

PUNCTUALITY.

The trouble began as soon as we were married—nay, even before. I had been engaged to Charley long enough to learn his weaknesses pretty well, and as our wedding day approached I began to tremble.

"Charley," I said as we parted the night before, "don't be late to-morrow whatever you do."

"Good heavens, Lelia! What do you take me for?" said Charley. "If ever a man was ready for anything—"

"Which you never were since I knew you," I said. "I believe you would manage to be late for your own funeral."

"That would not depend quite so much upon my own volition," said Charley laughing. "Make your mind easy, little woman; I shall be in time."

I was by no means convinced of it, but I could say no more. At first I had thought of being married in the English style, but I did not fancy the idea of waiting at the chancel rails for Charley. The only safe thing seemed to be to secure him before we left the house.

Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the wedding, and as the time approached, of course I was in a turmoil. I was sure that the hair dresser was late, but Aunt Fan convinced me that the appointed hour had not yet arrived. He came promptly on the stroke of the clock, then all was hurry and worry until my toilet was completed. I was ready, from the spray of orange blossom which fastened my veil to the rosette on my slipper; but Charley had not come.

"It's too bad," I said. "He promised so faithfully to be here in time. Do send somebody to look him up."

"Dear child!" cried Aunt Fan, in terror. "Whatever you do, don't cry. Blushing cheeks are all very well for a bride, but blushing eyes are a decided mistake. There is plenty of time. It is only half-past one."

"But he might be here," I cried. "I am ready, and why not he? It's too bad!"

One great tear splashed down upon the brocade of my dress. That frightened me, I resolutely repressed the rest, while Aunt Fan carefully dried the spot with her lace handkerchief. It was completely effaced, but still Charley did not come. Then I fell into stony despair.

"He won't come at all. There will be no wedding, and I shall be the laughing stock of everybody."

"My dear Lelia," said Aunt Fan, "we are not in England. You can be married at any time, and it is not 2 yet."

"But just on the stroke," I said.

Just then the cuckoo clock shouted out its two absurd notes. A moment afterwards the door bell rang, and Charley walked in as calm and composed as if I had not been enduring agonies.

"Charley! Charley! how could you?" cried and then stopped, and bit my lip to keep back the tears which rushed to my eyes.

"What is it?" said Charley, looking utterly bewildered. Instead of looking ashamed, when he understood the state of affairs, he began to laugh. "My dear child," he said "the clocks were striking two as I came up the steps. I said I would be in time and I am."

The wedding journey was not a period of unalloyed bliss to me. Charley never missed a train or a boat, but he was never more than just in time, so that I was kept in constant terror. To the hours for meals he paid not the slightest attention. When I reminded him of them, he merely inquired if I was hungry. If I could not say that I was, he laughed and said: "Then why hurry? What is the use of being in a hotel if we cannot take our time?" As if punctuality were not a virtue in itself!

It was a relief to me when we came home and settled down at last to begin life in earnest. We had had one little quarrel about the furnishing of our house. I wanted a clock in every room to which Charley decidedly objected.

"Time was made for slaves," he said. "Why should I be constantly reminded of my bonds? When I am down town, I must be punctual and energetic, and a score of other things. I come home for relaxation, and I want to forget all annoyances. Have a clock in the kitchen, by all means, and put one, if you choose in the servant's bedroom. For the rest, we have our watches, and what possible need have we for more?"

I yielded, but I made up my mind then which of Charley's faults, was likely to give me the most trouble.

Charley was always good-natured; I will say that of him. On the whole, though I am not sure that that was the most aggravating part of it. I always made a point of being ready before the time, when we were going anywhere, hoping that my silent example would have its effect, but it was of no use.

"What! going already, little woman?" Charley would say. Then pulling out his watch and looking at it: "Oh, we need not start for an hour yet; plenty of time."

Then he would throw himself into a chair and rattle away about anything or nothing, while I felt myself growing more and more nervous every minute. I had made up my mind that nothing should induce me to quarrel with him—quarreling is at once foolish and vulgar—and I never did. As the time grew on, however, I would say: "Charley, ought you not to be getting ready?"

"Oh, there's no hurry," was the invariable reply—"time enough." At last, however, he would rouse himself, look at his watch, yawn, stretch, and then rise slowly from his chair.

"That bonnet is very becoming. I suppose that is why you like to wear it so long," he said on one such occasion. Then he went out of the room laughing, and I heard him moving about overhead in the deliberate way which nearly drove me frantic.

The worst of it was that he always did manage to be just in time. If I could only have convicted him of being just too late for once, I should have something to fall back upon in our arguments; but as it was, I had nothing to take hold of.

Things had gone on this way for two or three months. I did not suppose that Charley knew or, indeed, saw, how I fretted about it. I tried hard to hide my irritation, for I really loved him and did not wish to annoy, still less to alienate him; but I suppose that my efforts were in vain. We were talking about a reception to which we were going in the evening and I said: "Now, Charley, dear, won't you be ready in time, just for once? You do make me waste so much time waiting for you."

Charley laughed as usual, and was going to make one of his careless retorts but he stopped suddenly.

"We have been married four months, haven't we Lelia?" he said.

"Four months to-day," I said promptly. "It was the 8th of August and this is the 8th of December."

"And in all that time you have not been able to cure me of my dreadful fault? Poor little girl! Your hair will be grey in a year at this rate. I'm going to try the effect of turning over a new leaf, and see how we both like it."

I did not know exactly what he meant then, but I began to understand when he went into his dressing room the moment I suggested it. He came out tully equipped, even to his gloves, before I had half finished dressing.

"No hurry, Lelia," he said looking in as he passed. "I only wanted to let you know that I am ready whenever you are."

Of course I had to hurry after that, but as I always hurried anyhow, it did not make much difference. Charley said nothing except, "the carriage is at the door," when I came down. Of course after all the fuss I had made, I could not say that it was too early to go, though I knew very well that it was and was quaking inwardly all the way.

"Don't you think it would be pleasant to drive round Washington square?" I said in desperation.

"Washington square?" exclaimed Charley. "Are you mad, Lelia? Why not by Philadelphia at once? Washington square is miles out of our way."

As if that was not just my object! I could not explain myself, however, so I kept still, and we drove to our destination by the shortest route. Of course the house was dark when we reached it, the hostess entirely unprepared to receive us, and the waiter who let us in equally surprised and contemptuous at our untimely arrival. Of course we had the pleasure of spending a solitary hour, I in the ladies' and Charley in the gentleman's dressing room before we dared descend. Even then we were among the earliest guests.

"I begin to feel the reward of virtue already," sighed Charley, as we descended the stairs. "How nice it is to be early! The carriage is ordered for one, and I'll be sure to be ready."

He was—and I was not. I had met an old friend, and we were in the middle of a most interesting conversation. She was only at New York en passant, and I should not see her again. It was very provoking to be obliged to break off in the middle of our talk, but how could I tell Charley that I was not ready when he stood waiting with an air of conscious virtue? It was beyond my power, and absurd as it was, I had to say good bye to Anna and go.

I had not supposed at first that Charley's reformation was permanent, but as the days went on, I was forced to confess that it looked very much like it if it were. Promptly as the clock struck six in the evening, he entered the house; promptly as it struck nine in the morning he left it. No entreaties could detain him an instant beyond his time.

"No, Lelia, my dear," was his invariable reply. "I have already wasted too much of life by unpunctuality. You have convinced me of my error. Why strive now to undo the good which you have done?"

Of course such sentiments ought to have delighted my heart, and they did, in a measure. Only in a measure, however, I must confess, for I began to think that we should be known everywhere as "the early birds." It was never necessary to urge Charley to get ready for anything. We were always the first in church; we were waiting at the door of the operas and theatres long before they were open; at parties or receptions it was our invariable custom to spend from half an hour to an hour in the dressing room in order to descend with the earliest guests. And Charley was continually expatiating on the sweet reward of virtue and thanking me for teaching him the beauty of punctuality. I spent myself in vain wonderings as to how long this state of things was to last; but of course it came to a climax finally.

My oldest and most intimate friend, Tina Verringer, was to be married and Charley and I had vowed in the most solemn manner to attend the wedding. Tina lived at Mountclair and it was there, of course, that the ceremony was to take place.

"Do you think that nine o'clock will be early enough to leave here?" asked Charley meekly.

"Nine o'clock! My dear Charley, she is not to be married until one, and Mountclair is only an hour away."

"I know," said Charley, "but I was anxious to be in time. I think that we had better start at nine to make sure."

I swallowed my astonishment as I best could, and submitted. It was not a pleasant day. If I were not afraid of exaggerating, I should say that it was a decidedly unpleasant one, being cold and gray, damp and chilly, with that chilliness that goes through your bones. Already a few stray snow flakes were fluttering down, giving promise of a storm later in the day.

The depot at Hoboken is not a specially exhilarating place to wait in; but Charley settled himself comfortably with his paper upon one of the straight up and down settees, saying, "We need not take too early a train, but it is well to be on hand; even if we do reach Mountclair too soon, we can walk about and see the place, you know."

Walk about and see the place on such a day! I said nothing, but I inwardly decided that we would not take too early a train. At least we were warm and sheltered where we were, and who knew what we might find at the other end? While I was settling this point in my own mind, the door at the end of the room was swung open and Charley sprang to his feet.

"Come," he said; "we might as well make sure of this train, after all; and before I could find words in which to couch my objections without giving the lie to all the fixed principles of my life, we were in the cars."

Charley was buried in his newspaper and I was gazing from the window upon the fast whitening meadows, when the conductor paused before us with a demand for "Tickets." They were ready to hand, but the conductor gazed upon them blankly.

"Where to?" he asked, briefly.

"Mountclair," replied Charley, with equal brevity.

"Wrong train. Yours left ten minutes later from the other door. You'd better get out at Newark, and take it there. If you miss it, there'll be another along in forty minutes."

"It is fortunate that we have plenty of time," said Charley to me, as the conductor left us. "Aren't you glad that I have reformed in regard to punctuality?"

"Oh, very glad!" I said with a slight tinge of irony, and adding, inwardly, "especially if it leads you to take the wrong train rather than wait for the right one."

We got out at Newark and took the next train that came along. Being the next, we made sure that it must be the right one, but it wasn't. That train landed us at Orange, where we spent a quiet hour before another Newark bound train picked us up.

"You see, dear," said Charley, "I go upon your principle of always being in time. If we keep on taking the first train that comes along, we shall be sure to get there sometime—if not in time for the wedding, then, perhaps, in time for the funeral of all the family."

"We shall not certainly be in time for the wedding at this rate," I said, half laughing and half crying. "Suppose by way of variety, we try the effect of taking the last train?"

"What! and abandon principle? Never!" cried Charley. "However, I think we will inquire before we try again."

We did inquire, but with the result of finding that the next train which it would be possible for us to take would not reach Mountclair until half an hour after the time set for the wedding.

"Shall we try it?" asked Charley cheerfully. "The wedding may be delayed, you know. The groom may be unpunctual or something."

"I fairly broke down at that."

"No, we will not," I said. "I don't want to go dragging in just at the tail end of the ceremony. I'm cold and tired and wretched," but I was more than that. I was thoroughly indignant, for I was sure that Charley had done it all on purpose. Though I had a bidden consciousness that I deserved a lesson of some kind I thought that he had punished me too severely, so I had little to say to him either then or when we were sitting together in the evening. Charley was too busy with paper and pencil to take any notice of me.

"Lelia," he said suddenly.

"What is it?" I asked rather sulkily.

"I am thoroughly convinced now," said Charley, "that punctuality is the king of all virtues, the crowning merit of humanity; but doesn't it strike you as rather an expensive one?"

"How?" I asked, melted a little, but not much.

"Well, I won't speak of to-day, for that was not a fair test. I know you think that I made all those blunders on purpose, but I didn't. I suppose the intoxication of such unusual virtue flew to my head and muddled my wits, for I certainly made uncommon hash of that affair. I had been punctual according to your ideas, for a month now, and I have just been making a little computation of the result. I began to practice the virtue on the night of Mrs. Lee's reception. I believe? Very well. We each spent a solitary hour in the dressing room which, I suppose, may fairly be considered wasted. Two hours, to begin with. We went to the opera an hour too early (though our seats were engaged) on two occasions—six hours. Theater, ditto, twice—four hours. Six and four are ten, and two make twelve. Really, my dear Lelia, punctuality is a noble virtue, but, do you know, it strikes me that life is too short to practice it in it might do for Methuselah or an arch angel, but for ordinary mortals—"

"Don't Charley!" I cried breaking down suddenly. "I have been a vain conceited, little idiot. I was so proud of my own virtue, and it is nothing but a vice after all. I have been beginning to see it for ever so long, and I am ready to say that I will never waste my time by being punctual again."

"Don't," said Charley, laughing. "This month has done me no end of good, for I was inclined to run things much too close. I was never exactly late, but I often made a precious tight shave of it. We'll help each other after this, won't we, little woman? You'll spur me on and I'll rim you in, and we will neither of us get out of temper with the other. Is it a bargain?"

His hand was out, and his good honest eyes were shining into mine, and before I knew it my arms were around his neck, and I was promising anything and everything.

So that was the end of our first and last quarrel that threatened to overshadow our married life.

Married Actresses and Their Husbands.

From the Boston Traveler.

There is a stage tradition that when an actress marries she loses her attractiveness with the general public, or at least with the main portion of it, and in nine cases out of ten continues to perform under her maiden name which may be her own, or simply a nom de theatre. There is moreover, a prejudice against the husbands of actresses; they are considered as a general thing—and in many instances the facts warrant the consideration—to be rather a worthless lot, who live on the earnings of their wives, and are altogether too lazy to contribute anything towards the family expenses. It is true, as a New York paper says, that "it is a pitiful end in life, after all, to be labeled as 'Miss So-and-So's husband'—the highest title to which most gentlemen of that variety may aspire. This is who the husbands of some of the ladies of the stage are:

Henry T. Paddock is the husband of Maggie Mitchell, and was formerly a hatter in Cleveland, O. Cyril Searle, an actor, who we believe, does not act, is the husband of Rose Eytzinger. Robert Fulford, an English Canadian, formerly an actor and journalist, is Annie Piskley's husband. Madame Janauschek's husband is a nonentity by the name of Elliot. Minnie Palmer is the wife of her manager, Mr. Rogers. Catharine Lewis took for a husband a Swede named Oscar Arfwedson. He is said to have been in his day a very rich man, but now is so reduced in circumstances that it is said that he is tending bar in a saloon on Eighth avenue, New York.

Mrs. Jeffrey Lewis, the sister of Catherine, is a Mrs. Maitland. He was a San Francisco stock operator, but he turned out so badly that his wife had to leave him and return to the stage. Lillian Russell's husband is Mr. Harry Brahan. Effie German is a widow, but her late husband was a negro minstrel, named Gibbons. Mrs. Marie Wilkin's first husband was the once famous criminal lawyer, Sergeant Wilkins. The name of her present husband has escaped us. Miss Marie Janson took for her husband James Barton Key who was shot by General Sikes. Minnie Madder's husband is Mr. Legrand White, who was a musician, but is now a nothing. Mr. Frederic Harriott, once a flour merchant related to the Hayemeyers, is the husband of Clara Morris whose general manager and agent he is. Alfred Tollen, a nephew of Mrs. Frank Leslie, is Maud Granger's husband, but a suit for divorce is pending between them. William Perzel is the husband of Marie Prescott. None of these men are heard of. Their identity is entirely merged in that of their more gifted wives.

Treatment of Consumption.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal has published a valuable series of papers on consumption in New England, written by Dr. Hurd, of Newburyport. We give some of its leading points.

Consumption can be cured in its first stages, i. e., before ulceration has much progressed. Such cures have been due mainly to avoidance of the causes—lack of nourishing food, confined air, etc.

Hereditary consumption, and that which has resulted from debilitating habits in the parents, are the least curable. Our spring months—from their excessive moisture—are the worst in the year for all lung complaints.

Various localities are recommended as health resorts, but those are best which enable the patient to spend the most time in the open air, and insure him a good appetite for an abundance of nourishing food. Such conditions are found in the bracing air of elevated regions. But as these regions are cold, a patient should not be sent there who has not a fair amount of physical resistance, nor those who are beyond the first stage of the disease. For these, mild climates are preferable.

It is, however, very seldom that it does any good to send from home one in whom the disease is fixed. For persons of limited means, the most that can be advised is to remove from the city to the country, or to change from in-door to out-door occupation.

When patients have vigorous appetites and gain in flesh and strength, the most favorable conditions are secured. A vigorous appetite and digestion is worth more than all the expectorants, and antiseptics, and germicides in the world. Acting on this principle, the most skillful physicians avoid cough medicines and especially opiates.

Dr. Hurd advises plenty of meat, raw or cooked eggs; milk, the more the better; oysters, with bread and other farinaceous foods and fruits; cod liver oil, when the stomach will bear it; cream; some of the malt extracts; and some alcoholic stimulant (taken moderately), to keep digestion at a high mark.

He further insists on the necessity of suitable exercise, hopefulness, the avoidance of debilitating passions, friction of the surface and sponging the body.

LINCOLN ON M'CLELLAN.

A Reminiscence Related by Ex-Gov. Austin Blair, of Michigan.

From the Detroit (Mich.) Free Press.

In a recent address at Belleville, Mich., ex-Gov. Austin Blair, gave an account of the convention of governors of northern states that met at Altoona, Penn., at the time of the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation by Pres. Lincoln, in 1862. The convention was called to bring an influence to bear upon President Lincoln to induce him to issue a proclamation or do some act that should set at liberty the 4,000,000 slaves; but the president outwitted the 22 governors by issuing the proclamation the same day their convention met. The governors then decided to go on to Washington and present to the president, not the urgent resolutions they had intended, but an address complimenting him upon the step he had taken. This address was prepared in an able manner by Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, who read it to President Lincoln as he sat at his desk, while the governors were seated around the room. After that an incident happened that Gov. Blair said he had never before related to any one. Gov. Kirkwood of Iowa, since a United States senator and secretary of the interior, rose and said: "Mr. President—I should be delighted could I return to my home and say to the people of Iowa that the president of the United States believes Gen. George B. McClellan is a royal man. He branched off upon other subjects connected with the war, and then closed by repeating with more emphasis: 'I should be glad, Mr. President to be able to tell the people of Iowa that you believe in the loyalty and patriotism of George B. McClellan.'"

Taking his feet down from the desk upon which they had been resting, Mr. Lincoln sprang to his feet and straightened up apparently two inches taller than usual, and said, with much force and apparent excitement: "Loyal! George B. McClellan is as loyal as any one of you." Then stopping a moment the president's face assumed its natu-

rally pleasant look, and he continued in a natural and pleasing tone: "I'll tell you gentlemen, Gen. McClellan is an exceedingly well-informed General, and is very careful, in fact, too careful, and the great trouble with him is that when he wins a victory he doesn't know what to do with it."

"Why not try somebody else?" mildly suggested Gov. Blair.

"We might do that and might lose an army by it," was the quick response of the president, which Gov. Blair admitted "completely unhorsed him."

Feet Washing in Kentucky—A Reminiscence.

San Francisco Bulletin.

In the southern part of Kentucky, before the war, the "hard-shell" Baptists were accustomed to hold their camp meetings in the big groves of walnut, hickory and oak trees which abound throughout that region.

At these gatherings, the ceremony of "feet washing" (which they claimed our Lord himself had instituted and commanded His followers to perpetuate) was usually a part of the ceremonies. When it was known among the "soft-shell outsiders that this rite was on the programme for the day, crowds of the curious came to the camp grounds "to see the fun" as the boys called it.

It was somewhat of a satire, however, upon the lesson of humility which our Lord sought to inculcate when He Himself had washed the feet of His disciples, to observe upon these occasions, that the feet washers were invariably chosen from among the good old colored brethren and sisters of "hard-shell" persuasion, and never by any mistake from the "white folks," who formed the large majority of the membership. Whether, under these circumstances, the latter were as much benefited as it was intended they should be by the ceremony remains to this day a question in our minds. Their feet were washed, to be sure, but some old aunty with a towel slung over her shoulder and her basin of water did the "humility" part of the business. The ceremony on their part consisted simply in dipping the bare feet into the basin presented to them, when it was dried with a towel by the kneeling "foot washer," who passed down between the benches, taking each of the members in turn as she came to them, nor making any delay, as all were supposed to be ready to perform their part of the ceremony as she reached them.

"Aunt Melindy," (a quaint old colored woman, black as the ace of spades but with a faith founded upon the fact that "John went down into the water," and a belief that nothing else could suffice for the rest of us) was a member of this church. As usual, upon these occasions, she was conspicuous among the footwashers, as she came down the aisle with her brilliant bandana handkerchief arranged in a towering peak about her head, her basin in her hand and a clean white towel thrown over her shoulder. We sat with a party of young folks upon the first bench behind the members over whose pedal purification Aunt Melindy had charge. When just in front of us she came to an old "brother" who had tramped in his low shoes five miles through the dust to attend the meeting. As the foot-washer reached him he slipped these off and extended to her a foot, dust-covered and grimy to the last degree. When her eyes fell upon the manly object held out to her Aunt Melindy gave an indignant snort and looking to right and left as if for advice in this emergency, she at last got up from her kneeling position and, pointing to the brother's foot, exclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard by all in that part of the camp ground.

"Fo' de Lawd! Dis heah foot 'quires soap and scrubbin'! Dats mo' dan I 'greed to do, and I ain't a-gwine to spile my towel for no such hoof as dat!"

And with a scornful toss of her turbaned head the old woman passed the brother by and went on to the next member, leaving the discomfited candidate for foot-washing to resume his shoes in his unwashed state, whilst she went on her way amid the audible titter of those of the congregation who had witnessed the by-play, and the irrepressible laughter of the young men in the back benches.

Death of a Famous Soldier.

Sir William Fenwick Williams, who lately died at London, was one of the most famous soldiers of the British Army. He was the son of Mr. Thomas Williams, commissary general and barrack master at Halifax, N. S. Born at Annapolis, N. H., on Dec. 4, 1800, he was educated at the royal military academy at Woolwich, and in his twenty-fifth year entered the artillery as second lieutenant, and was promoted to a captaincy in his fortieth year. For three years, from 1840 to 1843, he did service in Turkey as British commissioner at the conferences preceding the treaty of Erzerum. In 1848 he was appointed British commissioner for the adjustment of the boundary between Turkey and Persia. In 1854 he was named British commissioner with the Turkish army in the East, and it was then that he won a world-wide reputation by his prolonged defence of Kars against an overwhelming Russian force. For his exploits in Kars General Williams received from parliament a life pension of \$5000 per annum, a baronetcy and the order of the Bath. In 1856 he was made commandant at Woolwich. In 1859 he was promoted to the command of the British forces in Canada. In 1865 he was appointed governor of Nova Scotia and received the brevet rank of lieutenant general. In 1870 he was made governor and commander-in-chief at Gibraltar, where he remained for five years. In 1877 he retired from the army, after a most honorable service of no less than fifty-two years. He died at the age of eighty-two.

Ex Governor Anson P. Morrill, of Maine, is an enthusiastic gardener. He usually has a supply of green vegetables in advance of his neighbors, and his flower garden is one of the handsomest in the State.