DYING FIRES.

[Edward A. Fuller.]

The log on which the hearth-fire long has fed
Is nigh consumed, and now the flame burns low,
With one faint blaze of feeble, flickering red,
That ghostly figures on the wall doth throw.
But how the wind comes breathing soft along,
It flames again and lights the gloom about,
Then lower sinks, as quick the wind is gone,
Then flick'ring fades and with a puff goes out.

Love's fire, for long has fed upon the heart,
And nigh consumed it through a feeble flame
From out the ashes now and then doth start,
Casting weird shadows on the troubled brain.
But mem'ry's wind comes breathing softly by,
It glows again and for a time is bright,
Then the thought passes and lips sadly sigh,
As it dies out and leaves behind but night.

WOMAN AND HOME.

HOW HOUSEKEEPING MAY BE CONDUCTED SYSTEMATICALLY.

A Few Health Hints—Novelties of Fashion—Something for Young Ladies to Do—The New Orleans Exposition — Brevities.

[Eben E. Rexford in Western Plowman.]

Housekeeping should be conducted on system. No business is well conducted without systematic rules which are strictly adhered to. Housekeeping is as much a business as bookkeeping, though I think but few housekeepers ever look at it in that light.

There should be a place for everything, to begin with. A great deal of vexation, of loss of time, and extra labor, arises from not having things where they belong. If you are in a hurry to find anything it generally happens that it can't be found; or, if found, it has to be hunted for. This can all be avoided by forming the habit of putting each article in its proper place, and keeping it there, when not in use. It is an easy matter to do this when once that habit is formed. Do not allow yourself to "lay anything down" wherever it "comes handy to do so." If your kitchen has not conveniences of the kind required, make them, or get them made. Insist on having a set of small drawers in which to keep spices, etc., near your mixing table. Have these drawers labeled plainly. Have a place by itself for such vessels as you use in baking and other cooking. Never let these vessels get into any other department. Have a place near the mixing-table and the flour bin or barrel for sugar, and salt, and raisins—in short for everything used in cooking. This concentrates your labor; there will be no necessity for running here and there for what is wanted. When you want anything, you know where it is. Let the idea of a place for everything and everything in its place be carried out in all departments of the household.

To reduce housekeeping to a system, you must arrange your work after a plan, and let this plan be adhered to. Take it up in an orderly way—not, as so many do—in a jumble, doing a little of this now, and then a little of that, or trying to do a half dozen things at the same time. Get one thing out of the way before you begin another. Think your work over and decide the order in which it can done to the best advantage, and, having ascertained from experiment, what that order is, make it the daily programme. In a short time you will see household matters moving like clock-work. There will be no clash, no confusion.

In doing housework, it should be the aim of the housekeeper to save time and labor, as far as possible. Where one step will answer never take two. By having things in their proper place, and knowing just what is to be done, at a particular time, you can economize time and labor to a great extent. I know of women who will make half a dozen trips to the cellar where one would be sufficient if they worked as well with their heads as they do with their hands. They do not take the trouble to think, before going to the cellar or store-room for one thing, that several other things will be required from that place. All might be brought at the same time, and thus much time saved and many steps. It pays to think these things out.

The kitchen should be roomy. No woman can do housework well in small, cluttered-up rooms. Let it be arranged as conveniently as possible. Have a pump from the cistern and, if possible, the well, also. Have a good stove, and one large enough to do all the work required of it without crowding. The wood-shed should be convenient, and there should always be a supply there. Good wood, too. Every housekeeper should insist on that. If the cellar is not convenient, have as much as possible of the articles which would naturally be kept there, stored in a room on the same floor as the kitchen, if there is one that can be used for such a purpose, to avoid climbing stairs. Keep supplies of table linen, towels, etc., in a chest or bureau where they will always be at hand.

Have a room for the accommodation of dirty clothes, and teach the children to put all their soiled garments there when they are exchanged for clean ones. This will remove the necessity of making a trip to every room on washing-day. Insist on having the occupants of each room strip the bed clothing from the beds and hang before the window to air, on arising. If this is done, by the time the morning work is out of the way in the kitchen the chamber-work can be attended to. By making it the rule to have everything in its proper place, other members of the family than the housekeeper can find needed articles readily, and without throwing everything into confusion.

Let the bill of fare be varied from day to day. When you get hold of a good receipt, put it in a scrap-book, which should be kept in every kitchen. In a short time you will have a large number of receipts which you can rely on, and reference to this will suggest variations in the daily food. Never admit anything but a tested and reliable receipt. Every kitchen should have a set of measures and scales for use in making cakes and other articles which must be compounded carefully and accurately as regard proportions.

Have everything about the house as "handy" as possible. If you can't get the "men-folks" to help you in making things "handy" and convenient, study out what you want done, and when you have decided just what you want, set a carpenter at work for a day. The head of the family will quite likely prefer to hire a man, rather than "potter" at the work himself, and it will be much better for you to have him do so, for you can make the carpenter carry out your ideas, and sometimes the "men-folks" won't do that, thinking they know better what should be done than you do.

How to Keep Warm.

[Dr. Mary A. Allen in Good Cheer.]

"But the more I exercise, the colder I am."

"You probably do not use judgment in your exercising. You try to do too much at once. Begin by opening your windows, and exercising for a few minutes in your room. This is not as good as exercising out-of-doors, but it has this advantage, that you are always at home when you discover that you are tired. Close the windows and keep moving slowing about, until your room has regained its temperature, which should not be allowed to raise above 70 degrees. Continue to increase the length of these indoor exercises daily, until you feel that you can venture out for a few minutes each day. Remember, in coming in from a walk, never to remove your wraps at once, but, keeping away from the fire, wait until you are thoroughly warm. Then you can take off your out-door garments without fear of taking cold.

"To increase the heat of your body you must eat good, wholesome, nourishing food such as whole wheat bread, oat meal, plain meat and vegetables, abjuring pickles and condiments, which are a source of irritation and not of warmth. Add to these measures daily friction of the surface of the body, deep breathing, loose clothing and plenty of sleep in a pure atmosphere, and I will warrant that you will soon begin to improve in the power to produce heat, and instead of shivering at every breath of air, you will court the tonic breezes, and really enjoy a tussle with rough old Boreas himself."

A Solution Suggested.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Many young women, restless and dissatisfied in their father's houses, chafing under the restrictions of narrow means which barely suffice to keep them in the idleness supposed to be demanded by their social position, yet unable to obtain employment consonant with that position and their assumed mental ability, might find in the course suggested a solution of their woes. Let them illustrate the much-vaunted value of co-operation by putting their labor, their only capital, into the family partnership. They can find outside no productive investment for it; let them make it conservative.

The services they would perform have a recognized pecuniary value which they would be justified in demanding, and though the immediate gain in money may not seem large, they will find by comparison with the average wages received by young women who have their board to pay that they clear quite as much. But the immediate gain is not the greatest advantage of this plan. The economic reforms they would naturally introduce would still further expand the family income, and possibly lay the foundation for a permanent improvement of fortune.

It is pleasant to think how many nuisances would be abolished if it once became fashionable for young ladies to supplant the ignorant housemaids and cooks.

Educating Young Ladies.

[New York Cor. Syracuse Journal.]

I have heard my mother say that, when she was a pupil of the famous Mrs. Emma Willard at Troy, every girl in the school was obliged, in turn, to receive the other pupils and teachers, as though they were her guests. What an ordeal for a young girl to pass through; but the severe criticisms of Mrs. Willard (a lady accustomed to the highest society at home and abroad), her ideas of dress, deportment, personal grace, etc., were invaluable. Why, do not our teachers of girls attend more to the personal polishing of their pupils, and give them less finish in the "ologies," physics and the dead languages! Why not inaugurate classes in walking, running, leaping, etc., to make young women walk with an airy grace! You know that the dress reformers talk of the bondage of women's petticoats, etc. Well, there is a good deal in it, yet a woman can dress sensibly, and be within the bonds of fashion, too. Pardon this sermon on the art of walking well for women. Just notice the gait of our sisters, when you are next in the street. No two walk alike. You will find it an amusing, possibly an instructive diversion.

A Vagary of the Toilet.

[Courier-Journal.]

One of the vagaries of the toilets of fashionable women nowadays is the adoption by many of some distinctive feature of attire which, unconspicuous at the beginning, soon becomes remarked by continued and unswerving repetition. One leader of society is never seen without a bunch of lilies of the valley as a breast knot. In summer or winter, on the promenade or in the ball-room, through all the passing fashions in flowers, these tiny waxen bells are her un varying insignia.

A well-known belle affects white costumes at evening entertainments to the exclusion of all others, and another wears at every ball a small bird in her hair the color of its plumage matching or harmonizing with her costume. At Richfield last summer a Philadelphia girl, a blonde with a peculiar creamy complexion, distinguished herself by her black toilets. Tulle, face, silks, satins and velvet were taxed to aid the variety, but the hue was the same—dead, unrelieved black—and thanks to her own beauty and her dressmaker's cleverness the caprice was not fatal to the effect.

Matrimony and Wealth.

[Chicago Woman's World.]

"How many women out of every 100 would reject the money bribe in an offer of marriage?" asks a correspondent. A very large percentage of them. Our girls brought up to regard fashion and display as the crowning triumph of life might be expected to look for wealth in a husband as of the first importance. And they really think they do so regard it until their affections are aroused; then it is utterly forgotten. Nay, more, the poverty of a lover nine times out of ten so operates on the sympathies of the girl as to increase her affections and induce her to take all sorts of imprudent risks for his sake. Of course there are women who eventually sell themselves in marriage, not only for great wealth, but for the smaller bribe of a simple support; but they do not do so until after such struggles as prove to them that hearts are valueless in this wooden world. Nor would many of them do so even then if their chances for making their own support were as good as men have.

A Decided Improvement.

[London Cor. Manchester Courier.]

The class which was formerly the most wretched next to needle women was that of "lodging-house slave." But here there is a decided improvement. Twenty-five years ago a lodging-house servant would be kept up till any hour at night to bring the lodgers their supper, and would rarely get a holiday; now the usual stipulation made by a girl, when engaging herself, is that she shall not be expected to answer the bell after 10 o'clock at night, or be required to rise until 6 o'clock in the morning, and that she shall have alternate Sunday afternoons at her own disposal. The poor girl's life is thus rendered endurable.

The cause of this improvement is that there is less competition for employment among women of the working classes than was formerly the case, and this enables them to make better terms for themselves. There being less competition is probably due partly to the opening of new occupations to women and partly to emigration.

Note Paper in Colors.

[New York Mail and Express.]

"Stationery used by ladies," said a dealer to a reporter. "Includes a variety of tints and oddities, such as silver gray, terra cotta, marguerite, azure white, shrimp, lavender, turquoise, cafe, sea shell, tea rose, court grey, opaline, crushed strawberry, drab, cadet blue, cream and olive. Of these, white, cream, azure and olive are most in vogue. In size, octavo takes the lead—the envelope being nearly square. White and cream with fancy artistic initials at the center top of the sheets, is most popular. These initials are embossed and illuminated with gold, silver and carmine. Paper having embossed monograms is also much used. Linen papers are preferred by many and consequently have a good sale. Pomonais the name of a new writing paper, having for a tint what is termed winter sky. The surface is smooth and quality extra fine."

At the Exposition.

[New Orleans Cor. Inter Ocean.]

In the woman's departments we found much to admire, and our disposition to criticise disappeared before its general success and excellence. It is plain that the women all over our country are rapidly learning not only their rights, but their ability to excel men in the creation of the beautiful, and to equal them in useful inventions, and the successful conduct of the ordinary business of life. We found southern women who managed factories, stores, and plantations, and took good care of inefficient husbands, dependent brothers, and helpless children.

What struck us particularly was the exhibit by the colored women. We thought it superior indeed to that of certain of our northern states to which white women have contributed so much labor, genius, and money. It will hardly do, we thought, to doubt longer the capacity for improvement of the colored people of the south. We saw a steam engine made wholly and entirely by a poor ignorant black man. If these men and women without training and education, can accomplish such results in what will they come short of the whites in that prosperous future which their own industry and capacity may bring them!

Gorgeous Table Setting.

[Philadelphia Times.]

It is doubtful if there is a city in the country where there is so much luxury of the table as in Philadelphia, or where so much attention is given to dinner table decoration. Of late there has been a rage for what may be termed dinner-table bric-a-brac. It is probable that Mrs. George W. Childs has the finest table decorations in Philadelphia. She has a great many very choice things, such as large platteaux, carved vases, candelabra and gold ornaments for the center of the table that are as fine as can be procured in Europe.

She is said to have one of the finest collections of dinner plates in the country—Sevres, Worcester, Derby, Dresden, Minton and Copelands—and a great variety, no two as a rule are alike and each a gem. Many of her plates have cost several hundred dollars a dozen. She gives orders to people of experience to be on the lookout for very rare specimens. It is said that for a dinner of twenty persons Mrs. Childs can, without any difficulty, set a table the decorations of which alone will represent expenditure of $30,000 or $40,000.

A Pertinent Question.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

It would seem to be one of the first offices of the "higher education" to sweep away those absurd distinctions that offend good sense. Why should a blooming young college graduate who will recite to you glibly the chemical nature of butter and cheese, and the process by which bread is made light and digestible, disdain to conduct these purely chemical operations in her father's house, and yet think it no shame to assist in a chemist's laboratory as a "hired help."

An Infallible Test.

The Scientific American gives the following as a simple and infallible test for oleomargarine: "Stir a little—half a teaspoonful or less—of the suspected butter in enough sulphuric ether to dissolve it. By the time the grease is dissolved the ether will have evaporated and the residuum will show, to smell or taste, whether it is butter, lard or tallow. Five cents' worth of ether will suffice for several tests."

Natural Children.

[Helen Wilmans.]

Talk about spiritual children, and children in advance of their age; give me natural children; blessed, delightful little human pigs; babies with as much shape as summer squashes, bi-furcated watermelons, stomachs on legs, little digestive machines, converting food into sweet, healthy flesh, with its dimples and laughter, and anybody may have the spiritual children that wants them.

Voice and Refinement.

[Exchange.]

A truly refined and cultured woman may have a loud, rasping voice, but the writer has never yet chanced upon such a rare creature. Mothers should check in their youngest as well as in their older children the harsh utterances that proclaim to the world the lack of innate refinement, as well as the absence of proper maternal training.

Beauty and Its Preservation.

[Sacramento Record-Union.]

Grief, as well as all agitation of the mind, is detrimental to beauty. Too much excitement of the tear ducts dims the eyes, and traces of the working of the passions are left upon the face. Those persons who are happily gifted with an equable temperament grow old much less quickly than those whose dispositions are reversed.

They Don't Wait.

[Peck's Sun.]

"Smelling bottles cause red noses and watery eyes," says a New York doctor. That may perhaps scare the ladies a little, but it is a fact that men with extra cochineal noses seldom smell of bottles. They don't wait to smell.

To Cleanse Marble.

[Scientific American.]

A paste formed of whiting and benzine will cleanse marble from grease, and one made of whiting and chloride of soda, spread and left to dry, in the sun if possible, on the marble, will remove stains.

Flower Weddings.

Flower weddings are to be all the rage in London this spring. They are termed thus because the bridesmaids at each wedding will be dressed to represent some spring flower.

Among Rhode Island's exhibits at the New Orleans exposition is a heavy steel chain forged by a female blacksmith of that state.

Typical Western Fertility.

[Providence News.]

The following story of an engineer on a western railway shows how fast the country is growing. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the truth of the story, but we do not hesitate to say that it is "not much of a story" compared with that told by the western man who makes an effort:

"One day I was driving my engine over the prairie at the rate of forty miles an hour, without a house in sight, and supposing the nearest town to be thirty miles distant. But as I glanced ahead I was astonished to see that I was approaching a large city. I rubbed my eyes, thinking it was a mirage.

"'Jim,' says I to the fireman, 'what's this place?'

"'Blamed if I know!' says Jim, staring out of the cab. 'I declare, if there ain't a new town growed up here since we went over the line yesterday!'

"'I believe you are right, Jim. Ring the bell or we shall run over somebody!'

"So I slowed up, and we pulled into a large depot where mor'n 500 people were waiting to see the first train come into the place. The conductor learned the name of the town, put it down on the schedule, and we went on.

"'Jim,' says I, as we pulled out, 'keep your eyes open for new towns. First thing you know we'll be runnin' by some strange place.'

"'That's so,' says Jim. 'An' hadn't we better git one of the brakemen to watch out on the rear platform for towns that spring up after the engine gets by?'"

The Chloral Habit.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

Life insurance companies are careful to inquire into the habits of those that apply for policies. The latter are asked if stimulants are regularly taken and also as to the use of tobacco and opium. Some of the companies have added chloral to the list of the inhibited articles.

Cod Liver Oil Superseded.

[Scientific American.]

Turtle oil is suggested as a substitute for cod liver oil. The oil is of a yellowish color, and at the ordinary temperatures in this country forms a thick, finely granular fluid, in consistence something like olive oil partly congealed. A gentle heat renders this oil clear and transparent. It possesses little odor or taste, and does not quickly turn rancid. Taken in warm milk it is not so objectionable as cod liver oil.

The Pharmaceutical Journal is informed that turtle oil has been used with the most beneficial results in all cases where cod liver oil was indicated, in persons to whom the nutritive process was defective, in children of strumous disposition, in the sequelæ of scarlet fever, in measles and other acute specific diseases. It has proved of the greatest service in scrofulous affections of the eyes, nose and other parts; and has been most beneficial in chronic bronchitis, gout, rheumatism and syphilitic affections; but more particularly useful in phthisis pulmonalis, in all its stages. Turtle oil is borne well by the stomach, causing neither nausea, eructations, dyspepsia or diarrhœa.

COLD FEET.

CAUSED BY IMPROPER TREATMENT AND LACK OF ATTENTION.

How Headache Is Often Occasioned—Perspiration and the Remedy Therefor—Hot Water Cure—Discomfort of the Conventional Shoe.

[Chicago News Interview.]

"Improper treatment of the feet and lack of attention to their needs is the cause of many disorders and nervous affections," remarked a physician the other day to a young school teacher who had applied to him to get relief for "cold feet and headaches." "Now, the person who has cold feet is almost sure to have a headache," he continued, "for the fact that the feet are cold shows that the circulation is weak. The blood not circulating freely in the extremities crowds into the upper portion of the body, and the pressure on the blood-vessels of the head, of course, occasions headache. Feet that are almost constantly cold tend to cause congestion of the internal organs. The blood-vessels of these cold feet become narrowed by the lack of flow of the vital fluid to them, thus perpetuating and increasing the difficulty. Those who are troubled in this way should take plenty of exercise in the open air and soak their feet in warm water every night. This counteracts the tendency to congestion, enlarges the vessels, and helps permanently to relieve the feet of their special tendency to coldness.

"Feet that perspire and emit a bad odor should be washed every night too. After they have been bathed a 2 per cent. solution of carbolic acid should be applied. The stockings, too, should be changed daily and the boots should have inner soles that can be taken out each day and likewise dipped in a 2 per cent. solution of carbolic acid. The reason that this process is necessary is that the bad odor is due to microscopic organisms and the acid kills them. The soldiers of the Bavarian army are required to bathe their feet every day, and rub them with a pomade composed of two parts of salicylic acid in 100 parts mutton tallow, to prevent perspiration. Each soldier is provided with twenty-nine grammes of this pomade.

"Most feet can be kept soft and healthy by soaking them in water as hot as can be borne before retiring, using ammonia and soap freely. They should then be rubbed briskly with a rough bath towel, and glycerine, mixed with an equal part of carbolic acid 2 per cent. strong, applied to them. Mutton or beef tallow will do instead of the glycerine.

"Another thing that helps keep the feet cold is the conventional shoe. Even if the shoes you wear are large enough, which they very seldom are, they would pull the muscles of the feet awry, pinch up the bones in one place and let them spread out in another until they could have no natural action, and, consequently, the circulation is interfered with. Yes, yes, I know," the physician added, testily, as the young lady opened her mouth in a mild protest, "that a loose shoe could be quite as uncomfortable as a tight one. I know the shoe ought to fit as closely as the stocking, and that a loose-fitting shoe is quite as productive of corns and discomfort as one that pinches. But where it should be tight, young lady, is around the ankle, across the instep, around the arch of the foot and the heel. But the front half should have a large sole and a loose upper. Then the bones in that part of your foot will have plenty of room for movement. With the kind of shoes you are now wearing these bones are all squeezed together and the joints almost telescoped. Of course your feet can't help being cold. No; I can't give you any medicine for it. Get yourself a sensible pair of boots, take care of your feet as I have advised you, and you'll have no more trouble.

A Dollar's Worth.

[Detroit Free Press.]

That's one of the benefits of being an orphan," he said to the bootblack at the post-office yesterday. "I was coming across the street when a horse driven by a plumber knocked me down and walked all over me."

"Who are you?" says the man, as he pulls up.

"Jim Taylor," says I, as I digs up through the mud.

"How much are ye hurte'd?"

"A dollar's worth."

"Who's yer pap?"

"Haven't got any. You must settle this 'are case with me alone."

"He settled and I gin him a receipt. Now if I had any old folks he'd have gone to a lawyer, and we'd have had to sue, and if the case ever got before a jury his lawyer would have proved me blind in both eyes and a horse-thief to boot. Nothin' like bein' yer own boss and settlin' all fatal injuries on the spot fur ready cash."

"Genuine Counterfeit" Half Dollars.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Genuine counterfeits" are the latest novelty in the east. A number of counterfeit half dollars have been found in circulation in Boston and New York, which have the same intrinsic value as the coin that comes from the mint. They contain the same amount of silver, are of just the same weight and fineness as the half dollars made by Uncle Sam, but they are still counterfeits and cannot be circulated as money because of their being made by private individuals instead of the government. However, the man who gets one of these counterfeits need not feel very bad over it, as he has 41 cents worth of silver, and has only been cheated out of 9 cents. It is worth as much as a Canadian piece of the same denomination.

A Distinctionless Difference.

[Chicago News.]

Johnny was in the habit of taking a bite of bread and washing it down with a swallow of milk.

"Johnny, you mustn't eat that way."

"Why not, maw?"

"Because it isn't healthful."

"It won't hurt me if I break the bread in the milk and eat it with a spoon, will it, maw?"

"No, Johnny, that's bread and milk, and bread and milk is always wholesome."

There are some thinks that Johnny isn't old enough to understand, and probably never will be.

Reformatory Measures.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, after exploring the heathen and hells of Boston, Chicago, Paris, Brooklyn and New York, suggests that the problem of great cities may be to some extent solved by passing laws requiring all children to be at home by 9 o'clock at night, forbidding the exposure of papers filled with pictures and records of crime, forbidding the sale of liquor and tobacco to minors, requiring instruction in the laws of health, requiring compulsory education.

A Powerful Sight.

[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

If the bad little boys ever got into the United States senate chamber and yelled out, "Go up, old bald head!" it would take a powerful sight of bears to do justice to the occasion.

A BENEFACTOR OF HIS RACE.

House-Cleaning Reduced to a Science—The Usual Discomfort Avoided.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Down in the pretty town of Mount Vernon, Ohio, house-cleaning has been reduced to a regular systematized business, and the housekeepers there are now contemplating the season of sweet springtime with that dread of impending calamity which makes every Pittsburg housekeeper's heart grow chill and heavy when the buds begin to swell and the violets to bloom. As the story goes, a well-educated man from England settled there, and tried to get employment, but in vain. Times were dull, and his prospects grew darker and darker. As it happened, one day he heard two ladies discoursing on how difficult it was to get help and how "girls" would persist in getting "run down," and needing a rest, and going home to their mothers or their sisters until house-cleaning was over. This gave him an idea, which he put in practice at once. He secured some competent help and went into the house-cleaning business, which has grown and flourished, and is pronounced by every woman who can afford to employ him a "Godsend and a blessing."

With a competent corps of assistants he will undertake to clean a house and leave it in first class order in a day, unless painting or something of that sort is required, which takes more time. They will take possession early in the morning, and by night the ceilings have been calcimined, the walls have been papered, the carpets have been renovated and put down, the furniture has been cleaned and polished, and so quick and deft have the workers become that housekeepers gaze at them in amazement. And, as we are told the firm is responsible for any damage or loss, and are so thoroughly reliable and trustworthy that the mistress of the mansion can go away on a visit and come home to a house thoroughly cleaned and renovated from garret to cellar.

If carpets are to be changed, or turned around, or pieced, or mended, it is done. Curtains are washed and put up, blinds are hung, mattresses renovated, bed-clothes are washed, the cellar cleaned, in short everything in the way of a thorough house-cleaning is done up with neatness and dispatch by competent, trained hands who know exactly what to do and how to do it, in the shortest possible time and at reasonable rates, such as plain, every-day people can afford to pay for being spared the yearly pull-up and drag-out, and haul-over with all the attendant discomforts and disgusting details incident to the ordinary style of house-cleaning.

Anecdote of Ex-Senator Bruce.

[Ben: Perley Poore in Boston Budget.]

Blanche K. Bruce, whose signature as register of the treasury now graces every national bank bill, was very popular while he was in the senate, although he is of African descent. Unobtrusive, attentive to business and modest, he conquered the prejudices against his race and was treated with marked courtesy by his associates. One day, after he had been a senator for two years or more, Senator Bogy, the aristocratic descendant of one of the old French families of St. Louis, took a seat by his side, saying: "Mr. Bruce, I have a bill here I want you to vote for. It is one in which I have a great personal interest. It has nothing political in it. Look at it and tell me what you think."

Bruce laughed as he said: "Senator Bogy, I hope we shall arrange this more satisfactorily than our last business transaction." "Our last business transaction! What do you mean?" "Don't you remember meeting me before my coming to the senate?" "Most decidedly no." "I think I can refresh your memory, senator. Some twenty years ago you were one day running down Olive street in a hurry to catch a steamer. You were carrying a very heavy valise. The day was very hot. Don't you remember the colored boy who came up and offered to carry the valise down to the levee for a quarter? You ran along with the boy. Soon the wharf dock was reached. The boat was just swinging out. You ran and jumped on board. You called for the valise. The colored boy put the valise behind his back and called for his quarter. You hunted, fished out a quarter and tossed it ashore; but the gap was too wide to toss the valise. The captain had to stop the boat and back up before you could get your valise. Do you remember that?" "Well, I should say I do." "I was that colored boy."

A Queer News Item.

[Norristown Herald.]

A very funny item of news was telegraphed from London a few days ago. It stated: "Society is greatly exercised over the suicide of a young Englishman whose name is for the present concealed from the press. He was recently married, and lately lost $250 000 gambling at Monaco." His name is "concealed from the press," eh! In this country, in a case of that kind, the press would be the first to get hold of his name. It would be as impossible to keep his name concealed from the press when society was exercised over his suicide, as it would be to dam Niagara—if not more so.

A Humiliating Fact.

[Chicago Ledger.]

The nineteenth century has been prolific in thought and discovery. Civilization has advanced with sure and rapid stride; but with all our progress in science, art, mechanism, politics, horse-racing, and so forth, the humiliating fact cannot be dodged that a reliable test for coming at the age of a spring chicken is one of the things that the best brains of futurity alone can evolve.

Poor Jimmy.

[Life.]

Uncle John—Well, Jimmy, have you enjoyed yourself to-day?

Jimmy—No, I haven't. I've had a miserable day.

Uncle John—Miserable day? How's that?

Jimmy—Aunt Betsey told me to eat all the dinner I wanted, and I couldn't.

It is said that Flying Dutchman, a trotter under the saddle of the olden time, stepped twenty-two feet.

BILL ARP on TEXAS.

What the Georgia Philosopher Says of the Lone Star State.

[Cor. Atlanta Constitution.]

I said that I saw no pleasant inviting country homes in middle Texas, no white houses with green blinds and a broad veranda with vines running up the trellaces and evergreens in the front yard. But I never saw more attractive homes than they have in the towns and suburbs. They have splendid court houses and jails and public school buildings, much finer and costlier than any in Georgia. These Texans do what they do in a grand style. They are well up with all the advances of modern times. I find the telephone everywhere and it is used much more than the telegraph—one can go to the telephone in his hotel in any of the towns and converse with any other town 100 miles away. There are ten times as many telephones in Texas as in Georgia. A friend of mine while in Gainesville talked to his family in Sherman and then to his agents in Waco and Dallas. He is in the lumber business, and when a man in Denison inquired by telephone what he would sell him two car-loads of shingles for, he immediately telephoned a shingle man at Texarkana and got his reply, and then answered the Denison man, and said he made $54 by the transaction. The telephone is hurting the telegraph badly. It is hurting the street cars, too. A man used to get on the cars and ride a half mile to see a man, but he don't now. There are 340 telephones in Sherman and more in Dallas, and as many in Gainesville. They are everywhere in this country and all the towns are tied together by it.

Now I am here in Denison, in northern Texas, and find this a much better country for advanced agriculture and horticulture. I never saw any orchards south of Fort Worth, but this region is full of them. They make fruit a specialty and it is a lucrative occupation. Vineyards, and orchards, and large areas of strawberries and other small fruits may be seen all around the city. It is not a prairie country like middle Texas, but is gently undulating and has a rich, deep soil that needs no fertilizer.

But there is one thing lacking here, and that is manufactures. There are no steam whistles except on the locomotives. There is nothing done in Texas except farming and cattle raising and merchandise. This is a fine field for the manufacturer to occupy. Train load after train loaded with wheat goes north and passes just as many trains coming back with flour. But they don't care—money is plenty and it goes free and easy. When I smoked cigars in Georgia I was ashamed to pay more than a nickel for one but you can't find a nickel cigar here. They are 10 cents or three for 25 cents, and it is the same way with everything. Lumber is $18 per 100. They used to weather-board their houses with rawhides but they don't now.

Texas is cosmopolitan. People from every land are here, but the native Texan prevails and rules. An immigrant has to live here for years before they will trust him. I used to hear that our boys would come back to Georgia if they could, but they don't talk that way to me. They love to talk about old Georgia but they don't want to go back. An old settler told me that for a long time they used to skin our boys when they came and swindle them out of what they brought here, and that kept them from going back for they had nothing to go back on, and so they went to work and after a while got reconciled.

A Cowboy's Whip.

[New York Sun.]

"The hilarious cowboy has tastes which we are constantly endeavoring to cultivate and satisfy. Here is the latest effort in that line," said a Chambers street dealer in horse jewelry. He held in his hand a peculiar whip. There was a metal stock seven inches long, in the butt of which was a heavy whistle. Pulling out the whistle, he revealed a capacious match safe, and when he let go of the whistle a spring popped it back in place, where it closed the match safe. Around the stock was a short throng of lacing leather which made a loop just large enough to hold two fingers of the cowboy's hand. The other end of the stock terminated in a tapering rubber half an inch in diameter at the thick end and a quarter of an inch a foot away, where there was a little loop. A steel spring ran through the rubber to give it strength. Two feet of heavy leather about the size of a sewing machine band was drawn half through the loop, thus forming a double lash.

"People here do not know how to whip a horse," the dealer continued. "They lash him under the belly and across the shoulders. The patient animal at last balks. If I was a horse I wouldn't balk; I'd kick the stuffing out of everything within a rod of me if I was whipped like that. The cowboy is more persuasive. He swings the whip by that loop around the handle over two fingers of his right hand, and swaying the whip across in front of him, brings his hand down on his left hip. The double lashes have an exhilarating effect on the horse's hind quarters. Only an unbroken Mexican broncho would fail to appreciate that sort of treatment, and if he survived the application of six-inch buzz-saw spurs that would immediately follow, he would never hesitate again when whipped on the quarters."

Profits in Blockade Running.

[M. Quad's' Field, Fort and Fleet."]

"I never expect to see such flush times again in my life," said the captain of a successful blockade-runner in speaking of Nassau. "Money was almost as plenty as dirt. I have seen a man toss up a $20 gold piece on 'head or tail,' and it would be followed by a score of the yellow boys in five seconds. There were times when the bank vaults would not hold all the gold, and the coins were dumped down by the bushel and guarded by soldiers. Men wagered, gambled, drank and seemed crazy to get rid of their money.

"I once saw two captains put up $500 each on the length of a certain porch. Again I saw a wager of $800 a side as to how many would be at the dinner table of a certain hotel. The Confederates were paying the English big prices for goods, but multiplying the figures by five, seven and ten as soon as the goods were landed at Charleston. Ten dollars invested in quinine in Nassau would bring from $400 to $600 in Charleston. A pair of $4 boots would bring $14 or $16. A $2 hat would bring $8, and so on through the entire list of goods brought in. Every successful captain might have made a fortune in a year, but it is not believed that five out of the whole number had $1,000 on hand when the war closed. It was "come easy, go easy."'"

Berlin's "Model" Exchange.

[Berlin Letter.]

One of the sights of Berlin is the model exchange held every Monday in the vestibule of the art academy. A most motley crowd assemble, from which the painters choose their models. The prices vary according to supply and demand. The average rate is 18 cents an hour. Models for painting from nature command a better price, for their task is a most fatiguing one; hence good strong models are always greatly in demand, and the factotum of the artists, nicknamed "the handsome August," is a priceless jewel in the search for models.

Some Really Queer Customs.

[London Field.]

The manners and customs of the Masai, as described by Mr Joseph Thompson in the account of his recent travels in Africa, are, to put in the mildest language, most peculiar, and a whole chapter is devoted to the description of them. Their usual mode of salutation on meeting is to spit in one another's face, the more copious to expectoration the greater the friendship; and Mr. Thompson, having been voted a great medicine man, was expected to heal diseases in this way; but so great was the demand on his salivary organs that he could only satisfy his patients by taking repeated draughts of water.

Equally strange is the custom of all the unmarried men and women living in villages together, while the married folks live by themselves; these latter are allowed to eat what they like, but the unmarried ones may only eat meat and drink milk. As soon as a man marries he ceases to be a warrior, and has to tend the herds of cattle. He is no more allowed to join in cattle raids, or that extermination of his neighbors which is continually going on, and which seems to be the greatest delight that the young Masai is capable of enjoying; and it is probably because they would have to forego the pleasures of rapine and bloodshed that these amiable people decline entering into the state of matrimony, which, after all, is a mere form, for virtue, as we understand it, is unknown to them.

They have certainly a kind of religion, but very little even of that, and seem to have no belief in a future, as all dead bodies are thrown to the hyenas, who are so encouraged by being thus continually fed that if no one should die to provide them with a feast, they help themselves to the living by taking the children out of the huts.

The Mecca of Buddhism.

[Foreign Letter.]

An Indian explorer, known as the Pundit A— K—, in the employ of the Indian survey, has just returned from four years' journeying in Thibet, during which he spent a year in Lhasa, the capital of Thibet and the Mecca of Buddhism. Before this traveler only four Europeans in this century have visited Lhasa. Huc and Gabet, the French missionaries, were driven from the city forty years ago, after living there a few months. Moorcroft was killed after he left the city, and another traveler was permitted to remain there only a few days. He says the city is crowded with temples, and in the monastery at Potola the Dalai Lama lives, who is regarded as the incarnation of Buddha.

This building is surmounted by five gilded cupolas, which, when sparkling in the sunlight, present a dazzling spectacle. It contains numerous images, one of which is seventy feet high. During the festivals in the middle of February the Thibetans gather at Lhasa from all over the country to pay homage to all the gods and goddesses who are supposed to be present. These ceremonies last about a month, at the end of which all the citizens are considered to have been purified for another year.

Queens in Exile.

[New York Star.]

Quite recently, under the head of "Situations Wanted," in a New York daily newspaper, I read this announcement: "Young lady wants a position as dishwasher in a restaurant." The wording of the notice recalls to my memory an aged, ragged and decrepid crone who came for alms to a house where I chanced to be visiting in South Brooklyn many years ago. Among other things she asked for two pairs of old shoes, and being interrogated as to her reason for soliciting two pairs, she replied in a quavering tone:

"Well, ma'am, you see me an' another lady gathers the swill on this street, and when one of us is hard up both of us is—God help us!"

There was unconscious pathos in the phrase, and I don't think the poor old women went barefooted that season at least.

The Old Proverb.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

The old proverb about ministers' sons may or may not be considered to be corroborated by the fact that the son of a Presbyterian clergyman has just succeeded the son of a Baptist clergyman as president of the United States.

Jud Lafagan: Where one man gets weary hunting for rest ten get tired hunting for pleasure.

A CASE-HARDENED PRINTER.

An Illustration of How the Sons of Faust Become Skeptical and Cynical.

[John Swinton's Paper.]

The sons of Faust are apt to be a skeptical, cynical crew. They see so many sides of life, and so far into them all, that they are in danger of assuming a fixed attitude of incredulity or mockery, and of losing all their enthusiasm.

Look how they "box the compass" as they pass from office to office. Take for example Pop Rednose, who is now turning forty. He got his first job as an apprentice on The Evangelist, and set up so many sermons urging him to repent that he determined to become a saint. He had just reached that point, when he got the sack. His next job was on Abbe McMaster's Catholic Register, which soon led him to doubt the truth of Protestantism, and brought him to the very edge of the ancient Roman church. He had just about made up his mind in favor of auricular confession, when a dirty proof of one of the Abbe's illegible editorials landed him on the sidewalk. His next sit was on The Truth Seeker, which soon brought him to a total unbelief in all sorts of religion. He became a sub on The Times, which made him a Republican and sent him to the war, but came back to a case on Manton Marble's World, and soon turned up as a solid Democrat. He left the dailies, got a job on a teetotal weekly, found out the horrors of drinking, and resolved to quit liquor; but in two months got a fatter job on The Wine and Spirit Merchant, where he set up the praises of the "ruby," and saw it was necessary to his health. He soon got a weekly job on a moral reform paper, spent his time over copy against the tobacco habit, and determined to throw away his pipe; but he got a fatter thing on The Tobacco Leaf, where he read every day of the charms of the Virginia weed, to which he soon returned. From an allopathic weekly, which led him to take calomel with his regular diet, he went to a homeopathic monthly, which taught him to never go beyond the millionth trituration of a speck. After a while Freemasonry was the thing, as he put in type an article on the thirty-ninth degree, and latterly he has