

TRIALS OF A WOMEN'S CLUB.

The Sun, N. Y., presents the following amusing account of the effect of proceedings carried on at a Women's Club:

"Nancy," said Mrs. Van Kleevers, the day after the regular meeting of the "Parlie Pracks," "have you ever been a delegate?"

"A delegate?" responded Miss De Korus, indignantly.

"There, Nancy, that will do!" interrupted Mrs. Van Kleevers. "No disrespect to the noble army of delegates, if you please!"

"Katharine, you don't mean!" and Miss De Korus sat up with sudden astonishment.

"Yes, I do. I'm one. Elected yesterday. Just think of it! Delegate from the Tuesday Club for Parliamentary Practice of New York city! Isn't that great? That's the way they'll call my name out before ever so many women!" and Mrs. Van Kleevers made a grimace three-fourths disgust and one-fourth delight.

"What's it to?" asked Miss De Korus.

"You ought to join the Grammar Club, Nancy," said Mrs. Van Kleevers. "Never mind! I understand. It's to something out in the State somewhere. Now, don't be sarcastic and say that's definite. Just as if you ever would!"

"No, I never should say that was definite," said Miss De Korus conscientiously.

"Oh, you quintuple essence of all your Puritan grandmothers, may your simplicity never grow less!" invoked Mrs. Van Kleevers fervently. "The fact is," she hastened to add as she saw Miss De Korus flush with annoyance, "the fact is, Nancy, I'm such an ill-regulated person that I need you to keep me in line. Now, I don't know what I'm a delegate to. It's something or other 'federated,' and it meets this week. I'll find out about it in time. The important thing is that I'm a delegate."

"How did it happen?"

"I don't wonder that you ask that. It was the greatest surprise since I was elected President of the club, and that was unexpected enough to all concerned."

"And are you going?"

"Yes, I think so."

"What does Jack say?"

"He doesn't think it's so much of a joke to have me a club woman as he did at first, and he said last night that he'd be—oh, I forgot that you're not married!" Mrs. Van Kleevers interrupted herself with a smile. "He seemed to be so much unwilling to have me go as a delegate, said he drew the line at that. But I promised him that I would resign as soon as I come back, and with that understanding, he consented. The fact is, Nancy, I don't think presiding over a club is my vocation."

"Really?"

"Well, maybe it is the fault of just my own particular club, but those women are so distressingly serious. What do you think they did yesterday?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, Mrs. Van Kleevers got up right after the meeting had been thrown open for business and said she wanted to make a motion. She hasn't opened her mouth, you know, since the day I was elected instead of her. She has simply sat there with an expression of injured virtue and righteous scorn on her face. Of course I was glad to see this sign of reticence, so I was particularly gracious to her."

"Mrs. Chairman," she said. She wouldn't call me Mrs. President, not for gold and jewels!" Mrs. Chairman, I would like to make a motion that this club secure the services of some experienced lecturer on parliamentary practice and arrange for a series of five or six afternoon talks."

"That would be nice, wouldn't it?" said Miss De Korus, with interest.

Mrs. Van Kleevers stared.

"Why, Nancy," she said, in a tone which was more subdued than usual. "You are just like them. Like those club women, I mean. I don't see why it would be nice. What do you want of a lecturer? We have our Roberts's Rules of Order, and that tells us all we want to know and a good deal more than half of them have learned or even tried to learn. That's what I said to the club yesterday, too; or at any rate, I said that it seemed to me we needn't think of having a lecturer until we had mastered our text book."

"Of course, Mrs. Van Kleevers was aggrieved then. So were Mrs. Organized Smith and Mrs. Amalgamated Jones, and, in fact, almost all of the women. Mrs. Van Kleevers winked at me to make a concession. Oh, dear! it seems to me I've done nothing but make concessions since the club started. I let them have an opening prayer, and I countenanced the reading of the names of a lot of nobodies as 'distinguished guests.' I bore with that stupid 'Jigg woman'—"

"Mrs. Hogg!" corrected Miss De Korus.

"Oh, yes! and finally I let them have about sixteen committees which we don't need any more than a whale needs a library."

"I'll make a confession to you, Nancy," suddenly said Mrs. Van Kleevers in a burst of confidence. "When I went into this club I thought I would just show them how to run one sensibly. Of course, I had heard and read all manner of tales about women's clubs, but I thought I would just create an epoch in their history. I said as much to you, didn't I?"

"Why, yes, I think so."

"Well, it was a vain dream, Nancy. I might better have tried to change the leopard's spots. One could do that with a paint brush. But these women's clubs would make the Medes and the Persians seem vacillating by contrast. Mrs. Van Kleevers was telling me about it afterward, and, as nearly as I can make out, all women's clubs are supposed to be edifying. Anything that is purely for

enjoyment would be considered too frivolous. Several times an experiment of that kind has been made, but the club inevitably gravitates toward seriousness, and always ends up in papers."

"In the papers!" exclaimed Miss De Korus.

"Not 'the' papers, but just papers. They have a mania for writing them and listening to them, especially writing them. Mrs. Van Kleevers said that I might as well have tried to keep the North River from flowing into the bay as to keep the Parlie Pracks from having papers. Do you wonder that I was perfectly willing to promise Jack to resign after I come back from delegating?"

"You consented then to have the talks that Mrs. Van Kleevers wanted?"

"Why, it wasn't a matter that called for my consent really. The club would decide that, and it was easy to see that a majority favored it. I yielded to the inevitable after I had said my say. But I suggested a change, and it seems that I struck the very thing which pleased everybody. I said that, if we must have papers, it seemed to me that it would be an excellent thing if the members would write those papers themselves. Everybody beamed so at the idea that Mrs. Van Kleevers yielded to it, and they appointed a new committee on the spot, a Committee on Programmes. I got hold of Mrs. Van Kleevers long enough to have her nominate Mrs. Hogg, I mean Hogg, for a member, so that everybody was in an angelic humor. It was in a burst of gratitude that they elected me a delegate to the meeting this week. I'm going just for the fun of it, and I mean to take you along. Now don't say a word! You wouldn't have me to go to this federated affair alone and unprotected. We'll go and see what it's like. Then I'm coming home to resign. I've given up creating an epoch in clubs, at any rate before I have studied them more deeply. I'll tell you, Nancy, what we'll do. We'll visit every one that we can get asked to. I rather think," added Mrs. Van Kleevers, "we'd better both begin with a grammar club."

Don't daily with rheumatism. Purify your blood and cure it once by taking a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HIS LAST POKER GAME.

Why a Lawyer Refused to Accept a Win-ning and Decided to Play No More.

(From the Youth's Companion.)

A party of five gentlemen had been in the habit of meeting once a week to play poker. They were each of them ordinarily successful in his profession, and were respected in their business and personal relations. The incident given below, that took place at their last meeting for the purpose of an evening's enjoyment of their favorite game, dramatic as it may seem, is strictly true.

It is not easy to give the reasons for the fascination or the excitement of poker playing. Suffice it to say that on the night we speak of, overwrought by stimulating circumstances, each of the players, because of what seemed to be the strength of his own hand, increased the amount of his bet over that which had previously been made.

One of the five men was a lawyer who had many important clients depending upon him. He was the most importunate of the players, greatly addicted to the game, and, as it happened in this instance, held the highest cards in his hands. He knew that he was a sure winner, for no other combination could possibly beat him.

The excitement became extreme, and the betting had risen from hundreds of dollars to \$1,000. The lawyer for a moment changed color, then put his hand into his pocket, took out a roll of bills, and counting from it a thousand dollars, laid them in the middle of the table, thus covering the last bet. He then said:

"I call you," which is the technical way of bringing the betting to an end. As he did so he turned pale, and his hand shook as he showed his winning cards. The doctor of the party thought that he was going to faint from the excitement of winning such an unusual amount, and sprang to assist him, but the lawyer waved him back and bent his head, trying to control himself. His friends felt that his motion was due to some unusual cause. In silence they looked on him while he did a strange thing.

First he took ten one-hundred-dollar bills from the heap of money he had won and, folding them together, he put them with the roll he had taken from his pocket.

When this was done he drew a long breath—almost a gasp of relief. Then he carefully separated his own original money from the remainder and pushed the rest away, looking at it steadily for a second or two without speaking. At length he said, raising his hand and registering a solemn oath—he quote his words exactly:

"I am done with poker. Loving the game as much as I do, I give it up from this moment forever. I have stepped across the border line of dishonor to-night. The money I have just put back into my pocket was given to me by a client to be paid out this morning, and if I had lost it I could not immediately have replaced it. I had it in my possession simply because I had not the opportunity to deposit it in the bank and in the excitement of the game I forgot that it was not my own. The fascination that would make me do a thing like that is one that I dare not risk again. I cannot touch the money that I won with it, for it was not my own."

His friends took up their money and bowed in silence. Their astonishment and respect were too great for words. The lawyer soon rose and left the room, never to return to it.

He had unconsciously given a striking illustration of the fact that the essence of character which we call soul may be lost or saved at the moment when one comes to the border line between an honest and a dishonest act.

THE RETURNS OF THE IMPORTS OF AMERICAN BUTTER INTO GERMANY SHOW THAT THE IMPORTATION CONTINUES TO INCREASE. IN 1895 THE QUANTITY OF AMERICAN BUTTER BROUGHT

to Germany was only 21,500 kilograms. In 1894 the aggregate was 208,000 kilograms; in 1895, 375,000 kilograms were imported, and for the first eight months of 1896 the importation reached 398,000 kilograms.

LUMBERING ON THE OTTAWA

A LIFE OF GREAT HARDSHIP AND EXPOSURE.

RIVER DRIVERS OFTEN WAIST DEEP IN ICEY WATERS—PAIN-RACKED BOLES THE FREQUENT OUTCOME—ONLY THE MOST ROBUST CAN STAND THIS WEARY ROUND OF TOIL.

From the Ottawa Free Press.

Only those who have engaged in the arduous occupation of lumbering know how dearly earned is their livelihood, for among the many vocations of men that of lumberman ranks among the most dangerous and difficult. There is the heavy shanty labor from earliest dawn to evening star when the toiler for half the year is remote from home and friends, and whose daily round is to eat and work and sleep, only getting an occasional glimpse of the outside world through a long looked for letter from some loved one far away.

Then the days lengthen, the frozen lake breaks up, and comes the driving of logs and hewn timber down the tortuous swift running stream, when necessity often calls the driver to wade body deep in the swift flowing, icy waters. None but the strong can engage in such heavy labor, only the most robust are able to stand the ten hours of daily toil, with but a mid-day hour's respite. Such in brief, is the life of many thousands of laborers in the Ottawa valley, and



among the many is Thos. Dobie, of 130 Head street, Canadiere, who for twelve long years has wrought for the great lumber king, J. R. Booth, shantying in the snowy northern forests, and lifting three inch deal during the summer heats. It is not to be wondered at that in his long experience and great exposure he should contract a severe cold that in time took permanent lodging in the region of his loins and kidneys. Like many others he thought to work it off, but in vain. Soon the pains in the region of the kidneys became so intense that labor was a torture to him, and it was only the indomitable courage, born of a knowledge that others were dependent upon him, that urged him to pursue his weary round of daily toil. Every sudden movement of the body was as a thorny god that made him wince beneath its sting. Added to this was an unusual and excessive sweating which necessitated frequent changes of clothing, and which weakened him to such an extent that his appetite was almost entirely gone, and eventually but little food and much water was his daily fare. Many vain efforts were made by Mr. Dobie to free himself from the pains which had fastened themselves upon him, and one medicine after another was used, but without effect. Life became a burden and existence a thing almost undesirable. After many fruitless efforts he was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When three boxes were taken he change in his condition was marvellous, and his own words are "when I had taken six boxes I was a new man and consider the cure worth hundreds of dollars." Mr. Dobie, although completely cured, continues taking Pink Pills occasionally and is very enthusiastic in his praises of what the pills have done for him. Many of his fellow workmen seeing the great change wrought in him by these famous pills have been led to give them a trial for other ailments and are unanimous in pronouncing them superior to all other medicines.

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The Sense of Touch.

[From the London Mail.]

The question has been asked, Which of our senses is most capable of improvement? Scientists say probably the sense of touch.

There are many trades which afford abundant evidence that the sense of

touch, at any rate in certain directions, can be largely developed. For instance, the connoisseur of china relies much more on an almost imperceptible difference of feeling in the texture than on his eyes to discover the genuineness of any piece.

The blind beggar can very soon discern between different metals merely by the sense of touch, and, in fact, the education of the blind affords a remarkable instance of the development of this sense. In certain manufactures the skilled workman knows entirely by this sense when a mixture has reached the proper degree of solidity or a material is of the right texture, and he receives very high wages by virtue of this sense alone.

On the other hand, the sense of smell and the sense of taste each become blunted and lose their finer perception if the same object is frequently presented to them.

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His Face Was His Ticket.—He was a delicate young man in a pink shirt and duck trousers, both of which he wore in a pompous and conceited manner. He was seated in the tram, dangling his legs, and looking at the faces of the number of bright young ladies and gentlemen of his party.

"Ah, how good! Here's the conductor. Watch me astonish him!"

"Ticket, sir," said the conductor.

"My dear man," said the young man, "my face is my ticket!"

The conductor smiled and looked round at the young man's friends, and then in a polite and apologetic manner said: "Quite right, sir; but my orders are to punch all tickets to show they've been used."

Here the young man colored redder than his shirt, and hastily produced his ticket amid shouts of laughter from his friends.

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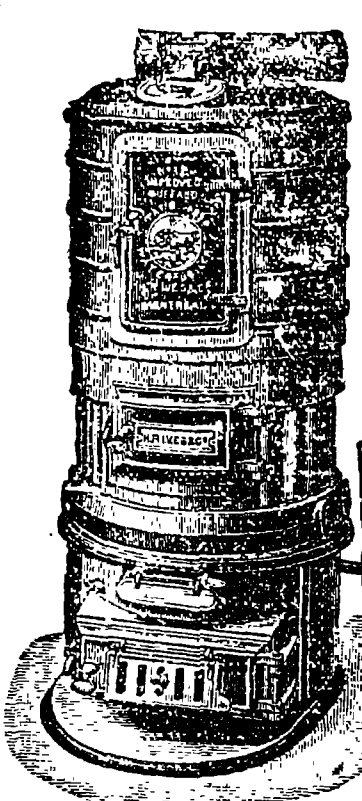
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