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POOR DOCUMENT

WOMAN AND HOME.

GAMES AND TRICKS TO AMUSE THE YOUNG, AND OLD, TOO.

A Wife's Five Rules—Decorations for Home and Person—A Woman Detective—The Beauties of the Emerald Isle—Something About the Children.

A very popular trick with magicians, says The Pittsburg Dispatch, is performed in this way: Provide a book of plain paper, of whatever thickness you please. Turn over seven leaves from the beginning, and paint a group of flowers; then turn over seven more leaves and paint the same again, and so on until you have turned the book through to the end. Then paste a slip of paper to each of the painted leaves. Turn the book over again and paint on every sixth leaf a parrot, and then paste slips upon them as you did upon the first. Proceed in this manner until you have painted the book full of pictures of various sorts, taking care one side of the leaves is left white. In giving the exhibition, run the leaves through with the thumb, and it will appear full of flowers; blow on it for effect and run through again, and it will appear full of parrots, and so on until the book seems to change into the different pictures you have painted; then, quickly reversing the book, it will appear all blank pages. It takes a little time to make one, but the effect is really wonderful and beautiful.

Cover the mouth of a wine glass with a thin sheet of paper, over which scatter a layer of fine sand. The vibrations excited in the air by the sound of a musical instrument held within a few inches of the paper will cause the sand on the surface to form beautiful and realistic figures as the music changes.

To find a number a person thinks of use the following method: Let a person think of a number, say 6. Tell him to multiply it by 3. Ask him then to add 1; then multiply by 8; then add to this the number thought of. The result will be 63. After he informs you of the entire amount, you strike off the last number, which will leave 6, the original number. Another way is this: Suppose the number thought of be 6; let him double it; then add 4; multiply by 6; add 12; multiply by 10. He then informs you the amount produced. You must in every case subtract 120. The remainder is, in this example, 600. Strike off the two ciphers and announce that the number he thought of was 6.

By taking a long piece of wood, such as the handle of a broom, and placing a watch at one end, the ticking will be heard very distinctly.

By placing a garden snail upon a piece of glass it will produce, by drawing itself along, a very sweet music, similar to the musical glasses often heard. This sounds rather queer, but just try it, and you have music equal to the guitar.

Provide a glass goblet about two-thirds filled with water, draw a fiddle bow across its edge, and the surface of the water will exhibit a pleasing figure composed of fans, four, six or eight in number, dependent on the dimensions of the vessel, but chiefly on the pitch of the note produced. It makes a pretty effect.

If a person has an electric stool handy, a very amusing trick can be performed. Let any one challenge a gentleman not acquainted with the experiment to favor her with a salute. The lady mounts the glass stool and takes hold of a chair connected with the prime conductor. The gentleman approaches and attempts to impart the seal of affection upon her coral lips. Then a spark will fly in his face, which generally deters him from his rash and wicked intention.

If a person stands on the same stool the electricity will pass from the conductor to him, and if a person touches him on the nose, sparks of fire will issue from it to the great amusement of the audience.

Mix a grain or two of potassium with an equal quantity of sodium, add a globule of quicksilver, and the three metals, when shaken, will take fire and burn vividly.

She Earned a Happy Home.

Women must learn to preach. They must learn that while men have hearts as soft as their own, they carry them between shells as an oyster does his whole incorporation, and that shell closes as surely upon a sermon as the other kind does on a stick. We all know how women are bound to marry men that they do not really approve of. Some women do this out of an evangelical missionary spirit; others do so for lack of anything more angelic. The ones who marry the last man, the only man, are apt to get along better in reformatory work than the missionaries. Why? Because they preach less.

A worthy example of this reformatory principle of non-preachment now adorns New York society. A very pretty, clever woman was asked by a man about town to marry him. He was a girl who had had but a scant supply of those aids to matrimony which surround a rich girl, and she had never had an offer that was so eligible from a worldly point of view. She summed the situation up and accepted him. When asked her reasons by a man who was a closer confidant than any woman could have been to her curious nature, she put her summing up in words: "That man has run his race. I believe he is a clear minded man, and that he has seen enough of bad women and gay life to appreciate a decent wife and a tempting home. He drinks more or less, I know; but it is custom more than habit. I know he is the soul of honor in business, and I do not believe that any man who lives up to his contracts in a business way is going to break a contract with the woman he loves. He loves me; I am fond of him; and I am going to be a wife to be carried by every mother's girl who is trotting off does up in rose color with beardless boys who have all their 'fun' yet to come."

She married him three years ago, and she laid out a time table that was worthy of an artist. She promised herself five things: To be good-humoured at breakfast, to be bright and jolly at dinner, to be loving and babyish after dinner; not to have a first squabble, and never to preach at him, but at the things he did.

Experience has taught every clever woman the value of these first four resolves, but her interpretation of the preaching clause was unique. Her treatment of the drinking question was this: She didn't say 'twas wicked, or horrid, or brutal. She simply laughed at men who liked to have their mouths taste nasty in the morning, and who didn't know it was as pleasant for a woman to kiss a nice clean man as it was for a man to kiss a sweet mouthed woman. To this she would now and again add a wide eyed wonder that a man could find it a pleasure to make himself feel dizzy and ill just for the sake of saying idiotic things at night and feeling ill and disagreeable in the morning.

What was the result? She was so clever and amiable about it that the man never once gave her the credit of thinking him anything but perfection. He loved her and was proud of her, and he knew enough of the ways of this wicked world to be anxious to be the one man in it to her. The result, friends, is that this man is the most temperate man who ever stopped this side of being a Prohibitionist; that he swears by the goodness of that clever wife of his, and that she is one of the happiest women who ever had the sense to appreciate her happiness when she found it.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Singular Fatalities.

It was some years ago that four trusted and popular employes of a certain well known firm here pulled out and started in business for themselves in the same line. For a time everything went along smoothly, and the orders rolled in from their old customers. Then the head of the firm went east on business, and a week or so later the startling news came that he had fallen into the machinery of a mill and had been crushed to death. It was not many months later that the junior member of the firm went away, and while traveling he was killed in a railroad accident. Then the third member of the quartet was mysteriously murdered, and now the surviving member is wondering if an untimely death is to be his lot. It was a singular succession of fatalities.—Chicago Herald.

A Woman's Success at Mining.

The most extensive and successful mining operator in the Galena and Southern Wisconsin lead region is a woman—Mrs. H. Kate Richmond, of Shullsburg—who is at the head of the Wisconsin Lead and Zinc company, an organization having a paid up capital of $500,000. The business of the company is personally supervised by Mrs. Richmond, whose good judgment and shrewdness in mining transactions are proverbial.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HINTS FOR HEALTH.

Follow Them Closely and You Will Either Be Well or Miserable.

If you are a man who wishes to retain his health you should rise at 6 o'clock in the morning. You have slept, of course, in a chamber the windows of which were open, allowing free access and circulation of the air. If the bed clothes should happen to be blown off at 5 o'clock you might get up then, though this is a disputed point, Dr. Harpever claiming that you should, while Dr. Withered is positive that in order to be regular in your habits you should stay in bed till 6, even without the clothes. Regularity, the doctor says, is the keynote of life, and the man who gets up some mornings at 6 and others at 5 does so at his peril.

After rising take a cold bath for twenty minutes, practice with dumb bells for ten minutes, go out doors and walk briskly up hill for ten minutes, run up a steep hill or the roof of an Episcopalian church for ten minutes, practice high jumping and handspringS for five minutes. Enter the house and sit down to breakfast at exactly 7 o'clock.

Remember that everything depends on what you do not eat. Dr. Husks, of Philadelphia, has made the food question a life study and you cannot do better than to follow his advice. In the first place, you must not eat meat in any form. Meat is not a natural food of man. The man who eats meat is weak; the one who makes a diet of vegetables is strong. This is illustrated, Dr. Husks has ably pointed out, even in the animal kingdom; the stronger and more robust animals feed on vegetable matter, while the weaker and less active are meat eaters. To show the force of this it will only be necessary to call your attention to the weak and nerveless lion and the powerful and aggressive lamb; the delicate tiger and the hearty hen.

Dr. Husks cannot, of course, recommend all kinds of vegetable food, but has prepared a list of things which he considers comparatively safe when not adulterated and which have not been exposed to disease germs or sewer gas. You may select for breakfast one dish from three dishes from the following list: Macaroni, graham gems, oatmeal, cracked wheat, rolled oats, hominy, corn, patent breakfast food, hominy, string beans, warm water, oats in the sheaf, cornstarch pudding, tapioca, sago, bran, shorts and milfeed. Do not overload your stomach. Keep your appetite under control at any cost. Remember that you eat to live and not live to eat. If the bran or the oats are too great temptations banish them from your table. Do not, I beg of you, become a victim of bran.

The oatmeal is recommended as best to start the breakfast on. It may take either the form of mush, gruel or porridge. Each is made by the addition of water to the oatmeal, but a wide difference is made in the cooking, the mush being cooked over a slow fire, the gruel over a moderate fire, and the porridge over a quick fire. Bran biscuits make an excellent second course. Do not forget to practice moderation. The bran should be carefully sifted before using and the coarser part retained for the biscuits. Do not over eat.

You will unfortunately have to drink something, experiments by Professor Rollingstone in an attempt to prove that drinking any kind of fluid is simply a habit have failed. Dr. Husks cannot for an instant consider anything but water. Tea and coffee are dangerous. We can learn much as to what to eat and drink from a study of the lower animals, whose tastes and instincts have not been corrupted as have man's. The cow does not drink tea, nor, for that matter, coffee either. If man was not enfeebled by generations of coffee and tea drinking he might be as large and strong as the cow.

Nothing but water should be drunk for breakfast, or, indeed, other meals. It should be as near as possible at a temperature of ninety-eight degrees so as to avoid crackling the enamel off the teeth or injuring the lining of the stomach. As many of the disease germs as possible should be removed from the water before using by boiling, and, if possible, distilling. Even then you will swallow a large number of germs every time you drink. You should of course have a filter. In a recent paper Dr. Wachem strongly recommends Dr. Snachem's filter, and during the course of an address delivered the other day by Dr. Snachem, he spoke highly of Dr. Wachem's filter. Dr. Searchparty, who has a patent ventilator to sell, speaks highly of both filters. Probably you had better get both. The cow does not use a filter, but cows are not men.

Rise from the table promptly at half past 7, with a slight feeling of hunger. You will thus know that you have not eaten too much. No matter if the third dish of bran does look tempting, do not weakly yield. For an hour after breakfast indulge in light and humorous conversation. Do not attempt any work as the forces of the body are engaged in digesting the macaroni you ate, and should not be disturbed. Do not form an instant think of indulging in a cigar. Tobacco is poisonous. Cigarettes are worse than cigars. Dr. Jekle and Professor Hyde estimate that if our old friend, the cow, were to smoke a cigarette it would kill her. Dr. Sombody says that no man can smoke three cigarettes a day and live to 40 years of age. The fact that there are men living 60 years old who have smoked more than that per day only shows to what lengths men will go right in the face of science. A little learning is a dangerous thing. "Had these men the least respect for medical science," says Dr. Somebody, "they would have lain down at 40 and died. What kind of a way is it for a man to act in this Nineteenth century to go smoking around for twenty years after we have declared him dead?" Unless you want to go on thinking that you are alive after all of we scientists know well enough that you are dead, you want to let cigarettes alone. Watch yourself closely for symptoms of gout.—Fred H. Carruth in New York Tribune.

MEN WITH MEMORIES.

Edwin Forrest was a wonder in his prime. He would read over a page of a book and at once recite it off-hand. He did it frequently for amusement as well as practice. In his later years he lost this faculty to some extent.

Roscoe Conkling was a man of wonderful memory. He would quote figures in legal argument or quoting from the early English poets, he called forth, seemingly without effort and without previous thought, the right thing at the right time.

Congressman Sam Cox has a remarkable memory, especially for things literary, and this has stood him in good stead in debate in congress, for his opponents never know when the genial jester is not about to double them up with something from Shakespeare, the Koran, Burns, the Bible, or some old hymn book.

The professional memory men say that among public men and speakers for good all around retentiveness James G. Blaine leads all the rest, for he can not only remember dates, figures and authorities when debating, but in addition he has a family for remembering names and faces that is little short of the marvelous.

In the domain of figures Samuel J. Randall, when well, stood almost pre-eminent. His long service on those committees in congress that controlled the finances of the nation gave him an immense knowledge of such matters, which he retained without an effort. It was no uncommon thing for him to make long speeches without using notes.

"Old Hatch," as the imperturbable Chicago wheat manipulator is called, is a man gifted with an extraordinary memory. He needs no books to carry his transactions in, although, of course, he uses them. With him, retentiveness is a natural gift. He remembers everything that he wants to remember, but says frankly he doesn't know how he does it.

The abutments of a bridge over a river in Austria have settled twenty feet in the river bed since 1886. As the settlement progresses the masonry of the bridge is built up correspondingly so as to maintain the same road level.

THE WHITE APRONED.

A CHAT WITH A RESTAURATEUR ON THE SUBJECT OF WAITERS.

What Is Required of Them—White Servitors Are Paid the Best Wages—The Difference Between America and Europe—Tipping Is a Good Thing.

"Waiting is much harder work than most people think it is," said a popular restaurateur to a News reporter. "Some men never become proficient in it; they never can; and hence the market is never overcrowded with good waiters. Barring the summer hotel season, waiters of a certain stamp are always to be had, but this stamp is never such as to prevent an able man from getting a place. It seems easy, I suppose, to the public for a man to take an order and bring in the victuals, but there are many difficulties and requirements incident to waiting that are commonly overlooked. There are few places in which more crochets and foibles are exhibited than in an eating room, and a waiter has to learn much of human nature and school himself accordingly to give satisfaction.

"The patron of a restaurant is the Great I Am. He is the one to please, and if he kicks against anybody, save the cook, it is the waiter. A pleasant address, a good memory, promptness and deftness, therefore, are prime requisites for the waiter. Nobody wants an ill natured waiter, yet a large ratio of the guests are more or less inconsiderate in their demands. In case of dispute or dissatisfaction we always have to side with the guest, though we may know that the waiter was in no wise to blame.

"On complaint of patrons of my establishment I have actually had at times to change waiters to other parts of the room, and even lay them off for a few days—waiters, too, whom I know to be among the best in my employ. A little politeness, forgetfulness or confusion in distributing the food to the guests often bring slightly deserved rebukes, and woe betide the waiter who incurs the ill will of an employe behind the screen, for the promptness of his service is sadly impaired and mischief is sure to follow. In a certain sense the waiters are the butts of an establishment. Many of the proprietors' faults are saddled on their shoulders, and many a malediction is hurled at the cooks over their heads.

"How do the merits of white and colored waiters compare?

"I do not think that colored waiters equal white waiters, though this may be a mere fancy of mine. One thing is certain—colored waiters are the more easily managed. They are satisfied with less, and will stand more. As a rule, a good white waiter can command, say, $2 a week more than a colored man of the same ability and experience. Seven dollars or ten dollars a week is the most a colored waiter better than $10 will a white man, and the colored man will ask fewer privileges. Negroes are less ambitious than white men, more subservient, and hence more easily imposed upon. They are satisfied with poorer fare, and will grumble less at long hours and extra duty. That, I think, is not the fact that they have any special qualifications for the work, is the reason why so many colored waiters are employed."

A WAITER WORTH $20,000.

"Do waiters usually stay in the business?"

"Yes, till about middle life. You will rarely find a waiter more than 40 years of age. At about that age they drift into other lines of occupation. Many become bartenders, others porters or janitors, and the like. I am sometimes surprised at the number of colored waiters who find their way to the variety stage. You know they are a hail fellow well met class and full of fun. Few of them save anything; they rather are given to improvidence. Still, I have known waiters to work themselves up till they have become hotel or restaurant proprietors. I know one man, John Brown, who served me as waiter for years, and who is today worth $20,000. But, as a rule, the waiter who lays by enough for a full dress waiting suit is doing well.

"The coveted place most waiters aspire to is a situation in a club house. There the average pay is about $40 a month. The dress suit is furnished, free or paid for by the waiter by small deductions from his monthly pay. The people the waiter serves are not a promiscuous public, but a select company, each member of which he soon knows personally; and when individual peculiarities, likes and dislikes, are known, he runs less risk of giving offense or dissatisfaction. He is sure, further, of good fare and good wage. The club house is the waiter's goal."

"American waiters have to content with certain difficulties that European waiters know nothing about," said another well known hotel proprietor. "Europeans are different from Americans. They have become leisurely in habit. They have further learned an art comparatively rare in America—the art of eating. They are more given to wine and liquor drinking at meals than we. Hence, as one might naturally expect, the stamp of the people has been impressed upon the waiting required. In the Old World one of our counter restaurants, with its too treading and elbow feeling, would be a curiosity, visited once as a freak, but shunned afterward. A European waiter, accustomed to easy going habits, would lose his head and his where one of our waiters would be perfectly calm and self possessed.

"No class of people is more pushed in its work than American waiters. I'll warrant that fully 50 per cent. of all the people who come into my establishment give a special injunction to the waiters to hurry; and yet with all this rush they expect the highest degree not only of skill but of courtesy on the part of those who serve them. Few Americans visit Europe without complaining of the execrably slow service. The fact is, they carry over their American habits and expect of European waiters what they are wont to exact from waiters at home. Hence they are disappointed and disgusted.

"Tipping has been condemned, but, I think, altogether too harshly. It is a universal custom that has come to stay. I not only countenance it, but I favor it. I think that about 10 per cent. of the value of a check is the right thing to give the waiter, and if it be given it will insure service that no ruling of the proprietor can effect."—Chicago News.

The Dress Sack.

The dress sack, or Cowes or Tuxedo coat, or whatever it may be called, is intended to be worn only (and is only so worn by gentlemen) on occasions when a display of shirt sleeves might be open to objection, when a smoking jacket would be too suggestive of luxurious dissipation, or when, though in some degree dress is present, the regular dress coat is not imperatively necessary. A few who respect the eternal fitness of things have raised the cry in really fashionable circles: "Down with the dress sack," but they are unreasonable. The dress sack is an elegant and useful garment when it is not offensively obtruded where it has no right to appear, and it fills a long felt want. It is the connecting link between elegant negligee and elegant evening dress, and it should be much more extensively used than it is at present. But it can be worn for full dress no more appropriately than boxing gloves can be worn at a wedding.—Tailors' Art Journal.

Married Under a Misapprehension.

It is said, and in all seriousness, too, that a gentleman known to a good many readers of The Dispatch actually married a girl under the impression that he was marrying her sister. His courtship of the other girl had been brief, and the sisters so closely resembled each other that he proposed and was accepted thus before found out his error. He never confessed that he made this odd error, but the the girl who lost a good husband because of it insists to this day that she ought to be in her sister's shoes.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Eliminating Wall Flowers.

A scheme has been devised, says The Burlington Hawkeye, for making church socials pleasant. Each person is given a card on which a dozen names are written, and is required to talk five minutes with each one whose name is on the card. At the expiration of five minutes a bell is struck and a new partner is sought. By this plan wall flowers are eliminated, everybody receives attention, cliques are broken up and all go home happy. It isn't exactly progressive euchre, but it is built on the same plan.

Business Like, but Unconventional.

Vernon West is a bright little Washington boy, with energy and piety pretty well combined. The other night he surprised his parents painfully by a new departure in his prayer. Instead of repeating the usual formula he popped down on his knees and exclaimed: "Hello, Lord! Hello! Make me a good little boy. O. K."—Washington Post.

PERSISTENT.

A little picture haunts me:
It comes, and comes again;
It is a tiny bird's nest,
All ragged from the rain.

It clings within a birch tree,
Upon the moorland's edge;
Between the barren branches,
Above the swaying sedge.

The sky is gray behind it,
And when the north winds blow
The birch tree bends and shivers,
And tosses to and fro.

I wonder, does it haunt them,
The birds that flew away?
And will they come to seek it,
Some sunny summer day?

I wonder does some redbreast
Upon an orange bough,
Still picture it as plainly
As I can view it now?

Ah me! I would forget it,
But still, with sense of pain,
I see this little bird's nest
Within the driving rain.

—Exchange.

He Was Really Clever.

A sultan of Morocco, requiring an executioner, one day a man arrived to offer his services.

"Are you really clever at it?" asked the monarch. "Can you cut off a head at one blow?"

"Try me."

"Very good. Come into the court yard. Take your sword. There happens to be a criminal waiting to be beheaded."

The headsman obeyed, went down into the court yard, was confronted with his victim, and swept out his sword across the man's throat. The head did not move.

"Clumsy wretch!" cried the sultan.

"Sire," said the executioner, without winoing, "have you a muff box?"

"Yes, what for?"

"Do me the favor of holding the muff under the criminal's nose."

The sultan did as he was asked. The man sneezed and the head fell off at the feet of the astonished monarch. This was a good stroke of work, or I am very much mistaken.

H. Richepin, the famous novelist, has a rather quaint story still in the same dismal vein, however. The hero of one of his romances is the most luckless being on the face of the earth. Everything goes well with him. His wife betrays him, his friends rob him, and at last he is condemned to death for a crime he has not committed. On the scaffold he at least is rewarded for what he should die in peace, but his ill luck pursues him even there. He turns to the executioner and tells him that to him he has bequeathed his fortune, and the executioner is so much moved by this act of generosity that he only cuts off his victim's head at the sixth blow.—Paris Illustro.

It Worked Both Ways.

Here is an incident which shows how carefully the principles of acoustics should be applied to a building. A church had been erected in Sheffield in which the preacher was altogether unheard, however great his exertion. Various unsuccessful expedients were tried, until the incumbent, happily in this case a scientific man, had a large parabolic reflector of light wood constructed and so suspended that the pulpit was in the focus of the parabola.

By such an arrangement the rays of sound issuing from the focus of the mirror would be thrown forward as a parallel beam. The consequence of this was that every word uttered in the pulpit could be distinctly heard throughout the church, indeed, the speaker was more distinctly heard at the far end than at the intermediate portion, because the parallel beam of sound was directly cast upon those in the distant gallery. Unfortunately, however, the reflector acted in both directions. If any one whispered in that distant gallery the sound of the whisper was gathered into the focus of the reflector. The preacher placed in that focus thus heard all the remarks that happended to be made by the people sitting in the gallery, and as it was anything but pleasant to preach and listen to criticism on the sermon at the same time the reflector after awhile had to be taken down.—Chambers' Journal.

People Who Fret.

One of the most striking examples of this large class of unfortunate beings is the great Carlyle—the man of noble heart and a strong mind, capable of sweeping great subjects and giving wise words of admonition regarding them, and yet so difficult to live with comfortably, because he was easily disturbed by trifles and gave free vent to an oral expression of the annoyances he felt.

There is a touch of the ridiculous, but much more that is pathetic, in the story of Carlyle's behavior on his return home after an absence, during which his loved Jennie (Mrs. Carlyle) worked with loving industry to make her husband's home coming an especially happy one. The study was made immaculately neat, the new furniture arranged in the most pleasing order, and a dainty touch given here and there to make all home like. The task completed, Mrs. Carlyle awaited in happy expectancy the return of the master of the house.

What did Carlyle do to show his appreciation of this loving service so willingly rendered? Did he express his satisfaction in words, or even by a look of pleased surprise? Not he. Surveying the room with critical eye he walked to a window, discovered that the sash rattled, and vented his displeasure in unmistakable language. This one small flaw blinded him to all the rest of the order and pleasant arrangement of the room.—Evening Wisconsin.

A Millionaire's Small Beginning.

The visitor to Talbotton is pointed out the store where Leonidas Strauss, the millionaire crockery dealer of New York, began his business career. Long before the war Strauss drove into Talbotton in a rickety two horse wagon containing some goods and all his worldly possessions. He applied to Barney Curley to rent a little store, the only vacant one in the place. And so unprepossessing was Strauss and his outfit that Barney only relented by prepayment of one month's rent. But Strauss prospered and sent his children to school. In 1861 he moved to Columbus. He speculated in cotton and at the close of the war he left for New York with nearly $100,000. He engaged in the fancy crockery business, dealing only in special importations. He is now worth $2,000,000 and lives in princely style. Mr. Cleveland appointed his son Oscar, a lawyer, minister to Turkey. Mr. Strauss had some of his beautiful crockery ware on exhibition at Columbus. Barney Curley does business in the same little store rented to L. Strauss, lives modestly, nor has he allowed time nor prosperity to change his habits. Him out of the even tenor of his way.—Savannah (Ga.) News.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons has been a beautiful woman and is still such, notwithstanding the fact that the dowy freshness of her first youth has passed away. Her large, brilliant black eyes are wonderful, and will always give an appearance of youth to her face. Their fires will light her beauty so long as she has life. Native grace of expression is her birthright. She is an animated, natural talker, and is easily drawn into interesting conversation, which she is quite able to conduct without any assistance. As she walked leisurely into the parlor at the Albany hotel, she was attired in a little plum colored silk gown, with a cloak of the same material trimmed with gray fur, and a low English turban which sat squarely down over her arched brows, and was as becoming as ever hat was to fair lady. Although in easy traveling costume, one could see that her taste in dress is for striking and odd effects. Under her cloak she wore a red jacket. A friend never confessed that he made this odd error, but the girl who lost a good husband because of it insists to this day that she ought to be in her sister's shoes.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bernhardt's Curiosity.

A well known co-operative society of lodging houses in London, who know every nook and corner of the east end, and who has now retired on a well earned pension, tells the following story of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. Some time ago her husband, M. Damala, applied for an order to visit these lodging houses and Chinese and Lascar opium dens, and the permission was granted. To the officer's surprise Mme. Bernhardt wanted to accompany the party, but this the inspector had never bargained for. Madame insisted, and, after changing her clothes, explored the principal of these slums. When visitors of distinction go down east the denizens expect a scramble for "coppers" in the kitchens. On the occasion of the visit of the great French actress, who, by the way, was not in the least afraid, not only were there scrambles for coppers, but for small silver coins.—Boston Herald.

Nonplused by a Woman.

During the auction sale at Squire Abbott's on Clinton street, a well dressed man entered the store and after watching the bidders awhile began to edge along the wall to a window that contained some expensive silk muffers. He cautiously raised the sash and with his hands behind him began to pull from the window two fine mufflers. Mrs. Abbott all this time was watching the strange movements of the man, and saw him take the mufflers and put them in his pocket. Without a word to any one, Mrs. Abbott came from behind the counter, where she was doing duty, and edged around to where the man with the stolen mufflers was standing. When she got near enough to him, Mrs. Abbott deftly put her hand in the man's pocket and drew forth the mufflers. The lady friend, seeing the act, began laughing, and the stranger looked around and prepared to move off. Before going he once more put his hand in his pocket, but this time to discover that the mufflers were gone—most mysteriously gone.

The man was surprised. He looked it. He also became embarrassed, as the ladies seemed at him and laughed. He walked outside and stood for a moment on the porch. Suddenly he turned and looked in the store, but his eyes almost left their sockets when he saw Mrs. Abbott quietly folding the mufflers she had relieved him of. The man gave one long look, smiled a sickly smile and dashed down the street.

Mrs. Abbott was very much pleased at the way the thief took his defeat, but the squire, ever ready for business, was angry, because, said he:

"I would have committed that fellow without even a hearing."—Trenton Advertiser.

Irish Beauties.

The Irish ladies are perhaps the prettiest in the wide world, always excepting our fair cousins, the Yankee belles. Their fortune is true, are less regular than those of English women, but they triumph over them with their soft creamy complexions, their large, appealing gray blue eyes and long lashes, and a sort of indefinable charm and demure coquetry, yet thoroughly modest manners. "Every third Irish woman," wrote the queen in her diary when had visiting the country, "is beautiful, and some of them remarkably so. Their hair and eyes are simply lovely." Apart from personal charms, it is impossible not to admire the gentle grace and dignity of the wives and daughters of the Emerald Isle. Go where you will, I defy you to find an Irish woman who is otherwise than naturally distinguished—the very barmaids being superior in bearing and speech to many English duchesses. The list of beauties is a long one, and looking back we can recall histories of the extraordinary loveliness of the three Miss Gunnings, who, when they came up to London, were actually to be escorted in Hyde park by a guard of soldiers sent by order of the secretary of state, so overwhelmingly was the crowd pressing upon them. There were two Lady Denny, Lady Cahir, Lady Clare and many others, to say nothing of the present young Duchess of Leinster, one of the most attractive women of this or any other day.—London Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Training of Children.

It seems almost a satire to speak of the government of children, there is so little of it. No one can more deeply sympathize with the trials of a mother than does the writer. She understands every tired look, every impatient gesture, every discouraged expression, but alas! she realizes also the terrible failure made by so many mothers to manage their children in a wise and judicious manner. What a majority of children need is to be saved from their mothers. Especially is this true of young mothers. It makes one sick to see a girl scarcely arrived at maturity intrusted with the moral, mental and physical training of that most wonderful creation, a child. The possibilities of good and evil that lie enfolded within that tiny form should make the responsibility of a parent the most sacred on earth. But lest this sense of responsibility may not be sufficiently great, there comes into the hearts of parents when a child is born, the purest and strongest and most enduring love given to humanity. But there is no one virtue that is able to meet the requirements of life unless it is re-enforced by others, and unless the purest love be accompanied by wisdom and firmness and good sense, the child, in many instances, might be more properly brought up by strangers.—Ida Harper in Fireman's Magazine.

White Furs and Furniture.

With the Vereshagin Russian revival has come a mania for furnishing with furs. A high novelty is an entire floor covering of white rugs, with white enameled furniture and brass ornaments, lamps, plaques and tables. "It takes one back so close to a state of nature, don't you know; it's so simple and primitive, and puts one in rapport with the lumberman," says a youthful person of the female persuasion, who buries her face in a polar bear skin, hiding her hands in the sheepy fur. "Fur and animal skin rugs are company. I couldn't sleep unless I lay on one," and she tilts her blonde head with a pensive droop of her eyelids. The silky fur of the Arctic fox is the favorite for the parlor, though goat and wolf skins may be seen thrown over couches and mantelpieces in hall solos. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid leads in fur furnishings. She has thousands of dollars in black bear and grizzly bear and tiger skins thrown on the marble pavements of the great hall in the Villard mansion in which she lives, and over which the members of the Architectural league were conducted some days ago. Fur carpets even are devised. Smooth fawn skins make the body, with a broad border of white lambs' wool.—New York Cor. Albany Express.

Mrs. Browning's Style.

If one were asked the chief qualities of Mrs. Browning's work, one would say as Mr. Swinburne said of Byron, its sincerity and its strength. Faults it, of course, possesses. "She would rhyme moon to table," used to be said of her in jest, and certainly no more monstrous rhymes are to be found in all literature than some of those we come across in Mrs. Browning's poems. But her ruggedness was never the result of carelessness. It was deliberate, as her letters to Mr. Horne show very clearly. She refused to sandpaper her muse. She disliked facile smoothness and artificial polish. In her very rejection of art she was an artist. She intended to produce a certain effect by certain means, and she succeeded, and her indifference to complete accuracy of rhyme often gives a splendid richness to her verse, and brings into it a pleasurable element of surprise.—Oscar Wilde in London Queen.

Intellect in Hairdressing.

The indies have been trying to let the hair fall down on the nape and not to wear it high on the head as formerly. But I think the attempt will prove abortive. Young ladies with pretty necks like to show them and they will pretty necks like to show them and they will pretty necks like to show them and they will