TIRED ONES.

So tired;
Such weary mothers, love inspired
But worn with love's demands
Until the trembling hands
Falter above their tasks, and stay
While white lips pray.
So spent, undone;
On guard above each little one
As though each dying day
Carried no tired mothers far away
From their food world, and so
They fain would go
Beut to love's least behest—
A child clasped to the breast.

So weary; stooping low
Above sweet, sleeping faces when the glow
Of twilight fades, but not so tired as they
Who have no care all day
For loved ones, young or old; no cheeks to touch
With kisses, as they sleep, or such
Dear riches as love brings—
Dearer than diadem of kings.
The weariest hand
Is empty, having no command
Of loving lips, no care of age or youth;
No lips to call for it, in truth,
From purple dawn till night—no wealth to hold
Dearer than fretted gold.
—George Klingle in Frank Leslie's.

AT THE LADIES' WINDOW.

A City Postmaster Tells About the Harm It Does—Some of the Good.

The postmaster of one of the three great cities that practically compose New York was spoken to by the father of a modest young girl, but a little inclined toward rebellion because forbidden to correspond with a young man of her acquaintance. The parents, seeing no more letters come to the house, supposed their daughter was all obedience, but she had confessed that she was still exchanging letters.

"Well," said the postmaster, "there it is again—that satanic ladies' window. You do not begin to appreciate the harm it does. But what can we do? There must be a window, call it what you will, where men and women and boys and girls having no permanent address can call for letters addressed simply in the care of the postoffice. It is necessary and good that the convenience be kept up, my dear sir. The clerk at that window in this office is trying to lessen the harm of that window, and what he is doing has my approval, but every such effort is unwarranted in law. He says to the girls and married women who give different names to different persons as their own names: 'You can have the letters for Sarah Stewart, but you must always be Sarah Stewart after this if you take them. You cannot come to-morrow and ask for letters for Sarah Watkins.' He does that, and he holds back lots of letters, but he has no right to. In your relative's case, if she is under age and her parents or guardian ask us not to deliver letters to her we can hold them back or deliver them to her elders, but all the women who are of age can keep on misusing the government's service, and there is no lawful way to stop them."

The ladies' window also accomplishes good in many cases. Woman are apt to make confidants in the strangest quarters, and the consequence is that the grizzled men at those windows hear many queer things when the callers are few and there is time to talk and to listen. One of these confidences was that of a sad visaged wife who asked that her letters never on any account be given to any one else, "because," she said, "they bring me the only money that stands between starvation and my children and me. My husband does not work, but drinks up all I can earn with my needle, even collecting my earnings before I can go to get them. My brother in the west sends me what he can spare, and with that I make up the rent and get food and clothing for my little ones. I do not want to desert my husband, but he must never know of this extra money that I get." Then there are the women who are secretly engaged or even secretly married, who tell the man at the ladies' window all about why they have taken the step, and what terrible consequences would follow if it were ever found out. "I tell you this, though I have never told any one else," one of them exclaimed, "because I must tell some one. I had to talk to some one about it, and I come to you, because you are the one I get his letters from." One young woman on securing a regular weekly letter remarked one day to the clerk: "What a jolly row there would be if my folks knew I was getting these letters. My sister has married a Christian, and we are Jewish, you know. She has been renounced by all my family, but she and I keep each other posted every week, for she is my sister just the same, and all she did was to marry the man she was fond of, after all." Thus the ladies' window lends itself to the best as well as to the weakest and the worst impulses and motives, and thus, so far as any one can foresee, it must continue to do as long as postoffices are public institutions.

The Marks of Our Crimes.

It seems foolish for a murderer to bear about with him a proof of his guilt, but do we not carry with us the marks of our crimes, whether they are great or small?

The girl who is sweet and charming in society, but shrewish, idle and selfish at home with her sisters, the servants, and even with her old mother, deceives nobody. Unconscious tones in her voice and flashes of her eye tell the truth.

Many boys and young men, who lead outwardly respectable and virtuous lives, indulge in secret dissipations which they fancy remain undiscovered; but lines upon their faces appear, inexorable as the writing on the wall, which told Belshazzar's guilt and prophesied his doom.

The flush on the skin, the dull eye, the tainted breath, are proofs silent and unanswerable as the scarlet thread that convicted the murderer. Even the deeds we do but plan, and dare not commit, leave their stain upon us.

Lady Macbeth took no life, yet the spot upon her hand would not "out" until it drove her to madness and death.—Youth's Companion.

Minnie Dupree, the "cute" soubrette of "Help by the Enemy" will be in the cast of "Yon Yonson" during its next tour.

Lexington, Ga., has a marshal in town well equipped for his duties. A few days ago, it is said, he had occasion to arrest three evil-doers in a bunch. He gathered one under each arm, their legs dangling in the air, and drove the third along in front, and in that way proceeded to the calaboose, where all three prisoners were locked up.

A SEASON'S SENSATIONS.

SARA BERNHARDT AND HER PARIS TRIUMPHS.

A Bright American Burlesquer Who Is Gaining Great Popularity Throughout This Country—Mdlle. Bruck and Agnes Evans.

A niece of Sara Bernhardt is one of the late sensations of the Paris stage. Her name is Bruck and she has taken the French capital by storm, so to peaks.

Mademoiselle Bruck has all the attributes of physical and mental perfection—superb rows of pearly teeth, a marvelous complexion, adorable eyes which seem to change color as one gazes into them—now soft blue, now dark as night—a cultured mind, exquisite taste, talented to the tips of her shapely hands, a voice that sounds like a silver bell, and, to crown all, the honor of being Sara Bernhardt's niece.

After carrying off the first prize at the Conservatoire, Mlle. Bruck made her debut at the Comedie-Francaise. Subsequently and with ever-growing success and popularity she has played Cherubino in Beaumarchais' "Marriage de Figaro," Junie in "Britannicus," Mathilda in "Un Caprice," Casilda in "Ruy Blas," and created the part of Genevieve in "Autoinette Rigaud," A few years later Rosa Bruck left the

Mademoiselle Bruck.

Francaise and signed a new contract with the management of the Gymnase. There, free from that continual comparison with Sara Bernhardt which had proved so detrimental at the House of Moliere, she gave free course to her talent, and from her debut at the Gymnase dates the enviable reputation that she enjoys to-day. She appeared in "Froment Jeune et Risler Aine," and shortly following created the part of Blanche de Cygne in the "Countess Sarah," and played Zicka in "Dora," a role created by Mlle. Bartet.

The home of this clever actress is likewise a curiosity of elegance and artistic refinement. Old tapestries, quaint pieces of Chinese and Indian earthenware, a rare and valuable collection of all kinds of Eastern bibelots and knick-knacks litter up her halls and rooms in a hopeless confusion that is full of charm. Once a week Mademoiselle Bruck holds a petite levee for her lady friends in her bedchamber, and receives in state like any royal dame. The bed itself is a magnificent affair. It is draped in black velvet embroidered in gold, the coverlet being in black satin with R. B. worked out in an elaborate monogram, also in gold embroidery.

On this side of the Atlantic there is also a sensation, only of lesser magnitude, because she is a burlesquer and consequently a low comedienne.

She is Agnes Evans of the Howard Burlesque company, who was born at St. Louis, Mo., in 1867. Nature endowed her with a splendid voice, which having been carefully cultivated, enabled her to make her debut at Uhrig's Cave Garden, St. Louis, in 1886, where she met with considerable success in the chorus. In the fall of that year she was engaged by Heinrich

Agnes Evans.

Conreid for his opera company. She made her New York debut at the Grand opera house, as a member of the chorus, in "The Gypsy Baron." In 1888 she joined Evans & Hoey's Co., with which she remained two seasons. In 1890 she joined the Howard Burlesque Co., to play the leading female role. This season she is playing leading boy parts in the burlesque with the same company. Aside from being a good singer and magnificent dresser, Miss Evans possesses a fine stage presence. She is also quite an artist with the pencil and brush, as well as a designer of costumes for burlesque shows. Miss Evans designed all the costumes this season for the Howard and City Club companies.

SERIOUS DANGER

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria; but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretions are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this toothless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

X—Did you read the account of the big horse race yesterday? Y—No; I am not acquainted with the language.

HEDGED ABOUT BY A PROSCRIPTIVE TABOO.

I am not aiming to convince mental babies, as indeed that would be fruitless without the necessary cultured intellect that makes logic applicable. Force, brilliancy and originality even are no weapons to attack a slave with. For many centuries the medical art was hedged about by a proscriptive taboo which it, as yet, has not survived. The brand for murdering truth is the penalty of imbecility stamped upon the mental caliber of the average individual—in relation to medicine and medicine men. The sun of the nineteenth century has not yet dawned upon his intellectual horizon. He, together with his ideal medicine man, still hibernates in the good old days of the dark ages, when it was bad form to be inquisitive. He still "believes" in bleeding, blistering, vomiting, purging and sweating. He loves copious doses of horse medicine. He delights in assafœtida and calomel and carbolic acid. They are considered indispensable; no well-regulated family, with pigmy intellects and abdominal development, considers itself safe without those family lares. These I do not wish to convert; they are the Rip Van Winkles that will continue to slumber through this and probably through the next century. They play no role in the world's history. They live; they die. No monument marks their forgotten sepulcher. Humanity was not enriched by their entrance; it has lost nothing by their exit. They are driftwood on the shores of time, and float with the ebb and tide of opinions they have inherited from their anthropomorphic ancestry. No, it is not to these I wish to address myself, but to the thinking ones, whose a thought does not throw into an epileptic paroxysm; who love knowledge for its own sake; who are willing to investigate the truth or falsity of any proposition, and, once convinced, will stand by it through all the grimaces of a chattering and delayed civilization. To these—not the chatterers, but the thinkers—I commend the Histogenetic System for investigation, and will elucidate with pleasure any question not sufficiently clear in book, which will be sent free to any address.

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