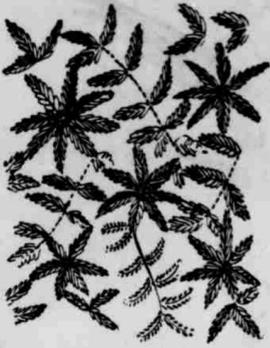


NEEDLE WORK DAISIES.

A New Pad for Women of Leisure Who Know How to Embroider.

Most amateur embroiderers seek some kind of work that involves a small amount of trouble giving good results, and this is found in daisy embroidery upon soft white muslin of spotted patterns. The object is to convert these spots into flowers that



DAISY WORK ON FANCY MUSLIN.

more or less resemble daisies. Such spots as are dotted regularly over the muslin are easiest to manage, and therefore usually chosen. The following shows a more elaborate way of working the flowers when the spots are scattered among the details of a leafy, branching pattern. The spots are covered with French knots; the rays of the flowers are worked with spike stitches placed on each side of a straight line of split stitch. A good effect may also be gained by working these sections with feather veining, such as is used in many kinds of linen embroidery for the midribs of leaves and in similar places. This work is even prettier when a pale shade of pink or blue is used for the flowers than when the customary white flosselle is employed, which is rather apt to pass for a portion of the pattern already on the muslin.

The Marseilles Hymn.

The famous French national song had a singular origin. Early in 1792, during the first French revolution, a column of volunteers was about leaving Strasburg, and the Mayor gave them a banquet, and asked a young officer named Rouget de Lisle to compose a song in their honor. He consented, and in the course of a single night produced the song and the tune to which it is sung. It was received with great enthusiasm, and by its means the column was increased from 600 to 1,000. It was soon sung by the whole army of the north, but was still unknown in Paris. In July the youth of Marseilles were summoned to Paris, and they came singing this hymn. The Parisians were electrified, and they gave it the name of the "Marseillaise," which it has borne ever since. It is sung with true French enthusiasm on every inspiring occasion.

The following is a translation of the hymn:

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.
Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandfathers
heary—
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While liberty and peace lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

"Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate
raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And let our fields and cities blaze,
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his banis embracing?

"With luxury and pride surrounding,
The bold, insatiate desots dare—
Their thirst of gold and power unbouled—
To mete and vend the light and air,
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?"

Mixed Her Up.

The elevated stations, says the New York Times, are a constant source of turning about to absent-minded folk. Those at crowded thoroughfares, where there are stairs, not only on both sides of the avenue, but also of the cross street, prove particularly confusing to "transients." The other day a young woman, not often in New York, stopped at one of these to ask the guard a question. "You're on the uptown track," he answered; "go down-stairs and cross the street." Down-stairs she went, crossed 23d street, and appeared again. "I told you," repeated the man, on seeing her, "to go down and cross the street." Thoroughly bewildered, she went down, re-crossed, and once more presented herself before the same guard. "What alls you?" he cried; "I said go down and cross the street." Down she crept, ashamed, crossed the street and climbed the stairs for the fourth time. As she reached the top she peered cautiously over. There stood that man. She gathered up her skirts, and, turning on her tiptoes, raced down at the top of her speed. A little reflection on the verberous sent her, finally, rejoining across the avenue in the other track.

Two Poets in One Family.
Through the medium of a recent issue of the Pittsburg Post, we were engaged in his own thought

The Inheritance Tax.

Nearly every country in the world has an inheritance tax as part of its fiscal system, and in many countries Mr. Gould's estate would have paid much more than \$600,000. In France and Italy the share of the state would have been about \$1,600,000; in England, nearly \$3,000,000; in Ontario or Victoria, more than \$3,500,000. In most of the American commonwealths, on the other hand, there would have been no tax whatever, though in a few States the comparatively small bequests to the brother and sister would have been taxable, and if Mr. Gould had lived in Chicago his estate would have paid some \$72,000 toward the support of the Cook County Probate Court. If he had died two years ago, his estate would have paid no tax in New York, for it was only in 1891 that the Legislature imposed the 1 per cent. tax on the direct inheritances of personal property in the case of estates exceeding \$10,000 in value. Yet the estates of two or three other rich New-Yorkers who died after the introduction of the 5 per cent. collateral inheritance tax in 1885 have contributed very respectable amounts to the State Treasury. The estate of Mrs. A. T. Stewart has paid more than \$300,000, and that of Henrietta A. Lenox more than \$200,000, while the collateral bequests of William H. Vanderbilt have yielded taxes amounting to \$81,000. The Gould estate will certainly pay much more than any of these, though the amount can not be accurately stated until the property has been appraised. The heirs will probably take advantage of the 5 per cent. discount for payment of the tax within six months, and something like \$10,000 will be retained by the Comptroller of New York City as his compensation for representing the State in the appraisal and for collecting the tax.—Review of Reviews.

One Eminent Lawyer's Fee.

The most eminent consulting lawyer of Paris at one time in the last century was the Abbe May. His opinion had great weight in forming the decision of the judges, and he was often consulted in important matters outside the law. His fee for an opinion was usually a large one. The story of one of his exceptional fees is related by M. de Bois Saint-Just in his history of Paris: A cure from the country called on the Abbe one day, and after complimenting him with earnestness and sincerity on his creditable and served reputation, said that he was involved in a lawsuit which he did not understand. He asked the Abbe to advise him whether he was in the right or in the wrong, and whether he had better carry on the suit. So saying, he delivered to the great jurist an enormous package of papers covered with almost illegible handwriting.

The Abbe cheerfully accepted the task, and told the cure to call again in two weeks. He was pleased with the good, simple-hearted man, and devoted his best energies to clearing up the case, though he was obliged to put other matters aside in order to do so. The cure called on the day appointed, took the Abbe's written opinion and read it through critically. He was delighted with the enthusiasm and clearness with which his rights were set forth.

Embracing the Abbe gratefully, he cried: "Ah, monsieur, no one could be better pleased than I am, and I want you to be satisfied also. Here is my money, monsieur. Please take what is due you," and he threw a 3-franc piece on the table.

"Not to humiliate the good man, the Abbe picked up the coin, took 36 sous from his purse, and handed his client the change. Some one said, when he told the story, that as usual he had lost, by his disinterestedness.

"Lost!" said the Abbe. "And do you count the pleasure of telling the story nothing?"

The Crinoline in England.

Henry Labouchere in the last number of Truth says: "If women were sensible, instead of signing a postal card saying that they pledge themselves not to wear crinolines and sending it to Mrs. Stannard, they would save their half-penny and content themselves with not wearing a cage. The Anti-Crinoline League is like a league among the London sparrows not voluntarily to walk into cages. I shall stand to my opinion that the short scarlet petticoat, with a skirt over it, which can be let down or pulled up, is a very pretty costume; and that its comfort is increased by some sort of undergarment which keeps the scarlet petticoat from flapping against the legs. Whether this undergarment be made of some stiff material like horsehair, or by means of steel loops, is a mere question of detail. Assuredly this costume is far more reasonable than those long trains that ladies have been wearing until lately, and which rendered themselves a nuisance to every one who came near them."

Walker's War Flag.

The little flag that Gen. Walker bore at the head of his quixotic expedition into Nicaragua is in the possession of a San Francisco official. It is of blue and white silk and muslin, with a bright red star in the center, on which are embroidered the initials "W. R." signifying "Walker's Battalion."

Paid His Last Debt.

A murdered hanged in Alabama paid to his lawyer his last nickel on the scaffold.

Financial Item.

Old manuscripts and autographs are not bringing the prices that they used to.

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