# The Pickens Sentinel.

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### The Poke Bonnet.

How much I admire the bewitching poke bonnet,
Which half hides the roses that bloom in her face!
Why, Cupid, I know, has his throne there upon it,
Concealed in its trimmings of mull or of lace.
The style isn't new, for our grandmothers wore it,
And they were not wanting in beauty or grace;
Their granddaughters love it, the young men adore it—
The charming poke bonnet that hides a sweet face;
The ravishing bonnet, the exquisite bonnet,
Bewildering bonnet, that shades a sweet face.

The fair, shapely head is half hidden within it,
And part of the beautiful face disappears—
How often I've kissed the lips glowing warm in it,
The while the coarse fibres were tickling my ears.
Away with the hat with the feather upon it!
Within my affection 'twill ne'er have a place.
Oh, give me the mull-trimmed, the coarse straw poke bonnet,
The heart-snaring bonnet that shades a sweet face;
The beautiful bonnet, the exquisite bonnet,
The ravishing bonnet that hides a sweet face.

—Somerville Journal.

### CRUEL KINDNESS.

"Martha!" I called, hearing a step in the room next my own sleeping-room, where I sat reading a letter just received.

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt answer; and Martha came in—a quiet, middle-aged woman, who had been in my service twenty long years; who had nursed my children, now lying in the cemetery, had been my own devoted nurse when my husband's sudden death prostrated me for weeks. A servant, but my most devoted friend as well.

"Martha," I said, "I have a letter from Mrs. Joyce."

Martha waited for further information.

"Miss Bertha," I said, "wants to come here, and have Dr. Preston operate upon her eyes. Dr. Preston says the operation will be a difficult and dangerous one, and the result very doubtful. But Miss Bertha, who has been so resigned to her loss of sight, so submissive and patient, has become restless and irritable, and insists upon the operation. What I called you for Martha, was to ask if you will take the care of her—take her out, sleep in her room, devote your whole time to her?"

"Gladly, ma'am. The poor afflicted darling!"

"And will you go to Castleton for her? You will be glad to see Mr. Fred."

The old woman's face brightened. Fredrick Stevenson, my husband's nephew, who had been our adopted son as well, was the very idol of Martha's heart. To believe her was to believe Mr. Fred the model of manly perfection, physically and mentally.

It was only natural that my sister should make her house a second home to him, and I was fearful from her letter that it was some hastily spoken opinion of his that has caused Bertha's sudden resolution. For ten years, since she was a child of eight, she had borne the loss of sight—caused by illness—without complaint, and had felt it as little as a family of devoted brothers and sisters could make her. She was the darling of all of them, from Susie, who was two years older than herself, and was feet, hands, and eyes to her, down to baby Johnnie, who carefully led her to her seat in the house or garden as gently and as successfully as Susie herself. Nobody was ever too busy to wait on Bertha, and she had often laughingly said her affliction gave her a throne she never intended to vacate.

Never shall I forget the first interview we had with Dr. Preston. I had asked him to call in a day or two after Bertha's arrival, wishing to give her the opportunity to rest after the journey. But she had not been an hour in the house when she asked me to send for him, or take her to his surgery. She was trembling with excitment, and her very lips were white, so that I did not dare to take her out, and sent for him. She was not still a moment until he came, pacing up and down the long parlors, her shaking hands outstretched before her, or standing at the window, as if she could watch for him. Every few moments she did what I had never seen her do before in all the ten years of darkness, opened her eyes wide, to their fullest extent, and strained them in a stare that was sickening to see. It was quite in vain that I tried by every loving device to win her to sit quietly beside me, to talk, even to play for me. She could not rest.

When at last the doctor entered the room, she went quickly to him, crying:

"Dr. Preston, I must see! I must! You will open my eyes for me!"

He took both her extended hands in his own, and led her to a seat.

"Every hour of this excitement lessens your chance," he answered. "You are in a fever now and I can do nothing."

And indeed the poor child's cheeks were crimson, and the veins upon her temples throbbing visibly.

"You will look at them? You will look at my eyes?" she pleaded. "I will be so obedient, so patient, doctor. You will not refuse me?"

"I will not refuse you," he said; "but I can do nothing until you have conquered this excitement. You must be tranquil, or I cannot operate."

"I will be. Give me one ray of hope, and I will be quiet!"

It was pitiful to see how she tried, even then, to control her restless fingers and quivering lips. The doctor motioned me to follow him and call Martha. I sent Bertha to her own room with the doctor's orders to lie down for an hour or two.

"I will perform the operation, Mrs. Stevenson," he said to me, "because your niece will have it done by someone else if I refuse. But I tell you frankly, it is not advisable."

"There is a chance, though?" I asked, almost as eagerly as poor Bertha herself.

"Yes. But what has so changed her?"

"I dare not ask myself," I said sadly. "I know nothing."

"I will see her again to-morrow. In the meantime I would strongly advise you to call in your family physician, to see if he can control this feverish excitement. She seems on the vergo of brain fever."

I followed his advice, and Bertha eagerly obeyed the doctor's directions. She understood that the operation must be delayed until her nerves were calmed; and it was pitiful to see how she strove to be tranquil, and how the very effort seemed to defeat its object.

It was nearly three weeks before Dr. Preston was willing to undertake the operation, and in that time I was too sorrowfully convinced of the cause of poor Bertha's anxiety to regain her sight. Every day, for hours together, she would listen to Martha's long descriptions of my nephew's perfections.

More than once I saw Bertha steal into his room and grope about there, touching the objects with which he was associated. She had Martha tell her where he usually sat, which was his favorite chair, and she had taken his photograph to her own room, delighted to pass her fingers over the flat surface, no doubt fancying she could trace the features.

I wrote my sister, and the letter confirmed my fears. Governed by the tender sympathy any true man must feel for such afflictions as Bertha's, Fred had joined the family in their devotion to the blind girl. Not dreaming of the harm he was doing, he had been ever ready to guide her, to read to her, to describe for her the scenes around them, and most innocently he had won a woman's heart, where he had thought it was but a child's affection offered to him.

The operation performed by Dr. Preston was successful as far as he could judge, but Bertha's eyes were most carefully bandaged, and every precaution taken to keep out every ray of light. She was much calmer when the ordeal was once passed, but it pained me to see how pale and drawn her face had become, how slowly and languidly she moved.

Summer weather was coming, when one morning as I sat in my little sitting room, Fred came in.

"How I startled you," he said, "laughing at the jump he gave; "you did not expect me. But I must tell you my good news myself. You must congratulate me first."

I looked up, but did not answer him. A strange dread of what was coming kept me silent.

"I have won my wife," he said, gaily. "Did you guess from my letter that I loved Susie Joyce?"

It was not I who spoke. A low, wailing tone was in the voice, and we both started as Bertha came in, her hands, as usual, outstretched before her. Fred sprang to meet her, and took the little white hands in his own.

"You will be my dear little sister," he said, so utterly unsuspicious, that, if he had had any doubt before, it was gone then.

"Your little sister! Yes," and then, before I could stop her, she threw off the bandage from her eyes. Widely straining them, she cried—

"I see you! I see you!" and fainted away.

For nine long days she raved in wildest delirium, revealing the secret of her pure, young heart seeming to see Fred's face constantly before her. His sorrow was very sincere, as he realized, at last, the mischief he had so innocently committed.

"She seemed such a child," he said to me, "and her affliction seemed to set her apart from the thought of love-making. I never even dreamed of this."

The fever left Bertha at last, only to increase our fear. Utterly exhausted, without will or power to rally, we knew she was dying. Her mother and Susie had come to me, and helped to nurse her, and many bitter tears poor Susie shed as the pitiful cries to "see Fred once" told her the secret of her sister's illness.

"Only once!" she would cry; but after the first removal of the bandage the sight was hopelessly gone. The delicate, dangerous operation might have been successful, but the rash act that let a noonday glare fall upon the eyes was fatal. Bertha saw Fred once, and again the night of blindness fell upon her.

He stood beside her, one of our sorrowful group, as she passed away. She had taken the Holy Communion for the last time, had listened to the prayer of our good minister, and, knowing the end was near, asked for Fred. He took the little hand she stretched out as she heard his step, and bending over, pressed his lips upon her forehead.

"Good-bye!" she whispered. "You will think of me sometimes! I am glad it is Susie you love."

He spoke a few words only Bertha heard, and then made a hasty motion to us to come again to her. Holding his hand, hearing his voice, our poor, blind child had passed away.

### Curiosity of Medical Life.

An English paper gives some of the curiosities of medical life. It is the duty of one doctor to take lunch every day at a great castle belonging to a noble lord. The household is immense, and there is just the chance that there may be some case of indisposition demanding attention. He gets some of the best company and best lunches in England, and only charges a guinea for each attendance. There is a wealthy man near a great city who cannot bear to be left for the night. There is a physician of great ability who drives out of town nightly to sleep at his residence; he is consequently debarred evening society, and if he goes out to dinner has to leave his friends before wine. He has to charge his patient £1,000 a year. One young doctor has a standing engagement of £400 a year to look after the health of an old lady. She had to be inspected three times a day, was strong as a horse, and so selfish and perverse that he had great trouble with her.—*Troy Times.*

The best cocoanuts come from Central and South America. They are not picked nor shaken from the trees, but when ripe fall off themselves. From 10 to 20 per cent. are lost in transportation. Those partly spoiled are made into cheap confectionery; the others are burned, shell and all, and ground up into what is called spice mixture, which is used to adulterate pepper, cinnamon, allspice, etc. There is thus but little loss or damage except to the conscience.

### QUARTZ JEWELRY.

#### An Industry Confined to the State of California.

The making of quartz jewelry is peculiarly a California industry. Its manufacture was begun in the early days following the gold discovery. Though quartz fit for the art of the jeweler is found all over California, the best is that coming from the mines of the Grass valley. It is not often the miner comes across rock which would find a sale among the jewelers. The gold has to be evenly distributed and not lumpy, so that it has passed through the necessary stages to prepare it for setting the spots and seams are well scattered through the rock. The quartz which a miner thus procures is sent down either to a bank or an assay office, and from there the jeweler receives notice that a consignment is ready for auction. The bids then depend entirely upon the state of the stock held by the different bidders, and should a jeweler happen to be in want of quartz, the amount paid would be double that which he would pay on any other occasion.

As a rule the jeweler pays much higher for the rough quartz than would one who desired to purchase the gold to melt. The quartz as taken by the jeweler is brought in lumps weighing from one to ten pounds, and in this condition it is handed over to a mechanic for the purpose of being cut into slabs. The process is an easy one and nearly similar to that followed by the marble-cutters. The saw by which this operation is performed is circular and made of sheet tin and charged with water and emery. The quartz is held up to it, and in its revolutions it divides the quartz. The slabs in which the quartz is cut do not generally exceed one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The preliminary work is then over. It is not till the jewely is made, the fittings, as it were, that these slabs are again cut, then fitted into the gold and cemented. It is then ground off level with the gold and finally polished until it assumes that brightness as when exposed for sale.

The coloring of quartz is extremely rich and varied, being found in the same section of country in white and black and pink and blue. Hitherto there has been no preference expressed by the buyer for the color of the quartz in the trinket. Perhaps this has been obviated by the jeweler, who, in the manufacture of even the smallest article, never fails to give as varied an assortment of quartz as is possible. The method of the valuation of quartz rock is peculiar. It is first weighed as any other material, and then under water, as rock weighs next to nothing when under water surface. The amount of gold imbedded in the rock can by this process be determined.

There have not been men wanting who have attempted to make artificial quartz to be used in the manufacture of large goods, in the way of card tables and similar articles, but decided failure has followed each and every at tempt. Whether quartz jewelry will ever become fashionable is a question which the business men of this city give no long thought. They declare their inability to use quartz fantastically, or to sufficiently fine it down so as to cut it into delicate flowers and leaves. There is an air of substantiality about all the trinkets made for ladies, which, though handsome, have somewhat of a clumsy look. And the jeweler has to contend against a difficulty which lies on the opposite side. Quartz cannot be had in sufficiently large pieces to use in the manufacture of objects of use and ornament.

Some years ago a jewel-casket was made in this city for the wife of a certain rich judge, which in itself was a marvel of beauty and elegance, it being of solid gold and quartz, having four panels, each five inches in length and three in width. The cost incurred in this work was enormous and the amount of labor incredible. Some slight estimate of the trouble may be formed when the maker of the casket had to employ a man who traveled for two entire months through the mines in search for quartz of sufficient size to execute the order.

After diligent inquiry among several workers it was estimated that not over $150,000 worth of quartz jewelry is disposed of in this city during a year and not $25,000 worth is bought for people to wear in San Francisco.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

### The Keystone of a Great Tower Laid.

Three hundred people, with upturned faces and staring eyes watched the monster marble keystone of the arch of the big tower of the Public Buildings at Philadelphia as it swung in air. A slight board railing kept the crowd from getting under the stone. Slender two-inch steel cables, looking hardly strong enough to bear a workman's weight, held the mass. A tall man, with reddish whiskers, made the signal to "hoist away," and a black giant arm stretching out from above the marble top, 190 feet in the air, gathered in the slender cords. The figure of a workman, seeming as though viewed from the large end of a telescope, walked out upon the giant's arm and looked down. Beneath the stone a mason nonchalantly chipped away with hammer and chisel at a marble block. The grimy giant's arm made a sweep and stopped over the aperture where the six tons of marble were to lodge. From the courtyard below the immense block looked as though two men could lift it. Across Penn Square the brass hands of the Broad Street Station clock noted the flight of two hours before the keystone was in place.

"The heaviest stone in the tower is the covering piece in the circle forming the lower front of the tower. It weighs thirty-two tons," said Foreman Lawrence. "I expect to have all the stonework completed by the end of the season of 1886. The height of the tower then will be 310 feet. From that elevation the iron work commences and goes up 195 feet higher, until, to the crown of William Penn's hat, the height of 535 feet is reached."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The young man who ran away with Signor Morosini's daughter should be shot—not for the elopement, but for reviving the coachman joke in 7,000 newspapers.

### American Literary Women.

The death of Mary Clemmer Hudson is the latest breach in American authorship. She was at one time the most attractive writer on the *Independent*, and Bowen has never been able to fill her place. The most interesting feature, however, in her life, is her intimacy with the sisters Alice and Phebe Cary, whose memoirs she gave the world in a very attractive form. The Carys were the most remarkable pair of sisters New York ever contained. They came hither poor and endured great privation while building up a reputation, which eventually brought a competency. They lived, however, long enough to win the admiration of the best intellects of the day, and bore an important part in founding Sorosis, which is the most admirable club in this city. To return to Mrs. Hudson, one is reminded by her death of that brilliant array of female writers which has so recently passed away. Among these may be mentioned Sarah Parton (Fanny Fern), the Cary sisters, Miss Chubbuck (Fanny Forrestor); also Amelia B. Welly, Mrs. Osgood, Anna Cora Mowatt, Elizabeth Oakes Smith and Lydia Maria Child. It may be said that Mrs. Hudson was one of the few female writers who won a position in Washington, and commanded the respect of the highest dignitaries of the Nation.

The success of these clever women should not be mentioned with a view of leading others to depend on literature. Without going into details, the painful fact is everywhere apparent that both journalism and book-making are too crowded to allow any encouragement. Coming down from literature to other employments, the female population in this city is so disproportionally great that even the struggle for existence becomes intense. A few days ago a crowd of women thronged a public building to a degree that excited general inquiry. It was explained by the fact that an advertisement for a girl in an office appeared that morning and a situation which hardly yielded a meager living was sought for by hundreds, all of whom, with but one exception, were disappointed. It was a sad spectacle, but such is the reality. The poor shop girls, or "white slaves," as they are sometimes called, may be objects of pity, but not more so than the bookbinders, vest hands, cap makers and followers of a score of other employments. Type-writing is a very neat kind of work, but is entirely overdone. Telegraphy probably pays the best of all female employments, but there are a hundred applications for every vacancy. The only kind of employment that is not overdone is housework, and we all know that American girls are above the kitchen. What a pity that this ridiculous notion of taste should be a bar to usefulness!—*New York Letter in Utica Herald.*

### Two Peeps at Siam.

It is not a long circuit from the gate of the Captain's garden to that of the famous temple, but even that short distance shows us a few sights which would be sufficiently amazing in any other part of the world. A native house is gravely coming up the river by itself, the father steering it with a long oar, while the children watch its progress from the ladder leading down into the water from the veranda. Under the shade of a huge banyan tree, half a dozen bare-limbed, dusky Siamese boatmen are playing a kind of aboriginal lawn-tennis, using their feet instead of their hands to keep up the ball. Just beyond them, a small native child, with nothing on but the ornamental wreath which encircles the bristly tuft of black hair surmounting its otherwise shaven head, is admiring a magnificent butterfly, almost as large as a sparrow. A little farther on a group of amphibious youngsters are playing in the thick, greasy, soap-colored water, as Western children might play on land, while just across the river we espy a flotilla of light canoes laden with fruit and vegetables, and manned by Siamese market-women, who keep up a perpetual clamor of bargaining as shrill as a chorus of angry parrots.

But the moment we pass the deep, lowbrowed gateway all this vanishes as if it had never been. With one stride we go from the present to the past. The mighty ruins that start up through masses of clinging foliage, in the depths of the Java forests, could hardly look more lonely and forsaken than this strange old fortress of Eastern superstition. Upon every foot of its damp, slimy courtyard, its gaffed, crumbling walls, its storm-worn pillars, its dark, tomb-like galleries, its voiceless cells and shattered images, lies the brand of grim and irrevocable desolation:

"The gateways of the Barmecide are choked with fallen leaves,
And in the halls of Azamat her web the spider weaves;
The jackal and the serpent now their midnight vigils keep,
Where Nadir, lord of East and West, once revelled and drank deep."

### Boston Slang.

"Dear, dear, where have you been girls," said a Boston mother to her daughters, who returned late from an entertainment. "We've been carmining the municipality," giggled the eldest. "And observing the pachyderm," laughed the second. "And vociferating the female to an extraordinary elevation."‡ chimed in the third. "Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed the mother in expostulatory tones. "There's no harm done, mamma," pouted the fourth; "everything is amiable, and the fowl, whose cackling was the salvation of Rome, is suspended at an altitude hitherto unknown in our experience."§

Explanatory Chart—*Painting the town red. †Seeing the elephant. ‡Whooping her up. §Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high.—*Somerville Journal.*

An Arkansas man thinks he has exhumed the petrified head of a fairy. The supposed fossil is about the size of a large walnut. The features of the human face—eyes, nose, mouth, forehead, cheeks and chin—may all be discerned.

The British have records of 225 earthquakes in the last 556 years, and the isles are still there.

### HOTEL LIFE.

#### Becoming Yearly More Popular Among Those Who Can Afford It.

"So you think hotel life is gaining in popularity?" ventured a *Journal* reporter to Mr. Welch, of the St. Nicholas. The conversation had turned on hotels, their conveniences, the guests, and the strange sights hotel men see.

"Yes, sir; for those who can afford the comfort and conveniences of hotel life it is growing more popular year by year. In a well-appointed, first-class hotel people can live undisturbed by the various ills that housekeeping is heir to, and the time will come when half the well-to-do people of the city will inhabit its first-class hotels."

"And if you were asked the cause of the growing popularity what would you say?"

"I would give two reasons prominent among the many that I might name. The richer class of people, who divide their time among the south in winter and the northern watering-places in summer, varied with an occasional trip to Europe, find that their comings and goings can be done with much less discomfort and less expense by living in a hotel than if they were maintaining an establishment of their own. With such people comfort and convenience, the avoidance of unnecessary bother and aggravating delay, enter more into their calculation than does expense."

"You mention two reasons?"

"The other is that the male members of families living in hotels are generally men in active business pursuits, only home at meal-times and in the evenings. They do not wish to have their wives burdened with the innumerable cares of a household, the trouble and vexation of servants, and the exactions of the family cares generally. To such a separate establishment, as rents go now, is more expensive and less comfortable. Taking rent, the cost of fine furniture, and the expense of a corps of servants, there is no comparison between the two modes of living."

"Yes, but that class of guests must be very exacting in their demands at a hotel."

"There's where you and probably others make a great mistake. Of all the people who use hotels they are the least troublesome and exacting. In fact, they are the easiest to please. They are accustomed to good living, a well-served table, finely furnished rooms, obedient and obliging servants, and when they find all these at their command that is all they ask. They know just what the service of a first-class hotel is; they know that there is somebody always ready to satisfy their least want and that every convenience of the house is at their disposal. Oh, no, we never have trouble with them."

"Then who are the people that do give trouble?"

"Well, probably the most troublesome are people from the country unused to stopping at hotels. They have an exaggerated idea of their own importance, and think that everybody about the house must dance attendance on them. They seem bent on giving all the trouble they can, and make themselves and others uncomfortable. But should they stay at the hotels a month or so, it's wonderful to note the change that takes place. They soon find out that their comfort and convenience are the two things most thought of by the proprietor, and they fall right into the groove and find that they have simply to go on living and be happy."

"Is there not some danger that the increasing popularity of the fashionable flats will result injuriously to the hotels?"

"I think not. In the first place, the expense of living in these stylish apartment-houses is much greater. In the best of them suits for a family range from $2,000 to $10,000 a year, and this means the bare walls—no furniture and no meals. Still, they are growing more popular every day, and, as the best hotels are losing none of their wealthy guests, I can only surmise that the number of people able to live in these houses and in hotels in the city is receiving constant accessions."

"Do people marry from their hotel?"

"Why, certainly; that's one of the natural concomitants of hotel life. And how much pleasanter it is! The groom has but to give a single order to the proprietor specifying just what is wanted, and an army of servants are ready to carry out the arrangements without a hitch. Hotel weddings are getting to be common il faut—so much so that I know of two to come off this fall where the parties have their own houses, but, preferring the thorough system of a hotel, have given me their orders."—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

### Blood Heat.

Blood heat is set down on Fahrenheit thermometers at 98 degrees, but more careful investigation has shown that the temperature of a healthy person is between 102 and 103. One-half a degree either way indicates an abnormal condition, while 1 degree below would make a doctor shake his head ominously. When a fever sends the temperature up to 106 or 107 it depends entirely upon the amount of fuel on hand how long the fire will continue to burn. The tinder in the blood may be removed before the machinery is burned out and the fires smothered, or the vitality may be kept up until the tinder is all consumed and the fires go down of their own accord.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A wild man, captured in Ocheecee Swamp, near Chattahoochee, and carried to Tallahassee, had been swimming in Ocheecee Lake, from island to island, and when taken was entirely destitute of clothing, emaciated and entirely covered with a phenomenal growth of hair. He could give no account of himself, and the theory is that he escaped from an asylum in some other state.

At Madrid a few days ago an opera manager rebuked a danseuse for making a misstep, remarking: "You dance like a chicken." The dancer's husband demanded an apology, but the manager denied having insulted the lady. The husband thereupon plunged a dagger into the heart of his wife's traducer.

### A Persian Spoon.

A sherbet spoon is from one to two feet in length; the bowl, cut from a solid block, holds from a claret glass to a tumbler of the liquid. This bowl is so thin as to be semi-transparent, and is frequently ornamented with an inscription, the letters of which are in high relief. To retain their semi-transparency, each letter is undercut, so that, although standing up an eighth of an inch from the surface of the bowl, yet the whole is of the same light and delicate texture, no part thicker than another. One-half of the surface of the spoon-bowl is covered by two cleverly applied pieces of carved wood, which appears to be carved from one block. But this is not the case—they are really cemented there. These pieces are carved in such a delicate manner as to be almost filmy in appearance, resembling fine lacework.

The handle of the spoon—at times twenty inches long—is formed in a separate piece, and inserted into the edge of the bowl in a groove cut to receive it. This handle is also elaborately carved in delicate tracery, and a wonderful effect is produced by the rhomboid-shaped handle, at times four inches broad at the widest part and only a tenth of an inch thick. The groove where the handle is inserted into the edge of the bowl of the spoon and the point of junction are hidden by a rosette of carved wood, circular in shape, only a tenth of an inch thick. This, too, is carved in lace-like work, and it is cemented to the shaft of the spoon. A kind of flying buttress of similar delicate wood-work unites the back part of the shaft to the shoulder of the bowl.

The spoon which, when it leaves the carver's bench, is white, is varnished with Kaman oil, which acts as waterproof and preservative, and dyes the whole of a fine gambogo yellow similar to our boxwood. The weight of the spoon is in the largest sizes two ounces. The tools used by the carver are a plane, a rough sort of gouge, and a common penknife. Each spoon is of a separate and original design, no two being alike, save when ordered in pairs or sets. The price of the finest specimens is from 5 shillings to 15 shillings each.

These sherbet spoons are really works of art, and are valued by Oriental amateurs. Many of the merchants are very proud of their sherbet spoons, and being wood, they are "lawful;" for a metal spoon, if of silver, is an abomination; consequently, the teaspoons in Persia have a filigree hole in the bowl, and thus can be used for stirring the tea only, and not for the unlawful act of conveying it to the mouth in a silver spoon. Of course, these high-art sherbet spoons are only seen at the houses of the better classes, a coarser wooden spoon being used by the lower classes. The spoons at dinner serve as drinking vessels, for tumblers are unknown; and the metal drinking cups so much in use are merely for traveling, or the pottle deep potations of the irreligious.—*Chambers' Journal.*

### How to Furnish Bedrooms.

Bedrooms are more luxurious than ever in the modern American houses, and this is altogether the wrong place for luxurious or sumptuous furnishing. A bedroom should have as little furniture as possible beyond what is absolutely essential. No draperies which can hold the dust, no stuffed furniture, and no carpets other than soft rugs for the feet. French bedrooms are furnished much in this way, and are only used as sleeping apartments. A boudoir leading off the chamber may be as luxurious and tempting as possible, but the bedchamber should not be a lounging place ever, lest the air becomes vitiated. An English brass bedstead is always a most admirable piece of furniture for a bedroom, since it combines cleanliness and duarbility. These bedsteads are not costly in the end, and are easily kept bright. An open grate fireplace should be in every chamber in the house. The floor should be of hard wood, with a smooth surface, or, if of pine, it should be painted or shellacked and varnished. There should be no hangings over the bed or at the windows. If the bedroom is to be attractive, its attractiveness should be in its simplicity and extreme cleanliness. There are other rooms in which it is possible to exhibit as much grace and taste as inclination dictates, but the nursery and bedrooms should have no pretensions aside from healthful and comfortable fittings.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

### Gathering Grapes.

It is sometimes recommended that the grapes should be gathered as they ripen, by going over a vineyard two or three times and picking off not only bunches that are ripe, leaving the green ones, but even picking off separately three or four grapes from each bunch where it is not evenly ripened; and this is the practice that is followed to-day in making the great white wines of France and Germany; but it will certainly not be adopted in California while labor is as dear and wine as cheap as it is at present. Instead, that practice will be followed which is recommended by those writers who advise that the grapes of each variety be left on the vines till they are all fairly ripe, and that they be gathered clean at one picking. Where, however, different varieties are planted in the same vineyard, which ripen at different periods, those only should be picked at the same time which ripen together.—*California Wine Press.*

The most expensive thing and the hardest thing to get in Europe is pure water. At the hotels even in Switzerland, where the ice-crowned Alps are in sight, they charge you for ice-water to drink. There is no water on the cars, and at the stations they look at you in amazement if you ask for it.—*Toronto Globe.*

The German soldiers are the proudest in Europe. The army is considered a school for its 500,000 young men. They are never compelled to do menial work. A Prussian officer who would compel a soldier to do the work of a servant would be cashiered. Some of the rich German private soldiers keep servants of their own.

### GLEANINGS.

Empress Eugenie's long black cloak and black cane, on which she leans constantly, attract the deepest sympathy of the gay world at Carlsbad.

A negro witness in Macon, Ga., testifying in a bicycle case, gave this as the result of his observations: "If you ride slow you turn over yourself; if you ride fast you turn over somebody else."

The Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, seventy-five years old, is the oldest theatre in America. It was originally built in an outskirt; it is now in the center of wealth, life and fashion. The building of the theatre was begun in 1808.

A dog in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, Cal., is passionately fond of honey and to gratify his taste he robs hives whenever an opportunity offers. He has grown quite expert in the business and can extract the sweet stuff with great dexterity.

A philanthropic London lady has bought land in Manitoba of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is to establish a colony of deaf mutes. She will provide an instructor in farming, and is to expend a considerable sum of money in that experiment.

The paper with the largest circulation in the world is the *Petit Journal* of Paris. It now circulates 750,000 copies per day. Its director, Mr. Hyppolite Marinoni, is the inventor of the Marinoni perfecting presses. He was originally a cattle herder.

China is losing the services of the foreign officers in her army and navy just when she needs them most. The Germans are being called by their Government, which is just now cultivating friendly relations with France, and the English officers seem to be resigning voluntarily.

While the elderly Baroness Burdett-Coutts appears always in public dressed in the quietest black, her comparatively young husband, Mr. Bartlett-Burdett-Coutts, is distinguished for his dressing in clothes of the extremest fashionable cut and of thunderously loud colors.

A returned missionary says that the Zulus in their native state are one of the finest races in the world. All the men are honest, and all the women chaste. But as soon as they are converted to Christianity, and begin to wear clothes, they generally become vicious and dissolute.

In Martha's Vineyard the ratio of deaf mutes to the population is one in every 150 persons, a ratio greater than in any other portion of the country. Two centuries ago two cousins in the Mayhew family were married, from which can be traced a hereditary line of deaf mutes.

Walt Whitman, alluding to the recent earthquake, said the other day: "I believe with Kant in the unsubstantiality of things. It is doubtful if what we see around us has any real existence. Everything is delusive, evasive and shaky." Walt must have been dabbling in railway stocks.

When it rains in Mexico it pours. At Pachuca a number of men were passing a bridge when a storm began. One of them ran under the bridge for shelter. The river rose so quickly that he could not escape, and was swept down the stream many miles, being torn to pieces on the trees and stones.

Yakut girls all smoke. There is but one pipe for a family. The members take their turn, and the visitor has his chance along with the others.