

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

She Talks About Her Conquests, and Makes Startling Revelations.

My gay dame has fingers sparkling with many jeweled rings. The other moonlight night, as she sat out upon the balcony, tilting back in one of those grand expose chairs—revealing black satin slippers and nicely turned ankles, encased in pink silk stockings, with no other protection than a couple of yards of white tulle that swept about head and shoulders like a floating cloud, some matrons even congratulating her upon the possession of so many superior diamonds, she held up her fair, glittering hands.

"Yes," said she, languidly; "these are all records of my past conquests. I wear seven engagement solitaires, three clusters and a loveknot of ruby, emerald and diamond—the big gold band is my wedding ring, emblem of my bondage. They make a gorgeous sort of chronological reminder of silly, happy, evanescent delights. Sometimes I dissipate ennui by going over them one by one, seeming for the time to gather up pleasant magnetisms of the giddy past, for they were really good fellows and very fond of me."

"Why, did you never return the ring when you broke the engagement?" asked one astonished listener. "I always did."

"Certainly, as a matter of conscience as well as of good luck, I never dreamed of retaining mine," declared a matron, with the coolness that might characterize an Apache in counting up the scalps he had taken.

"Indeed, you were very foolish," replied my lady with sang froid. "Of course, some, cheap indifferent things I did send back in my veal days, for I certainly hope you do not restrict my triumphs to this miserable small number recorded by diamonds; but expensive jewels—never. One is not sure of being treated to such luxuries by a husband—however wealthy. Now, that stone is perfect. A diamond setter from London went all over the city with Charley Rockaway, and selected the purest gem of that size procurable. Do you fancy I was going to give it back to Charley after all his trouble to please me? Surely he didn't expect it, and I didn't meditate over it for a moment. See, this one is larger, but slightly off color [turning to Mrs. Hapday]. Dear, it was given to me by your husband. George and I were engaged three months. Perfectly absurd, and I soon saw it. But the dear boy took on awfully; cried—actually cried like a baby. I don't know how you get on with such a foolishly sensitive temperament. He must worry you terribly; but you are such a good, little, drab mouse. Ah! this one brings to mind a romantic summer at Lake Tahoe, and touches me somewhat, for I really did love Benny Holloway; but he was so pokingly poor. He paid a month's salary for this ring. No love in a cottage for me. Wasn't I quite right? I wasn't born to love pigs and chickens—not much—save when they are served deliciously on a platter as an appetizing dish."

"Hush!" exclaimed a dame; "that is Benny's wife. They just arrived this evening, and she heard all you said."

"Well, I didn't marry the foolish swains, did I—and wherefore any need of entertaining the green-eyed monster?" answered my lady.

"I'm sure twenty girls refused to marry my old darling, and I'm very grateful—else would not I be sitting in clover to-day. We must look at these little matters philosophically. Now, I presume if I play a game of billiards with Arthur, or waltz with Benny, or encounter any other of the former representatives of these past tokens of affection, Mrs. Grundy and all the wives will stand in a solemn row and gossip and raise his satanic majesty. If I avoid them it will be worse, and I am certainly not going to pack up and go home."

And the stars on her fingers sparkled as she effectively waved her hands in gestures of perplexity.—*San Francisco Post.*

Why She Hated Him.

"I used to think that Gus Simpkinson was a real nice young man, but I just hate him now," said one young lady to another.

"Why, what has he done?"

"He's treated me shamefully. That's what."

"In what way?"

"Why, the other evening at the party I said to him, 'Let's eat a philopene, and if you say 'yes' or 'no' to any of my questions, I'll owe you a box of candy, and if I say 'yes' or 'no,' you'll give me a box.'"

"Then what?"

"After the party he took me home, and all the way there he talked just as sweet as could be about love in a cottage, and men should not live alone, and all that. And when we got to the front gate he said: 'Fannie, I have waited for this opportunity a long time. Will you marry me?' I whispered 'Yes' in a low voice, and—"

"Here her sobs choked her voice, and what did he do then?" inquired her listener, eagerly.

"He—just—hollered—'Philopene!' with all his might; that's what he did." And she wept afresh and would not be comforted.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Gloomy Prospects.

"What kind of a corn crop have you got this year?" asked Gilhooly of an Onion Creek agriculturist, who is remarkable for his personal piety.

"I can't tell you, boss. I's waitin' ter see what de Lord gibs. Dar's auffman on de cornstalks so far."—*Texas Saffins.*

Is a bustle a good thing to fall back upon? Please report experiences.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

618 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Revenge in the Backwoods.

Thomas K. Beecher used to visit his hermit brother occasionally; he was concerned over James' decision to hold himself aloof from the world, and added to the ambition to try to tempt James back to the pupit again; Thomas K. found other pleasing labors; nowhere in all the world do the fish bite better or fight more gallantly; nowhere is the hunting superior in all the Catskills. It was only the Hardenberg native that the Elmira clergyman did not dote on. Once he let the Beecher in him ooze out at his pen point, and a letter was printed by a New York City journal making fun of James' neighbors. Not long after he visited the Beecher Lake heritage. By some mischance a copy of that New York paper, Thomas K.'s letter and all, got into the neighborhood. The natives reveled in it, and Thomas K. became thenceforth a marked man. It was his intention to stay out one day and night on this last visit, and he had ventured up into the backwoods without baggage. The clothes he wore were all he brought. It was summer, and when the Rev. Thomas K. retired for the night he tossed his clothes across the window-sill. The natives had learned of his visit. When he woke up next morning he was minus coat, trousers, and vest. There was but one thing to do—to borrow attire from his brother. It wasn't a fashionable suit that he was obliged to don. The cut wasn't modern, and the fit was woefully startling. Three different kinds of cloth, three different colors of cloth, were in their make-up, and each article of the suit was considerably the worse for wear, while the trousers were radiant in big broad patches fore and aft. Thomas K.'s pride had a fall. His fun at the expense of the aboriginal Catskillian was expensive. And he visited Beecher Lake no more.—*New York Times.*

Groaning on a Bed of Agony.

In the throes of rheumatism, which has reached the inflammatory stage, the invalid has just cause to deplore the inefficiency of medicines which could neither uproot the disease at its outset, nor avert its dreaded climax. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which, without the danger attending the use of some of the ordinary specifics for this malady, is infinitely more searching and effective. Used at the start, it checks the progress of the disease, and expels, or neutralizes, the rheumatic virus in the blood. Who so takes it incurs no risk, and is sure to be benefited. Valuable in rheumatism, it is equally efficacious as a remedy for neuralgia, liver complaint, indigestion, chills and fever, debility, and inactivity of the kidneys and bladder. It may, also, be relied upon to promote sleep and appetite.

Where Gen. Grant Learned Strategy.

Once, while talking with Gen. Grant, I asked him how he got his strategic knowledge.

"I got it on the farm when I was a boy," said the General. "I learned it when I was driving oxen, feeding calves, and breaking horses. One day, when I was on the old farm in Ohio, my father taught in a valuable lesson in strategy."

"How," I asked.

"Well, father took me into the stable one day, where a row of cattle stood in their uncleaned stalls.

"Said he, 'Ulysses, the stable window is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean out the stable?'"

"I don't know, father," said I; "I never have done it."

"Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning, I'll give you this bright silver dollar," said my father, patting me on the head, while he held the silver dollar before my eyes.

"Good," said I; "I'll try," and then I went to work. I tugged and pulled, and lifted and puffed, and finally it was done, and father gave me the bright silver dollar, saying:

"That's right, Ulysses, you did it splendidly; and now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it every morning all winter."—*Eli Perkins.*

THE most astonishingly beneficial results have followed the use of Red Star Cough Cure by those affected with throat and lung troubles. Price, twenty-five cents.

On the Street.

Blythers—Say, Miffkins, who is that stunning girl we just passed? Somehow she looks familiar, and yet I can't name her.

Miffkins—That? Why, that's Miss Lycee, the burlesque actress at the Bijou that you've been raving so over for a month past. Didn't you say you'd been to see her five nights a week for the last fortnight? I should think you'd know her face by this time.

Blythers—Face? Oh, yes; but, come to think of it, I don't know as I ever looked at her face before.—*Somerville Journal.*

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night sweats, and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

THERE is a glut of ivory in the market but it doesn't affect the price of poker chips.—*Boston Courier.*

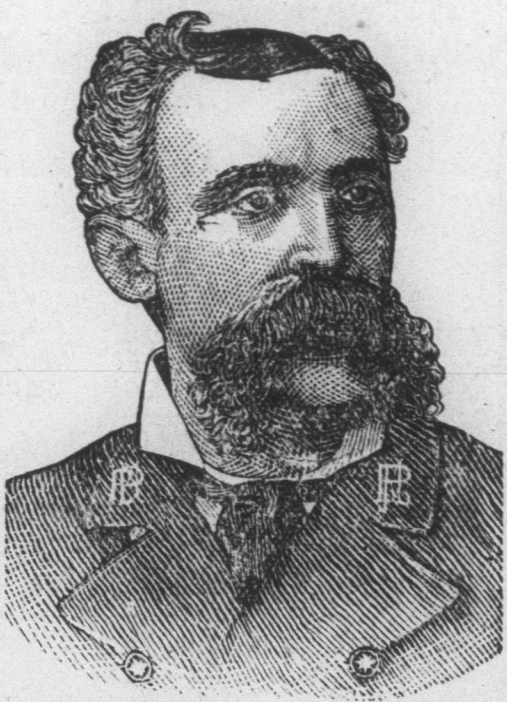
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CHICAGO FIRE INSURANCE PATROL

Brief Sketch of the Life of the Founder and Perfector of the Patrol System.



CAPTAIN BEN B. BULLWINKLE, the founder and improver of the fire insurance patrol system of Chicago, and now Agent and General Manager of the Arizona Cattle Company, is one of the most popular and best known firemen in America, and during the past year, has become prominently identified with the most extensive cattle interests of the far West. Captain Bullwinkle is a native of New York City, where he was born, the eldest of three children, March 17, 1847. His father, Charles T. Bullwinkle, died in 1857, and his mother, Eliza Laughlin Bullwinkle, three years previous to that date. With a younger brother and sister dependent upon his sole energies, at the age of ten years Captain Bullwinkle became an errand boy, and contributed to the support of his family until his sister was married and his brother became a jeweler. When he was fifteen years old the ambitious Ben entered the Chicago Fire Department, then a volunteer service, and drove the chief's wagon. This necessitated his attendance at all fires that occurred, and he became practical as a fire-fighter and in every detail of the system. His diligence and ability soon commanded attention, and when fire insurance companies organized the fire patrol service in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and their committee of three completed the service in Chicago, the indisputable qualifications of Captain Bullwinkle led to his selection as head of the system, and Oct. 2, 1870, the first company in Chicago was established. The great fire of 1871 did not prevent its reorganization. From this grew the West Division and Stock Yards companies, all under the control of the Captain, who, in the meantime, made numerous improvements in the system, and so increased the utility and rapidity of the service that the President of the United States and dignitaries of various lands regarded his manipulation of the wagons as a marvel. He was consulted frequently by the chief boards of underwriters in fire matters, and in December, 1875, and in February, 1878, was presented with a badge and gold watch and chain, of a value aggregating nearly a thousand dollars, as a token of appreciation and respect. As a member of the Apollo Commandery, Knights Templars, as an attendant of the Presbyterian Church, as a business man, and socially, Captain Bullwinkle was prominently and universally esteemed. He was married Nov. 5, 1873, to Miss Angelica J. Moody. They have one child, a son. In 1885 the Captain found a change of climate desirable to his health, and accepted his present important and responsible position, as manager of the Arizona Cattle Company, with extensive ranches at Fort Ricker, near Flagstaff, Arizona. There, as in Chicago, his business ability and popular social qualifications have made him a useful and eminent member of the community.

Under date of Aug. 31, 1886, Captain Bullwinkle accepted an offer from THE CHICAGO LEDGER, and consented to identify himself with literary fame. The result is a story—"Habe, the Ranchman"—which, while depicting the experiences of ranch life, also contains some pleasing allusions to the old fire-patrol career, with which the Captain is so familiar. The story is replete with the most interesting details, and will prove a charming novelty. The opening chapters of this popular story will appear in No. 42 of THE CHICAGO LEDGER, the only first-class story paper published in the West, sample copies of which will be mailed to any address free. Send your name and address upon a postal card get a specimen copy of the paper, and see how you like it. We know it will please you. Address THE CHICAGO LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

Decayed Teeth, Poor Eyesight.

Decayed teeth have been known to exert an injurious effect on the eyesight, but a recent case in Sweden illustrates this reflex action in an unusually striking manner. The patient was a young girl blind in the right eye, although the surgeon, Dr. Widmark, was unable to detect the slightest pathological change in the organ.

Observing, however, considerable defects in the teeth, he sent her to M. Skogsborg, a dental surgeon, who found that all the upper and lower molars were completely decayed, and that in many of them the roots were inflamed. He extracted the remains of the molars on the right side, and in four days' time the sight of the right eye began to return, and on the eleventh day after the extraction of the teeth it had become quite normal. The decayed fangs on the other side were subsequently removed, lest they should cause a return of the ophthalmic affection.

"As Good as New."

are the words used by a lady, who was at one time given up by the most eminent physicians, and left to die. Reduced to a mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able to leave her bed, from all those distressing diseases peculiar to suffering females, such as displacement, inflammation, etc., she began taking Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," and also using the local treatments recommended by him, and is now, she says, "as good as new." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

THEY have fogs so dense in Pittsburgh that the citizens use them to stuff pillows and mattresses with.—*Washington Critic.*

"It Knocks the Spots."

and everything in the nature of eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, scrofulous humors, and incipient consumption, which is nothing more nor less than scrofula of the lungs, completely out of the system. It stimulates and invigorates the liver, tones up the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and builds up the weak places of the body. It is a purely vegetable compound, and will do more than is claimed for it. We refer to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

You can never depend upon proverbs. One says "Silence is golden;" another, "Money talks."—*Boston Courier.*

A HUGE derrick-pole fell and severely injured the foot of Mechanical Engineer E. R. Hoyt at the New Orleans Exposition, and after only three applications of St. Jacobs Oil, all the swelling and pain disappeared.

To Skeletonize Leaves.

Soak the leaves for a long time in rain-water, until they are quite decayed, but those who have had considerable experience in the work recommend a quicker method, the immersion of the leaves in a boiling alkaline solution, the time of immersion to be regulated by the character of the various leaves and the nature of the epidermis to be removed. When it is seen that the green part of the leaf is dissolving, put the leaf on a flat white earthen plate and cover it with clear water. Then, having gently squeezed with the fingers, the membranes will begin to open and the green substance will come out at the edges. The membranes must be carefully taken off with the finger, and great caution must be used in separating them near the middle rib. The skeletons must then be thoroughly bleached by exposing them to the fumes of chlorine gas. If to this vapor be added that of peroxide of hydrogen the fibers of the leaves are strengthened, so that they can readily be arranged—after being dried by pressure between folds of tissue paper—in bouquets.—*Inter Ocean.*

A LAST farewell—a shoemaker giving up his business.

A Hard Fate

It is, indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity, be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do at home, at a profit of at least \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.

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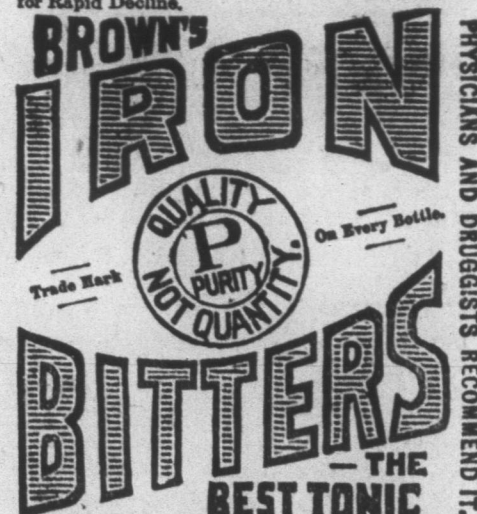
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