# PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so tired!" "Cheer up, my child, we have not very far to go. Come closer, let me brush the dew from your curls. Now take my hand.

Bat the child hung back, sobbing with weariness and exhaustion, and the pale young mother, bending over her in the vain attempt to soothe the hysterical excitement, did not hear the rumble of advancing wheels until they passed close to her, and a rough, hearty voice ex-

claimed: "What ails the little girl? Ain't sick, is she?"

Mary Elisworth had never seen Farmer Raysnesford before; yet the moment her eyes rested on his wrinkled. sun-burned face, with shaggy brows overshadowing kind eyes, she felt that he was a friend, and made answer promptly:

"Not sick, sir, but very tired. We have walked a long way."

"Got much further to go?" asked the farmer, tickling his horse's ear with the end of his whip.

"To Breckton.

Mr. Raynesford gave a low whistle. "That' four miles off, and the little

gal is pretty nigh used up a ready." "I know it," said the woman, with a sigh, "but I have no money to hire

lodging nearer. In Breckton I hope to obtain work in the factory." Farmer Rayness and gave the seat of his wagon a thump with his whip-handle that made old Bonny drop the mouthfal of clover he was nibbling from the

roadside and prick up his ears in astonishment. "I won't hear of no such thing!" said he, energetically. "Why, that child can't go twenty rods further! Here, get in along with me. You won't be none the worse for a bit of supper and a good night's rest. I know Hannah'll scold." he muttered, as he lifted the little girl child. I told you that you'd end your to his side and extended his hand to the mother, "but I can't see folks perishin" by the wayside and not offer to help 'em. I don't care if she scolds the roof off the house

He drove rapidly along, making occasional interjectional remarks to his horse, while Mrs. Ellsworth drew her thin shawl around the golden head that already drooped dowsily upon her shoulder, and thought with a deep sensation gratitude upon the shelter which Heaven had provided her in her sorest strait.

It was an odd-shaped old farm house, gray with the storms of nearly half a century, with a broad door in one side, overhung by giant lilac bushes, and a kitchen where even in the bloomy month of June a great fire roared up the widethroated chimney, and shining rows of tins winked and glittered at every up-ward leap of the flames.

Mr. Raynesford jumped out of the wagon, threw the reins over a post, and went in to conciliate his domestic despot.

"Look here, Hannah," said he, to a tall, angular-looking female who emerged from a pantry near by, her face nearly or quite as sour as as the saucer of pickles she was carrying. "Jest set and I wouldn't see an old friend a couple more plates on the table, will wronged." you? I've brought home a woman and a little gal I found a piece below, e'en a most tired to death. They were calculatin' to walk on to Breckton, but I thought it wouldn't hurt us to keep 'em |late for the New York train!"

over night.' "I'm astonished at you, Job Raynes

milk-room window. "Is Job Raynesford crazy! To give ten dollars to a strolling vagrant! If he don't get a piece of my mind".

And she hastened out, her cap border fairly standing on end with horror. Job awaited the coming tempest with phil-Isophic coolness, his hands in his pockets, and his lips parted in a good-natured smile. It was not the first piece of Mrs. Hannah's mind that had been bestowed upon him, nor did he suppose it was likely to be the last.

"She means well," he said to himself, when the volley of wrath had been discharged on his luckless head, and Mrs. Raynesford had returned to her buttermaking, "but she's got the greatest faculties for scolding of any woman I ever saw.'

The years flitted by, sprinkling the steep old farm-house with crystal drops of April showers, and thatching it with the dazzling ermine of January snows, many and many a time. Gray hairs crept in among the raven locks of Farm-

er Raynesford, the care-worn wrinkles began to gather around his month and brow. Alas! those swift-footed years brought troubles innumerable to the kind old man.

"Twenty years!" mused he, one bright June morning, "it don't seem possible, Hannah, that it was twenty years age this very day that I caught that ugly fall from the hay rack and got lame for life.

He looked down at the crutches at his side as he spoke, and sighed from the very bottom of his heart.

Hannah stood in the door-way, tossing corn to a forlorn little colony of chickens. Twenty years had not improved her in any respect. She was gauntier, bonier, and more vinegar-faced than ever.

"Yes," said she, slowly, "and perhaps you don't remember that it was just twenty years ago to-day that you threw ten dollars away on that woman and her days in the poorhouse, and I don't see but what my prediction is likely to come true. Didn't I say you would live to repent it?"

'I won't deny, Hannah," said the old man, "but I've done a good many things I've been sorry for-we ain't none of us perfect, you know, wife-but that is not one of them. No, I never for a moment repented being kind to the widow and fatherless.

Hannah shrugged her shoulders but made no reply.

"Didn't you say you were going up to see the rich lawyer about the five thou-sand dollars to-day?' she asked, presently,

"Yes, but I don't suppose it'll be much use. If he'd wait a little, I'd do my best to please him. Jones says hell be sure to sell the old place from over our heads, however; they tell me he's a hard man. I mean to explain to him just how the matter stands, and"-

"I told you how it would be long ago!" ejaculated Hannah, unable to restrain her vexation. "What on earth ever possessed you to sign for Jesse Fairweather?"

"I s'posed he was an honest man,

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. Rayn-"That's just your calculation, esford. Job. There-Zske has brought the wagon; do then s'art off, or you'll be too

And Job meekly obeyed, only too happy to escape from the endless dis of his wife's rolling tongue. The rays of the noonday sun streamed brightly through the stained glass case-

sir-five thousand dollars may seem a small sum to you, but it is my all." Mrs. Everleigh's soft voice broke the

momentary silence that succeeded this appeal. "Walter, come here one minute-I

want to speak to you."

He obeyed, somewhat surprised; she drew him into a deep recess of stained glass window, and standing there with the rosy and amber shadows playing about her lovely brow, like some fair-pictured saint, she told him how twenty

years ago a wearied child and its mother were fed and sheltered by a kind-hearted stranger; how he had given them money and kind wishes, when they were utterly alone and desolate in the wide world. "But, my love, what has all this to do

with my business matters?"

"Much, Walter! I am that little child!" "You, my dearest?" "I, my husband, and the noble man | did you?

who, I am persuaded, saved my life that night, stands yonder, with gray, bowed head and sinking heart!"

"Mary, you must surely be mistaken." "I cannot be mistaken, Walter. I should know him among a thousand.

You said you loved me, this morningnow grant me one little boon?'

"What is it, dearest ?"

"Give me that note he spoke of." Mr. Everleigh silently went to a small ebony cabinet, unlocked it, and drew out a folded paper, which he placed in her hands. She glided up to the old her hands. man, who had been gazing out of a window in a sort of reverie, and laid her soft hand on his arm.

"Do you remember the little goldenhaired Mary whom you found with ber mother, wearied out on the roadside, twenty years ago?"

"Do I remember her, lady ? It was but this very morning I was recalling the whole seene "And don't you recognize me?" she

said, smiling up into his face, as she drew back the drooping curls. "I am little Mary !" He stood in bewildered silence. -A11

of a sudden the truth seemed to break upon him, and he laid his hand upon

her head with a tearful blessing. "And your mother, my child ?"

"She has been dead for years; but it is my dearest task to be the instrument of her gratitude. Here is the note you indorsed; my husband has given it to me. See !

A small lamp was burning in one of the niches; she held the bit of paper over the flame until it fell a cloud of light ashes upon the floor. "Well !"

Mrs. Rainsford met her husband at the door at the instant his crutches sounded on the little gravelled path.

"Why don't you speak? Of course 1 know you've nothing but bad news to tell, but I may as well hear it at once. Have you seen the gentleman ? What did he say ?'

"Hannah," said old Job Raynesford, slowly folding up his gloves, do you remember that ten dollars I gave that poor young wanderer a score of years ago to-

day?" "Why, of course I do. Didn't I remind you of it not twelve hours ago? What has that to do with our troubles, pray ?" "Just this-to-day I received payment,

principal and interest !" What do you mean, Job Raynesford ?"

"The little golden-haired child that at suspenders hearthstone evening is Lawyer Evenleigh's wife, and

## The Missing Suspender.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he stretched himself and drew esty, which has come down to her on his pantaloons, "you've cleaned these through long generations of inheritance trousers up first-rate. This is what I by sex, forbids her mingling freely with call economy. If I'd taken 'em to the her masculine business competitors, tailor's it would have cost a couple of She expects, and rightly enough, the dollars at least, and you've saved just that amount," and Mr. Spoopendyke gets it; but this very demand and conwent to his ablutions and then pulled on his shirt.

said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Leave it at home some day, and I'll take this spot out of the sleeve," and Mrs. Spoopendyke bustled around, and looked delighted with the idea of pleasing her are not positions that can be filled by husband.

Spoopendyke, screwing himself around and looking down his back. "You didn't clean the suspenders clean out of sight, men who, as boys, have not been trained in these qualities. No one in twenty of

your pants," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I the men who want to be clerks in public have not touched them. What did you do and private offices are fit for the pewith them?"

with them! them? Think I set i em up in business somewhere, don't ve? Got an idea I gave 'em a vacation to go fishing, haven't ve? Well, I didn't, and more'n that, I didn't send 'em away to be educated for the

Where'd you put 'em? S'pose I'm going around holding these pants up all day? Think I got no business interests besides holding on my breeches with both hands? What'd you do with the---

latter, at least, is to be given up to the things?" "I know I didn't take them off the pants," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, pulling open the bureau drawers and hustling mart of London, the precincts where things around in a vain endeavor to find human beings place themselves on show the missing articles. "They must be for sale and loudly solicit custom. The

Mr. Spoopendyke. Take a stick and point 'em out to me! Of course they are maaket over 'toward Piceadilly, then to Long Acre and the Strand, are filled with women. They are to be counted not by dozens, not by scores, not by hundreds, but by thousands. Women of the same unhappy class are to be found in all large cities of Europe and America, and in all such cities they walk on the streets at night. But except, perhaps, in the case of Berlin, where they are scattered

you call this, anyhow? Where's my suslittle attention, they are confined to a penders?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, district which is frequented only by them poking around in the soiled-clothes bag. and their kind. They must be sought for to be found. In London, on the 'Where's those suspenders?" and he contrary, it is hardly possible to avoid them. The district about Haymarket, pulled the books off the shelf, and rummaged around behind the case with a

toward Piccadilly, the Strand and Charbroom handle for a divining-rod. ingdon. In it are, beside the grand ter-"Maybe I can fix your pants so you won't need any suspenders to-day, and I'll find them before night," suggested minus of the grand railway system, all the most popular hotels, particularly those patronized by strangers and tour-ists, many of the most fashionable thea-Mrs. Spoopendyke. "That's it. You've got it," raved Mr. tres, the aristocratic clubs, and some of finest private residences in the city. And Spoopendyke. "How are you going to fix them? Going to tie them on with a

in this district, from the time the gas is shoestring, like you do your bustle? lighted almost to the dawn of day, the Going to walk around behind me all day streets are filled, some of them literally, and hold 'em on? P'raps you can pull filled to overflowing, with women. They 'em up and button 'em round my neck! are of all ages, and dressed in all styles How d'ye propose to fix 'em? Going to and qualities of dress. Some of them put 'em on me up-side down, so if they fall they'll fall up? If I had your head are old and gray, blear-eyed, hideous to look upon in the dirt and tawdry finery; I'd go out to service as a file. Fix 'em, others are scarcely in their teens, childwhy don't ye? Why don't ye fix 'em? ren in years, while between the two are These trousers are getting sick at the stomach, waiting to be fixed!" and Mr. girls and women of every age and size. Many of them are very beautiful, richly Spoopendyke shot across the room, and

dove under the wardrobe in search of the dressed, and, after their fashion, most ttractive. But they are all-the old "Just let me buckle them tight be-hind," said Mrs. Spoopendyke; "the eyed-engaged in the same terrible pursuit. They stand in crowds in front of the club houses, very much as young men in America stand in front of church doors after service; they haunt the hotel entrances and railway station all through the night; they throng the sidewalks, swarm about the drinking places, and in the Strand and Charing-cross, in fron; of the five largest and most frequented hotels in the metropolis they are so thick that at midnight it is sometimes difficult for people coming on foot from the theaters or other places of amusement to force their way through them. There is apparently but slight effort made by the authorities to suppress their traffic or to confine them to some obscure quarter. So long as they keep in motion they cannot be arrested.

upon one another; woman has theater-going babies obstinately refuse few opertunities of this among her own sex, and the peculiar nature of her moduutil they have seen it. This is equally proper in both babies and critics, but it is nevertheless exasperating when neither actors nor audience nor mothers can make out what in the world they are all making such a ridiculous railing about. It isn't a lack of dramatic taste that makes the theater-going baby lament in cession deprives her of many business unmeasured cadence the decline of the advantages that men enjoy among men. drama, or the fall off in burlesque. We One serious mistake of women, remember once seeing a baby at the should be noted and avoided by all the Italian opera. It was in the front row gentler sex who are seeking to earn their Nobody knew there was of the gallery. livelihoods. The mere clerkships for a baby there until Signor Somebody-ini which women strive first and strongest and Signora Somebodyelse-a began a charming duct. any one who can read and write; the

"Ma-yo-pas-fur sing-o-mi-i-i-a !" went the Signor.

"Non-yo-far cal-i-ma yampa dio !" went the Signora.

"Yark-yark-y-a-a r-r-k-k-k !" went the baby.

"Espon-se vosa va d-a-a-a-r !" sang the tenor.

"Ah ! mi lozi popini ra dar-r-r !" sang the soprano.

"Ya-rk ya-rk y-r-r-r k !" sang the baby.

"Take it out missus," said a rough voice beside her.

But the mother merely glared on the speaker and buried the face of the anti-Italian opera critic under her shawl. All to no purpose though. The criticisms were smothered, but they were still there. There was no humbug about that baby. He didn't like Italian opera and he let everybody know it. Then the father tried his hand. He flattened its nose against his plated breast-pin, stood up and rocked shadows and the police. But this is a to and fro, but it was no go. That baby mistake. You are within the confines of had got its infantile knife into the Italwhat may be called the modern slave ian opera for some cause or other known only to itself, and wasn't going to lose such an opportunity for adverse criticism Presently a stout female stepped down streets all about you, from the Hay- from behind, seized the wailing infant from out the parental arms and hurried with it to a back seat. Wonderful ! a little squeal, three tiny sobs, and all was still.

"Oh! what can she ha' done to the child?" asked the agonized mother of no one in particular, gazing wildly around.

"Sot on't, I should hope," said the rough voice beside her.

The bare suggestion was enough. The way that maddened mother went over the backs of those benches was highly invigorating and slightly indelicate. She found her babe safe and well, and smiling placidly as the last faint tones of the duct died away in the proscenium.

She always uses safety-pins now, for she very justly observes that the sweatest-tempered baby would think twice before listening in silent rapture even to Itallian opera with three quarters of an inch of pin-wire embedded in the soft part of its plump little leg!

A Double-Jointed, Three-Ply Boom-Proof Christian.

A New Yorker, who was in Denver when the rush up the Gunnison valley began, was approached by one of the 'natives" with:

"Stranger in these parts, I reckon?" "Yes.

"Looking for a chance to make some money, I take it?" "Yes.

"Then you are just the pilgrim I've been looking for. There's a big rush

"I'll clean your coat, too, if you like,

"Where's my suspenders?" asked Mr. require of their holders an amount of patience, painstaking and adaptability to which nearly all women are strangers and which are almost as rate among

"They were there when you put on ith them?" "Oh, yes, certainly. I did something ith them? What d'ye 'spose I did with 'spose I did wit

Tribune. The Most Distressing Night in London. It is night in the Haymarket now. The

Where's my suspenders? ministry.

the street as well as the theater is almost in darkness, and it seems as though the

there somewhere." "Show 'em to me then!" demanded

somewhere, only put your thumb on 'em. What have you done with 'em? Can't you remember whether you made 'em up into hat-bands for the' heathen, like you did my dressing-gown, or whether you

planted them to see if they yould grow, like you did my straw-hat? Think they walked off like a croton bug? S'pose case of Berlin, where they are scattered those suspenders have taken their girl to so indiscriminately and promised a picnic? What kind of housekeeping do ously all over the town as to attract but

said his better half, in a tone of indigmant remonssrance. "We might just as well hang out a tavern sign at once and done with it; you're always bringing home some poor, miserable creetur or other and"

"There, there, Hannah," interrupted Mr. Raynesford, "I'm always willin' to hear to you when you're anyway reasonable, but it goes clear ag'in my grain to see poor folks a sufferin' and never stretcher out a helpin' hand. 'Taint Scriptur nor 'tain't human natur'.

Well, go your own gait, Job Raynes ford," responded his wife, tartly. "Only mark my word, if you don't end your days in the poorhouse,'twont be through no fault 'o yourn!"

She shut the pantry door with a bang that mode all the jelly-cups and milkpans rattle, while Job, with an odd grimace, went out to help his guests to alight.

"Don't mind my old woman," said he with a pink ribbon. apologetically, as Mrs. Ellsworth sprang to the ground. "She's kind 'o sharp spoken, but she means well after all. bouquet. We ain't all just alike in our notions, you know.

"If all the world were like you, sir," said the young widow, with tears in her eyes, "there would be less want and suffering, by far."

Farmer Raynesford pretended not to hear; he was busy lifting little Mary out.

"Set on them blackberries, Hannah," said he, toward the close of their even ing meal. "The little gal's so tired she can't eat anything solid."

"I was calculating to keep them blackberries for the donation party to-mor-row," said Mrs. Raynesford, rising with rather an unwilling air.

"Nonsense," quoth the farmer, with a broad laugh. "I'm having a donation party of my own to-night. Here, little one, see if those beraies don't put some color into your cheeks."

All the evening little Mary sat by the hearth with her hands in her mother's and her large blue eyes fixed earnestly upon the kind farmer's face.

"What are you thinking about, 'dearest?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth once. She drew a long sigh and whispered:

"Ob, mamma, he is so kind to us!" When Mary Ellsworth and her little girl set out next morning upon their long walk to Breckton, Job Raynesford went with them to the gate, fumbling uneasily in his pocket, and glancing guiltily around to make sure that Hanhah was not within seeing distance. When Mary extended her hand to say good-bye, to her astonishment a bank

bill was thrust into it. "Don't say nothin'" muttered Job. with a sheepish air. "Ten dollars ain't much to me, and if you don't chance to get to work in the factory right away, it may be a good deal o' use to you. Need not thank me-you're as welcome as flowers in May.

He bent over to kiss the child's fair forehead, and stood watching them until the two slight tigures disappeared, and only the golden sky and the moving crests of summer woods remained.

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford, who had witnessed this little epi-sode from behind the curtains of her

I have seen her burn the note that has hung like a millstone around my neck ments of Mr. Everleigh's gothic library. for many years. She said it was but The room was decorated with appurtenpaying a sacred debt of gratitude; but heaven knows that I looked for no such ances of wealth and taste. Velvet chairs, with tall backs of daintily carved rosereward.'

heside our

wood, were scattered here and there; There was a moment's silence. The marble vases occupied niches beside the old man was pondering over the past, doorway, and the rarest pictures hung on and Mrs. Roynesford was so taken by surprise, that she really could not speak. "And now, wife, what have you to say the pannelled and gilded wall. But the prettiest object of all-the one which the rich lawyer oftenest raised his eyes from about my financial mistakes ?" said Job, archly. Mrs. Raynesford had no argument the writing to contemplate with an involuntary smile of pride and affection-

was a lovely woman in a white cashmere suited to the emergencies of the case, morning robe, trimmed with velvet, who and she wisely said-nothing. stood opposite arranging flowers in a

A Sires.

expressiveness, yet there is ever about

is always absolutely natural, yet the

understand her. She pazzles, enchants,

bright raillery that does not hurt; or the

may be suddenly exchanged for a con-

is selfish and from this selfish soil

She

springs a host of tantalizing ways.

can never seize her.

carved of pink Neapolitan coral, at her throat, and tiny pendants of the same rare stone in her shell-like ears, and the and the slender waist was tied around "There, Walter, isn't that pretty?" she asked, holding up her completed would destroy the illusion she creates. She sometimes even seems a little careless to please, and this gentle indifference.

'Very pretty," he answered, looking joined to her attractions, stimulates and excites curiosity. Her face may not be beautiful, but it is always expressive. not at the roses or geraniums, but directly at the blue eyes and golden curls of his beautiful young wife Her attitude and gestures have a little "You are not even noticing it," she

She wore a spray of berries,

pouted.

bouquet.

"Because I see something so much better worth looking at," he said, playfully

"Do you really love me so very much?" she asked, throwing down the flowers, and coming around to his side. He rose and drew her carelessly toward him.

"My dearest, you are more precious to me than the whole world besides!"

She let her hand rest for a moment on his shoulder, and when she raised it there was a tear on her eyelashes.

"Oh, Walter, if mamma could only see how happy we are!"

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Everleigh slipped from her husband's arm with the prettiest blush in the world, trifles of conversation and conduct. She and was very busy with her flowers when "right-hand man" put longer you linger by her side the the rich lawyer's his grizzled head into the room.

"The old man wants to see you about the Fairweather business."

throws a glamour over you, and the "Show him in. Don't look so disanwilder grows the wish to comprehend pointed, love," he said, as the grizzled and win her, she ever eludes and perhead disappeared. "I shall not be deplexes you. She may be quiet at times. tained three minutes, and the horses are but never dull. The calm is sometimes at the door." broken by unexpected brusqueries, by

Mary Everleigh never troubled her pretty little head about business matters, so she never looked up as the halting sound of old Mr. Raynesford crutch echoed on the carpet. But the instant he spoke she started as if an arrow had smitten her, and her tender hands clasped together, listening as intently as though her life depended on hearing every word. The old man was pleading and sorrowful-her husband politely inflexible. At length Job Raynesford

turned to go. "Well, sir," he said, in a subdued

tone, "I don't know much about law and that the one evident object in buying law books, but it does seem hard that an roses is to cultivate the first-class old man should be turned out of the virtues. You show "faith" in buying home that has sheltered him for sixty one, cultivate "hope" in keeping it, and years, and all for no fault of his own. you will need all the "charity" you can They say you are a very rich gentleman, muster to keep from pitching it out doors.

strap will hold them." "That's the scheme!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Something's got to hold them! If I was as sharp as you, I'd get rich hiring out for an oyster-knife. All

you want is to have somebody to sit cross-legged on you, and come home two weeks after you're expected to be a tailor shop! Going to find those dod gasted suspenders between now and the next war?

"I know they were on his pants when he put them on," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke, entering upon a little inductive reasoning. "He didn't take them off, and so they must be there now," and the good woman approached her husband with a smile.

"Oh! now they're going to be fixed. said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a horrible "P'raps you're going to cut butgrin. ton-holes in your hands and feet, and hang over my shoulders, ain't ye? Want me to put 'em on over my head, like a measly skirt and two tucks and a flounce to it, don't ye? Maybe you think those suspenders hurried down to breakfast so's to get the first crack at the morning paper, don't ye?"

But Mrs. Spoopendyke made no re sponse. Opening the back of her husband's fluttering shirt, she saw the missing suspenders. He had slipped them over his shoulders before assuming the muslin, and had forgotten all about

"Smart as a whip, ain't ye?" growled Mr.Spoopendyke, as he drew off his shirt and let the suspenders down. "If my head was as clear as yours I'd hire out for a church bell. You only need four lessons and a drop of rain water to be a microscope," and Mr. Spoopendyke hur-ried on his clothes, and scuttled down stairs to get the morning paper before the dying embers in the grate to decort his wife could make a clutch at it.-Brooklyn Eagle.

## Is Woman Physically Inferior.

Sorosis, the largest woman's club in s ronger grows the sense that you do not America, has just been discussing whether woman's limitations in business are because of physical inferiority to man. It that no such inferiority exists, for men enjoy good health. Women in general live indoors, eat improper food at irregdelightful reticence of her demeanor ular hours, and not enough of it, and fidential mood, a gentle familiarity. She transgress the laws of health in many other ways; yet, in spite of it all, they can talk harder, dance longer, live on less sleep and poorer food than men, and always lets you feel you are near; but you are never successful enough to even then they generally leave the ruder know you have at least grasped her. The sex behind in all contests of simple physpursuit is endless, she beckons, but you | ical endurance. Women's limitations in the battle of

for bread and butter, must be traced to on burlesque is invariably taken to wit-mental and not to physical conditions- ness tragedy, and the baby whose whole and blankets together in two or three life, struggling side by side with men A laly, writing about raising roses in pots in the house, reaches the conclusion in conditions instead of capabilities. Man seldom enters a business without begin at the top instead of the bottom. in this direction. Like all local theatri-In business, men sharpen their wits cal critics, without exception, the fort as all are fastened together.

### Those Blessed Bables.

last carriage has rolled away, and

though the red-coated soldier still paces on guard in front of "Her Majesty's," the lights have been put out,

We would not for one moment insinuate that the theater going baby is not a thoroughly conscientious, high-minded and virtuous baby when under its own roof-tree. Far be it from us to harbor even a passing thought as to its unworthiness in this respect. We gladly believe that the theater-going baby in its proper sphere is all that a doting mother describes it, and a proud father could possibly desire. Nay, we will go further, and say we firmly believe that the theater-going baby, above all its fellows, would suffer at home the severest attack of colic in silence rather than cause a shivering father to walk a draughty room bare-legged for threequarters of an hour during the murky hours of midnight, or make its sleepy cinder tea. We cannot possibly pay the theater-going baby a higher compliment than this-unless, indeed, we say that it and shivering, fall asleep. bears a washing day with Christian fortitude.

Combining the nature of the serpent with the habits of the ostrich, it creeps all day on its all fours occasionally partaking of any light refection it comes is to be hoped that the debate established across in the shape of particles of einder, broken glass and shirt buttons. No. who are ready to claim superiority in say what you will, we give the theater every other respect are generally envious going baby credit for being everything of the physical condition of women who that's good and sweet and clever and that's good and sweet and clever and gowns are to be preferred, of flannel if pretty at home, but put it in the front possible, double about the shoulders, seat of a theater gallery, or the back bench of the pit, and you change its nature. You never saw a baby yet who appreciated tragedy, comedy, burlesque, or the drama. They can't help it, and yet it's not all their fault either. Long have we studied the theater-going baby, and we have come to the conclusion that by the hand of fate a horrible combination of circumstances, or some other appalling dispensation, the baby that dotes soul is wrapped up in Barry Sullivan is made to pass an unhappy evening with Toole in the pigskin. The great Man seldom enters a business without with Toole in the pigskin. The great upper corners. Then when the skeepy long provious preparation in subordinate with Toole in the pigskin. The great upper corners. Then when the skeepy child tries to replace the disarranged difficulty is in finding out a baby's taste of the disarranged coverings it can be done at a single ef-

for Gunnison.

"Yes.

"And they'we got the town laid out, and everybody is out on the whoop. "Just so."

"In a month from this they'll have 50 poker-rooms, as many saloons, a dozen dance-houses, and three or four theatres going, but there won't be a single church in the whole diggings. Now, then, the first church is going to get the cream of the business. If we can jump in there with a religion which doesn't buck too hard agin poker and a fight now and then, the pews will rent for one hundred dollars spiece quicker than we can make change.

"What do you propose?" "Why to form a stock company, build the first church, get a h-l of a preacher, and rake in fifty per cent. on the capital. No reason why we can't run a faro bank in the basement, a saloon in the rear, and combine businesss with the salvation of souls. I'm no Christian, pilgrim, but I'm double-jointed, three-ply, bomb-proof on securing a religion for a new town which fills a contribution box chock up every time it is passed for the benefit of the blasted heathen."

#### Children's Beds.

Children who are busy during the day with active out-of-door sports often become so wearied as to be restless during the night, and unless the room is warm, or a watchful mother keeps the bankets drawn over them, the limbs are soon benumbed, and colds and croup are the result. Older children who awake sufficently to realize that they are cold, make ineffectual attempt to cover themsolves, and will at last succeed in kicking the sheet to the foot of the bed, allowing a blanket to slide off at one side, and the coverlet at the other, finally drawing a quilt over their shoulders,

To prevent this, very young children should have the coverings of their cribs securely fastened to the mattress at each of the upper corners by means of a clasp-pin. This will allow perfect freedom to roll over or toss about, and still keep the blankets over the restless little sleeper. Night drawers are thought objectionable because the limbs should furnish warmth to each other. Long, narrow night with long lined sleeves. Then if the little bed is furnished with soft flannel sheets, there need be no fears that the baby will sleep uncomfortably. For older children the bed coverings should be so thoroughly tucked under the mattress at the foot that they will not become loosened or else be secured with clasp-pins. Lay the sheet in such a manner that a quarter of a yard may be turned back over the blankets to keep them places at the top and sides, and if pos-sible fasten to the mattrass at one of the

them pleasantness and repose. In dress she knows the value of details, and the art of cunningly bringing out the loveliness of character of her appearance. There is ever about her some-thing like a haze of delightful them. negative qualities; thus she elicits the

positive qualities of those who approach her; they put forth all their powers to please, and credit their own agreeability having an unstudied grace, exquisite in little things, and skilled in all the

to her. The fascinating woman is, as a rule, heartless, but she has a thousand pretty ways-feline and caressing. She is very good tempered, and always in-tensely feminine; winsome in manner,

A fascinating woman is not over-burdened with the solid virtues. She is created to please, and fulfills her mission. Her certain spell is the witchery of simplicity, and betrayal of design