

ONE WOMAN'S MISSION.

Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard, wife of the poet, who died the other day in New York, ending a beautiful life of devotion to her husband, and leaving him groping in darkness—for he is blind—awaiting the time when he shall join her to continue their love-making throughout an eternity, says the Evening Journal.

It was a well-mated couple. They lived together for more than a half a century. More than 50 years ago they were sweethearts and they were sweethearts when she died. They were as tender sweethearts as when her cheeks were rosy and her face was round and fair.

Stoddard is a poet, a strong, virile writer, a producer of good literature. She was his eyes with which he saw the world. She thought her mission enough to absorb the years of her long life of 79. She was content to assist him, to give what his closed eyes lacked, the sights of things beautiful, and that he saw, taught by her loving descriptions.

Perhaps her life does not appeal to the modern woman as something to emulate. She belonged to the past. She did not catch the inspiration of those grand women who scorn the simple loves that animated people once, before advanced ideas took possession of the minds of the noble modern womanhood.

She is probably pitied by women who have a mission more in keeping and style with the views of the new woman.

Yet we cannot avoid pausing to give a thought to one woman who was a sweetheart to her husband according to the old-fashioned conceptions. Pity her, new woman, for losing the drift of the ages toward higher attainments that spur and lift up womanhood today, but we must concede that there is beauty in the life of a wife who gave sweet devotion to her helpmeet and who held to her attainment after a half a cycle had gone. Mrs. Stoddard, wife of the poet, was old-fashioned, but it was not a bad fashion, after all.

Some of the editorial paragraphs "squibbed" about the reward for Tracy's capture, saying: "The reward should be paid to Tracy's estate, inasmuch as Tracy killed himself."

Some other editors, mostly heavy men on exchanges, took it up and are now engaged in exonerating those paragraphs for uttering such sentiments.

Brethren of the heavy editorial desks, these paragraphs were joking.

Brethren of the paragraphers' desk label your jokes. You must know that the average editor don't know a joke when he sees it, unless it be marked. All of which remind us of the incident when Bishop Wilberforce, standing on the street joking as was his wont to do, suddenly stopped and whispered: "Hush, boys, don't crack any more of those jokes. Here comes a fool!"—Exchange.

Another woman dead from the use of complexion medicine. It is safe to say, though, that if it did the work she died happy.

That man who claims to be seeking new fields for his genius, is only looking for a place where he isn't so well known.

One must put their best foot upward as well as forward if they would reach the top of the ladder.

More things come to them that don't wait than to those who do.

The new woman seems to have given up trying to be the old girl.

DOOLEY ON CORNASHUN.

"Yis," said Mr. Dooley, "in the prims of th' most illustrious iv his subjects, except me frind, W. Reid, the king was cawnrat-ed. 'Tis bad 'twas put off. It was got exprossly for his threue and staunch subjects on this side ov th' water. Th' King didn't made it. He's bin king all the time. A lot iv knew it. But his subjects from across the sea wanted to see a cawnration, an' cudden't convaiently have one here where things are still run be universal suffering an' there are a good many shooting gal'ries, so they got up the cawnration over there. Aft'er all, most iv th'm didn't git to see it. They come home to where they was born, and lave the land where they expect to die, if they an' us have good luck."

"It was a gorgyous sight, anyhow. But they had trouble to start with. The pawn tickets for the jews out th' hat cudden't be found. They broke a window and pasted in bits of glass, an' it began to look like king would have to cawnrat by a common clood-hoppin' glazier. There were grate trials and thribulashuns, but at Pierpont Morgan came along at the right time an' give the king a hand full of unimportant jews, an' the hat was properly decorated. Fr'm that on we saw we'd have to do the job ourselves, if it we got th' worth iv our money, so ivery one turned in to help our dependant cousins. Andrew Carnaygay lint Westminster Abbey, which was superbly decorated be tapestries lint be J P Morgan; Yerkes lint thim th' threets; Frohman th' theatres; th' American steamship syndicate give to thim th' use of th' river for th' occasion, an' thousands of Iyl Amrican hearts lint thim a 'patriotic howl that made th' king jump ivry toime he heard it."

"I tell you, Hinnisy, it was a thruly pleasin', beautifal an' 'patriotic sight, and well worth th' money."

Business push is necessary for business success, says Harper. The man who expects his business to prosper just because it is his dream, will probably find his dream developing into a nightmare of complications from which he will be relieved by the action of the courts. If he escapes the disadvantages of a serious ending of his commercial hopes it is often more luck than anything else. But luck in business is as elusive as in any other feature of life. Luck is a blessing when it comes but will disappoint those who depend on it. Luck gives brightness at the time when least expected but again disappoint because it cannot be depended upon. Push for business and win, but don't just hope for good results and depend on it happening to insure success. Wise planning will result in rich returns. Active hustle will command respect.

A Grand Rapids furniture man while lamenting over the incongruity of women in demanding foreign goods, said: "A lady in our city decided to returnish her home. After examining our entire stock she gave her order to a Paris house. The furniture arrived, every piece marked with a Grand Rapids furniture company stamp upon it. It had left our factory, had been sent to Paris, and been delivered to the lady, costing her many thousand dollars more than if she had purchased it from us direct."

She paid for what some silly women think sounds big: "SEXT OFF FOR IT."

The body of an unknown man was found in Kansas recently. In his pockets was \$100 in cash and a revolver. The coroner took \$75 for funeral expenses, the judge fined the corpse \$25 for carrying concealed weapons and also took the gun, the local paper printed the obituary and got—nit.

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