MRS. J.'S FROM TOWN.

Oh, Jones will now in freedom stray, From sundown unto dawn, And with the boys at poker play Till his last dollar is gone-Mrs. J. is out of town,

For three good months in fancy free, He'll go it with the boys. No longer troubled with latch key, Or with the dread of noise, Mrs. J. is out of town.

He'll wander home for night galore, As full as any tick, And recklessly in corners four His Oxford ties he'll kick, Mrs. J. is out of town.

He'll have his cocktails served in bed. In bed he'll smoke also, For time or tide won't care a red, But say, "Old boy, you know," Mrs. J. is out of town.

And so the summer time will pass And Jones will have his fling; But there is, and to say, alas ! An end to ever thing: Mrs. J. comes back to town.

An I Jones is once more meek and talld, As husbands ought to be For in the summer only wild Is this old boy you see, When Mrs. J.'s from town

And little knows his better half Of half her husband's sin, Or how he gives her quite the laugh, And flings about the tin, When she is out of town.

Now, gay grass widows by the sea And near the mountain cleft, Remember that if you are free Your hubby don't get left, When you are out of town.

#### The War President's Wife.

Mary Lincoln was the daughter of Hon. Robert Todd, of Lexington, Ky., and married the illustrious martyr Pres ident November 4th, 1842, in Springfield, 111. She was one of four sisters, and was a woman of unusual talents, accomplishments and ambition. When as Miss Mary Todd she became known in the capital city of Illinois, she attracted attention as one of the leading belles, and also acquired not a little notoriety through her satirical articles written for the local press. One of these articles, holding up General James Shields to ridicule, almost led to a duel between Shields and Lincoln. The offensive publication was made under a fictitious signature, and when Shields demanded the name of the author the editor gave that of Lincoln, who was thereupou chal-longed by Shields. The parties went to Missouri to fight with broadswords, but after considerable negotiation the seconds and friends succeeded in settling the difficulty and preventing the hostile meeting. This incident oc-curred a few months before the marriage of Mr. Lincoln and Miss Todd

The death of the widow of the lamented President opens to public attention the history of young Lincoln's singular and romantic love affairs. It appears that his first strong attachment was for a Miss Ann Rutledge, who was one of the famous South Carolina Rutledge family. She had a lover named McNeil, who, however, passed under the name of McNamar. He deserted her, leaving the State and never redeeming his promise to return and marry her. Under this disappointment she pined and died of grief. It is uncertain what place oung Lincoln filled in her feelings, but he was inconsolable upon her death. For several weeks he was almost insane, and was taken by his friends to a secluded retreat, where he could receive the kindest care and attention and at the same time be screened from observation. A Miss Mary Owens is mentioned as Lincoln's next flame, but neither she nor any other woman appears ever to have obtained such a mastery of his feelings as did Miss Rutledge. Miss Todd is described as a young woman of great personal attractions, witty, brilliant, of high and imperious temper, and cherishing much personal and family pride. One of her suitors was phen A. Douglas; and being once asked which of the two, Lincoln or Douglas, she intended to have, it is said she replied: "The one who has the best chance of becoming President." According to another story, she said she refused Douglas on account of "his bad habits." It is said that her conquest of Lincoln was a case of "love at first sight," but if so, his feelings subsequently underwent singular elternations, for before the long delayed marriage took place we find him attached to Miss Matilda Edwards, a sister of Hon. Ninian W. Edwards, of Springfield, who had married one of Miss Todd's sisters, and with whom she resided in Springfield. The match between Lincoln and Miss Todd was desired by the Edwards, while one with Miss Edwards was opposed by them. Lincoln, like an honorable man, informed Miss Todd of his changed feelings, and was by her released from his engagement. In this situation his mind was prey to doubts and troubles, and we again find him in such a condition that he was removed by his friends. He wasent to stay with kind friends in Kentucky, and at this period his alienation was so great, according to Ward H. Lamon, author of the well-known "Life of the President," that his selfdestruction was feared. Knives, razors, stc., were removed from his reach, and every precaution adopted to see he wrought himself no harm. He con tributed some verses to the Sangamon Journal, entitled "Suicide," which were afterward well cemembered. A stay of six months or so in the Kentucky retreat restored Lincoln to his normal state of mind, and he returned to his home. Soon after, according to the Edwardses. he began to have secret meetings at the house of a friend with Miss Todd, and the marriage finally occurred very suddealy-upon an announcement of only a few hours. According to another vorsion, and the one Mr. Lamon seems to prefer, the match was entirely made by the Edwardses, who dragged Lincoln into it. One of his friends says he even looked like a man going to an execution rather than a wedding. But it is painful and unnecessary to dwell upon these Mrs. Lincoln seems during the earlier years of her n arried life to have excited me of those feelings of hostility which afterward attached to her as the wife of ident, for when Lincoln became a candidate for Congress soon after his marriage, he was charged with being an trat" and with having deserted his old friends, the people, by marrying a proud and ambitious woman. But

### she was in many respects such a wife as Lincoln needed to help him forward in his career. She possessed the social talents in which he was so conspicuously deficient, and no doubt contributed more than is generally believed to his success. A single instance of her acuteness of judgment may be mentioned. During Lincoln's absence from Springfield he was made one of the candidates of his party for member of the Legislature. At the same time he intended to come fore the Legislature as a candidate for United States Senator. Knowing this, Mrs. Lincoln had his name stricken out of the published list of candidates in the newspapers, but when Lincoln came home he suffered himself to be per-

suaded to have it reinserted, strongly against his wife's judgment. His party obtained a majority in the legislature, and when the contest came to be made for senator, Lincoln found his position was forced to resign-a tardy acknowledgment of his wife's superior foresight. As already said, Mrs. Lincoln excited some enmity while mistress of the White House. It is probable, however, that this was due to the trying character of as a President's wife, and her social talents would not then have subjected her to the reproach of too great gaiety or frivolity. Some of her acts since Lincoln's death have also excited un-Some of her acts since to a charitable oblivion. " It is only a few crease of the pension which was settled very showy. upon her soon after her husband's death. "I like to come home to a house like

## Love Marred by Breeches.

"I had rather an amusing love affair myself in Texas, which i should like to tell you, if you do not feel bored with my long anecdote," said the New York "I was man, throwing away his cigar. staying at a ranche on the Rio Grande, and fell in love or thought I had fallen in love, with a beautiful little damsel who resided with her father at a hacien da twenty miles away. I was the pos sessor of a new pair of buckskin breeches which I had purchased in New Orleans, morning I put them on. They fitted perfectedly, and I was so delighted with the appearance of my nether limbs, that I determined to pay a visit to Donna Isabella. When half way on my ride, it began to rain in torrents and my breeches began to stretch, and the stretching continued until they hung half a dozen inches below my boot heels.

I arrived in the young lady's presence in rather a worse looking condition than that of the drowned rat. However, she received me kindly and conducted me to the kitchen, where a might make hi roaring fire was blazing. I sat talking to turned home. her while my clothes were drying, and was too much occupied to think about my new breeches, when my love making was cut short by the announcement of supper. I gave my arm to the donna and entered the next room. We were greeted with shouts of laughter from a large company of men and women who were seated at the table. I glanced downward and my eyes fell on the cause of their mirth. My breeches had shrunk with the heat until they had rolled above my knees, leaving a wide space of bare flesh between them and my socks. A love for the asthetic did not flourish in those days, at least not in Mexico, and I was glad to hide my legs under the table, and for the rest of the evening I wrapped a mantilla round my limbs. I was too uncomfortable to resume my love making to Isabella, besides, she laughed whenever she looked at me. I slept there that night in a room on the ground floor overlooking a wide meadow. Thinking the fresh air would restore my breeches to their normal condition, I took them off and spread them on the grass, and then jumped back through the window and went to bed. In the morning I arose early and looked for the cherished garments A dreadful sight met my gaze. Two cows were contentedly breakfasting off them, and only a portion of the seat and the band with the buttons remained. I did not know what to do, and lay in bed waiting for the appearance of one of the inhabitants of the house. Presently Isabel's father went past my window. I hailed him and told him my plight. He laughed and said he would fetch me a pair of his trousers. Now I am tall and spare; my Mexican host was short and enormously fat; the trousers he produced me were patched in every direction with cloth of divers colors. Imagine my appearance when I put them on. The rest of the house had been told of my misfortune, so that when I left the room I found all the men and girls in the place, including Isabella, awaiting my debut. I shall never forget the wild yells of laughter which greeted me, and it struck me that Isabella laughed louder than the rest. I made a rush for the stable, hastily suddled my horse, and without a word of farewell role off as hard as I could. I never went to see Isabella again. Nothing kills love so badly as ridicule." HOW SILVER ALWAYS DRIVES GOLD OUT. The shipment of gold for Italian account, which still continue in a small way in spite of an adverse rate of exchange, remind one of what happened when we were p eparing to resume specie payments, and also when the balance of trade was greatly in our favor. England at these times managed to force France and Germany to send us the gold we needed. Now she forces us to send what Italy needs But it is our own fault that we by be-n put in this position. If we had not ulaced an embargo upon silver by a which retains it in loge, we should have this country for co settled the bain any by selling out that metal and uing the gold -Biston Adver -r MRS STOWES DADGUTEB, -At the re-Mrs. Stowe, the cent gamin h Rev. H F A or of the Florence poem written by street chur .... his wife, Mrdaughter, entitled, "To as Birthday" It cas n her Seventieth conliarly interesting from its com rought being that of Mrs Sluwe's enviction that in in instrument in in her workhe first stanza of the hands of G Mrs. Al en a par

# MRA. SMITHER'S INFATUATIOM.

To make home beautiful is a duty. Mrs. Smithers had always felt it to be so. She had, therefore, knit tidies, embroidered lamp-rugs, worked paper racks and ta-ble clothes and filled the honse with little womanly kick knacks. Her husband, Mr. Smither, was a solid, respectable man, who had made money in trade, and could afford to spend it. He had no artistic taste and scarcely ever opened a book, except, perhaps, the bible Sunday afternoon. It was an old habit his mother had taught him, and he generally got half through the psalm, he selected before he fell as leep. He could not have told you the differ ence between the masterpiece of a great artist and an auction 'pot boiler," but he had, from dealing in goods a long while, acquired a certain appreciation of color in upholstery and carpets, and he liked to see things handsome about him. as a member so embarrassing that he The house was full of soft, well-stuffed, puffy chairs and sofas, with comfortable seats; there were beds into which one sank into a downy paradise, a splendid steam-heater kept up a summer like temperature all winter. The dining room table, with its big claw feet, was hos the times. In a season of peace there is pitally personified; the side board, with reason to believe she would have shone curly carvings, held nice, round silver water pitchers, tea pots and jugs. On the mantle piece were the orthodox clocks, vases and bronzes. There were heavy cornices above the window curtains, and they looped back with massive friendly comment, but these can be left cords and tasels. All were perfectionat least its owner thought it to be so; cer months since Congress voted her an in- tainly it wascomfortable and costly, and

this," Mr. Smithers used to remark, rubbing his hands, and standing before the fire. "There is no nonsense about this.'

So. Mrs. Smithers thought herself, un til she went one morning to an amateur lecture on "Laste on Furnishing.

When the speaker, a red-haired young lady in a purple dress, without a wrinkle, like a pre-Raphaelite figure, had finished her lecture, of which not one word was original, poor Mrs. Smithers was in despair. Taste was evidently comething she knew nothing about. She had been proud of her home; now she but had hitherto never worn. One felt that she should be ashamed to let this purple young lady enter its doors. How many things were there wrong there-her carpets, her curtains, her doors, her mantle-pieces, her very Oh! if Mr. Smithers had but chairs. been there! What would he have said? But Mr. Smithers was always traveling on business. He would be gone a long time; would be learn while away that this house was all wrong? He might. Then it came like an inspiration to poor Mrs. Smithers that, as her dear husband never was "mean about money," she might make his house right before he re-

> Mrs. Smithers, though she prided herself on good taste, was not a literary wo-man, and fancied that the Terence Shook so often alluded to was some upholsterer. Probably the purple young lady hac her own house furnished and arranged by him.

Mrs. Smithers, on going home, looked in vain for this famous unholsterer in the directory. Finally, she ventured to ask a better informed friend, who Terrance Shook was, and where his a charnel-house; but I wouldn't mind "Earthly Paradise," that the pur-that, if she was all right in her mind, ple young lady had spoken of, could be

came ! Don't you think the dado is ele-

gant ? "What's that ?" asked Mr. Smithers, in a queer tone, speaking softly, as he might to a baby. "The border around the room, you

know," said Mrs. Smithers. "Um !" groaned Mr. Smithers, have thought it was a dido.

where're the mantel-pieces ?' "Down cellar," replied Mrs. Smithers, with the doors.

"Oh !" groaned Mr. Smithers, "how hard these chairs are! I must walk

"No, I stored them," said Mrs. Smithers.

After that the married pair walked about the house and looked at the improvements; but Mr. Smithers never smiled.

"Don't you like it, my dear ?" asked Mrs Smithers, tremblingly. "Very nice ! very nice !" said

Mr. Smithers, in a soothing tone.

"I'm sure it must be perfect," said Mrs. Smithers. "I've acted on Terence Shook's advice all the while."

"Eh ?" cried Mr. Smithers, sharply. Then he added: "Don't get excited, my dear. Go to bed quietly and take a good rest, and you'll feel better to morrow. "I'm sure I'm very well, indeed, Jere-

miah," said Mrs. Smithers.

"But you are tired, you know-tired,' said Mr. Smithers. • "Go to bed-there" a dear. I'll send Faunie up with you. "Why should the chambermaid go up

stairs with me?" cried Mrs. Smithers, beginning to feel mysteriously terrified. "She shan t, then," said Mr. Smithers. 'No, she shan't, Kitty."

Then he himself accompanied Mrs. Smithers to her compartment; saw that she retired, tied a handkerchief wet with spirits of camphor about her head, and left her to herself. Poor Mrs. Smithers was afraid to resist, fearing that her husband might be insane enough to be dangerous. She lay staring into the darkness in the greatest misery of mind, not knowing what her husband might take into his head next. Meanwhile that gentleman had rushed in haste to the family doctor.

"Doctor," he said, sitting down in the physician's study, "I've got a terrible thing to tell you. When I went away from home I left my dear little wife as well as I could wish, in as snug a house as woman need have-but you know my house, doctor. I come home to night and find the poor soul quite out of her mind -quite out of her mind, doctor. She's packed off all comfortable things, I don't know where; had the doors and mantelpieces taken down cellar, and hung my horse-blankets on rings; sent away the carpets, and rubbed up the floors and scattered about a few fuzzy rugs. She won't have the heater or the gas; and there's a log of wood on some of my grandmother's old brass andirons, and a few candles perched here and there. And she's taken down the family portraits, and hung up pictures of long-legged birds; and she's stuck plates and bowls and cups and satteers all over the wall somehow; and the place is full of the queerest old spindle-legged things, chairs that make you say Ouch! when you sit down en 'em,and tables you can't get your legs under. The place is like a charnel-house; but I wouldn't mind

A Story of Russian Liscipline.

One need not be surprised at anything One need not be attraction. The other even-that happens in Russia. The other even-ing while smoking a cigar with one of the Khedive gives an audience to a Ma my old friends, who has seen, read and traveled a great deal, I was told of an incident that occurred some forty years Well, ago at Novgorod, quite as sinister as that which recently occurred at Smargon. The colonel of a certain Russian regi-

ment ferociously tyrannical and I may say merciless toward his soldiers, was in the habit of treating this human flock about to rest myself a little. Are the like a pack of brutes. He disciplined chairs and sofa down cellar too?" pings for having one button insuffi-ciently polished; whipping a non-com-missioned officer for the stain on his cloak; striking veterans of Barodino in cloak; striking votentian too slowly; sending Arabi Bey delying his authority, Teven poor wretches to Siberia for giving too

> lapse of years this colonel had made himself so detested by his men that he reaped a frightful vengeance from seeds of hatred he had sown. One morning during parade he sud-

denly saw file off from the regiment, a muskets, those long rods which cut deeply into the flesh at every blow. Nevertheless, he had given no orders!

There was no soldier to chastise.

'Who is that for?" he demanded. A grenadier advanced from the ranks and replied with terrible coolness:

"For thee!"

The entire regiment, non-commissioned officers and soldiers, were in the plot. The whole regiment was present at the terrible spectacle. The colonel was seized, his uniform torn off, he was tied down before the ranks of the grenadiers, armed with rods, all of whom struck and insulted him.

The officers who attempted to aid their colonel was immediately seized and bayonets pointed to their throats. Some were taken away; others garroted. Only one soldier attempted to take part with them. Then a sergeant, still pahid from the effects of his last whipping with the knout, put his musket to the soldier's temple and blew his brains out. And all the regiment saw its colonel

pass under the rods.

When it was all over they opened a kiln oven. The colonel was flung into it, all bleeding, together with the officers who obeyed him. And when the furnace was well fed, the soldiers heated it slowly and slowly-until at last that hideous, heavy and revolting smell of burning flesh arose in the air, which the to work. The simplicity of nature w savages of the Russian frontier inhaled some days ago at a Jewish cemetery at Smargon.

An imperial courier bore to the Czar the news of the mutiny. Nicholas listened, became white, but said nothing, except to order four vatteries of artilery to Novgorod. Ten days after a white haired and gray-moustached major-general, accompanied by a single aide-decamp, knocked at the door of the barracks which the soldiers had never left since the murder of their chiefs.

The general gazed coldly on those pale men; all neatly and faultlessly uniformed, who gave him the military sainte.

Not one reproach-not one uscless word. He only said to them:

"At six o'clock to morrow morning the regiment will assemble in undress and the immediate stoppage of the vess uniform and without arms at the Tartar | when they are suddenly opened is a cershe did it by the advice of some fellow camp, upon the Little Square. Order of the Czar." or other? that' a mental delusion, ain't Not one voice replied. But the next day upon the varrow square, all in ranks without arms, in their long gray coats, their sergeants at their usual posts, all the mutinous soldiers were there, in plied with "fins" of an area of 500 fest, lines regular as if adjusted to a string, with a double line of lance-bearing Cossacks before and behind. Then all at once, from every far spire, all the great that no jarring or shock 18 ex-"Smithers, my dear friend," he said, bells began to toll. The Cossack horsemen withdrew. Only the unarmed infantry remained upon the square, with The water being a yielding body, acts as a folded arms, waiting. Then there came spring or cushion. For foggy weather a long, low roll of drums, and with it or darkness, a self acting guard is rigged from all the avenues leading into the out at the bow of the vessel, and should square came volleys of grape-like iron hail. Then nothing was heard awhile, but the thunder of the cannon in that city, otherwise silent as a cemetery when the men, women and children, knee'ing be-There will be no relapse. fore their holy images, were praying for the soldiers they were shooting down in the square. And during an interval in the canonade, a hymn rolled up from the square; for the soldiers were dying with "At once," said the doctor. the prayers of their childhood upon their lips. The cannon thundered for hours. He went. Poor Mrs. Smithers lay sob Then all was silent. Powder and iron rested awhile. The cannoneers entered the square and recoiled at the sight of "Oh, doctor," she sobbed, "I am so those ranks of men mown down like wheat. From under the dead they pulled out a few still breathing victims, able to live awhile.

rious. The Hanem Emench feared rival. It was she who would reign, a she was an Anglo-maniac. Her dem ister or foreign Consul the Hanem Eng neh is posted behind a screen of carre wood, where she hears and sees, but n mains invisible. One day a conversion between the French Comptrolls and Tewfik was suddenly interrupted by an altercation behind the screen. Th disputants were Emerch and h mother-in law, who is jealous of her is fluence, and is a superstitions, tempered old woman, who thinks that i was by the virtues of her incantation Ismail was disposed.

With his favorite wife and motherin law quarreling behind the screen, a is in a bad way. And when in addin free an answer. In short during the to all this it is known that Arabi himse was incited to revolt by his own favori wife, who had taken a feminine plan against Emench because the latter pa-ferred the society of her English friets to that of Mrs. Arabi, it will appear the denly saw file off from the regiment, a the sex is capable of making a good deal company of soldiers bearing, instead of of trouble, even under Moslem bondars

A Ship Brake.

An apparatus has been invented, th introduction of which, it is claimed, will prevent any further appalling disaster caused by the collision of vessels in riv ers, channels and at sea. John Me Adams, of Boston, has perfected an arrangement which he asserts will bring any vessel, however large and fast steam ing, to a dead stop in from one to te feet, and will hold her steady as a rock with full steam on. This invention h terms a "ship brake," and attached t this novel contrivance is a self-acting ar pliance which during dark nights, this or foggy weather, will render impossibl in his opinion, any collision with floating bodies, such as boats, ships, icebergs, or with submerged bodies in the shape a mud banks, shoals, rocks or piers. The patentee, who is an experienced machin ist and inventor, conceived the idea of insuring the safety of steaming vessels immediately after the Narragansett and Stonington disaster on Long Island Sound, the thrilling details of which caused such a horror at the time of in occurrence. A sister of Mr. McAdams happened to be aboard of one of the illfated vessels, and it was while listening to the recounting of her terrible experience that he determined to set his mini his guide, a fish being the subject he chose to work upon. He built "fins" for his ship, but placed them at the rear instead of on the side of the ship's body.

and kept on experimenting until assured that the desired object was attained.

The construction of the device is very simple, and consists of a pair of iron shutters or "fins," hinged one on each side of the stern-post of a vessel, and shutting close to its sides from the stem post forward. The "fins" are kept tightly closed by a simple apparatus on deck which is connected with the pilot house and when "let go," the stays connected with the "fins" allow them to open at right angles with the ship, bringing it at once to a stand-still, and holding it fast as if anchored. The area of the "fins" i in direct ratio with the size of the ship, tainty. "Fins" much larger than m needed may be fitted to all vessels without looking out of proportion to the size of the ship. For example, a vessel requiring "fins" with a superficial area of 100 square feet to stop it, could be sapand they would not look large or dispro portionate to the ship. When the "fins' are released the experiment proves perienced, such as is felt on a rail road when the brakes are applied. it meet with any rigid body in the path of the ship, when touched it at once re-leases the "fins" and stops the vessel before it can reach the obstruction, without any movement or direction on the part of the pilot or navigating officer. When closed the fins follow the outline of the vessel, and being flush with the sides can in no way diminish its speed. The inventor's first experiment was made with a 371%-foot fast steam yacht, to which was fastened a pair of "fins" 4 feet by 21 feet wide. The power proved to be st least twice as much as was needed to stop the vessel instantly when at full speed. A second trial demonstrated this fact when only one was used. The space traveled after the brake was applied was so small that it could not be discerned by persons watching the experiment from

A shild ean Just we m io earth . 3350, And round : White Treas ne angels trod, 1.11 inent a be play a hand of God."

found

Having received the revelation that the "Earthly Paradise" was a book, and it?' in this the sayings so often quoted were to be found, Mrs. Smithers at once procured it of a bookseller and sat down to study it.

The result was such a house cleaning as the world never saw before. Various strange men and women, all the servants, and Mrs. Smithers herself, toiled from morning until night for six weeks, and at length, on the very eve of her husband's return, Mrs. Smithers, delighted with her success, went through her home and declared it perfect.

And now a carriage drives up to the door. Mrs. Smithers flies down stairs, and in a moment quite vanishes in the recesses of an enormous ulster. - A. trunk is bumped into the hall, a portmanteau follows; the door bangs, and Mr. Smithers looks about for his hat rack with big mirror, round knob and solid umbrelia stand. A long, thin table with a rail at each end, meets the eye instead, flanked on either side by a rigid chair with a marble seat and murble slabs let into the bottom. The whole aspect of the house was altered. The heavy carpets and broad, silvered rods are taken up from hall and staircase. There is no sign of the register in the polished oaken floor. The heavy wainut banisters are gone, and replaced by spindly oak rails, each one conspicuously fastened by a brass rivet.

"What's the matter? Had a fire?" asken the bewildered gentleman. He doesn't look very much pleased; but Mrs. Smithers is confident of the effect of the parlor She glides forward and draws back the "portiers." There is no door now.

"You didn't tell me anything had happened," says Mr. Smithers. "Well, you shall have it fixed up nicely again. What was it? Furnace fines, evidently -the furnace isn't going. All your pretty carpets, too?" and he glanced down at the expanse of polished oak, relieved by Turkish rugs, and stops before the mantel piece. When he last saw it, it was marble, carved elaborately. Now it was replaced by one of oak, which ran up to the ceiling in a series of shelves, interspersed with small looking-glasses. The portraits of Mr. Smithers' jolly old papa and prime-looking mamma, which, in massive gold frames, had filled either recess, had been banished. The portraits of the King and Queen of storks, on long panels, in inch-wide frames of oak and gold, filled their places. This was too much for Mr. Smithers. He fell into a long legged Eastern chair which stood before a small wood fire, perched upon tall, brass andirons, and took out his pocket handkerchief.

"I wouldn't have parted with pa and ma's pictures, now they are getting so old, for any money," said he. Tell me all about it, sis."

tire, but I found out that we were fur-by the young was a grave and increasing uished all wrong -no taste shown at all, evil, and that the effects . f it upon them you know-I went to a lecture, and were destructive both to mind and body. I really felt ashamed, and how I've He was convinced that the need for the worked to get things perfect before you society was large and real.

The doctor looked at his friend with a solemn countenance, but his soul was full of fun. He knew very well what little Mrs. Smithers had been doing to her house, and why she did it, and quite understood the effect it had produced upon his spouse.

solemnly, "don't be alarmed. It's an epidemic; half the women in the city have it. Your wife will recover. Take my advice. Send her into the country for a week, and put your old things back into the house, You can sell the new ones at auction very readily. Let Mrs. S., as I have said, visit your mother the while. When she come s back she'll see everything all right again, and all will be well. Don't talk to her about it.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Smithers, "] hope you are right. And you'll go over and see Kitty? I've put her to bed and tied her head up. You'll go this evening doctor."

bing in her spindle-legged bed, with the handkerchief still about her brows.

thankful you've come; Jeremiah has returned home in such a strange condition. I am afraid his mind is affected. He would have me go to bed at once, as you see. Did he send for you? There was

nothing the matter with me until he nearly frightened me to death." "I've seen your husband, ma'am," said

the doctor, solemnly. "He'll be all right in a few days. It was the shock of seeing things changed so about him-that was all. Do exactly as he bids you, and everything will be well again."

Mrs. Smithers promised and obeyed, and went mildly away to visit Jeremish's mother in the country, on the following day. As soon as she was gone, the anxious husband packed off all the expensive purchases to the auction rooms, where they created quite a "furore," and brought more than they cost, restored his door and mantel-pieces, hunted up his old furniture, re-hung his gas fixtures and set his heater to work, and then went to bring his wife home. He watched the effect of her entrance into her home with anxiety, but all Mrs. Smithers said was:

"How comfortable!"

"I thought you'd think so," sighed he, wonderfully relieved.

He has never quite understood the matter yet; but Mrs. Smithers does.

JUVENILE SMOKING .- In London has been founded a national society for the suppression of juvenile smoking. One of the leaders in the movement is the eminent testotaler, Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson. Letters in ap-Letters in approval of the society's aims were read from the Earl of Aberdeen. "Oh, the pictures are quite safe, Jere-miah," said Mrs. Smithers. "They're in the bedroom. There hasn't been any Dr. Bichardson said the use of tobacco

"What shall be done with them, General, shall we put them in the hospital?"

"Put them under the knout !"

# The Influence of Women in Egypt.

The strong-minded sisters, who are fond of asking the question whether those who disagree with them would not like to see the women of America subjected to the Moslem style of bondage, would do well to study the domestic relations of the present Khedive of Egypt, Tewfik Pashs. Tewfik has been running his government under feminine inspiration until he has run it in the ground, or, more properly, the sand, which answers that purpose in Egypt. Tewfik is the son of a slave, and his father, Ismail in changing the order of succession, never intended that he should be the heir. The ex-Khedive gave the place of legitimate spouse to another woman who is now staying with him in Naples. Ismail intended to establish the Napoleonic distinction be tween a civil and a "royal family. He was encouraged to hope that he might purchase the right to do so from the late Sultan. But when Abdul Asix found there was no more money to be extracted from the Khedive, and learned that Fewfik was easy tempted and very ig norant, he insisted upon his right primogeniture being respected. Only a by a collision with rocks. Ont of ffy few intriguing friends who had secretly backed his luck when fsmail was at Cairo, knew that he was not so ignorant as he made believe. One of them was Signor Martino, the cousin of his Italian friend, and now his private secretary.

Tewfik was supposed to be in the hands of Martino. This was an error. He had a very clever wife and was uxo- have.

the shore. To ascertain what sized fins would be

required to stop a certain steamship of 1400 tons measurement, a raft or float was constructed to carry a pair of fins in position without fixing them to a vessel The float and fins were towed out by a powerful tugboat, being attached thereto by a new six inch Manila hawser. When the tugboat was going at full speed, with full steam on, the fins were released, and the effect was to snap the hawser like a piece of thread, making a report likes cannos. The fins remained firm. The breaking strain of a six-inch hawser is said to be 27,000 pounds. The fins used on this occasion were each 9x8 feet, or together an area of 144 square feet. When they were tried with the 1409 ton vessel, they proved to be abundantly large, stopping the ship instantly, and holding her fast against all her power within a less distance than five feet.

In the opinion of the inventor a col lision like that of the Stonington and Narragansett could have been averted if the steamers had been provided with brakes. The Stonington-the colliding vessel-had several minutes in which to The same number of seconds stop. The same number of with the would have been sufficient with the brake to bring her to a standstill. Another case in point was that of the steamship Bohemian, which was wrecked on the southern point of Mizzen Head, seven on board thirty five perished, including the officers. One of the sur vivors stated in evidence that he was on the look-out and gave warning "breakers ahead" ten minutes before the steamer struck .- (N. Y. Herald.

You can have what you like in this world, if you will but like what you