PART TWO.

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.

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THERE'LL BE NO MORE SNOW.

Yesterday was the wind-up. The sun must begin his spring engagement. Let's talk about Spring and Spring Suits, anyhow, and here goes.

MEN'S SUITS.

For this week we offer five lines strictly all-wool Cassimere Suits at $8. These are in Sacks, but we bought them spot cash late in the season, and, although worth $10, we put them at EIGHT DOLLARS as a leader.

BLACK CHEVIOTS.

Men's Black Cheviot Suits, in Sacks and Frocks, strictly all wool, at $10—a bargain.

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS.

In Young Men's Suits (ages 14 to 18 years) we are showing, at only $8, the most desirable all-wool Cheviots ever brought to this city.

CHILDREN AND BOYS.

An endless variety of Suits at $1.75 and upwards.

In this department we take special pains to meet the demands of all classes of trade.

Our Jersey Suits, strictly all wool, $3 and upwards, in all the popular shades, are great value for the money.

SPRING OVERCOATS

From $5 upwards, in plain Cassimeres, Kerseys, Meltons, Cheviots, etc.

Our $8 Melton Overcoat, in light shades, is not sold elsewhere at less than $10. Fact. Come and see.

HATS AND CAPS.

Everybody recognizes the fact that we sell Hats and Caps for Men and Boys on a very close margin. All the best styles. No fancy prices.

ORIGINAL EAGLE, 5 and 7 W. Washington Street.

HAT DEPARTMENT, 16 South Meridian Street.

AN EXTENDED OPPORTUNITY

Owing to the inclemency of the weather we have concluded to extend our Special Sale of New, Fresh, Desirable Goods of the Latest Styles and Best Qualities, at extremely low figures,

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY.

Men's Dress Shirts, open front, open back, and open front and back, 4-ply all-linen fronts, extra heavy cotton, and one lot Fancy Pique and Satin Stripe Dress Shirts, bought to sell at $1.50 to $1.75; special price, 98c.

One lot Suspenders, bought to sell for from 25c to 35c a pair; special price, 19c.

One lot Men's Negligee Shirts, full sizes, extra well made, a bargain at 75c; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 47c.

25 dozen Ladies' Fast Black Regular-made Hose, extra lengths, 20c a pair; worth 25c.

One lot Ladies' Handkerchiefs, assorted, plain white, hemstitched, drawn-work borders, fancy colored borders, 6 for 25c; in this, too, you will find goods worth from 6c to 12½c each.

The above special prices are not for old shelf-worn stock, but for fresh new goods.

Men's Shirts, Boys' and Ladies' Waists made to order as cheap as you can buy ready-made goods.

PULLEN & WEIGEL,

42 NORTH ILLINOIS STREET.

TRY THE FAMOUS

SUMATRA WRAPPER. Three Sisters CIGAR HAND MADE.

WARD BROTHERS,

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40 East Washington Street.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THEM

A HOUSE FULL OF

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES.

REPRESENTING THE FIVE LEADING MANUFACTURERS.

SPECIALTIES AT SPECIAL PRICES.

Make your selections from the finest line ever brought to the city.

CHAS. MAYER & CO.

29 and 31 West Washington Street.

GENS. GRANT AND SHERMAN

Two Private Letters Showing their Mutual Regard and Personal Esteem.

The Generous Praise that Grant Gave to Sherman and McPherson—"Old Tecumseh's" Broad Patriotism and Unselfishness.

So long as the late war is a topic of interest to the people of this country, the contention will be kept up regarding the relative merits of the great leaders on both sides as soldiers. This will be particularly the case in regard to Generals Grant and Sherman. Two private letters, one from General Grant to General Sherman, when the former was made lieutenant-general, and the response of General Sherman, will not throw any light upon this now unnecessary controversy, but both disclose the thorough regard, confidence, and the manly affection which each had for the other. Both these letters appear in the last volume of the Official Records of the Rebellion issued by the government, and will be read with interest. General Grant's letter is marked "private," and bears date, Nashville, Tenn., March 4, 1864. It is as follows:

"Dear Sherman—The bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army, has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place. I now receive orders to report to Washington immediately in person, which indicates either a confirmation or a likelihood of confirmation.

"I start in the morning to comply with the order, but I shall say very distinctly on my arrival there that I accept no appointment which will require me to make that city my headquarters. This, however, is not what I started to write about.

"Whilst I have been eminently successful in the war in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than me how much of this success is due to the energy, skill and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill of those who it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers, but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of assistance, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as me. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction.

"The word 'you' I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson, also. I should write to him, and will some day, but, starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find time just now. Your friend,

"U. S. GRANT, Major-general."

The person who firmly believes that correct syntax is the one mark of human capacity would set aside the writer of the above as unfit to command the greatest army ever directed by one man in modern times, but those who have other standards will find about everything in the letter to admire. Those who have formed the opinion that General Grant was a cold and unappreciative man must revise that judgment after reading this private letter, written by a man who, less than three years before he was the one man who engrossed the attention of the country as its great soldier, was going from State to State begging service in some capacity in the Union army. In the first hour of his great personal triumph Grant turns to his friends, and particularly to his friend Sherman, and tells him that he and others are entitled "to the reward I am receiving."

SHERMAN'S RESPONSE.

The reply of the great-hearted, impulsive and enthusiastic Sherman to this letter is characteristic, because it comes from the heart of that most generous and noble man. It is marked "private and confidential," and runs as follows:

"NEAR MEMPHIS, March 10, 1864.

"General Grant: Dear General—I have your more than kind and characteristic letter of the 4th. I will send a copy to Gen. McPherson at once.

"You do yourself injustice, and us too much honor in assigning to us too large a part of the merits which have led to your high advancement. I know you approve the friendship which I have ever professed to you, and will permit it to continue as heretofore, to manifest it on all proper occasions.

"You are now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy almost a dangerous position of elevation; but if you can continue, as heretofore, to be yourself—simple, honest and unpretending—you will enjoy through life the love and respect of friends, and the homage of millions of human being that will award you a large share in securing to them and their descendants a goverment of law and stability.

"I repeat, you do General McPherson and myself too much honor. At Belmont you manifested your traits, neither of us being near; at Donelson, also, you illustrated your whole character; I was not near, and Gen. McPherson in too subordinate a capacity to influence you.

"Until you had won Donelson I confess I was almost cowed by the terrible array of anarchical elements that presented themselves at every point; but that admitted a ray of light which I have followed since.

"I believe you are as brave, patriotic and just as your prototype, Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in a Savior. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg; also, when you have completed your last preparations you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga—no doubts, no reserves; and I tell you it was this which made us act with confidence. I knew wherever I was you thought of me, and if I got into a tight place you would come if alive.

"My only points of doubt were in your knowledge of grand strategy, and of books of science and history, but I confess that your common sense seems to have supplied all these.

"Now, as to the future. Don't stay in Washington. Halleck is better qualified than you to stand the buffets of intrigue and policy. Come West; take to yourself the whole Mississippi valley. Let us make it dead sure, and I will tell you the Atlantic slopes and the Pacific shores will follow its destiny as sure as the limbs of a tree live or die with the main trunk. We have done much, but still much remains. Time and time's influences are with us; we could almost afford to sit still and let these influences work. Even in the seceded States your word would go further than a President's proclamation or an act of Congress. For God's sake and your country's sake, come out of Washington. I foretold to General Halleck, before he left Corinth, the inevitable result, and I now exhort you to come out West. Here lies the seat of the coming empire, and from the West, when our task is done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic. Your sincere friend, W. T. SHERMAN."

In many respects this is a most remarkable letter; but chiefly so because it shows the intense patriotism and the noble unselfishness of the writer. Grant transferred to the East would make Sherman the commander of all the armies in the empire of the West. In that capacity he would be no man's subordinate, and whatever renown his brilliant genius should win would be his and not Grant's. Yet he begged his old commander, with all the fervancy of his impulsive nature, to come to the West and make him his subordinate. One will search the histories of wars in vain to find another great genius whose intense patriotism left no room in his nature for the ambitions of great men.

Something New in Vests.

The Mercer.

The skeleton vest has a full vest front and an open back. The collar and a piece of the shoulder top run all the way around, thus affording sufficient body for a proper shoulder set. The vest is then fastened around the waist by a belt. These skeleton vests are made in two sizes. One size will fit a 32, 34, 36, or 38 bust, and the other will fit a 40 to 46. The garment sets beautifully, and fits the figure perfectly. The main features are that it does away with a great deal of weight and useless material, and makes a very cool garment.

THERMOMETER MAKING.

Facts Concerning the Manufacture of the Instruments—A Woman Controls the Business.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

America's most important manufactory of thermometers, hydrometers and meteorological instruments is conducted by a woman, Mrs. Giuseppe Tagliabue, an accomplished business-woman. Her interesting establishment is on Peal street, in New York City. She has been successful in holding the contract for supplying the government of the United States with all the standard hydrometers used throughout the country, since the organization of the Internal Revenue Bureau in 1862. Mrs. Tagliabue showed the writer, on a recent visit to New York, many intricate instruments, and explained the process of their manufacture.

It may not be generally known that thermometers and other instruments in which mercury plays the chief part, possess greater advantages when aged than can ever be attained by new ones. A thermometer, if graduated and pointed immediately after its manufacture, will, in course of time, vary more or less, and give a reading higher or lower than the standard hydrometer, with which it formerly corresponded.

Scientists do not agree as to whether this is owing to the molecular change in the glass or on account of the mercury, but that such is the case is a well-established fact. In order to produce thermometers of precision, an enormous stock of tubes must be constantly kept on hand, and these, as often as the seasoned ones are made up and finished into complete thermometers, are in turn replaced by others. Hydrometers of every description were shown, finished and in process of manufacture, some indicating but one degree Reaume graduated into fifty parts. These are the most sensitive instruments of the kind ever made, and are particularly useful where exact gravity is desired, without entailing the expense and loss of time occasioned by the use of the specific gravity bottle and delicate balance.

A remarkable thermometer, used exclusively by distillers, is constructed for attaching to vats with a faucet combined, allowing the temperature to be ascertained and a sample taken simultaneously. As mail wine-still is being turned out, which determines the alcoholic strength of wines or mixed liquids, where the indication of the hydrometer, if used alone, would not be of service. Certain results are often attained by treating various articles at a given temperature; where the thermometer used in the first place becomes broken, another is then used, and the result is found to be quite different, and the cause is generally thought to be due to the quality of the materials or to inattention to the thermometer indications, while the fact most usually is that one or both of the thermometers are inaccurate, consequently the temperature in both cases is not the same. These remarks apply equally to all other instruments of expansion, so that the purchase of cheap ones often proves a disastrous bargain.

It is odd to note that the majority of family physicians of Gotham purchase the cheaper grades of clinical thermometers for use in their practice with human beings, while the veterinary surgeons, believing their dumb patients entitled to the full benefit of skill and knowledge, invariably accept only the most perfect and expensive medical thermometers in the market. ROBERT STOCKWELL HATCHER.

NOT A NEW QUESTION.

The Rights and Duties of Woman Discussed When the Sphinx Was Young.

Helen Jay, in Harper's Bazar.

One of the significant signs of the times is the tendency to discuss woman and her position in the various phases of the marriage relation. Especially is this true of European writers. Tolstoi, scalpel in hand, deals in a species of vivisection fruitless in diagnosis, and which proposes no remedy except death and the ultimate extinction of the race. In his later books he cries with Hamlet, "Hie thee to a nunnery." Ophelia has no place in the body-politic. It is a mad world, and the sooner it is over the sooner woman can go into that oblivion which is her kindest friend.

Others take a more cheerful view of the situation, while still maintaining that there is a wide rift within the lute. Ibsen in his dramas preaches that in total emancipation from conventionalities lies the only hope of the modern woman. He would, after all, go backward instead of forward, and find the old paradise without the tree of knowledge. Havelock Ellis, in the New Spirit, and Mr. Stead, in the Pope and the New Era, teach that woman must work out her own salvation by becoming the great social force of the future. She must be educated in the same manner as her husband, be paid the same prices for her labor, have the right of suffrage, and stand side by side on terms of perfect equality with the man she marries.

Just here Miss Edwards makes a valuable addition to the discussion in her lecture on Queen Hatasu. More than 700 years B. C., she tells us, an Egyptian husband, in the pages of his marriage contract, agreed to submit himself in all things to the power of his wife, who not only retained control of her own property but everything her husband owned was settled upon her forever. In return for this devotion she agreed, in a small clause, to provide the good man with board and lodging during his lifetime and defray his funeral expenses.

Did this solve the problem we query, as we gaze at the Sphinx.

How Spools Are Made.

Birch wood is preferred. The wood is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to three inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks and dried in a hot-air kiln. At the time they are sawed holes are bored perpendicularly through each block, which is set on end under a rapidly-revolving, long-shanked anger. Next, one whirl of each little block against some little knives, that are turning at lightning speed fashions it into a spool according to the pattern desired, and that, too, at the rate of one a second for each set of knives. A row of small boys feed the spool-making machines by simply placing the blocks in a spout, selecting the best and throwing out the knotty and defective stock. The machine is "automatic," but there are some things which it cannot do, hence the employment of the small boys above mentioned. After the spools are turned they are placed in a large drum and revolved rapidly until they have taken on a fine polish. For some special purposes they are dyed yellow, black or red, according to taste. When one sees a spool of thread marked "200" or "300 yards," it does not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been guaged, and is supposed to have that amount of thread upon it.

Washington and Frederick the Great.

Moncure D. Conway, in April Century.

When John Brown went to conquer the South with twenty-three men he believed that the less he trusted arms of flesh the more Jehovah might be depended on to unsheath His sword. The only other sword Brown considered worthy to be used by the Almighty was that which Washington was said to have received from Frederick the Great. One of Brown's men (Cook) came as a spy to Bel Air, and was hospitably shown the Washington relics for which he inquired. Brown told Colonel Washington, after taking him prisoner, that he wished to get hold of the sword "because it had been used by two successful generals." The superstition cost him dear. In order to get the sword Brown detached six of his men to go after it—five miles away. He thus lost half a day, and all chance of escape. Seventeen lives were offered as on an altar before this mythical sword.

ESSAY ON FACIAL MASSAGE

Shirley Dare's Lively Commentaries on One of the Much-Abused Arts of Beauty.

Tricks and Blunders of Masseurs—"Cosmetics" as a Science Versus the Charlatanry That Has Discredited It.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

A woman who knows her New York well thus gives her experience with a widely-advertised complexion artist:

Strolling down the sunny side of a shopping thoroughfare, my eye was caught by the placard of a book on the complexion by Mme. So and So. I always buy everything of the sort, finding them very funny reading often, and, going in, found myself in meshes of the artfully-spun web, idle fly that I was. The book was a matter of a few shillings only, but getting out was to cost me more, and I desire my other sisters may have the worth of it.

"Would you like to have your face treated?" asked the young person in charge. "We are giving free treatment to-day to any lady who wants it, to make our system known."

In want of a diversion, I said "Yes," out of curiosity, and was ushered to the inner room forthwith. It took the center third of the floor, I should say. The carpet was ordinary Brussels, with a long strip of drugget very much out of place, and along it several upholstered arm-chairs, in which sat women in various stages of facial improvement, with each a clean towel about her neck.

On a coal-stove in one corner a pot of water was simmering. A disheveled matron of thirty-five or forty in shopping-dress crouched over a tin caldron of two-gallon measure over a gas stove on the floor, her head and shoulders enveloped in a Turkish towel, in whose folds she was steaming a very red and greasy face.

The women having their faces treated were of all ages and social classes. One or two were stylish, acute-looking club women; one elderly young lady, vivacious and society-bred, her prematurely gray hair setting off her black eyebrows and eyes and a rather brilliant complexion, not so fine as it might be. One woman, at least sixty-five, was apparently stopping on her way home from market, with plenty of crow's-feet and cross lines on her haggard face. Besides this were simpering youngish women of the usual vacant sort. The girls who gave the treatment had faces familiar to me behind counters, which had been massed and "treated" into a bloom like that of the wax faces in a hair-dresser's window. It would have been better if the treatment had been carried down to the necks of their dresses, for the yellow wrinkled throats showing below the pink and white gave too much the effect of masks or artificial bloom.

IN A MASSEUR'S TOILS.

I was bidden to throw off my wraps and take one of the frowsy easy chairs. A clean towel was wrapped around my neck, and I submitted to have my face washed in nursery style by one of the pink-cheeked damsels in a red plaid skirt and black Jersey. The washing was rather agreeable than otherwise. She scrubbed and lathered the face inch by inch, left a wet towel on it to soak, rinsed it off, dried with a warm towel and then began the massage. Her hands were not soft, but smooth and firm as mallets covered with kid. These mallets rubbed out the lines between the eyes, which are the attacking point both for time and the masseur, who defies time.

The pressure on my forehead was heavy enough, it seems, to erase the several long footprints left by my forty years and more. Then the girl fell upon my cheeks with no gentle hand. They were rubbed upward powerfully, pinched, worked, twisted unmercifully enough to make the muscles entirely forget their natural direction. With a face smarting from this treatment it was next plentifully larded with a soft unknown salve, smelling of almonds, well rubbed in. A veiled figure over Medea's caldron vacated her place for me, and, the Turkish towel enveloping my head and shoulders, I bent over the big tin sauce-pan to take the steaming, which seemed to be an essential part of the process. The steaming was mild at first, and I was told fifteen minutes were necessary for its completion, but I had enough of it by the time five minutes were passed and the heat was increased till, with massage, greasing and steaming, my cheeks felt fiery, and I was released before the time was up.

The ladies in the other chairs presented a very encouraging aspect. The gray-haired young lady's face was growing fair as an infant's, and her dark eyes, all the brighter for the vigorous massage, set off her gray hair and brilliant pink cheeks charmingly. The careworn club woman, faded with the toils of evenings out, looked fresh as a debutante; the boarding-house keeper from market was in a transition state, two-thirds of her face cleared astonishingly, coming out fair and smooth as that of a woman of easy mind and income, only the untouched cheek waiting the fingers of the masseur showing the original color and fret of wrinkles. The women had their faces really washed clean for once in their lives—a process I recommend to all female friends desirous of learning the mysteries of beauty.

Massage seemed to agree with all faces better than mine. Catching sight of it in the mirror it bore the tint of a breakfast radish and smarted as if the juice of one had been rubbed in by way of "treatment." My face was wiped off all too tenderly. I should liked to have had it washed and the grease taken off, but that was out of the question, as the foundation of subsequent treatment. The clorless liquid was poured into a little glass saucer and my face was gone over with a long-handled hair pencil dipped in this slightly smarting lotion. This, I was told, was the famous face bleach, and was followed by a skillful powdering applied with my own handkerchief, which the masseur requested for the operation.

PRICE OF FREEDOM.

During this performance, from a very early stage, I had been plied with advice and inquiries about buying the different preparations. Would I take the face bleach, the soap, the cream? These would be $3.50 in all, by taking which I was entitled to five treatments free.

Now, I had no use for the cosmetics whatever. I never could go through such a course of greasing and steaming nightly no matter how freely the preparations were bestowed, but I did want the five "treatments." A single sitting was $5, including an hour's massage, and I thought it cheap to buy the $3.50 worth and have my five treatments thrown in. These were to be given according to rule, once a week, between which I was expected to copy the performance by myself, viz., daily washing, which is the sole cosmetic rite I pretend to observe. Massage, greasing, steaming, perhaps powdering—my life has no spare corners for any such ritual, so I bargained to have my five treatments any time I called for them on successive days.

"Hurry up and get through with that lady" was a very audible injunction passed from the other side of the screen, where several women were waiting their chance at free massage.

My face smarting as with incipient erysipelas from the friction, the robust pinching, the steaming and corrosive sublimate bleach, I went out directly into the raw March wind, and my face had not ceased to tingle forty-eight hours after. My complexion was not one to be improved by any such treatment. The only effect discernible in three days was a perceptible starting of down on my cheeks, quite visible in a side light, after I had been rejoicing in its disappearance. After six weeks' use of genuine toilet cerate I think it would only need five treatments, a week apart, of the vigorous school of massage to give me a presentable pair of side whiskers.

Now I do not intend to condemn either facial massage or steaming. The same treatment which irritated my cheeks to the limit of endurance seemed to suit the rest perfectly—at least they went out of the rooms much better looking women than they came in—but I do think the treatment should be used with discretion. The rubbing, pinching and thumping which awakens inert, leathery skins will rasp sensitive ones most mischievously.

I certainly never suffered more with sunburn than with Mme. Blank's celebrated system of treatment.

Whether these treatments, which seem to urge all the blood in the body to the face, with its sensitive skin and nerves, can be beneficial is a question which each woman must decide for herself. But it is certain that it cannot be entirely safe for nerves or complexion after steaming the face and heating it to the highest degree, almost parboiling it, to go immediately into cold spring winds, which visit the tender cheeks with razor-like sharpness. It would seem as if no better way could be devised for inviting facial neuralgia, and I am equally certain that severe handling of the soft tissue of the face must result in giving a leathery texture under its bloom.

Faces over-masseed present a mask-like appearance, and the color in the cheek is as hard as if it were roughed. I have noticed a number of improved complexions on the street in this same vicinity in my walks abroad since, and they present the similar waxed, powdered and roughed appearance. The color in the cheeks lacks transparency, is too definite and permanent, as if drawn there by a mustard plaster.

Experience convinces me that gentle massage, mild steaming and gradually tempering the face to the air before going out, with a total disuse of fatty creams and ever so slightly irritating bleaches is the best practice in the long run for faces which would retain healthy skin and that sensitiveness of color which, in my eye, is woman's finishing charm. GRETA.

MASSAGE AS IT SHOULD BE.

Greta's letter and the experience of many unknown correspondents all emphasize the principle that no system of treatment suits all faces, and that gentle means give best results. Women submit to harsh cosmetic practice in the same feeling that they undergo severe medical treatment, thinking it must be good because it is so disagreeable. I, too, have tried the popular massage, and can compare it with that given by one of Dr. Wier Mitchell's trained masseurs, who gently begin their work as if playing with the muscles, increasing the firm, even pressure till the tissue is waked up to full vitality without inflaming and gorging with bood—a dangerous proceeding in the long run.

It is the most difficult thing to teach the impetuous, impatient women, who want to be beautified in an hour, not to overdo their practice. They scald their faces and parboil instead of steaming them, pinch and twist their cheeks as if they were punishing themselves, and go through "pivotal" exercises with a view to gaining health and suppleness till they have well nigh twisted every interior organ out of place, and wrenched it loose from its bearings, and the doctors have plenty of work curing the neuralgias, erysipelas, inflammations and local discouragements which follow.

One thing must be impressed on every ardent woman anxious to beautify herself as far as possible.

No earthly cosmetic or "treatment," no matter how intelligent, can restore bloom and freshness in six weeks' treatment so as to release you from care of the matter ever after. One may as well expect to wash one's face enough in six weeks to omit the performance the rest of one's life.

All the races whose women are historically beautiful begin the personal care of their daughters in the cradle, and untaught gypsy and Roumanian mothers, who never read or write, have a fund of cosmetic practice at command which would make the fortune of a Fourteenth-street specialist. If they know nothing else they at least know how to make the most of the charms which nature has given them. As long as it is worth while—that is, as long as a wife retains favor in the eyes of her husband and owner—the care of hair, eyes and complexion is kept up by weekly and daily rites of the toilet, which are the principal occupation of the feminine household outside of their very light housekeeping and embroidery.

The rule holds good in all society and all ages. Trust me, very few women have ever preserved any beauty beyond youth without taking special thought and care for it through a good many years.

You can cure a blemish, get rid of a mole or liver spot once for all by taking pains, but you cannot take Madame Anybody's cream, or lotion, or treatment for six or a dozen weeks and gain so fair a complexion that you can throw away care of it with the empty bottles.

A good complexion is worth some lifelong care, just as we wash our faces and French polish our shoes every day. Of course a neglected complexion will need special time and treatment to bring it into good condition, and then it must have its few minutes' massage nightly, its steaming two or three times a week, and its touch of cream or cosmetic to negative drying air and sunburn or wind.

The wise woman will experiment until she finds the cosmetic and the practice which suits her special skin and climate, and will sacrifice a few minutes daily to her complexion as willingly as to her teeth and finger nails, and deem her box or jar of cosmetic as necessary as tooth powder.

WHAT ARE COSMETICS?

By the way, nothing is more absurd than the notice appearing in every circular of face cream or pretended cerate "This is not a cosmetic," as if cosmetics were something disallowed by good practice and good taste. It shows ignorance of the English language and the true significance of words. A cosmetic is any application for beautifying and improving the person, whether for hair, eyes, teeth or complexion. The old Italian and Latin art of cosmetics, from which our word is derived, includes all formulas for the toilet from cold cream and cucumber ointment to rouge and powder. One preparation is as truly a cosmetic as the other, and to claim that any toilet application is not a cosmetic simply belies the meaning of the word.

If the public, misled by charlatanry, have come to regard cosmetics as something dangerous, like red lead and white arsenic the public needs to have its idea corrected and not to put so useful and honorable a word under the ban.

All applications for beautifying are strictly cosmetic, whether safe or injurious, just as all substances in the drug calendar are medicines, though you and I would be loath to take some of them. If a thing is not a cosmetic it has no use on the toilet table and is not worth buying. Do let us call things by their right names and use them in true character, without the sneaky pretense that they "are not cosmetics."

If you want advice from me you will have to take it as a cosmetic advice, for I object to sailing under doubtful colors. As to good cosmetic practice in steaming the face do not allow the steam to be too hot. You can actually parboil the tissues with steam much below the boiling point.

The moisture gives the benefit, not the extreme heat, which should only be applied for a few minutes and the face allowed to cool gradually after it. A tin pail or pan, holding two quarts of water, boiling when put in and suffered to cool, will temper the face by its cooling.

A teaspoonful of eucalyptus oil, thymol, oil of red cedar, rosemary or lavender added to the water makes the process pleasanter and improves it both for face and lungs, and especially benefits the eyes.

Throw a thick towel or flannel over your head, and steam the face over the pan ten to fifteen minutes, having first washed the skin with warm water and soap. As to the injunction so insisted upon by masseurs and others, there is always the risk of its nourishing the hair bulbs of the skin, as well as the skin itself.

The dry air of our climate and our houses tends to make the skin of the face susceptible to the hair-producing quality of most fats and oils, so that it is safe to banish these from the face treatment wholly.

Hot milk is a safe, nourishing lotion for the skin to restore its plumpness, laying linen wet in it on the cheeks for minutes after massage, not before. Milk whey, sweet or acid, is a famous lotion for giving softness and clearness to the skin, and the belles of Paris dote on their baths of whey for repairing the ravages of dissipation. Saponified creams of the mildest sort are

All Over With.

Clothier and Furnisher.

"And is this your final decision?" muttered the young man, hoarsely, as he gathered up his coat and hat and prepared to depart.

"It is," replied the beautiful creature, as she sank back listlessly into the Turkish divan which her father, who was a well-known humorist, had placed at her disposal.

"Then, farewell," he hissed; and, as he stood on the steps outside a moment later and took a last look at the stately mansion, he murmured: "And this is all. A dress suit two nights a week for three months at $3 a night, and nothing to show for it."

ANECDOTE OF DAVID DAVIS.

His Emphatic Response to the Insulting and Impertinent Query of a Reporter.

T. C. Crawford, in New York Tribune.

I have heard Justice Davis tell many interesting stories of attempts upon the part of various individuals to obtain forbidden information. No more delightful story was ever told by the Judge than the call which he once received from an Irish reporter of the New York Herald, who came to him just before the greenback decision was delivered. The papers were full of the possibilities involved in this decision. Enormous values wavered in the balance awaiting positive information. The judges never mentioned the subject to one another except within the recesses of the consultation-room. Outside of that room their faces took on a look of stony reserve whenever any one sought remotely to lead up to the subject, or to discuss questions which might indirectly bear upon this most interesting subject. So great is the reputation for dignity and reserve of this court that the experienced lawyers, who were most intimate with these judges, did not venture even to hint a suggestion of a question upon this forbidden subject.

It was one evening, three or four days before the decision was delivered, that Justice Davis was in the sitting-room of his chambers at the National Hotel. An old friend was with him. The Judge was smoking a long, white clay pipe, of which he was fond. With his legs spread wide apart, in front of an open wood fire, the Judge puffed from his great mouth huge volumes of smoke as he listened to the gossip and small talk of his friend. The Judge, after leaving his legal work, was as fond of going over the gossip of the day as any member of any village sewing-circle. In the midst of the talk the colored servant entered with a card. The Judge looked at the card and saw that it bore the inscription of a representative of "The New York Herald." The Judge said, "Show him up," as he was never known to refuse to see any one when not busily engaged in work. The Judge himself described afterward the entrance of the reporter and what followed.

"There came into the room," said he, "a small, wiry chap, with the smooth, sharp face of a ferret. His small, black eyes were set close together, on each side of a very pronounced pug nose. A shock of red hair hung down over this alert, inquisitive countenance. This reporter was attired in a long, ill-fitting suit of black cloth. He carried under his arm a huge note-book. He entered my room with a curt salutation, and without a word of explanation began shoving up a large center-table in the room, bringing it to my right. When he had the table fixed in a good position he took some candles from the mantel-piece, lighted them and put them down. He then opened a note-book, took out a half-dozen pencils, sharpened them carefully, and said: 'Now, Judge, I am ready. Mr. Bennett has sent me here to get an advance abstract of the Supreme Court decision in the greenback case, whatever that may be. You know better probably what that is than I do. You just go ahead and give it to me. You needn't mind about going slow; I can take it down as fast as you can give it to me.'"

The Judge said that for a moment he was overwhelmed with the situation. The perfect innocence of this Irish reporter, however, impressed him so comically that for a moment he said nothing. Then he arose, deliberately laid down his pipe and walked over to an open window looking out upon the street. Then he beckoned to the reporter and asked him to come to the window.

"How far down to the sidewalk do you think it is?" said the Judge. The reporter looked and said he thought it about thirty feet.

"Do you think it would hurt a man to fall from here to the sidewalk?" said the Judge.

"I am sure it would break every bone in his body," said the reporter.

"Well," said the Judge, "you may give my compliments to Mr. Bennett and inform him that if any reporter calls here from his waper to ask me about this greenback decision again I shall simply be obliged to throw him out of this window. I will spare you on account of your youth and innocence, but remember my warning."

The reporter gazed at the giant Judge standing with his hands half upraised as if he really were restraining himself, and began to apologize and back until he reached the table, when he seized his book and pencils and fled.