



WIFE OF OHIO'S GOVERNOR.

HALF a dozen years before the civil war broke out Dr. John Ludlow kept the best known drug store in Springfield, Ohio. He had a daughter, Ellen, an exceptionally pretty girl, who combined with her beauty a charming personality, much intelligence and that irresistible feminine trait, a ready wit. In short, she was a Springfield belle, in every meaning of the word. Dr. Ludlow at the same time employed as a clerk Asa Bushnell, then about 20 years old. The clerk was not slow to see and appreciate the beauty, wit and lovely character of his employer's daughter. She in turn liked the young man who drew soda water and sold herbs and medicines. Love's course did not run smooth for them at first. Dr. Ludlow was an F. F. O. and young Bushnell was a stranger from York State, about whom little was known, and worse than that, whose prospects were not what is called flattering. The apothecary didn't show much of an inclination to im-



Mrs. Asa Bushnell.

prove what prospects his clerk had by becoming his son-in-law. But the clerk and Miss Ellen Ludlow had Cupid on their side, "and," as the novelist would say, "so they were married." History is reticent as to how much young Mr. Bushnell's salary, which was ludicrously small, was raised after the wedding, but it does tell how he grew to be a partner of his father-in-law in the drug business, and that now he is a wealthy man and honored by his adopted State in being made the gubernatorial successor of William McKinley. The Bushnell residence, in Main street, Springfield, is a massive structure of blue limestone, with a beautiful lawn, and it is furnished with an artist's eye as to beauty and comfort. In the evenings at all times of the year the house is socially animated, for Mrs. Bushnell is a hostess by nature, who loves to gather round her friends that she may give them an evening of pleasure. Her admirable domestic qualities and pleasing manners have endeared her to a large circle of acquaintances. Mrs. Bushnell takes great interest in church work. She also has pronounced ideas upon woman's suffrage and thinks the right should be extended to her own sex beyond a voice in school elections. Her two daughters, Mrs. J. T. McGrew and Mrs. H. C. Dimond, live in Springfield, near her. Mrs. McGrew is the wife of an attorney, and Mrs. Dimond's husband is a physician. Mrs. Bushnell's only son, John Ludlow Bushnell, is now 23 years old, and a recent graduate from Princeton. Four children call Mrs. Bushnell grandmother. They are Asa Bushnell and Douglas Marquand Dimond and Misses Ella Ludlow and Fanny McGrew.

The Penalty of Publicity.

The true woman, the true man, with a soul sensitive to the delicate influence of that higher soul within the soul, shrinks from publicity. The personality is more sacred than the person; both would be shrouded from the public gaze. When woman chooses a public career, in whatsoever capacity, she is too often compelled to lay bare her very soul to the idle, curious eyes of a jeering mob, to cast her finest sensibilities to the earth for the rabble to trample. It may be her duty to make this sacrifice, but it is none the less a sacrifice; and though there is a compensation in added strength there is a loss for which no amount of strength can make amends. Woman must always pay a penalty for publicity. Man has paid the penalty so often and for so long a time that society has ceased to regard it a penalty, and only when we find one of those rare, sweet souls, born out of time, that seems like a violet transplanted into snow, do we realize what man has lost. But we seldom fail to see the effects of the penalty in the life of any public woman.—Womankind.

Oranges and Lemons.

Lemons, with their powerful acid, are most helpful, frequently, in relieving a bilious condition. A whole lemon's juice passed into a glass of hot or cold water, with or without sugar, and taken before one or two meals or at bedtime, will often work wonders for a torpid liver. Such may be the treatment the first day or two in a marked attack of this nature; then, for a few days, a half lemon in water will be enough at one time. Thereafter, one

or two oranges each day will have the milder effect desired. In midwinter, nice little oranges may be had at from fifteen to twenty cents a dozen, which are especially adapted for such use, as the juice may be easily pressed from these oranges into the mouth, the useless pulp remaining within the rind.

Grains of Gold for the Housewife. Prick a nutmeg with a pin, and if it is fresh and good oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

A little salt-peter added to the water in which cut flowers are put will keep the flowers fresh for a long time.

To ascertain if an egg is fresh put it in a pail of water. If good it will sink immediately; if it floats it is doubtful.

Silver spoons that have become discolored by eggs may be cleaned readily by rubbing with a soft cloth and a little dry salt.

To extract the juice from an onion cut the onion in half and press it against and move it slowly over a grater. The juice will run off the point of the grater.

Fresh meat should not be allowed to remain rolled in paper, for the paper will absorb the juices. Remove the paper and lay the meat on an earthen plate.

To bronze a plaster of Paris figure cover it with a thick coating of shellac varnish. When this is dry mix some bronze powder with the varnish and apply to the figure, then cover with another coat of clear varnish.

An excellent cure for hoarseness is to roast lemon until it is soft all through; do not allow it to burst. While still hot cut a piece from the end and fill the lemon with as much granulated sugar as it will hold. Then eat it while hot.

Crowding Out the Men.

Bourbon and Waubesaee Counties, Kansas, chose female registrars of deeds at the last election. Miss Stella L. Strait and Miss Emma Little being the respective winners. The salaries attached to these positions are nearly as high as those paid to any other officers in the counties named, and the precedent established in the Sunflower State may well encourage women in the West to cherish aspiration for office. Each of the women named had served as deputy registrar. Both had shown unusual fitness for the work, so perhaps their success is not much to be wondered at. Miss Stella L. Strait, who succeeded to the office of registrar of deeds of Bourbon County is 26 years old. She was born at California, Mo., and is a daughter of the late Capt. O. Strait, who served in the Forty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry from Decatur. Her office pays \$2,000 a year. She supports her mother and sister. Miss Emma Little, who was chosen registrar of Waubesaee County, is a typical Kansas girl. She is 26 years old, having been born in the county which she is now serving. In 1888 she finished school, and since 1889 has been deputy in the office to which she was elected. The question of her qualification for the office was not raised in the campaign, nor did her sex militate against her election. Her salary is about \$3,000 in fees.

Miss Strait.

Miss Little.

Miss Little.

Modish Tailor-Made Toilet.



Doctors Starving in France.

In the British Medical Journal a Paris correspondent says at least 2,500 physicians in France are battling with starvation, and he adds that physicians themselves are largely responsible for this state of affairs. They "have taught lady patronesses of different societies to diagnose diseases, to dress and bandage wounds, to vaccinate their own children and those of their neighbors. Medical science is vulgarized in every way. Doctors write in important daily papers explaining how bronchitis and cramps of the stomach are to be cured, and in fashion journals they teach how to cure pimples and avert headaches. Five hundred thousand gratuitous consultations are given yearly in Paris dispensaries, and in this way a large amount of fees is diverted from the medical profession."

Part of Dahomey is to be colonized with Alsatians and Lorrainers who have served in the French army.

The shortest way to glory is to be guided by conscience.—Horne.

THE DAUGHTER.

There's one I miss—a little questioning maid That held my finger, trotting by my side, And smiled out of her pleased eyes open wide, Wondering and wiser at each word I said, And I must feel her troubles if she played, And I must feel her troubles if she cried; My lap was hers past right to be denied; She did my bidding, but I more obeyed.

Dearest she is today, dearer and more; Closer to me, since sister womanhoods meet. Yet, like poor mothers, some long whiles bereft, I dwell on toward ways, quaint memories left, I miss the approaching sound of pit-pat feet, The eager baby voice outside my door. —Augusta Webster.

NO ONE KNEW HIM.

"I am very sorry, George, but this was really what she said."

These were the words of Florence Larkin to her brother, George, who had intrusted her with that difficult commission—to find out why Gertrude was off and on with him—why she was sometimes so cordial and sweet and sometimes so distant. And poor Florence had to explain to George that Gertrude had virtually said that he was too commonplace. She could not marry a man that nobody knew and nobody talked about. He was good, he was successful, he was kind, he was everything that Miss Edgeworth would require in one of her novels, but he did not attract people's attention. Nobody ever heard of George Larkin.

After Florence had explained this in the minutest way possible twice, George seemed to understand what she was talking about.

"Does she want to see my name in the newspapers?"

"I should not say that," said Florence.

"Does she want me to ride down Broadway in plate armor and nail on the doors of Trinity a notice that she is the prettiest girl in the world?"

"She did not say so," said Florence.

"Does she want to see me more?"

"I should think you would do better if you went there less," said Florence.

"If all she wants is to have me talked about, she shall have her way!" And George Larkin frowned out of the room.

Ten days after, as Gertrude Clark came down, rather late, to her breakfast, the servant brought in a pile of letters on the salver. Gertrude's little sister counted them; there were 23. "What in the world has happened?" said she.

The little sister cut them open, and Gertrude read:

DEAR MISS CLARK—I think you know Mr. George Larkin. Will you have the kindness to put his address on the note enclosed?

DEAR MISS CLARK—Do you know your friend Mr. Larkin well enough to ask him to come round to our reception? It is very informal, but we shall be so pleased to see him.

DEAR MISS CLARK—I am so annoyed that I forgot Mr. Larkin's first name. I want to send him a card for our party. May I trouble you for his address?

Twenty-three notes that contained such references to George!

Yet for these ten days past George had not sent her—no, not a carnation. He did send her a note to excuse himself from driving with her in the park. He was not even at her aunt's regular family party, where he had begged her to have him invited. George had wholly dropped out of her life, and Gertrude had begun to wish that he had not dropped out.

The reader shall know what had happened. The reader shall know how a nice girl may be suddenly waked up to find that her lover is not the unimportant person which in his humility he had made her believe. The reader shall know how one young man got himself named from one end of a continent to the other.

All this happened in a very large city of 2,000,000 people, which is the capital of a very large country, which country is next to the republic of Altruria.

This country was governed partly by the principles of the nation of Altruria, partly by the principles of the devil, and partly by a sort of happy go lucky system which had worked very well for 100 years. In the course of the happy go lucky arrangements it found itself in a scrape for the sort of ready money that it wanted. It had some ready money, which the people did not much like, and it wanted some ready money made of beaten gold. And so the chief magistrate of this happy go lucky country had issued his proposals for what was called a "popular loan."

Nobody knew very well how the popular loan was to be taken up, but everybody was quite sure that his next door neighbor had better subscribe to it. People went so far as to say how much Mr. Jones ought to subscribe and how much the Widow Smith ought to subscribe. But, up till the moment when Gertrude sent that unkind message to George by Florence, nobody knew very well how the thing was going to turn out. It might be that the popular loan would all be taken up by a set of sharpers, or it might be that it would not be taken at all. It might be that it would be a very unpopular loan. And everybody was very curious to see.

There was once an occasion when all the nations of the world agreed that every person in the world should scream as loud as he could at a particular instant of time. When the instant came, there was a horrible stillness over the mundane creation. For everybody, instead of screaming himself, had listened to hear somebody else scream, and no one screamed but a dumb man in China and a deaf woman in the Sandwich Islands.

It was something like this about the popular loan. But at last the great day came when, at Washington, they opened the bids.

Now, the credit of this nation was pretty good and pretty bad. In very bright, gilt edged times it could borrow money at less than 3 per cent. In those times when there was trouble about the sort of money that it would give and take, it generally had to pay \$4 on \$104—that is to say, its 4 per cents were placed at 104. The different sharpers and the different old ladies, the men and women who had been coaxed up to subscribing in different ways, were in gen-

eral sending in their bids at 105 and 106 and 107.

But when at Washington the bids were opened, the weary clerks hearing "107 7-9," "104 11-12," till they went almost to sleep as they wrote down the scarcely varying numbers, all of a sudden a bolt fell like lightning from Jupiter. The reading clerk, almost as sleepily as the rest, cried out: "One hundred and twenty-five! Mr. George Larkin of New Bedlam offers 125 for 10 bonds of the new issue!"

Every sleepy clerk in the room started up in amazement. "Who is Mr. George Larkin?" And his bid was entered as by far the highest bid in the calendar.

The next evening every journal in that great empire, which extended from ocean to ocean, had a biography of Mr. George Larkin. These biographies were made up generally from the information given in the directory of New Bedlam. One of them therefore described Mr. George Larkin as the leading man at the Varieties. Another said that Mr. George Larkin was engaged in a profitable thread and needle business in the lower wards of New Bedlam. Another said that Mr. George Larkin had won his distinction as a reporter for the press. But all persons agreed that Mr. George Larkin was a person of great importance in the financial community, and that he was a patriot of the first water. It was generally agreed also that his foresight with regard to national affairs was well nigh perfect, and that no person knew so well as he did when stocks would rise and when they would fall. "Our readers will remember how on a previous occasion the whole turn of the stock market was changed by the sudden purchase of P. F. and L. This purchase is now attributed to the foresight of Mr. Larkin."

Gertrude, on that particular evening, did not happen to open her newspaper. If she had, she would have known that her lover was that day the man most talked about in the whole world. After this, she was so overwhelmed by her correspondence from different people who wanted her to introduce them to Mr. George Larkin that she had no time to open the newspapers for six months. She never knew, therefore, why Mr. George Larkin suddenly attained the prominence in all social walks, in walks of finance and indeed in the esteem of his fellow countrymen, which she had gained. She did know that, two or three days afterward, he came in to see her looking like a new man. He stood erect where his head had hung low, he had a cheerful smile on his face where he had looked dejected when she snubbed him. In fact, she did not dare to snub him. She knew that he was a person of much more importance in the estimate of the world than she was. And when George Larkin, for the first time in his life, gained the courage to ask Gertrude if she would marry him and make him happy for the rest of his life, Gertrude had no thought of saying anything but yes. So much is even a good girl governed unconsciously by the tone of the people who are around her.

It is an unimportant thing to add, but this great empire rose from its depression on the strength of Mr. George Larkin's offers to the treasury. Everybody saw that he was right, and nobody else was right. Four per cents rose to a higher line than had ever been known in history. The reputation of Mr. Larkin as a financier was established. Rothschilds and Belmonts and other bankers of the world begged for his advice, and offered him places in their firms. These he was not so foolish as to accept. But he lived a happy life with the woman he had loved, and he had the glad consciousness that, by the way, he had saved his country.—Edward Everett Hale in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Yule Fires.

Do not the "kitchen middens" of which geologists tell us—those singular remains of gigantic fires and roasted bones which science has discovered on many a northern shore—mark the site where the Yule logs of the king's fires were first kindled? Quantities of fossilized bones are embedded in the old world ash heaps—bones which careful investigation assures us have been roasted. Huge cooking places they must once have been. The bones strewn the ground after a carouse seem to have been a special feature of a Danish feast. We have only to recall the death of Elphage, the patriot archbishop of Canterbury, in the days of Ethelred, who, although a prisoner in the Danish camp, steadily refused to deliver himself by ransom, saying it would be treason in him to pay the enemies of England. "Gold, bishop, gold!" shouted the Danish troops, thirsting more for gain than blood, until, irritated by his constancy, they ran to a heap of bones and horns of oxen—the relics of their repasts—and showered them from all sides upon the aged Saxon. Elphage soon fell half dead, and was dispatched with an ax by one of the pirates.

We may gather some idea of these gigantic Yule fires from the ancient edicts and the allusions in the sagas to the all important duty of kindling the beacon fires at the approach of an enemy. Wherever the Norsemen settled these beacon fires were established and their wardens appointed. Olaus Magnus and Snorro both prove that large trees were cut down in the nearest forest and piled upon the beacon hill until the blazing pine wood must have resembled a burning mountain. Yet the king's fire at the feast of Thor exceeded the beacons on the Norway headlands, as it burned for weeks, for the feast of Thor was also the appointed time for regulating all home affairs.—Notes and Queries.

One or the Other.

"It's hard to give satisfaction," said the new congressman wearily.

"It's very difficult to tell what people are going to say about you," assented his wife.

"Yes, but it's pretty sure to be one of two things—they'll either say you're extremely ordinary or else that you're a freak."—Washington Star.

INDIAN GIRLS AS TEACHERS.

Graduates of Philadelphia Normal School, They Take Positions in the West.

Lacy Gordon and Jane Eyre, the young Indian girls who received diplomas last June with the companions with whom they had marched shoulder to shoulder through three years at the Girls' High school, and whose names were entered with their classmates at the Normal school last September, bade goodby to the beautiful school at Thirtieth and Spring Garden streets yesterday to take appointments as teachers in Indian government schools of the far west.

The two girls have very pretty Indian names and interesting histories. Winnie (Miss Gordon) is tall and lithe, with refined, interesting features and a retiring manner. She is of the Sioux nation and came from South Dakota when about 10 years old and has been living at the Lincoln institution. She received a thorough preparatory course



JANE EYRE.

at the U. S. Grant school, which was also attended by Miss Eyre. The latter's name in the Indian language is Chitahkah. Miss Eyre is from the Pawnee tribe, in Indian Territory, where she attended a reservation school prior to going to Carlisle in 1888. She was a student of the U. S. Grant school with Miss Gordon, and both entered the High school and completed the course together.

Miss Eyre goes to Kansas to become an assistant teacher at the Pottawatomie Agency boarding school. Miss Gordon has been appointed a teacher in the Fort Peck Agency boarding school, Montana. They are the first of their race who the Normal school sends back to become teachers of their own people. The two girls were very much affected at parting with the teachers, and when they left the school carried with them very sad young faces.—Philadelphia Times.

Definition of a Good Wife.

Following is the letter that won the New York World prize for the best answer to "What constitutes the best and most contented wife?"

The best and most contented wife is one who has marched in line with wags earners through every stage of mental and physical tiredness; who from the severely practical standpoint of experience in earning a dollar has learned the value of it; whose contact with the outside world has broadened her sympathy and general knowledge; who has been denied care and consideration, and who, though earning enough of a salary, perhaps, to partially satisfy her taste for the beautiful in life, in art or study, is allowed no time for anything but an insatiable longing for the same. To such a woman the care and protection of a husband and the shelter of a home are a heaven. Any womanly woman from out the ranks of the business world will prove by a lifetime of devotion and helpfulness her appreciation of and her fitness for domestic life if her husband be half worthy.—Mrs. E. Van P. Cummings.

Miss Mary Lord Drake.

Iowa's "first lady of the land," Miss Mary Lord Drake, bids fair to be a success as the mistress of the gubernatorial mansion. Her father, Governor Francis Marion Drake, is a widower, and his daughter is his only unmarried child. She is cultivated and dignified. Moreover, she has no whims.

"No, I haven't any particular fad. I am not a girl of fads. I like all good things," she said to some one who asked her if she was making a collection of anything, or had any hobby that she would undertake to popularize. She is an extensive reader in nearly all literary lines, especially with current magazines, and she keeps up to the times in the newspapers. Her devotion to her father is so deep that she strives to keep pace with him in everything that he does, and she thoroughly understands and sympathizes with him, taking the place, to a very large extent, of her mother.

She Gave Him Her Note.

A youth who has worked in an Augusta store long enough to absorb the idea that he is a business man was asked by his sister for a loan of 50 cents a few days ago. He insisted that she should give him a note for it. This she did, and he, in his hurry, pocketed it without reading. When he thought it time for her to pay the debt, he spoke of it. She replied that it wasn't convenient for her to do so. "But I have your note," he said. He pulled it from his pocket, and on reading found out that, for value received, she promised to pay 50 cents "when convenient."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Winnie Davis.

Miss Varina Annie Jefferson Davis, better known as Winnie Davis, will, it is reported, make New York her permanent residence and literature her profession. She has displayed considerable ability in essays and fiction and has a very well written story in a current magazine. The ability to write short stories in first class style is exceedingly rare, and if Miss Davis can keep up the successes she has already made she has a bright future for her literary career.



Now the timid, doubting suitor, By Professor Roentgen's art, May, before he speaks, discover If she has a marble heart.

Indianapolis Journal.

"Am so glad you had the doctor; did he relieve you?" "Yes; of \$20."—Boston Courier.

Teacher—What was Joan of Arc made of? Bright Pupil—Made of dust.—Boston Transcript.

Elsie—My husband is very hard to please. Louise—He must have changed considerably since he married you.—New York Herald.

"How many people will this car seat?" Inquired the loquacious passenger. "Women or men?" asked the conductor.—Chicago Evening Post.

There was once a professor who, being asked what he knew upon a certain subject, replied, "Nothing; I have not even lectured on it."—Argonaut.

"Do you believe in luck?" "I should say so; snow last night blew off my neighbor's walk and drifted to the full length of mine!"—Chicago Record.

"Will you be my wife, Fraulein Paula, and make me happy?" "I am sorry, Doctor, but I should like to be happy myself."—Humoristische Blaetter.

Willie—I know sister would be glad to go skating with you. Rigway—What hakes you think so? "She says she has been dying all winter to have you break the ice."—Life.

"You're the only doctor who advises me to stay at home. All the others say I ought to go to a winter resort." "I suppose they have all the patients they want."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Willie—What's the matter with your nose, Bobby? Bobby—Tommy Higginbotham an' me had a fight in school about some marbles. Willie—Who got 'em? Bobby—Teacher.—Judge.

Lawyer (a few years hence)—Make your mind easy. The jury will disagree. Prisoner—Sure? Lawyer—I know it. Two of the members are man and wife.—New York Dispatch.

"Dad, what's a running account?" "It's an open account with a dry goods store, my son, which keeps your mother running down-town all the time to buy something."—Louisville Courier Journal.

She—He whistled as he went for want of thought. Of course it was a boy. You wouldn't find a girl whistling for want of thought. He—No; she wouldn't whistle; she'd talk.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Man wants but little here below"—So runs the good old song; If he but advertises, though, He doesn't want that long.—Printers' Ink.

He—Oh, dear! I wish I could get hold of some biscuits like mother used to make for me! She—And I wish I could get some good clothes like father used to buy for me.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I wish those electric sleighs were in use in Pittsburg," remarked Miss Point Breeze to Miss Schenley Park. "Why?" "I understand they can be guided by the feet alone."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Charles—Really, I think that Miss Gray takes a good deal of interest in me. Henry—But you should remember that where the interest is large the security is apt to be pretty poor.—Boston Transcript.

"Ah! that's a great strain!" exclaimed the tenor, who was exercising his voice in his bedroom. "A great strain it is," replied his room-mate, "on those who have to listen to it."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

We'll let these "barons" do their will, Nor try to thwart their little game, If, when the price of coal goes up, The mercury will do the same.—Washington Star.

Susy—Say, auntie, dear, you're an old maid, aren't you? Aunt Emma (hesitatingly)—Certainly, Susy; but it is not nice of you to ask such a question. Susy—Now, don't be vexed, auntie; I know it isn't your fault.—Herriedener Laubfroesch.

"What is the trouble between Alexander and his wife?" "Only a little family jar. He was saying that he would give anything if he could have a wheel, and she suggested that he might take one of those he had in his head."

"I am going to propose to Miss Jinkles," said Whykins, thoughtfully. "Has she given you any encouragement?" "I should say so. Why, she is afraid I am pending too much money for bouquets and matinee tickets."—Washington Star.

Mother—Now, Willie, you've been eating mince pies till you've been yourself ill. I shall have to send for the doctor. Willie—I say, if you are sending for the doctor may I have another mince pie? It won't make any difference, you know.—Moonshine.

"Excuse me, Mr. Barnothing," said the London lady to her very wealthy acquaintance, "but isn't mining very interesting?" "Very, ma'am." "I am very ignorant on that score. Tell me, do diamonds come in quartz?" "Oh, I suppose some people that work on a small scale get 'em that way; but I had 'em comin' in gallons, ma'am."—Washington Star.