THE MODEL HUSBAND.

A Tribe of the Genus Homo Which in All Probability is Extinct.

The model husband never interferes with his wife's plans in any way, shape or manner, but is in all things and at all times her most willing and devoted subject.

If he happens home occasionally, and finds the morning's work undone and the wife of his bosom in morning dress and slippers, hair uncombed and with feet on the hearth deep in the mysteries of a new love story or absorbed in the perusal of an account of the last Woman's Right convention, while dinner is still a thing of the far distant future, he never grumbles nor growls, nor turns on his heels and goes off down town to LOW get a feast. Oh, no! nothing of the kind. He first kisses his wife, then replenishes the fire which he finds in the "last stages of consumption," puts the house "to rights" generally, and prepares-to the best of his manly ability-a sumptuous lunch for two, of which he invites her to partake in his blandest society tone.

He never bothers his wife with sewing on his buttons; he "didn't marry her for that." He quietly gets a needle and thread, adjusts his thimble and sews his buttons on himself.

When there is a Woman's Rights meeting in town, the Model Husband always attends his wife thither, or stays home and takes care of the childrenas she may see fit.

He never groans at the extravagance of woman, nor preaches economy at home, nor indulges in oysters and campagne suppers away from home, but makes his pocket-book a family concern, or deals out money to his wife with a lavish hand.

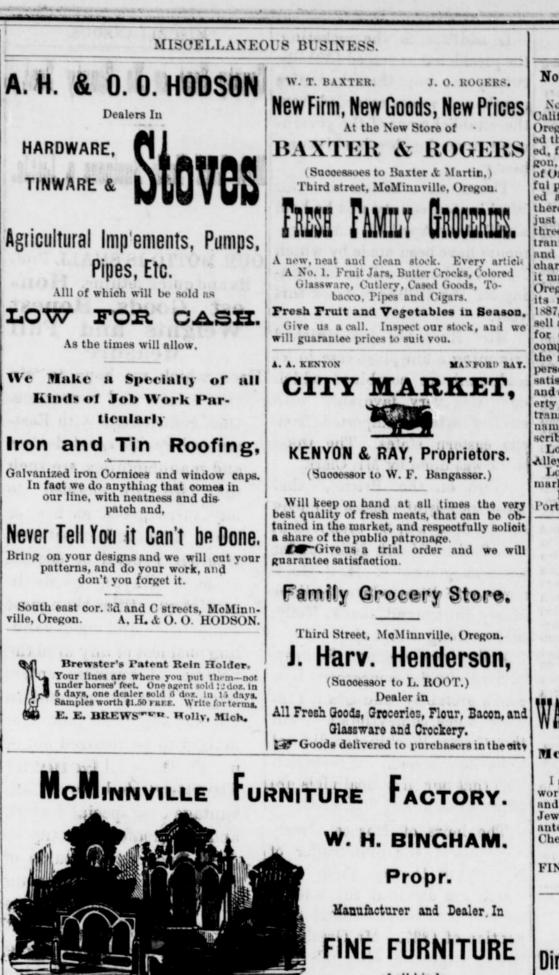
He never chews, smokes nor drinks in the house under any circumstances; never ventures out unaccompanied by his better-half after nightfall; and above all things, never, never brings a friend home unexpectedly to dinner or supper.

The Model Husband has no "old flames," nor new ones either; he shuns secret societies as he would the plague. and he has never been known to look in the direction of a bonnet on the head of any woman but his wife. He endures the Caudle lectures delivered by his better-half with a touching meekness unexcelled by the original Caudle him-self, and regards with supreme pity, not unmixed with contempt that most miserable specimen of the masculine gender, a hen-pecked husband!

In fact, the Model Husband is very, very nearly-a teal, genuine saint. Mrs. Gale Forest, in St. Louis Magazine.

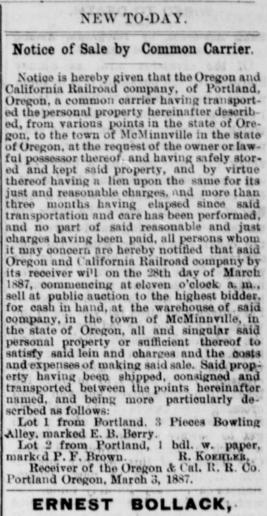
Knew All About Cocaine. Chicago Heral it seems rather difficult to make any new discovery in medicine which Frenchmen do not claim to have known all about for at least a decade. Thus, at the February meeting of the Societe de Biologie, M. Rabuteau said that the properties of hydrochlorate of cocaine were known before 1870, that in 1872 M. Laborde had shown its tonic effects, and M. Demarnes jointed out its anæs thetic powers in a thesis.

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How Very American. [Boston Transcript.]

They have the dear little small boy in London, and he behaves himself after the manner of his kind. At the Japanese exhibition there were some very large gourds, hollowed out, lacquered and resting on three little gourds, and the dear little small boy got into one and hid, and his mother was frightened, and the quiet Japanese looking on were scandalized. How very American!

Congressional Thanks. [Chicago Tribune.]

Since this government has been or-ganized there have been only thirtyfour people named in resolutions of thanks by congress. With three excep-tions this honor has only been paid to officers for great gallantry in action during war.

[The Judge.] The pen may be mightier than the sword, but when two swords are fastened together and made into a pair of scissors, it isn't.