ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

OUR LONDON LETTER.

CRAZE OF THE ENGLISH FOR ALL KINDS OF ANIMAL PETS.

Dogs and Cats for the Fashionables and Jumbo and White Elephants for the People Generally.

LONDON, January 19, 1884.

For making pets of the brute creation the English people beat the world. Horses are idolized by both sexes, and next in popular esteem comes the canine race. Every man of the world has his sporting dog, and every fashionable woman her favorite pug. As for cats, these are so much liked, particularly in London, that beside being a universal household pet, the gentle and musical feline is not unfrequently converted into an article of diet, being served up mostly, I am told, in the form of sausage meat. These, however, are but the milder developments of this strong national trait. If you would see English affection pour itself out at the animal shrine in all the force and fullness of which it is capable, you must give it something higher and bigger to dote upon—an elephant, for instance. Who can forget

THE JUMBO FURORE.

The marks of respect that were shown and the buckets of tears that were shed when Jumbo departed for America! The ditties called forth by that event are still the favorite nursery rhymes in this country, and the people are to this day as sentimentally attached to the dear departed as when he first left them. But Mr. Barnum is very kind. He does not wish to leave the English public utterly inconsolable. He has dealt them a cruel blow and has left in their hearts a bitter feeling of bereavement; but he nobly steps forward now to make amends. He does not return Jumbo to their embraces; he sends another to fill his place for a time, and here we are all going wild over the

FAMOUS WHITE ELEPHANT "BUDDHA."

Yes, everybody is crazy already. Today, from 12 to 2 o'clock, the upper thousands visit this sacred wonder, and after that the great unwashed are to be admitted. And what a rush there will be! Even the big London newspapers are aroused, and anything that awakens these from their lethargy must be a sensation indeed. The *Daily Telegraph* sent a representative yesterday to interview "Buddha's" attendant in his native tongue. All readers will be interested in what passed, and lest it should not come under your notice in any other way, I will introduce this conversation into my letter:

"Well, Radhi," said I, "how does his Lordship like it?"

Suddenly hearing his own language the attendant's face gladdened. "You are the first we have found yet," said Mr. Davis, Mr. Barnum's chief representative here, "who can speak to the man."

"Is he quite well?" I continued.

"His heart is filled with delight," said Radhi; "see, he is playing with his food."

"What kind of a temper has he?"

"A temper of sugar plums, a disposition of oil. There is not a bad thought in him."

"Will he let strangers touch him?"

"Why should he have any cause to fear?"

"None whatever," I said; "the fear is all on my side."

"What! afraid of my elephant? He is all sweetmeats."

"Does he sleep well?"

"He was nervous last night and asked for me often. But he will be composed in spirits to-night. Heart-of-ease has no reason for perturbations."

"Do you sleep with him?"

"No; I have a room up above. A Sahib will stay with him."

"Does he eat the ordinary food, or have you anything special for him?"

"He eats what is given him. He is of a large intelligence."

And then Radhi proceeded to catechise me. "Shall I get my pay here?" he asked.

"Of course you will. This Sahib here (Mr. Davis) has the heart of a father and mother towards you. His integrity shines like the sun."

"It is all down in writing," said Radhi. "The Sahibs wrote it all down in Moulurein upon a piece of paper, with ink, and stamped it, promising me that I should have fifty rupees a month, and engaging me for a year. Do you think the contract is solid?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied; "you know that no Sahib ever broke his word—don't you?"

"Your honor is right."

"Well, those three Sahibs here, though they are not Englishmen, are the kindred of Englishmen, and when you go to their country with Buddha you will not be able to tell the difference between the two nations, and you will find them keep to the letter of their contract with you."

"Your slave has another petition to make," continued Radhi. "I have no rice. They give me more than I can eat of their own food—meat and bread and vegetables, and tea and coffee. But I have no rice. If they give me rice, I will not want bread or vegetables, or tea or coffee."

So Rahdi was told that he was to have as much rice as ever he wanted, and he then declared he had no other desire in life left unaccomplished.

"It has happened very well," he said; "and by-and-by I shall go back to my people in Burmah with my money. They are very poor, all my people. My money will be very welcome."

"But Buddha will never go back," I said.

"No," said he, wistfully. "But is that his name—Buddha?"

"Yes," I replied. "The Sahib Davis has said it is a good name, and that is what it will always be called in future."

"And is Buddha to dance here?" said Radhi.

"Dance!" I said; "no, he has not come to dance."

"But is not he going into a show?"

"Oh, yes; but they will not make him dance. He is going to be shown to the people just as he was worshiped in Burmah."

"What! will the Sahibs do poojah to it—pray to it?"

"No, not exactly; but they will pretend to, to show how it is really done in your own country. The Phoongyes are coming, the idols and indullas are already here, and there will be real salaaming to Buddha when all is ready."

At the word salaam, Radhi turned to the elephant, put his two hands together, and bowed reverentially toward the great beast.

"That is how it is done," said he; "and when he was coming from the palace of the King of Burmah all the people cried out to him 'Salaam! Raia of Raias!' and salaamed to him."

"But you are not a Buddhist, Radhi; you are a Hindoo."

"True," he said; "but I am an inhabitant of Burmah, and as they do I do. I salaam to the elephant because of the whiteishness about his head."

"Good-night, Radhi. Salaam, Buddha"

"Salaam, Sahib."

And so we left them, adds the interviewer; Rudhi much comforted as to his pay and rice; Buddha as loftily unconcerned as usual.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SACRED MAMMOTH.

Before dismissing this sacred beast, which, from having been the ruling sensation of the day in England, will go in a few months, to exhibit his parts on your side of the Atlantic, I will give your readers a few items of information in regard to him. He is a smaller elephant than Jumbo—does not stand so high by at least four feet, and is altogether less imposing in appearance. He is declared, however, by competent judges to be the most symmetrical specimen of the Asiatic elephant within European memory. His shape at all points denotes perfection. He is not only tusked, which is a rare recommendation in captive elephants of mature age, but his ivory appendages are finely developed and without flaw. In color, Buddha is a little disappointing. Looked at from most standpoints, his hue is that of an ordinary elephant—a trifle more gray, perhaps, than the usual tone, but not so much so as to call for remark. When, however, you look him full in the face, the aspect changes. On the forehead there is a large patch of pinkish white, the trunk is partially blanched, the ears are mottled and there are discolorments also about the shoulders. Still the beast is what is called in the East a white elephant, and the patches of paler skin, be they as infrequent as they may, are, in the estimation of millions, the outward and visible sign of

A DIVINE SANCTITY.

Science tells us that this discoloration of the skin is a disease, something akin to leprosy. In the Government studs in India are many elephants that are stained with large pink blotches, while among the native Princes beasts with heads that are altogether pink, or parts of whose bodies are similarly colored, are by no means uncommon. Not being Buddhists the natives of India do not, of course, attach the same reverence to them as do the people of Siam and Burmah; but, nevertheless, they are held in esteem. All over the East a physical misfortune is looked upon as a Divine visitation, and the Albino elephant is considered a sacred beast on the same principle that those born idiots or hopeless cripples are called "the children of Heaven." H. T.

WITHOUT THE RAILROAD THE REGION IS ONLY A STERILE WASTE.

[Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.]

Were the owners of a block of land to give half of it to a capitalist, on condition that a factory be erected by him on the lands thus given away, nobody would charge them with squandering their estate. Were the aforesaid owners members of a joint stock company, each having an equal interest in the block, will anybody seriously contend that they would have a genuine grievance or such cause of complaint against their Board of Directors as to warrant ousting them from office? There is but one answer. Instead of denouncing the Directors they would be most likely to commend them for exercising business prudence and sagacity; for they would recognize that half of their land had been more than doubled in value by the improvement erected on the adjoining half. The vacant land next the factory will certainly now possess some value, while possibly the whole block may have been utterly worthless before.

The fact is very well known that land is constantly given away by individuals as well as by small communities, with precisely the same object—to enhance the value of the remainder. So there is really no gift or giving away involved in transactions of this character, but merely an exchange of equivalents—a bargain in which each party believes it has secured an advantage. When we hear of the people of a wide-awake town raising means for the purchase of real estate which they propose to give away on condition that a courthouse, college, asylum, manufactory, railroad shops or other public or private institution be located in their midst, we all know what it means. It requires no very acute vision to see the string tied to every dollar thrown into the pool.

Demagogues in the present Congress are howling for the wholesale forfeiture of railroad grants. Much of the clamor about restoring this land to the public domain has no rational basis, and much of it is positively dishonest. When the Government makes a land grant to promote railway construction it acts from precisely the same motive which impels an individual to give away half a worthless estate in order that the remainder may become valuable. The Government gives to the railroad builders only half the land along the line of the road. The grant includes only the alternate sections. The instant the grant is made the Government doubles the price charged to settlers for its alternate sections along the railroad. The rate is raised from $1 25 to $2 50 an acre.

A settler can get a homestead anywhere in the wilderness to-day for $1 25 an acre, but a farm unconnected with the iron highway to a market is about as unprofitable a thing as a man can well own. Build a railroad into the wilderness and the land at once acquires value. The Government, having worthless land, invites capital to do the building. The inducement is a land grant. Along the line of the proposed road, within a given area, there lies, say 10,000,000 acres, which the Government will dispose of to settlers for $1 25 an acre, at which price it is worth $12,500,000 in the aggregate. But there are no settlers or purchasers. Without a railroad the region is only a sterile waste. So the Government concludes to make a grant of 5,000,000 acres to whoever will build the road through this wilderness, itself retaining the other 5,000,000 acres, to be disposed of at $2 50 an acre. Should the Government sell its 5,000,000 acres (the alternate sections which it has reserved) at $2 50 an acre, it would realize $12,500,000, exactly the sum it would have received for the 10,000,000 at $1 25 an acre. Now that the railroad is built, the Government receives as much for 5,000,000 as it demanded before for 10,000,000 acres.

Who loses by this operation? The railroad investors make a good turn, but who loses anything? Certainly not the Government; and by the Government let it be understood that we mean the people. The agitation which aims at the forfeiture of the California and Oregon and the Northern Pacific land grants is without excuse. It is carrying anti-railroad feeling to unwarranted extremes. It is not so much a popular demand for land forfeiture as it is passionate clamor for land confiscation by communists and demagogues.

IT IS RIGHT AND JUST.

[Sacramento Daily Bee, February 6th.]

Comparatively few journals in the State have expressed hostility to the petition of the Central Pacific Railroad Company to be allowed to retain the land grant of their Oregon road, and they are the ones which have persistently howled in accord against any and all propositions looking to a just and fair treatment of that company. As a rule, the press of the Sacramento valley and of the counties north of Shasta have—without regard to their relations with the railroads—expressed the hope that the bill now before Congress declaring that grant forfeited will be defeated. As a fair instance of the feeling in this valley, we quote from the Red Bluff *Sentinel*, whose editor has often fought the Central Pacific people with energy. That paper says:

"Should Congress pass the bill reported by the committee of the lower House, declaring the lands forfeited that were granted to the California and Oregon Railroad Company, and thereby stop the work of construction, finally resulting in the abandonment of the enterprise, what, we will ask the Redding *Free Press*, would be the cash value of unimproved lands in Shasta county north of the present terminus? Furthermore, it will be well for the press and people of Shasta county to bear in mind that upon the completion of the California and Oregon Railway to the State line, thousands of acres that were worthless before the extension was commenced have become very valuable, and will ultimately increase in valuation to the extent that the revenue from taxes will, in about twenty years, wipe out Shasta county's large debt."

This extract from an extended editorial on the subject suggests one very important consideration. Several thousand immigrants have within the last two or three years taken up lands and established homes in the northern part of the State on the strength of the promised railroad extension in that direction. Without some hope for such mode of communication with the outside world, there would be little inducement for anybody to remain in those wilds. Every resident of the State is, therefore, interested in having the road completed to Oregon, in order that these new settlers may be retained. The lands comprised in this grant would remain unsettled for many decades were it not for the fact that the railroad was being pushed toward them. Better far for the Government—better for this State, and all concerned in a rapid settlement of the country—that the railroad should have a portion of the land, if thereby it causes the remainder to become the homes of a thrifty population. Those in California who oppose the relinquishment of that grant by the Government are working against the best interests of the country and the State, besides doing a gross injustice to thousands of sturdy pioneers who have been induced to settle in that section by the various immigration societies, which have all acted in good faith. Should these people be cut off from civilization and deprived of a market for the products of their labor, simply to gratify a few bigoted and prejudiced persons in and out of Congress? Common sense and justice say to the contrary.

Important Mail Message.

Col. Adreon, Postmaster at Baltimore, considers St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy.

SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

A Matter of Accent—The Geographical Society—Shoaling of the Bay Waters—Prohibition Movement—Academy of Sciences—Social Matters.

[Regular Correspondence RECORD-UNION.]

SAN FRANCISCO, February 20, 1884.

I have been often interested in the number of accents noticeable among the speakers in the enterprises of this cosmopolitan city, and in observing what nationalities gather around which institution. In the silk culture the educated German element is very prominent. Those with views to express generally speak with a pronounced German accent, and Mrs. Hittell, who is one of the most active and intelligent of the members, is a German woman. Last night, at the Geographical Society, the English element was in the ascendant. The distinct enunciation and peculiar inflexions of Albion were to be heard on all sides, and no matter how pretty she is or how American her dressmaker, an English girl is unmistakable. Thackeray's delightful "Mrs. Hobson Newcome" could only say of her brother-in-law's family, "Their ways are not as our ways," and that is all one can say about English women, but it is very significant. It was the first

MEETING OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

That I ever attended, and it seemed to differ in its methods from the meetings of other scientific bodies. The meeting was held at Druid's Hall, a small, comfortable, freshly furnished room, not larger than a large drawing-room. It is fitted up for the deliberations of some Masonic Order, and the raised platforms at each end of the room, surmounted by red-canopied throne-like chairs, look very imposing. At the foot of the dais occupied by the Chairman stood a square piano, and on the cards of invitation the words "Music and Conversazione" were to be read in the left-hand corner. Mr. Slavan, the Vice-President of the Society, presided. He is a man a good deal like General McDowell in appearance. C. Mitchell Grant, an Englishman of fine physique, but unfortunately lame, is the Secretary and most *empressé* master of ceremonies, for from the outset the character of reception is given to the meeting, everyone is made welcome like a guest, found a place and chatted with a moment by the officers of the society. The business was disposed of very speedily—by the way, it included the appointment of a committee to look into the alleged

SHOALING OF THE WATERS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

And the bay. Then the lecturer of the evening was introduced, having figured, with the name of his subject, on the cards of invitation. Yesterday it was E. J. Molera, Esq., on the pyramids of Teotihuacau, Mexico. The lecture over, there was a brief pause, and escorts and commissaries went to another room and returned with glasses of lemonade. Then a little girl played the violin—played it very nicely, by the way. A young girl started to sing a ballad with a violin obligato, and then remarked to the assembled company, without the least embarrassment, that it was too high for her voice, and took a chair without finishing the song. Her accompanist played a piano solo, and there was more conversation, and so went the social Geographical Society. In one of these pouring rains we have been enduring with more or less conversation, I went to the first faint streaks of the dawn of the Prohibition party. It is the temperance people who are making themselves upinto a distinct political party for the coming Presidential campaign. Dr. R. H. McDonald was on hand, tall and beaming, with a shawl on, presumably the plaid of the McDonalds, across his shoulders. The meeting was held in the Children's Hall, out in rather a rough part of town where Dr. McDonald holds his celebrated Sunday-schools, where the children sing. Every one who came to the political meeting was provided with a paper setting forth the aims and intentions of the Prohibition Home Protection Party, and with a pink programme of temperance songs and aphorisms. I saw a session of the Academy of Sciences the other evening in their odd hall, which was formerly a church, and in whose unchanged pews the members sit and deliberate. All these

DIFFERENT PHASES AND CIRCLES OF LIFE,

Even of a small city like ours, are many enough and odd enough to inspire trite but unavoidable musing on the manifold occupations of men's minds. A chemist who described "Colemanite," the new mineral, a borate of lime named after Wm. T. Coleman, had hardly the first thing in common with the people rushing to hear Emma Abbott, and discussing her peculiarities as earnestly as he did the proportions of lime and boracic acid in his specimen. One doesn't want unlimited Academy of Sciences any more than he wants perpetual Milton and uninterrupted organ music, but it is a pleasant reflection that there is a body of men really and sincerely and actively interested in things of the intellect solely; men to whom ephemeral pleasures and money-getting grind are literally nothing compared with God's universal book of nature, in which they are reverently reading a little. There was a man, I think he was a "reverend," who read a paper on Dr. Engelman the other evening, who was a very good example of the balancing, refining influence of scientific study, the life, the real life and activity of the brain, not mere waves of sensuous impressions. Face, eye and voice were strengthened and calmed, and the effect of the whole was very impressive.

SOCIAL MATTERS.

Ephemeral pleasures have their sway, however. Miss Emma Abbott has been entertained by Mrs. Judge Hager at luncheon, and by Mrs. Charles Crocker at dinner. Mrs. and Miss Borland, visitors in the city and members of a distinguished Boston family, have been quietly, but most pleasantly, entertained by the Floods, Mrs. Willie Howard and others. The gentlemen who have enjoyed the parties given by the Cricket Club have arranged to pay their debt of hospitality by a ball to be given on Monday evening, the 25th, at the Palace Hotel. It is to be tasteful in all its details, and a success, if experience and spirit will make it one. Mrs. McDowell is at the head of one of the kettledrums which she usually organizes just before Lent, and with the preparations for the Mardi-Gras at the Pavilion, it looks as if the season were going out in a blaze of glory. A large party that started from San Francisco on Sunday to go overland by the Southern route and enjoy the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, have been caught by the storm, and will in all probability return to the city. PHILIP SHIRLEY.

WISE MEN WILL NOT BE FRIGHTENED.

[Oakland Vidette.]

It may be that in the future we can get all the railroads we want without any help by coin or land. But one thing is very certain, we should not have any of those now in operation but for that help. The people of Lake county want a railroad and are willing to pay anybody who will build one for them considerable money. But some people pretend to think it would be very wicked to subsidize a railroad. Some see great evils in the aggregation of capital sufficient to build a railroad of any dimensions. They stand in holy horror of corporations, for fear they will want more than their share of the profits of any business they may do. They seem to suppose the co-operation of three or four men in any work changes their nature, makes them greedy and heartless. This is specially true of corporations held by political opponents, or in which they have no interest. Still it will be true to the end of time, that clear-headed men aggregate capital, form corporations, receive help from others and work vigorously to promote the general welfare by great enterprises. And wise men will not be frightened out of their propriety by any of these things any more than they will by the howling of agrarians and demagogues. Mutual helpfulness will still live to bless mankind when these screechers are dead.

It seems that the idea of constructing the long-thought-of canal which is to connect the Baltic and the North Sea has at length assumed definite shape. Bismarck has reconsidered his former objections, and a bill for powers necessary to execute the work will be considered by the Reichstag during the present session. The cost of making the cutting through Holstein is estimated at between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000.

DEMOCRATIC PAPERS OPPOSE THE FORFEITURE.

Yreka Journal, February 16th.]

The Democratic papers generally, after making a great howl for buncombe in regard to forfeiture of railroad grants, are the first to oppose such forfeiture, when capitalists refuse to invest their money in building railroads. They made a cayote yell while Republicans were in power for failing to reduce the rates to three cents per mile, with two out of the three Railroad Commissioners Democrats, and now with the Board all Democrats, no such reduction has been made. Railroads are necessary for the prosperity and development of the country, and when men invest their capital in such enterprises, they should be allowed a reasonable chance to gain some profit, in place of being made bankrupt, as the moneyed men will be who invested capital in the California and Oregon Railroad and the Northern Pacific, if deprived of the land.

If the people were secure against a combination or pooling of the different companies, to keep up rates, there would not be so much desire to forfeit the land grants heretofore extended. It would be a good thing for the country to aid liberally any competing line, and this was the view taken by many in giving such a liberal donation to the Northern Pacific and the Atlantic and Pacific, towards having a number of competing lines to open up the country between, now of little value, with the additional benefit of cheapening the through traffic.

No doubt if the stockholders of the Northern Pacific and Oregon roads are bankrupted, that rich capitalists will secure the road and make a close corporation with the other overland routes. This combination would not be so bad, if an interstate measure for uniform rates in every State, like the bill offered by Reagan of Texas, could be adopted. Such a bill, however, has no chance of success, as it is opposed by Democratic members in Congress, to a great extent, and also by the business men, probably on the ground that while it might do on some roads it would prove disastrous to others having a small amount of business. On the main trunk roads generally throughout the country, where the business is extensive, fares are generally quite low, where there are competing lines within a short distance; but the small feeders throughout the country, aggregating several hundred thousands of miles, could probably not be run and pay expenses on a general rate for the entire country, which we suppose to be the cause of opposition to the Reagan bill.

A MOST HONORABLE PROPOSAL.

[Yreka Union, February 14th.]

The Pacific railroad companies are endeavoring to secure an extension of time for the construction of uncompleted roads, and the matter has been presented before Congress. Their time has already expired, and the House Committee have agreed to declare the lands forfeited. In some sections of the Pacific slope there are very poor inducements for a railroad unless it secures a land grant. Take our own section, for instance. The O. and C. and C. and C. railroad lines pass through a mountainous district, and the land bordering is of scarcely any value except some that is covered with timber, and as it is not located or settled upon the forest fires during the summer months do twice as much damage as the woodman's axe. Besides, there are vast tracts of barren land that is not suitable for any use whatever. If the companies secured a grant for the odd sections, they would certainly obtain some valuable land, but the bulk of it is perfectly worthless, and will always remain so, unless the completion of the road would make it valuable, and if it should have that effect, it would likewise enhance the value of the even sections. The matter as laid before Congress by the railroad people is just and reasonable, and is so looked upon by the people of the northern part of the State, who are sensible enough to recognize the fact that the railroad will do us more good than the non-productive land which the company would come into possession of. They ask for more time, that their land grant shall not be declared forfeited, and that a commission be appointed to appraise all lands—improved and otherwise—and they will enter into an agreement to sell the land at not more than the appraised value. This would give the settler a chance to hold his land at rates as cheap as those of the Government, and the railroad would increase the value of his land double what he would pay in to the company, as improved land would be appraised at the same price as unsettled land. In our estimation it is the most honorable proposal that ever emanated with any railroad corporation.

EXPENSE OF CONSTRUCTION VERY GREAT.

[Red Bluff Daily Democrat, February 13th.]

The papers in northern California are discussing the proposition before Congress to forfeit the land grant to the California and Oregon Railroad Company, and most of them oppose the measure. This road has been in operation as far as Redding, in Shasta county, for several years. From that point to the Oregon line the route is over a broken, mountainous country, and the expense of construction would be very great. There has been some grading and tunneling done north of Redding, lately, but the company makes excuses for not prosecuting the work heretofore, and says the traffic of the country through which the road will pass will not justify it in building the road without the land grant. The Colusa *Sun* has this to say concerning the matter: "The land above the present terminus, twenty miles beyond Redding, is not of much value, unless the road is built. It is admitted to be the most difficult piece of road on the continent to build. The grant will give the company credit to build the road. It is to the interest of California, and particularly of San Francisco, to have the road built now, and owned and controlled by a company interested in making a business center around the bay. Will the road be built over this rough country without the credit given by the grant? There is not enough business now, we opine, to justify the expenditure of the money necessary for its construction. We do not state it as a fact that there is not enough business; we do not know that there will be a day's delay in the construction by the California company if the grant should be forfeited. We do not know that there is any danger of the Oregon company building on down and diverting trade from California that a local company would be interested in maintaining. We are not in a position to give this information, but if we were a member of Congress from California we would inquire into the interest of this State in that behalf."

FORFEITURE WOULD WORK GREAT HARDSHIP TO THE PEOPLE.

[Sacramento Daily Bee, February 1st.]

At a meeting of the House Committee on Public Lands Thursday morning, the bill declaring the land grants of the California and Oregon and Oregon and California Railroad grants forfeited was taken up for discussion. After a short debate the committee took a vote, and decided to report the bill favorably, which will be done early next week. If this bill shall be passed by Congress, it will work great hardship to the people of at least the northern and central section of California. It will indefinitely postpone the work of connecting the two great agricultural States of Oregon and California. This will result in retarding for years the settlement of some of the finest land the sun ever shone upon. The people most deeply interested, those living along the proposed line and those who expect to be benefited by the wealth of trade which would rush back and forth on the completion of the road, are firmly opposed to any action of Congress whereby this grant shall be declared forfeited—and they hope and trust that our Senators and Representatives will see the matter in its proper light.

Mrs. Shoddy, to shopman: "Show me a thermometer—one of your best." Shopman: "This, ma'am, is one of our finest—Venetian glass and the best quicksilver." Mrs. Shoddy: "Silver! that would be nice for the kitchen, but I want one for my boodore. Haven't you one with quick gold?"

GOOD NEWS.—It is now entirely unnecessary to purchase any imported perfumes, as the very best are Peck's Premium Perfumes and Elite Bouquet, of home manufacture.

THE FASHIONS.

[New York Evening Post.]

Shot silks are again among the new importations.

Belts and side-bags will appear with the new spring costumes.

Pretty bedroom curtains are made of a single width of crimson Ottoman cloth over a second pair made of antique lace.

Foulards, in gay jardiniere designs, are imported for spring polonaises, to be worn over skirts of silk and velvet in monochrome.

Serge, cashmere, and finest Austrian wool dresses in pin-check patterns, with stripes of colored satin alternating, will be very fashionably worn this spring on the promenade. Many of these costumes will be formed entirely of the striped material, while others will be made up in conjunction with one-colored fabrics; the polonaise or waistcoat and panels being made of the latter material.

Brilliant-hued arabesques, leaf designs, small flowers and vines, heraldic figures, and small fruits are now exhibited in new dress and cloak garnitures of plush and chenille. These are displayed on the fronts of the Louis XIV. waistcoats, the edges of the panels, cut-away jacket, deep collar and cuffs. Medium-sized buttons to correspond accompany these effective and elegant trimmings.

There seems to be a growing tendency for the excessively short jackets, which always suggest the idea that the makers were short of material. They mostly match the dress they accompany, and many are bordered with feathers of the same shade, but black and gray astrakhan, beaver and fox trimmings are preferable as regards wear and appearance also, if we omit gray astrakhan, which always looks grimy. The fact that it is poorly imitated in wool is another argument against it.

Narrow bands of fur, despite their inappropriateness, are still used to trim both house and evening dresses. One magnificent trained robe of velvet, recently made in this city, was further enriched with sable trimmings; a tea gown of snowdrop cashmere was simply bordered down the front, around the bottom, and at the throat and wrists with narrow bands of long-haired, dark brown fur, while a stylish matinee of pink India cashmere had its wide lace ruffles headed by wide bands of swansdown.

Among the newest imported jerseys are those which are nearly covered with an elaborately-beaded embroidery, either in black or with those iridescent hues, in odd Indian designs, which give them a very Oriental appearance. One very handsome style shows a black silk stockinette jersey embroidered with small stars in brilliant cut jet beads. A chenille drop and jet fringe finish the lower edge of the bodice. Sometimes, and generally where there is no braiding or embroidery on the jersey collars, cuffs of velvet are now added to relieve the usual plain appearance. These are invariably of the same color as the jersey.

Dark red and dark green appear to be the prevailing colors just now for young ladies' promenade costumes. Russian redingotes made of deep Vandyke red, fur-trimmed or braided with self-colored silk cord or otherwise edged with many rows of narrow silk braid, are much worn. Most of these have supplemented pelerines which reach only half way between neck and waist, the shoulder pieces being set in rather high. There are some extremely long and tight jackets of black cloth, the lower edge of the skirt untrimmed, a bisque bodice all round, or pointed, being simulated by means of a wide bias band of black velvet. Magnificent sets of furs are worn as trimmings on the cover-all princesse-shaped wraps which, though still stylishly worn, are in their third season. A tall lady recently wore a mantle of this kind at the bottom of which was a band of bear's fur quite three-quarters of a yard deep. The cuffs reached above her elbows, and the shaggy fur collar was in proportion. Nothing could look more cumbersome, and there seemed a great absurdity in placing such a weight of fur where it could add nothing to the comfort of the wearer, but must necessarily impede her movements.

AFTERWARD.

O strange, O sad perplexity,
Blind groping through the night,
Faith faintly questions can there be
An afterward of light?

O heavy sorrow, grief and tears,
That all our hopes destroy;
Say, shall there dawn in coming years
An afterward of joy?

O hopes that turn to gall and rue
Sweet fruits that bitter prove;
Is there an afterward of true
And everlasting love?

O weariness, within, without,
Vain longings for release;
Is there to inward fear and doubt
An afterward of peace?

O restless wanderings to and fro,
In vain and fruitless quest;
Where shall we find above, below,
An afterward of rest?

O death, with whom we plead in vain
To stay thy fatal knife;
Is there beyond the reach of pain
An afterward of life?

Ah, yes; we know this seeming ill,
When rightly understood,
In God's own time and way fulfill
His afterward of good.

—[Chambers' Journal.

WHERE ARE YOUR FOREHEADS?

It is about time some one was appointed to make an investigation on the subject and see whether the girls nowadays really have any foreheads, or whether they have all "gone off," like Pat's gun, with a "bang!" A sensible writer in the *Intelligencer* says that men seem to wear them as they used to do. And ladies, also, of advanced or advancing years. But as I go to the city daily, and see in the street, and on the cars, and ferry-boats whole bevies of bright and beautiful girls, I am constantly wondering at, if not admiring, the ingenuity displayed in covering up, hiding, and practically getting rid of this crowning feature of the human face divine. What it has done, or what change has passed upon it, that it should be so ignominiously expelled from sight, I am unable to discover or imagine. Time was when a lover might have been as much enraptured with his mistress's fair brow as with her beautiful eyes, but now he can only sing, if he sings at all, the fascinating frizz, the delightful fluff, or the lovely bang his lady wears, behind which her forehead long since disappeared.

To me it seems against nature. If she had wanted the forehead covered up with hair, she'd have made it grow there, like the beard on a man's chin. I wonder if you like it any better than I do? I don't believe the minister does, for I've noticed two or three times, when he had girls to baptize, he could hardly find a spot on their foreheads big enough to put his fingers on, and it did seem to trouble him a little. Perhaps I oughtn't to say it, and yet somehow it set me to wondering how the angel it speaks of in the Book of Revelation could find room to seal the servants of God in their foreheads or write their Father's name there if they were all covered up like that.

I'm very much afraid we've seen the last of them—the foreheads, I mean—and another generation won't have any, unless a change comes very quick. You know these scientific men say that a faculty or organ that is constantly disused—I believe that's it—tends to disappear altogether. And why not a feature, too? I can't bear to think of all the beautiful foreheads covered with hair growing down to the eyes, can you? And yet, what's to hinder I don't see, if the hair is deliberately and steadily trained to grow there. The old artists knew better than we, not to take the regality from the feminine face by hiding the brow under a mop of hair. The beautiful Madonnas of Raphael and Murille have brows of queenly loveliness. And imagine Florence Nightingale going about in bangs!—[Correspondence Christian at Work.

"I see you are growing a mustache, George," said she, as she caressed the lappel of his coat. "Ye-es," stammered George, blushing furiously. "I—I am trying to cultivate one, Arabella." "Don't it feel funny on your lip?" she asked. "Well, no," he laughed, regaining his composure; "it seems to be quite natural." "I wonder how a mustache would feel on my lip," she said, with a far-away, absent look in her eyes. "You needn't wonder long, then," said George, as he bent down. "Oh, you forward thing," she exclaimed; "I've a good mind to make you take that back again." And he did.

ABOUT THE HOME.

Old putty can be removed without injury to the sash or glass by passing a hot soldering iron over it. The heat of the iron softens it readily, and permits its removal with a knife or chisel without much trouble.

A very odd and pretty hanging basket can be made of an old clay pipe. Fill with rich earth and plant a few vines of creeping Charlie and Wandering Jew. Suspend from a bracket by a gold or silver braid.

Every one who can spare the room should have a nursery for their children. It saves the rest of the house and allows the little ones more liberty. A wainscoting of newspaper pictures pasted on the walls will make an interesting feature of such a room.

A handsome ottoman may be made of an old soap box. Pad the box with old pieces of carpet or cotton, taking care to have it smooth and firm. Then cover with an old broche shawl, or a dark-red merino dress, an old red rep curtain redyed, or any similar material. Chintz will also prove a pretty covering.

After sweeping and getting the carpet as clean as possible, it may be brightened by going all over it with a clean flannel cloth dampened with water in which you have put a little ammonia. Too much will take the color out of the carpet. A tablespoonful of ammonia to one quart of water is about the proper proportion.

Articles of a delicate blue that must be washed are often ruined in the process; this may be avoided by adding an ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of water and letting the article lie in this for an hour and a half, or even for two hours; let it dry then, after which it may be washed without injury. This is said to be a perfect remedy for the trouble referred to.

A really common sort of work-basket can be made very ornamental by lining it with a crocheted lining. Make it of the cord used for tidies and lambrequins, leaving spaces for ribbons; in place of ribbons put strips of silesia. Make a pretty bow of satin and gros-grain ribbon for the top of the handle; fringe one end and cut one slanting. Let the bow have quite long loops and put it on in the exact center of the handle.—[N. Y. Post.

Herald and Health answers the question, "Which is the best bean for food?" by saying: The Lima bean is the best; but other kinds are also excellent, and it is just as well to use a variety of sorts. Another excellent bean is Carter's Leviathan Long Pod. The plant grows six feet high. Beans may be cooked in several ways, and ground to fine flour for soups. Bean soup is excellent, very nutritious and wholesome, and should appear on every table frequently.

To make toast jelly, slice a quarter of a pound of bread and toast it carefully, taking care not to burn it; pour over it sufficient boiling water to entirely saturate it; add two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and a very little grated nutmeg or powdered cloves, and boil it to a pulp; pass it through a fine sieve with a wooden spoon, stir a glass of good sherry wine in it, and then cool it in an earthen mold or bowl. Use it cold; a little sweet cream poured over it increases its nutriment.—[Boston Post.

In almost any stationery or grocery store in the country "shelf paper" can be obtained. It has scalloped edges and is perforated in prettily arranged designs, making a lace-like appearance. It has grown from a small beginning ten years ago to a large and important industry, requiring expensive machinery and tools to make it. It is estimated that over $250,000 worth was made and used last year. The paper is run through a press which prints the design, then dies are used to cut the same.

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