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MARTHA MARBLEHEAD: The Maid and Matron of Chehalis.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY, AUTHOR OF "FREDERICK REID," "ELLEN DOWD," "AMIE AND HEVY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "HON. WOMAN'S SPIRIT," "MADGE MORRISON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

Major Marblehead was the hardest man in Galestown. He was hard in his bargains, hard in his religion, hard in his family, and equally hard upon himself.

Major Marblehead was a conscientious man—a religionist of the straight-jacket order, who was as equally determined to compel everybody else to see through his peculiar creedal spectacles as he was rigid in requiring himself to look through no others.

Why John Marblehead had earned and carried the sobriquet of Major, nobody in Galestown could conjecture. He had been a deacon of the devoutest order of old-line Baptists for half a century, and so fixed was he in his religious tenets that he would not have scrupled to burn a Serretus at the stake for holding a contrary opinion to his own, had the laws of the country permitted, any more than he failed to scruple, at every meeting of the board, to sit in judgment upon the real or fancied sinners that offered themselves as a candidate for immersion within the pale of the little church of which he was the acknowledged head.

There was a revival in Galestown, and its exciting waves had reached the shores and rippled in the hearts of all the young people of all the churches.

Major Marblehead was fuller than usual of the divine afflatus. He sang with more than accustomedunction the fear-inspiring words, "Sinner, hell is deep and yawning, Queechless fires are raging there; Not one beam of hope is dawning, On those regions of despair."

The Major was not an average success in the musical line, and the air, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which he attempted to twist into such a shape as to compel it to accommodate itself to the meter of the lines quoted, was so obstinate as to construe his attempts at harmony into a sort of sonorous failure, which made the young people titter during service, and caused more than one applicant for salvation to be refused admission to the church because of his levity over so awfully solemn a reality as the good Major's Gebenna, whither, according to his devout understanding, they were all tending, except they should walk the straight and narrow path to which he held the only authorized entrance in Galestown.

It was a marvel to some of the more incredulous as to how he could reconcile it to his conscience to condemn so many aspirants to immortality to the "broader road that leads to death," but certain it was that he did thus sit in judgment upon quite a number during the progress of the revival, among them being a prominent young lawyer of the town, whom everybody suspected of cherishing matrimonial intentions toward the Major's dignified and intelligent daughter.

Henry Kingston Greensborough, whom everybody called King, and generally failed to remember that he had another cognomen, was the greatest "catch" in Galestown. He had fallen heir to the Kingston estate upon the death of his maternal grandfather, an estate of broad acres and magnificent elms that skirted the classic village, and overlooked, from its square, second-story windows, the pretentious country college, of which the great West boasts so many. It had long been shrewdly suspected by the village folk that Kingston Greensborough would marry Martha Marblehead.

Conspicuous among the first array of new converts were King and Martha. Both attended regularly upon the ministrations of Major Marblehead's church, the latter because she would have considered it sacrilege to do otherwise, and the former because his inclination prompted him to go where the latter went.

Religious fervor was at an unusual height when the young couple received the "blessing." If the joy in heaven over repentant sinners could have been measured by the joy on earth on that occasion, there would have been no lack

of celestial rejoicing, for everybody had looked upon King Greensborough as an incorrigible unbeliever, until he suddenly became a convert. Latterly he had been going occasionally to the Methodist Church, where a new preacher had been installed, whose eloquence Martha deeply longed to hear, but the stern will of her iron-sided father forbade it, thereby rendering her lonely and sorrowful, for Martha was secretly and earnestly in love with King, and she desired most of all to go whithersoever he went, and that his God might bless, even as was the God of Boaz the God of Ruth.

It was Sunday night. The big church with the new preacher was filled to overflowing, and Martha sat demurely beside her mother listening nervously to the sonorous inharmonies that the Major mistook for singing as it rolled from his rasped and rasping throat, when suddenly the maiden's heart began a wilder beating as she saw her soul's ideal step majestically down the aisle and take his seat among the scattered audience.

"What has brought King over from the big church?" whispered Mrs. Marblehead, whereat Martha was taken with a sudden fit of inattention and pretended not to hear.

"I thought so sensible a young man would prove to be one of the elect," resumed the good dame, who spoke in a whisper, for she generally obeyed the injunction of Paul to listen in silence, with all subjection, and if she would learn anything, to ask her husband at home.

This implicit reliance upon her legal head was a source of constant security to Mrs. Marblehead. Not that she was destitute of will power, logic, or intuition of her own, but she had so long held these inherent gifts in abeyance to the law of her husband, that both of them would have looked for an immediate opening of the yawning gulf to swallow her into the queechless fires of eternity if she had dared to use those gifts for an instant, except in conformity with the expressed injunction of the head of the woman, who (the head) was so much unlike the Prototype that he never once thought of laying aside so much as a pet prejudice to please her.

As to laying down his life for her sake—nonsense! He never read any other Scriptures than those suiting his creed, and he did not remember that there were any such allusions in the New Testament.

Kingston Greensborough entered one of the high-backed pews and seated himself where he could obtain an uninterrupted view of Martha's blushing glances. Love needs no interpreter except its own instinct, and revival meetings are Copli's harvest seasons.

Now, good orthodox reader, don't get shocked, and refuse to follow this o'er true narrative further because I have dared to assert a philosophical fact. I need not thus admonish you, however, for no matter how much you may object to this plain expression of the truth, away down in your heart of hearts you will assent to it as fact, and in assenting, will unwittingly philosophize.

Time was when it was considered blasphemous to account for any of the natural phenomena in any way connected with religion upon scientific principles. It is not more than thirty years since my grandmother, a marvel of piety and conscientiousness, took me most severely to task for having learned in school, and presumed to repeat in her hearing, the fact that the reflection of the sunlight upon the clouds from the falling drops of water formed the rainbow.

"God made the rainbow," she said, "and placed it in the heavens as a sign that there should never be another flood; and it was not for us to fathom the unknowable by ascertaining how He did it."

You may smile at her simplicity, reader, but not more verdant was she than are you if you would make yourself believe there is no natural philosophy in religion or revivals that leads to love and marriages.

Very solemn and very exciting had been the protracted services before King Greensborough entered the church, and now it was unfortunate that the reflection of the sunlight upon the clouds from the falling drops of water formed the rainbow.

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for him that he was happy in his new experience, and that Martha Marblehead's expressive eyes informed him that she was happy when he was near her.

Major Marblehead got through with the first stanza of his hymn with comparative smoothness, considering that the meter and the tune failed to agree, but he choked on the second stanza, and then fairly broke down.

It was rude and unbecoming for a young man in love with his daughter to laugh. Of course it was. But certainly it was none the less so for Martha to smile in return, and then, covered with confusion, seek to hide her mortification as best she could behind her hymn book.

Mrs. Marblehead, good soul, was as imperturbable as a discipline of forty years in dissembling could make her. The Major was angry. To look at him when angry, you would have felt an involuntary uprising of thankfulness that he was not Jehovah, empowered with authority to cast you into the "queechless fires" of which he sang. But the regular exercises were soon over, and "opening the doors of the church" was next in order. Foremost among the candidates for admission were Kingston Greensborough and Martha Marblehead.

It is passing strange to note the great results that sometimes flow from little causes. I wish that young couple had not laughed. Or, if laugh they must, I wish they had not allowed the Major to see and hear them; for he it was upon whose *ipse dixit* rested the acceptance of every applicant for salvation within the pale of the Galestown Baptist church.

The two young converts ignominiously failed to give such evidence of a "change" as suited the Major, whereupon Kingston Greensborough went off and united with the "Methodists," as they were termed, and Martha would have given her right arm to follow if she had only dared.

The young couple had been studiously shy of each other from the moment that each had silently discovered the other's passion, and now that the church line was drawn between them, it was as though an insurmountable avalanche had fallen across their path.

Major Marblehead had nothing to do but to be religious. His income from the usury upon a few thousands he had accumulated early in life in a hard bargain he had driven with a distressed immigrant had more than sufficed to supply his niggardly ideas of necessity, and as for comforts, he was far too ascetic to accept them for himself or allow them in his family.

One night Martha, who seldom slept soundly any more, was startled by the sound of her mother's voice in weeping and entreaty. In all her life before she had never heard her gentle mother offer even so much as a mild dissent from her father's most absurd propositions, and the present unheard-of entreaty fairly terrified her.

She arose from her couch and crept stealthily to the door of her parents' room, for somehow she felt herself to be the theme of the conversation.

"I wouldn't make them unhappy, John, if I were you," said her mother, pleadingly. "Let them marry if they like. You know you always desired it till they laughed at your singing. Don't be unreasonable, please."

Mattie's heart beat hard. "What can the old folks mean?" she thought. "Surely King hasn't been asking for me, when he's never said a word to me about his love. I've only read it in his eyes."

She listened long enough to be satisfied that her father was determined to leave the home of her childhood for the far Pacific, and also to know that he was instigated to the change by a determination to prevent her marriage with her ideal King.

Morning found her with red eyes and highly-strung nerves. Her mother looked at her appealingly, but Martha glanced furtively away, and so avoided any intimation of the knowledge she had gained by eavesdropping, a mode of acquiring information of which, to do her justice, she was heartily ashamed.

"I must meet my King!" she declared to herself, over and over again.

But how was she to meet him? Should she dare to risk his contempt by making unaided advances? Remember, reader, that he had not spoken to her of love except with his pleading eyes, and then from across the meeting-house.

What a shame that the etiquette of human society makes it improper for a woman to make matrimonial overtures. Marriage means a great deal more to woman than to man. Upon her must rest the penalties that maternity imposes; upon her the weightiest responsibility that marriage brings. She loves more deeply, when mated at all, than man can; she is quicker to discern her proper mate than he. Then why the absurd prejudice against allowing her the initial step in wooing?

Let men, who have made woman a dependent creature, personally, legally, and financially, answer. "I do wonder if I can trust Gus?" thought Martha.

"Gus, will you do me a favor?" said Martha, suddenly.

She was standing by the sideboard, doing gentle battle with the dinner dishes, and she spoke in a low voice, to prevent overhearing from the next room.

"What now?" said Gus, grumbly. "Haven't you enough stove wood?" "Yes, brother. I wasn't thinking of that. But I want—I'd like—say, Gus, wouldn't you like to do something that father couldn't find out?"

"Blamed if I wouldn't!" answered the boy, on the alert in an instant for some kind of intrigue.

Good reader, you may try too hard to keep water from running down hill, and it will find means to force its way out and up. So you may try too hard to regulate the conduct of your children to your liking, and they will, for that very reason, become unduly rebellious.

Gus Marblehead did not undertake to disobey his father openly. He had tried once, and the marks of a cow-hide would go with him to his grave. But he was ready at any time to circumvent him by intrigue, and this his sister well knew.

"I've been a good sister to you always, haven't I, Gus?" "Yes; when you haven't been ugly about my whips and balls and sleds and kites being underfoot. And then, you plague me very often about stove wood; but takin' you altogether, you'll do. You've lied for me many a time about the toothache or earache to keep me from goin' to meetin'."

Anything I can do to pay you?" Martha blushed painfully. The remembrance of her former peccadilloes did not add much consolation to her present change of heart.

"Well, Gus, I want to send a note to King Greensborough. You won't tell?" "Of course I won't! And you're just bully!"

"O, Gus! Don't talk that way! Father—" "O, yes; I know he'd whip me if he heard, but you won't tell, for you daren't—else I'll tell something, too. What do you want me to take a note to King, for? Does he love you?" "She-se-se!"

But it was only the cat. "Father" had stretched himself in the sitting-room for his afternoon nap. He never could see why anybody should get tired of protracted meetings. "If people only had the love of God in their hearts," and then he would fall asleep, while his usury went on, and those who paid it tolled for the money.

"You see, Gus," and Martha spoke in a whisper now, "Father intends to go to Oregon as soon as spring opens. I heard him say so, last night, though he doesn't mean that you or I shall know it, yet awhile, and what do you think makes him want to go?" "To get more religion, maybe."

"No; it isn't that. He already thinks he has all there is of religion. You'll have to guess again."

"To get away from cold winters and hot summers. That's it, and I'm glad, by golly."

"Don't say naughty words, Gus, or I'll be obliged to tell father."

"And then I'll tell that you're writin' letters to King Greensborough."

Martha felt that Gus held the advantage. "What shall I do with the letter? I mean, how shall I manage to get it to him so father won't know?" asked the boy.

"I'll leave that to you, brother. A boy who has managed as many sharp tricks successfully as you have will hardly fail in this one?"

"Will you let me see the letter, Sis?" "Yes, Gussie. Go away now, please. I'll have it ready for you by supper time."

Once alone, in the seclusion of her ice-cold chamber, Martha's courage well-nigh forsook her.

"What will he think of me? and what will my mother say?" she asked herself over and over again.

position church, as he was pleased to style it, and his pretty daughter looked longingly from the depths of her home-made hood at the manly form of her lover as he hurried by the wind-swept way to church with his hand in the breast pocket that she knew contained her presumptuous missive.

No sooner had her letter gone beyond the possibility of recall than she would have given anything to have laid it back; and its reception must have struck King unpleasantly, she thought, else he would not have passed the little meeting-house without so much as a glance at her.

The meeting was over at last, and Martha was assisting her mother into the great sleigh when the crowd came pouring forth from the other church, among them Kingston Greensborough, who paused and greeted the women with a pleasant word. Major Marblehead would not look at the young man, and he capped the climax of authority by forbidding wife or daughter to ever speak to him again.

"How lucky that I'm a post office, Sis," said the precocious Gus, in a titivating whisper. "He hasn't commanded me not to write, you know."

The days and weeks hurried themselves into months, and finally everything was ready for the forthcoming journey across the continent.

Had the weather been pleasant, the young couple could have had opportunity to meet in the grove, or by the way side, or in a neighbor's garden; but the rigor of winter kept up its sternest realities till unusually late, and the breaking up of snow and ice that followed was even worse than the winter had been.

Now they were on the eve of departure and King was in despair. As he had been forbidden the house, he could not honorably present himself in Martha's presence, and he much disliked the idea of bringing a neighbor into his confidence.

A neighbor fell seriously ill, and Martha went to pay her farewell visit, when who should she meet but Kingston Greensborough.

"I felt that you must come, for I knew that I would see you," he exclaimed, while a subdued sorrow spoke in his tone, and a suspicious moisture dimmed his eyes.

"You'll forget me, King," said Martha, sadly.

"Forget you, oh, my Pearl!" he cried, grasping her hand, while the sick gripper in the adjoining room coughed loudly to prevent overhearing.

"Will you be mine when I come to claim you in your far-off home?" he asked, tremulously.

"Forever, my King," she whispered, half audibly.

Leave them alone, reader, if for but a moment. You and I have no business in their presence now.

A Sign of the Times.

Among the tokens which denote the progress and foretell the speedy triumph of equal rights is the following, clipped from the report of the New England Woman Suffrage Association:

Conspicuous among these signs is the effective manner in which women are assuming their rights wherever it is possible, quietly ignoring the clamor that is raised against them on the one hand, while, on the other hand, is the manly recognition of their real achievement. Miss Lavina Goodell, of Wisconsin, studies law, is admitted to the bar; she has a case which is appealed to the Supreme Court. Miss Goodell asks permission to follow her case into that court. Judge Ryan, of the Supreme Court, takes three months to make up his mind, and then renders a decision that a woman cannot practice law in any court in that State. When the next Legislature assembles, a petition is presented, signed by nearly every lawyer of Cook county, asking for the passage of a law by which a person shall be prohibited from the practice of law in any court in that State, on account of sex. Judge Ryan was very ill at the time. His friends said the passage of such a law would kill him. But the law was passed. The good result was, that women now have a legal right to the legal profession in Wisconsin, and the fact served as a tonic to cure Judge Ryan. Minnesota possesses a similar law. Miss Alta Hulet practiced law in Chicago, and when she died, the lawyers of that city and county, by a public meeting, recorded their esteem for her as a woman and as a lawyer, their regret at her early death, and, in a series of resolutions, published their recognition of the woman lawyer.

A petition from the women of Louisiana, containing the signatures of one thousand real estate owners and taxpayers, presented in the House of Representatives recently, inaugurates a new movement in Louisiana, viz: the equality of women before the law. For several weeks a number of the more prominent ladies of the city have been quietly organizing this new departure, and the leaders allege in their petition that fully one-half the real estate in Louisiana is owned by women and one-half of the revenues are of their contribution. But for the late hour in which the petition was presented, it was proposed to submit a bill requesting our Representatives in Congress to advocate a Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution for the benefit of women.—New Orleans Democrat.

An American traveler reproved an Irish cab-driver for belaboring his horse so constantly with the lash. "Pat was very good-natured about the matter. 'Why,' said the gentleman, 'we do not employ whips now-a-days at all in America.' 'So I've heard,' rejoined the driver, quietly; 'ye use revolvers'."

Personal Glimpses and Griefs.

A word with you, disheartened fellow-worker, upon whom, not unfrequently, drops the black, unwelcome cloud of tired, discouraging moods, in which you utter yourself unconsciously in that bitter, soul-sick cry of Hamlet: "O, that this too, too solid flesh, would melt, Thaw, and resolve itself into dew; Or, that the Everlasting had not fixed His canon 'gainst self-slaughter, O God! How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable Seem to me all the usages of this world!"

In these wretched, despairing seasons, if there be anything at all worth living and striving for, you fall absolutely to discern it. Just simply to creep through life and be forever rid of its burden of perplexities, its torture of hope deferred, its wearying weariness of unsatisfied longings—this, you feel, is all that you could ask or wish.

And while you sit in the vaporous shadow of these evil and unhappy humors, it is vain to look for any philosophical reflection, or profound utterance of wisdom and experience to touch you with any gleam of light or tender warmth of comfort; not until the overhanging cloud, rent by force of its own weight, scatters to the unknown realms of darkness whence it came, will you be able to take once more a rational view of life, and return with renewed hope and energy to the task that has fallen unfinished from your discouraged or impatient hands.

But, did you never think, when you pass again into the glad, cheerful light of day, a joyous anew in the consciousness of strength, in the dignity of purpose, and in the boldness of faith; did you never think how far it was possible to have avoided that depression and waste of vital force which so cripples your power, and impeded the progress of your work? Did you ever occur to you that the gloomy influence which always seems to leap upon you from some mysterious outer world of darkness, might, perhaps, have its source in yourself and be, therefore, subject, in a greater or less degree, to your control?—Phrenological Journal.

Success Destructive of Self-Sacrifice.

Success itself is one of the greatest destroyers of self-sacrifice, unless the mind be noble and the heart large; just as wealth often closes its doors to the need of the world, because the thoughtless soul has come to be unable to realize the fullness the need that exists. "I am rich, and have increased my distress and misery we hear of must be an idle tale; an overdrawn picture." Thus men cheat themselves. But, ye rich, believe it not. There is misery and wretchedness enough and to spare, in spite of the purple and fine linen that screens you from it; much that is greater or less degree, to your control?—Phrenological Journal.

Being broad and liberal in her views, she is consulted by all schools of medicine, and highly esteemed by some of our best physicians, and why they are so, she gives her lectures here, to women who are less fortunate and struggling to obtain a medical education. Having been a pioneer in the profession, she realizes how bitter the prejudice is against women, and how hard the struggle is to get on. She has a boundless sympathy has unfolded her heart to comfort many who bless her name.

A REMEDY FOR TROUBLE.—Work is a true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard, pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, exhaustive work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want sleep—calm, sound sleep—and to eat your dinner with an appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work and go loafing all day to tell Tom, Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by your loafing, spoil your temper and your breakfast, and begin to-morrow feeling a dozen times worse than you do to-day. There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that never can be helped by the great panaceas, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly as well, leaving no disagreeable effects, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with the most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in materia medica, and comes nearer to being a cure-all than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.

And now the women of Louisiana have come to the front in a demand for suffrage. New Orleans papers state that one thousand real estate owners and taxpayers have petitioned the Legislature to that effect. The petitioners are among the most prominent ladies of the city, who affirm that fully one-half the real estate of Louisiana is owned by women. It is understood that the Representatives in Congress will be requested to advocate the Sixteenth Amendment. We congratulate our Southern sisters for rousing themselves in this matter. We hope for their full co-operation.

A pretty young Americaness, whose Christian name is Anna, on receiving a cigar from a young gentleman who had not plucked enough to say he wished to marry her, twirled it playfully beneath his nose, and looking archly at him, popped the question thus, "Have Anna?"

Mrs. Partington remarks that but few persons now-a-days suffer from suggestions of the brain.

Correspondents writing over assumed names must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

Clemence S. Lozier.

Mrs. Doctor Clemence S. Lozier's professional reputation is so well established that it almost seems like labor lost to offer a sketch of her professional life to the readers of Woman's World, and yet, few persons who know her in her prosperity and success dream of the long years of steady effort, toil and study; the burdens, sorrows, and trials this gentle, loving little lady has endured and suffered to achieve her present position.

Losing her parents in early childhood, she was brought into closer companionship with an older brother, who was a medical student. Her affectionate interest in him and his studies, with an inquiring mind, an inborn love of her kind, her peculiar sympathy for all sufferers, led her when a child to consider questions far beyond her years:—What is disease? What is its relief? What is its prevention? And it may also be said that these early questions the foundations of a life-long study. She received a fine education at the Ladies' Seminary, at Plainfield, New Jersey, was married at the age of sixteen, and became the mother of seven sons, only one of whom is now living—Dr. A. W. Lozier, who is a practicing physician, a gentleman of culture and genius, and every way worthy so grand a mother. He is the inventor of the improved health light, which is attracting so much attention at the present time, and also has a bright record as a surgeon in the late war. They live happily together.

At the age of twenty-seven Mrs. Lozier was a widow, supporting her family by teaching—her husband had been an invalid for many years, which rendered life to good works. She was superintendent of a Sunday school, tract distributor, an abolitionist, an advocate of equal rights. Associated with Mrs. Margaret Purser in visiting the poor and abandoned of her sex throughout New York City, and in connection with this work she became one of the founders of the now-called Home for the Friendless, in this city.

Eleven years she was principal of a young ladies' seminary, and it was here, and to her belongs the credit of the introduction of the study of chemistry, physiology, and anatomy to ladies. Still continuing her own medical studies, she was refused admission to several colleges of the kind, and finally was admitted to the Eclectic College of Syracuse, New York, from which she graduated, and established herself with a rapidly growing practice in New York City. In 1860 she commenced giving a course of free lectures to women, continuing them for three years, which culminated in the establishment of the New York Medical College for women. This college was chartered by the State in 1863. Mrs. Lozier is its Dean, and professor of diseases of women and children. She gives free lectures here once a week, and her services are gratuitous, besides donating money very liberally. Her income is over \$20,000 a year, and she has a large charity practice. Her home, and her heart and her purse are ever open to the poor and needy. She gives free lectures here, to women who are less fortunate and struggling to obtain a medical education. Having been a pioneer in the profession, she realizes how bitter the prejudice is against women, and how hard the struggle is to get on. She has a boundless sympathy has unfolded her heart to comfort many who bless her name.

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A colored postmaster is now called a "black-mailer."