FOR WOMEN'S READING

DEALERS SAY WOMEN USE FEWER COSMETICS THAN FORMERLY.

Girls of the Future Will Have Straight Features—Contradiction of a Time-Honored Diet Notion.

"It will doubtless surprise a great many people to learn that we sell more hair dye to society women than any other toilet article," said a dealer in cosmetics to a writer in the New York Sun. "The first few gray hairs strike terror to the strongest woman's heart. There is nothing more pleasing than a youthful face with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, crowned with white hair; but pepper-and-salt locks are another thing, and they can't be bleached white, either, though most people think so. Dozens of women come in every day and say, 'Oh, I've got gray hairs coming. Can't you turn it perfectly white?' When we say that can't be done, they say: 'What shall I do, then?' and we suggest restoring it to its natural color. Gennerally a woman lets her grayness run on until it is too late to restore it by means of a restorative tonic, but she has to resort to dye, even if it is a little distasteful. This, of course, is instantaneous. It costs from $15 to $35 to dye a head of hair. No woman who has ever come in here to buy a bottle of hair dye, so far as I can remember, has said that she wanted it for herself. She always wants it for a friend who has hair just about the color of her own. Amusing? No, I think it's pathetic. Just another little weakness of human nature. After all, no one will blame a woman for fighting time, for getting old goes so much harder with her than it does with a man."

For years an uptown druggist has made toilet specialties for women a matter of study. When asked if he thought that women used as much paint and powder as formerly, he replied: "The trade in paint and powder has fallen off one-fourth in five years. And yet nowhere in the world do we find such well-groomed women as we do in New York, and never before has that been so noticeable as to-day. What the trade has lost in these things it has more than made up in the sale of massage articles. Women massage their faces with a fine cerate instead of clogging the pores with powder and paint. Cerate is a preparation that never spoils even if kept for years, and the woman who massages her face with it every night doesn't need any paint. She has color enough. If her skin is too oily for this she uses milk of cucumber and orris, a liquid preparation, instead. Cucumber is the best thing yet discovered for the skin. It is cooling and healing when mixed with other oils. Cucumber and orange flower cold cream is also an excellent face balm. Women use these things in massaging the face, but they don't leave any of them on and then put a coat of powder and next a coat of red paint on that. They remove every particle of the cerate and dust the face with rice powder, which takes off the shine after bathing.

"One out of every ten women who come in here these days has paint and powder on her face, and there was a time when at least seven out of ten came in with their faces kalsomined. What girl who rides a bicycle has time to paint her face? She will take half an hour to massage it before retiring, but that's all. Some afternoon we have as many as sixty girls from the fashionable boarding schools uptown in here buying ice-cream sodas. They will also buy a little soap, sachet powder, perfume, and occasionally a box of rice powder, but as for selling them any other kind of powder or paint, such a thing is unheard of. No, sir; girls and women aren't using such trash. There is a class of women who will always paint. Powder and paint is their signboard, but the days for them among refined American women have passed. Here and there you will run across one, but it looks now as if the coming generation of women won't know really what paint and powder are—that is, for facial application. But for all that our women are giving more attention to the care of their hair and their complexions than ever before, and royal success they are making of it, too. All druggists make the same complaint, that their business in cosmetics has gone to pieces, but, like myself, I think every man of 'em rejoices at the fact as a sign of the advancement of womanhood."

Fruit at Breakfast.

New York Ledger.

"The hygienic extremist is never tired of expatiating on the advantages of fruit as a breakfast dish," said an old doctor, "and there may be persons who are benefited by the use of fruit early in the day; but I know from careful observation that it is positively injurious to a great number of persons. Robust people, with great vitality and strong digestion, often find themselves improved in condition by the use of fruits of all sorts; but thin, pale, cold-blooded women and men rarely keep their health through a long course of fruit-eating early in the day.

"Just consider for a moment the absurdity of beginning the day with an orange or two, then some cereal with cream or milk. The acid of the fruit curdles the milk, and often causes indigestion and the most acute pain. I believe that fruits and cereals and milk should never be taken one after the other. If it is more agreeable to the palate to take the fruit, omit the other, or take the cereal with a little butter or sugar. As there are so many people who depend largely upon oatmeal and other farinaceous food for their morning meal, it would be found an excellent plan to take fruit much later in the day. Indeed, I very decidedly approve of taking fruit between meals when one is the most likely to crave it. I know that many of my patients have declared that they ate fruit at breakfast simply because they had got into the habit of it, and because everybody said it was the proper thing to do. I have been obliged to forbid fruits of many sorts to scores of my patients. Fresh apples are almost always allowable, but when they are cooked they are to many persons a decided irritant. One lady can eat fresh apples at any time of day or night with great benefit, but when they are cooked in any way, especially when made into a apple sauce, they cause indigestion almost as soon as they are eaten. Oranges disagree with many, especially when they are partaken of before meals, and two of my patients have had such violent paroxysms of pain after eating them that their use has been abandoned altogether.

"Rhubarb is another article about which there are many opinions. It is almost like poison to certain temperaments, and seems to agree with others. I have often remarked, however, that dishes of which people are very fond are likely to be the last things that they will admit as disagreeing with them. It is always something else, or they are bilious, or have taken cold, or they invent some new and flimsy excuse for their indisposition.

"We once had as a guest a very delicate young woman who positively dissipated on a morning diet of fruit. I knew that it was bringing on dyspepsia, but whatever I said she met with a laugh and the assertion that she couldn't live without fruit for breakfast. It so chanced that our family went to the country for a few days, and subsisted on plain food, without a particle of fruit. The young woman improved in health every day, and when we returned the customary fruit was omitted. And this would be the experience of a large number of persons if they would try the experiment."

About Skirt Making.

New York Sun.

It used to be that the "home dressmaker" thought nothing of tackling a skirt—yes, and tackling it successfully, too. Skirts are not what they once were, however—things easily cut, sewn and hung. Nowadays they require the most careful and artistic manipulation in every detail. "An amateur simply can't make a skirt," said a smart modiste the other day. "It takes a professional to do that. A bodice is much more in the amateur line, because its trimming will sometimes cover a defective fit, but a skirt—" There are women, however, with whom it is simply home-made skirt or none, and to these the following points, given by this same smart modiste, may be of interest and value. "The nine-gored Paquin skirt is the popular style of the moment. It is an excellent model for the narrow silks and fancy fabrics. For wider cloths you have only to combine the two side gores into one large one to make it available. Cloth skirts are rarely more than five yards wide and even such thin goods as grass lawns and organdies measure only seven. In making these nine-gored skirts one side of each gore should be cut straight, except in the case of a very pronounced stripe, which you wish to meet in points at the seams, when both sides must be bias. The front is, of course, always so. Hair cloth is used in the sweepy skirt to the height of nine inches. An elastic band two and a half or three yards long tacked knee high in the skirt at the proper intervals will adjust the fullness properly. The inside facing over the hair cloth should be of the same goods as the lining, preferably taffeta silk, and about five inches in depth. If you can't afford silk, book muslin makes a good substitute. In sewing on this inner facing the edge of the skirt should be finished off, leaving the velveteen to be sewed on afterward. Edge and velveteen should never be sewed at the same time. The rent at the back of the skirt is a vulnerable point in home dressmaking. Every placket opening should have an under flap about two inches wide of the same material as the skirt, and should be supplied with a hook and eye placed at the center. Another detail, often neglected, is the securing of the skirt against sagging below the waist line at the back. Two big hooks about an inch and a half or two inches apart on the band of the skirt, with corresponding eyes on the inside bodice belt, are proof against this, however. In basting and sewing the seams of a skirt the amateur should remember to begin always at the top and to fit the band on as soon as possible. Shortening or evening the skirt should always be done at the bottom. A perfect skirt may be very easily spoiled by careless handling after it is made. There should always be on the band two loops and in the closet two hooks reserved to hang it on. After hanging it is desirable to smooth the skirt into the folds it should assume when worn. Never turn a skirt inside out. It ruins the set. If the fabric is very delicate let a muslin casing shield it from dust. These nine-gore skirts have one attribute that must appeal to all women. They allow a pocket in the third seam from the front."

An Art of the Future.

New York Tribune.

One of the arts of the future will undoubtedly be the molding of the features while they are yet in the plastic condition of youth. The mother of the twentieth century may, if she is sufficiently artistic, have it in her power to make her children, if not beautiful, at least attractive—to straighten crooked noses, soften down those that are too big and coax up those that show a disposition to belong to the order of pug; make a round face oval, a long one rounder, the complexion pure with natural roses; the hair luxuriant and glossy; the teeth regular and pretty; the neck round and firm; thin lips full and red. All this is possible, it is said, even now, if the required knowledge is obtained. Left to themselves, or rather to nature, the change in features with girls from twelve to sixteen is sometimes wonderful.

"What is the matter with Elsie C——?" said one of her mother's friends. "Her nose has suddenly dropped down and legthened out in the most wonderful manner; it used to be so pretty, and it has quite spoiled her face now." Sometimes the change is just opposite—a thick ugly nose straightens out and shapes itself into a really pretty feature.

"I should have had a regular knob on the end of my nose," said a pretty woman with the dearest little tip-tilted nose imaginable, "if my mother had not made me wear a hairpin on the end of it every day while I was studying my lessons." Perhaps one of the hardest experiences in life, apart from actual misfortune, is that of an exceptionally pretty child, who has always been admired and petted for her beauty, who suddenly develops into a plain, commonplace-looking young girl. This frequently happens, and is apt to have a lasting impression upon the character, changing a frank, assured nature into one that is timid and distrustful. Beauty is certainly great a gift, and if the wizards of the future will give us the power of conserving and cultivating it they will certainly bestow an inestimable boon upon humanity.

Porch Cushions.

Philadelphia Record.

In planning these lounging comforts, in the way of cushions and pillows, the first consideration should be durability. When in daily use on the porch or in the hammock they will soon become soiled and will be very unsatisfactory unless made of durable and washable material. A pretty hammock pillow not only adds additional comfort, but gives a touch of color that is charming. A material must be selected that will not fade when exposed to the sun, nor lose color and beauty if left out in an occasional shower. The best materials are turkey-red of the best quality, blue denim and gray linen.

An attractive hammock pillow recently finished had a cover of turkey-red stamped in what is called a star-fish pattern, then outlined in white, and the pillow was set together with white braid as a piping.

Another more elaborate one of blue denim was outlined in a star and crescent pattern in white. The ends of the pillow were cut in points and eyelets worked in each point, then laced with blue cotton cord over a strip of white linen which was tacked to the pillow and could easily be removed when soiled.

Common gray toweling with a red stripe on each side made a cover for a third pillow. At each side of the stripe was worked a row of cat-stitching in red madonna cotton, and on the upper side of the pillow, also in red, the words "Sweet be thy dreams." Another one similar to the last was of buff linen worked in brown wash silks.

The same materials may be used for porch and lawn cushions, which should be stuffed with excelsior or straw, instead of feathers; and these should be made much larger than the hammock pillows.

Fancies of Invalids.

Philadelphia Times.

About the manner of serving their food patients sometimes have curious fancies. In one case a woman flatly refused to take her beef tea unless the bread which accompanied it was cut in the shape of diamonds, while in another it is always necessary to serve the food in a blue bowl, for out of nothing else whatever would she take nourishment.

A boy who was attacked with scarlet fever showed great disinclination to take his food, but finally agreed to swallow what was necessary, provided he was fed in the following way: The beef tea, or whatever was to be given him, was put into a silver teapot, the spout was placed in his mouth, and in this manner the food was poured down his throat.

An elderly gentleman who spent much of his time in hunting in Africa, on being asked if he fancied any particular dish, replied that he would like a bit of elephant's foot. Under certain circumstances this dish is a dainty and nourishing one, but the price of elephant being prohibitive, this elderly Nimrod was forced to content himself with beefsteak instead.

A clergyman with a broken leg had a great longing to put on a pair of stilts, a pastime which he had never yet tried, while a man whose leg had been amputated, although admitting the impracticability of the wish, declared that a passion for skating had so seized upon him since the loss of the limb that he regretted being operated upon chiefly on that account.

Washing a "Sweater."

New York Post.

An all-wool, close-fitting jersey that a wheelman has washed, he says, just forty times without shrinking, was cleaned in the following way: A pail was first filled three-fourths full with cold water, and a good suds made with a high-grade laundry soap that does not contain an excess of alkali. A teaspoonful of ammonia is added to the suds and the sweater is soaked in it for fifteen minutes, when it is squeezed and pressed thoroughly, without any rubbing or pulling out of shape. The garment is then turned and treated in the same way on the inside. It is then rinsed thoroughly in several waters of the same temperature as the first. If the water is very cold, enough warm may each time be added to take off the chill. Take from the last rinsing water and lay over a line or on a wooden frame to drip, without wringing or squeezing. Hang in a shed or basement with a tub under it to dry, and keep the garment from the fire, sun, wind and extreme cold. If very dirty, use a larger quantity of ammonia and if there are many grease spots, treat those with naphtha or any cleaning mixture that will take out grease without taking out color or shrinking. Do this before washing.

Rugs vs. Carpets.

New York Times.

"Gradually in my old-fashioned house," says a woman, "I am getting rid of carpeted floors. I began in the bath room, then in the first hall and next in the dining room as the floor coverings for these rooms wore out. I used to think that a hardwood floor was an expensive luxury, but I find that there are degrees of expense in these floors as in everything else. The bath room and dining room are laid in Georgia pine, oiled, varnished and rubbed. The cost in either case was very little more than any good and suitable floor covering, and once down there is no more expense about it. With carpets all over the house, the season's housecleaning becomes a serious tax here in the city, that is, where one must resort to the steam cleaners. Rugs, even large ones, can be managed usually in one's yard, and here there is not in any case the eternal charge for taking up, relaying and refitting which belongs to fitted carpets. There can be no question as to the extra cleanliness and sanitation of bare floors, a fact we modern housekeepers have to consider more and more."

From Here and There.

Nearly all the outing and simpler afternoon costumes are made with a seven or nine-gored skirt and a very short jacket bodice.

Cravenette grows in favor for cycling and utility costumes generally. It is undeniably waterproof and at the same time is devoid of the unpleasant rubber odor of most waterproof garments and fabrics.

Among bodice accessories, both high and low-neck shapes are arranged, for the half-low corsage can be made high in appearance by the addition of an adjustable yoke shaped wholly to cover the open space of the corsage. The tint is optional, but is, of course, selected with a view of the color of the gown.

Veils which are designed to enhance the loveliest complexion and improve a poor one are made of black Russian net spotted with chenille and lined with the thinnest pink tulle. These are gathered ready for use and finished with rosettes of baby ribbon at the back. White veiling with brown chenille spots is another fancy of fashion.

Capes of every dainty description maintain their own vigorously against the innovations fashon would introduce. The very smartest shoulder capes are formed of black Brussels net or mousselaine do soie over silk or satin, with applikues of rich lace as a finish, and the edges are completed by a pinked-out frill of glace silk or satin matching the foundation. A full ruche of net or mousselaine de soie edged with rows of tiny satin ribbon is carried around the neck and very often down the front.

Every woman has a desire to keep her youthful looks as long as possible, and, according to one exponent of the "secret of eternal youth," it seems a very simple thing to accomplish. "Interest in life, excitement, something to do which keeps the mind active, and a certain carelessness of temperament are the leading essentials beside which careful eating and drinking and regular habits are of very little importance." Activity accompanied by late hours and irregular habits of living is better than a listless, stagnant life if there is any virtue in this theory of youth.

It is said that "threatened men live long," it is certain that threatened fashions are almost sure to thrive, as witness the stay of the long-wristed glove and the blouse waist, which has been threatened with extinction over and over, yet to-day it is triumphant and to-morrow it is likely to prove the same, from the fact that the Princess Alexandra of Coburg has countless blouse bodices in her elegant trousseau, the list extending from those of point and duchesse lace to the negligés of China silk and zephyr lawn. Many of the waists are made with a decided front that droops slightly over the belt, not a new style, but one that is evidently to be maintained on account of the royal favor bestowed upon it.

A Wheel Song.

Sing a song of bicycles, a pocket full of gold!
Four-and-twenty different kinds, and each the best one sold:
Each one with its partisans, its eulogies to sing;
Every one the daintiest that ever bore a king.

The king has left his counting house and wisely spent his money;
The queen and he are bicycling forgetting bread and honey;
The maid has bought a wheel, too, and left her hanging clothes;
'Twould take a nimble blackbird now to nip off half her nose. —Truth.

SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES.

The Three Native Races that Inhabit the Country.

James Bryce, in the Century.

When the Dutch fixed their first post at Cape Town, in 1652, with no thought either of colonization or of conquest, but for the sake of having gardens which could supply fresh vegetables to the scurvy-stricken sailors of their ships sailing to the East, they found three native races inhabiting the country. One of these, the Bushmen, though few in numbers, were widely scattered over the whole of south Africa. They were nomads of almost the lowest kind, with a marvelous faculty for tracking and trapping wild animals, but neither owning cattle nor tilling the soil, with scarcely even a tribal organization, no religion and a language consisting of a succession of clicks. Unable to accustom themselves to civilized life, driven out of some districts by the settlers, and in others no longer able to find support, owing to the extinction of game, they are now almost extinct, though a few are still left in the deserts of the Kalahari and northern Bechuanaland. Before many years the only trace of their existence will be in the remarkable drawings of animals with which they delighted to cover the smooth surfaces of rocks. These drawings, which are found all the way from the Zambesi to the Cape, and from Maniacland to the Atlantic, are executed in red and yellow pigments and are often full of spirit and character.

The second race was that which the Dutch called Hottentot. They were of a reddish or yellowish black hue, taller than the Bushmen, but with squat and seldom muscular figures—a thoughtless, cheerful, easy-going people, who roved hither and thither with their flocks and herds as they could find pasture. They were decidedly superior to the Bushmen, whom they hated, but quite unable to withstand Europeans, and their numbers rapidly declined, partly from the loss of their best grazing grounds, but largely also, through epidemic diseases, and especially smallpox, which ships, touching on their way from India, brought into the country. They are now, as a distinct race, almost extinct in the colony, though a good deal of their blood has passed into the mixed black population about Cape Town and its neighborhood—a population the other elements of which are Malay and west-coast negroes, the descendants or slaves imported in the last century. Farther north, on the south side of the Orange river, and beyond it in Namaqualand, small tribes cognate to the Hottentots still wander over the dreary plains.

Very different from these weak Bushmen and Hottentots was, and is, the third native race, those who are called Bantu (a word meaning "people") by themselves and Kafirs by Europeans. The word Kafir is Arabic, and means an infidel (literally "one who denies.") It is applied by Mussulmans not merely to these south Africans, but to other heathen; as, for instance, by the Afghans to the idolaters of Kafiristan, in the Hindu-Kush mountains. The Portuguese probably took the name from the Arabs, whom they found already settled on the east coast. These Bantu tribes—if we may class those as Bantus who speak languages of what is called the Bantu type—fill all east Africa from the regions of the upper Nile southward.

Those who dwell south of the Zambesi are generally strong and well-made men, sometimes as black as a Gulf of Guinea negro, sometimes verging on a brown tint; and though they have woolly hair and thick lips generally characteristic of the negro, individuals are often found among them whose cast of features suggests an admixture of Semitic blood. They are more prolific than the Hottentots, as well as physically stronger and better made, and they were further advanced in the arts of life. Some of the tribes dug out and worked iron and copper; all at least of them used iron. Their chief wealth lay in their cattle; horses they did not possess, but where the land was fit for tillage they cultivated it. They had no religion except in a sort of magic and that worship of the ghosts of ancestors which seems to be the most widely diffused of all human superstitions. Instead of a priesthood, there were wizards or medicine men, often powerful as the denounceers of those whom the chief wished to put to death. Intellectually they were very much upon the level of the native races of West Africa.

Pathos of Presidential Conventions.

Joseph B. Bishop, in the Century.

No one can examine the records of presidential conventions, with their personal successes and failures, and easily escape the conviction that there is far more tragedy than comedy in our national politics. There are touches of humor here and there, but the dominant note is that of pathos. Behind every great success there is to be seen the somber reverse of bitter disappointment, of wrecked ambition, of lifelong hopes in ruins. As one pursues through bography, autobography, and memoir, the personal history of the chief figures in the conventions that have been held during the sixty years which have passed since that method of nominating presidential candidates came into use, he finds it almost invariably ending in sadness and gloom. Not one of those seeking the presidency with most persistence has succeeded in getting possession of that great office and few of them, when final failure has come, have shown themselves able to bear the blow with fortitude.

The Longest Shot.

Yankee Blade

The longest distance that a shot has been fired is a few yards over fifteen miles, which was the range of Krupp's well-known "monster" 130-ton steel gun, firing a shot weighing 2,600 pounds. The one hundred-ton Armstrong gun has an extreme range of fourteen miles, firing a shot weighing 1,800 pounds, and requiring 960 pounds of powder. These guns, however, proved too expensive, being unable to stand firing a hundred times, and their manufacture has practically been abandoned. The ninety-ton Armstrong gun induced that veteran champion of womanhood, Miss Shaw, to dub him ideal. It was her views on the subject of women which led her to bestow that title upon him. Here are some of the opinions which have won for Professor Griggs so glorious a renown: "The ideal woman to me is the eternal womanly woman, but a woman free from traditional limitations, sympathetic, refined and loving, but strong and free and independent, capable of standing alone and so worthy of the deepest human relations."

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

The Cascade Ravine.

From off the traveled road that lay
Between wide fields of wheat and corn,
An old gate, gray and weather-worn,
Led down a shady woodland way.

One scarce might trace the narrow path,
So green it was and overgrown
With springtime's seeded aftermath;
Tall grasses that had never known
The reaper's scythe or sickle's scath,
And rosy mayweed lightly sown
Where'er the summer winds had blown;
And all their tangled stems the red
Sweet clover blossoms overspread.

Near by, through scented leafy veils
Of wreathing vines and dewy, dense,
Green underwood, a brood of quails
Sped swiftly past the ragged rails
That tilted off a mossy fence;
And over it, on airy wing,
A robin paused in glad content
Where budding elder bushes leant
And brambles clambered flowering.

Then, suddenly, a low, sweet sound
Rose, faintly quivering on the breeze,
And all that blossom-studded ground
Seemed charged with murmurous mysteries!
As if all rarest forest keys
In dreamful chords divinely blent,
Sang forth from some sweet instrument;
While pulsing through, with rythmmic beat,
In slumberous melodies there went
The soft susurrus of the trees,
The wind that wandered through the wheat,
And all the changeful strains of these.

And as I listened, marveling
Where those light liquid tones might be,
Forgetting all and everything
Save that enchanting minstrelsy,
I wandered slowly through the wood,
Till all at once the parted green
Revealed its secret, for I stood
Upon the verge of a ravine
Wherein the sunbeams broke between
Tall rustling hemlock boughs, and bright
As burnished silver in the light,
A tiny stream ran tinkling through,
While, hidden somewhere out of sight,
A little spring made music, too.

The shining water slipped and slipped
Adown the mossy rocks, and dripped
From off fine fringing ferns, in drops
Of endless threaded pearls that tipped
The tasseled sedge and alder tops
With flickering light—and then it slipped
A drowsy draught of sun, and dipped
Beneath small clustering buds, and hid
Among lush marigolds, and slid
Between tall serried ranks of reeds,
And stroked their little leaves and lipped
The flower-spangled jewel-weeds;
Then, speeding suddenly amid
Faint shimmering spray, it lightly tripped
Across white pebbly sand, and stripped
The marsh flowers' gold, and fled half seen,
A splash of silver through the green.

And all the while that music sweet
Kept softly murmuring at my feet,
While down the rocks in ceaseless streams
The limpid cascades poured, and still
The slumberous light in yellow beams
Bathed the green hemlock boughs—until
I seemed to lose all waking will,
And all my soul was lulled to dreams,
Wherethrough there floated gracious gleams
Of summer sun, and song, and bright
Unnumbered days of warm delight.

—Evaleen Stein.

My Journey Prayer.

O lifeboat floating down the stream,
What fate shall thee attend?
While here I muse, as in a dream,
Uncertain of the end.
Will guardian angels steer my boat
From danger, night and day,
While I, in shadowed mist, but float
And dream my life away?
O Lord above, my pilot, Friend
Unseen, yet not unknown,
Disperse all shadows at the end
And land me safe at home!

Indianapolis. —I. H. Kiersted.

"Too Soon."

"Vacant chaff well meant for grain."—Tennyson.

"Weep not, have faith, and hope, and trust;"—
They are not enough, she said;
We were never but two, and one is dust;
I am alive, he is dead.

"Death is the life we all inherit;"—
Yea, I believe it, she said;
But I am human and he is a spirit;
My fellow-creature is dead.

"He is happy, you should be glad;"—
Happy! Without me! she said;
He was always sorry when I was sad;
So he who loved me is dead.

"Nay, his joy should be yours, by this;"—
I know not his joy, she said;
How should I have share in a spirit's bliss,
Till I, too, am lying dead?

"Death will grant you what death denies;"—
Yea, to behold him, she said;
But he was the light of my human eyes,
And they cannot see the dead.

"Prayer from your heart will dry these tears;"—
My heart has no prayer, she said,
But a crying out for the sweet lost years,
And my darling, who is dead.

Cavalry Song.

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle! Halt!
Each carbine sends its whizzing ball;
Now, cling! clang! forward all, into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome;
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to heaven! No thoughts of home!
The guidons that we bear are dearer.
Charge!
Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall!
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall! They spread in broken surges!
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.
Wheel!
The bugles sound the swift recall;
Cling! clang! backward all!
Home, and good-night!

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

The Gates of Yesterday.

My love and I strayed hand and hand
In the wake of the clover-seeking bee;
The sweet, wild grape in that sunlit land
Had flung its festoons on bush and tree;
And red wood-lilies, a sentinel band,
Guarded the entrance to Arcady.

A white mist from the river curled,
Deep into the woodland wandered we;
The trilliums, flags of truce unfurled,
And swayed in a breeze from the distant sea;
We plucked wild strawberries, dew-encircled,
In the morning land of Arcady.

Only when June sends heralds gay
Into the world may we follow the bee;
Only when grasses bend and sway,
And the wild grape festoons bush and tree,
May we pass through the gates of Yesterday
And linger again in Arcady.

—Nancy Mann Waddle, in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Ideal Man.

New York Journal.

Not long since the reading public was electrified to learn that the ideal man had been discovered. The value of the discovery was enhanced by the fact that it was no easily satisfied young person with Prince Charming visions who had found him, but the keen-eyed, experienced and not over-susceptible Rev. Anna Shaw. Moreover, the ideal man was discovered in a woman's congress in San Francisco, and his ideality publicly proclaimed by his discoverer, so that if there had been flaws they would have been mercilessly commented upon by the assembled sisterhood. The mere fact that Mrs. Shaw's proclamation was allowed to go unchallenged in such a gathering is proof of the remarkable ideal qualities of the ideal man. He is Professor Edward Griggs, of Stanford University. He is young, handsome and brilliant. But there are other young, handsome and brilliant men. These qualities alone would not have induced that veteran champion of womanhood, Miss Shaw, to dub him ideal. It was his views on the subject of women which led her to bestow that title upon him. Here are some of the opinions which have won for Professor Griggs so glorious a renown: "The ideal woman to me is the eternal

CLAY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

His Defeat for the Presidential Nomination in 1839.

Joseph B. Bishop, in the Century.

The Whig convention of 1839 was held in a new Lutheran church in Harrisburg, Pa., and it is a safe assumption that never before or since has a house of God been made the scene of so much and so adroit political maneuvering as went on there for the purpose of preventing the nomination of Henry Clay for the presidency. The chief manipulator was Thurlow Weed, who appeared there as the friend of Governor Seward, and the future member of the powerful firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley. This firm was, indeed, the outcome of the ensuing campaign. Greeley was at the convention—little dreaming that the campaign which was to follow would give him the opportunity for developing the qualities which were to make him the first editor of his time, and lead to the foundation of a great newspaper to be forever linked indissolubly with his name. Weed went to the convention with the determination of defeating Clay. He says in his autobiography that he had had the New York delegation instructed for Scott to keep it from Clay, his real candidate being Harrison. He entered into an agreement with friends of Webster, on the way to Harrisburg from New York city, to act together for Clay's defeat. Webster was in Europe at the time, and had sent word to his friends declining to be a candidate, primarily because of Weed's refusal to support him. After detailing these facts, Mr. Weed goes on to say that, on reaching Harrisburg, "we found a decided plurality in favor of Mr. Clay," but that, "in the opinion of the delegates from Pennsylvania and New York, Mr. Clay could not carry either of these States, and without them he could not be elected."

Weed admits a bargain in favor of Harrison with the friends both of Webster and of Scott, and says the "final vote was intentionally delayed by the friends of the stronger candidate (Harrison) for twenty-four hours," in order to placate the angry friends of Clay, "whose disappointment and vexation found excited expression." Greeley makes frank admission in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," as to the plot, by saying that the parties to it, chiefly Weed, "judged that he (Clay) could not be chosen, if nominated, while another could be, and acted accordingly," adding, "if politics do not mediate the achievement of beneficent ends, through the choice and use of the safest and most effective means, I wholly misapprehend them." This somewhat Jesuitical view did not strike Clay and his friends as an adequate justification of the methods by which an admitted majority of the convention had been prevented from expressing its will. John Tyler, of Virginia, one of Clay's most ardent friends in the convention, was so overcome with grief at Harrison's nomination that he shed tears; and after several unavailing efforts to get some one else to take the nomination for Vice President, Tyler was named for it, his tears having convinced the convention that the placing of so devoted a friend of Clay on the ticket would go far to heal the wounds that the methods of the convention had caused.

Clay's rage at the outcome was unbounded. He had been assuming in the Senate a lofty indifference to the presidency, his famous saying, "I would rather be right than be President," having been made public only a short time before the convention met. There was nobody in the Senate at that time of sufficiently nimble wit to think of the biting retort which Speaker Reed many years later made to a Congressman who for the thousandth time was strutting about in Clay's cast-off garments, "Don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness; you will never be either." But Clay had given himself great uneasiness, for he was most desirous of the nomination. He had been a candidate eight years earlier, when he had no chance of election, and he believed firmly now that if nominated he could be elected. When the news from Harrisburg reached him in Washington, he lost all control of himself. "He had been drinking heavily in the excitement of expectation," says Henry A. Wise, who was with him. "He rose from his chair, and, walking backward and forward rapidly, lifting his feet like a horse stringhalted in both legs, stamped his steps upon the floor, exclaiming: 'My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them. It is a diabolical intrigue, I know now, which has betrayed me. I am the most unfortunate man in the history of parties—always run by my friends when sure to be defeated, and now betrayed for a nomination when I, or any one, would be sure of an election.'"

SARGENT, THE ARTIST.

One of the Most Prominent Figures in the Modern Art World.

W. A. Coffin, in June Century.

The high reputation of John Singer Sargent, the painter of this remarkable work, makes him one of the most prominent figures in the modern world of art. No American artist has occupied such an exalted position as he has attained before reaching his fortieth year; none is more celebrated in Paris, London and other art centers of Europe. He has painted some of his best portraits in the United States, and "La Carmencita," a vivid picture which represents him in the famous Luxembourg Gallery in Paris, was painted in New York, and first publicly shown at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. His career has been a cosmopolitan one, and his youth was passed among surroundings very different from those that effect the intellectual bent of most American boys who become painters and sculptors.

He was born in Florence, Italy, in 1856, whither his parents had gone to live some years before. His father was Dr. Fitz-Hugh Sargent, a Boston physician, and his mother, whose maiden name was Newbold, and who belonged to a well-known family of Philadelphia, possessed the accomplishment of painting very cleverly in water-colors. Educated partly in Italy and partly in Germany, young Sargent entered the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence at a compartively early age, and before he was eighteen had spent several years in art study. He learned to paint in water-colors, as well as to draw with the pencil or charcoal, and one summer, when he was in the Tyrol with his mother, Frederick Leigton, not yet a peer and president of the Royal Academy, but a famous English artist notwithstanding, meeting them, commended the boy's work, and counseled him to continue.

The serious earnest side of Sargent's character always impressed his fellow-students in those Latin Quarter days. He had no taste for dissipation, though he was by no means puritanical. The lighter side of his temperament found satisfaction in music, the theater and literature, and in the keen appreciation of everything in the tastes and amusements of the day that had a new or original flavor. Though a eager reader, he was not a bookman, but an observer. "Alert" is the adjective which perhaps best expresses the quality of his predominating characteristic. He was quck to see and ready to absorb everything that struck him as novel.

LITERARY CULTURE.

No Geographical Region Possesses a Monopoly.

The Bookman.

Here are three delightful anecdotes, all of them strictly true, that cast a somewhat lurid light upon the literary culture of East, West and South respectively. The scene of the first is laid in Providence, R. I., where a young lady was asked the other day by her uncle to make some purchases for him, of which he gave her a written list. The first item was "Scott's Emulsion," and after glancing at it the intelligent young woman made straight for a certain large book shop, where she was received by an equally intelligent salesman.

"I want a copy of Scott's Emulsion," said she casually.

"Scott's what?" said the clerk.

"Scott's Emulsion," replied the maiden.

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "Well, you see, we don't sell Scott's works except in complete sets."

The scene of the second occurrence is in a thriving city of the West, where a Southern litterateur of distinction had just delivered a long and critical lecture on Matthew Arnold to a fashionable audience. A friend of the lecturer, while passing out of the hall, overheard the following conversation between two ladies:

"That was a pretty good lecture, on the whole; but who was this Matthew Arnold, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't time to keep up with all these new Southern writers!"

The last incident occurred in a university town in one of the Southern States. A reading club had been organized, each member of which was required to prepare a paper on some designated literary masterpiece. One member, an Episcopalian clergyman, was asked to take for his subject Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur." Immediately after the meeting he sought the study of a literary friend.

"What is this Morte d' Arthur that they've given me?" he queried anxiously. "Of course I've always known that Mallory edits The Churchman, but I never heard before that he'd written a book!"

Willing.

Washington Star.

"So," said the philosopher, "you want the price of a meal?"

"That's what I want," replied the mendicant.

"Are you aware of the fact that people nowadays devote altogether too much attention to what they eat? They think too much about food."

"Mebbe they do. I'm willin', fer one, ter quit thinkin' about it. All I wants is to be kept from bein' reminded of it so long before I get any."

The Talk of the Town

SUCH CROWDS BARGAINS PRICES

The facts concerning our **BIG SALE** have spread like wildfire. The prices we made on the mammoth **Boyd & Jones Stock** draw thousands of purchasers from far and wide, who invariably go away "delighted customers." We still have an immense lot of goods left which we must reduce to cash at once. In order to hasten matters we have decided to make another big cut in prices, and beginning Monday morning we will

Break All Records

Here is the Way Things will be Slaughtered:

Handsome Cloth Blazer suit, all sizes, former price $5.00,
Sale Price $2.00

Fine all-Wool Suits, silk lined, former price $15.00,
Sale Price $5.00

Fine all-Wool Suits in fancy Scotch Mixtures, former prices from $18.00 to $20.00,
Sale Price $10.00

One lot Cloth Capes, former prices $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00,
Sale Price $2.00

One lot Fine Silk Capes, worth from $8.00 to $10.00,
Sale Price $5.00

Percale Shirt Waists, all colors and sizes, former price 50c,
Sale Price 25c

One lot Shirt Waists, in Percales, Lawns, etc., worth $1.00,
Sale Price 50c

One lot Waists, in Percales, Lawns, Dimities, etc, extra large sleeves, detachable collars, former prices $1.75 and $2.00,
Sale Price $1.00

One lot Percale Wrappers, all sizes, worth $1.50,
Sale Price 75c

Separate Skirts, Wash Suits, Cycle Suits, Sweaters, etc., in same proportion.

Remember, every garment must be sold regardless of cost. Nothing reserved.

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39 East Washington Street.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments.

A DINNER FOR A DIME.

San Francisco Claims to Have the Cheapest Eating House.

Correspondence Washington Post.

What is the limit of the cheap eating-house? It has been dropping in price for years, and seems to be still going down.

San Franciscans may not realize it, but they are living in the cheapest fed city of the United States, and one that cannot be beaten very much, even by the world-famous cheap cafes of the Parisian Latin Quarter.

Of course if one wants to live high in San Francisco he can do so. There is nothing but his financial standing to prevent his eating canvas backs, washed down with the best quality of Sec, or blowing himself for English pheasants at $8 per pair, or genuine diamond backs at $100 per dozen. But, to come down by degrees, and not make the contrast too sudden, he can get as good a meal, with as good service as a man could want, for a dollar, or he can dine sumptuously, with wine, for 50 cents. He can get a full meal for a quarter; a fair meal for 15 cents, and a clean, savory and tolerably filling feed for a dime, or even an apology for a dinner, in not very elegant surroundings, for a nickel.

The 10-cent restaurant made its appearance about four years ago. Prior to that the cheapest sort of a meal cost 15 cents. But the first dime joint did such a business that nearly all of the then 15-cent houses had to either come down to a dime or make considerable additions to their bill of fare. But when some of the lowest of the beer and wine joints about a year ago began to advertise two schooners for a nickel, or two glasses of native wine, with some sort of a free lunch on the side, it forced another drop in meal prices, and the 5-cent hash house bloomed forth to a paying business.

Competition has been sharp, however, and now nearly all the five-cent joints give their customers the option of "wine, beer or coffee with the meal," which latter is of slender proportions. Still, the hard-pushed or economically-minded