

STORY OF LIFE IN A CITY.

A Young Wife's First Experience With the Destroyer of Happiness.

She sat by the window, a smile of welcome lighting her childish face. The blue eyes were those of a child who had seen little of the hard realities of the world. The curly brown hair formed a fitting frame for a sweet face. As she sat there the glory of the dying sun lit up the window and formed a picture the reproduction of whose fairness might immortalize an artist.

The little assumption of maternity sirs betokened a young wife. Her anxious glance at each group of home comers showed that she was watching for him. As each car, now loaded with its evening's freight of wearied toilers, stopped at the corner of the street she gazed earnestly, then turned for a moment with a pearly pout of disappointment.

An hour and a half passed and still no sign of her husband. In her place the fair young woman watched the night life of the city, ever changing, yet always the same, unfold itself.

Half an hour more. The red shirted men and blue gowned lassies of a Salvation Army corps marched to the corner and commenced an open air meeting. They were re-enforced by an enthusiastic and vigorous band.

Nine o'clock struck, and the watcher had not left her post. Visions of danger to her husband filled her brain.

'Fred always comes home at 6,' she murmured to herself. 'Something terrible must have happened to him.'

Another dreary hour was nearly over.

She had not moved from her place to light the gas, and the room was in darkness save for the street lamp and the flaring torches of the Salvationists. They were singing a defiant hymn to a tune known among scoffers as 'We Won't Go Home Till Morning,' when she was startled by a shout, the sound of which seemed strangely familiar.

'Whoop!' roared a thick voice.

'That's it, ole teller w! the red shirt-bic. We won't go home till mornin. H'ay!' Through the crowd came the form of a man supported on either side by a friend. The woman at the window stood upright, her face pressed closely against the pane. A dizziness seemed to pass over her, and she grasped the curtains for support.

Up the steps to the door two men carried the man in the moribund. He sank limply against the door.

'Brace up, Fred. You're home. Your wife is waiting for you.'

'Bea! little wife in world,' said Fred gravely. 'You're all ri' boys. Every-body 's all ri'. Let's have nuzzer drink.'

With almost pitying hands the men opened the door and brought him in.

He was half asleep, and they turned into the room nearest the door to lay down their burden. Still by the window stood the little woman, her face pale as death and eyelids quivering.

'I'm awfully sorry, madam,' began one of the men apologetically.

'Thank you, gentlemen. I think—I think I understand. Good night.'

Left alone with that which was her husband, the wife burst into bitter sobs. She went over to the half unconscious mass that, smelling of whiskey and tobacco, half lay on the sofa.

'Oh, Fred,' she began.

'Whizzer matter? I'm all ri,' said the man sleepily. 'Gimme jus' one more drink.' And he dropped listlessly on the carpet, snoring in a drunken stupor.

There were horror and surprise in the woman's eyes. Never had she seen such a sight, and now it was her husband! This was the handsome, rakish Fred, always so bright and cheerful. To this sudden thing, reeking with the odors of his tempter, she was bound for life. Horrible!

Out on the streets the Army band was commencing its last hymn—new words to an old and strangely sweet tune—and the cornetist, followed at a more or less lengthy distance by the rest of the band, was struggling with the beautiful melody called 'Home, Sweet Home.' Its strains, strident and inharmonious, seemed to mock the mute despair of the woman crouched on the floor, her face buried in her hands.

—Chicago News.

Spanish Cookery

I do not believe that any one, not even Washington Irving, ever remained so long on the Alhambra's hill. The manager grew so used to it that he gave up providing the French dishes prepared for the tourists; now the waiters brought only their own extraordinary aspics, golden with saffron, scarlet with pepper, soft with oil, fragrant with garlic, most of which had hitherto been reserved for the family dinner in the office. We were even made to abstain on Friday and very flamboyant was our abstinence. In fact, for those who like the rocco in cookery the Spanish kitchen is unrivaled.—Elizabeth Robbins Fennel, in the Century.

A Woman's Heart

Myers—Do you think Angie loves me? Tomson—I'll tell you how you can find out. You go across the room and begin to flirt with Miss Purplebeom. If Angie gets mad and looks daggers at you, you might as well hang up your fiddle—it's all on the surface; but if she appears as calm as a June morning and smiles like an angel, her heart is yours. Try it and I'll watch.—Harlem Life.

In the West

Drawback Dick—I don't see why they're makin' such a fuss about hossless wagons in the east. We've had 'em out west as long as I kin remember.

Mr. Effete—Really! What do they run wi'?

Drawback Dick—Mules.

'He's bilious,' your friends say when you are irritable. Take Hawker's liver pills, they cure biliousness.

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SAW THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

He was a Sailor in English Navy and saw Blucher and Napoleon.

The battle of Waterloo was fought on June 18, 1815, and the hundreds of thousands of men who struggled that day for supremacy have all passed away except two in America, four in the British Isles and six in France, and most of these men are centenarians.

James R. Green, ninety-eight years old, resident of Edsworth, Mahoning county, Ohio, while not a participant in the great battle, had the privilege of witnessing the thrilling events of that week in Belgium, which marked the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty, and who viewed that battle from a better vantage ground, perhaps, than any of the participants.

He gave a vivid description recently of the battle of Waterloo to a New York Herald reporter.

It is impossible that, as is asserted in the book referred to, Ney should have consented to the subterfuge of being shot at by muskets charged with powder alone, and after falling and pretending to be dead, should have suffered himself to be carried into exile in a strange land. At the battle of Waterloo Ney vainly sought death wherever the battle was fiercest. With an army of sixty thousand men still left, he capitulated under the walls of Paris, upon condition of general amnesty of offenses both civil and military. These terms were barely violated, and to satisfy the clamor of the returned aristocrats of the old regime Ney was executed. Wellington could have prevented this crime after the condemnation by the chamber of peers, but did not, for reasons best known to himself. Ney was offered an opportunity to escape, but refused. He asked the soldiers to fire at his heart, and they did.

'At Quatre Bras Napoleon attacked the outposts of the Duke of Wellington, but he was repulsed, falling back to Waterloo that night, where he determined to make his final stand. The French army bivouacked in large fields of rye, which was almost ripe, on the pretty plain of Waterloo. On the night of June 17 there was a continuous rainstorm, making it very disagreeable for the soldiers. The clouds cleared away on the following morning, and with a sea glass which we had taken from the ship we stood on the heights some distance away and saw the great struggle.

'We could see Napoleon on his charger, riding along his lines preparing for the battle. The lines were formed, and soon the field was filled with smoke and the roar of cannon reverberated through the hills of Belgium. In the afternoon the fierce struggle ceased, and the field was a sickening sight. The green rye had been trampled down, and the field was nothing but dust, like the middle of the road, while the dead and wounded lay scattered thickly over the great plain.

'After the battle we went over the field and saw some dreadful sights.

'I can remember distinctly seeing Blucher, Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington and George IV. I remember seeing George III. and his courtiers riding down to the London docks upon many a morning. During the reign of William IV. I remember having seen Queen Victoria in a villa near London, playing in a garden, and I have distinct remembrances of the last four ruling monarchs of the House of Hanover.

'Napoleon was a cruel tyrant, and if you had known him in the age which I knew him you would have thought so too.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

The Reason Why Some Dealers Sell Poor Dyes.

Many ladies who have been deceived by the imitation dyes so often sold by some dealers and druggists, ask the question: "Why will these merchants persist in selling us dyes that are positively worthless?"

This question is easily answered. The dealers who sell these common dyes do so for a very selfish object—big profit. They buy these crude and poisonous dyes for much less than the celebrated Diamond Dyes cost, and they are sold to the ladies at the same price, ten cents per packet. The dealers in this way make large profits, while the deceived consumer must suffer loss at every time of using.

Dealers know well that the Diamond Dyes are the only true and warranted colors, but the love of gain is too great to allow them to treat the public honestly.

The ladies can soon compel dealers to do what is honest and right if they insist every time upon getting the Diamond Dyes. You can always find one dealer in your town that is anxious to sell dyes that will give entire satisfaction.

A Tardy Wooer
He had been worshipping her for months, but had never told her, and she didn't want him to. He had come often and stayed late—very late—and she could only sigh and hope.
He was going away the next day for a holiday, and he thought the last night was the time to spring the momentous question. He kept it to himself, however, until the last thing. It was 11.30 by the clock, and it was not a very rapid clock.
'Miss Mollie,' he said, tremulously, 'I'm going away tomorrow.'
'Are you?' she said, with the thoughtlessness of girlhood.
'Yes,' he replied, 'Are you sorry?'
'Yes, very sorry,' she murmured. 'I thought you might go away this evening.'
Then she gazed at the clock wistfully, and said, good night.

A Great Success
'How's your son, the lawyer, getting on?'
'Badly, poor fellow. He's in prison.'
'Indeed!'
'Yes; he was retained by a burglar to defend him, and he made so good a plea in the burglar's behalf that the judge held him as an accessory.'

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AGE PREMATURELY.

Alcohol Enfeebles the Functions and Diminishes Muscular Force.

The actual effect of alcohol upon the human system is a subject which has excited considerable interest of late years among physicians and has attracted some attention from mankind at large. The average man is probably aware, at some period of his life, of certain "effects" of pleasant forms of alcohol upon the system and may contend with himself that alcohol in moderate quantities is not only good for his health, but necessary for it. Whether this be true or not, he may learn by reading the facts appended herewith.

Alcohol as a medicine is a mild anæsthetic. It should only be used for acute sickness, but never for chronic troubles, for the same reason that morphine and chloral hydrate should not be employed.

Many drink because of the good taste of liquor and not for its effects. But taste is made perverse in this way, the appetite tending almost wholly toward meat. Sugar ripe fruits and sweet food in general are distasteful to the drinker. Physiology has established that sugar is the source of muscular force. When the sweet is no more agreeable to us it signifies an abnormal condition. A drinker finds himself in this condition, and he is a drinker who does not feel himself at ease unless he takes beer, wine or alcohol in any form.

Alcohol in passing into the digestive tube produces a warm prickling sensation, which propagates itself from the mouth to the pharynx and stomach. Concentrated or large quantities of alcohol act as an irritant in the stomach. This action is much more energetic if the stomach is empty. In this case diluted alcohol is injurious because it acts directly on the mucous vessels, exciting a vasomotor stimulation has no use, but if there is food in the stomach a moderate dose is still more diluted and mingles with the ingesta and secretions. Here it is not an irritant, but a stimulant of the digestive functions. It is absorbed especially in the stomach, in the duodenum and in the beginning of the intestine, if the quantity taken is large enough. It penetrates either directly or indirectly by the veins or by the chyliferous vessels.

Alcohol causes an acceleration of the heart beats, followed by a corresponding decrease.

The simple physiological influence of alcohol resembles that of the influence of age. The functions at first excited are enfeebled by an inevitable reaction, muscular forces are diminished, urine and carbonic acid are secreted in less quantity, and the temperature of the body is lowered. Alcohol does not remain long in the organism. The kidneys are a constant source of elimination of alcohol. The source of elimination from the lungs is very little. The skin is an important source of elimination, producing a dilation of the peripheral vessels so that a larger quantity of blood is carried to the surface and the insensible transpiration is increased. From the physiological dose to the pathological is only a step, and special circumstances can render the former dangerous. Temperature is a lure. Total abstinence is necessary. These are conclusions to which we are almost tempted to come.—Washington Star.

Poetry in South America.

South America has glorious singers and songs, but the greater are to come. The countries of the south temperate zone are pulsing with literary activity and expectation and Aconcagua is a new Parnassus, and is likely to be the last in the west.

Poets come in brotherhoods at the dawn of the new era, as prophetic heralds, and as inspiring leaders, and, again, in the decline of an epoch they appear as raconteurs. The poets of the dawn have already appeared in the ten republics of the Andes, and have sung the songs of liberty and love, of wide pampas, the majestic rivers and groves, and the orchid haunted plateaus. In the faded and gone incalculable days poets sprung into the life and inspirations of the golden temples of the Children of the Sun. There was the most poetic race of Indian civilizations. The land of poetry was there, and is there. The end of the long march of the Aryan people toward the west must come in Argentina, Chili, and Peru. The Italian emigration to this new Italy is one of art. The mixed race of Argentines, Chilians, Peruvians, Italians, English, French, and Germans, makes up a new nation, and beautiful Buenos Ayres and Santiago show that that nation will be. The development of the United States has been the wonder of the nineteenth century. The surprise and glory of the twentieth century is likely to be the achievement of the republics of the Sun and the Southern Cross, of which the poets are already singing and are more gloriously to sing in the supreme century before us.—From "The South American Poets," by Hazkiah Butterworth, in Review of Reviews for July.

Prepare Pot-pourri now.

Now is the time to prepare your pot-pourri for the coming winter, for roses are at their best. It is not necessary to confine yourself to rose petals alone. Leaves of the rose, geranium, myrtle, violet, and lemon veronica may be added to the rose petals, with the layers of fine salt and a few fragrant spices.

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