

The Scrap Bag

A writer in the Nineteenth Century tells a characteristic story of Dr. Jephson, who was a famous English practitioner 40 or 50 years ago, as well known for his bluntness and freedom of speech as for his professional skill.

One day a great lady, the Marchioness of —, called to consult him. He listened to a long account of her symptoms, and then prescribed as follows: "An egg and a cup of tea for breakfast, then walk for two hours; a slice of cold beef and half a glass of Madeira for luncheon, then walk again for two hours; fish (except salmon) and a salad or wing of fowl for dinner, with a single glass of Madeira or claret; to bed at ten and rise at 8, etc. No carriage exercise, please."

"The patient listened with surprise. 'But, doctor,' she said, 'do you know who I am? Do you know—ahem!—my position?'"

"Perfectly, madam, perfectly," answered the doctor, "I am prescribing for an old woman with a deranged stomach."

The young man had seen the play before. He let everybody for four seats around him, and he kept telling just what was coming, and how funny it would be when it did come. He had a pretty girl with him, and he was trying to amuse her. At length he said: "Did you ever try listening to a play with your eyes shut? You're no idea how queer it seems." A middle-aged man with a red face sat just in front of him. He twisted himself around in his seat, and glared at the young man. "Young man," said he, "did you ever try listening to a play with your mouth shut?" The silence that followed was almost painful.—Washington Post.

Just before Christmas a little girl was asked what she expected to find in her stocking. She replied: "I am going to ask Santa Claus to give me a doll's head. 'Cause Santa Claus will have so many little girls to give whole dolls to that he can't give 'em all they want. If he gives me a head my ma can make the rest."

Could anything be neater than the old dorky's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy? "Lor, missus," said he, "I use to lifting barrels of sugar."

If a praying machine were invented, many would use it, if it did not take too much time from business to wind it up.—Texas Siftings.

Work on your own caprice, Give me any shape; Only, Slumber, from myself Let myself escape! —Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Editor (looking it over)—It's a little too late to publish a menu for a Thanksgiving dinner, ma'am, and a little too early for a Christmas dinner; otherwise I should be glad to use this, and —

Indignant Caller—Sir! That is poetry! —Chicago Tribune.

"The kind of a girl we want is this," Von Blumer assumed the fiercest look he was capable of, turned slightly, took his half-smoked cigar from his mouth and made an appropriate and decisive stage gesture. "I want you to listen attentively," he continued, "for unless you can fulfill all the requirements that I shall place before you it would be entirely useless for you to attempt living with us. The result would be alike disastrous for both of us. At the end of a week you would be obliged to look for another place, and we would be put to the trouble of getting another girl. I have merely glanced at your references, but until I have personally investigated them I will assume that they are all right. Should they not be so, of course, you could not be considered for a moment. Now, with regard to your duties. First on the list of our requirements, I will place neatness. In this respect you must be above the faintest criticism. We shall expect you to be stirring at 5 o'clock, and my meals must be served on the minute. I shall expect you at all times to be quiet and respectful in your manner, and it is absolutely essential that your movements be rapid. A slow-poke is above all things my especial abhorrence. You will be required to cook, wash, wait on the table, and take care of the baby. In your odd moments my wife will expect you to assist in the sewing. I may say to you that my family is not an ordinary one. While you will be expected to be on hand at all times, we shall, of course, give you a good home, and you will be surrounded by a highly moral atmosphere. There!"

And Von Blumer, after delivering himself of the above address before the pier-glass in his front parlor, immediately went to the agency, and promptly and in silence engaged the first servant that was presented.—Harper's Bazar.

"I suppose you are a socialist or anarchist, or something?" asked the lady of vague ideas.

"Madam," replied Mr. Brokedown Baldwin, "I am a passive altruist."

"What in the name of common sense is that?"

"I believe in being helped all I can." —Indianapolis Journal.

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

Who does the best his circumstance allows. Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more. —Edward Young.

BREAKFAST—Oranges, Graham.

Mush, Hamburg Steak, Browned Potatoes, Muffins, Coffee.

DINNER—Veal Cutlets, Pearl.

Hominy, Squash, Pickles, Apple Marmalade, White and Graham.

BREAD—Sifted Apple Pie, Cheese.

SUPPER—Milk Toast, Dried Beef, Bread and Butter, Canned Peaches, Cakes, Tea.

Habits formed in early life and early education press upon us as we grow older.—Ulysses S. Grant.

This pretty waist may be developed handsomely in moire, or striped or flowered silk and is very suitable for evening or for a dinner waist when the occasion is not a very formal one. Any sort of passermenterie or beaded lace may be used around the neck, sleeves and belt. The waist will also be very unique if developed in chiffon over a silk lining.



Fashion for Misses.

Some of the novelty goods called fancy fabrics which are imported every spring and fall are particularly well adapted for young girls' evening frocks. A plain ground, with embroidered polka dots may not seem to amount to much, but trim it with broad revers and collar, or flat capes over the sleeves of the solid flat capes, with long ends, and a smart frock it would be difficult to have. Light blue, light pink, red, and can yellow are all becoming colors to young girls. Heliotrope and the different shades of purple are too old, and green is not advisable.

Cloth jackets trimmed with fur are better than all fur jackets, and this season are to be had in many different styles, none long, however. The chevrons and tweeds are made up like the cloth costumes, with skirt and jacket, but while they are serviceable and, if well made, are very chic, they are not so dressy as the cloth. They seem more suited for school wear, for which they are more used. They are invariably made up quite plain; no trimming on either skirt or coat—one advantage they possess of being very warm and at the same time light; and, again, they are absolutely impervious to the attacks of wind and weather. Indeed, they never wear out.

Some walking costumes this winter are to be noteworthy, and the dark gown is certainly very pretty. These frocks are made with the skirt and coat. For a girl of seventeen, a becoming frock is of light gray cloth, with the front of the jacket braided. With a light gray feather boa, and light gray felt hat, a girl with a fair complexion will certainly look well, but this is really more suitable after she has made her formal debut. Until then the simpler she dresses the better.

With costumes of skirt and jacket it is necessary to have a fancy waist. The plaid silks seem particularly suitable for young girls, and waists made full and without any trimming of these materials will lighten up the somber effect of the dark skirts most charmingly. Lace and passermenterie must not be used, as they are more suited to older women.

Novelties in Velvet.

Changeable velvet and chameleon velvet are much worn this season. While these effects are good in silk, they also obtain in velvet.

In chameleon velvet, which is obtained by the combination of three colors, some beautiful effects are seen. As the construction of the velvet tissue is based on having the threads out on the surface, the chameleon effect is peculiarly effective in this fabric. Sometimes the colors are so arranged as to make it appear as if the pile was forming very narrow lines, strips or very small dots, the color changing when the cloth is slightly moved.

For winter use, velvet, being more heavy and warm looking than taffeta, is a good competitor of the latter for blouses and waists. In order, however, to render this competition possible, the velvet had to be brought out in fancy-looking tissues, in patterns suitable for the purpose for which they are intended.

The light blue velvet with full elbow sleeves, stiffened with fiber chamolais is one of the most popular creations in Paris this season.

Party Dress for a Miss.

One of the most difficult dresses to plan for a miss is a party dress. Not to have it to elaborate that it will suggest young ladyhood, and not to make it so childish looking that the girl will feel overgrown and out of place in it, is a study that perplexes many mothers and dressmakers; and although girls of that age are not in what is termed "society," yet there are many home entertainments, and family weddings, where such a dress is needed.

Soft light tints of Cashmere in pink, green or blue are desirable for this purpose. So are also the pretty India silks, white, or with flowers strewn over a white or tinted ground. Fine French chamolais makes a dressy party gown, especially if combined with velvet in harmonizing color.

Very full elbow puff sleeves are made for these dresses, and unless the arm is shapely a fall of chiffon, mousseline de sole or lace, will be found very desirable to cover the long stretch of wrist that with many girls of that age extends well up towards the elbow.

If a close, high neck is not desired, the waist is cut to show only about an inch or two of the neck below the throat. It is cut in round shape, and is usually edged with a light, full fall of some material which softens the contour of the neck.

Where the high throat is preferred, the full collar is of lace or of thin gauzy material which is fashioned into rosettes or bows at the back.

The skirt of a party gown is made very full, especially if the material is of light weight. Usually a round, full skirt is preferred, but if it is gored, at all, it is only slightly on the front and side seams.

A pretty finish for the waist is a wrinkled ribbon which ends under a full bow at the center of the back, and from this bow may start ribbons that cross the shoulders and terminate in front of the shoulders under full rosette bows, corresponding bows being tied to the ribbons at the back.

There is no better way to keep the feet warm in winter than a sheet of ordinary newspaper wrapped around the foot before placing it in the shoe.

Jerusalem of Old.

Tracing the Old Wall of the City.

What Major Conder, Mr. Henry Mandsley and Mr. Bliss Have Brought to Light—The "Spade" Expected to Settle Important Matters Still in Doubt.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since Captain, now Major-General Warren carried on his explorations at Jerusalem for the Palestine exploration fund, and which resulted in such brilliant discoveries, revealing to us what was then known as "Underground Jerusalem." That was the remains of the ancient city, now covered up with the accumulated debris of ages—an accumulation that reached, in some places, to a depth of more than seventy feet. Since that time no systematic explorations have been carried on in the Holy City. Herr Baurath von Schick and other agents of the Palestine exploration fund have watched whenever any digging took place—for the foundations of new buildings or any other purposes—and, if anything of importance turned up, it has been faithfully reported in the Quarterly Statement, published by the fund, and which is now the recognized journal of archaeology in Palestine.

For some years back the value of ground at Jerusalem has been increasing, and building, more particularly on the north and west, has been going on outside the walls, and it became advisable to have some excavations made before houses were erected, which would make explorations impossible. The necessary firm from the Sultan was procured and Dr. E. J. Bliss began operations last year. The first task he undertook was to trace the line of the ancient wall on the southern side of Jerusalem. It was known that the old wall was about 800 feet to the south of the present one, and that it skirted the brow of the slope which forms one side of the Valley of Hinnom. Why the builders of the new wall left this commanding height undefended is a question that is not easily explained. It is certain that the older engineers did not leave this advantageous position for an enemy to occupy. Traces of the wall were first come upon when leveling the ground for the English cemetery.

In 1874, Major Conder, writing from Jerusalem, recommended that explorations should be made at this point, and Mr. Henry Mandsley at that time did sufficient digging to show the existence of the wall all the way from the Protestant school to the east end of the cemetery. Among other things, he found that the dining-room of the school had its walls standing on the square base of one of the ancient towers, and that in places the rock on which the wall stood was scraped below to a depth of thirty feet. Mr. Bliss took up the work at the point where Mr. Mandsley had left off, and followed the line of wall from the cemetery, where it runs in a south-westerly direction for about 250 feet. He also found deep scraps in the rock, which must have given great strength to the defense and made the battlements to tower with an imposing appearance over the Hinnom Valley. The stones are of no great size, that is, in comparison with some of the masonry at other parts of the walls, such as that of the Jews' walling place and portions of the Hinnom wall. The wall followed the usual draught round their borders, and the lower course is bedded on the solid rock.

Water supply had not been forgotten, as numerous cisterns have been come upon. The existence of a gateway was discovered at this point, and it is here that one interesting point in the present exploration presents itself. The main street of Jerusalem runs from north to south in almost a straight line—it begins at the Damascus gate on the north and ends on the south at the Lion gate, also known as the Bab an Nabl Daud, or gate of the Prophet David. This, it is no doubt, the original line of the city wall, which has existed from the earliest times, and it is curious that there must have been a similar gate at the end of this main street in the old wall. This was one of the points Dr. Bliss was directed to discover. The gate which has been found is not exactly in the position where the expected gate was supposed to exist; it is a little too far to the west to be in line with the main street. Still it ought to be borne in mind that the present Lion gate is not quite at the end of that street, but a little to the west of it; this may indicate some deviation in the line of the wall in both cases. Here, for the present, judgment must be suspended, as the "spade" will in time settle the matter.

The point would have been cleared up by this time, but in tracing the wall eastward, difficulties arose with some of the proprietors of fields on the subject of remuneration, and Dr. Bliss, merely as a strategical move in the negotiations, started his operations still farther to the east, where he picked up the line of the wall again near the pool of Siloam. There he found that the wall runs south of the old pool and turns up that in northerly direction, and as the Hinnom Valley here towers the Kedron Valley, it is assumed that the wall will continue northward until it joins the portion of the Ophel wall which Warren came upon during his operations. This wall then connect it with the old wall of the Temple inclosure at the southeast corner. The Ophel wall is mentioned in II. Chronicles xviii, 3, where it is said that Jotham "built the high gate of the house of the Lord, and the wall of Ophel he built much." It is also referred to in Jeremiah li, 16-17, "Whereas thou sayest, 'I will build again the place over against the water gate toward the east, and the tower that lieth out. After them, the Tokites repaired another piece, over against the great tower that lieth out, even unto the wall of Ophel.'"

Close to the corner, where the newly discovered wall turns northward, another gate has been found. As four or five courses of the draughted masonry still exist, the details of this gate can be well made out. Its date may also be determined to within a few years, for Josephus says that at this time Siloam was outside the walls. "When, therefore," a martyr, who wrote about 750 A. D., states that "the mountain of Siloam is, at the present day, within the walls of the city, because the Empress Eudocia herself added these walls to the city." This makes it evident that the portion of the wall, with its gate, that Dr. Bliss has brought to light at Siloam was built by this Empress, and its erection may be dated as having taken place within a year or two of the middle of the fifth century. The remains of the older wall, that existed in the time of Josephus, are, no doubt, still under the ground, and will require to be sought for in order to make the exploration complete at this locality.—London Daily News.

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THE BEST DIPLOMATISTS.

They Are Usually Men of Whom the Public Hears Nothing.

Sir Edward Malet, in his recent speech at the dinner given in his honor by the British colony in Berlin, dwelt as follows upon the qualities which go to make up a good diplomatist:

When it became known that I was about to retire from the service, much speculation arose as to who was likely to be my successor, and the names of men who are great in other branches of the service of the Queen were suggested. For a reason which I will attempt to explain it was advanced that it would be better to fill the place with an outsider of distinction than with one belonging to the permanent diplomatic service. It is a very peculiar thing about that service that the greatest ability may be concealed beneath a bushel. It is our duty to proceed noiselessly in our course. The surest proof of the merit of a diplomatist is that he is not heard of. The moment a fuss is made about him you may be pretty sure that something is wrong, for so long as he can keep everything smooth, which is the object and essence of his calling, he can attract no attention. It is a question whether a very brilliant man can ever be fitted for a diplomacy. The very keenness of his intellect will impel him to dazzle the public by successes great and small.

But the victories of diplomacy must be achieved in silence, or their spoils are often lost. I remember many years ago a distinguished outsider being sent to represent us at a distant post. He was resolved upon success, but he was also resolved that his successes should be known. So he telegraphed them to one of the most influential of the daily papers;—I will not say which—and I assure you that we were all duly impressed with the records of them, and dwelt, not perhaps without envy, on the picture which was presented to us of the potentate to whom he was accredited. Writhing in the iron grasp of our representative. But when these reports came to be translated into the foreign press the vigilance and the jealousies of foreign nations were aroused. Reprisals were threatened in other quarters of the globe, and in the end our minister was requested to come home. The diplomatic service heard of him no more. Yet this man would have been a useful agent if he had acquired the habits of self-negation and reticence which training alone can give. In another case a brilliant lawyer was appointed. He went to his post determined to uphold the flag as it had never been upheld before, and succeeded. Within a short space he had quarreled with a majority of his colleagues to that extent that when he gave an official dinner on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, they neither came nor sent an excuse. He afterwards contributed in a slashing style to a rupture of relations, and this really showed much talent, for the nation was both a peaceful and a friendly one. He came away in a whirl of fireworks which left him in the dark, and the diplomatic service saw him no more. No, we do not want courtesying diplomats; the homely button is much more useful.

I will push this simile further. The world is a huge body clad in a garment of state. The diplomatists, studded all over the earth, are the unobtrusive buttons which hold the garment together. As long as we perform this function satisfactorily we pass unnoticed, because the garments continue to fit properly. It is only when we break loose or come off that we become an object of attention and discussion. For instance, I am going to come off, and on that account alone I have recently been more written about in the papers—I say it with pride than during all the eleven years that I have been in the service. I have thus fairly outlined the causes which might lead to my departure, but when a high post falls vacant it can be filled from outside the pale of service. Believe me that within its ranks there are men who can fill all the diplomatic posts we possess with ability and distinction, and that these posts can not be so filled except by persons who have behind them a long diplomatic training. You will not, therefore, be surprised that I should have hailed the selection of Sir Frank Lascelles as my successor with great satisfaction, a sentiment which was increased by a long-standing friendship between us. We were together at the Paris Peace Conference during trying time of the Commune, and it is under such a strain that one learns best the metal that a man is made of. He has mounted step by step, the rungs of the diplomatic ladder. He is versed in all the traditions and possesses all the qualities which combine to produce distinction in a diplomatist. He will, I am sure, within a short time gain your suffrages to such an extent as to make me pleasantly jealous in my retirement.

Precious Ink Bottles.

Four ink bottles, from which some of the greatest literary works of the century issued, are to be on view, says our Paris correspondent, at an approaching exhibition of relics. They were used severally by Victor Hugo, Lamartine, the elder and the younger Sand, Mme. Victor Hugo collected them to sell as a charity bazaar in Guernsey. To this end she had them set in a frame of oak that could be used as a table. With each is a letter attesting its authenticity. Victor Hugo said: "I did not buy or choose this ink bottle, but fell on it by chance and used it for months. It was asked of me for a work of charity, and here it is.—Hauteville House, June, 1860." Lamartine wrote: "Presented by Lamartine to a master of the pen." Dumas the elder thus certified: "I certify that this is the ink bottle I used in writing my last five or seven works.—A. Dumas, 10 April, 1859." George Sand, in a letter of three pages, begs Mme. Hugo to excuse the ugliness of her box ink bottle, which she shut with a spring. She used it in all her hours and wanderings, and could only part with it for the sake of Mme. Hugo's charity.—London News.

A Modern Knight.

The following, as told by an exchange, proves that the spirit of the knights of old is not yet gone:

It was a cold morning in March, in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph Streets, selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad, and kept trotting up and down, trying to keep warm, and his voice was hoarse from cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him, but one, about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments, walked up to him and said: "I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out: "Times, Herald, Tribune, News!"

In a clear voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man had sold his stock. He offered to pay his youthful partner, but he would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

The United States Senate adjourned until Friday.

It's Cruel

for them not to give you Pearline for your washing. Your folks can't know much about it.



My! They could save their money, and all your hard work besides. I'm thankful the lady I live with is just the other way. She knows what Pearline will do, and she wants it. She'd never let me lose my time trying to get things clean with soap—and she wouldn't stand it to have her clothes all worn out with rubbing, either. That's the truth. The lack of Pearline comes just as hard on the mistress' clothes as it does on the laundress' back.

Beware of imitations. JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

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