CHARITY'S SWEET WORK.

HOW A RICH WOMAN HELPS FELLOW MEN AND WOMEN.

Assisting Poor but Intelligent Girls—Finding Work for Men Cleaning the Fronts of Palatial Residences and in the Woodyards—Happy Errand Boys.

A New York correspondent writes interestingly and enthusiastically of the works of charity of Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt. One of the worthiest of all—and one that has been kept shrouded in the deepest darkness—is the helping of young girls who have ability, but who are in temporary need of the almighty dollar. Mrs. Vanderbilt helps such as these every year to the extent of $5,000. The beauty of this charity is that every cent goes to those who actually need it. And the way they are found is most curious.

In certain out-of-the-way corners of New York there are little churches, flourishing and well attended, but filled with people who speak a foreign toague and who know scarcely anything of the ways and streets of the great city. They are foreigners recently landed, or long resident in the foreign "quarters" of New York. One of these churches is for Russians, another for French people, and there are Swedish churches, Swiss, Norwegian and Bohemian. The languages are too strange to permit their members to mingle with the city people; and when misfortune comes to them they are sadly off.

The pastors of these churches know Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, or her secretary, and when a promising and able girl is in need of money the case is reported to her, and she sends immediately $500—no more and no less. It is her sum for starting girls in occupations. On $500 a girl can study limited art here, as one girl did, or she can attend a scientific cooking school as another girl did, where she learned to be a $50 a-month cook; or she can support herself and attend training school and get an outfit of maid's black dresses to go out when she gets a place as lady's maid or nursery governess. Of course the trained girls "helped by Mrs. Vanderbilt" have no difficulty in securing good positions, and so there are in the city of New York every year at least ten enduring monuments to her goodness. Yet the world has not known of this particular charity

Another charity is a very homely one, not nearly as interesting, but it gives relief to many a hungry and discouraged man. This is the purchasing of what is known as "woodyard" tickets for men who, with one of these in hand, can go to the woodyard, get supper, sleep all night and have breakfast. And then, so that it will not pauperize them, it is obligatory upon them to saw wood for half a day to pay for what they have had. After a lunch they go forth to look for work. This form of woodyard charity is far from self-supporting, so that it is necessary to sell the tickets at twenty cents apiece. These are bought in large quantities by Mrs. Vanderbilt, and are sent to the St Bartholomew mission for distribution, or are given out by friends. Many hundred dollars go in this way. This winter the tickets for woodyard work have flowed freely from certain backdoors of Vanderbilt mansions.

Among the recently organized charities of New York there is an association which plans to put all men who apply for aid immediately at work cleaning streets. Several wealthy people have mapped out portions of streets in front of their residences and around their stables and lawns, which they are willing to have swept daily and scraped into perfect cleanliness. And among these wealthy people Mrs Frederick Vanderbilt is most conspicuous of all; for it was she, so the organizers say, who suggested the charity, and who gave it her support so that it started well and with plenty of patronage.

At the church which Mrs. Vanderbilt attends there are a thousand and one charities, all local and all deserving, and to these there is offered an open pocketbook, so full and so widely stretched that its outpourings would frighten many a millionaires with more money, even, than has Mrs. Vanderbilt. Tenement house needs, evicted tenants, men out of work, sick parishioners, unclad children and, in short, all needy cases are reported to her and are quickly and quietly helped. As a pastor of a queer little mission said, "I sent word to her and next day came a check for $500 and a "Hush!" Nobody must know these things. But the shouts of gratitude are hard to still.

On all holidays, Mrs. Vanderbilt has a pretty custom, followed by Mrs. Whitney to the very week of her death, of giving presents to the errand boys of the merchants who serve the house. The errand boys of the florist who decorates the ballroom, the errand boys of the grocer, of the butcher, of the caterer, and all messenger boys are remembered. A week before the holidays a complete list of them is made, and then, when it is presented to Mrs. Vanderbilt, she runs over the list and designates the presents that are to be bought for each. The boys know of this yearly generosity, and at midwinter are more than usually assiduous to the needs of the different departments of the household.

Oil Stoves and Health.

The paraffine oil stove, like the gas and gasoline stoves, is one of the evil inventions which are causing anaemia, neuralgia, nervous troubles, throat and lung affections. The allurement of the oil stove is its convenience. They are burned in the open air of the room, have no connection with flue for smoke draught but, like the common paraffine lamp, throw the poisonous carbonic oxide of combustion directly broadcast into the air of the apartment, and make it unfit for respiration. While an oil lamp is injurious in a sleeping room, especially if burned all night, an oil stove is worse, because stoves generally feed more flame, consume more of the room's oxygen, and cast out more poisonous gas to be inhaled by the sitter or sleeper, whether invalid or not. I can think of nothing more stupid than the use of any of these modern contrivances in the room of a person suffering from lung disease, asthma or a weak heart. And who can think of confining a child with croup, catarrhal congestion or pneumonia in a room with an oil stove burning, unless the window be freely opened at the same time for vitalizing oxygen? Better far have such cases where there is no fire; far with soft blankets snugly wrapped to keep the entire surface warm, and hot-water bag or bottle near the feet, the inhaled oxygen of pure air will keep up the natural heat making process by oxygenation, and vitalize the nervous energies and help to dispel the disease.

REFLECTIONS OF "A CANUCK."

Life as He Sees It in Omaha—Practical Help for the Destitute.

OMAHA, Feb. 5.—Saturday night this city was visited by a fire, that, for destruction of property in a short space of time, carries off the banner. It destroyed (total loss) one mammoth dry goods store, two large shoe stores, a fruit store, jewellery store, wholesale liquor store, a Roman Catholic church and parsonage and two dwellings. Estimated loss $400,000, besides damaging several other large concerns to the extent of $100,000. Stores with plate glass windows suffered as far as two blocks away, so great was the heat. As near as can be ascertained the fire lasted one hour and forty-five minutes. Fortunately no serious accident happened. That was a great wonder, too, because, it being Saturday night, everybody was out shopping and the stores were crowded. The cause of the fire is supposed to be an incandescent light. The worst part of the fire is the number of people it will throw out of employment. The drygoods store alone gave employment to 150 people. I should fancy 250 will scarcely cover the number of clerks. To show you the activity and general push of Omaha merchants, it is only necessary to tell you that three of the concerns turned out had new quarters rented before the fire was under control. The drygoods firm intend erecting a new building as soon as the insurance is settled.

Every thing seems to be lightening up here and if all the new structures that are at present on paper, are built this spring we will have quite a boom. For instance we are going to have a new Union depot, a new Post office, a large canal and an immense Market House.

I am not advertising Omaha as a good place to look for work in the spring, because there are more than enough destitute people in this city today, to build twice as many buildings.

I attended a recent meeting of the commercial club here, and they were discussing the relief business. One member made the remark that on the late investigation it was found that 70,00 heads of families were out of employment in the city limits alone.

Every one is coming to the rescue, and I think no one need starve if they make themselves known. The farmers of this county sent in a car load of flour last week, and some bakers are donating jointly something like 3,000 loaves every day. Of course, every well-to-do family sends whatever they can, and the city has appropriated a certain sum for relief. In that respect, I say, everything is brighter; but there is suffering enough at its best. What bothers me is the fact that emigration continues. Every day some poor deluded mortal arrives, only to find, in answer to his appeal for work, the same old story, "Have no use for you."

We have had two attempted lynchings and two jail deliveries in the last week, thereby keeping up a continual round of pleasure. Last night the Indian soldiers at the front drank more fire water than was good for them, and they had a large sized fight with the white soldiers. It looked very much like a scalping party for a few minutes but the whites finally laid them out, and now there all "heap good Injins."

Socially, Omoha is dead, I fancy the people are particularly penitent this year and fear Lent is hardly long enough to repent in, so they commenced a little earlier. Let the good work go on, there is lots of room for improvement even in this model city.

A CANUCK.

How He Found Her Out.

A young lady in the neighborhood of Berlin has had to pay dearly for a practical joke of which she was guilty, and which was prompted by a spirit of revenge. She was on bad terms with a landed proprietor living in the same district, and in order to pay him out she conceived the curious idea of advertising him in the provincial paper as a matrimonial agent. Being a well-known personage, he received within a few days some sixty applications, much to his annoyance. Suspecting who the culprit was, he showed the young lady's photograph at the office of the paper, and the original was declared to be the person who handed in the advertisement. She has escaped by means of a private arrangement, by which she was to pay the sum of £25 to a certain charitable object.

Navies of the World.

In the navies of the world are enlisted 191,000 men; the commercial marine employs 692,000; coast trade and fisheries, 810,000, a total of 1,693.000. If marines, coast guards and the men of the life-saving service are included, the total will exceed 2,000,000, or 3 per cent. of the able-bodied men of the Christian world.

Try These.

Evaporated Peaches, Plums, Pears and Prunes are delicious substitutes and more economic than preserves. Reception Flakes and Golden Waters, just the thing for luncheons. Choice Roll Butter and fresh Eggs to be had from J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte St., next Y. M. C. A.

Timmins—Can your daughter play the piano?

Robbins (wearily)—I don't know whether she can or not, but she does.

THE COLONEL'S SCAR.

Souvenir of the Chance Meeting—Two Outlaws in the Yellowstone.

Col. Jim. Struthers, alias "Montana Jim," was in the American House last night. He was not awake. His intellect dangled downward over the back of his chair: his feet rested leisurely on the table; his arms swayed limply at his side, and his mouth was open. His breath went and came in gurgles like the exhaust pipe of a wash tub. The Star man slapped him on the shoulder, and the "Colonel" returned to consciousness. He yawned a few times, and in the process of pulling himself together combed his hair with his fingers, thus lifting it from his brow, and exposing a long and lurid scar, which started on the right temple and travelled backward till it got lost in hair.

"Hello. Colonel! Come out of this, and tell me how you got this scar," said the prospector for facts.

"This scar? Oh, yes, I recollect. Well, I got that mark from being too game. It all happened last winter. I was living on a ranch near Pease Bottom, Mont., and after the regular fall wind-up three of the boys, Catfish Johnnie, Roaring Harry, and Yellowstone Joe proposed that we take a trip through the Yelowstone Park. This was largely because Joe, as his soubriquet indicated, had seen a good deal of experience in that tourist-haunted part of the country. He had been a professional guide therein at a period antedating our acquaintance, but with which period this story is in no wise concerned. It is quite probable that Joe wanted to revisit his old stamping ground so much that he was willing to have the expense of the trip divided up among three companions rather than to bear it all by himself.

"But the story which I am now telling you must be more remarkable for facts than suspicions, After a long and delightful trip we came within the shadow of the Yellowstone Mountains and camped. It was a delightful spot. On one side ran the tracks of the Northern Pacific, and every few hours trains rushed by. On the other side a little stream babbled and sparkled. It was about noon when we halted. There were high hills all around us and plenty of timber.

"After dinner we sat on the railroad waiting to see the overland express dash by, when from the brush down the track three men came out. They strolled along in the direction of our camp. We were a good many miles from a station, and it was an unusually suspicious circumstance to see these fellows tramping along the ties. They were bad visaged, and their general appearance did not impress us very favorably. As they got within about 100 yards of us they halooed in familiar wild West style and approached us civilly enough. The spokesman said that one of their horses had either strayed or had been stolen, and he wanted to know if we had seen any horse answering the description that he gave. Of course we had not, and invited the strangers to eat dinner with us. They did not seem to be at all disturbed about the missing equine, and during the meal stated that a good many horses had been lost in that country within the past year because of the dishonesty of certain people.

"They told us that their camp was down the track in a ravine about a mile distant, and said that they would be glad to have us take dinner with them on the morrow. We promised to do so. However, there was some sneaking suspicion down in the sub-cellar of our minds that something was crooked about the whole business. This suspicion was not calmed in any way by the calculating glances which the party bestowed on our armament and stock. That afternoon it was decided that we should picket our horses and stand watch by turns throughout the night. It was a very common practice with expert horse thieves to simply swoop down and stampede the stock of an outfit in true Indian fashion, but this programme will never work where the stock is picketed. In a case of this kind the depredators simply sneak around the camp like coyotes and cut the ropes.

"In our outfit we had one very wild horse. He was as wild as a mountain goat. He would run if you'd point your finger at him. The only restraining influence which he acknowledged was that exercised by another horse. The wild horse was so absolutely stuck on his four-footed friend that he would eat and drink with him and never seem satisfied without being in his company. True, he would fly off at a tangent, but he would come to his mate, wagging his tail behind him. We picketed all the horses excepting this one. It was between 12 and 2 o'clock when Roaring Harry, whose turn it was to stand guard, entered the prairie schooner and turned us all out quietly with the remark that something was up. The wild horse had run up alongside his gentle friend and was puffing and snorting in a perfect fever of fright.

"We reasoned that the thieves had approached the camp and run on the untamed animal. They would conclude from this that the stock was at large, and would most likely attempt to stampede it. With this theory in mind, we took positions along the trail which the thieves would follow should they swoop down. My perch was under an overhanging bowlder, where I could not be seen for the gloom, and from where by the faint light of the stars I could see pretty clearly all that went on on one side of the wagon. It was snowing and blowing and otherwise unpleasant. We had been on guard this way for perhaps an hour. Everything was dead still but for the howl or cry of some wild beast in the timber. We thought that we heard something which sounded like hoofs away up the trail. Nearer they came and more distinctly they sounded as they struck the frozen ground, from which the snow had been blown away. Then the sound ceased. The party of horsemen had halted. We knew what was about to come, and every man took a firmer hold on his Winchester, and took good care that the hammer was up. Then there was a sharp clatter and a rush. Down the trail the thieves were dashing full tilt

"As the squadron emerged from the shadow of the pines their outlines could be seen. Bang! Bang! Whizz! Click! click! Bang! Bang! Two horses dropped, and one rider bit the dust, as they say in the novel, and his steed passed by. Others of the party rode by in a hurry. One of the horses dropped directly opposite my station. Evidently his rider was full of life and hope, for he arose on his knees, and I knew instinctively that his gun was going to his shoulder, when my trusty rifle flashed out. The blaze of my gun was the signal which located me to him. He replied as quick as thought; there was a blinding flash in my face; I felt a whiff of cold wind; something warm streamed over me; I knew that I was falling, and then all was blank.

"The next day I opened my eyes and saw strange people about me. I tried to think, but couldn't. Things gradually grew less strange. I recognized that those strange forms above me were men; then it seemed as though I had seen them before. Oh, yes, all was clear now: they were my friends. As soon as I had thoroughly regained consciousness the boys explained what was wrong, and told me that I had a close call. Then they pointed to three gruesome objects ranged side by side on the edge of the trail, with their ghastly features concealed by blankets.

This is where that horse thief's bullet ripped open my scalp and ploughed a long furrow down my skull."—Washington Star.

CLOTHES MADE FROM WOOD.

There are Such Things and They are Not Very Hard to Wear.

Wooden clothes! Dresses made of wood! Is such a thing possible that wood can be turned into silk, for example? It is a simple process, and not near so remarkable as it seems.

Wood is chiefly composed of celluloid mixed with fibre. The wood is ground between two large stones, the lower half of which passes through water that washes away and absorbs the fibril matter. The latter is dissolved through chemical substances and the pure celluloid obtained. This product has justly been called "a maid of all work."

It plays a conspicuous part in the manufacture of paper; it has a hand in the making of jewelry; it is an ideal collar and cuff material, besides being good for numerous other purposes.

Chardonnet, the famous French chemist, has succeeded in making from this same material artificial silk.

The silk was turned out by means of a patent apparatus, which looked like a sausage mill In the place where the latter sends forth the chopped meat, Chardonnet has applied a mouthpiece with extremely fine apertures.

Out of these tiny holes pours the silk in fine, glossy threads. The winding, weaving and dyeing were done as heretofore. The artificial silk dyes much more easily than the natural and gives some really wonderful color effects.

Despite these advantages, Chardonnet's invention met with no success, for the reason that this silk was highly combustible; but at the present day this evil has been overcome by saturating the celluloid in a fireproof solution, so that perfect protection against igniting is guaranteed. We shall no doubt dress, therefore, in the future in wood and wooden material. Everything will be celluloid, from the handsome silk gown in which my lady promenades Bond street to the dainty molar with which she nibbles her bonbons.

Forty is the Age.

The passion of the young girl seems to be due to the increased importance of the dinner table. No one thinks it worth while to invite a young girl to dinner. Only that fine appreciation that comes with experience is worthy such an honor. The mind of the young girl is yet too crudely developed for table conversation, and the finer achievements of the cook are wasted on her inappreciative palate. Men soon weary of the companionship of a young girl, however sweetly babbling at dinner. As dancing men are becoming more and more extinct and afternoon teas less frequent, the status of the young girl is much more uncertain. These are considerations that have been gathered up widely. They are usually accompanied by quotations, as from Plato, that women do not attain the zenith of their charms until 40 years of age. Balzac is also a popular resource in support of the new cult.

The Usual Present.

"What did you expect from your wife on Christmas, Mr. Henpekt?" "Oh, a lecture, as usual."

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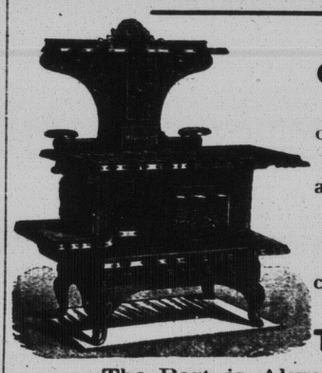

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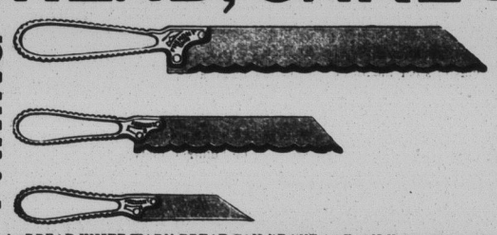

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