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August 22, 1877.

A LITTLE ELBOW ROOM.

BY ARCHER ALLERSON.

Come friend, don't crowd so very tight,
There's room enough for two;
Keep in your mind that I have a right
To live as well as you.
You rich and strong, I poor and weak,
But think you I presume,
When only this poor boon I ask
A little elbow room?

'Tis such as you, the rich and strong,
If you but have the will,
Could give the weak a lift along,
And help him up the hill.
But oh—you jostle, crowd and drive,
You storm and fret and fume;
Are you the only man alive
In want of elbow room?

But thus it is on life's round path,
Self seems the God of all;
The strong will crush the weak to death,
The big devour the small,
Far better be a rich man's hound—
A valet, serf or groom—
That struggles 'mid the mass around,
When we've no elbow room.

Up heart, my boy! don't mind the shock;
Up heart and push along!
Your skin will grow rough with knocks,
Your limbs with labor strong;
And there's a hand unseen to aid,
A star to light the gloom;
Up heart, my boy, nor be afraid,
Strike out for elbow room.

And when you see amid the throng
A fellow toiler slip,
Just give him as you pass along,
A brave and kindly grip;
Let noble deeds, though poor you be,
Your path in life illume,
And with true Christian charity,
Give others elbow room.

MRS. CLARK'S COSTUME

WHAT A PRYING REPORTER SAW AND HEARD AT A COUNCIL OF FEMALE REFORMERS.

At precisely fifteen minutes to three o'clock yesterday, an attenuated lady with the light of truth beaming on the end of her nose and a big bundle under her arm, skipped up the stairway leading to Anthony's Hall. At the top of the stair way she was met by the "Vicegerent of Christ," etc., Dr. Pinkham, L.L. D., F. R. S., the great moral reformer of the age. The Vicegerent greeted the attenuated female with a holy smirk and a warm grasp of the hand, and after a moment's sweet communion ushered her into the hall. The lady was the good Mrs. Clark, champion of the dress reformers, and the bundle under her arm contained something which she wished to show to the ladies who were expected to be present in the hall when she entered.

Having entered the room, Mrs. Clark observed with considerable chagrin that there were but two persons present. One was a lady in black, with watery eyes and silvery hair. The other was a Chronicle reporter, rather awkwardly gotten up in female attire. The latter wore a big bustle, three false curls, a black alpaca dress and a short jacket that displayed his beautiful form to perfection. He sat in fear and trembling lest his sex should be discovered, but happily he escaped close scrutiny. Mrs. Clark mounted the platform, and, after waiting patiently, though in vain, for an audience, proceeded to untie her bundle.

First, however, she beckoned to Dr. Pinkham. That celestial being came forward, and, tripping up to the platform, stood, with a heavenly smile, awaiting orders. "Doctor," she said, "stand at the door, please, and don't let a soul in the room. I am going to array myself in my reform garments." The Adjutant of the Lord bowed, and, with a blush, departed for the entrance. There he stood like a grim sentinel. "Doctor," said the good Mrs. Clark, "you will please go *outside* the door. I am going to undress."

"Oh!" said the worthy Doctor, and straight he went out with a disappointed look.

When the good Mrs. Clark spoke of undressing, the Chronicle man thought seriously of bolting from the room, but as there was only one other person in there he took a good square look at the lady and thought he could stand it.

Having seen that the Lord's lieutenant was well outside of the door, Mrs. Clark resumed the untying of her big bundle.

"I have brought here, ladies," she said, "a suit which I have designed as the uniform of the Order, and it is one that I should like to have worn by every member on the occasion of our parade on the Fourth of July. In order that you may see how it looks I propose to put it on."

With this Mrs. Clark removed her little brown straw hat, with its brown vail, untied her little neck-ribbon and proceeded to unbutton her dress. The Chronicle man's breath came quick and sharp, but he resolved to stand it, come what might. The cold perspiration stood out on his forehead like moisture on a toad's back; but the thick, spotted vail he wore hid it from the gaze of the other lady.

After some further fussing with the front of her dress the good lady put her hand inside and brought out something that looked like two robins' nests joined together with a string. These she laid down on the little desk in front of her. Then she thrust her hands inside again and untied a whole lot of white strings and things. Then, with a little shrug of the shoulders and a quick squirm or two, her black alpaca dress went back and the reporter caught the dull gleam of a bare arm and something white around it. He covered his face with his hands and held them there. He couldn't stand it any longer. There was a rustling, a thumping about on the platform, and finally a voice which said: "There, ladies, now I will put on the garments of reform."

The reporter looked up and was inexpressibly shocked at the good Mrs. Clark's appearance. She looked like a white gazelle. Her form entirely divested of outer garments resembled in character that of a half-starved greyhound; her limbs were like antelope's limbs, and her scanty white garments seemed hardly big enough, to envelope a tallow candle.

"I will now put on the pantaloons," said the good lady; and with this she sat down and rather awkwardly shot one leg into them and then the other. Fastening them around her waist she put on a short calico skirt which reached just below the knee. Then thrusting her arms into a little jacket or coat, the novel attire was complete. The trowsers were cut straight and reached quite to the instep, and they were made of some dark coarse material. The good lady did not feel quite at home in her new rig, for she went strutting about in a painfully awkward way.

Having completed the change of toilet, the good lady hammered on the desk, and the Vicegerent entered timidly.

"Doctor, you may open the door now," she said.

In a moment half a dozen more ladies entered and took seats, highly amused at the appearance of the apparition on the platform. The half dozen ladies being seated, Mrs. Clark proceeded in all solemnity with the business of the day. After the reading of the minutes, the lady read aloud the agreement, which she invited those present to sign, viz: to adopt the style of dress in which she then appeared, and march in the procession with it on the Fourth of July.

There was not a single signature forthcoming, and after some little time the good lady with a toss of her head remarked that it was evident the hearts of those present were not in the movement.

One very thin lady said she thought she could hardly consent to wear the rig that Mrs. Clark appeared in, but she would like to have a little discussion about underclothes. There was no doubt in her mind but there was much room for improvement in the construction of ladies' underwear. For her part she had always worn garters, but she believed that to maintain the symmetry of the limb the stockings should be buttoned to an elastic reaching to the cor——

A Lady in Black (rising)—I always wear mine fastened to the dr——

Mrs. Clark (hurriedly)—Doctor, you can't come in just now. You must not be here, sir.

The Lord's lieutenant had heard a whisper of what was going on outside the door, and had glided in. He retired much disappointed.

"As I was saying," continued the thin lady, "I am violently opposed to having the younger portion of society cramp its limbs with elastic garters. They should be worn with elastics fasted at the waist."

The Lady in Black—As I was saying, I always wear mine buttoned right to the dr——

The First Lady (interrupting)—Nonsense. How do you keep them up?

The Lady in Black (maliciously)—Oh! they stay up well enough on *my* limbs, though I hardly think, from appearances, that they would on *yours*.

The Thin Lady (angrily)—Indeed, Madam, I guess, if the truth was known, my le——

Mrs. Clark (rapping on the table)—The ladies will please maintain order. (Looking toward the door). Dr. Pinkham, I've told you before that you can't be here. You must go out, sir.

One or two of the ladies here looked up and seeing the Vicegerent gave a little scream, at which that celestial being again withdrew with a troubled look.

The Thin Lady (resuming)—There is another reform in underwear that I would like to speak of, and that is the abolishing of the chemise. There never was a more useless garment worn than that.

The Lady in Black (cruelly)—Nonsense; what would you wear instead?

The Thin Lady—I wouldn't wear anything.

Chorus of Voices—Oh, horror! why, what would we look like?

The Lady in Black (maliciously)—Like schooners scudding under bare——

Mrs. Clark—Ladies, if we can not arrive at any conclusion with reference to these great reforms, I think we had better adjourn until next week.

At this juncture a melancholy-looking lady of about fifty, who had kept silent all through the proceedings, arose and said that there was another matter that she would like to bring before the meeting, and that was a subject which, if fully understood and rightly appreciated, would make ladies supremely happy; would end their greatest troubles; would enable them to keep their youth and beauty, and keep their husbands in love with them much better than shorter skirts or the abolition of the ornamental underwear which so much delights the eye.

There was an expression of wonder upon every face as the melancholy lady made this little speech.

"I refer," she continued, "to the necessity of retrenchment in child-rearing!"

The Lady in Black (sententiously)—Oh, nonsense! That's not to be thought of. Why, how are you going to prevent——

The Thin Lady—I am decidedly in favor of the lady's suggestion, and I think it perfectly feasible.

The Lady in Black (with a sneer, and a queer glance at the thin lady)—I dare say.

Mrs. Clark (with a little smile)—I think two children are quite enough to come into any family.

The Lady in Black—That's all very true, but how are you going to regulate that except by total——

Several Voices (interrupting)—Oh! we couldn't think of that! That's perfectnonsense.

Dr. Pinkham (who had just come in, despite repeated warnings)—Ah! if you will excuse me, ladies, I think in the realms of celestial thought it will be impossible for spirits to embody the conditions of their anthropophagal natures without rising into higher spheres. The spiritual and other necessities of man and the lower animals can not be supplied in the celestial vaults of the direct and positive channels provided in the Universal Central Congress of Celestials and the World's Heavenly Congress of Spirits, unless——

The Lady in Black (interrupting) O, heavens! let's adjourn. The Doctor has begun a speech.

After an agreement to discuss the propagation question the next meeting, an adjournment was had until April 27, at 3 p. m.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A man out on West Hill was grievously tormented with a Thomas cat. And he determined to slay the same. So he caught the cat, put it in a bucket, covered it with a board, intending to sit down on it, intending to fill the bucket with water and thus drown the T. C. But, as he sat down, the active prisoner pushed away the board, and when the man rose and sauntered into the house to look for the "Extract of Witch-Hazel," he could not tell whether he had just sat down on a stove-lid, or merely slid down a shellbark hickory tree and lit in a gooseberry bush. And, that night, a worn, suffering man, lying on his face trying to sleep, sighed as he listened to the mocking smiles of a twelve-pound cat pelting the lambient moonlight on the woodshed-roof.—*Hawkeye.*

After the three Democratic senators who are entitled to the vacant seats from Louisiana and South Carolina are admitted to the senate, the Republicans will have only two majority and two or three shaky brothers to watch, who will hardly do to trust out of leading strings.

Home Talks.

Those who seldom read can scarcely realize the pleasure derived from literary pursuits, or the appetite for reading which grows upon us by indulgence. It opens to us a new world; new thoughts, new aspirations spring up, filling life with countless riches. But care should be used in the selection of books. Much of the morbid sentimental writing of the day should be excluded from the family circle, and only such admitted as contain healthy and truthful teachings.

Would that fathers and mothers appreciated the great importance of evening readings at home. How many young men might thus be saved from ruin by furnishing for them home pleasures, instead of leaving them to find their own amusement among, perhaps, the dissolute and degraded. Let them rather listen to the reading of well written stories or biographies, and gradually they will become interested, and learn to prefer the quiet enjoyments of home.

Many think that all romances should be excluded from the reading of the young. This is clearly a mistake; for where else can they so truly learn the manners and customs of other countries? Histories tell of their political events; and while the greatest importance should be attached to this class of reading, much can be learned from a lighter class which it is not the province of histories, travels or deeper works to touch upon. Take for example the pure writings of Fredrica Bremer, from whose sweet home pictures we have gathered more of the inner life of Sweden than from all other sources.

So also the grand old romances of Sir Walter Scott, whose pages embody so much of the early history of Scotland. And when oppressed by care or sorrow, what a relief to the mind is the perusal of some of Dickens' stories, such, for instance, as "David Copperfield," or the "Old Curiosity Shop," which so touched the heart that we cannot wonder at the great good he has accomplished. Many writers render us dissatisfied with life. Dickens, on the contrary, by the magic of his pen, infuses beauty into the lowliest home, and we turn from his pages contented with our lot, seeing new charms in the every day charms of our lives.

Among biographers we have our own Washington Irving, whose pure life and writings will shine with undimmed splendor through all time. And thus could be enumerated many whose lives have proved such blessings to mankind.

Cultivate, then, this taste in your families. Bring to your firesides the rich treasures of genius, scattered so profusely around us, and thus prepare your children to enter upon the great arena of life, strengthened to resist its temptations.

Let them read of those men who, by their indomitable energy and perseverance, have overcome the greatest obstacles; who through privation and poverty, have won the gratitude of the world by their scientific discoveries, or whose eloquence have stirred the heart of nations.

God has intrusted those children to you—not simply to care for the body, but also to cultivate the immortal mind. Seek, then, to awaken within them an ambition to live for some noble purpose, that they may, when years have passed away, look back with unmeasured blessings on the lessons learned at the home fireside.

Bone Felon.—The London Lancet says: "As soon as the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister about the size of your thumb nail and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time directly under the surface of the blister may be seen the felon, which can instantly be taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet."

Save and plant your peach seed. This country is poor in orchards, yet nothing is more deserving our attention and industry. Let us have fruits of every description and variety in town and country. Fruit is healthy, convenient, a luxury, and may be made pay well in uses at home as well as for the market, which the railroads are fast developing.

The disagreeable taste given to milk and butter when the cows are fed upon turnips may be effectually corrected by the use of a little common nitre (or saltpetre).

A genuine corn-pone is made thusly: Corn meal and water mixed to a rather stiff batter, salted to taste, and baked well in a hot oven.

If you wish to drive vermin out of your chicken house, put a little carbolic acid in a vial and suspend it inside the house.

Fun Ahead.

The Hon. E. W. Stoughton, associate counsel with Evarts before the Electoral Commission, him of the snowy locks, whom Pierrepont chiseled out of the English mission, will, we are tickled to learn, in the September number of the *North American Review*, reply to Black's article on the "Electoral Conspiracy," which appeared in the July number.

Poor Stoughton! the gods have made him mad, and delivered him into the hands of the scoffer. Job's prayer, that his enemy would only write a book, is answered, after many years, in the person of Judge Black, and the pitiful condition of the scabby patriarch will be rapture to that of Stoughton when "Jere" has done for him.

It is too late now to stay Stoughton's hand, or we would not breathe a syllable of his intent. His article must be set up by this time, and the proprietors of the *Review*, knowing what a demand it will provoke, wouldn't distribute the type for any price. Stoughton is foredoomed, *predestine* as Balzac would have called him. In his article on the Great Fraud Judge Black disappointed the multitude, who missed the biting irony and scathing scorn which that gentleman commands in so great degree. But, to the critical, it was evident that the *ecorcheur* withheld his hand for obvious reasons, and these confidently expected that some rash creature would criticise his work and give him the stimulus and provocation he needed for the full sweep of his knife. Stoughton has offered himself up as the victim, and when Judge Black has flayed him predict that no successor will tempt his fate. The November number of the *North American Review* will be well worth its cost, and we give it this notice in advance, gratis.—*N. O. Democrat.*

No Distinction of Color or Race.

Mr. Paris, a colored person who has figured in our Legislature, and filled several positions of honor and trust in the State government, and is a notable chief of the Radical party in the rear of the Third Ward, is at present a suffering martyr to his principles. It happened thus. Among his other enterprises, Paris keeps a drinking house at the corner of Marais and Canal. This "saloon," as dram shops or doggeries are euphemistically styled, is divided by a latticed partition into two compartments, one for colored and the other for white people. This division has been regarded by some of the more radical of the colored element as a clear infraction of the 14th amendment, and of the State statutes so vigorously administered by the late Barney Lynch. One day last week a very stout, able bodied colored man, who holds this view, stepped into the saloon to assuage his thirst, walked up to the white attendant at the bar, on the wrong side of the partition and asked for a whisky smash.

The attendant told him he must go on the other side of the lattice screen, where colored men get their drinks.

"Is them the orders of Mr. Paris?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then call him in."

Paris was called, and appeared.

"Did you give any such orders as dat niggers must go behind dat screen to take deir drinks?"

"Yes sir, I did," was the prompt answer.

"Then, I'll teach you to respect the constitution." And with this the stalwart African brother proceeded to belabor the distinguished Radical chief over the head and shoulders with a vigor which entitled him to take rank with Daniel Webster as an expounder of the constitution. Mr. Paris had to hasten to the nearest apothecary to repair the damages inflicted by his strict construction brother.—*N. O. Democrat.*

A certain pompous judge fined several lawyers $10 each for contempt of court. After they had paid their fines, a steady-going old attorney walked gravely up to the bench and laid down a ten-dollar bill. "What is that for?" inquired the Judge. "For contempt, your Honor." "Why, I have not fined you for contempt." "I know that," said the attorney, "but I want you to understand I cherish a secret contempt for this court all the time, and I am willing to pay for it."

Some people seem to be extremely sensitive. At one of the churches Sunday the minister read the prayer for a person in deep affliction, and a man who had just been married got up and went out. He said he didn't want public sympathy obtruded on him in that way.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

The Washington National Republican says the next Congress will have an extraordinary amount of important work to do. In addition to devising an amendment to the Constitution providing for a new method of electing the President, it will have to consider the finances, the labor question, the tariff, the regulation of of inter-State commerce by railroads and building the Mississippi levees and the Southern Pacific railroad. There is, therefore, a prospect that there will be a long and busy session. Washington will present unusual attraction for strangers next winter, owing to the fact that these subjects will give rise to many interesting discussions in both the House and Senate.

Ex-Governor Packard has gone out of politics, and spends all his time feeling the gums of the twins for teeth, and trying to teach them to walk. And when the twins are simultaneously smitten with the worst kind of nocturnal anti-conciliation colic, Packard just sits up in bed and holds his hands over his ears and says, "Merciful heavens! This is worse than the river parishes."—*Hawkeye.*

In Burlington the women quarrel, the men ditto, the girls are homely, the old maids are simply awful, the cats don't agree, the editors won't agree, they can't get water works, nail factories, rolling mills, but they've got the mumps and the whooping-cough, and—and—oh, we would not live in that town for a corner lot on the principal street.—Muscatine Tribune. Oh, villain, thou liest. The women of Burlington neglect their domestic duties to think of sweet, loving things to say of each other, the men get up in the night, shake hands and sing psalms, there never was but one homely girl in Burlington, and she was so ashamed of it that she married a Muscatine man as the easiest mode of suicide, the cats all coo like doves and wouldn't know how to howl "Maria" if they wanted to, the editors are all brothers, sir, twin brothers, who send each other every day presents of beautiful boquets and cord wood and early vegetables and bottled b–r b–r, and we have water works and nail factories and rolling mills and glass works and strikes and three churches and 97 saloons; we mean 97 saloons and three churches with back doors and everything. Come down and see us before you abuse us, you envious, venomous, old copperhead. Ugh!—Hawkeye.

She wore a little scoop filled with flowers upon her head, and was "fearfully and wonderfully" dressed. She was about to cross the street in front of a dray, and just as she lifted her right foot to elevate her skirts, the golden-throated mule in the shafts stopped still, threw his ears forward, and, with his tail sticking out as stiff and straight as a pump-handle, his breath sweet with new-mown hay, and a hump in his back like a cat getting ready for war, he laughed right out in the young lady's face, and she dropped her skirts and went on, feeling awful bad about it.

A Portsmouth, N. H., young man who was inconsiderate enough to "come in" after he had escorted a girl home from prayer-meeting, the other Sunday evening, was obliged to stop to family prayers, which came on very soon, but, when the pious householder prayed that "the young man who, for the time being, is one of our number, may be directed toward his father's house," he took his hat and left without ceremony.

A female church-goer in Toledo says that "when she saw the shawls of those Smiths, and then thought of the things her own poor girl had to wear, if it wasn't for the consolation of religion she did not know what she should do."

A person speaking of one who had died of intemperance, said, "He burnt his inside out with rum." A Frenchman, having occasion to relate the fact, and wishing to preserve the phraseology, said, "Rum burnt him wrong side out-ward!"

The autumnal bonnet is of coarse straw, somewhat irregular in shape, with large bows and loops of satin ribbon of two tints placed one above the other and falling in long ends over a bouquet of field poppies or green wheat ears.

A lecturer inquires: "What shall we do with our girls?" That conundrum is easy. Give 'em three square meals a day; teach them to help their mothers; and [illegible] they may become really [illegible] for husbands.

A lady asked a sailor [illegible] was called "she?" [illegible]