WHY SHE MOVED.

But, Alas! She Did Not Better Herself as Much as She Thought.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

The small woman in the Napoleon had moved up to make room for the plump matron in the Dutch bonnet. They had evidently not seen each other for some time and they didn't seem to mind the other passengers at all.

"So you've left your lovely flat!" cried the plump matron. "Why, I thought you were so delighted with it that you would remain at least a couple of years."

"Oh, dear, haven't you heard why we left?" groaned the small woman. "No? Well, I suppose not, and I did promise Jack not to tell any one about it—he thinks it a joke; the idea! it's just like a man—but you really don't count."

"Of course not—of course not."

The other passengers began to look interested and move up closer, but she never noticed them.

"You remember those awful people in the flat below us, don't you? She was a little woman with a fuzzy head. I never could make Jack admit she used a curling iron like other people. He used to say it couldn't be so because her hair was always curled, which only goes to show how vain she is. And as for that baby of hers——"

"Oh, I remember now!"

"Well, it cried almost constantly until it fairly set me wild. Jack said I looked like a ghost, and I couldn't practice on my piano more than six hours a day to save my life. It seemed to me that every time I began to play it began to cry, and it required all my firmness to keep on."

"And that was why you actually had to move?"

"Yes, indeed. I told Jack I wouldn't stay there another month if they would give me the building, and I told him to tell the agent so, too. It would just serve him right—but Jack is so softhearted I doubt if he did it."

"I hope that woman was satisfied, then."

"Satisfied? Humph, just wait. The day we moved two vans drove up to the door, and as I passed her flat going down I saw that they, too, were moving. Yes, and what do you think? I actually heard the telling some one that they were going because of my piano. She said that I practised so much that the baby couldn't get half an hour's sleep a day and was so nervous that he began to cry as soon as I began to play. Did you ever hear of such impertinence?"

"I never did," replied the plump matron, soothingly, "but you are rid of them now."

"Rid of them! That's just it! Why, all unconscious, they had rented a flat right underneath the new one we had taken, and there we are with a year's lease, a flat not nearly so nice as the old one and that baby's lungs developing every day!"

And while her friend tried vainly to console her a sardonic smile went up one side of the car and down the other.

THE TALE OF A FINGER BOWL.

Its Advent, Its Vogue and Its Final Downthrow in Brownsville.

[From Puck.]

The finger-bowl struck Brownsville directly after the Salted Almond, and just before the Embroidered Centrepiece. Indeed, it followed so closely in the Almond's wake that not more than three persons in town had begun to say "ah mon'"—the rest pronounced it al-mond, and were very flat-footed about it.

The Finger-bowl was introduced by Miss Jones at her tea-party. It was a red glass one with dimples, and Miss Jones passed it around herself after the guests had finished their tea. There were floating upon the water sundry thin slices of lemon, and, of course, the first two women drank out of it. Please don't fancy that had you never seen or heard of finger-bowls you would have done better. Remember no printed directions accompanied the bowl. Miss Jones' sister sat third in line. After watching her, the rest did better.

Mrs. Petefish was the next to follow the fashion. She had two opalescent bowls with crinkley edges. She said that they were newer. And she dispensed with lemon. She let a geranium leaf float in each bowl, for, as she said, "geranium has a nasty taste, and those who drink once won't try it again." They didn't. And thus, at two sittings, Brownsville was educated up to the Finger-bowl. After that it was the rage, for, as Mrs. Petefish remarked, "There's one thing about we Brownsvillites, we pick a thing up quick."

The male Brownsvillite never took kindly to this innovation. When it was placed before him, he either quite ignored it or else he tried to be funny about it, and said that he would "pass." In his heart he hated it.

Still the popularity of the finger-bowl increased, and it came on now in half dozens, with fringed doylies underneath. Even the younger set caught the craze, and some of the pretty girls would sit out dances together to hear about a new pattern of drawn work for a finger-bowl doyley, while the young men awkwardly waltzed about in pairs.

The men began to sneer more openly after this, and occasionally managed to upset and break a bowl as though by accident; but there was no organized revolt.

It was not until Christmas that it got its death warrant.

You see, there were a lot of children in the Rev. Mr. Goodman's family, and as times were hard and his salary behind, the poor man was discouraged and disheartened. So, when on Christmas morning a boy handed in a parcel marked—"For Our Pastor's Wife," it was almost with tears in his eyes that he carried it to his spouse.

"For you, dear," he said with a little quaver in his voice, as he began to unwrap the paper covering; "I do hope its a black silk gown, for you need one so much. I don't mind all this poverty myself, but for you, my brave little woman; it is too"— And then he saw the finger-bowls, six of them—red, blue, green, yellow, opal and purple.

* * * * * * *

Bobby Petefish looked at the world through a rosy mist, and Bill Simpkins surveyed his mother through a golden glass.

"What! where did you boys get that colored glass?" she queried sharply.

"In the alley behind the preacher's house," snickered Bill, producing a pocketful of glittering bits—red, blue, green, yellow, opal and purple.

The reign of the finger-bowl declined rapidly after that, and now it is as a tale that is told. And to this day, when the Rev. Mr. Goodman walks abroad, the men of Brownsville say, "Ah! there goes a man!"

A Chinese Landscape.

It was a charming sight of nature at her happiest that met the eyes I raised toward the first view of the interior of China. Before me was a seemingly endless expanse of pea-green rice-fields; spring-green grassy meadows they might have been. Ahead of the Swallow a fence of light yellow bamboo rods, laced together with bamboo, started to cross the creek from one clump of young willows, to another. At the creek's middle the fence was cut down to the water's edge, where its palings were just barely in sight, like teeth that had been worn down to the gum in a long-sustained effort to eat up the myriad boats that bore down upon them and dragged their bottoms over them. Then the neat yellow fence rose again high out of the water, and climbed the farther bank beside a curving purse-net of woven bamboo; for all this was the great net of a fisherman, who lived near by, and made that monopolistic use of the stream which every Chinaman seems able to make of every stream and road and bridge and public place—even the most sacred—in the empire. Abaft the boat rose the broken ruins of an aged pi-lo, or "honorable arch," erected, the Lord knows when, to the sainted memory of He alone knows whom. A terrace of granite steps led from the ruins to the water, and, just beyond, a little side creek, the only sort of true road in most of China, went green and placid and straight among the thatch-roofed stone one-story houses of a little farm village. Thither I followed it; but I had only time to notice that the village street was but four or five feet wide and paved with cobbles, that there were many blue figures in two tea-houses that gaped at the street like parched clams, that the funny betrousered children followed us close behind, and that the women scuttled away at sight of us as fiddler-crabs hustle to their holes when you trespass upon their mud. I remember that it seemed like Sunday there, as it was, and yet there is no Sunday until New-Year's, when fifteen Sundays occur in a bunch. I recollect, too, that the men all grinned when they saw us, and that we were barked at by many wolfish dogs, who everywhere and always scent a white man—perhaps because, as the Chinese declare, we all smell like sheep. Whatever be the truth about us, I afterward discovered time and again that the scent of a white person will wake a Chinese dog out of a sound sleep. I reason it out that we appeal to the dog's neglected stomach, that his stomach notifies his head, and that he barks, as he always does, because he expects to dine on mutton and finds himself fooled.

Beyond the village we climbed skyward, and found the ascending earth no different from any treeless, grass-coated hill in Pennsylvania or in England. It was littered with familiar wild flowers, strewn with gray stones, and crisscrossed here and there by narrow twisted paths. One of the humpbacked cows of China, that would pass for the "sacred cows of India" in Central Park or Barnum's show, stared at us out of a gentle, placid face, and then moved munching along upon the slender, sleek-coated legs of a deer. Fitting like a woven cap upon the uneven skull of the next hill was a considerable Catholic mission building, which we would have visited had we not found that both of us had left all our money aboard the Swallow, loose in an unlocked drawer, beside my watch, in my case—a feat that one may safely perform in China if proper servants are employed. But the pleasantest view was not of the mission; it was the sight of the vast plain before us, on the edge of the Garden of China. As far as the eye could reach lay the bright green rice country, all cut up and gridironed by creeks and canals and ditches, all sprinkled with those clumps of round and graceful trees that shade and hide the farming villages, all astir with softly gliding boats, and sending up from everywhere the hushed sound of birds' songs, the calls of boatmen and farmers, the noises of children at play, and the sharper barking of dogs. Great homelike, ragged-winged turkey-buzzards, called crows in China, circled over the plain, as if to suggest that we were on the coast of South Carolina. Over the crest of the hill went we, and then we ran down to the level earth again through a little tangle of what appeared to be laurel bushes, and into a great cool green grove of bamboo-trees. That was my first sight of a bamboo plantation, with its tall slender dark green trunks, as smooth and hard as glass, and its cloud of long narrow leaves.—From "House-boating in China," by Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine for June.

THE BEST FLOOR TO LIVE ON.

Greater Longevity Attained by People Who Occupy the Second Story.

[From the National Popular Rev ew.]

M. Korosi, the Hungarian hygienist, has lately investigated the effects of living in cellars, ground floors and upper floors upon the duration of life. He found that the dwellers of cellars lived to about thirty-nine years and eleven months; those on the ground floor to forty-three years and three months; those on the first and second floors lived to forty-four years and two months; while those on the third and fourth floors lived only to forty-two years.

All things being otherwise equal, the observations of M. Korosi may be accepted as showing the different effects upon longevity by the different selected planes of residence. The air of cellars or basements is never healthy, nor can such localities be ventilated except at considerable expense; this also implies ground air and ground moisture contaminations arising from the inability to remove the additional contamination arising from the animal exhalations of the persons living there along with the heavier ground air from the street and yard that of necessity pours down into such spaces. Those living on the first and second floors seem to enjoy the longest lease of life; this is as might be expected from the greater freedom that the air of those floors enjoys from foul gases, microbes and germs, animal emanations, and from street dust. Much here depends, however, upon the character of the stairs; a steep, hard stairs tends to shorten the duration of life, while an easy, low-step stairs, broken by easy landings at every eight or ten steps, will lengthen its duration. The spiral stairs, winding screw-like up in a narrow cylindrical space, are life-shorteners. These stairs save space and destroy life, and are quite common in many parts of Europe, and where one has to climb them to the third floor the exertion is slowly but surely telling. The effects of stair-climbing are visible in the two years of less life enjoyed by the inhabitants of the upper floors.

These observations tally with those of Strassmann, of Berlin, with the exception that in Berlin the basements give less mortality than the immediate street floor, which speaks well for the humanity of the Berlin microbe. In Berlin the basements are occupied by a well-to-do class, whereas in Budapest, the point observed by M. Korosi, the basements are occupied by the very poorest. We should not neglect to observe that those who can afford a first or second floor flat are those who, as a rule, are better clothed, better fed and capable of surrounding themselves with better hygienic conditions than the poorer of either the basements or of the upper floors.

The dwellers of the two first floors are, besides, persons better off in the world and not as likely to suffer any physical ill effects due to occupation as their less fortunate fellow-mortals on the other floors, although we cannot overlook the fact that these favored ones probably do more worrying and that they are apt to suffer more from diseases of the kidneys and of the circulatory system that arise from worry and anxiety; these favored ones would also be more liable to fall victims to acute brain or nervous affections than the others. So that were we to people the first and second floors with the less worrying and less perplexed but poorer class, the length of life of these would probably go far in excess of the forty-four years and two months.

Paines' "Last Days of Pompeii,"

Which opens Saturday night, June 29, at Savin Rock Baseball grounds, presents a series of wonderful pictures, reproducing faithfully to life, manners, costumes, sports, etc., of classic times. The athletic games and contests, in which a number of celebrated wrestlers and pugilists display their manly forms and contend for the favors of the audiences, is particularly exciting, while the thrilling scene in which the eruption of Mount Vesuvius is so magnificently pictured, and the total destruction of their fair city takes place, arouses the audience night after night to the greatest enthusiasm. Several hundred persons take part in the performances, which are given in the vast space below the tiers of seats, from everyone of which a good view can be had, the starlit sky serving to brighten the realism and beauty of the scene. The fine display of fireworks will be the grandest sight ever seen here, and is alone worth a long journey to see. The spectacle will be repeated every evening, closing on Saturday, July 6.

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Travellers' Guide.

New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R.

June 16, 1895.

TRAINS LEAVE NEW HAVEN AS FOLLOWS

FOR NEW YORK—*4:25, *4:35, †6:00, *7:33 *8:10, 8:30, *9:05, †10:30 a. m., *12:00, 12:05, *1:00 (parlor car limited), *1:05, 1:45, *2:00, 3:00, *3:33, †4:15, *5:10, *5:30, 5:35, 6:00, *7:00, *8:10, (8:15 Bridgeport accommodation), *9:10, 9:15 p. m. SUNDAYS — *4:25, *4:35, 8:00 a. m., †5:00, †6:15, *7:10, *8:10, 8:15, *9:10 p. m.

FOR WASHINGTON VIA HARLEM RIVER —*1:10, *11:50 p. m. (daily).

FOR BOSTON VIA SPRINGFIELD—*1:10, †10:10, *11:05 a. m., *1:05, *5:52 p. m. SUNDAYS—*1:10 (night), *5:52 p. m.

FOR BOSTON VIA NEW LONDON AND PROVIDENCE—*2:03, *2:25 *11:35 (parlor car limited) a. m., *12:05, *2:50, *3:00, *4:15, *4:55 *5:55 p. m. SUNDAYS—*2:03, *2:25 a. m., *4:55, *6:55 p. m.

FOR BOSTON VIA AIR LINE AND N. Y. & N. E. R. R.—*4:57 p. m. SUNDAYS—*4:57 p. m.

FOR MERIDEN, HARTFORD, SPRINGFIELD, ETC.—*1:10 (night), 6:40, 8:00, †10:10 *11:05 a. m., 12:00, *1:05, 3:15, 5:00, *5:52, (6:15 to Hartford), 8:05, 10:05 p. m. SUNDAYS—*1:10 (night), *5:52, 8:25 (accomodation) p.m.

New London Division.

FOR NEW LONDON, ETC.—*2:03 night), *2:25 (night), 7:50, 9:30, 11:05, *11:35 (parlor car limited), a. m., *12:05, *2:50, *3:00, 3:05, *4:15, *4:55 5:15, 6:15, *6:55, 9:05 p. m. (Guilford accommodation.) SUNDAYS—*2:00 (night), *2:25 (night) *4:55, *6:55 p. m.

Air Line Division.

FOR MIDDLETOWN, WILLIMANTIC, ETC. —8:00 a. m., 1:30, *4:57, 6:05 p. m. SUNDAYS—*4:57 p. m. Connecting at Middletown with Valley Division and at Willimantic with N. Y. & N. E. and N. L. N. R. R.; at Turnerville with Colchester branch.

Northampton Division.

FOR SHELBURNE FALLS, TURNER'S FALLS, WILLIAMSBURG, HOLYOKE AND NEW HARTFORD, and intermediate stations —7:45, 11:04 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

FOR NORTHAMPTON and points this side—At 5:55 p. m.

Berkshire Division.

FOR DERBY JUNCTION—4:20 p. m. FOR DERBY JUNCTION, BIRMINGHAM, ANSONIA, ETC.—7:00, 9:40 a. m., 12:00, 2:27, 4:20, 5:35, 7:20, 11:20 p. m. SUNDAYS—8:10 a. m., 8:30 p. m.

FOR WATERBURY—7:00, 8:00 (via Naugatuck Junction), 9:40 a. m., 12:00, 2:27, 5:35, 7:20 p. m. SUNDAYS—8:10 a. m., 6:15 p. m. (via Naugatuck Junction).

FOR WINSTED—7:00 7:40 a. m., 2:27, 5:35 p.m SUNDAYS—8:10 a. m.

FOR SHELTON, BOTSFORD, NEWTOWN, DANBURY, PITTSFIELD, STATE LINE—9:40 a. m., 4:20 p. m.

FOR ALBANY, BUFFALO, DETROIT, CINCINNATI, ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO AND THE WEST—via State Line—9:40 a. m., 4:20 p. m.

FOR LITCHFIELD and points on S., L. & N. R. R.—(via Hawleyville,) 9 40 a. m., 4:20 p. m.

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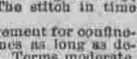

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