A GUILELESS VETERAN.

London Truth.

No one precisely knew how Mr. Simon Buttershaw came to be a member of the Greville club, but on the other hand, no one particularly cared. He was, as a matter of fact, an original member, but he had been abroad for some years and when he returned, the the character of the Greville had undergone a very considerable transformation. It had once been a sober and steady institution, frequented chiefly by barristers, journalists and rich city men, who played mild whist before dinner and slept comfortably over the smoking-room fire in the evening, but for some reason or another, men about town gifted with cash rather than with brains took to joining the Greville, and it sprang with comparative suddenness into fashion, and even notoriety. Fast young gentlemen agreed that it was the correct thing to belong to it; the old members dropped off one by one, and the Greville acquired the reputation as the haunt of gay sparks, who sat up, till unhallowed hours of the morning, supped off devilled bones and champagne, and played cards and billiards for stakes which would have grieved and horrified the old habitues had any of them been left to tell the tale. It was at this period that Mr. Buttershaw returned from foreign parts, and he found no difficulty whatever in scraping an acquaintance and even an intimacy with the new generation. Mr. Buttershaw had, in fact, many qualities which enabled him to shine in the society which frequented the Greville. He was a middle-aged but well preserved man, with a considerable flow of anecdote and a large and varied experience of life. He seemed to have plenty of money, gave capital dinners, drove a smart phaeton and always appeared to have sufficient spare time to join in any festivity which happened to be proposed to him. But there was one peculiarity about Mr. Buttershaw which endeared him to his new associates even more than all the rest put together, and this was his persistent ill-luck at cards. Not that he gambled very high, or lost very heavily, but he never won; and the punters at the Greville speedily recognized the fact that for Buttershaw to sit down at the card-table meant the distribution of at least £50 among the company. Wherefore they voted him a capital fellow, were always ready to dine with him, drive with him and win his money, and in their hearts looked upon him as a poor pigeon who had been sent among them by a merciful providence for the express purpose of being plucked.

Now, among the members of the Greville there were nobles of high degree, besides baronets of more or less ancient lineage, and commoners of wealth and distinction, and with all these personages Mr. Buttershaw contrived to get not merely friendly, but familiar. Thus, when the duke of Omnium was making up a shooting party at Gatherum park, some intimate friend was sure to say. "Ask Buttershaw; he's very harmless and he always loses;" when Sir Hector Flash wanted to enjoy the society of a few starts of burlesque at Greenwich or Richmond, Buttershaw was generally invited, for he was never in the way and was invariably willing to devote himself to the oldest and plainest member of the company, thus smoothing over all manner of unpleasant jealousies and heartburnings; when Mr. Crœsus gave a dinner he always asked Buttershaw, for he never made a mistake in praising the wrong wines, and was sure to discover some beauty in Mr. Crœsus' pictures or china which had hitherto been overlooked. So Mr. Buttershaw became a universal favorite, and the members of the Greville, especially those who had won money from him, united in wishing long life and prosperity to so useful and desirable an acquaintance.

It has previously been said that Mr. Buttershaw gave capital little dinners, the scene of which was generally laid in his comfortable chambers in Jermyn street, and on one of these occasions he invited the Duke of Omnium, Sir Hecter Flash, Mr. Crœsus and one or two more congenial spirits to meet his old friend, General Barnabas, of the United States army, who had never been in England before, and wished to see a little of London life.

"He's a capital old sportsman. Barnabas," said Mr. Buttershaw to Sir Hector, "has been everywhere, bar England, and done most things. In fact he has only one fault that I know of."

"And what is that?" inquired the baronet.

"Why, nothing will induce him to play cards."

"Oh, we'll soon get him over that!"

"Well, I wish you would, for of course it's a nusiance when one man insists upon standing out; but I don't think you will be successful. However, there's no harm in trying."

The evening duly arrived, and Mr. Buttershaw's guests were presented to the General, who received them with stately and old-fashioned courtesy. He was a white-haired old gentleman, a spare, erect figure, and wore very large spectacles, through which he beamed on the company in a benevolent and genial manner. During the meal he told many curious stories of his adventures, his marked American accent adding much to their point, while his refreshing innocence of certain subjects amused his hearers vastly. He had never made a bet in his life, had only twice entered a theatre, and seemed to know as much about women as a hermit.

"This old simpleton will be the death of me," whispered the Baronet to the Hon. Paul Punter, who made one of the party.

"Hush!" said Mr. Punter; "you musn't chaff him too much. He may have a revolver in his pistol pocket, though he is such an innocent."

After dinner not much time was lost in getting to business. Mr. Buttershaw had invested in a small roulette table at the earnest solicitation of his friends, and after a short discussion it was decided to try how it worked, just for a beginning. But all Sir Hector's attempts to make the General join in were fruitless. On being vehemently pressed to declare the reason for his reluctance, the old man at length modestly acknowledged the cause of his scruples.

"The fact is," he said, "that I have only gambled about three or four times in my life, and upon each occasion I have won very considerable sums of money. Now, of course, some one must have lost, and I cannot bear to think that I may have been the cause of unhappiness, and even of poverty."

"But, my dear sir," laughed Sir Hector, "some one must win and some one must lose. If you always win, I should advise you to stick to it. I only wish that I always did."

The General mournfully shook his head. "I have known so much misery," he continued, "come from gambling—other men may play, that is not my affair, but you must really excuse me. The last time I remember——" and he appeared to be lost in melancholy reflections.

"Well, what happened then?"

"I was induced to play a game called. poker. I believe there is such a game, is there not?"

"I believe there is," chuckled Mr. Punter.

"I did not understand it all," continued the General. "We played with counters, and I merely did as I was told; but at the end of the evening I found I had won, gentleman, no less than sixty dollars!"

The other gentlemen seemed to be seized with a violent fit of coughing, but the General was evidently oblivious of his surroundings, and went on: "I did not like it at all, and I could not restore the money, for I did not know even the names of those with whom I played."

"So what did you do with it?"

"I gave it to a hospital," said the General, solemnly; "and three weeks afterward one of the gamblers of that evening shot himself at Monte Carlo."

"Well, I'm sure that none of us are likely to shoot ourselves," said Mr. Punter; so you had better join us for once, General. You can stake as low as you like."

"No, my dear sir, I really cannot; but don't trouble about me. I'll look on."

"Mr. Buttershaw shrugged his shoulders, indicating that further argument was hopeless, and the game proceeded. The General watched it with much interest, frequently sighing and lifting his eyebrows in mute protests as the stakes grew higher. The result was much the same as usual, Buttershaw being the principal loser to the tune of about £150. The general sympathized with his friend after a somewhat curious fashion.

"It's just as well that you should lose, my dear boy; you have plenty to spare, and I don't like to see you win from your guests."

"You needn't be nervous, general," said Mr. Buttershaw, grimly; "its about nine months since I won a halfpenny."

"Rum old fish, that," said Sir Hector as he and Mr. Punter walked home in the early morning. "It would be rare sport to get him to play."

"Oh, we'll do it some of these nights, never fear. Buttershaw gave me a hint not to frighten him at first. But what an old innocent he is."

Mr. Punter's prophecy came true not very long afterward. The same company assembled in Mr. Buttershaw's rooms, and owing either to the excellence of the liquor provided by his host, or to the persuasive tongue of Mr. Punter the general gave way and consented to join in a game just to amuse the company. The company however, were not quite so much amused as they had expected, for the worthy old man carried everything before him, and the more he won the apolegetic and deprecatory he became.

"I was right," he earnestly protested; "I am fated to win. Gentlemen, don't you think I had better stop? I would much rather put the money—I fear it is nearly fifty pounds—in the pool and leave you to play for it."

Of course nobody would agree to so absurd a proposition and the General continued to play, winning with extraordinary steadiness, but lamenting the while over his abnormal luck.

At the end of the evening he had won nearly £1,000, and sat at the table with a huge pile of notes, gold and I O U's in front of him, looking the very picture of despair.

"Cheer up, General," said the duke; "we'll get it all back another night, never fear.

"I'm afraid not," groaned the ancient warrior. "I wish I had never begun this. I ought to have known how it would end."

"Blessed if I ever saw a man make as much fuss over losing as old Barnabas does over winning," said Sir Hector to his friend in private, "I wonder if he would lend me a bit, if he's so precious shy about keeping it?"

Weeks passed by, and the general made several gallant efforts to lose the money he had won, but without success. In fact the more he played the more he won and the punters of the Greville club had excellent reason to regret that they had conquered his virtuous resolutions. Even Buttershaw groaned in spirit, and expressed frequent wishes that old Barnabas had not taken it into his head to make a pilgrimage to London.

"Before the old man came," he would lament, "it was bad enough. I used to lose a hundred or so a night, but now, I assure you, I've lost over £1,-500 to him within the last fortnight. Why, he must have won thousands!"

He had, indeed; and from all appearances the discomfitted gamblers fully expected that he would win thousands more. Now, Mr. Buttershaw belonged to several clubs in addition to the Greville, for his aristocratic friends were powerful enough to insure his admission to many similar institutions, and, of course, he occasionally played at them, and asked their members to dine at his chambers.

One fine day Mr. Punter chanced to be walking somewhat moodily down St. James's street, when he was accosted by a friend whom he had not seen for some weeks, and who happened to be a member of a club called Parthian, situated within the immediate neighborhood.

"Come into the pothouse and have a drink," said Punter's friend, and Mr. Punter assented.

"Anything been going on here lately in the card line?" inquired the latter gentleman.

"Not much here, but we've played once or twice in Buttershaw's rooms, and there's an old chap, a pal of his, who wins like the very devil."

"Really?"

"Yes; he's an admiral something—sounded like Burnaby, but it wasn't. White-haired old chap—wears spectacles."

"You don't say so?" said Mr. Punter, feeling a very singular sensation.

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Nothing! nothing! I'll have another split, please."

Mr. Punter left the Parthian, meditating much more gloomily than before. On his way to the Greville he met another friend.

"Hullo!" said the new comer. "You look preciously solemn. Been losing money?"

"Yes; confound it!" replied Punter. "How's luck with you?"

"Mighty bad. Nearly broke. Met a chap in Buttershaw's rooms who cleaned the whole lot of us out."

Mr. Punter grasped at a lamp-post for support. "What was his name?" he feebly gasped.

"Barrabas, or something like it. Ought to be Judas Iscariot! An old sinner! Says he's been Peruvian consul at Odessa; don't believe there's any Peruvian consul in Odessa, but I'm going to a chap in the foreign office who can find out. Ta-ta; look mighty bad; take care of your self."

Mr. Punter, in fact, felt very bad indeed. Was it possible that, after all his vast experience, he had been sharped and swindled like a guileless schoolboy? The very idea was torture, and he rushed on toward Greville; but before he arrived there he remembered that Buttershaw had invited him to dinner that very evening, and he determined to do nothing rash. He would consult the duke, Sir Hector and the rest, and warn Buttershaw that he had been cherishing a viper. But perhaps Buttershaw was in the plot himself, and Mr. Punter's very brain began to reel with perplexity. There was no one particular in the club, so he spent the afternoon in a fever of impatience and appeared at Mr. Buttershaw's chambers punctual to the minute. He was the first to arrive and lost no time in questioning his host about their mutual friend, the General.

"It's a very odd thing that old Barnabas should always win," he began.

"Yes; isn't it?" said Buttershaw, innocently. "I can't understand it at all."

"I met two men to-day who have lost money to him here," continued Mr. Punter.

"Indeed?" replied the other, with a puzzled air. Mr. Punter began to feel uncomfortable.

"Yes; one said he had lost to an Admiral and the other to a Consul, and both these seemed to be exactly the same person as our friend Barnabas.

Mr. Buttershaw burst into loud laughter—unnecessarily loud, Mr. Punter thought.

"Fact is, my dear fellow, old Barnabas is a bit touched in the upper story. He's knocked about so much and been wounded so often that he fancies himself all sorts of things, and I humor him. He really was in the confederate army—got an awful crack on the head from a sabre, and has been a bit funny ever since, though perfectly harmless."

"By jove, I don't know so much about that," said Punter, ruefully.

"Well, he's had a lot out of me, too," sighed Mr. Buttershaw; "paid him another £500 to square our accounts only this morning. But I wonder where he has got to. Excuse me, and I'll just go and see if he has sent any message."

The other guests came in one by one, and Punter relapsed into uneasy silence, but as the general did not appear he began to glance impatiently at the door. Presently Buttershaw returned, and after apologizing to the new comers for his absence he said, turning to Punter: "I wonder what the deuce can have become of Barnabas?"

All had now arrived except the General and Sir Hector Flash. The clock ticked onward, and Buttershaw swore audibly.

"This is absurd," he said, we won't wait any longer. It's 8:30," and he rang for dinner.

Soon after they had sat down, Sir Hector rushed panting upstairs.

"Very sorry, old man; had to see some people off by the tidal wave train for Paris. Where's the General, by the way? He hasn't a double in London, has he?"

Buttershaw looked nervous.

"Not that I am aware of," he said.

"Well, as I was on the platform I met him, I'll swear; but when I went up to speak to him he shook his head, jabbered at me in German or some lingo, and jumped into the train."

"What!" screamed Mr. Buttershaw, turning perfectly livid, "do you mean to say he has bolted?"

Sir Hector stared in amazement, and a mystified silence fell upon the company.

"I didn't say so, but he's certainly gone to Paris."

Mr. Buttershaw gave vent to a sort of yell.

"The infernal, swindling old thief!" he raved.

"He's robbed me! He's robbed all the lot of us! He owes me £15,000! I'm a ruined man!"

And he seized a heavy decanter from the table and smashed it to pieces in his impotent fury.

But Mr. Punter was equal to the occasion.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this a barefaced swindle. These two scoundrels are confederates. Possibly the one has robbed the other of his share of the plunder, but, I believe that they will divide it abroad. Meanwhile we had better leave our worthy host to his own reflections. Personally, I shall have much pleasure in horsewhipping him on the first occasion that I find him outside his own rooms."

Costumes for Seaside Belles.

From Town Topics.

The fashion for elaborate costuming in bathing dresses was started in Long Branch by the fast class of actresses, and it is from that summer resort that I hear of the new phantasies which find their origin in the vivid imaginations of these brilliant women. A great deal has been said of the bathing costumes worn at Narragansett Pier, but if people really desire to see to what extent women will get themselves up, they must take a trip to Long Branch. The fashion contingent at Newport doesnot bathe in the sea, and although there is a splendid beach for the purpose, it is only used by the townspeople. There is this to be said about the matter, that the bathing dress certainly was hideous enough a few years ago, and a complete disguise, and that the bathing dress of to-day is decidedly not hideous, neither is it a disguise. Last summer, at New London, Mrs. Helyar bathed in a short white dress, the waist cut open at the neck in a point, both in front and behind, short sleeves, long scarlet stockings and slippers with Louis Quinze heels. One of her amusements was driving over to Osprey Beach with Count Sala and going in bathing there. But Mrs. Helyar will not be at New London this season. She found it dull and is going to try Newport.

At Long Branch, last summer, it was the event of the day to go to the beach to see a certain beautiful woman, the wife of a well-known broker, bathe in blue silk tights. She had a beautiful figure as well as a beautiful face. The description of some of the bathing dresses being made by fashionable dressmakers reads like a description of ball dresses, the only difference being the length of the skirts. But these are often worn for effect on the beach, the fair wearers having really no intention of getting wet.

Senator Coke Dislikes Receptions.

Washington Letter to Baltimore Herald.

Senator Coke, of Texas, is a big-framed man, better adapted by nature for the frontier than a lady's drawing-room; not that he is wanting in the finer sensibilities, but he does not like to be hedged in and restricted by the conventionalities which fashion imposes upon her votaries. He wants room to swing himself in and to put his big foot down without any apprehension that it gets on forbidden ground.

"Are you going to the reception to-night, Coke?" Beck inquired of the Texas senator last Tuesday.

"No, I ain't," responded the big man in a voice that had the ring of true earnestness about it. "I'm not going to any more of these receptions and fal-de-rals. Why, Beck, lem'me tell you; the last one I went to I was walking slowly across the room and presently I noticed a lady a-bowin' and a-smilin' at me. She was at least six or eight feet off, and, as I didn't know her, I looked to see what she meant. She kept on bowin' and smilin', and I noticed two fellows standin' pretty close to her. I concluded that one or both of them was a-standin' on her dress, so I reached over, gave each one a shove and said: 'Git off this lady's dress.' She kept on bowin' and smilin'. I looked again, and by G— I was standin' on her dress myself. I ain't a goin' any mo', for the way the women wear dresses now, traillin' along five or six yards behind them, you can't tell where to put your foot."

THE CHILD KING.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"Will you go over to Nankin with me to-morrow?" asked kindly Mrs. Brown of her tired and hard-working neighbor, Mrs. Peter. "You know Association meets there, and husband's got to go, so I thought you would like to drive over and see your Aunt Betsey."

"Oh, I should, ever so much! But Dell has got to go to a picnic to-morrow afternoon, and it'll take me the whole of the morning to iron her white dress. I've just got it washed and hung out; and then there's biscuit to make; she wants 'em fresh. And—"

"Oh mother!"

The words came before the door flew open, and in bounced a young girl of twelve, with the assurance and poise of forty, dressed in a braided costume that implied a week's hard work from somebody, her light hair banged on her low forehead, cheap rings and bracelets shining on her fingers and arms, a gilt necklace round her sallow throat, over a frill of imitation lace, her whole air pert, tawdry, and disagreeable. She barely nodded to the minister's wife, and went on in a loud voice, "Say! Lucelle says I'd ought to have some little pies and some cream cakes beside the biscuit, so I run home to tell you."

Poor Mrs. Peter's face fell.

"I don't really see how I can, Dell. It's quite a piece of work to make them cream cakes. I can make some pie crust and fix it up for the pies."

"Oh, but I want the cream cakes! If you make 'em to-night the pies can wait till morning."

"But Dell I've got to get the breakfast and wash the dishes and make the beds, and sweep, and then iron your white dress, and you know there's sights of work on it, and you want the ruffles fluted, and—

"Oh, can't you get up real early?"

Mrs. Brown was indignant. A wise proverb cautions us not to put a finger between the bark and the tree, but she did not remember it. "Why don't you make the cake yourself, Della?" she said. "When I was your age I could make cake. Can't you?"

Della stared at her scornfully; Mrs. Peters put in her word at once.

"Oh, I haven't never asked it of her, Mis' Brown. Dell's real delicate, and she loves to go; children ain't children but once, and I want for her to have a good time. I'll fetch it round somehow, Dell, dear. You tell Aunt Betsey, won't you, Mis' Brown, how I wanted to see her, but I really couldn't get over. I thank you just as much."

Mrs. Brown offered no further remarks. There was a tone of aggrieved motherhood in Mrs. Peter's voice that warned her to keep silence, she said good-bye, and pursuing her walk up the street, rung the bell at a handsome house standing in a well-kept yard, that told its own story of wealth within. She was admitted to the parlor, and warmly welcomed by Mrs. and Miss Vincent, a wife of middle age, and her sister-in-law.

But hardly had she begun to talk with her friends when the door opened, and in rushed four children of various ages, who, after nodding at the visitor, or reluctantly shaking hands, at once monopolized the conversation.

In vain did Mrs. and Miss Vincent struggle to be heard.

"Oh Mary! I was trying to tell Mrs. Brown—"

"Well, ma, I've got to go; I said I would, and—"

"Oh, yes! You told Will Johns you'd go, and you've got to! Just like a girl! I'd—"

"Milly, dear, I wan't to ask Mrs. Brown—"

"Well, aunt Sue, I must go if Mary goes, and there's that picnic, and—"

So it went on, a perfect Babel, which no present effort could silence, it had been so long the habit in this house for the elders to listen and the children to speak.

Mrs. Brown made only a short call; she went but a few steps further to the house of a desolate woman, a widow, who had lost her two children a month since with diphtheria. Mrs. Tenny burst into tears as she came into the room, and Mrs. Brown put her arms about her tenderly.

"My poor friend!" was all she could say.

"O, Mrs. Brown, I can't, I can't be reconciled to it. I miss them every second. Hal used to come in so bright from school—his first year to go, you know; and Susy was always at my knee or in my lap, when she was awake; and in the lonesome nights I used to listen for their soft breathing, and put out my hand to feel Susy's little tender face in the crib, and thank God I had them still, if their father had left me."

There was nothing to say to this; as of old, the mother wept for her children and refused to be comforted. Mrs. Brown tried another course.

"They were not both taken at once?" she asked.

And the mother ceased for the moment to answer her, and with the pathetic garrulousness of grief entered into detail.

"No. Hal came home from school one day so tir d, and said his head ached. And I tried to make him keep still on the sofa, but he was restless, and he would go out to see the chickens; it was a hot day in May, and I couldn't make him keep a hat on; pretty soon he sort of crawled back into the kitchen and said his 'froat was sore, and 'fings kep' goin' round an' round an' round.' Then I sent for Dr. Smith, and he gave me some medicine, a brush and told me to put it on the inside of his throat, and rub some liniment on the outside. But Hally wouldn't let me, and he screamed and kicked so he choked up right away; I couldn't do it, it hurt me so, and he wouldn't let me if I'd wanted to.

I meant to sent Susy away, but she never would stay with anybody but me, the little precious! I never could make her. So she sickened next day, and there couldn't be anything done for her; there wasn't a day between them. And now—now—my house is like a grave all the time."

In the piteous burst of sobbing that followed, could Mrs. Brown speak the thought that filled her ears and say, 'My friend, you have fallen into the pit that you have digged; if your children had learned to obey you in health, they might have been with you to-day?"

She could not, deeply as she felt it; the hour for counsel was past; she could only "weep with them that weep," and betake herself to the next call on her list, for Mrs. Brown was doing parish duty this afternoon.

Mrs Tibbets was very glad to see her.

"And how are you all to-day?" asked the minister's wife.

"Oh, we're reasonably well, all but Nellie; she got throwed down at the rink last night, and sprained her ankle real bad. I've expected all along something like that would happen to her."

Don't you think it is a bad place for girls to go anyway?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Land, yes! But all the young folks are possessed to go, and you can't stop 'em. I wish to goodness the men that built that rink had been further! There's all sorts go there, and they talk to everybody, and get familiar-like with folks you wouldn't have them know on more than nothing. But it makes money; so you can't stop 'em; nobody can't."

"Why do you let your girls go there?"

"Mercy! I can't help 'em goin'. Girls is as headstrong as pigs; the more you pull 'em one way, the more they go t'other way. I've always wanted my children to have a good time whilst they was young; there's trouble enough ahead of 'em; so I've let 'em run, and 'tisn't to be expected that I can up and stop 'em now."

There was no controverting that point, so Mrs. Brown said no more.

The next house was Mr. Meeker's. Mrs. Meeker stood at the window, watching with anxious eyes her oldest son, who was experimenting with a new bicycle.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown," she said, looking over her shoulder, "come in, do: I can't go away a minute from the window, I'm so afraid Charley'll fall and hurt him. He's been crazy after a bicycle, and Mr. Meeker didn't know how to get one for him—they're real costly—and I begged him not to buy one, for I knew I shouldn't have a minute's peace while he was off with it; but the boy wanted it, and that's enough. What he wants he's got to have. We're behind with the taxes, and I'm fixing over my old clothes rather than ask John for a cent; but Charley's got the length of his father's foot, as folks say, and I don't know why he shouldn't have. Boys must be boys, you know, and I never did believe in making images of 'em to do just so and be prim and proper all their days. Oh, o-h! there! I thought he was off that time, but he wasn't. I do believe my nerves will be worn to ravelin's with that bicycle. Don't go!"

"I won't stay now, Mrs. Meeker. I know you want to watch Charley. I'll come some other time."

So, quite unattended, Mrs. Brown found her way to the door and went on to the next house, where Miss Sophronia Packard lived all alone and took in sewing. Mrs. Brown made the usual civil inquiries, and then Miss Sophronia opened the conversation.

"I see you come from Mis' Meeker's; well, I do pity that woman; she hasn't a minutes peace for them children; and here's Mis' Bunnell, next door, is just as bad, though she hasn't got but one; but her May is headstrong, now I tell you. Why, she goes all the time! If it isn't a dance, it's a picnic, or a ride or a sail. She's as impudent as a bumble bee, and as bumptious as a wren, but she isn't of no use in this livin' world, as I see, but to plague her ma. Why, t'other day Mis' Bunnel found out that May was going over to Norwalk in a buggy, with a young feller, at eight o'clock in th' evenin', calculatin' to come home by moonlight, betwixt one an' two in the mornin', and, naterally, she sot down her foot that May shouldn't go. She didn't know the feller, and she knew real well it wasn't seemly for a gal of fifteen to go off that way with any young man, and so she said; but if you'll believe it, Mis' Brown, that piece jest put on her sack and bonnet, and walked right out of the door and off with her feller! If I'd been her ma, she'd have got a locked door in her face when she come home."

"Oh, Miss Sophronia, do you think that would have helped the matter? A father's house ought never to be closed on a child, any more than our Father's, least of all when the child's fault's are the result of the parents' folly and weakness."

"Well, mebbe there's something in that! But it does seem to me that something ought to be done, when a girl flies right in her ma's face like that!"

"I'm afraid it is too late to do much at May's age but pray for her."

"Land! you don't suppose Mis' Bunnel thinks May needs prayin' for? Why, she thinks she's about as nigh perfect as they make 'em; she's clean eat up with that child—all the one she ever had. If you should so much as hint about prayin' for her, I guess you'd raise a muss right off!"

Mrs. Brown tried to control her face, but found it hard. Miss Sophronia's air of fine scorn was irrisistable She changed the subject by saying:

"I am sorry Mrs. Phelps has gone away; I meant to have called on her."

"Well, you can if you want to; she ain't gone," said Miss Sophronia, in a very acrid tone.

"Not gone! Why, she had wanted so much to see her sister, I thought nothing would hinder her!"

"I know it; she hasn't seen Mrs. King for three years, but Marian went and asked two girls, and the brother of one of 'em to come this week and stay till after the Fourth and Mis' Phelps wasn't goin' to leave 'em there alone to raise hudy; besides that, her hired girl ain't competent to do for company. But that's the fashion; the children rewl, now-a-days. I feel thankful to goodness every day that I wa'n't never beguiled into the married state, and I haven't got no youngsters a-walkin' over me, and a makin' a door mat of me! Not but what I might be like Miss, Perkins, to be sure, if I'd had a nephew, thanks be to praise I hain't! But I stepped in there t'other day, and if that woman wasn't goin' round the keepin-room on all fours, with her sister's boy astride of her back, and she a-sayin': 'Oh do stop, Sammy! I'm so tired!' And he a-whippin' of her up, and a-screamin', 'Go 'long, hossy! go 'long!' And she did go 'long, till I picked him up with a jerk, and sat him down hard on the highest chair. My! diden't he holler! and wa'n't she mad! But I'm glad I done it!."

That night Mrs. Brown detailed all that she had seen and heard in her round of calls, to her husband, as they sat together by the study fire. His face clouded darkly, but he did not tell her what heavy thoughts pierced the future, and saw, as in a vision, impending trouble for the land and the people that he loved. All that he did, when his reverie was ended, was to draw a deep sigh, and repeat, in melancholy tones, one text from the Scripture that was his counsel for both lives:

"Woe to thee, oh land, when thy king is a child."

And let all the people say:

"Amen!"

Some Valuable Advice.

Deadwood Nugget.

Mary Anderson should learn to kiss, and kiss according to Hoyle. Kiss so that after the deal she would leave a royal flush on the cheeks of the kissee. If Mary would pay a little more attention to kissing she could cultivate an article that would cause the footlights to pale with envy, and make the stage carpenter pound his ear on his tool-chest with admiration. She is built right to kiss with stunning effect. Her lips are full and red; her neck is swan-like; she could approach a man from the rear, lean over his shoulder, look down through his eyes into his boots, glue her lips to his, draw in her breath, compress her lips for an instant, then suddenly part them—biff! bang! and witnesses would shut their eyes and yell for somebody to turn the hose an them.

Blue Eyes and Gray.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A newspaper finds fault with Mr. Stockton for speaking of his heroine in "The Late Mrs. Null," as blue-eyed on one page and gray-eyed on another. But, if this was an inadvertance, which we may doubt, the author can cite the most illustrious precedents in his defence. The great authority of Shakespeare, for example, supports him. The dramatist describes the eyes of Venus first as gray and then as blue; commenting upon which Malone wrote: "What we now call blue eyes were in Shakespeare's time called gray eyes and were considered beautiful." Elsewhere in Shakespeare we find Julia, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," given eyes "as gray as glass;" and Olivia, in "Twelfth Night," when making out a schedule of her beauty, inserts as one item, "two gray eyes with lids on them."

Byron, who loved the eye and studied it, favored gray eyes, "if they have soul," as a safe and happy medium between blue and black. He gives this tint to Mary Queen of Scots. But Byron trips as badly as our author of to-day, for in one case he speaks of Minerva as "the blue eyed maid of heaven," and elsewhere as a goddess "too wise to look through optics black or blue."

One reason, perhaps why the poets and romancers are a little shy of the gray eye is because it approaches perilously near the green. Yet not that green is the literary fashion that objection does not have its accustomed force. We shall not enter on a defense of the green eye, but its popularity in contemporary fiction is well known, and the fashion, be it good or bad, has a respectable line of literary precedents. Longfellow justifies its use in "The Spanish Student" by a foot note, which explains that "the green eye is much esteemed in some parts of Spain." Juliet's nurse tells her that Romeo is naught in comparison with his rival Paris, of whom she says:

An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye.

Chaucer, also, gives Emetrius, in the "Knight's Tale," eyes of a lemon or citron hue. But as a rule, in spite of these and other instances that might be cited, the green eye is not admired. Most people will agree with Burns in scorn of the wife of Willie Wassie:

She had an ee, she had but ane,
The cat had twa the very color.

If space permitted us to go into this subject more in detail we might show that English writers have generally associated the blue or gray eyes with a mild and truthful nature. But we may be allowed to doubt if the blondes are as gentle and the burnetts are as ferocious as they are painted. In an interview which appeared recently in a Western newspaper, a sheriff who had had dealings with most of the "bad men" of the plains, said that these outlaws were almost uniformly blondes with light blue or gray eyes. And Byron notes, to return to literature, that the cruel and licentious Catherine, of Russia, had very blue eyes. Evidently the "heavenly" hue of some blue eyes is simply a coincidence.

But in reality there are very few blue eyes that outlast childhood. The "baby blue" is soon lost and the eyes become gray or green, until possibly they again assume a peculiar glory of heavenly radiance in the eyes of some one particular person of the opposite sex.

For Tired Young Men of Thirty.

From the Baltimore Herald.

The young man of thirty who complains that he feels tired, has had his day, can't keep up with the procession and the like, should call to mind the work which such men as Gladstone, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bismarck and a score of others are doing, though they have all passed the three-score and ten years alloted to the span of human life. All these men have been hard and life-long workers. A locomotive will be more damaged by a year's laying up on a side-track than by twenty years of hard steaming and hauling. Not one toiler in a thousand dies of overwork, but thousands have died and thousands are dying of the diseases induced by sloth and the vices of which idleness is the guardian. Gladstone at 73 could fell a tree for the pleasure of the thing, which would defy the blows of the enervated youth of modern cities. George Cruikshank, the artist, walked ten miles a day when verging on his 80th year. Titian did some of his best work when he was 70. The natural stimulus and support of the muscles and nerves is work. For want of it the system rusts, like a machine that is retired from service. Young men are very wise in their own conceit but they can still take a lesson from the old, especially when those old men bear the honored names of Gladstone and Holmes.

Forced by Pain to Confess.

A highly sensational sequel to the Latrobe (Pa.) suicide has just come to light. It appears Dr. J. O'Keernan has been paying attention to a young woman by the name of Fanny Glogger, who worked as a dining room girl at the Park House. It is said that they quarrelled, and in a moment of passion the doctor rushed to the bureau where he had concealed a revolver and aiming at Miss Glogger, fired, the bullet entering and passing through one of the muscles of her arm, frightening her so badly that she fell to the floor unable to speak. Keernan, seeing the result of his shot, and supposing he had killed the girl, turned the weapon to his head and sent a bullet crashing through his brain. The true version of the affair did not come to light until Fanny was compelled, through pain from the wound she received, to ask for medical aid, and she then admitted that she had been shot by Dr. Keernan, and related the foregoing story as the cause. She is a very pretty girl, and is a daughter of the artist of the same name who lives in Allegheny City.

How to Use Pianos in Summer.

"In the hot weather a piano should not be placed in a damp room or left open in a draft of air, for dampness is its most dangerous enemy. It causes the strings and tuning-pins to rust and the cloth used in the construction of the keys of action to swell, whereby the mechanism will move sluggishly or often stick together. Continued dampness will also injuriously affect the varnish and raise the soft fibers of the sounding board, thus forming ridges. Extreme heat is scarcely less injurious. A piano should be closed when not in use, in order to prevent the accumulation of dust, pins, etc., on the sounding board, and yet it should be opened occasionally and daylight allowed to strike the keys; otherwise the ivory may turn yellow. An India rubber or cloth cover should protect the instrument from bruises and scratches. Moths may be kept out of a piano by a lump of camphor wrapped in soft paper, placed in the inside cover. A new piano should be tuned at least once every two or three months during the first year and at longer intervals thereafter.—Mail and Express.

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is possible, for a short time to the robust, but the majority of refined persons would prefer immediate death to existence in their reeking atmosphere. How much more revolting to be in one's self a living sewer. But this is actually the case with those in whom the inactivity of the liver drives the refuse matter of the body to escape through the lungs, breath, the pores, kidneys and bladder. It is astonishing that life remains in such a dwelling. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" restores normal purity to the system and renews the whole being.

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