

THOUSANDS OF MOTTOES.

How Mercantile Signs About Credit and Other Things Are Made. It is something a little startling to hear a man say that he has 3,000 mottoes. Just one good motto is about as much as any body ought to try to have and live up to.

Somehow he descends from those playful fancies to such presumably matter-of-fact statements as "Our goals are unsurpassed," "come in and see our new stock," "Our prices are the lowest," and he calls those mottoes, too. He is not quite positive that "This style, \$3," or "Simply elegant, 75c," should not be classed as a motto, by reason of the words added to the figures raising the inscription to a dignity above that of a mere "price card."

Cardboard "mottoes," 11x14 inches, in assorted tints, sold for \$2 a dozen, and for \$6 per dozen on merchants by its largest and grandest products, country clothiers especially affecting styles that seem to be a cross between a circus poster and a Good Templar's regalia.

H employs four men to lay out the letters in outline, and a couple of boys to fill in the solid colors in the larger letters; work that is done with surprising rapidity, accuracy and taste. From the facts that he has been called upon to supply considerable quantities of his pretty-colored cards for use in England, and that English painters he has employed tell him they never saw such work done over there, he believes that our American style of cardboard color decoration for commercial use is practically unknown in Great Britain.

THE RULING IMPULSE.

It is Strong in Womankind Even When Burglars Abound. An amusing incident of the strength of involuntary impulse was recently afforded by the visit of burglars to the home of a certain well-known official of this city.

The startled thief, who could not have heard her command, turned around and met her blazing eyes. "Yes m'm, I will do it with us," he gently remarked.

taining their plunder over their shoulders, closed the door behind them, and stole down the stairs, out the front gate and decamped.

ALIEN PASSENGERS.

The Number of Those Who Have Landed at New York Since 1847. This interesting table has just been compiled by the Emigration Commissioners showing the number of alien passengers arriving at this port each year since the establishment of the commission:

Table with columns for Year, Total, and various nationalities (Germany, Ireland, etc.).

HANDSOME AFRICANS.

A Splendidly-Formed Race of Natives of the Dark Continent. The Bangalas are a fine race physically, being tall, powerful and splendidly formed, with features by no means of the negro type; the women are the handsomest I have seen in Africa.

The chief, I iboko, when I arrived, was an old man over eighty—his age was reported by some to be eighty-four, by others eighty-six—who had lost one eye in battle and possessed fifty wives.

It is a new fad with Washington girls to wear many little sachet-bags fastened to ribbons of various colors hanging from their throats. The bags are not much larger than an ordinary thimble and suspended by narrow ribbons, cut at different lengths and bowed with many loose ends just under the chin.

SACHET-BAGS FOR LADIES.

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A Jail-Bird's Cruel Joke.

"I had a funny experience once," said a young farmer. "When a boy I confess I was pretty green. I lived with my father upon a farm near Columbus and used to haul wood into the city and sell it for him. One day I had entered town with my customary load, when, as I passed a large building, some one poked his head partly out of a window and asked if the wood was for sale."

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

The Value of Perseverance Set Forth in True Texas Style. The great trouble with many young people, and likewise with some who are not young and who are not going to be young again very soon if they keep on, is that they lack perseverance.

Our remark in regard to lack of perseverance was not intended to wound the feelings of the worthy young man who gives up the whole of his mind to raising with difficulty a young mustache. There may be a lack of hair, but there is no lack of perseverance on his part.

But we will let up on the mustache, as it is down already. The small boy seeking to perpetrate an eclipse of the sun, whose circumference apparently exceeds that of the boy, is another example. In fact, as too much kindness is not having sufficient to him, in fact, he has more perseverance than piety.

Window vases are seen in every handsomely appointed house. They cost from \$150 to \$200. Porcelain plaques, the subject of the picture being either pastoral or mythological, with frames of antique brass, are seen upon many walls.

GRINDING HIM DOWN.

Why the Colored Race Has No Show in This Country. "I do think I got de trifinest boy dat eber had in dis year country," said an old negro who had met a white acquaintance.

FANCIES IN CLOCKS.

The Expensive Craze in Which Some Wealthy People Take Delight. To own beautiful or curiously-designed clocks is as strong a passion with some as the collecting of bric-a-brac is with others.

THE IDEAL HOME.

A Place That Has in It Pleasure, Comfort and Happiness. An old and cheerful citizen asks me to publish his ideas of home, and I do it gladly, both because he is a good old citizen and because he has right ideas.

HAD WAITED TEN YEARS.

A countryman who was in waiting at the Third street depot the other day, took a stroll around the square, and when he returned he said to the policeman at the door.

Their price is \$110. Square rosewood and brass clocks, with the eight-bell Westminster chimes pealing each quarter of an hour, can be had for \$300.

Statuary in Italian marble is rather superseding bronze. Bronze is most susceptible of expressive results when the figures employed are of the Ethiopian type. The Caucasian race is not as available for artistic realizations in bronze as are always in mythological or Ethiopian subjects.

PITH AND POINT.

"Time is money." Of course it is, or else how could you spend it? —Men are not judged so much now,adays by their deeds as by their bonds.

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KITTY AS A COOK.

She Tried Her Hand at Making a Custard —Not a Complete Success. "Everybody's talking about cooking, Mamma reads books and things all about Miss Parloa and Miss Corson, and says I'm to be a good cook when I'm older."

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CHILDHOOD'S JOYS.

How a Good Man Was Obedied by a Crowd of Little Ones. "Now, children," said the superintendent at a Sunday-school festival the other night, "we are going to open the doors of the dining-room and I want you all to be the little ladies and gentlemen you always are, and march out quietly and in order and take your places at the table and sit quietly there until you can be waited upon. The doors will now be opened."

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Who takes each schoolmate lesson And makes it all his own, Thus laying up his future On good foundation stone.

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Winnie was trying to help, but I am afraid her help was not very acceptable, for she wanted to take all her toys, and when mamma wasn't looking would run and throw a broken doll or some other old playing thing into the trunk, and then mamma would have to send her away, she bothered her so.

At length the next morning came, and then they were fairly in the train and on their way to the city. Winnie was a very active little girl, and so full of mischief that mamma had to watch her pretty closely. She would persist in walking up and down the aisle between the seats, vainly trying to keep her balance, much to the amusement of the passengers.

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The band was playing, the soldiers were all dressed in uniform, and the plumes in their hats were nodding in time to the music.

Winnie thought she had never seen anything so pretty in all her life, and in her excitement forgot every thing but how she wanted to see more of the pretty soldiers, and followed them for a long time, trying to keep step with the music, and spitting her little hands together in great glee.

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She Tried Her Hand at Making a Custard —Not a Complete Success. "Everybody's talking about cooking, Mamma reads books and things all about Miss Parloa and Miss Corson, and says I'm to be a good cook when I'm older."

"I think I'm old enough now. I'm eight years old. I can cook some already. Bridget gave me some dough the other day, and I made lovely little biscuits with it. They were as light as could be."

"And I helped her make a custard for tea. I mean I was going to beat the eggs for her, but I broke the bowl they were in, and she thought she'd better finished it up herself."

"It was a beautiful custard; yellow down in the glass dish, and foamy on top, just like snow heaped up."

"Susy Pratt came to spend the day with me, and in the afternoon we thought we'd go to the kitchen and help Bridget. We went, but it was Bridget's afternoon out, and the blinds were all shut, and the floor was scrubbed up clean."

"I said: 'Let's make a custard all by ourselves!' But Susy laughed, and said I couldn't. As if she knew any thing about it! Of course I knew I could, and I knew papa'd be very much pleased if I made a custard for tea."

"I found a pan of milk, and set it on the stove. Bridget had shut all the dampers, but there was plenty of coal in, so I opened them to make the stove hot. I got sugar and butter and cream tartar and molasses, for I meant to have it good."

"I asked Susy if they put vinegar in custards, but she didn't know, but she knew their Kate put vinegar in a good many things. I heard papa say he don't like things too sweet, so I put a little—not more than half a teaspoon. We put all the things in milk, and me and Susy watched. It didn't seem to look like Bridget's custards. Susy said their Kate stirred hers. I said, 'Oh, yes, so does Bridget.'"

"I put in a spoon, but it wouldn't stir nicely at all. It was all hard and sticky on the bottom, and when I tried hard it splashed on the stove. And the stove was red-hot, and it went sput and sizzzz, and made a most dreadful smell."

"Then Susy said: 'Stop! It's getting foamy now!' It was. It bubbled and foamed beautifully, but the next minutes that custard went right up to the top of the pan and ran all over the stove. It sizzled worse than ever, and hopped about and spluttered, and a great black smoke went up to the ceiling."

"I heard a great noise on the stairs, and mamma saying: 'Is the house on fire?' And grandma saying: 'Bless us! What's the matter? What's the matter?' And sister Lucy saying: 'Phe-ew, what a smell!' Then they rushed into the kitchen, and Lucy opened all the windows, and mamma pushed the custard onto the back of the stove. It had been running over all the time, but when she did that it went right down in the pan and there was hardly an' custard left."

"The mamma took a cloth and took the pan and went to the door. I said, 'You're not going to throw it out, are you, mamma?' She said, 'You can have it if you want it, Kitty.'"

"I got a spoon and tasted it. Susy tasted it, too. Then we didn't want any more custard, but we both went and got a drink of water. And I didn't care a bit when mamma threw the custard out."

"I used it was the lamp-chimney cleaner I used to beat the eggs. But she said it wasn't a bit of difference." —Youth's Companion.

A Story by Grandma.

Two pussies, Spot and Blackie, had just stolen a great piece of cheese from the pantry. "Let us carry it out to the barn and eat it there," said Blackie. So out they went.

"Oh, how hungry I am!" said Spot, and she bit a great piece off one side. "You greedy thing!" said Blackie, "that's the part I was going to take."

"Well, it's mine as was yours," said Spot.

With that she boxed Blackie's ears, and Blackie gave her a bad scratch on the nose. And they fought till their fur was very much tumbled, and the cheese got on the floor.

Let's ask Judge Jocko to divide the cheese for us," said Spot.

So they carried the cheese to Judge Jocko.

There he sat, in his wig and spectacles, looking very wise, and he listened while the two cats told their story.

"Oh, yes, I will divide it," said he. So he broke the cheese into two pieces, and put one piece into each scall.

"This piece is a little too large," said Judge Jocko; "I'll bite off a bit to make it smaller." So he did.

"Now the other piece is too big," said Judge Jocko; and he bit a piece off that, too, and weighed the two pieces again.

So he kept on—first he weighed, and then he bit, and then he weighed, and then he bit. The two pussies began to feel very uneasy. At last there was only a small piece left. Judge Jocko held it up and looked at it through his glasses.

"This is