WHIMS OF WOMEN.

A New York Shoe-Dealer Chats About His Fair Customers.

"Yes, it takes unlimited patience to fit shoes now, but I always like to fit a fidget of a woman, even if it is a work of art, for she will go and tell all the other fidgets in her set, and they will say: 'O, if he can fit Mrs. K., who is very particular, he can surely fit me!' So they will all come, and it is the fussy women who buy the most expensive shoes. Three-fourths of the women wear shoes too small, or, if they have their shoes made to order, we have to mark them a smaller size than they are or they will not be satisfied. If a shoe must be tight, let it be in width rather than length, for short shoes are the bane of shoe dealers and the essential blessing and creators of chiropodists. Women resent a long shoe in a peculiar way, though they will accept a wide one without murmur. There seems to be a certain disgrace in No. 5 length, but no stigma is attached to a double E width. Some ladies after they are married rise above their follies so far as they themselves are concerned, but devote their energies to making cripples of their children by crowding their feet into tiny, fancy little boots, and some women never overcome their vanity in this line.

"I know a lady whose hair is as white as mine and whose age approximates sixty, who will insist upon wearing the same-sized shoe she wore when a girl, though she has gained twenty-five pounds in flesh. It is the most singular thing about women, this obstinacy about their shoes. All over my store are signs reading: 'Do not wear too short shoes.' 'Insist on being properly fitted,' and yet three-fourths of the ladies go out with shoes that make them wretched, and had as lief go to their dentist as to come here to be fitted."

The different varieties of shoes now run up in the hundreds. There are the new kid walking boots, both high and low, with a diamond-shaped tip of patent leather, most popular of all, the natty little patent leather vamped boot with cloth tops, the house shoe of plain soft kid, the party shoe, as soft as a glove, with a sole so thin that it can be rolled up like a shaving; the scarlet seaside shoe, the new half shoe of undressed kid in delicate gray or tan, with the heavy George Whshington buckle of oxidized silver on the toe or fastened in a bow of soft ribbon on the strap which buckles about the instep. These slippers have high Louis XV. heels, and are exquisite producers of pain. A natty little shoe of scarlet leather, cut down low at the sides like a man's slipper, is displayed, and slippers with nothing in the back but a sole are called mules, and made of scarlet leather for bedroom use.

Party slippers are of bronze, undressed kid, or black kid, with the large silver buckles, or embroidery of beads, while brides' slippers and shoes are made of the material of their wedding gowns, either with or without embroidery of pearls, and cost $15 or $18.

Perhaps the most bewitching piece of foot gear manufactured is a ladies' riding boot, with its patent leather vamps and top and soft kid legs. Sometimes a fringe of gold bullion finishes these boots at the top with tiny depending tassels of gilt.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE LOVABLE WOMAN.

Byron's Image of a Representative of Sweet Womanhood.

According to a new "Theory of Harmony and form" published on the other side of the Atlantic, certain combinations of a circle, triangle and square produce a perfect type of female beauty. This may be called reducing loveliness to a mathematical demonstration. We have always considered woman a wonderful problem, yet never suspected that this was the true solution. The "Theory" goes on to say that "the regulation of the geometrical figures must be in accord with certain harmonic proportions existing in music;" from which we infer that a lady mathematically beautiful appears to most advantage when dancing to the sound of a piano or a fiddle.

Our own notion of a truly *lovable* woman—and none other is really beautiful—is not mathematical, though it may comprehend harmony and melody, especially of the voice. There are (to use the words of another, "women of sweet, maidenly natures, growing up in the practice of kindness, of tender household duties, of simple Godly aims, and of genial, pleasant accomplishments—

"Till, at the last, they set themselves to man
Like perfect music unto noble words.'"

Byron brings before us the image of one of this sweet sisterhood in half a dozen lines:

—"Around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul."

One rarely sees this style of a lady in the street in a pork-pie hat with a blood-colored feather, or at the opera heavily fettered with jewelry. She does not divide her waking hours into three equal parts—devoting one to gossip, one to shopping and one to flirting. She reads, thinks, never scolds; and when she loves—she *loves*. Happy is he who wins such a woman for his bride, and a true man he must be to deserve her.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—As if we did not suffer enough from the storms which beat about without, must we conspire also to harass one another?—*Blair.*

—The man who undertook to read the last census through has concluded to wait for the revised edition of 1890 and take a new start.—*Puck.*

—It is one thing for a person to know a good thing when he sees it, and another thing for him to seize a good thing when he knows it.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"What makes you up so late, sir?" said a father to his son, who made his appearance at the breakfast-table about ten o'clock. "Late! why, father, I was up with the lark." "Well, then, sir, for the future don't remain up so long with the lark, but come down a little earlier to breakfast."

EXAMINING RECRUITS.

Obstacles in the Way of Getting Into Uncle Sam's Army.

It is not so easy for a man to get into the United States army. He must go through as rigid an examination as a life insurance company would insist on, and even if he passes that he is not certain to be admitted, as defective eyesight or imperfect hearing, that would not hurt a man's prospects or longevity, keep him out of the army. The recruiting officers need to know as much as a surgeon. Besides that, they acquire a knowledge of human nature which helps them pick out the best men. Hardly half the applicants for enlistment are received, and as a result of this careful culling, and the reenlistment of the best of the old men, the physical and the moral standard of the army is constantly rising.

The most careful examination is made of the chest and heart. A table has been prepared giving the mean chest measurement and mobility for each inch of height. A recruit five feet four should weigh 128 pounds, have a mean chest measurement of thirty-four inches, and a mobility of two inches. At five feet height his weight should be 141 pounds, his mean chest 34½ inches, and his mobility two and one-half inches. Each inch in height over five feet four should mean an increase in weight of two pounds, with five pounds extra for each inch over five feet seven. After five feet seven there should be an increase of half an inch in the mean chest measurement for each inch in height. The table gives the weight, height and chest mobility up to 6 feet 3, where the weight should be 190 pounds, the mean chest 38 inches, and the mobility 2½ inches. It would be ground for rejection if the man should be under weight, or if his mean chest or chest mobility were too small. The measurements of the chest are made by having the recruit raise his arms above his head. The tape is circled around the chest under the arm pits. As the arms are lowered and the air expelled, the measure is taken. Then a full inspiration, and the measure is taken again at the same point. The difference is the mobility. A mobility of over three inches shows that the chest is in good expansive condition.

The recruit hops around the room first on one leg and then on the other. Upon his return the recruiting officer feels his pulse, to see how much it has quickened through the exercise. The glands, muscles and bones are examined, and occasionally measurements are taken of the arms, legs and stomach. The recruit then goes through the positions required in drilling, and he flops his arms, legs, hands, feet and fingers around to show the officer that they work freely. The examination extends to every part of the body, and is as thorough as it can be made.—*N. Y. Sun.*

AMERICAN BONAPARTES.

Members of the Historical Corsican Family Residing in Washington.

Two striking figures have become familiar to people along the fashionable part of Rhode Island avenue and out Fourteenth street. They are always on horseback, sweeping along at a brisk trot or canter, and whisking around corners with a reckless grace.

The one is a man of striking appearance, in high military boots and with the strong face of a soldier. His heavy shoulders bend forward in an un-American fashion for riding, but his strong limbs and the bold carriage of his head attest that he would be an erect figure dismounted, and when his horse comes to a stand he sits his saddle as erect as a statue. His large, round head is set firmly, and his heavy black mustache, brushed straight out on either side and waxed at the ends in the military style of France, and a black goatee, drawn down and waxed in the same style, give him a fierce expression, and bring to mind a historic portrait. His mount is a blood bay of large build, which carries him at a sweeping trot.

The companion who gallops on a smaller animal at his side is a little old lady, with an abundance of iron gray hair, and features that always attract attention. She is a daring rider as well as a good one, and she often presses her horse to a more reckless pace than is his wont. Sometimes they are accompanied by a young girl, apparently their daughter. Nearly every day in the winter, when less enthusiastic horsemen restricted their equestrian exercises to the quadrangle of the riding academy, these two would face the cutting wind with a dash that showed them seasoned to the sport.

The man's striking resemblance to Napoleon III. marks him at once for one of that stock. They are Colonel Jerome Bonaparte and Mme. Bonaparte. It is Mme. Bonaparte's love of this exercise that swings her husband so often into the saddle. This active out-door life gives her a youthful color that disputes the accusation of her gray hair. The Colonel's hair is tinged with gray. Any one at all familiar with the portrait of the last Emperor of France is struck with the resemblance between the two faces. Colonel Bonaparte rides a better horse, but he is not as graceful a rider as his wife.—*Washington Letter.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Some girls shade their eyes with their hands and others use pencils.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—It is one thing to indulge in playful rest, and another to be devoted to the pursuit of pleasure.—*Ruskin.*

—Every woman is in the wrong until she cries, and than she is in the right instantly.—*Somerville Journal.*

—There is no better cure for dyspepsia than the knowledge that there is nothing to eat in the house.—*Boston Courier.*

—Women are the dearest, cutest creatures in the world, but they can't tell how a shoe fits till they see the number.

—Two things never die, only two words that are sweet, and words that are good; they never grow old.—*Firdusi.*

—Mrs. Fangle—"Can you tell me who is Minister to England now, Mrs. Cumso?" Mrs. Cumso—"No. I'm not very well posted on religious affairs."

CAUGHT BY SUN-FLASHES.

How the Heliograph Aided in the Capture of Geronimo's Apaches.

At this stage of the campaign General Miles decided to make use of the signal service, and to this end requested the Chief Signal Officer to provide him with a detail of men from the corps to report to the commanding General of the Department of Arizona for military signal duty in the field. Signal stations were located on the highest peaks along the line of communication. Each station was equipped with from two to four operators, according to the amount of business which passed through it. In addition to these operators there were lookout men who swept the surrounding country and neighboring peaks with powerful field-glasses. While on duty, operators and lookout men were guarded by a detachment of infantry, the numerical strength of which depended upon the location of the station, having reference to its liability to attack by hostiles.

Messages were transmitted from peak to peak and down in the valleys by what is known as the heliographic system of signals. The heliograph, or sun-writer, consists of an arrangement of mirrors mounted on a tripod, and so adjusted as to enable the operator to throw a flash of reflected sunlight on a distant point with mathematical exactness. In making signals long and short sun-flashes take the places of the "dots" and "dashes" of the magnetic sounder, the same call being used for both instruments. In a clear atmosphere signals made by this instrument can be easily read by the naked eye at a distance of eighty miles, and by an expert operator at the rate of fifteen words per minute.

To and fro across the valleys and lower mountain ranges flitted the messages which told of the recent whereabouts of the hostiles, and close upon the heels of those messages came others ordering the troops in pursuit.

I presume it would be a difficult task to try to imagine the surprise that the Indians felt when they suddenly saw that they could not move without finding that almost immediately their trail would be cut by scouting cavalry. They saw the light of the heliographs flashing across the valleys, but they did not at first comprehend its true significance. At last they began to associate those flashes with the fact that they were constantly being pressed and harassed, and within two weeks from the date of the establishment of the heliograph they fled southward across the Sonora border, there to remain until chased back again by Captain Lawton to the place of surrender.

For nearly two months following the flight of the hostiles into Mexico not a sound came back from the shadows of the Sierra Madres, into whose depths pursued and pursuer had disappeared. At last, on a scorching hot morning near the close of August, a Mexican courier galloped into Bisbee—a mining town near the border—with the intelligence that Geronimo and band were in the mountains about twelve miles from Fronteras, Mex., wishing to treat with the authorities of Sonora.

There was a heliograph station at Bisbee, and the information furnished by the "Greaser" was flashed promptly to Fort Bowie, seventy-five miles away. Within two hours from the time of the arrival of the Mexican courier at Bisbee five troops of cavalry were making forced marches on Fronteras. When Geronimo had escaped from the net that the United States troops sought to weave around him at Fronteras and was flying eastward, pursued by all the cavalry in the field, a whisper passed along the line that negotiations had been opened looking to the surrender of the hostiles. Consequently all signal-men were on the tip-toe of expectancy.

One evening about the last of August the operators at a station in the Swisshelm mountains were nodding lazily under the shelter of their tent-fly, when suddenly from the highest peak in the Chiricahua range came the flash of a heliograph, and the following message was received:

"Send a buckboard to meet me at Scott White's ranch. I shall be in Bowie to-night and shall bring some Indians with me."

This is the modest manner in which General Miles announced the surrender of Geronimo. That the employment of the heliograph was a most important factor in bringing the campaign to a speedy and successful issue is generally conceded.—*Sergt. Whitney, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Two Parlor Paradoxes.

Two interesting physical experiments are amusing French scientific men. In the first a lighted candle is placed behind a bottle, and the latter is blown upon with the breath from a distance of about a foot. The meeting of the air currents set in motion around the bottle quickly extinguishes the flame, though extinction would be impossible if a flat board or sheet of cardboard were substituted for the bottle. For the second experiment two bottles are placed on a table, with a space of half an inch between them. The candle is set behind this space, and from the same distance as before, on the opposite side, the breath is blown smartly against the flame. Not only will the latter continue burning, but it will incline slightly toward the operator, as if through the effect of suction. This phenomenon, analogous to the first, is due to the fact that a portion of the air can not pass between the bottles, and is forced around them and back towards the experimenter.—*Mechanical News.*

As the principles of love is the main principal in the heart of the real Christian, so the labor of love is the main business of the Christian life.

Indiana is to have a soldiers' and sailors' monument to cost $211,000.

A boy of fifteen has been killed by drinking whisky in Newburg, N. Y.

The early closing movement is a success at Marysville, Cal.

"Yes, sir," said Poppinjay, emphatically. "Graball is a man of limited means, but unlimited meanness."

Chico has just incorporated an electric light and motor manufacturing company.

The berry crop of Oregon is very large this season.

Brown—Does your wife keep her temper very well? Jones—Um—um—er—some, but I get the most of it.

—Miss Matilda Johnson has just died in London, 116 years old. Eighty-nine years ago her intended husband died suddenly and she made a will giving her entire fortune to the Military Hospital and directing that "Love Killed Her" should be engraved on her tombstone.

—Bertie—Mamma, I thought you said Mr. Johnson was a very wise man. Mamma—Well, so he is, Bertie. Bertie—I know better. After I told him to-day I was in school he wanted to know how much two times three was.