[For The Evening Star.

PATER PATRIAE.

(Greenough's Statue on the East Capitol Front.)

He sits forever with an arm upraised,
His mantle off or worn chief-justice-wise,
And tendered sword—to Christopher, who cries,
"No, thank you, George—it wouldn't be appraised
At any pawn-shop now, the folks are crazed."
Our last great Roman stript of all disguise,
A spirit looks through those reproving eyes
At us, and at the modern world amazed.
Like some far-wandered stranger in the mart,
Distinguished o'er the crowd he sits to scan,
Conscious of merit, tired of being praised
For an old-fashioned virtue out of heart:—
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man
Who sits forever with an arm upraised!

John Savary.

Turtle-Back Celts and Their Use.

At the last meeting of the Anthropological Society, Prof. Elmer R. Reynolds, the secretary, read an extended paper on a new class of aboriginal implements which has given rise to much conjecture among archeologists who have attempted to read their history in the geological structures with which they were associated when first brought to light.

Dr. Charles Abbott, of Trenton, N. J., was the first to point out their peculiar form and classify them as a new and distinct type of celts. The speaker stated that it was not his intention to subscribe to or attempt to controvert Dr. Abbott's theory respecting their pre-glacial origin; but simply to offer his views with reference to their use:after having made a careful study of the feature wherein they differ and which characterizes them from the ordinary group of celts common to all cabinets. The origin of their name is not difficult to conceive when consideration is given to their suggestive shape. Their average length is about four inches, by two inches in breadth, and from one to one and a-half inches in thickness. Their under surfaces are perfectly flat, while the upper portion rises from all points to meet in a central prominence bearing a faint resemblance to that "guileless amphibian" which, having no dedicated place amongst the stars, will ever have a corner to himself in the annals of archeology.

Dr. Abbott claims to have found about sixty members of this family in the Trenton gravel banks, along the Delaware river. They were discovered principally in the perpendicular faces of the cl[iffs], at various dep[th]s, ranging from five to more than twenty feet below the surface, from which he advances the theory that they are the

REMAINS OF A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE,

who occupied the eastern shore of this continent previous to the advent of the Indians. They dwelt in the river valleys along the coast, but were finally driven southward by the encroaching glaciers, which formed these gravel beds from the accumulated wreck and *debris* of the surface over which they slowly ploughed their way.

These implements have been found quite sparingly in this locality when we consider the great number of other objects with which they were associated. Not more than three or four dozen have been found between this city and the Chesapeake bay during the author's fourteen years of exploration and research, and—as if confirming his views respecting their use—they have always been found along the banks of the river.

A sagacious selection seems to have been made in all cases by employing only the hardest material obtainable. Those mentioned in Abbott's "Stone Age of New Jersey" are made of very compact Argillite, while the specimens exhibited are formed of metamorphosed new red sandstone, the original color having been changed to a bluish-gray by the heat and chemical agencies by which the transformation was effected.

Attention was called to the ordinary type of chipped celts by way of illustrating the difference between them and the turtle-backs. In shape and general appearance the two appeared to be nearly alike, yet a close examination, with reference to finish, shows them to be entirely dissimilar. The *base* or *head* of the turtle-back is where we find the *blade* or *cutting part* of the common celt; while the head or posterior projection of the ordinary type corresponds to the blade of the turtle-back. Again, the turtle-back is perfectly flat on the inferior surface, the upper rise being bevelled only; while the common variety is evenly bevelled on both sides.

WITH REFERENCE TO THEIR USE

the Professor remarked that he thought it quite probable they were *hafted*, and used as an ordinary carpenter's *adze* in cutting away the charred coal while engaged in burning out and excavating a canoe. These implements, from their peculiar shape, would answer this purpose in a very effective manner—and probably did—for both early and recent authorities have established the fact that among our aborigines this mode of making canoes or "dug-outs" was universally practiced. As already indicated, only minerals of the utmost hardness could be used in this form to remove and successfully resist the action of the carbonized portions of wood. The Indians of the North Pacific coast constructed canoes of astonishing magnitude with no other tools than celts of deers' horn and stone used in conjunction with fire. They would attack a cedar tree five feet in diameter and literally gnaw it down after a siege of weeks, having nothing but celts with which to accomplish their tedious work. The tree was then hollowed out in the mode already indicated, after which the exterior was slowly burned, and scraped into shape with shells.

SOME OF THE ENORMOUS RED-WOOD AND CEDAR CANOES

of the Haidah, Chenook and Cape Flattery Indians, were more than a hundred feet in length, with four feet depth and eight beam; they were capable of conveying twenty tons of provisions at one cargo—*at sea*—and when thus laded required a hundred men at the paddles. In the proceedings of the New Zealand institute for 1878, on page 78 et seq., is an article on the "Maori Canoe." In this paper—which was read before the Auckland institute—the author, R. C. Barstow, of the Royal Marines—states that he has seen a New Zealand canoe in a heavy seaway freighted with three-and-a-half tons of potatoes. These canoes, he relates, were hollowed out with fire, stone axes only being used to remove the charred portions of wood. When the material was situated a long distance from the sea-shore, they were not finished entirely on the spot for fear of splitting during transit to the water. Accidents did happen at times, notwithstanding every precaution. The author relates that at the foot of the Wairere Hill, in Whangaroa harbor, N. Z., a few years ago, he saw the two sides of a mighty canoe which had been fashioned on the elevated plateau above the bay. Whilst a party of some thirty slaves were engaged in lowering it to the foot of the hill, the vine separated and the canoe rushed rapidly to the bottom splitting from end to end. The unfortunate slaves were immediately slaughtered on the spot. He also mentioned a carved war canoe one hundred and fourteen feet in length, which was sold for £700 or $3,500 U. S. currency. It was subsequently used for the purpose of landing Prince Alfred on the occasion of his first visit to Auckland, and is now deposited in the museum.

Having shown on good authority that celts and axes of stone have been used in the construction of canoes in America and Australia; and further that the

PECULIAR CONFORMATION OF THE POTOMAC VALLEY CELTS

admirably adapted them for such work, the Professor next proceeded to express his views with reference to the uni lateral projections which characterize them from other types. That they were left there by design seems unquestionably evident, as the finished implements themselves testify. In using one of them as an adze—as was practically shown by a hafted implement—two-thirds of its strength centers in the bevelled side. Force is imparted by striking downward and with the same effort, drawing the adze or celt slightly inward toward the operator. The vibrations of the blows while extending over the whole surface would converge principally at the posterior middle, or junction of the superior two-thirds and a fracture of the point—which would frequently occur—would naturally follow the wave of vibration and extend obliquely upward and backward, in a ratio corresponding to the force of the blow.

The Indians would, from experience, readily understand this rule, inasmuch as it governs, to a great extent, the whole system of chipping and flaking by percussion. Recognizing the point in this celt where an accident would be liable to occur and wishing so far as possible to prevent it, they made the front portion perfectly smooth, as little strength was here required, and also because such a surface was necessary in order to permit the handle to embrace it firmly—and then placed the principal support where the maximum amount of strain would be likely to occur. Thus, in a rude but slightly recognizable manner, the aboriginal artisan fell into the same train of reasoning that governed the medieval architect who constructed one of those wonderful vaulted ceilings in monastic Europe.

Newspaper Jokes.

A public lecturer, who discussed recently in Syracuse "The Ethics of Being Funny," outlined a promising field for the mathematicians. He suggested that somebody should gather at random ten thousand newspaper squibs, and then arrange and classify them so as to calculate the percentage of various groups. He predicted that the analyst would find that five per centum relate to mother-in-laws, four per centum to big feet, three per centum to doctors killing their patients, two per centum to illustrating the maxim that it is a poor mule which won't work both ways, and one per centum to the servant girl who kindled a fire with naptha, and nothing has "benzine" of her since. Moreover, he would discover that not only are the majority of jokes built on a few dummy ideas, but that these dummy ideas are in themselves only conventionally funny.

☞Special detective Geo. B. Chamberlaine, of the postal service, has arrested Isaac Carter, a colored train-hand of the Richmond and Danville R. R., charged with systematic depredations upon the mails.

How to Fill the Home Portfolio.

Among the large number of people who have sufficient feeling for art to wish to fill their homes with pictures, but not sufficient money to buy good paintings, a portfolio of wood engravings is becoming the thing. This is well. For the human face, and for pictures of statues, steel will continue to give much pleasure, but for general engraving its days of usefulness are drawing to a close. The general chromo, also, has done its work, and may be dismissed without a pang. We would say without a Prang if the pun were not a low kind of wit. People who once put the perennial "Village Blacksmith" and the ubiquitous "Falstaff mustering his Recruits" on their walls are now filling portfolios from the disemboweled pages of illustrated magazines. The growing popularity of wood engravings is a healthful sign. There is better art in them, at their best, than in any other *cheap* pictures.

Against the intrinsic merit of the Village Blacksmith, the Falstaff, and all the class of standard engravings to which they belong, we have not a word to say. We would simply remind those looking for engravings that frequently the more one costs the less it is worth. The market price no more indicates their value to the collector than the price of one's pew indicates the value of his religion. An engraving, however good, which sells so well that it is in the windows of dealers, and on the walls of nine of your friends, creates ennui rather than interest when you find it on the wall of a tenth friend—or in his portfolio. Its intrinsic value is the same in the last case as in the first. It ceases to be interesting to most people as soon as it becomes common. Yet we have known some good Christian women, of both sexes, who have been educated up to the purchase of a costly engraving by seeing it on the wall of everybody else. Assuming that no one will preserve a poor picture simply because it is novel, the first consideration should be to get that which nobody else has. Your friend will be entertained by your collection if he never saw one of the engravings before, when he would yawn over a collection of better ones if he had seen them everywhere.

Those publications having a sufficiently high standard of work which are dead should be the mines to seek—the *Aldine*, and *Every Saturday*, for instance. The latter, when it started in Boston, reproduced the best work of the *London Graphic*. Old numbers of the *Aldine* are frequently met with in the second-hand shops. *Scribner*, for two or three years past, has had now and then a gem, and occasionally *St. Nicholas* has one. *Harper* within a year has had some engravings equally good. Those who now for the first time mount this hobby, preparatory to mounting their pictures, will find their first difficulty in knowing a thing when they see it. For those who don't know a thing when they see it there is no help. They must learn, and there is no royal road. A trained eye will seize what a novice would not think of. The real excellence of the picture in the printed page is not a sufficient guide. Not how it looks there, but how it will look when transplanted and subjected to a certain treatment for which the artist never intended it, is the question. The collector who knows his business will pass over, with a sigh, what he sees is the most exquisite work, simply because he also sees at a glance that he cannot adapt it to his purpose. He knows by experience, and can know in no other way, what pictures will be shorn of their beauty if he touches them, and what ones will yield the best effect when prepared for the portfolio. If any one supposes that he can select the engravings, and so mount them that his portfolio will give delight to a good judge, unless he has educated himself by years of intelligent and loving observation, and by some practice in actually handling engravings, he is mistaken. Still a portfolio may do much good without being very good. Many a one will look like a field of slaughter, filled with the mangled remains of many a beautiful form now destroyed forever, and yet the author of it will have learned much that he needed to know, notwithstanding this melancholy result.

To those who have smashed their old china, and are now ready for a wood-engraving craze, we would impart a few words of instruction, begging the pardon of those who know more about it than we do and assuming that there will be but too many who know less. Before you slash into a page to get out the picture, try to think just how you *want* it to look in the middle of an ample sheet of dull gray. As a rule it should not be cut absolutely down to the engraving. A white line, varying from the twentieth to the eighth of an inch in width should generally be preserved around the whole. Many choice engravings will have to be thrown away because they cannot be properly cut—those that have irregular edges. In *Harper* and *Scribner* there is often a gray rim, like a frame. This is good, but even here a perceptible line of white should generally be preserved outside the gray rim. Don't attempt to do anything with bristol-board. The drying of the paste will cause it to shrivel somewhere. What is known to every paper-dealer as "photographer's board" is the proper thing. It should be of the usual gray tint. White board is not to be thought of. Gum tragacanth, found at any drug-store for ten cents an ounce, is the proper paste. If properly applied, with a flat brush in a good light, it will not exude at the edges of the picture; and if it does, instantly remove the exudation with the point of a knife and a delicate touch. Don't be stingy of your board—the pictures want wide margins. If the pictures are properly selected, properly trimmed, and perfectly mounted, they do not often want a line drawn around them; but if you do this, use India-ink and a ruling pen. Don't undertake it in the presence of your family, and don't forget how they do things in Danbury.

Stealing a Tombstone.

A REMARKABLE CASE IN A CARSON COURT.

William Boggs was arraigned before Justice Cary, of Carson, yesterday, charged with grand larceny. The charge made by the arresting officer was that a tombstone had been stolen by the defendant from the cemetery. It appears, says the *Appeal*, that the officer was passing near the consecrated spot at night, when he saw Boggs staggering along with a tombstone on his back.

The tombstone was exhibited to the jury. It read:

"Sacred to the memory of W. Boggstone. Died Jan. 3, 1856. A kind father, an indulgent husband, and a true man. *Requiescat in pace.*"

Boggs, the defendant, went on the stand, and acknowledged frankly that he had taken the tombstone. It was so near like his own name that, by filling up the superfluous letters with plaster of paris, he could use it himself in case he died.

The Court—You have the appearance of being a pretty healthy man. Why do you expect to die?

Boggs—I am going to Bodie to start in business, and——

The Court—Oh, I see; the pneumonia. But even if you do die, as I have no doubt you will, why do you steal another man's tombstone? Do you really think it's the correct thing?

Boggs—If a man has had the use of a tombstone since 1856, it strikes me he's got his money's worth. Besides, this stone was a blasted lie all over. Bill Boggstone wasn't a kind husband and an indulgent father. He was a thieving three-card monte sharp, and had killed four men. A meaner scalawag never was born. When he first came out here in '49 he used to shave off the corners of $50 slugs and pay off his hands in old bills on the Farmers' Bank of New Haven.

"We know him," cried several of the jury; "he was the worst in the deck."

One of the jurors went on the stand, and testified that he saw the man run out of Pacerville in '51 for robbing hen roosts. He turned a widow out in a snow storm because she couldn't pay the house rent. Several old-timers in the court-room testified to the scampish character of the deceased. One man swore that the brother of Boggstone put the tombstone up and did it in the night. It was a monumental lie and a disgrace to the cemetery

The jury acquitted, and Mr. Boggs left on the stage for Bodie with the tombstone.—*Virginia City Chronicle.*

Long Trials.

Suits are now like a novel published by monthly instalments in a magazine. A law report is no longer to be regarded as ordinary news. The law courts are competing with the theaters for a fashionable audience. Witnesses pose, not before judge and jury, but before a more critical assemblage within the court and a vaster, if not more discriminating, public without. Judge and counsel feel that they must approve themselves to those who will read the report in the press next morning. Formerly cases were treated as matters between the court and the parties. Now every trial is itself put upon its trial to apologize for coming into court without containing elements of popular instruction or amusement. Judges in the old days pruned the fluency of counsel and austerely kept witnesses to the point. Now they suffer the streams of eloquence and cross-questioning to meander at their own sweet wills, as if they were so many chairmen of committees in presence of a body of obstructive members. By a running fire of comments they themselves contribute to the hurly-burly.

Compression seems to be in these days a lost art. Lawyers will not spare thought to winnow the chaff from the grain, though by summarizing, for the benefit of the confused brains they have to convince, the points on which they rely they would save double the time the process might take. Too commonly, judge and counsel have equally the air of being dragged at the tail of the investigation instead of guiding it. The report of an examination of witnesses often suggests that the endeavor is to discover a case rather than to prove it. Somewhat more decision on the part of modern judges in asserting their right to prescribe the distribution of the time of their courts among the numberless demands upon it would certainly be more equitable to the causes which cannot attract curious spectators.—[*London Law Times.*

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

—Dr. Bellows' Thanksgiving sermon in a Jewish synagogue has a parallel. On the same day at Kalamazoo, Mich., the Unitarian and Jewish Congregations of the place united in the service which was held in the synagogue, the Unitarian pastor preaching the sermon.

—Old Father Taylor, of Boston, was a strong and far-seeing man. Standing on a hill-top which overlooked the village he noticed six little wooden boxes called meeting houses, and knowing that there were only as many hundred inhabitants in the place said, sententiously: "Ah, I see you have had a religious war here."

—The organization of a new religious sect is reported. The *Dallas Herald* says of it: "The Sanctificationists are gathering here again, and it is whispered that they are holding dark-lantern meetings. This fact was brought to light by Mr. William Buchanan, a prominent and respectable farmer of Navaro county, coming to this city in search of his wife, she having preceded, with the avowed purpose of joining the band. He is an old man, and she is represented as being a rather young woman.

—On a recent Sunday the Rev. Phillips Brooks told his congregation that there was need of a new organ in the Sunday school vestry of the church, the cost of which would be about $1,000. At the close of the service one man subscribed the entire sum.

—Four hundred and seventy shopkeepers of Zurich, Switzerland, have signed a petition to the city council, asking that all trade on Sunday may be officially stopped. They desire that butchers and bakers may transact business, but that all other stores and shops may be closed. As long as some of the stores are kept open, all must continue business, or else suffer by competition. The petition has been referred by the council to the police board. The shopkeepers of Geneva have also presented to their council a similar petition.

—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in an opinion on a suit arising out of a church debt, said. "Corporations, like individuals, must do without conveniences when they have not the money to pay for them."

—A definition of Papal infallibility which is said to be authoritative, has just been published by the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines in a pastoral letter. He says the Pope is not infallible when he expresses only his own thoughts; but that he is infallible when he defines, as head of the church, truths contained in Scripture and tradition. The Pope is not infallible when he judges questions of persons—questions purely personal; but he is so when he judges questions of doctrine which concern faith and morals, revealed truth or revealed law; as the Pope is infallible, he observes, only when he is sustained, not by the testimony of men, but by the testimony of God.

—The "Waste Not" Society is composed of Sunday school children at Brighton, England. Its members saved in twelve months about $125 worth of refuse paper, and sold it for the benefit of two little girls, who were thus supported at the Orphanage.

—Thanks to telephonic connection between the parsonage and the church, the invalid wife of a pastor at St. Johnsbury, Vt., heard him preach for the first time in nearly twelve years.

—Mr. George Macdonald's dramatization of "The Pilgrim's Progress" is severely criticised in the London *Christian Age*, which says: "The personation of the different parts was in bad taste, especially the pretended message from the King of Kings summoning the departure of the pilgrims 'across the river' and the consequent feigning of death, and we came away feeling that such a spectacle degraded religion and ought never to have been permitted. It is a most unbecoming pandering to the love of sensational display now so prevalent, and differs from the ordinary theater only by being more shocking to Christian feeling and culture."

—According to Dr. Dollinger, who is good authority upon the matter, the Mohammedan religion is making headway. He says: "At Sierra Leone a Moslem university is flourishing, in which are being educated a thousand young men whose lives will be as absolutely surrendered to the cause the school represents as were the lives of the early soldiers of the crescent, who counted it joy to fall in its defence on the field of battle. In China the followers of this ancient symbol have increased beyond computation, fifty thousand residing in Tonquin alone. Among the Maylayans and the islanders of the eastern archipelago is is reported that 18,000,000 have been won over to its support; and still one-fifth of the dwellers on the earth are enrolled as its army, of whom 50,000,000 at least are subjects of her Majesty Queen Victoria."

—A few Sundays ago a young lady barricaded her pastor in the vestibule of Trinity church, New York, and kept him from his dinner while she gushed and raved over his lovely sermon, just delivered. He listened and looked down upon her impassively from his superior height, and when her raptures ceased for a moment he said: "You think it was a good sermon, do you?" "Oh!" said the damsel, lifting her hands and her eyes, and preparing to gush again. "Then act on it," said her adored pastor, and brushing by her he walked off, and left her rooted to the spot till the sexton told her he wanted to lock up.

—I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them.—[*Rowland Hill.*

—The discomfort of church pews is commented upon by the *Christian at Work*, which says: "Concerning pews and chairs, why is it that modern invention fails to furnish even a comfortable pew or chair? The bench of the ordinary church pew is fourteen inches wide, whereas it should be eighteen inches; then it is placed on a straight level, perpendicular to the back; but mankind are not constructed in this way, and pews to be comfortable should conform to human anatomy—the seat should slope downward toward the back, making a fall of full three inches, while the back should incline away from a vertical line fully four inches at the top, and the distance between the pews should never be less than three feet."

—*The Sunday School Times* opens its batteries against what it styles the absurd attempt to bring the church and the theater on to a common plane. Particularly objectionable the *Times* thinks is the now popular movement to secure Sunday-school children for performances at the theater, and theatrical exercises for performance in the Sunday-school. In view of the aid given to theaters by Christian people commending the Sunday-school "Pinafore" companies, the theatrical managers are actually advertising for Sunday-school children to sing Moody and Sankey hymns in the "moral drama;" and Sunday-school workers are preparing dramatic cantatas, "with or without costumes," for use in church and Sunday-school festivals.

—The Rev. Charles Scott gives the following statistics of ministers in Great Britain: Episcopal, 25,163; Congregational, 5,246; Presbyterian, 4,951; Methodist, 3,969. Total, 39,349.

—Three members of the organization known in England as the "Salvation army" have come to this country and begun to hold services in Philadelphia. Their meetings are largely attended and numerous conversions are reported. They expect re-enforcements from England.

—The government of Austria, in response to the petition presented by a deputation of the Evangelical Alliance, has issued an order removing the disabilities under which Protestant missions have been laboring in Bohemia, and extending the rights and privileges asked for.

—Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania, continues to improve slowly but steadily, and is able to give some attention to the affairs of his diocese, through the standing committee. The committee, while acting upon the decision that the illness of the bishop does not vest it with those judicial functions which he may impose upon it in his absence from the diocese, is discharging the merely routine business of the diocese within the canonical powers of the committee.

—The (German) Reformed Church has a ritualistic wing, and to settle the troubles between the wing and its opponents a peace conference, including twenty-five commissioners, was lately held in Harrisburg, Pa. Twenty-three were present, and have made a report, reaffirming the Heidelberg Catechism in its historical or original sense as the standard of the church, disclaiming the opus operatum theory of the sacraments, and declaring belief in justification by faith. The preparation of an order of worship for the old church is recommended, pending the completion of which the liturgies and hymn books now in use shall be allowed provided that none shall be introduced unless by the approval of a majority of the congregation, and with that of the pastor and consistory.

—I advised the clergy last week who complain of the small coins that find their way into offertory bags to substitute basins. One of the most witty of our judges says that when he goes on circuit he attends church on Sundays with a threepenny piece in one pocket and a sovereign in the other. "If there is a bag," he observes, "I get off with the threepence, but if there is a plate it costs me the sovereign."—*London Truth.*

How They Sell State Paper's Abroad.

A well-dressed young man called on me two days ago, offering for a handsome consideration to supply me with the original draft of the Austro-German treaty, with all the erasures and additions made at the instance of either power. It was on fine official paper and consisted of six pages in the rather large hand customary in foreign offices. I offered to accept the proposal, provided only that Prince Bismarck, Count Andrassy or Baron Haymerle certified its authenticity. The young man asked for a few days' grace and left, since which time I have heard no more of him. Such offers are generally made in the winter season and their authors are wrapped in furs, though what relation there is between diplomatic secrets and furs it is not easy to see. When, therefore, I saw this stranger ushered in, wearing a splendid fur coat, I guessed that he had come to offer a secret treaty, and this saved a lot of preliminaries. He explained that he had six partners, and that it was on their account he asked so high a price, seeing that he hims[elf] would have been only too happy to thwart Prince Bismarck's schemes and reveal the truth for nothing.—[*Paris Cor. Sunday Times.*

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

—The local musical event of the week was the concert of Miss Thursby at Lincoln hall on Wednesday evening. Every seat was occupied. Aside from her rare talents as a cantatrice there is about her, and about all she does, an atmosphere of goodness which one feels is natural to her. She now occupies the concert platform to the exclusion of all others, since Abbott and Kellogg joined the opera, and it is to be regretted that she remains but a few short months in this country. She will give one more concert here in February. Miss Thursby attributes the best part of her musical education to a teacher in New York and not to study in Italy, where it was devoted to what she felt she could never be—a prima donna.

—At the National, next week, Rice's Evangeline troupe will appear. Miss Alice Oates will hold the boards at Ford's.

—Maggie Mitchell has been playing in Charleston, S. C., with great success, the *News and Courier* saying that her reception after the lapse of so many years was "an ovation."

—Charlotte Thompson and Mrs. D. P. Bowers are playing in combination out west, even rearranging well-known pieces in order to fit them both with characters; for instance, in "Love's Masquerade," "Perrin" the plotter is changed to "Perrina," and the play dubbed "Mephistopholes in Petticoats."

—The *Spirit of the Times* says: "A man who goes to see 'French Flats' at the Union Square Theater, N. Y., laughs so much that he wants to take somebody else the next night to see him or her laugh." It's all very well to take somebody else the next night, but you will not be able to see him or her laugh, because your whole time will be occupied in laughing yourself, just as it was the first night.

—The Chicago *Tribune's* writer speaks of Marimon with great enthusiasm, saying among other things:—Marvelously easy as was Gerster's vocalization, Marimon's is yet more easy. She sings with faultless technique, and without any apparent effort whatever. Her voice is much more even than Gerster's, and its range is remarkable, while every tone is well sustained, full, and sweet, soft, liquid sweetness.

—The new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan is to be called "The Pirates of Penzance;" the plot is probably from some wild Cornish romance. The new piece will be produced at the Fifth Avenue theater, New York, under Mr. Ford's management, in about ten days. Another comic opera in which Mr. Gilbert collaborates, with Frederick Clay, the "Princess Toto," was produced at the Standard Theater this week under Mr. Clay's direction, with a mainly English company.

—D. R. Locke's venture in comedy. "The Widow Bedott," was produced in Cleveland last week. It is called extremely funny; Neil Burgess personated the widow, and Mr. Locke was compelled before the curtain at the close of the first act by loud cries for "Nasby."

—Lester Wallack begins a four weeks' engagement in New York upon the conclusion of his New England tour and of Sothern's engagement at the Grand Opera House.

—Helen Blythe, who has recently received some praise for her acting as "Fanny Ten Eyck" in "Divorce," started at a Louisville theater, as Miss Anderson did, and developed such modesty that when Daly offered her last year an engagement she declined, because she wasn't experienced enough for New York. This season Daly made her a second offer, and she accepted.

—Miss Ada Gilman, whose performance of Phœbe Sage in "Drink" has won so much praise from patrons of the Boston Theater, will probably make a starring tour next season in a new play which two well-known dramatic authors are writing for her.

—In the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet" Miss Neilson tears up her veil, kisses it and throws it to her darling. Charley Burnham, of Pike's Opera House, had the pieces carefully preserved last week, and has formed a stock company for their sale to the love-lorn youth of Cincinnati.

—A novel and splendid tableau formed a part of the new play, "Hearts of Steel," brought out at Niblo's this week. "Crispin," the handsome white horse ridden by Rignold in "Henry V." in Booth's Theater, leaps over a chasm eight feet wide in the Bridge of Athlone, bearing upon his back one of the Irish patriots who defend Athlone against the German besiegers. "Crispin" is owned by Mr. James Cook, a well-known circus rider, who rode the animal in this feat, taking part in the drama for that purpose. Several rehearsals were had during last week, and "Crispin" showed wonderful intelligence and took the chasm easily. The first night, however, he balked and refused to jump to the great amusement of the audience and the disgust of his rider.

—"It is said":—The American singers abroad are infected with matrimony. Lillian Bailey is to marry the German baritone and composer, Henchel; and they, like Miss Thursby and Mr. Gillig, will make London their home. Minnie Hauk will shortly marry the Chevalier; Hope Glenn is being taught singing by "a young man at home," and after the close of the season at Her Majesty's the long engagement of Julia Gaylord and F. C. Packard will be consummated in wedlock. Moreover, it is again asserted that Clara Louise Kellogg is buying things in Paris to an extent and of a sort to prefigure nuptials. If, "it is said," is as poor authority for Miss Kellogg as it is for Thursby, the whole statement may be untrue.

—"Enchantment" originally cost the management of Niblo's Garden $37,500. It is yet to run another week there, and will afterward be performed in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago and St. Louis. It is estimated that the profits this year will reach beyond $100,000. The "Black Crook" realized a half million of dollars for Jarrett & Palmer, and besides this Mr. Wheatley, one of the original firm of managers under whose management it was brought out at Niblo's Garden, was enabled to retire, independently rich.

—Poor Henry Mapleson has been having no end of trouble with Minnie Hauk this year. She has been "indisposed" so much that she has had to be relieved of one role after another, and finally of "Carmen," which Madame Marie Roze assumed the other afternoon on five minutes' notice, and which she will probably retain. Mapleson has an advantage over all other managers in having a wife who is a complete artist and one of the best of women, and whom no emergency ever finds unprepared. She has been the main reliance of the present season in London, and has never failed to give satisfaction.

—Augustin Daly has been very successful with his adaptations from German plays. "A Big Bonanza" and "An Arabian Night" both had German origin, and Mr. Daly is now at work on another adaptation—from Genee's "Seekadet"—to be produced at his elegant theater as "The Royal Middy" as soon as "An Arabian Night" will allow it to be put on the stage. The latter has proved an immense hit, and will probably run considerably beyond the holidays.

—Franz Suppe, the composer of "Fatinitza," is putting the finishing touches to the score of a grand opera, whose plot is founded upon Merimee's Corsican romance, "Colomba." When this work is finished it is to be produced at the Imperial theater, Vienna, and also in Paris.

—A new and sparkling comedy, entitled "The Professor," will shortly be produced at the Arch-street Theater, Philadelphia, by the eccentric comedian, Mr. William H. Gillette, and a great hit is expected. The play is warmly praised by Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, and other well-known people who have read it.

—Ella Montejo made a great hit in New York the other evening by her singing of "Annie Laurie" and "Beware, She's Fooling Thee."

—Henry Peakes, Charles Turner and Annis Montague will start for San Francisco in a few days to join Emily Melville's opera company.

—"Hell on Earth" is the translated title of Von Suppe's latest opera. The first scene is laid in the infernal regions, and the second on earth.

—There are so many amateurs springing up nowadays, and their photographs are pasted up so profusely in the windows, that it is hard work to keep track of them. It is rumored that there are ninety-seven amateur "stars" about to take the road. And all are prepared to play "Lady Macbeth" or "Richard III." It is a good season of the year to commence. The walking [i]s good, and there are signs of an open winter.

Walking Sticks.

A walking stick has always been considered a useful and graceful present, likely to be of pleasant service, and long possessed. Some are inclined to think that the pilgrim's staff, the bishop's crozier, the drum-major's gorgeous mace and the usher's wand have a common origin with the walking stick; at least, we know that change of habit, and that most unaccountable change of fashion, has in our own time worked some curious results; the various materials called into use are alone sufficient to cause surprise. Walking sticks have been made of tortoise shell, the backbone or vertebræ of the shark, the tusk of the rhinoceros, and woods of every conceivable variety, and lately one was exhibited made entirely of champagne corks, with a stout wire passed through them. The handles have many more sources to boast, as there are many materials not large enough to make whole sticks, such for instance as the teeth of the giraffe, the walrus, the elephant; and, in fact, most large teeth and all horns are useful for the purpose. It is a remarkable fact women are seldom employed at stick making, and boys but little, there being so much knowledge and skill required for the various processes that men are chiefly employed; it is also singular that steam power is not in use to any large extent; machinery has the power of turning out large quantities of goods all alike, but cannot vary them; this is the reason of its not being generally adopted, for the very charm of a stick is its natural peculiarities. There must not be two alike, and if nature is humored, as it is by a skilled workman, they cannot be; it will readily be seen that a fixed method cannot be applied to all, as each stick must receive a treatment peculiar to itself.—[*Hatters' Gazette.*

☞Hope springs eternal in the spinister's thought,
Man never is, but always to be caught.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Tea Stains.—I have just learned how to remove tea stains from crockery: I dip my finger in saleratus and rub lightly over the stains. Heretofore I have been obliged to rub with wood ashes, but this new knowledge does away with a disagreeable task.

Expansion and Contraction.—Teacups often become fastened together in the process of dish-washing, and if one only remembers that "heat expands and cold contracts," the cups can be released without trouble. Place the lower one in a basin of boiling water, and fill the upper one with cold water; they will be loose in a moment.

Window Curtains.—My kitchen has north and south doors, and I knew it would be impossible to hang the windows with paper curtains (in the daily airing they would surely be torn), and I could afford nothing heavy and more durable. I at last decided on muslin ones, the chief objection being the impossibility of darkening the room. I made a pair and undertook to roll them from the bottom and tie. The first time the north door was opened the curtains were raised and blown about, leaving the roller on one end, making a very undesirable angle of the window. I was in despair, (my purse being unfortunately too empty to allow of my purchasing the necessary fixings from the hardware store), when Charlie came to the rescue with his knife, and in a couple of evenings whittled out a pair of rollers that answered the purpose nicely. There is something so pure and fresh in white muslin, and I like them so well. I would not now change for anything darker. In summer they need washing every two weeks, and in winter once a month, but the addition to my work is scarcely noticed.—["*Gussie Thomas*," *in the Country Gentleman.*

Among the New Designs for table covers is a pattern of wild white clematis and barberries, changing into woodbine and brambles and wild grasses and milk weed pods, no leaf or flower being repeated.

The Popular Horseshoe has now been utilized for a hat rack. It is of ebonized wood, with nickel-plated nails for pegs.

The Tests of a Good Turkey are said to be these: Turn back the wings a little and watch the effect on the skin. If it tears, the fowl is young; if it only stretches, as though tough, the bird has age on its side. Again, press the lower end of the breast-bone gently. If it is yielding, the turkey may be deemed young and tender. The skin is also an indicator, and if white and thin, makes the fowl much more desirable than if thick and yellow. Chickens may be judged exactly in the same way.

Colored Cotton Flannel is used for tidies and sofa pillows. An inner square of a light shade, with a darker border, is a pretty style. In the tidies corner pieces of a contrasting shade may be introduced into the border.

Little Underskirts for dolls are the last things added to the stock of ladies' furnishing goods. The garments come in four sizes, and made of scarlet flannel and daintily stitched up the side to simulate seams.

Don't Forget the Birds when you eat celery. Save the tender ends and greens, and if you dine at night place these in water to give the songsters for their morning refreshment.

A Poison Box.—The use of poisons for the destruction of insects, and other purposes, is so frequent, that all possible precautions should be taken that these deadly agents do not destroy the life of members of the family. An uncle of the writer was killed by taking a dose of medicine (as he supposed) from the wrong bottle (corrosive sublimate), and thousands of such instances occur where life could have been saved by the exercise of proper care. All poisons should be put by themselves in a poison box, and the box put where no one can get at it unless specially sought for. The many mistakes in administering a poison instead of a remedy, should teach that poisons should never be placed near the harmless medicines. Glaring labels are not enough, the poisons should have an *out-of-the-way place of their own, and always kept there.*—[*American Agriculturist.*

Gas Leaks.—We had to record two gas explosions in our last number; one did much injury, the other was of little importance. They were both caused by carelessness or ignorance, and neither was inevitable. The best general definition for explosions is, any instantaneous and large increase of volume in a substance, solid, liquid or gaseous. They are due to different causes. Gunpowder is a mixture of nitre, (potassia nitrate), charcoal and sulphur. When it is ignited the oxygen of the nitre instantaneously combines with the carbon of the charcoal, and with the sulphur, and forms an immense volume of gas with such rapidity as to cause an explosion. Other substances explode by simple decomposition, the constituents occupying when separated a much larger volume than they did in the combined state. The so-called gas explosions are analogous to those of gunpowder. Gas is essentially a mixture of compounds of carbon and hydrogen, and by itself cannot explode. But if it be mixed with from five to ten or twelve times its volume of air, we then have a gaseous gunpowder, in which the gas represents the carbon and sulphur, and the air represents the nitre. If a light be introduced into the mixture the oxygen of the air combines with the carbon and hydrogen of the gas, causing a very sudden evolution of heat, a consequent sudden increase of volume and an explosion. When a leak occurs in gas pipes in a house, the escaping gas rises to the ceiling of the room, on its way thither mixing to a certain extent with air. This mixing process is continued after it reaches the ceiling, but the continual supply of gas protects that which has first escaped, so that the state of affairs after a good deal of gas has escaped will be about as follows: At the ceiling of the room there will be a layer of nearly pure gas, lower down more and more air is mixed with it, until near the floor pure air is found. If any one finds himself in a room, therefore, in which there is a strong smell of gas he may count upon there being in some part of the room an explosive mixture, and should on no account admit any light, not even a pipe or cigar, much less a candle or match. The gas should be shut off from the house at the meter, where there is a cock for the purpose. The windows of the room should be thrown down at the top and the door opened, provided the draft is from the door to the windows, otherwise the door had better be left closed. The cocks on the gas fixtures should be examined to see if any of them are turned on. If no such obvious source of leakage can be found, a gas-fitter should be sent for, and informed that if he cannot find the leak without a lighted candle or match, his services will not be made use of. The locality of a leak can be found by the odor of the gas, when it is turned on at the meter again. Sometimes gas will leak around the base of fixtures where they are screwed on the house pipes. In any such case, where it is necessary to stop a leak on short-notice, a little common soap, not too dry, may be plastered over the aperture. In many cases a piece of newspaper, several folds in thickness and wetted so as to form a soft wad, may be put over the leak and tied on so as to temporarily stop it. These are only expedients for use in an emergency; no one should tolerate a leak, as it may prove a very expensive affair.—*Sanitary Engineer.*

At this Season it is well to provide for the sickness of the winter. Have a place properly warmed and comfortable, where one ill may be nursed. Irruptive diseases, colds and earaches will come with the severe weather. Look out for night sickness; have mustard and remedies handy, and a quick way to heat water. Strips of flannels for sore throat, rags for plasters, goose grease, and woolen socks to slip on after bathing feet, are indispensable. The mother of a family should always have a woolen gown at her bedside and warm slippers at hand, as ready as matches and a candle. She must guard herself, if only to nurse her charges.—[*N. Y. Commercial.*

Sponges.—There are few things of more importance than a sponge in the household, in fact, each member should have one. But having and *keeping* one are different things. It is often the case that sponges become slimy and worthless from neglect. A sponge should be thoroughly dried after using it; if it were only well squeezed out, it would be better than letting it remain filled with water. An old and unpleasant smelling sponge may be renovated by soaking in a solution of washing soda, and afterwards thoroughly washing and drying it.—[*American Agriculturist.*

Hyacinths in Pots.—An English contemporary, speaking of the cultivation of this generally admired flower in pots, says: The successful cultivation of these in pots depends in a great measure on the quality of the soil used for the purpose. The best compost is made up of one-half good fibrous loam, the other half of equal proportions of well-rotted dung and leaf soil; the pots should be from five to six inches in diameter, and deep and narrow rather than shallow and broad. In potting, about two-thirds of the bulb should be buried, and the soil must not be pressed too hard about the base of the bulb, or in the act of rooting the fibres will be unable to penetrate the soil, and the bulb gets forced upward. After planting, the pots can be placed in a cool, dry, dark cellar, or out of doors, on a spot somewhat screened from wet, and if the pots be stood on slates or tiles, so much the better; they should have a thorough soaking of water, and then be covered with fine ashes to the depth of from one to three inches. If planted about the end of October the bulbs will have made shoots an inch long by the beginning of February, and they can then be taken to the conservatory or greenhouse, or wherever it is intended they shall flower. A little warmth and plenty of water will greatly assist the production of fine spikes of flower. To this we may add, that we have had the best success by potting them, and placing in a light cellar until they had fairly started, and then bringing them into a room kept rather cool, but with plenty of light, and only a moderate quantity of water, simply sufficient to start the flower stalk strongly. Then a little more water and warmth will bring out the spike of bloom perfectly.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Arranging Plants in Windows.—A correspondent desires to know how she can arrange her plants in a low window and do without a flower stand in the room. If she will purchase a few of the different sizes of the imitation bronze brackets, she can arrange them very tastefully, and in such a manner that they can be cared for easily, and not take up any room.

Two of the largest-sized double brackets—with four places for pots, one at each side, and two in the middle—should be attached to the middle of the casement, on each side of the centre window. Then on each side of the casement, next the wall, three brackets holding two or three pots each, can be fastened; and in this way nearly two dozen pots of plants can be placed near enough to the sunlight to grow luxuriantly. I wish your correspondent could see my window. It gives sunlight and air to eighteen large plants; such as callas, hydrangeas, begonias, fuchsias, roses, geraniums, and a large crimson achyranthes plant as a central figure to light up the group. The windows thus arranged require no curtains; the drapery of green leaves and flowers being far more beautiful than the richest of lace or tapestry hangings. Nearly every visitor exclaims "how lovely your plants are. How tastefully they are arranged with the various shades of green, the brilliant variegated leaves, and the drooping flowers of the fuchsias, mingled with the rich colors of the geraniums and bouvardias!" [*Country Gentleman.*

The Great Controversy Between Mark Twain and Private Secretary Kirby.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY RETORTS.

To the Editor of the Hartford Evening Post:

Sir: My attention has been called to a letter in the *Courant* of Dec. 9, signed "Mark Twain," and apparently intended for me, although Mr. Twain has not as yet had the courtesy to direct one of his eleven private secretaries to send me a copy thereof, so that I should never have known of this letter but for the kindness of some friends. The experience of others during some 10 years that I owned and edited a country daily satisfied me that a correspondent who attempted to correct an editor in his own paper had mistaken his calling, and as Mr. Twain is evidently sadly in need of correction, I must ask your indulgence for the following:

Washington, D. C., Dec. 11, 1879.

Mark Twain, Esq.:

Aged and Respected Sir: I don't know that I quite grasp the meaning of your letter in the *Courant* of the 9th inst.; there is such a wealth of illustration in it that one almost loses sight of the matter intended to be illustrated in his admiration of the beauty of the illustrations; but as near as I can make it out you seem to be under the impression that I felt aggrieved, trod upon, sat down upon, pulled, or otherwise misused, either personally, or as an "irresponsible, inexpensive, and unnecessary appendage" to the Post Office Department, by your letter to which my communication referred.

Now, right there is where you make a very serious mistake. There was nothing in your first letter personal to myself, and its misrepresentations of the regulations of the Post Office department were in themselves no more worthy of notice than those of a hundred irresponsible, ignorant, and unknown newspaper writers, whose marked effusions are daily sent to the department by their misguided readers. So far as the order of the Postmaster General and the regulations of the department are concerned, they need no defense, because any man who has sense enough to comprehend them, sees at a glance that they are right, and the officers of the department have no time to waste in correcting the misinformation concerning them so sedulously disseminated by many of the common run of newspaper men.

Nothing in the world could have induced me or anybody connected with the postal service to notice your letter had it appeared as an editorial in the Barkhamsted *Bugle of Freedom*, from which I thought it had been extracted by the editor of the paper in which I found it, until I came to the signature; but when I saw the signature, I said to myself: "Now, here is another good man gone wrong, greviously wrong. Here is a man that I have been looking up to for years as my guide, philosopher, and friend, a man whose fame covers the hemispheres as the inventor of a scrap-book, the inaugurator of the movement to erect a monument to Adam, and the only man who ever dared to speak irreverently of members of the Boston Mutual Admiration Society in the presence of a meeting of that society, and this man has been writing about a matter of which he is so utterly and hopelessly ignorant that he thinks he knows all about it."

"It won't do," said I to myself, "to let such a man as this continue to languish in darkness and reflect the same upon his neighbors." So, out of pure benevolence, I sent you the documents, believing that when you had been furnished the evidence that you were all wrong, and had been so from the beginning, you would not retract, for that would be fatal, but that you would, at least, say that the department had receded from the position in which you had placed it, and that it was at any rate, according to your latest advices, not exactly the imbecile institution which you had represented it to be.

I am glad to see that I was not disappointed, but I am a little surprised to find you laying the responsibility of your former ignorance upon the department.

Still, I don't know that I can blame you either for that or for the (to me) somewhat personal preface to your recantation. In an ordinary man it would be regarded as natural, but I had somehow thought better things of you. You see I supposed, as a matter of course, when you killed your conscience you had also made away with your sensitiveness. To a professional humorist, a man who makes his living by prodding other people, a thin skin is even more inconvenient than a conscience, and I had not the slightest idea that you would get mad at a little thing like my letter. I can only say, by way of palliation, that if I have done anything for you to be sorry for, I am glad of it.

In conclusion, permit me to suggest that if you will kindly stir up that particular one of your 11 private secretaries, whose duty it is to return that newspaper clipping I sent you, you will greatly oblige.

Yours truly, Thomas B. Kirby.

Among the Romans.

When good Governor S——, who is a most devout Episcopalian, was the chief magistrate of Kentucky, he was wont to frequently entertain the members of the general assembly at the governor's mansion. To one of these levees came, with the member from his county, an old mountaineer who had just reached Frankfort with the raft of logs which he had brought down the Kentucky river. The old man, who was called familiarly "Uncle Johnny," soon became the center of an admiring group, to whom his jean clothes were not at all an improper attire for the governor's levee, and his tongue being loosed by a glass of sherry wine, which he then tasted for the first time in his life, he was entertaining his auditors with stories from "his county," when the governor approached.

"Uncle Johnny, here is the Governor," said one of the company; and straightway the old man was silent, for he was overwhelmed by this first vision of the majesty of the commonwealth.

"Go on with your story, Uncle Johnny," said some one; "the Governor would like to hear it."

"Yes, go on, Uncle Johnny," said the Governor with a kindly smile of encouragement; and the old man, thus convinced that even the Governor was also a man, concluded his narrative.

Then becoming bolder, he ventured to address the Governor, saying, "Guvnor, I went to your meeting yistiddy, and I seen whar you sets."

He had been to the Episcopal church, and had been shown the Governor's pew.

"Did you Uncle Johnny?" responded Governor S——. "And how did you like it?"

"Well, Guvnor, I never knowed much what they was a-doin', *but I riz and fell with 'em every time.*—]*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for January.*

Advice to a Young Man.

And then, my son, don't be in too great a hurry to accept "advanced opinions." It is "the thing" to be "advanced" in this progressive day and generation, but there is a heap of shallowness in it. Did you never notice, my son, that the man who tells you he cannot believe the Bible is usually able to believe almost anything else? You will find men, my son, who turn with horror and utter disbelief from the Bible and joyfully embrace the teachings of Buddha. It is quite the thing just now, son, for a civilized enlightened man, brought up in a Christian country and an age of wisdom, to be a Buddhist. And if you ask six men who profess Buddhism who Buddha was, one of them will tell you he was an Egyptian soothsayer, who lived two hundred years before Moses. Another will tell you that he brought letters from Phœnicia and introduced them in Greece; a third will tell you that she was a beautiful woman of Farther India, bound by her vows to perpetual chastity; a fourth will, with little hesitation, say he was a Brahma of the ninth degree and a holy disciple of Confucius; and of the other two, one will frankly admit that he doesn't know, and the other will say, with some indecision, that he was either a dervish of the Nile (whatever that is), or a *felo de se*, he can't be positive which. Before you propose to know more than anybody and everybody else, my son, be very certain that you are at least abreast of two-thirds of your fellow-men. I don't want to suppress any inclination you may have toward genuine free thought and careful, honest investigation, my son. I only want you to avoid the great fault of atheism in this day and generation; I don't want to see you try to build a sixstory house on a one-story foundation. Before you criticise, condemn and finally revise the work of creation, my son, be pretty confident that you know something about it as it is, and don't, as a man who is older in years and experience than yourself, don't let me implore you, don't turn this world upside down and sit down on it, and flatten it entirely out, until you have made or secured another one for the rest of us to live in while you demolish the old one. If ever you should develop into an "advanced" atheist, my son, just do that much for the rest of us.—[*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Crazed by a Loan of Money.—Jos. Carroll, who attempted suicide on Wednesday by cutting his throat with a razor at 238 Franklin street, Brooklyn, died yesterday. He was 55 years of age. He had acquired a small competence. He lent $500 to St. Anthony's Roman Catholic church in Manhattan avenue, but the recent financial troubles of that church destroyed all his hope of recovering his money, and grief over its loss unsettled his mind. He leaves a widow and three children.—[*N. Y. Sun, Dec. 19th.*

Execution in Geogia.—Drew Holloway, who killed Vinson Brown last spring, was hanged at Statesboro', Georgia, yesterday. Two thousand persons witnessed the execution.

A FABLE.

BY R. E. H. T.

The Brush and Comb.

"That's over!" said the Comb. "Peace at last; we need it, I am sure! All my teeth ache!"

"We *have* had a hard time," said the Brush, faintly; "most of my bristles must be loose—I am quite used up."

"And my poor back," sighed the Comb; "it is quite strained. Don't I look crooked?"

"*Look!*" said the Brush. "Why need we care how we look, if we can only have a little rest? I hate the word *look!* Our lady talks about nothing else; it is 'Elise, how does that look? Elise, does this make me look old? Elise, am I looking my best to-day?' The poor girl must tell plenty of fibs. She is tired enough to-night, I know, standing four hours to dress that old maid for a dinner."

"Well, you see," said the Comb in a whisper, "it is a very particular occasion. The new lion is to be there—the man who writes books—and she wants to look her best."

"I could tell her how to do it, only she would not believe me," said the Brush. "If she would just let us part her hair quite smooth, as she wears it when she does not expect to see anybody, then she would look dignified and nice."

"So she would," said the Comb. "She really has enough hair, and very pretty, too, but twisted and frizzed and bunched-up as it is to-night, and with all those false puffs besides, her head looks like a big thistle."

"And that lightish powder she puts on," said the Brush; "it is disgusting, and so dirty! Why don't ladies let themselves alone more?"

"*That's the mystery!*" said the Comb. "I heard a French hairdresser talk about it when we were in Paris. He was said to be a great artist, and our lady had to pay fifty francs to get him to come. Let me see whether I can translate what he said. (I believe you don't know French.) Each woman should first discover her own type, then simply follow it out, not trying to make another, because she couldn't create, and she would only be patched and a failure."

"What did our lady say to that?" said the Brush.

The Comb laughed maliciously. "Not much. He did her hair up in such a plain way, and brushed out all her crimps, because, he said, she had a fine head and must show its shape. Oh! didn't her nose get red while he was doing it, but she never said a word. She didn't dare order *him* about, you know, he was a big man in Paris. She just let him finish, paid him his fifty francs, he bowed himself off, and then—if Elise and I didn't fly about! Down came all Monsieur B.'s arrangement, and we had to do it over, frizzing more than ever. She looked—well, you know how."

"But, does she think people like such a fuss?" asked the Brush. "I have heard it said that simplicity is the purest taste, and no doubt the great man she is going to see to-night would like quieter things. It would save her so much trouble, too."

"Simplicity is a very great thing, my dear," said the Comb, "easy to say and rare to see. It takes a great deal of mind to be settled in one's views, and unless one is settled one can't be at ease, and unless one is at ease one can't be simple in one's ways. I have seen great people, and *I know*. Common people cover up a good deal by talking and noise and feathers. Sometimes they dazzle one, too, but it is only the very nice people who are just themselves without frizzing."

"How much you know," said the Brush, with a sigh of admiration. "Now let us rest, for she will soon be home."—[*Phila. Press.*

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN THE WASHINGTON CITY POST OFFICE.

Saturday, December 20th, 1879.

☞To obtain any of these Letters the applicant must call for "Advertised Letters," and give the date of this list.

☞If not called for within one month they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

LADIES LIST.

A—Allen Bell; Allen Harriet; Alexander Sarah.

B—Blair Ada; Bon Anna; Bordon Amanda C; Bordman Catherine; Bonen Ester; Boteler Fannie; Blaking Hannah; Barber Hannah; Brooks Jennie; Butler Jennie; Belt Josie; Booth Jenette, Bruce Lucy I; Buchanon Linah; Barker Mrs; Brown Nellie; Busery Sarah; Broner Sarah; Barbour W H Mrs; Brown W A Mrs.

C—Corbin Anna; Cass Betty; Coats Betty; Campbell Elsie V; Carrier Elizth; Calbert Frankie; Colen Julia; Chinn Jennie; Corridon Johanna; Contee Laura; Cromland Louisa; Crowford Lilla R; Childs M E Miss; Crump Maria; Carter Margaret; Cox Marie Madeline; Colbert Mary A; Coventry Susanna; Carter Sarah; Coleman Wm Mrs.

D—Douglass Ella; Dent Mary; Dean Mabel; Day Roberta.

E—Edwards Lizzie, 2.

F—Faulkner Annie R; Ford C C Mrs; Fletcher Leona, 2.

G—Galloway Annie; Grunee Denton Mrs; Grayson Eliza; Garrett Jo Miss; Gibson Julia; Greenfield Mary; Grugin Mrs.

H—Higate Georgie; Hall J G Mrs; Heaves Julia; Hutson Katie; Hunt Laura; Hunt Lucy L; Harris Lucretia; Hall Mary; Halkens Mahaley Jane; Howard Martha.

J—Jardine E Miss; Jewell Ida May; Jones Julia; Jaynor Marcella; Janes Maria; Jackson Mary; Johnson Sallie.

K—Kitree Katie; Koucheleff Mme, 2; King R L Mrs; Keiller Sue.

L—Lansdale Addie E; Lyman Alice H; Lenoir E B Mme; Luice Mary M; Luckett Nettie; Lyons R H Miss.

M—Merrill A M Mrs; Marion Eliz'th; Mandley Jno E Mrs; Millson Jno S Mrs; Morgan Jane O; May J Mrs; Mason M M Mrs; Miller M D Mrs; Manning P H Mrs; Marshall Rosa; Mortimer S Miss; Murray S A Mrs; Morris Wm Mrs.

Mc—McNamar Lola; McCombs Lela.

N—Nutting Luranna F.

P—Posey Betty; Payne Grace; Powell Mary C; Pendleton Nancy; Payne Nellie; Payne Roberta; Proctor Sarah; Page S A Mrs.

Q—Queen Amelia.

R—Roberts Emma; Ross Emma Jane; Reilley Ellen; Ripley Jane; Robinson Mattie A; Rollins Sarah; Roberson Susan; Roberts Sarah M; Ranthe Wilhemine.

S—Smith Anden Mrs; Sudan Alace; Shart Adaline Mrs; Speer Bessie; Simpson Cecelia Mrs; Stevenson Emily; Sumner Harriet; Shea Jane; Smith Jane Mrs; Stewart Julia Mrs; Smith M G Mrs; Sternberg M L Mrs; Snone Maggie; Sedgwick M E; Smith Mollie Mrs; Spasey Sarah; Spatsy Sarah.

T—Thomas Annie T Mrs; Trush Catharine A; Thompson Grace; Thompson Jane; Thornton Katie C; Tyler Lucy; Thomas Laura; Thompson Mary; Taylor Sallie; Thomas Sarah C.

V—Vaughn E A Mrs; Von Hess Katharine.

W—Washington Annie J; Williams C M Mrs; Wooten Easter Mrs (col); Warren Henrietta; Wilson H C Mrs; Williams Hattie; Waters J M Mrs; Wilson Laura; Wright Lucy; Wheeler Maria H Mrs; Warrington Mary; Wirt Mrs.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

A—Apgar D J; Anderson Jno S; Alexander Jno; Arnold Judge Jno F; Anderson James T; Ackstetter Earl; Atkerson Mrs; Atkins Mr or Atkinson; Abbott S P; Anderson Wm.

B—Brown Alex M; Bland Albert; Bland C W; Burson & Co; Browning C H; Briggs George O; Bancroft Geo H; Burrough Jno; Beardsley J D; Boulin Nicolas; Bias Robert A; Brown Thomas; Bassett Wm; Brown W C.

C—Chiles Americus; Camp B F; Carter Cassius; Cowdin Hon Elliot C; Carter H P; Chambers Hon H T; Custing H C; Carson Henry T; Carty James; Clark Rev J G; Churchell J C; Chirmdly Hon Jno; Clark Rev J; Carter James W; Childs Jonathan W; Chandler John; Chiles John; Chittenden J J; Clement John W; Causten James H; Charles Mr; Carlson Nathan; Clarkson Wm G N.

D—Dorn Hon A J; Dickinson A L; Deyson A W A; Donevan B; Davis D B; Dugan Daniel A; Dearing Dearing; Dickinson E; Donnan Jno W; Davis Janey D; Day J H; Davis M C; Dexter Ponel; Dibble Sylvester; Davis Samuel; Davenport Silas; Dawler S J; Dwight Col Wm.

E—Edwards Collins; Eddy J D; Eastwell M; Elliott Wm.

F—Frey A; Fisher Geo; Finley J P & Co; Franklin James; Fitzgerald J H; Forbes Ned; French Ben O C; Forney Capt S.

G—Greenough A L; Groves George; Gillam J W; Gibson J T; Glass J M; Grube Joe; Gray Rev J W; Gray Jno R; Grahe Jno; Gawler Lola; Girard L M; Grisham Lasan; Gregory Sanborn; Gilmore S J; Gude T A; Grady Thomas; Gray Wm; Gibbons W; Gardner W T.

H—Harper James; Hills Richard; Heyers John C; Howard Julian S; Harrison James; Harris Jake; Holmes Isaac; Holmes Jno A; Hood J; Haskey Mr; Hillyer N; Holcton Robert; Hindman Sam'l G; Highfield Thomas; Hoge Thomas; Hall T H; Heron W H; Hughes Gen Chas; Humphrys Hon D C; Hogan Edgar; Hoffnagle E H; Hulues Geo W; Hardin Henry A.

I—Ingham James T; Ivins Sam T; Ingram L N.

J—Jones Charles; Johnson E N; Johnston F H; Jackson Franklin; Jahnson F H; Johnson Henry; Jones Hon H G; Johns Harry; Johnson James Edward; Jenifer J A; Johnson J T; Jones S A; Jordan T W.

K—Kenny Abbott; Kindslee Andrew; Kelmer D J; Kelsey E C; Kelsby Frank; Keller Geo; Kelley Joseph; Kadden Levi; Kelley R M; King S.

L—Lacy A C; Lamton Albert; Larrabee Col C H; Lehman Geo A; Lacy Jno; Lippitt Jno R; Lewis John; Livingston J; Lacke John F; Larry Nick; Lowry Nick; Langester Richard; Lee Mr and Mrs T; Leffingwell Wm.

M—Middleton Arthur; Mackendush Alphert; Mahn E C; Madden Hon E M; Morehart F R; Myer Frank; Morse George; Murphey Geo N; Morse H M; Merced Henry; Martin H H; Miller Isaac D; Monkbarns James; Middleton J F S; Moon Jno; Mullins Col James; Mendenhall James; Mackey L D; Magrath Mr; Mitchell Nicolas; Moloney P T.

Mc—McHale A; McHale Anthony; McGinn C; McDermott Harry; McEntire Mr; McDonnald Pierce.

N—Nagle S S.

P—Patton A S; Page Albert; Pike B P; Packard Col Frank; Penn Geo E; Parson Col H C; Paine Jas H; Phillips Rev Mr; Parker Major R C; Porter T; Parker V S; Perry & Williams; Pynes Wm A.

R—Russell Hon Chas T; Raibon Charles; Russell James H; Reynolds J J; Roberts James; Ruth J F; Rhodes P A; Ralph Samuel T; Ryan S B, 2; Riley Thomas; Reynolds Wm; Roaks Wm M.

S—Smith Arthur; Smith & Bro; Swing C L; Sawyer Capt Chas S; Slene Charles D; Sweet Edwin I; Spalsbury E; Shelvy Henry; Salyer Jno P; Stovall Col J T; Smith Capt Jno; Sherman J H; Sherman J D; Story M A; Sansill T W; Sheltor Thomas; Snow Wm; Smith Wm; Smith W H; Smith Will O; Stevenson Wm O.

T—Thomas Capt; Thompson Fred; Taylor Henry B; Tyler J T; Thomas J W; Thompson J C; Thomas Robert S; Taylor Hon Thomas T; Thompson Titus; Thuibe Theodore; Thomas Vincent; Thompson Wm W.

V—Van Fleet Wm.

W—Williams B G; Webb Benjamin; Warren Capt Ed K; Weber Dr Edward; Wiedemann Ernest; Wood Fred E; Winters Harry; Webb John; Walsh John; Williams N; Wheeler N P; Williams P C; Williams Sam; Wilson Thomas M; Walker Thornton A; Warcester W P; Wilson Wm R.

Y—Young Wm H A.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Potomac Side Naturalists' Club.

LETTERS REMAINING IN GEORGETOWN. D. C., P. O. December 20, 1879.

LADIES' LIST.—Gonvalves M Mrs; Harrison Priscilla Mrs; Hill or Hall Amy Miss; Johnson Alice Miss; Stuart John E Mrs; Widney W A Mrs.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.—Berry Joseph; Bowman Julian; Cobb Jerry Capt; Dorsey John; Our aler B John; Walter John.

T. I. TULLOCK, Act'g P. M