

## Miscellaneous.

## THE ART OF COURTING.

A St. Louis reporter has been prosecuting an investigation as to what young women and widows of that city consider most desirable or convincing in the matter of proposals. One living at Grand Avenue, whose offers equals her years in number, attributed her triumphs to a careful cultivation of the premonitory symptoms in her admirers. "I do not commit myself," she explains, "but I lawfully put them in the notion of saying tender-nothings, which you know are stepping-stones to proposals. For instance, a timid admirer is made to understand by word or look, that I am glad to see him. If another caller should follow, I do not arouse No. 1's suspicions by treating him in the same way, but give No. 2 my hand, and of course he feels what I intend him to—that No. 1 is a nuisance. It is rare that I have to manage three at once who have been developed into an acute condition that would be spoiled by lack of tact on my part. If a third comes in later I am studiously indifferent until by a low aside I can gently find fault with him for not calling oftener or sooner. Whenever I observe that a proposal is impending I ward it off until I get into my favorite chair—that blue satin one with a very low back—by the window. High-backed or side-arm chairs are often fatal to declarations of the tender passion, and attitude is an important matter. I manage to have a book or sketch of some sort in my hand. This brings him very close to me to see what I am pointing out. His left arm then has no alternative but to get out of the way—you understand—and if he has skill, my right hand will be appropriated before he declares himself, so I cannot pretend any longer to doubt he is in earnest. Then of course there is nothing for me to do but to become as graciously cool as I possibly can under the circumstances. The only disagreeable thing for me is that, having aroused his emotion, I feel such an interest in seeing a satisfactory conclusion that the brief second I enjoy the climax is far too short for my reward, and I dislike rapid transitions of feeling. Once while occupying a crimson rocking chair, I was surprised by a gentleman whom I had thought but slightly interested in my welfare dropping on his knees in a frenzied declaration. I think that lovers are unconsciously influenced by colors, and that a woman should affect subdued or brilliant shades as he may be respectively impetuous or cautious, so as to preserve as far as possible a harmonious balance."

A Chestnut street debutante says she does not like to be courted by septuagena—old beaux with growing bald spots and ill-assorted teeth; they are always ready to criticize women for repainting deficiencies of figure or complexion, yet actually they do more making up in the end, and then expect the girls to be devoted to them. She likes live young men whose circulation is good, and who are earnest lovers. So far she has not received any offer of marriage but thinks she would enjoy that most where the lover in a romance comes up behind her as she stands in a conservatory or bay window, and takes her in his arms as he whispers the words she has been longing to hear. Then she would hide her face on his shoulder and experience the heroine's all-overish feeling that, one of the

old girls insists, gives a woman a weak back, and isn't a good thing to practice.

The Laclede contains a pretty little widow, who declares that a man of sense rarely uses the word "adore" in courtship. She recently received a written proposal from a strange gentleman whom she had noticed several times in the elevator. "I did not like it and refused to have an introduction. I don't believe in marriage without genuine regard on both sides. My first husband won me by sending a box of confections in which was hid a diamond ring with our initials engraved thereon. I like modesty in a man. Moonlight promenades encourage sentiment in the minds of both sides."

One of the society girls, whose engagement has been announced, denies that the man said to be interested has proposed. She knows nothing of it. A friend of hers received a written proposal, and a postscript said that if she refused his offer, to please return the letter. He even enclosed two three-cent stamps, which made her so angry that she returned both letter and stamps. He sent a copy of that letter to another girl, who showed it to us. Of course she refused his offer.

## HINTS ON CALLING.

On leaving, never mistake a silk umbrella for your cotton one. You may be termed eccentric.

Do not wear your muddy gums in the parlor, and wipe them on the carpet. It isn't aesthetic.

If you are suggested to "call again," suggest that you are willing to take something on account.

Do not attract attention by consulting your watch. You might be mistaken for a car starter.

Do not talk too much of your valuable jewelry. The hostess may think you have too much "brass."

Never commence a conversation by referring to the weather. You may be taken for a lightning-rod agent.

Do not ask point blank how much the paintings cost. Just carefully inquire where the lady buys her tea.

Beware of making free with the dog. He may be capable of distinguishing between a gentleman and a rogue.

Do not carry your lighted cigar into the drawing room. The odor of cabbage may be distasteful to the hostess.

Do not make the first call if you are a new comer in the neighborhood. Just wait until you have made several.

On entering, always let your lady precede you. If the family you are visiting keeps a bad dog you may find it healthier to do so.

The emigrant, tourist, or traveler bound for the productive mines and fertile prairies of the Great South-West is unanimous in selecting the route via Chicago. Implicit confidence is placed in the Kansas City pioneer line, composed of the C. B. & Q. and Old Reliable Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroads. Through fast trains are run by this line and the equipment is unsurpassed.

## More than 9,000 Invalids,

Embracing nearly every form of disease, have been cured in from one to eight weeks, under the treatment of Dr. Englehart, during the past ten years, at his Medical and Surgical Institute, corner Erie and Pearl streets, Buffalo, N. Y. Charges reasonable, according to the case. All cases thoroughly examined. Forty years practice. Consultation free.

## NOT VERY MUCH.

A young man with a nose like a razor and an eye which would have raised a blister on sheet-iron on a hot day halted a pedestrian on Gratiot avenue and stated that he was trying to raise money enough to reach the bedside of his dying sister at Chicago. He was too proud to beg but if the citizen would give him a quarter he would shew him a trick worth five dollars.

"Vhas ish dot drick?" queried the citizen.

"It is to make ten cents go further than a dollar. You can play it on the boys and make at least ten dollars per day."

"My frendt, I nefer blays mit der boys."

"Yes but you can have lots of fun, you know."

"I vhas no handt for fun. If I effer git off some shokes I nefer luff."

"Yes, but this is something new. When you come down to the grocery of an evening you—"

"I doan' come down. I vhas home on der steps all der eafnings."

"But you could have a little fun with your neighbors."

"I told you I vhas not a funny man. I likes to schmoke und read der morning papers."

"Well I don't want to beg, and I am offering you this trick very low in order to get home and see my sister die. Having you a dying sister?"

"I doan' expect I have. Vhas ish dot dricks?"

"To make ten cents go further than a dollar."

"Und vhil she do it?"

"She will."

"Und five cents goes more ash half a dollar?"

"Just so."

"Und a cent goes petter ash a dime?"

"That's a ratio."

"Und nottings at all goes petter ash five cents?"

"I—I—I think it does."

"Vhell, you shust consider you haf all de nottings efer was und you vhill be in Chicago to-morrow! Gif my love to dot dying sister und tell her dot you saw me well. You'd petter git some express waggons to draw dose nickles down to der railroad, und you look a leedle oudt for some Dutchmans who has been eating grass und vhas green!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Millions of packages of the Diamond Dyes have been sold without a single complaint. Everywhere they are the favorite Dyes.

## TO M. E. J.

A sitting room littered with blocks and toys and bits of cut paper, the work of two busy, mischievous little people. A bureau and table in confusion, with a tumbled heap of shirts and stockings, some mended, some still ragged, with yawning holes. The mending basket a chaos of snarled balls of yarn and clippings from previous mendings. The patch bag lopping over one end of the table vomiting its contents on to the floor with every jar in the room, while one corner of it is carelessly thrown across a saucer of bright autumn flowers which I arranged with much care this morning. The water I designed to preserve their freshness has been absorbed by the patch bag and from that is trickling, drop by drop, upon a wool sock, that lies, minus a heel, on the floor directly beneath it. The stocking is soaked and must be dried before it can be mended.

All this the work and heedlessness of the girl who has just dropped her

mending and hurried into the kitchen, startled by the loud snicking of iron kettles, left dry on a hot stove. I have just called to her not to pour cold water into them and finished reading "M. E. J.'s" article in the last Farmer.

A hearth, untidy with white ashes from the fire, and an overturned chip basket, the work of the wind through a constantly opened and closed outside door and a lazy, overgrown cat, who loves to take his ease in warm, cushioned nooks near the fire. A stranger coming in would be tempted to exclaim, "What an untidy room and what a slovenly housekeeper must she be who allows so much litter about." Yet three times since noon have I wearily plodded out after broom and dust-pan, and partially swept and dusted the room, shaking the hearth rug, and tried to fold unfinished sewing work into a more orderly heap.

But what is the use, I ask myself, this constant struggling to make a room presentable? A rainy outdoors, and children must play somewhere. To-night they will pick up their toys themselves, and gather up most of the cuttings of paper. Winds will blow, doors will slam, ashes will fly, and the family mending must be done, and not for untold wealth would I banish from our living rooms those visible tokens that there are little children in the house. The building blocks and wheelless carts and battered tin horses and twine booms, knotted from chair to chair, are sometimes dreadfully in the way, but very much better than to have a home without either children or toys about. If the rubbish sometimes tires us mothers, it never frets after we have passed through days when our little ones have lain so sick we scarcely dared to hope the precious life would be spared or any toys ever called for again.

Yet, Sister M. E. J., I do most sincerely wish I had that "best room," that much-despised "country parlor" you and many others seem to sincerely want to annihilate. I think you must have such a room in your own house and I am afraid you do not appreciate it. I know it must be a right good thing to have one room you can spare from work day appurtenances and sleeping arrangements; a room, cool, shaded, retired and, best of all, always in order.

We have so little house room downstairs, ourselves, we can spare no territory for a parlor, and sometimes, when I get tired and jaded with the disorder, or rather, disarrangements of our two or three living rooms, filled nights, mornings and noons with care-free and careless hired people, who scuff off dirt, tumble tables with papers, scatter apple cores and boots about so freely that I am thinking even our sister, M. E. J., would not quite like to turn her pretty parlor out loose to them, well-meaning and kind-hearted as they generally are. Sometimes I get so tired of picking up and putting in order and then seeing the disorder rebound after the next meal like a rubber ball, I just crawl off upstairs into my one spare chamber, which I can and do keep in order, and there rest myself by simply being in the presence of order. I like to close my eyes and know when I open them no swinging cobweb will meet my gaze, no books and chairs arranged awkwardly angling, no curtains twitched askew by careless hands, no litter here, there and everywhere. As I said before, the very presence of order and neat, dainty arrangements, with shaded light, are peculiarly restful to jaded nerves and eyes blurred and aching