HISTORY OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE IN TEN PAPERS.—PAPER VIII.

LOUISIANA DURING THE YEARS 1801-1802.

THE TRANSFER FROM SPAIN TO FRANCE—NAPOLEON, JEFFERSON, MADISON.

A PLACE of honor in our story must be found for a hero and a patriot, Andrew Jackson, who had much to do with the growth and glory of Tennessee and who won the grandest victory over the veterans of Wellington, at New Orleans, ever gained in any part of ancient Louisana's wide dominion. Pale, sallow and shaking like an aspen leaf with the chills incident to a malarial fever, General Jackson's prodigious exertions and activity during the anxious weeks preseding the memorable battle, can be likened to nothing but Robert R. Livingston's sleepless toils and efforts to gain for his country the identical territory the heroic invalid was then struggling with the defensive might of a Hector to protect. Jackson had been promoted from the national house of representatives to the United States senate, for his complete success in getting the brave Tennessee volunteers paid for their perilous services against the Indians. In a letter from Philadelphia, written in 1798 when about resigning his senatorship to accept a state judgeship, this interesting side light is thrown upon a "world-renowned character: "France has finally concluded a treaty with the emperor and the king of Sardinia, and is now turning her force toward Great Britain. Bonaparte with 100,000 troops (used to conquer) is ordered on the coast, and called the army of England. Do not then be surprised if my next letter should announce a revolution in England. Should Bonaparte make a landing on the English shore, tyranny will be humbled, a throne crushed and a republic will spring from the wreck and millions of dispressed people restored to the rights of man by the conquering arm of Bonaparte."

Thomas Jefferson having been chosen chief magistrate by the house of representatives on February 17, 1801, through the potent influence, unselfishly employed, of his chief political adversary, General Hamilton, was sworn into office by another political opponent, the great chief justice, John Marshall. Neither in the first inaugural of March 4; in the first annual message of December 8, nor in any proclamations or special messages, of the year 1801, does Mr. Jefferson allude to the Louisana business. But in a semi-official letter of July 13, to William C. Claiborne, whom he had appointed governor of the Mississippi territory, in preference to "Judge" Andrew Jackson, who was an applicant for the place, the president says: "With respect to Spain our dispositions are sincerely amiable and even affectionate. We consider her possession of the adjacent country as most favorable to our interests, and should see with extreme pain any other nation substituted for them. In all communications therefore with their officers, concillation and mutual accomodation are to be mainly attended to. Everything irritating to be avoided, everything friendly to be done for them. The most fruitful source of misunderstanding will be the conduct of their and our people at New Orleans Temper and justice will be the best guides through those intricacies. Should France get possession of that country, it will be more to be lamented than remedied by us, as it will furnish ground for profound consideration on our part, how best to conduct ourselves in that case. It would of course be the subject of fresh communications to you." As Spain closed against us the navigation of the Mississippi the next year, the sequel shows that the executive was diametrically wrong in the line of his lamentations. In nominating Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, "an able and honorable man," to quote the words of the president, as minister plenipotentiary to France, Mr. Jefferson made probably the best appointment of his entire administration. He was except for his serious deafness an ideal diplomatic agent. Washington selected him for the same post in 1794, but was obliged to fall back on James Monroe, his third choice, Monroe consorted with the less crime-stained successors of Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and other "citizen assassins," so cordially, that he had to be recalled for disobeying his instructions.

The references of the secretary of state, Madison, to our relations with Spain, England and France, were also in conflict with the current of actual subsequent events. On June 15, 1801, Madison writes to Rufus King, our minister to England: "I cannot but briefly add, however, that we have the mortification to find that, notwithstanding all the forbearances and endeavors of the United States for the establishment of just and friendly relations with Great Britian, accounts continue to arrive from different quarters of accumulating trespasses on our commerce and neutral rights." It is somewhat singular that just ten months later, the administration was favoring, as will appear, an offensive martial alliance with these same British trespassers on our commerce, in a war of expulsion against France. On the 9th of June, Madison wrote to Charles Pinckney, the new minister to Spain: "The spoliations committed on our trade, for which Spain is held responsible, are known to be already of very great amount, and it is to be apprehended that they may not have yet ceased. * * * Hitherto redress has been sought, sometimes in tribunals of justice, sometimes by applications to the government, and sometimes to both these modes. Experience has sufficiently shown that neither the one nor the other, nor both, can be relied on for obtaining full justice for our injured citizens. Some other effort, therefore, is due to the sufferers, and, let me add, to the dignity of the United States which must always feel the insults offered to the rights of individual citizens."

But on July 13, thirty-four days later, the president forgets about what is due "the sufferers" and "the dignity of the United States" while assuring Governor Claiborne of his "affectionate dispositions" toward Spain. Truly a sad case of unrequited afection.

During the whole year of 1801 and until March, 1802, the government at Washington remained ignorant of the terms of the Treaty of San Ildefonso signed October 1, 1800, by the prince of peace and Lucien Bonaparte, the younger brother of Napoleon. This significant treaty transferred to France all that vast and vaguely defined territory known as Louisana which France had turned over to Spain in 1762. Bonaparte's initial policy and earliest ambition was to restore to France all her lost former possessions. But it is the privilege of great men to be inconsistent and also unsuccesful. It is a matter of indisputable historic fact that he restored nothing that remained restored and never added a foot of territory permanently to France; on the contrary he lost Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine. A titled son of the duke of Parma, a brother of the queen of Charles IV of Spain must be provided for. To give consequence and dignity to the brother of royalty and to honor one of Spain's illustrious families, a great partly developed empire was offered by Spain to France for the uncertain sovereignity of the petty kingdom of Tuscany. Its priceless art treasures and historic memories probably did not weigh much on either side of the scale. The earlier secret treaty took effect March 21, 1801. Napoleon prepared to displace Marchal Victor, with five batalions of infantry and the required complement of cavalry and artillery, but the dashing Victor and his forces and three brigadier-generals never sailed.

Not until April 18, 1802, does President Jefferson wake up to the large significance of the Louisana question. In a letter of that date to Robert R. Livingston, our minister extraordinary to France, he gives strong expression to some elastic views, but elastic in the wrong direction: "The cession of Louisana and the Floridas by Spain to France works most sorely on the United States * * * The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her low water mark. It seals the union of two nations who in conjunction can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must carry ourselves to the British fleet and nation. We must turn all our attention to a maritime force, for which our resources place us on very high grounds; and having formed and cemented together a power which may render reinforcement of her settlements here impossible to France, make the first cannon which shall be fired in Europe the signal for tearing up any settlement she may have made, and for holding the two continents of America in sequestration for the common purposes of the United British and American nations."

By October 10, in a letter to Mr. Livingston, Mr. Jefferson distinctly becomes an ardent friend of peace with France: "We see all the disadvantages consequences of taking a side, and shall be forced into it only by a more disagreeable alternative; in which event, we must countervail the disadvantages by measures which will give us splendor and power, but not as much happiness as our present system. We wish, therefore, to remain well with France. But we see that no consequences, however ruinous to them, can secure us with certainty against the extravagance of her present rulers. I think, therefore, that while we do nothing which the first nation on earth would deem crouching, we had better give to all our communications with them a very mild, complaisant, and even friendly complexion but always independent."

By November 29, the president's mood changes somewhat, as shown in a letter to Thomas Cooper: "It delights me to find that there are persons who still think that all is not lost in France. That their restoration from a limited to an unlimited despotism is but to give themselves a new impulse. But I see not how or when. The press, the only tocsin of a nation, is completely silenced there, and all means of a general effort taken away." This rough drive at Napoleon Bonaparte is the farewell stroke of policy for the year before the great treaty.

In January, 1802, the alert Livingston learns positively of the secret treaty between France and Spain and forwards a copy of the Madrid treaty to his government. On February 26, he writes from Paris: "On the subject of Louisana, I have nothing new. The establishment is disapproved by every statesman here as one that will occasion a great waste of men and money excite enmities with us, and produce no possible advantage to the nation. But it is a scheme to which the first consul is extremely attached, and must of course be suported. You will find, by the enclosed note, that I have pressed an explanation on the subject but I have received no answer. I have it however, through a friend, from the first consul, that it is by no means their intention to obstruct the navigation of the Mississippi or violate our treaty with Spain."

The secretary of state, in a letter to Livingston of May 1, 1802, begins to realize the large import of Louisana: "The conduct of the French government, in paying so little attention to its obligations under the treaty, in neglecting its debts to our citizens, in giving no answers to your complaints and expostulations, which you say is the case with those of other foreign ministers also, and particularly in its reserve as to Louisana, which tacitly contradicts the language first held to you by the minister of foreign relations, gives tokens as little suspicious to the true interests of France herself, as to the rights and just objects of the United States. * * * The cession of Louisana to France becomes daily more and more a source of painful apprehensions. * * * You will also pursue, by prudent means, the inquiry into the extent of the cession, particularly whether it includes the Floridas as well as New Orleans, and endeavor to ascertain the price at which these, if included in the cession, would be yielded to the United States."

It must be observed here that Madison turns his mind to the comparatively unimportant east side of the river, not the unbound west side. In a despatch of May 11, to Pinckney, he shows clearly Jefferson's attitude: "Should the cession actually fail from this, or any other cause, and Spain retain New Orleans and the Floridas, I repeat to you the wish of the president, that every effort and address be employed to obtain the arrangement by which the territory on the east side of the Mississipi, including New Orleans, may be ceded to the United States, and the Mississippi made a common boundary, with a common use of its navigation for them and Spain. The inducements to be held out to Spain were intimated in your original instructions on this point. I am charged by the president now to add, that you may not only receive and transmit a proposition of guaranty of her territory beyond the Misisippi, as a condition of her ceding to the United States the territory, including New Orleans, on this side, but, in case it be necessary, may make the proposition yourself, in the forms required by our constitution."

This very significant despatch is found on page 517 of American State Papers, vol. II of Foreign Relations; also in the archives of the department of state. It is an official document which the writers of our school histories apear never to have seen. It proves that Mr. Jefferson, instead of bringing about the Louisana acquisition single-handed, was the one man who was ready and willing to prevent forver this acquisition by a constitutional "guaranty" or prohibition! We refer of course to the vast territory on the west side of the Mississippi which is the only domain worthy of extended discussion.

Minister Pinckney tried in vain to carry out these ominous instructions but fortunately could not, because Spain was in doubt whether she had any Floridas to sell or convey. In France, Livingston was told that the Floridas did not belong to the lands transferred. With all his virtuous patience exhausted Livingston wrote home in September: "There never was a government in which less could be done by negotiation than here. There is no people, no legislature, no counsellors. One man is everything. He never asks advice, and never hears it unasked. His ministers are mere clerks; and his legislature and counsellors parade officers." On October 28, 1802, Livingston writes an important despatch to the president, informing him that the Mississippi business, though the officers are apointed, and the army under orders, has met with a check. He gives interesting details of a conversation he had two days before with Joseph Bonaparte, who assured him he had read a long memoir on Louisana placed in his hands by our minister and that his brother, the first consul, had done likewise. Joseph Bonaparte "asked me whether we should prefer the Floridas to Louisana? I told him that there was no comparison in their value, but that we had no wish to extend our boundary across the Mississippi, or give color to the doubts that had been entertained of the extension of territory." December 23, Secretary Madison sends to Paris this last despatch of the year: "In the latter end of last month we received information from New Orleans of the interdiction of the deposits for our merchandise, stipulated by the treaty with Spain, without an equivalent establishment being assigned. * * * Should it not be revoked before the time for the descent of the boats in the spring, both the injury and irritation proceeding from it will be greatly increased." The secretary concludes: "that, whilst we have no clear foundation on which to impute this infraction, to orders from the Spanish government, it would be contrary to the duty, policy and character of our own to resort for redress in the first instance to the use of force." On the same date, Livingston, stirred to a state of tension over the pregnant events coming on and making a last appeal to ward off calamity to his country, writes home: "The armament has not yet sailed; Florida not ceded; more hesitation and doubt on the subject than I have yetheard, A private memoir under the consul's eye, touching a string that has alarmed them. I cannot now explain. The minister knows nothing of this. Set on foot a negotiation fixing our bound with Britian, but by no means conclude until you hear from me that all hope here is lost. * * * Do not absolutely dispair, though you may have no great reason to hope should New Orleans be possessed by a small force."

It makes one's blood tingle to see this one American patriot contending single-handed for the right, against Talleyrand, Marbois and the hero of Marengo with a nation in arms behind him! Can it be that the learned jurist, the trained diplomatist, the veteran statesman, is more than a match for the young and yet inexperienced first consul? So it would seem. The Franklins, the Livingstons and the Websters, in their own field, were never out-generalded or out-fought.

James Q. Howard.

Women Are Like Flowers.

Poets have been fond of likening woman to a flower. Her fairness is flowerlike. Her sweetness suggests the flower fragrance. Her very fragility finds its type again in the frail flower, which languishes when neglected, and is so easily destroyed. It is a pretty simile and almost as perfect as pretty.

All women love flowers, and every woman who grows them knows that their health depends on daily care. Not alone are water and sunshine necessary to the health of the plant. Their leaves and roots must be guarded from the parasites which soon destroy the flower's beauty and undermine its life.

If a woman would care for herself as she does for her plants she would preserve her beauty and retain her strength far beyond the period when the average woman looks old and feels older than she looks.

THE GREAT SECRET

Of woman's preservation of her beauty lies in the intelligent care of the womanly health. So close is the relation between the health of the delicate womanly organs and the health of the whole body, that whenever the feminine functions are deranged or disturbed the consequences are felt by every nerve in the body. Severe headache, backache, pain in the side, and bearing-down pains are borne with by so many thousands of women that one who is in sound health is a rare exception. Most women would give anything to *know* how to be cured. The way is very plain. Follow the path made by more than a half a million women who have been perfectly cured of womanly ills and weakness.

"I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets,'" says Mrs. Maria G. Hayzel, writing from Brookland, D. C. "Six years ago, after the birth of one of my children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. I suffered from nervousness, female weakness and rheumatism, and I suffered everything one could suffer from these complaints. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I tried several patent medicines, all with the same result. I began to get worse, and to add to the complications I suffered terribly from constipation. I chanced to see one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets' and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief it was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement had it not been for the help I received from Dr. Pierce's medicines. My baby was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse. She is now two years old and I have never had to take any medicine since, so I feel that your medicine has made a lasting cure with me. I owe so much in *thanks*, it would be impossible for me to express by word or pen how thankful I am to God and Dr. Pierce."

NOTHING IS SURER

Than the effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It regulates the periods, stops disagreeable drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It prepares the wife for motherhood, gives her vigor and physical strength, so that the birth hour is practically painless. It is the best of tonics because it contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. For working women in the home, store or schoolroom it is an invaluable medicine. It quiets the nerves, increases the appetite, and causes restful and refreshing sleep. Nursing mothers will find no tonic so beneficial to mother and child as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

That question is often on a woman's lips, for of her it is expected that she shall be ready to *do* something in any emergency in the home. When that question refers to health, sickness or disease, the answer will be found in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work contains 1008 large pages, and is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book bound in paper or 31 stamps for the volume in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Language of the Mails.

It has been estimated that two-thirds of the letters that pass through the postoffices of the world are written in the English language. There are about 50,000,000 who speak the ten or twelve leading languages of the world. Of these about 125,000,000 speak English, 90,000,000 speak Russian, 75,000,000 German, 55,000,000 French, 45,000,000 Spanish, 35,000,000 Italian and 12,000,000 Portuguese. Then the other nations of Europe include the Dutch, Hungarian, Polish, Flemish, Bohemian, Gaelic, Roumanian, Swedes, Finns, Danes and Norwegians. But none of these do as much correspondence in proportion as the English-speaking people, nor do they take and read so many publications.

Using Up Timber.

The telegraph lines of the country require nearly 600,000 new poles every year. The cost of these is more than $1,000,000. There are more than 620,000,000 cross-ties in use by the railroads and 60,000,000 are required every year for renewals.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Much to be deplored is the rapidly increasing adoption of the Continental Sabbath in this country. While the old Puritan or the rigid North of Ireland observance of the day was undoubtedly carried to an unnecessary extreme of severe austerity, the present swing of the pendulum, converting it into an accentuated gala day, is still worse, and portentious of evil to come. In the smart set the fad of informal receptions has grown to great proportions, and many fashionable women make a point of giving elaborate dinners Sunday night. There is also an increasing fancy for dining at one of the large restaurants on Sunday, with a gathering of society in the evening at the dinners de luxe. Numerous luncheons and dinners are given at the best known caterers, and house parties galore, with arrangements for a day's sport of skating, riding, golfing, are always on the tapis. When the Lord's Day is thus secularized by those who have all the other days to be used for recreation at their will, it is scarce to be wondered at that the toilers who labor six days in the week should feel themselves justified in making a holiday of the seventh. They cannot afford the opera, the so-called "sacred" concerts, the fashionable restaurants, and they demand the opening of the saloons.

The letting down the bars of custom in this respect has come largely from the top, and reform should start there also. Let the Sabbath be a delight to the inmates of the home. Encourage social courtesies of a Christian character. Open the door to the young men and women who from force of circumstances are kept from their own homes and exposed to the dangers of city life. Simplify the meals, if necessary, that the servants may not be deprived of a share in the day of rest. Give the children more of yourself, but let the state dinner, the carnival of sports, the round of social calls, the stress and strain of artificial gayety be left for the six days and not the seventh.

Elderdown is one of the best textiles for children's garments in the winter. A good quality will not fade, and will stand hard and frequent washings if done in the proper way. Soap should never be rubbed directly on it, as that causes it to shrink in spots. Make a suds of lukewarm water and the best white laundry soap. Put in the garment and wash thoroughly, then rinse in water of the same temperature. Dry where it will not freeze. Being made of animal fibre, it will not blaze when held to the fire, like canton flannel or flannelette, a very desirable point in its favor when one remembers how prone little children are to set themselves on fire.

Apples are so unprecedentedly scarce and high this year that many of the bakers are eliminating "apple pie" from their daily stock of pastry. Fortunately, the citrus fruits are plentiful, and cranberries were never better nor more abundant.

The acid of the latter is deemed by many a sure preventive of grip. At all events, they are excellent for all bilious conditions. As with apples, much of the medicinal properties of the cranberry lies in the skin. As a health food, cranberries should not be strained and make into a jelly after cooking, as too much of their value is thus lost. If covered closely while cooking, shaking often to prevent sticking, the skin will be soft and tender.

Cranberry jelly or sauce goes excellently well with plain boiled rice for luncheon or the children's dessert.

Never cook cranberries in tin or iron, as the acid of the berry, like the tomato, will be affected. Always use agate or granite ware.

A good short cake for winter may be made of cranberries. Make a good baking powder crust, and bake in two pie tins. When done spread with butter and fill with a rich, tender cranberry sauce made the day before, and serve at once.

Menu for Sunday, Jan. 19

BREAKFAST.

Warm Baked Apples with Cream.
Oat Flakes.
Hamburger Steak. Creamed Potatoes.
Johnny Cake.
Coffee.

DINNER.

Vegetable Soup.
Pickled Pears. Salted Almonds.
Roast Chicken. Giblet Gravy.
Currant Jelly.
Sweet Potatoes. Rice Croquettes.
Turnips. Cold Slaw.
Roquefort Cheese. Wafers.
Mince Pie.
Black Coffee.

SUPPER.

Welsh Rarebit in Chafing Dish.
Celery. Olives.
Nut Cake. Lemon Jelly.
Tea.

Caterers are extending their fields of operation, and now in most of the large cities are prepared to furnish entire course dinners with all the necessary silver, china, glass and linen to accompany them. Nor are the prices so extremely high when one considers that the hostess is absolved from all responsibility of preparation or service.

The circulars of one of these caterers gives the choice of twenty-eight different soups, twenty-five hors d'oeuvres, and a corresponding number of roasts, entrees, salads, vegetables, etc.

The list of desserts covers five pages, and includes pies, puddings, ices, creams, sorbets, frozen glasses and cups of punch, jellies, meringues, éclaires, tarts and cakes. Salad is sold by the quart, fried oysters and casseroles of terrapin by the dozen, and roasts and cake by the pound.

Pickled oysters, those luscious morsels that used to be accorded the place of honor at high teas and suppers of "the floric Gothic style" a quarter of a century ago, are again in favor. It is but little trouble to make them at home, and the housekeeper may be assured that the results will be quite as good, infinitely less expensive, and presumably more wholesome, than those she would buy ready pickled. For a hundred large oysters, preferably Saddle Rock, have ready a pint of white wine vinegar, a large red pepper, two dozen whole black peppers, two dozen whole cloves, one dozen blades of mace and a tiny piece of bay leaf. Put oysters and their liquor in a granite kettle with about a teaspoonful of salt. Heat slowly until the oysters swell and then "cockle," but do not allow them to boil, which shrinks and toughens them. Remove with a skimmer and set one side to cool. Add the vinegar and spices to the liquor remaining in the kettle, boil up, and when the oysters are almost cool, pour them. Set away in a cool place over night. The next morning put the oysters and liquor in glass cans, seal tightly and set away in a dark, cool spot, or in the cellar.

After a can is opened the contents must be used at once, as the air turns the oysters dark.

The French woven tapestries called Gobelin, by courtesy, are very popular for giving a bit of soft coloring to a dark wall space in a room. The small ones are not at all expensive, and a Flemish scene, with jolly burgomasters and buxom maids grouped about the urns of wine makes a pretty corner in a dining room. Rich and fine Turkish or Navajo rugs are also largely used for wall hangings, while quite recently a large panel of the native Hawaiian homespun in dark colors was utilized most effectively as a background for photographs.

An excellent and simple remedy for a sprain is the well-beaten whites of six eggs mixed with a half cupful of fine table salt. Spread between thin muslin cloths and bind over the sprain.

Two tablespoonfuls of washing soda dissolved in a gallon of boiling water makes an excellent disinfectant for the kitchen sink.

Pour in while hot.

At a recent meeting held in the interests of work among the tenements some new ideas were advanced. Heretofore it has been deemed expedient to show the women how to cook with makeshifts for utensils; tomato cans in place of pails or basins, strainers made from old tin dishes, with nail holes put through the bottom; bottles for rolling pins, and the like. "While it is well to know how to adapt yourself to circumstances if necessary," said one speaker who had had much practical experience, "it seems to me much wiser, now that all sorts of cooking utensils may be had so cheaply, to encourage the idea of good tools to work with. The same woman that fusses away with her tin cans is quite apt to go out and buy perfectly needless fripperies, where her money is practically thrown away. I emphatically advocate the idea that these women be taught to buy what utensils are needful, and then shown how to care for them and keep them in order."

This same idea may well be passed along to many beside dwellers in tenements. It is a waste of time and strength to go on year in and year out with leaky pans, broken strainers, dull knives and dippers when a dollar, more or less, would make the work as his best with broken, inadequate tools; yet easy again. No farmer feels that he can go on from season to season with broken, antiquated, wornout implements. No mechanic worthy the name would feel that he could do his best with broken, inadequate tools; yet the woman whose work is ofttimes quoted as "never done" is too often expected to use the same heavy iron pots and "spiders" that her grandmother before her used—boilers that have to be plugged with matches or rags every week to keep from leaking; a chopping bowl with a section gouged out; a bread knife that won't cut, or an oven that is broken. The good workwoman needs good tools. Get along without the new portieres in the parlor if need be, the silk petticoat, and the satin and velvet sofa pillows, but have a double boiler, light frying pans, a good broiler, and such other kitchen utensils as shall make the "daily round" a pleasure, not a task.

A very handy thing to have about the house is a strip of the rubber tissue such as is used in hospitals. Not only is this an excellent cure for scald or burn, a rheumatic muscle, a sore chest or tired or aching joints and feet, but it is a valuable adjunct to the mending basket. If there is a three-cornered tear in Bobby's jacket or Belinda's skirt, draw the edges together, lay on a little square of the tissue, cover this with a patch and press with a moderately hot iron until the tissue—which is of pure gum—is dissolved. If care is taken of this tissue it will last indefinitely. It must not be kept in a hot room or shut up away from the air in a tight box or drawer. Put it between two sheets of paper and lay where the air can circulate around it. It is not expensive. Fifty cents will buy a strip over a yard long and a quarter wide—an outlay that will pay for itself many times over. It can be bought at almost any druggists.

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

The Younger Miss Daubeny.

"THAT brute Oscar Tomkins has accepted!" said Mrs. Daubeny, in a tragic tone, as she threw a note across the table to her husband. "I knew he would!"

"It is always a satisfaction to poor human nature to be correct in its surmise," he answered, in what his wife thought an aggravatingly judicial manner, "but in this instance I am afraid you are not pleased, my dear."

"Pleased!" repeated "my dear," with an indescribable infliction. "How you talk!"

"If it is desirable that Tompkins should not be present tonight," Mr. Daubeny remarked, in an absent-minded way, "was it not a little short-sighted on your part to give him an invitation?"

His wife looked at him scornfully.

"Really, Geoffrey, your memory gets worse and worse! Oscar Tompkins was asked because without him we were thirteen. And now your cousin Adelaide"—throwing the onus of relationship on him with pitiless emphasis—"can't—or won't—come, and we are still thirteen!"

"Wire to the bureau and let them send a gentlemanly fellow!" Mr. Daubeny suggested.

"But I don't want a gentlemanly fellow!" said his spouse angrily. "I can't send two men intogether! I want another girl from somewhere!"

"I suppose it would not do to have Betty down for once?"

"Betty is not out yet," returned his wife severely; "Besides, she has nothing to wear!"

"Pooh! A young girl like Betty can wear anything at her own parents' table!" He crossed to the door. "Let her come down in her gymnasium dress!" He offered the insult as a parting suggestion, and, foreseeing a storm, he fled.

"Isn't it a spree?" said Miss Betty Daubeny to her sister Griselda an hour later. "I am to come out at the dinner party this evening, for one night only, and I am to wear one of your dresses!"

"You are to wear a soft muslin with frills on the skirt. It will be absurdly long for you!"

"I am to go in with Oscar Tompkins," observed Betty. "Is that the poet you said you liked?"

Griselda, who was always rather statuesque, made a curt assent.

"Who takes you in?" Betty asked vivaciously.

"Dr. Cochrane," said her sister wearily, "so that I can sit next to Mr. Lorimer, who must take mother down."

"You go down with Dr. Cochrane and sit next to the swell," she repeated. "I go in with the poet. I am not gone on poetry myself. I always think a man who writes poetry must be wanting in humor. Isn't it a pity we can't swop?"

"Swop?" echoed Griselda, with an alarmed look and becoming flush.

"S-w-o-p," spelt Betty mischievously. "Ordinary slang term, in common every day use, meaning to exchange by agreement. But seriously, Grizel, if we did swop at the last minute wouldn't it be fun?"

Dr. Cochrane was the last guest to arrive, and was greeted in the hall by a charming apparition.

"Let me make my appearance under young wing, doctor," said a soft voice, with a coaxing accent. "I'm late and you are late. If I go in alone mother will glare at me."

"Mother!" repeated Dr. Cochrane, with a gasp of bewilderment. "Is it possible? Can it be Betty?"

"I knew you would not recognize me!" said the girl triumphantly.

The pair entered. Mrs. Daubeny smiled at the doctor and frowned at her offspring almost simultaneously, which gave her an odd appearance.

"Who is that pretty girl?" asked Jack Lorimer, who was a young man of twenty-five.

Mr. Daubeny hastened to explain that this was his youngest daughter, and, crossing the room with Lorimer, "Let me present you to Mr. Lorimer, my dear," he said in a pompous way, "my youngest daughter, Miss Betty Daubeny."

"You should say the 'younger' of two," said Betty pertly, correcting her father mischievously.

Then she looked up with her blue eyes dancing with fun—there was always a hidden joke behind Betty's eyes—and met Jack Lorimer's gaze. She looked away with a sense of embarrassment.

"Come along, Betty!" said Dr. Cochrane, presenting his arm in good faith that he was obeying his hostess' instructions. They passed out quite unnoticed by Mrs. Daubeny.

"She has actually done it!" thought Griselda, with a thrill of admiration.

And Oscar Tomkins gave his arm to his divinity, thankful that "some one had blundered."

Betty dropped into the chair that she knew had been meant for Griselda with an excited feeling that the rubicon was passed. She turned her shoulder to Lorimer, for, as she herself would have said, "She was not sufficiently composed to tackle the 'swell,'" and paid most flattering attention to Dr. Cochrane.

"Elizabeth"—how she hated her own name in those rasping tones!—"how did you get here?"

Then the younger Miss Daubeny turned at bay, and Lorimer had a momentary view of a charming, flushed face with a mutinous expression.

"I walked downstairs!" said the culprit, with a wondering accent that suggested all sorts of queries as to her mother's mode of progression.

That lady dropped the subject, while Lorimer, remembering his hostess' ample bulk, gave a quiet grin and began to think he might enjoy this dinner party.

He mentioned this conviction to Betty at the earliest opportunity, and did it in his best manner.

"Did you not enjoy your last dinner party?" asked that young lady, ignoring the compliment. "What was wrong? Bad cook?"

"I was not referring to the cookery!" said Lorimer, looking unutterable things.

"Perhaps," said Betty airily, "you go in for poetry, like the fellow who is talking to Grizel, and have a soul above cookery?"

"By the way, who is the fellow who is talking to your sister?" asked Lorimer.

"Oscar Tompkins," said Betty laconically.

"She is a little more animated than usual," suggested Lorimer.

"Perhaps, like you, Grizel thinks she also may enjoy this dinner party."

It was innocently said, but Lorimer, who, when awake, was fairly sharp, retorted angrily:

"I sincerely hope she may!"

* * * * * *

"It was mean to give Grizel away like that!" thought Betty regretfully. "But he was so jolly sure that I changed over on purpose to enjoy his society."

Lorimer turned his attention to his hostess, and when Betty next had a chance of listening he was deep in an account of a wonderful blue vase that he had tried to purchase.

"You know those rare old blue vases," he explained regretfully. "The fellow asked a most exorbitant price for it. I waited till the next day, thinking he would come down, and in the meantime it was snapped up by some one else. Do you like pottery, Miss Daubeny?"

"I don't know much about it," confessed Betty humbly.

"I am sure you would have liked my vase," said Lorimer sentimentally.

But Betty declined to be sentimental.

"It seems so funny of you to call it your vase just because you admired it," she said bluntly. "Your wanting to buy it does not make it yours."

"As I did not succeed in buying the vase, I say now that no doubt it would have been too deep a blue for the room I meant to place it in."

Betty looked innocently contemplative.

"I see," she murmured reflectively. "You buy a thing if you can get it at your own price, and if some one else steps in and outbids you, you say that the article was not worth much, after all." She turned on Lorimer. "When I used to translate Aesop's Fables into French," she said severely, "I always thought the fox who said the grapes were sour was beastly mean!"

"Well, really, Miss Daubeny," said the young man, "what would you have done?"

"O, I should have bought the vase," said Betty quickly, "if I were rich like you!" And she tossed her little head. "I should like to see the man that would take anything I wanted!"

"And if, when you had bought it, you found it too blue for the rest of the room?"

"I should have refurnished the whole room!" answered Betty loftily, as she swept past him.

The next day there was a battle royal between Mrs. Daubeny and her refractory daughter, and the elderly lady came off victorious.

"You will go down to Cuckfield today"—this was the ultimatum—"and stop with your Aunt Priscilla until your sister is married!"

"To Mr. Lorimer?" queried Betty angrily. "First catch your hare!"

"What did you say?" stormed her mother.

"I was quoting from a cookery book," said Betty.

The result of this audacious behavior was that Mr. Daubeny's sister Priscilla received a telegram heralding Betty's coming.

"I am always delighted to see you, as you know, my dear child," said Miss Priscilla, "but surely this visit must have been decided on rather suddenly?"

"It was a happy thought of mother's," was the airy reply. "Of course, you know, aunt, I am always glad to come here."

"I liked him," she thought miserably, "and he will never marry Grizel, whatever mother may say."

A few days after the dinner party Lorimer called on Mrs. Daubeny. Griselda appeared in company with her mother, and was more talkative than usual.

"And your other daughter," he suggested softly, after watching the door vainly, "she is well?"

"Yes, thank you," Mrs. Daubeny answered rather tartly. "Betty never ails anything."

"People are always well in Cuckfield," said Griselda, with much enthusiasm and great distinction of utterance. "The place is proverbially healthy. That reminds me. My sister has seen a wonderful blue vase in a shop in the village, exactly like the one you wanted to buy in Venice."

"Ah, our dear Venice—our first love!" Lorimer said sentimentally, turning to his hostess. "Is there any place on earth to equal that City of the Sea?"

As he walked home he assured himself that a change of air would be beneficial to his constitution, and as "people are always well at Cuckfield," and "the place is proverbially healthy," that decided the matter.

"I had no idea that statuesque girl had it in her," he said, as he was whirling down to Cuckfield by express. It was the first gleam of admiration he had ever felt for his future sister-in-law.

A few days later Betty wrote to her mother:

"Jack Lorimer has followed me down here, and is anxious to marry me. As I seem to be such a trouble to you, perhaps it would be well to let him have his own way. I am sorry to interfere with any plans you may have formed, but of course when I am married it will be my duty, as well as my pleasure, to look after Griselda."

"I like your epistolary style," said her lover, who was looking on. "You put things in such a terse and vigorous manner."

Betty vouchsafed no reply, but she made a face at him, like the child she was.

"Of course, Griselda cannot be allowed to marry that poet fellow," Lorimer continued. "We must do better for her than that."

"Griselda shall have a real good time away from mother and shall choose for herself as I have done," said Betty with decision, "and if she develops the family obstinacy and still prefers Oscar Tomkins—"

Here she paused mischievously.

"Well?" said her lover with uplifted eyebrows.

"Then I am afraid that you will have to accept that 'poet fellow' as your brother-in-law!"—Chicago Tribune.

E. W. Grove This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.