

HELPING OTHERS.

If there be some weaker one, Give me strength to help him on; If a blinder soul there be, Let me guide him nearer thee; Make my mortal dreams come true With the work I fain would do; Clothe with life the weak intent, Let me be the thing I meant; Let me find in thy employ Peace, that dearer is than joy; Out of self to love be led, And to Heaven acclimated, Until all things sweet and good Seem my nature habitude.

-J. G. Whittier.

AN IMITATION WIFE.

I had adjusted my tie, taken up my hat and was preparing to leave when the door slowly opened and my mother came in.

"Going out, are you Tom?" said she. "Yes." "Where—to another party?" "Yes."

"That makes three this week, doesn't it, Tom?" "Yes. We're hurrying to get through. Going to take Miss Beaufort tonight, and then I'm done with the Jolly club's parties."

Mother somehow or other didn't seem to think very much of what I said. "Tom, I wish you would get married," she said, with a troubled face. "I believe you would stay at home more."

"Well, I am awful tired, mother, and completely worn out." "Then why don't you quit it?" "The best reason in the world, mother. I am neither engaged nor in love, but am willing to be both."

It was getting late so I started after this, but the sad look on my mother's face set me to thinking. My mother is the best woman in the world, even if I do say it myself, and I felt worried about her. She was right. I was out nearly every evening—this evening at a reception, next time at a ball, then a theater party and so on.

Of course I could well afford it, for my salary as cashier at Hart's was a liberal one. But I was not saving a penny, and my home folks never saw me except at the table. Even poor old patient mother was complaining.

But I was having lots of fun. There was that Beaufort girl—she was a fine one. Could dance any dance, talk about anything and make you have the finest time in the world.

Then there was Vene Wright. She would play a game with a fellow, go rowing, skating—anything for fun. Then Vene had money; that was an important item. Why shouldn't I tackle Miss Vene on the subject of matrimony?

"Thomas, old son," said I to myself. "Vene is the one."

But Vene somehow or other did not exactly suit the case, and my mind reverted to Miss Beaufort, who was smart, pretty, stylish and suited better, but I knew nothing about her financial standing. This was an important matter to me in those days.

Meanwhile the carriage approached Miss Beaufort's. I had never been there before, and to my surprise found it to be a very unpretentious house. I confess I was disappointed. I expected to drive up to an elegant mansion, be ushered into a fine reception room by a servant in livery and there await the coming of Miss Beaufort. Then I expected to make a bold dash for her heart—propose, and possibly be accepted or declined by the time the party was over.

But not so. A little lady with gray hair opened the door, and she was introduced to me by Miss Beaufort as "mamma." Miss Beaufort was ready and waiting, so we walked out to the carriage.

"Mr. Silver," said she after we had seated ourselves, "don't you think there is a great amount of snobbery in society and lots of downright foolishness?"

"Well, yes," said I. "For instance," said she, "here is an elegant carriage that you have brought for me, and yet the party is not half a mile away."

This certainly was very refreshing. I had actually squandered one pound to have this carriage for the evening, and she was not pleased with it. I know Vene would have enjoyed a ride in it.

"Mr. Silver," she remarked again, "this is the last party I am going to this winter."

"Well, why?" said I. "Aren't you going to take in the German club ball and the others?"

"No," said she. "Mamma hasn't the money; she can't afford it. Besides, Mr. Silver," she continued, "can you really afford to spend so much money on society?"

I looked at her. There was honesty fairly shining out of her pretty black eyes, even if she wasn't very polite, so I answered her honestly:

"No, Miss Beaufort, I cannot! I haven't saved a penny this winter, and I get a big salary too. It seems idiotic."

"I have met you so frequently I feel quite well acquainted with you, though I expect I have been a little impolite."

"No," said I. "I am glad that you take that much interest in me."

Then we changed the subject. I had a splendid time at the party and enjoyed Miss Beaufort's company very much. I found her level headed and bright, if she was too frank.

The next day I told mother about it. She said she admired Miss Beaufort for her common sense, though she had never seen her. Then she referred again to my getting married.

"Suppose," said she, "that you pretend for a week or so that you are married and see how it goes?"

"An imitation wife," said I. "Why not?" she said. "I will write the name of a young lady on a card, seal it in an envelope and you can lock it in your desk. Then let us suppose you are married to her for say two weeks. During that time I want you act just as if the lady were here in person and your lawfully wedded wife."

"Whose name are you going to write on the card?" said I. "Never mind," said she. "I will write my preference and neither of us will

breathe a word about this to a living soul."

We agreed on this. Mother wrote the name on the card and sealed it in the envelope. I knew it was Vene Wright's name, so I decided to imagine that Vene was there in person, and so we commenced the week.

Monday night came. That was the night of the German club ball; but I staid at home and talked to mother. Then I played drafts with her for awhile, and we managed to have a very enjoyable evening.

Next morning mother met me at the table with smiles and about the best breakfast I had eaten for a long while. "You must imagine," she whispered, "that you are married to Vene."

Going to the city this morning who should get into the bus but Miss Beaufort. I bowed to her gracefully, passed her face to the conductor, and was about to sit down by her side when I happened to think of my imitation wife at home and kept my seat by the door.

"Married men have no business talking to the young ladies," said I to myself.

Miss Beaufort looked at me rather queerly, but said nothing, and I thought the bus would never get to the city.

Thursday was the evening I was to call on Vene, and I forgot to send her an excuse. On Friday a note came from her, which mother took the liberty of opening, as she thought I would not care, and she felt like representing my wife in the desk. It was a tender missive, and somewhat surprised me when I saw it. But what could I do? Married men have no business getting tender notes from young ladies. Inasmuch as I had contracted to carry out mother's plan for two weeks, I left the note for mother to answer. She is a very truthful woman, but in answering the note she prevaricated.

She said that I was very sick, and as a natural consequence Vene called that afternoon to see me, but I was at business, and mother had to invent another story. Then she had to come all the way to the office so as to keep me from coming home my usual way for fear Vene might catch us.

I laughed a good deal at mother, and Vene did not find us out, but Mrs. Jones—an awful gossip—met her, and Vene told her I was sick, and the next day all my society friends came round, among them Miss Beaufort.

Mother met her rather coldly, but invited her to stay awhile.

"I suppose Mr. Silver is almost worn out with so much going out," said the young lady.

"He is much better," said mother, "but I do not think he will go out for several weeks. I think that I shall keep him at home."

"I am so glad," said Miss Beaufort; "not that you are going to keep him at home, but that he is not going out so much. I am getting so that I fairly detest society. Here was a woman who had my mother's views, and they both thereupon had a confidential talk and pleased each other mightily."

Then she asked the matter to call on her mother, which she did.

Meanwhile I was staying at home every evening and was getting pretty tired of it, as the two weeks were drawing to a close.

"Don't you think a man ought to take his wife out once in a while?" said I to mother.

"Why not?" said she. "Then I'll take her to the theater to-night." So I took a couple of reserved seats at Drury Lane theater for the following night, and mother, who represented my wife, went with me.

We had hardly taken our seats before I noticed that they were adjoining those of Miss and Mrs. Beaufort.

We went home together that night and laughed and talked a good deal.

I think mother told Mrs. Beaufort what we had been doing, but I did not hear it. I know that several days later, after my two weeks of married life were over, I went to call on Miss Beaufort. We had a pleasant time together, and just as I was about to leave the old lady came in.

"I forgot to ask you, Mr. Silver, what you thought of married life," said she.

Miss Beaufort looked horrified, but laughed.

"Mother has been telling you, has she?" said I.

"She has," said she.

"Well," said I, "during the two weeks I was married I read three good books, gained four pounds in weight, saved £5 10s., besides paying mother for my wife's board and the tickets to Drury Lane."

"And who were you married to?" asked Miss Beaufort.

"I forgot to look," said I. I hurried home to see who my wife had been. The envelope was just as I had placed in in my desk drawer. I tore it open, and there was the name of Miss Beaufort.

"Well," said I, "mother made her an imitation wife, now I will try to make her a real one."

And so I did.—New York Mercury.

Matching Teeth. Perhaps the greatest difficulty that dentists meet with is the matching of false teeth with the natural teeth of their customers. The tooth factories supply dentists with rings upon which are strung thin short metal bars, each carrying a tooth at its extremity. There are twenty-five of these sample teeth that run all the way from nearly white to a shade that is almost olive. Some one of the twenty-five usually almost matches the patient's natural teeth, and, at any rate, enables the dentist to match the teeth by application at the factory.—New York Sun.

Animals That Do Not Drink. Darwin states in his "Voyage of a Naturalist" that unless the huancos, or wild llamas of Patagonia, drink salt water, in many localities they must drink none at all. The large and interesting group of sloths are alike in never drinking. A parrot is said to have lived in the Zoological gardens, Regent park, for fifty-two years without a drop of water.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Nearly \$100,000,000 a Year.

Mr. James Wright, second vice president of the Inman line, says that when the end of 1892 comes at least 100,000 people will have left for Europe from all parts of this country during the year. Half of them will sail during the fifteen weeks of the season, from April to August. Some travelers will carry hundreds of dollars in their pocketbooks to spend where others carry thousands. Nine-tenths of those hundreds and thousands will be transferred to foreign owners before the tourists return.

Even the money spent for passage and during the voyages must be counted in that which bids goodly to this land of liberty, for the great steamship companies are, with one exception, foreign corporations. Including tips and fees these corporations will take an average of \$160 from each passenger for the round trip. The majority will pay less, but there will be enough rich men who will pay a good deal more to bring the mean amount up to that figure.

The money which each tourist carries with him is harder to estimate. A foreign exchange clerk said that the letters of credit issued by them to European travelers average about £600, or \$3,000 each; but this is above the ordinary figure, and of course this in many cases covers a party of four or five. Eight hundred dollars is estimated as the average amount taken by each passenger in the cabin. This makes the total average expenditure of the average European traveler \$900. When this is multiplied by the estimated total of these travelers the result is astounding.

It is \$96,000,000.

Ninety-six millions of dollars carried from America to Europe in a single year by travelers alone! If this were saved for a few years Uncle Sam might buy a good slice of Europe and bring it over here for exhibition purposes.—New York Press.

Lenten Offerings. The Lenten offerings of the Sunday school children of the Protestant Episcopal church throughout the United States thus far received in behalf of the general board of missions are largely in excess of those for the same period in 1891. In the two weeks immediately succeeding Easter 1,137 Sunday schools sent in \$26,699, and it is believed a total of \$100,000 will have been received when all of the 4,000 schools in the country shall have been heard from. This is double the sum donated last year.

The Lenten Sunday school offering is a feature of the work of the board of missions. Just before Lent this year the board sent a package of folding paste-board savings banks to each Sunday school superintendent for distribution among his pupils for the reception of the children's savings during the fasting season.

No sooner had Easter passed than the little banks began to arrive at the offices of the board in the Bible House.

The twenty-five young women in Bishop Leonard's school in Reno, Nev., sent \$250. One school sent in 5,000 pennies and another 10,000 pennies.

It will be July before all the returns will have been received.—New York Herald.

Macauley's Birthplace. Rothley Temple, Lord Macauley's birthplace, is for sale by public auction. It is an old manor house, some six miles from Leicester, and there the historian was born at the end of the year 1800. It cannot be said that Rothley Temple derived more than nominal luster from the association, for Macauley left Leicestershire before he had left infancy, and Birch Lane, in the city, was the home of his earliest childhood. Instead of a manorial park he had Drapers' gardens for a playground, until he went to live in the old High street at Clapham.

The Leicestershire manor, however, has many historical interests besides this one, and a Thirteenth century chapel of the Knights Templars is attached to the estate. It is a wealthy manor, too, for 900 acres produce £2,000 of annual rent; and, moreover, it is at the headquarters of the famous Quorn Hunt, and in the heart of some famous scenery.—London Star.

Cost of an Epidemic. Dr. Thresh, the medical officer for the county of Essex, having obtained full returns of the late epidemic of influenza, estimates that no less than 540 persons died under the immediate attack, and that no fewer than 1,400 deaths occurred in the county from its direct or indirect influence. The monetary loss for the two months during which the epidemic prevailed he states at no less than £50,000, on the basis of the loss of wages of adults calculated at twelve shillings a week. He adds: "I am, however, afraid that had the county suffered from an epidemic among cattle, causing in the time the same number of deaths and indicating the same pecuniary loss, the alarm produced would have been greater and more permanent."—British Medical Journal.

A Relic Found in a River. While Edgar Bates, a geologist, of Angola, was prospecting in Jackson county, Mich., he discovered in a stream a peculiarly marked stone, rudely cut by a blunt instrument. With the aid of a microscope he was able to decipher an inscription running to this effect: "Samuel Bernet: I was taken by the Indians near Sandusky, and I expect never to reach that place. If my friends—I am to be burned. April 16, 1809." The stone on which this was engraved was a peculiar kind of slate, of which none exists in Michigan, and Mr. Bates is confident that the relic is genuine and of high value.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Reform in Words. An important reform movement is begun by the Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express. In the matter of the typewriter, so inconveniently double in its meaning, our contemporary suggests remedies for both doubt and inconvenience: For "typewriting" say "typing." For "typewriter" (the machine) say "typex." For "typewriter" (the operator) say "typist." For "typewritten" say "typed." For "to typewrite" say "to type."

The United States senate has requested the secretary of agriculture to obtain information concerning the use of electricity as a motive power to drive farm machinery and implements, and also on the propagation and growth of plants in foreign countries.

No wonder the young man's fancy now lightly turns to thoughts of love. The girl who a month ago could eat half a dollar's worth of oysters, is now satisfied with a ten cent plate of ice cream.

Cattle in Scotland are to be killed by electricity, if it can be determined that their meat will suffer no taint therefrom.

Digging Greens.

It is time to pick greens, or, rather, dig greens. Traveling the rural roads in Connecticut just now, especially in the neighborhood of cities, one sees children and women on the green lots by the roadside digging in the ground just as fast as they can. Each one carries a willow arm basket or tin pail, and a short bladed case knife. The little squads chatter and laugh and talk gossip, and now and then one trills the refrain of a popular song. They are not skylarking or merrymaking; they are digging greens—red and yellow dock, dandelions, burdock and plantain—for home consumption.

Everybody wants greens now, and trade in them is very lively. In a few weeks the garden greens—cultivated dandelions or spinach—will be ready to market, and then the popular demand for wild greens will cease. Most of the will greens gathered by Connecticut women and children are dandelions and dock, but some of the bolder ones, nimble footed maidens, put on rubber boots and slouch hats, penetrate into the tangled swamps, leaping from one quaking tussock to another, and harvest a bushel of wet and shining cowslips a day. About decayed old stumps in forest dales skoke thrives, and they pluck it in handfuls.

At the beginning of the season dandelion greens are worth forty or fifty cents a peck in the market, and the retail dealers sell them for fifty or sixty cents; later the price runs down to twenty-five cents a peck.—Cor. New York Sun.

Halibut in Plenty. The fishing schooner Surprise, Captain James Bell commanding, which sailed from Astoria in November for the purpose of prospecting the coast of Alaska and the Alexander archipelago in hopes of finding banks where halibut could be taken during the winter, returned to Astoria Saturday. She cruised around till April, visiting every point where there was a prospect of finding halibut and setting trawls in many places without success until on the 8th of April, after rounding Cape Chacon, on Prince Edward island, the most southwesterly point of Alaska, the first run of halibut was encountered.

The fish were so plentiful and easily caught that Captain Bell, foreseeing his supply of ice was to run short, hove away to the northeast and headed up Frederick's sound for the Lacont glacier, which was reached after a two days' run, and on the 12th, with the hold full of ice, sail was made, and the 14th found the Surprise again off Cape Chacon, standing off and on, with set lines and trawls out, and the sea fairly alive with halibut. Some idea can be formed as to how plentiful the fish were from the fact that in two days Captain Bell, his two sons and an Indian caught, cleaned and packed in the ice ten and a half tons of halibut.—Portland Oregonian.

Statue of Columbus for Santo Domingo. The Ames Manufacturing company has received the contract for a large bronze statue of Christopher Columbus to be erected at Santo Domingo, where Columbus made his first settlement. The idea was conceived by Thomas H. Cummins, of Boston, and has been carried through a Catholic newspaper in that city. The statue was made from designs of R. Andrew of the State Normal Art school, and the model was prepared by Alois Buyens, of Ghent. The statue represents Columbus standing with the left hand extended upward in thanksgiving while the right points to the first settlement in the New World on a sphere below.

The figure is 8 feet and 2 inches high and will be mounted on a pyramid of coral and limestone 12 feet high, which will be crowned with a capstone of dressed granite. The people in charge of the monument have been given the land necessary for the foundation of the monument, and the republic of Santo Domingo has agreed to allow the importation of the statue and to exempt it from duty and to care for the memorial as public property.—Cor. Springfield Republican.

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