

VERY BAD MANNERS.

LOUD TALK AND EXECRABLE FRENCH AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Who Are Seen at the Swell Receptions The Absurdities of Modern Etiquette. Movements of Washington Women.

There are more bad manners displayed in the great east room at the white house, on reception days, than anywhere else in the alleged world of society. Ladies try to talk French, Spanish or German, and carry on conversations in the presence of their friends whom they know to be unable to understand either of those languages. A few years ago one of these young misses undertook to converse in French with the wife of the Russian minister. That lady, albeit a magnificent French scholar, replied wholly in very badly pronounced English. Finally the young lady said, in French: "Countess, why do you use English when French is so much easier for you?" The well-bred lady replied: "I am under the roof of the president of the United States. His language is English, and while I am his guest, that should be my language." It was a polite, dignified but pointed rebuke. It was effective.

Mrs. Browning once said: "I would rather write on almost any subject other than the etiquette of my country." The reason was that the faults are so many, so glaring, and of character that it hurts one to touch on the subject of country to be obliged to tell the truth about them in all particulars. They talk too loud and too much. At the public reception of a lady member of the family of a cabinet officer last Wednesday one of the ladies assisting her was a bright and really beautiful young girl from the west. She is educated, cultured, and, they say, "finished" girl from Vassar. Her western home is a source of conversation never ought to be heard outside of her father's barn. She is always laughing, too. If she would learn to stand quietly, smile only when greatly pleased, and only smile, she would be really charming. Her lips are as infectious and rosy as blood red cherries. Her teeth are like double rows of pearls. Her tongue, at the point, is just thick enough to make her lip beautifully, and the redness of it is charmingly attractive. But, after her manner, she throws away her greatest and easiest charm, by tomboy boisterousness. She is not too young to know better, either, although yet in her teens. This, too, is a cultured lady. She is not a chatterbox, but an actual life of the period.

One of the absurd things of society which amazes rural visitors is the method of official calling in this city. Senators and other officials, of all grades, send their cards by messengers to all within their calling circle of acquaintances. Cards are returned every week or two, and thus the officials "make believe" that they have called upon each other. There was a bluff old commodore, stationed here a few years ago, who had been on duty for a long time and his society manners were very strongly impregnated with the vocabulary of the quarter deck. One day he received a card from a young lieutenant of the army, with the letters "E. P." penciled in the corner. He met the young man a few days later, acknowledged the receipt of his card and asked what "E. P." meant. The society man informed him that it meant "in person," that is, that he, the lieutenant, had called in person. The old man smiled grimly and concluded to have a joke on his friend, so he sent a colored man down to his quarters at the arsenal, bearing the card of the commodore with "S. B. N." penciled in the corner. That was too much for the army man to comprehend, so he called "in person" to ask what was meant by it, and the commodore roared out at him: "S. B. N. means sent a colored nigger to see you. For truth's sake, the nigger of the city might as well write 'S. B. N.' on their cards, for nearly all of them are sent by colored servants. Mr. Rusticus looks upon this kind of calling as most absurdly useless.

Bad Manners in the White House.
The wife of Secretary Whitney brought a novel mode of calling into vogue which astonished the social relation of Washington. She employed a lady to represent her in the social world, except to her immediate friends. All people call on lady members of the families of cabinet officials here. No matter whether you know them or not, you can call on Wednesdays, be introduced, shake hands with the wife of the cabinet minister, and leave your card in the basket. The unfortunate wife of a man whose official position brings this task upon her is supposed to recognize these calls, and to return them. It used to be a great bore, but Mrs. Whitney made an easy thing of it. She employed a bright, intelligent, ambitious wage worker of her own sex, and turned over to her all cards of unknown callers. The young lady made a tabulated list of them, by streets, filled her hand satchel with visiting cards of Mrs. Whitney, entered the phantasm and drove from house to house, sending in at each stop a proper place. The ladies thus honored imagined that it was Mrs. Whitney in person who thus returned their calls, and they were exceedingly proud of it. Some of the poor things were so far as to tell their friends that "Mrs. Whitney called, entered the parlor, was dressed so and so and said so and so." But they don't tell the story any more, for every body knows, you know, that it is fiction. Mrs. Whitney still retains her valuable assistant, and intends to keep her after leaving Washington, because, as she says: "The young lady has made herself indispensable in many other ways and has proven a delightful companion."

Doing Up Things.
Justice—Policeman Tuff, why did you club this man so severely?
Officer Tuff—That thing there gave me sass and resisted arrest, your Honor, so I just did him up.
You have exceeded your authority so often that I think you had better resign from the force and get a position in a grocery, where your propensity for "doing up things" will be appreciated.

LOVE AND MONEY.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Clementine Kent was a very pretty girl, and as sentimental as she was pretty. Her pale oval face, with plastic features that looked as if some easy hand had moulded their fluent curves from a soft plaid clay that never hardened—her yellow gray eyes and deep brown lashes, her full lips, low forehead, and delicate brows—all seemed surcharged with a sort of vague pathos that was very effective; an abundance of light brown hair, waving and silken, and beautiful teeth, half disclosed by the languid mouth, added also to the charms of a slight and graceful figure.

She was one of those girls who suggest a vine always; not a sturdy grape laden with bacchant bunches, or a classical evergreen ivy; but rather a morning glory, adorned with pink blossoms—flowers of an hour that fade when the hot sun strikes them, and close forever under twilight shadows.

Her romantic name fitted her very well; and nobody ever thought of shortening it into robust "Clem," or familiar "Clemmy," if the syllables were too long for any lazy tongue, it degenerated at once into "Tina."

At school she always had at least eleven bosom friends, who were horribly jealous of each other, as each in turn happened to be the confident of the day. There were girls who called Clementine a fool, and treated her with judicious scorn; but they were mistaken—Clementine was not a fool at all; she had the ordinary sense of girls of her age; not common sense, which is the rarest of all possessions and beyond genius, but an average share of understanding. To be sure, she wrote poetry—reams of it—and very poor poetry at that, though being smooth, melodious and harmless, it was greatly admired by the readers of the Canterbury Journal, and her candid schoolmates. But if she did write poetry she learned her lessons fairly well, and was quite a proficient in French. To be sure, Monsieur Bourdaloche was desperately enamored of Tina, and gave more than the prescribed hour's teaching to the class in which she belonged—a class of two—which may account for her progress.

The worst thing about Clementine was her fearful tendency; not a day passed that she did not cry, and cry fluently; good honest showers of crystal tears that soaked her handkerchief and washed her soft pale cheeks like a spring rain.

Nobody ever knew what she cried for; she said herself she cried because she couldn't help it. Nora Jones, one of the strong-minded girls who called her silly, said she was crying for the moon; certainly there was no other known reason for tears. She had a good home, a very loving father and mother, one sunny saucy sister, as unlike her as possible, yet who regarded Tina with a deep reverence, and said the editor of the Canterbury Journal had been heard to call Clementine "a child of genius," and she guessed she was. After a great while, Tina, in a moment of confidence, owned to her chief dearest friend that life was a burden, love a vain dream, a delusive fiction, and she herself should certainly die young, consumed by inward fires; to confirm which sentiments she quoted Mrs. Hemans, Byron, L. E. L., and M. F. Tupper with great fluency, and convincing aptness, and scared poor Molly Hayes out of a night's rest by asking her if she should return from the spirit-land to tell her of his heavenly joys.

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should be attractive beyond all others to the opposite sex, but even in nature was there ever a wild bird which did not find a hundred supports on which to hang and trail its sculptured leaves and profuse down-tinted feathers? Clementine abounded in lovers; the college in Canterbury afforded dozens of enamored boys to write poetry about her in the local paper, send her bouquets, take her out to concerts, to boating parties, to picnics, and even to evening meetings, though this latter diversion was more affected by the drygoods clerks, a sort of whom she counted among her victims.

But with all this it must be owned, to Clementine's credit, she was not vain or arrogant; her head was too much in the clouds for these things to turn it. She had long resolved that love alone should compel her to marry; reason was a cold and sordid guide, and perish the thought of money! It takes years and pain and the pangs of poverty to teach a woman of this sort that money is at least a good thing to have in the house, and no more to be despised than any other means of comfort and health. Tina never paused to consider how hopeless and helpless she would be without her father's liberal hand and goodly purse, and being to a certain extent vitally right and honest in her theory, she carried it to stern heights, and made it dominant in her dreams, intending with a certain amount of simplicity only the man she should love suddenly and unmistakably, and hoping almost to pray that the coming day might be some impetuous poet, or a great politician, poor because of his incorruptible honesty! Poor Tina! as if poets and politicians both were not the most undesirable of their sex as husbands! or as if she were fitted to fill the heart or light the hearth of any poor man—she, who knew no more how to broil a steak, boil a potato, or make a loaf of bread than to circulate the orbit of a comet or square the circle of a but, on time that Tina found, not in love with any body. Not one youth from the studious crowd nor one from behind any counter really stirred her sleeping heart. She wanted dreadfully to fall in love, but there seemed always to be some obstacle on the edge of that pleasant precipice. One youth smoked; she could not abide that. Another wore a plaid velvet vest—ugh! Still another had red hair and weak eyes; of course he was insufferable. But time would fall me to recount the failings of these young men. Few of them arrived so far as to offer themselves, for so soon as the "object" perceived they were really, to use their own phrase, "spooney" about her, she was filled with unbecomable disgust for the poor creatures, and, with the charming frankness of a dreaming girl, took no pains whatever to conceal it. Men are not always blind, even in love, and the perceptive share of Tina's lovers slid back quietly into their own places. A few of the obtuser sort went "on to glory or the grave," and were received with open astonishment, and rejected with equally open indifference. Sometimes she shed a few tears when a young man became very unwelcome, and for his sake a little, or hinted darkly at suicide; sometimes she reproached herself in her secret heart for blighting so many young and ardent natures; but, on the whole, she was tolerably comfortable about it, as she ought to have been, for even the most dejected adorer never drowned himself or plunged into reckless dissipation on her account, and some were actually known in after years to speak of her as "that pretty little goose I used to know at Canterbury." Men are so perfidious!

It was Clementine's custom every year to make a visit to her grand father Hyde in Coventry. She generally chose the season of college vacation in summer to do this duty, as Canterbury was really dull there, and Coventry as pleasant as could be. Grandfather Hyde's great old-fashioned house was spotted and speckled all the year, but it might be cold in winter; in July and August it was cool and sweet and airy. Aunt Nabby, Squire Hyde's sister, was a mighty housekeeper; and when you had eaten her bread and butter and cottage cheese and sponge cake, you might laugh at Sover and Ude and Blot, and smile with scorn at any one who sketched shadow of Vatel, who died for want of a turbot. He would have died of envy had he tasted Aunt Nabby's chicken pot-pie. To make the dainty bits of fowl so savory, the gravy so rich and ticklesome to the palate, the crust so light, so golden brown, so flaky and unsodden, all in the homely circumference of an iron pot, this required genius. Nobody in Coventry could make such pot-pie. Clementine did not want to; well as she liked it, no emulative fry was kindled in her breast. She enjoyed her food unusual at grand dinners, and let her lie in bed mornings as long as she liked, though with much grumbling and growling below stairs about the degeneracy of modern women.

Coventry was a very little town. Its single wide street had on either side large old-fashioned houses that had descended from generation to generation; and being built when labor and timber were cheap and builders honest, the goodly beams endured well, and the hereditary owners took a certain pride in keeping them in repair.

There were old people in most of them now. The youthful flocks were scattered to other pastures—the girls married abroad, the young men pursuing their own ends in the distant West, or the great cities. Yet even the old children—some of them—returned to the nest. The windows of dark spare rooms were opened wide to the sun and air, the parlor revived

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This particular year which we have to chronicle, Coventry was fuller of guests than usual. Even Ned Wyde, the squire's only son and heir, who had been abroad as agent for a great wholesale firm in New York every summer for many years, and amassed much money thereby, but never taken to himself a wife as yet—even this delightful being was coming home that year.

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