THE VIRGINIA ENTERPRISE

VIRGINIA, MINN.

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BRIEF NOTES OF NOTABLES.

—Rudyard Kipling has himself denied the rumor that he will return to America to live.

—During his stay in Washington Henry Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis," will be the guest of relatives.

—Queen Victoria is believed to be seriously considering the advisability of publishing a third instalment of her journal.

—Theodore Camp of Mount Vernon, N. Y., has been teaching school for sixty-two years, and is still doing as well as ever

—Mommsen, the historian, has declined to contribute toward the Heine statue, because of what he calls the poet's "shameful life."

—Prof. Henry Snyder of Miami, O., who died the other day, was one of the best-known educators of the blind in this country.

—The eldest unmarried daughter of Capt. Sigsbee, Miss Mary Ellen Sigsbee, is doing good work as an illustrator of magazines.

—Miss Edith Mosler, who is to be married very shortly, is the daughter of the artist, Henry Mosler, and herself a painter of promise.

—Sergt. James McInilney of Co. E, Ninth United States infantry, claims to be the man who "picked off" Gen. Linares at San Juan.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar says that until the publication of his latest book few of his readers knew him to be of unmixed negro blood.

—S. N. D. North of New York says he was the first person to make a practical business use of the typewriter. He used it first in 1872.

—Private Leroy Wiley of Paris, Ill., at the recent convention of soldiers of the Mexican war, was the only veteran out of 150 to use crutches.

—Ex-Postmaster General William L. Wilson's grandfather was a farm hand in Jefferson county, Va. His father was a country school teacher.

—Miss Martha Baker, a teacher in Boston's public schools, is now enjoying her first extended vacation after a service of forty-seven years.

—Mason A. Green of the Rutland Herald, who was Edward Bellamy's associate and friend, has nearly completed his biography of the dead Utopian.

—Joel Chandler Harris is said to be the hardest literary man to interview in this country. "I don't know anybody," he says, "and I don't care to."

—Lord Crawford and Balcarres has just celebrated the 500th anniversary of the creation of the earldom of Crawford in the peerage of Scotland.

—Ouida's dog cemetery near her Florentine home has received another resident in the person of a favorite mastiff of the novelist's which died last week.

—Mrs. H. E. Wright of Chicago has come into possession of a kettle oven which was once given Martha Washington in payment for a knitting task.

—Stephane Millarme, the French poet, who has died recently, was a constant cigarette smoker. The best likeness of him is said to be that painted by Whistler.

—Hindu young men are turning to Japan for instruction in science. Babu Rama Kanta Raj of Sylhet, who wants to be a mining engineer, has led the way.

—Dr. Minot J. Savage of the Church of the Messiah, was the first minister in this country who openly accepted the theody of evolution and preached it from the pulpit.

—Gov. Stephens of Missouri has appointed a woman, Miss Fannie V. Mudd, inspector of oils for the city of St. Charles, in that state, to succeed Jules Rauch.

—James L. High, the Chicago jurist who died the other day, first became famous through his edition of Lord Erskine's works and his own book on "Injunctions."

—John B. Parsons, the new president of the Union Traction company of Philadelphia, began his street railroad career in Philadelphia in 1870 as an office clerk in a railroad company.

—H. W. Berthrong of Arlington, Mass., who has been put in charge of the customs service at Manzanillo, Cuba, has been connected with the customs service for twenty-eight years.

—Swinburne, the poet, is said to be growing very eccentric as he nears his eightieth year. He is rarely seen in society, but has become intensely fond of the company of children.

—Henry Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross society, put half his fortune into the society's work and then lost the other half in business. The citizens of Stuttgart are raising a fund for him.

—Queen Louise of Denmark was very particular as to what her daughters read, and it is said that the only novel the Princess of Wales perused before her marriage was "The Heir of Redclyffe."

—The Crown Prince of Siam, who can write fluently in three European languages, is a boy author of some note. He has written several stories for children's magazines published in England.

—A letter from Park Benjamin to R. W. Griswold has come to light saying that if the publisher would like a poem from "Prof." Longfellow the writer can secure it for $20, though the poet asks $25.

—Miss Estelle Peel, as Wyoming's superintendent of public instruction, has charge of all the buying and selling of school lands and has increased in this line to the state's income from $100 to $1000 a week.

—French papers say that Sir Herbert Kitchener fought on the side of the tricolors in the Franco-Prussian war, having enlisted as a volunteer in the army of the Loire. He was, they add, twice wounded.

—Col. John A. Watkins, the Indian historian, who died in New Orleans the other day, was a veteran of the Mexican war, and was a direct descendant of Joseph Watkins, the follower of Capt. John Smith.

—Mme. Ristori, otherwise the Marquise Capranica del Grillo, is in her 77th year, and is lying critically ill at Rome, being unable to accept the invitation of the Queen of Italy to pass a few days with her at Gressony.

—The virtuous village of Conde-sur-Escaut, near Valenciennes, France, has forbidden the erection there of a monument to the famous actress Clairon, because, though a native of the place, her life after leaving was not exemplary in all respects.

—Although the Mahdi's body was destroyed, some enthusiast has secured his head, and is sending it to London to the Royal College of Surgeons. The skull is large and well formed. The Mahdi was buried in his jibbeh, and a small sum of money was found in the tomb.

—The fact is noted that the Collar of the Golden Fleece which has just been conferred upon M. Felix Faure was the one which had belonged to Bismarck. It is also said that the one now worn by King Humbert once adorned the shoulders of Christopher Columbus.

—Joan of Arc is still being exploited by zealous and chauvinistic Frenchmen. The latest development of the mania is the formation of a society or confraternity which proposes to organize a cavalcade, and to retrace the memorable progress of the Warrior Maid from Domremy to Compiegne.

—Owing to the controversy that has ensued over a successor to the title of "Daughter of the Confederacy," Mrs. Jefferson Davis is said to have renounced her original intention to have that inscription placed on the gravestone of her daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, in the Hollywood cemetery, at Richmond.

—Both candidates for New York's governorship are intimately connected with the South. Judge Van Wyck was graduated from the University of North Carolina and married a Richmond girl. Col. Roosevelt's mother was a Georgian, a descendant of Archibald Bullock, president of the colony from 1776 to 1777.

—Frau von Teuffel, wife of the physician to the King of Wurtemburg, who died in Munich, Germany, last Friday, was well known in this country as Blanche Willis Howard, the author of "One Summer," "Guenn," "Aunt Serena," and "The Open Door." She was married to Dr. von Teuffel in 1890.

—Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, who has been hunting in the Carpathians, expressed a desire to kill a bear and soon after had the luck to start up two, one of which he shot. On examining the carcass he found a hole through the nose, as though the animal had worn a ring, and inquiry brought out the confession that Amtmann of the district had bought the bears from a showman in order to gratify the prince's wish.

—The Rev. Father O'Leary was a famous Irish priest, preacher, controversialist, politician and wit, who died in London in 1802. In a polemical controversy with Bishop Woodward, he wrote: "His lordship says he does not believe in the Papist purgatory. Well, perhaps he may go further and fare worse."

—Miss Mauri, a ballet dancer, is the first woman to become a professor of the art. The National Academy of Music, Paris, has established a chair of ballet dancing, with Miss Mauri as the occupant. She won her great success at La Scala, in Milan, having attracted the attention of Gounod while dancing there.

—Miss Margaret J. Evans, who has just been elected a member of the American board, being the first woman to be so honored, is principal of Carleton college, Minnesota, and has been president of the Congregational Woman's Board of Domestic missions for fifteen years. She has studied at Oxford, Berlin and Heidelberg.

—Signor Francheschini, the Italian historian, has just found in the old cemetery of the Church of Santo Croce, in Florence, the tomb of Ghiberti, the celebrated sculptor and architect. He was the designer of the famous doors of the baptistery at Florence, of which Michael Angelo said that they were "worthy of Paradise."

—Laurent Perosi, the young Italian priest, who is counted among the musical prodigies of that country, is but 25 years old, and is the musical director of St. Marc in Venice. He has already composed three oratorios, to which form of composition he confines himself, the Passion, the Transfiguration and Resurrection.

—The Ministers' institute will hold its eleventh biennial session at the Church of Our Father, in Buffalo, from October 24 to 27. Among the distinguished speakers will be Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, the well-known psychologist of Harvard university; Dr. Minot J. Savage of New York, and Rev. Charles E. St. John of Pittsburg.

—Sir William White, the chief constructor of the British navy, is going to Egypt on a visit which will probably extend over Christmas. Now that Khartoum has fallen and the whole navigable course of the Nile has been opened up, it has become a practical necessity to maintain on the river a considerable fleet of gunboats for the maintenance of the Khedive's authority.

—There seems to be some mystery as to the whereabouts of Dr. Moritz Busch, the Boswell of Prince Bismarck, whose biography of his hero was published by Messrs. Macmillan a week or two ago. It is not surmised that the Emperor has arisen in his wrath and had the German Pepys placed under lock and key, but none the less the doctor's usual haunts know him not, and even his publishers cannot trace him.

—When Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish author, comes to this country for the second time, which he proposes to do this month, he will make Washington, D. C., his headquarters. He has two friends there, Thaddeus Tyssowski and Pelagia Galeski, with whom he will visit for several weeks. Jadwiga, daughter of the novelist, will accompany her father, whose first visit to this country was made some twenty years ago.

—The collection of pictures at Versailles has received a valuable addition in the shape of a remarkably fine "Holy Family," by Nicholas Poussin, a gift to the French nation from the Duc and Duchesse de Tremoille, and it has been placed in the Cabinet du Conseil. This picture is in a frame bearing the cipher of Louis XV., and during the reign of his most Christian majesty it belonged to the gallery at Versailles, but was taken away during the revolution.

—Senator Simon of Oregon will not be the first Hebrew to hold a seat in the United States Senate, three others having preceded him. The first was David L. Yulee of Florida, whose father's name was Levy. He was elected a representative in 1845 as David Levy, but when his term expired he had his name changed to David Levy Yulee. The second Hebrew senator was the famous Judah P. Benjamin of Lousiana, and the third was Benjamin Franklin Jonas of Louisiana.

—The Rev. Dr. Lewis Crebasa Browne, who has just died at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., was the oldest Universalist minister in the state. He was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the Universal denomination, and for nineteen years had been an associate editor of the Christian Leader, published in Boston. He occasionally wrote poetry, some of his poems appearing in the Christian Leader, Harper's Bazar and in a large octavo volume, entitled "The Poets of New Hampshire."

—All the members of the Bismarck family are great in stature. Besides a door in Friedrichsruhe is the following record in pencil, dated December 31, 1879: "Prince von Bismarck, 1 m. 88 (1 meter 88 centimeters, or 6 feet 2 inches); Herbert von Bismarck, 1 m. 86 (6 feet 1¼ inches); William von Bismarck, 1 m. 85 (6 feet ¾ inch); Count Rautzau, 1 m. 714 (1 meter 714 millimeters, or 5 feet 7½ inches); Countess von Rantzau, 1 m. 716 (5 feet 7½ inches); Princess von Bismarck, 1 m. 714."

—Theobald Chartran, the portrait painter, has returned to Paris from Rome, where he worked on a portrait of the Pope. He gives good reports of the Pope's health. His holiness, as usual, eats extremely little, and only sleeps three hours a night, but his mental vigor is surprising, and he has no physical ailments. Mr. Chartran, who painted Leo XIII. seven years ago, recognized very little difference in his subject. "His face is not more wrinkled, he has the same welcome smile, the same sonorous and musical voice."

Columbus' Many Burials.

Havana dispatches say that on September 26 the remains of Columbus were taken out of the sarcophagus in the cathedral at Havana, in which they had rested for more than a century, and was sealed up in a proper box to be shipped back to Spain. Columbus died in 1506, and was ceremoniously buried at Valladolid. Seven years afterwards (1513) his remains were moved to Seville and deposited in a chapel of the monastery of Las Cuevas, where, in 1526, they were joined by the body of his son Diego. In 1536 both bodies were moved to Hispaniola and deposited in the principal chapel of the cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795, when San Domingo passed to France, the Spaniards moved what was believed to be the body of Columbus to Havana; but the story is that they took not Christopher, but Diego, and the proof offered is that Columbus, by his will, ordered the chains he wore in his imprisonment to be buried with him, which was done, but that the coffin moved to Havana had no chains in it. On this ground, and perhaps for other reasons, the San Domingo people have already averred that their cathedral still held all that was left of Columbus; and perhaps they are right, though their claims have never had any standing in Havana or in Spain.

There is no present indication that any serious opposition will be made to the transfer of Havana's good-enough Columbus back to Spain, though the proceedings may yet become matter for negotiation. It may be doubted whether the attachment of Columbus to Spain was sufficiently strong to make him indisposed to continue as a tenant of Cuban soil after the departure of the Spanish flag from that island. His burials heretofore have always been occasions of great ceremony, and doubtless the next one will not be an exception.—Harper's Weekly.

Gloves of the Ancients.

Before the Tenth century English ladies wore long sleeves with pointed flaps that rested on the backs of their hands, or when they went forth in winter drew the loose drapery of their outer garment over their hands. The first glove had only a thumb and no fingers, like the mittens of the present day. Their wearers were so proud of them that they emphasized them by bright colors, such as violets, reds and blues. The gloves were wondrously embroidered and starred with jewels. No gloves were fined than those of the clergy. They were mostly of white silk or linen, cunningly embroidered and sometimes fringed with pearls. One ecclesiastic had a red silk pair, with the sacred monogram worked on the back, surrounded with a golden glory, and later on they had gloves to match their different vestments. In fact, gloves had departed from the primary ideas of utility and become a decoration. They were too magnificent for common wear and in contemporary pictures the nobility seemed to have carried them rather in their hands or in their girdles than on their fingers. The knight's mailed glove sheltered his hand; it became a sign of power, and when a gracious lord meant to signify his intention to protect a town he sent his glove as a sign of his willingness. The glove, too, was a token of defiance when one knight declared war against another, and at the same time, as if to mark the difference between the strong right hand of man and the daintier hand of woman, he bound his mistress' delicate glove to his helmet by way of showing his fealty.

Gossip for the Ladies

Autumn's Work.

The Autumn, like a wisard bold,
  Who works in crucibles unseen,
Transmuting dross to yellow gold,
  Has wrought a garb of wondrous sheen.
He hangs it o'er the hilltops high,
  And lo! it floats like amber mist;
The maples catch its radiant dye,
  And blush as by the sun-god kissed.

He touches with his magic wand
  Each wooded mound and meadow slope,
And meadow slope and wooded mound
  Glow like some vast kaleidoscope.
The thistle blooms in copse and byre,
  Where lowing cattle love to stray;
The sumac lights her beacon-fire
  In sylvan nooks and hollows gay.

He waints in ultra-blue the sky
  O'er which the fleecy cloudlets pass,
And dips his brush in Tyrian dye
  To tint the scarlet sassafras.
The aster bends beneath his tread,
  And timidly her welcome shows;
The mullein nods her yellow head,
  And dips a courtesy ere he goes!

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But ah! a leaf comes fluttering down—
  A russet leaf, all splotched with red—
The first bright leaf of Autumn's crown,
  Dyed with the blood his bosom shed!
And soon his gorgeous robes will fade,
  And soon the winds will wail and cry,
And winter with an icy spade
  Will dig the grave where he must lie!
—Helen Whitney Clark in Woman's Home Companion.

The Temptation of Overdoing.

Everyone is getting back now from their summer wanderings by field and fell, and the swish of the silk-lined skirt is heard once more. Rosy cheeks, and sun-tanned faces are everywhere in evidence, and where two or three women are gathered together the talk is of springs, and mountains, and Europe. No matter how much one has enjoyed an outing, the best part is getting back.

"Home always looks so good when I first return," said a woman the other day, "that for me a trip is equal to furnishing the house from top to bottom."

One feels, however, that at no other time of the year are women so sadly in need of a note of warning as just now. Overdoing is always their besetting sin, and when one comes home, tired out with idleness and simply aching for work, the temptation to rush in and try to do everything at once is very subtile and insidious and hard to resist. To begin with, the house cries aloud for cleaning. If the servants have taken care of it during the summer, there is a bloom of dust on everything that might delight an antiquary, but that throws a good housewife into cold fits. If the husband has "bached," confusion worse confounded prevails, and there are shoes on the piano, and duck trousers on the hatrack, and pipes and cigar stubs everywhere. Besides, the children must be gotten ready for school, and a little late fruit preserved, and heaven knows what odds and ends of jobs looked after.

Every woman will realize that it takes real heroism for another woman to sit down quietly and rest, with everything at sixes and sevens about her, but all the same she is wise who takes things slowly, and who does not undo by a week of frantic housecleaning all the good two or three months of rest have done her. More than that, it is almost a breach of good faith with those about her. The serenity and happiness of the household depend on the woman's good health and temper, and she has no right to unnecessarily imperil that by bringing on an attack of nerves by overwork.

One of the advantages of the annual migration of women is that they travel with their eyes wide open, and learn so much. For her to see a thing is to adopt it, and adopt it to her own use. She comes home with her head full of new ideas, and her desire to put them all into instant execution is also full of peril. Here, too, there is luck in leisure, and she will never regret having waited for a while before she threw away her good old-fashioned furniture for spurious empire gim-cracks, or having reflected that the heavy hangings of Turkish cozy corners that looked so fetching in Chicago or New York would seem stuffy and smothery in New Orleans.

This is also the time of year when one is importuned to join church societies, and clubs galore, and when, in the first flush of getting back and being glad to see everyone, you weakly subscribe to everything that is offered to you. Go slow about that, too, sister. It is so much easier to get into things than it is to get out. Every dilatory member is a dead weight on a club, and you have no right to join one unless you can take an active part in it. Take time when you first get home to look about you, and see what you really can do, and want to do. Make up your slate, as the politicians say, and don't be in too big a hurry. You have the whole winter before you. Take things leisurely, and keep the roses you brought back from your summer vacation.—New Orleans Picayune.

Love Making in Public.

Very much in the way of sad complaint has been written on the unloving ways of married couples, says the Philistine.

And now I wish to vary the monotony with a small protest against too much loving on the part of the married—in public, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Love between man and woman being the one strictly personal thing in the universe, it seems meet that its gentle manifestations should not be accompanied by a brass band. Unmarried couples, I will admit, are often put to severe straits, and there may be good excuse for two sitting in public on a chair that was built for one. In view of the fact that Reuben and Mollie have to love in public or not at all, when I find them nestling in the park or by the grassy roadside, or on the sofa in the dimly-lighted parlor, I inwardly say: "God bless you," look the other way and earnestly study the stars.

But what must we say of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who lovey dovey on the housetops? We know they are married, and this is seeming proof that they prefer the society of each other to all the world, so it seems superfluous for Mr. Smith to softly pull his wife's ears and say ketchy, ketchy, ketchy, on the veranda when company has been invited. But really, I do not think Mr. Smith errs in this matter as much as the lady—she is the one who says at the dinner table: "My ownest-own, is oo feelin' bad all over? Poor little oofty-goofty!" They have little jokes between themselves, shy whisperings and "you knows," that mystify and put at unrest all the onlookers in Venice.

I cannot fully agree with a cynical friend who declares that married couples who caress on street corners fight in private. My opinion is that there being conjugal misfits on every hand, this couple is simply bound to advertise to the world that their experience is a success, and not being quite sure of it, they mutually agree to work the amatory wig-wag while the world looks on.

"Conscious weakness takes strong attitudes," says Delsarte. It seems to me that if I loved a woman very much, and between us there was an absolute understanding, it would not be necessary to reassure each other at the opera.

Business Women Do Not Eat Enough.

An eminent physician in one of our large cities has been making inquiries as to the diet of business women, and comparing it with that of men in similar positions. He makes some valuable suggestions as the result of his investigation, and gives utterance to some criticisms on the habits and management of the women themselves.

"The fact is," he says, "three-quarters of the women who board themselves are about half starving themselves. Not that they deliberately and with malice aforethought neglect mealtime or refuse to eat a fair amount of food, but they will not take the trouble to cook dishes suitable for them. I found at least a dozen women out of the thirty employed in one large house who frankly admitted that they never cooked a hearty meal for their own eating. They claimed that they felt quite well on a diet of bread and butter and coffee or tea, with an occasional piece of cake or a pie. Fruit in the season is quite frequently used, but at other times it is too costly for women of moderate means or those who earn but small salaries."

It seems an impossible problem to handle, but in some way there must be an arrangement by which women can club themselves together and, by uniting forces, live admirably and under much more healthful conditions than those which at present exist.

Talkers and Listeners.

Is the listener your friend? It would be well to ask this question often. Women who talk much are sought after by women who are excellent listeners.

The chatterbox is flattered at the attention given her. Nobody takes more interest in her gabble than the woman who can listen and say but little.

She has the advantage every time. How does she profit by her wisdom? Ten chances to one to worm her way into the confidence of the next chatterbox she meets.

Women who allow their tongues to gallop away with their common sense are at the mercy of the woman who listens.

It is all so mysterious. How did it ever travel as it has from mouth to mouth, until it has become so barbed that it would wound a soul armored against such shafts?

It would be difficult to determine who is to be held for the most mischief in our realm, the woman who talks or the woman who listens.

Furnishing the Sitting-Room.

A cozy bedeckment of the home, and the sitting room comes in for first contemplation, being, as it is, the real living room of our abode, whether as large as a Vanderbilt mansion or a seven-room and bath rented by the month embodiment of "home, sweet home."

The sitting room, being a much less formal apartment than the drawing room, it is not necessary that it should contain any "show" pieces of furniture, but books, easy chairs, good-sized tables, lamps and writing tables—anything calculated to add to its general comfort. Above all things, it should reflect the individual tastes and habits of the people who are to occupy it.

In such a room the decorations should be kept quite simple in character and chosen with the idea of forming a good background for both pictures and furniture. If a patterned wall paper is used, the design should be one which the eye follows with pleasure, and the coloring is better subdued than light, as rooms that are too light one grows tired of, but when the room is rather small it is nice to have a perfectly plain paper, which has the effect of increasing the apparent size.

All the woodwork, including the mantelpiece, must be painted ivory, and the fewer the colrs used the more pleasing and restful the result will be. The hangings and chair coverings should be in the same tone, the carpet being in a contrasting color.

Near the window, which should not be overdraped with curtains, a writing desk, with pigeon-holes, drawers and cupboard should find a place, with a comfortable lounge covered in a good cretonne. The shape of all the furniture must be simple, with the least possible ornamentation, but well constructed and suitable for its various purposes.

One or two good-sized tables are rather necessary, on which there should be space for the books and employments of the moment, and it is of the greatest importance that there should be space in the room in which to move about, or there cannot be comfort, and an overcrowded room cannot lay claim to being well arranged.

Now, this is of course only my idea of a real comfortable apartment, but as a suggestion may I hope that it will aid some housewife who is thinking of furnishing and arranging so that home will seem as attractive as the club to the man who supports it.—Philadelphia Times.

The Best Poets for Girls to Read.

"I believe, my dear girl, every good poem you read is going to make better what would be called the ideal side of your nature, and is going to make you appreciate what is really melody in words. You know the old books of poetry, and it seems to me that there is not much that is thoroughly good among the new except those written by the poet of our time, Rudyard Kipling. You can arrange a long list of the older poets in whom you will find pleasure. Naturally begin with Shakespeare and then come down, not very far, to the two Brownings, then to some parts of Byron, then to that unhappy boy, John Keats, then to Pope, then to some parts of Shelley, then to Tennyson, and, looking for the great souls right in our own home, you will meet and greet Aldrich, the gentle; Sydney Lanier, the musician; Poe, the mystic; and best of all for every girl, Longfellow."—Ruth Ashmore in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Making the Breakfast Table Attractive.

If we could only impress upon the housekeeper of moderate means how essential it is for the table to appear attractive in the morning, she would, no doubt, use her every effort in studying this means of putting her husband and family in good humor for the day.

At this season of the year a novel idea is to have at each breakfast plate half a well-chilled cantaloupe filled with bits of chipped ice.

The careful preparation of the same so that it may appeal to the senses together with the delicious aroma creates as fine an appetizer as one could well wish. The bits of ice can be removed and the melon sprinkled with powdered sugar.

Any housekeeper would feel amply repaid for this extra course at breakfast by the gratified and pleased expression on the faces of each member of the family as they await the serving of the cereal, which heretofore, perhaps, they might have omitted at breakfast for lack of appreciation on account of the monotony of its regularity.—Boston Herald.

Oh, the Stillness of the Room.

Oh, the stillness of the room
  Where the children used to play;
Oh, the silence of the house
  Since the children went away!
And this, the mother's life,
  To hear, to love, to lose,
Till all the sweet, sad tale is told
  In a pair of little shoes,
In a single broken toy,
  In a flower, pressed to keep,
All fragrant still, the faded life,
  Of one who fell asleep.
—Mary Clemmer.

New Soil for Palms.

A soil composed of three parts of good fresh pasture loam and one part each of leaf mold, sand and well-rotted manure is a good one for palms. Water freqently enough to keep the soil moist, and when it is given let it be in sufficient quantity to moisten the whole ball of soil, but do not keep the soil soaking or soggy; leave it until the surface of the soil looks a little dry and then again water plentifully. It needs hardly to be said that less water will be required in winter than in summer.

How to Secure Fluffy Locks.

With the arrival of spring it will be found that the girl who could not accomplish a shining pompadour has gone in for elaborate curling. To do this she is making her hair as fluffy as possible. The locks should be rippled first, combed out and then curled, just as if it had not been rippled at all. When finally combed out, the hair will be all a crinkle. It will fluff up to an amazing extent, and will hold its fluff, too. A "rat" is hardly needed for the pompadour, the comb is caught on the under side of the side locks, which ends turn under, held by the comb. This is a new trick, too, but just take a good look at he Lenten ladies meekly wending their way to church, and you will see that the crinkled hair is the latest effort to get away from bangs and curls.

The New England Pie.

The stereotyped and much maligned New England pie is beginning to cast aside its under crust, and now frequently appears in a deep dish with only the top crust, after the manner of its English cousin. Apples quartered, sweetened and flavored with nutmeg or cinnamon, plums with their pits still in, and peaches, halved and sugared and tucked under the protecting upper crust, are all seasonable and delicious.

Good Mush.

It would be hard to find a cook too modest to claim a knowledge of mush-making; yet how many, even among experienced housekeepers, make good mush? Boiling water, cornmeal and salt—what simpler than to put them together and cook them? Yet much of indifferent meal properly made may be better than that made of the best meal wrongly handled. The water must be freshly boiled and salted, and all the meal as it goes in must encounter the same fiercely boiling temperature, to burst the starch cells, as direct heat "pops" corn. Therefore, making mush takes time, for the meal must be added so slowly as not to stop the boiling, as well as to avoid lumps. A thick iron pot, porcelain-lined, is the best thing to cook it in, and a wooden spoon or paddle should be used for stirring. Sprinkle the meal in slowly with the left hand while stirring with the right. The proportions of the ingredients will vary with the quality of the meal or its character (whether crushed or cut), but an average rule would be four quarts of water, one quart of meal and two tablespoonfuls of salt. When all the meal has been smoothly stirred in, cover the pot closely, and stand it where it will give an occasional bubble for three or four hours—or half a

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day. Do not disturb the surface, as stirring permits the "extractives" or flavors to escape. Mush made of good meal by the above method, and served with rich cream, is a royal dish.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in the Woman's Home Companion.

Boiled Ham.

Thoroughly brush and clean a large ham in lukewarm water in which a teaspoonful of borax has been dissolved. Then soak in cold water over night. In the morning shave off every particle of the hardened surface. Put it into a large kettle and cover with cold water. Let it heat slowly, and as it begins to boil remove the scum. Then add a bay leaf, one onion, two large sprigs of parsley, and one quart of sweet pickle vinegar, or one pint of clear vinegar or cider. Keep the kettle where it will barely bubble, and let it cook till tender; allow thirty minutes to the pound from the time simmering commences. If a fork will pierce through the thickest part and the skin will peel off easily, it is done. Let it remain in the liquor until cold. Then carefully peel off the skin, trim off any ragged edges and with a soft cloth sop the melted fat from the top. Mix one cup of fine cracker crumbs, half a cup of brown sugar, one saltspoonful of pepper and one saltspoonful of powdered tarragon, and moisten slightly with melted butter. Spread this thickly over the fat surface, and return to the oven till brown and crisp.

Portieres.

Portieres, it should be remembered, are supposed to have their origin in a need. They are intended to do service to shut out disagreeable draughts; sometimes sounds. Such being their service, it is manifestly unsuitable that they should be tightly shirred on a pole in a way that takes sharp and reaching pulls to draw them. They should be invariably on rings, and move easily and quickly over the pole, the arrangement of cords that draw them aside instantaneously being preferred. Their design should be simple, solid colors of a neutral tint being the most acceptable. It is rare that a figured pattern is satisfactory. They should not hang in a doorway where the doors are open and set back. They sometimes cover acceptably a door that must be permanently closed, but otherwise they replace a door that is removed for reasons. Their texture, while thick, should be soft and pliable, hanging in easy folds. Nothing is more tasteless than a stiff, wiry fabric to screen a doorway. The poles should be within the door frame, and set perhaps six inches from the top, never over the molding and finish of the door.

Hair Must Be Red.

In Paris it is more and more the custom to dye the hair, or, in the polite vernacular of the Parisian, "tint" it. There is scarcely a French actress whose hair is not some shade of red, mahogany, golden brown, bronze or russet. One woman told an inquirer the secret of her hair, which was a most beautiful russet, waving and soft, as well as brilliant. It did not bear a trace of dye. A Turkish lady from Constantinople for some favor received gave her a large package of powder. One tablespoonful of this powder put in oil and alcohol, applied lightly to the hair, produced the effect, the oil preventing the harsh, dry appearance all dyes give. The mixture actually increased the growth of the hair, but unfortunately nobody knows what it is, for the Turkish lady vanished.

There are four colors the woman who has dyed her hair red should strictly adhere to—white, black. blue and gray. There is in Paris an autocrat, who charges terrific prices, to whom women go when they want an opinion as to what color they shall tint their hair. He talks with them for an hour, studies them in his Louis XV. drawing room, which has no suggestion of hair dressing, regards their eyes and set of the features, inquires what colors predominate in the toilets selected by madame for the season, and sends the inquirer away. In a day or two she receives a water-color sketch of how she will look with a tiny curl of red hair, the shade he has decided best suits her, pinned to the corner. She goes to the hair-dresser the artistic adviser employs, and presto! the change is made.

For the house, hair is worn very high or very low, and the beautiful parting which men admire very much is done away with, the pompadour effect, with puffs and curls, taking its place. The parting is left for very old ladies and schoolgirls. All kinds of jeweled ornaments are worn in the hair.—New York Times.

BEVERAGES OF HISTORY.

Human Race Has Always Been Inclined to Strong Drink.

When the question of the moment is how to allay our thirst, the beverages of history are of more than ordinary interest. The Egyptians, who have been ungallant enough to leave behind them delineations of the fair sex in a state of intoxication, had several kinds of wine more than 6000 years ago, in addition to a beer called hega, made from barley. The ancient Assyrians, too, loved their wine. The earliest mention of wine in the Bible is a reference to Noah planting a vineyard and getting drunk with the wine. The drinks of antiquity were sometimes, to say the least, peculiar. The Greeks and Romans, whose customary drink was wine, often mixed it with sea water. Other ancient beverages were honey and rainwater; honey, salt water and vinegar; and a mixture of honey and myrtle seed.

Homer speaks of a wine to which twenty times as much water could be added. The Roman lover, when drinking to his lady, often drank as many cups of wine as there were letters in her name. Warm water was sometimes regarded by the Romans as an agreeable drink at the conclusion of the chief meal. It is safe to assume that this was not in summer time.

Famous among drinkers were the Vikings, whose liquors were ale, beer, wine and mead. Quaffing ale from the skulls of their enemies formed one of the chief attractions of the promised Valhalla.

All through our history we find a love for drinking prevalent among the people. A drink much in demand in the time of Chaucer was bracket, made of the wort of ale, honey and spices. By the time of Edward IV. drinking had become so productive of crime that few places were allowed more than two taverns. London had to be content with forty. Under the Stuarts drunkenness was at its height. Thirst provokers were largely taken, and a man's claim to distinction was largely due to his bottle capacity, while ladies of the court thought it no shame to become inebriated. The three or five-bottle man was an object of envy to his fellows. Indeed, the scenes of Hogarth are but a sidelight on the times. Signs were hung outside taverns informing the thirsty wayfarer that he could get "drunk for a penny," and "dead drunk for twopence." Such notices often ended with the significant words, "Clean straw for nothing." With the reign of George IV. disappeared fashionable intemperance, and "drunk as a lord" was no longer a correct simile. The aerated waters now so largely used were first made on a large scale by Schweppe of Geneva in 1787, and ten years later a factory was established in England. There is still a fortune awaiting the man who can invent a summer drink devoid of the shortcomings possessed by those at present in the market.—London Mail.

Newest Calling Cards.

Styles in visiting cards for women and men have been completely revolutionized. Matrons' cards are much smaller than formerly, while those for young women are not much larger than the cards used recently by the ultra-fashionable man. The correct card for men of social usage is only a shade bigger than a wee infant's card. "Mr. and Mrs." cards, as they are called, are about the same size as last year's card for matrons, which is smaller by an inch than they were formerly. Roman letters, or block type, is in vogue for men, though a few people refuse to give up script. Very thin cards are the thing again. They came in two seasons ago, but did not find favor. Now they are in demand again, which is another slight evidence of the fickleness of fashion's followers. They are certainly not so bulky as thick ones, and this is an advantage not to be treated lightly, especially since woman has once more adopted the pocket.—Philadelphia Press.

New Peach Disease.

Unless a remedy is soon found for a new disease which is devastating the peach orchards of Southwestern Michigan, the peach-growing industry in that section will drop off considerably. This disease, the cause of which an expert from the agricultural department at Washington has been unable to discover after a personal examination of affected trees, is called "little peaches," because it causes the peaches to stop growing when about the size of hazelnuts. The trees affected die in about a year, and the disease spreads very rapidly. In Saugatuck township alone 4000 trees have been destroyed the past season.

VE PAGE

Young Folk's Column

Some P's and Q's.

Pray, little lads and lassies gay,
One lesson do not lose:
As through the world you wend your way,
Oh, mind your P's and Q's!

For while P stands for pears and plums,
For pleasantness and plays,
For patience and for promptitude,
For peace, politeness, praise;

Yet, lackaday! it leads in pert,
In pinches, pests and pain,
Perverse and petulant and pry,
And also is profane!

Q stands for Quaker quietness,
For quinces, quality,
For quickness and for queenliness,
For quaint and quittance free.

But then, it heralds quake and quail,
And querulous—indeed,
All quibbles, quarrels, quips and quirks,
And quacks, it serves at need.

Then watch them, little maids and men;
For folks will soon excuse
Full many a fault and foible, when
You mind your P's and Q's.

—Elizabeth Carpenter in St. Nicholas.

What to Do with Horse Chestnuts.

First—Cut with a snarp knife a hole about a quarter of an inch in diameter. Cut out the meat in little pieces and shake out of the hole. By holding the nut against the lower lip and plowing into the hole, a whistle of amazing power can be produced. By boring a small hole into one side and stopping it with the finger a kind of trill can be performed with some kinds of nuts. By fastening several whistles of different pitch on a strip of wood a tune can be played on them.

Second—By hollowing a nut, leaving a hole at the top about half an inch in diameter, and the same size at the bottom, cutting holes for eyes, nose and mouth, and illuminating with a small candle, a grotesque jack-o'-lantern can be made.

Third—Thrust a wooden toothpick through a nut, leaving a quarter of an inch on the other side, and sharpen to a point. A good teetotum is the result. The teetotum can be decorated by cutting the shell in various ways. By hollowing out the chestnut and leaving a hole in the side, a musical teetotum can be made. By cutting various spots upon the sides the teetotum exhibits rings and other lines when in motion.

Fourth—A face is cut upon the side of a large chestnut, lifting a portion of the shell for eyelids, and cutting the lips to represent teeth. A little bit of red paper is stuck in for a tongue. A napkin is then placed over the top of a tumbler so as to form a depression. In this the head is placed. The sides of the napkin are then grasped by the hand on the outside of the glass, and by moving it slightly the head rolls about in the most amusing way. A little hat or feather makes the head still more comical. This performed with an orange is a sight never to be forgotten.

Fifth—Cut out the eyes so as to show white, raise a triangular flap for a nose, thrust a short stick into the nut and dress as a doll. It makes a particularly good China boy if a cue is stuck on, and a cross piece is put on for arms.

Sixth—By gouging a quarter-inch hole with a knife and sticking the nut on the end of a pliable wand or rod with a free-arm movement, the nut is thrown off and goes an incredible distance.

Seventh—By sticking pins into nuts and hanging them by means of threads on a horizontal rod, some of the experiments on transmission of motion may be demonstrated to some extent. For this the nuts should be as nearly as possible the same size. If four nuts are hung in this way, and touch each other, on lifting one of the end nuts and allowing to swing back so as to strike the next nut, the last nut on the other side will be thrown off, demonstrating the transmission of power.

Eighth—A drum chorus can be performed by hollowing out the nuts sufficiently to allow the insertion of the fingers. Several boys with fingers thus armed and playing on tin pans and boards produce sufficient noise to make themselves objectionable to the last degree.

Some Good Conundrums.

What domestic article represents a pillar of Greece? A candle.

Two geese sat on top of a mountain, one facing east and the other west, and five feet apart. How could they put their bills together without turning round? By walking straight ahead.

Why can you be absolutely certain that a blacksmith is a horse? Because he is a horse, sure (horeshoer).

Why are geese impostors? Because there are a great many quacks among them.

What game gives many persons a cold? Draughts.

What game is affixed to baggage? Tag.

What game peremptorily orders silence? Whist.

If you were the first letter of the alphabet, what country ought you to get your employes from? Servia.

Is there a country in which any letters of the alphabet are musical? Well, there is Tuni-s.

What American city is most closely identified with Noah? New-ark.

The Antiquity of Nursery Rhymes.

"Three Blind Mice" is in a music book of 1609.

"A Froggie Would A-wooing Go" was licensed in 1650.

"Little Jack Horner" is older than the Seventeenth century.

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"Boys and Girls, Come Out to Play" dates from Charles II., as does also "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket."

"Old Mother Hubbard," "Goosey Goosey Gander" and "Old Mother Goose" apparently date back to the Sixteenth century.

"Cenderella," "Jack, the Giant Killer," "Bluebeard" and "Tom Thumb" were given to the world in Paris in 1697. The author was Charles Parrault.

"Humpty Dumpty" was a bold, bad baron who lived in the days of King John and was tumbled from power. His history was put up into a riddle, the meaning of which is an egg.

"The Babes in the Wood" was founded on an actual crime committed in Norfolk, near Wayland woods, in the Fifteenth century. An old house in the neighborhood is still pointed out, upon the mantelpiece of which is carved the entire history.

What Becomes of Pins.

An old gentleman in the north of London has been making a series of interesting experiments with a view to finding a solution to the question often asked: "What becomes of the countless myriads of pins, etc., that are annually lost?"

As he expected, he finds that it is the disintegrating effects of the air which resolve even these intractable little instruments into their elements. He put some hundreds of brass and steel pins, needles, hairpins, etc., in a quiet corner of his garden, where they would be subject to all the destructive agencies of dampness, earth, wind, etc., although secure from the predatory hands and disturbing feet of inquisitive intruders.

The results are curious. Ordinary hairpins were the first (taking 154 days, on an average) to oxidize into a brownish rust—ferrous oxide—which was scattered by the wind as it was formed, and not a trace of a single one could be detected at the end of seven months. Common bright pins took as long as eighteen months before their combustion was complete, but brass ones had been entirely turned into green verdigris long before that.

At the end of fifteen months an ordinary penholder had had its nib entirely rusted away, but the wooden stick was still almost unaltered. It is probable that the paint on it had somewhat of a preservative effect. Some used wax vestas were almost gone, with the exception of the cotton wick, in less than eighty days from the time they were deposited, but the sulphur heads of some unlit ones were as perfect as ever.

Polished steel needles of a small size lasted a very long time (over two years and a half); but a black lead-pencil proved itself to be practically indestructible, both cedar and plumbago being almost as good as when new, even though harder things had quite rotted.

Childish Pleasures.

It would not be a bad thing for some of us if we could, by any chance or effort, remember how we felt when we were children ourselves. Let us pause in the eager race of life to recall how delightful it was to play at tea in the nursery or under a great tree out of doors, when we had acorns for cups and saucers and oak leaves for plates, and the little doll's set of dishes to furnish forth our tables. Perhaps we can remember our delight in a pair of new shoes; the ecstacy which came with the Christmas gifts; the great pleasure there was in the visit of some friend for whom we cared. A certain family of little people were always in the seventh heaven when there came to the house a friend of their mother—a lady not young, not beautiful, not peculiarly gifted, but one of those divinely sweet and dear persons, to whom God has made clear the heart of a child. This sweet woman could tell stories by the hour; she knew riddles and games; she could make rag dolls and paint their faces, and by a simple magic of her own the home-made toy came from her fingers more charming and attractive than the most expensive article bought from a Paris shop.

DEATH OF MAHDISM.

Reck of Countless Abominations at Omdurman.

In the London Mail G. W. Steevens tells the following story of the events following the destruction of the Khalifa's army on the Nile:

"Next morning the army awoke refreshed, and were able to appreciate to the full the beauties of Omdurman. When you saw it close, and by the light of day, the last suggestion of stateliness vanished. It had nothing left but size—mere stupid multiplication of rubbish. One or two relics of civilization were found. Taps in the Khalifa's bath; a ship's chronometer; a small pair of compasses in a boy's writing desk and a larger pair modeled clumsily upon them; the drooping telegraph wire and cable to Khartoum; Gordon's old Bordein, a shell-torn husk of broken wood round engines that still worked marvelously, a few naked Egyptians once government servants; Charles Neufeld, the captive German merchant, quoting Schiller over his ankle-chains; Sister Teresa, the captive nun—forcibly married to a Greek, presenting a green orange to Col. Wingate, the tried friend she had never seen before—such was the pathetic flotsam overtaken by the advancing wave of Mahdism, now stranded by its ebb.

"For the rest, the Mahdi's tomb was shoddy brick, and you dared not talk in it lest the rest of the dome should come on your head. The inside was tawdry panels and railings round a gaudy pall. The Khalifa's house was the house of a well-to-do fellah, and a dead donkey putrefied under its window-holes. The arsenal was the reduplication of all the loot that has gone for a dollar a piece these three years. The great mosque was a wall round a biggish square with a few stick-and-thatch huts at one end of it.. The iron mosque was a galvanized shed, which would have repulsed the customers of a third-rate country photographer. Everything was wretched.

"And foul! They dropped their dung where they listed; they drew their water from beside great sewers; they had filled the streets and khors with dead donkeys; they left their brothers to rot and puff up hideously in the sun. The stench of the place was in your nostrils, in your throat, in your stomach. You could not believe that this was the city where they crucified a man to steal a handful of base dollars, and sold mother and daughter together to be divided 500 miles apart, to live and die in the same bestial concubinage.

"The army moved out to Khor Shamba. The accursed place was left to fester and fry in its own filth and lust and blood. The reek of its abominations steamed up to heaven to justify us of our vengeance."

MISS GOULD'S PHILANTHROPY.

How She Cared for Soldiers Who Dropped by the Wayside.

One of the grandest acts of Miss Gould's philanthropy has never been noted in the newspapers, says William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record. When the men at Montauk Point were mustered out or given furloughs most of them started directly for New York and many almost immediately fell victims to the temptations of a great city. A few days later they usually found themselves in some low lodging house without a dollar. Often they were ill or weak from exposure and privations, and suffered relapses because of their dissipations. When this fact became known to Miss Gould she hired the Salvation army headquarters, placed a sum of money in the hands of the person in charge, bought 250 spring cots and bedding, provided cooks, waiters and other necessaries for a hotel, and placed agents on all the trains running into the city from Montauk Point and the railway stations to notify every soldier who arrived in town that a good bed and wholesome food were waiting for him at 121 East Fifteenth street without expense. This hospitality was accepted by hundreds. Some of them remained there a week or more, seeing the sights of the city. Others were taken there by the police, for, at Miss Gould's request, the superintendent of police issued an order to the patrolmen to take all the drunken soldiers and sailors they picked up in the streets to "Fort Gould," as they called it, instead of to the police station. The Salvation army people were in the habit of taking care of men in their condition, and knew how to treat them. Those unfortunates who had lost their money and were unable to reach their homes were always supplied with railway tickets paid for from Miss Gould's full purse.

Would He Pass?

Lieutenant-Commander Vail of the navy recruiting office in the Masonic temple, Chicago, has received many odd letters from chrysalistic heroes of the sea, but the most unique thus far is certainly this one, which came a few days ago:

Shelbyville, Ind., Oct. 9, '98.

Dear sir:

I hereby write to you peopel asking what are the chances to get in the U S Navy

I will tell you the condition I am in at the present time & some of the past time.

I am 18 years of age
I stand 511 inches in hite
I way 150 lbs
I have never been the subject of any coff
" have verry good eye site
" have verry good herring
" " never been in the subject of any kind of sickness
" " " " " " " " " kind of disease
I have never had any bones broke in my body
I have never had catarr
I have never been in the subject of lung truble
" " " " " " " " heart truble
" " " " " " " bright disease.
" " " " " " " " kidney truble
" " " " " " " stomack
" " a full set of teeth uper & lower

I guess that is all of my condition at the present.

I am very well acquainted with Mr. Geo Hodell a young Gentleman on Flag Ship New York. He told me he thought that I would pass verry easy as to the condition I am in

I guess I will close hopping to here from you verry soon Harry Sparks

Wanted a Partner.

The following letter was received recently at Wallack's theater. It was addressed:

Mr. Wallack's Theater,
New York
City.

This was the letter:

Balto Oct. 9, 1898

Dear Sir
We would like to have
A man to go in partners
With 2 of us and we would
Like you to find the senery
And Acters and or Manger and
If satify Send Word to
Wm Chesholm
2919 Falt ave.
Balto.
The Show Call Lost and found
Or The Settlement in The West.

There was nobody at Wallack's theater who had any actors and scenery to spare for this purpose, but there may be others elsewhere who would be pleased with such an obvious opportunity for a fortune. —New York Tribune.

A Horse's Skull as a Rabbit Trap.

Charles Conroy of Aurora, Ind., while hunting, made a most peculiar find. Discovering the detached skull of the skeleton of a horse, he gave it a kick that rolled it over, revealing in the cavity of the skull the corpse of a rabbit. A further investigation disclosed the fact that the rabbit had entered the hollow skull as a place of retreat, but in doing so dislodged a piece of the vertebra bone of the horse's skelton, which lodged in the opening through which it had crawled, and completely closed the exit and made the rabbit a prisoner in its bony sepulchre, where it was kept confined until starvation brought death.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Thirty years ago there were only two dozen explosive compounds known t chemists; now there are over 1000.

Bab's Bright Babble

(Copyright, 1898, by I. A. Mallon.)

This last month seems to have brought nothing but death and death and death. Today it is the young soldier boy who started off so cheerily, believing that the safety of his country depended on him. Tomorrow it is the young wife whose little children clung to her, loved her so dearly and could not understand that she had left them never to come back. The next day—who is it the next day? Perhaps somebody close to you or to me or to the neighbor over the way. One who has gone to sleep forever belonged to that group of great artists who made life understand genius and taught all the world that acting, like painting and singing, was an art and a great one. This artist, whose name is carved in the great book of immortality, was Fanny Davenport. Handsome, full of merriment, making gladness all around her, yet her art was first, and everything must give place to it. When you and I slept, she worked. She learned to become the woman she represented. She learnd to know the Italian, the French, the Russian woman, as she really was. While I joyed in the artiste I think, most of all, I loved the woman, and now, when my eyes are filled with tears, it is not that they belonged so much to the great actress, but to the loving wife and sister and the fond and devoted friend. Every one who was of the Davenport kin, no matter how far distant, was recognized and made much of.

I shall never forget a stormy winter day when I met her on the train, that fast train that flies from New York to Buffalo. During the time we were together she was as gleeful as a child, inasmuch as she was trying to make her husband guess what his Christmas gift was. He thought it must be a jewel of some rare kind. She volunteered to describe it, and she thought, with his quick wit, her husband would have no trouble in thinking it out. She said it was blue and that it was curly. It was oval, and it was round. It was thousands of years old, and yet it was created not so many years ago. It was a jewel and yet it was gold. It was a stone and yet such stones are not found by the seashore. It was cut in and yet it showed best when its beauty came out. And so on she went, really describing the artistic gift and continually contradicting herself so that Mr. McDowell was perfectly dazed. Just before we reached Syracuse, where she was to leave me, she told me what it was in reality. It was a fine intaglio, the head of Caesar, cut in a pale blue stone and with the hair closely curled all over the head, as her husband's was. It was a copy of that fine one in the Vatican. This stone, being oval, was set in a round ring, and so all her descriptions were correct. That was the last time I saw her, and as I waved my handkerchief from the car window I little thought that it was not "goodby" for a little time, but for all time.

Like a child in her love of children, she loved them all, and, best of all, dearly loved a little niece who was her namesake. She showered all sorts of wonderful toys and smart little clothes on this small woman and was most pleased when she was told of something witty that the tiny lady had said. At the time when Mme. Bernhardt was in Boston the French artiste, who also loves children, asked that the little one might be sent to pay her a visit. Dressed in her finest frock and warned that she must do her best in the way of speaking French—for she could chatter in the frivolous tongue a little—she started off with her nurse to call on the lady about whom she heard them all talk. Mme. Sarah was in bed, but she had her visitor brought up, and she proved a rather embarrassing visitor, since, after being seated on the edge of the bed, she looked and stared as only children can look in that piercing way, as if they were reading one's soul. At last, annoyed beyond expression, the variable Frenchwoman asked her what she was looking at. Back came the response, "I am looking at you just as hard as I can, and I do believe that my Aunt Fanny is a great deal prettier than you are." Nurse and baby made a sudden exit, for it is a well-known fact that the great artiste still loves to be considered beautiful. Fanny Davenport laughed and upbraided the saucy baby. Still, what woman would not be pleased at such an innocent compliment?

Another time when I was lunching with her, and we were having one of those delightful luncheons where no men are around and the conversation can range from frills and frivols to science and what is not known about it, a maid came and said, "Some one wishes to see Mrs. McDowell." There was a shrug of the shoulders and she thought that she wouldn't go. The maid laughed and said the gentleman insisted upon seeing her, and after the second thought there was a pitying look, and in a voice that came from her heart she said, "Well, I would better go; perhaps it is some poor actor who wants help." In five minutes she was back, her cheeks as bright as a rose and her eyes sparkling like stars. As my face looked for an explanation, she said with a laugh, "It was only my Mr. Mac, who wanted to kiss me goodby and so fooled me in that way."

Then there was a time when I lay sick —sick almost unto death—and among the many beautiful flowers sent me came a huge piece, with wires through the roses and the violets mounted on straw, making a stiff effect and requiring four men to fetch it upstairs, and yet it was only the work of the florist. It lacked heart, or else the heart was strung on wire. An hour afterward my friend came in, and, looking around the room, she spied this enormous piece of made up flowers. With a sigh and a smile combined, she announced, "I told them to send you some flowers, and that horrid piece is their idea of what one sends to those one loves!" Quickly she took from her belt a bunch of violets and laid them on my pillow, where I could see them and inhale their fragrance, and then we looked at each other, understanding.

And she is gone.

The woman who was strong of brain and yet the woman whose heart was so big, so loving, that she wore herself out in love giving and in joy giving. I sometimes think, when I am all alone looking out on the great world with nothing between us but a sheet of glass, whether the roughest and most ordinary looking man, possessing even a bit of sense or feeling, does not know the difference between a big-hearted, gracious, loving woman and one who is coarse in appearance, lacking in love and all the charming attributes that make one say, "She is a gentlewoman." I wonder if you think, as I do, that a gentlewoman is one who likes to make people glad to meet her and regret to leave her? She seems to me to be one who gives courage to those who are tired and to quiet that loud, unpleasant argument, changing it into interesting talk. It is a talent seldom possessed by men and an art belonging to women.

It was an old-fashioned writer, one who in our girlhood's days we thought the best of all, Maria Edgeworth, who said, "Everyone who makes goodness unpleasant commits high treason against virtue." Not one of us is too poor to give the cup of cold water, and it is not always nectar for which one longs. Sometimes that is too sweet. Sometimes it seems to lack the purity that comes in the clear, colorless liquid that brings health and happiness. Oh, no; I am not a prohibitionist, by no manner of means, but I am a temperate woman. I do not believe that good things were made to cast aside, but instead, as the grapes were crushed into wine at the wedding where the great Teacher was present, and it was drunk of sparingly, so of the wine of today. It may be taken like the other good things—temperately.

The man that eats too much is never called by the name that he deserves—a glutton.

The woman who overdresses does not get her name—a fool.

The man, or woman either, who talks too much does not receive the title that each has earned—that of bore, while the impudent children do not find as a blessing (?) for bad behavior the outward, moral sign of the inward condemnation.

No, few of us are temperate, and yet that is the art of living. It is worth while to think it all out. Because when you know how to live you know how to die, and that is the art of arts, for it enables you to close your eyes without a fear and go into the presence of the Judge, who is going to be no more harsh in his judgment of you or of your neighbor than he is of Bab.

Prosperity in the Cherokee Strip.

The Cherokee strip, which was thrown open to settlement five years ago, has now a population of over 200,000 with farms, farmhouses, twenty large towns, with waterworks, electric lights, good schools, and all modern improvements, represented in an assessed valuation for purposes of taxation of over $15,500,000.

—Mrs. Eliza Hendricks, widow of the former vice-president, is managing her husband's estate so well as to earn the title of "the best business woman in Indiana."