GOOD CHEER.

[C. L. Cleaveland in The Current.]

Upon the level boulevard
Her bright, luxurious carriage glides
At ease; the tight drawn reins retard
The nettled steeds' too rapid strides;
Amid the purple cushions she
Is fair as mortal maid may be.

Born where the lake winds sang to her
A lullaby, or wilder grew
Beside the city's ceaseless stir,
She dearly loves each spot and view,
Each restful park and stately street
Where restless lake and city meet.

Reared where she heard the clash of life
On every side, well-balanced, bright
She kept her soul within the strife
Secure in innocence and light;
The city's turmoil and unrest
Have brought no discord to her breast.

Her sympathy is wide and sweet,
Joined unto knowledge keen and clear,
Though never be the world complete,
She holds the simple creed, good cheer,
As much as lies at will's command,
To be the best for heart and hand.

Good cheer! It is the soul of her!
The true light on her lovely face!
And all her words and acts confer
A good befitting time and place;
In mirrored room or alley drear
Here is the sunny soul—good cheer!

JAPANESE SAYINGS.

A RETURNED TRAVELER CALLS TO MIND A FEW OF THEM.

Our Almond-Eyed Brethren Never Voluble or Noisy—Proverbs and Epigrams—Practical Jokes Never Imported Into the Empire of Niphon.

[New York Sun.]

An American gentleman, lately returned to this city after a prolonged residence in Japan, was recently discovered in the stock exchange by a reporter. The returned traveler recognized the reporter, whom he greeted cordially but mutely, as he refused to utter or listen to a word until both had escaped from the din and found themselves in the comparative quiet of a neighboring restaurant. There, after seating himself at a table and passing his hand across his forehead in a dazed fashion, he found his voice—a voice faint and low at first, like that of one who had just suffered from severe shock or a surgical operation.

"You can hardly imagine how a native of Japan would be affected by such a fiends' carnival as we have just witnessed," he said. "The Japanese are such great slaves to etiquette that I doubt if they could forget even in sleep the iron rule of conventional propriety. They are never voluble or noisy and are apt at expressing in a few words, by proverbs and epigrams, ideas that less conservative nations, like our own, elaborate. What, for example, could be more appropriate to the financial exhaustion of some of those shouting, and perhaps sinking, brokers, than the Japanese proverb, 'Man may shout when he can no longer swim.'

"'While the tongue works, the brain sleeps,' is another saying of theirs expressing their contempt for many-worded men. Even oratory, as our stump speakers understand the term, is discouraged or barely tolerated. 'He is a wise man who can preach a short sermon,' and 'The silent man is often worth listening to,' are Jap sayings to the same effect. They are, also, as a people quick at repartee; their wit is keen and tempered, and they can often administer a perfect snub in brief terse form."

"Are not the Japanese exceedingly polite, like the French?" inquired the reporter.

"Scrupulously, so, and, I think, unlike the French, naturally so. The exquisite delight of staring a stranger who dines in public away from his dinner, as often practised in France and, I observe, sometimes copied"—glancing at a persistant starer at the next table—"in our own country, would not be understood or appreciated in Niphon, and practical jokes are never imported into that polite empire. Another of their proverbs, 'To be overpolite is to be rude,' tells the whole story of their conception of true courtesy. Why, even their familiar form of farewell salutation, 'May to-morrow be all you wish,' if a little heathenish in its flattering nomination of you as the future clerk of the weather, is, after all, the essential oil of politeness and very soothing, when you know that if the weather to-morrow be bad you will not be held responsible for it."

"Have woman's rights gained any foothold in Japan?

"Not yet, and one or two of their proverbial phrases would seem to indicate that Japan is a cold, raw soil for that doctrine to be planted in. 'A prudent wife rarely crosses her husband's threshold.' 'After death a woman can plan no deceit.' 'Trust your wife while your mother's eyes are on her,' and 'Death alone makes a woman contented' are not encouraging texts for preaching the doctrine of equal rights. There is, too, a certain bitter flavor of experience in the phrase, 'It is safer to dwell near Foosiyania than with a wife's mother.'"

"So the stale raillery against mothers-in-law has even found sympathizers in Japan," observed the reporter, who had once tried to obtain a mother-in-law, but had failed.

"Exactly. But you cannot call many of their proverbs stale or unprofitable. For instance, 'Dig two graves before cursing a neighbor' and 'Tell no secrets to thy servant' are not bad rules to follow. I have sometimes wondered, too, whether the Bard of Avon stole the Japanese proverbs, 'A man who lends money to a friend shall never see either his friend or his money again,' which recalls the sage advice of Polonius to his son, 'For loan oft loseth both itself and friend.' The Japanese sayings, 'To know the new, search the old' and 'If you hate a man let him live,' and even their 'Famous swords are made of iron scrapings,' are old friends in new dress. But I must be off," looking at his watch and at the reporter reproachfully. "I am late now. Good day."

An Unlucky Man.

[Texas Siftings.]

They were talking about Stanly Nash.

"Yes," said Kosciusko Murphy, "Stanly is the most unlucky man in the state of Texas. You can count on his having bad luck eleven times out of ten, but Stanly's bad luck saved a man's life once."

"How was that?"

"There was a desperado who was a dead shot laying for Tom Morris. What does Tom do but make his will leaving everything to Stanly Nash?"

"Why did he do that?"

"He did that because he knew nothing lucky could happen to Nash. The desperado fired twice with a shot-gun and emptied two six-shooters at Tom Morris and missed him every time, just because it would have been Nash's good luck if Tom had been killed. If Tom's property had been willed to anybody except Nash, Tom would have been as full of holes as a sieve."

Wonderful Slight-of-Hand Trick.

[Exchange.]

One of the tricks of a French prestidigitateur is a surprising illusion. A wedding ring borrowed from a lady is hammered into a bar by some volunteer assistant among the audience. The conjuror borrows a programme, rolls it into a cornucopia-shaped receptacle for the ring, and without the use of the left hand crumples the paper into a ball, which the volunteer holds tight, full in view of the audience. When he is directed to open it he finds that the crumpled ball of paper consists of five sealed envelopes, one within the other, and with the perfect wedding-ring in the smallest and innermost.

VISITING THE SICK."

Why Mr. Wilkinson No Longer Makes an "All Night" of It.

[San Francisco Chronicle "Understones."]

I don't know whether it is due to the simplicity of womankind, or the absence of the inventive faculty in man, that the same old reasons and excuses go always. I believe that Jacob told Leah, when he wanted to go out on a spree, that he had some business with the neighboring ranch, and am quite convinced that old Noah very frequently told his wife that he was going to visit a sick friend. I doubt if Abraham did not steal to the masquerade ball of the period and roll home in dignified and autocratic intoxication some time about the breaking of the morning. Anyhow, it seems that the man who will invent a new excuse which a man can give to his wife for staying out all night can get the biggest kind of a fortune out of the royalties on it. A few nights ago young Wilkinson wanted to go to a masquerade ball.

"My darling," he said, as he put on his overcoat and felt for his ticket. "Jones is very sick. I am afraid he will not live through the night. I promised him I'd sit with him a whole night, and I guess I'll be very late."

"Poor fellow!" said she. "It's so good of you. Stay—here's some nice jelly; you'd better take a pot of it to him. I'm so sorry, and he's a bachelor without any sisters or a mother. Alfred, perhaps I had better go with you if he is so ill."

A gleam of grim suspicion flashed across his face as he looked at her. Was this sarcasm? She was perfectly ingenious.

"No, my dear. You needn't. He's too ill to care about your visit."

"Well, dear, come home as soon as you can."

He had to take the pot of jelly, which he threw into a vacant lot as he went on. It seems that Jones, who was of course quite well, really wanted to see young Wilkinson on the most urgent business. He hunted for him at his well known resorts all night, and about 11:30 o'clock he and a friend took a coupe and drove up to his house. The friend jumped out and rang the bell. He did not know Mrs. Wilkinson. That lady stuck her head out of the up-stair window.

"Who's that?"

"I want to see Mr. Wilkinson."

"Who are you?"

At this point Jones, who did know Mrs. W., jumped out of the coupe.

"Is that you, Mrs. Wilkinson?"

"Yes. Who is that?"

"Jones," said he. "Will you tell Alfred I want to see him on the most important business for a minute?"

"Mr. Wilkinson has not come home yet." And the window went down with a snap. At 6 a. m. Mr. Wilkinson came home. His wife looked at him and asked him very quietly:

"How is Mr. Jones?"

"Oh, he's much better. We got him to sleep about 5 o'clock and then I left."

Then the band began to play, and young Wilkinson is still dancing to the music.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart's Gillie.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A gentleman who sometimes goes to the Stewart house said recently that Mrs. A. T. Stewart has a gillie to whom she is as greatly devoted as Queen Victoria ever was to John Brown. His name is Smith. That is almost as startling a name as Brown. Smith has been with Mrs. Stewart for many years. She trusts him implicitly, and he has sole charge of her residence. He lives in the basement, and it is his light that one sometimes sees flickering out of the basement window. Smith carries the keys and knows all the secret places. If there are any ghosts there he is not afraid of them.

He has the name of every bottle of wine in the cellar, and must go down and look them over every month or two. He writes nearly all the letters that go out of the Stewart mansion, and at the head of them all are the words printed in silver letters, "The Marble Palace." Mrs. Stewart's note paper has also on its head "The Marble Palace;" and in deference to her fancy in the matter her friends address their letters to her at "The Marble Palace." But while she has a weakness for the cheap fame of living in a house that she chooses to call a marble palace she is not an extravagant woman. Ever since her husband's death she has lived as if she still had his warning hand raised before her as she had it a great portion of the time while he was her living husband.

Favorite Son Honored.

Squedunk Citizen—I tell you we've got things fixed now. Squedunk is going to be the cheapest place in the country to live in inside of a year.

Stranger—Going to have some big factories, I suppose.

"Well, no; not exactly; but you know old Mr. De Rich, the city millionaire! He was born here, and considerin' that he was a native and favorite son and so on, we folks got together and presented him with a fine piece of park land on condition that he build his country residence out here, and he has accepted."

"But he will bring the workmen and materials from the city, and will doubtless buy all his provisions there, too. What good will that do you?"

"Good Jehosaphat! Stranger. We'll tax him enough to pay all the expenses of the township."

Angelic Qualifications.

[Kentucky State Journal.]

"Mamma, if I die would I be an angel?" asked little Emma.

"Yes, dear."

"And if I die would I be an angel, too?" asked Johnny.

"No, I think not. You are too wild."

"Too wild! That's just the kind what makes the fastest flyin' angels. Look at the wild birds, see how fast they kin fly. I'll bet I could leave Emma away behind."

OLD TELEGRAPH WIRE.

What Becomes of the Miles of It Worn Out Every Year.

[Philadelphia Times.]

"We exchange at the rate of ¼ of a cent per pound about 100 tons of old and rejected telegraph wire every year," said the superintendent of the construction department of the Western Union. "We buy nothing but the best Ex. B. B. galvanized telegraph wire No. 8, which costs us from 7 to 8 cents per pound, 16 feet to the pound. From five to seven years we calculate as the life of a wire but often times have been compelled to replace them in less time, owing to being poorly put up by the climbers, and where the wire joins the cross-bar rust ensues. In a climate like ours the wires will last much longer than where the air is continually moist, as is the case in the lake regions or along the seacoast. Wires strung along the coast are often found encrusted with a salt deposit, which in course of a few years will cause much trouble to the operators, and if a storm occurs the weight upon the wires will cause breakage to ensue, which is often charged to the severity of snowstorms.

"A wire when once cut, as is often done by the fire department to hasten the erection of their ladders, are easily jointed together, but we always consider such a wire defective and to these first do we seek when trouble is reported."

Superintendent Kennedy, of the Baltimore & Ohio service, said he considered the climate of Philadelphia to be the best for the preservation of overhead wires. As yet his company has not been compelled to replace any of their wires, although the branch company in Chicago have replaced half their wires, erected but four years ago. They usually exchange about forty tons of wire every year. The owners of wire-mills will not buy it, but will exchange with us, allowing but ¼ of a cent per pound. I don't know what use they make of it.

"The first wire erected for telephone purposes," said Manager McAleer, of the Bell Telephone company, "was No. 16, or the thickness of the thirty-second part of an inch, and it wore well for about a year, but being easily rusted was replaced with the ordinary telegraph wire. You will, no doubt, find the former lying upon the roofs of many houses throughout the city, our workmen not taking the trouble to remove it. As yet we have not sold any old stock, but if we find a purchaser will let him have it cheap."

In Addition to the "Thud."

[Exchange.]

An innovation in the hanging of murderers is reported from Philadelphia, where one the other day fell, not in the old-fashioned way, but with a thud, mingled with a deep sounding crash that shattered the nerves of probably 100 men."

WOMAN AND HOME.

SENSIBLE TALK OF IMPORTANCE TO THE FAIR SEX.

Spirit of Caste—Pretty Feet—A Japanese Girl's Toilet—Sensible City Folks—Recipe for Keeping Young—Mrs. F. B. Thurber's Work.

["H. H. A.'s" New York Letter.]

There is a great field for talk and discussion in professional and amateur musical society, as well as in society proper, concerning the aims, ambitions, and enterprises of Mrs. F. B. Thurber, who is an enthusiast in the good cause of music. This lady is the wife of the well-known wholesale grocer, who is also the leader of the Anti-Monopoly movement and the literary contributor to the English Nineteenth Century magazine and our own Century. Mrs. Thurber is an attractive-looking woman, brunette in coloring, with expressive, dark, bright eyes, and black hair already slightly tinged with gray, which she wears a la pompadour. She was born in this city, her mother being a Frenchwoman and her father a Dane. Mrs. Thurber is a woman of artistic temperament, well read and well informed, devoted to music, which is her hobby. She has strong influence among the musical people in society, such as the Whitneys, Drexels, Belmonts, Hewitts, etc., and when she sets about any scheme of a tuneful nature she easily gets a long list of influential names to support her. This was proven in her recent organization of the Thomas popular concerts, for which she got a letter to Thomas begging him to give the concerts, signed by 3,000 of the best and most respected citizens of New York.

Mrs. Thurber is sincerely fond of the art she has so befriended, and enjoys the society of musical and dramatic stars. Her protege, Miss Margulies, the pianiste, is an especial pet of hers, and one who bids fair to do credit to her benevolent patroness. Many of her musical enterprises have been originated and carried out for charity's sake, among them the famous concert at the Academy of Music two or three seasons ago for the benefit of the Woman's exchange, from which there was the enormous profit of $9,000. It would be hard to get together again such a galaxy of stars as appeared that memorable evening, all, even the divine Patti, as volunteers. Just think of Patti, Nilsson, Scalchi, Campanini, Galassi, Joseffy, and Theodore Thomas in conjunction.

Since that time Mrs. Thurber has been connected with hundreds of musical schemes and has benefited hundreds of musical artists; in fact, her patronage of artists and her influence in musical and charitable matters has grown so enormously that she is appealed to from all parts of the universe, and receives often 100 letters a day on the subject. She is obliged to employ two private secretaries to attend to this correspondence alone. I suppose nearly every girl in the country who fancies herself the coming Patti (and what girl with even the ghost of a voice but does, either through her own all-sufficient vanity or the assurance of a too appreciative relative, imagine herself the certain successor of that divine songstress) takes her pen in hand to acquaint Mrs. Thurber of the all-important fact.

This musical work, at first pursued as a recreation, has grown to be a formidable undertaking and one from which a less energetic and resolute woman than the subject of these lines would long ago have withdrawn. But to her enthusiasm Mrs. Thurber joins a noble heart, and many a struggling artist has cause to bless the hour in which he first met this true friend of a great art. As an example of her benevolence, when last year Brignoli gave his benefit performance of "Don Pasquale" she purchased herself $500 worth of the tickets. Fortunately the lady is rich, otherwise with the best disposition in the world she could not expend $35,000 on musical objects alone, as she is said to have done during the last year.

Sensible Folk in City Life.

[Pixey Winter in New York Graphic.]

Girls sometimes are not sure enough of themselves and their new surroundings to trust mammas. It was "all very well in her day, but now it is so and so. Mamma, you have been nowhere since you were a girl, so you don't know that that sort of dress would be laughed at." (So it would.) It seems easier to mammas at last to let them puzzle it out alone and go with the tide.

How pleasant it is to turn from all this confusion, this element of discord wherever it is found, to little Kitty Clover and her parents. She is the timid debutante who in the german hid her card with "Gill" on it, while "Jack" looked everywhere to ask her to dance. I saw her and her mother standing together at an afternoon tea this winter. I watched them. Kitty had a very young man talking to her. Mamma stood a little back, but between them, with a wrapt expression. She looked from face to face when our Kitty spoke. Mamma, with beaming eyes, would settle her ribbons, pick imaginary specks off her little jacket, and then look up into the poor boy's face (who was in a white heat by this time) to see how he liked it. After he had spoken, if Kitty hesitated, mamma would cut in and say, "Kitty means so and so!" Now, I don't know how this poor boy lived through it, for he looked frightened to death, but Kitty liked it. She seemed to think it just right and comfortable, and I like her for it. Had the boy been a man of experience he never would have lost sight of Kitty or her mother either, for they were genuine little women. How they ever strayed into the struggles of Vanity Fair I don't know, unless it was from a simple minded conceit of the mother that she would give the world a chance to see how lovely Kitty was.

The Clovers of Clover Farm came from a breezy, romantic part of New York state. The old people are living there still. Like rosy-ripe autumn fruits, they await their time to be gathered in. They keep an open house for their children and grandchildren. Kitty owes to this country house and to her parents who were brought up there the very qualities which will prevent her success in Vanity Fair.

A Japanese Girl's Toilet.

[M. C. Griffis in St. Nicholas.]

When a Japanese girl gets up in the morning she washes her face, but does not have to dress her hair. That is attended to but once a week. The hair-dresser comes to the house and arranges her jet-black locks in the fashion for little girls of her age. So she has no trouble about her hair, and after her bath the servant assists her to powder her neck with a small white brush. She puts a little red paint on her lower lip and a little gilding in the middle. When she removes her sleeping dress she has on only a short skirt, which is simply a square piece of cloth, crape or silk, tied around the waist. No other underclothing is worn.

In making her toilet for the day, she first puts on a garment made usually of some coarse material, not very long, and reaching only to the waist, but with long sleeves. On the neck of this garment is sewed a deep fold of scarlet or some bright colored crape or silk. A long, straight skirt of blue or red crape, silk or wool, is tied around the waist and over all three of these garments is worn the kimono, or dress. This is some dark color, and made of coarse spun silk or thick crape.

For festivals and holidays the dresses are of very fine material and very handsome. The outer dress is simply a wrapper reaching to the feet, with very long and wide sleeves hanging nearly to the ground, and used as pockets. On each shoulder a deep tuck is made which extends to the waist, thus making a little fullness for the skirt. But the dress has no gathers, and is straight all the way down. The neck is adorned with a wide piece of black velvet or satin, which reaches nearly to the waist, and the dress is crossed over the bosom and confined by a girdle. Over this is worn a very wide sash; a piece of brocaded silk or satin, stiff with embroidery in gold or silver, lined with soft silk and fastened behind in a very large bow. When these are all on, but barefooted, or if in cool weather, in white mitten socks, made to reach only to the ankle, and with a place in which to put the great toe (just as mittens have a place for the thumb), she goes out to say "Ohaio," or good morning, to her father and mother.

Recipe for Keeping Young.

[John Thomas in Boston Globe.]

Attended Woman Suffrage convention, Tremont temple. In the Meionaon, probably Greek or Piute for "small hall in the rear." President, stout brunette. Secretary, slim brunette. Pretty. Both beautiful. President likes to talk. Audience mostly ladies. Middle-aged. Apparel largely black. Sad color. Why not scare up something more lively and get these meetings off a funeral basis? Lively and entertaining speech by Miss Susan B. Anthony. Reminisciated. Told the strides of woman's rights since 1847. More fire, vigor pluck, energy and humor in Miss Anthony than in three-fourths of our young women. Improves with age. Doesn't age either. Looks the same as eighteen years ago. All whipcord, nerve, gutta purcha and electricity. Put a young face and fresh complexion on Miss Anthony and she'd take the cake in any walk-around. Table full of young reporters. Admired the dignity with which they sucked their lead pencils. Mem. The younger the reporter the more dignity does he stagger under. Never amused or entertained by platform efforts. Post all that. "Belongs to the press."

Clever old lady complained how "a hulk of a man" was rude to her on a Boston horse car. "Hulk" must have been a wreck. Bemoaned sad lot of women after 50. Men not attentive. Took to the youthful. Woman's own fault. Gets scared at a gray hair. Thinks she's getting old, and does get old, in double-quick time. Coming woman, to be attractive, till 90, like Ninon d'Enclos. Recipe: Never say die, shun black, wear colors, dip into all sorts of life, get out of clumsy corners, go in for variety, and rub yourself down every morning.

The Spirit of Caste.

[Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.]

The lower we descend in what is called social life, the more perceptible become its demarkations.

A marriage between a laundry maid and a washerwoman's son is contrary to all the rules of propriety, and ends in family feuds. The regular visitant at hotel cupboards who receives pie is further removed from the tattered mendicant at back doors than a member of the diplomatic corps from a native of Washington.

Among the working women is a feeling of exclusiveness most noticeable, while with working men it is no more prominent than with professional men. "It is this spirit of caste," says a working woman of 50 years, "which keeps us all down. If we could nag one another it would be some gain; but we avoid one another instead. We never can raise ourselves from the bondage of ill-paid labor till we combine, and most of us would rather starve to death than associate with those beneath us."

Another one complains that "the skilled workwomen pride themselves too much upon their skill to be willing to pull up the unskilled; just as in the professions a good lawyer or physician will not take a poor partner. It is social ambition, caste, that rules us; it begins with us, and goes up and up to kings and emperors. A woman with many servants despises her with one; and she with one despises the woman who does her own work; and she who does her own work looks down upon her who goes out to work; and the one who goes out to do special house-work scorns the scrub-woman, who is the end of womankind."

Pretty Feet.

[New York World.]

Another woman who has struck a new idea is Miss Bessie Darling. At Neise Waldron's benefit at the Grand opera house she gave the sleep-walking scene of "Macbeth," appearing in her bare feet! Her feet were small and beautifully shaped, so that the effect was pleasing as well as realistic. As for the correctness of the idea, there can be no dispute about that, inasmuch as "Lady Macbeth" rises from her bed in a somnambulistic sleep, and in that condition would hardly be likely to put on her shoes and stockings. Indeed, there was no manufactured stockings in those days. A strip of cloth or woolen stuff was wrapped around the feet and up the knees and held in place by strings or straps laced like shoestrings. Actors of a generation ago always wore such leggings when personating "Macbeth."

The first silk stockings known in England were knitted by a lady of the court of Queen Elizabeth for her majesty, who was so delighted with their softness and flexibility that she kept the donor knitting silk stockings as long as the august legs needed worldly covering. That even in these days of tight shoes and French heels there still remain feet free from excrescences and deformities, Miss Darling is a living proof. Her feet are as pretty, as plump and as pink as a baby's before it begins to walk.

Old Maids.

A prominent London society journal, in commenting upon the non-appreciation of old maids, says: "Elizabeth, queen of England, was an old maid, and some say a woman to be devoutly admired. Miss Edgeworth was an old maid. It was this woman's writings that first suggested to Sir Walter Scott the thought of writing similarly. Her brain might well be called the mother of the Waverly novels. Jane Porter lived and died an old maid. Joanna Bailie, poetess and playwriter, was one of them. Florence Nightingale, most gracious lady, heroine of Inkerman and Balaclava hospitals, has to the present written Miss before her name. The man who should marry her might well crave to take the name of Nightingale. Sister Dora, the brave spirit of English pest-houses, whose story is a helpful evangel, was the bride of the world's sorrow only. And then what names could the writer and the reader add to those whom the great world may not know, but the little world of the village, the church, the family do, and prize beyond all worlds. Truly, old maids ought to 'look up' in the matrimonial market."

The I'm-To-Be-Photographed Look.

[Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.]

It is the hardest thing in the world to get some folks into any kind of a natural position or expression of countenance. They will put a kind of I'm-to-be-photographed look on their faces when they come into the gallery and it generally stays there. Then the way some women dress! They have an idea that the more colors they get on, the better they look, and the result is that when they see their photograph and the curious effect produced by the colors, they'll blame the photographer, though we always tell them beforehand.

Nearly all persons look better in a picture than in reality, except those having clear complexions. Some ladies, for instance, would be considered beautiful in side view of their features, while a front view is decidedly disappointing. Of course in photographing them, we take the side view. Some look better with a hat on and some in full out-door costume. But there is one thing you may not know, and that is very few ladies look well photographed in white, yet the only pictures many have taken are in their graduation or wedding dresses.

Death of a Noted Cook.

[San Francisco Argonaut.]

The bon vivants of New York have met with a serious loss in the death of one of their most famous cooks, Miss Fanny McGovern, who, after serving the epicurean tastes of the New Yorkers for more than fifty years, died on Christmas Eve at the Sinclair house in their city. For thirty-five years she had been connected with the above establishment, having been first engaged there in 1849 as head cook, which position she held until five years ago, when she was retired on a pension with the privilege of making all the turtle soup consumed in the house, or manufacturing it for her own private emolument.

Green turtle soup was one of her specialties, and the excellence of it brought her the custom of many well-known families throughout the city. The knowledge of its superior quality was not confined to New York, and for some time past her soup has been put up in cans and shipped to all parts of the country.

Don't Hurry to Get Married.

[Exchange.]

Girls, don't be in a hurry to get married. If you are but 16, don't allow such an idea to get into your head for at least four years. Don't even run the risk of it by permitting any young man to get so far as proposing the point. Fight them off, and make them wait or go to somebody who is ready. Don't live under the impression that you must accept the first lovesick youth who proposes. Be patient, deliberate, and sagacious. There is a world of happiness for you between 16 and 20. The world would be a dreary old world if it were not for the sweet faces of young girls with their piquant sayings and melting smiles. After you have reached 20 it would be well to consider the matrimonial problem with some seriousness.

Matrimonial "Chances."

[Harper's Bazar.]

As to the chance involved in marriage, the more we reduce it to a minimum by care and judgement and good sense the better. There is no surer preparation for misery, one would think, than to accustom a young girl to think of every offer of marriage as a "chance" to be eagerly seized as a fish swallows the bait, without knowing who or what is at the end of the fishing line. So long as it is the custom of society for men to ask the momentous question and for women only to answer it—and this custom will probably last in spite of certain philosophers, forever—so long there will be a little more element of chance in the marriage relations of women than men.

To Remove Stains.

[Detroit Free Press "Household."]

For coffee stains try putting thick glycerine on the wrong side and washing it out with lukewarm water. For raspberry stains weak ammonia and water is the best. Stains of fruit on good table linen can be removed without injury by using the following with care: Pour boiling water on chloride of lime, in the proportion of one gallon to a quarter of a pound, bottle it, cork it well, and in using be careful not to stir it. Lay the stain in this for a moment, then apply white vinegar and boil the table linen. Blood stains from fur can be removed by rubbing well with dry plaster of paris.

Pour on Oil.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Writes a wise woman: "My mother said to me on my wedding day, 'Daughter, your husband will frequently come home from his business perplexed and irritable' (I was sure that he never would, but I have grown wiser since), 'and at such times,' she continued, 'you must either keep silent or pour oil on the troubled waters. It may be very hard for you to do so, but it can be done, as I well know by my own experience.' The admonition or suggestion of my mother has been of incalculable benefit to me." And the hint is just as good for other relations in life.

An American Woman.

[Harper's Bazar.]

The bearing of many American women fully justifies such unflinching patriotism as that of Senator Tracy, of Connecticut, when, at the end of the last century, the British minister expressed his admiration for Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, of Litchfield, Conn., wife of the secretary of the treasury. "Your country-woman," said the Englishman, "would be admired at the court of St. James." "Sir," said the sturdy American, "she is admired even on Litchfield Hill."

A Country Girl's Home-Made Hat.

[Carlisle Herald.]

A young girl residing a few miles from this place appeared in our market on Saturday morning with a cozy, jaunty-looking hat made solely of oat straw and corn shucks that grew upon her father's farm. It was tastily but not gaudily trimmed with chicken feathers dyed in pokeberry juice and blue writing fluid. Several persons who examined this headgear pronounced it really beautiful.

The Woman's Exhibit.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Miss Maud Howe, whose mother has charge of the woman's department of the New Orleans exposition, has written an entertaining account of the woman's exhibit. Miss Howe herself is in charge of the literary part of this exhibit, and she tells how near the whole thing came to failure. With their own hands Mrs. Howe and her assistants made tables and counters and hung bunting and draperies.

The Scott Statues.

["Gath's" Washington Letter.]

Old Gen. Scott, who stood by the government when Washington was circumscribed by enemies twenty-four years ago, is the only person here except Washington who has had two statues—one an equestrian statue put up by the government; another, an heroic statue, at the soldiers' home, looking down upon the city of Washington.

Pretty Fair Play.

[Lawrence (Mass.) American.]

A man in the opera house was overheard saying to his companion after one of the most thrilling passages by Booth in Hamlet: "Well, I call this a pretty fair kind of a play, don't you?"

There are probably not more than ten peers in London who live on their own property.

New Story About Gen. Grant.

[Exchange.]

Drifting off to other matters, this curious, and, I believe, new story about Gen. Grant came out. Grant had just been appointed to the command of all the armies in the west. In the east he was not so well known as afterward, and men began to make close inquiries about him. Judge Porter asked an old friend who had been made pension agent what he knew about him. "Only this," was the reply, "and it singularly impressed me.

"An old gentleman came to my office about his pension, whose name proved to be Jesse Grant. I asked him if he knew this new general. He asked, 'You mean "Lis?"' And then he told me that he was his son, and he had just received a letter from him, which he showed me. It read something like this: 'You are perfectly right in thinking that I recognize my unfitness to command this great army. But I look around me and wonder who is more fit. I may not succeed. But if I am beaten it will be so badly that I will never be heard of again.'" That certainly sounds like Grant.

Chemistry of the Day.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Young gentlemen," said the lecturer in chemistry, "coal exposed to the elements loses 10 per cent. of its weight and heating power. This is due to the action of the alkali constituents of—"

"But what if there is a dog sleeping near the coal, professor?"

"None of your levity, young man. This is a serious matter."

"That's what dad thought when 72 per cent. of his coal pile disappeared during three nights of exposure. Then he asked my advice as a student of chemistry, and I told him to buy a dog. He bought a dog, with bay-window teeth and the string-halt in his upper lip, and now we don't lose 1 per cent. of our coal a month. That's the kind of a practical chemist I am. Now go on with your theory."

Finished at Last.

[Chicago Herald.]

Rev. Schultheiss, who studied theology after matriculating at the Berlin university in 1838 and re-entered that institution in 1881 to finish his medical course—"interrupted" by missionary work in South Africa—has received his well-earned diploma. Though now 74 years old, he will return to his South African home and settle there as a regular practitioner.

Church Workers.

A church paper makes the positive assertion in regard to Christian workers, that in most churches "about nine-tenths of the work is done by less than one-tenth of the members.

A HERO'S DEATH.

HOW COL. BURNABY MET HIS FATE AT ABUKLEA.

The Story as Told by Mr. Burleigh, the War Correspondent of a London Paper—Thrilling Contest to the Death.

[London Daily Telegraph.]

Still down upon us the dark Arab wave rolled. It had arrived within 300 yards, undiminished in volume, unbroken in strength—a rush of spearmen and swordsmen. Their rifle fire had ceased. Other Arab forces surrounding us—the mahdi's troops, plundering Bedouins, and pillaging villagers from the riverside—stood eager on the hillsides watching the charge upon the British square. In wild excitement, their white teeth glistening and the sheen of their brandished weapons flashing like thousands of mirrors, onward they came, charging straight into our ranks. I was at that instant inside the square, not far from the Gardiner gun, when I saw the left flank move somewhat backward. Col. Burnaby himself, whose every action at the time I saw, from a distance of about thirty yards, rode out in front of the rear left face, apparently to assist two or three skirmishers running in hard pressed. All but one man of them succeeded in reaching our lines. Col. Burnaby went forward to his assistance, sword in hand. As the dauntless colonel rode forward he put himself in the way of a sheik charging down on horseback. Ere the Arab closed with him a bullet from some one in our ranks brought the sheik headlong to the ground.

The enemy's spearmen were close behind, and one of them suddenly dashed at Col. Burnaby, pointing the long blade of his spear at his throat. Checking his horse and pulling it backward, Burnaby leapt forward in his saddle and parried the Moslem's rapid and ferocious thrusts, but the length of the man's weapon—eight feet—put it out of his power to return with interest the Arab's murderous intent. Once or twice Col. Burnaby just touched his man, only to make him more wary and eager. The affray was the work of seconds only, for the savage horde of swarthy negroes from Kordofan and straight-haired, tawny-complexioned Arabs of the Bayuda Steppe were fast closing in upon our square.

Col. Burnaby fenced the swarthy Arab as if he were playing in an assault of arms, and there was a smile on his features as he drove off the man's awkward points. The scene was taken in at a glance. With that lightning instinct which I have seen desert warriors before now display in battle while coming to another's aid, an Arab, who was pursuing a soldier and had passed five paces to Burnaby's right and rear, turned with a sudden spring, and this second Arab ran his spear point into the colonel's right shoulder. It was but a slight wound. Enough, though, to cause Burnaby to twist around in his saddle and defend himself from this unexpected attack. Before the savage could repeat his unlooked-for blow, so near the ranks of the square was the scene now being enacted, a soldier ran out and drove his sword-bayonet through the second assailant.

Brief as was Burnaby's glance backward at this fatal episode, it was long enough to enable the first Arab to deliver his spear-point full in the brave officer's throat. The blow drove Burnaby out of his saddle, but it required a second one before he would let go of his grip of the reins and tumbled upon the ground. Half a dozen Arabs were now about him. With blood gushing in streams from his gashed throat the dauntless guardsman leaped to his feet, sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud, brave man dying hard, and he was quickly overborne and left helpless and dying.

The Fox and the Woodchuck.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A Woodchuck who had, at great Labor and many Back-Aches, managed to excavate a Hole for Himself in a Hillside, was resting and congratulating Himself when along came a Fox, who said:

"Ah—um! Just Fits me! I've been Looking for just such a Den for the last three months."

"You don't mean to Steal my Home away!" queried the Woodchuck.

"Might makes Right in this Blizzard County, and don't you Forget it! Take yourself off, or I'll make you sad!"

The Fox took Possession, and the Woodchuck withdrew, but next morning he passed that way to find the Fox fast in a Trap at the mouth of the Den. Some boys had Baited for Woodchuck and caught a Fox. As they Appeared on the scene Reynard called out:

"I am but a poor Fox, while you are Learned and Intelligent Human Beings. You have no right to Sacrifice me in this Manner!"

"Ah! Yes, but this is a Question of Might instead of Right!" was the Reply, as he was Knocked on the Head.

Moral—It Ceases to be Funny when Both Sides begin to play the Same Game.

A Humiliating Mistake.

[San Francisco Argonaut.]

White, of Kentucky, while speaker of the house, in the Twenty-seventh congress, was so pressed with business that when he had to deliver his valedictory, he got one of those men who are always on hand to make a little money to write his address. It was handed him just a little while before the time he had to deliver it, and he put it into his pocket without reading. When the time came he rose, and, slowly unfolding the manuscript, read the address. It was very brilliant, but it was Aaron Burr's famous valedictory to the senate. The speaker never recovered from the shock. He went home, was taken very ill, and it is supposed he killed himself for shame.

Emigration from Italy.

[Chicago Times.]

Italian papers are bewailing the extent and intensity of the emigration fever among the peasantry. They say that the ship-loads of emigrants who are taken from Italy to America are draining Italy of its most productive factors. The tide of emigration, they say, is assuming proportions which is calamitous to the state, and they instance the fact that one prefect alone issued last year 6,000 passports for emigrants to America.

No Use for a Mean Man.

[Bob Burdette.]

The world has no use for a mean man. A drunkard, a liar, a swearer, a thief, a tramp, a swindler, a murderer may have good traits and have some sphere of usefulness in the world, but a mean man, pure and simple—God wasted mud when He made him.

A firm of Connecticut bed-quilt manufacturers have purchased the entire village of Fitchville, consisting of two large stone mills, twenty-seven tenement houses, a church, school-house, and public hall.

Jud Lafagan: As scarce as virtue is, I yet believe that the supply exceeds the demand.

CARPENTER AND PROPERTY-MAN.

Building Stage Scenery—Use of Papier Mache—Live "Props" a Bother.

[New York Sun Interview.]

The carpenters shift all scenes, and set them according to the plans of the scenic artist. In elaborate scenes, where ground cloths—painted floor cloths—are used, the artist generally marks with lines the exact places and angles at which the various pieces of the scene are to stand. In interiors, where ceilings are used, the decorative lines of the borders are the guides for the walls of flats. The master-carpenter, who has constructed the framework of the scenes, is, of course, familiar with the general design, but in the exact adjustment he is under the orders of the scene painter. As I before said, the carpenter and his assistants work all traps, borders, drops, and the curtain. In New York theatres there are from eight to sixteen carpenters and assistants, who are known as grips. The grips work only during the performances, and receive $1 for each representation. The master carpenter has one or more regular assistants, who work in the daytime building scenes, and who are paid a regular weekly salary.

To the property-man's department belong all furniture, carpets, curtains, ornaments, and all the small articles used by actors and known in theatrical parlance as hand or side props. Among these are letters, books, guns, pistols, knives, purses, pocket-books, money, lamps, candles, cradles, and doll babies. Live props, such as dogs, cats, billy goats, donkeys and horses, are also under his charge, and are much disliked, as causing a vast amount of trouble. The side props are taken from the property-man every night by the call-boy, whose duty is to deliver them to the actors and return them after they have been used to the property-room. A good property-man is hard to find, for he must be something of a carpenter, an artist, a modeler, and a mechanician.

Paper-mache has come of late years to be largely used in the manufacture of properties, and nearly all the magnificent vases, the handsome plaques, the graceful statues, and the superb gold and silver plate seen to-day on the stage are made of that material. Some of the imitations china are so perfectly done and so admirably painted that it is not unusual to see an actor tap them to find out if they are real. In making statues a cast is taken from the clay, and the pulp is then firmly pressed into the molds. Life-size statues which seems to be of bronze or marble do not weigh more than five or six pounds, look just as well as the genuine, and are easily and quickly handled. For traveling purposes the saving in freight alone is a great economy. Entire suits of armor and fruits of all kinds are made of this useful and inexpensive material.

In most New York theatres the property man has one regular assistant and two night aids, who are needed to handle heavy carpets, pianos, and furniture. In the old days carpenters and property men were often prone to dispute about the exact lines which divided their duties, but in well-regulated theatres the departments are now generally willing to help each other. Still, a carpenter or grip is not actually bound to put a finger to a carpet or piece of furniture, nor is a property man, even if not occupied, obliged to help with a scene. Some of the distinctions drawn by custom seem to be singular; thus, a whole tree, if set upon the stage and screwed to it for support, is considered a part of the scene, and, as such, belongs to the carpenters, while a stump upon which a person may sit is in the property man's department. Again, a flight of stairs is set up by the carpenter, but if a carpet is put on it, that must be done by the property man.

Peculiar Duel of the Bedouins.

[The Century.]

The Bedouins have a strong feeling of personal dignity, and are quick to resent insults. Duels of a peculiar kind are not uncommon, always supervised by the elders of the tribe, who never permit them to come to a fatal termination. Sometimes the two adversaries, separated by two parallel ropes about a yard apart, are armed with courbashes (a fearful whip, made of hippopotamus hide, which brings the blood with every cut), and they are encouraged to lash each other until their wrath is cooled. In more serious cases the combatants are seated flat on the ground, face to face, as close as they can get.

One single knife is given to the one who wins the first cut, after which he passes it to his adversary, who strikes the second blow, and so on alternately. They are forbidden to strike at a vital part, and while they are slashing each other's arms, legs, thighs, and shoulders—not without a sort of chivalrous courtesy—the judges of the combat watch each stroke that is given, and when in their opinion enough blood has been shed, they rise and separate the adversaries, who proclaim themselves satisfied, and return quietly to their tents to have their wounds dressed.

The Dying Ticket Speculator.

[Puck.]

It was late in the evening when he awoke, and looked with meaningless eyes at those about him.

"Choice orchestra chairs right down in front," he murmured, as his glance fell upon the doctor's bald head. "Yer can't get anyting at the box-office," he continued, as the old physician turned away to wipe his eyes.

"He's going fast," said the doctor; "going fast."

"Yes," said the dying speculator; "they're going off like hot cakes. Nearly all the best places gone long ago. You can't get anything at the window now. Come, young feller, here's a chance to take your lady in and give her an opportunity to see the show. Tickets, sir, right down in front; best seats in the house!"

Then he fell asleep again; and the night wore on. It was nearly midnight when he awoke to find the doctor gone, and only two or three of his old companions bending over him.

"Only four left," he whispered, softly; "I must turn'em in at the box-office, I guess." He turned wearily on his pillow, and so fell asleep, babbling of green coupons.

Hunt's Painting.

William Holman Hunt has finished his picture of the "Massacre of the Innocents," and he wants $100,000 for it.

Whitehall Times: Charity kicks a multitude of shins.

Convinced.

Mr. U. G. King, foreman of the Leetonia Democrat, Leetonia, Ohio, writes: "Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, Gentlemen: Some time since, I had occasion to doubt the genuineness of most of the articles that appear in different papers in regard to your wonderful Peruna, and my curiosity was so great that I determined to write to one of the many people that claimed to have been cured by this medicine, and accordingly wrote to Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, of New Lisbon, this county, and received the following reply." "I received your letter this evening, and in reply would say that Peruna, I believe, saved my life, and I can not recommend it too highly; for all complaints it is the best medicine in existence. It seems to help you as you swallow it. I would advise any one suffering from my complaint to take Peruna and be convinced. Yours truly, Mrs. J. W. Reynolds." Now, that's her card, word for word, and as I am well acquainted with the lady, I do not believe she would lie. It is truly wonderful how your medicine does do good.

James L. Mooney, Prospect, Ohio, writes: "For the past ten years I have been suffering from constipation and dyspepsia, and all the evil effects that accompany them. I was treated by a number of doctors, all to no effect. I used several patent medicines, which did me no good, and about three years ago I was seized with a severe nervous trouble, and was obliged to quit farming. I thought my days would soon be over, but last winter I received one of your pamphlets called the "Ills of Life." I at once tried your Peruna and Manalin. They helped me right away. I used nine bottles of Peruna and three of Manalin; and now I am quite well, and able to resume farming. I also had a little child which was attacked with a severe cramp in the stomach; we thought it would go into spasms. I used nothing but Peruna. We gave it an injection of Peruna and warm water, and gave it a teaspoonful of the medicine internally every half hour. It was relieved in one hour, and has not been bothered since. I have also used it with as good effect in case of croup and colds. I know that it is a wonderful medicine, and recommend it to all who are in poor health. The above statement I am willing to swear to."

W. M. Plants, Deep Valley, Greene county, Pa., writes: "Please send me your book on the 'Ills of Life.' I have used one bottle of Peruna, and am greatly benefited."