MODERN HAWKSHAWS.

The Requisites for a Successful Career as a Detective.

From the Philadelphia Times.

"Looking back over my twenty years' experience I cannot say that I regret my choice of a profession," remarked a detective at one of the city agencies yesterday.

"What are the requisites of a good detective?" asked a reporter who had been listening to his stories.

"Fearlessness, coolness and self-control. Without these a man can never be a perfect detective, for though he may be useful in some branches of the business he can never attain to the highest eminence in all of them. He must also have strong perceptive faculties, and that power of generalization which will enable him to jump at once to correct conclusions. Memory is one of his most important essentials. One sight of a face must imprint it so indelibly upon his recollection that he can never forget it, and he must remember not only the face itself, but the time, place and circumstances with which it is associated. A memory of faces alone is not sufficient. The detective must have a strong memory for names, numbers and dates as well. He must be intelligent and there is no knowledge of any kind that may not some time be of value to him in his profession. His eyesight and hearing should be of the best and he should cultivate a power of observation which will enable him to carefully note, without seeming to do so, everything by which he is surrounded.

STAGE AND REAL DETECTIVES.

"Detectives in real life are very different from those in novels and plays. The latter are represented as wearing various disguises, such as wigs, false whiskers, etc., which they suddenly pull off at the most unexpected moments, thereby revealing their identity. Dion Boucicault, in one of his plays, represents a detective who is quite a young man as making himself up for quite an elderly gentleman of more than 60 and going about in broad daylight, holding conversations with people who know him well in propria personæ without discovery. Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins do the same thing in some of their novels. This is simply nonsense. It is utterly impossible for the most skillful hair worker to make up a wig or a set of false whiskers that cannot be detected as false when worn, and every theatre-goer knows that the most skillful artists in 'make up' can not put upon their faces the lines and wrinkles which indicate age in such a way as to deceive, even when aided by the glamor of the footlights. No detective in real life ever attempted to wear any such disguise. Detectives on the stage are usually debonair individuals, in neat suits and mutton-chop whiskers. In real life there is nothing distinctive in the deep appearance and manner of detectives any more than there is in those of lawyers or merchants. For my own part, I am more frequently taken for a 'well-to-do' farmer than anything else."

"How do men become detectives?"

"They don't 'become'; they have a natural gift in that direction. Detectives, like poets, are born, not made. Many of them begin as amateurs. For instance, something occurs in their own lives which causes them to turn detective for their own purposes. They work up the case successfully; they find they like the work and they embark in it as a business. You know that is the way Allan Pinkerton began. He lived in the far west, and having horses stolen from him on several occasions he traced out the thieves in every instance, brought them to justice and recovered his property.

"You would be surprised to find how clever some amateur detectives are. I know a young Chestnut street merchant who would make one of the greatest of all detectives if he would follow the business. He wanted to find out the whereabouts and antecedents of a young fellow whom he suspected in a certain manner. He employed detectives, but they could discover nothing. Finally he began to look into the matter himself, and, although the man he was after had left the city and covered up his tracks, I'm blest if he didn't find out everything there was to find. He discovered the address of a girl on Race street to whom the man had been paying attentions.

He called on her, represented himself as a lawyer, said that her lover would inherit a fortune if his identity could be established, and in order to do that he'd have to have some specimens of his hand-writing, and he persuaded her to let him have two of the love letters the fellow had written her. That was as neat a piece of detective work as I ever heard of.

HE LACKED SELF-CONTROL.

"It often happens that a man fails to be a good general detective through the lack of some one quality. Thus, I employed a young fellow once who I thought would make a splendid detective. He had everything in his favor, possessing a splendid physique and appearance, an elegant and insinuating address, great shrewdness, remarkable quickness of perception, and, in short, every requisite of a great detective, except one, as I afterwards discovered. He was lacking in self-control, having an ungoverned temper, to which he gave way on slight provocation. This great fault was not apparent at first, however, and I assigned him to a number of difficult cases, which he worked up very satisfactorily. At last I resolved to test his skill to the utmost and set him to try and extort a confession from a young woman charged with infanticide. Now, in the course of his interview with this girl, as he afterward confessed to me, he fell in love with her and took it into his head that she was not only innocent of the crime alleged against her, but that she was not the real mother of the infant which she was accused of having destroyed, but that she had merely assumed the responsibility of being its mother to shield a friend. However, resolved to do his duty and feeling sure the result would be such earnest protestations of innocence as would convince the whole world of their sincerity, he persevered in his attempt to extort a confession. He acted with so much tact that she broke down completely and was about to confess the whole affair, but being satisfied, from her words and actions, that she was undoubtedly guilty he became so enraged to find that one whom he had allowed himself to love and believe in had been guilty of such baseness that he burst forth into such a torrent of oaths and invectives against her as to seal her lips forever on the subject of her crime. The result was her prompt acquittal for lack of direct evidence. Thus you see how important it is for a detective to hold his temper."

"Are not the innocent often mistaken for the guilty?"

"Very often. An innocent man wrongly accused will always appear like a guilty one, while a hardened criminal, under the most criminating circumstances, will seem the personification of virtuous innocence.

The Strange Splendors in the Sky.

The fiery appearance of the western sky after sundown, which excited much attention and wonderment in all quarters of the world last year, has recently again become a conspicuous phenomenon. Last evening in particular the skies glowed with splendid shades of red and crimson, and so brilliant was the display that some persons thought a great fire was raging. Long after the sun had disappeared a lurid red light hung over the western horizon, while the darkened heavens overhead reflected a faint tinge of pink. Similar displays have been witnessed at intervals ever since last winter, and that they are due to the same cause which produced the astonishing red skies of a year ago is rendered probable by the persistence of another phenomenon which made its appearance at the same time with the original red glows. This is the halo which can be seen surrounding the sun on any clear day, and which has not lost any of its intensity during the twelve months that have elapsed since it was first noticed.

It is a singular proof of the lack of attention paid to some of the plainest appearances of Nature, even by men whose lives are devoted to the study of natural science, that the question has been raised by well-known savans whether these sun pageants really are unusual phenomena. On this point there can be no longer any doubt. It is certain that the red glows referred to, and the curious appearance around the sun in the daytime are not ordinary aspects of the sky.

The unchangeableness of one of these phenomena and the intermittent appearance of the other render difficult the attempt to account for them by a single cause, and yet there are many circumstances which tend to show that they have a common origin.

The explanation which has been most widely accepted, namely, that the appearances in question are due to the presence in the atmosphere of fine dust thrown out by the volcanic explosion in the East Indies a year ago last summer, is open to many objections, although it has also many circumstances to support it. One of the most serious objections to this hypothesis is furnished by the reappearance of the red glows several times after they had almost or quite disappeared. After the suppositions dust had once settled to the earth it would be difficult to account for its reascent to a height of many miles, even by the magical aid of electricity, which serves as a convenient wonder-worker for so many obscure theories.

But whatever the cause of the strange sights in the heavens may be—whether it is meteoric dust from the star depths, or volcanic dust from the bowels of the earth, or no dust at all, but the operation of forces inherent in the atmosphere itself—it is pretty clear by this time that it threatens no peril to the dwellers upon the earth, as has been asserted by some of the same soothsayers who declared that the world was likely to come to an end, or the human race to be annihilated, in 1881, on account of the terrors of the perihelia and the revelations of the pyramid of Cheops. The great dry fog of 1783, which produced appearances similar to those recently witnessed, caused, it is said, various epidemic diseases among men and animals; but the present phenomena are evidently due to causes which have no effect upon the salubrity of the atmosphere, and so there is nothing to detract from the pleasure which all who delight in the splendid spectacles of Nature must derive from beholding them.—New York Sun.

Story of an Eminent Hoosier.

Readers may remember the story of the over-grown youngster, George Boone, of Indiana, a descendant of Daniel Boone, who was furnished with an iron pot to wash his feet in by the mother of the young lady he was paying his addresses to (for the hospitality of such a washing was common enough in those ruder barefoot times), and how his feet, being immensely large, got wedged in the pot, and he had to break it with an ax to get them out. That same George Boone grew to be a marked man physically (he was six feet eight inches high) and politically, for his fellow-citizens elected him a State Senator. Like Saul of old, he was chosen to lead the people. An eye-witness describes the scene in the Senate Chamber of an irritable little man's attack upon the giant—which, however, did not produce quite the effect of David's attack upon Goliath.

Col. George Boone was an able debater. His figure was so tall and commanding, his voice so strong, loud and clear, his manner so plain and unassuming, his coolness and courage so manifest, that he was both respected and dreaded as an opponent.

While he was in the senate, a warmly-contested question came up for debate. The gigantic colonel was the leader of one side, and a senator of about four feet ten, with limbs in proportion and with a voice like a katy-did, led the other side.

The chamber was crowded. The colonel arose, with his eye on the chair, and was speaking at the top of his voice.

"That's a lie!" squeaked out the little opposition senator.

"As I was saying, Mr. President"——

"That's a lie!"

"As I was saying"——

"That's a lie!" in the same squeaking voice.

"As I was saying"—the big colonel was going on, minding nothing at all about the interruption—but by this time the little senator could stand it no longer. He sprang over the railing, ran to where the colonel was standing, and pounded him on the back.

"As I was saying, Mr. President"——the blows were repeated, while the colonel, without taking the least notice of the assault, continued to address the senate until he had closed his speech; then turning his eye curiously upon his opponent,—

"What are you doing here?" says he.

"What am I doing? I'm fighting."

"Fighting whom?"

"I'm fighting you."

"Me? I had no knowledge of it whatever."

The sergeant-at-arms stepped up and carried the little senator away in a state of exhaustion. A little refreshment and the friendly hand of the big colonel soon put all things to rights, and the debate proceeded.—Early Indian Trials.

Chats With Young Housekeepers.

I.—WALL-PAPERS.

Paper-hanging is quite a modern invention as regards its western use, though in the east wall-papers have been known from time immemorial.

One must be guided, in purchasing, by the size and character of each room, and the amount of sunshine and shadow that the room will have.

Thus the dining-room, above all others, requires a paper of rich, warm tints—crimsons, golden-browns, old Pompeian reds and blues.

When the apartment is sunny, the paper should display more or less of these colors arranged in small, geometric designs of squares, wheels and bars, upon a quiet neutral ground; if the room is dark, however, the background must be of some warmer hue—cream, ashes-of-roses, or corn-color—and a touch of gilt included in the pattern.

Papers for the sitting-room and bed-room are also to be selected with reference to the light and shade of the room. It is well-known that reds, dark blues and violets absorb heat; so, for chilly rooms on the north side of the house choose the summer hues of roses, clear heliotrope tints, deep, pure blues with slender traceries of pearl and gilt, and in bright, southern chambers use cool, delicate colors just off from white—sage-grays, tender blues, sea-foam greens.

Papers bearing quaint little figures of pink, yellow, maroon and robin's-egg blue, mingled upon a gray ground so as to present a soft, mottled appearance, are especially pretty and desirable for small rooms, while the "olivine" papers—embracing every shade of olive, from the faintest to the deepest, in close, graceful patterns of arabesques, leaves and grasses, sprinkled with tiny flower-clusters or nodding wheat-sprays—are tastefully appropriate for apartments ordinarily light, and of medium size.

A parlor wall-paper should be as lovely as one's purse can afford, and always of pale, exquisite tints, since they impart an air of dainty elegance which is the chief and essential charm of a room devoted to festivity and enjoyment.

During the last few years competition has lowered the prices of wall-papers until they are now within the reach of the most moderate circumstances, ranging from twenty to ninety cents per roll, with friezes and dados (which may be further defined as borders and lower borders) costing respectively from five to fifteen, and twelve to thirty cents a yard.

Heavy gilt and velvet papers come to two dollars a roll and upwards, but are less popular than the cheaper decorative styles. When much expense is to be avoided, common six-cent papers turned wrong side out make a uniform French-gray surface that is both fresh and tasteful, bordered with a brilliant frieze one can fashion at home, by cutting a roll of plain paper into lengthwise strips four or five inches wide.

There are many refined, helpful women who not only make their own friezes, but paper their walls as well, and for those who are thus fortunate and independent, we give a standard receipe for paste, with the caution thoroughly to cleanse the walls of all old paper and paste before applying the new.

Take four pounds of good white-flour (sifted) and enough cold water to make a stiff paste; beat until it is smooth and light, then add two ounces of pulverized alum and one-eighth of a pound of common-glue. Stir this mixture gradually into five gallons of boiling water and continue to stir until the mass swells and assumes a white, starch-like appearance, when it is ready for use.—Youth's Companion.

Some interesting facts concerning the value of rare United States coins are found in a catalogue issued by a Philadelphia numismatist. A United States silver dollar of 1804 heads the list as exceeding rare. It is valued at $600. The obverse has a portrait of a woman with head thrown back in a strained and awkward position and long curling hair hanging down below the shoulders. Over the head is the word "Liberty," and below the head is the date 1804. Between the word and the date are 13 stars, 7 back of the head and 6 opposite the face. The reverse of the coin bears the United States shield and the words United States of America.

Many medical journals indorse the suggestions made by Dr. Weil, in the "Archives of Otology," based on his examination of the ears and hearing of nearly 6,000 school children, namely, that in every case of inattention the child should have its ears examined, so convinced is he of the fact that children who are simply hard of hearing are often misjudged and considered inattentive. Indeed, such an examination he thinks would be desirable once or twice a year for every child.

According to a local census, Chicago is shown to have a population of 640,000. In an article written by Stephen A. Douglas and published in the Democratic Review thirty years ago, it was predicted that New Orleans would not long be able to hold her position as the first commercial city of the Mississippi Valley; that no city on the great river would permanently hold that place; that St. Louis must by and by yield to some city planted on one of the great lakes; that the chances favored Chicago as such city.

The State of North Carolina sold some unproductive public property last year, and the State Government was run for a year without a cent's expense to the people.

The Government of the Sandwich Islands is in a terribly impecunious state and is unable to borrow money anywhere.

THE HOME CIRCLE AND FARM.

Farming Notes.

President Wilder estimates the value of our fruit crop, annually, at $140,000,000.

Most of the farm papers which venture to express opinions are daring of late to speak out boldly against the abuses of so-called agricultural fairs.

In the month of August the United Kingdom exported 1,052 horses against 1,000 in the same month in 1883. Of these 96 came to the United States. In the same time the United Kingdom imported 1,551 horses, against 2,440 and 1,643 respectively in August, 1883 and 1882.

Weakness in young calves is due to the poor condition of the cows, but often to exposure to cold, which reduces the vitality of the cow; and of course the calves suffer. The best thing to be done is to give the cows some nourishing food for some time before they calve, as oatmeal or linseed gruel, with a teaspoonful of ginger and a pint of molasses, and to give the calf a little weak gin and water, well sweetened, by means of a spoon. An ounce or so will be enough each time five or six times a day.

Muck alone is of little use as a manure when applied to land. By composting it with manure in the proportion of one load of manure to four or five of muck, the compost makes a good dressing for meadows upon all sorts of soil. It will not heat injuriously, and if it is evenly made it will not need turning.

Some years ago a bean harvester was invented by a farmer in Western New-York, and was used successfully. But at present no one seems to know where the machine and its inventor are. If any reader in the locality mentioned can inform us about this machine we shall be pleased to hear of it, as there are several inquiries in regard to it. A bean harvester is much needed, and is indispensable where many acres of this crop are grown.

Cheese for Home Use.

The following essay on "How to make the Cheapest and Best Cheese for Home Use," we take from the Farmer's Advocate, published at Ontario, Canada. The author, Miss Maggie Webster, of Prince Edward Island, is a practical cheese maker. Her essay won one of the prizes offered by the Advocate. It may help those who are desirous of making a few cheeses for home use, during the summer, when it is often difficult keeping the cream good for butter making.

Every pound of cheese requires ten pounds of milk, and a ten-pound cheese is about as small a one as can be conveniently made. A clean tub which will hold the milk, and a boiler large enough to hold ten gallons will be needed. A small press, which any smart boy can make, with a lever to hang a stone upon, will also be required, and then the "know how" is all the rest. Making cheese is a chemical operation, and depends greatly, like all other such work, upon temperature. One can not be safe without a thermometer, as a rule of the thumb will not be precise enough.

The first thing to do is to bring the milk to a temperature of 90 degrees. This makes a soft cheese; a higher temperature will make a hard one. The milk may be of two milkings; the evening milk, set in a deep pail in the cellar, and stirred late at night and early in the morning to keep the cream from separating, and the morning milk mixed with it as it is strained after milking. If any cream has risen on the evening's milk it may be skimmed off. The evening's milk may be warmed to 100 degrees and then added to the fresh morning's milk, which will be about 80 degrees; the whole will then be about the right temperature, which is 90 degrees. The rennet is then added. This is the liquid made by steeping a piece of the dried stomach of a suckling calf in warm water. For 100 pounds of milk, or forty-five quarts, a piece of the rennet about as large as one's thumb, or two inches long by one inch wide, is put in a quart of warm water in the evening, with half a tablespoonful of salt. In the morning this liquid is strained into the warm milk in the tub, and well stirred through it. The tub is then covered to keep the milk warm until the curd is formed, which will be in about half an hour.

As soon as the curd is formed enough to cut, a long-bladed knife is drawn through it both ways, so as to cut the mass into inch cubes. This causes the whey to separate, and when this separation has been effected, the whey is dipped out or drawn off and the curd gathered into a mass at one side of the tub, the tub being raised at one side to cause the whey to drain off. The tub is kept covered to retain the heat, or, if the curd has cooled considerably, the whey that has been drawn off is heated up to one hundred degrees and turned onto the curd until it is warmed through again, and the whey is drawn off. The curd remains thus for about an hour, until it attains a very slight degree of acidity, when it is broken up fine with the hands, salted with about half an ounce of salt to the pound of curd and put into the hoop.

The hoop for a ten-pound cheese should be about eight inches in diameter and ten inches deep. It has neither top nor bottom. It is placed upon a smooth board or a bench, and the curd is pressed down into it with the hands. When the curd is all loose, a cover is placed upon it, and the hoop is put under the lever, which presses down upon a block resting in the cover. Very little pressure is required, and this only until the curd has become solid enough to keep its shape; twenty-four hours in the press is quite enough, the cheese being turned twice in that time. The cheese is then taken out and the outside is rubbed with butter and wrapped in a cotton bandage, the edges of which are turned down on the two faces for an inch or so. The cheese is then placed in a cool room or cellar, and is turned every day for a month, after which it should be turned once a week for another month, when it is fit for use.

A very nice cheese for immediate use may be made in smaller quantities. The milk is curded in the same way as above mentioned, but as soon as the curd is set it is dipped out and put into molds six inches in diameter and three or four inches deep, resting upon clean straw, through which the whey drains off on to the board under it and drops into a pan. The molds with the curd in them are turned daily, and in three or four days it is firm enough to be turned out of the hoop on clean straw, when it is sprinkled with salt and turned daily for a month, when the cheeses may be put into a cool cellar to ripen for a week or two longer, and are fit for use. Skimmed milk cheese made in this way is very well flavored and is very nutritious, and furnish an agreeable change of diet for a farmer's family, and indeed sell very readily in village stores when they are made well.

Gravel Roads and Red Tape.

In 1877 the Indiana legislature provided for building free gravel roads in that state, and hundreds of miles have been constructed under this law, at an average cost of over $2,000 per mile. Forty per cent of that expense went for what a correspondent of the local Farmer calls "red tape"—"attorney's, engineer's, viewer's, auditor's, treasurer's and superintendent's fees, advertisements, etc." To this "unnecessary and unjust" outgo the citizens of Franklin Township, in Montgomery County, wisely declined to submit. And here is what happened:

"Not willing to be unmercifully taxed to improve our roads we have built fifteen miles at an average of $600 per mile. In point of merit, our roads are as good as those built under the law. The county commissioners have pronounced some of our roads the best in the county. Last year for the building of two and three-quarters miles of road we raised by subscription $1,440. In the spring, with our teams, ploughs and a good road-grader, we soon constructed our grade. In the fall we hauled the gravel, completed the road and paid for the same out of the above subscription, with $5 left. The parties constructing the road were the men interested and they worked, prompted by self interest. Teams were on the road before daylight and often until after dark. Subscribers generally worked out their subscriptions, and but little money was used. At the same time this road was being built, another road three miles south, and parallel with this, was being built under the provisions of law. While we built at a cost of little more than $520 per mile, the one under the law, cost $2,500 per mile, and the universal verdict is the road built under the law with its enormous burden of tax, is not as good as our cheap road built under common-sense and neighborhood enterprise."

The practical teaching of this suggestive contrast is obvious. "Let farmers have more confidence in their own ability; rely on themselves; co-operate and escape the meshes of costly red tape."

Teach Children to Do Things Right the First Time.

If you will teach the children and all about you in the house to do things by the "first intention," or what is sometimes called the primary movement, half the work of housekeeping is saved. For instance a boy sharpens a lead pencil; he cuts it all over the sofa or floor. There the shavings lie until somebody has to sweep them up. If he had been taught to do the cutting or any whittling over the waste-basket, or in winter over a newspaper, then emptying his chips into the fire, the whole performance is finished when it is done. Just so with the people who strike matches and leave them where they fall, on the tops of bureaus or washstands, or on mantle shelfs. Every burnt match should go directly into some receptacle provided for it, or into the fire. In cutting out materials to make up it is perfectly easy to gather up the scraps as they drop under the scissors, and put them into a little basket. In dress-fitting do your cutting over a large sheet spread upon the floor, which can be gathered up every day, and its contents assorted for the piece bag. In eating fruit teach a child to put away the skin and pits at once where they should go, eating them over a plate or paper instead of over the whole place. There is no need of two movements to finish what can be done in one. When a crocked kettle is set down upon a clean wooden table then somebody has to scrub hard to get the mark out. When fruit-dripping fingers are wiped in fair white napkins, then there is trouble in the wash and ruin in the linen closet. The primary movement in both these cases would have supplied the proper iron stand and the colored d'oyley first. But it is chiefly in avoiding the useless "litter" and confusion that children and their elders make about a room that the saving tells. It is just as easy in opening letters and taking off the wrappers of newspapers to drop all the bits into the waste-basket at once as it is to occupy somebody's five minutes in gathering them up afterwards. Teach the maid, little or full-grown, that if she will have clean hands before opening a door then the door jam does not have to be rubbed off afterwards with ammonia to get the marks off. Teach the child with its candy not to touch anything else with "sticky" fingers; one small girl in New York used to be set down at a table with a plate before her, and taught to eat her candy with a fork. This was going to the opposite extreme; fork and plate had to be washed afterwards, but not the hands or the furniture. It ought to be sufficient to have the child know it must wash its hands after such sweetmeats, and not spoil the comforts of other people who come unawares on a "sticky" door-handle or chair-back. Every door-mat is a sign put out for the primary movement and every scraper. When they are not used then somebody has to sweep up all the foot-marks from the summer linen floor covers, the delicate carpet or the pretty oiled floor. If you shut in your windows when the blow cumes up that precedes a thunder gust you will not have to spend a half hour dusting the house. If you shut in the outside shutters at such a time you will keep the parlor window panes from being splashed and stained. If you put a thick pad of cuttings from old comfortables or the bought carpet linings for the stairs on the edge of each step you will not have so often to mend or shift a worn carpet on the stairway. All of this is familiar, doubtless to "Household" readers, but, there are a hundred other matters that may be considered as they come up in which the first way of doing things saves steps and time and trouble. Especially is this to be noticed in fitting up the rooms where you live or work. Have the most needed articles close at hand, even if you have to put up two or three small shelves on the wall, or hang two or three convenient bags close by, or put in one or two extra pockets in your apron.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Spare Bed.

In view of the many serious and sometimes fatal attacks of sickness known to have been occasioned by sleeping in "The Spare Bed"—unoccupied perhaps several weeks and gathering dampness all that time—we venture, even at risk of encroachment upon the domain of "Home Interests," to quote here a bit of good advice from The Michigan Farmer:

"It seems the plain duty of every hostess either to make up her spare bed as it is needed, or rob it of its sheets and blankets long enough to air and dry them thoroughly before a fire before putting a guest in the room. Some good housekeepers never make up a seldom used bed except as it is used, but tuck the counterpane over the mattress, and put on the sheet and pillow shams, that the room may not look en deshabille, and bring bedding from the closet to make it up. This is a good plan. Even if a fire can be made in a guest room, the bedclothing should be spread out before it and the bed remade after airing and before occupancy. This may be extra work, but a woman with a conscience worth mentioning will not weigh her trouble by the side of her guest's comfort, let alone the risk of having a serious or perhaps fatal illness traced to sleeping in damp sheets at her house."

Jealousy in the Household.

From the New York Mail and Express.

How unfortunate it is for a woman to have a jealous husband, and husbands of this kind seldom have cause to be suspicious of their wives. I know one of the lovliest of young married women, who is as good a wife to him as any man could wish for, but the jealousy he bears for her is really absurd. He does not care to have men visit her, and it puts him into a great temper if he sees her walking in the street with any man; so much so, that she fears to have a male acquaintance come up and join her in the street. A friend of mine told me that one afternoon he met her in Fifth avenue and started to walk home with her, but they had not walked two blocks before she said to him: "L—— does not like me to walk on the street with gentlemen." Of course, my friend went no further with her, but he could not help remarking that L——was an ass. I think this clause might be inserted in the marriage service, where the clergyman reads, "You take—— to be your wedded wife—and will not be jealous of her," when men of this description take upon themselves the duties of a husband.

The Growing Stoutness of American Women.

New York Letter to Boston Advertiser.

My recent visit to some of the noted watering-places, and my observation of several large audiences since my return, has impressed me once more with the belief that the thinness and angularity of American women, so much commented on by Europeans in the past, is fast becoming traditional. They seem to be competing for fullness, not to say stoutness, with their old world sisters, who almost universally acquire an excess of flesh with the passage of their youth. It is remarkable how few native women, out of girlhood, one meets nowadays, in the large cities, that have preserved their slenderness. Twenty years ago a round, plump figure was almost the exception. Now the exception seems to be the other way. The increasing avoirdupois of the daughters of the nation is too conspicuous to be ignored. It is probably due to the growth of wealth, and, therefore, of ease and luxurious habits in the community.

Young Wives.

From the Brooklyn Times.

When a girl is at home, even although she may have to earn her own living, she has very little care upon her mind, and in cases where the daughter has nothing to do exeepting what may please her fancy to perform, she is entirely dependent upon her mother and assumes no responsibility whatever. This is all very nice for the girl, but I doubt if it is wise, as the contrast when she is married is so great, as to sometimes cause her to regret having taken the step. A mother who always takes charge of everything at home and cares so tenderly for her daughter as to relieve her entirely from any anxiety, is doing her too great a kindness. I have heard young wives express desires to go back home again, not because they did not love their husbands, or were unhappy, but because everything was so different. Instead of leaving everything for mother, who was accustomed to doing easily that which years of experience had taught her, they are compelled for the first time in their lives to act independently—a course which is so very hard at first, and is sometimes very discouraging. It is impossible to have nothing but pleasure in this life, and we should not grumble at the little trials that only sweeten joy when they come. A married couple constitute a little world by themselves in which each one plays a separate part, and the young wife must simply try to study and perform her share in the most creditable manner. The sooner she falls into the position she has chosen for herself the happier she will be, and will soon cease to wish for her old home and single life. Even if she were to go home for a while she would soon wish to come back if her husband is a kind and loving one. It is simply the great change that perplexes and bewilders her—from being taken care of to take care of others. She is now one of the heads of the household, the queen of the home, to rule, counsel, comfort, enlighten and cheer the family circle of which she is the center. She knows this before she marries, but she then sees nothing but the bright side, and does not stop to think that all the pleasures of that little circle must be earned before they can be enjoyed. But I do not want to frighten young women from entering the marriage relation, as it is the happiest life when rightly lived. The young wife soon cheerfully accepts the inevitable responsibilities that are a part of her new life, and feels proud of her ability to assume them. Ask that same wife a year or two hence and she will laugh at herself for the fears she had on entering her new sphere, and will assert that she would not want to be single again. Husbands should bear patiently with their young wives, and not expect them to do in the same manner what their mothers can do only after many years of labor. It is a terrible thing for a young wife to hear that "my mother can do so and so." When she is his mother's age she may do better. Mutual forbearance, a study of each other's little idiosyncrasies, looking over trifling faults, will go far toward making a home a haven of rest, and give one a foretaste of eternal happiness.

Costumes of the Happy Girls.

From the New York Evening Post.

The bonnets worn by the bridesmaids at a stylish wedding which took place up the Hudson on Thursday week were quite transparent, the framework of fine wires showing distinctly through the dotted tulle, which covered without concealing it. The strings were of small airy tissue and aigrettes of scarlet poppies and bearded wheat were set very high in front. The dresses were of white sicilienne, brocaded with small bright flowers and a bit of foliage in silk floss. They were made with long pointed tunics, full draped on one side and held by loops of cream satin ribbon. The pointed bodices were nearly covered with lace trimmings, with a deep flounce of the knife pleated skirts. Cream Suede gloves, bronze kid sandals, with hose to match; baskets of maiden hair fern mixed with white roses and red carnations, immense fans of white ostrich plumage, suspended by loops of white satin ribbon, completed the details of the toilets.

The bridegroom's gift to each bridesmaid was a lace pin with a diamond in the center and upright bars on each side set with pearls.

BERNAL OSBORNE.

Some Stories an English Writer Tells of the Genial Highlander.

Among the houses which he visited was that of Lord Panmure, an old Carthusian, says a writer in Temple Bar. A story told by him in after life gives a curious glimpse of the highland habits fifty years ago. On coming out of the dining-room after dinner at Lord Panmure's, Bernal noticed two stalwart highlanders in full costume. On inquiring what they were stationed there for he was told that they were always posted near to carry the guests up to bed. Lady C——tells a story about this time of Bernal's readiness. The colonel and officers of the 71st regiment were lunching at Lord C——'s beautiful place near Dundee. Bernal's task was to carve a pigeon pie. It happened that the colonel's name was Pigeon, against whom Bernal had an old grudge. Accordingly he at once turned to Mrs. Pigeon, and offering to help her, remarked audaciously: "Do you like Pigeon? I don't."

Bernal Osborne had no respect for rank per se, and he would have chaffed a duke with the same pleasure as a costermonger. Here is a terrific encounter which he had with a sneezing archbishop at Dublin castle during the reign of Lord Carlisle. A lady whose rendering of some of Moore's melodies gave great satisfaction to the viceroy was singing one of his particular favorites—"One Dear Smile"—while his excellency sat listening at the piano beside her. Suddenly there was heard a terrible fit of sneezing. Every one looked up, and the culprit was discovered to be no less a personage than Archbishop Whately. The famous prelate had always been notorious for his unceremonious manners, and on the present occasion he gave a further illustration of them. Again and again was the sneezing repeated, and as the archbishop was in close proximity to the piano, and assisted his sneezing efforts with a large red silk handkerchief, the situation became first painful and then ridiculous. Finally the fair songstress was obliged to cease singing, and "One Dear Smile" was transformed into a very broad and irrepressible laugh. Bernal Osborne's musical sensitiveness was outraged to such an extent that he remarked in his most caustic manner: "I trust your grace's next sermon will not be cut short by a sternutatory obligato of the same description, or you will certainly blow the whole of your congregation out of church. The archbishop was rather uncouth. Once good Dr. Murray, when seated by him at the education board, felt something moving in his coat-pocket, which turned out to be Dr. Whately's foot!

Another Lucky Coachman.

The elopement of Magdalene Darke, of Harrison, Westchester county, N. Y., with Jesse Carroll, her father's coachman, was the topic of conversation in that neighborhood recently. Mr. Drake was non-committal, except to say that he knew nothing about the runaways and should take no means to find out anything about them. Miss Drake left her father's house on Monday to visit acquaintances in New York city. She took with her two large trunks well filled. Her father had no idea until Wednesday night that she had eloped. Carroll bears an excellent reputation in Harrison. The people there say that he has a good education, is a steady fellow and will make Miss Drake a good husband. He is of a saving disposition and has, it is said, $1,000 in a savings bank. His stepfather, too, an old Irishman, who works for Mr. Drake as under-gardner, is said to have saved a competency. Friends of Carroll say that the couple were married in New York city on Monday or Tuesday. It is also said that Miss Drake has a fortune of some $75,000 in her own right, which was left her by her mother, and that she will get it when her youngest sister comes of age, which will be in a short time. She has an excellent education, being a graduate of Packer institute, Brooklyn. Mr. Drake, who is called the richest man in Harrison, seems more sore than angry at the affair and will take his daughter back again, if she comes of her own accord.

English Undefiled.

From the Philadelphia Call.

First Dude—"Shall we have oystahs, my deah fellah?"

Second Dude—"Ah, no! I feah they won't be good."

First Dude—"Nevah bettah, my deah fellah."

Second Dude—"But the weathah is so wahm.

First Dude—"Don't feah. This is Septembah, you know, and oystahs ah always good in a month with an ah in it, you know."

Virginia will contribute 1,100,000 bushels of peanuts to human happiness this year.

Defective Page