

WOMAN'S WORLD.

WIFE OF OHIO'S GOVERNOR.

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



MRS. ASA BUSHNELL.

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

The Penalty of Publicity.

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

Oranges and Lemons.

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

attack of this nature; then, for a few days, a half lemon in water will be enough at one time. Thereafter, one

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

Grains of Gold for the Housewife.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

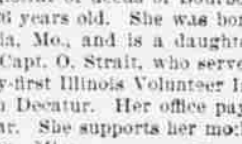
An excellent cure for hoarseness is to roast lemon until it is soft all through; do not allow it to burst. While still hot cut a piece from the end and fill the lemon with as much granulated sugar as it will hold. Then eat it while hot.

Crowding Out the Men.

Bourbon and Waukesha Counties, Kansas, chose female registrars of deeds at the last election. Miss Stella L. Strait and Miss Emma Little being the respective winners. The salaries attached to these positions are nearly as high as those paid to any other officers in the counties named, and the precedent established in the Sunflower State may well encourage women in the West to cherish aspiration for office. Each of the women named had served as deputy registrar. Both had shown unusual fitness for the work, so perhaps their success is not much to be wondered at. Miss Stella L. Strait, who succeeded to the office of registrar of deeds of Bourbon County is 26 years old. She was born at California, Mo., and is a daughter of the late Capt. O. Strait, who served in the Forty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry from Decatur. Her office pays \$2,000 a year. She supports her mother and sister.

Miss Emma Little, who was chosen registrar of Waukesha County, is a typical Kansas girl. She is 26 years old, having been born in the county which she is now serving. In 1888 she finished school, and since 1889 has been deputy in the office to which she was elected. The question of her qualification for the office was not raised in the campaign, nor did her sex militate against her election. Her salary is about \$3,000 in fees.

Reading.
A bundle of old letters was found not long ago in England which turned out to be valuable because the letters were written by Charles Lamb. Very few of your children are too young to enjoy this great author's essay on "Roast Pig," with his funny account of the way the delicious dish was discovered. When you are a few years older, it is to be hoped that you will not be satisfied until you have read every essay he wrote. Indeed a taste for Charles Lamb is considered a sort of touchstone—that is, if a person likes to read his works, he is considered by that alone to be cultivated and intelligent. Miss Agnes Repplier declares that readers of Lamb are all so fond of him that they are a little jealous when they find any other admirer. You must read his letters, too, and the story of his life and see what a noble man he was in his devotion to his family and his self sacrifice. Yet he said once that he would like to meet some great man of the times, "because I never saw a real hero." And all the time he was a hero himself and didn't know it.—New York Times.



MISS STRAIT.



MISS LITTLE.

Margy's Kitten.

Margy has a kitten which she calls Amber. Isn't that a pretty and appropriate name for a yellow cat? She said proudly the other day: "My new cat is a very nice one. She hasn't scratched me once since I've had her." One of her aunts, to whom she was talking, inquired, "And when did you get her, Margy?" She answered, "Yesterday."—Exchange.

Shun no toil to make yourself remarkable by some one talent. Yet do not devote yourself to one branch exclusively. Strive to get clear notions about all. Give up no science entirely, for all science is one.—Seneca.

FANNING'S HEART.

Miss Irwin was very busy. She was handling a difficult assignment which by rights should have been given to one of the men reporters, and so it happened that she remained after every one else had gone to dinner, and for some time the walls of the city editor's room had listened to the unusual sound at such an hour of a bad stub pen scratching over thin brown paper.

Finally the monotonous scratching was interrupted by the opening of a door, and Fanning, the police reporter, hastily entered. Miss Irwin paused in her story long enough to look up.

"Oh," she said, "it's you, Fanning. Been to dinner already?"

"No, ma'am, not yet. I'm looking for Scranton. Hasn't come back yet, has he?"

"Not yet. Anything I can do for you?"

"No, thanks. I just wanted to see him about a story—that little chap that was hurt. Read about it, didn't you? Scranton's interested. The little chap's dying. I've just come from the house. The doctors all say he'll die tonight, and I wanted to tell Scranton. I am so worried. Pshaw, I'm worried sick. I—"

He paused, ran his fingers through his hair and looked embarrassed.

"Come, now, Fanning, tell me all about it," said the thoroughly interested Miss Irwin.

"There ain't much to tell. Oh, you mean what I'm worrying about? Well, to put the whole thing in a few lines, I'm afraid he might not die in time for me to get my story for the morning's paper. Just think of what I'd lose—such a beautiful story."

Miss Irwin looked shocked, and Fanning saw it. His blue eyes took on a resolute expression, but the muscles of his face did not move, nor did his red cheeks grow the least bit redder. He lit a cigarette and said doggedly:

"Yes, ma'am; so long as he's going to die—they said he won't live through tonight—he might have enough consideration for me to arrange it in time. Just my luck to get scooped." And he knocked off some cigarette ashes.

Miss Irwin gazed at the boy in astonishment.

"Why, you cruel, cruel fellow," she exclaimed, in a disappointed tone, "I didn't think you were that sort."

It was Fanning's turn to look disappointed. "You seem to think, because I talk as I do, that a police reporter hasn't any feelings at all," he said, in an injured way. "Maybe we've got more than you think. Now, there ain't anybody sorer than I am for that little boy. Why, his mother and sister think I'm the best friend they've got, because if I hadn't said my say, the bully who hurt the little chap wouldn't have been held at all. I fixed him all right enough, though; made things pretty lively at the police court, didn't I? Well, I guess."

"Say, if he would only hurry up and die in time I could write the most elegant and touching story. You just ought to see him. Everybody takes so much interest in him, and folks send him books and toys and jelly and all sorts of good things to eat. When I saw him this evening, the bed was covered with playthings, but if you'll believe it, he didn't seem to care for 'em at all. The only thing he noticed was a bunch of roses somebody had sent him. He wouldn't part with 'em, and when I saw him lying back there with the flowers against his cheek, I thought how pretty it would be for me to have him die with them in his hand. Say, wouldn't that be picturesque? I won't bother you, though, any longer. If you see Scranton, tell him about it; he'll be interested."

The door closed, and Miss Irwin was again alone. She couldn't take up the train of thought she had been pursuing when interrupted, and she still had the shocked look she assumed at the beginning of Fanning's conversation.

"Such a hardened fellow," she muttered, "and yet at heart I really believe him to be what he says he is."

The next morning Miss Irwin scanned the papers, but saw nothing about the boy. The evening papers contained long accounts of his life and death. Miss Irwin felt rather sorry that Fanning, with all his cruel, kind heart, had been scooped. She was sure his account would have surpassed those she had read, and she sighed as she thought of the roses. They had not been mentioned at all.

Several days passed. She was anxious to meet the police reporter. Curiosity caused her to wonder what he would say. Finally the chance came. She happened to be waiting for a car when Fanning passed. She stopped him.

"By the way, Fanning, I saw you were cheated out of your story about the little boy."

"Yes, I was. Luck's dead against me."

"What time did he die?"

"Three a. m. exactly. Just too late for me to get in even a line. I was there when he died."

"Poor, dear, little fellow! How did he die?"

"He died on space rates, ma'am."

Miss Irwin thought that she had become used to the reporter's peculiar style, but his reply was too much for her. When she regained her composure, she said:

"I mean, did he know anybody? Was he conscious to the last?"

"Oh, yes. He just opened his eyes; then he shut 'em again, and he opened 'em again and smiled real sweet at his mother and sister and me, and then,

and then—he just died nice, real nice."

"Say," he touched Miss Irwin on the arm and laughed, "what do you suppose? His mother thinks so much of me she asked me to pick out the coffin; said she didn't know what would be appropriate. I selected a little beauty. Say, you ought to have seen him in it."

Miss Irwin was becoming vastly interested in Fanning. He was so different from any one she had ever met before. Then, too, he puzzled her. His conversation was certainly of a "don't care" style, but somehow she couldn't believe him to be as heartless as he seemed. His story about the death of the little boy had affected her greatly; so much so, in fact, that she went to see the sorrow stricken mother.

"Oh," said the mother, between her tears, "you are from The Morning Herald, you say? It is so kind of you to come. My poor little boy thought The Herald was the best paper in town; he often sold it. If all the people on The Herald are so good and kind as you and Mr. Fanning!"

"Fanning!"

"Yes, do you know him? I don't know what on earth I would have done in all my trouble if it hadn't been for him. He's got the kindest, most generous heart. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," but then, Mr. Fanning can afford to give, and"—

"Fanning afford to give!" ejaculated Miss Irwin. "Why?"

"It's a blessed thing to be rich, and to have so much power on a great big paper like The Herald," continued the elder woman. "Of course, if he had been poorer off than he really is, I wouldn't have let him do what he did."

"May I ask what he did?" inquired Miss Irwin.

"Yes, indeed, and I'm only too glad to tell you about it. I believe in mentioning good deeds. Mr. Fanning's paper took such an interest in my little boy that it printed long columns about him, and then Mr. Fanning had the man who injured my boy put in jail, and then he sent him flowers—beautiful roses, the ones he was buried with—and Mr. Fanning even bought the coffin with his own money. When I told him not to do that, he laughed and said that was nothing—he could afford it."

"So," mused the lady reporter, as she walked away, "Fanning has spent all his hard earned savings on the flowers and coffin. He's a dear, good boy."—Omaha Herald.

Always Room For 'Isers.'

"The kind of men I want to hire," said a newspaper publisher the other day while talking to a friend, "are seldom to be had. No matter what their lines of business 'isers' (a word that rhymes with scissors) are never out of work and always get good money. I want some 'isers'."

"Isers?" exclaimed his companion.

"What on earth are isers?"

"To explain what they are," replied the publisher, "let me tell you a story of a 'want ad.' Once a man wished to employ for his circus an acrobat who could throw triple somersaults. So he put a 'want ad.' in the paper. In reply to the advertisement he received 50 letters. Together with a friend he read them over. Some of the letters he put in a pile by themselves. They were the ones that read something like this:

"DEAR SIR—You advertise for a man who can throw a triple somersault. I used to throw triple somersaults and think that after a little practice I could do it again. I'd like a trial."

"The other letters were put in another pile and ran something like this:

"DEAR SIR—I am a good acrobat; but, while I never have thrown triple somersaults, I think with a little practice I could do it. I'd like to have a trial."

"Well," said the circus man, as he shook his head sadly, "there are 50 letters from 50 acrobats. Twenty-five of them are 'has beens,' 25 are 'going to bes,' but there ain't an 'iser' in the whole lot." Now, I want 'isers,' and so does every other business man, but they are all employed."—New York Tribune.

Mistaken Kindness.

One of the first resolutions which are formed by men and women who are succeeding in life, that is, as measured by the only standard in use nowadays, increasing their possessions far beyond their actual needs, is that they will put safeguards around their children; the hardships which they themselves contended against shall never, if they can help it, be encountered by their offspring. They not only coddle themselves, indulge themselves with unaccustomed luxuries and spare themselves all avoidable physical exertion, but they believe this course to be the right way to live, and that if it is good for them, it is good for their children. They do not understand that character is formed under the pressure of the compulsory hardships and self denials of youth, just as they forget that health is not a gift or an accident, but the reward of abstinence and of hard work under natural conditions, perhaps continued through several generations.—Frederick Tudor.

Kansas has a ladies' smoking club called the Sparrows. The clubroom is elegantly fitted up with the most luxurious furnishings, and contains everything that could delight the heart of a smoker. The Sparrows is composed exclusively of young women, the number being limited to nine. When one member marries or leaves the city another lady is selected to fill the vacancy, and it is said there are always several applicants awaiting election.—Boston Globe.

MAKES PEOPLE WELL

Most Remarkable Remedy in the World.

Far Superior to Ordinary Sarsaparillas, Nervines or Bitters.

The True Medicine for Lost Nervous Strength.

Without an Equal in Purifying and Enriching the Blood.

Great Cures Effected by Paine's Celery Compound.

What Scientific Research Has Accomplished.

Proved by Success Where All Else Has Failed.

There is one true specific for disease arising from a debilitated nervous system, and that is the Paine's celery compound so generally prescribed by physicians. It is the most remarkable remedy that the scientific research of this



country has produced. Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth college, first prescribed what is now known the world over as Paine's celery compound, a positive cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, liver complaint, neuralgia, rheumatism, and kidney

troubles. For the latter Paine's celery compound has succeeded again and again where everything else has failed.

Sufferers from neuralgia, neuralgic headaches and rheumatism should stop short their morphine, quinine and sleep-killing drugs. No cure can be hoped for from these temporizers. There is one way of getting rid forever of the causes of all this suffering; that is, taking Paine's celery compound. It is this great modern remedy the means to health is attended to; sleep is made sound and refreshing, the appetite improves and the nerves stop complaining, because they get the nutriment the nature requires. This is the fundamental, rational way that Paine's celery compound takes to be able to cope successfully with diseases of the liver, kidneys and stomach, and to guarantee complete return of sound sleep, good digestion and a quiet, well regulated nervous system.

Useful Reading.

Mrs. Browning says:

"We get no good by being ungenerous, even to a book. And calculating profits, so much help. By so much reading. It is rather when we gloriously forget ourselves and plunge soul forward, headlong into a book's profound impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth. 'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

It must be remembered that the woman who wrote this was a profound scholar, one who delighted in hard study and who was educated far beyond most women of her day. She was able to "plunge soul forward" into many books besides sensational novels. The rule does not apply to those who find everything which is not exciting a bore.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Louis Napoleon's Plot.

Sir William Fraser states, in a volume of reminiscences which has just been published, that Napoleon III, while in exile at Chiselhurst, matured a plan to restore himself to the throne. A private yacht, of which the late Mr. James Aubury was owner, had been actually chartered for the purpose of landing the former emperor on the French coast, whence he was to repair in disguise to Chalons, where an army corps was engaged in maneuvers, there throw off his incognito and lead the troops into Paris.

"How did you"—the visitor began when the ossified man hastened to say "How did I get in this condition? Certainly. A young woman gave me the marble heart when I was a young man and it spread."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK OF "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to Use.
Only One for a Dose. Sold by druggists at 25c. a box. Sample Free. Address the Dr. Bosanko Med. Co., Phila. Pa.

WHO CARRIES THE LARGEST

Line of Cutlery, Sporting Goods, Barber Supplies and Bazaar Goods? Why, you know **THE WILL & FINCK COMPANY?** They will supply you with anything you want at lowest market prices. Send for General Catalogue or Catalogue of Sporting Goods or Barber Supplies. 820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

PAIN'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.