

NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES.



MERCHANT.—I trust it will not incommode you, Miss Sweetly, but—er—the fact is, I expect my wife here in about ten minutes, and you will very greatly oblige me by wearing this—er—disguise, while she is present.



MERCHANT'S WIFE.—Well, I've heard about the pretty type-writers in business offices; but if that's a specimen, I must say I think their attractions are greatly over-estimated.—Puck.

A COMMON EXPERIENCE.

I had my picture taken the other day. I wanted to let my absent friends know that I had recovered from the cut that used to appear at the head of my column in the *Horseman*, and also to convince myself for the hundredth time that there was something more to be desired than mere surface beauty.

When I entered the inner sanctum of the chief operator I saw at once that he was not prepossessed in my favor.

"Push back your hair from your forehead," said he.

"Be seated sideways, and lift your chin."

"That's what they say," said I. "Is that high enough?" and I lifted my chin as though trying to look on to a closet shelf backwards.

"That will do; now look animated, but do not smile."

I smiled, but failed to look animated.

"Think of something pleasant," said he. I thought of the unreciprocated bills that lay three feet deep on my desk at home.

"Do not laugh so broadly; try to look more natural," said he.

I am not in the habit of sitting sideways and smiling, with my chin in the air," murmured I.

"No matter," said he, squinting at me with one eye half closed, and the other full of disapproval; "be kind enough to look where I indicate, and keep perfectly quiet."

He threw back the slide, and my nose began to itch as it never itched before or since. The man looked annoyed, and pre-terminated the plate.

"You moved your nose," said he. "Sir, I don't know how," I replied; "I couldn't if I tried."

By this time my happy expression had vanished, and I couldn't bring it back.

"Perhaps," said I, "if you would serve a nice little lunch, I should look more animated."

This feeble attempt at familiarity was passed unnoticed. The man produced another plate. By this time I looked as though all earthly hope had left me and the heavenly outlook was dubious.

"You have dropped your chin," growled the man. I looked for it on the floor, but it was not there. The man came around and lifted it for me.

"Smile!" said he.

"Couldn't you ring a bell, or let me play with a stuffed kitten," I implored.

Stern silence again followed my attempt at pleasantry.

The day wanted; I felt that I had spent the greater part of my life sitting sideways and trying to smile.

natural and like-like their pictures will look when they get them home! Our friends are so in the habit of seeing us sitting about in low neck gowns, crowned with roses, that a picture taken in that style will pleasantly recall us when time has snatched us from their arms.

Leaving the dressing-room I sallied forth into the outer gallery and obtruded myself boldly upon the notice of the haughty young woman in waiting.

"Call day after tomorrow and see your proof," said she, and the thing was settled. On the appointed day I called. Care-lessly as one might trifle with a dynamite cartridge unknowingly, I opened the envelope and looked. One glance was enough.

With one stride I left the gallery and sought a secluded spot to weep. After awhile I looked again. I had grown calmer, and was better prepared for the worst. There was a nose, an undeniable nose, that looked like a headland. The expression of the face was cow-like, and the hair was pushed back from a brow that looked like a moonlit sea. I looked like one who wanted to vote and die. What I had that creature ever smiled and set her affections upon anything human? Had that large-nosed advocate of total abstinence in earthly merry-making ever been caught whistling dance music and playing "hop scotch" with her happy babes?

I showed the proof to the folks at home, and they all went silently out and left me and my ungainly shadow alone. I showed it to my office companions, and they lied to the elevator boy, and he choked himself trying not to laugh. I showed it to the minister, and he preached the next Sunday on the certainty of a personal devil. I showed it to the blessed little captain. "That is lovely," said she, "all but the face."

"Try again," said the tempter.

"No," said I, firmly, "one trial is enough. I could not endure another shock. I may forget myself as 'others see me,' and be happy again, but until that time arrives I have done with light-heartedness forever. The shadow of that nose has blighted my life. Say no more."—*Amber, in the Horseman.*

DIVORCE MADE EASY.

A Cynic's Will, Disposing of His Worsen-Hair.

In 1861 John Howard, a Colorado judge, introduced a quaint novelty in a divorce case in which he was the defendant. Mary, his wife, having filed a petition for separation in the Chancery court, her unfaithful husband presented his answer in the form of a quit-claim deed of his better half.

This remarkable legal curiosity appears on the records, as follows:

MARY E. HOWARD, Plaintiff, In Court of Chancery, Denver City, Jefferson Territory.

JOHN HOWARD, Defendant.

PETITION FOR DIVORCE.

To the Plaintiff in the above-entitled action: WHEREAS, Having been cited, through the press at Denver to appear before one Judge Browning, of the above-entitled court, to show cause why they prayer to be divorced from me should not be granted;

I, the defendant, hereby state (waiving my own oath in the premises), that I don't know any such Judge Browning, and therefore confess the court, and said defendant, as Judge of the Canon City District Court, enter a decree in your favor absolutely, and in order to relieve you of any embarrassment in the matter, I have executed and send you herewith a part of this answer, a quit-claim deed of all my right, title, and interest whatever in you, leaving a blank to be filled up by the name of the party—grantee, by whom you may in future be claimed under equator title. Hoping you will fully appreciate my feelings in the premises, I hereby attach said deed, as follows:

KNOW ALL MEN (AND WOMEN) BY THESE PRESENTS, That John Howard, of Canon City, of the first part, do hereby give, grant, bargain, convey, and quit-claim all my right, title, and interest in and to the following-entitled estate, to-wit: The undivided ancient estate known as Mary Howard's, of the second part, to the said Mary Howard, of the second part, her heirs, assigns, and use; situate at present in the town of Denver, Jefferson Territory, together with all the improvements made and erected by me thereon, with all the rents, profits, easements, enjoyment, and appurtenances thereto in anywise appertaining, unto —, of the second part, to have and to hold unto the said —, so long as he can keep her without recourse upon the grantee, as indorser.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my seal, this 24th day of June, 1861.

(Signed) JOHN HOWARD, (Seal.)

Signed in presence of A. Budd, Clerk of District Court.

Per WILLIAM F. STONE, Deputy.

—Charles P. Bryan, in America.

The Lady

Who has fine hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

B. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."

Mrs. S. A. Rock, of Anderson, Texas, writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe, La., I had a severe attack of swamp, or malarial, fever. After I got well, my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I had used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

Ayer's Hair Vigor, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

THE REPENTANT SINNER.

[From the Russian of Tolstoy.]

On the earth lived a man 70 years of age, who had been all his life a sinner, and this man became sick, and still he did not repent, and when his death drew near he wept and said:

"Lord, as you have pardoned the penitent thief on the cross, pardon me."

Hardly had he uttered those words when he gave up the ghost, and the soul who, in the last moment, loved God, and had faith in His mercy, found himself on the threshold of Paradise knocking with a vigor that younger hands could not excel, and asking to open to him the kingdom of Heaven.

"Possibly he heard a voice inside the door which said:

"Who is this man that knocked at the gate of Paradise, and how did he live while on earth?"

And the voice of the accusing angel enumerated all the sins of this man, there being not one meritorious action.

And the voice replied behind the door: "Sinners shall not enter the kingdom of God."

And the man said: "Lord I hear your voice, but I do not see your face and I do not know your name."

And the voice answered: "I am Peter, the Apostle."

And the sinner said: "Have pity on me, Peter the Apostle. Remember the weakness of man, and the mercy of God. What can you expect of a sinner? Did you not receive Him, who trine from His own lips? And remember you had the example of His life. His soul was tortured, drops of bloody sweat covered His face, and He asked you three times to watch and pray with him; but you were drowsy and your eyelids were heavy with sleep, and three times he found you slumbering. Did I do that? And remember again you promised Him—'Though all should deny you yet I will never deny you, and yet three times before Caspian you denied your master.' Have I done so? You cannot surely leave me out of doors."

And the voice was still behind the door of Paradise.

Again the sinner knocked and loudly asked to be admitted.

And another voice was heard asking: "Who is this man and how did he live on earth?"

And the man said: "Lord, I hear thy voice, but I do not see thy face nor do I know thy name."

And the voice replied: "I am the king-prophet, David."

And the sinner did not lose hope, neither did he leave the door of Paradise but said: "Have pity on me, King David. Remember the weakness of man and the mercy of God. God loved you; he placed you above other men. You had everything—a kingdom, glory, gold, favorites and children, but from the moment that you cast your eyes on the wife of a poor man sin took possession of you, and you took the wife of Uriah and gave him over to the sword of the Ammonites. You, a rich man, took from the poor man his last little lamb and sent him to perish. Have I done that? And do you remember how you repented saying: 'I acknowledge my fault and I repent of my sins.' Did I do so? Now can you leave me any longer out here?"

And the voice was silent behind the door. Knock, knock, knock. Again the suppliant begs to be admitted.

A third voice is heard behind the door saying: "Who is this man, and how has he lived on earth?"

And for the third time the accusing angel enumerated the faults, but no meritorious action of the sinner.

And the voice replied behind the door: "Go from here; sinners shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven."

And the man said: "I hear your voice but I do not see your face, nor do I know your name."

And the voice replied: "I am John the Evangelist, the beloved disciple of Christ."

The old sinner gave a cry of joy. "Now I am all right," said he. "Peter and David refused me entrance, because they knew the weakness of man and the mercy of God, but you will let me in, because you are full of the love of God. Are you the evangelist who wrote: 'God is love, and he who loves Him not knows not God?' Is it not you who was so fond of repeating in your old age: 'Heathen, let us love one another?'"

And the door opened wide, and John the Evangelist clasped in his arms "the repentant sinner and allowed him to enter the kingdom of Heaven.

"Progress" will open its Second Volume, next week, with several articles that are likely to prove of special interest to former residents of St. John, as well as present. Watch for the paper.

"TANT-MIEUX."

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