

Trust Her.

Confidence is everything between man and wife, and a woman who loves desires to be trusted. She would not be glad when he is sad. She would not be ignorant of his troubles or his anxieties. Anything is better to her than to be shut out from the innermost of the life of one who should be all hers, as she is all his. Women generally are averse to keeping things to themselves, and a husband is often overdosed with confidence; but many really affectionate men lead, as far as their wives are concerned, a double life. Of that which is not domestic they think it right to say nothing. Some grievous troubles may be upon them—dread of failure; certainty of loss; remorse for some mistake which has plunged them into anxiety—and they make no sign of it save by a change of manner, which to the women, who are ignorant that they have any cares, is incomprehensible. The wife would gladly be sympathetic, but when she knows nothing of her liege lord's trouble, all her boasted intuition cannot keep her from flying to the conclusion that it is a personal matter—that she is no longer loved, or that he loves someone else.

The Vanity of Riches.

In the course of some remarks on the life of the late Eli Robbins, of Brooklyn, famous as the millionaire "chicken-butcher of Fulton Market," his pastor incidentally mentioned that the dead man had left his widow "the richest woman in Brooklyn." He might have drawn a moral on the vanity of riches by adding a pathetic story of Mrs. Robbins' life. She is now childless, but had two sons, one of whom was born blind. After their prosperity was established the parents built a magnificent residence, and moved with their surviving blind son into it. From that day the son, who had previously been happy and contented in the old, familiar home in which he had been reared, became restless and impatient, complained that he could not find his way about the new house, begged his parents to remove again to the old house, and finally pined away and died in spite of the tenderest and most skillful care which affection suggested or riches could command.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Faith Cures.

The pretensions of the late Dr. J. R. Newton as a miracle worker are considered by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, whose conclusion is that Newton was inclined to believe in himself. He convinced many thousands that they were instantly cured at his touch or command, and for eighteen years was crowded by patients wherever he went. Dr. Buckley was acquainted with him, and says that he was, as a healer, superior to George O. Barnes, or any other contemporaneous operator in that line. He accomplished his wonders by the faith of the people and the concentration of their minds upon his process with the expectation of being cured. His positiveness of manner had a controlling influence. He was a firm Spiritualist.

The Candidate.

"Who is that gentleman who has just come in?" whispered the candidate. "Oh, that's Bob Smith," was the reply. The candidate rushes over to where Mr. Bob Smith is standing, and, seizing him by the hand effusively, exclaims, "Mr. Smith, I'm delighted to see you! How do you do, sir? how do you do?" "Why, I didn't know that you knew me!" replied the astonished Smith. "Know you!" shouted the candidate; "not a citizen of Berryville is known so well as Mr. Robert Smith. Ah, Smith you're a sorry wag, sir, a

sorry wag." "But there must be some mistake," said the embarrassed Smith. "I don't live in town; never was here before in my life." "Of course you weren't," replied the candidate, with refreshing coolness; "of course not; but we all know you—by reputation, you know; there isn't a man in the State—" "But I don't live in this State," interrupted Smith. "In one sense, no," quickly replied the candidate; "you don't live here in the common acceptance of the word; but a man who lives in the country lives in the State also, when his name is as familiar in the State as a household word." "You're probably correct," said Smith, "but I know next to nothing about your system of government. I don't belong here you know. I'm a foreigner." The candidate didn't press the matter further. He suddenly espied Mr. Flockton, who was not a foreigner, but a voter with a vote, and, abruptly excusing himself, the candidate left Mr. Smith, and the next moment was pressing the hand of Mr. Flockton with a fervor which none but a candidate can exhibit.

He Humored Him.

A New York stockbroker, who was on his way to Buffalo last week observed that one of his fellow-passengers was closely regarding him, and after a time the man came over and asked:

"Didn't I see you in Chicago in 1879?"

The broker wasn't in Chicago that year, but, thinking to humor the stranger, he replied in the affirmative.

"Don't you remember handing a poor devil a silver dollar one night in front of the Tremont?"

"I do."

"Well, I'm the chap. I was hard up, out of work, and about ready to commit suicide. That money made a new man out of me. By one lucky shift and another I am now worth twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Ah! glad to hear it."

"And now I want you to take five dollars in place of that dollar. I can't feel easy until the debt is paid."

The broker protested and objected, but finally, just to humor the man, he took his twenty dollar bill and gave him back fifteen. The stranger soon withdrew, and everything might have ended then and there, if the broker, on reaching Buffalo, hadn't ascertained that the "twenty" was a counterfeit, and that he was fifteen dollars out of pocket.

What She Wanted.

The country storekeeper's method of conducting business fills the breast of the city man with awe. A gawky female in a sunbonnet comes in the store and leans against the counter. After a few minutes the storekeeper, who had been splitting wood in the back yard, washes his hands at the pump, and comes in behind the counter.

"There hain't nothin' I can do for you this mornin', is there?" he asks, wiping his hands on his pants.

"No, I reckon not," says the woman, looking out of her sunbonnet at the city man as though it were a telescope and he the planet Saturn.

A long pause.

"You hain't got any codfish, have you?" asks the woman.

"No, we hain't, but" (brightening up) "we've got some mighty good apple-butter."

"Well, then," says the woman, "give me half a pound of that cheese."

And she wanted cheese all the time