THE "STORY OF IDA."

[Whittier in The Manhattan.]

Weary of jangling voices never stilled,
The skeptic's sneer, the bigot's hate, the din
Of clashing texts, the webs of creed men spin
Round simple truth, the children grown who build
With gilded cards their New Jerusalem,
Draping the awful mystery of the soul
With sacerdotal tailoring, alb and stole,
I turn, with glad and grateful heart, from them
To the sweet story of the Florentine,
Immortal in her blameless maidenhood,
Beautiful as God's angels and as good:
Feeling that life, even now, may be divine,
With love no wrong can ever change to hate,
Nor sin make less than all-compassionate!

WOMAN AND HOME.

Hints for the Household and Helps for the House-Mother.

Clara Belle Concerning Courtship---Charming Women---Scrap Bags and Old Papers---A Fine Complexion.

[Dio Lewis' Monthly.]

To soften and whiten the skin there is nothing more beneficial than oatmeal, taken internally and used externally. As I have no wish to encroach upon the housewife's domain, I'll simply give directions for its external use. After a warm bath it may be used dry, or pour boiling water over a few spoonfuls of it, and let stand a few hours. On going to bed, wash the hands and face freely in the starchy water, and dry without wiping. Bran and Indian meal may be used instead, with nearly the same effect. For the sun bath put the bran or oatmeal into small bags, otherwise the difficulty of removing the particles which adhere to the skin is considerable.

Instead of poultices of bread and asses' milk which the Roman ladies found so efficacious for softening and whitening the face, we may use a mask of quilted cotton or chamois skin, wet in cold distilled water. This will not be the most comfortable in the world, but no great excellence is ever attained without labor and care. Many ladies, whose complexions are the envy of all their friends, acknowledge that they owe it all to distilled water, which they use for their face and hands. Queen Victoria is to be envied for one thing, if nothing else, for she has the delightful comfort and luxury of having distilled water for all her baths.

Ladies with oily or greasy skins may use, sparingly, a few drops of camphor in the bath. Borax and glycerine combined, are used with good effect by some people, while thoroughly disagreeing with others. Glycerine alone softens and heals, but in time will darken the skin and make it over-sensitive; the borax obviates this, and has a tendency to whiten. No toilet table is complete without a bottle of ammonia. A few drops of this in the bath, cleanses the skin and stimulates it wonderfully. It is especially valuable in removing the odor from those who perspire freely.

To remove tan and sun-burn, cold cream, mutton tallow and lemon juice may be used; for freckles, apply the latter with a tiny camel's-hair brush. The country girl, deprived of many things which her city cousin finds indispensable, discovers that she can remove the tan from her face with a wash made of green cucumbers sliced into skim milk, or, failing in this, she makes a decoction of buttermilk and tansy.

A well-known writer on feminine beauty recommends the use of finely-ground French charcoal for the complexion. A teaspoonful of this, well mixed with water or honey, should be taken for three consecutive nights, followed by a simple purgative, to remove it from the system. The aperient must not be omitted, or the charcoal will remain in the system, a mass of festering poison, with all the impurities it absorbs.

None of these things will bring about the desired result unless the foundation is first laid by proper food, exercise and bathing; above all things, do not neglect the bath. Cleanliness is one of the cardinal virtues, and a woman fresh from the bath feels a good deal like an angel.

"Clara Belle" Concerning Courtship.

[Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Let us return for a moment to the subject of marriage, for the sake of a little moralizing. Ruskin is out with condemnation of what he calls mob courtship, and I agree with him. It is greatly to be regretted that of paying court in the old-fashioned way to a lady, with expectancy that it will take time for acquaintance to blossom into friendship and friendship to ripen into love, there is not much in our days. Instead we have the mad "falling in love," for which our novels are partially responsible, which have much marrying in haste and repenting in leisure to answer for because of their false teaching in exalting impetuous passion above calm, patient, intelligent love.

Ruskin is of the opinion that if a youth is fully in love with a girl, and feels that he is wise in loving her, he should at once tell her so plainly, and take his chance bravely with other suitors. No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once without severe reasons. If she simply doesn't like him she may send him away for seven years or so, he vowing to live on cresses and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance; if she likes him a little, or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her, putting him always on sharp trial to see what stuff he is made of, and requiring, figuratively, as many lions' skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth.

The whole meaning and power of true courtship is probation; and old man Ruskin thinks that it ought to be fixed at seven years. But the precipitate process is now in vogue. We learn our lessons of love and wedlock from the novel and the drama.

Charming Women.

[Atlantic Monthly.]

When it was all over, my friend said, "Now, that is a woman in earnest. Do you suppose it is her earnestness that makes her so unprepossessing?"

That is my perplexity reduced to its last equation: Was it her earnestness?

My friend held that it was. "If you have observed," said she, "women with aims are always like that. They are too superior to condescend to make themselves agreeable. Besides, they haven't time. Then they never can see but one side of a question—the side they are on. They are always dragging their own opinions to the front, and always running full tilt against every one else's. That is where they differ most from women who haven't purposes and who have seen a good deal of the world. It is the business of a woman of the world to be agreeable. She spares no pains to make herself just as good looking as possible and just as charming. And she is always tolerant. She may think you a fool for your beliefs, but she doesn't tell you so brutally, or try to crush you with an avalanche of argument. She tries to look at the matter from your point of view; in short, she feigns a sympathy if she has it not. Your women with a purpose think it wrong to feign anything. They won't pretend to be sympathetic any more than they will powder their faces, or let their dressmaker improve their figures. That's why they are so boring; they are too narrow to be sympathetic and too conscientious to be polite. It is earnestness does it; earnestness is naturally narrowing. It is earnestness, too, sets their nerves in a quiver and makes them so restless. They can never sit still; they are always twitching, don't you know? That's earnestness. It has a kind of electrical effect. Women in earnest have no repose of manner. But a woman of the world feigns that, just as she feigns sympathy, because it makes her pleasant to other people. Oh, there's no doubt of it; women in earnest, have a noticeable lack of charm. And I regret to say that the nobility of the purpose does not in the least affect the quantity of charm. Very likely their busy lives and the hard fight they have had to wage with social prejudices and moral anachronisms may have something to do with it.

But after making all deductions, I wonder if my friend's theory does not hit somewhere near the mark.

An Epidemic of Scrap-Bags.

[New York Post.]

One of the fancies of the day is to have innumerable scrap-bags and work-bags scattered through the house. This should, and probably will become something more than a fancy, for after one has become accustomed to the convenient practice of putting away things in them it will be difficult to give them up. They are made in every style and of every kind of material.

If for bed-rooms, they should match in color with the other bright or sombre colors used there. One very simple and pretty way to make them is to make the bag of white butchers' linen; cut it square and have it about fifteen inches each way. Across the top and bottom put on a strip of Canton flannel three inches wide; sew this to the linen with fancy stitches, then draw three circles at equal distances apart and about the size of a half-dollar. Work these, commencing at the centre and going up in straight lines to the circumference, with three or four shades of yellow embroidery silk. The bag is not gathered at the top, but has two blue strings attached to the corners to hang it by. The bottom of the bag may be ornamented by a strip of butchers' linen fringed out, or by a row of torchon across the bottom, slightly fulled on, or it may be left plain.

Another way is to have the bottom of the bag of a band of silk, sateen or velvet, five inches wide, and the rest of the bag, which should be ten inches or more long, of one kind of material. The top should be faced for about five inches and a shir be stitched there and ribbon run in. Aida canvas bags, made in the shape of the first one mentioned, are very pretty. Embroider some showy figure or pattern on the canvas, and have the upper part of silk with very narrow ribbon to hang it by. The canvas so extensively used by tailors in gentlemen's coats make nice and serviceable bags. This may be used in place of butchers' linen.

Still another style is to take a piece of silk three-quarters of a yard long and twelve inches wide, line it with silesia, sew it up in a long and narrow bag, leaving an opening in the centre large enough to insert your hand, gather the ends and finish with a tassel, slip two small rings of bone or of brass over these ends up to each side of the opening. These are made up especially to hang over a rod or the knob of a door that is not used often, and made very ornamental. Outline work shows to good advantage on brown canvas, and cashmere is pretty for the upper part of the bag.

Chihuahuan Women.

[Wheeling Register.]

Chihuahua is innocent of sidewalks. Mud is scarcely known, as rain falls only sufficiently to moisten the earth, except in the month of June, when as if to make up for its feebleness at other times, it almost deluges the town, falling to the depth of thirteen or fourteen inches. It rushes down the mountains in a torrent, floating off carts, barrels, chairs and chicken-coops, if the latter are sufficiently modern to be made of wood. The coops are usually mud and stone, hastily thrown together.

The Mexican women are wonderfully graceful. This is partly due to the manner of carrying baskets or bundles, begun in early childhood. I watched a Mexican girl carry an immense basket of clothes home to be laundried. First she selected from the basket a towel, and twisting it tightly wound it round and round until the circumference was the size of her head, on which she placed it; then, helped by a companion, she lifted the basket, weighing at least thirty pounds, on top of the roll. She balanced it by touching it lightly, first with one hand and then the other. After she had gone a short distance she folded her hands in her shawl, walking with the greatest ease and unconsciousness. She looked back smilingly at me, showing her pretty white teeth, still amused at senora, who thought her task difficult.

Households Hints.

["L. L. L." in Detroit Free Press.]

To keep knives and forks in good condition when not in use, dust the blades and prongs with finely powdered quicklime and keep them wrapped in flannel.

To clean straw matting, boil three quarts of bran in one gallon of water and wash the matting with the water, drying it well.

To wash castor bottles, put them one-third full of rice and fill up with water; shake thoroughly.

To remove fruit stains from linen, dip in sour buttermilk and dry in the sun; wash in cold water and dry two or three times a day.

Mildew is easily removed by rubbing common yellow soap on the article and then a little salt and starch on that. Rub all well on the article and put in the sunshine.

To extract ink from wool, scour with sand wet with water and ammonia. Then rinse with strong saleratus water.

To clean door plates use a wet solution of ammonia in water applied with a wet rag.

Clothes pins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month become more durable.

Modes of Bread "Raising."

[Scientific American.]

Good cream tartar bread is perfectly wholesome, but it lacks the alcohol, and can commonly be distinguished from yeast bread even by the taste, and this mode of "raising" is used chiefly for those forms which we will so unwisely persist in eating hot.

For herein comes to light the most important distinction between the two modes of raising dough. As formerly remarked, hot bread, biscuit, etc., ought never to be eaten by any one. But if we are bound at any rate to do it, there is much greater safety and much more ease of digestion secured by the use of the cream tartar. The biscuit, etc., made with it can within a very few minutes after baking pass through all the changes which in the other case requires five or six hours. And until these molecular transformations have ceased, the bread is a fearful burden to a weak stomach. But where it is to be eaten cold, as it should always be, yeast fermentation is what it has in all ages been, the one way to raise bread.

Something New and Nice.

[Inter Ocean.]

Pancakes are easier to pour when prepared in a tin kettle with a spout. A small one can be purchased for the purpose.

When peeling onions place a pin tightly between the front teeth. This prevents the tears from coming.

A very palatable dish can be made of mashed potatoes and a little finely chopped meat of one or more kinds, mixed together, flavored with salt and pepper, and fried in small flat cakes.

It is said by a butter-maker, who ought to be authority, that if rancid butter is worked over thoroughly in sweet milk, every suspicion even of unpleasant flavor will be removed. The caution is repeated that this must be thoroughly done.

Beef balls are very nice fried in suet. Round steak can be used for these. Chop the meat fine, season well with pepper and salt and any herb you may choose, shape them like flat balls with your hands, dip in egg and fine cracker or bread crumbs, and fry in the hot suet.

Fiction for Children.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Feed your child on pickles and sweetmeats, allow her to wear paper-soled shoes and an insufficiency of flannel, and we all know what the consequences will be—dyspepsia and hectic cough. Does it never occur to you that the analogy applies to her mental sustenance and equipment?—that if we feed her unformed and emotional nature with high-spiced, morbid, unreal fiction she will become incapable of digesting better literature, and that by the time she is a woman anything solid will be rejected by the pampered appetite? Have you never seen this, you mothers?

Good fiction is truly a legitimate, healthful, and improving means of pleasure and profit. By the perusal of clever novels, of real and idealized pictures of human life, our mental range of vision is extended, the focus of our intellectual glasses is truly adjusted, our sympathies enlarged, our prejudices driven away, our knowledge of and regard for the just value of life increased and verified; we are amused, improved, touched, warned, helped, and urged to help others. There is no better means of impressing on our minds the facts of history or the qualities and values of human nature than by the historical or critical novel. But such are not the results which usually follow from a perusal of "the light literature of the day," which library people prove young girls devour yearly in unlimited quantities.

Save the Old Paper.

[Inter-Ocean.]

Never throw away old paper. If you have no wish to sell it, use it in the house. Some housekeepers prefer it to cloth for cleaning many articles of furniture.

For instance, a volume written by a lady says: "After a stove has been blackened it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping a tea-kettle, coffee pot, and tea-pot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware and spoons; they shine like new silver.

"For polishing mirrors, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper instead of cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner and makes less noise when one walks over it.

Difficult and Dangerous.

[The Continent.]

It is only a few years since the "fifteen puzzle" was the favorite pastime. It confronted us on all sides, besieging the study, the home circle and drawing-room. More lately a new enigma has been propounded, which novelists are bandying in every form. It is the enigma of the human heart, which, finding wedlock unsatisfactory, fixes its devotion on another than the legal husband or wife. Are the days of innocent young love fast passing away?

It needs little reflection to show that the theme of cross-love between the married is not only difficult to manage but dangerous. It cannot possibly be wholesome as a topic either for idle amusement or close and frequent study. For many reasons its habitual use as the motive of a story is something to be greatly deplored. Are we, who have lifted our skirts at the prurience of French novels and plays, now to draggle them through American renderings of the same naughtiness?

Blase and Miserable.

[St. Louis Republican.]

There are women in our midst who have looked forward all their lives to a possible time when they might own a plain, lady like costume of elegant material—say a good black silk. To have such a one would make them perfectly happy, while their neighbors are women who have worn nothing but silken gowns and velvets all their lives. But the first is the happier of the two. She hopes on—still looks forward to the superb possession, while the other has nothing to look at through the lens of futurity. The future, when the rosy curtain rolls away, can show her nothing she has not known in the past—only newer silk gowns, others like what have gone before, and which have fallen to the lot of the poor relative. She can still feel an enthusiasm while looking at painted satins and brocaded velvets, but her expectancy is blunt at the point. What can the woman know of the genuine happiness who does not remember the first day she wore a sealskin pelisse, trimmed with natural otter? The fortunate she, born to sealskin, is blase and miserable.

The Workmanship of the Universal Father.

[Cor. Philadelphia Journal.]

A few days since, a learned physician, with much pride, told me how his reading of a costly work on the structure and functions of woman had been delayed. His daughter, 14 years of age, had got a glimpse of the volumes as soon as the express left them, and wished to read. He readily granted permission. "But, father," added the witty girl, "this is all about mother and me. May I also read of you and Charlie (a brother)?" "Why, certainly," responded the doctor. "It is only an exposition of the workmanship of the Universal Father, whose will is perfect."

His voice, he thinks, grew reverent. Such truly was his state of mind. Dewy tears came into the eyes of this daughter, already noted for her grace, beauty and intellect, and she put her arms around her father's neck, and most tenderly kissed him.

Parlor Furniture.

[New York World.]

Fashion requires that the modern parlor shall avoid all appearances of uniformity in its furniture. In a word, every piece is expected to have some characteristic not possessed by its neighbor. What is known nowadays to dealers and manufacturers as a "parlor suite" consists of one sofa, one arm-chair, and a side chair or two. These may be uniform in style and upholstery. The remainder of the furniture is contributed in odd pieces, differing in style, color, and upholstery, yet in harmony with the furniture proper.

Coffee Cups.

No two after-dinner coffee cups should be the same, says an exchange, and this will enable china collectors to show what they have got that is old, new, odd, unique, exclusive, and pretty.

Gauntlet Gloves.

The gauntlet glove is coming into fashion for morning use in quiet gray, tan, and wood shades. They are made in four different lengths, and the longest cuffs reach nearly to the elbows.

Don't strain your eyes by reading on an empty stomach or when ill.

An Unostentatious French Ruler.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

The president of the republic, M. Grevy, is one of the most modest rulers known to history. He lives in a large house, the Chateau of Montsons Vaudray, which has twenty-five guest rooms, to which, however, no strangers are invited. His daughter is married to a Mr. Wilson, an Englishman. Their child is the delight of the domestic president of the republic. M. Grevy rises at 8, works until the afternoon, fishes for an hour or two on the banks of the Loire, which is famed for its abundance of the finny tribe. After dinner, he plays billiards and enjoys his family life. At twenty minutes past 10 all the lamps in the chateau are extinguished. M. Grevy is not a very brilliant man, but he is a good and solid one, and while he may not be a second Washington, he has many of the good traits of character which have given such an enviable fame to the first American president

Inter Ocean: The last dodge of the California murderer to escape hemp is to appeal to the United States supreme court and die a natural death before a decision is ever rendered.

Kissing babies and making church donations are obsolete political practices.

ASHBY AND STUART.

How the Confederate Cavalry Leaders Fought and Died.

Stuart, the Cavalier of the South---Ashby, Stonewall Jackson's Right Arm---The Raid on Pope.

[M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.]

While Stonewall Jackson was retiring upon Harrisonburg, pushed by Fremont and watching out for Shields, the rear of his army was defended by Gen. Ashby, of cavalry fame. His immediate command numbered less than 1,000 horsemen, and, until the last few miles of the march, he checked all assaults with cavalry and artillery. It was a highway admirably laid out for the defense by a rear guard. Always narrow—full of sharp descents and sudden curves—natural ambus cades at every mile—it needed only a dozen men at certain spots to hold a regiment at bay for a quarter of an hour. Jackson pushed ahead at a famous rate, and the roar of the guns of the rear guard was ever in his ears. At one point nine dismounted cavalrymen held the narrow road until the Federals had advanced two full regiments, and 100 men had worked their way up the sides of the mountain to flank the little band. These nine men killed and wounded twenty-three men before they were pushed back, and, though a dozen shells were fired at them as they retreated along a straight stretch of road, not a man was injured.

THE CAPTURE OF WYNDHAM.

During the afternoon of the last day of the retreat, the Federal Gen. Wyndham, who had command of a full brigade of cavalry, was pushed to the front to drive through the Confederate rear guard. The spot chosen was where the highway stretched across a level, giving the cavalry room to deploy and manœuvre. Not quite half a mile beyond, the Confederate rear guard was holding the hill over which the road wound. Two pieces of artillery were posted in the road, and dismounted cavalry supported them. When it was seen that Wyndham's brigade was massing for a charge, Ashby hastily collected about seven hundred of his men and massed them in the highway. The guns were then drawn aside, and the cavalry carbines slung and depending upon the sabre alone, rushed down the highway in a mighty mass. Wyndham was struck in the centre, and the Confederates passed clear through his lines, wheeled at the call of the bugle, and, dividing to the right and left, they fell upon the two wings with such fury as to route both. It was sabre work almost entirely, and in that fifteen minutes' fight 150 men were killed or wounded, Wyndham and six officers captured, and two flags, thirty-two horses and forty prisoners taken. Ashby led the charge, and men who followed close after him aver that he struck as many as six different men with his sabre. In that fight a Confederate, now living on a farm near Glendale, Va., had his right ear sliced off close to his head, and the sabre sunk into his shoulder in a way to forever disable his arm. The wound in his shoulder was felt at once, but the loss of his ear was not noticed until the fight was over. Wyndham sought to excuse his disaster by talking of the cowardice of his troopers, but his own sabre was without a stain, and men who hear no orders of command cannot be blamed for falling into a panic. The Confederates rode right at solid lines and the shock of meeting knocked down numerous horses and disabled a number of men.

CHARGING INFANTRY.

Half an hour later Fremont's advance of infantry was pressing so closely that infantry had to be sent back to oppose them. Ewell ambushed three or four regiments in the woods and fields at a turn of the road, but the advance scented the trap and deployed right and left, and advanced to the attack in two lines of battle, most of the force being composed of Pennsylvania Bucktails. To reach the Confederates, the blue lines had to cross wide, open fields, and, as they left their shelter, they received such a fire that all further advance was checked. The men were seeking the cover of rocks and ditches and holding their ground well, when Ashby thundered down upon them with his cavalry. There was no time to form squares, and the charge resulted in a rout. The infantry were driven back upon the reserve, horses and men; Federal and Confederate intermingled, and again the sabre and bayonet inflicted terrible work. Almost every cavalry horse was wounded, some three or four times, and many of their riders were thrust with the bayonet and pulled out of their saddles.

How strange so few of the cavalry leaders on either side died as they might have wished to die—leading their commands in some glorious charge! Ashby had courted death a hundred times as he rode at the head of his men. Here on this lonesome road as night came down he formed another ambush with infantry. The trap was well set, but, as its jaws were about to spring, a shot fired at random by a Federal struck one who had risked his life a dozen times that day and laid him low. Jackson was Lee's right arm. Ashby was Jackson's right arm. The tribute paid him by the eccentric warrior was not lengthy, but it outweighed the boom of cannon, the long processions, the burdens of flowers, and the efforts of orators. When a courier rode up to Jackson and announced the sad news, he dropped the reins, his head bent low, and he whispered:

"Poor Ashby! I am grieved!"

STUART AFTER POPE.

The cavalier of the south was Stuart. He was born to the saddle. He looked upon infantry as a sort of necessary evil, and whenever he attempted to handle them in conjunction with cavalry he was worsted. Had there been no army regulations, Stuart's men would have been dressed more like knights than dragoons. Rough old fighters smiled at his plumed hat and his dandy ways, but Stuart was a fighter. Had he worn a ruffled shirt and a velvet cloak, he would still have been the dashing cavalry leader that he was, counting odds as nothing, and ever fighting to win. When Gen. Pope had his headquarters at Catlett's station, Stuart one day paid him a visit of inspection. Pope didn't care particularly to see Stuart, but Stuart had a longing to see the man whose headquarters were in the saddle, and who wanted his men to forget the word retreat. With about three hundred men Stuart one day made a hard ride and a sudden dash. But for a Federal forager, mounted on a thoroughbred running horse, Pope would have been taken in his tent. As it was, he had about ten minutes' warning and got away, leaving behind all his papers, clothing and baggage. Stuart captured the station and all left behind, and one of the prizes was a new suit of clothes for Pope which he had not yet stepped into. His supply of liquors included whisky, brandy, cognac, champagne, port and several other brands, and were used to wash the dust out of the throats of the Confederates. Pope's razor, looking-glass, bedding, fine shirts, and other articles of toilet were divided as souvenirs, and a gilt-edged testament with his name in was pocketed by Stuart. Orders had been issued to treat Pope with tenderness and respect in case of capture, but it may be imagined that his ride to Richmond would have been a fast gallop and full of dire reflections. It has been asserted that Gen. Lee reproved Stuart for trying to capture him, saying:

"If you catch him, the Federal army will have a new commander, and he must certainly be a better one."

Stuart died like a hero, but it was not while leading—his plume waving to match Custer's yellow curls, his sabre gleaming in answer to Kilpatrick's. Before his sun had reached its zenith, and before the hero that was in him had been fairly developed, he died in the swirl and smoke and clamor of a cavalry fight—shot down by one who knew him not and was never known.

THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

Its Whispering Gallery---Seating Capacity--The Self-Supporting Roof.

["Emile" in St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

The tabernacle is really a wonderful building in several respects. With a weary automatic sort of action the guide began to rattle off the dimensions and qualities of the building. I was not specially interested until he said:

"This room is the most wonderful whispering gallery in the world. When everybody is quiet the faintest whisper is audible in the remotest part of the house. You can literally hear a pin fall. Try it once."

So I went to the further end of the room, 250 feet away, and standing on the speaker's platform, he addressed me in a whisper. I had no difficulty in understanding, and replied also in a whisper. Then he took a pin and dropped it into his straw hat. I was going to say the report was like that produced when a crowbar falls over a washboiler. Certainly the noise was very distinct. It was a matter of keen regret to me that I could not hear the great organ played upon, knowing that it was inferior only to the Cincinnati and Boston instruments. Suddenly the guide turned and observed in a doubtful sort of way:

"But you have not asked how great a seating capacity the building has."

"No," I answered, fervently. "I do not profess to be perfect, but I will never tempt a man to lie in that way."

He thanked me warmly, and then remarked:

"Since you will excuse me from the customary lies to the effect that this will seat 20,000 people and is full every Sunday, I don't mind saying that there are about 8,000 seats in the house, and that the galleries are only thrown open in times of conferences. There is no method of heating the building or of lighting it save by the introduction of electric lights, which was done in the case of Theodore Thomas last season. In winter, Mormon general services are held in the assembly room, which will seat about one-third as many people as the tabernacle. I can hold up my head and boldly announce that this is the largest self-supporting roof ever constructed by human ingenuity, and you will doubtless assent to that proposition. This festooning has been here some of it eight and some ten years."

I was interested in these decorations that have stood the test of time so remarkably. The elaborate centre-piece over the fountain must have occupied a good deal of time in its construction.

Eye-Water and Lonesomeness.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Lonesome up here? lonesome, did ye say?" said a tall, bronzed guide who had just lighted an afternoon pipe in the camp on Lake Utowana, in the Adirondacks. "Why, gentlemen, you're joking. A man kin never get that feelin' here, not if he's got any of the poetry of nature in him, and I hope that man ain't living. Why look round here. Here are lakes that can't be matched in the world. See how they reflect the trees, the flowers and vines. For a background you have over yonder the blue mountains, and close in the pines and spruce, their dead limbs hung with moss, and pointing all about like arms a-beckonin' you and pointin' out game. Down by the shore you have to push into the wild rosebushes, and when you do reach the water there are the lily pads, and altogether there rises such a smell of roses, spruce pine and water lilies that the very fishes jump out of the water to get a whiff of it. At night you hear the does sighin' for the bucks, the splash of the trout, and perhaps the yell of a panther way back in the woods. Get lonesome here? No, sir-e-e."

"You did not preach that last fall, when the eye-water gave out," said another guide, who had been a listener to the oration, "and I tell you, gentlemen, this poetry of natur' and snuffin' o' rose bushes never put shoes on them six children o' mine. When I'm guidin' at $5 a day, I'm chock-full o' poetry, but when it comes winter, and the city folks gets out, as they do in November, I'm for lightin' out, too."

A Phenomenal Maine Girl.

[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.]

The antagonists of modern advanced education, if there be any, should have heard a little lecture that a gentleman gave on the street Wednesday morning. The question had arisen as to the tendency of modern advanced education to create a disgust for manual labor. The gentleman told an anecdote. A young lady who is very well known in Lewistown and Auburn, and who has had a liberal education in America, a course of study in the German schools, and who has since taught in some of the leading schools of this state and others, came home to her father's farm this summer. The hours hung rather heavily. "Father, your office needs shingling," she said one day. The next day the shingles were on the spot, and the young lady proposed to have some fun and combine it in a legitimate way with solid work. She built the stagings geometrically, ran the lines after Euclid, and shingled the office as neatly and expeditiously as the village professor of shingling himself could have done. She pulled down the staging and erected it again over the ell of the house, and, in spite of parental injunction, shingled the ell and a sloping shed attached. She practiced music for pleasure in the meantime, however, and read German for a pastime. "Nothing," added the gentleman, "would be further from her own inclination than notoriety."

Current Journalistic Exaggerations.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The great American liars from Erie, Pa., and Texas have evidently formed a partnership and established branch offices in all the chief towns and cities. They are turning out copy fast. We have only time to note the story of a sparrow which catches six ducks every day, taking hold of them with its bill, shaking them as a dog does a rat, and then throwing them over its head; of a young man in Alabama, who for several years being destitute of beard had a hard knot in his neck cut open and found a beard all rolled up and nicely packed away in this wen; of a Bridgeport (Conn.) "professor" who has invented a brass belt with a nipple from which he noiselessly projects a pellet, and which, in the presence of a witness, killed a dog in fifteen minutes without the animal's knowing it was hit, and finally of a St. Louis man, who, by means of two plates of glass one-thirty-sixth of an inch apart and filled in with glycerine, has made a telescope with which he is able to see a carmine sea, strange bat-like birds, and insect men with rudimentary arms and wings, or antennæ, who were fishing in the sea.

He was telling the story in the billiard room of a Denver hotel. Said he:

"There were three of us, you see, and Nevada was a cold climate for us. We were dead-broke, half-starved, and clear discouraged, when along came a New Yorker. He wouldn't play cards, wouldn't be robbed, and we couldn't stick him with forged land patents or bogus pre-emptions. One day we trailed out and dug a hole into a hill and salted it a bit, and rushed back and offered the New Yorker the big discovery for $3,000 cash down."

"And he bit?"

"Took right hold like a pair of pincers. Why, he never even stopped to beat us down. We got a cool thousand apiece and made for 'Frisco."

"Purty cool that was."

"Well, I dunno If there was anything cool in that transaction it was the way that New Yorker hunted up a pard, set miners to work, bought machinery, and took over $750,000 out of that 'ar hole inside of eight months! Maybe we've got over feeling flat, but I guess not."

Official Publication of a Resolution Passed by the Common Council of the City of St. Paul, Dec 4, 1883.

In the matter of the report of the Board of Public Works dated Nov. 20, 1883:

It is hereby ordered by the Common Council of the City of St. Paul:

That the Board of Public Works of said City of St. Paul, cause the following improvements to be made, to-wit: Grade Fillmore avenue, formerly McCarthy street, to a partial grade and full width, from Bertha street to the proposed levee in said city. That said Board cause said work to be let by contract, as provided by law, without one-half the estimated cost being first paid into the City Treasury, and after said work shall be placed under contract, said Board shall proceed without delay to assess the amount as nearly as they can ascertain the same, which will be required to pay the costs and necessary expenses of such improvement upon the real estate to be benefited by said improvement, as provided by law. It being the opinion of the Council that real estate to be assessed for such improvement can be found benefited to the extent of the costs and expenses necessary to be incurred thereby.

Yeas—Ald. Dowlan, O'Connor, Robert, Fischer, Otis, Smith, Cornish, Johnson, Van Slyke, Starkey, St. Peter, Mr. President—12.

Approved Dec. 6, 1883.

A. ALLEN,
President of Council.

THOS. A. PRENDERGAST, City Clerk.

Cold Outlook for a Panic.

[New York Graphic.]

Mr. Carlisle's speech on taking the chair yesterday shows him to be a conservative, sensible man. The Republican press is working hard to get up a business scare, but the foolishness will fail.

Then Why All This Racket.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

The Democratic House will no doubt propose mischievous schemes, but it will be defeated by the Republican senate, and behind all stands a Republican President. The business interests of the country will not be disturbed.

[OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.]

Vacation of Alley in Crocus Hill Rearrangement of Block One, Wright's Addition to St. Paul.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
ST. PAUL, Minn., November 17, 1883.

Whereas a petition has been filed in this office, by order of the Common Council of the City of Saint Paul, and as provided by law, asking for the vacation of the Alley in "Crocus Hill re-arrangement of Block one (1) Wright's Addition to the City of Saint Paul," and

Whereas the petitioners state that they are owners of all the property on the line of the vacation asked for, and that the object of said vacation is that the petitioners have re-platted said block "one," and the said alley is of no further convenience or use to the public, etc.;

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that said petition will be heard and considered by the Common Council of the City of Saint Paul, or a committee to be appointed by them on Tuesday, the first day of January, A. D. 1884, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at the Council chamber, in the city hall.

By order of Common Council,

THOS. A. PRENDERGAST,
City Clerk.

no20-tue-5w

Confirmation of Assessment for Change of Grade on Pleasant Avenue.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,
CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 4, 1883.

The assessment of benefits, damages, costs and expenses arising from the change of grade on Pleasant avenue from Third (3rd) street to Ramsey street, in the city of St. Paul, Minn., having been completed by the Board of Public Works, in and for said city, said Board will meet at their office in said city at 2 p. m., on the 17th day of December, A. D. 1883, to hear objections (if any) to said assessment, at which time and place, unless sufficient cause is shown to the contrary, said assessment will be confirmed by said Board.

The following is a list of the supposed owners' names, a description of the property benefited or damaged, and the amounts assessed against the same, to-wit:

Irvine's Enlargement to Rice and Irvine's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.	Damages.	Balance
Peter Berkey, N. 40 feet of	6	63	$15 00	$0 00	$15 00
W. H. Grant, E 40 feet of	7	63	10 00	0 00	10 00
M. Walter, W 20 feet of	7	63	5 00	0 00	5 00
Same	8	63	15 00	0 00	15 00

Partly in Irvine's Enlargement to Rice and Irvine's Addition to St. Paul and partly in Dayton and Irvine's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.	Damages.	Balance.
W. H. Childs	9	63	$15 00	$0 00	$15 00
Same, for raising house on	9	63	0 00	50 00	50 00
Alex. Walls	10	63	15 00	85 00	70 00
Anton Bettengen	11	63	15 00	0 00	15 00

Irvine's Enlargement to Rice and Irvine's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.	Damages.	Balance.
G. A. Nash	1	64	$15 00	$0 00	$15 00

Partly in Irvine's Enlargement to Rice and Irvine's Addition to St. Paul and partly in Dayton and Irvine's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed Owner and Description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.	Damages.	Balance.
W. S. Combs	6	64	$15 00	$0 00	$15 00

Dayton and Irvine's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.	Damages.	Balance.
W. S. Combs, (except N.W.'ly 57 feet)	7	64	$15 00	$0 00	$15 00
C. E. Leslie	8	64	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same, N. E'ly ½ of	9	64	7 50	0 00	7 50
John Farrington, SW'ly ½ of	9	64	7 50	0 00	7 50
Same	10	64	15 00	0 00	15 00
Henry Fandel	1 & 2	65	30 00	0 00	30 00
Same, for raising fence on	1	65	0 00	75 00	75 00
W A Culbertson	4	65	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	5	65	15 00	0 00	15 00
George Pulford, NE'ly 40 ft of	6	65	10 00	0 00	10 00
Same, for raising house on NE'ly 40 ft of	6	65	0 00	75 00	75 00
Same, for repairing house on NE'ly 40 ft of	6	65	0 00	25 00	25 00
C S Drake, NE'ly 40 ft of SW'ly 80 ft of	6	65	10 00	0 00	10 00
Same, for raising house on NE'ly 40 ft of SW'ly 80 ft of.	6	65	0 00	50 00	50 00
C S Drake. For repairing house on NE'ly 40 ft of SW'ly 80 ft of	6	65	0 00	25 00	25 00
Francis Birgham. SW'ly 40 ft of	6	65	10 00	0 00	10 00
Same. For raising house on SW'ly 40 ft of	6	65	0 00	160 00	160 00
Same. For raising fence on Sw'ly 40 ft of	6	65	0 00	15 00	15 00
C D Greene	10	70	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	11	70	15 00	0 00	15 00
Mary Mitsch	12	70	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	13	70	15 00	0 00	15 00
S S Brisbine	14	70	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	15	70	15 00	0 00	15 00
J H Breidert	1	66	25 00	0 00	25 00
Same. For raising house on	1	66	0 00	175 00	175 00
Henry Hatchman	4	66	15 00	0 00	15 00
Henry Hutchinson	5	66	15 00	0 00	15 00
R Smith, N E'ly 40 ft of	6	66	10 00	0 00	10 00
Thomas Bower, S W'ly 80 ft of	6	66	20 00	0 00	20 00
Same, for raising house on S W'ly 80 ft of	6	66	0 00	150 00	150 00
Same, for repairing house on S W'ly 80 ft of	6	66	0 00	25 00	25 00
Board of Education, St. Paul	1	67	23 00	0 00	23 00
Same	4	67	15 00	0 00	15 00
L Pleiss	5	67	15 00	0 00	15 00
F A Mead, N E'ly ½ of	6	67	15 00	0 00	15 00
Adam Rau S W'ly ½ of	6	67	15 00	0 00	15 00
C J Thompson, E'ly ⅔ of	1	68	20 00	0 00	20 00
F J Wilcken, W'ly ⅓ of	1	68	10 00	0 00	10 00
Same, N E'ly 30 ft of	5	68	7 50	0 00	7 50
Jacob Mannheimer, S W'ly 30 ft of	5	68	7 50	0 00	7 50
H Greve	6	68	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	7	68	15 00	0 00	15 00
J B Sanborn	8	68	15 00	0 00	15 00
J Peterson	9	68	15 00	0 00	15 00
John Wallace	10	68	15 00	0 00	15 00
Wm Brown	11	68	14 00	0 00	14 00
K C Neilson	12	68	10 00	0 00	10 00
Henry Eichorn	13	68	9 00	0 00	9 00
Same, for raising and repairing houses on	13	68	0 00	100 00	100 00
Alex Ramsey	14	68	15 00	0 00	15 00
Adam Fink	53	86	25 00	0 00	25 00
Same	52	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
F Theobald	51	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	50	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
C Dodge	49	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
F A Mead	48	86	14 00	0 00	14 00

Supposed owner and description.	Benefits.	Damages.	Balance.
Wm W Ely. Commencing at SE corner of lot 47, in block 86, Dayton & Irvine's addition to St. Paul: thence NW'ly along the W'ly line of the alley to an intersection with a line drawn 150 ft N'ly of and parallel with Pleasant avenue; thence W'ly along said line to a point half way between said alley and the W'ly line of lot 46, in said block 86, thence S'ly to the SE corner of said lot 46; thence E to beginning	$14 50	$0 00	$14 50
Patrick Egan. Commencing at SW corner of lot 46, in block 86, Dayton & Irvine's addition to St. Paul. thence NW'ly along W'ly line of said lot 46, 166 ft; thence E'ly parallel with Pleasant avenue to a point half way between W line of said lot 46, and the alley running N'ly and S'ly through said block 86; thence S'ly to the SE corner of said lot 46; thence W'ly to beginning	$15 00	$0 00	$15 00

Dayton and Irvine's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.	Damages.	Balance.
Ida D M Groff	45	86	$15 00	$0 00	$15 00
Same	44	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
J W Richardson	43	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	42	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
M O'Day	41	86	13 00	0 00	13 00
E Cummings	40	86	13 00	0 00	13 00
Alex Ramsey	39	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	38	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
P H Kelly	37	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	36	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	35	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	34	86	13 00	0 00	13 00
W R Bown	33	86	13 00	0 00	13 00
Same	32	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	31	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
Chas E Flandrau	30	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
Same	29	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
Geo W Patridge	28	86	15 00	0 00	15 00
Mary L King	27	86	13 00	0 00	13 00
Alex Ramsey	54	86	6 00	0 00	6 00

All objections to said assessment must be made in writing and filed with the Clerk of said Board at least one day prior to said meeting.

JOHN C. TERRY, President pro tem.

Official: R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.

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