Wash-day at Spoopendyke's.

A Slim Banquet.

From the Brooklyn Eagle. "Say, my dear," whispered Mr. Spoop.

endyke, closing the door carefully and approaching his wife with a broad grin on his visage. "Say, my dear, Specklewottle's down stairs in the parlor. He has come to take dinner with us!"

"Great gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, dropping her work and bustling up to the glass to arrange her, hair "What did he come to-day for! Don't he know it's wash day?'

"He came for dinner," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, turning pale around the lips. What do you's pose he came for, to be washed? What's wash day got to do with it? Think this man can be soaked in a tub aud hung over the clothes line with a measley wooden pin astride the small of his back? Well, he soaked didn't, he came for grub, and you want to hustle around and get it pretty lively

for him, or I'll begin to serve up things myself before long!" "But, my dear." remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, "there's nothing in the house! The clothes—"

"Then serve up the clothes!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, who had utterly for-gotten the day of the week when he invited his friend, and now wanted his wife to get him out of the scrape somehow, and at the same time not let him down with Specklewottle. "Just put the clothes on a platter and set 'em before him. You can explain to him that we can before him. You can explain to him that we can be at three times a week, like a dog in hot weather. That'll satisfy him, so long as he has the clothes to eat." "You don't imagine he would want to eat the clothes, do you?" asked Mrs. Spapendyke innacently

Spoopendyke, innocently.

Spoopendyke, innocently. "Just try him!" velled Mr. Spoopen-dyke, enraged at the idea of being taken literally. "Just try him, and sling in some of the natural grace you always put on at the table. "Sprecklewottle, do try one of these fried socks, and a slice of this pillow sham! Dear Mr. Speckle-wottle, pray let me help you to a piece of this shirt collar and a pair of stuffed cutfs! I made them myself, and though cuffs! I made them myself, and though they are not as gooda s—"that's the way to do it." continued Mr. Spoopendyke, suddenly concluding his remark with a war-whoop, and presenting himself be-fore his wife all out of breath. "Think you've got that bill of fare all right? See your way to a successful dinner par-

ty now?" "There's some cold shad down stairs, "There's some cold shad down stairs, and I think there is a raw ham in the cellar," ruminated Mrs. Spoopendyke, regarding her husband with a startled look of inquiry, as if asking if e thought Specklewottle would mind the meat be-ing raw and the fish a trille cold. "I don't think he has anything home on Monday except cabbage and beans. Or perhaps he may have doughnuts and pie," she continued, hastily, seeing her husband swelting with a retort. "And I'm sure doughnuts and pie are good." "That's what he wants!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Bring forth the shad that troze to death in the house of Spoop-endyke! Produce the ham with the crumpled horn that milked the shad that

crumpled horn that milked the shad that froze to death in the house of Spoopen-dyke! Develop the measly banquet and let joy be unconfined! Ain't ye got any more sense than a bung hole? Think I'm going to bring the aristocracy here to fatten on dead fish and live hogs? How long are you going to let that man sit down stairs in a state of starvation? Where's that roast of beef I brought home the other day?

"I think we are that all up the day it came home," sighed Mrs. Spookendyke. "Do you mean that roast with the queer

little sticks in it?" "The same," replied Mr. Spoopen-dyke, nerving himself for another ordeal. "Did we eat the sticks? Am I to understand that there is not one little dodgasted stick left of all that affluviant

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke,'drawing a paper of candles from an upper bureau drawer. "I don't care; it must have been a very important thing to bet on, when cold shad warmed over and nice beefsteak isn't good enough to pay it. Anyway, he'll be glad of it for breakfast, and the next time he brings a man here to dinner he'll pick out some other day than Monday. Though I expect that Mr. Specklewottle will go home and tell his wife that he don't have anything to eat here from one week's end to the other. Anyhow, she ows me a call, and I hear that the dress-

A LONELY QUEEN.

How Victoria, of England, has Grad, ually Lost the Friends of Her Youth.

Queen Victoria, writes the "occasional" London correspondent of the New York Tribune, has outlived everybody she could look up to-the Duchess of Kent, her domineering mother, Leopold of Belgium, Lord Melbourne, Stock. mar, the Duke of Wellington, the Prince Consort, and, it must be added, John Brown. She has not a friend in the you to remember: world, and much sentimentalism is talked just now on this subject. To a slip-shod man in de house. estimate fairly the character of the "Dat a red nose means a hungry flour estimate fairly the character of the Queen and clearly understand her habits, thoughts, and position, it should be distinctly kept in view that the royal family, including the Queen, is not English at all, but entirely German in ideas, sympathies, and a whole mass of childish tradition and prejudices concerning ish tradition and prejudices concerning etiquette and routine folly of all kinds. The home language of the royal family is German, and not one of the princes or princess can speak English without a German ac-cent, very strong in the Prince of Wales and the Dake of Edinburgh. A foreign account in a man who will one day he accent in a man who will one day be King of England is absurd enough; but is not half so much to be regretted as the intensely German mode of thinking which affects the Queen quite as power-

fully as the children. The queen's mother was a decidedly clever woman, very masterly and agres-sive. She easily outlived both her hus-bands, was very fully impressed with her dignity as mother of the heir-appar-ent to the English throne, and lived at daggers drawn with William IV., on whom she looked with a contempt which was richly merited, for he was quite as imbecile as the duke of Kent without being so respectable Grenville has al-so told us of the indignation of old Wilso fold us of the hughation of old Wil-liam at the seclusion in which the Duch-ess of Kent kept the princess Victoria. This seclusion from a court full of the king's illegitimate children was perhaps wisely maintained, but it did not pre-vent the queen's early romance—the Elphinstone affair, before Prince Albert's time—and her isologies, of the latter time-and her jealousy of the latter, which led to the cruel treatment of the unfortunate Lady Flora Hastings. truth, Victoria was kept entirely in lead-ing-strings, and German leading-strings, infil the death of her husband. At first it was the Duchess of Kent, then Leopold of Belgium and Stockmar, and next the Prince Consort, who relieved her of the trouble of think-ing on political subjects. I was too young at the time to know much of the Prince Consort, but a relative of mine, in whose judgment I have very great confidence, tells me that the prince was simply a "pragmatical Ger-man schoolmaster." Instead of listening to what Englishmen who knew their

country had to say, this conceited for-eign prig laid down the law in the dull-est talk that can be imagined. Wit or humor found no resting-place in a dull, color.

Windsor official was accommodated with a seat, and a special stand was erected for the actual household servants. It is still fresh in the recollection that when the Duke of Connaught was married Mr. Gladstone was not invited. The de-meanor of the queen toward her family is extraordinary, and, to ordinary mortals, incomprehensible. Irreproachable as a wife and mother, except, in letting her children acquire a Ger-man accent, she now keeps them at a distance in a very odd way. When they want a start in life she induces the premier to ask for as large a grant as he where a carl, and I hear that the cress-maker disappointed herall last week, so she won't pay much attention to what he down to her supper of strawberries and lettuce, while her hushand took n out with Specklewottle in fillets of beef and yellow Cliquot. Not one of her children except the Princess Beatrice, who is condemned to seclusion with her mother, can visit her without permission. That she is abso-lute monarch in her own family, as she is in her own house, is beyond all doubt; but there is no question that she has not a single friend to whom she can speak openly and unreservedly.

Lime-Kiln Club Philosophy. From the Detroit Free Press.

"De sezun has now arrove for pullin' ole hats and pillers outer de broken winders, an' I seize de occashun to ax

"Dat a front gate off its hinges means

barrel.

"Dat no man eber got work sittin' on de fence an' discussing de needs ob de kentry

"Dat de less pollyticks a man has de mo' cash he kin pay his grocer. "Dat argyments on religion won't

build churches nor pay de preachers. "Dat a fam'ly which nebber borrows nor lends keeps naburs de longest.

"Dat beauty will starve in de parlor whar' common sense will grow fat in de kitchen.

"Dat de world am full o' mice-holes, an all de cats de am to watch an' wait. "Dat economy doan' mean buyin kali-ker fur yer wife an' broadcloth fur yer-

self. "Dat progress coan' mean fittin' old doahs to new buildin's.

"Dat liberty doan' gin you de right to eat anoder man's chickens.

"Dat success achieved by rascality am

"Let us now purceed to attack the reg-"lar programmy o' business, an' if dar am any mo' coughin' an' spittin' ober in de fur co'ner sartin pussons will witness purceedins dat will cast a gloom ober de nex' fifty y'ars.

Remarkable for overcoming diseases caused by impure water, decaying vegetation, etc., is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Nord, the Rush City wife-slayer, will be tried in October.

That great Dermotologis', Dr. C. W. Ben-son of Baltimore has prepared his favorite prescription for general use and now any

person, however poor, can get the benefit of his best treatment for skin diseases. It consists of both external and internal treatment.

A Harvester Works' building is being erected in Winona.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP." Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for fever-ishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c. E. Alexander of Lake City is to build the

Wabashaw county poor-house for \$7,940. New Bern, N. C.-Rev. G. W. Offley says:

'I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters and consider it one of the best medicines known."

Dr. Hutchins is now pastor of Plymouth cburch Minneapolis.

The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It wi'l look like uew. Only 10 cents for any

Georgia will this year raise watermelons worth on the ground \$1,500,000.

Over Three Score and Ten. Interview with Horatio Seymour.

C LEEPLESSNES C

U

At this point a mild mannered, pleasant faced and gray-haired lady entered the parlor, bearing in a delicate vase a bunch of violets which she placed upon the table. The old governor's eyes brightened quickly, and with a pleasant smile he made comment upon the beauty of the flowers and their fragrance, remarking at the same time that Mrs. Seymour was fond of gathering the little

I was 55 and 60 I felt in no degree older than in my youth. Sixty-five and seventy came and went, and yet it seemed as though I was still young in years, certainly in thought and feeling; but one day after my efforts in the campaign of 1880, I was walking in the street, when suddenly I telt a change, and dropped in at Mr. Kern-an's office, where I rested until able to go home. That day marked a change, and since then I have learned that my nervous system was exhausted. my nervous system was exhausted. To day my years are almost all behind me, and I find here my quiet retire-ment that the twilight is coming down upon me."

brown, fifty cents. Fire in dry time is not more dangerous than

druggists.



luxuriousness? Lift the impenetrable weil of obscurity off the secluded bower of the shrinking sticks," he yelled, as it dawned upon him that Specklewottle was in the parlor, waiting to be fed, and that the social problem was no nearer solution than when he started. "Let us solution than when he started. "Let us unravel the mystery that hangs like a pall over the fate of the unhappy sticks, that they may come forth and fructify Specklewottle," and in the excess of his emotion Mr. Spoopendyke gasped for breath, and resting his hands on his knees, looked as if he were inviting his wife to a little game of leave from

wife to a little game of leap-frog. "There's some lettuce in the house, and I bought some strawberries to-day. and I could cook the steak I had saved over for breakfast," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, coming out triumphantly in the end, womanlike. "And I will put on my new wine-colored satin, and we will give him a nice supper.

per." "Going to put the wine-colored satin on the shal or the sham?" howled Mr Spoopendyke, who had a man's idea that a dinner is not a dinner until it is roasted. "Think I brought that man here at six o'clock in the afternoon to take breakfast? Got some kind o' no-tion that cold fish, raw ham, wormy let-tuce, green strawberries and fried cow are gring to satisfy the array is of a more are going to satisfy the cravings of a man who has just won a bet of a dinner on -," but here Mr. Spoopendyke stopped short. The last revelation was unintentional.

Was it a bet dear?" asked Mrs. Shopendyke, opening her eyes with astonish-ment. "Did you bring Mr. Specklewotthe home here on a bet? If I had known that and you had given me time, I would have had a nice supper for you. I don't suppose that he would care for a cold mean under the circumstances. I

"That settles it," squeated Mr. Spoop-encyke, mad at himself for what he had divulged, and angrier still as he saw that he must explain to Specklewottle how he was fixed. "When you commence to think the free list is entirely suspend-ed. Some day when I catch you think-ing. I'm going to drive a spiggot in your head and advertise science on tap; book science a dime extra: free lunch from science a dime extra; free lunch from 11 to

Aad with this prospectus Mr. Spoopen; dyke dashed down stairs and explained to Mr. Specklewottle that, owing to Mrs. Spoopendyke having a severe headache, they had better postpone the dinner or go to a restaurant.

methodic brain crowded with half truths and dreary formulas. The English nobles, whom he had the insolence to treat with remote hateur, felt toward him a mixture of hatred and contempt. He said one stupid thing and did sever-al which settled his place in the English mind. His observation that in a coun-try like England "constitutional govern-ment is on its trial," his interference in the dispatch-box matter, and his at-tempt to overrule Lord Palmerston, decided English opinion, in spite of the army of the sycophants, who lifted their voices from South Kensington in

Solemn hymns of praise. It is certain that, except to John Brown and Lord Beaconsfield, the queen has never spoken unreservedly to any person since Albert's death. She found herself left alone in her despair, and she remained alone. Her husband, on whom England looked as a milksop, because he was a wretched horseman and cared lit-tle for field sports, was unbearable as a companion, and had gradually driven away every soul whose society was worth having. Mr. Gladstone has never been a favorite with the queen, because he also is masterful in his way, and is apt to hint that the course he suggests is the only one that will meet the support of parliament. This he does, of course, with considerable deference, but he has never succeeded in "managing" the queen as Lord Beaconsfield managed her by agreeing to the utter tomfoolery of calling her empress of India and other acts of equal subservience. Like thor-ough Germans of the old school, the whole royal family appear to ordinary

whole royal family appear to ordinary people almost insane upon questions of dignity and precedence. Lord Beaconsfield, recognizing fully the late French emperor's saying that "ladies must be humored," pleased the queen by obeying all her little whims on such subjects. More-over he was on John Brown's side in politics, and knew how to proplitate that worthy servitor. Hence, the queen permitted lim a freedom of address never evdured from any other of her Ministers except Lord Melbourne, for whom she had almost as much regard whom she had almost as much regard as for the first Duke of Wellington. Last year, when the Duke of Albany was married, the name of every person to be present in St. George's Chapel was submitted to her, very few of the really important people of England were placed where they could see the wed-ding ceremony, while every trumpery

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice. roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

David Burns, a pioneer of Minnesota, died at Pelican lake aged seventy years.

Rock Hill, S. C.-Rev. J. S. White, says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general debil-ity. It restored me to strength and vigor."

Senator Edmunds has taxable personal property at Burlington, Vt., worth \$75,000.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is daily working wonderful cures in female diseases.

Campbell & Smith, the heavy dry goods men of Duluth, have sold out to J. Freemuth. of Tonawanda, Pa.

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Blad-der and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

We recommend Wise's Axle Grease.

Remarkable Escape. John Kuhn, of Lafayette, Ind., had a very narrow escape from death. This is his own story: "One year ago I was in the last stages of consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of Dr. Wrn. Hail's Balsam for the Lungs, which benefited me. L continued until I took pine benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health having used no other medicine. Dr. Roger's Vegetable Worm Syrup in-

stantly destroys worms, and removes the se-cretions that cause them.

Henry's Carbolic Salve.-The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all kinds of skin eruptions, etc. Get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all others are but imitations. Price 25 cents.

Allen's "Iron Tonic Bitters" is the best tonic Alten's 'Iron fonce bitters' is the best tonic in existence. It tones the liver, purifies the blood, creates a healthy appetite, aids diges-tion, cures dyspepsia, and gives vivacity and buoyancy of spirits. The labe! on every bot-tle of the genuine bears the signature of J. P. Alten's Paul Minn. Allen, St. Paul, Minn.

Wise's Axle Grease never gums.

Don't work your horses to death with poor axie grease; the Frazer is the only reliable make.

The habit of running over boots or shoes corrected with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

Every one wishing to save money should send to James Morgan, Milwaukee, Wis., for his catalogue of Dry Goods.

The Northern Pacific conference of Congregational and Union churches will be held in Crookston June 19 and 20.