

## A WORKING-MAN'S WIFE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Don't fall in love with her, Junius." "Your caution comes too late, old man. I'm in love with her already!"

Franklin Bartley looked solemnly at Doctor Junius Dale; shook his head as if to say, "'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true.'"

"My dear fellow," said Bartley, the sage mentor of the pair, "you can no more afford such a wife than you can afford a steam yacht or an ivory-mounted billiard table."

"There's no occasion to tell me that," mournfully replied Doctor Dale. "I'm quite aware of it already. If I was rich I'd marry Miss Clarke tomorrow—always providing that she thought me worthy of acceptance; but as I am only a struggling young doctor, I'll do my best to keep away from her fascinations in the future."

"A sensible decision," observed Bartley. "But she is so pretty!" yearningly remarked Doctor Dale.

"Granted." "And she sings like a nightingale." "She ought to, with all the cultivation that her voice has received."

"And she has such a winning way with her." "What difference does that make to you?" said Bartley. "Haven't you resolved that hereafter she is to be nothing to you?"

"Yes; but—" "Stick to your colors then, man!" cried Bartley. "Clissy Clarke is nothing on earth but a society belle. What you want is a helpful, willing, working-bee of a wife—one who can aid you with heart and hand to climb life's hill. You saw Miss Clarke at the Windfield masquerade last night, in white satin and pearls?"

"And very beautiful she looked?" cried the young physician, firing suddenly up at the recollection of Miss Clarke's auburn hair, all twisted with ropes of seed-pearl, and violet-blue eyes, sparkling with girlish animation.

"Did she look like a poor man's wife?" "Not a bit of it."

"Then be warned," said Bartley, shortly. "Remember the old story of the myth scorching its wings in the candle-flame."

Doctor Dale was silent. He had promised himself the pleasure of a call on Clarissa Clarke, that very afternoon.

There was something in the girl that attracted him with almost magnetic force. The tender light of her eyes, the sweet intonation of her voice, the rosy flushes of color that overspread her cheek when he talked to her, were all separate attractions; and yet he knew that he, like the hero of French romance, was "A Poor Young Man!"

He recollected, now, that he had even said something to Clissy about going to the Clarke cottage that day.

"It won't do!" he said to himself. "I had better keep away."

And so instead of following the dearest inclination of his heart, he betook himself, with Spartan resolve, to the public library.

"I'll read up that case on the investigation of cholera microbes," he thought. "If a man expects to make any mark in his profession, he must keep posted up in these modern discoveries of science."

So he disappeared into one of the alcoves of the library, with his medical quarto and his memorandum-book, and set to work in good earnest.

But he had not fairly entered into the merits of the microbe question, when the twitter of sweet girl-voices from the adjoining alcove struck upon his ear.

"Oh, Clissy Clarke!" said one. "I called for her, and she wouldn't come. It was baking-day, and there was Clissy up to her elbows in flour and spices."

"Well, I never!" said the other, with a giggle.

"Oh, she does all the housework!" said the first speaker, scornfully. "Like any hired servant. Even the fine washing—for they only keep one little bound-girl—and Mr. Clarke won't wear a shirt unless Clissy has ironed it."

"How does she find time for her music and oil-painting?" asked the second.

"Oh, she rises at dawn. She says the best time of the working-day is before breakfast. She finishes her house work, sews for the family—"

"Makes all her own dresses, don't she?"

"Yes, and her mother's, too! That satin dress she wore at the party last night was her grand-mother's bridal gown made over, and the pearls were borrowed from Miss Layton. It don't cost her anything to dress. She'll take the horrid old affair, and remodel it with a scrap of ribbon or a panel of velvet until you'd think it was made by a French dressmaker. I declare, I wish I had her knack. Papa is always grumbling about my bills. But that ain't all. Do you know? she gives Bessie Layton music lessons, and earns quite a nice little income for herself. And she writes book reviews and things for the newspapers, and keeps Mr. Clarke in books that way."

"Dear me!" said the other with a yawn. "what a dreadful nuisance she must find it! I couldn't drudge that way."

"She says she likes it." "She'd make a nice wife for a poor man, wouldn't she?" said the second

speaker. "Although no one who saw her at the party last night would think it."

"Humph!" remarked the other. "She'll live and die an old maid, see if she don't! Such girls always do. Come; here are our novels at last. Let's go!"

The perfumed silken flounces rustled out of the library, the sound of chattering voices died away, and still Doctor Dale sat, with his pencil in his hand, staring down at his memorandum-book. It seemed as if the gloomy veil which dropped between him and his future life were lifted. In his heart he could have blessed the agile tongues of these idle, gossiping girls.

Clissy, then, was no mere butterfly, but a true, noble-hearted working-girl!

He carried back the ponderous medical tome to the assistant librarian.

"Much obliged!" he remarked, succinctly.

"Got through with it pretty quick, haven't you?" said the assistant librarian.

"Yes; I've had very good luck this morning," said Doctor Dale cheerfully.

He went straightway to the cottage on the outskirts of the village, where Clarissa Clarke lived. An apple-cheeked little brother came to the door to answer the knock.

"Yes, Clissy's at home," said he. "But she's fixing the chicken for papa's dinner. And then she's got my trousers to mend. Clissy can't come up stairs."

But Doctor Dale laughingly pushed his way across the threshold.

"I'll come in and wait," said he.

And in five minutes Clissy herself came in, looking even prettier, if it were a possible thing, in her calico morning-dress than she had done in the white satin and pearls on the evening before.

How he managed to speak out the dearest wish of his heart, Doctor Dale never quite knew. He had prepared a form of words on the way, but it vanished utterly out of his mind when the eventful moment came. He could only remember that she stood there before him in all her fresh young beauty, like a human apple-blossom, and that he loved her.

But after he had her hand in his, one arm caressingly thrown around her waist, he told her of the morning's occurrence.

"Until then, dearest," he said "I looked upon you as a sort of unattainable luxury—a star to be worshipped afar off only. I knew that I was nothing more than a village doctor, with more ambition than practice—for the present at least. But now I feel that I may venture to hope. Will you run the risk of sharing my scanty fortunes, Clissy?"

"Willingly, Junius!" she answered, looking up into his face with her frank, blue eyes. "And to tell you the truth," she added, smiling a little shyly, "I'm almost glad that you are not a rich man. Because, dear, I shall be so glad, so proud, to help you a little in my humble way."

So they were married. A few weeks subsequent to their bridal, Franklin Bartley married a rich Southern heiress.

"It's like Bartley," said Dr. Dale. "He always looked out for the main chance."

At the end of five years, however, Franklin Bartley came back to his native village, a moody and disappointed man. His money had all been dissipated in unwise speculations, his wife had returned to her friends minus her fortune.

"A young man married is a young man married," he quoted, gloomily. "Except, perhaps, in Dale's case. He seems to have grown rich by degrees. And he is happy, too, even in the obscurity of a country physician's life."

"Thanks to my helpful little wife," said Dale, with a glance of pride and tenderness toward Clissy, who sat on the door-step with two chubby children playing around her knee. "We have worked together, Clissy and I, and our reward has not been withheld from us."

**An Undertaker's Coat-of-Arms.**  
From the New York Sun.

A young man in want of a shave recently went into a little barber shop in Harlem, sat down in a chair, leaned back, and was about to shut his eyes to keep the lather out, when they fell upon an array of wonderfully decorated shaving cups. On one was the picture of a hearse, flanked by two upright coffins; on another was a dummy engine standing on a section of the elevated road, and others displayed pictures of a milk wagon, a tombstone, a saw, or a trowel. The barber explained that the hearse and coffin cup belonged to an undertaker with an eye to business, who had got enough custom from his novel advertisements to pay his shaving bill for the next ten years. An engineer on the elevated road owned the cup with the dummy engine on it. The other cups belonged to a milk dealer, a stonecutter, a carpenter, and a bricklayer. The barber said he had an order for a cup from a neighboring shoemaker which would eclipse all the other cups. It would contain a tiny photograph of the shoemaker on a swinging sign, bearing his name and the legend, "Repairing neatly done."

The value of live cattle exported during last year was \$17,885,495; sheep, \$850,146; hogs, \$627,480; a total of \$19,833,121, a gain of \$10,064,318 over 1888.

## AT THE ALTAR.

"Is this true, Constance? Are you, indeed, betrothed; going to marry another to-morrow?"

Constance Ashley was white to the lips and trembling like a reed. She loved the man before her with a love that made her chafe madly against the morrow's sacrifice. Was it anything less? She was giving a cold hand and colder heart to the man whose money had saved her father from bankruptcy.

One year before she had been so happy, for Charles Vincent, her father's bookkeeper, had taught her to love him with the best love of her young heart.

Then a position had been offered him in a distant city that promised rapid advancement, and he had accepted, leaving Constance free save for the bonds of loving faith he placed about her in the hour of their parting.

"I will work very hard," he said, when holding her hand in their goodbye. "It may be years before I can come to you as I could wish to, but I may carry with me the memory of your dear face; the touch of your hand; the precious hours I have spent with you; and I will be made stronger by the thought that I am not forgotten by you."

"Forgotten?" Constance repeated, looking up through tears that gathered thickly in her glorious eyes. "Never forgotten; but thought of in every hour—every moment—with hopes for your welfare and prayers for your safety. When you return, Charlie, you will find that time cannot change me!"

"Thank you, dearest," he whispered, bending to touch his lips to her white hand. "I leave you without a fear."

And that was but one year before the embarrassment, the threatened failure, that had driven her father almost wild with fear, and ended, almost without her realizing what she was doing, in the promise of her hand to one whose generosity had placed the firm of Ashley & Ashley beyond danger.

She had not forgotten, had not been untrue; but a web had been woven about her from which she could not free herself; and to-morrow she would become the bride of Earnest Riviere.

Rumor had brought the information to Charlie that Constance was promised to another—about to become a bride; and he had left his post of labor to satisfy himself of the truth of the report.

The servant had said he could not see Miss Ashley.

"Tell her I am a very old friend. I will only detain Miss Ashley a moment, but I particularly wish to see her."

And, not knowing who awaited her Constance had descended to the parlor—to meet his cold, half-scornful eyes and turn white as a corpse at the sight of his handsome face and wealth of accusation.

"It is true," she said, answering his question simply.

"Then I have trusted you in vain," he cried, his eyes taking a look of deep suffering; "I have worked and hoped and built my fond, foolish castles, while you were forgetting me in the new love you were winning!"

"Charlie, you are very cruel!" Constance said in low, broken tones; "you do not know—how can you? You did not see my father as I did, on the very verge of despair, given life and hope by the man who was his friend; you do not know how ungenerously that friend claimed, as reward for his kindness, the reluctant hand of my father's daughter! Spare me a single reproach; I am sad, very sad-hearted, Charlie; now go; I wish—ah, heaven! how I wish—you had not come!"

And she wrung her white hands in agony; as the young man made a movement toward her he was checked by the opening door, and Constance's father entered, bent and white-haired.

"Glad to see you, my boy," he said, holding out a cordial hand. "You are going to remain for the wedding, of course? Nonsense?" as Charlie muttered some word of apology; "you must. Why, its only a day off, and my daughter will carry off the season's prize."

The brilliant parlors were ablaze with the glitter of jewels and odoriferous with the perfume of hot-house bloom. There was an actual "crush" of the very creme of the city who were anxious to behold, for the last time in her maiden freedom, the fair daughter of the house.

She came at last, in her flowing bridal draperies, orange buds upon her, and dainty bridal roses that were not whiter than her girlish cheek.

She took her place at the side of the expectant bridegroom, who was himself rather pale; and a silence fell suddenly upon those about them, while outside the evening gloom half hid a woman, crouching under one of the low, unfastened windows, over which velvet curtains fell, but through which the clear tones of the clergyman's voice reached the listener.

"If any one present can tell of a just cause for the two standing before me not becoming man and wife, let him speak now, or forever after hold his peace."

There was a slight pause, but no response came from the guests, among

whom Charlie Vincent stood, calm and proud, but very pale.

The clergyman resumed, proceeding with the ceremony, when suddenly the curtain that concealed one of the windows was thrust aside. The sash was pushed further up, and a woman—a stranger to them all—stepped into the room. She advanced toward the clergyman, the guests making way for her, in wondering surprise.

"Hold!" she said, laying a hand firmly on the clergyman's arm, her voice ringing with authority; "hold; your words are a mockery—a blasphemy! I know of a reason why yonder man," pointing to the bridegroom, "should not become the husband of this young girl!"

The black eyes of Earnest Riviere flashed upon the speaker, a glance that it was hard to read; but his handsome, foreign face grew ashen, and the hand at his side was clenched so fiercely that the glove upon it was rent in places.

"Proceed with the ceremony," Earnest Riviere said, trying to make his voice calmly careless; "we are waiting."

"Constance drew her hand from him proudly, a sudden crimson dyeing each white cheek.

"Not until we have heard what this woman has to say," she said.

"I am his wife," the woman said, simply, the fire in her eyes suddenly quenched in tears; and drawing from her bosom a folded paper, she handed it to the minister.

"This is correct," the clergyman said, turning toward the bridal party. "Sir, what have you to say?"

But Earnest Riviere was not there; he had opened a passage through the silent, shrinking guests, and gone from reproach or explanation out into the night, and those who watched him depart, followed by the slender figure of his young wife, never looked upon either face again.

There was instant confusion, in which Charlie Vincent drew his former employer aside and spoke a few words to him in low, eager tones; then the old man, after grasping Charlie warmly by the hand, turned to his daughter.

"I did not know when I urged you to pay my debt to that scoundrel by marrying him that I was breaking your heart, my child," he said, taking his girl's hand in his. "You were going to marry to please me, and I have proven myself unfit to select a husband for you; now you may choose for yourself, and I'll say no word against your happiness."

Constance looked up, a glad light in her eyes; and Charlie who had also approached her, held out his hand.

She laid hers within it with a vivid blush and a sunny smile, and her father turned to the wondering guests.

"I am not going to allow you to leave us without seeing the ceremony performed for which I invited you," he said. "I stepped between my daughter and an honorable man's love through a sense of indebtedness to that scoundrel. But now I give her hand, with my blessing, to one who has long had her young heart, our old acquaintance, Charlie Vincent. So Mr. Strong," to the clergyman, "you may proceed this time without fear of an interruption.—Philadelphia Call.

## Rich Men's Dishonesty.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

It is not true that embezzlements, larcenies, defalcations, and financial "irregularities" are the work of obscure subordination. On the contrary, it is the wealthy, or fairly well-off cashiers, directors, and presidents who rob the banks; trust funds are stolen by men whose position in society has put them far above suspicion of such weakness, and railroad and other great corporations are despoiled by millionaires.

A poor man has very little temptation to steal ten millions or one million. His needs and desires are so limited that such a sum has few attractions for him. He knows the possession of it would be a burden, and would probably lead to his detection and punishment. His reputation for honesty and trustworthiness is his capital, and he would risk everything by one false step. Say his principles are no better nor his conscience more active than those of other men who are tempted and do fall, yet the considerations herein named would hold him back from crime into which they madly rush.

The wealthy, fast living, speculative financier who goes wrong "borrows" the funds intrusted to his care and uses them in kite flying experiments. Wealth begets the desire for more, and he never gets enough. If he wins he returns the loan as a means of quieting his conscience, and a little later finds he has sufficient nerve to make a larger draw upon his neighbors' accounts. In his case the possession and use of money creates no suspicion against him. He therefore regards his chances of detection as small and decides to take them. Furthermore, he relies on his wide acquaintance and influence to give him, if the worst should happen, a safe deliverance in the courts or across the Canadian border.

There has been an attempt to create another grasshopper scare in the Northwest, which might easily be accomplished if the grasshoppers should materialize. At present, however, there is no reason for alarm.

Some index of the growth of Dakota is found in the reports of the Sunday schools. Six years ago these numbered 80, with 3,000 scholars. There are now 645, with 30,000 scholars.

## THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Characteristic Development of the Sex as Witnessed at Bar Harbor.

Robert Grant in Outing.

The American girl is neither mercenary nor material. Her knowledge of human nature does not ordinarily deter her from Ideality. Nor is the "futura" she enshrined in her imagination any the less inspiring because his physical properties are hazy. Like girls all the world over she cherishes this form of ideal but she is so absorbed in her earnestness to realize a perfect soul that, unlike her Gallic kinswoman, she rarely dreams of a moustache or a definite pair of legs.

Her fearlessness and self-reliance are also traits that command attention. Accustomed to be served and waited upon by men with more consideration than in any other society, she is yet less dependent upon surveillance. She has a wonderful faculty of forecasting circumstances and understanding how far she can act independently without hazard. I remember being struck at Bar Harbor by the response of a girl of eighteen, who was questioned as to the prudence of having spent most of the day and evening on the water with a young man who was almost a stranger. "Oh," she answered, "the canoe itself is a great protection."

Bar Harbor is a theatre well chosen for the free play of those traits. As most people know, it possesses exceptional natural beauties, both of sea-coast and interior. The walks and drives are attractive and various, and the smooth surface of the island-dotted bay is admirably adapted for boating. All the elements that make up the place are opposed to artificiality. The very air is superabundant with ozone. The host of young people that alighted at Mt. Desert, like a vast flock of dove-birds, within a few yards of its discovery as an available resort, emphasized a silent protest against the conventional customs hitherto limiting their relations. If marriage is woman's whole existence, let her have the opportunity to choose intelligently, and to obtain more than a ball-room impression of him upon whose character the happiness of her life is to be mainly dependent. This was the key-note of the movement and as a corollary thereto the companionship of maidenhood was advocated as a refining influence on young men. At this new departure the old nations shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders.

The intimacy established between marriageable young folk is the great feature of life at Bar Harbor. The emancipation of women has been affected thereby in a sense much more satisfactory to them as a sex than any bill of political rights could accomplish. Perfunctorily spoken of in other civilizations as the companion of man, she has demonstrated her right to the designation. She has insisted on knowing the world from other standpoints than merely the nursery or the cotillion. She has learned to discuss and to form opinions. She no longer permits herself to be put off the track in her pursuit after truth by amiable legends invented for her benefit. In brief, she thinks for herself.

The advantage of being a blonde.

Chicago News.

Every year we get the cry from fashion writers "blondes no longer in style; they have been superseded by their darker sisters," etc. Now, that's all bosh. You can't do away with the blonde, and you can't do away with frizzled banged hair. Pre-eminently the blonde is the beauty of civilization. She is among us to stay as such and you can't drive her away. A brunette now and then may rise supreme over her by reason of wonderful loveliness, but I'm speaking collectively. A woman can dress more effectively with blonde hair than with dark. It lights up better and is more youthful. A well kept blonde has ten years advantage in point of youthful looks with the average brunette. Mind you, once in a lifetime or so there arises a miraculous brunette who completely surpasses her, but for steady going, ordinary good looks that makes no pretensions of great beauty the blonde carries the palm. You can't expunge her in favor of the brunette even in literature. In the novels turned out during the past year there have been 372 blondes to each 100 brunettes.

How Texas Became "The Lone Star" State.

The use of sealing-wax with an impression of some device or initial thereon having become fashionable for sealing letters, it is interesting to note in connection with curious things which have been used as seals when one made for the purpose was lacking, that the "lone star" in the banner of Texas originated in that way. When she was struggling (many years before we annexed her) for independence, on one occasion some of those earnestly interested in her behalf were preparing a document to be sent to Gen. Jackson while he was President, and when it was concluded, one gentleman remarked, "This needs a seal, and we have none." To which another instantly answered, "We will use this for a seal."

And pouring melted wax on the paper, he stamped it with one of the military buttons cut from his coat, which button having a single star upon it, that became the emblem of the state.—Harper's Bazar.