

**RATES OF ADVERTISING:**  
One square or less, one insertion, ..... \$3 00  
Each additional insertion, ..... 1 00  
One square three months, ..... 10 00  
Business Advertisements by the month—  
Quarter column, ..... \$10 00  
Half column, ..... 15 00  
One column, ..... 20 00  
Ten per cent. additional on advertisements  
to which a special position is guaranteed.  
The space of one inch, up and down  
the column, constitutes a square.  
N. B.—All debts due this office are payable  
in Coin, unless otherwise expressly agreed.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:**  
One year, ..... 4 00  
Six Months, ..... 2 50

Correspondence from all portions of  
Eastern Oregon is solicited for the DEMOCRAT.  
All communications, to receive attention,  
must be accompanied by a responsible name.  
Personal communications will be charged  
as special advertisements.

**S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., 10 State**  
Street, Boston, 37 Park Row, New York,  
and 701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, are  
our Agents for procuring advertisements  
for the BEDROCK DEMOCRAT, in the above  
cities, and are authorized to contract for  
advertising at our lowest rates. n31f

**JOE WORK.**  
We are now prepared to do all kinds of  
JOB WORK on short notice and at reasonable  
rates.  
N. B.—All Job Work MUST BE PAID  
FOR ON DELIVERY.

**RELIGIOUS NOTICES.**  
RELIGIOUS.—The Rev. Mr. Newton, of the  
M. E. Church, South, will preach at the following  
times and places: 1st Sunday in each  
month, at Eagle Creek, at 11 A. M.; and Sat-  
urday night previous; night at Genia City;  
Monday night following, Main Powder River,  
at Mr. Sanders; Saturday night and 2d Sun-  
day at Wingville; Tuesday night following,  
North Powder, at Riggs school house; Wed-  
nesday at Wolf creek; 1st Sunday night, Union-  
town; Friday night, Iowa school house; Sat-  
urday night and 3d Sunday, 11 A. M., Rus-  
sell's school house; night, La Grande; Wed-  
nesday night, Liberty school house; Wed-  
nesday night, Forest Cove, Dixie school  
house; Thursday night, Kindall's school  
house; Friday night, Indian Valley; Saturday  
night and 4th Sunday at 11 A. M., Dry creek  
schoolhouse; night, Summerville; Monday  
night following, Uniontown; Tuesday night,  
Big creek.

**RELIGIOUS.**—Rev. A. J. Joslyn will fill ap-  
pointments as follows, until further notice:  
1st Sunday each month at Union, at 11 A. M.  
2d Sunday, Summerville morning and eve'g.  
3d Sunday, Cove at 11 A. M.; Union 3 P. M.  
4th Sunday, Pocatonas at 11 A. M.; James'  
School House at 3 P. M.; and Baker City  
at 8 P. M.  
Monday evening following, Rye Valley; Tues-  
day and Wednesday evening, Iron-  
ton Basin; Thursday evening at Eldorado.

**RELIGIOUS.**—Rev. G. W. Clancy, of the  
Baptist Church at Wingville, will preach at  
the District School House, in Baker City,  
the second Sunday of each month, at 11  
o'clock, A. M.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**  
**L. O. STERNES,** Notary Public.  
**T. C. HYDE,**  
Notary Public.  
**Sternes & Hyde,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
BAKER CITY, OREGON.

**L. O. STERNES** will attend the Courts of the  
Fifth Judicial District, and of Idaho and  
Washington Territories.  
Water Rights and Mining Litigation a  
SPECIALTY.  
Collections promptly attended to.  
June 18, 1873. n5y

**LAWRENCE & DUGAN,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
BAKER CITY, OREGON.  
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS  
of the State. Mr. Lawrence, the resi-  
dent partner, will attend to the business in  
Baker and Union Counties. n50y

**I. D. HAINES,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT  
Law, Baker city, Oregon. n14f

**R. A. PIERCE,**  
BAKER CITY, OREGON.  
Advances made on good mortgages, bonds,  
notes and accounts, left for collection, when  
desired. n14f

**J. M. SHEPHERD,**  
Attorney at Law,  
BAKER CITY, OREGON.  
**JAS. H. SLATER,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Will practice in the Courts of the Fifth  
Judicial District.  
Particular attention paid to Collections.  
April 2, 1873. n47y.

**S. V. KNOX,**  
Attorney at Law,  
(And Notary Public.)  
WESTON, OREGON.  
Will practice in the Courts of this State and  
Washington Territory.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO LAND  
Business, and Collections. n131f

**JOSEPH H. SHINN,**  
Notary Public  
AND  
Conveyancer,  
Will attend to Conveyancing and making  
ABSTRACTS OF TITLE.  
Baker City, Sept. 11, 1872. n184f

**Dr. E. P. Tierney,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
BAKER CITY, OREGON.  
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE CITI-  
zens of Eastern Oregon that he has lo-  
cated in Baker City, and gives strict attention  
to his Profession.  
Office at J. W. Wisdom's Drug Store.  
Residence at the end of the street  
north of the Catholic Church.  
Baker City, Nov. 5, 1872. n261f.

**T. N. Snow, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
BAKER CITY, OREGON.  
Office—At the City Drug Store.  
MEDICAL EXAMINER  
of the New York Life Insurance Co.  
n131f

### BUSINESS NOTICES.

**J. P. Atwood, M. D.**  
(Graduate of the Medical Department of  
the Willamette University.)  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
n231 BAKER CITY, OREGON. n14f

**DRS. PRICE & NEWSOM,**  
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE CITI-  
zens of Baker City and vicinity that he  
will soon be with them again prepared to do  
all kinds of  
Dental Work,  
in the most substantial manner.  
Baker City, March 12, 1873. n44f.



**DENTISTS,**  
Having permanently located in  
BAKER CITY, OREGON.  
And are prepared to operate in all branches  
of the  
DENTAL PROFESSION.  
All work Warranted. Office at the  
n17f BAKER HOTEL.

**DR. D. D. STEPHENSON,**  
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE CITI-  
zens of Baker City and vicinity that he  
will soon be with them again prepared to do  
all kinds of  
Dental Work,  
in the most substantial manner.  
Baker City, March 12, 1873. n44f.

**J. B. GARDNER,**  
Watches For Sale.  
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,  
ESTABLISHED IN BAKER CITY IN 1867,  
Keeps constantly on hand a well assorted  
Stock of  
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,  
and is prepared to do all kinds of work in  
his line of business.  
Waltham and Elgin Watches at Factory  
n31 Prices n14f.



**Western Hotel.**  
MAIN STREET, BAKER CITY.  
**REID & FLETCHER, Prop'r.**  
THIS HOUSE has been enlarged and re-  
fitted, and is now the best Hotel on the  
Umatilla and Idaho stage route.  
Stages leave this House for above and be-  
low, and also for Clark's Creek Eldorado,  
Gem City and Sparta.  
Connected with the Hotel will be found a  
first class  
**SALOON!**  
Liquors, Wines and Cigars of the best  
quality. Phenix Improved Billiard Tables  
all in good order.

N. B.—Those indebted to either the Hotel or  
Saloon are requested to appear at the  
Captain's office and settle. n55y31f.

**BAKER CITY BREWERY,**  
**KASTNER & LAGNER, Proprietors,**  
BAKER CITY, OREGON.  
RESPECTFULLY INFORM THE CITI-  
zens of Baker City, and the surround-  
ing Towns and Mining Camps, that they are  
now prepared to fill all orders with the very  
best quality of  
Lager Beer,  
At reasonable rates. The public are invited to  
call and look at our establishment.  
Baker City, Jan. 8, 1873. n351f

**GEORGE SALLY, PROPRIETOR,**  
OF THE  
Bank Exchange,  
West Side of Main Street,  
Baker City, Oregon.  
THIS SALOON IS SUPPLIED WITH  
the very best of  
BRANDIES, WHISKIES, WINES,  
CIGARS, &c., &c.  
The Proprietor of this New Establishment  
will be pleased to see his Friends  
and the Public give him a call, and he  
will try to make them feel AT HOME.  
Baker City, June 12, 1872. n55y31f

**T. HENDERSON**  
BAKER CITY, OREGON,  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER  
IN  
Harness, Collars, Hobbles,  
WHIPS,  
**SADDLERY,**  
Etc., Etc., Etc.  
Prices reasonable. Repairing done at  
short notice. n174f

**STONE MASONS & STONE CUTTERS**  
**WANTED.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED WILL PAY  
the Best of Wages for 10 or 12 Stone  
Masons. Work will last about three months.  
ROBERTS & NELSON.  
Baker City, April 28, 1873. n514f

**\$5 TO \$20** Per day! Agents wanted  
All classes of working peo-  
ple, of either sex, young or old, make more  
money at work for us in our spare moments,  
or all the time, than at anything else. Par-  
ticulars free. Address, G. Stinson & Co.,  
Portland, Maine. n519y

### New Drug Store.

**H. N. McKINNEY,**  
Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street,  
BAKER CITY, OREGON,  
Would respectfully inform the public that  
he has recently received a well se-  
lected and fresh Stock of  
Drugs,  
Chemicals,  
Paints, Oils,  
Perfumeries,  
Patent Medicines,  
Soaps,  
Wines,  
Brandy,  
Whiskies and  
Cordials,  
For medicinal purposes. Family Medi-  
cines carefully prepared. Prescrip-  
tions accurately compounded,  
at all hours of the day or  
night. Give us a call. n14f

**DRUG STORE!**  
Two doors North of Western Hotel,  
BAKER CITY, OREGON.  
**J. W. WISDOM TAKES PLEASURE IN**  
informing the citizens of Baker coun-  
ty that he has a large, new and fresh assort-  
ment of—  
Drugs and Medicines, Oils,  
Paints, Wines,  
And Liquors,  
For medicinal Purposes. Groceries, Cigars  
Tobacco,  
Stationery,  
Toilet and  
Fancy Articles;  
YANKEE NOTIONS, AND  
And a general variety of Goods of that  
class. Prescriptions prepared at all hours.  
City and country trade solicited. n14f

**BAKER CITY MARKET.**  
Next Door to the Restaurant,  
Baker City, Oregon,  
**C. B. FISHER, PROPRIETOR.**  
IS PREPARED TO ACCOMMODATE  
the public with—  
Beef at Retail—2 to 6 cents per  
Pound.  
Fresh Pork,  
Pickled Pork,  
Fresh Mutton,  
Corned Beef,  
Sausage,  
Hams,  
Shoulders,  
Neats Foot Oil,  
Fresh Lard & Tallow.  
Take Notice.  
All bills must be settled monthly, or no  
Trade solicited. n94f

**C. JACOBS,**  
Wholesale Dealer  
IN  
WINES AND LIQUORS  
AND  
Manufacturer of the Celebra-  
ted Jacobs' Whisky,  
AT  
Boise City, Idaho.  
HE DISTILLS HIS WHISKY FROM  
the very best of Corn and Rye. It is  
pure and Unadulterated; and he can sell it  
at a price that will make it an object for  
Dealers in  
**Eastern Oregon**  
To give him a Trial. n131f

**MILLARD & VAN SCHUYVER,**  
89 Front and 40 First street,  
**PORTLAND, OREGON.**  
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEAL-  
ers in Foreign and Domestic Liquors.—  
Also,  
Doors, Windows, and Blinds  
at For Sale. n14f

**A. P. Hotaling & Co.**  
Sole Agents for the  
**J. H. Catter Old Bourbon Whisky,**  
And Importers of  
Fine Wines and Liquors,  
431 Jackson Street, San Francisco,  
AND  
25 FRONT STREET, PORTLAND,  
n46f Oregon.

**S. J. M'ORMICK,**  
Importer and Dealer in  
Books, Stationery, Toys, Music And  
NEWSPAPERS,  
FRANKLIN BOOK-STORE AND SANTA CLAUS'  
Headquarters, Fire-proof  
Brick Building, 105 Front street, Portland,  
n17 Oregon. n14f

**DR. J. R. CARDWELL,**  
Dentist  
DENTAL ROOMS, No. 89, First street,  
Portland, Oregon. The late and im-  
proved styles of work at reduced rates. Nitro-  
gen oxide for the painless extraction of  
teeth. n294f

**W. H. WATKINS, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
OFFICE, Odd Fellows' Building. Resi-  
dence, corner of Main and Park streets,  
Portland, Oregon. Special attention to  
diseases of the Eye and Ear. n29

### The Best Wife in the World.

By Amy Randolph.

The best little wife in the world!  
said Herbert Ainscourt.  
Of course—I dare say, responded  
Mr. Porteross. But what's your ex-  
act idea of the best wife in the world?  
Jones says HE'S got the best wife in  
the world because she keeps his  
stockings darned, takes him to  
church three times of a Sunday.—  
Jenkins says HE'S got the same iden-  
tical article; but Jenking's wife  
keeps all the money, draws his salary  
for him, and makes him live in  
the back kitchen because the parlor  
is too good for the family use?  
Oh! but Daisy isn't a bit egotist—  
a little submissive, soft voiced thing  
that hasn't an idea except what is re-  
flected from me. I'll tell you what,  
old fellow, I'm the master of my own  
house; I come when I please, and I  
go when I please. Daisy never ven-  
tures on a word of reproach.

Then, you ought to be ashamed of  
yourself, larking around the clubs  
as you do, dissipated old bachelor  
fashion.  
Ashamed! what of?  
Why, I suppose you owe some du-  
ties to your wife?  
Where's the harm? My wife don't  
care.  
Probably you think so because she  
is quiet and submissive; but if she  
were to object—  
Object! I'd like to hear her ob-  
ject.

Now, look here, Ainscourt, your  
wife may be a model wife, but you  
certainly are not a model husband.  
People are beginning to talk about  
the way you neglect that pretty lit-  
tle blue eyed girl.  
I'll thank the people to mind their  
own business. Neglect her, indeed!  
Why, man, I love her as I love my  
own soul.  
Then, why don't you treat her as  
if you did?  
Oh, come, Porteross, that ques-  
tion just shows what a regular old  
bachelor you are. It would do to  
make too much of your wife, unless  
you want to spoil her.  
Mr. Porteross shook his head.  
That sounds selfish. I don't like  
the ring of that metal.

And he went away, leaving Mr.  
Ainscourt to finish the game of bil-  
liards at leisure.  
What a regular old fuss budget  
Porteross is, laughed the latter. Al-  
ways poking his nose into somebody  
else's business. There's one comfort  
—I never pay any attention to what  
he says.  
Meanwhile Mrs. Ainscourt was sit-  
ting alone in her drawing room, her  
two little white hands tightly locked  
in one another, and her fair head  
slightly drooping—a delicate, little  
apple blossom of a woman, with blue,  
wistful eyes and curly flaxen hair,  
looking more like a grown up child,  
than a wife of twenty one summers.  
Oh dear! sighed Daisy. It is so  
dull here. I wish Herbert would  
come home. He never spends any  
time with me now a days, and I prac-  
tice all his favorite songs, and read  
the newspapers, so I can talk about  
the things he's interested in, and try  
so hard to be entertaining. It's very  
strange.

And then her oval face brightened  
into sudden brilliance, and the spark-  
les stole into her eyes; for the quick  
ear had detected her husband's foot-  
steps on the stairs. The next mo-  
ment he came in.  
Well, pet, how are you? with a  
playful pinch of her cheek. There  
are some bonbons for you. Where  
are my light gloves?  
O Herbert! You are not going  
away again?  
I must, Daisy. There a lot of fel-  
lows going to drive to High Bridge,  
and I am one of the party. You can  
go over to my mother's for dinner,  
or send for one of your friends, or  
something. There, good bye, puss,  
I'm in a deuce of a hurry.

And with one careless kiss pressed  
on the quivering damask rose of a  
mouth that was lifted up to him, he  
was gone.  
Daisy Ainscourt neither went to  
her mother in law, nor sent for one  
of her girl friends. She spent the  
evening all alone, pondering on the  
shadow which was fast overgrowing  
her life.  
What shall I do? thought the little  
timid, shrinking wife. Oh, what  
shall I do?  
But, child as she was, Daisy had a  
strong, resolute woman's heart with-  
in her, nor was she long in coming to  
a decision.

Daisy, said her husband to her  
the next day, you haven't any objec-  
tions to my attending the Orion Bal  
Masque?  
Are masked balls nice places, Her-  
bert?  
O, yes, everybody goes; only I  
thought I'd pay you the compliment  
of asking whether you disapproved  
or not.  
Can I go with you?  
Well—ahem—not very well, this  
time, Daisy. You see, Mrs. Fen-  
church really hinted so strongly for  
me to take her, that I couldn't help  
it.

Very well, assented Daisy, meek-  
ly, and Herbert repeated within him-  
self the poem of praises he had chan-  
ted in Mr. Porteross' ear: The best  
wife in the world!  
But, notwithstanding all this, Mr.  
Ainscourt was not exactly pleased,  
when, at the selfsame Bal Masque,  
during the gay period of unmasking  
he saw his wife's innocent face crown-  
ing the picturesque costume of a  
Bavarian peasant girl.  
Hallo! he ejaculated, rather ungra-  
tiously, you here?  
Yes, lisped Daisy, with a girlish  
smile. You said everybody went!  
And oh, Herbert, isn't it nice?  
Mr. Ainscourt said nothing more,  
but Mrs. Fenchurch found him a  
very stupid companion for the re-  
mainder of the evening.

He was late at dinner the next  
day; but, late as he was, he found  
himself more punctual than his wife  
and the solitary meal was half over  
before Mrs. Daisy tripped in, her  
cashmere shawl trailing over her  
shoulders, and her dimpled cheeks  
all pink with the fresh wind.  
Am I behind time? Really, I am  
sorry! But we have been driving in  
the park, and—  
We? who are we? growled her hus-  
band.  
Why Colonel Adair and I—the  
Colonel Adair that you go out with  
so much.

Now, look here, Daisy! ejaculated  
Herbert, rising from the table and  
pushing back his chair, Adair isn't  
exactly the man I want you to drive  
with!  
But you go everywhere with him!  
I dare say—but you and I are two  
different persons.  
Now, dear Herbert, interposed  
Daisy, wilfully misunderstanding  
him, you know I never was a bit  
proud, and the associates that are  
good enough for my husband are  
good enough for me. Let me give  
you a few more oysters.

Herbert looked sharply at his wife.  
Was she really in earnest, or was  
there a mocking undercurrent of sa-  
tire in her tone? But he could not  
decide, so artless was her counte-  
nance.  
I'll talk to her about it sometime,  
was his internal decision.  
Daisy, he said carelessly, when  
dinner was over, I've asked old Mrs.  
Barbery to come and spend the day  
with you to-morrow.  
Oh! have you? I'm sorry, for I'm  
engaged out to-morrow.  
You! Where?  
Oh, at Delmonico's. I've joined  
a Woman's Rights Club, and we meet  
there to organize.

The deuce take woman's rights!—  
ejaculated the irate husband.  
Of course I don't believe in them,  
but it's the fashion to belong to a  
club, and such a nice place to go to  
evenings. I am dull here evenings,  
Herbert.  
Herbert's heart smote him, but he  
answered resolutely.  
I beg you will give up this ridicu-  
lous idea. What do women want of  
clubs?  
What men do, I suppose.  
But I don't approve of it at all.  
You belong to three clubs, Her-  
bert.  
That is altogether a different mat-  
ter.  
But why is it different?  
Hem—why—because—of course  
anybody can see why—it is self evi-  
dent.

I must be very blind, said Mrs.  
Ainscourt, demurely, but I confess  
I can't discriminate the essential dif-  
ference.  
Herbert Ainscourt said no more,  
but he did not at all relish the change  
that had lately come over the spirit  
of Daisy's dream.  
She did change, somehow. She  
went out driving, here, there, and  
everywhere. He never knew when  
he was certain of a quiet evening  
with her; she joined not only the  
club, but innumerable societies for a  
thousand and one purposes, which  
took her away from home almost con-  
tinually. Herbert chafed against the  
bit, but it was useless. Daisy always  
had an excuse to plead.

Presently her mother in law bore  
down upon her, and austere old lady  
in black satin and a chestnut brown  
wig:  
Daisy, you are making my son  
wretched.  
Am I, cried Daisy. Dear me, I  
had not an idea of it! What's the  
trouble?  
You must must ask him, said the  
mother in law, who believed—sensi-  
ble old lady—in young married peo-  
ple settling their own difficulties.—  
All I know is the bare fact.  
So Daisy went home to the draw-  
ing room, where Herbert laid on the  
sofa pretending to read, but in real-  
ity brooding over his troubles.

What's the matter, Herbert? said  
Daisy kneeling on the floor beside  
him, and putting her soft cool hands  
on his fevered brow.  
The matter, nothing much, only  
I am miserable, he sullenly answer-  
ed.  
But why? she persisted.  
Because you are so changed, Dai-  
sy.  
How am I changed?  
You are never at home; you have  
lost the domesticity which was, in  
my eyes, your grandest charm. I  
never have you to myself any more.

self the poem of praises he had chan-  
ted in Mr. Porteross' ear: The best  
wife in the world!  
But, notwithstanding all this, Mr.  
Ainscourt was not exactly pleased,  
when, at the selfsame Bal Masque,  
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he saw his wife's innocent face crown-  
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Bavarian peasant girl.  
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tiously, you here?  
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day; but, late as he was, he found  
himself more punctual than his wife  
and the solitary meal was half over  
before Mrs. Daisy tripped in, her  
cashmere shawl trailing over her  
shoulders, and her dimpled cheeks  
all pink with the fresh wind.  
Am I behind time? Really, I am  
sorry! But we have been driving in  
the park, and—  
We? who are we? growled her hus-  
band.  
Why Colonel Adair and I—the  
Colonel Adair that you go out with  
so much.

Now, look here, Daisy! ejaculated  
Herbert, rising from the table and  
pushing back his chair, Adair isn't  
exactly the man I want you to drive  
with!  
But you go everywhere with him!  
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different persons.  
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engaged out to-morrow.  
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a Woman's Rights Club, and we meet  
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Presently her mother in law bore  
down upon her, and austere old lady  
in black satin and a chestnut brown  
wig:  
Daisy, you are making my son  
wretched.  
Am I, cried Daisy. Dear me, I  
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You must must ask him, said the  
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All I know is the bare fact.  
So Daisy went home to the draw-  
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sofa pretending to read, but in real-  
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What's the matter, Herbert? said  
Daisy kneeling on the floor beside  
him, and putting her soft cool hands  
on his fevered brow.  
The matter, nothing much, only  
I am miserable, he sullenly answer-  
ed.  
But why? she persisted.  
Because you are so changed, Dai-  
sy.  
How am I changed?  
You are never at home; you have  
lost the domesticity which was, in  
my eyes, your grandest charm. I  
never have you to myself any more.

Very well, assented Daisy, meek-  
ly, and Herbert repeated within him-  
self the poem of praises he had chan-  
ted in Mr. Porteross' ear: The best  
wife in the world!  
But, notwithstanding all this, Mr.  
Ainscourt was not exactly pleased,  
when, at the selfsame Bal Masque,  
during the gay period of unmasking  
he saw his wife's innocent face crown-  
ing the picturesque costume of a  
Bavarian peasant girl.  
Hallo! he ejaculated, rather ungra-  
tiously, you here?  
Yes, lisped Daisy, with a girlish  
smile. You said everybody went!  
And oh, Herbert, isn't it nice?  
Mr. Ainscourt said nothing more,  
but Mrs. Fenchurch found him a  
very stupid companion for the re-  
mainder of the evening.

He was late at dinner the next  
day; but, late as he was, he found  
himself more punctual than his wife  
and the solitary meal was half over  
before Mrs. Daisy tripped in, her  
cashmere shawl trailing over her  
shoulders, and her dimpled cheeks  
all pink with the fresh wind.  
Am I behind time? Really, I am  
sorry! But we have been driving in  
the park, and—  
We? who are we? growled her hus-  
band.  
Why Colonel Adair and I—the  
Colonel Adair that you go out with  
so much.

Now, look here, Daisy! ejaculated  
Herbert, rising from the table and  
pushing back his chair, Adair isn't  
exactly the man I want you to drive  
with!  
But you go everywhere with him!  
I dare say—but you and I are two  
different persons.  
Now, dear Herbert, interposed  
Daisy, wilfully misunderstanding  
him, you know I never was a bit  
proud, and the associates that are  
good enough for my husband are  
good enough for me. Let me give  
you a few more oysters.

Herbert looked sharply at his wife.  
Was she really in earnest, or was  
there a mocking undercurrent of sa-  
tire in her tone? But he could not  
decide, so artless was her counte-  
nance.  
I'll talk to her about it sometime,  
was his internal decision.  
Daisy, he said carelessly, when  
dinner was over, I've asked old Mrs.  
Barbery to come and spend the day  
with you to-morrow.  
Oh! have you? I'm sorry, for I'm  
engaged out to-morrow.  
You! Where?  
Oh, at Delmonico's. I've joined  
a Woman's Rights Club, and we meet  
there to organize.

The deuce take woman's rights!—  
ejaculated the irate husband.  
Of course I don't believe in them,  
but it's the fashion to belong to a  
club, and such a nice place to go to  
evenings. I am dull here evenings,  
Herbert.  
Herbert's heart smote him, but he  
answered resolutely.  
I beg you will give up this ridicu-  
lous idea. What do women want of  
clubs?  
What men do, I suppose.  
But I don't approve of it at all.  
You belong to three clubs, Her-  
bert.  
That is altogether a different mat-  
ter.  
But why is it different?  
Hem—why—because—of course  
anybody can see why—it is self evi-  
dent.

I must be very blind, said Mrs.  
Ainscourt, demurely, but I confess  
I can't discriminate the essential dif-  
ference.  
Herbert Ainscourt said no more,  
but he did not at all relish the change  
that had lately come over the spirit  
of Daisy's dream.  
She did change, somehow. She  
went out driving, here, there, and  
everywhere. He never knew when  
he was certain of a quiet evening  
with her; she joined not only the  
club, but innumerable societies for a  
thousand and one purposes, which  
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lost the domesticity which was, in  
my eyes, your grandest charm. I  
never have you to myself any more.

Daisy, don't you see how this is em-  
bitting my life?  
Does it make you unhappy? said  
she softly.  
You know that it does Daisy.  
And do you suppose I liked it Her-  
bert?  
What do you mean? he asked, slow-  
ly.

I mean that I passed the first year  
of my married life in just such a  
lonesome way. You had no domes-  
ticity. Clubs, drives, billiard play-  
ing, and champagne suppers engros-  
sed your whole time. I, your wife,  
pined at home alone.  
But why didn't you tell me you  
was unhappy.

Because you would have laughed  
at the idea and called it a woman's  
whim. I resolved when we were  
first married to fritter away neither  
time nor breath in idle complaints. I  
have not complained; I have simply  
followed your example. If it was  
not a good one, whose fault was that?  
Not mine, surely.