WIVES OF SENATORS.

Seventeen New Solons in the Senate, Ten of Whom Are Married.

The Rest of Them Comprise Three Bachelors and Four Widowers.

Something About the Ten New Stars of Washington's Social Sky.

Who They Are, What They Are and How They Look at Home and Abroad.

Among the brightest of the new women in Washington this year are the wives of the new senators. They come to the capital from the four quarters of the United States, and, like Minerva from the head of Jove, they spring full-fledged into the thickest of our fashionable society, writes Mrs. Grundy Jr. in the New York Press.

The position of senator's wife is an important one in Washington. There are certain rules of social etiquette regarding them. They have to make calls upon the wives of some classes higher than themselves, as, for instance, the

MRS. KYLE.

president's family, as well as upon the ladies of their own set who have been here longer than they have, and there are certain other classes upon whom in etiquette they should not call until they have been first called upon by them.

The wives of the cabinet officers now call first upon the wives of the senators, and the wives of the senators usually make the first calls upon the wives of the justices of the supreme court.

A Bright Better Half.

There are seventeen new senators in congress this session, but not all have wives to halve their sorrows and double their joys. A few are bachelors, like Messrs. Hill, White and Dubois, and some are widowers.

Among the bright ladies from the Northwest who have entered the senatorial circle are Mrs. Senator Kyle and Mrs. Senator Hansbrough. Mrs. Kyle is the wife of the new senator from South Dakota. She is a very pretty woman, and looks like a girl among the wives of the old senators. She has dark hair and eyes and a most charming manner. She is of French descent, and her maiden name was Anna Isabel Dugat and her ancestors came from Paris. She is, however, an American herself, and she was born at Medina, near Cleveland, and she was going to school at the pious old college of Oberlin when she met young Kyle, who was then studying the theology of Congregationalism in a seminary there. The two fell in love, and

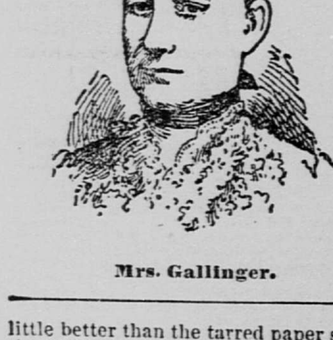
MRS. VILAS.

Kyle followed Miss Dugat to Cincinnati when she went there to finish her musical education, and it was in Cincinnati that they were married.

Young Kyle then started out to preach, and Mrs. Kyle went with him. She followed his fortunes among the Mormons of Utah, among the gold diggers of Colorado and the cowboys of the Western ranches. Wherever he thought it was his duty to go as a missionary preacher she went with him, and she was in Aberdeen, S. D., where he was preaching, at the time he was elected to the United States senate. Mrs. Kyle has musical talent, and will probably give some pleasant receptions at her home on Capitol hill.

Cultivated on a Ranch.

You would never suppose that Mrs. Hansbrough had roughed it on a Dakota ranch, but she lived for quite a while on a farm near Devil's Lake, while her husband stayed in the town and edited a newspaper, and only got out to see her Sundays. Her house at this time was a comfortable frame, and was a



Mrs. Gallinger.

little better than the tarred paper shanties of those who lived near her.

After a time she moved into Devil's Lake, and she speaks with enthusiasm of the culture and pleasures which surround existence in her old home town in Dakota. She says she likes the Northwest quite as well as New York, in which state she was born, and she is by no means averse to Washington.

Mrs. Senator Chilton, of Texas, is as pronounced a brunette as Mrs. Hansbrough is a blonde. Her hair is of a glossy black. Her eyes are black and full of merriment. Her features are small and delicately chiseled, and she vivaciously talks. Mrs. Chilton comes from one of the first families of Virginia. She was born in that state, but when she was nine years old her father, W. W. Grinman, moved to Texas, and Miss Grinman grew to womanhood there. She came back to Virginia for her education, and she is noted for her musical talent and skill. She has been married a number of years, and has a large family. Two of her children are here with her.

Mrs. Vilas Welcomed Back.

Mrs. Senator Vilas is by no means a stranger to Washington or to its social life. She was a social favorite here during the Cleveland administration, when her husband served as secretary of the interior and as postmaster general, and she comes back to all friends. She is a very pretty woman, is a famous housekeeper, and she is thoroughly up in everything pertaining to society. Her daughter Mollie was one of the belles of Washington when Mrs. Cleveland was in the White house, and though Senator Vilas is now living at a hotel he will probably keep house here and entertain later in his senatorial career. Mrs. Vilas is the daughter of Dr. W. H. Fox, who was one of the ablest and most noted of Wisconsin physicians. He had a large farm very near that which Senator Vilas' father owned, and young Vilas used to ride over and court Annie Fox when he was studying law. The two were married at an early stage of the future senator's career, and their life has been a happy one. Their home at Madison is one of the finest in the West.

Good New England Stock.

Jumping from Wisconsin to New Hampshire we have another bright woman in Mrs. Senator Gallinger. The most of her life has been spent in Concord, the capital of her state, where she has had quite a social career and where her husband has been prominent in professional and political life. Mrs. Gallinger has been in Washington somewhat during her husband's terms in the house of representatives, but she has never paid much attention to Washington society and has preferred a quiet life to "the social swim." She is a New Hampshire woman by birth, and was Anna Bailey, of Hopkinson. She was teaching school in Cincinnati when she met Dr. Gallinger, who was in the medical college there.

Mrs. Senator Proctor is so well known to the country that it is useless to give much of a description of her. She is a splendid, motherly-looking woman of the real New England type, quiet, gentle, ladylike and unassuming. Aside from the secretary of war she became noted here for social qualities, and her home on Massachusetts avenue has been the scene of many large gatherings, which have been characterized by an absence of display and by the quiet and dignified grace of the hostess and her charming daughters. The Proctors are rich.

F. F. V. Blood.

Senator Charles Gibson is perhaps the handsomest of the new senators. He is happy in having a wife who is much finer-looking than himself. Mrs. Gibson comes from one of the old families of Virginia. She is a sister of Mrs. Randolph Tucker, and a most aristocratic-looking lady. She was very well to do when Senator Gibson married her, and the two have a very pleasant home on the eastern shore of Maryland. Their life is spent here in a fine suite of apartments at the Shoreham, and here

MRS. PEFFER.

Mrs. Gibson receives her friends with true Southern hospitality.

Senator John M. Palmer's wife is a woman of much culture. She is fond of long walks and fresh air, and, though she does not care for society calling, she is thoroughly up in social matters and understands how to entertain. Mrs. Palmer was born in Springfield, Ill. She was living there when Senator Palmer fell in love with her, and the story is that she put the old gentleman on probation as to certain small vices which he had contracted for a year or so. Senator Palmer fulfilled the conditions to the letter and became a goody-good man, and finally ended his state of probation by going into the state of matrimony. Mrs. Palmer has been prominent for years in Illinois in all movements that tend to the advancement of her sex, and she is one of the managers of the women's exchange at Springfield.

The Richest of All.

Senator Calvin Brice is, perhaps, the richest of the new senators, and he will probably entertain extensively here before his senatorial term is over. He has a charming wife, who is now rich in her own right, as Senator Brice is said to have given her $500,000 when he made a big pot of money out of the Vanderbilts. He then told her she should take this and keep it, even if he lost every cent by speculation, and he has, it is said, given her other amounts from time to time which make her the possessor of more pin money than perhaps any other lady at the capital, with the exception of Mrs. Stanford. She is noted for her charity.

Mrs. Brice comes from Lima, O. She was the daughter of a prominent politician there named Melley, and she is, I think, the sister of Gen. Melley, a prominent railroad man in New Mexico, and formerly adjutant general in the state of Ohio. Mrs. Brice spent her last summer in Europe, and she brought back with her her daughter, Miss Helen Brice, who has just finished her education across the water, and who is a bright, attractive and accomplished girl. Senator and Mrs. Brice have two sons in Harvard college and a younger one in the preparatory school.

Both Father and Husband Paper Men.

Mrs. Senator Peffer, the wife of the Farmers' Alliance man, did not come to Washington with her husband. To use the senator's words, "she will appear in the spring, when the trees leave out and the flowers shed their fragrance on the air." She is, he tells me, not a society woman in the sense of the word, but she has a fine social nature and is refined and well read. She has been with Senator Peffer during the whole of his varied career, sympathizing with his trials and sharing his success as a farmer, editor and politician.

Mrs. Peffer is by birth a Pennsylvania woman, and she first saw the light of day during President Jackson's first term in 1832. Her father, William Barber, was of English-Irish origin. Barber was a famous paper manufacturer. He built the first paper mill in Cumberland county, and around this mill in a short time a village sprang up, which became known as Papertown, and which is now known as Mount Holly Springs. Mrs. Peffer was only two years old when she came into Papertown with her parents to live. It was here that she met Mr. Peffer, and they were married in 1852. During the first year they lived in several different states, and when the war broke out their home was in Illinois. Mr. Peffer entered the army and he sent his savings home to his wife. She invested the money to such an advantage that when the war was over they had the nucleus of a fortune.

IDEAL MARRIAGES.

An Apparent Unequal Match May Develop One.

There is no hard and fast rule that can be given to secure a good husband and a consequent happy marriage, says the Detroit Free Press. What seemingly unequal matches we see that really turn out ideal marriages! And of all dreams of earthly felicity there is surely none that take rank with the ideal marriage state—the companionship and inter-dependence of a man and a woman whose natures are in harmony, and who have come to each other across wide seas and at unexpected times—who, in short, were made for each other. Philip Gilbert Hammerton in depicting his "Intellectual Life" to his wife tells this sweet story in these few characteristic and profoundly significant sentences: "We have shared together many hours of study, and you have been willing, at the cost of much patient labor, to cheer the difficult paths of intellectual toil by the unfailing sweetness of your beloved companionship. It seems to me that all those things which we have learned together are doubly my own, whilst those other studies which I have pursued in solitude have never yielded me more than a maimed and imperfect satisfaction. The dream of my life would be to associate you with all I do, if that were possible; but since the ideal can never be wholly realized, let me at least rejoice that we have been so little separated and that the subtle influence of your finer taste and more delicate perception is ever, like some penetrating perfume, in the whole atmosphere around me."

The tragic reverse of this is common. Take for example the woman of a sensitive nature who grows intellectually, yet who is married, not mated, to a man not her equal in quality or capacity of brain, but who is endowed with a massive unreasoning will. He would be the custodian, not only of her person and possessions, but of her very mind. She must not read the books of this writer nor heed the teachings of that master. She must not think their thoughts nor hold their doctrines. What he believes it is fitting and proper that his wife should believe. If the wife finds on the whole that it is the easier way to yield outward compliance, while at heart she is in rebellion, she necessarily leads a double life. This means deceit and deceit means unhappiness—a gradual growing apart, a coolness which too often hardens into aversion. On the other hand if the wife has a high spirit and will not stoop to a tacit lie we have open domestic warfare, the saddest and most hopeless of human strifes.

A PARISIAN TOILET.

How to Get Rested and Refreshed—The Value of the Bath.

Werner's Voice Magazine.

1. A tepid bath of twenty minutes' length and a shower bath of five.
2. A rest of thirty minutes.
3. Face, throat and neck submitted to a gentle friction of elder flower water, mixed with half a goblet of warm water. This removes all impurities from the pores and gives the surface a clear, ivory hue.
4. Scented orris powder rubbed in the hair and brushed out again, being careful to remove all traces of it from the temples and nape of the neck.
5. A delicate creme, similar to cold cream, the juice of lettuce being the chief ingredient, laid over the face, neck and hands. After ten minutes remove with a fine linen cloth. This is said to obliterate traces of the contraction and weariness of the features incident to society or stage life. It is a delicate operation, neither to roughen the surface nor make it red. It should leave the complexion polished and whitened.
6. Veloutine (a mixture of rice powder and bismuth, the latter giving permanency and the former delicacy to the preparation) applied with care, producing a clear alabaster whiteness, with a trace of luster, yet showing no sign of any foreign substance.
7. The eyebrows are smoothed with a small soft brush, leaving a trace of farde Indian, and with a leather estampe a soft shadow is laid under the eyes to increase their brilliancy.

To follow the foregoing directions literally under all circumstances would be difficult. It is quoted here to give some idea of the manner in which age is concealed by people who have made concealment a fine art. To a practical person this may be simplified. We know that a bath is to refresh as well as to make clean the person. A sponge bath with a little bay rum or alcohol added to the water will both cleanse and refresh. The shower bath creates a glow; this can be obtained by the sudden application, after the bath, of a large towel wet with cold water, followed by friction and gentle exercise. Some people are too delicately organized for such heroic treatment. The half hour rest is no inconsiderable factor in the restoring process and deserves special attention. If rightly taken it is a magic rejuvenator.

COMFORT TO OLD AGE.

How a Maid Can Become a Blessing.

There are few things that give an elderly woman so much comfort and pleasure as the possession of a maid of her own; and whenever the circumstances of a family make it possible it is a wise plan to allow the old mother, grandmother or aunt this luxury; and sometimes it is wise to do so even at the cost of considerable pinching in other directions, says the St. Louis Republic.

With age there always comes an amount of weakness that causes a thousand things to be felt as difficult and almost impossible efforts, but which with a maid at command would at once be accomplished and yield their full amount of pleasure.

This maid runs the desired errand, does the little shopping, takes on herself the lifting, the managing, the fetching and carrying. She reads the daily paper or the new book, fills the gaps of a life where so many places would be barren and desert without her, and in doing this she spares the rest of the family fatigue of many sorts, both bodily and nervous; meanwhile, too, sparing her old mistress physical exertion, she prevents much wear and tear, and so plroongs her life.

Then, too, the maid affords the old mistress a great deal of society; for age is not so fastidious as youth, and the busy chatting that may be heard going on when they are together shows how useful the younger person is in that respect and how much pleasure she gives. And as age is apt to be garrulous and in that respect tiresome, this maid acts as a breakwater against any torrent of talk for the rest of the household.

It is not the household, however, but the old member of it that is to be considered, and all who are able to do so, if they try the experiment, will find that it is fertile in happiness.

No One to Borrow From.

Harvard Lampoon.

Lipsley—You know those cigars Miss Beacon sent me for Christmas?

Lapsley—Yes.

Lipsley—Well, I gave a lot to my friends, and now haven't any left.

Lapsley—What, cigars?

Lipsley—No, friends.

A WINTER WOOING.

Guess I reckoned that I'd never
Pop that question t' Mirandy.
First I tried to was one summer,
Sittin' on her dad's verandy.
Then one August, too, I thought I'd
Ask her, in the clover medder:
Had a set speech, but somehow she
Looked too cold to take the header.

Next time wuz th' slidin' party
Out at Crawford's, and Mirandy
Said she'd slide if I could find a
Extra-sized toboggin' handy.
That just set me tinglin' so, I
Asked her if she'd go a joggin'
With my arms around her, slidin'
Right along on life's toboggin.

Then Mirandy smiled her sly way
With a color all a-buddin'
In her cheeks, an' said as how the
Question took her kind o' sudden
Like, an' left her without breath t'
Say a word, but guessed the flyin'
Down the hill, with winter blowin'
In your face, was rather tryin'.

But she whispered, if I'd steer her
Jest as straight and jest as clever
Down life's groove as that toboggin,
She would slide with me forever;
If I'd always guide her, keepin'
'Round my arms for safe protection;
Watchin' for the bumps and strivin'
Always in th' right d'rection.

So we climbed th' hill, while all th'
Stars that winked above and hovered
Slipped behind th' clouds and told th'
Other stars what they'd discovered.
And with Mandy's eyes t'light me
Down the hill I've found the joggin'
Jest as pleasant'n'as easy
As that night on that toboggin.

—Charles Gordon Rodgers in Outing.

ARTISTS IN AMERICA.

Exhibition of Water Colors at the National Academy of Design.

It Abounds in Excellent Technique, but Sadly Lacks Imagination.

American Taste in Dress Compared With That of the Parisians.

Various Dress Combinations That Are Now Coming in Fashion.

Special Letter to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—The exhibition of water colors and etchings at the National Academy of Design, Twenty-third street, in this city, opened a good many un-American eyes to the fact that American art is coming rapidly on. Technique stands out boldly and with confidence in the work that adorns the walls of the exhibition. In nine out of every ten pictures the artist shows that he has learnt thoroughly how to put his color on freely and with dexterity, to have his lights crisply and his distance with pure transparent color. He has gained his atmospheric effect without sacrificing truth, and his style is generally broad and powerful. So far so good. He knows how to get an effect, but he might get his effect on something more worthy of study, something more fitting to hand down to posterity—then three onions—or an empty lager-beer bottle. The treatment of the onions—the variety of color, the modeling and loving observation of nature shows that the artist is no mere dauber. The glassiness and transparency of the lager beer bottle proclaim its painter to be capable of nobler things. While not disparaging still life, feeling that it has been almost immortalized by some of the old Dutch masters, it seems to us that our modern artists have less excuse for these uninteresting subjects than the old Dutch masters. The world is by this time rich in history and tradition, rich in poems and novels. Empty beer bottles and onions form admirable studies for the student, but five-finger exercises seem a waste of time when the musician is capable of Liszt or Chopin. This paucity of subject seems to point to a lack of imagination, and although water color is not, perhaps, the recognized medium for figure subjects, surely a little more of the idealistic and imaginative could be introduced into these clever landscapes and masterly flower studies. Art should be the expression of an idea; and what idea can a man develop if he spends his life in studying his coffeepot and half a lemon? The artist, if not a poet by nature, should train himself to be one. He should have a message to deliver to the world, and deliver it beautifully and truthfully. We live in an age of photography. Realism abounds. We get what is unbeautiful, what is prosaic and commonplace presented to us by the Kodak of realism. The work of art is to know what to leave unpainted. The American water color exhibition of 1892 impresses the observer as a collection of clever studies, realistically copied from nature or life. Why is this? Is the artist too rapid or too unimaginative to handle a subject?

This sketch is one which Redfern saw in Paris—Princesse, with a little drapery on the hips. The velvet vest and sleeves will be noted as pretty and tasteful. The rosettes are a jaunty finish.

Next week we shall have a word to say on coats. They are no longer the severe casings they used to be. You can now introduce as many trimmings, garnitures and eccentricities on a coat as on a gown. This one is a change from the usual style. It is very much open, and therefore not wearable until the weather gets warmer. It has the rever you see, and is worn with a waistcoat and shirt. A series of buttons and straps decorate the sides.

Redfern is now visiting his European establishments, and he writes to say that there is no possible doubt about the Empire style coming in again. Of course he says that it will never be just the same as it was in those pictures in old picture galleries and libraries, of long-legged ladies with scoop bonnets and muslin scarfs. The waistband will ascend, but the waist line will remain in the same spot. Thus the wide sash band arranged in folds from waist almost to the bust will be a favorite feature in the coming costume. Several bands of velvet or ribbon, conveniently arranged, or tied picturesquely, are seen not only on gowns, but also on redingotes and coats. Redfern predicts that the rever and the belt are our future garnitures. They will be seen on nearly all of our coming coats. He also mentions in his letter on future styles that considering how thickly Americans flock to Paris, they are very slow in learning that tasteful moderation which the Parisian exercises with her usual great cleverness. Now the Englishwoman and her fair cousin, the American, have been vying with each other in the height of shoulders and the bagginess of sleeves. Fashion has dictated this fad to them, and without a moment's thought they put themselves into the hands of an inexorable modiste of bigoted views, and she turns them out grotesque, but she says stylish. The Parisian turns up her retrousse nose at both American and English cousins and reigns triumphant in a far simpler gown, with sleeves of moderate cut, but "she gets there all the same." Oh, yes, and she attracts a good deal of attention while she is getting there.

LE BARON DE BREMONT.

A QUOTATION PARTY.

Description of a Social and Popular Amusement.

One of the popular home amusements of this winter promises to be the "quotation party," says the New York Recorder. That it will prove a welcome relief to the run of card parties and dances, and at the same time be highly instructive to every one engaged in it, will be easily gathered from these few hints.

Let the hostess provide five tables and invite twenty guests. Furnish each table with four sheets of paper. On each of these have written four well-known quotations from popular authors. With each quotation sheet supply a long card with spaces numbered from one to eighty, and at the top of the card write "Name of author." On the first or head table place a bell.

The guests arrived, have them draw lots to see at which table they will first sit. This done and the guests seated, the work of study begins. As soon as the guest recognizes an author's quotation, he marks on his author's card the name of the author. Thus, if a person sits at the second table and finds in front of him a quotation slip numbered 23, 24, 25 and 26, he writes on the blank spaces of the other slip corresponding with these numbers the names of the authors of quotations 23, 24, 25 and 26.

Five or six minutes is the time allowed for study, and at the end of that period the hostess rings her bell for a recess. She then examines the author slip of each contestant and crosses out the name of each author that is wrongly given. After this she rings the bell again, and each contestant takes the quotation slip to the right of him, retaining his own authorship.

When the time limit has again expired, the slips are once more examined as before and another change of quotation slips is made. When all four slips at the table have been examined, the students change tables, those at No. 5 going to No. 4, those at 4 to 3, 3 to 2, 2 to 1 and 1 to 5. The study then proceeds as before, and it is not ended until all the quotation slips have been examined.

The evening's study finished, the hotess takes all the slips and announces the names of the winners of the first, second and booby prizes. These prizes ought to be books, and a good selection for New York students might be Walt Whitman's poems for the first prize, one of W. D. Howell's stories for the second and Mother Goose's melodies for the booby prize.

WON THE RACE AND GIRL.

How a Philadelphia Coquette Has a Love Affair Decided.

South Broad street, from Jackson street to the navy yard gates, was the scene of a foot race the other day, the prize being the pretty daughter of a sailors' washerwoman, says the Philadelphia Record.

For some time Barney Burns, a marine, and George Lindsay, a sailor on board the receiving ship St. Louis, which is stationed at League island, have been enamored of the bright-eyed daughter of the woman who does their washing.

The men were friends, and the girl's affections seemed to be about evenly divided on the two ardent lovers. How to decide with which of the two she should cast her lot was a difficult problem, but the happy thought of a foot race presented itself.

The arrangements were perfected, and at 9 o'clock the contestants appeared upon the course, which was two miles long, accompanied by a large crowd, who had been advised of the contest.

Burns stands six feet two inches in height, and weighs about 200 pounds, while his opponent, Lindsay, is lithe and willowy, and the sports in the crowd were not long in determining upon the latter as their favorite.

At the crack of the pistol the lovers were off at a rapid gait, and until the tracks of the Greenwich extension of the Pennsylvania railroad were reached, kept well together. The pace told upon Burns' wind, however, and he dropped behind, and when Lindsay reached the end of the goal his competitor was not in sight.

The washerwoman's daughter will now become Mrs. Lindsay.

FAME, WEALTH, LIFE, DEATH.

What is fame?
'Tis the sun-gleam on the mountain,
Spreading brightly ere it flies;
'Tis the bubble on the fountain,
Rising lightly ere it dies;
Or, if here and there a hero
Be remembered through the years,
Yet to him the gain is zero;
If but only in the air
May be heard some eager mention of their name.
Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis much the same.

What is wealth?
'Tis a rainbow still receding
As the painting fool pursues;
Or a toy that youth, unheeding,
Seeks the readier way to lose;
But the wise man keeps due measure,
Neither out of breath nor base;
But he holds in trust his treasure
For the welfare of the race.
Yet what crimes some men will dare
But to gain their slender share
In some profit, though with loss of name or health,
In some plunder spent on vices or by stealth!

What is life?
'Tis the earthly hour of trial
For the life that's just begun;
When the prize of self-denial
May be quickly lost or won;
'Tis the hour when love may burgeon
To the everlasting flower;
Or when lusts their victims urge on
To defy immortal power.
Yet how lightly men ignore
All the future holds in store,
Spending brief but golden moments all in strife,
Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife!

What is death?
Past its dark, mysterious portal
Human eyes may never roam;
Yet the hope still springs immortal
That it leads the wanderer home.
Oh, the bliss that lies before us
When the secret shall be known,
And the vast angelic chorus
Sounds that hymn before the throne!
What is fame, or wealth, or life?
Past are praises, fortune, strife—
All but love, that lives forever, cast beneath
When the good and faithful servant takes the wreath.

—The Academy.

VALENTINE VAPIDITY.

Jerome K. Jerome Has Considerable to Say About the Trite Subject.

Some of Us Can Remember When the Shop Windows Were Full of Them.

In Days Gone By People Used to Combine Valentines With Utility.

It Requires Great Nerve to Walk Into a Store and Buy Valentines.

Have you noticed how of late years the custom of sending valentines to those we love and to those we are supposed to love has steadily declined? Why, when I was a young man the shop windows were full of nothing but valentines for weeks before the 14th of February, and the postoffice authorities used to send around circulars begging the public to post them early in January so as to lessen the strain of delivery, writes Jerome K. Jerome in the New York World. Valentines were then quite an item in one's annual expenditure. I remember buying two dozen once and getting a discount, and four men I knew used always to club together and buy a gross between them. You can get them at wholesale price if you take a gross.

Nearly every other shop then sold valentines. Whenever a tradesman found an article lying about his premises that he did not know how else to get rid of, he put it in a fancy box and labeled it "useful valentine." If it was too big to go into a box he tied a bit of colored ribbon round it instead. Braces and "suspenders" (whatever they may be) were especially popular, but handkerchiefs and stockings run them very close. Then boots and hats and muffs were also regarded as goods peculiarly suggestive of affection. Indeed, a girl of simple tastes might have clothed herself in nothing else but valentines and have looked very nice, and have been warm and comfortable.

But the most useful thing of all to send to your beloved was considered to be soap. The more a man or woman was idolized the more soap they got. One year my brother-in-law had four separate boxes sent him, each one accompanied by loving and encouraging words. He was quite hurt about it. During

The Height of This Craze

for combining utility with sentiment I saw in a green grocer's window a large bunch of carrots labelled "Useful Valentine." But whether the intention was satire or enterprise I cannot say.

In those days a fellow was supposed to send valentines to all his sisters, cousins and aunts, and to their babies, if they had any. He could also send them to other fellows' sisters and cousins and aunts, but that was his own affair. He could do so or not, as he chose, and nobody said anything to him if he didn't. In the former case people did. Now, there is neither giving nor receiving of valentines to any extent worth speaking of, except, of course, among professional lovers. With them, so I am instructed, the fashion still maintains, but I have very little doubt that even they would be glad to see the end of it. The male portion of them would, at all events, I am sure. A young man may adore a young woman to distraction, but he does not relish having to purchase and post to her a printed and published exposition of the fact. It requires a good deal of nerve to walk into a crowded shop and purchase a valentine. I used to have to do it myself once upon a time, and a most unenjoyable proceeding it was. I would go in very red, and ask in a husky voice to see some. After looking over great traysful of what, in the language of the trade, are, I believe, termed "fourpenny," "sixpenny" or "shilling sentimentals," and failing to find thereon any adequate expression of my thoughts, I would blushingly observe to the saleswoman that I rather fancied there was one in the window something like what I wanted, and I would endeavor to describe its position. But she never seemed able to understand me, and, after taking down every one on the shelf but the right one, she would be sure to say:

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind just stepping into the street and pointing it out, sir."

Then I would creep out of the door, feeling hot all over, and elbowing my way through the mob assembled about the window, would point the finger of desire against the shameless, flaunting thing. The crowd, intensely interested, would hustle around and read the poetry aloud to each other, and the woman inside would smile and nod and unhesitatingly take down and wrap up the wrong one; and I, returning, would pay for it, and put it in my pocket and slink hurriedly away, hoping that St. Valentine's martyrdom had been an extra painful one.

Once I thought I would get out of the difficulty by pretending it was for a child—a niece or a god-daughter—that I wanted a valentine. A married friend of mine always used to send valentines to his children, and would walk into the shop and ask for them as bold as brass.

"I want 'em very affectionate, if you please," he would say to the young lady behind the counter. "Something with poetry." And he would pick out the most outrageously spooney ones that he could find—ones that I should have blushed to the roots of my hair to be seen looking at—and coolly lay them aside, with "Yes, that will do for Johnny," and "Ah, here's a good one for Nelly—young fellow kneeling and offering his heart and a velvet cushion to a girl," or "This is the one baby will like—man shot dead by a child with a bow and arrow. I'll take these three, my dear." He used to call all the girls "my dear." I know other married men who do the same. They go on anyhow, some of them.

Well, this seemed a simple and pleasant method of getting over the business. There was nothing to be ashamed about in sending a valentine to a child. It would be a kindly, thoughtful action. The girls in the shop would respect a man for it instead of giggling at him. I determined to adopt the plan.

Accordingly, when the time came, I assumed an easy, family-man sort of manner (as easy and family-man sort of manner, that is, as a gentleman of seventeen can), and, marching into a busy shop, airily asked to see a few valentines.

"I want something to send to a child," I added; "something respectful and at the same time sincere; something suitable for a baby, you know."

She was an addle-headed girl. She said:

"Yes, sir; what sort of a baby?"

It annoyed me very much, that question. I had been to a great deal of trouble that morning, and some expense, in acquiring a sufficient amount of nerve to carry me through this valentine transaction with comfort and credit. I had calculated to a nicety the quantity I should require. I had stocked myself with just sufficient to enable me to go into the shop, ask for and

Select My Valentine,

agree to what was said about the weather and make an original observation of my own upon the subject and come out.

But that was all. I had enough nerve to do that, if everything went smoothly, but there was none to spare. I felt that if I had to stand there and go into complicated explanations with a young lady about babies my supply would not last out.

Besides, it was a silly question. Any one might as well ask, "What sort of a split pea!" or what sort of a periwinkle!" as "What sort of a baby!" Why, their own mothers cannot tell them apart without their clothes. They think they can, but they can't.

I was very much put out and I answered somewhat sharply: "Oh, a two-legged baby, clean-shaven and its hair parted in the middle."

And then, in response to the girl's look of astonishment, I added, "You ought to know what a baby is like."

What I intended to convey was that a young woman of her age must surely have seen plenty of babies and ought to know what they were like without asking. I was incapable of any other meaning.

The girl, however, not knowing my character, jumped to the idea that I had intended to insult her; and, casting on me a look of indignation that will probably last me to my dying day, left me and went and explained matters in a clear voice to the head saleswoman.

Everybody in the shop thereupon regarded me as the perpetrator of an unmanly outrage upon a defenseless girl, and, leaving off their own business, stared at me with looks of dislike, tempered by curiosity. The head saleswoman approached me with slow and measured tread, and when she was near enough requested me to kindly inform her what it was that I required.

I replied, with an attempt—a painfully unsuccessful attempt—at hauteur, that I wanted a valentine to send to a baby. And, to prevent any further discussion on the point, I added, "To the usual sort of baby."

The lady went and returned in silence with a trayload of valentines labeled "Novelties for Children." They were chiefly pictures of old ladies and gentlemen possessed of uncommonly fine heads. You pulled the string and

The Eyes Wobbled.

One represented an old man in bed and he swallowed rats. But that was an expensive one.

I thought of Henrietta, the proud beauty that I worshiped at that date, and said that I fancied the baby would prefer something a little older.

The shopwoman thereupon asked me how old the child was. I replied I did not know. She then asked me whether it was a boy or a girl. I said I was not sure.

She suggested that perhaps I might find something more suitable to the child among their ordinary stock, and I agreed, and we had down the eighteen-penny sentimentals, and I selected one with a needle-case and a verse from Tennyson.

Touched apparently by the palpable misery I had been and was still suffering, and taking it to be a sign of remorse, the assistant relented sufficiently towards me while tying up the parcel to observe, in a not unkindly undertone, that they were a very superior class of young ladies in that shop and were not accustomed to young men's little jokes.

"But it's quite a mistake. I didn't mean anything at all," I exclaimed, somewhat feebly.

"No, I'm sure you didn't," replied the woman, soothingly. "We won't say anything more about it."

And I had the sense to follow her excellent advice, and to take my packet and my leave.

But I resolved that, next year, if I wanted a valentine, (alas, when next year came I didn't), I would say it was for my sweetheart, and have done with it.

It is always the best policy to speak the truth, unless, of course, you are an exceptionally good liar.

NATURE'S FREAK MUSEUM.

Skeletons of Many Unheard-of Creatures Said to Have Been Found in Oregon.

A party of explorers who have been spending the entire year in the Blue mountains south of here have just come in to remain until the snow goes off next spring, says the San Francisco Chronicle. These gentlemen are Richard Brown, George Williston and Henry Douglass. They have been sent out by a museum in the East to search for fossils, and from the specimens they exhibit and the story they tell they have found a veritable burying ground of animals and birds which are now extinct. The gentlemen have secured over 1,000 specimens of cretaceous fossils, and will spend the winter in classifying and packing them for shipment.

It is claimed by paleontologists that fossil bones of birds are very rare, and in no instance previously has there been a perfect specimen obtained. South of the Blue mountains is what is known as the Sagebrush desert, and in this desert is a small lake called Fossil lake. This lake is in the midst of a scene which, for wild desolation and weird picturesqueness, has not its equal probably in the world. To the south and east stretch the barren, waterless wastes of the desert, while to the northeast rise the desolate heights of the Wagon Tire mountains. These mountains receive their name from the finding of the tires of the wagons of the lost emigrants whose bones whitened on the sands of the plain. Few hunters dare to cross this weary wase of 150 miles diameter, for the springs are few and hard to find.

It was in this desert that the party made its headquarters during the past year, and it was here that they brought to light the strangest lot of fossils the world ever seen. Such is the condition of the earth and water that the bones of the extinct animals and birds have been kept intact for centuries and now come forward to confound the theories of savants who have expounded learnedly on fossil remains and from one bone constructed whole animals.

In the shifting sands about the stones of the desert lake are found the bones. It must have been the strangest collection of wild beasts and birds that ever walked the earth which gathered about the shore of this lake. There are bones of fowls of a character that makes it evident that the region was once tropical, although it is now cold and barren.

Horses of rare shape were there, and three distinct species of camel, the smallest no larger than a deer, llamas, mammoths, giant sloths as big as oxen, with many extinct species of wolf and dog. In all, fifty-seven specimens and sixty-two of animals were found, and mingled with the bones were spear and arrow heads which had been chipped out of volcanic glass by human beings.

It is an evident fact that the savage was here when some of the strange animals lived, for there was found imbedded in the thigh bone of a mammoth an arrow head made out of this volcanic glass. The place where these bones are found is known among the cattlemen of the country as "the bone yard," but until research was made it was supposed that the remains were those of recent animals.

A Proviso.

Truth.

He—Darling, I calculate that in the course of six months our engagement can be announced.

She (anxiously)—And will you give me the ring then?

He—I will; if the girl that has it now will only get engaged to some one else.

ONLY THE FEW.

There are many birds in the nests in spring,
There are many buds that a promise give,
There are many songs that the poets sing,
But only the few will live.

There are many children to laugh and play,
And many battles for youth to fight,
And many brave on through the heat of day,
But only the few till night.

There are many hearts in this world to beat,
And many eyes to see wondrous things,
And many ears to hear music sweet,
But only the few have wings.

—Mary A. Mason in New York Independent.

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract

has wonderful Tonic and Nutritive qualities that have made it popular. Quite naturally, imitators have come into the market, against which the public should be warned. See that "Johann Hoff's" signature is on the neck of the bottle. Eisner & Mendelson Co., sole agents, 6 Barclay Street, New York.

A CONTRAST.

Two Views of New York Taken by One Man.

New York Press.

He came to New York on a pleasure trip.	A year later he came back looking for employment.
He had some money, which he determined to spend in "doing the town."	He had some money, which he made up his mind to save by living as cheaply as possible.
So he went to a first-class hotel.	So he went into cheap lodgings.
And dined on terrapin and fizz.	And dined on "beef and beans," with occasional coffee.
Waiters couldn't do enough for him.	Waiters were impudent to him.
Every one he met was courteous to him.	Everybody looked on him with suspicion.
His metropolitan acquaintances vied in showing him kindness, as he was a visitor and "somebody" in his own home.	His acquaintances "must really be excused." They were very busy. Doubtless they expected he would soon "hit" them for a V. He was "nobody" now, either at home or abroad.
The smiles and hearty greetings which he met.	Were turned into frowns and discouraging remarks.
Everything was rose-colored, and Gotham's streets and buildings were mazes of delight.	He saw nothing but selfishness, intolerance, misery, wretchedness and crime.
New Yorkers were princes of hospitality.	New Yorkers were barbarians.
He thought New York a paradise.	His firm conviction was that New York was hades.
As he didn't want it he was offered good employment.	As he wanted it very much he couldn't get employment of any kind.
He stayed two weeks, spent all his money and left the Grand Central depot with feelings of dizziness and charity toward all mankind.	He stayed two months, spent all his money, pawned his watch, and went home with a second-class ticket in his pocket and hatred to all men in his soul.

AN ART.

How to Carry on Conversation Through the Telephone.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"It is a singular fact," said Manager John F. Casey, of the Bell Telephone Company's exchange, "that people had to be educated to use a telephone properly. Not one person in ten goes at it correctly. Some people think they have to scream and bawl. Others go to the other extreme and drop their voices almost to a whisper. Some stand too far from the transmitter, and others speak too rapidly or indefinitely. Then they get mad and blame the girls or the telephones. In nine cases out of ten the fault lies with the person speaking."

"What is the best way of talking through a 'phone?" asked the reporter.

"Why, just in an ordinary conversational tone, as if you were speaking to somebody three or four feet from you. Telephones are carefully constructed and adjusted for that manner of speaking and for no other. I can talk from Washington City to Portland, Me., in that way and make myself plainly heard. The best position is to stand with the mouth about three inches from the transmitter. Most people stand further back, but it is better to stand nearer. It is almost impossible to get too near the instrument, provided a distinct conversational tone is maintained. There are forty-two girls at that switchboard. Watch them a moment."

The girls were as busy as hello girls always are, forty-two of them constantly responding to questions or asking them. Yet the room was comparatively quiet and conversation could be easily carried on.

"The secret," continued the manager, "is that they talk distinctly, and you see most of them put their noses against the instruments when they speak. They don't have any trouble, and nobody else would if he would adopt similar methods."

JEDGE WAXEM'S PROVERBS.

Detroit Free Press.

Thar's a good deal of differents between a hand-made politician and a masheen-made one.

Ef some men voted like they shot they wouldent hit the ballot box one time in a hundred.

Ef a law was past givin' every onnest politishun a marbel monument 200-foot high, it wouldent make much of a boom in the quarry biziness.

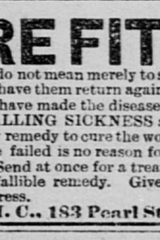
A penshun's a plaster that draws votes.

Nine congressmen outen ten haz an idee they could be president and not haf try.

Ef wimmin could be elected president they would be puttin' tidies on the back of the executive cheer inside of a week.

The Amerikin eagel ain't a spring chicken.

ST. JACOBS OIL



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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office address.

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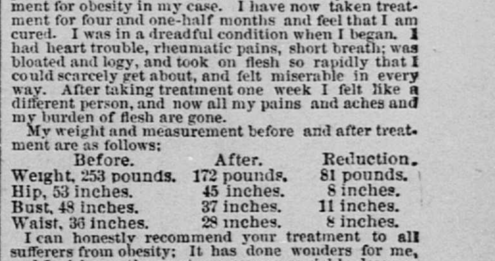
THE SUCCESSFUL OBESITY SPECIALIST.



Mrs. Sarah Barner, Leavenworth, Kas., before and after treatment by Dr. Snyder.

IT HAS DONE WONDERS FOR HER.

Lima, Ohio, Aug. 4.—Dr. Snyder—Dear Sir: With pleasure I testify to the great benefit of your treatment for obesity in my case. I have now taken treatment for four and one-half months and feel that I am cured. I was in a dreadful condition when I began. I had heart trouble, rheumatic pains, short breath; was bloated and logy, and took on flesh so rapidly that I could scarcely get about, and felt miserable in every way. After taking treatment one week I felt like a different person, and now all my pains and aches and my burden of flesh are gone.

My weight and measurement before and after treatment are as follows:

	Before.	After.	Reduction.
Weight,	253 pounds.	172 pounds.	81 pounds.
Hip,	53 inches.	45 inches.	8 inches.
Bust,	48 inches.	37 inches.	11 inches.
Waist,	36 inches.	28 inches.	8 inches.

I can honestly recommend your treatment to all sufferers from obesity; It has done wonders for me, and I wish you the great success you so richly deserve. I will gladly correspond with all who are in doubt if stamp is inclosed for reply.

MRS. JENNIE BENNETT, 316 Pine st.

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