

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Grace Hazelton was a happy woman; she had been married but a few months to the man she loved; but perfect bliss is impossible in this world and she was not in a very thoughtful mood; for had not all her friends warned her against a mother-in-law? And her husband had just informed her that he would like his mother to share their home.

"It is true," he continued, "that she has all she requires in a worldly sense, but she resides in a distant city among strangers; she is advanced in years, and I think she should be with her children. You are very young, dear Grace, and are motherless; and if you were to know my mother, I am sure you would love her."

But these very words hardened the young wife's heart; she had resolved not to love her mother-in-law, and was sure she was a meddling old woman, who thought no girl cared enough for her son Harry; and with womanlike consistency was sure that the few faults her husband possessed he inherited from his mother.

The door opened, and Mrs. Candid entered. She greeted Grace by exclaiming: "Moping already, and only been married a few months! Have you had your first quarrel, or did Harry forget to kiss you good-by?"

Mrs. Hazelton laughingly assured her friend that none of these misfortunes had occurred, and she was anticipating the arrival of a guest.

"Do tell me who it is!" cried her gushing friend. "Is it Harry's brother; or one of his bachelor friends?"

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "It is—his mother."

"Horror!" was the emphatic rejoinder. "You are going to live with your mother-in-law! I would never endure such an infliction. I am older than you, so take my advice; do not consent to have her a permanent inmate of your house. But I have many more visits to pay." And she left Grace Hazelton in no very enviable state of mind.

Day after day she pondered on the dreaded arrival, until she became quite low spirited; and one morning she awoke and found herself so weak that she was obliged to keep her bed and consult the family physician, who declared that she was suffering from nervous prostration, and inquired if she had any trouble on her mind.

Her husband endeavored to cheer her by telling her that her mother was a good nurse, and that under her care his little wife would soon be quite well. Innocent man! he little suspected that the only cause of her malady was the dreaded mother-in-law.

Grace was not so ill as to require the care of a professional nurse, and she was sure that among her numerous friends she would receive all the attention that was necessary. She had been alone many hours when she heard a tap on the door, and her most intimate friend, Mrs. Gushing, entered.

"My poor dear!" she exclaimed in loving tones, "are you sick?"

"I was going to spend the afternoon with you, but I am so sensitive that I cannot see any one sneering, and the atmosphere of a sick room always affects me unfavorably; so good-by my dear. I hope you will soon be better."

be unkind to a woman. Confide in me, my child, and tell me the cause of your unhappiness."

The young wife's reply was to throw her arms around the speaker's neck and sob out these words: "Do not speak so kindly, for I must make a confession that may change your affection to dislike."

"Grace," was the reply. "I will spare you the humiliation of any explanation by uttering one word; that word is mother-in-law. You dreaded my arrival in the light of a social monster. And now we will change the subject, for you are too weak to talk. I have made you some jelly, and you must endeavor to eat it, then try and rest, and I will soon return."

A few hours later Mrs. Hazelton entered the room. She gently approached the bed, and glanced at the young wife's pale cheek; she looked but a child as she slept. She moved unhesitatingly, and softly murmured, "mother!" She was dreaming of the dead.

A tear fell on her upturned face. She awoke and for a moment imagined that her mother had come from heaven to watch over her child; but it was her mother-in-law who bent over her and shed the tear of sympathy, and it was on her mother-in-law's breast that she sobbed out her childish grief.

"Now, my dear," cried the old lady, "you must not become morbid; try and set up; I have laid the table in the sitting-room so we will surprise Harry when he comes home with company to dinner."

When the husband returned he was surprised at the wonderful recovery of his wife.

"Why, mother," he exclaimed, "you must be a witch."

But the daughter-in-law answered: "No, she's an angel. With noble forbearance she refused to hear the confession of my ignorant prejudice against her, but I must acknowledge my fault. Harry, my illness was caused by grief at the idea of receiving your dear mother."

"My child," replied Mrs. Hazelton, "do not reproach yourself. When I was your age I almost hated my husband's mother, and in after years we had many a laugh over our first meeting; and I learned to love my mother-in-law with true affection, for she was a noble woman."

Five years passed away. Grace Hazelton knew both joy and sorrow. She was a mother—death claimed her babe—she stood by its tiny coffin bowed down with grief. It was the mother-in-law who shared her sorrow and taught her resignation to the will of God. Now other little ones enliven her fireside, and it is a mother-in-law who shares her joy.

A Woman With a History.

Mrs. Ellen Adair Beatty passed through the city last evening en route from Blue Ridge Springs, Va., her accustomed place for spending the summer, to Craggie Hope, where she will spend some time with her niece, Mrs. Murray, and family, of Memphis. Mrs. Beatty is a remarkable woman. She is a daughter of Governor John Adair, of Kentucky. At the age of 18 she married Joseph M. White, of Florida, who was elected to Congress from that State and continued to represent it at Washington for twelve years without ever going to the State or even asking the suffrages of his constituency. He declined to serve longer before each re-election, and finally was allowed to retire on the pretext that his wife's health required a change. He then went on an important foreign mission, and remained abroad many years, whereby his gifted and beautiful wife possessed extraordinary advantages in sharing the honors of dignitaries in Church and State. She was honored by a private interview with the Pope of Rome fifty years ago without paying the usual homage of kissing his toe, and not only did he pledge her to receive whomever she might see proper to commend, and to remember her in his prayers, but he sent her some valuable presents, among which was an elegant diamond cross, with an exquisite representation of the Saviour in amethyst. Mr. White was a successful lawyer, and at his death left an estate of a half million dollars. Five years and more had elapsed after his death when Mrs. "Florida" White, as she was known in Washington, married Dr. Beatty, of New Orleans. He died in about five years, when she retired to the privacy of her estate in Florida. There she remained alone with her two hundred slaves until the results of the war made changes necessary. When Mr. Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation she called them together and explained to them its import. They readily understood, for she had, with diligence, taught them to read and write. Although past 80 years of age, she possesses her faculties quite perfectly. Her memory is excellent. When younger she and Mrs. President Polk were special friends. After the war she busied herself in the building of a Southern Presbyterian Church at Washington, and from one of her own sacrifices she gave a couple of thousand dollars realized on the sale of her diamond cross. It was a relic that she greatly prized, and she would not have parted with it, but although she had educated seventeen children, she was never a mother; hence there was no person on whom she could so satisfactorily bestow it as in giving it to her Church.—[Nashville (Tenn.) American.]

The Unsalted Generation.

The warm weather brings out, besides flies, mosquitoes and other unpleasant insects, a disagreeable variety of the unsalted generation.

This is a time when business men go to and from town every day between business and their families. It is not always a pleasant thing to make a railroad journey of half an hour or an hour in the morning after a busy breakfast, or in the evening when a man wants his supper. It is bad enough to be shut up in a stuffy car, while you are jolted over miles of ill-ballasted road bed.

To have the unsalted generation follow you even there with its annoyance is screwing down the discomfort a little too tight.

But the cars are a fine field for the objectionable young animals of the cub species. They prefer the smoking car, but they have no objections to owning the whole train.

They generally begin work by talking loudly to each other. The conversation runs something like this: "I say, I saw Wash to-day."

"Did you ask him about Batty? He, he, he!" [A titter like an accordion trying to laugh bass.]

"Ha, ha, ha!" a sound as if somebody was trying to jerk a trouble out of a trombone.

"He, he, he!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Gness Batty gave him enough that time."

"Was he too fresh?" "Oh, but that was a fearful grind on Mac."

"Batty thought he'd make a mash."

"I was glad of it; I told Mac, says I, 'I'm glad, I told him.'"

"Naa!" "Take my dying oath I did."

ole flour is sold in England cheaper than it is retailed at home. How is that?"

"Clear enough, sir; clear enough," replied the healthy-looking Minnesotan. "You see our railroads charge for freight by the hundred weight. Our flour is so light that the more we put on a car the lighter the load grows. A cargo of Minnesota flour goes through for nothing, and is entitled to a drawback at the other end of the route. As for selling cheaper in England, that is clear enough; its buoyancy makes it desirable for ships to carry. A shipload of Minneapolis flour could not sink."

"But if it should get wet?" I suggested.

"The wetter the better. A swamped ship load of our flour would sop up the Atlantic in two hours, and let the people walk across as the children of Israel crossed Lake Minnetonka when the hosts of King Faro were after them."

"I have heard it is very life sustaining," I added in compliment.

"Well, I should emphasize, and he straightened up as if to startle me, but I was beyond that. 'Life sustaining!' There is an effort being made by the medical fraternity and the undertakers to get an injunction against its manufacture. It is fairly driving them out of business. And if the government would require vessels to carry a loaf of Minneapolis bread for each passenger, we would hear of no more sea disasters because of inadequate life preservers."

"And you a dealer in flour?" I asked.

"Oh, no; I am a clergyman. If I were a dealer in flour I could probably tell you many wonderful things about it."

I don't want to meet a Minneapolis miller until I get tired of life.

A Preacher who Wouldn't.

Half an hour before the Pacific Express left for the West yesterday morning a big giant of a chap, lugging a satchel in one hand and leading a big dog by the other, entered the depot, followed by a clean-faced, tidy-looking man with an umbrella. Both reached the ticket office at the same time, and while the giant inquired the price of a ticket to some point in Kansas, the other laid down the cash for a trip to Jackson.

"Thunder and blazes and wildcats!" shouted the giant, as he learned the price of a ticket—"why, I ain't got so much money!"

"Can't help it—regular rates," said the ticket seller.

Demand for Horses.

The demand for good horses adapted to the varied wants of the country is active, and, from present indications, will remain so for some time. The inquiry is not confined to horses of any particular class, but embraces serviceable roadsters, carriage horses, saddle horses, draft horses, etc. This is one result of the business prosperity of the country. Every branch of industry is active; business depression has been succeeded by an era of substantial prosperity, which bids fair to continue.

The horse—the most serviceable factor in carrying on the industries of the country at all times—is, at such a time as this, in great demand. The growth of the country calls for a greater number of horses. Increased transportation for commerce has largely increased the requirements for horses instead of diminishing them, as was predicted. Fifty years ago when traveling was done almost exclusively by stage coach and private conveyance, it was believed that the steamboat and the railroad would so greatly interfere with the use of horses that comparatively good horses would be raised. But instead of such a result the vast multiplication of such means of travel and traffic has vastly enhanced the requirements for good horses. So also in regard to labor saving inventions intended to cheapen the cost of farm products. These things have created uses in other directions for horses, and there is every reason to believe that the same condition of things will continue. New industries and new methods born of the progress made in almost every department of human effort, have called into large use the services of man's chief reliance among the animals that minister to his wants; and as this is to be the case still the matter is worth every farmer's attention.

What class or kind to raise is a question for men to decide themselves. Individual taste in such matters sometimes leads to the stylish roadster, and another's idea of utility makes him admire the heavy breeds. The draft horse is a necessity of the times, and the stylish stepper, the carriage horse and the fine saddle beast will always be sought. If a man's tastes are in the direction of heavy horses he should select them as his specialty, rather than undertake to raise light and speedy stock, and if another sees his ideal in the thoroughbred or blood horse, it is hardly to be supposed that he would take as much interest in raising draft stock as he would in breeding and rearing his favorite kind.

The demand for horses embraces all the breeds, and, as a rule, it is wise to select that class for which a man has a preference. In a large majority of instances, however, a man may not be wedded to any particular breed, or have no special preference one over another. In such cases he cannot do better than to select as his specialty what has been called serviceable business horses, stanch, of good size and style, moderate speed and nervy action. For horses of this class there is a steady and increasing demand; they are quickly purchased at good prices, and it is in this field that Western farmers will find remunerative work. By a judicious selection of sire and dam such horses may be secured; but, as we have frequently urged, this cannot be done by indiscriminate breeding, for, instead of obtaining what may be desired, the progeny may be a nondescript, unsteady and undesirable. It is indispensable to succeed that the conditions shall be unfavorable to obtaining it. We have stated them heretofore, and need not repeat them here. The class of horses referred to are scarce and high, and of this many farmers have doubtless taken notice.

Loading.

Does the young man who persists in being a loafer ever reflect how much loss it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Does he imagine that loafing is more economical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman if he chooses to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive to be a loafer. It costs time in the first place, days, weeks and months of it; in fact about all the time he has, for no man can be a first-class loafer without devoting his whole time to it. The occupation, well followed, hardly affords enough time for eating, sleeping, drinking, or, on reflection we except that. The loafer finds time to drink whenever invited, at the cost of friends. Once fully embarked on the sea of loafing, you will bid farewell to every friendly craft that sails under an honest, legitimate flag. Your companions will be the hangers-on of society. It costs money, for though the loafer may not earn a cent or have one for months, the time lost might have procured him much money if devoted to industry instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort, all the true pleasures of living, honor, dignity, self-respect and the respect of the world when living, and, finally, all right of consideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then; it is far cheaper.

A Little Dane's Long Journey.

A little boy about eight years of age got on a Niagara street car Thursday evening, but as he spoke a foreign language it could not be ascertained where his destination was. He had a through ticket to Sioux City, Dakota Territory, a satchel full of food and a big coffee-pot. Not knowing what to do with the young traveler, he was handed over to Sergeant Kemp, who kept him at the station house for the night. Yesterday morning he was taken to the Postmaster's office, when it was learned through an interpreter that the lad's name was Christian Andrew Larsen, and that his parents resided at Hjordring, Denmark. He is on his way to his uncle, Christian Larsen, who resides at Danville, D. T. He said that he had been well treated on his journey and had had plenty to eat. Besides food he had \$3 in money. It seems that on reaching this city he got astray, and, seeing a street car, he got on it, thinking it would take him to his destination.—[Buffalo, (N. Y.) Express.]

Fogg thinks it strange that nobody thought of reducing the temperature in the President's room by holding a church "social" in it. Fogg says that one of the "socials" of ice in his town would put a coating of ice ten inches thick on a fire of blazing sea coal in less than five minutes.

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