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HYMEN VERSUS CUPID.

"HOW SHALL A WOMAN KEEP HER HUSBAND'S LOVE?"

This, Kate Upson Clark Says, Is a Humiliating Question to Most Women. Why Not Ask, "How Shall a Man Keep His Wife's Love?"

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It is always rather mortifying to a woman to read articles telling how to retain her husband's affections, when few writers, if any, ever go to the trouble to correspondingly inform a husband "How to Retain Your Wife's Affections." It seems to be taken for granted that it is an easy matter for husbands to keep their wives in love with them. This is not as it should be. Every woman should manage in some way to make her husband feel that her love, and not her mere faithfulness, is the sine qua non of happiness for him, and that it cannot be continued to him unless his life and his love for her are such as to deserve the rich return which she desires to give him.

A woman of tact and resource who genuinely loves her husband will take this attitude unconsciously, both toward herself and toward him, and the mutual relations of the two, if he be a true man, will be permanently adjusted on this basis; but there are thousands of wives, well meaning and affectionate women, who, since things are as they are, see their husbands slipping away from them day by day, and who would give anything for the power to bring them back and hold them to the romantic fealty of their courting days.

Such women as these have not deserved, like the willfully giddy and perverse, to lose their treasure; they have only been dull and stupid. Perhaps while they have remembered the paramount instruction to keep their husbands well fed they have been too "tamely and truly true," or perhaps, while their households have been neat and well ordered, the strain of life has been too hard upon their tempers, and their quick words, regretted as soon as spoken, have created a breach. How can they regain what they have lost? And how can they keep it when gained?

Perhaps the strongest story which Saxe Holm ever wrote is that in which she tells "How One Woman Kept Her Husband." There is some general truth in that striking tale, but the main circumstances were too exceptional to afford much help to women at large. There are, however, many truths regarding the keeping of husbands, which everybody knows in a vague way, but which few apply to themselves. There are many men whom nothing could persuade to their duty, to say nothing of love, either because they have not the materials within them for honesty or nobility, or because they are not men of principle nor of judgment.

But there are plenty of well meaning men, brought up upon traditions, who do not feel the old glow of affection for their wives, and are not gentlemen enough to simulate it. They find other places more attractive than home, and without being either immoral or brutal they make their wives miserable by showing plainly that the old love has gone out in their hearts.

There is one fact which such wives ought to take to heart. It is this: In spite of all the lovely and beloved invalids, of whom there are not a few, it remains true that health and happiness usually go together. The healthy wife is oftenest the happy wife.

"But," many a poor, broken woman has argued in defense of herself, "what if you had to be sick? What if hard work and anxiety and all sorts of wearing little burdens had affected you so that you could not help being sick?"

This is largely nonsense. No woman, unless under a crushing weight of poverty, or the desperate illness of a loved one, has any right to work too hard for her health. It is a distinct robbery of her household when she does this. She knows that there is nothing gained by sitting up night after night till the small hours to get the family mending done to suit her, or to put ten tucks in Cora Belle's petticoats. It is far better to occasionally let a child wear an undarned stocking and to let Cora Belle's skirts hang plain forevermore than to injure one's health. Ten to one the mother works thus from the insane desire with which some women seem imbued to pose as martyrs. Husbands do not, as a rule, love whining, complaining, weakly women. Many a wife recognizes this truth after the mischief is done. Then she would "give a thousand worlds to cure" what a trifle would have prevented.

Perhaps the quality which tends the most to secure health, and which endears one the most to one's friends, is the now unfashionable virtue of cheerfulness. Addison says: "Cheerfulness is the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fabrics of which the vital parts are composed and wear out the machinery insensibly."

"There is no greater crime," says Thackeray, "than for a woman who is ill used and unhappy to show that she is so. The world is quite relentless about bidding her keep a cheerful face," and in spite of the bitter twang to this remark it must be accepted, if for nothing else than because it is a promoter of health; and because it will pay, cheerfulness should be cultivated. Sickness in the housemother disarranges all of the home routine; it "debases the mind," as one writer remarks, it makes people selfish and notional, it is not only a physical but a moral and mental plague, eating away all the beauty of life. A woman, even if she cannot brace her soul up to the high pitch of taking care of herself because it is right, should regulate her diet, her exercise and her sleep aright, because thus she will conduce to the happiness of her household and become more charming to her husband. In fact, it will make her more charming to everybody.

Especially should she take care of her clothing.

"Dress as you did during the days of your courtship and your husband will treat you as he did then," has been considered the infallible rule for young married women. But this advice is insufficient. Most young women dress far too tightly for a wife and a mother. "She must have more than quicksilver in her veins," as poor Mary of Scotland said in regard to other circumstances, who can be cheerful and efficient as the head of a household in a tight gown. Dress neatly, carefully, becomingly, but always loosely. More infants have been puny and diseased, more mothers have been unable to suckle their little ones, and more husbands have been indirectly alienated from their wives through their tight dressing than from any other cause short of actual crime.

"But," protests the young wife and mother, "I am mortified to death to have such a large waist."

It is strange to observe the qualities on account of which a woman is willing or unwilling to be "mortified!" She will be "mortified" at the size of her waist if it be large—no matter how red her cheeks, how bright her eyes, how merry her laugh or how admirable her mind. She will endure in herself pale cheeks, leaden eyes, sighs and constant depression, and a mind too dull to understand anything beyond the simplest communications rather than give up the slender waist which lies at the root of half her trouble.

Next to health and cheerfulness, the prime requisite for keeping your husband is to take care of your mind. Make him feel that

> You're not like other girls,
> All bustle, blush and bodice.

Men like to be deferred to, to have their opinions consulted. They will bear all the flattery which you can conscientiously give them. But, this part of the matter once conceded, make yourself as nearly your husband's equal in mind as you can be.

Do not let him suppose for a moment that you are not just as much interested in what is going on as he is. It is sometimes hard work to get up this interest when the baby has the whooping cough and has kept you awake for several nights. But try it just the same. Your husband will admire you all the more for your pluck.

Perhaps David Garrick's clever lines on this subject contain in a nutshell all that it is necessary to know:

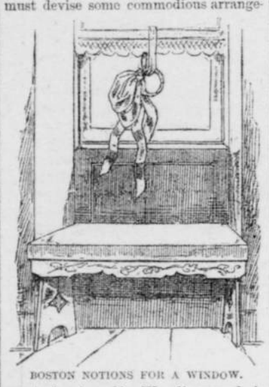
> Be gay and good humored, complying and kind;
> Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind.
> 'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,
> And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

Home Decoration.

In the intense cold of northern and eastern winters the inmates of a household find themselves dependent upon windows, and the first thought should be how to make them both comfortable and attractive within and without.

It is not the good fortune of all to have an architectural home with windows of stained glass and seats built into them, hence the modest home keeper must devise some commodious arrange-



BOSTON NOTIONS FOR A WINDOW.

ment for herself. We discovered in Boston a refreshing window in a bedroom, neat and simple and cool in its comfortable adornment. The window presented a recess of about six inches in depth. The casement and glass were perfectly plain, the former painted a soft gray to match the woodwork of the room.

The window shade of cream colored linen hung on a patent roller, adjustable by a single cord fastened at the center of the shade. A full frill of antique lace, six inches deep, was set across the foot of the shade. Torchon lace gathered in bunches at equal distance apart would be as effective. An embroidery hoop was wound about with gay pink and olive green ribbons an inch and a half wide. A girdle of ribbon a yard long had been slipped through the hoop and fastened firmly by means of needle and thread at either end on each side of the shade itself; this suspended the hoop, which was prettily garnished with a full ribbon bow with pennant streamers.

The hoop proved a readier handle than the cord, in such danger always of becoming entangled in the inside blinds or shut in in the closing of the window. A shade rarely springs so high that the ends of the ribbon cord may not be reached, even when it goes "sky high" with a sudden jerk.

In the recess of the window was set a small bench or settee—such a settee of ordinary pine may be bought at trifling cost at any house furnishing store—painted with yellow Chinese enamel and decorated with a spray of grape vine in oil colors, the leaves in dark, somber greens, and the delicate tendrils of reddish tone. The chintz also presented a grapevine on a delicate lemon colored background, which covered the cushion or small mattress placed upon the bench.

The covering may be bound about the edge with olive or yellow braid, and firmly stitched on the machine to keep the shape. The light falling from the window across the surface of the settee renders the little seat more than inviting when you must wait for a tardy friend, and feel that watching the space they must traverse to reach you hastens them.

EMMA MOFFETT TYNG.

MISS MATTIE SHERIDAN.

How a New York Newspaper Woman Interviewed Sullivan.

Miss Mattie Sheridan, is a native of Kentucky, and only 22 years of age. She formerly wrote for a Chicago paper, and was on The Graphic for four years. She is a famous interviewer. Her winning smile and pretty face are almost sure to open any door at which she knocks, and when once over the threshold her fascinating vivacity is so sure to captivate the occupant that she seldom fails to get all the information she desires. What she does not know about New York's four hundred need not be told.

MISS MATTIE SHERIDAN.

She once had an interview with John L. Sullivan, when that noted slugger made her wait until he had taken a bath and arrayed himself in his best attire before he would grant her an audience. In the course of conversation he said: "Miss Sheridan, I wish you could see my old mother; I know you would like her."

"Did she ever see you fight?" the young lady asked.

"No, she couldn't stand that," he answered.

When the interviewer rose to go Sullivan said: "Miss Sheridan, when I fight again you shall have a private box at your disposal."

ANNA RANDALL DIEHL.

No Place for the Faith Cure.

One of the most humorous missives of the year is the proclamation of the governor of equatorial Africa, addressed to Maine and other missionaries, "that climatic conditions in Sierra Leone are not at all suitable for believers in faith cure," and that hereafter "missionaries must employ a doctor."—Lewiston Journal.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Is There a Dressmaker Whose Sewing Will Not Rip?

I wonder if there is a woman living whose sewing will not rip. One reason why the tailormade gown for women has become so popular is that when once made it "stays put." Till it is worn out the seams usually hold so tight that it will tear often before it will rip. When will women's dressmaking hold together like this? The gown made by the woman dressmaker looks pretty and stylish. She has pinned it in place here and "tacked" it there till it seems to answer the purpose very well. But wear it a dozen times and you are lucky if the whole side of your skirt does not rip out on you suddenly some time. The beastly "tacking" comes out and hangs in threads, the skirt facing tears out and trails in disreputable festoons after you on the street. After a gown made by a dressmaker has been worn three weeks it frequently has to be sewed all over again. This is why the man dressmaker is popular. I adore women, but when will they make a garment that won't rip?

Mrs. Elizabeth Hollenbeck, of Los Angeles, Cal., has deeded $750,000 worth of property to found a home for poor women and outcast children. This is much better than if Elizabeth had given the money to some theological seminary to educate thin young men to go out and preach to women to keep silent in the churches.

The advisory board of the Federation of Women's clubs has published a little book explanatory of the aims of the organization. The book says, "The federation is a solvent of the prejudice and misapprehension that often hold clubs and club women of different views, environments and associations in a state of narrow isolation."

If you are a woman and have money to give away bestow it in some enterprise that will benefit your own sex. Men have had enough done for them. It is women's turn now.

Members of the Boston branch of the association of collegiate alumnæ have formed a political science club for studying the theory and practice of government. They have been investigating socialism and anarchism. It is to be hoped they will not neglect the government and constitution of their own country, but will be able at the close of the season's work to tell how many United States senators each state in the Union has.

Rev. Juanita Breckinridge has been regularly ordained a minister of the Congregational church by the conference of Cleveland, O. She is a graduate of the Oberlin Theological school, and passed an excellent examination. It is a great satisfaction to find that most of the women who now seek to enter new fields of labor do not do so without thorough preparation. The snide women in the professions are passing away, and in their place come ladies who are thoroughly trained in the schools and universities, who have proved their fitness for their chosen work by severe and searching tests. These are the ones who will bear onward and aloft gloriously the white standard of woman.

Miss Jennie Coulter, a Presbyterian missionary school teacher in Utah, goes armed with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon in her work. The Mormons have persecuted her and tried to kill her. On one occasion they tried to blow up a school house in which another Presbyterian young lady was teaching, making the attempt while she was alone in the building after school. Miss Coulter has begun teaching in a new place, Fillmore City, which is a perfect hornet's nest of the saints, and she believes that the six shooter may come handy. The Mormons became enraged at her for one thing because she said that in the rural communities they lived on dried fish and sage brush. She said this and sticks to it, and the Mormons, seeing she will not take back the statement, propose to silence her by methods known of old to the Latter Day Saints.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

The Cowboy's Day Is Gone.

I met a cowboy yesterday who was returning from the western plains to his home in Ohio. He was sad, and his face bore a doleful expression as he narrated the memories of happy ranch life never to be again. "The plains," said he, "are nothing like they used to be. Instead of herds of buffalo and cattle they now have 'boomers,' scrub stock and scalawag dogs, and instead of cowboys, as in the past, the inhabitants are settlers who have during the past twenty years 'squatted' in nearly every state and territory west of the Missouri river.

"So long as they kept out of the grazing country we didn't mind them, but since there has been such a demand for more land for settlers those fellows have crowded their society upon us until we had either to fight, get out or accept them as neighbors.

"I guess the general run of my kind of fellows would much prefer the first proposition, but it doesn't pay. As for the last, it doesn't go at all. I know we are rough fellows, and maybe we don't seem any better in the eyes of the world than 'boomers,' but that sort of calculation is 'agin' us. I guess no fellow ever made a success of 'cow punching' who was lazy,' and I know I never met any fellow on the range who'd live in a 'schooner' and starve his family sooner than work. A good many of us could get little herds and keep at the business if it wasn't for the 'boomers,' but as they're coming we're going. I don't think you'll find many of the old cowboys on the range after this year, and the next year you won't know by visiting what was once cattle range country that there ever was such a set as genuine cowboys."—Kansas City Times.

Brooklyn's Poverty Stricken Tax Payers.

People who visited the municipal building in Brooklyn and saw the crowds standing in line anxious to pay their taxes and get the rebate allowed by law could not help noticing the poverty stricken appearance of many of them. There were probably 1,000 in all, and certainly half of them looked like tramps. It was not only that their clothes were old and torn and dirty, but their faces were pinched and they had a hungry look in their eyes. Yet some of them paid taxes on valuable pieces of property, one old lady named Cunningham handing over taxes on a row of tenement houses valued at over $100,000. She had on barely sufficient clothes to keep her warm, and her shoes were worn so that her stockinged toe stuck out quite a distance.

"These people give us a great deal of work," said a clerk in the tax office, "for they bring a handful of bills and silver here with which to pay their taxes. They probably take this in from day to day, and at the end of the year bring enough here to pay their bills. The consequence is that they dump in silver dollars and even half dollars on us, and it requires time to count it all. We lose probably a full day in this way, and those who are at the end of the line are out a day's interest.—New York Times.

A Vanishing Prisoner.

Warren Howard, of Americus, Ga., is a puzzle to the police authorities of that place. He was locked up in the station the other night, and when the turnkey opened the cell door the next morning Howard was gone, having apparently gained liberty by squeezing through a narrow space a full twelve feet above the ground. Several hours later, on returning to the cell, the turnkey found the prisoner in his old quarters. To cap the climax Howard positively denies that he ever left the jail.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An old elm tree in the academy yard, "set out by Daniel Webster" when a student at Exeter, N. H., and known to all old students and townspeople as the Webster elm, was cut down last week. It was entirely dead. Its wood is in great demand.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The chief source of happiness to some people is the aiding of unhappiness for others.

The Marquise de Lanza is reputed to be one of the best dressed literary women in the country.

There is one society of boys and girls in England to protect animals which has over 80,000 members.

Any method which will keep the air from the inside of the shell will preserve the eggs for a certain length of time.

Cloves are so called from the French word clovis, on account of their fancied resemblance to a nail.

A. B. Hendry, 14 years old, is principal of the public school at Antioch, Monateo county, Fla.

If one has a cold, and doesn't know what to do for it, all his friends can tell him; but that does not affect the cold.

A clothes wringer can be easily cleansed from the lint that collects on the rollers by saturating a cloth in kerosene and rubbing it over.

Most of the buttons used on cloaks and coats are made from potatoes which have been treated to a bath of sulphuric acid.

A monument to the confederate dead is to be erected at Pensacola, Fla. It will cost upward of $5,000 and will be about forty-six feet high.

Musk sachet powder sells at $1 an ounce and sandal wood at $1.50. Both are exquisite to the senses, and revived for the holiday trade.

A shoemaker is almost always round shouldered, from continually bending over the last between his knees as he sews and hammers.

Two brothers were wrestling at Northwood, Ia., the other day, when one of them was thrown with such violence that his neck was broken.

Perhaps it is not generally known that the Prince of Wales is a collector of dogs. He is very fond of the canine tribe, and, among others, possesses some dogs with black tongues.

Official returns of the Canadian seal fishery show that 39,547 seals were taken the past season, an increase of 6,000 over last year. Of this number 2,383 were taken off the coast of British Columbia, and 18,165 in Behring sea.

Senator Jones has built a beautiful villa at Santa Monica, Cal., on the edge of a bluff overhanging the ocean. There is an ornamental garden and a ranch of 30,000 acres adjoining it. Mrs. Jones is so delighted with this new home that she has determined to stick by it and keep away from Washington except for short intervals.

Afraid of a Splurge.

One of the slickest games ever worked by confidence men is that of buying a farm. One of the pair looks over the country until he finds the man he is after, and he then buys the farm at the farmer's own price, paying from $50 to $200 down to bind the bargain. Before the papers can be made out a confederate comes along, falls in love with the same farm, and offers the farmer $2,000 more than the other did. The agriculturist sees a speculation here, and he buys the first purchaser off with a big bonus. Then both men drop out of sight, and the farmer learns something new.

I was stopping overnight with a Connecticut farmer who had sold out and taken $200 to bind the bargain. I was there when the second man called with his tempting offer. He waited at the barn, and Uncle Jerry came in and said to Aunt Sally:

"Seems like a chance to make a clean thousand dollars. The first buyer says he'll take a thousand, and that'll leave us the same."

"Did we ever have a thousand dollars all at once!" she asked.

"Never."

"Ever have a chance to splurge out and make fools of ourselves?"

"No."

"D'ye think we'd do it if we had the money?"

"Wall, I was thinkin' of a new watch and a broadcloth suit."

"And I was thinkin' of a silk dress and a new bonnet. Uncle Jerry, we dasn't do it. We'd splurge in less'n twenty-four hours."

"Guess we would, Aunt Sally, and so I'll sell out to the fust man."

He sternly refused the second offer, and even when a thousand more was added he was inflexible. The first purchaser never showed up again, and to this day the old couple are holding the money and have the papers ready for the trade.—New York Sun.

The Indemnity Was Paid.

"I remember a friend of mine," said Squire Johnson to the delegate, who considered himself funny. He went to a prominent jeweler on Fourth street, and purchased a watch for $50, receiving a written guarantee that the watch would keep good time for a year. If the watch failed the purchase money was to be refunded. Well, my friend was called to Europe soon after that, and spent several months traveling about various parts of the earth, and it happened that he returned to Cincinnati on the very day the guarantee on his watch expired. Asking me to accompany him, we went to the jewelry store, and calling out the proprietor my friend laid down the guarantee, which the jeweler read and then expressed himself ready to fulfill his contract. The watch was placed upon the counter, and was found to be just one half minute too fast.

"The jeweler placed it carefully in a drawer, and going to his safe counted out five crisp ten dollar bills and passed them to my friend with a smile. 'Yes, but I don't want the money,' he stammered; 'give me back my watch. It was only meant as a little pleasantry.' 'I have complied with my contract,' replied the jeweler, 'and I only meant a little business.' 'But I must have that watch,' said the thoroughly disconcerted funny man. 'Well,' replied the jeweler, proceeding with his work, 'I consider a watch that varies only one half of a minute in a year worth more than $50. I will sell you the watch for $100.' So chagrined that he hardly knew what he was doing, my facetious friend paid over the $100 and pocketed the watch. 'When you need another good watch give me a call,' said the jeweler merrily as we took our departure. Well, do you know, I have never heard of that fellow doing a funny thing since."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Wants Enormous Damages.

Mr. Prieu, a merchant who carried on business for many years in Brazil, has brought an action against the government of the French republic for the respectable sum of £560,000 for damages he alleges to have sustained through the action of a French consul. It seems that some thirty years ago M. Prieu felt aggrieved at the action of the Brazilian authorities at Itaqui in overcharging him customs dues on merchandise passing through his hands. The papers to prove his claim, according to the plaintiff's story, were intrusted to the French consul, but that functionary disclaimed all knowledge of them, and since then the documents have neither been seen nor heard of.

For their loss and that of the money paid as surcharge of customs he brought the action against the minister of foreign affairs, as the official chief of the consul who represented the French government. Although he assessed his damages at the sum mentioned M. Prieu informed the court that if the verdict went in his favor he did not intend to claim the money from the republic, being desirous only of recovering the documents which have disappeared so mysteriously. The judges have, however, non-suited the plaintiff, holding that the minister for foreign affairs could not be held responsible for papers intrusted to a subordinate. M. Prieu intimated his intention of carrying the case to the court of appeal.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Stratford's Thrifty Vicar.

The latest news from Stratford-on-Avon church is that crosses are being sold there, made from the wood of the old gallery. A visitor to the place also tells me that she was invited to buy a photograph of the entries of Shakespeare's birth and marriage in the parish register. Although the reverend vicar makes so much of the church being "God's house," and not Shakespeare's, it seems that he is uncommonly wide awake in utilizing Shakespeare whenever a chance offers of making money out of the memory of that bard.—London Truth.

PARSON OF LEADVILLE.

HOW TOM UZZEL SET UP THE TEMPLE OF THE LORD.

Called to Marry Members of the Sporting Fraternity, Preach at the Funerals of the Wicked, and Console the Unfortunate---His Church Bell---How he Met General Grant---Called the Fighting Parson.

Parson Tom Uzzel was the first clergyman to set up the tents of the Lord in Leadville in 1878 and 1879, when sin was running riot in Leadville. In those days he was frequently placed in positions in which any other man's life would have been endangered, but somehow Parson Tom's simplicity always stood him in good stead, and made friends instead of enemies even among outlaws. The wickedest men in the camp respected him and gave liberally to his church, and, although he never succeeded in turning them from evil, they invariably came to him when in trouble.

"If hell itself had opened its jaws in those days I don't believe Leadville would have hesitated an instant," Parson Tom said one day. "There were no depths of vice to which it did not sink, and its early record of crime is second to none in any section of the wild West. The town was hell bent, and in most cases I think it gained its objective point."

Parson Tom was called one night to perform the marriage ceremony of the notorious "Doc" Baggs. The prospect was not alluring, but Parson Tom, to use his own language, "didn't like to refuse," and he went to the notorious dive, where the rooms above the gambling-house beamed with light and splendor, and the wedding guests in rich attire impatiently waited the coming of the clergyman, says the New York *Sun*. The bride, whose character was not of the best, was arrayed in conventional bridal attire of the most luxurious quality, and "Doc" was resplendent in full evening dress. None of the minor fashionable details had been forgotten. The men and women were the entire sporting population of Leadville. For a moment the splendor of the scene and the dignity of the bridal party almost staggered the parson, whose drawingroom experience had been very limited. But he summoned sufficient voice to unite the pair and ask for God's blessing on the marriage. All present bowed their heads, and Tom was encouraged to elaborate somewhat on his usual form of supplication. After Baggs had kissed his bride he slipped five twenties into the parson's hand.

In those days marriage license were not required in Leadville, and Parson Uzzel thinks that he must have married and remarried many persons to each other when they had tired of their bonds. Names were easily changed when occasion required. Whenever the parson's suspicions were aroused he always investigated to the best of his ability, but he invariably heard stories that might be true.

The bad men of Leadville always sent for Parson Tom when death approached, seeming to regard his presence as a direct interposition with the Almighty. "They died hard," he said, "but they always wanted me with 'em."

Once there was a sad harvest of death and the funerals to which Parson Uzzel officiated averaged as many as six a day. Like the old circuit riders he flung the thunderbolts of warning right and left, and the people who received them wept bitter tears until his exhortations were finished. Then they went their way.

A big German who kept a famous beer garden at the corner of State and Pine streets, frequently transferred the garden into a hall, where Dr. Gibbons, an early Colorado reformer, and Parson Uzzel gave temperance lectures jointly.

"The proprietor would cover up the counters in a jiffy," according to the parson's description, "and the exhortations would go on right lively for a time, but we never accomplished much, for before our words were cold, beer was selling again as fast as it could be drawn, and the lecture was forgotten. The tinkle of glasses always began before we had time to get out."

Parson Tom was summoned one day to a disreputable house to pray with an abandoned girl who had been shot through her right arm by a drunken cowboy. The arm had to be cut off at the shoulder, and it was thought that the girl would die. That was one of the few instances, Parson Tom thinks, where the "seed sown on good ground brought forth fruit meet for repentance" for Kate professed conversion and lived to become an honest woman and at faithful wife. Mollie May, the keeper of a notorious house known as the Bon Ton, asked Parson Tom if he would perform the funeral service over the remains of a baby born in her house. Fifty notorious women followed the little white coffin into the church. Parson Tom and Undertaker Rogers, who now lives in Denver, carried the coffin. "The women cried," Uzzle said while relating this incident, "and Rogers cried and I cried."

On that occasion Parson Tom rode down Harrison avenue to the cemetery between two of the most notorious women in Leadville.

All the golden dust of Colorado's fortunes blew right by Parson Tom. He might have been rich, but his lines lay along a different route. In those days the only smelter in the place was the original St. Louis smelter, but Parson Tom remained to see ten more built. W. H. James, of the Grant smelter, one of the richest men in Colorado, was then keeping a little store at Fairplay. Edward H. Eddy, another millionaire, was using the pick and shovel at Silver Plume. The bell in Parson Tom's church in Leadville, which occupies the highest point of any bell in the world, was imported from Boston by Captain Cooper, an old miner. The bell was freighted from Denver, and was erected on the day of dedication, July 4. At 10 o'clock that morning the Parson rang the bell for love feast. Its mellow tone vibrated over the hills, and everybody stopped to listen. An old miner took of his hat and said: "It sounds like Jesus Christ had come to town."

The first passenger train which reached Leadville over the Denver and Rio Grande road brought General Grant. Leadville received the great soldier with a celebration never before equaled in the Rockies. General Grant met Parson Tom, and at the latter's request attended a service at the little meeting-house.

Uzzel gained the title of "The Fighting Parson," by once taking off his coat and whipping a squatter who tried to pre-empt the land on which the Parson's church stood.

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet is was a man who discovered the one remedy for their peculiar ailments. The man was Dr. Pierce.

The discovery was his "Favorite Prescription"—the boon to delicate women. Why go round "with one foot in the grave," suffering in silence—misunderstood—when there's a remedy at hand that isn't an experiment, but which is sold under the guarantee that if you are disappointed in any way in it, you can get your money back by applying to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman's not trying it. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt it. Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and nine out of ten waiting for it. Carry the news to them!

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you can cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the Little Regulators.

Indian Cunning.

C. H. Russell, an old resident of Arizona, was at the Palace yesterday. In speaking of the trouble among the Indians he asserted that in his opinion the most intelligent and at the same time the most cunning, of the western savages are the San Carlos Apaches. To them, according to Mr. Russel, is due the invention of the center-fire cartridge. "During the outbreak some eight or nine years ago," he continued "their arms were all Winchester rifles of the rim-fire pattern, and they soon exhausted their supply of cartridges. They had plenty of powder, bullets and percussion caps, but they were not available for breech-loading guns. The cunning rascals had saved their brass shells, and, with surprising ingenuity, they altered the hammers of their guns and drilled holes through the center of the shells for the caps, loaded them and used them during the rest of the war. It was discovered when they were captured. They were, I believe, the first of the kind in use."—*Call.*

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FATHER KNEIPP'S CURES.

Going Barefooted Seems to Be the Chief Feature of His System.

If diseases are multiplying and complicating, as most people think, it must be owned that the inventors of "cures" keep up with them fairly. The name of our latest benefactor is Sebastian Kneipp, his dwelling place the hamlet of Vorishofen, near Augsburg, and his state of life that of parish priest. All three he has made famous throughout the Austrian empire and beyond. Each year for a long while past the little village has been more and more crowded by invalids of every rank. Herr Kneipp has built a hotel, at which the charge per diem for board and lodgings is two shillings, paid by such as can afford the extravagance.

There is no fee for treatment, no sale of medicines, no recommendation of patent articles, no ingenious device to extract the sufferers' cash. Wealthy patients are expected to contribute for the support of their poorer brethren. Medical men not only send patients from Vienna itself, but doctors come to study the good priest's methods on the spot. These methods are in brief a return to nature. Herr Kneipp is satisfied that people generally consume an undue proportion of meat, and he recommends more vegetables. White bread he detests; coffee he strongly disapproves; tea is his special abomination. Invalids may smoke and drink wine if they please.

Fifty years ago the good priest of Vorishofen became convinced that the softness of our skins, above all of our feet, is the root of all bodily evils. Therefore, to begin with, flannel is banished, together with all woollen materials for underwear. He has devised or introduced a very coarse linen which scratches the skin mildly and keeps it aglow, while flannel enervates it. "Kneipp linen" is commonly manufactured now in Munich and Stuttgart. Constant plunging in cold water is the second rule. It must be a mere plunge, and to dry the body is forbidden. Throwing on his clothes with the utmost speed, a patient starts to run for a quarter of an hour, if he be able—at least he takes strong exercise.

At the end of that time his dip, his moistened linen and his scratched skin together have generated an intense warmth vastly wholesome. The feet in especial must be hardened. English doctors have begun to protest against the usage of covering this part of the body from early years. As soon as a child can walk its feet are incased in materials more or less calculated to exclude the air; and so they remain for life, excepting only the hours passed in coddling and softening them under blankets.

It is this mischief which Herr Kneipp sets himself to remedy. His patients—men, women and children—run barefoot through snow, when snow can be found; at other times in wet grass or cold water. Half an hour of this exercise is prescribed, but the limit is reached gradually; then the invalid hurries on his socks—of linen—and his boots and sets off briskly for a walk. It is needless to quote a multitude of successful cures. Weak brethren may be impressed by the case of a Rothschild, which has carried the fame of Herr Kneipp to these islands.—London Standard.

Where Polly Went.

One summer eve Deacon Cole came into the town of Concord, N. H., and driving up to the dry goods store at which he always traded, in front of which there were half a dozen loungers, he inquired if any one had seen his wife Polly that day. No one had, and he went on to say that she had suddenly disappeared about 9 o'clock in the forenoon and he had not seen her since.

"Do you figure that she has skipped out?" asked one of the crowd.

"Hardly. Polly's 57, you know, and as homely as a toadstool."

"But wimin is curus critters," observed another citizen. "She might have gone off to the nayburs' in a huff."

"I've bin to all the nayburs'," replied the deacon.

"Searched the house?"

"Yes."

"Ain't in the garret?"

"No."

"Ain't down cellar?"

"No."

"Ain't in the barn?"

"No."

"Nor in the smoke house?"

"No."

"Well, that beats me. Bet you ten to one she's gone crazy and wandered off, or else she has got tired of you and skipped."

"What's the fuss here?" asked a tin peddler as he drove up.

The facts were given him, and he turned on the deacon with:

"Why, dang yer buttons, you don't know even a little bit! She fell into the well, in course, and you'd better hurry home and git her out!"

The deacon drove away at a rattling pace, while the crowd laughed at his expense, but the next day when he appeared in town I asked him if he had any news of his wife and he replied:

"Oh, yes, Polly was in the well all right enough, and had been standing in water up to her chin all day; rather blamed me for not hearing her holler, but she got all over it after being dried out."—New York Sun.

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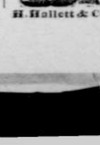

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