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A MIDWINTER RECORD.

EXTRAORDINARY GROWTH OF

THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION

IN ONE YEAR.

Average Daily Circulation of The World during February, 1891.....	313,612
Average Daily Circulation of The World during February, 1892.....	377,892
A NET DAILY GAIN in twelve months of.....	64,280

In Advertising, Too.

Total Number of Advertisements printed in The World during February, 1891.....	57,022
During February, 1892.....	67,159
NET GAIN.....	10,137

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safe-keeping of any rejected manuscripts or pictures, of whatsoever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or inclosures. Nor will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unavailable manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Almanac Spring has begun.

King WILLIAM and CAPRIVI may kiss and make up. *Warum, nicht?*

Secretary FOSTER to Count MITKIEWICZ and Col. E. F. SHEPARD: "Two are company, but three is a mob."

MICHAEL SLATTERY objected to the singing of "Comrades" and the singer killed him. *Verb. sap. sef.*

THE WORLD is doing valiant service for Democracy on the first important battle-ground of the year, in Rhode Island. A victory there means a great deal to the cause.

Dr. PAXTON says it is a bad world, but not altogether bad. Which is a cheerful and healthy view to take of it. Such a view, indeed, as fits one to help make the world better.

Regardless of the question of Chancellor CAPRIVI's resignation, the situation in Germany is not a comfortable one. The Kaiser's dream of absolutism becomes more and more of a nightmare.

Elephant Tom, at the Central Park Menageries, knelt on his keeper yesterday, and the pressure was near fatal to the man. Tom's compartment is next to that of Tip, who has a record of eight men killed and is looking for the ninth. Have evil communications corrupted Tom's good manners?

A plucky Connecticut girl and a piano tuner, who proved that he could run a ladder as well as a musical scale, saved the Nathan Hale house from fire the other day at Coventry. The antiquarians of the State will hereafter have a wholesome respect for that tuner.

A New Jersey legislator says he was offered, if he would vote for the Reading deal bill, a "sum so large that if put at interest at 6 per cent. I need not have worked any more." And do men think it was a legitimate business enterprise which it was sought to promote by such desperate means as this?

A real old-fashioned burglary, that in Broome street Saturday night. One of the "take down the front shutters and cut out the glass" kind. While a man inside did the work of packing up the booty his confederates sauntered about the vicinity, and perhaps wanting to know the time "asked a policeman." This is all refreshing, but not reassuring.

Yale College boys broke up a theatrical performance at New Haven Saturday night. They snowballed the actors in the house and insulted the leading lady outside. One was knocked down by the leading man and several were locked up by the police. A proper remedy would be a strapping of the whole gang by a detail of college athletes until the small-boy buffoonery should be strapped out of them.

DON'T PUSH THE SILVER ISSUE.

The silver Democrats of the West should listen to the advice of the Democrats of the East. They should postpone the consideration of the Bland bill. According to the decision lately reached in the house, the Bland measure will come up for consideration to-morrow.

The passage of a resolution fixing this time for the debate on the bill was hailed by the free-coinage men as their victory. But was it so? Or were they, as is claimed with a show of reason on other hands, aided by the votes of Republicans who saw an opportunity to help bring forward an issue which will divide the Democracy, imperil Democratic interests in the coming campaign and serve to throw into partial obscurity the real, burning issue of Tariff Reform, on which Democracy takes the right and popular side?

Free silver men could gain nothing even by passing their bill at this time. It is certain that the measure would be vetoed by the President. And meanwhile, in their hopeless struggle, they would have brought about a possibility which it is not yet too late to avert: the possibility of Democratic defeat in the National election.

This is not saying that the Republicans would certainly win with free silver as an issue in the campaign. But why, when it is certain that no good can come through the forcing of that issue, allow it to come up with its threatenings of evil to the party in which to-day rests the only hope of the people for speedy relief from unjust tariff taxes?

THE BLACK-JACK AND HARI-KARI.

Chinese civilization is pretty old and it is progressive. Not only in China, but in Pell street. CONFUCIUS was doing a good business as a philosopher before PONTIUS PILATE was born. BUDDHA had a rushing clientele before Christianity was dreamt of. In the arts and sciences and in all that appertained to the dignity and decoration of the human family the slant-eyed son of the Sun and reverencer of the jade-orbed dragon was so far ahead of the North American that tickets were sold in the Hong-Kong and Yangtse-Kiang pool-rooms that this country would never be "in it" with China. The oblique-visioned Celestial has held his own so far, and holders of tickets on North America might have torn them up had it not been for the slight error made by Herr AH SIN, of Pell street, last night.

Herr SIN, who finds his living in fantan and probably doesn't care four cents' worth of square-apertured cash whether Fusi-Yama is an Indian mound or the facade of a Colorado gopher hole, bowed his be-queued head in an unguarded moment to modern civilization and acknowledged the superiority of at least one of its methods to those that obtained many thousands of years before the Lick Observatory's eye was on the moon or Father COPERNICUS mentioned the spindle on which this planet pirouettes. Herr SIN quarrelled with Sig. HOO YUNG, a laundryman and countryman, and put his eye out with a black-jack.

Think of it! The black-jack was not yet even a dream when hari-kari became the social fad of the Celestial Kingdom. An injured Chinaman never thought then of black-jacking his enemy: he sent him an invitation to the funeral, and then quietly dove into his trousers pocket for his jack-knife and without apology to the owner of the al fresco matting, which he stained with his blood, he ruthlessly disembowelled himself. Now he procures a black-jack and lies in wait for his opponent in the manner of Herr AH SIN, of Pell street. After awhile the Chinamen will do us the honor of adopting dynamite or the shillelah for the settlement of small-sized difficulties. He is coming to the front rapidly and we are helping him to get there. It may seem that he is always "countee-ing the collee," and doesn't pay much attention to the life-destroying and other novelties of modern civilization; but for all that we would advise holders of tickets on North America to tear them up and buy a pool or two on China for place, at least when anything new in the shirt-front or high-binding line is under consideration.

WEBSTER'S SECOND TRIAL.

The retrial of BERTRAM C. WEBSTER on the charge of murder should take place at the earliest possible date. It is the duty of the District-Attorney to take immediate steps to that end. The case is an important one and should be pushed to a conclusion while the facts connected with the tragedy with which it deals are comparatively fresh in mind, that no portion of the evidence may lose weight because of its staleness, or no important link be lost through lapse of time.

And not only for those reasons is promptness in the retrial of the prisoner called for. The interests of the public for whose benefit laws are established demands the prompt carrying out of all the law's mandates; but in no other case is the demand so strong as in one which possibly involves a capital crime. There is too much delay, in these times, not alone in administering the penalty imposed upon convicted murderers, but also, very often, in bringing to trial men accused of murder. The law suffers and fails of effect because of lack of diligence on the part of its servants.

A prompt trial is due also to the prisoner. In the particular case to which reference is made above a jury on a first trial has disagreed as to the prisoner's guilt. Though at first thought this seems to be in his favor, closer reflection will show that it really leaves him in a state of greater doubt than ever as to his final fate. There was evidence enough to convince some of the first jury, not enough for others. The result of a repetition of the evidence upon an entire new set of minds is something no man can forecast.

But one thing is clear. The new trial should be brought about at once, and the judge, as well as the jury, should be one new to the case.

A bureau drawer was saved from a recent fire in New Haven. This fact appears unimportant only until it is related that $3,000 were in the drawer, and that the man who saved it has not accounted for himself or the money up to date. This circumstance somewhat dulls the owner's sense of thankfulness that the drawer was saved.

What is the use of annexing Canada while our bunco men can annex everything the unsophisticated Canuck has got?

If Old Time only could turn backward what an acquisition he would be to New York's projected permanent circus.

THE CLEANER.

I heard Scalchi sing in concert last night, and saw people become really ecstatic over her. How great is the weight of reputation, and how little the average concert-goer knows of music.

* * *

Not a bad idea to have a permanent circus. The immense profits made by the visiting ones indicate that there is money in it.

* * *

After 11 o'clock the Seventh avenue horse-cars run three an hour. This the law requires. The public comfort is not considered.

* * *

The Drayton-Borrowe duel, which was not fought, has raised the question whether Drayton should not have shot Borrowe in his tracks. Intelligent reasoning shows that he should not. If he had he would have been executed or sent to prison and his children have suffered still greater disgrace. I am told that his children restrained him throughout. When he found that Borrowe was in Paris he determined to fight him, and conducted the affair in a way not to cause notoriety. Borrowe, who appears to have been afraid to meet him, is responsible for all the publicity.

* * *

A well-known physician told me yesterday that doctors feared typhus fever more than any other disease. They run great risks in attending it.

MUSICAL NOTE.

The Seidl concert at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall last night was a very enjoyable affair. The vocalist was Mme. Scalchi, who sang the "Gavotte" from "Mignon," and "Nobil Signor" from "Les Huguenots." Scalchi's voice has lost a little of its power and range, but her efforts are still appreciated. The orchestra played a selection from a new opera by Moskowsky called "Boabdil," and new to this country. Two of the movements were extremely graceful, and there was a highly effective waltz. A polka from Strauss's new comic opera, "Ritter Pazman," a couple of selections from "Lohengrin" and a waltz by Steck made up this interesting programme.

Talent and Genius.
[From the Washington Star.]

To be able to sit on the fence is political talent. To know just when to get off is genius.

But Keeps a Smiling Exterior.
[From the Chicago Post.]

The incautious young man who parted with his overcoat in the belief that Spring had come is now shivering with regret.

An Unsung Benefactor.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]

Let justice be done to all under all circumstances. The inventor who has carried labor-saving appliances and devices to their highest possible realization is the tramp.

How About Aliens?
[From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

The students in Cornell were told the other day by Prof. Collin that the man who sells his vote for money is more to be respected than the man who deliberately neglects to vote at all. This view makes the repeater something of a public benefactor.

The High Tax Policy.
[From the Toledo Bee.]

According to the gleeful organs, the McKinley law has turned Old World workingmen out to starve. We must be sending them flour and grain to avert the dreadful calamity. It would seem quite as well for all concerned if these workingmen were able to buy our farmers' grain. The policy of starving one's customers is not a large and wise one.

How He Stands (?).
[From Judge.]

Jones—I say, Brown, old fellow, you ought to reform.

Brown—What! !?

Jones—Own up, now. Ain't you a regular sot?

Brown—No, Jones; not that. But I guess you may put me down as something of an anti-temperance fanatic.

The Genuine and the Sham.

Every good thing has its host of imitations; every genuine article its counterfeits. The imitators always choose the most valuable and popular article to counterfeit, so that when they claim their sham to be equal, or as good, or the same as "So-and-So's," the public may depend upon it that "So-and-So's" article is the best of the kind. The sham proves the genuine merit of the thing it copies, and never has this been better illustrated than by the imitations of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the standard of excellence the world over, and imitators in their cry that theirs is "as good as ALLCOCK'S," are only emphasizing this fact and admitting "ALLCOCK'S" to be the acme of perfection, which it is their highest ambition to imitate. The difference between the genuine and these imitations, which copy only general appearance, is as wide as that between gold and copper.

The only safe way for purchasers is to always insist upon having

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

THE REINS OF LOVE.

With These in Hand Husbands May Manage Their Wives.

Other Conditions That Are Necessary to Domestic Harmony.

The Manner in Which Some Married People Get Along.

"There is no such thing," is the way many letters received by THE EVENING WORLD anent wife management begin. So often does this introduction greet the editor's eye that it becomes quite monotonous, particularly as nineteen out of twenty of the writers use up 200 words to explain that love is the loadstone that should attract husband and wife to each other, and that respect, confidence and a lot of other things exercise a beneficial influence in keeping the domestic machine running smoothly. A great deal of light has been thrown upon the subject of the ethics of married life since this discussion began, and those who impetuously rush into the contest with a "there is no such thing" for a starter must realize the big mistake they made when they read the letters published every day in this column.

Conditions.

THE EVENING WORLD *will give a gold double eagle to the writer who shows best* "HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE." *The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address (not necessarily for publication), and be directed to* WIFE EDITOR, THE EVENING WORLD, *P. O. Box 2,364.*

The Magical Reins.

To the Editor:

Love is the magical reins with which to manage a wife. Love is as necessary for husband and wife as the air they breathe. For man woman forsakes all that has been dear and sacred to her in early life, and links her life with his. Therefore, let the husband strive to fill this vacancy in her heart, make her home bright and cheerful. Fill a mother's place by being gentle, kind and loving. Be a sister, that she can go to him with her trials and find sympathy. Watch over and protect her as a brother. Win her respect and esteem, that as a father she may go to him for advice. Above all, be a true, faithful husband to her. And though the path of life be steep and rugged or beautiful as a valley of lilies, the wife will follow cheerfully, guided by the hand of love.

HAIDEE.

Bear with Her if Cross.

To the Editor:

In order to manage a wife properly you must love her truly and purely; honor her because she is worthy of it and is your wife, and keep her to the extent of your means, in comfort, and if possible in luxury. Bear with her if she is occasionally pettish or cross, and soothe her at such times by kind and sensible rather than loving words.

Always be perfectly honest, and never descend to anything small or mean. Never scoff at her cares, however light they may seem to you, and never ridicule her feelings when they are deeply moved. Acknowledge that the house is her domain, and while, perhaps, making suggestions when you think it necessary, freely grant that she may have her way in its general management. At the same time reserve strictly to yourself the business of the estate or office. Never mislead her as to the amount of your income, and never do anything you would be ashamed to have her know. In short fulfil your promises made in the marriage service, and if you are a manly man and your wife is worthy of a husband she will need no other management. U. M. M., Peekskill, N. Y.

She Is a Partner and an Equal.

To the Editor:

When two hearts are bound together by the sweet constraints of a two-fold love it requires no controversy to settle the limits of authority on one hand and submission on the other. There is generally an awakening from a dream of fancied perfection in the object of our love. Early learn to avoid that which experience teaches is offensive, and to cultivate whatever is attractive to the person whom it should be their happiness to please. The merest trifles may disturb the peace of the home, for it can be truly said, "How great a fire a small spark kindles." Leave the question of respective rights alone; rather engage in respectful rivalry as to which can make the greatest concessions. A wife must not be managed, for she is his partner and equal, not his subordinate, and with him makes up the united head of the family. Responsibility is shared more by her than by him. If she be a good wife, rarely question her judgment. Show your faith in her. Show to others you love her, and indeed she is an ungrateful partner is she does not return good for good.

ERIMUS.

Self-Respect, Self-Restraint, Self-Denial.

To the Editor:

To manage a wife, the man must be possessed of three indispensable qualities—self-respect, self-restraint and self-denial. Without any of these qualities he is not fit to govern himself, not to speak about governing a wife. Self-respect will make him respect the mother of his children and the woman who honors him by his name. There can be no true love without respect. A man cannot even be a gentleman who is devoid of self-respect. Self-restraint is necessary to govern one's temper and desires, and when this is the case it exerts its influence upon the wife. Self-denial in prosperity and adversity is to demand nothing of your wife which you yourself are not able to do likewise. Some one has truly said, "The greatest conqueror is he who governs himself," and the man who has self-respect and self-restraint and practises self-denial will best be able to manage a wife. In conclusion, "Don't leave off courting after you are married." A. W. M.

Woman Is Very Sensitive.

To the Editor:

When your wife makes an effort to please you by some kindly act do not hesitate to show her that you appreciate her thoughtfulness, even if the service in itself does not interest you. Half of the ruined homes to-day are caused by the indifference of the husband. While the wife may enjoy the idea of perfect liberty in regard to money matters, still half the charm is taken away when she knows there is no home interest in it. There is no true woman who is afraid of poverty or scant means of livelihood if she can feel the influence of a loving husband. No matter in what walk of life, a wife will always give in gracefully if she can feel that her husband is above reproach and truthful with her. It is not necessary to assume an affectionate attitude when in her presence, but a woman has very sensitive feelings as a general rule, and it is well to respect them at all times. Admire your wife more than other women. Be upright and manly, and the position of manager will indeed be an enviable one. CLARA E. B.

WORLDLINGS

The costliest pocket-knife made is sold for $25. Its handle is of solid gold and it contains two small blades only, a nail file and a miniature pair of scissors.

The lowest temperature ever registered by the thermometer in England was at Kelso in 1879, when the mercury fell to 16 below zero.

Senator Peffer's wife is a Pennsylvanian, and she has been married just forty years. She is a woman of business ability, and while her husband was in the war she so husbanded the savings he sent home that when the war was over she had the nucleus of a small fortune awaiting him.

The rarest thing in all Arizona, it is said, is a thunder storm. Sometimes there is not one a year.

There are said to be 135,000 lepers in India.

It's a fact. The Table d'Hote dinner for 75c. at THE COLUMBIA, on Union square, 5 to 8 P. M., is the best in the city. Charming music.

MEN'S LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS

They Have Entirely Superseded the Silk Article.

Marvels of the Hand Loom on Sale in This City.

The elegant gentleman of Gotham does not carry a silk handkerchief any more. That fancy was discarded when the curbstone dealers took to selling "silk wipes" at 25 cents each.

What he is wearing in the bosom of his dress suit is a specimen of the finest handloom in the linen market.

Fancy paying $5 for a hem-stitched handkerchief as bare of decoration as a dinner napkin! But that is what New York wives and mothers are doing and those are the bits of elegance husbands and sons are wearing.

Men of fashion who do not count the cost buy these sheer and lovely fabrics by the dozen or half-dozen, paying at the rate of $60 a dozen. When women make the purchase the average is one and the limit three.

To make up for quantity it is usual to select a small English script and order the initials embroidered in white "across corner." These orders just now are abundant and intended for Easter favors.

In the linen shops a dozen pure linen handkerchiefs for a man may be bought for as low as $1.50. The hemstitching is done by machine, the border is of the regulation width and the material is coarse, but it is linen, every thread of it, and a Mr. Richard Mansfield might carry it without fear of shedding lint when he used it.

A nice handkerchief is sold for 25 cents, a good one for 50 cents and a fine Irish linen, hand stitched, for 75 cents. The very best quality of Irish linen retails at $12 a dozen, goods that are a joy and a delight to the senses.

Anything choicer must be selected from the French linen, the cheapest costing $2.50 each. Like the Irish goods, they are absolutely without decoration, but they are handwoven, they have the sheen of silk, and they are as delightful to the touch as Brussels net or gauze tissue.

The next grade comes at $3.50, being much finer, noticeable only by comparison. The first quality sells at $5, is most beautiful, and hand spun from what is known in trade as grass linen. The texture is as lovely as tulle, having the same silky luster, with the wearing quality of thread.

There would be no difficulty in putting one of these $5 handkerchiefs into a pocket match-holder, and when worn in the vest the distention is scarcely perceptible. Hence their popularity with evening dress.

Not since the days of the last Napoleon has the fashion in men's handkerchiefs been so costly and never has it been more appropriate and elegant.

It becomes a bench of bishops as well as a front row of youthful theatre-goers, and whether displayed by an exquisite like Mr. George Riddle or an incorrigible genius like Mr. Jean de Reszke it could not escape the observation and admiration of the fair sex.

But refinement pays dearly for the elegancies of dress, and it may be something of a consolation to the customers of the sidewalk vendor of pocket handkerchiefs to know that the $5 article will not wear a bit longer than the three-for-a-quarter with pink and purple boxing gloves running round the border.

WARNING TO BACHELORS.

What It Costs to Fit Out a Baby with Nice Goods.

If you think it costs a mere nothing to rig up a new baby just glance over this price list of an infant's complete but simple outfit, says *Baby*.

Four silk skirts, at $1.87, $7.50; four silk and wool bands, at 75 cents, $3; six pairs of blankets, at $1.50, $9; two hand embroidered flannel skirts, at $10, $20; two hand scalloped flannel skirts, at $3.50, $7; two nainsook skirts, at $4.25, $8.50; two nainsook skirts, at $2.02, $5.25; six night slips—handmade—at $2, $12, three handmade slips, at $3, $9; two handmade slips, at $5, $10; two handmade dresses, at $6.25, $12.50 two handmade dresses, at $8.50, $17; one real val. dress, $25, one wrapper, $6.50; one wrapper, $7.50; one wrapper, $12; one jacket, $5; one jacket, $20; two pairs silk socks, at $2.75, $5.50; two pairs of silk socks, at $2.50, $5; one shoulder blanket, $3.50; one shoulder blanket, $5; six bibs, at 37 cents, $2.25; two bibs, at $2.50, $5; one bib, $8; three dozen linen diapers, large, at $4.50, $13.50; one cap, $5.50; one coat, $28; one basket, furnished with ivory and plated silver toilet articles, $15.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Friendship.

Friendship is not like love; it cannot say
"Now is fruition given me and now
The crown of me is set on mine own brow.
This is the minute, the hour and the day."
It cannot find a moment which it may
Call that for which it lived; there is no vow
Nor pledge thereof, nor first fruit of its bough,
Nor harvest, and no myrtle crown nor bay.

Love lives for what it may win or has won;
But friendship has no guerdon save to be.
Itself is its own goal, and in the past
Or future can no dearer dreams be done
Or hoped for; save its own dear self to see
The same, and evermore unchanged to last.
—*Kansas City Star.*

Song After Silence.

Winter is a weary time!
Not the ripple of a rhyme
Stirs the icy shores along,
Quickening quietude with song,
Smiles are choken with snow,
Not a metaphor will flow;
Envious frosts doth hold in fee
Every lip in Castaly.

But let Spring the bonds unbind
With the soft touch of its wind,
What a rapture! What a sweep!
What a swift, ecstatic leap!
Mortal words but half express
All the rapture, all the stress!
Sweeter are the strains that come
If the lip awhile be dumb.
—*New England Magazine.*

We Have All Been There.

There is a feeling of unrest
That lies upon my soul;
Earth has no charms for me at all;
Life has no flowing bowl.

A sad and melancholy night,
I'm feeling mighty glum;
I'm going to a ball to-night,
And my collars haven't come.
—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

A Hard-Hearted Relation.
[From Truth.]

Miss Elder—But haven't you some relatives who would lend you money in this emergency?

Atkin—I have only an uncle, and he always asks collateral security.

A Glo my View.
[From Judge.]

"The total coal output of this country exceeds a million tons," remarked the optimist.

"Yes," replied the pessimist; "but it all goes up in smoke."

Anomalous.
[From the Cloak Journal.]

Philadelphia Conductor (behind time)—Stop lively, please!

Passenger (dumfounded)—Great Scott! He must be a New York conductor.

Extravagance the best at NOTT, BEMIS'S new downtown Cafe, 38 Cedar st., cor. Temple. ✓

AN ALWAYS STYLISH BASQUE.

Pointed Back and Front with a Cadet Collar.

Lining for Black Skirts—Other Fashion Notes.

Basques come and go, but the plain style pointed back and front, short on the hips, with coat sleeves and cadet collar, is always a safe and a becoming style. It is good for the street, as well as the evening dress. It is a style approved by the best dressed women and the leading modistes.

AN EMPIRE GOWN.

Now that separate foundation skirts are a thing of the past, the tight, closely shaped models are lined with silk, and this, instead of matching in color, is selected so as to produce a harmonious contrast with the outside. Thus black skirts are lined with green, dull rose, heliotrope or a shot amber, and red produces a handsome effect in a plain black gown. The edge is finished with a narrow pinked out frill of the same, and when the skirt is raised, both the frill and colored lining are usually visible.

Heredity and environment make up the measure of our lives. Our safety, success and happiness depend greatly upon these two factors.

Mrs. Aubry H. Smith, of Pennsylania, who compiled a book of interesting and valuable statistics for the Centennial Exposition concerning the charities conducted by women, has, at the request of the Board of Lady Managers, resumed her work and will complete it up to date, showing the advancement of women in that direction.

Frances L. Dusenberry, the publisher and editor of the Chicago *Woman's News*, a thirty-two page monthly, is unconsciously developing the poetic side of Chicago. Poems are sent to her by the thousand, and the few she does not publish are returned to the author with a sweet little note of regret, admiration and encouragement.

Cut flowers will last three times as long if a little salt and charcoal is put in the vase of water. By stripping the leaves from the stem which stands in the water the life of the blossom is prolonged, as these leaves only vitiate the water. Every day at least the water should be changed, and the ends of the stalks snipped with a knife.

Pompadour and patches have always been associated. It seems now, according to the best authority in art and literature, that the famous beauty of the Court of Louis XV. was no more addicted to the habit of wearing court-plaster disks and hearts on her pretty face than is the beauty of the present day.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall has prepared by request a thoughtful and suggestive article with an outline of historical study and a set of questions for "Exposition Day" in Indiana schools.

Mrs. Frank Glossop is one of the successful women publishers of Chicago. Her Glossop's Chicago Pocket Guide Book is in its 1891 edition, and when the Fair opens it will sell like tickets of admission to the Women's Building.

The waists of girls' frocks are of natural length and round, or with a slight point in front, and are buttoned or hooked in the back. High waists are mostly made with a yoke or to represent a guimpe, hence low waists to wear with real guimpes are in greater favor than ever. The material is put on full over a fitted lining, giving the effect of a seamless waist, and showing only under-arm seams. Very full trimmings are then added as revers that widen in deep epaulets, gathered on the tops of the sleeves, or a bertha frill around the shoulders below a yoke or on a low round waist, or else a full gathered bib of lace hanging from a high collar-band.

Two New Children.
[From Puck.]

"Did you like to go to Sunday-school?" asked Uncle George of little Tommy.

"Yes; an' dey sang about two funny little children."

"Who were they?"

"Cherry Bim and Sary Fimm."

Matchless

for every purpose of cleanliness — *Pearline*. Nothing saves as much work; nothing does as much work. It cleans without corroding, and washes without wear and tear. It does better than any soap anything that soap can do. Any housekeeper will tell you how cheap it is, but it is so dear to her that she will never give it up.

Beware peddlers. 288 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

ODD BITS OF CONTEMPORARY HUMOR

He Couldn't Help Showing His Dad How Touched He Was.

"It has cost me $7,500 to carry you through college, Hiram, but I don't regret it. A good education, my boy, is the right foundation for success in life."

The well-preserved old man leaned back in his chair and looked with pride on the youth who stood before him, says the Chicago *Tribune*.

"No matter what calling you may adopt," he continued, "the knowledge you have acquired and the mental discipline you have passed through will be found indispensable. In the race for supremacy you can now start on an equal footing with the best of them."

"Yes, that's so," assented the young man.

"I have not been able to keep track of your progress as I should have liked, but your standing in your class was fully up to the average, wasn't it?"

"Ya-as."

"And you took your part in the regular college athletics, I presume?"

"I didn't waste any time on baseball or rowing, but I was no slouch with the gloves."

"I have never had any complaints from the Faculty, and I infer that your behavior was generally satisfactory. Absorbed in business, as I have been, I could not exercise that personal supervision over you that a watchful father should have done, perhaps, but I have trusted to the good effect of early training. And I have been generous with you, have I not, as regards spending money?"

"Oh, yes."

"And now, my boy, what are your plans for the future? Have you formed any?"

"Well, I have thought I should like to travel in Europe a year or two."

"H'm! That's pretty expensive, Hiram."

The young man put his hands in his pockets and strode back and forth impatiently.

"They all do it," he said, with a cloud on his brow. "A fellow's education isn't finished until he's travelled and seen the world."

"How much will it cost to give you the trip you want?"

"About $2,500."

"H'm! That would make $10,000."

The old man pondered for a few moments.

"It's a pretty large sum to spend on a boy's education, Hiram," he said, "yet it may be that you are right. I had to do without a European tour until I made the money myself, and I got along comfortably on $600, but the world isn't exactly what it was in my young days. You shall have the money."

The young man was touched. A glow of gratitude lit up his somewhat pallid face. He thrust his hand in a breast pocket, pulled out a small paper box, opened it and extended it to his father.

"Guv'ner," he said, "ha'e a cigarette!"

It Was Not Biliousness.

In a restaurant down in McLeansboro the other night, says the Mount Carmel (Ill.) *Register*, a party of young fellows were sitting and standing around the stove waiting for the midnight Louisville and Nashville train to come in.

One of the gang had been out the night before with his best girl and was exceedingly sleepy. Stretching himself in a chair he was soon in the land of Nod, the upper half of his head unhinged and thrown back, and his mouth so wide open that it resembled the entrance to the Patton Tunnel.

The boys gazed on him in silence for a few moments; then one of them slipped out to a drug store, from which he soon returned with a small pill of asafœtida, which he deftly placed upon the sleeper's tongue.

The warmth of the mouth dissolved the drug in a few seconds, and the snorer awoke, stretching, gaping and yawning like a Cherry Grove darky with a premonition of a Patoka Creek chill.

"Boys," said the victim, "darned if I ain't as bilious as a goat! I never in my whole life had such an all-fired mean taste in my mouth." And the shout that went up drowned the whistle of the approaching train.

She Was a Poetess and He a Cruel Man.

She came in daintily and laid a manuscript tied with a blue ribbon on the Detroit *Free Press* editor's desk. He looked up at her questioningly.

She was quite pretty and he continued to look.

"I write poetry sometimes," she said, tremulously, but with a hope grown upon his kindly look.

"I beg your pardon," he said, canting his head over to one side, as if his off ear was out of repair.

"I write poetry sometimes, sir," she repeated, softly and insinuatingly, as she pushed the blue ribbon a little nearer his hand.

"You do?" he said, coldly.

"Yes, sir," and she trembled again.

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Good morning," and the cold brutality of every-day life was on top again.

Something in His Name.

The question, "What's in a name?" sometimes presents difficulties, says the *Youth's Companion*, but there is a negro in South Carolina who answers it without hesitation so far as his own case is concerned.

He is a middle-aged man, and was pointed out to a stranger by the gentleman in whose employ he is as a "character."

"In what way?" asked the Northern visitor

"I'll call him here," replied the other, "and you'll find out what I mean."

"My friend would like to know your name," he said to the colored man when he had summoned him.

"Yes, sah," replied the darkey, turning a gleaming smile on the visitor. "My name, sah, is Thomas Cæsar Victor Jubilee Fitzgerald Pompey Swan, K. Q. X., sah."

"Ah!" ejaculated the Northern man, in amazement. "That's a fine name, certainly But what does those three letters at the end stand for—K. Q. X.?"

"Well, sah," said the darky, with a still broader smile, "dey don't stand for nothin' precisely. Y'see 'twas dis way: My young missus dat tole me all de fust book-larnin' dat ever I had befo' de war, she larnt me de alph'bet from my own name.

"It had all de letters in it jest exceptin' dem tree, K, Q, an' X, an' dose she writ after my name. I larn't de alph'bet in dat way, an' how to spell my name at de same time; an dem tree extry letters dat wa'n't in de body ob my name, as you might say, but was added on like, hab fixed demselves so fum in my mind, sah, dat I always speaks and writes dem jest nach'lly right after Swan, sah.

"Oh course," added this much-named man in a judicial tone, "some folks might say dem letters an't really necessitous; but it 'pears like as if my parents—what I never knowed, dey bein' sold away from whar I was brung up—come so mighty near gettin' de whole alph'bet in my name 'tan't no more dan jest respecktful and gratitudinous to add dem tree what jest slipped dere minds!"

His Future Assured.
[From Truth.]

Dr. Bumps (a phrenologist)—This boy, ma'am, will never die in State's prison.

Mrs. Gimlet—I'm sure we ought to be thankful for that.

Dr. Bumps—Yes; the bump of longevity is highly developed; he will live to serve out his time.

DOES THIS APPLY TO YO

Read It Very Carefully and Se

That flutterin
That terrible
feeling!
That load at
stomach!
That swelling
distress after me
That describes
weak stomach
weak nerves. T
is often headac
dull head, ridin
gas, biliousness
constipation. Then follow shattered and unstr
nerves, sleepless nights and tired waking, u
dragged out, nervous and miserable is
only way of expressing your feelings. And yet
can easily be cured by Dr. Greene's Nervu
Stomach troubles are always worse in Spring, a
it is therefore now that you must need this remed
It is the best Spring medicine you can take. Th
great remedy assists digestion, regulates the li
regs liver and bowels, tones up the stomach an
makes the nerves strong and vigorous. ‖ Pure
vegetable and harmless. Druggists, $1.00.

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feet and hands, sleepless nights and was very ner
ous. I used Dr. Greene's Nervura, and no
have no more indigestion or dyspepsia. My nerv
are strong, have no more palpitation, no cold feet
hands. I sleep well and get up refreshed. In fac
I feel I am myself again, all due to Dr
Greene's Nervura. I am positive everybod
will be benefited by it.

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WIT AND WISDOM.

No man ever loved a woman while he was busy.

No man can be a hero when his liver is out of order.

The hardest headed man was born with a soft spot.

It is not always the man who looks like a fool who is one.

It is hard to find fault with people who think just as we do.

It is gentle manners which prove so irresistible in women.

As the cook said to the dough: "This is my hour of knead."

The ugly temper of a pretty woman always shows through.

We find happiness while we are pursuing it and lose it after we reach it.

It takes some peoples long while to find out that poor health is notreligion.

Beware of a fawning exterior.

Give attention and you will get knowledge.

A sinister glance betokens an evil purpose.

A kindly feeling cannot fail to touch the heart.

Never let your curiosity get the better of your discretion.

He who would exert influence must exercise judgment.

Only the quickening of conscience can hasten repentance.

A show of opposition is very apt to be an exhibition of folly.

In the flutter of excitement the flight of time is unheeded.

Many shall court distinction for whom the wedding day will never come.

Don't flatly refuse to lay a bill and fondly cherish the belief that that settles it.

Retrospect brightens existence only as it is replete with pleasant memories.

Some never uncork the vial of their wrath except to pour forth a torrent of abuse.

A Chance for His Length.
[From Puck.]

"I lifted a mass of iron weighing 300 pounds at the store to-day," boasted Sumway.

"Did you?" replied his wife, admiringly.

"Now see if you can lift a cole or hods of coal from the cellar."

She Got It.
[From the Cloak Jour.]

Mr. Heedless (looking out window)—At last we have snow!

Miss Willingenough—How so? Now I may have a chance for a sleigh!

The Reason for
[From Judge.]

"They used to put a man in Blow Street Jail when he couldn't pay his debts, didn't they?"

"Yes. They had a hope he'd win enough there at poker to liquid."