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1 "	"	–	60.00

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AMID THE WHEAT.

Amid the wheat, amid the wheat,
At morn the sturdy gleaners greet
What time the meadow-lark upsprings,
On buoyant wings, and soars and sings.
The reapers whet their scythes in tune,
Till dies the sunlit afternoon,
Then homeward thread the laneways through,
Where grasses gleam with shimmering dew,
While birds their vesper songs repeat
Amid the wheat, amid the wheat.

Amid the wheat, amid the wheat,
The poppies find a shy retreat;
With every breeze that blows is blent
Their aromatic, drowsy scent
That wafts the weary soul away
Across some wide, aerial bay,
Where shoreless realms of dreamland lie
Beneath an iridescent sky:
Such vistas ope to those who meet
Amid the wheat, amid the wheat.

Amid the wheat, amid the wheat,
Who strays with frolic-loving feet?
A little maid that comes to see
Where dwells the braggart humblebee;
A little maid of summers few,
With laughing eyes of pansy hue,
Whose heart is like a morn in May,
Whose life an endless holiday:
Ah! may it ever seem as sweet
As now to her amid the wheat!

—Clinton Scollard.

A BRIGHT FACE.

CHAPTER I.

My name is Henry Debson. I am not ashamed of the name, even though it was disgraced. My parents came to Arkansaw while I was very young. My father hating the idea of ever living in a town, settled in the wilderness, where, after several years of toil, he succeeded in opening up one of the best farms in the State. Being educated and refined, my parents were the leaders of our neighborhood society, and so familiar did our name become that we were known far and wide. Just about the time I attained my nineteenth year, my parents were taken ill of a disease which was at that time spreading over the country, and in spite of the best medical attention that could be procured they died, both on the same day. As I was the only child, the property, of course, came into my possession. Well, it is unnecessary to dwell upon this part of my eventful history, so I will—ignoring several years—proceed to relate a painful experience.

One day our neighborhood was shocked by the discovery that a Mr. John Mapleson, one of the most prominent men in the community, had been murdered. I was particularly shocked during the evening before the murder, for Mr. Mapleson and I had strolled together through the woods; and, startling to contemplate, he was found near a certain old house where we had separated. The next day after the body was found I was arrested, charged with the crime, and, after an examination before a justice of the peace, I was remanded to jail to await the action of the grand jury. It would be vain to attempt a description of my embarrassment—of my indignation. Not until I saw myself surrounded by iron bars did I realize my awful situation. What stung me most was that a man named Evans—a man whom I well knew and who bore the reputation of being a gentleman—swore that he saw me strike Mr. Mapleson near the old house, but supposing that we were playing with each other, he paid no attention to the affair, but that in horror he soon afterward discovered that Mapleson had been stabbed. He did not stop at this—he produced a knife—which he and several other men had seen lying near the murdered man—a knife bearing the initials of my name.

The grand jury found an indictment against me, and I was arranged before the circuit court. I sold my farm and employed able counsel, experienced lawyers, who did everything they could for me, but after a tedious trial I was sentenced to be hanged. A more miserable, utterly disconsolate man never sat in a cell, waiting to be choked to death. Preachers came and prayed for me, but my mind was so distraught that I could not fix it upon death. One preacher, a venerable old man, particularly impressed me.

"Oh, Mr. Debson," said he, "ask the Giver of all good to forgive your sins. Only a few more days now and you will stand at the judgment bar of God. Let me beseech you not to throw your time away. You have friends in heaven, pray for the glorious privilege of meeting them. Do not think of the tortures of death, but think of the sublime life beyond the grave."

"I am not guilty, Mr. Gray."

"Oh, young man, do not hold out in such obstinacy. Do not, I beg of you, I implore you, do not perish with a falsehood on your lips."

"I tell no falsehood when I swear that I am innocent."

"Mr. Debson, you need not hope for executive clemency. You are very young, but the governor has refused to do anything in your behalf."

"What do you want me to do, Mr Gray?"

"Acknowledge your crime and pray God for pardon."

"I have committed no crime."

"Think of your perishing soul."

"I am innocent."

"I see, Mr. Debson, that it is useless to talk to you."

"Yes; on that subject."

"Remember that day after to-morrow you must die."

"All right."

"Good-bye. I hope that the Lord may change your mind."

When the good man had gone I mused during a long time over what he had said, yet there occurred to me no thought of regret that I had so plainly spoken to him. There is a strange resignation that comes to a man who is condemned to die. Weary nights of contemplation dull his dread, take off the keen edge of fear. It is not a philosophy; it is a "don't care" which settles upon him. I was not afraid to meet the king of the universe, and knowing that not a shadow of hope remained, I surrendered myself to an unjust fate.

I was not hanged. The governor, on account of my youthfulness, commuted my sentence to imprisonment for life. Even this was indescribably awful, still, after thinking it over, I concluded that it was better than being hanged.

I shall never forget how I felt when I first put on my suit of stripes. The thought that I was eternally disgraced took such deep root in my mind that I doubt if I were, at the time, any better morally than the most hardened convict within the walls. I began to hate the world, to mock, within myself, the very idea of honesty and virtue. Sundays we were compelled to listen to long sermons, delivered by preachers not distinguished for eloquence. I sometimes thought that, knowing we could not leave the chapel, they took a peculiar delight in lengthening their discourses. One day Mr. Gray came out, but he did not pay any special attention to me. This stung me, and as I sat on a bench looking at him—I won't say that I was listening to him—I cursed the old man. I ought to have been ashamed of myself, but I had forgotten the meaning of shame.

The uppermost thought in my mind was the thought of escape. I had lost everything but my desire for freedom. My chance came. One night while a number of us were penned in a stockade, near a coal mine, into whose dark vaults we were daily driven, I heard one of the guards say to a companion that he was so sleepy he could scarcely hold his eyes open.

"So am I," the companion replied, "and, to tell you the truth, I wouldn't be surprised if I do some little nodding to-night.

Crawling over where several of my vile associates lay, I communicated the intelligence which I had caught. They agreed with me that our time had come. We kept the secret closely guarded, knowing that a general rush would be fatal to our plans. We made our stealthy move about 2 o'clock in the morning. We climbed the fence with but little trouble. I passed near one of the guards. He was sitting, leaned back against a stump, and was sound asleep. I took his gun and box of cartridges which he had deposited on the ground near him. We spoke not a word until we were fully a half mile from the scene of our imprisonment. Then we stopped and laughed. By the time the sun rose, we were quite a number of miles from the "stockade," but we knew that we would be pursued. Hunger began to pinch us. This was serious, for, dressed as we were, we dare not go near a human habitation. The next day we stopped and held a consultation. It was better to risk re-capture than to go hungry, accordingly we decided to call at the next house. We soon came upon a farm. Walking up boldly we entered the house. There was no one at home except a little girl, about twelve years old. She was the most beautiful child I have ever seen. She was frightened at first, but soon recovering, she gave us something to eat. She exercised a strange influence on me. Her sweet face at once reminded me that purity existed in the world. She took a special liking to me, and when I hinted that I would like to have an old suit of clothes, that I was tired of wearing ugly stripes, she—not knowing that she was committing a crime—procured for me an old suit of clothes. At the gate I kissed her hand. My companions, three vile wretches, were not impressed by the little girl, and had I not possessed a gun I am sure that they would have robbed the house.

We had not gone much farther when pursuers came within sight. Then there was a race for liberty. I was fleet, more so than the wretches. About the time night set in two of my fellow convicts had been captured. The other one kept close to me. A gun fired. I heard a yell. Looking around, I saw him fall. The darkness and the dense woods protected me. I escaped. Finding a canoe, I crossed the river. The face of the little girl was constantly before me.

CHAPTER II.

I succeeded in making my way to New York. In the great city I was comparatively safe. Under an assumed name I went to work in a manufacturing establishment. I bent my every energy to the work, and, from time to time, I was promoted. Three years from the time I entered the establishment, I was the superintendent of the entire works. My services became so valuable that I was admitted as a partner. I saved my money and became wealthy, yet, not for a moment did I forget the crushing fact that I was a convict.

One day, while on a ferry boat, I took up a newspaper which some one had left on a chair. Opening it, I saw that it was an Arkansaw sheet. The next moment I was thrilled. Below startling head lines appeared the following:

"Several years ago, a highly respected young man named Henry Debson was convicted of the crime of murdering one of our most prominent citizens, a Mr. Mapleson. Debson was sentenced to be hanged, but the governor commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life. Debson escaped and went, no one knows whither. Now comes the real tragedy. About a month ago, a man named Evans, who swore that he had seen Debson strike Mapleson and who found, near the scene of the murder, a knife bearing the initials of Debson's name, was taken violently ill. Believing recovery to be impossible, and fearing to die with such a burden on his heart, he confessed that he, inspired by bitter enmity, had murdered Mapleson. From the very moment of the confession he began to improve, and soon became so well that he was taken to prison. After a short trial, during which he did not attempt to make a defense, he was sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place last Friday, and was witnessed by a large crowd of people. The public deeply sympathizes with young Debson, and should he ever come back to the State he will receive an enthusiastic ovation.

I cannot describe my sensations. I hurried to my place of business, and after relating to my partners, the experience through which I had passed, I showed them the Arkansaw paper. My partners were rejoiced. They declared that such a vindication was worth half a lifetime of trouble.

I immediately set out for Arkansaw. I indeed received an ovation. Mr. Gray, the old minister, took me by the hand, and said:

"I was intimate with your father and I did not see how his son could commit such a crime, but the proof was so strong against you. Your earnest protestations of innocence caused me to call upon the governor and intercede in your behalf."

I purchased the farm where I had spent a happy childhood. Every one was desirous of bestowing honors upon me, and the governor himself, came out, and in the presence of a great crowd thanked the Lord that a great wrong had been averted. During all this time I had not ceased to think of the little girl whose beautiful face had banished my intentions of becoming an outlaw. I had gone to the house where I had seen her, but her father, a Mr. Miller, had moved away, and no one in the neighborhood knew his place of residence. One night at a theatre in Little Rock, I saw that face. I knew it in a moment. At the conclusion of the performance, I followed the girl, who in company with an old man, went to a hotel. I introduced myself to Mr. Miller and he introduced me to his daughter Ida.

"I have seen you before, somewhere," she said.

"You have seen me."

"When?"

"I will tell you when we become better acquainted."

I did tell her—told her one night when she had promised to be my wife. Several years have elapsed since our marriage. We live in New York most of the time and old man Miller lives with us. I have built a monument above Mr. Gray's resting place.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Cookery in China.

Our kitchen certainly is not so cosy and neat as American kitchens usually are. The smoke goes out through the skylight and wherever it finds an outlet. The walls are black with the accumulation of years of soot. That large stove in the corner is built of brick. On the top of this stove is a large round iron spider about three feet in diameter. In this rice is cooking. Straw, being cheaper, is burnt in this stove instead of wood, and some one is required to feed the fire constantly. Turning to the left we see little clay stoves, on which food is frying in spiders or boiling in earthen pots over a wood fire. Vegetables are cut into bits and boiled with pork or mutton, making a soup. Greens are boiling. Fish is steaming, frying or stewing, with or without vegetables. Meat is cut fine; when the spider becomes heated lard is put in it, then pieces of onion, then the shred meat, and all is stirred till well embrowned; then turnips, potatoes, and sometimes other vegetables are added, and after boiling water is poured in the whole is left to simmer and stew. All food, we observe, is cut in pieces before being cooked, or else before serving, for no knives, no forks, are used. At ten A. M. the tables are set; those for men either in the wings or in their rooms, and those for the women in their common sitting-room or parlor. Each table will seat eight persons. No table linen is used. Chopsticks and spoons are laid before each place. The food is brought in large bowls or plates. Rice is carried to the table in a wooden pail or wicker basket, from which it is served in small bowls. The servants summon the inmates to breakfast. The younger ones do not presume to sit til their elders are seated; then, after making a show of asking permission to eat, when the elders gravely nod assent, the breakfast begins. Soup is taken first; then each person, holding the chopsticks in the right hand and the bowl of rice in the left, lifts his food to his mouth and pushes the lumps in with the sticks, alternating this motion with picking meat, fish or vegetables from the dishes common to all. One must take only from that side of the plate which is nearest to him, however; it is a breach of etiquette to reach over to the opposite side. When one finishes he bids the rest "eat leisurely," which is our mode of saying "excuse me." The Chinese invariably wash their hands and faces after every meal. Tea is drank about the same time. It is taken without milk or sugar. Coffee is not common in China, and we are not accustomed to drink cold water. Tea is the national beverage, and is taken to assuage thirst at all times and occasions, as water is in America. At noon a lunch of cakes or pastry may be served. The majority of people are satisfied with two meals a day. Supper or dinner is served at 5 P. M.—*Yan Phou Lee in Wide Awake.*

A Captured Devil Fish.

Immense crowds of people gathered at the beach at Galveston, Texas, one day recently to see a devil fish that was captured on the previous day. For some days past a school of marine monsters had been seen disporting in the gulf a short distance from the shore, and all efforts to harpoon or capture them proved futile until one was caught in a fishing seine. Ropes were thrown around the monster, and, with horses, it was dragged ashore. It proved to be a specimen of a very rare fish, the "Cephaloptera Vampyrus," also called devil fish and vampire of the ocean. Its weight was about two tons, and as it lay spread out on the beach dead, it had every appearance of an enormous bat or vampire. It was fully sixteen feet wide from the extreme edges of the pectoral fins and fourteen feet long. The mouth was four feet wide, and was protected on either side by formidable appendages resembling horns, with which it scooped in food.

Comfort at Home.

Put self last. Be prompt at every meal. Take little annoyances out of the way. When good comes to anyone, rejoice. When anyone suffers, speak a word of sympathy. Tell neither of your own faults nor those of others. Have a place for everything and everything in its place. Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs. Take hold of the knob and shut, not slam the door. If the door squeaks, apply the drop of oil at once. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak. Look for beauty in everything and take a cheerful view of every event. Carefully clean the mud from your feet on entering the house. Always speak politely and kindly to servants. When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together and say the alphabet. When pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself, "Have I never done ill and desired forgiveness."—*Soldier and Servant.*

Ned Buntline has written four hundred serial stories.

CHICKENS BY MACHINERY.

THE BUSINESS OF PRODUCING POULTRY FROM INCUBATORS.

An Industry Which Is Extending—Food for the Chicks—A Chicken Ranch in New Jersey.

"The outlook for the incubator and poultry supply business is first-rate," said a well known dealer in response to inquiries made by a reporter for the New York *Mail and Express*. "There are many new parties coming in every day now looking at machines who intend starting in the chicken-raising business this fall to make a regular trade of it. Incubators increasing in number? Yes, sir; there are in the market from twelve to fifteen machines of different patents. We have here in our store eight of the leading ones in constant operation night and day. The prices range from $20 to $300 each, with a varying capacity from fifty to 2,000 eggs. As a rule, a first-class incubator hatches from eighty to ninety per cent. of the fertile eggs that are put into it. Most of the machines are automatic in their regulation, so that they require very little care."

"How much capital does it require to start in the chicken raising business?" was asked.

"I know of one party whose capital is $100, and of another whom we fitted out the capital for whose stock was $40,000. All the eight machines that we keep are hatching chickens every day. These we send to our chicken ranch at Franklin, N. J. Some days our machines hatch out as many as 300 chicks. Yes, the chicken raising business is a new industry that has sprung up within the last two years. But aside from those who go into the business as a business there are many wealthy men, owners of country seats, who have gone into it for the novelty of the thing. But you will be surprised when I tell you, and statistics will prove the truth of the statement, that the poultry industry has now become one of the largest industries in this country, and amounts to more than even the trade in wheat. Even now there is not a sufficient supply of eggs in the market, and it is necessary to import them in large quantities."

"Has not this growth of the business increased the demand for poultry supplies?"

"Yes, very largely. Among the articles in great demand is ground bone and oyster shells, which is fed to the chicks. Why, we sell at least fifty tons of this material a year, and the demand has made a new way of disposing of bones and oyster shells. Not long ago a man started a manufactory at Yonkers, for the especial purpose of grinding bones and oyster shells for the chicken trade, and he has a big trade in it already. It has also made a great demand for wire netting for fences to poultry yards. The other day we sold and put up for one party a mile of this wire netting."

"You spoke of a chicken ranch. What is it like?"

"Ours at Franklin covers six acres of ground. It is enclosed by a fence about six feet high. It contains a number of wooden buildings, built especially for chicken raising. One of these measure sixty by eighty feet and is twenty feet high. It was originally built for the fattening of poultry. It is divided into pens for flocks of chickens of different breeds. The pen measures about ten by twenty feet, and each contains nest boxes, roosts and feeding troughs. Another building on the ground is long and narrow ten feet by fifteen, and is divided into pens, the same as the other. Still another is forty by fifteen feet, which we use principally for ducks. It has a small pond adjoining. On a knoll back of these buildings we keep a large number of the artificial brooders for young chicks taken from the incubators at the store. They are kept in these brooders four weeks and are then old enough to be put in with the larger stock."

"What is the capacity of such a ranch?"

"Without crowding it will accommodate nicely 1,000 full-grown fowls, 5,000 young chicks and 1,000 ducks. The cost of such a ranch complete, without the land, is about $5,000. One man and a boy can attend to it nicely. Their duties are to feed and water the fowls regularly and keep the buildings thoroughly cleaned. If this is properly done it keeps the fowls in perfectly good health. Such a business, properly carried on, will yield a profit of at least one hundred per cent. on the capital invested, and even that is a low estimate. Take fancy-bred fowls and they bring from $1 to $10 a piece, and I know a man who has a partridge cochin cock which $100 couldn't buy. Then take broilers. They are worth today, and it is the dull season, twenty-two cents a pound live weight. Each one will weigh two and a half pounds, and the cost to raise it is not over fifteen cents. In winter they bring from fifty to sixty cents a pound, or $2 a pair.

The demand for eggs for hatching is great and a large part of our business is to supply eggs for this purpose. In fact our ranch is carried on for raising thoroughbreds, not for market poultry. Do we allow visitors? Yes, we set apart Fridays for any who want to see the place. But there have been a number of such ranches lately started in the neighborhood of this city. One on Long Island conducted by a stock company is the largest. The capital interested is $40,000, and the place is conducted for the exclusive production of broilers. It has now a capacity for hatching 7,000 eggs, and they are putting up more buildings, so that the place will have a capacity for hatching out 1,000 chickens a day. They find the business profitable, and their trade is in this city. Another somewhat different ranch is one in New Jersey, which is devoted to the production of eggs exclusively, its owner having contracts with parties in this city. The man who owns it started the business three years ago, with a capital of just $25. He has now 1,000 laying hens and his present buildings cost him $5,000, all of which he made out of the business. Yet, all this time he has been engaged in regular business in this city and has come in every day."

Horses trot best when the temperature is eighty degrees.

Old St. Louis families use negroes as pall-bearers.

HEALTH HINTS.

Only a small quantity of either food or drink should be given to a sick person at a time.

A clean newspaper often renewed makes a better table cover for a sick room than cloth.

Common baking soda is the best of remedies in case of scalds and burns. It may be used on the surface of the burned place either dry or moistened.

To prepare an egg for an invalid beat until very light; add seasoning to taste and then steam till thoroughly warmed through. The most delicate stomach will be able to digest it.

The French method of administering castor oil is to pour the oil into a pan over a moderate fire, break an egg into it and stir it well; when it is done flavor with a little salt or sugar or currant jelly.

The *Medical Journal* states that a few handfuls of common salt thrown daily into closets, and an occasional handful into wash basins, goes far toward counteracting the noxious effects of the omnipresent sewer gas.

A little daily change in the arrangement of furniture, a little planning for such pleasant surprises as an invalid can bear in the way of food, company and amusement, will often be more effectual in hastening the convalescence of a patient than a score of tonics.

An agreeable dish for an invalid's tea can be prepared by toasting dry crusts of bread in a moderate oven until they are brown. When cold pound them in a mortar until reduced to a coarse meal, then sift it through a flour sieve into a dish. Serve with milk, or cream and sugar, if desired.

How to cure a hiccough—See how close together you can hold the tips of your forefingers without touching. Now keep your elbows out free from your side. You can get your fingers closer than that. They are touching now. There—now hold them so. Steady! Then ask: "Now, why don't you hiccough?"

Hall's *Journal of Health* says, that half a teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in a little cold water and drank will instantly relieve heart burn or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will, in a few days, cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Squatters in the Metropolis.

On the eastern side of this city, says a New York letter to the Philadelphia *Press*, there is a village of squatters, who have taken temporary possession of unused sites on a hill, and have erected shanties which serve at once for pigpens, hencoops, bedrooms and living rooms. They enjoy the privilege of squatters in having no rent to pay, but they are exposed to the penalty of being, at any moment, turned out from their dens and losing land and house at once. Usually they remain while the quarrymen who are opening the streets almost undermine their shanties, and then, if the buildings are not blown away, they pull them down and pack them away like tents to another dwelling place. The village is filled with snarling dogs, which aid in drawing the swill or coal carts, for the children are mainly employed in collecting swill and picking coals through the streets. The shanty family are never quite so poor as the tenement house family, as they have no rent to pay. But the filth and wretchedness in which they sometimes live are beyond description. The people have very little regular occupation, many being widows who do occasional "chores" in families, others live on the sale of the coal their children gather, or on the pigs which share their domicile; others keep fowls, and all have goats, though where the profits from these latter come I could never discover, as no one seems to buy the milk, and I never heard of their killing them. Money, however, in some way they do procure, and one old red-faced swill-gatherer who died left, it was said, a large deposit in the savings bank, which no one could claim, yet one corner of her bed chamber was filled with a heap of ill-smelling bones, and the pigs slept under her bed.

There is another old ragpicker whose shanty is a sight to behold, all the odds and ends of a great city seem piled up in it—bones, broken dishes, rags, bits of furniture, cinders, old tin, useless lamps, decaying vegetables, ribbons, clothes, legless chairs and carrion all mixed together, and heaped up nearly to the ceiling, leaving hardly room for a bed on the floor, where the woman and her two children sleep. Yet all these are marvels of health and vigor, far surpassing most children in the comfortable classes.

The King of Dudes.

Berry Wall is the king of dudes, says a New York letter. This sovereignty in the matter of dress is the unique means the young man employs to dispense with an income of over $500,000 a year. A gentleman, who has known this eccentric spendthrift for years, met him at Saratoga recently. During the past month he has replenished his wardrobe with the most marvelous variety of garments ever made for man's back. It is said that, after a long career among the toilers of the world, this fastidious dresser has finally decided that no one can excel the fit and style of the clothes made by a New York firm. Poole, by special permission, allowed to refer to one of us—H. M., the Prince of Wales—as a customer, if superseded by this arrangement. Mr. Wall's happiest moments are when he is astonishing a gaping crowd by his attire. Just to give them something to wonder at he will change his costume three or four times an hour. When conscious that he is being pointed out as the beau of the fashion plates, he will excuse himself from his friends for a space of five or ten minutes to return in a spick-and-span outfit of an entirely different design. The transformations in dress are made by two valets, who are always on duty in his apartments to strip and rehabilitate him as they would a dummy model in a millinery store. The fellow is not bad at heart, as liberal as a profligate prince and nobody's fool by any means. This penchant for clothes is simply an expedient for spending money and killing time.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Ladies as well as gentlemen now wear traveling caps.

Cleopatra had blue eyes, according to a German professor.

Lace elbow sleeves are worn with V-shaped velvet bodices.

There are eight times as many bow-legged men as women.

Gilt buttons were first made by Taylor, of Birmingham, England, in 1768.

Gauze and China crape are used for skirts in preference to tulle by many.

Beatrice was the first princess in England to be married in a parish church.

In Paris no mantle is worn out of doors, or very rarely, except by quite young girls.

One of the latest fashionable freaks is the use of fine silk bolting cloth as a dress material.

Lace flounces are worn on grenadine dresses, the trimmings of the corsage being also of lace.

The prettiest and most economical summer bonnets are of white lace, piece and border lace.

Cotton dresses appear to be most frequently trimmed with embroidered frilling of their own.

In Austria three thousand women are employed in the railroad service, getting from $15 to $30 a month.

Black canvas over orange silk, striped with tilleul color, makes a dressy walking costume for early fall.

The Scottish token of good luck is a spray of white heather, now put into the bouquets of fashionable brides.

The imagination of the modiste is the only law that governs hats and bonnets and their trimmings this season.

The first Napoleon slept in hollands for sheets, the Bourbons in cambric, and Napoleon III. in ordinary linen.

It is now the fashion to give pieces of furniture, such as sideboards, cabinets, writing tables and pianos, for wedding presents.

Pongee remains popular for traveling wraps as well as dresses. Long loose shapes, partly redingote and partly ulster, are most worn.

Brocaded moire antique is again a fashionable fabric for elegant toilettes. In white these superb materials are much used for bridal dresses.

In London it is the custom for guests to remain late at the dancing parties, which terminate about 4 A. M., supper being served at 1 o'clock.

Prints and the pretty old-fashioned chintzes are making headway again in Paris, and quaint and sweet they look when worn by neat and young figures.

Miss Cleveland's book was written on Irish linen paper. She is the first lady of the White House to write, or rather to publish, any continued literary work.

White mohairs, figured with small designs in colors, are among the pretty inexpensive dress fabrics that make up tastefully with trimmings and combinations of velveteen of the color of the patterns.

In woolen stuffs Parisian modistes are fond of finding a colored selvedge and allowing it to show, so that it forms a trimming. Striped stuffs are draped at the back so that half are perpendicular and the other half horizontal.

Black silk or satin bodices covered with lead bead embroidery are made low with a strap for the shoulder, and with a corsage of this style, a skirt of satin or silk, with a beaded lace tablier, or a lace skirt decked with lead bead pendants, is worn.

A Chinese belle has arrived in San Francisco. She is the first genuine exhibit of her kind on the Pacific coast. She is tall and handsome, and her feet possess the requisite deformity so thoroughly that whenever she walks a servant supports her at each side.

Generally the decorations of a dress at the throat are in character with the bodice trimmings, but in other instances the finish at the neck is distinctive and exclusive, having no connection with the garnishing in other parts of the dress, as for instance, when dog collars, fancy necklaces and throatlets are worn.

The most distingue neck finishings consist of double folds of crepe lisse, etamine, silk gauze, and gold and silver tulle, canvas or muslin. These folds are made in white and cream, gold and silver, or gold with red, pink, blue or maroon silk gauze arranged with it in alternating folds. Even velvet bands of black or dark colors are used, so that no white, or very little, can show around the neck.

Servants are plentiful in Mexico, and you are pretty sure to have several descendants of the Aztec kings about the house if you hire one, for it is the rule that the whole family accompany the father or mother who goes out to service. Your cook brings her husband, her children, and pretty nearly all her relatives, and they are fed from your table and sleep under your roof. The husband may be a shoemaker, or a saloon-keeper, or a hackman, but he lives where his wife works. There are usually rooms enough in the house for them all, and the only food they want is plenty of beans and what is left from your table.

A Veteran Office-Holder.

Mr. William Hunter, assistant secretary of state, is now in his fifty-seventh year of clerical service in that department, says a Washington letter to the Boston *Budget*. When he entered the state department on the 22d of May, 1829 (on the request of his father), Andrew Jackson was President and Martin Van Buren was secretary of state. He has since served under one-and-twenty secretaries of state, including Daniel Webster, Hugh S. Legare, James Buchanan, Edward Everett, William L. Marcy, Lewis Cass, Jeremiah S. Black, William H. Seward, Hamilton Fish, William M. Evarts, Fredrick T. Frelinghuysen, and now James A. Bayard, and he has invariably enjoyed their confidence. Senator Sumner was prominent in having the office of second assistant secretary created for him in 1866, and when he is removed from the department of state it will lose a living record of our diplomatic relations with other powers.

There are eight times as many bow legged men as women

MAN'S A KICKER.

Give to him power and friends and wealth,
Give to him love and home and health,
Give to him ease and peace and rest.
Give to him all that makes life blest,
Give to him what the heart most craves,
What makes the freeman more than slaves
What makes the patriot tried and true,
What lifts the martyr to the blue,
What molds the hero from the dust,
And shapes him for the noblest trust;
Give him his choice of youth or age,
The manners that do most engage,
The poet's fire, the painter's art,
That burns the brain or moves the heart;
Or give him all the things to eat,
The ripe, the luscious, sour or sweet,
And add to these flesh, fish or fowl,
Then listen and you'll hear him growl—
For man's a kicker,

Give to him sorrow, grief and care,
The sorest crosses man may bear,
The roughest paths, the blackest woe,
A heaven in which there is no bow
Of promise, and in which the clouds
Enfold the light like funeral shrouds;
Let sickness, death and every ill
Which makes earth bitter lay their chill,
Cold hands upon him. Let his life
Be one unending hideous strife,
A wilderness where jackals howl!—
It's all the same. You'll hear him growl—
For man's a kicker.

Merchant-Traveler.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Is a hotel waiter girl made to order?

"How sleep the brave?" asks a poet. This depends largely on the number of cats in the neighborhood.

A bar in the river and a bar on shore have the same name, because water is scarce in both places.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

The difference between the human race and a horse race is disappearing. You can't bet on either, nowadays.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Moire antique sashes six or eight inches wide are becoming more popular," but they should not be worn by the more antique ladies.—*Norristown Herald.*

Child—"Mamma, I want some raisins." "Very well, take a handful." "A handful? Oh, won't you give them to me? your hand is larger."—*German Joke.*

An exchange says that there is a large falling off in the population of the western part of Massachusetts. The bicycle is bound to make its way everywhere.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A boy will eat, and a boy will drink,
And a boy will play all day;
But a boy won't work, and a boy won't think,
Because he ain't built that way.

—Chicago Ledger.

The story that the site of Chicago was bought for a pair of boots is not surprising when we consider the size of the accepted boot in that locality. This probably gave rise to the remark that corporations have no soles.—*Life.*

The Afghans eat onions as we do apples. The cause of the recent attack by the Russians can therefore be easily understood. They were obliged to use their guns to keep the Afghans from coming within hailing distance.—*New York Sun.*

In the days that are wintry and chilly,
When with bills we are driven nigh daft,
We're pained on reflecting how illy
We honor a draft.

But in summer when all wonder sadly
Why no cooling breezes should waft,
It's worthy of notice how gladly
We honor a draft.

—The Rambler.

A poetess asks, "Oh where does beauty linger?" We think that we are breaking no confidence when we reply that in these artistic times it generally lingers on the toilet table until the girl puts it on with a brush and a powder puff.—*The Rambler.*

"Did not the sight of the boundless blue sea, bearing in its bosom the white-winged fleets of commerce, fill you with emotion?" "Yes," replied the traveler, "for a while it did, but after a while it didn't fill me with anything. It sorter emptied me."—*Siftings.*

The farmer leads no E Z life,
The C D sows will rot;
And when at E V rests from strife
His bones all A K lot.

In D D has to struggle hard
To E K living out;
If I C frosts do not retard
His crops there'll B A drought.

The hired L P has to pay
Arrawful A Z. too;
They C K rest when he's away
Nor any work will do.

Both N Z cannot make to meet
And then for A D takes
Some boarders who so R T eat
& E no money makes.

Of little U C finds this life;
Sick in old A G lies;
The debts he O Z leaves his wife
And then in P C dies.

—H. C. Dodge.

Grant as a Smoker.

The general, in speaking of the popular idea that he was a lifelong smoker, said that prior to the battle of Shiloh he rarely—very rarely smoked; and that it had never been a habit, much less a pleasure. At the battle of Shiloh he chanced to smoke a cigar while riding over the field, and the newspaper correspondents, seizing upon the incident, described it graphically in their accounts of the battle to the papers in the North. The idea of a victorious commander of a great army, in the midst of frightful scenes of carnage and destruction, surrounded by the dangers of battle, with a nation's life hanging on the result, looking on calmly and serenely, complacently smoking a cigar, when most men would be overcome with excitement, if not nervousness, was something that appealed irresistibly to popular admiration. Grant's admirers and friends, reading the accounts of the battle, supposed him to be a great smoker, and almost deluged him with cigars. Every express brought boxes of cigars as presents from his Northern friends. As the general said: "There were always two or three boxes on the table in my tent, or headquarters free for the use of my staff and visitors. Having them always at hand, it was but natural that I should every little while take a fresh cigar, and in that way the habit grew upon me so that it became irresistible, and the people no doubt are right in calling me an inveterate smoker."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

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