



"I have found a new use for brass candlesticks," said the young housekeeper. "I have two or three pairs that belonged to my great-grandmother. I think the world of them, but in my house, as it is at present, I have no place where I can use them with proper effect—that is, as candlesticks. But as bonnet stands they are treasures. I have a closet full of them. It is always difficult to know how to put away a hat or a bonnet in a way that will keep it perfectly fresh. My candlesticks are high enough so that not a drooping plume or a hanging loop touches the shelf, and they are so heavy that there is no danger of their tipping over if not properly balanced. It may seem like sacrilege, but I have heard that my great-grandmother was a woman of many resources, and I do not think she would object."

A remarkable piece of embroidery which looked like some rare Oriental tapestry was found on a cushion to have the most plebeian origin, being nothing more than one of the old-fashioned stamped felt table covers to be found in country stores and village homes. The curious all-over pattern had been worked in richly colored silk embroidery with great skill and taste. It was a large undertaking, but its accomplishment resulted in a very handsome piece of hanging, which was used to drape the back of an upright piano.

"New York is too cosmopolitan for women's clubs," says Mrs. Jennie June Cooley. "There is less progress made here by the clubs than anywhere else in the country. People do not stay in the city long enough to take an interest in them. They are away perhaps half of the winter and start off again early in the spring, and are gone until late in the fall. Outside people, however, seem to be inclined to get information about clubs now and you hear nothing but club, club, club on all sides—and Sorosis has been in existence twenty-one years when a man came to see me and asked if there was a woman's club in New York."

Miss Parloa, in one of her late lectures on household matters, made some suggestions about the care of kitchen utensils. These, she recommended, should be bought as one buys pictures, with careful selection and in no spirit of too rigid economy. If one can be sure that they will be properly cared for, copper cooking utensils are decidedly the best, but in the average kitchen, unless the mistress will do with them as she does with her cut glass, look after them herself, they are dangerous. In France copper preserving kettles can be rented for ten cents a day—a satisfactory arrangement, for it insures their being kept in condition; such a plan would undoubtedly pay here, but has not yet been tried. The best quality of kitchen ware is the cheapest in the end, wearing longer and giving best service while it lasts. A few good utensils that may be put to a good many uses are preferable to many cheap ones. Dry utensils thoroughly. Don't wipe them over with a wet cloth and stand them on the range to heat dry. Wipe the grease out of a skillet or any frying-pan as completely as possible with crumpled newspaper (which promptly burn) and wash in soap and water. See that ice is not broken in the refrigerator with a sharp pick, which will perforate the lining often in unnoticed places, through which the water percolates to remain and rot the water beneath.

A writer about women and her ways in the New York "Times" says that women, truly are inconsistent. There was one woman who went to the Lyceum Theater the other afternoon, incidentally to see Miss Manning and the play, but avowedly to see if there was anything new to be seen. She never saw so many hats, she said plaintively after the play. "There was a big one right in front of me with a high standing green fan of silk covered with lace, and high feathers standing in front of that. The companion of that woman also wore a big hat. There was a white broad-brimmed hat with a standing feather in the center aisle, a woman with a gray pink bodice wore a big black hat with plumes—she took it off later—some one must have asked her. There were so-called toques and small hats that might have been used for five screens, and the whole front row of the balcony looked like a funeral procession—it was a solid mass of black plumes. Copy one of those hats? I know every woman must have come from the country or she would have known enough to take off her hat."

"Open fireplaces that never hold a fire are an abomination," exclaims a critic. "Gas fires in simulated logs are bad enough, but they are better than the elaborately effective cavern in a side wall, topped by an expensive mantel, trimmed with tiles, set out with costly and glittering brass, and then left from year to year without the blaze for which it was created. It is a false idea of ornamentation," finishes the cavalier, and there will be found those who will agree with him. Conversely, no form of decoration exceeds that of the used fireplace, with its honest brick chimney blackened by many fires and glowing logs or coals. Such give a color and character to a room that no other mode of decoration can achieve.

The proper cleaning of a carpeted room, as set forth by Miss Parloa in one of her lectures, demands first that if possible all draperies and hangings shall be slipped from their fastenings, brushed, aired and laid aside out of the dust; such as are not removable may be shaken lightly as they hang, folded lengthwise then in upturned folds as far as possible, and finally pinned high

in pieces of muslin kept for the purpose. Pictures requiring to be brushed on their faces with a soft brush, their backs wiped and brushed, and they too folded in muslin, the ends tucked in around their frames. Upholstered furniture must be brushed out carefully and covered with similar cloths. All small pieces set out of the room, grime-brac dusted and also put aside in a protected place. A stiff whisk takes the dust out of the corners of the room, and then the carpet is sprinkled with crumpled pieces of newspaper, wet but not dripping, and swept with the nap. After this first sweeping the corners over with a carpet sweeper, and finally the carpet is polished by being wiped over with a cloth wrung out as dry as possible from clean, tepid ammonia water, two tablespoonful of ammonia to four quarts of water. Wet paper, when it is used, is preferred to salt tea leaves; the former may be entirely renewed, and the grains left beautiful, rusting the carpet naps, while tea leaves injure and streak a delicate carpet.

New York City is a center for genuine old-fashioning furniture. It is sent from there to purchasers in all parts of the country, the extremes north, south, east and west. Wealthy people, even in the large cities, have antiques sent them from New York, and old desks and tables go to places like Philadelphia and Boston. The supply of warm Black Walnut and mahogany has apparently given out, and many of those to be found in the shops are Danish, the bowl made of copper and the handle of iron.

The secret of smooth ice-cream, which the experienced housekeeper will do well to remember, is that it shall be frozen slowly. Five and ten minute freezers are freely advertised, but, unfortunately for the success of the dessert, they do not accomplish the work in any such short time. If they did the texture of the cream would not be so good. The crank of the freezer should be slowly turned, and half an hour, certainly twenty minutes, is none too long to manipulate it. If the cream is heated before it is added to the rest of the mixture, taking care that it is not scalded, the smoothness and richness of the final result will be increased. After heating the cream the whole must be of course be thoroughly chilled before freezing—this to save ice and also to prevent granulation.

At a dinner recently, the somewhat bizarre scheme of using many shades of the same color was carried out. Candy shades and ribbons were of every tint of violet from palest lilac to royal purple, and the gamut was similarly run in the floral decorations. These showed variations in the same way, English and different colorings of English jolts, heliotrope, and the darkly purple pansy.

There is a fad for old jewelry at the present time, and quaint, old foreign buckles, clasps, and anything that can be utilized in a way to suit the present demands of fashion, are highly prized. Many of these old pieces show beautiful workmanship in silver, and others, while crude in design, show wonderful effects in old corals and semi-precious of imitation jewels that are charming.

A novelty in the treatment of poker work is to varnish and polish it—a process which much heightens its effect. Classes in penmanship announced to be conducted at a woman's club show a commendable wisdom. Last winter a talk on the proper education of our girls, the speaker made her hearers laugh first, and think afterwards, by saying that she would, to begin with, have them (the girls) taught to read, pronouncing their words distinctly and having a fair understanding of the matter of the subject; she would also have them taught to write, forming their letters decently well and a reasonable degree of legibility insured; she should insist, too, that they be taught to speak, using their native language without undue effort and with moderate dignity and purity. The little speech was, in fact, a plea for the commonplace of education, whose neglect in these striving times is palpable and to be deplored.

The day nursery conference to be held in Boston in March promises interesting and suggestive proceedings. It is expected that day nurseries all over the country will be represented, at least by report, and from this material valuable comparative studies in the work will be possible. A list of questions relating to the functions of a day nursery in general and in detail have been widely distributed, and the discussions at the conference will be opened by short papers presenting the consensus of the replies received.

A very large and exquisitely embroidered Canto crepe shawl is utilized by being draped over a circular center table. The ordinary cover left on, and the shawl, of a very light cream color, is arranged over it in irregular festoons, which beautifully display the embroidery and heavy silk fringe. The undercloth is quite concealed, but serves to hold and give body to the slippy and falling crepe.

Over in England they are beginning to make souvenir stiver to commemorate the celebration next June of Queen Victoria's completion of sixty years of sovereignty—the longest English reign on

record. Spoons and forks already put out have handles decorated with the Queen's head in medallion, the royal arms and monogram, and the dates 1837-1897 along the length towards the bowl.

A brilliant touch of color was given to a recent wedding in a neighboring city by the glowing costumes of the bridesmaids, who wore gowns of poppy-red cashmere made in a conventionalized Greek style, with which big picture hats of black velvet and feathers harmonized admirably. The house decorations were the dark green of holly and other foliage plants, with full wreaths of the scarlet everlasting hung wherever their effect was needed. Against this green and red background and environment the bride's white satin toilet was beautifully prominent.

SAID ABOUT CHILDREN.
The plays of children are the germinal leaves of all later life.—Froebel, in the Child in Folk-Thought.
The questions of a pure child are often the most interesting that can be asked.—Harriet Beecher Stowe, in Footsteps of the Master.
Every incident inscribed on a child's brain grows deeper with years, like names cut into a gourd.—Jean Paul Richter, Memories of Childhood.
Pleasure and pain I maintain to be the first perceptions of children, and I say that they are the forms under which virtue and vice are originally present to them.—Plato, in Laws.
Childhood is a state of spontaneity. * * * The heart answers truly to all impressions from without, as the aeolin harp answers to every touch of the breeze.—Edmund H. Sears, in The Child in Folk-Thought.
The touching confidence of children, who may be disappointed, but are never discouraged. * * * Hope in a child that has never known grief, but despair is a sublime and affecting thing.—Victor Hugo in Les Miserables.
Children have always a sympathy in the agitations of those connected with them; always, especially, a sense of any trouble or impending revolution of what ever kind in domestic circumstances.—Nathaniel Hawthorne, in The House of the Seven Gables.
"Impossible." Experience writes the word in the dictionary of the man. In the child's vocabulary it has no existence. The marvelous to him is perfectly natural. Things which he sees to be beautiful arrange themselves along his path; why should he have a doubt of this or that? By and by, exact bounds will limit his domain.—Mme. de Gasparin, "The Red Flower."

For the "Record-Union."
THE STEAM HAMMER.
Thump—thump—thump—thump—
The steam hammer upon the lump
Of glowing iron, like a mazy god,
And a stream of sparks, like stars unthump,
Fly out and flash with each thump—thump.

In the gloom around move Titans tall,
Nearby shadows that shift and call,
Black visaged and bare at arm and breast,
Those gods that wrestle and sweat, nor rest.

"Neath the gleam of their stern yet hopeful
Comes form out of grossness—the white
Time flies,
Mark by each gold flashing shower and thump
Upon that divinely shaping lump.

But best of metals—the soul in the shirt
Surrounded by darkness and noise and dirt,
Beneath the hammer's stroke, the
Which none without curses can dare to shrirk.

Thump—thump—thump—
The hammer on the hand is raised—
The work of the hammer done and praised,
From the workshop's gloom to the light
Of day.

So, while life lasts, the heart must thump;
And the Master watches the shaping lump.
—SEAFORTH YEO.

Sunday Bad Habits.
To replace our three regular meals at morning, noon and night, by late rising and abstinence, followed by gluttony on Sunday, is declared to be a "vicious system." The gastric secretions, according to a medical authority, know nothing of a non-meal day of rest. They are prepared for the usual weekly day breakfast hour, but no food comes to them and they are consequently absorbed.

Later in the day the process is repeated, and then insult is added to the stomach's injury by loading it, unusually full of food, when the secretion is no longer there in sufficient quantity to digest it. The regular Sunday afternoon discomfort follows, with a disinclination for the evening meal, and all the horrors of "Blue Monday."

The dyspeptic is advised by his physician to take his meals at absolute regular intervals, and frequently follows the instructions six days of the week, only to disregard them entirely on the seventh. Nine out of ten American families "issue an invitation to dyspepsia every seventh day," regardless of the fact that a non-meal day is almost unknown in this country.

A Witty Bishop.
A good story is told of a war of words between the paradoxical Oscar Wilde and a witty Bishop whom he met at a social gathering. Church and stage crossed swords, and it was not the church that bit the dust.
"I am yours, my lord," said Mr. Wilde, bowing low and smiling ironically, "to my shoe buckles."
"I am yours," said the courtly Bishop, to the ground.
The author of "An Ideal Husband" continued:
"I am yours to the center of the earth."
The pillar of the church quickly responded:
"I am yours to the antipodes."
Oscar Wilde began to feel decidedly nettled. Indignant at his defeat by a mere clergyman and a man of piety, he exclaimed, as a last thrust:
"I am yours to the lowest pits of destruction."
"There, Mr. Wilde," responded the divine, "I think I'd better leave you!"

MY FOREIGN FRIEND.
Have you ever suffered from an attack of "foreign friendship"? Have you ever in a moment of weakness, or in ignorance of what would happen in the more or less imminent future, exchanged cards with a native of some foreign part in which luck or fate had found you?

Perhaps you have. Perhaps months or even years afterwards you have been pounced upon by your forgotten Foreign Friend, and have had to bear the yoke manfully, as I had to do. If so, then you will mentally shake hands with me and say, "Bravely borne, sir," or "Bear up, man; it might be worse."

And so it might. My visitation from abroad might have come from Asia in the form of cholera, instead of from the Black Forest in the present shape of Karl Bronner.

Karl was esteemed a great man, a man to be conciliated, flattered, listened to, and provided with fine drinks by the members of his native Unterberg, in the Black Forest aforesaid.

And Unterberg was by those same simple folk held to be an important township, and one to be considered in the councils of the wide world. Surprise and regret for the blindness of the Government used to fill their breasts when some drastic reform pronounced necessary by the newspaper of the place, the "Unterberg Zeitung," was not at once effected by those in authority.

You see, Unterberg had not long been united with the more benighted portion of the world by the little single-track railway; and of its good people, the Black Forest never pushed its exploration further than the junction of Oppenburgh, so that if they had not the feeblest notion of the character of such villages as London, Paris and Berlin, they cannot be much blamed.

Touring Englishmen and stray Americans who had got into the wrong train and been forced to spend a night there considered Unterberg a mere Black Forest village and Karl a mere local inn-keeper. But they did not deny that the village was charmingly situated, and they were bound to admit that Karl knew all the best points of view, and could tie a troutfly with any one in the Forest.

And he gave us excellent vegetable soups, fish, cutlets, omelettes and other forest fare, cooked and served respectively in the Forest style. Every one was well pleased with the catering at the "Adler," with the exception of Karl, who had ambitions, as the development of this tale will show. He would say to me, on the average twice a day:

"Ach! but I have here the greatest hotel in all Unterberg, and I shall be Burgomaster certainly when Stanislaus Bauer shall die, and he is already very old. Yes, he is old, too, very old, and does not that for Unterberg which should be done by the Burgomaster."

He said this in a very friendly way, and Stanislaus is an old man already, and then, will I do that which shall make you English come to Unterberg and stop in our hotels—in my hotel above all. Ach! yes, for the English are rich. Every one knows that the English are so rich; and they will spend much money with me, the richest, because I shall be a goaster, and my hotel is the greatest."

He always insisted upon speaking English, so that he might practice the language in readiness for the day when England should rise to a man and descend upon Unterberg to the profit of its inhabitants. He spoke with a tongue well, too, and loved to quote from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," whether the question were apropos or not. Sometimes, indeed, he became a little confused over the word "wives," and would speak of the "Merry Women of Windsor," which meant well, which was the main thing.

For three days I walked and fished in the neighborhood, and then went on elsewhere. But please note here that I duly paid my reckoning, and was there under no obligation to Karl. In view of the fact that it is well to understand this.

The usual frosts and rains of the English summer had twice given the farmers reasonable excuse for grumbling, and I had long ago forgotten Karl, save as a casual reminder of the scene when anything recalled the Black Forest and the Unterberg to my mind. But Karl had not forgotten me, nor had he lost the visitors' book in which I had foolishly entered my name and address. And suddenly he reminded me of the fact that he existed, and of my friendship and respect which he held for me since two years.

The reminder came in the guise of a letter, bearing the Hamburg postmark. "Hamburg?" I mused, turning the envelope about. "Hamburg? What has anyone in Hamburg to do with me? Oh, I suppose it's one of those wretched lottery prospectuses. Well, I'm not such an ass as to take tickets in one of those things. * * * I suppose I may as well see how much the tickets are. They're probably swindling, but still, * * * I don't doubt you know how my thoughts ran. Many of you, probably, have gone through it yourselves. You begin by saying you will none of it; the announcement of a prize of £10,000 catches your eye; you say, 'Ah, well, it's only few shillings, anyway, and if it is genuine, I may win,' etc., etc. You take the tickets—and you draw blanks! Then you have lost your money; but you have the ineffable satisfaction of being able to say, 'I told you so.'"
Lottery? I wish it had been a lottery. Then I should only have lost a few shillings at the worst. The letter ran:
"Dear Mr. —: I have the honor to inform you that I come from my town of Unterberg (Schwarzwald) to London to learn correctly the habits and tastes of the English peoples. I will that I know what shall be the food they will prefer and the manner of its cooking and service, also in which fashion the waiters should be dressed. It is in my intention to make all things at my 'Hotel Adler' (which is the best in Unterberg)—I send in this some cards of it which you will please give your friends as the English will like, by which doing I have the expectation to be visited of many Englishmen. Will you, therefore, good Mr. —, have the courtesy to help me in entering a good hotel in London to learn what I would desire? I will expect to come at London the 14 October.
"Hochachtungsvoll."
Why did I read that letter? Why did I not mark it "Gone away—no address," and give it back to the postman with a wink—and half-a-crown? I think there ought to be a law to compel every one to put their name and address on the outside of their letters. Then I should have known, or at least I should have had some idea of the man, what was inside that Hamburg-posted envelope.
Experience teaches that every foreigner who passes the time of day with you, or gives you a light for your cigar,

in his own country, considers that if ever he finds himself in England he is entitled to monopolize your whole time during his stay. He invites himself to dinner with you, stays the night, volunteers to bring his bag and stop a month, and is so polite and suavely impervious to hints that you can never get rid of him. Even if you invent some fable about being called out of town for a month he will insist on staying to mind your rooms while you are absent, and will probably tell you that he will not be lonely, as he has a compatriot at Islington who, he is sure, will come and keep him company. And when he goes home again at last he will tell his friends how kind you were to him, and will give them letters of introduction to you, and send them to you with the full conviction that they will be similarly accommodated. Perhaps it is not always so. Perhaps I speak slanderously—but hear my tale out; then judge.

As Karl's letter did not reach me till the 13th—I know now that my old friend was right, then I said thirteenth was a fatal number—I could not reply to him off, for he must be already under way.

He arrived. They always do. They never get in the wrong train and wander off accidentally to Scotland or the North Pole. His cab drew up at my door. The fare was three and sixpence, and he had no English money. They never have!

I greeted me with effusion, and wanted to kiss me on both cheeks. Then he asked which was his room? What could I say?
I gave him my room, and slept on the sofa in my study.
My landlady told me afterwards that he had burnt seven holes in the sheets through smoking in bed, and I found that he used to strike his matches on the new wall-paper, and throw them, with his cigar ashes, on the carpet.

But he was so grateful and affable with it all that I could not get angry enough to raise any great objection. I said "Kismet!" and submitted.

Then began the search for the appointment in "some good hotel in London," by means of which he proposed to acquire that knowledge of English hotel-keeping that he desired.
He was a wonderful man! He could make me pay cab-fares, and yet leave me to feel that he was doing me a favor by allowing such a thing. He could drag me from hotel to hotel in that weary quest till I wished I could fall and be confined to my bed; and when each day ended in failure it was my fault that it was so. He wore my ties and linen, smoked my cigars, lived at my expense, and nearly killed me with the worry of it all, but he thanked me every evening with such delicate tact that at the time I almost reproached myself with not having done enough for him. He began ambitiously. I knew nothing of hotel-keeping—how could I?—and had no idea as to the best way to go to work, so we simply decided to go from hotel to hotel and see what we could do.

He took me first to the—(you will understand why I mention no names), and demanded to see the proprietor. The hall porter smiled.
"Proprietor?" he said. "This hotel is owned by a company."
"Then I will see the company."
"Oh, will you? Then you'll have to go to the seven many different towns to see them all!"

I meekly suggested that we might see the manager. After some telephoning, cross-questioning, and much voluble iteration by Karl, we were ushered along passages, up stairs, and finally into a stately office, where sat a man of distinguished appearance. He looked sternly at us, and said tersely:
"Well, what is your business?"
"If you please, sir," said Karl. "I will be manager here to learn—"
"What the devil are you talking about? I am manager here."
"Then I will be your assistant. I am Karl Bronner, and I am the proprietor of the Hotel Adler, which is the greatest hotel in Unterberg. I shall be Burgomaster of Unterberg when Stanislaus Bauer dies, and he is already very old and—"

"Can you explain the meaning of all this pack of nonsense?" asked the manager, turning sharply to me. I explained Karl's wishes. For answer the manager pressed a button on his desk; a page appeared, and was told to "Show these gentlemen the way out! And don't bring any one else to me until you have found out exactly what they want; understand that!"

And that wretched little jack-sprat of a page grinned and sniggered all the way to the door, and winked expressively at every waiter and porter we passed. I wanted to go home as soon as we got outside, but Karl was unabashed. He wanted to know why I did not punch that man's head for his insolence, and seemed to me a poor idea of my pluck. He said he would go back and challenge the manager to a duel, and would hardly believe that that form of recreation was not popular in England. However, at last I dragged him away from the curb in front of the great portico, where he was standing and shaking his fist comprehensively at the whole building.

At the next attempt I thought it better to open the subject myself, in a less-point-blank manner than Karl had done. I said to the manager:
"This gentleman (indicating Karl) is the proprietor of an hotel in the Black Forest—"

"Unterberg," interjected Karl.
"And he is so interested in the idea of taking some post in an English hotel, so that when he returns to Unterberg—"

"Where I shall be Burgomaster when Stanislaus Bauer dies, and he is already very old," Karl added.
"So," he can model his hotel on English lines, and secure the patronage of British tourists."
"Because you, the English are very rich, and I will that they come to my hotel."
"So he has called to see whether you have any post that he could take for a time."
"What premium will he pay?"
"Premium?" said Karl. "What is premium?"
I explained.
"Oh, well," he replied, "if I must pay a premium I will do so."
"That's right," the manager asks how much will you pay."
"Oh, four pounds, five pounds—what is necessary."
The manager exploded with laughter.
"What?" he almost screamed. "Five pounds? Kismet! You are not in the business, and then, just as you know enough to be a little use, off you go? Oh-ho-ho-ho!"
"Well, if that is not enough, say seven pounds," said Karl.
"Seven?" Another terrific burst of laughter, and then the manager growled:
"Oh, I say; take this humorist away before I get apoplexy. Sev—"
And mirth overpowered him again. He was still chuckling convulsively as we were

conducted to the outer world once more.
That was enough for me for one day. I went back home with Karl, and before retiring to my virtuous sofa at night I offered up a petition that he might speedily get his appointment.

Next morning Karl lit one of my best cigars, put a few in his pocket, and said:
"Now, my friend, we will go out again, and to-day we shall have good luck."
With the same kismet feeling upon me I accepted the inevitable, and we went out to try again. We went first to a hotel less pretentious than those of the yesterday, and which was owned by one man.

"I will see the proprietor," Karl interjected. I may mention here that formed the clerk.
"I'm not so sure that you will," snapped the clerk. "He's out."
"Then I wait for him."
"Indeed. Then you'd better take a room here, as he may not come back to-day."

At that moment the proprietor entered the office. Without a blush the clerk said:
"These gentlemen say they want to see you, sir."
"Yes, here is my card," interrupted my friend; "I am the proprietor of the greatest hotel in Unterberg, with an air of a card of it—and I shall be Burgomaster of Unterberg when Stanislaus Bauer dies, and he is already very old."

I stopped his flow of eloquence at this point by taking up the subject of our call and explaining what we wanted. I may mention here that Karl could never understand why the announcement of his future elevation to the dignity of Burgomaster did not profoundly impress the hotel proprietors and managers to whom he invariably made it. He would say "I shall be Burgomaster," with an air of lordly condescension, and evidently with a profound belief that a man with such an exalted position before him had only to express a wish and it was to be gratified.

I explained as briefly and clearly as I could the nature of our mission. I said that Karl would accept any post where he could learn what he wanted to.

"Yes," he added, "I will come here as manager."
"But I have a manager already," expostulated the proprietor.
"Ach, that is nothing. You pay him much money for nothing, and I will come for very little. I will come for nothing, sir. Yes, I will come for nothing. That is arranged. I come to-morrow and I stay with you two, three months, that is all right. You must tell your manager that he does not come after to-day. I come in his place."
It was no good trying to check him. He waived me aside airily when I attempted to interfere, and was plainly so satisfied with himself and the way he had arranged things that he did not consider my interference at all necessary. But the proprietor was not over-come with the generosity of the offer, and his answer, if not exactly polite, was at any rate unmistakable.

At the next hotel we were taken for lunatics, and the proprietor executed a strategic movement which placed him in a fortified position behind a big desk, and armed himself with a heavy ruler, prepared to sell his life dearly.

Another landlord—a big, red-faced, passionate man, prone to give way to reprehensible violence, and wearing very thick boots—kicked us severally and individually down his front steps, as we tried feeling all over, aching knees.

After that I went out on strike. I despair I introduced Karl to a man I knew who kept a city restaurant. He was a nice man, and I valued his friendship; and I feel that I did a foolish thing when I alienated his esteem by thus weakly introducing Karl to him. I did not mean any harm. I merely thought that perhaps he could give Karl some information and advice that would assist him. I never dreamt that Karl would go to my friend's restaurant, but to his friend's expense, if there was one man in London as anxious as I to see Karl, he would have been. It was my friend. His customers were making complaints, I believe, of want of attention, owing to Karl's tact and generalship in monopolizing the poor man's time. At last my restaurant friend invented a quarrel with Karl, ordered him from the premises and would not accept an apology. It was the only way he could get rid of him. Then Karl began to get discouraged. He became more despondent every day and made no secret of the fact that he held me responsible for all his tribulations. Daily he went out in search of a page, grinning and sniggering all the way to the door, and winked expressively at every waiter and porter we passed. I wanted to go home as soon as we got outside, but Karl was unabashed. He wanted to know why I did not punch that man's head for his insolence, and seemed to me a poor idea of my pluck. He said he would go back and challenge the manager to a duel, and would hardly believe that that form of recreation was not popular in England. However, at last I dragged him away from the curb in front of the great portico, where he was standing and shaking his fist comprehensively at the whole building.

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"Premium?" said Karl. "What is premium?"
I explained.
"Oh, well," he replied, "if I must pay a premium I will do so."
"That's right," the manager asks how much will you pay."
"Oh, four pounds, five pounds—what is necessary."
The manager exploded with laughter.
"What?" he almost screamed. "Five pounds? Kismet! You are not in the business, and then, just as you know enough to be a little use, off you go? Oh-ho-ho-ho!"
"Well, if that is not enough, say seven pounds," said Karl.
"Seven?" Another terrific burst of laughter, and then the manager growled:
"Oh, I say; take this humorist away before I get apoplexy. Sev—"
And mirth overpowered him again. He was still chuckling convulsively as we were

we will drink a bottle of wine—the best champagne, yes, for this happy day. You can send out for one now. I will ring the bell for the servant."
The next Monday he went to instal himself at his hotel. The next day that, instead of comfortably walking into the post of manager to the Metropole, he had dropped into the position of waiter at a third-rate French hotel, was no drawback to his unbounded satisfaction in himself. He went off jauntily and radiantly, and I saw no more of him for two months. Then he appeared one morning in a light check suit and brown boots.

"I am going home to-day," he explained. "I have been two months in an hotel, and now I go back. Ach! but there will be a great fete in Unterberg when I arrive. Yes, and the English will come to my hotel because I speak their language; and also will come the people of Unterberg to drink their beer, because I have been in London and I can tell them all things about London and the English people. Certainly I shall see more beer than all the other Wirtshausen in Unterberg together. And perhaps Stanislaus Bauer will die soon. He is already very old. Oh, yes, I am very content. Good-by! Good-by!"

I think he might have thanked me, if only out of politeness.—Cornhill Magazine.

A PRAYER FOR NATIVE LAND.
("America")
God of our Land and State,
To thee we consecrate
Our manhood's might!
Thanks for our history,
For freedom's cause,
Help us like them to be
True to the right!

Fill us with patriot zeal
To raise a grand ideal
In freedom's cause,
To stifle selfishness,
True brotherhood express,
And all the flagrant wrongs,
With equal laws!

We pledge a purpose strong
To righten every wrong,
From shrewd to shrewd,
We'll stand by public trust,
By conscience clear and just,
And scorn the sordid lure
Of spoils and power!

Bless church and press and school,
In all our rulers rule,
Feed our fair flocks,
Heal every social sore,
Teach love to rich and poor,
Lead all the flagrant wrongs,
And fear thy name!
—Levi Gilbert.

Jancy Rigo.
A Belgian newspaper has been looking up the record of Jancy Rigo, the musician with whom the Princes de Chimay eloped, and has established the fact that Rigo is not a "common, illiterate peasant," as generally stated, but went through a regular course of studies at the Brussels Conservatoire. He stands in the books of the Conservatoire as follows: "J. Rigo of Balassay, Gyarmat, in Hungary, gained the first prize with distinction for violin playing, in the class of M. Jeno Hubay, at the annual competition in 1885, at which he played 'Kreutzer' sonata in D minor, and Saint-Saens' 'Rondo Capriccioso.'" It is an odd coincidence that the father of the Prince de Chimay, who was a great friend of Professor Hubay, attended the concert in question as one of the jury and handed Rigo his diploma.

Logical.
The moon must display a vast surface of seas.
Its passionate must be shippers.
For they say that the moon is a bulk of a natural haven for skippers.—Truth.

Johnny's Jealousy.
Johnny—Mr. Lighthouse, my sister treats you better than she does me.
Mr. Lighthouse—Why do you think so, Johnny?
Johnny—I heard her tell me she gives you lots of taffy, but she never gives me any.—New York Herald.

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