

The Am. & P. people will be greatly surprised to learn that the late Ch. J. Justice, died a poor man. He left a house in Washington free from incumbrance, and a life insurance of \$5,000, but his family are left without any current funds, and without an income. The insurance policy is, of course, good, but under the conditions of the policy it is not payable for 90 days. The few kind friends of the late chief justice who have heard of this are considering whether it will be expedient to present the subject to congress or to the bar of the United States and endeavor to raise a fund which will support the widow. The chief justice was more than 73 years of age. He could have retired almost two and half years ago upon full pay, and the government would then have been obliged to have appropriated the salary of his successor. For the two and one-half years this would have amounted in found moneys to \$25,000.

Miss Isabelle Blum Singer, daughter of the man who made \$13,000,000 out of his sewing machine, is to be married April 25 to the Duke de Cazes of Paris, and she has written to the executor of her father's estate in New York for \$60,000 to defray the necessary expenses connected with the wedding. Miss Singer says she "will need the money to pay for her trousseau, jewelry, the furniture, horses and carriages, expenses of the wedding trip, and incidental expenses connected with the wedding." Here is an American girl who is marrying a future king of Spain. Little Alfonso had been left in charge of his sisters, who deserted him after a time. The royal baby thereupon crawled into a cupboard, the door of which was afterwards closed by some one who did not know that the child was inside. Nurses, grooms, butlers, pages, soldiers, relatives, back-stair potentates and front-hall flunkies, grandees, dons, and doorknockers searched the palace for His Majesty. At last he was found, and the throbbing nerves of a great people were stilled by a sensation of joy.

When informed of the passage of the bill granting her a pension of \$2,000 per annum, Mrs. Frank P. Blair said: "I am much gratified at the news and am grateful to every one who did anything to assist in the passage of this bill. It gives me pleasure to have the memory of my husband kept green, as it is shown to be in the memory of his countrymen. When he died his estate, which had no other valuable, was estimated at \$500, he having spent his private means to equip his regiment. I appreciate the sentiment which prompted our friends to work so nobly for this bill.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is reported as saying at the woman's international conference at Washington, that "if the wrongs of our sex are not righted, women will join hands with laboring men, and socialists, and with anarchists, and the scenes of the French revolution will be repeated within this fair land of ours." It is unfortunate for the cause of which she is an acknowledged leader that she should have given utterance to such a sentiment. Such talk will not advance the cause among thinking people.

Mrs. Harriet R. Shattuck, who presided over the woman's convention at Washington, lives in a charming nook on the edge of Middlesex Falls, the great forest park north of Boston. The balcony of her house overhangs a picturesque little pond, and big rocks are piled high in the background. Mrs. Shattuck goes into Boston to her class in political economy, her afternoon at the New England club, or some charitable work in which she is interested.

It is announced that David Jennings, of Lyons, Wayne county, New York, after applying himself for twenty-one years and spending \$30,000 has discovered perpetual motion. Coming on the heels of the rather startling disclosure that the world is coming to a perpetual standstill in 1900, the news of Jennings' success is, to say the least, very gratifying.

The Italians show their courtesy to Queen Victoria at Florence. Among the bouquets which have been presented there was one from the horticultural society of Tuscan, composed exclusively of flowers growing in the open air in the various parts of the queen's dominions, the Himalayas, the plains of India, Burma, the Cape and Australasia.

Mrs. Grant, who is now in Florida, is writing reminiscences of her husband's life, but whether an admiring public will ever be permitted to read them is uncertain, as she has not decided to publish them. She does not lack opportunity, as several publishers are bidders for the manuscript.

There are some indications that the Baptists of Canada will soon come out against the exemption of churches from taxation. Prominent members of the denomination have recently condemned the principle of tax exemption, and "The Canadian Baptist" takes the same view of the question.

A national convention of those who believe in Henry George's single tax theory is called to meet in Chicago July 4. Inasmuch as the majority of the supporters of George's peculiar theory have never paid any taxes, it is strange that they wish to burden themselves with a single tax.

It will doubtless surprise many persons to learn that there are said to be over 1,000,000 Spiritualists in this country. The claim is made that 240,000 New Yorkers have professed their belief in the doctrines promulgated by the Fox sisters forty years ago.

A female demagogue in Chicago tried to get up a strike among working girls, but she couldn't find one who would plead guilty to doing housework. All those who came to hear her speak were carrying library books or music rolls under their arms.

A perplexed editor wants to know how the word Volapuk is pronounced. Well, it is pronounced almost every way, but the correct way is said to be Yo-la-pook, with the accent on the 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', 'a', which is spoken very quickly.

OLD-TIME BODY-SNATCHING.

How the Resurrectionists Worked a Century Ago—Perils of the Guild.

The Monthly Chronicle of North-Country Lore and Legend (England) prints some stories of the body-snatching days, when the bodies of the newly-buried dead were stolen at night out of their graves, when every suspicious-looking person observed near a churchyard was at once set down as a resurrectionist, and when armed men watched the graves all night. One Sunderland resurrectionist was caught in a curious way. He had got a body, said to be that of a young woman, put it into a sack, fastened a rope around the middle, and carried it to the churchyard wall in order to drop it over. The wall was only about three feet high on the inside, but fully twice as high on the other side. So when the man had lifted the body on to the copstones and was getting over the wall himself the rope somehow slipped over his head, and he fell and hung suspended on the side toward the outside, while his sack fell back toward the churchyard. He was found thus by one of the watchers going his rounds. The body-snatcher was still alive when he was cut down, but soon afterward died. His memory still survives among old Sunderland folks as "Half-Hanged Jack."

The son of an old sexton at the border village of Cornhill tells this story: "One morning early in December, about 1830, Jamie Marchall, the sexton in question, was roused from sleep by a loud knocking at the cottage door and a voice that he seemed to recognize called out: 'Get up, Jamie! For God's sake, be quick, man!' When the blacksmith opened the door he saw the son of a well-known farmer lately deceased. The young man was at the time studying medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Before he uttered a word Marchall noticed that his arm was through the bride-veil of a horse from whose side the steam rose in clouds, while the young man's face was haggard and pale. The young man called out, 'Get your spade and mattock, and come with me to the churchyard quickly.' The blacksmith took his tools in silence and followed. On the way the young man exclaimed, 'I'll be satisfied soon whether it is him or not. Thank, Jamie, of leaving your ain father laid out on the dissection-board for you to cut up. I had the knife in my hand when I saw it was my father. But I'll be satisfied before I sleep. I left the hall, and have ridden here, Jamie, to satisfy myself.' When his father's grave was reached he took a spade and helped the bewildered sexton to open it. The coffin having been reached, he called, 'Break the lid with your mattock, and put in your hand.' Marchall did as he was ordered, and put his hand inside. 'Is he there, Jamie?' was the anxious inquiry. 'Ay, ay, he's at right Nobody's father,' said the sexton, 'he's been mitted ta'en,' was the sexton's reassuring reply."

The following extract from The Gentleman's Magazine of March 1776, will show that then body-snatching was carried on in London with no attempt at concealment. 'The remains of more than twenty dead bodies were discovered in a shed in Tottenham-court-road, supposed to have been deposited there by snatchers to the surgeons, of whom there is one, it is said in the borough, who makes an open profession of dealing in dead bodies, and is known by the name of 'The Resurrectionist.'

Chinese Names.

There are many Chinese in Australia, and their names, which sound like a burlesque, sometimes perplex the lower officials of the courts, who generally are Irishmen; but Pat's agile fancy always opens some sort of a door for him to go in or out when he is obliged to deal with Ah Foo, Ah Sue, or Fong Fat. An Irishman, a newly-appointed cleric in a county court, was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to the stand. "Call for Ah Song," was the command. Pat was puzzled for a moment; he glanced shyly at the judge, and found him as grave as an undertaker. Then, turning to the spectators, he blandly whispered: "Gintlemn, would any of you favor his honor w' a song?" In an instant an Irish policeman, not long in the country, was ordered by the judge to go in search of the official interpreter. "Constable, go for Ah Kat," said the judge. "Yes, your honor. Is it a Tom cat yer honor w' sies for?"

The Cattle Queen of the West.

The original cattle queen of the West is Mrs. Mable Day, of Coleman, who comes with the family of several prominent citizens of Coleman. Mrs. Day is really entitled to the roseate title, although she does not say why the ownership of a big bunch of cows should confer it on her. She is a lady of rare attainments, a thoroughly good business woman, and being alone in the world, has learned how to take care for herself. She chats pleasantly about herself frankly, and is much amused at the deference paid her on account of her calling. She does not see why a woman should not be successful as a cattle owner, and scolds the idea of getting some one to help her. Mrs. Day has a nice ranch near Coleman, and directs her business there. She assures her admirers that she does not dash up and down the country after market-cows, in female road-agents' habiliments, with guns and knives galore all over her, but drives out as any other lady does. Mrs. Day is a very pleasant conversationalist, and could wear a Worth dress every two weeks if she wanted them.—Denver News.

Driven From Home.

Brown—'I was surprised to see you and your wife at the Caffay restaurant last night Jinks. I thought you were keeping house. Jinks—'We are. We got a nice little flat in Harlem, but every Monday night we'd be out. Brown—'Why is that? Jinks—'It's the first flat's night for corned beef and cabbage.—New York Sun.

Not Quite Ready for School.

Artful Jimmy (conscious of unprepared lessons, and desirous of staying from school.)—Mamma, dear, what sort of illness there you don't have to take medicine for?—London Fun.

DID NOT STOOP TO CORN CURIE.

On the Contrary, He Exalted Himself by Attending the Toes of President.

There is an old chiroprast in Washington, says a letter to The Lewiston Journal, who has doctored the corns of the great men in the country for the last thirty of a century. I asked him the other day how many presidents had sat in his chair. "Let me see," he answered. "I believe I have had every one of them since the time of Buchanan. I came to Washington in his administration, but had not much practice then. People used to doctor their own corns. Several times I went to the White House while Lincoln was there. Both he and his wife had very troublesome feet. While I was operating on Lincoln once he admitted a delegation of clergymen who had come to see him about extending the work of the Christian commission in the army. They were very much astonished when they were shown into the room where he sat on a table with his bare feet on a chair, and I do not know of any other president who would have received so dignified a delegation under similar circumstances, but his time was very valuable and he did not want to keep them waiting. He told a number of funny stories about his experience with corns and bunions, and very soon the doctors of divinity recovered from their astonishment and began to exchange views on the subject. Then they sobered down and presented their case to Mr. Lincoln, who promised to issue the order they wanted."

"At another time I was with him when Secretary Stanton came over from the war department with the news of a great victory and the president was so pleased that he jumped around with his bare feet like a boy. 'I never had much to do with Johnson and never treated him but once that I remember of when he came to the office. Grant had very good feet. They were quite small for a man of his build and he had little trouble with them. I do not remember having treated him more than three or four times while he was president, although after he went out of office he came down here on several occasions. He was visiting Gen. Beale. I believe it was after his trip around the world. 'Hayes sent for me only once, but Garfield was a regular customer all the while he was in congress, and after he became president. I suppose I have his name twenty or thirty times on my books. He was always troubled with corns. The day before he was assassinated a colored man in footman's livery came into my office and asked if I could treat Gen. Garfield at once, as he was to leave town the next day. I had a patient in the chair, but he kindly consented to give way for the president, who then came up, and was here for half an hour. Arthur never had any trouble with his feet—he always was very careful about his shoes—but I was sent for several times while he was president to treat members of his family or guests."

Grant and His Confiding Nature.

I was at Mount McGregor when Grant died, and had opportunity to learn many things in regard to his last days which could not be then given to the public. I became well acquainted with his private secretary and he told me that Grant dictated freely and without cessation after he began. He dictated from ninety to one hundred words a minute and he made very few corrections. His diction was that of a literary man, and he expressed himself simply, tersely and in such a way as to convey his thoughts in the fewest words. His private secretary was Mr. N. E. Dawson, who is one of the most reliable stenographers of the United States. He said to me not long ago: "I never knew such a man as Gen. Grant, and I was surprised again and again at the extraordinary confidence he had in all about him. He never for a moment suspected his friends of unfaithfulness, and if I had written a note for \$10,000 and taken it to him in the shape of a letter I have no doubt he would have signed it. When I first met him all that I had with which to win his confidence were my recommendations. I went with him to Mexico, and he put \$20,000 into my hands for our expenses, and though I was a comparative stranger he asked no questions and trusted me implicitly. It was his habit, after a letter had been read, to tear it up and throw it on the floor, and he was not careful, as a general rule, in taking care of his papers."

A Queer Mistake Perpetuated.

It is a popular idea that Lord Beaconsfield was devoted to the primrose. As a matter of fact, he cared no more for primroses than for cowslips. According to Truth, this is the origin of the primrose legend: "On the day of Lord Beaconsfield's funeral the Queen sent an immense wreath of primroses to be placed upon the coffin, and on a card attached to the wreath of primroses her majesty had written, 'His favorite flower.' This inscription, of course, attracted attention, and it was the beginning of the primrose craze. But the fact was that the Queen was not thinking about Lord Beaconsfield when she wrote, 'A favorite flower'; she had only the Prince Consort in her mind, as he was really very fond of primroses, and it was his predilection for them that her majesty was remembering.—London Notes and Queries.

Buffalo Bill Thrown.

Here is a sad blow to American pride. Family Baur says that Buffalo Bill, who has represented the United States in Europe for some time past, is not able to ride in an English saddle. The story is that, being on a visit to a country house, he recklessly went in for fox-hunting, accepting a mount with an ordinary English saddle. The latter, different from the Mexican arm chair which he uses in the Wild West, proved not suited to Col. Cody's accomplishments, and at the first fence, unless the story be false, Buffalo Bill went to ground, and the pigskin and horse went on alone together. Cody's opinion of fox-hunting, expressed afterward, was that it was foolish to use so many riders, horses and dogs to catch one fox.—New York Sun (table).

A Bright Red.

Two Bear, one of the Crow Indian chiefs, evidently has an eye to the main chance. He and many of his family are locating coal claims on the right-of-way of the proposed Billings, Clarke's Fork and Cook City Railroad. They are in consequence waiting anxiously for the news that the road is to be built. The rest of the Indians are also anxious to see the road built, as it is money in their buckskins.—Billings (Mont.) Gazette.

Too Far for Economy.

"John," said the minister to the sexton, "that pulpit-cushion is worn out. I wish you would see that a new cover is put on it." "Yes, sir," said John, grimly; "I know it's wore out, and it's the third since last fall. It ain't my place to make remarks 'er, but in my opinion there's such a thing as carrying religion a little too far."—Puck.

A Competence; How Best Obtained.

There is no gaining the fact that large salaries, or extensive facilities or money-making will not always assure to a man a competence. What he needs is not so much upon what he receives as upon what he saves. Thus the difference between individuals who become independent and those remaining dependent through life, represents the difference between careful saving and reckless spending. Some would become rich upon what others throw away, and many a reckless housewife, with spoon, throws out all that her partner can, with shovel, throw in. When remonstrating with a young housekeeper for throwing away a full plate of sliced beef, she said: "What, it was so dry, and Charlie won't eat dry bread!" That she could utilize it in any other way, she had not thought; neither did it occur to her that she could cut less of this "stuff of life." Much less did she comprehend the fact that she was throwing away more than the flour which had been provided her. I ceased to wonder that her week's supply of butter was six pounds—double the amount which sufficed me for a family of five—when I saw her sausage swimming in its melted depths. When asked on several occasions, He was upon the father's salary, abject poverty stared them in the face. Another young wife and housekeeper of my acquaintance would scrape her butter-plates till they were almost clean; also her bread-pan, till not a vestige of dough remained; every bread-crumm was utilized—and mark the contrast! a ten-thousand dollar home is now hers.

Many of America's great enterprises are the result of utilizing waste products. The thrifty gardener enriches his soil with the dressing given him by the improvident ge-hobor. The Celts fatten a cow or pig with the slop wasted at other back doors; and many a chifonier in the city fishes out a snug little fortune from waste barrels and gutters. There is scarcely anything in a house that cannot be turned to account, sooner or later, no matter how valueless it may appear at the moment. Often, the want of a thing is more than its worth.

In nature's laboratory there is no waste. In the numberless transformations and combination of things, nothing is lost, or considered valueless. When man imitates nature in this respect, he invariably increases his substance. Corporations and companies amass fortunes through the application of genius and inventiveness to what is looked upon as refuse. What is waste is once cast into streams, blocking up their channel, is now extensively used in manufacturing oxalic and formic acids, paper, gun cotton, valentine oils and blasting powder.

It has also been proved serviceable for curing furs, and for the preservation of ice; for summer consumption, there is nothing better. Ivory dust, iron filings, coal dust, sea weeds and bones, are now turned to good uses. The dead body of a horse, which owners were formerly in haste to put out of sight, is now used for various purposes. The mane and tail are used for hair cloths, sieves, bow strings and brushes. The hide is converted into leather for cart harness, for boots and shoes, for strong collars and base balls. The hoofs are used for combs, horn work, glass and hartsborn. Oils and fats are rendered from the flesh. The stomach and intestines make serviceable strings for musical instruments.

Buttons, toys, knife handles, dominoes and rulers are made of the bones, and the residue is then burned into bone-black, for refining purposes. Some parts of the bone-black are being used for the assayers by use in testing precious metals. The residue of bone-black are converted into phosphates, which prove an invaluable remedy in wasting pulmonary diseases.

Before the discovery of celluloid, the teeth were used in a variety of ways. Ingenuity and economy of this character have but to be practiced in our household affairs, in order to obtain or insure a competence, however large or limited our incomes.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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ORIENTAL BRASS-WORKS.

What a Traveler in the Far East Finds in the Way of Pots and Kettles.

The brass platters and dishes and table-tops with which our art shops have lately been so full chiefly come from Cairo, says The London Globe. The incessant clatter of workers in brass is one of the most striking and agreeable experiences of a first visit to the hazy bazaars. The work goes on under your eyes, and your ears are annoyed with the noise of an incessant and irritating industry. In front of the shops you can see the men squatting at their work, marking out with compasses the pattern on the brass disk or engraving the conventional tracery which decorates the segments. These men are generally good craftsmen and earn sums varying from 10 pence to 3 shillings a piece a day. But in the back parts of the shop the hammer is clink incessantly. The hammers are chiefly of iron, they get no part, only their feet. They are trying, they practice hands, and much of the stuff they turn out finds its way to the London and Paris shops. Connoisseurs in brass readily recognize the distinction between Persian work and Arab work. The best Persian is done at Bagdad, Teheran, and Isphahan, and is mostly repousse. The worst is what is sold at Cairo, and is chiefly imported from Damascus. A certain amount of Persian work is done at Damascus itself, by a colony of Persian artificers who have settled there. But all this inferior work is destined for the English, or at least for the European market. There is one clear distinction between the two kinds, intelligible even to the least learned fanatical. In Persia brass work you frequently find figures—whether of birds, or animals, or men—introduced into the pattern. In Arab work this scarcely ever occurs. The reason is that the Arabs are much stricter or Mohammedans, and literally interpret and obey the injunction of the Koran, which forbids the reproduction of images of what is in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.

Of this Arab engraved work it may be safely said that the best pieces are always dated. The workmen who execute a very different class to the workers in the bazaars. They are artists, and devote themselves to producing perfect pieces, which are, as a rule, ordered for special occasions. It is for this reason that, while bad work is very plentiful, the best kind, really artistically executed, is rarely met with. The good workmen date the pieces which they produce, and these dates are almost invariably correct. The cause is not so much due to national honesty as to revenue regulations. The dish as a piece of art manufacture has to pay a tax to the government. A mark is stamped on it to show that the workman puts the date above the mark. The government, mark, collect the tax, and devote themselves to producing perfect pieces, which are, as a rule, ordered for special occasions. It is for this reason that, while bad work is very plentiful, the best kind, really artistically executed, is rarely met with. The good workmen date the pieces which they produce, and these dates are almost invariably correct. The cause is not so much due to national honesty as to revenue regulations. The dish as a piece of art manufacture has to pay a tax to the government. A mark is stamped on it to show that the workman puts the date above the mark.

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Large bottles of cut glass have silver tops, which, opening, reveal glass stoppers, and smaller bottles in the same style have cork stoppers. The latter are being used as a novelty, but in the estimation of some ladies they are not so pretty as the dainty corks of satin and lace, the silver standard giving a stiff appearance. The newest fad for the toilet-table is a small jar in silver, which is of open work in silver of graceful design in arabesque and supported by two winged Cupids; the bowl in which the flowers are placed is gilded and shows through the open-work, producing a very pretty effect. Glove-stretchers and glove-powders, beautifully chased, are \$16 each, and shoe-heads and button-books have handles in innumerable designs. Here, again, the silver button-books are Russian and come at \$16, while the horns may be had as low as \$8 and are etched by hand. Chased by hand they come as high as \$31. A jewel-box of chased silver, having plate glass in the cover, is \$125, and a manicure set of eleven pieces, chased, in a box of similar workmanship, is \$200. The design on the cover of this letter box is an exquisite one of roses, daisies, buttercups, and ferns—a veritable bit of nature.

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Mrs. Cleveland's Stationery.

Mrs. Cleveland uses different kinds of stationery according to the character of the note. Sometimes she uses very small notepaper with "Executive Mansion" printed in blue letters at the head of the paper and the upper left-hand corner of the envelope and seals it with white wax stamped with her monogram: "E. F. C." On another kind of notepaper, small and fine finished, she has only her initials in small gold type. A third style has the words "Executive Mansion, Washington," in small silver letters on both the envelope and paper. Her favorite paper is blue tinted and has in one corner of the paper the national shield in colors and the words "White House" on the envelope. This she uses for particular friends.—Philadelphia Times.

SILVER ALL THE RAGE.

Toilet Sets for \$1,000—Perfume Bottles \$50 a Pair—Other Costly Novelties.

It seems as if all small articles nowadays, both useful and ornamental, are made of silver. Says The New York Mail and Express, it is no longer decorated with the necessary implements of this metal, but it has found its way to my lady's dressing room, and in time may descend below the dining-room, even to the kitchen, where, like the Mexicans, the Americans will have their food cooked in silver saucepans.

But just now silver toilet articles are the rage, and for the sum of \$1,000 a very handsome set may be purchased in solid silver. This includes two hair-brushes, a hand-mirror, powder-box, dressing-comb, a hat-brush and clothes-brush, hair-pin-tray, jewel-box, and a pair of cut-glass bottles with silver-topped stoppers set in silver casters, besides a few manicure implements. This set is in the latest design of chased work which comprises flowers, cupid-knots, musical instruments and Cupids, the silver having what is called the stone finish, which is neither bright nor dull, but something between. The powder-box is cup shape, lined with gold, and has a closely-fitting cover; the jewel-box is oval, and the small silver tray, also oval, is also \$30. A powder-box in this style is \$100, a single brush \$42, and a hand-mirror \$100, but the work is so beautiful that the prices do not seem large, and one dealer says he has such a demand for it that he can hardly make it fast enough. Some hair-pin-trays from Russia in silver gilt, and enamelled in brilliant colors—making everything else look dull in comparison—are \$30 each; the same thing, also Russian, in black enamel, the same price. A very handsome hand-mirror in the colored enamel, but almost too heavy for use, is \$120. A less heavy mirror of chased silver is in the rococo style, which being the predominant fashion in furniture just at present, it is not natural that it should extend to silver also. This particular mirror has on the back a design for arabesques and flowers, set with the "barbaric pearl," irregularly shaped, each being as large as two peas, and a border of these pearls on the edge, set about two inches apart, the setting tinged with gold. It is both unique and handsome, and is valued at \$400.

A small silver tray, chased, which may be hung on the wall or laid on the table, has a velvet-covered receptacle for a watch, and a pen-cushion with a silver foundation are from \$25 upward. The latter article is a novelty, but in the estimation of some ladies they are not so pretty as the dainty corks of satin and lace, the silver standard giving a stiff appearance. The newest fad for the toilet-table is a small jar in silver, which is of open work in silver of graceful design in arabesque and supported by two winged Cupids; the bowl in which the flowers are placed is gilded and shows through the open-work, producing a very pretty effect. Glove-stretchers and glove-powders, beautifully chased, are \$16 each, and shoe-heads and button-books have handles in innumerable designs. Here, again, the silver button-books are Russian and come at \$16, while the horns may be had as low as \$8 and are etched by hand. Chased by hand they come as high as \$31. A jewel-box of chased silver, having plate glass in the cover, is \$125, and a manicure set of eleven pieces, chased, in a box of similar workmanship, is \$200. The design on the cover of this letter box is an exquisite one of roses, daisies, buttercups, and ferns—a veritable bit of nature.

Large bottles of cut glass have silver tops, which, opening, reveal glass stoppers, and smaller bottles in the same style have cork stoppers. The latter are being used as a novelty, but in the estimation of some ladies they are not so pretty as the dainty corks of satin and lace, the silver standard giving a stiff appearance. The newest fad for the toilet-table is a small jar in silver, which is of open work in silver of graceful design in arabesque and supported by two winged Cupids; the bowl in which the flowers are placed is gilded and shows through the open-work, producing a very pretty effect. Glove-stretchers and glove-powders, beautifully chased, are \$16 each, and shoe-heads and button-books have handles in innumerable designs. Here, again, the silver button-books are Russian and come at \$16, while the horns may be had as low as \$8 and are etched by hand. Chased by hand they come as high as \$31. A jewel-box of chased silver, having plate glass in the cover, is \$125, and a manicure set of eleven pieces, chased, in a box of similar workmanship, is \$200. The design on the cover of this letter box is an exquisite one of roses, daisies, buttercups, and ferns—a veritable bit of nature.

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