

The Human Auction.
Here are lives by the score to sell:
Up to the platform, gents, and bid!
Man and wife, and child, and dog,
All of 'em here for the public good.
Here is a woman, pinched and pale,
Frying her wits out on a tread.
Give me a shirt for her—on sale,
Dying gentlemen—buying—dead!

A family, six in number, here,
Fresh from a call in Somers Town;
Mother her sixth confinement bear,
Father and mother, and a young son,
'Twas Penitence spoke then, was it not?
"An open sewer," I think he said;
Well, his offer always was good,
Dying gentlemen—buying—dead!

Now, good customers, here's a chance:
A thousand men in the prime of life,
Weapons of murder, sword and dagger,
Armed and drilled for the deadly strife.
General Warfare, the great inventor,
"A bullet for each," cries the gent in red,
No offer but his—fast food the sand,
Dying gentlemen—buying—dead!

A body of tollers, worn and weak,
Clerk and curates and writing men—
Look at the grub on each sunken cheek,
Mark the fingers, and the hair on pen!
Come, good gentlemen, can't you see?
Has England's eye for England's eye?
Heaters, at last, the price of a meal—
Dying gentlemen—buying—dead!

—GEOFFREY H. WADDELL.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

The letter was as follows:
"Dear Sir, I am directed by Mr. Huntingdon to inform you that from this day he will hold no communication with you or your husband.
He wishes me to add that he has sent all his clothes, jewels, and personal effects belonging to his daughter Nea Huntingdon, now styling herself Nea Trafford, to the enclosed address, and he has directed his manager to take care of them. He has also directed Mr. Trafford to strike off the name of Nea Huntingdon from the list of clerks. Any attempts to open any further correspondence with Mr. Huntingdon will be useless, as all his letters will be returned destroyed.—I remain, madam, your humble servant, SISTER TERESA."
Enclosed was a cheque for two hundred pounds and a little slip of paper with a few pencilled lines in Sister Teresa's handwriting.
"For the love of heaven do not send or come—it would be worse than useless, he is nearly beside himself with anger; your maid ingrained for years, and has been sent away with her wages. No one dares say a word."
Oh fathers! provoke not your children to wrath. It was that which cruel fate had changed Nea's repentance to unrelenting bitterness.
Instinctively she felt the iron of her father's will enter into her soul. In the moment she understood that she had never done before, the hardness and coldness of his nature, the inflexibility of his purpose; as well might she dash herself against a rock as expect to find any mercy in the eyes of his own child, he will be strong too, and in the anguish of her despair she called upon her pride to support her, she leant her fainting woman's heart upon that most rotten of rocks, her pride.
He had disinherited her, his only child, he had flung her away from him. Well, she would defy him; and then she remembered his successful career, his triumphs; to the future, till her heart felt almost broken, but for all that she stood like a statue, crushing down the pain in the very stubbornness of her pride.
Ah, Nea, unhappy Nea! poor motherless, willful girl; why will she look round her with that scared, hunted look.
Was this her future home, these poor rooms, this shabby furniture? Belgrave House closed to her for ever. But as she looked round with that fixed miserable glance, why did the tears suddenly dim her eyes?
Her glance had fallen on Maurice, still sitting motionless with his hands before his eyes—Maurice, her husband; yes, there he sat, the man whose love she had dragged to the brink of ruin, whose faith and honor she had tempted, whose honest purpose she had shaken and destroyed, who she so crushed with remorse for his own wrong, whose name she would not look her in the face; and as she gazed at him, Nea's whole heart yearned with generous pity over the man who had broken her heart, and she felt that she would love and love her life's end.
And Maurice, sitting crushed with that awful remorse, felt his hands drawn down from his face, and saw Nea's beautiful face breaking through her tears, felt the smooth brown head nestle to his breast, and heard the low sobbing words—
"For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, till death do us part, I do promise, Maurice; take me to your home and comfort me with your love, for in all the world I have no one but you—no one but you!"
CHAPTER X.
IN DEEP WATERS.
Let us incessant earnest prayer,
Be, too, for light, for strength to bear
Our portion of this life's sad tale,
That crosses into dumb despair
One half the human race.

Off-spring, sad humanity!
To afflictions, to sorrows, to grief,
Sleep to the lips in misery,
Languid, and yet afraid to die,
I pledge you in this cup of bitter
The battle of your life's brief
The alarm, the struggle, the relief,
How deep we've wandered!

Nea had to learn by bitter experience that the fruits of Sodom, fair to the sight, but mere ashes to the taste, and in her bitter mood she owned that her punishment was just.
Slowly and laboriously, with infinite care and pains, she set herself to unlearn the lessons of her life. For wealth she had poverty; for ease and luxury, privation and toil; but in all her troubles, pride and self-love sustained her, and though she suffered, and heaven only knew how she suffered, she never complained or murmured until the end came.
For her pride sustained her, and when that failed, her love came to her aid.
How she loved him, how she clung to him in those days, no one but Maurice knew; in her bitterest hours his words had power to comfort her and take the sting from her pain. When it was possible, she hid her troubles from him, and never added to his by vain repining and regrets.
But in spite of her pride, and Maurice's patience, they had a terrible hard life of it.
At first Maurice's efforts to find another cleavage were in vain, and they were compelled to live on the proceeds of the cheque; then Nea sold her jewels, that they might have something to fall back upon. But presently Mr. Dobson came to her.
He had a large family, and could not do much, as he told them, sorrowfully; but he found Maurice, with some trouble, a small clerkship at eighty pounds a year, advising him at the same time to give up their scanty income by taking in copying work of an evening.
Indeed, as Maurice discovered many a time in his need, he did not mind a friend, as long as the job was managed well.
And so those two young creatures took up the heavy burden of their lives, and carried it with tolerable patience and courage, and as the case of our first pair, exiled by a woman's weakness from the fair gardens of Paradise, so, though they reaped thorns and thistles, and earned their bread by the sweat of their brow, yet the bitter-sweet memories of their lost Eden abode with them, and in their poverty they tasted many an hour of pure unsullied joy.
For they were young, and youth's courage is high, and the burden of those days was not yet too hard to be borne.
Nea longed to help Maurice, but her

pride, always her chief fault, came as a stumbling-block in her way; she could not bear to go into the world and face strangers. And Maurice on his side could not endure the thought that his beautiful young wife should be exposed to slights and humiliations; so Nea's fine talents wasted by misuse.
Still, even these scruples would have faded under the pressure of severe need, had not children come to weaken Nea's strength and keep her drudging at home.
Nea had never seen her father or heard anything from him all this time. Maurice, it was true, had humbled himself again and again, but his letters had all been returned unopened.
But when her boy was born, Nea's heart softened by the joys of maternity, yearned passionately for a reconciliation, and by her husband's advice, she stifled all feelings of resentment, and wrote as she had never written before, as she never could write again, but all in vain; the letter was returned, and in her weakened state Nea would have fretted herself to death over that unopened letter, if it had not been for her husband's tenderness and her baby's innocent face.
How the young mother doted on her child! To her he was a miracle, a revelation of Nature's power, a source of consolation in her troubles. She would lie, patiently for hours on her couch, watching her baby in his sleep. Maurice coming in just as she was about to rise, would pause on the threshold to admire the picture. He thought his wife never looked so beautiful as when she had the boy in her arms.
As so the years passed on. Maurice worked, and struggled, and pinched, till his face grew old and careworn, and the racking cough began to make itself heard, almost as he slept. Maurice, who had been coming fast now, and the days were growing darker and darker.
By and by there was a baby girl, with her father's eyes, and beautiful as a little angel, and Maurice, who had been so kind and fondled for a few weeks, and then laid in their little coffins; then another boy who only lived two years; and lastly, after a long lapse of time, another girl.
But when this one was born the end was fast approaching. Mr. Huntingdon had been abroad for a year or two, and had just returned to Belgrave House—so Mr. Maurice had an answer to her longed-for one evening on one of his brief visits—and he had brought with him a young widow niece and her boy.
Nea remembered her cousin Eric Huntingdon and the dark-eyed girl whom he had married and taken with him to Naples; but she had never heard of his death.
Doubtless her father meant to put Maurice to the test, and she knew that Eric his heir; and Nea sighed bitterly as she looked at her boy playing about the room. Mr. Dobson interpreted the sigh aright.
"It is again, Mrs. Trafford," he said, holding out his hand as he rose; "humble yourself in the dust, for the sake of your children." And Nea took his advice, but she never again saw her father, and soon after that their kind old friend, Mr. Dobson, died, and then everything went wrong.
Maurice's employer gave up business, and Nea succeeded in hard grasping man's fond faith with Maurice's falling health, and dismissed him as an incompetent clerk; and this time Maurice found himself without friends.
For a little time longer he struggled on, though broken in heart and health.
They left their comfortable lodgings and took cheaper ones, and sold every article of furniture that was not absolutely necessary; and the day before the baby was born, Nea, weeping bitterly, took her last relic, her mother's portrait, from the locket set with pearls, and gave it to Maurice to sell the little ornament.
All through that long illness, though Heaven only knows how, Maurice struggled on.
Ill himself, he nursed his sick wife with patient care and tenderness.
Nea and her little ones had always plenty of nourishing food, though he himself went on the barest of diets. He had to keep the children quiet, he did all more than all a woman would have done, before, went out at last in body and mind, he laid himself down, never to rise again.
And Nea, going to him with her sickly baby in her arms, saw a look on his face that terrified her, and knelt down by his side, while he told her between his paroxysms of coughing what little there was to tell.
She knew it all now; she knew the poor, brave heart had been slowly breaking for weeks; he had given up all hope, she knew that he had suffered to see the woman he loved dragged down to the level of his poverty, and made to endure such bitterness of humiliation; she knew, when it was too late, that the man who had crushed her under the consequences of his weakness, that his remorse was killing him; and that he would seal his repentance with his life.
"Do not rest," he had said, when she had implored him to say what she could do to comfort him; "there is one thing to go to your father. Yes, my darling," as she shivered at his words, "go to him yourself; let him see your dear face that has grown so thin and pale; perhaps he will see for himself, and have pity. Tell him I am dying, and that I cannot die in peace until he has promised to forgive you, and take care of you and the children. You will do that for me, will you not? You know how I have suffered, and will not refuse me."
Had she ever refused him anything? Nea kissed the drawn pallid face without a word, and then she took the child, and took her baby in her arms—it was a puny, sickly creature, and wailed incessantly, and she could not leave it—then with the tears blinding her poor eyes, she called rapidly through the dark, and hardly feeling the cutting wind, and quite unconscious of the driving sleet that pelted her face with icy particles.
For her heart felt like a stone; Maurice was dying; but no! he should not die; with her own hands she would hold back her beloved from the entrance to the dark valley; she would minister to his fainting, she would soothe his pain, she would whisper entreaty that Nea shuddered to hear.
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in the next he would have moved on had she not caught him by the arm.
"Father," she sobbed; "father, come with me. Maurice is dying. My husband is dying; but he says he cannot die until he has your forgiveness. Come home with me; come home with your own Nea, father," but he shook off her grasp, and began to descend the steps.
"Here, Stephen," he said, taking some gold from his pocket; "give this to the woman and send her away. Come, Beatrice, I am ready."
Heaven! had this man a human heart, that he should disown his flesh and blood? Would it have been wonderful if she had spoken bitter scathing words to the unnatural parent who was driving her from his door? But Nea never spoke, she only turned away with a shudder from the sight of the proffered gold, and then drawing her thin cloak still closer round her child, turned wearily away.
True, she had sinned; but her punishment was a hundred times greater than her sin, she said to herself, and that was all. What a strange strange quietness was over her; the pain and the fever seemed all burnt out. She did not suffer now. If something that felt like an iron rod would leave off gripping her heart, she would almost be comfortable. Maurice must die before him, but something else had died before him. She wondered if it were this same heart of hers; and then she noted how weary her head would be, and stopped at the next lamp-post to put it straight, and felt a vague sort of pity for it, when she saw its face was pinched and blue with cold, and pressed it closer to her, when she hoped to find it dead when she reached home.
"One less to suffer and to starve," thought Nea.
Maurice's faithful eyes greeted her when she opened the door, but she only shook her head and said nothing; what had she to say? She gave her half-frozen infant into a neighbor's care, and then sat down and drew her feet up to her chin, still speechless in that awful apathy.
And there she sat hour after hour, till she died peacefully in her arms, and his last words were, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins."
When she had ceased to wish for them, friends came around her in her trouble and ministered to her wants.
Kindly followed Maurice to his last resting-place, and saved him from a pauper's grave.
The widow and her children were clothed in decent mourning, and placed in comfortable lodgings.
Nea never roused from her silent apathy, never looked at them or thanked them.
Their kindness had come too late for her, she said; surely it was not so long afterwards that she knew that she owed all this consideration to the family of their kind old friend Mr. Dobson, who had died before she was born.
Beatrice Huntingdon dare not come in person to see her, but by and by they spoke very firmly and kindly to her. They pointed to her children—they had placed her boy at her feet, and she looked at her that for their sakes she must live and work. If she brooded longer in that sullen despair she would die or go mad; and they thought her better to die, and watched his feeble arms trying to grasp the neck of the widow's passionate tears rain on its innocent face—the tears that saved the poor hot brain—and knew she was saved; and by and by, when she thought she had regained her strength, they asked her gently what she could do. Alas! she had suffered her fine talents to rust. They had nothing to offer her but the coarsest of home-made linen, and she found her way to two maiden ladies just setting up a school in the neighborhood, and here she gave daily lessons.
And so, as the years went on, things became a little brighter.
Nea found her work interesting, her little daughter Fern accompanied her to the school, and she taught her with her other pupils.
Presently the day's labor became light to her, and she could look forward to the evening when her son, fetching her on his way from school, would bring her a bundle of a humble home it was true; but when she looked at her boy's handsome face, and Fern's innocent beauty, and felt her little one's caresses, as she climbed up into her lap, she would own that her lot had its compensations.
But the crowning trial was yet to come; the last drop of concentrated bitterness.
Nea longed to see her mother, but Mr. Huntingdon made his first overture of reconciliation through his lawyer.
His niece, Beatrice, had died suddenly, and her boy was fretting sadly for his mother.
Some one had pointed out to Mr. Huntingdon one day a dark-eyed handsome boy in deep mourning, looking at the riders in Rotten Row, and that it was his son, Percy, the son of his grandson, Percy Trafford.
Mr. Huntingdon had said nothing at the time, but the boy's face and noble bearing haunted him; he was as like his mother, when as a child she had stayed about the rooms at Belgrave House. Perhaps, still life as he might, the sobbing voice of his daughter rang in his ears. "Come home with me," he said to himself, "and I will give up every other point the boys should have equal advantages."
And Belgrave House, the home where my boy is to live, will be closed to his mother and his son, still with that delicate scorn on her face.
The lawyer looked uncomfortable.
"I have got instructions on that point," said Mr. Trafford; "I was simply to guarantee that he should be allowed to see you from time to time, as you and he might wish it."
"I cannot entertain the proposal for a moment," she returned, decidedly; but her strong remonstrances had at last consented that when her boy was a little older, the matter should be laid before him; but no doubt as his choice crossed her mind, Percy had always been an affectionate child; nothing would induce him to give up his mother.
But she became less confident as the days went by; Percy grew a little selfish and headstrong; he wanted a little to dominate him; his narrow, confined life and the restraints that their poverty enforced on them made him discontented. One day he encountered the lawyer who had spoken to his mother—he was going to her again, with a letter that Mr. Huntingdon had written to his daughter—and as he looked at Percy, who was standing idly on the doorstep, he put his hand on his shoulder, and bade him show him the way.
Nea turned very pale as she read the letter. It was a letter of curt and business-like, it repeated the offer he had before made with regard to her son Percy, only adding that for the boy's future prospects it would be well to refer to his terms. This was the letter that, after a moment's hesitation, Nea placed in her boy's hands.
"Well, mother," he exclaimed, and his eyes sparkled with eagerness and excitement. "I call that splendid! I shall be a rich man one of these days, and then you will see what I shall do for you, and Fern, and Eric."
"Do you mean that you wish to leave us, Percy, and to live in your grandfather's house?" she returned, trying to speak calmly. "You know what I told you—before him with her baby in her arms, but

your father suffered, and—'and,' with a curious faintness creeping over her, 'you see for yourself there is no mention of me in that letter. Belgrave House is closed to your mother.'"
"Yes, I know, and it is an awful shame, but never mind, mother, I shall come and see you very often," and then she left them to talk it over, he dilated with boyish eagerness on the advantage to them all if he accepted his grandfather's offer. His mother would be saved the cost of her own board, she would not have to work so hard; he would be rich himself, and would be able to help them. But at this point she stopped him.
"Understand once for all, Percy," she said with a sternness that he had never seen in her, "that the advantage will be solely for yourself; neither I nor your sisters will ever accept help that comes from Belgrave House; your riches will be nothing to me, my son. Think again before you give up your mother."
He would never give her up, he said, with a rough boyish career; he should see her often—often, and it was wicked, wrong to talk about refusing his help; he would talk to his grandfather and make him almost as good as a partner in the business, and to the glowing plans he made. Nea's heart sickened as she heard him, she knew his boyish selfishness and restlessness, but she could not help feeling that she was this same heart of hers; and then she noted how weary her head would be, and stopped at the next lamp-post to put it straight, and felt a vague sort of pity for it, when she saw its face was pinched and blue with cold, and pressed it closer to her, when she hoped to find it dead when she reached home.
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CURRENT TOPICS.
RINGS flourished in 1846. In those days accomplished girls (swayed the light guitar) and accompanied themselves the most sentimental of songs. They liked sitting dreaming in the moonlight alone, or en tête-à-tête. They read unlimited novels and had no sense of humor. They never awoke to the realities of life until they married and wore their hair in bands. If you put a girl in ringlets what can you expect? Certainly nothing practical or energetic. It is well known that the slightest exertion takes the ringlets out of curl. Let us hope that fate will never be so cruel again to make them fashionable.
The Empress of Austria is very proud of the produce of her fine Schochbrunn farm. She recently sent a fine ham, weighing twenty-two pounds, to her sister, addressed "To the Countess of Trani at Baden, from the Empress of Austria," but the certificate of origin which should have accompanied it was forgotten, and the customs officers at Limbach detained the parcel, and sent to the Inspector of Markets at Vienna a printed form, which, filled up, read as follows: "A parcel of ham, weighing twenty-two pounds, extending from the United States, New Zealand, Australia, the Malay Peninsula, China, Japan and the journey home through Europe. What makes the ham so really extraordinary is that Mr. Muller is now 82 years of age, and is reported to have finished in splendid condition. His united congregations during the last year amount to over a million persons. A peculiarity of the ham is its mode of collecting money for his orphanage is that he never asks for it. He merely tells his story of how he has been sustained in the past, and the wealth comes rolling in."
Never disappoint a woman. As Congress says, "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." The other morning a woman in New York City committed suicide because her husband would not permit her to spend the day in the country. He foolishly insisted that she should stay at home with him and assist him in his drinking saloon instead, and in her despair she took her life. An even more striking instance of the inability of some women to endure the frustration of their own wishes is reported from Kansas City. Mrs. Jamieson, a wife and mother, had arranged to go on an excursion with her family, but a severe influenza interfered. The love of a new world and the claims of three young children were not sufficient to stay the woman's suicidal hand, and she deliberately swallowed a fatal dose of chloroform. A more senseless and cruel act was never recorded in the annals of matrimony.
M. P. LECHE has proposed a theory that odor is, like light and sound, a phenomenon of undulation. He cites in support of this view that many substances, like sulphur and copper, do not emit odors until they are rubbed, and it is more reasonable to suppose that the rubbing causes undulations that under that condition the substances emit matter which cannot be detected except as a smell. Again, arsenic acid when thrown upon a burning coal gives off a strong odor of garlic. In the solid state it has no smell, and no more in the vaporous state if no chemical change takes place in volatilizing it. But when it is thrown upon a coal, a reduction takes place, and the acid is volatilized and then reoxidized on coming in contact with the air, and we have a smell accompanying the chemical action. The same is true of other odors analogous with the interference phenomena of light.
Many people do not know how easily they can protect themselves and their children against the bites of gnats and other insects. Weak carbolic acid sponges on the skin and hair, and in some cases the clothing will drive away the whole tribe. A great many children are killed every year by the bites of these insects. For the purpose of protection, a pit on one side of the cellar, dug below the reach of frost, and lined with boards, with straw or sawdust, and lined as a trap for the insects, will do the work. A pit dug in the cellar, four feet below the level of its floor, well drained and lined as above, will prove the best place for keeping small quantities of preserves, except for a single family.
Chicago Fifty-three Years Ago.
Capt. F. McCumber, of Burlington, Wis., who is said to be the oldest lake captain now living (he is 82), says in a recent letter to the Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago: "I came to Chicago in July, 1834, in command of the schooner Thomas Hart, of Carthage, on the Genesee River; there was no harbor then, and we lay one mile from the mouth of the river and discharged our cargo of wheat and flour at a wharf on the river, and discharged the rest of our cargo on the shore. This was a very bad arrangement for ballast, and left for Buffalo. I think the first shipment of wheat from Lake Michigan was made in that year. The wheat was shipped to Buffalo, and the cargo of the schooner was sent to Cassopolis on the steamer David Crockett, to find the owner, but he had contracted with one of Oliver Newberry's vessels, the Marengo, Capt. Dingley, who had chartered the same year of cholera at Detroit. This is about all the information I can give you. I am 82 years old and my memory is failing. I am here on a little farm quietly waiting the end."
Nothing New Under the Sun.
Shakespeare's scene has been very well up in most of the slang phrases of the present day. In "Henry VIII." we have "to thin" in "King John," "come off" and "you are too green and fresh;" in "Winter" we have "never mind," and although he does not exactly use the exclamation "rats," we have in "Hamlet," "a rat" which is pretty near it. John Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," in conversation with adversity, says it would seem that Solomon was not far from the truth when he said, "there is nothing new under the sun," or words to that effect.—Boston Courier.

THEIR NAME WAS WADDELL.
A Strange Meeting of Two Brothers Who Had Never Seen Each Other.
A portly, prosperous-looking gentleman sat in a Sixth avenue elevated car on Monday evening. The conductor had just shouted "Untouchables," and banged the gate. Another portly gentleman came in and sat down. There was a remarkable resemblance between the two men. The journalist nudged portly party number one and said: "Excuse me, sir. Do you see your counterpart sitting opposite you?"
By Godfrey, he's the image of me!"
The man leaning over tapped the image on the knee with the Evening Sun.
"Excuse me, sir. You are my double. Will you oblige me with your card?"
The image looked up, seemed bewildered for an instant. "I haven't a card with me, sir, but my name is Waddell, of Murray, Idaho."
"Waddell, eh? Where is your native place?"
"Manchester, England, sir."
"Your father's name James?"
"Yes, sir. Oblige me with your name, please."
"Certainly, Jimmy. You don't know me, do you?"
"That's what I say."
The two brothers shook hands for about a minute, exchanging inquiries. An explanation revealed the fact that the elder brother, Smallwood, had left England two years before, and was now in a grocery store in Peru thirty-two years and had not heard from home in twenty years. James was in business in Murray, Idaho. They were traveling in the Twenty-third street stairs arm in arm, and on their way were celebrating their meeting with a bottle of Riederer.—New York Evening Sun.

Latest Ladies' Fashion Notes.
A new idea in Jerseys is a low-necked and short-sleeved one embroidered with beads.
Another fabric very popular at the seaside is a heavy quality of wrinkled cheese cloth in delicate evening shades. They are trimmed with numerous rows of blue and green watered ribbon, and produce good effects in draping.
Point d'esprit is much used for summer evening gowns, not only in white but in the new colored sorts that come in shades of green, heliotrope, porcelain blue and pink. The narrow watered ribbons is a favorite trimming on these frocks also.
For wearing to the beach for the morning bath gowns easily put off and on are selected of a pretty one in soft, light weight, cream colored flannel, simply draped and trimmed with wide Hercules braid. The bodice is a loose belted waist with blue line through it, made with a sailor collar opening over a shirt of white flannel.
A novel design for cloaks for travelling or coaching is copied from the cloaks of the Irish peasant women and envelop the wearer from the neck to the feet. They are made of six or seven breadths of twisted silk gathered to a velvet standing collar. They are without sleeves, but the front breadths are doubled from the foot up and the arms pass out between the doubled fronts; a ribbon belt attached to the two back seams forms them into the waist.
These cloaks are shown in brown, gray or navy blue silk, striped with fine lines of coral red, and the lining is of soft, light weight, cream colored flannel, simply draped and trimmed with wide Hercules braid. The bodice is a loose belted waist with blue line through it, made with a sailor collar opening over a shirt of white flannel.
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QUEER FEATURES OF ROOF LIFE IN CROWDED PARTS OF NEW YORK CITY.
From the editorial rooms of the Mail and Express the roof of a ten-story house may be seen spreading on all sides, some high, others low. Amid the wilderness of smoking chimneys, flapping clothes hung out to dry and interwoven telegraph wires is enough rubbish to fill in a acre of swamp land. Old kettles, broken bottles, bricks, shoes, boots, tomato cans and garbage make up the conglomerate mass. The low-roofed houses seem to meet the dumping ground for the tenements of higher buildings. In the tenement-house districts the condition of things is much worse, for the people habitually throw the ashes and garbage out of their high windows upon the roofs of the adjoining houses. The tendency so natural in simple country folk to toss their rubbish over a neighbor's fence has become to be a practice with the city people also. The countryman, however, has one advantage over his city brother; he can remedy the injury done him by tossing the rubbish back over a neighbor's fence, practicable in the city. The only recourse left the injured citizen is to shovel it off into the street, or upon the roof of a house lower than his own. Roof life in New York is a curious and grotesque phenomenon. Few know how many thousands of people do their work on the housetops, unobserved by passers in the streets. From the Mail and Express we learn that in the city of New York men and women may be seen on neighboring houses busy with their various occupations. On one roof several women are at their washing tubs, while others are hanging up clothes to dry. On hundreds of roofs long lines of clothes are flapping in the wind. The washing of this city is done upon the housetops. Besides the waterworks, the water supply is a disgraceful sight. Men are mending their wives. At night they swarm with human beings. On the east side, where there are few or no public parks, the roofs serve as playgrounds for the poor. Workingmen gather in groups to smoke their pipes, or play dominoes and checkers. Women sit together chatting, while their children run about in play or sprawl at their mothers' knees. Every feature of park society is to be seen excepting the green trees and the fountains. On some housetops little gardens have been carefully cultivated. Some of the waterworks are a disgraceful sight. Men are mending their wives. At night they swarm with human beings. On the east side, where there are few or no public parks, the roofs serve as playgrounds for the poor. Workingmen gather in groups to smoke their pipes, or play dominoes and checkers. Women sit together chatting, while their children run about in play or sprawl at their mothers' knees. Every feature of park society is to be seen excepting the green trees and the fountains. On some housetops little gardens have been carefully cultivated. 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