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Is bigger, better, brighter than ever before, and equal in variety and extent to the combined stocks of any three houses, and what is best of all—Prices are lower than ever before. A man with a slim pocket-book this year can dress like a king.

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Ours are perfect marvels of the tailor's art, full of superior style and durability, yet they cost less than the same qualities are sold for elsewhere. Extensive lines at $10, $12, $15, $18.

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Everything that is bright and new is shown in our immense Furnishing Department. Many exclusive novelties in Neckwear, Hosiery, Shirts, Underwear, &c., to be seen here at price full 25 per cent. less than elsewhere.

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New Millinery in Easton.

Miss Lois Butler will open on June 3d Mrs. Myers' store-room, lately occupied by Mrs. Cannon, on Dover St. She invites everybody to call and get new millinery and notions.

ON FINDING AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.

Sue or Bess or Isabel?
Which it is I cannot tell.
Isabel had golden hair,
But then Sue's was full as fair.
Here's a lock she gave to me,
With a sprig of rosemary.
Sue or Bess or Isabel?
Which it is I cannot tell.

Isabel or Sue or Bess?
Let me make at least a guess.
These are Bess' eyes of blue;
Isabel's were azure too.
How could I those eyes forget,
They are looking at me yet.
Isabel or Sue or Bess?
Let me make at least a guess.

Bess or Isabel or Sue?
Hang it all, I wish I knew!
Sue had lips of cherry red;
Bess had kissed a rose that bled.
Listen! there's a whisper low
From those lips of long ago.
It is— Ah! the curtain falls—
Amy from the garden calls.

—Harper's Weekly.

CUB M'LEAN.

Of course no one will believe me when I say that Mellish was in every respect except one an exemplary citizen and a good hearted man. He was generous to a fault, and he gave many a young fellow a start in life where a little money or a few encouraging words were needed. He drank of course, but he was a connoisseur in liquors, and a connoisseur never goes in for excess. Few could tell a humorous story as well as Mellish, and he seldom dealt in chestnuts. No man can be wholly bad who never inflicts an old story on his friends, locating it on some acquaintance of his and alleging that it occurred the day before.

If I wished to write a heart rending article on the evils of gambling, Mellish would be the man I would go to for my facts and for the moral of the tale. He spent his life persuading people not to gamble. He never gambled himself, he said. But if no attention was paid to his advice, why, then he furnished gamblers with the most secluded and luxurious gambling rooms in the city. It was supposed that Mellish stood in with the police, which was of course a libel. The idea of the guardians of the city standing in with a gambler or a gambling house!

The statement was absurd on the face of it. If you asked any policeman in the city where Mellish's gambling rooms were you would speedily learn that not one of them had ever even heard of the place. All this goes to show how scandalously people will talk, and if Mellish's rooms were free from raids, it was merely Mellish's good luck, that was all. Anyhow, in Mellish's rooms you could have a quiet, gentlemanly game for stakes about as high as you cared to go, and you were reasonably sure there would be no fuss, and that your name would not appear in the papers next morning.

One night as Mellish cast his eye around his well filled main room he noticed a stranger sitting at the roulette table. Mellish had a keen eye for strangers, and in an unobtrusive way generally managed to find out something about them. A stranger in a gambling room brings in with him a certain sense of danger to the habitues.

"Who is that boy?" whispered Mellish to his bartender, generally known as Sotty, an ex-prizefighter and a dangerous man to handle if it came to trouble. Things rarely came to trouble there, but Sotty was, in a measure, the silent symbol of physical force, backing the well known mild morality of Mellish.

"I don't know him," answered Sotty.

"Whom did he come in with?"

"I didn't see him come in. Hadn't noticed him till now."

Mellish looked at the boy for a few minutes. He had the fresh, healthy, smooth face of a lad from the country, and he seemed strangely out of place in the heated atmosphere of that room under the glare of the gas. Mellish sighed as he looked at him, then he turned to Sotty and said:

"Just get him away quietly and bring him to the small poker room. I want to have a few words with him."

Sotty, who had the utmost contempt for the humanitarian feelings of his boss, said nothing, but a look of disdain swept over his florid features as he went on his mission. If he had his way, he would not throw even a sprat out of the net. Many a time he had known Mellish to persuade a youngster with more money than brains to go home, giving orders at the double doors that he was not to be admitted again.

The young man rose with a look of something like consternation on his face and followed Sotty. The thing was done quietly, and all those around the tables were too much absorbed in the game to pay much attention. "Look here, my boy," said Mellish when they were alone, "who brought you to this place?"

"I guess," said the lad, with an expression of resentment, "I'm old enough to go where I like without being brought."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Mellish diplomatically, knowing how much very young men dislike being accused of youth, "but I like to know all visitors here. You couldn't get in unless you came with some one known at the door. Who vouched for you?"

"See here, Mr. Mellish," said the youth angrily, "what are you driving at? If your doorkeepers don't know their own business, why don't you speak to them about it? Are you going to have me turned out?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Mellish soothingly, putting his hand in a fatherly manner on the young fellow's shoulder. "Don't mistake my meaning. The fact that you are here shows that you have a right to be here. We'll say no more about that. But you take my advice and quit the business here and now. I was a gambler before you were born, although I don't gamble any more. Take the advice of a man who knows. It doesn't pay."

"It seems to have paid you reasonably well."

"Oh, I don't complain. It has its ups and downs like all businesses. Still, it doesn't pay me nearly as well as perhaps you think, and you can take my word that in the long run it won't pay you at all. How much money have you got?"

"Enough to pay if I lose," said the boy impudently. Then seeing the look of pain that passed over Mellish's face he added more civilly:

"I have three or four hundred dollars."

"Well, take my advice and go home. You'll be just that much better off in the morning."

"What! Don't you play a square game here?"

"Of course we play a square game here," answered Mellish, with indignation. "Do you think I'm a card sharper?"

"You seem so cocksure I'll lose my money that I was just wondering. Now, I can afford to lose all the money I've got and not feel it. Are you going to allow me to play or are you going to chuck me out?"

"Oh, you can play if you want to. But do not come whining to me when you lose. I've warned you."

"I'm not a whiner," said the young fellow. "I'll take my medicine like a man."

"Right you are," said Mellish, with a sigh. He realized that this fellow, young as he looked, was probably deeper in vice than his appearance indicated, and he knew the uselessness of counsel in such a case. They went into the main room together, and the boy, abandoning roulette, began to play at one of the card tables for ever increasing stakes. Mellish kept an eye on him for a time. The boy was having the luck of most beginners. He played a reckless game and won hand over fist. As one man had enough and rose from the table another eagerly took his place, but there was no break in the boy's winnings.

Pony Rowell was always late in arriving at the gambling rooms. On this occasion he entered, irreproachably dressed and with the quiet, gentlemanly demeanor habitual with him. The professional gambler was never known to lose his temper. When displeased, he became quieter, if possible, than before. The only sign of inward anger was a mark like an old scar, which extended from his right temple, beginning over the eye and disappearing in his closely cropped hair behind the ear. This line became an angry red that stood out against the general pallor of his face when things were going in a way that did not suit him. He spoke in a low tone to Mellish.

"What's the excitement down at the other end of the room? Every one seems congregated there."

"Oh," answered Mellish, "its a boy—a stranger—who is having the devil's own luck at the start. It will be the ruin of him."

"Is he playing high?"

"High? I should say so. He's perfectly reckless. He'll be brought up with a sharp turn and will borrow money from me to get out of town. I've seen a flutter like that before."

"In that case," said Pony tranquilly, "I must have a go at him. I like to tackle a youngster in the first flush of success, especially if he is plunging."

"You will soon have a chance," answered Mellish, "for even Ragstock knows when he has enough. He will get up in a moment. I know the signs."

With the air of a gentleman of leisure, somewhat tired of the frivolities of this world, Rowell made his way slowly to the group. As he looked over their shoulders at the boy a curious glitter came into his piercing eyes, and his lips, usually so well under control, tightened. The red mark began to come out as his face paled. It was evident that he did not intend to speak and that he was about to move away again, but the magnetism of his keen glance seemed to disturb the player, who suddenly looked up over the head of his opponent and met the stern gaze of Rowell.

The boy did three things—he placed his cards face downward on the table, put his right hand over the pile of money and drew his chair back.

"What do you mean by that?" cried Ragstock.

The youth ignored the question, still keeping his eyes on Rowell.

"Do you squeal?" he asked.

"I squeal," said Pony, whatever the question and answer might mean. Then he said, slightly raising his voice so that all might hear:

"This man is Cub McLean, the most notorious card sharper, thief and murderer in the west. He couldn't play straight if he tried."

McLean laughed. "Yes," he said, "and if you want to see my trademark look at the side of Greggs' face."

Every man looked at Pony, learning for the first time that he had gone under a different name at some period of his life.

During the momentary distraction McLean swept off the money on the table and put it in his pockets.

"Hold on," cried Ragstock, seemingly not quite understanding the situation. "You haven't won that yet."

Again McLean laughed. "It would have been all the same in 10 minutes."

He jumped up, scattering the crowd behind him.

"Look to the doors," cried Pony. "Don't let this man out."

McLean had his back to the wall. From under his coat he whipped two revolvers, which he held out, one in each hand.

"You ought to know me better than that, Greggs," he said. "Do you want me to have another shot at you? I won't miss this time. Drop that!"

The last command was given in a ringing voice that attracted every one's attention to Sotty. He had picked up a revolver from somewhere behind the bar and had come out with it in his hand. McLean's eyes seemed to take in every motion in the room, and he instantly covered the bartender with one of the pistols as he gave the command.

"Drop it," said Mellish. "There must be no shooting. You may go quietly. No one will interfere with you."

"You bet your sweet life they won't," said McLean, with a laugh.

"Gentlemen," continued Mellish, "the house will stand the loss. If I allow a swindler in my rooms, it is but right that I alone should suffer. Now you put up your guns and walk out."

"Good old Mellish," sneered McLean, "you ought to be running a Sunday school."

Notwithstanding the permission to depart McLean did not relax his precautions for a moment. His shoulders scraped their way along the wall as he gradually worked towards the door. He kept Pony covered with his left hand while the polished barrel of the revolver in his right seemed to have a roving commission all over the room to the nervous dread of many respectable persons who cowered within range. When he reached the door, he said to Pony:

"I hope you'll excuse me, Greggs, but this is too good an opportunity to miss. I'm going to kill you in your tracks."

"That's about your size," said Pony, putting his hands behind him and standing in his place, while those near him edged away. "I am unarmed, so it is perfectly safe. You will insure your arrest; so blaze away."

"Dodge under the table, then, and I will spare you."

Pony invited him to take up his abode in tropical futurity.

Cub laughed once more good naturedly and lowered the muzzle of his revolver. As he shoved back his soft felt hat Mellish, who stood nearest him, saw that the hair on his temples was gray. Lines of anxiety had come into his apparently youthful face as he scraped his way along the wall.

"Good night, all!" he shouted back from the stairway.—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

A Very Strange Intercession.

In a church where the prayers are made at the discretion of the minister very strange intercessions are sometimes presented. I remember well ages since hearing old Dr. Muir of Glasgow, who was a real though eccentric genius in his day and of whom no English reader ever heard, relate an incident which had been in his own knowledge. "Mr. Smith was preaching at Drumsleekie, and he had come to the concluding prayer, where we pray for all and sundries (sic), when he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to pray for the magistrates. So he put in the prayer just were he was, 'Have mercy upon all fools and idiots and specially upon the magistrates of Drumsleekie.' He meant no evil, but the magistrates were not pleased."—Longman's Magazine.

The Ordeal of Boiling Oil.

The deluded people of the Indian Archipelago seem to be about as far behind the times as were the Salem witch burners of 200 years ago, only that they seldom go to the extremes which history tells us that our Puritan ancestors did. In Ceylon the system of "witch finding" is both unique and terrible. Some oil from newly gathered king cocoanuts is manufactured by one of the friends of the complainant. This is poured into a primitive stone vessel and heated to the boiling point. Each of the suspected witches is then brought upon the scene and is then and there compelled to dip three fingers of the right hand into the seething caldron, each having a right, under their ideas of justice, to throw the oil remaining upon his fingers into the face of the complainant, who stands near by.

While this ordeal is being undergone a single exclamation of pain on the part of the suspected person is construed to be an admission of guilt; if no such exclamation is made, the innocence of the accused is supposed to be established. It is said that every tenth person on the island of Ceylon has maimed fingers as a result of having met the "ordeal of boiling oil."

A DARING AERONAUT.

BALLOONS RIGHTLY USED AID SCIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE.

An Experienced Frenchman Who Has Done Much With His Airship to Make the Air Navigable—Passengers Guaranteed Against Personal Injuries.

Probably aeronauts, like poets, are born, not made. As no man who has not been quickened by the divine afflatus can ever become a poet, though he may become a poetaster, so no man who has not been born with a genius for aerial navigation can ever become an aeronaut, though he may become an everyday balloonist. Any foolhardy fellow can go up in a balloon, but only a trained aeronaut knows how to derive profit from such ascents into the clouds. The balloonist gains the applause of a gaping multitude, the trained aeronaut gains only the sympathy and the good wishes of those who, like himself, are spending their lives in an attempt to unveil the secrets of science.

If ever there was a born aeronaut, Captain Emile Carton is one. All his life he has studied balloons, and if he were by chance to be bereft of the curious balloon which is his constant companion, life for him indeed would not be worth living. A child of Paris, he played with balloons in his boyhood, and all his years since then have been devoted to the study of aerial navigation. His labors, he claims, have not been in vain.

That he is no dilettante can easily be shown. He made his first ascent in Paris on Aug. 30, 1885, being then only 20 years old, and since then he has not only made numerous other ascents, but has also induced 120 persons to accompany him. He has never met with an accident, and such is the construction of his balloon that he claims an accident is well nigh impossible. Nay, so confident is he that he is prepared to guarantee the personal safety of all scientists and other persons who may desire to accompany him on his ascents.

The French Academy of Aerostation recognized Captain Carton's merits in 1888 and unanimously elected him a member of that body. In the same year he took part in the balloon race at Paris and came in winner, there being four other balloons in the field or rather in the air. In the following year he took part in four races and won three of them. For this exploit three gold medals were awarded to him by the jury, which was composed of eminent men of science. The secret of his success lay in the simple fact that he knew how to guide his balloon through the opposing currents of the upper air, and thus reached the goal, whereas his competitors were not only left far behind, but were also forced to descend at points far distant from the goal. In other words, his thorough knowledge of meteorological laws enabled him to use the aerial currents to his own advantage.

In October, 1889, he made another ascent at Paris, during which he had an opportunity to study the formation of rain and barometric depression, and furthermore was enabled to make certain observations resulting in some important meteorological forecasts of threatened storms. The summer of 1890 he spent in a study of the winds at Calais, the result of which was that, starting out to sea in his balloon in July, he was enabled, when out of sight of land, to return to the very spot from which he had started. He could not have accomplished this feat had not his patient study of the winds rendered it easy for him to guide his balloon through the upper air currents. His next ascent was equally useful from a scientific point of view. It was made during a fog which was so dense that daylight was almost entirely obscured, and Captain Carton's object was to ascertain the exact density. Ingended to a height of 3,200 meters, and a little calculation showed him that the density of the fog was more than 4,000 meters.

His next experiment was undertaken with the object of finding out what effect barometric depression at a great height would have on animals. In this ascent, during which he was accompanied by Dr. Citard, a well known physician, and several animals, he made many useful observations, which were subsequently embodied in a report and published by the French Academy of Aerostation. He was also eminently successful in his next ascent, which was made in company with an electrician who desired to determine the presence of electric fluid or ozone in the atmosphere.

The aeronaut now came forward as a photographer. The idea struck him that very novel views of terrestrial objects could be obtained from his balloon, and he soon took photographs of Paris and its suburbs. This work was done at a height varying from 300 to 1,400 meters, and the peculiar feature of these photographs is that they contain details which are not visible to the naked eye. For this work Captain Carton received a gold medal from the committee of the exposition de photographie.

The aeronaut's first ascent from American soil was made at Venezuela, being the first flight of the kind ever performed in that country. From Venezuela Captain Carton came to this city, his object being to interest scientific men in his method of aerial navigation and to satisfy them that balloons, if properly constructed and managed, are perfectly safe vehicles and are the means by which some abstruse scientific problems can be solved. His car will hold two passengers besides himself, and each trip lasts, as a rule, about five or six hours.

What an easel is to a painter or a Stradarius to a violinist, this balloon is to him. And no wonder he guards it jealously, since all his life has been spent in studying and perfecting it. Other balloons are capricious wing bags, ever at the mercy of winds and waves and liable to collapse after the least injury. His balloon, he claims, is a faithful servant, ever obedient to its master's will and comparatively indestructible. Its construction is certainly unique. The covering is of very strong china silk which has been oiled four times and is entirely impervious to gas. Each separate piece of silk has been tested by a dynamometer and has been found capable of maintaining resistance at the rate of 1,000 kilograms to every square meter.

Unlike all other balloons, it is not constructed of silk joined vertically, but of small square pieces of silk, the largest of which is not even a yard in length. In this way the balloon is rendered practically indestructible. If an ordinary balloon is torn by accident, the entire apparatus is likely to collapse simply because the joinings are far apart, whereas in this balloon they are close together, and a damaged square of silk can easily be replaced by a new square. There are 1,320 pieces of silk in this balloon, making a circumference of 40 yards. Previous to each ascent a simple apparatus is attached to the balloon with the object of keeping it 30 meters above water in case the wind should carry it out to sea. Captain Carton does not claim to be able to prevent his balloon from going out to sea, but he does claim that his knowledge of meteorological laws enables him to predict the course which the balloon will take on any given occasion.—New York Herald.

Letting Children Alone.

In order to thrive children require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, plain food, no drugs and early to bed are the best things for making them happy. It will be necessary to begin very early in their lives to teach the little ones to be contented with simple pleasures. When the baby first sits on the floor, a teacup and spoon or a tin box with a cover will amuse him better than a high priced toy. When older, give him rice, sawdust or meal to measure with a spoon, or in any way that pleases him.—Exchange.

"OH, MOTHER."

"Oh, mother, I want my bonnet tied!"
"My hat has lost a string!"
"Must I be Bobby Barnes' horse?"
"Is zis your pitty wing?"
"Say, will you make us chicken pie?"
"Somebody's hid my slate!"
"See what an ugly rent, mamma;
I tored it on the gate!"

"Oh, mother, Mamie's coming in,
With Moll and Bess and Fred;
Can we have cream and cake tonight,
And send the boys to bed?"
"Dear mother, may I wear your shawl?
I'm going for a drive.
If Charley should propose, mamma,
May I ask him in at five?"

"Oh, mother, send those children out,
They make such fearful din!
I've got my sermon well along,
As far as 'What is sin?'
And can't you bear in mind that cup
Of strong tea for my head,
And mix a few light rolls and bake?
You know I hate cold bread."

Oh, mother, mother, should you cease
One little hour the care
That day by day, year after year,
For this dear brood you bear,
It seems the wheels of life must stop.
Rich mother love! It springs,
A free, sweet fountain, and it lends
The commonest duty wings.

—Estelle Thomson in Home Magazine.

A Rattle For Baby.

A novel and pretty baby rattle is made of four yards of cap wire, half a yard of ribbon, nine bells, a strip of sateen, some cotton wool and a short length of macrame twine. Commence with folding the wire into four and bend it into the shape of a racket; over this wind the cotton wool, then bind the sateen all round to make it neat. Now take the macrame twine and thread it across each way to form the network in the center. Procure one ounce of double Berlin wool of a pretty color, and crochet over the edges of the racket with four double crochet in each space between the network. Work round the edge again with one double crochet in every other stitch; fasten off.

For the handle work three chain, eight double crochet into loop, two double crochet into each of eight double, and continue working one double crochet into each of 16 stitches until a sufficiently large piece for the handle is worked, slip it over the handle and sew it to the other part of the crochet work, tie a bow of ribbon to hide where it is sewn, and sew the nine bells at regular intervals all round the racket. Make a ball by working double crochet round and round until it is the desired size, then decrease it by taking two double together. Stuff it with cotton wool and sew it to the network of the racket.—Brooklyn Chronicle.

Cooking Steaks and Chops.

A steak or a brace of chops must be well trimmed. Some fat is always left on the beefsteak unless it is a tenderloin; but the chops should be trimmed quite free from all suspicion of tallow. They should be laid on the gridiron, held close to the blazing coals, first on one side and then on the other, to sear over the surface. Then they should be raised from the fire about three or four inches. They must be turned every two minutes. When a steak an inch and a half thick has cooked 12 minutes, it will usually be ready to serve. Every time a drop of fat falls into the fire the steak must be lifted up to allow the blaze to pass off. If the dampers are all turned on, as they should be in broiling, this will take but an instant. Beefsteak and mutton chops are always improved by rubbing them with a little sweet oil, seasoning them with salt and pepper and dusting them with flour before they are cooked. Nothing shows so quickly refinement in matters of the table as the proper cooking of simple dishes.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

About Having the Last Word.

A young girl once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of 90 years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity. The girl was impressed by the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her, "Bessie, never insist on having the last word." The determination to have the final word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than almost anything else in domestic life.

The fact is that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and in the homely colloquial parlance of the up country, where one finds strong willed people living together in great peace with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to."—Harper's Bazar.

A Wrap For the Sickroom.

An invaluable wrap for a convalescent is the nightingale house sack. It is easily slipped on and over a nightdress and also adjusts itself to fit the figure closely, affording ample protection. The making of these useful garments is a simple matter. Hem the ends of 2¾ yards of eider down flannel or French flannel; fold in half and take a plait deep enough to form a pointed hood; sew a bow here and strings in front to confine it at the neck; fasten each end together for about two inches to make loose sleeves. One seen recently was made of cream white flannel, and pieces of old rose quilted silk had been laid over neck and sleeves to form a broad collar and cuff effect. This treatment, however, is not necessary, the garment being quite complete without it.—New York Times.

A Game For an Evening.

"I Love My Love With an A" is a new game, and all the fun depends upon its being kept up briskly. Any player who requires time to think should be called off. One begins: "I love my love with an A because he is able. I hate him with an A because he is abject. He took me to the sign of the 'Antic' and treated me to artichokes and absinthe." The next continues: "I love my love with a B because he is bankrupt. I hate him with a B because he is bald. He took me to the sign of the 'Bachelor' and treated me to biscuits and bananas." So the game goes on through all the letters of the alphabet, although the unfortunate "X" must be ruled out, and "Z" and "Y" will be found almost as impossible.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How to Stay Well.

Today the physician is asked not only how the sick may be healed, but how the well may stay well. From the less serious maladies immunity is largely a question of taking care of one's general health and vigor. To maintain a healthful condition wholesome food, abundant exercise, cleanliness, temperance in all things and the avoidance of trouble are indispensable. Every one will assent to this, while not one in a hundred will remember it five minutes. We remember what we like; the rest we refer to our neighbors. What a world we make of it!—Popular Science Monthly.

Wanted a Book on Courting.

The requests made to editors are curious at times. One of the frankest ever made public was addressed to The Scotsman recently, the envelope bearing a request that the letter should be handed to any bookseller in Edinburgh. The letter ran: "The kind of book that i want is a Courting book—a book that will tell me how to talk to the lass that I love, a book that will tell me the words to say to her and the words to ask her when I be courting her is the sort of book that I want. No matter how few or how little the words may be."

MODERN MATRIMONY.

WHY GIRLS ARE NOT SO ANXIOUS TO MARRY AS FORMERLY.

Women Are Now Able to Earn a Living Without Being Obliged to Be Dependent on Men, and So They Are Not Driven Into Marriage For Simply a Home.

One of the San Francisco dailies sent around its reporters to interview people on "the decline of matrimony." The controversy over the decrease of marriages—which, by the way, is not an absolutely incontrovertible fact—has advanced a step by the contention of some of those interviewed that, in the present condition of affairs, women are not as anxious to be married as they were, and that the perplexing problem of the hour is not what shall become of the maids, but what is going to become of the unmarried men.

Men are being supplanted in almost every walk of life by women, who are steadier, more reliable, less dissipated, and less extravagant than the majority of men. Hence a state of things is prefigured in which the woman shall not be driven to marry for a home. It is said that there are in New York alone 80,000 female wage earners, besides domestic servants.

It results from this condition of affairs that girls are not worrying as much as they did about the future and are willing to let the conjugal question settle itself. They are ranging themselves on the same plane as men, willing to marry if the right man comes along and the conditions are favorable, but equally willing to remain single and to fight the battle of life alone rather than risk an inharmonious match or a ghastly shipwreck. The old stories of husband hunting are relics of a past age.

The old maid of our early recollections is not the old maid of today. She was scrawny, angular, without a curve or a grace, with fishy blue eyes and a wrinkled high brow, a thin nose, thin lips, a hard mouth, sharp chin, scant hair and a shrill voice; her nature was stiff, prim, austere, narrow, carping, envious, fussy, intolerant, whereas the end-of-the-century old maid at 40, is fresher, younger and better preserved than most married women. She has known fewer cares and pains than her married sister; therefore her nerves are quieter, her manners gentler, her temper under better control. She is apt to be amiable.

This picture is familiar to the average girl, and when she contemplates it, after reading one of the belligerent divorce cases with which the newspapers abound, she is less inclined than ever to throw herself into the arms of a man whom, flirt with him as she may, she never can know until she has been his wife, and more disposed to do as her brother does—acquire a knowledge of a calling which will support her and make matrimony a secondary consideration in her life.

Men have used old maidism as a whip to coerce girls into saying yes when their instincts prompted them to say no. If old maidism loses its terrors, the relations of the sexes will undergo a change. The coarse brutes who now secure wives simply because they can offer a girl a home and the position of a spouse, will then be derelict.

The girl who, having to choose between supporting herself by work or supporting herself by marriage, elects in favor of the latter does herself an injustice of which she may hereafter repent.

Mr. Labouchere, fully appreciating the crisis which the question has reached, proposes to meet the new society which is being evolved out of the ruins of the old with a plan which would wrest from men their monopoly of the right of making offers of marriage. The suggestion is worth considering. There is no natural reason why the man should choose and the woman be chosen. There probably lives no girl who, at some time or other, has not seen a man whom she could have loved and made happy if she could have spoken, but who has passed her by unconscious, while her mouth was sealed by conventional rule. If it were possible, the experiment would be worth trying. If men had to prink in the hope of attracting an offer from a girl, their behavior would be more circumspect, and they would be more amiable creatures than they are.

A sound view on the subject is that which was expressed by one of the ladies interviewed, Mrs. Bunker of the Woman's union. She says that women do not marry as often as they used to do, because they are not now forced into marriage by want or at the point of public opinion. A woman may marry or not, as she pleases. She can take care of herself, and no one criticises her conduct. That seems to be the common sense of the question and points the way for its solution.

When Italy for the fourth time rose in arms to throw off the yoke of Austria, France offered her assistance. Italy had had a cruel experience of such help, and Charles Albert, by one of those inspirations which sometimes come to a man, declined the offer with the historic words, "L'Italia fara di se." When women can afford to say to men that they can take care of themselves, the conjugal problem will be solved.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Veteran Railroad Man.

The most notable railroad conductor on the track in Maine is the veteran Elbridge Towle, who has been running for 47 years on the eastern division of the Boston and Maine and is now over 70 years of age, with the white hairs of a patriarch, but bronzed and hearty. When Hannibal Hamlin made the trip to Washington to assume the vice presidency of the United States, it was from the rear end of Conductor Towle's train at Salem and Newburyport that Lincoln's confrere made his noted speeches. And when James G. Blaine began his last journey to Washington Conductor Towle superintended the train from Portland to Boston. Ex-President Franklin Pierce made his last trips with this conductor, too, going generally to his summer home at Rye Beach.—Lewiston Journal.

Heroic Treatment For New Shoes.

When your shoes squeak, go to a shoemaker and have him put a peg in the middle of the sole, and there will be no more loud proclamations. Another thing, when you buy a pair of new shoes and they hurt you, put water in them and let it remain for a minute, then pour it out, and if your shoes burn or hurt you after that you can say I am wrong. The water takes all the natural heat out of the leather and makes the shoes comfortable.—Home Queen.

An Ant's Brain.

The creature which Solomon advised the sluggard to consult in regard to a bit of information concerning the art of "hustling" has a brain larger in proportion to the size its body than any other known being. Writers on that branch of entomology declare that ants are not only endowed with a high quality of instinct, but that they display reasoning ability and good judgment, as well as powers of reflection and calculation.—St. Louis Republic.

A Short Way.

Miss Twitter—Mr. Enpec has a habit of referring to his wife as "she."

Mrs. Dogood—Only an abbreviation.

Miss Twitter—For what?

Mrs. Dogood—She who must be obeyed.

It is perhaps not generally known that the watercress, that best of garnishes for a roast, has a distinct value as a blood purifier.

A curious Romanian proverb is this, "It is easier to keep a sack full of hares than a wife."