SOME DAY.

Some day I shall be dead;
Some day this tired head,
With all the anxious thoughts it now doth know,
Shall be laid low.

This body, pain-racked, ill,
Shall lie at length, and still,
Under the clover and the wind-swept grass,
Nor hear you pass.

That were indeed strange sleep:
When—even you—might weep
And come and go—even you—unheard of me
As bird or bee!

Nay, sweetheart, nay!—believe
There is no cause to grieve;
One so wayworn, so sore opprest,
Is glad to rest.

Perchance when that release
Hath wrought its spell of peace,
O'er this unquiet heart long vex'd with woe—
Hearts-ease may grow.

Who loves me will not weep
When that I lie asleep,
But rather joy to think such sorrow may
Have end some day.

—*Helen Hunt.*

TRUE AS STEEL.

"I do wonder why those little savages are allowed to make a coasting hill of the public highway!" grumbled an uncommonly pretty girl, as she hesitated in great perturbation half way up the improvised slide mentioned.

It was an irregular and rather precipitous cross street of a suburban village. It was treacherously icy and swarming with juvenile coasters, one of whom had carried a strip of silken ruby flounce with him as he darted past her.

"It is quite too bad! and my very nicest dress, too," she complained, mentally, as she stopped to draw back and pin together the damaged bit of drapery.

In the annoyance of the moment she did not reflect that something more unpleasant was quite possible if she were not vigilant.

She was quite too engrossed to hear boyish shouts of warning in the road above her, or to see an agile figure that was springing affrightedly toward her.

A big sled, freighted with half a dozen reckless urchins, had started down the tempting descent; on the glassy track it had become partly unmanageable; in a second more it would be upon her unless she heed those warning shouts or a miracle interposed to save her.

Before she really had time to comprehend her peril or understand the sudden, shrill vociferation, there was a wild whirring in the air and a tingling shock, and the next instant she felt herself violently whirled aside by a strong arm which had seized her as the sled flew past.

The agile figure of a manly pedestrian, whose affrighted gestures she had not noticed, had flung himself between her and death, or worse, and she was safe.

As she struggled to her feet a cry of gratitude and pity quivered from her startled lips.

She fully realized what her peril had been and her pity was for her handsome rescuer, who was lying stunned and bruised and bleeding before her.

"Oh, what can I say to you?—what can I do?" she faltered, in a distressing voice, as she bent over him.

His handsome features were alarmingly pallid, and there were tiny drops of warm red blood staining the frozen snow which pillowed his fallen head.

But the bright dark eyes unclosed with a flashing smile which was delightfully tranquilizing.

"Say only that I have made a charming friend," he smiled, as with a wince of pain he uplifted himself to a sitting posture. "I am not badly hurt. I have a surface gash on my cheek, I think, and I have a notion there is a sprained limb. I shall not be able to get to my destination—that's certain." he added, as he made an heroic attempt to stand upright, only to sink back again with a suppressed groan.

Just then the big sled was hauled back up the street, the reckless coasters all penitent and terrified, and eager to render every service.

A helpful idea brightened the girl's anxious face.

"It would be an hour before proper assistance could be brought to you here," she said, in her quick, sweet, girlish voice. "But there is a dear, motherly old lady living in that little cottage at the top of the hill. Let the boys put you on the sled and take you up to her. She is my friend and she will do whatever I wish."

And so a few minutes later the injured young gentleman was snugly ensconced on a cosey lounge of the cosey little cottage and a physician had been sent for.

"Ah, you will be all right again in a few days," the doctor said, cheerfully, "only you must keep yourself perfectly quiet, and not try to exert yourself in any way."

"I can reconcile myself to the situation easily if you will promise to cheer my imprisonment occasionally," the gentleman said, with one of his flashing smiles toward the pretty girl, who readily promised what he seemed so eagerly to desire.

And that was the beginning of pretty Dorinda Grey's acquaintance with the handsome young stranger whom she had exalted to a hero—a king among men.

He had done only what any other man would have done in similar circumstances. He had simply snatched her away from the track of the flying sled. He had perceived no risk to himself, no sacrifice; he had been safely beyond any collision with the coaster—it was his own awkward stumble on the treacherously glassy incline which had caused his mishap. The peril was over when he had slipped upon one of his heels and fallen. It might have happened just the same even if he had not hastened gallantly to the rescue of a distractingly pretty girl.

But these were trifling little truths which he did not deem absolutely necessary to reveal. It was too pleasant to pose as a wounded hero, and to have his temporary confinement enlivened by the visits of his graceful and interesting new acquaintance. For his own sake he preferred not to spoil her little illusions on the subject.

And so Dorinda went homeward, taking with her the image of an elegant figure and handsome countenance of a fascinating young stranger, whose tones were like music, whose smile was like a flash of sunlight, whose brilliant black eyes had gazed admiringly, almost tenderly, into her own.

Her own great brown eyes were bright as stars, her cheeks flushed with a curiously wavering rose tint, as she at length entered the fine old yellow stone mansion at the further end of the village street.

"What on earth has kept you so long, Dodo?" queried a tall and stately young lady in an elegant morning dress of Sevres blue satin. "Did they have the kind of pacha braid I wanted at the store?—or did you forget your errand, and stay all this time gossiping with that simple old Mrs. Merron?"

The rose tint deepened to crimson on Dodo's pretty cheeks, but she did not choose to explain what had deterred her at Mrs. Merron's cottage on the hill.

"I couldn't get the braid, Greta; they don't keep it," she answered. "It is a bonnet braid, anyhow, and that wouldn't do for your dress."

"A bonnet braid! dear me! How stupid a dressmaker can be!" Gretchen exclaimed, impatiently. "But if she will only have the dress finished somehow by the time Mr. Lestrange gets here I won't grumble about minor blunders. And now, Dodo, do be obliging and help me with the trimmings of the ancient ball gown."

"It is too ancient to be rejuvenized, Greta; it ought to be replaced by a new gown altogether," said Dodo, looking with decided resistance at the task suggested.

"It depends on you, Dodo, whether we, any of us, ever have anything new again," sighed a faded little woman from her invalid chair before the fire.

Dodo looked distressed, and all the lovely color suddenly paled from her pretty cheeks.

"Oh, aunty, how does it depend on me?" she faltered, although she guessed what the allusion meant.

* * * * * *

"I think you will never quite forget the hours which we have passed together here," he said, with seemingly a regretful glance around the room, and at motherly Mrs. Merron, asleep over her knitting before the fire. "They have been hours to be remembered by both of us."

He had bent over her until his dark mustache brushed her forehead; he had clasped both her hands. There was the tenderest significance in his musical tones; the fascination of what seemed tenderest love glowed in the brilliant eyes.

Dodo trembled. She had made him her hero undoubtedly; but in that instant her whole being recoiled from him. Why, she could not have explained; she only know she was aroused somehow to a true knowledge of her own feelings. He had charmed her fancies for the moment, perhaps, but no love—sweet and supreme—would ever thrill her soul for him.

"I ought to have gone before," he continued, uneasily, as if he were dreading some reproach from Dodo herself. "But I was hardly presentable with a puffed and purple bruise decorating a goodly half of my countenance. And my destination is nearer than you guessed, Dodo; my dear little girl, you and I are to meet again, and often."

Dodo noticed the uneasiness of his tones, his entire changed expression, and with a sudden quick instinct she grasped the truth.

You are—are—Mr. Lestrange?" she grasped, with a strange look in her big brown eyes. "You are my cousin Greta's promised husband."

He bowed in a manner so conscious and embarrassed that all Dedo's honest little soul arose to hot indignation against him.

He was no longer a hero in her sight. He was an insincere, shallow trifler, who had amused himself with her simple blushes at his practiced flattery.

Such sublime audacity, such consummate falsity, stunned her. With a look of withering scorn she turned and left him in utter digust.

"I pity Greta, cross and selfish as she is," Dodo thought, as she went slowly up the steps of the old yellow stone mansion.

As she entered the pleasant family sitting-room Greta pressed rudely and sullenly past her and tripped up the stairs.

Mrs. Gray was weeping almost convulsively in her invalid chair before the fire.

"What has happened, aunty?" the girl queried, anxiously and affectionately.

Dodo was sincerely attached to her invalid aunt, whose trials had, indeed, been many and grievous.

"It is that mortgage," was the piteous answer. "There is to be an immediate foreclosure. We shall be absolutely homeless; there won't be $100 left after the sale. I don't care for myself, nor so much on Greta's account—she can earn her own living if she chooses; but there are the poor children—Tommy and Willy! What will become of them?"

Dodo stopped and kissed her aunt in gentle sympathy, but she was silent.

"Dodo, I can't ask you to do anything that might make you unhappy," the weeping woman resumed, "and it seems cruel to remind you that I have been like a mother to you. But, my dear, if you only would consider everything and then decide to do what I would like. And David is waiting for you, dear. He is in the parlor now."

Dodo's pretty face flushed with a sudden sense of her own lack of feeling for others. She had not considered everything as she might have done—that was certain.

Mrs. Grey had indeed been like a mother to her. In her orphaned and penniless childhood she had been taken into the family as one of their own. She had shared and shared alike with them in everything; no hint of her dependence had ever been permitted to pain her. Even the selfish and sometimes disagreeable Greta had treated her entirely as a sister. And when the dear, kind uncle left them she mourned him as one who had been to her like an indulgent father.

The flush had vanished from her pretty cheeks; her face was pale and her large brown eyes very serious as she opened the parlor door and advanced rather timidly toward the gentleman waiting for her.

The serious eyes dropped and her voice choked as she glanced at the earnest face and fine Saxon-looking figure of her patient, true, old lover.

How could she have tried to shut her foolish heart against the love of one all noble and loyal ever she wondered.

But she meant to be frank with him; she would confess all her folly—she would even tell him about that dreadful mortgage, and then, if he loved her no longer, she could not blame him.

He misinterpreted the agitation of the pale face, and checked the confession before it was begun.

"I am not here to hurry your answer, Dodo!" he said very gently. "You shall have your own time about that, my darling. I have come on quite a different errand. I have just learned that your aunt has been threatened with some financial trouble, and I have ventured to adjust the matter by buying the mortgage. I know how hard it would be for her to give up her old home, and how hard it would be for you to see her in such distress when she has always been such a good mother to you. And so I just took the affair in my own hands and her trouble is ended. Why, Dodo, my little love, what is this?" he finished in surprise.

For Dodo had suddenly flung herself face downward on the sofa, and was crying as if her heart would break.

"And it was the mortgage which had come between you and me, David," she cried, with a nervous laugh mingling with the sound of tears." I wouldn't marry you just because poor aunty wanted your help about it, and I tried to hate you, and——"

"And you couldn't," he interrupted, in a voice shaken with its sudden deep gladness, as he took her in his arms and kissed the wet eyes and quivering lips.

And so David Carlyon won his bride."

Greta became eventually the wife of her elegant Mr. Lestrange, and regards herself as the most fortunate of women. —*New York Journal.*

Night in a Gypsy Camp.

Edgar L. Wakeman gives, in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the following description of night as it is spent in a gypsy camp:

"As a gypsy camp has no load of hate, or greed, or strife for social place, or unholy pleasures, as in your world, to scourge his moments which God and nature give to rest, the evening time is ever a pleasant part of his daily experience, for he has cheery sound and sense, his friends, his family, his horses and dogs, with love and content about him. This camp by evening, and indeed all evening gypsy camps where there is a goodly number of these tawny people in one band, is weird and romantic, and yet strangely snug and heart-holding to the sense. In the open air, as we are, there is still a sense of being shut in and protected by the very dark around and about. Here are a dozen tent fires, and one great roaring fire around which we all gather at will. All these make a good deal of light. Then against the trunks of some great elms are fastened several flaring cressets. Looking above or about, the eye meets an almost palpable blackness which, while shutting out the very stars, seems to panoply the spot, while the rich new foliage of the branches are set in the ebon folds like wondrous floriture of pale green.

"Here are groups at cards; there old tales are being retold with some great flourishes and variations by the storyteller of the band; over here are a number of middle-aged men lying carelessly about a fire, smoking and leisurely discussing the morrow's affairs; meddlesome old spae-wives are everywhere descending like grim propriety upon merriment and cheer, but everywhere tolerated with winsome respect and good humor; old men and dogs are constantly sallying out among the stock and to environs of the camp; sturdy women are humming old tunes while making things snug about the tents for the night; here and there is genuine love-making by gypsy swain to gypsy lass, but always under the eye of the mother of one or the other—which custom is almost savagely observed among gypsies—for a gypsy maiden is never out of range of her mother's eye; all about are little collections of lads at various mischievous devices, for gypsy children are precisely like your children; while over here by the big fire, we who can dance, or care to, have bribed 'freckled-faced Joe,' the tinker, to tremendous work upon his greasy violin, and are pounding away upon the tender green sward with such genuine vigor as you never saw equaled in your whole civilized life. Then the fires are 'banked' for the night, and we go to our separate tents—it has always been my good luck to sleep with the tinker, with several dogs and a mule's nimble heels for guardian angels—and you would first know the royal good in sleep if you could get as close as we to the true breast of mother earth, with but a few sheaves of sweet straw or some aromatic cedar branches and a travel-work blanket between."

A Professional Ratcatcher's Method.

"Follow me," whispered Dorney, "and don't breathe." Taking the dark lantern in his left hand and the long tongs in his right he crept forward. Suddenly he shot a tube of light from the lantern on a row of boxes at one side of the room. No rat was in sight, and the same instant all was darkness the same as before. Two or three steps forward and the light flashed again on the boxes, disclosing a big, ugly, and very much surprised rat—all rats are big and ugly, by the way, but this was a particularly homely rat. As the light fell on the rat the rat rose up in a dazed way on its hind legs with its two forepaws in the air, and in a fraction of a second it was swung off its feet and dropped head foremost into the bag held open by the ratcatcher's assistant, who stood at his master's elbow watching every movement and ready to receive the prisoners. The whole thing was, or seemed to be, done in less than a second. The momentary hesitation of the rat just gave the ratcatcher time to grip it by the tail with his tongs, and it was flopped into the bag the same instant. Another and another rat met the same fate, and within an hour nine rats were captured. Two of these made a riot when they were caught by the tongs, but the others never chirruped. Mr. Dorney subsequently explained his system:

"A rat that is caught by the tail will not squeal," he said. "In those cases where they squealed I had caught them by the body, not having time to get my favorite grip on them. The rat, you see, is paralyzed for a minute by the light; he rises up and tries to reach over it, and as he is doing that I reach the tongs in under him and catch him by the tail, if can, and if I miss the tail I catch anywhere. When he's thrown into the sack he lies quiet; they don't squeal if you let them alone, not even if there's a dozen of them together. They are content to lie still and wait events rather than raise a row; they're thinking all the time that maybe I'll forget all about them. That's where they're off. Another thing: A rat cannot gnaw through a hanging bag—the bag 'gives' and the rat cannot get hold. If the bag is laid down they can grip on the creases and gnaw their way out in short order, but a hanging bag is as good as an iron safe. A rat has only four teeth—two above, which are about half an inch long, and two below, which are about an inch and a half and run clear through the under jaw."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Song of the Rejected.

I will no longer sue my Sue,
My suit is spurned and oft denied.
The same slim prude is lovely Prue,
And Mollie is unmollified.

Delia no more with me will deal
Although she holds my heart in snare,
I cannot make Ophelia feel
The darts that she has planted there.

Mabel, I'm able to be free
From you, no more I am your slave,
And Grace, unless you smile on me,
I shall go graceless to the grave.

My Flora's heart will not o'erflow
To my half-crazed appeals at all:
And Minnie's most emphatic "No,"
It strikes me like a minnie ball.

And although Dora I adore
Yet she for me will never care:
Though Cora pierced my bosom's core
She will not heed my suppliant prayer.

And Maud is modest when I'm near,
My presence she cannot abide,
And in regard to Clara, dear,
My mind is still unclarified.

And Winnie I can never win,
And Carrie's heart won't carry me;
And Mary, though with constant din
I plead, will never marry me.

—*S. W. Foss, in Detroit Free Press.*

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

The Age of Women.

Some years ago a certain will left the sum of 10,000 francs, the interest of which was to be given annually to a young unmarried woman of the working classes, who, by her capacity and good conduct should be in a position to marry with the help of a little money. In carrying out the will it became necessary for the Prefect of the Seine to determine the exact significance of the words "young woman," and he has decided that they include the period between twenty-one and thirty. This will meet with only contemptuous rejection from the sex at large, at least that portion of it which has passed the fatal limit. A woman is as young as she looks, just as a man is as young as he feels, and a really capable woman is never thirty until she is forty or married.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Bride Race in a Canoe.

The damsel, in Singapore, is given a canoe and a double-bladed paddle, and allowed a start of some distance. The suitor, similarly equipped, starts off in chase. If he succeeds in overtaking her she becomes his wife; if not, the match is broken off. It is seldom that objection is offered at the last moment, and the race is generally a short one. The maiden's arms are strong, but her heart is soft and her nature is warm, and she soon becomes a willing captive. If the marriage takes place where no stream is near, a round circle of a certain size is formed, the damsel is stripped of all but a waistband, and given half the circle's start, and if she succeeds in running three times round before her suitor comes up with her she is entitled to remain a virgin; if not, she must consent to the bonds of matrimony. As in the other cases, but few outstrip their lovers.—*John Ferguson McLennan.*

Women as Ranch Owners.

It is interesting to know that among the occupations which are opened to women the hard life of ranching has been one in which she has been particularly successful. The very hardships are said to have a fascination for one who has a bit of love of adventure in her nature, and some women born here in the East have this generally supposed to be masculine trait strongly developed. A good horsewoman with courage and endurance can find a vast field for her out-of-door inclinations in managing a cattle ranch, or even a sheep ranch for that matter. If a ranchwoman is successful it is for the same reason that the ranchman is successful—because of energy, the possession of capital, and hard work against countless discouragements and sacrifices. There is no royal road to fortune either East or West. I have in mind as an instance of a successful cattle raiser a lady who had been brought up amid all the enervating influences of a city-bred girl's life and who had spent much of her freshness in the gayeties of the representative social circle of the country. When she became the wife of an army officer she learned the valuable lesson of adapting herself to circumstances. In this way she received an education which was to fit her to become one of the most successful ranch owners of the Southwest when, on the death of her husband, she found herself alone in the world with a modest capital. There is no suggestion in the wholesome, robust, successful ranchwoman of that delicate hothouse flower which was the picture of her first youth.—*Boston Post.*

Throwing the Old Slipper.

Throwing an old slipper after a bride and bridegroom when starting on their honeymoon is supposed to have taken its origin from a jewish custom, and signifies the obedience of the wife as well as the supremacy of the husband. A shoe is thrown for luck on other occasions besides a marriage. Ben Johnson says:

"Hurl after me an old shoe
I'll be merry, whatever I do."

It is related that many years ago, when lotteries were permitted, the custom of throwing a shoe taken from the left foot after persons was practiced for good luck. This custom has existed in Norfolk and other counties from time immemorial, not only at weddings, but on all occasions where good luck is required. A cattle dealer required his wife to "trull her left shoe after him" when he started for Norwich to purchase a lottery ticket. As he drove off on his errand he looked round to see if his wife had performed the charm, and received the shoe in his face with such force as to black his eyes. He went and bought his ticket, which turned up a prize of six hundred pounds, and he always attributed his luck to the extra dose of shoe which he got. The custom as it originally existed is dying out, for, whereas our forefathers threw old shoes after the wedding equipage, we, in this more luxurious age, purchase new white satin slippers for the purpose. The origin of this custom may be traced from the words in Psalm cviii., "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," meaning thereby that success should attend the methods used to subdue the Edomites. It is not unlikely, therefore, that superstitious custom has arisen from this construction of these words.—*All the Year Round.*

Stylish New York Women.

There is an air of chic and style about the New Yorker which is unmistakable. It distinguishes her at once from the modest Bostonian and the aspiring Philadelphian, and stamps her as somebody in whatever part of the world she may be. The clothes she wears are not different in cut and material from those that other American girls in the same circumstances possess. True, she spends an alarming sum annually upon her ravishing toilet: but, then, Priscilla Faneuil, of Beacon street, and Martha Penn, of Rittenhouse Square, could show very much the same extravagance if their little account books could be examined. But the New Yorker has a decided advantage. Her lithe and supple figure lends itself readily to any style of garment, however grotesque or strange, and transforms it at once from the caricature into the most elegant thing imaginable. Whatever she puts on becomes her. Huge hats, which stagger fashionable women in other cities, have a peculiar grace and charm upon the heads of the stately beauties who promenade Fifth avenue. High bonnets cease to be ridiculous, and the man who loves to crack cruel jokes about the absurdity of modern headgear is silent when he sees the bewitching effect of lofty quills and ribbons surmounting an arch and piquant face. The tremendous tournure, which looks so exaggerated anywhere else, suddenly strikes us as a picturesque and beautiful addition to the feminine toilet when the New Yorker adds it to her draperies of silk and tulle. No other women can approach her in style. The famous French milliners vow that their work becomes a pleasure when the daughter of a New York millionaire puts herself into their hands with a carte blanche. They can turn her out a divine being without a rival on earth, for what nature has forgotten to do in the way of beauty art can readily supply in her case. There are a dozen beauties in New York society who would make their way immediately in any court in the world, and whose loveliness commands instant homage.—*New York Star.*

Christenings in Transylvania.

Two godfathers and two godmothers are generally appointed at Saxon peasant christenings, and it is customary that one couple should be old and the other young; but in no case should a husband and wife figure as god-parents at the same baptism, but each one of the quartette must belong to a different family. This is the general custom; but in some districts the rule demands two godfathers and one godmother for a boy—two godmothers and one godfather for a girl.

If the parents have lost other children before, then the infant should not be carried out by the door in going to church, but handed out by the window, and brought back in the same way. It should be carried by the broadest street, never by narrow lanes, else it will learn thieving.

The god-parents must not look round on their way to church; and the first person met by the christening procession will decide the sex of the next child to be born—a boy, if it be a man.

If two children are baptized out of the same water, one of them will soon die, and if several boys are christened successively in the same church, there will be war in the land as soon as they are grown up. Many girls denote fruitful vintages for the country when they have attained a marriageable age.

If the child sleeps during the baptismal ceremony, then it will be pious and good-tempered; but if it cries, it will be bad-tempered or unlucky; therefore, the first question asked by the parents on the return from church is generally, "Was it a quiet baptism?" and if such has not been the case, the sponsors are apt to conceal the truth.

In some places the christening procession returning to the house finds the door closed. After knocking for some time in vain, a voice from within summons the godfather to name seven bald men out of the parish. When this has been answered, a further question is asked as to the gospel read in church; and only on receiving the answer, "Let the little children come to me," is the door flung open, saying: "Come in; you have hearkened attentively to the words of the Lord."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Fashion Notes.

A good deal of both real and imitation Mechlin is used in lingerie.

Brides must wear the square train. It is part of the sacrificial uniform.

Gorgeous jeweled insects, unknown to the entomologist, are favorite scarf pins.

Plush forms the trimming of some very stylish thin dresses in gossamer fabrics.

Real jewels are seen in some of the handles of this season's luxurious parasols.

See that your handkerchiefs all have narrow hems if you would be in the fashion.

Primrose color is one of the favorites this season as it combines with nearly every shade.

Soft chamois or caster gloves are better than gants de Swede for traveling, being more durable.

Pique is used for the collars and cuffs accompanying tailor-made costumes, also a tie of the same.

Biscuit color and heliotrope is a very pretty combination and more stylish than any other light shades.

Plaid sashes are worn by little girls, but they are never so pretty as the Roman sash in delicate tints.

The purse should be of bag shape and made of soft leather. The card case should be as compact as possible.

A light wrapper of jersey flannel is light in weight and warm and makes a most comfortable bed gown possible.

A double-breasted vest of linen duck or pique is very stylish for morning wear with almost any sort of costume for summer.

Plain skirts with two butterflies' wings at the side are very stylish for small figures, but are very awkward for a large woman.

A pattern costume of plain and striped Roman silk is one of the most appropriate novelties shown by Parisian modistes.

Large plaids for costumes and petticoats will continue to be stylish, and a French jersey invariably accompanies such a dress.

Trellis bonnets in white have green foliage for trimming, and are very stylish and becoming, looking the emblem of summer time.

Traveling cloaks of small checks in black and white are stylish and also appropriate for summer wear, and are made in the Raglan style.

A traveling costume should not be of rough material which can hold cinders and dust. Serge is the best possible fabric for this purpose.

Paris frocks are far from simple. They have very ornamental sleeves, looped draperies, and all sorts of trimmings on the bodice as well as the skirts, but such dresses are used for none but dressy occasions.

Old-fashioned pink and blue frocks of diaphanous cotton and woolen stuffs, muslins, zephyrs, batistes, bereges, mousselines de laine, crepes and even silk gauzes are revived for dressy as well as simple summer toilets.

The most economical summer toilet for a woman of limited means is a frock of white or cream lace, made so as to be worn over any kind of an under dress of silk or surah, black, white, blue, pink, yellow, green or lilac.

All fashionable dressy frocks, even when worn in the street, have sleeves not more than three-quarter length, or reaching just a little below the elbow, while with such sleeves long eight-button length gloves are de rigeuer.

A popular summer fancy is to have the panels or the front breadths of the skirt, or the entire petticoat and the plastron, and occasionally elbow puffs of the sleeves, of white lace or white embroidered muslin, while the rest of the dress is of colored material, silk, cotton or wool.

Minerals in China.

The coal beds of China are five times as large as those of all Europe, while gold, silver, lead, tin, copper, iron, marble, and petroleum are all found in the greatest abundance. Owing to the prejudice of the people the mines have never been worked to any great extent, it being the popular belief in China that if these mines are opened thousands of demons and spirits imprisoned in the earth would come forth and fill the country with war and suffering.

SHANGHAI.

QUEER SCENES IN A LEADING CHINESE PORT.

Its Foreign Population—The Wheelbarrow as a Conveyance—Chinese Theatres and Actors—Serving Tea and Watermelon Seeds.

A letter from Shanghai to the Chicago *Tribune* says: The same treaty which ceded Hong Kong to the English and paid $25,000 as indemnity for the destruction of opium and ships threw open as trading ports Amoy, Foo Chow and Shanghai—all along the eastern coast. Other cities have been added since that time, notably the great tea emporium Han Kow, 600 miles inland, on the Yangtze Kiang. But the same hostility, which has only yielded under extreme pressure so as to allow any trading whatever with foreign countries, has prevented the establishment of any railroad in China. A line was laid some years ago, but so unfavorable to it were the natives that they at last tore up the rails and utterly destroyed it. Of all the treaty ports Shanghai is first, situated on the Woosung River not far from where it empties into the great Yangtze Kiang. It is largely foreign in its character, with its English, French, and American quarters. Like other cities of the East where there are foreign residents, it has splendid clubs. For club life is an absolute necessity. Absence of theatres, concerts, and other amusements and the abundance of young men sent out from Europe and America to fill mercantile positions give them a support that renders it easy for them to erect luxurious club-houses and supply every comfort.

The local vehicle of the City of Shanghai is the wheelbarrow. Not at all unlike that which we find in our own country, though it has on top a board arranged somewhat like the centreboard of a boat. It serves as a rest for the backs of the two passengers who are generally seen perched upon the barrow, sitting sideways and allowing their feet to hang toward the ground. This instrument of conveyance has, within the last few years, rather lost favor with foreigners, who prefer a carriage or the more easy-riding jinriksha, but it probably will always remain the especial delight of followers of the sea. Not at all uncommon is it to see two jolly tars, scarcely able to maintain their unsteady positions, perched upon a wheelbarrow, each waving a bottle of liquor in one hand while trying to hold onto the vehicle with the other. The poor cooly struggles along, and certainly earns the very small amount of money that he is allowed to charge. Farther north, in and around Pekin, it is customary to rig a sail onto the wheelbarrow and use the wind as a motive power, the man at the handles merely steadying and steering the machine.

The Chinese are great theatre-goers, and it would seem that with the good patronage that their places of amusement command there would be some cultivation of the dramatic art. Whatever may be the Chinese estimate of their players' acting, to those who have seen that of almost any Europeaan or American artist it is without any merit. The lines are delivered in a monotonous singing style, and the stage settings are of so primitive a character that they add little to the interest of the play. There is no curtain. The stage is a platform, that stands at one end of the theatre, and there are no flies and but little scenery. The actors enter by a door in the rear and at one side of the platform, and when they should depart betake themselves off either by the same way in which they entered or through a corresponding door at the other side. Not infrequently the spectators see some one who has been decapitated or disemboweled gather himself together and walk off in a most miraculous and unrealistic manner. There are no women upon the stage, but the make-up of the men who take the feminine characters is so good that they can hardly be distinguished from the Chinese belles upon the floor of the house. Talking is indulged in by all, and there is at times the greatest inattention. The main floor is filled with little tables, around which the playgoers sit and drink, and smoke, and chat, and watch, and listen. The stage not only is not furnished with those fixings which go so far to make a drama a success, but does not seem to be reserved exclusively for the performance. Around the sides are those who have no parts, and, one would think, no business there. Often the curtain across the door of entrance or of exit is pushed aside, and instead of the actor whom the audience may be looking for some child is seen, who comes toddling in and perhaps right across the stage. Tea boys or girls circulate through the body of the house or across the stage pouring hot water into the little cups, in the bottoms of which are a few tea leaves. Watermelon seeds seem a favorite accompaniment of the national beverage, for little plates full of them are on every table. The Chinese munch these with the greatest satisfaction. When some actor has finished a particularly long harangue he quietly turns around and drains one of the cups, which a supernumery standing by hands him. There is frequently, introductory to the regular performance, juggling or tumbling. The plays themselves are said to be, as a rule, quite immoral and the language very low. The dressings are very rich, and the beautifully colored and embroidered silks and satins, in which the better classes of the Chinese clothe themselves, show to great advantage on the stage.

How Type is Made.

It takes a great deal of work to make type, says the Atlanta *Constitution*. Every letter has to be handled by five persons after it is cast. The first thing done is cutting the letter on the end of a fine piece of steel forming a punch. The punch is driven into a piece of polished copper, which makes the matrix. The matrix for the face of the letter and the mold for the body of the type are put into the type-casting machine, fed with melted metal, and the letters are turned out one at a time, dropping from the machine like the ticking of a watch. A great deal of work is required in finishing type, and when at last they are apparently all right each letter is examined under a microscope, and the defective ones are rejected.

Pleasant Place to Live In.

Mexico must be rather a pleasant kind of a place to live in. A friend of mine, who is looking after a large mining property in Sinalo, says they have a genial bandit there who has maintained himself with considerable brilliancy of style for twelve years. He made a raid on their small town the other day and got away with all they had, about $1,000. My friend says they always keep $400 or $500 for him up at the mines, because he has lately taken to shooting in a bad-tempered way when he does not get any money.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is a good rule to be deaf when a slanderer talks.

Those are the most honorable who are the most lawful.

Inordinate demands should be met with bold denials.

No man should so act as to take advantage of another's folly.

We are sure to get the better of fortune if we do but grapple with her.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.

The vulnerable point of one's character is much more speedily discovered by our inferiors than by our equals.

Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it, for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face.

Every single action of our life carries in its train either a reward or a punishment, however little disposed we are to admit that such is the case.

The man who is suspicious lives in a constant state of unhappiness. It would be better for his peace of mind to be too trustful than too guarded.

An animal when it is sick craves for solitude; whereas the human being, on the contrary, is only happy when he can make his sufferings public.

The true "grand dame" displays the same manners in her toilet room as in her saloons, and the same courtesy toward her servants as toward her guests.

Work, says one who is accustomed to it, is the true philosopher's stone, whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging, ditching, or editing a newspaper.

Helping a Reporter.

Chauncey Depew (President of the New York Central Railroad) is at all times an agreeable talker, and to reporters he is especially so. "I never but once refused to be interviewed," said he, talking to the *Journal*, while here the other day, "and I gave in on that finally. It was very late at night, and I had gone to bed more than usually tired. I was in the midst of my first sleep, which is my best, when the door-bell rang. I made up my mind I wouldn't answer, hoping that whoever he was he would tire out and go. But he didn't, and finally I got up and went down to the door and ushered in a young man. 'Mr. Depew,' said he, 'I am a newspaper reporter. My wife is very sick and the doctor says I must take her to Clifton Springs to-morrow. I don't come to you for a pass; I don't ask you for money. One of the newspapers (naming one of the leading dailies of New York) has given me a column and a half. I've got to fill it. The money I will get for it will, perhaps, save my wife's life. I have walked the streets an hour wondering what I would write, when I thought of you. Now, I want you to fill that space.'

"'But,' said I, 'what shall I talk about?'

"'Anything,' said he. So I walked up and down the room and commenced to talk upon a subject. 'No,' said he, 'I don't think they'd like that.' Then I started off on another. 'I'm afraid of that,' said he. He suggested a topic, but that was professional and I could not talk to him about it. Then I rambled off a category of different things until he interrupted me on one. 'That'll do,' said he; 'give me something on that,' and I fired a speech at him. In a few minutes he stopped. 'That's enough, Mr. Depew,' said he, 'I've got my column and a half,' and he had. The next morning the interview appeared, and my night friend's wife no doubt received the benefit of it." —*Albany Journal.*

What Noses Denote.

A new journal is to appear as the organ of the science of nazography. According to La Science en Famille, the author of the system states that nazography permits of divining the character, habits, and inclination of people by a simple inspection of their noses. According to this science it is desirable that the nose should be as long as possible, being a sign of merit, power and genius. For example Napoleon and Cæsar both had large noses. A straight nose denotes a just, serious, fine, judicious and energetic mind; the Roman nose, a propensity for adventure; and wide nose with open nostrils is a mark of great sensuality. A cleft nose shows benevolence—it was the nose of St. Vincent de Paul. The curved, fleshy nose is a mark of domination and cruelty. Catherine de Medici and Elizabeth of England had noses of this kind. The curved, thin nose, on the contrary, is the mark of a brilliant mind, but vain, and disposed to be ironical. It is the nose of a dreamer, a peot, or a critic. If the line of the nose be *re'entrant*—that is, if the nose is turned up—it denotes that its owner has a week mind, sometimes coarse, and generally playful, pleasant or frolicsome—*Court Journal.*

The Oldest Trumpets.

A firm of Belgian instrument makers have manufactured for a new piece at the Alhambra some circular trumpets, after models actually in use in the army of ancient Rome. The two instruments now ready are the lituus, and the tuba or buccina. Both instruments were referred to in Horace's first ode to Mæcenas:

Multos castra juvant, et litue tubæ
Per mixtus sonitus.

The lituus was the cavalry trumpet of the Romans, and the present specimen in G is copied from models found in the ruins of Cerveteri, and now preserved in the museum of the Vatican. The tuba or buccina is in G, an octave lower. It was the infantry bugle of the Roman army, and the present instrument is imitated from specimens found in the excavation of Pompeii and now in the National Museum at Naples. Unless we believe in the "Golden Horn" of China, or until somebody discovers the actual trumpets of rams' horns, with the din of which the hosts of Joshua demolished the walls of Jericho, these Roman instruments must be considered the oldest specimens of the trumpet family extant. It is, however, stated that an Etruscan tuba, capable of being played on, exists in the British Museum.—*London Paper.*

Observations on the Horse.

An old cavalryman says that a horse will never step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order with cavalry that should a man become dismounted he must lie down and be perfectly still. If he does so the entire company will pass over him, and he will not be injured. A horse notices where he is going, and is on the look out for a firm foundation to put his foot on. It is an instinct with him, therefore, to step over a prostrate man. The injuries caused by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking people down, and not by stepping on them.