

## THE MAIDEN'S SUITORS.

### SUITOR NO. 1.

Sweet maiden with the face so fair  
And eyes that like the diamonds shine,  
Bright maiden with the queenly air,  
Once more I ask, wilt thou be mine?  
Oh, give consent and be my wife,  
Some pity kindly show to me;  
I love thee better than my life,  
And cheerfully would die for thee.

### THE MAIDEN.

Oh, do not tease me now I pray;  
Talk love to me some other day.

### SUITOR NO. 2.

The reason why I've called to-day  
Is this—er—well, upon my life,  
I scarcely know just what to say—  
And—er—well, will you be my wife?  
You'll never know life's cares or ills,  
In silks and jewels you shall shine,  
I'll foot your millinery bills,  
And—well, in brief, will you be mine?

### THE MAIDEN.

This is so sudden! But—oh, la!  
I think you'd better speak to pa.

## BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived!" And she meant it, or, what answers the same purpose, she thought she meant it. After all, how few of us ever really know what we mean?

"I engaged myself once, when a girl, and the simpleton thought he owned me. I soon took that conceit out of him, and sent him away about his business." The voice was now a little sharp. What wonder, with so galling a memory? "No man shall ever tyrannize over me—never! What the mischief do you suppose is the matter with this sewing machine?"

"Annoyed at you logic, most likely," said my friend, a bright young matron as she threaded her needle. "My husband is not a tyrant, Miss Kent."

It was quite evident, by the expression of the dressmaker's face that she had formed her own opinion about my friend's husband, and was quite competent to form and express an opinion on any subject. Miss Kent was a little woman, fair as a girl, and plump as a robin. She wasn't ashamed to own that she was forty years old and an old maid. She had earned her own living most of her life and was proud of it. Laziness was the one sin Miss Kent could not forgive. She was a good nurse, a faithful friend, and a jolly companion; but stroke her the wrong way and you'd wish you hadn't in much shorter time than it takes me to write it. Her views on all subjects were strikingly original, and not to be combatted.

"What are you going to do when you are old?" persisted the mistress of the establishment.

"What other folks do, I suppose." "But you can't work forever." "Can't say that I want to."

"Now, Miss Kent, a husband with means, a kind, intelligent man— "I don't want any man. I tell you, Miss Carlisle I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, if he was rich as Cæsar, and would die if I'd have him. Now, if you have exhausted the marriage question, I should like to try on your dress."

There was something behind all this, I knew well. My friend's eyes danced with fun; and as Miss Kent fitted the waist, she threw me a letter from the bureau. "Read that," she said, with a knowing look. "It may amuse you." This is what the letter said:

MY DEAR JENNIE.—I shall be delighted to spend a month with you and your husband. There must be, however, one stipulation about my visit—you must say no more about marriage. I shall never be foolish again. Twenty years ago to-day I wrecked my whole life.

"Better embark in a new ship, hadn't he?" put in Jennie, sotto voce.

So unsuitable was this marriage, so utterly and entirely wretched have been its consequences, that I am forced to believe the marriage institution a mistake. So, for the last time, let me assure you that I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, if by so doing I could save her life.

Your old cousin, MARK LANSING.

"Rich, isn't he?" said Jennie, and then pointed to the chubby little figure whose back happened to be turned.

I shook my head and laughed.

"You'll see," said the incorrigible.

"See what?" inquired Miss Kent, quite unaware of our pantomime.

"That the parties which are chemically attracted will unite. Of course an alkali and an acid. Don't you think this sleeve a little too long, Miss Kent?"

"Not after the seam is off. But what were you saying, Mrs. Carlisle? The other day at Professor Boynton's, I saw some wonderful experiments."

"Did they succeed?" inquired Jennie, demurely.

"Beautifully."

"So will mine. I never botched a job in my life."

"I don't think I quite understand you," replied Miss Kent, perplexed.

"No? I always grow scientific when talking about marriage, my dear."

"Bother!" was all the little woman said, but the tone was much better natured than I expected.

The next week cousin Mark arrived, and I liked him at once. An unhappy marriage would have been the last

thing thought of in connection with that gentleman. He had accepted the situation like a man, Jennie told me, and for fifteen years carried a load of misery that few could have endured. Death came to his relief at last, and now the poor fellow actually believed himself an alien from domestic happiness.

Singular as it may appear, Cousin Mark was the embodiment of good health and good nature; fifty, perhaps, though he didn't look it, and as round and fresh in his way as the little dressmaker was in hers. As I looked at him I defied anybody to see one and not be reminded of the other. True, he had more of the polish which comes from travel and adaptation to different classes and individuals, but he was not a whit more intelligent by human nature than the bright little woman whom Jennie determined he should marry.

"I was surprised you should think it necessary to caution me about that, Cousin Mark," cooed the plotter, as she stood by his side, looking out of the window. "The idea of my being so ridiculous!" and in the same breath, with a wink at me. "Come let us go to my sitting room. We are at work there, but it won't make any difference to you, will it?"

Of course Cousin Mark answered 'No,' promptly, as innocent as a dove about the trap being laid for him.

"This is my cousin—Mr. Lansing, Miss Kent," and Mr. Lansing bowed politely, and Miss Kent arose, dropped her scissors, blushed, and sat down again. Cousin Mark picked up the refractory implements, and then Mrs. Jennie proceeded with rare caution and tact to her labor of love. Cousin Mark, at her request, read aloud an article from the Popular Science Monthly, drawing Miss Kent into the discussion as deftly as was ever fly drawn into the web of the spider.

"Who was that lady, Jennie?" Cousin Mark inquired in the evening.

"You mean Miss Kent?" said Jennie looking up from her paper. "Oh, she is a lady I have known for a long time. She is making some dresses for me now. Why?"

"She seemed uncommonly well posted for a woman."

Under any other circumstances, Mrs. Carlisle would have resented this, but now she only queried, "Do you think so?" and that ended it.

Two or three invitations to the sewing room were quiet sufficient to make Cousin Mark perfectly at home there, and after a week, he became as familiar as this:

"If you are not too busy, I should like to read you this article," and this is what Miss Kent would say:

"Oh, I am never too busy to be read to. Sit down by the window in this comfortable chair and let's hear it."

After a couple of weeks, when the gentleman came in, hoarse with a sudden cold, Miss Kent bustled about, her voice full of sympathy, and brewed him a dose which he declared he should never forget to his dying day; but one dose cured. After this, Miss Kent was a really wonderful woman.

Ah, what an arch-plotter. She let them skirmish about, but not once did she give them a chance to be alone together—her plans were not to be destroyed by premature confidences—until the very evening preceding Cousin Mark's departure for California. Then Miss Kent was very demurely asked to remain and keep an eye on Master Carlisle whom the fond mother did not like to leave quite alone with his nurse.

"We are compelled to begone a couple of hours but Cousin Mark will read to you, won't you cousin?"

"Certainly, if Miss Kent would like it," replied the gentleman.

The infant Carlisle, thanks to good management, was never awake in the evening, so the victims of this matrimonial speculation would have plenty of time. The back parlor was the room most in use during the evening, and out of this room was a large closet with a large blind ventilator, and out of this closet a door leading to the back stoop and garden. Imagine my surprise when I was told that Mr. Carlisle was going to the lodge, and that we, after profuse warnings about the baby, and promises not to be gone too long, were to proceed to this closet overlooking the back parlor, via the back gate and garden. In vain I protested.

"Why, you little goose," laughed Jennie, "there'll be fun enough to last a lifetime. John wanted to come awfully, but I knew he'd make an awful noise and spoil everything, so I wouldn't let him."

The wily schemer took the precaution to lock the closet door from the outside, so there was no fear of detection. On a high bench, still as two mice, we awaited results.

Cousin Mark (as if arousing from a protracted reverie): "Would you like to have me read?"

Miss Kent: "Oh, I am not particular."

Cousin Mark: "Here is an excellent article on elective affinities. How would you like that?"

Jennie's elbow in my side almost took away my breath.

Miss Kent: "Who is it by?"

Jennie (clear in my ear): "That's to gain time; see if it ain't."

Cousin Mark: "It's by a prominent French writer, I believe."

Miss Kent: "I don't think I care for a translation to-night."

Cousin Mark: "Nor I; nor reading of any kind. This is my last evening in New York, Miss Kent."

Miss Kent: "I hope you have enjoyed your visit."

Jennie (into my very head this time): "She's as shy as a three-year-old colt."

Cousin Mark: "I didn't think I should feel so bad about leaving." Jennie: "He is the wreck, you remember."

A long pause. Miss Kent: "I think I hear the baby."

Cousin Mark: "Oh, no. You are fond of babies are you not, Miss Kent?"

No answer from Miss Kent.

Cousin Mark: "I have been a very lonely man, Miss Kent, but I never realized how lonely the rest of my life must be until I came to this house."

Jennie: "Oh, how lonely!"

Cousin Mark: "Now I must return to my business and my boarding-house—boarding-house for a man so fond of domestic life as I am, Miss Kent."

Just then we very distinctly heard a little kind of a purr, which sounded very like a note of intense sympathy from Miss Kent.

Cousin Mark: "I have friends in San Francisco of course, but no friends like this, nobody to care for me if I am ill, nobody to feel very badly if I die."

Jennie: "That'll fetch her."

Miss Kent (voice a little quivering): "I wish I lived in San Francisco. You could always call upon me if you needed anything."

(Jennie in convulsions).

Cousin Mark (abruptly): "If you will go to California with me, Miss Kent, I'll wait another week."

Miss Kent: "Why, Mr. Lansing, what do you mean? What would folks say?"

Cousin Mark: "We don't care for folks, Miss Kent. If you'll go, we will have a house as pleasant as money can make it. You shall have birds and flowers and horses, and all the scientific monthlies you want—deuced if you shan't—and you shall never sew another stitch for anybody but me. Will you be my wife?"

Just then Jennie and I stepped up another peg, and there was that little old maid, who wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, hugged close to the man's breast, who wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, not even to save her life. We came away then, but it's my opinion that they remained in just that position till we rang the bell half an hour later. "How did you know?" I asked of Jennie.

"My dear," she answered, "my whole reliance was upon human nature; and let me tell you goose, whatever else may fail, that never does."

"Why, Miss Kent, what makes your face so red?" inquired Jennie, upon entering; "and Cousin Mark, how strangely you look! your hair is all mussed up."

"And I hope to have it mussed often," said Cousin Mark boldly. "Miss Kent and I are to be married this week."

Jennie laughed till her face was purple, and when I went up stairs, Miss Kent was pounding her back.

## Things Compressed.

Turner Hill (Ill.) Labor Advocate: Since I commenced running this office every expedient has been resorted to run me out of this place, by ridicule, defaming and every other way they could devise, but Monday morning as I came to the office I found on the door the infamous initials, K. K. K., with a skull and cross bones depicted thereon with the word "warning" underneath and in another place written "a word to the wise," which is going one step too far, and I wish it distinctly understood that the mob that waits on me with any kuklux designs I will see that subjects for six funerals are prepared from out of the mob, for this editor don't scare worth a damn.

Walter C. Whipple, a son of Adjutant-General Whipple, of General Hancock's staff, aged 24 years, a student at the University Medical College in New York, fatally shot himself at his boarding house, in East Twenty-third street. He was about firing a third shot when Mrs. Brengemann, who keeps the house, rushed in and wrested the weapon from his hand. He fell to the floor, and his broken conversation showed him to be insane. When asked why he did it, he said: "Ask Christ. Christ loves me; it's all right. Ask me—not—in mournful numbers—" He soon died.

A great curiosity in the way of watches was recently exhibited in Geneva. This wonder is nothing less than a watch with one wheel, manufactured in Paris in the last century. This wheel which gives the watch its name occupies the bottom of the case and the center of the plate; it has sixty teeth, and is 83 mm. in diameter. Its axis carries two pinions, one of which receives the motive force from a barrel, and the other carries the minute work. The function of this great wheel is quadruple. First, it acts on a lift, then on a lever operating on another destined to lower the axis of the watch, and lastly on a third lever, the latter serving to return power to the great wheel at the moment when the action relents by the risk of the axis.

They had been to a swell party the night before, where champagne prevailed. She—"I am sick of this frivolity—sick to the utmost." He—"Why, what is the matter?" She—"Oh, it is all vanity and thoughtlessness. Just to think of the people we met last night—hollow, hollow, hollow." He—"Hollow? Not much hollow, I should say. Everybody I saw was full, and, from the way my head feels, I don't think I escaped entirely."—Commercial Traveler.

## A Good War Story.

Chicago Times.

Last February, while in Virginia, I met with a gentleman who was in the artillery service during almost the whole of the war, being at first in field service and then shut up in mortar batteries at different places. When Petersburg was invested he, a sergeant, and his brother, a lieutenant, were in a mortar battery situated near the old Blanford cemetery, his brother being in charge. Their principal duty was to fire at the federal batteries and draw their fire. When the confederates made a demonstration they had bomb-proofs to run into, of course; but one can't stay in a bomb-proof and fire the mortar at the same time, and, as might be supposed, they became more familiar with pyrotechnic displays than they cared for. There was one Union battery in particular that always gave them trouble whenever they fired at it. It was known as the "railroad-iron" battery, and was very heavily armed. Moreover, the gunners therein had the exact range of the Blanford battery, which was twice too large, and it rarely required more than ten minutes to run the confederates into their bomb-proof. It was in this Blanford battery that one of the most curious and at the time mysterious events of the war occurred.

"One night," says Sergt. Eggleston, "we were working there in the battery firing away in different directions, but taking care to keep our hands off the railroad iron battery, and watching the shells as they flew around, occasionally jumping into the bomb proof when one would light in our place, when two fine-looking men, whom we all took for general officers, suddenly walked into the works. We could not tell their exact rank, because they wore white waistcoats and coats, but they looked as though they were rank officers. They walked up to George, addressed him as lieutenant, as though they knew him, and said that they had come out to see some mortar firing, and hoped that he would accommodate them if it was not inconvenient. George replied that he would be happy to show them anything in that line, and turning to me, said, 'Touch up the railroad-iron battery, Joe.' Well, I wished that those chaps had stayed in their tents; but I thought that it would not be very long before they would be glad to get into the bomb-proof, and that the rest of us could go in then also. So I commenced to touch up that railroad-iron place. In less than three minutes we had waked up the hornet's nest, and they were raining shells into us at a terrific rate.

"Those fellows over there seemed to know that the occasion was an unusual one, and they were determined to give us all that we could ask for. The shells were dropped into our battery like hailstones, bursting all around us, and rolling around like footballs; but there stood those two officers and George, leaning up against a piece of timber and talking as coolly as if they were leaning on a fence a thousand miles away from a piece of artillery. A shell came along and cut that piece of timber in two, and scattered splinters all over the place; but all that they did was to lean against a fresh place and go on talking. I don't believe that either one of the three even winked. I came to the conclusion that they liked that thing better than I did, and I told one of the gunners to shift his gun around and play on something else, and pretty soon I shifted another, and the fire gradually died down. I knew that George would stand there and be shot at till the crack of doom before he would suggest anything about bomb-proofs, and the other chaps didn't want to say anything unless he did. Well, they talked on for ten or fifteen minutes after the fire died down, and then said that they would like to go on to the skirmish line and see what was going on there, if he would show them the way. He told them to go out of the battery on a certain side and follow the path; they could not miss the skirmish. They left after expressing their thanks for our kindness, but they did not say what their names were, and George was too polite to ask them.

"Now the funny part of it comes in. The next day George tried to find out who they were, but none of our officers had been out there. The fact is, I don't believe that any of our officers had any white clothes to wear, and if George had only thought a minute he might have known that none of them would be roaming around at night to see mortar-firing; they could stay in camp and get enough of that. But he could not find out who those men were, though every effort was made, as the thing began to get mysterious.

About two years ago, or longer, George was on an Ohio river steamboat talking to a man in the saloon, when a gentleman came up and said: 'Are you not the lieutenant who was in command of a mortar battery near Blanford cemetery at Petersburg?' 'Yes,' he answered. 'And don't you remember two officers coming to your battery one night and saying that they had come out to see some mortar-firing?' 'Yes, and I have been looking for them ever since.'

"Well, I am one of them, and my companion was Gen.—, also of the Union army. I am very glad to meet you," said Lieut. Eggleston, "but if I had known who you were at that time you would not be talking to me now." "So I knew then," was the reply. "We did start out to see mortar firing, just as I told you; and we also intended to

go on to the skirmish line. But we got into the wrong battery. You remember that our skirmish line ran up to what was a marsh when we first got to Petersburg, and that it really pointed behind your line. Well, we got to the end of our line at the marsh, but it had dried up, and after we had wandered around there for a while, confused by the shells flying in different directions, we suddenly found ourselves right at your battery. We sat there in the ditch for almost two hours, wondering what we could do; we could hear every word that your men said. Had we been in uniform we should have gone right in and surrendered, but we knew that our white clothes would be taken as disguises, and that we would have been arrested as spies. 'Undoubtedly,' said Lieut. E. "So we concluded to go in and pretend that we were all right, but without our names. After we got out of your battery we went back to our lines easily enough. While we were standing there talking to you we were getting our bearings so as to get back. I have thought of that night a thousand times, and wondered if I would ever meet that lieutenant who made us stand under the fire of our own batteries for half an hour without saying a word about bomb-proofs. And as soon as I heard your voice I thought that I recognized the one that said 'Touch up the railroad-iron battery Joe.'"

## Certain Death.

From the San Francisco Alta-California.

"People have very little idea of what an extent this habit of using hypodermic injections prevails," said a prominent physician to an Alta reporter recently.

"Singular that doctors, knowing its effects, should persist in using morphine," said the reporter, flinging out a bait for further revelation.

"Not any more singular than that they should drink whiskey until death steps in and stops the debauch, but the morphine habit is infinitely more seductive, and more difficult to abandon than whiskey drinking. You probably know of doctors who have killed themselves by the bottle. So do I. Now, not many months ago, there died in Oakland, a physician who was assuredly killed by morphine as the poor fellow who expired in the House of the Inebriates recently. He took his ale in the shape of hypodermic injections. He had a large practice, was universally trusted and respected, and not one in 500 of his acquaintances ever suspected that he was a slave to this habit."

"Does it prevail to any extent among women, Doctor?"

"I have had a good many patients of that sex in my own practice—I think it is next to impossible—I can't say that it is impossible to cure them. I have in my mind now a lady who resides in one of the bay counties. She is speckled all over from the use of the hypodermic syringe. I have told her a score of times that she was killing herself, and her friends and relatives have actually gone on their knees to her to abandon this ruinous habit. But it was all of no avail. Why, the very last time I called to see that lady, I was in the midst of the most impressive warning I could deliver, and she was apparently listening with the utmost attention, and making her mind up to reform, when I noticed a suspicious motion of her right hand. I grasped her by the wrist, and I'm blessed if she was not holding a hypodermic syringe, charged with morphine, and in the act of treating herself to an injection. I cut my speech mighty short, I tell you, told her relatives that she was beyond my skill and left the house."

"How did she acquire the habit?"

"Oh, like most of them, she had been a sufferer from acute neuralgia, and found relief in morphine. It is a good friend, but a terrible enemy. Never try it, young man, just to see how it feels, or some day you'll be feeling in your vest pocket for your syringe just as naturally as the smoker dives down to see if he has a cigar left."

## He Married his Sweetheart's Sister.

The marriage of George Finlay, the historian of ancient Greece and for many years correspondent of the London Times at Athens, was attended by considerable romance. Finlay had become attached to a beautiful Armenian girl at Constantinople, and, as her family would never have consented to her marriage with the young Scotchman, determined to elope with her. A yacht of an English friend was to take the couple to Greece, and it was arranged that the young lady was to be got on board in a box prepared for the purpose. When the eventual moment came the girl became frightened and refused to allow herself to be placed in the box. Her sister, a girl equally lovely, thought it a pity that the romantic arrangement should not be taken advantage of, and entered herself the box in place of her sister. I suppose Finlay must have been considerably surprised when the box was opened in the cabin of the yacht and not his sweetheart, but her sister was revealed, dressed in midshipman's uniform. The brother of the young lady had discovered the affair and was quickly on board the yacht to demand an explanation. Finlay saw only one course before him. The girl had been compromised; he would marry her. The brother giving his consent, the marriage took place at once.—San Francisco Alta.