ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

The Time of the Year When One Thinks of Making a Change.

HOW TO RENOVATE A ROOM.

Moving About the Furniture to Give It a Different Appearance—A Sample Alteration in a Third-Story Bed Room—Utilizing All the Space.

Written for The Evening Star.

"THE EYE IS NOT SATISFIED WITH seeing" is an old truth and may apply to many things. Certain it is that many eyes are not satisfied with seeing things as they are, but must devise a change presumably for the better, anyway a change. Fanny Kemble in the delightful "Records of a Girlhood" tells of a fancy her mother had for making changes in household effects and how, consequently, the rooms would be thrown into the utmost confusion every little while when a renovating spirit took possession of her. She would with the greatest enthusiasm enter into the necessary labor and planning to bring about this change, and even if it did not prove the success hoped it was satisfactory to her as a "change."

WANTS SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

I have had a friend who had something of this same feeling about a change and would sometimes sacrifice a known good arrangement in furniture or ornaments for the sake of "something different," as she would acknowledge. Others again cling with tenacity to fixed and time-worn ways of having their surroundings and the idea of change is all but appalling to them.

With something of the spirit of the first named class the occupant of a certain pleasant room decided that by various alterations it could be made much prettier and that she could no longer let well enough alone, but must carry out some of the ideas with which she had for some time been inspired. The shape of the room made furnishing more easy and sure to be successful than if it had been square or perfectly rectangular in every way.

THE BAY WINDOW.

A bay window in front had one side at a right angle with the room, with broad window in front, and on the other side, instead of a right angle again, another window cut diagonally across, giving a pretty view and a more extensive one than the front window. Between these windows was a space wide enough for a dressing table, while at the side of the slanting window was a straight wall space wide enough to hang a picture. A much wider space was on the other and square side of the bay, and here some hanging book shelves were fastened. The room occupies the whole width of the house, including an alcove which is over the vestibule at the entrance to the house. This is connected with the room by an arch, and adjoining this arch is the wall space where the head of the bed comes. A door opening from the hall is opposite the front window, and on the fourth side is a low broad wood mantel shelf, extending on all three sides of the chimney, which is narrower here than in the two stories below. This shelf is upheld by heavy wood brackets, and is very spacious. The room is low, being in the third story, and looks larger possibly for that reason.

CONTRASTING THE FLOORS.

In contrast to the rest of the house, which has bare floors and rugs, it was decided to cover this floor entirely with matting, the India matting with plain ground and just dashes of color through it. The walls were already papered to suit the color design to be carried out, so they were left untouched, a rather dark terra cotta red being the ground tone, with a graceful all-over pattern in another shade of the same color. All pinks of a yellow cast, from old red to shrimp pink, look well with this paper, as had been proved by experience. So there was no experimenting as to color combinations. The old "bed room set" was ignominiously banished, as there was to be a different style of furnishing introduced. The bed to suit the new order of things must be one of the white ones with brass rails and knob, the simplest pattern being chosen, with no gilt about the paint. The width is four feet, and this size suits the proportions of the room admirably.

CRETONNE LARGELY USED.

The spread used on the bed is of cretonne, which also enters quite largely into the other furnishings, and which has a groundwork of inch-wide pink and cream stripes, over which is scattered a graceful profusion of roses and pinks in the French style of bouquets and garlands. The spread is made to nearly touch the floor on sides and foot, and is finished with a cream-colored cotton fringe four inches deep and with a knotted heading. The small pillows used for sleeping are covered by a scarf of cream-colored dimity with a ruffle six inches deep on the front and ends, and for the day effect only one pillow is laid on this, which is nearly square and dimity covered, with the same very deep ruffle all round the four sides. This airy-looking garniture, with its fluffy ruffles, toning so harmoniously with the cream ground of the cretonne, is very charming, and quite original as well, the experiment proving a complete success. Just at the bed head and at the arch into the alcove stands a small though rather high bedside table, painted white, and with lower shelf nine inches from the floor. Dimity covers are also on this stand, just fitting the top and shelf, and with a nine-inch ruffle all around, the shelf cover having the ruffle open at the four corners to accommodate the legs of the table. The lower ruffle from the shelf just clears the floor. This was another experiment which is most daintily effective. On top a pink silk photograph frame for two pictures, a candlestick and a book or two are displayed, while the lower shelf is always a depository of the papers or books indulged in for the bedtime reading, for the gas burner on the other side of the bed, on the narrow wall space before the bay window jogs out, is too alluring to be often resisted.

The alcove forms the little dressing room of the apartment and is very conveniently arranged. Opposite the arched opening is the washstand, an heirloom, painted cream white, with handsome brass handles and keyplates. There is quite a deep upper drawer, with an open space the depth of the drawer, and then the lower drawer, the open space making a shelf, on which is a pink sachet, and which holds several articles. The top is covered with a white linen scarf and has a toilet set decorated in old pink.

The splasher is a full curtain of cream dimity and over it hangs a small oblong mirror with white frame. The front side wall of the alcove is nearly taken up by a window which comes to the floor and opens on to a little balcony with hooded roof.

The opposite wall has a similar opening, where a door leads into the next room, concealed, however, by a portiere, made by suspending a Roman blanket, which is in stripes with terra cotta predominating.

A TWO-FOLD SCREEN.

A two-fold screen shuts off all that is desirable of the toilet arrangements and is hung with cretonne like the rest in the room, with lower edge and edge of valance trimmed with cream fringe. The six rounds at the back for a roomy clothes horse painted white, is the satisfactory foundation and gives plenty of room for towels. Just under the arch is an openwork bracket painted white, and on it stands a shrine frame, inclosing a photograph, also painted white, both of them originally in dark wood and therefore cast aside, but made quite effective by the transformation.

Near the screen but just the other side of the arch is an antique oak chiffonier, having on it a white scarf embroidered in old pink, has a design of carnations, which flower is the one appearing in the wall paper, also in the cretonne and in the China silk of the book case curtains. This is a standing bookcase evolved from boxes and coffee matting, and suits its place and surroundings very well. The coffee matting covering it tones with the neutral shade of the floor matting, while the china silk of the curtains has a cream ground, and just such flowers as appear in the cretonne. The curtains are trimmed with silk tassel fringe in the colors of the silk and are shirred on a brass rod with a tassel edged valance falling over. This case accommodates a good many books, its top holds a tall vase, a pretty photograph on an easel and a pair of little Dresden candlesticks and is completed by an etching framed in white which hangs over it. A number of other pictures are in the room, most of them black and white in white frames.

A GIPSY TABLE.

Just beyond in the corner near the mantel is a gipsy table with a cretonne spread edged with cream tassels, and which holds a lamp with pink shade. The mantel has a variety of objects on it, of course, the most noticeable being a pink jar filled with branches of the white cherry blossoms of Japanese make and so picturesque as scarcely to come under the head of "artificial flowers." The other chimney corner has a low divan with cross striped cover and with a number of pillows—quite a medley as to the material used in covering, as China silk, art satin, satine and silkoline all appear, but the tones of all being the pinkish ones preferred in the room. A small wicker table full of trifles in china, photographs and books sits near and an oak rocker with pink and cream head cushions comes next, sitting in front of the widest window of the bay, its opposite neighbor being a low rocker with high back, painted white. Another rocking chair upholstered in cretonne, a cretonne-covered ottoman and small white chair finishes the seating capacity of the room.

Between the windows is the dressing table, one made to fit the space and draped with cretonne, the top spread finished with the cream fringe. Over it hangs a tall mirror in very wide white frame, a festoon of flowers and ribbons in relief being across the top, the glass being hung by a broad pink ribbon tied in a bow and ends at the top. Frilled curtains of dimity are at the windows with pink sash curtains. A small screen in front of the mantel concealing the register completes the furniture, I believe.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

Interesting Gossip About What is Going on in New York.

THE COPYRIGHT LEAGUE JOLLIFICATION RATHER A TAME AFFAIR—REV. DR. BRIGGS' HETERODOXY—A POOR SPRING FOR HEALTH—TYPHUS FEVER PREVALENT—METROPOLITAN NOTES.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, April 16.

THE JOLLIFICATION MEETING OF THE Copyright League and their friends at Sherry's restaurant on Monday night was remarkable more for the character of those present than for the brilliancy of the proceedings. There is a floating proverb to the effect that literary assemblages are always dull. While that may be a harsh maxim, it has a large grain of truth in it. Everybody on Monday night was in the happiest temper and the dinner was excellent, though rather late. The speeches, however, were scarcely equal to the occasion and to the orators. Mr. Stedman presided with grace, though he lacks a certain auctioneer aggressiveness which should accompany a toastmaster at a public dinner. Senator Platt, who sat in the place of honor at his right hand, gave an interesting and instructive talk on the parliamentary adventures of the copyright and what the effect of the recent legislation might be. In the absence of Mr. Simonds, Henry Cabot Lodge made a straightforward, manly speech that woke up the meeting, though he spoke to a constituency that has little sympathy with force bills. Every one waited to hear George W. Curtis, but he was not called upon till midnight, the clock striking out the hour just as he arose, and making a solemn obligato to the music of his voice. Mr. Curtis is easily among the half dozen great speakers of our day, and cannot fail to be charming, but on Monday night—or rather on Tuesday morning—he seemed to lack something of his accustomed fire and finish. A feature of his remarks was some very interesting reminiscences and criticisms, in the style of the Easy Chair, on Dickens' missionary visit to this country. He revived one joke by Evarts that deserves a new circulation. He said that at the great dinner to Dickens in Boston a telegram was received from Evarts regarding his inability to attend and saying that Dickens had had laurels on his brows, and he hoped that soon he would browse upon his laurels. The authors, who are understood to be now about to do the browsing, applauded this vigorously.

DR. BRIGGS' HETERODOXY.

The New York presbytery on Monday took important preliminary action in the case of Dr. C. A. Briggs, the famous Union Theological Seminary professor, whose recent utterances have so agitated and alarmed the more conservative element in the Presbyterian church. The resolutions then adopted were couched in the language of inquiry and seek information simply; at the same time this is recognized by all as merely "a reconnoissance in force." Undoubtedly the question of Prof. Briggs' orthodoxy will form one of the most exciting and prominent features of the coming general assembly of the Presbyterian church, which holds its session in Detroit in the latter part of May. Prof. Briggs was not present at the meeting of the New York presbytery on Monday owing to illness, but he is thoroughly alive to the nature of the proceedings against him and is in a very combative mood. He will be backed up, moreover, loyally by the faculty of the seminary, who have recently honored him by special promotion. He has been very appropriately selected as one of the delegates to the general assembly, and so will be on hand to meet his critics in case, as now seems inevitable, there shall be a debate at the assembly. The most fundamental questions are involved in the discussion, and many presbyteries are very nervous over the prospect. No one is disposed to attack the learning or the piety of Dr. Briggs, who is very widely known and admired in the church, but certainly there is reasonable ground for questioning whether his attitude toward the accepted interpretation of the Scriptures is compatible with the office of an authoritative instructor in a Presbyterian theological school. As it happens, Prof. Briggs' new professorship—that of biblical theology—is the one of all others where unorthodox views would be regarded by most people as dangerous.

A POOR SPRING FOR HEALTH.

Just now the city is rather anxious about its health. The grip has proved to be a very serious infliction, and the totals keep up to an alarming point in spite of the soft, bland atmosphere of the past few days. Even more serious has been the outcropping in various localities of the dreaded spotted typhus or ship fever. So far as can be traced all these cases originated in Hungary, which we judge must be a pretty dirty place. A number of cases have been reported and the public have been exposed to a degree which makes a general epidemic possible; however, it is not thought that the disease will get much of a foothold. The grip itself seems to be developing more and more acute symptoms in some cases. Not satisfied with inducing suicide, the latest report is that it led one man to murder his wife. Just what a jury will make of the disease remains to be seen.

THE CRIME OF BEING KICKED DOWN STAIRS.

When the indignant Mr. Pickwick visited the office of Dobson & Fogg, it will be remembered that the distinguished savant had his temper considerably ruffled by the speech and behavior of Mr. Fogg, and went so far as to address to him harsh and threatening language, whereupon the wily Fogg, after calling two clerks to the bottom of the stairs as witnesses, proceeded in the most irritating manner to suggest to his angry visitor that perhaps he would like to abuse him further, call him a thief and use actual violence; and we are told that Mr. Pickwick might have resorted to this extremity but for the prudence of Mr. Weller, who saved him from himself. No doubt Dobson & Fogg could have made their visitor pay dearly for any hostile demonstration he might have made, but we do things very differently sometimes in New York. One day this week an angry individual kicked a man down stairs, and instead of the victim getting heavy damages the man who assaulted his visitor had him arrested and heavily fined for disorderly conduct.

METROPOLITAN NOTES.

Blaine's correspondence with Rudini meets with universal approval here. It is thought to be characteristically shrewd and apt. There is some wonder expressed as to what Italy will do, but no apprehension is felt at the future.

Secretary Foster's visit here is closely watched by politicians and merchants and is generally thought to be of an important bearing on custom house and banking arrangements.

New Yorkers breathed a sigh of relief on learning that the state legislature is to adjourn on the 30th of this month. It is amusing, or would be if it were not so humiliating, what a terror decent people feel for our lawmakers at Albany. This year they have been more than usually obstreperous, and but for prompt and vigorous action they would have passed a number of infamous measures.

Stanley's departure for Europe was in striking contrast, for spectacular effects, with his entry. He took away with him $110,000 in good American legal tender, but it cannot be said that he departs with added reputation. He swung around the circle as a lecturer, according to program, but he was a sad disappointment as a speaker, though the box-office receipts held up very well to the end. He has not been at all well, and has, perhaps from necessity, kept everybody at arm's length. His young wife seems to have made a favorable impression, though she is not thought here to be either so wonderfully beautiful or so interesting as Americans were prepared to believe from her London reputation.

I learned last night, on the very best authority, that only two American magazines are making any money. HENRY E. ELLIOT.

Wild Violets.

They smell of the rain, the sun and breeze;
Of the long, cool shadows of cedar trees;
Of the brook that sings down its mossy ledge;
Of the bending ferns and the rustling sedge;
Of velvet moss that keep the dew;
And of sweet dead leaves that last year knew.

They smell of the chill pure breath of dawn;
Of wind-swept hillside and sun-swept lawn;
Of rose-brier hedge and of winding lane;
And of dreams that will never come back again;
These wild, pale violets, faint and sweet,
That we buy in a crowded city street.

—*Madeline S. Bridges in Puck.*

Written for The Evening Star.

AT THE NATION'S DOOR.

Sketches Among the Immigrants Landing at New York.

THE MATERIAL FROM WHICH CITIZENS ARE MADE—THE MEDICAL INSPECTORS AND THEIR WORK—THE DAILY ROUTINE AT THE BARGE OFFICE—SOME NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

RECENTLY I WAS PILOTED through the barge office, where close on to half a million emigrants arrived last year, by its popular chief, Gen. O'Beirne. Every detail of the system was obligingly explained by the Chesterfieldian Hibernian, and I was amazed at the thoroughness of the plan which, with scarcely any friction, distributes every year these thousands of human cargoes to every corner of the country. A lighter, densely packed with Hollanders, happened to be unloaded while I was going through the building, and I had a good opportunity to observe how the system works.

A sorrier lot of human beings I never saw. They stepped off on the gang plank into the building two by two, generally a man and his wife, their hands tightly clasped, as though each was afraid the other would be effaced from the earth. In the disengaged hand of each was an enormous box or carpet bag or perhaps a tightly packed bundle, luridly yellow or red in color. A curious thing to see was the almost childlike dependence of the men upon their women. The great yokels were jerked about hither and thither by their wives, who kept up a constant rattle of harsh directions and were obeyed without a murmur.

TYPES OF IMMIGRANTS.

At the entrance to the building from the lighter were stationed two sharp-eyed medical inspectors in uniform, whose training has taught them to detect at a glance any sign of contagious disease. They scanned very closely each emigrant walking up the plank, and three men, who had some sort of skin disease, were called aside in good Dutch by one of the young physicians. They were examined and sent to the contagious disease ward, all three whimpering like infants. They were afterward shipped back whence they came. Those who passed the medical inspectors were herded like cattle in a large pen, where they were to be singled out by their relatives or friends—those that had any. There was a large crowd of these relatives in waiting, and their prosperous and well-fed looks contrasted strongly with the hopelessly miserable appearing crowd of new arrivals standing with open mouths in the pen. The names of these latter were called out in Dutch by one of the translators, and their exuberant happiness was remarkable when they were reunited with those that had come to the new world before them. Many, however, were grievously disappointed at not being met by those whom they had expected, and the air was filled with lamentations.

A POLISH BABE.

Having gotten thus far the bewildered Dutchmen were taken to an official who examined them as to their means of support, whether they had come on contract, the amount of money in their possession, &c. If they got through this ordeal satisfactorily (and several were rejected on account of the contract labor law) they were taken to the money exchange, where good American dollars were given them for their greasy notes or hard-gotten coin, which was invariably sewed up in their blouses or tied into a series of hard knots in a heavy cloth. This operation over with, those that were to proceed further on their journeys were taken to the telegraph office to notify those at their point of destination of their arrival. Those that were to stay in New York and swell the already enormous number of non-assimilative European refugees were sent to the information bureau, where they were directed where to find lodging with their countrymen and given other necessary instruction to protect them against sharpers, after which they were dumped indiscriminately into rickety open carts, a dozen or more in each, and, sitting on their boxes and bags, they were hauled through the streets of New York—their misery changed to roseate happiness, their countenances bestrewn with grins.

A GROUP OF WOMEN.

Such is the routine that is carried on without a hitch day after day and in such wise are attended to the wants of this heterogeneous new population around which Uncle Sam folds his mantle of protection. There are missionaries of all sects and all languages stationed in the barge office, and, as soon as the emigrants are released from the custody of the officials, they are loaded down with liberal supplies of tracts. Those quite friendless and without relatives in this country are generally taken to the various missions, where they remain until they have become less bewildered and more able to take care of themselves.

Gen. O'Beirne told me that the Germans have the most money on arriving in this country and the Italians the least. The Irish are scarcely ever provided with means, but they are invariably taken in charge by waiting kinsfolk. I was told of a Mohammedan who arrived last November from Cabool, Afghanistan, who had in his possession a pound of fine rubies. He disposed of them in New York and now runs a large oriental emporium in the west.

In Gen. O'Beirne's opinion the handsomest people from other climes arriving in this country are the Swedes, but the "O" in his name makes him give a high place in this respect to the Irish. The most healthy race, according to the medical statistics of the barge office, are the Germans.

I heard little good of the English who come to this country by steerage. They are said to be kickers of the most confirmed sort, and are constantly hurling at the officials' heads the threat that they will "go and see the British consul about this." One of them got off this dire threat the other day, and the official at whom it was directed completely crushed him by replying, "Well, go 'round and see him; you will find him putting in a ton of coal." It was, of course, not the case, but the Britisher thought it was, and became subdued immediately.

FROM THE FATHERLAND.

A greater number of Germans (nearly 100,000) than of any other race arrived in this country last year; then follow the English, Irish, Italians, Swedes, Scotch, Norwegians, Danes, Swiss and French, in the order named.

The sketches given in this article were made as the new arrivals landed by one of the young physicians, and any one who has been at the barge office or at old Castle Garden will recognize the types. CLARENCE LOUIS CULLEN.

DISEASES BRED TO ORDER.

Pictures of Consumption, Typhoid, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, Etc., Made by Photograph.

A SCRAP OF AN OLD TOPER'S LIVER. The object was not a pretty one, certainly, though a whole temperance lecture by itself. Dr. William Gray, bacteriologist of the Army Medical Museum, had it on a glass microscope slide. To the naked eye it was not definable as anything in particular, and that was why the expert desired to make an enlarged photograph of it, so that its structure might be observed satisfactorily. For this purpose he employed a camera, with which a microscope was so ingeniously combined as to form a picture magnified by several thousand diameters.

A GRUESOME EXHIBIT.

Thus presented the scrap of toper's liver exhibited a gruesome aspect to a STAR reporter. Its substance was pervaded in all directions by fibrous tissue that signified disease, eventually fatal—for the inebriate was dead—caused by excessive alcohol. It would have been a most appropriate exhibit by magic lantern at a prohibition meeting.

Dr. Gray had lots of similar photo-micrographs of diseased tissues at hand. Some showed fragments of lungs attacked by consumption, with the rod-shaped bacilli imbedded in them, as if caught in the act of gobbling the material of the air cells and surrounding themselves with lumps of dead matter called tubercles. Other bits of different organs of the body displayed in like fashion various other kinds of the minute vegetable organisms known as "bacteria"—among them those which produce fevers, such as typhus—pneumonia, diphtheria, carbuncle, erysipelas and typhoid fever. They were all unpleasantly suggestive and occasioned imaginings that such parasites might possibly be located in the observer's own corpus—a proposition, however unlikely, yet impossible to deny with certainty. There was no picture of the bacterium that causes "grip," because it has not, so far, been caught and properly identified.

EFFECT OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

One melancholy picture showed on an enormous scale the small corpuscles in the kidneys, the use of which is to strain the poisonous elements of the urine out of the body, with their fibrous coats so thickened as to impede this process of nature, thus causing the poison to be absorbed into the system. That is Bright's disease, and it had killed the person from whom the contribution depicted had been secured. In fact, the expert of the Army Medical Museum passes his working hours literally in the midst of the debris of disease. He had at least a dozen of the most horrible complaints known to humanity shut up in bottles—enough in each receptacle to convey its particular sort of infection to an army—with all of which he kindly offered to inoculate the reporter, if desired, within twenty minutes. It is a part of his business, with scientific objects in view, to propagate these physical woes on gelatine, duly corked.

VARIOUS KINDS OF TUMOR.

On one of the doctor's tables was a considerable heap of fragments of various kinds of tumors from as many different individuals. A piece of a tumor, upon being obtained from a "subject" living or dead, is first soaked in alcohol to take the water out of it. Then it is put into chloroform to remove the alcohol; after which it is placed in a bath of melted paraffine. The latter fills up the tissue, making it a solid that may be preserved indefinitely, and, when the fragment is cold and hard, it is cut with a machine made for the purpose into extremely thin slices for photographing.

For the making of such photo-micrographs ordinary light will not serve, and so there is a big mirror outside the museum building which reflects a beam of sun's ray through a hole in the outer wall into the dark room where the camera is. In order that the beam shall always strike the hole the mirror is controlled by an ingenious time instrument called a "heliostat."

SUNSHINE CAUGHT IN A HOLE.

Thus, at any hour of the day, the beam shines through the hole and is projected directly into the camera itself, first passing through a lens to concentrate it. The concentrated beam is more brilliant than the most powerful electric light, so that the eye cannot look upon it. After passing through the lens it goes on through another glass inclosing a fluid so concentrated that it will only permit the chemical rays in the beam to pass. Light, it must be understood, is made up of rays by which one sees things and rays which accomplish chemical action. Photography is a chemical process, and therefore it is desirable for this purpose to pass the concentrated beam through a sifter that will stop the luminous rays and permit the chemical ones to go ahead. They do go ahead, for example, through the slide of glass to which the scrap of liver is attached, and entering the tube of a microscope, produce an enormously magnified image on a sensitive plate in the camera beyond.

In the Interest of Education.

The Michigan senate has passed a bill requiring that mayors or other officials authorized to issue permits shall not grant a license to any newsboy or bootblack under fourteen years old, unless it is shown that the applicant has attended school at least four months during the preceding year. This bill also applies to telegraph and district messenger boys.

Sentenced for Life for Murder.

The trial of Will Decker of Elmira for the murder of his mistress, Nellie Foster, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., ended yesterday morning in a verdict of murder in the second degree. Decker was sentenced to Auburn prison for life. The defense was insanity.

Retribution Quick in Kentucky.

William Skaggs, an eighteen-year-old colored boy, went up into Allen county, Kentucky, recently and while there became engaged in a difficulty with William Kirby, white, resulting in Kirby being fatally cut. Yesterday seven masked men pursued Skaggs, and while he was trying to escape shot him dead.

How She Lost Her Lover.

'Twas a summer ago when he left me here,
A summer of smiles with never a fear,
Till I said to him with a sob, My dear!
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

For I loved him, oh, as the stars love night!
And my cheeks for him flashed red and white
When he first called me his heart's delight:
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

The touch of his hand was a thing divine.
As he sat with me in the soft moonshine
And drank of my love as men drink wine:
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

And never a night as I knelt in prayer,
In a gown as white as our own souls were,
But in fancy he came and kissed me there:
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

But now, O God! what an empty place
My whole heart is! Of the old embrace
And the kiss I loved, there is not a trace:
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

He sailed not over the stormy sea,
And he went not down in the waves, not he;
But oh, he is lost, for he married me:
Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

—*James Whitcomb Riley in Chicago Herald.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Beware of imitations.

threat that they will "go and see the British consul about this." One of them got off this dire threat the other day, and the official at whom it was directed completely crushed him by replying, "Well, go 'round and see him; you will find him putting in a ton of coal." It was, of course, not the case, but the Britisher thought it was, and became subdued immediately.

JAWS OF VARIOUS BEASTS.

Queer Ways in Which They Are Fastened—Conditions Adapted to Usefulness.

"JAWS ARE FUNNY THINGS. THE crocodile's lower jaw is not socketed in the skull, as is the case with other animals, but the skull is socketed in the jaw, so that the animal can lift the upper part of its head as upon a hinge and so capture whatever prey may be at hand without going to the trouble of getting upon its legs. This is a great saving of exertion to the saurian, which delights in wooing soft repose upon the voluptuous and buxom mud bank. It was Herodotus, the father of history, who first commented in recorded writing upon this surprising circumstance respecting the crocodile."

So Osteologist Lucas of the Smithsonian Institution was saying to a STAR writer yesterday, and he added:

"You can find another example of nature's adaptation of the jaw to use in the case of certain carnivores, like the otter—a big weasel that has acquired aquatic habits. The jaws of such beasts are so fixed in the sockets that dislocation is impossible. In some instances you cannot, even after the animal is dead, separate the jaw from the head. This arrangement is evidently designed to enable the beast to bite to the greatest advantage without danger that the chewing apparatus will come loose.

THE ELEPHANT'S JAW.

"The elephant's jaw, on the other hand, not being intended for biting but for grinding vegetable food, is an appendage almost separate from the rest of the skull. Although enormously heavy it has only a small articulation connecting it with the upper skull, and its whole weight is carried by the muscles, in which it may be said to be slung, so that it can grind back and forth.

AN OUTRIGGER JAW.

"A snake's lower jaw is attached to a sort of outrigger extending back from its skull. Also the two halves of the jaw are connected by elastic ligaments, so that it finds no difficulty in so stretching its mouth sideways and perpendicularly as to be able to swallow animals much bigger than itself. Some deep-sea fishes are similarly rigged.

"The human jaw is very loosely socketed in the skull, so that it is often dislocated by the mere act of yawning. Not being intended for biting purposes, offensive or defensive, no attention seems to have been paid by nature to making it fast.

AN ANGLER.

"While we are speaking on this subject I may as well show you this little stuffed fish, which has no more popular name than 'autennarius.' It angles for smaller fishes with this appendage on top of its head, which is designed to imitate a worm. The autennarius keeps its imitation worm wriggling just above its mouth and, when a victim comes within reach, it is gobbled promptly, the jaw of the angler being set vertically instead of horizontally, so that it can receive the game by simply opening at the top, a gentle suction assisting the performance."

Cobbler Sprague's Frugal Wife.

A Wilmington, Del., dispatch to the Philadelphia *Record* says: Ten thousand dollars in gold and greenbacks has been found secreted in an old table in the residence of John Sprague, a shoemaker at 721 West 2d street, in this city. The money represents his deceased wife's savings for thirty-nine years. On January 27 last Mrs. Mary Sprague, wife of the cobbler, dropped dead, a victim of heart disease, in a drug store. The couple came to Wilmington from England thirty-one years ago. The husband is about sixty years of age, while the wife was nearly fifty-nine years old when she died. They were frugal and industrious, and during their thirty-nine years of married life the husband weekly gave the wife a certain sum of money for her use. He never questioned what she did with the surplus, but supposed it was regularly put in bank.

When Mr. Sprague died search was made for the bank book supposed to exist, but to no avail. The house was ransacked also, but no money was found. Finally Mrs. McGinley, a neighbor, suggested, as she had a dream to that effect, that possibly the treasure might be secreted in an antique table, and this article of furniture was examined. Tightly wedged in an inside corner of the table were found a bag of gold and a roll of greenbacks, which, being counted, amounted to $10,000. The newly found money was at once deposited in the bank. A father and two sons constitute the family.

Mr. Sprague has just received word from England that he has also fallen heir to several thousand dollars by the death of a relative.

Destruction of the Oyster Beds.

From the Philadelphia Record.

In 1888 there were 4,000,000 bushels of oysters received at Baltimore from the Chesapeake bay beds, but this season the receipts to the same date have fallen below 2,000,000 bushels, while packing houses throughout the state are closed, and from all parts of the bay comes the story of exhausted beds. The violation of the culling law and the consequent destruction of the young oyster is responsible for the condition of things. The law is a dead letter and a great industry is being ruined. Nearly ten years ago Prof. Brooks of Johns Hopkins University issued a warning against the wholesale depletion of the oyster beds, but the work has continued and even now the oystermen do not seem to realize the gravity of the situation.

Rev. Charles W. Barrett Dead.

The Rev. Charles W. Barrett, professor of historical theology in the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., died early yesterday morning of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF FERDINAND MAGELLAN, and the First Circumnavigation of the Globe. 1480—1521. By F. H. H. Guillemard, M.A., M.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Washington: Brentano's.

STATESMEN'S DISHES. Practical Autographic Receipts for Cooking, by more than 200 ladies prominent in official and social life at the National Capital. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

THE WEDDING RING. A Tale of Today. By ROBERT BUCHANAN, author of "The Shadow of the Sword," etc., etc. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Washington: Brentano's.

A MYSTERY OF THE CAMPAGNA, and A SHADOW ON A WAVE. By VON DEGEN. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Washington: Brentano's.

AT LOVE'S EXTREMES. By MAURICE THOMPSON, author of "A Tallahassee Girl," etc., etc. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Washington: Brentano's.

A CHRISTIAN WOMAN. By EMILIA PARDO BAZAN. Translated by Mary Springer. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Washington: Brentano's.

THE SPANISH ARMADA: A Ballad of 1588. By DOUGLAS SLADEN. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Washington: Brentano's.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE: An Epic Drama. By DOUGLAS SLADEN. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Washington: Brentano's.

BROOKE'S DAUGHTER. By ADELINE SERGEANT, author of "The Luck of the House," etc., etc. New York: United States Book Co.

A BAFFLING QUEST. By RICHARD DOWLING, author of "The Mystery of Killard," etc., etc. New York: United States Book Co.

THE WOMAN OF ICE. Translated from the French of ADOLPHE BELOT. Saint Paul, Minn.: The Price-McGill Publishing Co.

A WRONGED WIFE. By MAY AGNES FLEMING, author of "Guy Earlscourt's Wife," etc., etc. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

HEALTH WITHOUT MEDICINE. By THEODORE H. MEAD. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Washington: Brentano's.

A POETRY OF EXILES. By DOUGLAS SLADEN. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Washington: Brentano's.

AUSTRALIAN LYRICS. By DOUGLAS SLADEN. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Washington: Brentano's.

MAUPRAT. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by Henrietta E. Miller. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

GAITHERSBURG HAPPENINGS.

The interest manifested in the proposed branch railroad from the Senaca quarry, connecting with the B. and O. at this place, is again revived and indications, point to an early commencement of operations following the surveyed route, with perhaps some slight deviations. Since the suspension of traffic on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal the quarry has practically suspended work, thus depriving Washington and other places of a great amount of valuable building material. The proposed road will be highly advantageous to Montgomery county, will promote the farming as well as mineral interests of that section and will open up the richest section of country in the state. The opposition manifested by a majority of citizens to its proposed route through the incorporate limits will, no doubt, cause the company to change its survey, as the original survey ran through some of the most valuable property in the vicinity of Gaithersburg.

REAL ESTATE NOTES.

Mr. Carson Ward has purchased a lot in Brooks & Russell's subdivision, corner of Brooks and Frederick avenues, and will erect a store house upon it at once.

Mr. R. Mills has commenced the erection of a large and commodious residence in West Gaithersburg.

Mr. John Seay is building quite an extension to his store on Frederick avenue.

Mr. S. T. F. Sterick has completed his residence on the heights and will move in about May 1.

There are more than a dozen dwelling houses and stores in different stages of construction going up here.

Gen. Allan Rutherford is making extensive improvements to the grounds of his beautiful country seat, constructing walks and drives, and is making further acquisition to his choice collections of flowers and shrubbery.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Edwards of Washington is visiting her father, Mr. Geo. H. Meem.

Mrs. H. C. Miller is convalescing from her recent illness.

Mrs. W. L. Williams of Nero, Va., is visiting her brother, Mr. R. H. Miles.

Mrs. W. H. Coon, who has been quite ill with a carbuncle and "grip," is improving.

Mr. Harry Lipscomb of Washington spent a portion of this week in Gaithersburg investigating openings for investments, and was the guest of Lee M. Lipscomb.

Miss Kate Hough of Brooklyn, N. Y., is making a protracted visit to her uncle, Mr. H. C. Miller. ENTERPRISE.

Quiet Again at Blackfoot, Idaho.

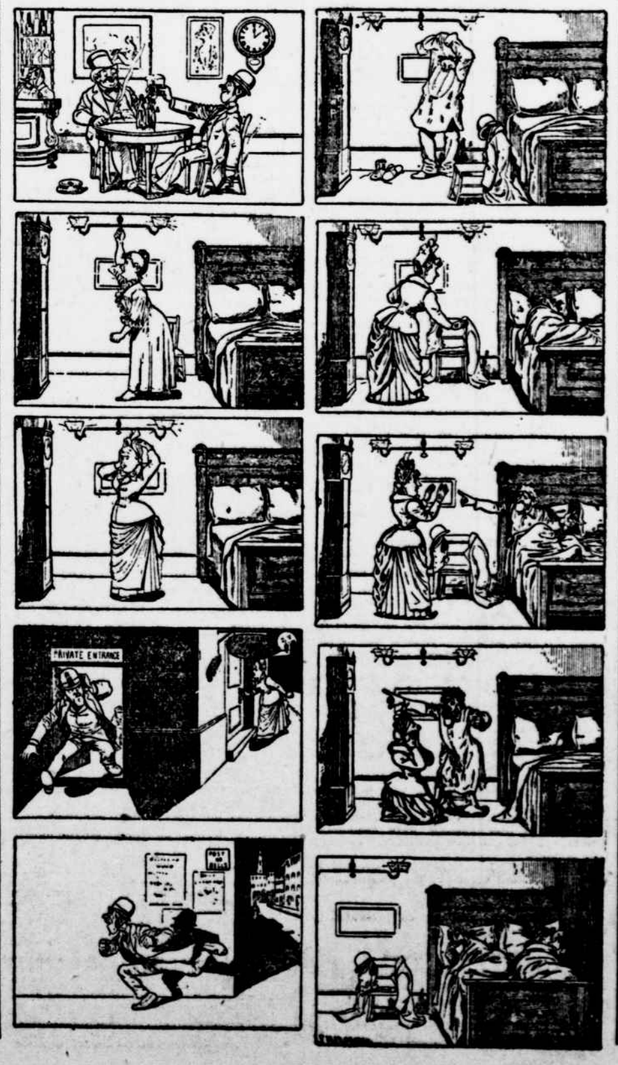
A special from Blackfoot, Idaho, says: "Everything is quiet, and no apprehension is felt by the citizens of an immediate outbreak by the Indians. Although the ranchers are thoroughly armed and ready for any emergency they have returned to their usual pursuits. The opinion here is that the parties who fired on the Challis stage were whites, disguised as Indians, as a man by the name of Houston was expected to pass down that day with a large sum of money, but he went by another route. Indians and squaws are to be seen on the street in large numbers."

The Elections Act in Minnesota.

The Minnesota house of representatives has concurred in the senate amendments to the elections bill and it now goes to the governor for his signature. This act extends the Australian ballot system to the whole state, and the amendments were to require voting for individual candidates and forbids bunching of candidates in voting.

HOW A WILY HUSBAND ESCAPED A CURTAIN LECTURE.

From Life.



PLANTATION DELICACIES.

Some of the Things the Negroes Liked in Days Before the War.

HOW HOE CAKE IS MADE—LIKEWISE ASH CAKE AND CORN PONE—HOMINY NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE—CATFISH POTPIE AND MUSKRAT POTPIE—WAYS IN WHICH SAMBO HELPED OUT HIS FRUGAL larder—ABOUT THE BANJO.

It is said in the Old Dominion that:

"De way to bake a hoe cake,
Ole Virginny nebber tire,
Is to slap it on your foot
And hold it to the fire."

"That is a highly sensible piece of verse, though most people nowadays don't know what it means," said Prof. Otis T. Mason to a writer for THE STAR. "For that matter, there are few persons in this generation who know how a real hoe cake is made. It is simply a mixture of corn meal with water and a little grease, flattened out and stood up before the fire on the back of a blade of a hoe. The old-fashioned hoe for farming purposes was a bigger and clumsier instrument than the modern garden tool and its blade served admirably for a griddle on the hearth. In the old days the negroes used to sleep commonly in their cabins, lying on the floor with their feet to the fire, and the joke of the poem is in the notion of the old mammy to set up a cake against the sole of every bare foot and so do the cooking, the bottom of the farm hand's pedal extremity being supposably impervious to heat.

HOE CAKE AND ASH CAKE.

"The hoe cake is an institution peculiarly associated with the old-time negroes, who doubtless invented it, as they did many other famous dishes of the plantation. They all survive to this day among the colored people. Another of them is 'co'n pone,' made of meal and sour milk, with a little shortening. It was cooked in a Dutch oven—a big pan on legs with a cover to it that was set among the burning coals in the fireplace and covered up with the coals also. When it was done the thing was to transfer it to a dish without turning it over, and this the good cook accomplished by taking off the lid, seizing the pan by the handle and throwing the cake up in the air so that it revolved in its descent and fell upon the platter all ready to serve.

"Ash cake was the same thing as hoe cake, only that it was cooked in the hot ashes, inclosed between two cabbage leaves or corn shucks. When it was done any specks of ashes that might appear were blown away, and the delicacy, properly buttered, is a morsel for the gods. Corn mush, cooked in a pot that hung from a crane over the fire, was another favorite negro dish on the plantation, but most appreciated of all was hominy. An old colored woman said to me the other day: 'M