more. It was something grander, purer, deeper and quite undying. Whence came it, then? If she was, as she had thought, only a child of earth, whence came this deep desire which was not of the earth? Had she been wrong, had she a soul-some-thing that could love with the body, and through the body and beyond the body-something of which the body with its yearnings was but the envelope, the hand or in-strument. Oh, now it seemed to Beatrice that this was so, and that called into being by her love she and her soul stood face to face acknowledging their unity. Once she kad held that it was phantasy; that such spiritual hopes were but exhalations from a eart unsatisfied; that when love escapes us on the earth, in our despair we swear it is immortal, and that we shall find it in the beavens. Now she believed this no more. Love had kissed her on the eyes, and at his kiss her sleeping spirit was awakened and she saw a vision of the truth.

him! But she could never know on earth that he was hers, and if she had a spirit to be irred after some few years would not be treed after some few years would not be irred after some few years would not be be freed after some few years would not his darkly.

spirit have forgotten hers in that far hereafter of their meeting?
She dropped her brow upon her arm and

softly sobbed. What was there left for her o do except to sob-till her heart broke? Elizabeth, lying with wide-open ears, heard the sobs. Elizabeth, peering through the moonlight, saw her sister's form tremble in the convulsion of her sorrow and smiled

a smile of malice. 'The thing is done," she thought; "she Beatrice, don't cry! We will get your plaything back for you. Oh, with such a bait it will be easy. He is as sweet on you as you on him."

There was something evil, something almost devilish, in this scene of the one watch-ing woman holding a clew to and enjoying the secret tortures of the other, plotting the while to turn them to her innocent rival's destruction and her own advantage. Eliza-beth's jealousy was, indeed, bitter as the

grave. Suddenly Beatrice ceased sobbing. She lifted her head, and by a sudden impulse threw out the passion of her heart with all her concentrated strength of mind toward the man she loved, murmuring as she did so some passionate, despairing words which she

At this moment Geoffrey, sleeping soundly, dreamed that he saw Beatrice scated by | tations: her window and looking at him with eyes which no earthly obstacle could blind. She was speaking; her lips moved, but though he could hear no voice, the words she spoke floated into his mind-Be a god and hold me

was dispatched in the fly with the luggage and Betty, the fat Welsh servant, to look after her. Beatrice and Geoffrey were to

walk to the station.

"Time for you to be going, Mr. Bingham," said Mr. Grauger.
goodby! God bless you! Never had such charming lodgers before. Hope you will come back again, I'm sure. By the way, they are certain to summon you as a witness at the trial of that villain, Jones."
"Goodby, Mr. Granger," Geoffrey an-swered; "you must come and see me in town. A change will do you good."

town. A change will do you good."
"Well, perhaps I may. I have not had
a change for 25 years. Never could afford it. Aren't you going to say goodby to

"Goodby, Miss Granger," said Geoffrey olitely. "Many thanks for all your kindpolitely. ness. I hope we shall meet sgain."
"Do you?" answered Elizabeth; "so do

In another minute be had left the vicarage and, with Beatrice at his side, was walking smartly toward the station.
"This is very melancholy," he said, after

few moments' silence.
"Going away generally is," she answered -"either for those who go or those who stay

behind," she added. "Or for both," he said.
Then came another pause; he broke it. "Miss Beatrice, may I write to you?"
"Certainly, if you like."

"And will you answer my letters?"
"Yes, I will answer them." "If I had my way, then, you should spend

"If I had my way, then, you should spend a good deal of your time in writing," he said. "You don't know," he added earnestly, "what a delight it has been to me to learn to know you. I have had no greater pleasure in my life."

"I am glad," Bestrice answered shortly.

"By the way," Geoffrey said presently, "there is something I want to ask you. You are as good as a reference book for quota-tions, you know. Some lines have been haunting me for the last 12 hours, and I cannot remember where they come from." "What are they?" she asked, looking up, and Geoffrey saw, or thought he saw, a

strange fear shining in her eyes.
"Here are four of them," he answered unconcernedly, "we have no time for long quo-

"That shall be tomorrow, Not to-night: I must bury sorrow Out of sight,"

Beatrice heard-heard the very lines which had been upon her lips in the wild



GEOFFREY WOULDN'T ACCEPT THE OFFER

With thine arm Teach me, only teach, Love!

As I ought I will speak thy speech, Love, Think thy thought—

Meet, if thou require it, Both demands, Laying flesh and spirit In thy hands.

That shall be to-morrow,

With a charm!

Be a man and fold me

I must bury sorrow

Out of sight. Must a little weep, Love

(Foolish me!)
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee.

Geoffrey heard them in his heart. Ther they were gone, the vision of Beatrice was gone and suddenly he awoke. Oh, what was this flood of inarticulate, passion-laden thought that beat upon his brain telling of Beatrice? Wave after wave it came, utterly over-whelming him, like the heavy breath of flowers stirred by a night wind-like a message from another world. It was real; it was no dream, no fancy; she was present with him, though she was not there; her thought mingled with his thought, her being best upon his own. His heart throbbed, his limbs trembled, he strove to understand and could not. But in the mystery of that dread communion, the passion he had trod-den down and rejused acknowledgment took life and form within him; it grew like the Indian's magic tree, from seed to blade, from blade to bud, and from bud to bloom. In that moment it became clear to him; he knew he loved her, and knowing what such a love must mean, for him if not for her,

Geoffrey sank back and groaned. And Beatrice? Of a sudden she ceased her mother and the voluble Anne had no speaking to hersell; she felt her thought charms for Effie. They all three got on best flung back to her weighted with another's apart. Geoffrey himself had also much to thought. She had broken through the barriers of earth; the quick electric message of ber heart had found a path to him she loved and come back answered. But in what tongue was that answer writ? Alas! she could not read it, any more than he could face through the thick mist on the read the message. At first she doubted; Red Rocks, and how her beauty had surely it was imagination. Then she re-membered it was absolutely proved that people dving could send a vision of themsel to others far away; and if that could be, why not this? No, it was truth, a solemn met them at the station to take Effie home. truth; she knew he felt her thought, she Goeffrey noticed that she looked smarter knew that his life beat upon her life. Oh, here was mystery, and here was hope, for if she embraced Effie with an enthusiasm this could be—and it was—what might not be? If her blind strength of human love at the same time carried on an ocular flirtacould so overstep the boundaries of tion with a ticket collector. Although it might of its own volition, mock the physical was plunged in a dense gloom. It had been barriers that hemmed her in, what had she misty that morning at Bryngelly, and beto fear from distance, from separation, aye, from death himsel:? She had grasped a clew but, though it was not yet 4 o'clock, London which might one day, before the seeming was dark at night. Luckily, however, it is end or after-what did it matter?—lay not far from Paddington to the flat near the strange secrets open to her gaze. She had Edgware Road, where Geoffrey lived, so heard a whisper in an unknown tongue that | having personally instructed the cabman, he could still be learned, answering Life's left Anne to convey Effic and the luggage agonizing cry with a song of glory. If only and went on to the Temple by underground agonizing cry with a song of glory. If only be loved her, some day all will be well. railway with an easy mind. Some day the barriers would fall. Crumbling with the flesh, they would fall and set her naked spirit free to seek its other self. And had been arranged, not his uncle—who was, then, having found her love, what more he learned, very unwell—but a partne was there to seek? What other answer did To his delight he then found that Beatrice she desire to all the problems of her life | ghost theory was perfectly accurate; the boy

When Geoffrey woke on the next morning. after a little reflection, he came to the de-cision that he had experienced a very curi-ous and moving dream, consequent on the proof of his evidence was already forthcomous and moving dream, consequent on the exciting events of the previous day, or on exciting events of the previous day, or on the pain of his impending departure. He rose, packed his bag—everything else was ready—and went to breakfast. Beatrice did not appear till it was half over. She looked very pale, and said that she had been pack Geoffrey noticed that she barely touched his fingers when he rose to shake hands with her, and that she studiously avoided his glance. Then he began to wonder it she also had strangely dreamed.

midnight that had gone. Her heart seemer to stop; she became white as the dead, stumbled, and nearly fell. With a supreme

"Miss Beatrice," he said again, "yo ook pale. Did you sleep well last night? "No. Mr. Bincham." "Did you have curious dreams?"
"Yes, I did," she answered, looking

effort she recovered herself.

straight before her.
He turned a shade paler. Then it was

"Beatrice." he said in a half whisper. "what do they mean-what can they mean?" "As much as anything else, or as little,

"What are people to do who dream such dreams?" he said again, in the same constrained voice.
"Forget them," she whispered.

'And if they come back?'

"Forget them again."
"And if they will not be forgotten?" She turned and looked him full in the "Die of them," she said; "then they will

torgotten, or-"Or what Beatrice?" "Here is the station," said Beatrice, "and Betty is quarreling with the flyman."

Five minutes more and Geoffrey was gone. CHAPTER XVI.

THE FLAT NEAR THE EDGWARE BOAD. Geoffrey's journey in town was not altogether a cheerful one. To begin with, Effie wept copiously at parting with her beloved "auntie," as she called Beatrice, and would not be comforted. The prospect of rejoining her mother and the voluble Anne had no think about and found little satisfaction in the thinking. He threw his mind back over the events of the past few weeks. He remembered how he had first seen Beatrice's struck him as no beauty ever had

They reached London at last, and as had the sheer was so early in the year for fogs, London

Shortly after Geoffrey reached his chamthan this of Unity attained at last—Unity attained in Death! with the missing toe-joint had been discovered, who saw the whole horrible tragedy through a crack in the blind; moreover, the ney General nor Mr. Candleton was yet in town, so no conference was possible that evening. However, both were expected that night - the Attorney General from Devonshire and Mr. Candleton from the

continent; so-the case being first on the

Next came the bustle of departure. Effic list—it was arranged that the conference ras dispatched in the fly with the luggage should take place at 10 o'clock on the fol-

lowing morning.
On arriving home Geoffrey was informed that Ludy Honoria was dressing, and had left a message saying he must be quick and do likewise, as a gentleman was coming to dinner. Accordingly he went to his own room—which was at the other end of the flat—and put on his dress clothes. Before going to the dining room, however, he said good night to Effie—who was in bed, but not asleep-and asked her what time she had

"At 5:20, daddy," Effice said promptly. "Twenty minutes past 5! Why, you don't mean to say that you were an hour coming that little way! Did you get blocked

"No. daddy, but-"

"But what, dear?"
"Anne did tell me not to say!" "But I tell you to say, dear, never mind "Anne stopped and talked to the ticket

man for a long, long time,"
"Oh, did she?" he said. At that moment the parlor maid came to say that Lady Honoria and the "gentleman" were waiting for dinner. Geoffrey asked her casually what time Miss Effie had

reached home. "About half-past five, sir. Anne said the eab was blocked in the fog."
"Very well. Tell her ladyship that I shall be down in a minute."

"Daddy," said the child, "I haven't said my prayers. Mother did not come, and Anne said it was all nonsense about prayers. Auntie did always hear me my pray-"Yes, dear, and so will I. There, kneel

upon my lap and say them."
In the middle of the prayers—which Effie did not remember as well as she might have done-the parlor maid arrived again. "Please, sir, her ladyship"-"Tell her ladyship I am coming, and that if she is in a hurry she can go to dinner!

Go on, love."
Then he kissed her and put her to bed "Daddy," Effic said, as he was going, "shall I see Auntie Beatrice any more?"

"I hope so, dear." "And shall you see her any more? You want to see her, don't you, daddy? She did love you very much." Geoffrey could bear it no longer. The truth is always sharper when it comes from

the mouth of babes and sucklings. With a hurried good-night he fled.

In the little drawing room he found Lady
Honoria, very well dressed, and also her
friend, whose name was Mr. Dunstan. Geoffrey knew him at once for an exceedingly wealthy man of small birth, and less breeding, but a burning and shining light in the Garsington set. Mr. Dunstan was anxious to raise himself in society, and he thought that notwithstanding her poverty, Lady Honoria might be useful to him in this re-

spect. Hence his presence there to-night.
"How do you do, Geoffrey?" said his wife,
advancing to greet him with a kiss of peace, "You look very well. But what an immense time you have been dressing, Poor Mr. Dunstan is starving. Let me see. You know Mr. Dunstan, I think. Dinner, Mary."

Geoffrey apologized for being late, and shook hands politely with Mr. Dunstan—Saint Dunstan he was generally called on account of his rather clerical appearance, and in savrentic allusion to his comercia. and in sarcastic allusion to his somewhat shady reputation. Then they went into

"Sorry there is no lady for you, Geoffrey; but you must have had plenty of ladies' society lately. By the way, how is Miss-Miss Granger? Would you believe it, Mr. Dunstan? that shocking husband of mine has been passing the last month in the company of one of the loveliest girls I ever saw, who knows Latin and law and everything else under the sun. She began by saving else under the sun. She began by saving his life—they were upset together out of a cance, you know. Isn't it romantic?"

"You know, Geoffrey." she went on, "the Garsingtons have refurnished the large hall and their drawing-room. It cost £1,800, but the result is lovely. The drawing-room is done in hand-painted white satin, walls and all and the hall in eld ack."

and all, and the hall in old oak."
"Indeed!" he answered, reflecting the while that Lord Garsington might as well have paid some of his debts before he spent £1,800 on his drawing-room furniture. Then the Saint and Lady Honoria drifted into a long and animated conversation about their fellow guests, which Geoffrey scarcely tried to follow. Indeed the dinner was a dull one for him, and he added little

r nothing to the stock of talk. When his wife left t he room, however, he and to say something, so they spoke of shooting. The Saint had a redeeming feature— he was somewhat of a sportsman, though a poor one, and he described to Geoffrey a ne pair of hammerless guns, which he had bought for a trifling sum of 140 guineas, recommending the pattern to his notice.

"Yes," answered Geoffrey. "I daresay they are very nice; but, you see, they are

beyond me. A poor man cannot afford so much for a pair of guns."
"Oh, if that is all," answered his guest, I will sell you these; they are a little long in the stock for me, and you can pay me when you like. Or, hang it all, I have plenty of guns. I'll be generous and give

them to you. If I cannot afford to be gen-erous, I don't know who can!" "Thank you very much, Mr. Dunstan,"
answered Geoffrey coldly, "but I am not in
the habit of accepting such presents from
my—sequaintances. Will you have a glass

of sherry?-no? Then we will join Lady Honoria. "What have you said to Mr. Dunstan to

make him go away so soon, Geoffrey?" asked his wife.
"Said to him? Oh, I don't know. He offered to give me a pair of guns, and I told him that I did not accept presents from my acquaintances. Really, Honoria, I do not want to interfere with your way of life, but I do not understand how you can associate with such people as this Mr. Dunstan." "It is really curious, Honoria," said her husband, "to see what obligations you are ready to put yourself under in search of pleasure. It is not dignified of you to ac-

cept boxes at theaters from this gentleman."
"Nonsense. There is no obligation about it. If he gave us a box of course he would make it a point of looking in during the evening, and then telling his friends that it was Lady Honoria Bingham he was speaking to-that is the exchange. I want to go to the theater; he wants to get into good society—there you have the thing in a nut-shell. It is done every day. The fact of the matter is, Goeffrey," she went on, looking very much as though she were about to arst into a flood of angry tears, "as I said just now-beggars cannot be chooserscannot live like the wife of a banker's clerk. I must have some amusement, and some comfort, before I become an old woman. If you don't like it why did you entrap me into this wretched marriage, before I was old enough to know better, or why do you

not make enough money to keep me in a way suitable to my position?" "We have argued that question before, Honoria," said Geoffrey, keeping his temper with difficulty, "and now there is another thing I wish to say to you. Do you know that detestable woman, Anne, stopped for more than half an hour at Paddington station this evening flirting with a ticket collector, instead of bringing Effie home at once, as I told her to do. I am very angry about it. She is not to be relied on; we shall have some accident with the child be-

fore we have done. Cannot you discharge her and get another nurse?" "No, I cannot. She is the one comfort I have. Where am I going to find another woman who can make dresses like Anne she saves me a hundred a year-I don't care if she flirted with 50 ticket collectors. suppose you got this story from Effie; the child ought to be whipped for tale-bearing, and I daresay that it is not true."

"Effie will certainly not be whipped," answered Geoffrey, sternly. "I warn you that it will go very badly with anybody who lays a

finger on her."

"Oh, very well. Ruin the child. Go your own way, Geoffrey. At any rate, I am not going to stop here to listen to any more abuse. Good night," and she went. (To be Continued Next Sunday.) MESSES. J. F. MARQUORDT & SON. prominent druggists of Tiffin, O., say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best of satisfaction and takes the lead there. LOVES HIS OLD HOME

THE STANDARD STORY ON RARE AIR

Bill Nye Shows His Patriotism by Giving Wyoming a Big Boom.

Broken Into Congress. DISQUISITION ON THE PRAIRIE DOG

> WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. WYOMING will



She has an area of 100,000 square miles, 30,000 of which is underlaid with coal. She has a wealth of \$100,000,000 and 100,-000 population. Wyoming isover 97 times the size of Rhode Island, and human life is quite secure now in the larger towns, especially during office

I do not see why Wyoming should care to be a State and pay so large a price for such an empty honor, but it is thought that more security for settlers and investors is furnished by a State government than by the



Thought He Was Going to Congress.

mported Federal style of management generally furnished by an administration which desires at all times to reward its friends. For this reason, if for no other, the young Territories look forward to the time when they may not only select their own officers, but also help to select the President himself. Few who have never lived in the Territories know how many people there are on the frontier who can read and write and eat pie with a fork. There are quite a number of dress suits in Wyoming.

COULD PAY THE NATIONAL DEBT. It is also estimated that the mineral wealth of Wyoming is more than sufficient to pay the national debt, although the offer to do so has not yet been officially made. This estimate of the mineral wealth of Wyoming is exclusive of the Pauper's Dream, a very rich mine, of which I hold the controlling interest. At a depth of 102 feet we struck a pay streak of pure water, which rose to a height of 98 feet in the shaft. We were just about to put in pumping works when the cow, which my partner was going to swap for the machinery, ate a grown person's dose of poison weed, swelled p and expired. The mine has since been

Wyoming is rich not only in the precious metals but marble, granite, sandstone, limestone and slate are also found in the rock ribbed bosom of the Territory, as well as the bowels of the earth, awaiting only the ar-rival of the scientist, the capitalist and the savant. Good servants can always get job in Wyoming, and capitalists with let ters from well-known society people will be cordially received at all times.

Large oil fields are known to exist in va-rious parts of the Territory and natural gas is supposed to underlie the coal belt. Day before yesterday Wyoming was known to have 1,500,000 cattle, and bright, new, speckled calves, with wabbly legs, are being constantly added to that number as I write. Grass on the plains and foot hills of Wyo ming cures itself even as the Scriptures say to the medical fraternity, "Physician, heal thyself.

NEED NOT GO HEELED NOW.

Years ago I would have said to any one going to Wyoming, "Heel thyself," but now it is not necessary. I know a man who has lived in Wvoming 20 years and has not been assassinated. Indians are not so common now in the Territory as they used to be. It is very rare now that hostile Indians come into the principal towns and carry off a female seminary. If they do, the papers hush it up so that the effete East known nothing of it.

I have read this winter in the New York

papers, at eight different times, of the same kind of case, viz., of a mother walking the streets, homeless and hungry, all night, with



"What Yer Goin' to Do?"

a sick baby in her arms, and being found in the morning by the police with the little corpse in her arms. Crazed by grief and suffering, driven even from the meanest shelter, with a little sick child wrapped in an apron, the daylight found her with dry eyes and disordered brain, walking the streets, with Jay Gould and Russell Sage streets, with Jay Gould and Russell Sage carrying the poor little starved body of her dead baby wrapped in a calico rag. For eight years I lived in Wyoming Territory, but I never heard there of a case

like this. Possibly we wore our trousers in our boots then—the men, I mean—and we used navy tobacco perhaps to excess, but we drew the line at starving little children to death because their mothers couldn't pay the rent by making shirts at 17 cents a dozen. A CRUDE STATESMAN.

I know that in early days Wyoming had some crude ideas, but she has outgrown them a good deal now. I recall, especially, some of her statesmen. We had one member of the Legislature, I remember, who was elected from Coe & Carter's tie camp. He had never held any office of trust or profit as the gift of the people before, and so all was new to him. I will not give his name, because he is in better condition physically than I am at present. He was a plain, self-made man, who had risen to be mountains, and by not saying anything at all except to issue his orders, and at table

all except to issue his orders, and at table ask some one to "please pass those molasses," or something like that, which did not arouse political hostility, he was chosen as a reserved and non-committal candidate from that county and elected.

He went with the other members of the Legislature. When the proper time came, and as they all got off at Cheyenne, he did the same, but it leaked out afterward that he had bought a ticket and checked his trunk to Washington, thinking he was elected to Congress. He had ouite a hard time cetting A Crude Legislator Who Imagined He Had Congress. He had quite a hard time getting his trunk back, but as his whiskers were quite long, the front of his shirt did not show very much, and so he got along very well till his other shirt got back from Wash-

AGRICULTURE A POOR FOLLOWING. I have never regarded agriculture on the Laramie plains as a success, though in other parts of the Territory, where the season is longer, it may be better. Few crops can grow successfully at a height of over 7,000 feet on the coarse soil of this great plateau without irrigation, or even with it, for winter always ingers in the lap of spring there until it occasions a great deal of talk, and so the summer is very brief indeed.

For one who has tried to build himself up by means of dumbbells and sewer gas, this days exhibited to be a sewer gas, this days exhibited to be a sewer gas.

dry, exhibarating, champagney air is better than a summer at Saratoga at \$6 per day. The air is crisp and clear. It also has the faculty of making distant objects appear to be much nearer than they air. When I got as far as Omaha, a stock grower told me that he could give a good story regarding that peculiarity of the mountain air. It seemed that an Englishman once went to the West, and in the morning at Laramie he started out to walk to the Medicine Bow Mountains before breakfast. "They are 40 miles away, I think," said he. "And so along toward noon he gave it up. On the way back he came to a little irrigating ditch, where a cowboy discovered him removing his clothing and getting ready to swim across. 'What are you going to do? asked the cowboy. 'I am getting ready to swim the river,' the Englishman replied straightway. 'You can't fool me any more with your infernal optical illusions."

AN OFT-REPEATED TALE. In Denver a Leadville man called my at tention to the contiguity of the Rocky Mountains, and said I would be tooled if I judged by appearances in this dry, bracing atmosphere. "I could give you a good story regarding that peculiarity of the mountain air," said he, and then he told me the same story the Omaha stock grower told, word for

As I did not talk much on the way up to Cheyenne and seemed rather haughty and reserved, a boy on the train who acts as peanut purveyor and literateur for the road, took me to be an Eastern man making my first visit to the West, so he spoke to me of the wonderful resources of Colorado and Wyoming, also of the health giving atmosohere and how it could take hold of a physial wreck and put him in the prize ring inside of a year. "The air is enormously clear, too," he said, as he dropped a copy of "Velvet Vice" into the seat by a silver-haired clergyman, and "How to Treat Diseases of Horses and Swine" into the seat near a young lady who was on her way to visit triends in California. "You would get fooled on it every time. I could give you a good story regarding that peculiarity of the mountain air," said he, and then he told me the Omaha stockgrower's story, ver-It is a good story, and designed, as I

judge, to illustrate in a forcible manner the extreme rarity of the air more than the ex-The flora of Wyoming is diversified and beautiful, though on the plains it is almost odorless. Several kinds of cactus are found, either of which, when in full bloom, are



very beautiful. The Turk's Head cactus in about the size of a baseball, and is better fixed for protecting itself than any other plant I know of except the electric plant.
There is a cactus also which looks like a

green waffle, set up on edge. THE MAN WHO BULES. Francis E. Warner is the present Gov-ernor of Wyoming and was not imported for that purpose. He governs the territory renoons and attends to a large and flourish ing business in the afternoon. at present on friendly terms with the United States. Female suffrage has its home in Wyoming, and people who write in a prolific manner against it, without knowing anything about it, would do well to go there and find out something about it.

There are thirty species of mammals in Wyoming, outside of the Legislature alone. Wyoming, outside of the Legislature.

The prairie dog is gradually becoming extinct in Wyoming and giving place to neonle who know more. Washington people who know more. Washington Irving, who was a good writer and used good grammar all the time, in drawing off pieces for the paper, made a fluke on the prairie dog, I think.

THE PRAIRIE DOG'S FACE. You can see in a moment, if you are any judge of physiognomy, that a prairie dog does not know anything. His thought-waves all originate in the pit of his stomach, and though of a social nature, he uses no judgment in selecting his associates. He is s thorough chump, and has lived so long in the bowels of the earth that he gives less attention to mental improvement and more thought to girth than any animal that moves in our set. His pelt is worthless, his tail is a humiliating failure and his whole life is a fizzle. He teaches no lesson in industry, economy or morals, and his death brings with it no appreciable shock.

WHAT HUSBANDS PORGET.

in Indifferent, Icy Touch for a Loying Caress Exasperates a Wife. Detroit Free Press.1 Women demand love from the man from whom they have a right to expect love. And nothing so quickly exasperates a wife who

fondly loves her husband as to be given an icy or an indifferent touch for a loving caress. Men are apt to forget this. They are so engrossed in themselves and in their life work that they forget the needs of a woman's spiritual existence. To most women life is made up of trifles Their nature is occupied with trifles, and they do not bring to a consideration of the problems of life the same kind of intellect most that they are as attractive and hand-and the same broad views that a man brings some as in their callow days of youth. We to them. You cannot judge the ways of a woman by the same gauge by which you judge the ways of a man. A woman is a creature swayed by her instincts, her affec-

tions and her emotions. A man is guided more by his reason.

I would not think of denying that a woman's instinct is as unerring, and in some cases more unerring, than a man's judg-ment. Because a wife's troubles is made up of these trifles, and that much of her ex-istence depends upon them, is a reason why husbands should be particular in the small affairs of daily existence

SLAVES TO SOCIETY

Not Much Pleasure in the Capital's Gay Whirl After All.

Dissertation on the Habit of Smoking in the Halls of Congress.

WOMEN IN THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT, 1

WASHINGTON, March 8 .- To keep up with the procession in Washington, as society goes, must not only be a surpassingly onerous task, but one from which but little-if any-sarisfaction can be secured for either mind or soul. It may be that there are some womenas it takes all sorts to make a world-who find solace and the fullest enjoyment in "dressing up" every afternoon in their best clothes and going a-calling, loaded with a stack of cards, but we, personally, would devoutly pray to be excused.

We fell in with "the swim" here just to see and know intelligently what it all meant and included in the city which represents the country, but "great Cæsar!"—if we may be pardoned for the siang—protect us from any such system of social slavery. To do the sights in the morning—to array yourself in full dress regalia for grand re-ceptious—and be introduced to hundreds of cople from every State in the Union that you will never meet again in the course of your happy home life, and whose faces you forget immediately, and with whom you chat interestedly and, perhaps, eloquently for the possible space of 10 minutes, is interesting at first, but it becomes indescribable monotonous in the long run, even in ably monotonous in the long run, even in one so short as ours.

CHANCES AGAINST CLOSE PRIENDSHIP. As follows at times, you may make dear friends in such a whirl, but the chances are against it, and the whole business is mainly deference to social forms and a law of etiquette against which many people rebel, and wisely, too. The wives of most Con-gressmen are thus bound to the observance of an arbitrary rule which to our view i assuredly exacting, since they are awarded no salary for their services, but like minister's wives they are supposed to be subjected to the calls of all constituents, and even when not willing to sacrifice their time and enjoyment feel constrained to do so because

t is the common custom. It is said of Mrs. Carlisle-who is the wife the Speaker of the last House-that she has never missed a call when due, that what she has accomplished in the matter of the battle of the cards is something marvel-ous; but if we were the wife of the Speaker ous; but if we were the wife of the Speaker we would, unless given the same salary, just do as we pleased. We would not lay ourselves upon the altar of our country to any such extent for nothing. A martyr is perhaps thrilling to read about, but martyrdom in real life behind the scenes must be burdensome to the last degree.

As we said before, there are women who possibly enjoy this merry-go-round. But there are not a few, perhaps, so loving, loyal and devoted to their husbands' interests that they would do even more, through the love

they would do even more, through the love that moves the world, more even than their real duty, and thus sacrifice themselves for those whom they love through thick and thin and for better or for worse. The living of her own life, the independ-

ent expression of her own sentiments, the using of her own judgment, have always been decried in a clergyman's wife as being destructive of his success. She is to be the meek and model woman, who is to be sub-missive to her husband in all things and serve as an echo for his opinions at all times. She is, moreover, to be subject to the criticism of his people, and manage her affairs in accordance with their whims and

prejudices.
Something of the same unwritten law prevails in the etiquette of Washington as to the wives of public efficials.

SOME ARE INDEPENDENT. Then there are some who assert for them selves independence, and feel no pressing claim to keep up the reception end of the administration in a country which repudiates them as citizens, and prefers to extend the rights of such to ignorant aliens, illiterate natives and barbarous savages. Some of these, however, have not the courage of their convictions, and secure for themselver reedom by being in mourning for distant relatives, for whom under other circumstances they would never dream of mourning-or by the religious observance of Lent which, being Methodists or Presbyterians,

they would never think of observing at All of the balderdash and stuff about a ciety girls attending the marriage marts to such condition of fatigue and "goneness" as to necessitate being bathed and rubbed down by professionals, and swallowing quarts of hot bouillon, and being swathed in milk, and being every day subject to massage to enable themselves to keep up in good condition during the strain and racket deemed essential to the maintenance of the social end of the administration, are certainly a pure fabrication, as are so many other reports. Unscrupulous correspondents, under pressure of having something senational to say, manufacture world outside believe them. To please their best patrons, from whom they receive favors, they are constrained to put a fair face, a distinguished mien, a gown of transcendent beauty and French finish, and a

lazzling lot of diamonds upon the MOST COMMONPLACE DOWDY that ever occupied the pinnacle of high po-sition. With a wealth of imagination and countless fine words they make some vulgar creatures imagine themselves as ranking with crowned heads. These he so inflated with such treatment that they put on royal airs, and make of themselves the butt of wits and point of scorn. They secure all of their published glory for nice little tips of fives and tens and other tangible gifts. It is hard to believe that there are people who plume themselves upon the flatteries they pay for, until it is remem-bered that Washington is not noted for a lack of fools any more than other places.

If we were to take "hearsay" for authori-

ty, we could tell some rather thrilling tales of some celebrities in this charming city; but in these days, when sensations are upo the tongue of everybody one day, only to be disproved upon undoubted testimony th next, it does not pay to retail them. If credence could be placed in the numerous stories told as to prominent men and famous women whose goings on and doings are alked of sub rosa in society the impression would be created that the most beautiful city on the continent was a deu of infamy, rather than the abode of our best represent ive men and noted women.

GALLERY OBSERVATIONS.

A careful student of human nature can soon gauge the characters of the representa-tives of the nation—even by only seeing and hearing them from the galleries within the walls of Congress. The quick, sharp, brainy men can soon be distinguished, and the "mullet heads" are as easily discovered A good majority of the House are baldheaded—the most striking point at first glance. This brings up the inscrutable quesion as to why men grow bald just at a tim when they are flattering themselves the are told the Representatives are very sensi-tive under the gaze of the ladies in the pews above, and their efforts to conceal their baldness by the pulling up of hair from

remarkable. covered and demerit be denounced and dis-carded, all American citizens should visit always through her nose.

and take note of the proceedings of both and take note of the proceedings of cont Houses of Congress, and, moreover, criticise and condemn when needful. In these days of cheap excursions men and women should make it a point to supervise their legislative department. The earnest business man would soon detect, with but little trouble, the incapables, the individuals whose personal gains and ends were put before the public interests—the men whose aim was principally how not to do it. It the lawmak-OUR STATESMEN ARE BALD HEADED

ers were seriously and intelligently supervised by their electors,

THE UNRULY ONES might be subdued. As it is, Congress apmight be subdued. As it is, Congress appears to the observer to be a noisy school of overgrown boys, whose teacher has no power of control, and the pupils, ignoring all authority, make of themselves a spectacle for gods and men and—we may add—women. The noise, the confusion, the racket, the prancing in and out, to and fro, the utter show of disrespect to those who make

Then another matter to complain of is the moking. The House is badly ventilated to begin with, but when members begin smok-ing on the floor they make a state of affairs wholly obnoxious to those above them, even if the cigars are not mean. These men have not the instincts of gentlemen, since they have plenty of smoking rooms in which to indulge their desires without making themselves offensive to others. These men should be taught good manners. Speaker Reed should "go" for them and enforce such discipline as would remove from their minds of his spare hours to reading good books. the idea that they are privileged to be hogs in the people's Capitol. Even in our own Union station "all smoking is positively prohibited"—a mere railroad station, how much more should it be so prohibited in the public halls of Congress? We have no fanatical objection to the weed-some of the very best of men smoke under proper conditions-and if there is in it all the comfort, delight and solace that Ingersoll declares there is, when he lauds and magnifies it as there is, when he lauds and magnifies it as heartily recommended him as an honest, one of the best gifts of heaven to man, we faithful and painstaking sellow, who was in can see no good reason why

WOMEN SHOULDN'T SHARE for they stand in as much need of comfort and solace as anybody and should get all of the joy of life that is going. But, when, as everybody knows, its odor is sickening to many, and its stale fumes are obnoxious to everybody when shut up in an ill-ventilated room like the Hall of Representatives, it seems that "no smoking' should be a rule most vigorously enforced On the occasion of our visits there was one smoker who leered up at the ladies' gallery, as much as to say: "I am an awiul big man—bigger than old man Reed—I can do as I darn please, and if you don't like it what are you going to about it?"

Some papers that talk of the Treasury girls and other women employed by the Government service as beautiful beings Government service as beautiful beings given to flirting, making much of themselves, doing very little work for big pay, and finally marrying grandly and henceforth being great ladies give a very erroneous statement. The Treasury girls, as we saw them, are mainly middle-aged—not pretty—who are more intent upon their business than upon mankind. They seem to work steadily and hard, and their duties seem scarcely less wearing and operans than seem scarcely less wearing and operous than those of a teacher with 40 or more youngsters to manage and instruct. Many of them are widows, others are old maids—worn and wrinkled, but their services are valuable.

SINGLE FROM CHOICE. It is said that many of the single girls are old maids from choice. They prefer their own money—find life more enjoyable upon a hundred or more dollars a month, than the mingling of misfortune in matrimony, the drudging of housekeeping and the slaving for children on a small income. This is all out with accepted notions and romance in which a man is all that is to be desired by women, but the pressure of living and the extravagance of the age are almarried life with a dollar and coming out as a millionaire. The pleasure of the hour and the felicity of the present count for

more with people nowadays than the ulti-mate outcome in old age of laborious years of toil and the saving of pennies. Benjamin Franklin's idea that would thrive must rise at 5 and work like all possessed and save every cent not re-quired for mush and milk, has gone out everywhere, particularly in Washington. Nobody rises at 5 anymore, but they thrive all the same. The colored people furnish evidence upon this point. Upon their plan-tation homes in old days they got hog and hominy. Now as a "tip" they think a quarter or half a dollar mean and stingy— "dollah" being about the lowest "figah." Making so much money they live high. A grocer told us they were his most extravaant buyers. They wanted the finest of fish and poultry, even when they live in hovels. No rising at 5 or living on cheap food for

THE AVERAGE LENTEN DINNER.

The chief Lenten diversion is dinnergiving, and such dinners! Elegance, luxury, 13 courses, seven wine glasses at each plate, ferns, roses, violets, tulins, cut glass and silver make such brilliant and striking array as enchant the eyes. The wines are of the rarest, the viands the choicest and richest, the decorations most charming and beautiful. They cost, we are told, from \$25 to \$40 a plate. It is not stylish to have a caterer. To be right you must have a "chef," and have everthing done at home. This is more expensive, but that is the only way to be original, and produce effects not to be reached by everybody. Roswell P. Flower and Mrs. Flower gave a "Violet Dinner." The magnificent

Andrew Carnegie given to the tiresome "Pans" was doubtless a "Thistle Dinner."
The story as to Mr. Quay has not died out in the proper nine days. It is still a prime subject everywhere—in the drawing rooms, in the museums, in the House, in the rotunda at the White House-everywhere. It will not down, unless he downs it.

SHE HAD HER REVENGE.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

Who Attempted Wit. Nothing is easier than to say disagreeable hings, and there are people who labor under the mistaken opinion that there is nothing more clever. It was one of these mortals who was asked not long since what was the age of a maiden lady of his acquaint-

ance.

A Lady's Cutting Retort to a Gentleme

"I do not know," he replied; "I have never studied archmology." As fate would have it, the lady in ques on chanced to overhear him.
"And yet you remember," she said, with a suspicious smoothness in her voice. "I have heard my mother say that I was born the first year that you were old enough to bring home the washing." ter, and had half the profits before he was 25. He accomplished it all by keeping him-

The retort was cutting, and the passage not over refined, the fact that the man was most anxious to conceal his origin giving a sting to the words in which the other took her revenge; but the woman was on the whole to be blamed least.

HOW BEAUTY SHOULD SLEEP.

She Should Never Yield to Morpheus With a

Frown Upon Her Face. Let Beauty take care that she does not go to sleep with a frown or discontented expression, for such will be apt to leave its imprint during her sleeping hours and contribute just so much to permanent unbecoming lines. As she finds herself sinking into the arms of the drowsy god close her mouth easily, let her other quarters are so manifest that "the girls" find great subject in it to discourse upon the vanity of men. General Banks, however, is not troubled with the circular mon some pleasant thought that shall set shine of bareness where the hair ought to grow, for his thick thatch of white hair is She should not lie with one hand under row, for his thick thatch of white hair is her cheek, a common habit with youthful sleepers, which wrinkles and slightly numbs to sovered and demerit be denounced and disA MODEL OFFICE BOY.

Tom Phillebrown's Rise From Three Dollars a Week to Partner.

SECRET OF HIS GREAT SUCCESS.

One of Oliver Optic's True Stories With Valuable Hints for Boys.

ECONOMY AND GOOD HABITS WILL WIN

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH] Tom Philiebrown was a real boy. I am not going to tell you who he was, only what speeches, the disregard for the galleries who come to hear, the all prevailing disorder show that reform is needed and should be he was; and what he was any boy may and with only a meager knowledge of the world; but he was born, and always lived, in a great city, though the country has its temptations as well as the city, and some-

times even greater ones.

Tom's father was not rich, for he was a mechanic who worked hard for little money, and he could not send him to college. But he was an honest and square man, and tried to do his whole duty to his children. He was a thoughtful man and devoted most He drank no beer or other entangling fluids, and saved a little money every year. He was not fitted out with a brilliant intellect, and passed his whole life as an numble workman, undisturbed by any other ambi-tion than the desire to live wisely and well, Tom graduated at a grammar school and then went to the High School, where he was an average scholar. His teachers could not regard him as a brilliant boy, but they no danger of becoming President of the United States or even of making a decided

mark in his day and generation FIFTY CENTS A WEEK.

With the moderate testimonials of his instructors he obtained a situation in a wholesale store at \$3 a week, to learn the business. He was 17 years old and boarded at home. He gave his pay to his father every Saturday night, and was allowed half a dollar a week for his small expenses. He realized that he was working for very small wages before the first year had passed away; but he did not growl even to himself about it, and was modest enough to believe that this was all he was worth. But he was boarded and clothed by his

father, and his other expenses were very small. In fact, he opened an account at a savings bank, and as fast as he accumulated a dollar he deposited it. Yet, measured by his personal income, he was not mean and stingy, for he occasionally gave a dime or a half-dime in charity, bought a book, and visited places of amusement, though he could not afford to go to the theater or other expensive entertainments.

He was never caught five minutes behind

He was never caught five minutes behind time, because he made it a matter of conscience to be on time. "You get 50 cents a day for ten hours' work, Tom," his father used to say to him, "and that is 5 cents an hour. If you saw 5 cents lying on the deak in the store, you would not steal it any more than you would steal a \$10 bill if you saw it there. Being 15 minutes late for the saw if there we have 15 minutes late for the saw it there. it there. Being 15 minutes late four mornings comes to 5 cents, and if you are behind time to that extent, I consider it just the same as stealing the money."

WASTING TIME A ROBBERY. When Tom was sent on an errand by his employer he did not go to the fire, if there happened to be one, while he was out; he did not stop to see the end of a dog fight, to look at the pictures in shop windows, or idle away his time in any other manner. If he wasted half an hour it was robbing his employer of so much time.

He carried his reasoning still farther, and made it cover his time in the store. It he had any work to do it was stealing to "loaf."

and he kept himself busy as long as there

was anything to do. At the same time

Tom never hurried himself, unless the occa-

sion required haste. He did not run when he was sent to do errands, but held to his usual moderate pace. In the store he never "flew around" aimlessly, but kept busy as long as the work lasted. Perhaps it was fortunate for him that his employer was not a "driver," and the young man suited him exactly. At the end of his first year his wages were raised to \$5 a week.

At this time Mr. Phillebrown had an advantageous offer, which induced him to change his residence to another city, and Tom could no longer board at home. This event practically cast him loose upon the world, and made him his own master. He found a place to board with a carpenter at

\$2 50 a week (this was many years ago).

Another boy might have thought the room

and the table were not good enough for him, but Tom was modest and, therefore, he was satisfied, for he did not take on much

style.

A BETTER POSITION. Business was good with his employer, and another boy was taken, giving Tom a better position. The new boy did not stay a onth, for he was late in the morning, and dawdled away his time when sent on errands. Tom continued to be honest and faithful. He dressed himself plainly, but neatly, out of his salary, and never called on his father for any help. He was occasionally called upon to work evenings, but he did not regard this as a hardship or put in a claim for extra pay. On the contrary, he was glad that the pro

prietor of the house required this additional The next year, at the age of 19, Mr. Marchant voluntarily put him on a salary of \$500 a year. Tom felt rich then, but he did not change his boarding place, or otherwise increase his expenses. His bank account was the principal gainer. He was always cheerful and pleasant, and he had a goodly number of friends. He was asked to "take a drink," buy a lottery ticket, visit bad places, and the cash of the house was altogether in his keeping. He had all the

temptations which beset young men in large HOW HE SPENT HIS TIME.

He went to church as regularly as he went to business, and he was enabled to resist them all. He went to proper places of amusement, hoarded two weeks in the country in his vacation, read good books, including good novels, and read the newspapers as thoroughly as he did his Bible. When he was 21 his salary was increased to \$1,000 a year. Then he spent more money to \$1,000 a year. Then he spent more money on himself, but none of it upon vicious pleasures. A year later he became the junior partner of the house, putting in \$1,000 he had saved. Then he began to nake money. Of course he married his partner's daugh-

CREMATION HAS ITS TERRORS.

OLIVER OPTIC.

seif clean, and by being honest and faithful

even in little things.

Painful Exhibition of Feeling by the Reintives of a Subject. A most painful scene has, says a Paris

orrespondent, been witnessed at Pere Lachaise during the cremation of a young lady artist, Mile. Lapointe, whose professional prospects were very promising. She died suddenly, having caught a severe chill during the recent trying temperature. Before her death she expressed a wish that her body should be cremated, and this was done accordingly. While the coffin was being placed in the furnace her parents and friends were unable to control their emotion, and when they saw the flames their grief was most poignant. The subsequent arrangements connected with the withdrawal of the ashes and their deposit in the "urn" were also witnessed by the friends of the deceased, and caused further scenes of a character which will not tend to the popularity of cremation in Paris.