl of strong vitality, great endurance and ex-cellent spirits, but the mannish girl has more comrades than admirers. Although the girl who can sew, embroider and play the piano possesses eminently domestic ac-complishments, he admires more the girl who can ride, row and swim. Yet he pre-fers plumpness to muscle. He is annoyed or disappointed in the girl who tires easily, and perhaps this is why he enjoys the ath-letterily inclined yours. letically inclined young woman rather than the household deity, with her fancy work and sideache.

and when it strongly exists this feeling will drawhim back to her often when her personal charms no longer influence him. He may prove a bad father and an unloving husband, yet through her love for his children hoften returns to her.

A man prefers temper to sulks, a storm of tears to a fit of melancholy. He is flattered by a touch of jealousy occasionally in a woman's attitude toward him, but he is weamed and alienated from her if it becomes a quality of her nature. A man likes girls who speak well of one another, and he is repelled by those who declare "they hape women." ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

First framp (waking up)-What fown is Second Tramp—Chicago, I guess; I just heard a man say "We will have it."

A Pointer.