GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

The Serenade.

Josie Johnson, she was a sweet spinner who spun,
And Sam Salter, her lover, a singer who sung,
And her heart with his wiles like a wringer he wrung.

As the yarn on the spindle was winding, she wound
Her affections around him, which finding, he found
A pleasure in grinding the bosom he ground.

For Sam's fickle heart, it did swing as 'twas swung
To a girl in the choir who did sing where he sung,
And made walls and rafters to ring till they rung.

So one night, serenading her, creeping, Sam crept
To her window, while Josie, who weeping had wept
Her eyes almost out before sleeping, now slept.

The stars strew the sky thick as ever 'twas strown;
The zephyrs blew balmy as ever they'd blown,
And Sam threw his voice slick as ever he'd thrown.

The maid serenaded, she tore, or did tear,
Out of bed, and the clothing she wore she did wear,
And herself to the window she bore or did bear.

Josie, too, at Sam's voice lightly springing up, spring
From her couch, and the shutters back flinging she flung,
And meanwhile to her rival Sam, singing, thus sung:

"Cruel alto, thy voice sends the dart it has sent
That rends this fond heart—more precisely, has rent—
And which bleeding now spends the last drop it has spent.

"O deal not the wounds thou hast formerly dealt,
For I kneel at thy window—or rather have knelt;
But make me feel better than ever I've felt."

Could Sam in his plaint more time spending have spent,
Or more pathos still to it lending have lent,
Toward him his girl's heart, fondly wending, had went.

But here Josie, enraged, cried out, "Bleeding or bled,
I'll teach you you'd better be heeding your head;"
And a pitcher near by, swiftly speeding, she sped.

Now Josie, though not a singer who sung,
Was something in the way of a flinger who flung,
For square on Sam's forehead the wringer it wrung!

But the missile was frail, for, in cleaving, it cleft;
So then, bleeding in earnest, Sam, leaving it, left—
One damsel bereaving, the other bereft.

A Conservative View of Woman's Rights.

A Southern law journal thus expresses its views of the woman's right question: "We do not hesitate to express our utter repugnance to all such acts (as those relating to the separate property of married women). Revelation teaches us that God made man and wife one. Revelation is always 'abreast of the times;' and whenever legislation attempts to step beyond the boundary lines defined by it (as we think the tendency of all the acts is), it must be pernicious in its effects on society."

Popping the Question.

Let us suppose that the lady has been out during the evening before to a party. The gentleman might say that she looks fatigued. On her rejoining that this was a foolish thought he will get an opportunity of saying, "Not foolish, Emily. I feel too much interest in you to permit my own wishes to run counter to your welfare." This is properly called the magnificent manner of beginning.

But very often the young lady is considerate enough to assist her bashful lover. For instance, there was once a timid fellow who was fond of borrowing John Phœnix's jokes; when she asked him how he felt he avenged himself according to the Phœnix plan of being very definite, and said he felt "about 88 per cent." "Indeed," she said with a demure look, "are you never going to par?" And she got in her work that evening.

Another young man was saying, as he scratched a lucifer on the side of the house, "I like these houses with sanded paint; nice when you want to strike a match, you know." "Is that so?" she asked demurely; "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint," and then she looked things unutterable. If he had asked "What for?" she would have hated him. But he didn't. He took the hint, and the match was struck then and there. This method of "giving a hint" has been put poetically in this way:

Young Fred, a bashful yet persistent swain,
Was very much in love with Mary Jane.
One night she told him in her tenderest tone,
"It is not good for man to be alone."
Said Fred, "Just so, you darling little elf;
I've often thought of that same thing myself."
Then said the lass, while Fred was all agog,
"You ought to buy yourself a terrier dog."

What may be called a physiological proposal is illustrated by the case of Miss Mary Flynn and Mr. Budd. The young lady—a Boston girl, by the way—was studying medicine and Mr. Budd was courting her. One evening, while they were sitting together in the parlor, Mr. Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts for him.

"Do you know," she said, "that thousands of people are actually ignorant that they smell with their olfactory peduncle?"

"Millions of 'em," replied Mr. Budd.

"And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her she couldn't wink without a sphincter muscle!"

"How unreasonable!"

"Why, a person cannot kiss without sphincter!"

"Indeed!"

"I know it is so!"

"May I try if I can?"

"Oh, Mr. Budd, it is too bad for you make light of such a subject."

Then he tried it, and while he held her hand she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body.

"Willie," whispered Miss Flynn very faintly.

"What, darling?"

"I can hear your heart beat."

"It beats only for you, my angel."

"And it sounds out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform."

"Small wonder for that, when it's bursting for joy."

"You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine."

"It's your own property, darling; do what you please with it."

Willing to Work.

If girls marry the men they love even though they are poor, they must be willing to work for them, and thus do their share in sustaining the prosperity of the firm. They should certainly know how to cook—and they ought to be ashamed to marry any such man until they have learned the art of cooking. For such a girl to marry such a man would be neither more nor less than a social fraud, unless she shall before engagement inform him fully of her ignorance on this subject. It is well, then, to have these schools of cookery to which girls, whose mothers have not taught them the art, can go and learn—and we hope the day is near at hand when girls that are candidates for matrimony will pride themselves more on their ability to cook a good dinner than on their ability to dance, sing, play or waste time in any agreeable way. The ideal girl, the consumptive, tight-laced, party-going, piano-playing, French-talking, fashionable girl, can be no proper wife for a poor man. This language the girls may think unkind, but it is not. It is better for girls that are not fitted to be a poor man's wife to remain with their parents than to become such. It will be better for their lovers, too, and better for society.

How to Get a Wife in India.

When a man in a decent rank of life wishes to marry, and can prove that he possesses the means of maintaining a wife, it is customary for him to apply to the mistress of the Byculla School, state his wishes and qualifications, and inquire into the number and character of the marriageable girls. An investigation immediately follows as to eligibility, and, if all promises satisfactorily, he is forthwith invited to drink tea with schoolmistress upon an appointed evening, to give him an opportunity of making his selection. The elder girls are then informed of his intended visit and its purport, and those who desire to enter the matrimonial lists come forward and signify their wish to join the party. Frequently four or five competitors make their appearance on these occasions in the mistress' room. The gentleman, while doing his best to make himself universally agreeably, yet contrives, in the course of the evening, to mark his preference for one particular lady. Should these symptoms of budding affection be favorable received, he tenders his proposals in due form on the following morning. But it often occurs that the selected lady does not participate in the inamorato's sudden flame, in which case she is at perfect liberty to decline the honor of his alliance, and reserves herself for the next tea-party exhibition.

We have known an instance when an amorous old gentleman from an out-station presented himself three successive times at these soirees in the hope of obtaining a wife to cheer the solitude of his up-country residence, but all in vain; the young ladies unanimously rejected him with the highest disdain, wondering "how such an ugly old fellow could have the impudence to think of a wife?" But a very different reception is given to the dashing young Sergeant or smart-looking conductor; their attentions are never repulsed, and the announcement of the "chosen intended," as Miss Squeers would say, is anticipated with the utmost impatience by many an anxious young heart. The wedding speedily follows, the bride's modest "trousseau" being provided from the funds of the establishment, and every girl in the school cheerfully contributing her aid in the manufacture of the dresses.—*Life in Bombay.*

Matrimonial Superstitions.

In the South of England it is regarded as highly unlucky for a bride on her wedding-day to look in the glass when she is completely dressed, before starting for the church. Hence very great care is usually taken to put on a glove, or some slight article of adornment, after the last lingering and reluctant look has been taken in the mirror. The idea is that any young lady that is too fond of the looking-glass will be unfortunate when married. This is not, however, the only way in which superstition interferes with the grown-up maiden's peeps in the looking-glass. Thus Swedish damsels are afraid of looking in the glass after dark, or by candlelight, lest by so doing they forfeit the good will of the other sex. On the other hand, in England, the looking-glass occasionally holds a prominent position in love divinations. In the northern counties a number of young men and women meet together on St. Agnes' eve, at midnight, and go, one by one, to a certain field, where they scatter some grain, after which they repeat the following rhyme:

Agnes sweet and Agnes fair,
Hither, hither, now repair;
Bonny Agnes, let me see
The lad who is to marry me.

On their return home it is believed that the shadow of the destined bride or bridegroom will be seen in a looking-glass on this very night. Hence, for many an hour together, the young inquirers sit up anxiously watching the looking-glass, before which they not infrequently fall asleep, mistaking the visions that have appeared in their dreams for actual realities. Belgian girls who desire to see their husbands in a dream lay their garters crosswise at the foot of the bed, and a looking-glass under their pillow; in this glass they believe the desired image will appear.

The Charm of Womanly Modesty.

Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky and an unblown rose leave him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauty behind the bush, and the moon when emerging from behind a cloud are to him sources of inspiration and of pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to a figure in painting—it gives boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty. It sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of the "maiden's blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virtue should use. It is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, diffusing an unwholesome odor, which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flowers of the albe which bloom and die in a few hours; but modesty gives the female charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

A Saving Woman.

With an economical woman at the head of a house much can be accomplished. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if the women imbibed it at once, they would cultivate it and adhere to it; and thus, when they are not aware of it, they would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to save in. The best way for her to comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Probably not one woman in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself and family. Whether $500 or $5,000 are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the right effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save something where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a sordid avarice, but a moral obligation that rests upon the women as well as the men.

Women Voting.

It is to be expected that women, so far as they are allowed to vote, will use the suffrage upon questions appealing to their natural sympathies with greater freedom and more instinctive discrimination than in cases where their ballots would affect a purely-political result. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps touches upon this point in a recent letter containing the following characteristic observations: "So far as I understand the municipal-suffrage plan, it is the next thing for us women. Hundreds of women will vote on sharply-defined moral questions like the liquor problems who would not move for anything else. It is true that the self-respect of women was not met by the limited School bill. A more just and generous opportunity will meet a just and generous response. I, for one, sympathized with the reluctance of women to play beggar-maid to that little Cophetua. If De Tocqueville was right in attributing the 'singular prosperity and growing strength of the American people mainly to the superiority of their women,' it is time that the commonwealth availed itself more directly of the reserve forces and sources of such superiority."

Why Women Work.

It is curious that the world has yet to be convinced that women do not love to work any more than men do. They are credited with dependence, with a love of ease and luxury, and yet when a salaried position is in question the woman has to take less because she needs less.

It cannot be because she spends less, for the extravagance of women was dwelt upon by Solomon and Jeremiah, and it is a song that has never known a rest. The reason for the difference in wages is generally found to be in the assertion that women who do not need a support or have few responsibilities, crowd into the paid occupations. There is an inconsistency here. If she loves ease why does she work? If she spends more, how is it she needs less?

The truth is that very few women work for anything but necessity. Here and there is one that loves independence, works for it and deserves it, and here and there is another who would rather work than forego certain luxuries, and she earns them, but the majority of women work because they have responsibilities, and as a class they are our most reliable, sober and economical workers, for no woman with a family of little children gambles away their bread and butter, or no sister or daughter who is of necessity the bread winner wastes what she earns, and comes home to a sad, hungry family, bringing them empty hands and indifference to their needs. —*Progress.*

Dio Lewis on Women.

Now stand with me at my office window and see a lady pass. There goes one. Now isn't she a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big lumps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on the top of her head, and on the top of that a little nondescript thing ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc., while the shop windows tell us of the paddings, whalebones and springs that occupy most of the space within the outer rig.

In the name of all the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask how a man is to fall in love with such a compound, doubled and twisted, starched, comical, artificial, touch-me-not curiosity. This dress checks your movements. With that wasp waist, your lungs, stomach, liver and other organs squeezed down out of their place and into one-half their natural size, and with that long tail dragging on the ground, how can any man of any sense, who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work, take such a partner? He must be desperate to unite himself for life with such a deformed, fettered, half breathing ornament. If I were in the matrimonial market I might marry a woman that had but one arm, or one eye, or no eyes at all, if she suited me otherwise, but so long as God permitted me to retain my senses would never join my fortunes with those of a woman with a small waist.

The English Matron.

In England it is the dowager and mature matron who is autocrat of everything. It is said, in a legendary way, that the Briton rules his house; but that is as true as other legends, and no more than they. The will of the intelligent wife is absolute law, and her advice is held as real wisdom, and her suggestions are honored quite beyond the belief of an American, who speaks contemptuously of the "old woman," or the "meddling old girl;" and yet the advanced matron of the mother country is far less youthful in her thought, manner, pleasure and appearance than the American lady, who is of the same age, the same freedom from importuning cares, and the same exemption from sorrow. The tranquillities that come to the American are in consequence of a ripening process rather than a decaying one. The composure of the average English woman it is not hypercritical to mention as a refined quality of stupidity, or perhaps, to be more just and courteous, of torpidity. The furniture of her mind becomes cumbersome, if not immovable, with age; therefore, she cannot be stirred to social innovations, and in her hand lies the balance of power. In fact, the English woman, by nature and habit, is meditative rather than contemplative, which makes the old easier and more agreeable to her than the new; hence, to the average feminine authority, a novel amusement, if considered at all, is carefully examined, and, if it be approved, it is added to those pleasures that have already been consecrated, but it must not displace or even modify them. "To modernize is to vulgarize," is what the English authorities teach their followers, and nobody wishes to be mentioned as doing just that, even though in the secret places of thought he may desire to. It may be admitted that to be unconventional, even in a few things, would be bliss immeasurable to a visitor.

Both Sides.

Why demand that all the morality should be on the side of woman? Whatever degrades a woman also degrades a man. Take some of the vices and habits of the day. A man smokes a filthy cigar, or carries about half an ounce of tobacco in his cheek, and yet expects his wife to preserve a clean mouth and a sweet breath. Again, a young man starts out to spend the evening with his adored Evelina. Should he find her not at home, but in the neighboring saloon, however genteel it might be, that would be his last visit. In his estimation she would have sunk below his level, and yet that young man himself is a daily visitor to that same saloon, and engages in all its exercises.

Turkish Women.

The Turkish woman is marriageable at the age of 9 years, and, by Turkish law, at that age, if married, she is competent to manage her property and dispose of one-third of her fortune. The law allows her to abandon her husband's house for just cause, and will protect her in so doing. She can not be compelled to labor for the support of her husband. On the contrary, he is compelled to support her, and it is a penal offense to insult or ill-treat her. On an accusation of infidelity her oath is accepted as equally good with his, and collateral proof must be obtained. Should he not furnish her with funds she is authorized to borrow in his name, and even to sell his property. After marriage she has the absolute control of her own property, which he can not touch.

First Things in American Iron.

Iron was first made in America in 1620, at a point on Falling creek, a branch of the James river, in Virginia.

The first iron manufactured west of the Allegheny mountains was made in Fayette county, Pa., in 1790.

The first rolling-mill west of the Allegheny mountains was located on Cheat river, in what is now West Virginia. The date of its erection is unknown.

The first rolling-mill in Pittsburgh was built by Christopher Cowan, an Englishman, in 1812. It had no puddling furnaces nor was it intended to roll bar iron.

The first rolling-mill erected west of the Alleghenies to puddle iron and roll bars was built in 1816 and 1817, at a place called Middletown, better known as Plumsock, in Fayette county, Pa.

Pig-iron, manufactured with bituminous coke, is claimed to have first been made as a regular product in the United States by F. H. Oliphant, at Uniontown, Fayette county, Pa., in 1836.

Uncoked bituminous coal was first used in a blast-furnace about the year 1843, in the Shenango valley, Pa.

The first use of Lake Superior iron-ore in a blast-furnace was in 1853, by David and John Agnew, at Sharpsville, Mercer county, Pa.

Cast-steel was made in the American colonies at an early day. In 1805 there were two steel-furnaces in Pennsylvania, producing 150 tons of steel annually.

Bessemer steel was first made in the United States at Wyandotte, Mich., in the autumn of 1864.

The first Bessemer steel rails rolled in this country were rolled at the North Chicago rolling-mill on the 24th of May, 1865, from hammered blooms made at the Wyandotte rolling-mill from ingots of steel made at the experimental steel-works at Wyandotte.

The first iron rails of any kind made in this country were cast by the Lehigh Navigation Company, at their foundry in the upper end of Mauch Chunk, Pa., in 1826. A few flat rails were rolled prior to 1842, but such rails were only bar iron. The manufacture of heavy wrought rails was commenced at the Mt. Savage rolling-mill, in Allegheny county, Md., in 1844.

The first iron vessel built in the United States was launched at Pittsburgh in 1839. It was named the Valley Forge. For general navigation purposes it was completely successful. Other iron vessels were built at Pittsburgh within the next decade, among them an iron schooner for ocean service, and an iron steamer, the Michigan, for service on the lake—both built for the Government about 1842. The latter is still doing Government service on the lakes.

Horses That Stumble.

In the matter of stumbling, Capt. Hayes (in his book "Riding on the Flat and Across the Country") goes into its theory, drawing distinctions that may be very serviceable. He explains that there are two kinds of stumbling. One is really dangerous, when the horse is either weak in the forelegs, or cramped in the action, or with the physical defect of two straight shoulders. But when stumbling arises from the knee being insufficiently bent, or the toe unduly depressed, thereby catching upon any inequality in the ground, it may be safely disregarded, unless the animal is intended for show rather than use. We may add, for ourselves, that we have ridden excellent horses with this failing; that, frequently as they might trip or stumble, experience told us that they were absolutely sure-footed; but that what we chiefly object to was, that in cases when they were nervous, each trip led almost invariably to a succession of others. That such stumbling comes of a slovenly manner of going there can be no doubt.

It happens comparatively seldom in exhilarating weather, or when the horse has been brought fresh out of the stable; but when listless and languid, or when fatigue begins to tell, then you are quickly made aware of his condition by his blundering. Capt. Hayes' chapter on flat-racing, and steeple-chasing and training will be read with interest, even by amateurs. He backs up his own opinions and experiences on these subjects by communications from well-known trainers and jockeys. As to giving "orders" in a race, his ideas seem to us very sensible. With a young hand instruction may be necessary, but if the jockey be a fairly good one, the riding should be left to his discretion.

It is impossible to foresee all possible circumstances, and decisions must be taken on the spur of the moment. As for starting, he calls attention for "getting off" as quickly as possible—a matter in which, though it is obviously of paramount importance, some people would appear to be strangely indifferent. As he says, "whatever distance is lost at the start must be made up when the horses are galloping, at which time the effort to regain the lost lengths may very possibly be equivalent to throwing away an advantage of as many pounds." —*London Saturday Review.*

An Incensed German.

"Dis feller comes mit my saloon und asks for peer," began the witness as Samuel Peters stood before the bar of justice. "When he has one glass he tells me to set em oop again. When he has two glasses he vas as dry as a prush fence. He drinks six glasses right off, und says I must sharge it to der sinking fund. I doan' know vat such tings mean, und I lock der door und makes me all ready for a fight mit him."

"And you had one?"

"Vel, you can see how my nose is all busted oop, und some plack on my eye, und such a bad feelings in my ears. I vas novhere; yes I vas,—I vas under der table."

"Who struck first?"

"Vel, I gifs him a shendle taps on der nose to make him see dot he must pay oop."

"You locked the door on him and tapped him on the nose?"

"Yaw."

"Well, the prisoner is discharged and you may go home."

"Vhat! Doan' you send him up for six months?"

"No, sir."

"Doan' I git some prodection of der law?"

"Not when you lock the door on a man and begin tickling his nose."

"Vel, I nefer see! I might as vel close oop my peesness und take poison. Dot preaks me all down like a child, und I tells der vomans dot we move pack to Milwaukee right on."

THE famous big trees of California, 350 to 400 feet high and proportionately thick, are on public land, subject to entry at $1.25 an acre, and may be bought up and destroyed by whoever wishes to make use of them. The bark has already been peeled from the butt of one for a showman, who sets it up at fairs as an exhibition, and another has been cut down in order to make a dancing platform of the stump.

The Great Drought of 1819.

At Pleasant Hill, Ky., I conversed with an intelligent and pious Shaker, who held to the doctrine of final perseverance in his undying faith in the goodness of God, in not suffering a total failure of crops to occur. He was a young man in 1819, the year of the "Great Drought," when from early summer to the middle of January there was no rain, when the air was hot and dry, when the clouds refused to form and be condensed into showers, when the dew-point was not seen, when the stagnant pools of water in creeks and branches became so thoroughly carbonized and miasmiferous that the cattle died, and all vegetation was utterly parched up and apparently destroyed. During that terrible drought the cattle became afflicted with the "hot-weather itch," and thousands died, literally tearing the skin from their sides and backs in their frantic efforts to scratch themselves to relieve the intolerable itching. Deer and horses died with black tongue; fowls and birds became listless and stupefied, moped in despair, lost their plumage, and died in utter misery. Men, women and children grew sick with disappointed hopes for the healing showers, drinking the foul carbonized water and eating dusty food, and many died of disease not known before or since. Maddened with the intolerable itch and frantic with eating the dry and desiccated grass, deprived of all nutritive elements by the long drought, the cattle, sheep and horses roamed the fields and through the forests, moaning and howling, or pawing the earth in impotent rage. Added to these horrors, the fields and forests took fire and burned for weeks and months. The air was filled with smoke and ashes, producing another horror in the shape of some form of ophthalmia that was almost intolerable.

Fresh vegetables were soon exhausted, the cattle were too diseased to be used for food, water was scarce and unfit to drink, fires were raging, and the whole population afflicted with disease in some shape. This state of things lasted until the middle of January, when the blessed rain and the really beautiful snow came and saved the country from utter annihilation.—*Cor. Louisville Courier Journal.*

Absurd Forms.

In his stereotype formula of signature, "Yoors trooly," Artemus Ward intended no more than to be funny by laboriously bad spelling, but a semi-satire might have been read in it, for our purely conventional ways of epistolary phraseology are ridiculously formal. What can be more false than the perpetual "Dear Sir" at the beginning of every letter, used indifferently whether the person is really dear to us, or is simply indifferent, or is worse than indifferent to us? A letter which duns, or reproves, or expresses a conviction that the recipient is a contemptible scoundrel is conventionally required to begin by affirming him to be "dear," as he may be to somebody, but is not to the writer. Suppose any one of us had a sufficient occasion to write to President Garfield's assassin, now probably the most detested and friendless mortal alive, how would he begin? He would probably revolt at the falsehood so far as to omit the prefix, or to confine it to the simple "Sir," which, so far from being the curt, cold, and rather forbidding term it is accepted as being, is worthy of being wrested from diplomacy for common use, inasmuch as it is convenient and just fits the purpose of a simple beginning. The "Mr.," which is an abbreviation of magister, and was originally the honorary appellation of "teacher," cannot well be omitted in conversation, but in letter-writing how can anything be better than the bare name? Instead of this, when not addressing one of the immense family of "Rev.," "Col.," and "Hon.", we are bound to tag on the ridiculous "Esq.," unless we evade it by prefixing the "Mr." We must sign ourselves "Yours respectfully," albeit we have no respect, or "Yours truly," albeit not in any sense his, truly or untruly. On the contrary, when the letter is finished, all that is really remaining is to append the signature of the writer, flourish free, and all needed for the address is the name and residence of the addressee, so that the letter may find him.—*New York Times.*

Offenbach.

Offenbach the musical composer, eagerly accepted the homage paid him, and any amount of adulation. He was the idol of the Parisians, and young France acclaimed him in the streets, following him to his house on the evening of each great success, and hoisting him shoulder-high, while some danced round him, and all sang the merry strains which echoed in their memories. He was as simple as a child in most worldly matters and extraordinarily credulous. M. Albert Wolff, one of his friends and companions, writing to the Paris *Figaro*, relates how he and some of his companions, hearing that Offenbach would stop at their hotel at Etretat, organized a triumphal reception in his honor. A collection of arms and costumes belonging to a gentleman in the neighborhood was requisitioned, and half a dozen halberdiers worthy of figuring in an opera comique were equipped and drawn up in battle array in front of the hotel. A lad, also dressed up, was mounted on a donkey as a herald, and arrangements were made to receive the composer with a salute from two small cannons. When his carriage drew up, the halberdiers presented arms, the drums beat, and the trumpet sounded, while M. Wolff presented the keys of the hotel on a plated silver to the *maestro*, who thought the whole thing was real, and, wiping the tears from his eyes, embraced his friend, and said, "Oh, this is indeed too much! These good people are too kind!"

The Vesuvius Railway.

The railway up Vesuvius known as the Funicolare is a French undertaking. It was started from a capital of £72,000 and costs £4,000 a year to maintain. In fifteen years the company expect to realize the entire capital, and, as the lease from the Government runs thirty years, there will remain fifteen years for profits, which are estimated at 15 per cent. after the working expenses are taken out. The company is insured in five French houses at 4 francs per 1,000. No English house was willing to insure it under 10 francs. Everything about the road is said to be well managed. At the top there is a restaurant, and a good one.

THE Germans know how to manage matters. In Berlin, as in other cities and towns of Germany, street music is not only tolerated, but licensed, and the consequence is—what? Why, that there is little or no street music. The license kills it. You need have no altercation with a man or woman who refuses to go away with his or her gurdy gurdy, bagpipes or trombone. You take his or her number, and complain to the police; and they "see about it." Merely that and nothing more.

The Adventures of Prince Nezahualcoyotl.

Ever so many years ago—long before white people came to America—there lived, down in what we now call Mexico, a little Aztec Prince named Nezahualcoyotl. A long, funny name, is it not? What do you suppose they called him "for short?"

But in spite of such a long name he proved himself, as he grew older, to be one of the bravest Princes and brightest boys of whom history tells—as an American Prince should be.

Great Kings, although they have beautiful palaces to live in, and everything to make them happy, endure heavy cares of government which at times make them gloomy and sad; yet one would imagine that a boy Prince, too young to assume responsibilities, would have no other care than to do right, and be happy. But poor Nezahualcoyotl had more cares than you imagine.

A few years before this story opens his father had been killed in a terrible battle, and, soon after, a wicked uncle named Moxtla was crowned King, although he knew that Nezahualcoyotl was rightfully the ruler. And when the boy's friends advised him to hide from Moxtla, who, of course, jealously watched his movements, the lad said: "Why, surely, he will not be unkind to me!"

So, on the coronation day, when everybody was gayly dressed, and a great banquet was to be held at the palace, Nezahualcoyotl dressed himself in his best and went to the new King's dwelling to offer his congratulations.

But when the crowd stepped aside to let him approach his uncle, and when he knelt down and said: "Uncle, I hope you will be happy," and handed him a bouquet of flowers, his uncle turned rudely away and began talking with his officers. By this Nezahualcoyotl knew that his uncle was unfriendly to him, and he hurried, as friends advised him, to a palace in a distant part of the country.

One bright morning, soon after, the Prince was playing ball in the palace court yard, and, as he was laughing and tossing the plaything against the wall, an attendant came running up, and said:

"Oh, sir, there are some armed men coming from the King!" And, after pausing to catch his breath, he said, "Oh, hide, or they will kill you!—quick!"

The Prince turned very pale at this, but, quieting his friends and attendants, he showed them how foolish it would be to show his fright at this time, and urged them to stand by him.

In a few minutes up came the armed men, with the feathers on their heads nodding in the wind, and they were all ready to kill the Prince, although he had done no harm.

But he stepped forward to greet them, and welcomed them to his palace, and invited them to dine with him. Being treated so courteously, they walked in, and were soon seated at the table.

Now, among the Mexicans (or Aztecs) of those days it was a mark of respect to burn incense when great men were visiting at a house; so, before long, the incense began to send up its curling wreaths of smoke in the doorway leading to the next room, while Nezahualcoyotl politely entertained his cruel guests.

As he talked pleasantly with them, and they were enjoying the meal, he quietly rose, and, saying, "Excuse me a moment," passed into the next room. The doors were wide open, so that his enemies did not suspect anything at his departure.

But, as the servants fed the fire of the incense, the clouds of smoke became denser and denser, and completely hid Nezahualcoyotl from the feasters. Glancing back through the wavering clouds of incense at his enemies, he saw them dreamily watching the curling smoke, and evidently not thinking of his movements. So he quietly opened a door, and there close by it lay a long pipe, through which water formerly had been brought to the palace, but which had been for some time unused. Softly closing the door behind him, he quickly dropped into the long, dark pipe, and lay there safely hidden until night-fall, when he came out, and with some faithful followers hurried far away from his persecutors.

Now just think how angry Moxtla must have been when he heard of this—and how severely he would punish the men he had sent to kill Prince Nezahualcoyotl. He immediately proclaimed that an enormous prize would be given to any one who would bring the Prince to him dead or alive.

Therefore poor Nezahualcoyotl was compelled, with a small body of friends, to wander about in the night over high mountains, and across lonely plains; and seldom in day-time could he safely venture out, for, as he knew, many persons in all parts of the country were vigilantly watching to capture him. Poor boy! He continually urged his faithful followers to leave him, lest they should endanger their own lives. But they refused, for they loved him; and, indeed, even the cruel soldiers of his uncle thought of the little Prince with tenderness.

And this was a fortunate thing for him. For one day, as he lay concealed in some bushes, he heard the tramp of many feet and saw the soldiers in the distance.

Nearer and nearer they came, until about sunset they pitched their tents close to the hidden Prince and ended the day by a lively dance. The keen glance of one of the soldiers spied the poor Prince trying to hide among the bushes near by. Quick as a flash the kind-hearted fellow picked him up and put him into the great drum, and while the other soldiers in a ring around the camp fire were noisily singing they little knew how snugly the long-desired prize, for which they had traveled so far, lay concealed at their very feet.

And at last a change came for both the wicked uncle and the young Prince. Men tired of Moxtla's severity and cruelty, and lamented the alteration since the peaceful rule of Nezahualcoyotl's father. Then they thought of the Prince, and resolved to fight for him.

Gladly he received this good news, and, returning with his faithful followers, he fought a great battle; and, being so fortunate as to gain the victory, he was crowned King, and reigned over Mexico for years afterward, a wise and good ruler.—*Sarah C. Very, in St. Nicholas.*

Too Much Candor.

"Now give me your candid opinion about that cigar," said a smiling Austin avenue tobacconist to Gus De Smith, handing him an alleged fragrant Havana.

"That cigar has one very good quality about it," said he.

"What is it?"

"It's a healthy cigar. Tobacco, you know, is mighty unhealthy, and there ain't any of it to hurt in that cigar. But it has another good quality."

"What's that?" asked the tobacconist feeling around for a pound weight.

"It don't draw."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE TALE OF A SHIRT.

In the course of a confidential conversation with a friend who had recently had two new shirts made, we learned incidentally that the style of building shirts had radically changed, and that they were being made to button in front instead of at the back of the neck. The news was so good that we could not believe it until we had it directly from a shirtmaker, who showed us the ground plan and front elevation that had been prepared by architects for the erection of some fine shirts for our best citizens, and sure enough the old fashion of folding doors in front, instead of a storm-door between the shoulder blades in the back, was the fashion. We have never felt so much like passing a resolution of thanks to the shirtmakers, and a resolution of condolence to parties who have got to wear the old ones, in our life. Those shirts that button in the back have been the cause of more profanity than any one thing. Shirts that button in the back have been the cause of crime. Religious societies cannot prosper as they should when the male population has to reach over its head, and away around to the back of the neck to button its shirt. Talk about spending thousands of dollars to find the North pole; if half the money spent in that way was offered as a reward for the detection of the man who invented shirts that buttoned in the back, and he could be turned loose among men that have suffered for years by his devilish contrivance, it would be well expended.

For fourteen years the men of this country have been slaves to this absurd fashion, and more arms have been cramped, shoulders dislocated and backs bent than would be believed by those who have not seen it. The spectacle of a mild-mannered man, after getting into his shirt, making a contortionist of himself, an acrobat, trying to get on the other side of himself to button his shirt the back way, is sad indeed. Statistics show that buttons on the back of a shirt always come off the second week, and in the place of the thin, oyster-shell button that comes with the shirt, the housewife always sews on a big drawers button, four sizes larger than the button hole, and, if he gets the button in the hole, the hole has to be "bushed" or a washer put on the button next time. Go through our prisons and you will find that the criminals, the bad men, wear shirts that button in the back. They have been driven to a life of crime by letting their tempers get the best of them while searching blindly for a button with one hand, and a button-hole with the other, when their backs were turned. They go from home mad, and commit crime to get even.

The bare idea of having shirts that open in front will give a feeling of rest to tired back-aching humanity. To stand up to the glass and button a shirt, and see what you are about, will be bliss indeed. The thought of a generous slit in the bosom of a shirt, where one's hand may wander, is elysium. There are times—we say it advisedly—there are times when the best of us want to put a hand inside a shirt bosom; but with the old shirt that buttons in the back a man might as well be a burglar-proof safe, with the combination lost, as to try to get in. With the old shirt it would be absolutely necessary to hire a hand.

A man's stomach has been a sealed book for fifteen years, with the old boiler-iron bosom, with no port holes. Occasionally a man's heart aches, and if he could put a hand on it, without going around the back way and sneaking in under the arm, he could tell by the feeling whether it was unrequited affection that ailed him or rheumatism. With the new shirt an exploring expedition can be sent to the seat of the disease before it is everlastingly too late.

Men have been wounded, and before they could be turned over and the entrance to the shirt found they have bled to death. The old back-action shirt is a fraud, and the new one is a daisy. It may be said by some that the new open sesame shirt will show to the world the color of the undershirt. It might if one was going to use his shirt bosom for a pillow, but few do that. And, even if they did, that is the only way the world can know that a man wears a silk undershirt, with a monogram on the front. We hail the new open-winter shirt with delight, and are sure the public will when they once get their hand in.—*Peck's Sun.*

HOW FLOUR IS MADE.

Flour was formerly made by simply grinding wheat at one operation to the finest possible flour, and then separating by sieves the flour from the bran, necessarily grinding in much of the bran with flour and discoloring it, while much of the very best material was separated with the bran and lost. The latter common method is to grind very coarsely the wheat several times, using strong blasts of air between each grinding to separate the bran from the granulated interior portion, and at last crush it to the floor, relieved of all the bran. The new electric method consists in passing the middlings under revolving hard-rubber cylinders, electrified by contact with sheepskin. The particles of bran fly up to meet the rubber, from which they are turned off in a side channel, the purified middling, freed from bran, passing through rollers to become fine flour.

IT is intimated that lawn tennis and laziness were prominent factors in causing the collapse of Thomas Hughes' Rugby enterprise in Tennessee.

CHESTERFIELD used to say, "Never walk fast; a gentleman is never in a hurry." But then there were no railroad trains or horse cars to catch in his day.—*Lowell Citizen.*