

WOMAN AND HOME.

The Well-Dressed Woman—On Horseback—In Dakota.

Before and After—Painfully Neat—Parisian Jewelry—Miss Alcott—Miss Kelley—Making a Scrap-Book.

[Literary World.]

A scrap-book should not be composed of miscellaneous material, but confined to some special purpose, for there are very few topics on which The World does not publish a wealth of information and graceful wit.

In almost every city or county a volume of local scenery may be collected. The collector should especially seek to save what is likely to be lost. For a book in which to paste the cuttings, almost any bound volume will do, especially if its pages show a wide margin, and the print can be readily covered by two widths of ordinary newspaper clippings.

When there is the slightest possibility that a scrap-book may be used for publishing purposes, or that any of its entries may be cut out for other uses, cover one page only. But on the page used, the clippings should be packed closely together. If possible each clipping should retain the "rule" which marks the end of a printed paragraph or poem.

Miss Alcott's Reply.

Miss Louisa Alcott, being asked for advice by a young lady who desired to earn a living by literary work, replied: "I can only reply to you as to the other innumerable letters of the same sort which I receive. One must wait and work long and patiently before success of any sort comes and talent must be in the tales, or they won't sell."

Woman's Life in Dakota.

A broad-shouldered, compactly built young woman with brown face and hard hands sat in the Lake Shore depot the other evening waiting for the departure of a train for the east.

"We don't waste any time in foolishness out our way," she said to a young man who seemed to be acquainted with her. "There is no love-making on my half section. It's nothing but No. 2 wheat from May to August. That's what we are out there for. Now, I own and manage a farm of 200 acres, and this year I took out a crop of eighteen bushels to the acre and sold it, got the cash, put it in the bank, discharged all my men but one, who will look after things this winter, and I'm off for a little fun down east."

Painfully Neat.

The tidy housekeeper may be a jewel beyond price, or she may be, by an exaggeration of her tidiness an unmitigated nuisance. We have known such, whose continual struggle with the demons of dirt and disorder left its impress on the face. The features sharpened from perpetual prying into corner and crevice after dust and cobwebs; the brow was contracted into a stereotyped frown over "the total depravity of unmitigated things," and the voice grew querulous from continual complaints of the carelessness of children and servants.

Congressman Kelley's Daughter.

Miss Florence Kelley, the daughter of Congressman W. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, who has been studying in Europe, is engaged to be married to a Russian. A correspondent says of her: "Miss Kelley, as a child, was a pet and favorite of Henry C. Cary, the American economist, and when she was 14 he remarked that he would rather discuss economics with her than with any specialist on the same subject he had ever known."

Women on Horseback.

According to DeBussy's "Handbook," a lady should sit on a horse thus: "The head straight, eyes turning upon the shoulders in any direction without involving a movement of the body. The eyes fixed straight to the front, looking between the horse's ears, and always the direction in which he is going. The upper part of the body easy, flexible, and straight. The lower part of the body firm, without stiffness. The shoulders well back and on the same line. The arms falling naturally. The forearm bent. The wrists on a level with the elbows. The reins held in each hand, the fingers firmly closed, facing each other, with the thumbs extended on the ends of the lines. The right foot falling naturally on the pommel of the saddle, the left foot in the stirrup without leaning on it. The part of the right leg between the knee and the hip joint should be turned on its outer or right side, and should press throughout its length on the saddle. The knee should, in their respective positions, be continually in contact, without an exception. The lower or movable part

of the leg plays upon the immovable at the knee joint, the sole exception being when the rider rises to the trot, at which time the upper part of the leg leaves the saddle."

Before and After.

Who has not been acquainted here with amiable, genial, kind-hearted, engaging bachelors, and been struck by the revolution they have undergone after passing into conjugal bliss? They are said to be fortunately married in everything except money; to be very fond of their wives, and the most devoted of fathers. There is no reason to believe otherwise. And yet they do not look the happiness supposed to be enshrined in their hearts.

New York offers every year more and more inducements to celibates, both positive and negative. The expense of marriage and all that is associated with it, steadily and rapidly increases, forcing married men to send their families into the country while they toil in town and go home when they may. Many make a daily journey to and fro of eighty and a hundred miles, and are so tired with perpetual travel, added to their onerous duties, that they employ every leisure hour in seeking rest. They unquestionably enjoy their domesticity; they ought to, they have so little of it. To get up at sunrise, still sleepy; bolt their breakfast; hurry to the train; arrive at office or store; work hard every minute, their mind fixed all the while on the hour for return; dart off with a number of things undone; reach the station just in season to see the last car receding from view; feel unutterably profane; go back to attend to the unfinished task; meet a friend, leisurely, serene, contented, who smiles commiseratingly (he is an infernal bachelor); set to work again; once more rush off, the job still incomplete, and leap on the train, already in motion, hot, out of temper, hurried to death, and devilishly domestic. To repeat this 624 times a year is the strongest evidence of family devotion; and yet it is not a wholly unalloyed satisfaction.

Aprons for the Children.

The backs of cambric overshirts and polo necks make serviceable aprons for the children, providing you let the machine do all the sewing and do not spend much time in trimming. Have a good fitting pattern, however, for the plainest garment. Much depends upon the shape and fit of the apron. One pattern, providing it is correct, will do duty in many ways. I cut aprons, dresses, cloaks and undergarments from a nice cloth pattern I have, varying them all to suit my taste.

Training of Children.

As soon as your little lass can prattle and run about teach her order, cleanliness, neatness and economy. The second you can commence almost at birth. Buy her some dolls, a box with a place to put them in, no matter any member of the family to disturb or appropriate that place. As soon as she is tired of her playthings make her carefully dust and stow them neatly away in their proper places. This will teach her order and punctuality. As she advances give her lessons in sewing and making garments for her dolls; also to make the curtains, carpets and upholstery for the chairs, sofas and ottomans, and arrange them properly, to keep the house clean and the doll's clothes also. By this you will lay the foundation of a good, sound, practical domestic education, and will discover all the elements of a well-ordered and regulated system pervading every action and movement of your little pupil.

Lemon for Malaria.

At the International Medical congress, in Copenhagen, Professor Cruveilhier, of Rome, read a paper on "Malaria and Its Remedies." Acknowledging the great value of quinine and arsenic as preventive and curative, he said a cheaper, harmless, and yet effective remedy may be found in the ordinary lemon.

Fashionable, but Uneducated.

The reason why education is usually so poor among women of fashion is that it is not needed for the life which they elect to lead. With a good figure, good clothes and a handsome equipage; with a little reading of the daily newspapers and of the fashionable reviews; and, above all, with the happy tact which often enables women to make a large display of very small requirements, the women of fashion may never feel the need of true education. We pity her none the less, since she will never know its peace and delight.

The Best Dressed.

She is the best dressed woman whose dress is so harmonious in itself and so in harmony with her personal appearance and manners that while the details are unnoticed, the whole gives a strong and pleasing impression of her individuality—the dress seems a part of herself.

For the Hair.

When one has had a fever and the hair is falling off, take a teaspoon of sage, steep in a quart of soft water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Squeeze the head with the tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

To Stop a Sneez.

When I feel inclined to sneeze I press my finger on my upper lip, directly under the nose, and press tightly. It always stops the sneeze, but a queer sensation passes over one while doing this.

The Home Grass-Plot.

Try and get a little green grass around your home. Nothing cures the ill mind so much as verdure. It is manifestly wrong and unnatural too, to rear children on a playground made of stone flagging or Nicholson pavement.

Don't Fret.

Above everything, don't fret. Don't fret. "The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping," says Solomon. I will add—and will be sure to wear out the love of the noblest.

For Mosquitoes.

The Scientific American says if a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal is left uncorked in a room at night, not a mosquito or any other blood-sucker will be found there in the morning.

When Buying Pictures.

The Studio makes the following suggestion to those who wish to buy pictures: "Never take the advice of anybody, no matter how 'cultivated,' or 'educated,' or how great an 'authority' he or she may be. This is somewhat startling, coming from a journal devoted to the advancement of art, but it has good reasons therefor. It holds, and rightly, that people should buy that which they really like, and then 'try it by living with it;' if it be really good 'it will help the purchaser to get something as good or, it may be, better the next time.' The suggestion is wholly sound, for it is in accord with the theory that pictures themselves educate the artistic sense."

Paris' New Jewelry.

A new style of jewelry has become fashionable in Paris. The whole animal world has

been exhausted in furnishing birds, beasts and fishes to adorn hats and bonnets for the promenade. These have gradually diminished from the life-size crowing cock and pheasant to the wren sitting on her nest, and the field-mouse peeping from her tiny abode on the top of a corn-stalk. Fashion now ordains that the brooches and ear-rings in full dress shall assume the most gigantic proportions. One of the most popular ornaments is now the elephant, which, of disproportionate dimensions, is used to clasp the new Dominican cloaks, to finish the corsage in evening dress, to clasp the zone of beauty, or dangle from the ears. The ugly ornament is to be seen in every variety of material, and flourishes on every occasion.

So Do the Russian "Nihilists" Call Themselves.

Their Work of Propagandism and the Sublime Courage with Which They Labor—Heroes, Heroes and Heroes.

[Foreign Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

Nihilists do not call themselves by that name. They call themselves revolutionists. Nihilism is a word invented by Tourgenieff. One of his novels so signally without absence of belief, and the coin he minted having become current all the world over, Russian revolutionists are compelled in some measure to acknowledge it, but while acknowledging they protest. There was, I believe, once a class of pessimists in Russia who professed to have no faith whatever, but they were not militant revolutionists, of whom Tourgenieff knew little or nothing, for he was exiled before the movement began. I do not suppose the people we call nihilists are orthodox Christians, but the Slavovore races are religious and emotional by nature, and it is not in the nature of things that men should suffer and fight and die for a cause without believing in something immaterial and divine. Nihilism, in its present development, is essentially a religion—a religion which demands from its votaries an all-pervading, faith and an unlimited capacity for self-sacrifice. A nihilist who does not possess the constancy of a martyr and the courage of a hero is of no more use than a soldier in petticoats, armed with a broomstick.

The ordinary work of a Russian revolutionist is not, as some may suppose, making mines, fabricating dynamite and murdering police spies. Being the work of propagandism, it resembles in some respects the work of Christian emissaries in pagan times, or of Huguenot pastors after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The great hindrance to reform in Russia lies even more in the ignorance of the people than in the tyranny of the government. All the educated classes, except employes of the state, are either potential or actual revolutionists or, as we may say, reformers; but the masses, though terribly oppressed and taxed almost to death, are, as yet, ignorant of the source of their sufferings and the possibility of improvement. When things go wrong they lay the blame, not on the czar, upon whom they look, or rather have looked (for they are slowly waking up to a perception of the truth), as a sort of demi-god, but on his agent or representatives.

The real object of the Nihilists is to enlighten the masses, to show them that with out political revolution there is no possibility of amendment, and convince them that the proudest of all blessings is freedom. Could the masses be won over to the cause the position of the government would be untenable, for if the peasantry, who are now the basis of his power, were to fall him, the czar would be forced to grant some sort of reform which must end in the establishment of representative institutions. Why the czar does not spontaneously concede reform is a question with which, also with the motives and deeds of the terrorists, I shall deal in another letter.

As it is, the government not alone refuses to make concessions, but it acts as a felon every man who ventures either to find fault with their proceedings or hint a doubt that the czar is not the best and wisest of earthly rulers. Public meetings are not allowed, the press is more than fettered—it is throttled—and open agitation is simply impossible. A youth of 19 has been hanged for posting a "revolutionary" placard on a wall, and a lad of 16 sent to Siberia because his brother had hung a political offense. It is hardly possible for the brother of a man who has been hanged to love his kinsman's executioners. He may develop into a dangerous character and it will be hard for him to get out of the way. When Prince Krapotkin was in prison his brother, then an officer in the army, expressed, in a letter to a friend in London, the opinion that it was wrong to keep Peter so long in confinement without trial. This letter was opened in the post-office and handed to the police, and the brother, of course without trial, was sent to Siberia, and he is there yet.

It is, therefore, evident that the revolutionist propaganda, as it is called, must be conducted in secret, and with great circumspection. Those who take part in it assume an alias and go about incognito—become schoolmasters, learn the use of the hammer and chisel, and become blacksmiths and masons, drop a word in season and out of season, distribute revolutionary pamphlets, and when these apostles of revolution have made a few converts, hold classes and make speeches at secret meetings. At this work the women are as active and devoted as the men. I know of young girls of noble families, highly educated and brought up in luxury, who have got work at cotton factories, wrought fourteen and sixteen hours a day, gone about barefoot and lived on black bread in order that they might carry on the propaganda among the mill hands. And this is done not in the hope of praise or reward, but in the certainty of capture and death. Sooner or later they are sure to be denounced and arrested, and it is hardly possible for any young girl to survive the rigors and horrors of a Russian jail. Knowing what is before them, they deliberately run the risk and court their fate. These victims of despotism deserve well the epithet that has been bestowed upon them of heroes, heroines and martyrs of Russian liberty.

James Gordon Bennett.

[New York Letter.]

A really astonishing change has taken place in the appearance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who is just now the most popular man in Newport. He is asked everywhere, and his entertainments are attended by the most exclusive people of the place. The "young man"—who, by the way, is 44 years of age—has reformed. He does not touch wine or liquor in any form, and his appearance has improved tenfold. When Mr. Bennett left here a year ago, his face was colorless, his shoulders bent, and his eyes heavy. Since he has been away his hair and mustache have become quite white, and his face has been bronzed by his steady life at sea. He is as erect as an athlete and seems to have regained his spirits.

What He Wanted.

It is related of a jolly old retired sea captain who boards at the up town hotels, that, returning from "a day at the shore," the landlord quietly suggested that one of the boys pilot him to his room. "Pilot?" said the mariner; as he crammed his hat on the back of his head and supporting himself against the counter he regarded his host with a fixed stare; "pilots be blanked; wha' I want's a lighthouse!"

A Fond Wife's Fear.

"Promise me, dear husband," said young Mrs. Newbridge, affectionately to Charles— "promise me never, in your darkest hours, ever to commit suicide. I am told it will vitiate your life-insurance."

REVOLUTIONISTS!

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FASHIONS IN DRINKING.

A Bartender Observes That They Change Like Other Fashions.

[New York Sun.]

The bartender of a popular downtown rendezvous leaned gracefully over the bar during the slack hours of business the other day, and discussed his customers to a reporter. "I notice that men nowadays order exactly what they want," he said, "tossing gently with his blonde mustache. 'Three or four or five years ago a man looked more or less ashamed of himself when he ordered lemonade or seltzer. His companions usually remonstrated with or made fun of him, and he generally offered some sort of a half apology to the bartender for ordering a non-intoxicating drink. This was particularly so with the young business men, clerks, and politicians. They ordered brandy smashes, plain brandy, whisky punches, plain whisky, or some other heavy drink. Of course one-half of them hadn't any. You can't say behind the bar long before you find out that a fair percentage of the men who are led up to the bar to drink would rather have nothing at all than liquor of any sort. Very many men who have no scruples against drinking hard liquor, and others find that it goes against them to drink whisky or brandy before dinner time. Still the majority of them used to drink their whisky straight and say nothing. Why, when I first went into the business, fourteen years ago, we used to pass out the whisky bottle and glasses without asking the drinker what he would have. If he wanted anything else he would push back the glass and give his order. In those days if a party of young men went into a bar-room and ordered lemonade the bartender felt aggrieved and the bystanders made fun of them. Nowadays, however, everything is changed. No one thinks anything when two or three men of a group order lemonade, seltzer, or apollinaris at the bar. I have also noticed that men who drink heavy liquors in winter usually drop them in summer."

"A great change has taken place in the bar-rooms during the past five years."

"Yes. The Simon-pure North American bar-room is rapidly going out of fashion in the best part of the town. Men no longer enjoy rushing into a room, dropping down to drink and hurrying out again. They have more time than they had ten or twenty years ago, and they wish to sit down quietly and chat with a friend while they drink. The cafe, with its comfortable tables and chairs, is what fetches the people now. You will find that in the big drinking places down town there is a place set aside where men can bide with comfort. These rooms are always filled."

"Have you as many regular drinkers as you had ten years ago?"

Well, no, they are not as numerous as they formerly were. The man who came in for his cocktail every morning before breakfast or luncheon and the man who took four good drinks of whisky every day no longer exists to the extent they did ten years ago. The fact is, habitual drinking over the bar is not fashionable nowadays. Men drink more at dinner than they used to, and drink for the fun of the thing. But the wholesale absorption of liquor has gone out of style."

Mountain Air by the Cake.

[Chicago News "Plats and Sharps."] A Colorado millionaire, who owns a chain of valuable mining properties in and around Leadville, came to Chicago lately upon a rather curious mission. He has invented during his leisure moments a curious machine whereby air may be condensed and compressed. By an ingenious combination of certain chemicals and his electric trithonimeter, as he calls it, large volumes of air are compressed into small packages or cakes, closely resembling the cakes of compressed yeast in common use. These cakes of compressed air expand upon being exposed to the light and atmosphere, and in the course of half an hour an ounce cake of this curious composition will evaporate into 138,900 cubic feet of fresh air suitable for breathing.

The inventor intends to have a large machine manufactured by a company in this city after the model electric trithonimeter he will transport to Colorado, where he will organize a joint stock corporation for the manufacture of compressed air. This will enable invalids to benefit by the clear, pure invigorating atmosphere of the Rocky mountains, although thousands of miles away. The merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, the journalist, and all other hard-worked men will pay 10 cents per cake for this compressed air and be as much refreshed and reinvigorated by its evaporation as if they stood upon the very summit of Pike's peak. Fifty cents worth of these wondrous cakes will supply an ordinary room with fresh, pure air for twelve hours; \$3 worth will be equivalent to a trip from Denver to Leadville and back. At a comparatively trifling cost, asthma, bronchitis, hay-fever, and consumption can be cured, and there will be no need of vacations when the invention becomes popularized.

Blowing Up a Glacier.

[London News.]

One of the youngest as well as one of the most beautiful glaciers in the country is that which gives birth to the river Rhone, and the grandest sight in connection with the Rhone glacier is the superb seracs, or pinnacles of ice, which prove a source of unending attraction to travelers by the Furka pass. As is well known, the second and third berms of the road almost hang over the glacier, and afford a wonderful view of the stupendous ice fall, which, descending from precipitous rocks, is broken and twisted into fantastic pyramids. This sight, writes our Geneva correspondent, is certainly unique in that part of the Alps, but unless active steps are taken to stop the destruction now going on it will soon be no longer.

It appears that some people have obtained permission—from whom it is not clear—to destroy these pinnacles by means of dynamite, in order that the huge blocks thus easily detached may be put on the St. Gothard railway, and so transported to Bale, where they are to be stored in immense walls for summer use. Should the destruction of the glacier be allowed to continue, the authorities will find to their cost that they have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, for the chief attraction of that desolate region is the superb ice pinnacles of the great glacier, and when they have disappeared travelers will turn their steps in other directions.

A Satisfactory Explanation.

[Exchange.]

At the Pont des Arts in Paris is a blind man, who carries a board around his neck with a sign: "Blind by birth and by accident." "See here, my good man," said a passer-by, "can you tell us how you happened to be blind by birth and by accident at the same time?" "Easy enough," said the old man. "You see I'm blind by birth myself, and I've bought once a blind man who did business on the other side of the bridge. He was blind by accident."

A Neglected Grave.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Thaddeus Stevens' grave is grown over with noxious weeds, and neglect and decay are visible on every side about his tomb.

THE MESSENGER-BOY.

How They Manage to Make Money Outside Regular Wages.

Getting Commissions from Florists, Cigar and Wine Dealers, and Cabmen—Overcharging Countrymen and the Newly-Married.

[New York Times.]

"How much?" the speaker was a well-known lawyer, who sat with two friends in the cafe at Delmonico's the other evening. "Twenty cents, and you know it just as well as I do," answered the district messenger. "Ain't you overcharging?" asked one of the party.

"No; we never overcharge regular customers. They know the rates, and if we did they'd report it to the company and we'd get bounced. Strangers and countrymen and newly-married couples we always size up and charge double rates. And then, besides, regulars always give us something. One of them gives me 10 cents extra every time; another one, he's a gambler on Twenty-eighth street, gives me according to his luck; sometimes as high as \$1."

"Then you make money outside of your wages?"

"Well, some of the boys do. And there's lots of ways of doing it. One way is commissions. We're sent out regular for cigars, bouquets, cabs, carriages and liquor. If we're sent to a certain place we don't get a commission usually; but if they just hand us a \$1 bill and say, 'Get me five cigars,' or 'Get me a cab,' then we have a show. There's loads of business people who give a percentage. On cigars we get from 10 cents up; on flowers a good deal more. A swell gets mashed on a girl or an actress and sends her a bouquet. If he gives us a V, we get a dollar from the florist."

"Wines are very good, too. There's a dealer on Sixth avenue who has wine in plain bottles on ice all the time, and it costs \$3 a bottle, and he's got all kinds of labels. I got an order for a bottle of 'Pommery' and \$4. I ran around the store, and he puts on a 'Pommery' label, and I make \$2. It ain't safe, though. I tried it once on a young fellow, and the next time I came there he kicked me down stairs, and swore I'd poisoned him."

"Then the cabbies are quite square, especially with corpses?"

"What is a corpse?"

"Why, it's a swell that's drunk. He'll pay the cabby almost anything he's asked. The cabby gives us a quarter for an order, and sometimes whacks up the next day. But the best blokes are mashes. Married men and women who get mashed never use the post-office, but only the boys. We know 'em the moment we see 'em. They'll pay almost anything, and give us an extra besides. Then we make something on doubling up."

"What's that?"

"I get a call, and I find it will take twenty minutes. I go back to the office and report pay for a 'shorter.' I get a second call in a short while. When I come back to the first customer I charge for the whole time, and also get paid afterward by the second. That way I make the difference between what I paid for the 'shorter' and what I get for the whole thing. Then there's another kind of double. I get a 'shorter' here in Delmonico's, and then run across into the Brunsvick and the Hoffman. Between the two I can catch another 'shorter,' and do both together. Then, you see, I can charge full time to both, and don't have to put up at the office."

"A telegraph boy hasn't a very bad time, then?"

"Yes he does. One time I kept going for thirty hours without stopping. Another time and lots of times I've had to go through rain and snow where there was no horse-car lanes until I thought I was almost dead; I got licked last week. I had a call from a young dude, who gave me two letters to young ladies. The envelopes had the names on, but no residences. These he gave me separate. I got to number one and found I'd lost the address of number two. So I asked the lady the address, and showed her the letter. The next day I met the dude in front of his place, and he said he'd teach me a lesson to show his letters to different people, and he gave me an awful licking with his cane. That's sort of rough on a boy, but now and then he has a good time. Once a jealous woman hired me to spot her husband for three days. He used to ride up and down from his office in a cab, and the cabby was a commission friend of mine. So I used to get on the box with him and ride both ways. The old dame paid me my time, my cab hire for three days and gave me a dollar beside. I guess their row is over now, because I saw 'em walking together last Sunday just as loving as two spoons."

"It isn't a very moral life," observed the lawyer.

The boy smiled, flushed, it may be, a little, and said: "How can we help it? If we're late, or lose time, or take bad money, or break a rule, or do anything at all, we've got to pay for it. And then there are people in the company who make you dirty with 'em. The old dame and the clerks and porters in the hotels want stakes. I had to pay a waiter in this place \$1 last week for a bloke who wanted a bouquet for his gal. And then you customers always tell me 'I'm a lyn' and stealin'.' And I go to gambling-hells, and gin-mills and opium-dens, and worse places, and ladies and gentlemen send messages to their families, and give me a half to say I left him in a club, or a church, or a meeting. If a chap gives me a big bill to change, or a check to cash, and its bad, the cop pinches me and I'm locked up in jail. If my boys are bad you customers make us so, and that's all there is to it. But I've got to skip. Much obliged, gents, for the note."

Professor Huxley's Fish Story.

[Chicago Journal.]

Professor Huxley says that "a mountain of cod," from 120 to 130 feet in height, moves for two months in every year from westward and southward, past the Norwegian coast. Every square mile of this colossal column contains 120,000,000 of fishes which even on short rations, consume no fewer than 840,000