

## HAPPY AT LAST.

They had been warned against each other; before they ever met— at Lester and Marion Gray.

"She is an arrant coquette; presumes upon her beauty and money, and thinks every man is after the latter," he was told; "don't let her make a fool of you." While—"Be aware of handsome Paul Lester, Marion; though your heart has hitherto been love-proof, he will find it the weak point and wound it," was the advice that annoyed her and the result was, naturally, that each was predisposed to dislike and distrust the other.

"Yet after all, they did neither. The seeds of doubt once sown had taken root and flourished feebly, but the man and woman sympathized—and loved—in their secret hearts; only they kept their feelings secret—especially from each other; for when Paul's affection would peep out in some unguarded look or word, Marion would shrink back distrustful; and when she betrayed her feelings by some tender tone or wistful glance, he reminded himself quickly—"She is an arrant coquette."

So when the end of the gay winter season came, and the birds of fashion prepared to fly away to "fresh fields and pastures new," and Paul and Marion bade each other goodbye, each was miserable—each was in doubt—each was in love.

"Adieu!" said Paul, with merry gallantry, hiding a sharp heart-pang. "I am grateful to you for many pleasant hours, although I do not flatter myself you will remember me until next winter comes."

And she answered, smilingly, that "until next winter" was a long time to remember anyone.

So Paul went away heavy-hearted, for he owned to himself:

"I do love her far too well; and she—the coquette—had she cared a jot for me, would surely have given me one serious, kind word of parting."

Not remembering that he had given no "serious, kind words" to her—not suspecting that, alone that night, she repeated his light farewell with a heart-sob of pain:

"Remember him till next winter! Oh, Paul, my heart's dear love, I shall remember you till I die, and die remembering you!"

They met before the winter came, however; they met in the late summer by the seaside. The little plant of doubt had become a great, rank weed now whose poisonous root embittered their secret love and its taste of happiness.

Paul had come down to the shore expressly because he had heard that Marion was there, and he was "fain to see her," as Swinburne says, yet, when they met, he pretended to be much surprised at the encounter, while Marion, who had heard of his coming, and counted the hours till he should arrive—who had made her toilet with the utmost care for his loved eyes alone—whose beauty had bloomed anew at the thought that his smile would be its sunshine—Marion stared at him in innocent surprise for a few seconds before she could "recall to her memory who he was, and where she had formerly met him!"

Oh, fools!—poor silly fools—to trifle thus with the peace of their own hearts!

But the mischief was done; the breach was made, and kept widening day by day. It would require a grave and great convulsion of ordinary circumstances and events to fling these two proud, loving hearts back into their true relations.

And that convulsion came; it came in the shape of a great storm one evening towards the end of August—the day before the one that Paul had fixed to return to town.

"For why should I stay longer? She cares nothing for me. Her presence brings me only torture," he thought. "I'll be a man and leave her."

And she, wild with misery, unable to rest within doors, hating herself because she had appeared to urge him to go, while her heart died within her at the thought of parting; she set off for a mad walk along the sands.

Anywhere to escape from herself.

"I have been unkind, unfriendly, rude—we are not even friends now, any more—I might have won him, and I have driven him away—the only man I ever loved! Oh, why was I warned against him? Why did I not judge for myself? He will go to-morrow and I shall never see him more—never!"

A wild desire to be utterly and entirely alone—to abandon herself to her despair where no human eye could see her, came over her; she turned and walked out to a rock that at low water was accessible from the shore, but at full tide was surrounded.

"I will come back before the water turns," she thought, with a thrill of mortal fear, "There is an hour yet."

But an hour goes swiftly when one is lost in painful thought; nearly twice that time had gone when a sudden peal of thunder aroused her.

The water was all around the rock, surging and tossing wildly; her return to the shore was cut off.

She stretched out her arms toward the beach and uttered one long and thrilling cry; the raging wind carried it out to sea and no one heard her.

"I am lost—lost!" she cried. "Oh, God, have mercy on me!" and she sank down almost insensible.

But though no one heard her piercing cry someone saw her, and that someone was the man she loved.

He had seen her go hurrying along the beach, and foreseeing a storm, had followed her; he had not known she was on the rock and was wondering now where he could have missed her, when he saw her white dress fluttering in the wind.

Within five minutes he had procured a boat, and in the face of the raging storm, went toiling out to sea to save her.

She did not see him coming; she was on her knees in prayer, when he sprang on the beach beside her. With a shriek of joy she sprang up, and flung herself into his arms.

"You, Paul, you! Oh, thank God! thank

God! I am not afraid now, even of dying."

She did not know it—her excitement was too great—but there was "full confession" in those words, and impulsively Paul kissed the lips that spoke them.

"My darling, you do care for me a little, then. Oh, Marion, be it life or death, with you, I welcome it. But," and he kissed the sweet, white lips again, "life is the sweetest. Come, dearest, come."

They turned, hand in hand, to enter the boat, it was gone. They were alone on a desolate rock, and death around them. They looked into each other's faces.

Marion uttered one bitter cry.

"I have murdered you! My love—my love! I have murdered you! Yet I would have given my life for yours!"

He caught her to his breast.

"Death together is better than life apart," he said, "and it would have come to that to-morrow. Oh, Marion, did you love me all this time?"

"From the very first" she answered, weeping. "I, too, can welcome death, if the alternative is life without you."

Then they confessed to each other, humbly, all their folly, all their suffering, all their love; and with death creeping on them close and fast they were happy.

"You will hold me fast," she whispered, as the great waves came rolling in, and covered their feet already.

"Don't let them wash me away from you. Let us die together."

He held her to his heart. He was very quiet and pale.

"I swear to you," he said, "that death shall not divide us; that was life's work."

"No," she said, and kissed him gently. "It was the work of pride."

But neither life, nor death, nor pride divided them that night, for they were rescued.

Men who had seen Paul row out to the rock, and vainly watched for his return, went out and took them off.

A pale quiet girl came back in her lover's arms. The mischief was undone, the breach was closed two hearts had, found their natural resting places.

And in a few short weeks Paul and Marion were married, and wholly happy at last.

## An Orator's Quick Wit.

Few men have enjoyed such an enviable reputation for wit and eloquence as Sargent S. Prentiss, the Maine boy, who, going to Mississippi as a Yankee schoolmaster, became the leading lawyer and orator of the south. He was a pedagogue in the vicinity of Natchez, and used to say that in teaching the boys how to shoot ideas he cleared ground enough of birchen rods to entitle him to a pre-emption right of public land.

Such was his presence of mind that the most embarrassing situation failed to throw him off his guard. Once, when engaged in a political discussion he had for his antagonist, a prosy, verbose speaker, who purposely spoke "against time."

It was nearly dark when Prentiss rose to speak. Just as he began, a jackass in a neighboring yard commenced braying. It was an amusing scene. The animal kept on braying until Prentiss's friends showed their annoyance, and his opponents roared with laughter. But the orator waited patiently until there was a lull. Then casting a comical look upon his prosy antagonist, he turned to the audience and said:

"Gentlemen, I did not come here today to reply to two equally eloquent speeches."

And down he sat amid the most uproarious applause.

On another occasion his sense of delicacy and his presence of mind extricated him from what might have proved a most unpleasant position. Henry Clay, his political idol, was a guest of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans. A large crowd collected in front of the building and clamored for a speech from the eloquent Kentuckian.

Mr. Clay came forward, said a few words and then, to the great disappointment of his admirers, retired.

Some one discovered Prentiss at a side window and at once there went up the shout, "Prentiss! a speech! a speech!"

He was dragged, against his will, to the front of the portico, where he was greeted with enthusiasm. As soon as silence was restored he said:

"Fellow-citizens, when the eagle is soaring in the sky, the owls and the bats retire to their holes."

Before the shouts which followed this compliment to Mr. Clay had ceased, Mr. Prentiss had disappeared.

Mr. Jonathan Bowers, of Blanchester, O., writes: "I am 72 years of age. I keep Guy's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla always in the house. A dose now and then makes me feel like a boy. It gives me a good appetite and keeps me from having dyspepsia."

## A Graphic Pen-Picture of Stephen W. Dorsey.

Cleveland Leader Letter.

There was a wild, angry, excited look on his face, the look which reminded one of a hunted animal driven to bay, and his words were hot and bitter. Liar, perjurer, thief, contemptible sneak villain, were epithets which flowed freely from his lips as he referred to those who had acted against him in his trial. Only once did he laugh or even smile, and that was when some reference was made to the constant demands upon him for money by a lot of leeches who infest the capital and its courts and lobbies. Then it was a laugh full of discord and hatred rather than pleasure or merriment. His home is a beautiful one. A fine large house in a fashionable neighborhood, parlors richly furnished, costly paintings upon the walls, a beautiful wife of whom everybody speaks with honor and regard, yet that look upon his face and that spirit of hatred for mankind which breathed forth in his every word and movement showed that his surroundings did not detract from the painful consciousness that his condition is a critical one, and the hand of every man is against him. His wife is a beautiful woman, an ornament to society, but, feeling keenly the attacks upon her husband, she seems to have almost entirely withdrawn from social life, if, indeed, its doors remain open to her.

## WHIRLIGIG OF POLITICS.

Defeated Congressmen Seeking Appointments—An Illustration of the Ups and Downs.

Washington Correspondence.

With March 4th over half of the members of the present house of representatives step out of public life. How ill-equipped the majority of these men are to take up the threads of private business again, may be judged from the fact that the great demand for appointments within the gift of the president. Missions and consularships, land agencies and territorial judgeships are among the prizes to be secured, and there are many members' hands in the government grab-bag. There are very few of the defeated congressmen who are in first-rate shape to go home and resume former business. In the case of lawyers, this is especially true. Most of them are middle-aged men who, six or eight years ago, left a fair practice to come to congress. In the meantime fresh blood has come into their towns, younger men have established themselves, and gathered up the practice, and it is not easy, indeed it is almost impossible, to supplant them.

It would seem that men with a growing law practice, men who depend on their own resources for a livelihood, would anticipate the result of a suspension of private business during years spent in the public service. The partner is left at home to look after the congressman's interests, retains only the clients who rely on him; the remainder turn to other lawyers, and when the defeated member returns to his home he finds himself practically out of work.

However, the poor lawyer who aspires to be a legislator shuts his eyes to the future and decides to enter politics. From that moment expenses begin. He must contribute to the campaign fund, and contribute liberally, or he will not be carried through. It may be that the contest is so close that he is obliged to mortgage his home to raise funds. His freedom of speech is at once curtailed.

He is no longer a free man. He is worried and harassed on every side. But there is a partial recompense. The fatal day arrives. Our candidate is successful and becomes a member-elect. Can he now give himself up to intoxicating dreams of his own eloquence in the halls of the Nation's Capitol? Can his leisure hours be filled with imaginings of his own species on the "burning issues" of the day? Not at all. The election debris is no sooner cleared away than the wrangle for office begins. There are collectorships and clerkships and post-offices to be fought over, with the surety that a vast majority of the applicants must be disappointed in the end—and thus converted from friends into working antagonists, and the struggle does not stop when the unhappy member finally escapes to Washington. There bitter disappointment awaits him. He is placed on an unimportant committee. His speeches are not listened to with deference or attention; he is not so quickly recognized by the Speaker of the house as the older members; his influence in the departments is small; he is not in demand in society. Our congressman grows desperate. His pride is touched and he resolves to "conquer or die." He studies finance. He examines one branch of the subject in its minutest detail and biding his time bursts into the arena with an array of facts and a command of language that surprised the House into listening. They at once discovered the true ring in his speech and give him their undivided attention.

They applaud him, congratulate him, shake his hand; he is the hero of the hour. His star is now in the ascendant. He no longer talks to empty benches. His constituents who have followed him to Washington for clerkship are gradually stowed away in the department pigeon holes. His wife and daughters become more prominent as social figures, and his own presence is in good demand at dinner parties. Our Representative has now a clear sailing. He goes home, secures his reelection and returns, and begins work to secure a good committee position for the next Congress. He succeeds and is given a prominent place on a prominent committee. In this way he becomes intimate with the "leaders" of the House, is occasionally spoken of himself as a leader, and from that becomes an object of interest to the galleries. His affairs are now at flood tide and the ebb is so gradual that he does not realize it. There appears on the clear horizon a little disturbance over a postoffice in his district. A numerous signed petition to remove the present incumbent is sent to him. This he refuses to do, as the Postmaster is one of his own appointments, and in many respects a suitable person for the office. Then there is some dissatisfaction among the merchants about the management of the Custom House, and a delegation visit Washington to urge the collector's removal. This our Representative will not do, but promises not to recommend his reappointment and the delegation goes home only half satisfied.

Time goes on and the next election comes around and our Representative awakens on a dreary November morning to find himself defeated. The Postoffice and Collectorship have spread discontent. His rival is a young man with clean hands and a clear head, a vigorous, self-confident man sure to succeed. Our Representative has nothing more to expect from that district. He returns to Washington sore in spirit to serve but his remaining three months in congress. His wife and daughters accompany him to a last taste of the brilliant society to which they have become so attached. He tries to put on a brave front and go on with his legislative work, but his heart is not in it. His future constantly obtrudes itself between him and his duties. His law practice, should he resume it after the 4th of March, insures him no immediate return of ready money, and, of course, he has saved nothing from a salary of \$5,000. That has been exhausted by the demands of Washington society. The outlook is not bright. He begins to consider what an unjust thing it is for the government, after taking the best years out of a man's life, to set him adrift to shift for himself. He reflects on the ingratitude of

the people whom he has served so faithfully and determines never to make his home among them again. He is now trying to decide whether it would be better to go West as a judge or land agent where the prospect of making a fortune in speculation is good, or try to get a mission or consularship with a higher salary and more glory, be it ever so transient. In the meantime his influence is steadily declining in the House. His counsel is neither so often sought nor his advice so often taken. One of his appointees in the departments has already been discharged to make room for somebody else. His wife and daughters are not invited as much as they were last winter, and taking one consideration with another the defeated Representative's "life is not a happy one."

## Personal Items.

D. K. Russell, once a husband of Ada Isaacs Menkin, is now a professional beggar in St. Louis. Another of her husbands was John C. Heenan, the pugilist, and another Orpheus C. Kerr, the humorist.

Mrs. Lille Devereux Blake lectured in New York recently, in answer to the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. She said: "When woman's influence is left in its proper place, men will be more humane, and their minds converted from brute force."

Among the public bequests in the will of the late Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, are \$10,000 to the Boston Provident Association, \$5,000 to the Children's Hospital, and \$10,000 to the Massachusetts General hospital.

"For a long time," says a New York letter, "the Vanderbilts were not in what is called fashionable society in New York; but the strongest gates have yielded to the golden touch, and one sees their names now at entertainments in the most exclusive circles." Is New York society founded on anything better than money, that it should ever have turned up its haughty nose at the Vanderbilts?

A Berlin dispatch of March 2 to a London paper says: "Yesterday afternoon the Prince of Wales paid a second visit of considerable length to Prince Bismarck, who, in the course of the day, also received calls from Prince William of Prussia, the Duke of Genoa, and others. The Prince of Wales also gave a sitting yesterday in the palace of the Crown Prince to the painter Angeli, probably with a view to making a present of his portrait to the mess of the Blucher Hussars."

Mentioning the arrival of United States Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, at Aiken, S. C., the Recorder of that town says: "His family have been spending the winter here, and are comfortably quartered at one of our hotels. The senator keeps a stylish carriage and his own horses, driven by a white coachman arrayed in blue coat and brass buttons. Miss Edmunds is frequently seen out riding on a fine animal of her own, which is said to have cost \$1,000."

Kate Middleworth of Norwood, O., was noted for beauty and recklessness. The richest young man in the place wished to marry her, but she rejected him because she preferred Pat Henry; a railroad switchman. To her surprise and indignation Pat was not transported with delight by the distinction, and she made up her mind to kill him and herself. She obtained a revolver and started for the switch house, intending to shoot him through the window, but in nervously cocking the weapon she accidentally discharged it into her own head.

Senator Pugh has a bass voice of tremendous depth, and a correspondent thinks his throat must be coiled up like the stem of a brass horn in order to get it into his body, ample as its proportions are. When he says "No" during a roll-call it sounds as if the voice came up through the trap from the sub-basement to the Capitol. Senator Sawyer also has a strong voice. When he responds to his name it sounds like a man hallooing through the woods. Senator Vance answers "Yes" or "No" with a hearty cheerfulness eminently suggestive of the highly entertaining stories he tells in the cloak-room, which provoke so much laughter that it is often necessary to close the cloak-room doors so that the business of the senate can proceed.

Sir Charles Gaven Duffy, in his latest volume on Ireland, gives a piquant sketch of the poetess "Speranza" now Lady Wilde, who first wrote for the London journals under a man's non-de-plume. "I was greatly surprised," Mr. Duffy writes, "by the first contribution, and requested Mr. John Fenshaw Ellis to call at the Nation office. Mr. Ellis, in reply invited me to visit him in Lesson street. I did so immediately, and was ushered into the presence of a tall girl, whose stately carriage and figure, flashing brown eyes, and features cast in a heroic mold, seemed fit for the genius of poetry, or the spirit of revolution. This young girl represented a substantial force in Irish politics, the vehement will of a woman of genius." Lady Wilde's essays on English women and society are quite familiar to readers of the Press' Sunday supplement.

## How to Cook Beans.

Beans are a very nutritious and healthy food when properly cooked, but many people cook fat pork with them, which makes them too greasy for children and people of weak digestion. Almost any one can eat beans cooked in this way: Wash well and soak in warm water for a while, skim into another water and cook till soft. Turn on to the earthen baking plates, add a little salt and some butter and bake in a moderate oven. In cool weather they will keep several days and are very convenient when a hasty meal is wanted. A lean ham or shoulder bone cooked with beans gives them a good flavor and is a good way of using up such bones when the meat has been mostly cut from them. A piece of lean beef cooked with them is also good for those who can eat meat. Most people relish baked beans if good and properly cooked. They are strengthening food much more so than potatoes.—Rural New Yorker.

## A GREAT BLESSING

For Weak and Suffering Woman.

Every Man and Woman in America, Needs  
**KIDNEY-WORT.**

"The greatest misfortune of the present day," remarks the author of a recent medical treatise of much value, "is, that mothers and wives of to-day are so often unfitted for their duties, and for all domestic enjoyment, by reason of shattered health and overtaxed systems. For these special weaknesses to which womankind is so apt to fall victims, no surer, better or safer remedy can be found than Kidney-Wort. The wonderful tonic properties of this great remedy have specific action in correcting the disorders of female organism, and then in building up the general health, keeping the secretory organs in perfect order and imparting the glow and elasticity of early womanhood."

## A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE'S TROUBLES.

"Domestic remedies and prescriptions by myself (a practicing physician) and other doctors, only palliated my wife's chronic, two years' standing, inflammation of the bladder. Kidney-Wort, however, cured her." These are extracts from a letter, sent to the proprietors of this remedy, by its author, Dr. C. M. Summerlin, of Sun Hill, Washington Co., Georgia. The list of cures might be prolonged almost indefinitely. For the purpose of this article, however, only a few more will be added. "I had kidney and other troubles over 30 years," writes Mrs. J. T. Galloway, of E. K. Flat, Oregon. "Nothing helped me but Kidney-Wort. It effected a permanent cure." Mr. Nelson Fairchild, of St. Albans, Vt., is closer "home," and his case would seem to merit special mention. Briefly, it is, in his own language, this: "Kidney-Wort is a medicine of priceless value. I had piles for 16 consecutive years. It cured me."

## MALARIA

Is a disease which attacks the human family in spring, and has formed the chief subject of many learned articles. We cannot pass from this subject without supplementing it with the assertion that Kidney-Wort is a specific for other diseases than Malaria, and such disorders as may be directly traceable to it. Dyspepsia, or indigestion, is almost distressing complaint. Every reader of this article probably knows the symptoms. The effects are wide-spread and far-reaching. Almost the entire human organism is apt to become deranged, when dyspepsia is suffered to run on unchecked. Kidney-Wort can be relied upon, reader, to cure any case of Malaria, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, and a host of their kindred or attendant ills. All we ask is a trial. That will make you its life-long friend.

It is a matchless alternative, a pleasant yet powerful tonic, and, indeed, "fills the bill" as a restful, pleasant, powerful preparation. As near as mortals may be able to reach perfection, Kidney-Wort may safely be called perfect. It is not a compound of herbs alleged to have been discovered by some mythical missionary, whilst in some imaginary "foreign land." Kidney-Wort is a preparation, however, combining all the essential ingredients of far advanced thinkers, and scientific men who labor for the amelioration of human ills. Buy a bottle, and you will, if afflicted, agree with thousands of others who have done so and found themselves renewed thereby in health and spirits.



Prepared by  
*Lydia E. Pinkham*

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman.  
Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

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will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man, woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 235 and 237 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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