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ART TOPICS

Why is it that the educators of our youth, the parents and guardians, ever choose music as an accomplishment in preference to art? If a dotting father has an amount of money to expend on his family he immediately decides on music as a luxury to lavish upon his cherished ones, fondly imagining that development will make an artist of them in this specialty. A parent spends hundreds of dollars in the moderate education of a daughter in music, only to see her come out, make her debut—not as a musician, but as a society girl. She then gives up her practice of past regularity, ceases to play for her friends in public, and soon growing rusty disdikes, and hence declines to play at all. Our rosy girl and musician marries in time and in her household cares busily engages herself, until we meet her a few years later on in life in a pleasant home, surrounded by a bright family, and after a while we see her daughter being given the advantages of a musical education like unto her own. For what reason or aim such a task is assigned no one has really decided, but the usual conclusion was determined from other precedent family ideas of culture, and so the world moves on and continues in its old ruts.

If your child does not show a special desire and adaptability for music and its execution, why waste your money and your energies in the cultivation of a pursuit which you are sure they could not follow professionally, nor even as a skillful performer. But if they should acquire the manipulation and used in dexterity of fingering, through constant thrumming and practice, without nascent love for music and an ear for the sympathy of sound, success will not crown their efforts. Then after hours of laborious study of the Cæcily and other five finger exercises, will either become discouraged, from inability to cope with others in this sphere, or from lack of time to devote to daily practice and want of application, our musical prodigy gives up the coveted goal and retires from the field with the laurel crown of "what might have been." After all that has been expended in this luxurious attainment what has she to show as an acquired luxury? Naught save "an old piano covered thickly o'er with dust, the keys are brown and yellow, and the strings are red with rust."

A young lady enters a studio from a love of art and a desire to become a true artist. She will begin with the rudiments and foundation principles, cultivate the eye and the fingers to skillfully execute and detect good work. She must aspire to original ideas and then execute them in an identification of her subject. One must work from casts and from life objects, to perfect the eye, to train it in true outline, proportions and perspective, and afterward with an elementary training one can advance and from the sketch class in black and white curriculum easily proceed to the stage of coloring the still life studies. There are few students (or people, in fact), who see objects alike, hence the variety we observe in the various studies, of technique, style and coloring. If our student is still anxious to pursue her avowed proclivity and artistic propensities, with her rudimentary training she will find herself able to develop and elevate her chosen subjects. An artist, like a poet, illustrates from the homely side of life, thereby enhancing a virtue or exaggerates and magnifies an evil. Thus we find an artist creating ideals and making a fine competence out of her labor.

Again we will follow a student entering a studio for the purpose of doing a little decorative work, accumulating a few pictures and odd bits of bric a brac and making the family and her friends a few gifts of her own work. Or maybe she has a desire for a lucrative occupation, either one of which if properly applied must bring the desired result. She (the student) begins on some pieces of canvas to be a bright little study, or a unique piece of china; no previous training has prepared her, but the teacher will either assist her or sketch the design herself, and then after spending a few hours of labor and a few dollars in money for the decorative fancy, her penchant taste is repaid doubly in a charming bit of work which she can display to her friends as a result of patience and a trifle of adaptation. She does this piece moderately well and so may do several others; and in the end has a tangible evidence of the "things of beauty and joy forever" to demonstrate how her hours of labor were actually spent. Our little artist friend continues for a time in this work, makes some pretty ornamental remembrances for her friends, decorates her own "boudoir" or home, cultivating her own eye for the beautiful and those with whom she comes in contact by good taste in modes and style of dress, decoration and her refined ideas of beauty. She finally drops the palette and brushes for a time, and perhaps months or years intervene ere the opportunity or inclination to paint is again offered. Is our little friend at a loss how or where to begin? No, indeed; she is not awkward like a musician who leaves the keyboard for a few weeks or months. A musician, if absent for a time from routine work, could not correctly execute a harmony or even a few melodious strains if "out of practice" the old complaint and thread-bare excuse of the pianist. How about our little artist? When she first picks up her brushes and colors, feels her work is a trifle crude, and in the use of her brushes unable to hold them as surely as when last in use, she strokes a little unsteady at first will improve, and in a very short period she must and will (like Richard), be herself again.

I do wish that the parents would see the plausibility of this theory and allow the children the privilege of a choice. Economy has long been preached and the prevalent idea that painting is an expensive luxury few can afford is a mistaken theory. For every

dollar spent in art the follower derives immediate value for value rendered. A picture, a piece of pottery with some quaint decoration, a pretty piece of china or porcelain, all of which speak for themselves in value, as compensation for expense, time and labor. Who was ever so stupid that if once in life they had painted and been a disciple of art could not again reproduce similar effects. To decorate one does not need to possess talent or genius. A neat workman, small amount of originality, moderate degree of patience, you or any one can, under a fair teacher, reach the acme of your ambition and do "some pretty things."

Which will you choose—to be a mechanical musician or a fairly good decorator? Both are fine and worthy accomplishments, and are luxuries, not necessities. Hence, from a point of economy, we cannot recommend either one. Weigh the matter well for yourself or child and follow the bent of inclination. Surely nothing is a success unless entered into heartily, with manifest spirit. Experiment with your children, see if they would enjoy the pursuit of music or art, and if it ensues not, drop it as a hopeless task. But if interest is shown, sufficient to denote a love for either one, then cultivate on to success and fame if possible.

LITTLE STRAY NOTES.
Mrs. Maj. Bohanan is visiting in Peoria, Ill., with friends.

Mr. Will Wittman is busily engaged doing some tapestry figures.

Mr. Will Green has been doing some nice decorative work recently and his head is full of new ideas.

Mrs. J. W. McDonald has been actively working on some delicate and unique after dinner coffee cups this past week.

We dropped in on Mrs. E. K. Lowe the other day and found her surrounded by a large class working in all lines of art.

The many friends of Mrs. W. A. Preston will be pleased to learn she is doing some exquisite pieces of china for Xmas remembrances.

Miss Bessie Tuttle is located at Rushville, Neb., now. From the orders she recently sent in for materials, we judge she has a flourishing class at that little city.

Prof. Bagg in the Richards block is as busy as ever. He has several nice order pieces in course of construction and a fine working class to claim his attention.

Mr. Will Donnanhue is devoting the most of his time now in completing some crayon orders. Mr. D. does excellent work and can no longer be classed with the amateurs.

Miss Mary Chapin devotes two days in the week to oil at Lincoln Normal and the remainder of her time she is to be found in her charming little studio at the McMurtry block.

Miss Barton has a fine class engaged in clay modeling. This class is beginning with the fundamental principles and if they do not progress it is not the fault of the teacher.

There is a fine line of odd pieces in china for decorative use, at "Studio Revere" 312 1/2 South 12th. Any one who is in search of a novelty or some unique pieces will do well to call and see the new line. Fresh invoices received weekly.

As "Nancy" predicted, there has been a number of nice parties given, and china souvenirs were the prizes and we now know of four more in contemplation where some elegant odd pieces of porcelain will reward the worthy.

The china craze seems to continue gathering onward. The fever has struck a good number and the epidemic is still with us. Many ladies who never aspired to do any Art work are now dabbling in the mineral paints, doing a little decorative china.

What do you think of the present drop curtain at the Lansing? I think it too bad some of our amateurs could not have the opportunity to correct the bad drawing, and arrange proportions and perspective for the assumer who put on the brilliant draperies and color tones.

Burlington Route—Winter Tourist Rates.
Special low round trip rates are now in effect to Austin, El Paso, Houston, Lam-pasas, Corpus Christi, Galveston, Laredo, Rockport, San Antonio and Velasco, Texas, also to Denning and Eddy, N. M., and to New Orleans and Lake Charles, La. These tickets are good for return until June 1, 1893. For tickets and further information apply to agent B. & M. depot, or city office, corner O and Tenth streets.
A. C. ZIEGLER, City Passenger Agt.

Orchestra Music.
Irvine's new orchestra furnishes superior music, any number of pieces, for concerts, receptions, balls, parties, etc. Leave orders at COURIER office, 1134 N street, telephone 253.

Geneva Mills "Purity" flour sold everywhere.

Full line of artists materials at Lincoln Frame and Art company's, 236 South 11th street.

K. C. Baking Powder, 25 ounces for 25 cents. Absolutely Pure. Have you tried it?

Mrs. S. F. Ryan, fashionable dress making, room 78 Burr block.

K. C. Baking Powder, 25 ounces for 25 cents. Absolutely Pure. Have you tried it?

'CHICAGO' AGAIN

[Special Courier Correspondence.]
CHICAGO, Nov. 7, 1892.—Base deserter, am I not? Well, I cannot help it. If you had a World's Fair dedication on your hands, with a large share of the earth along with it, as well as the highest company Mrs. Patter, Palmer, you would not have time to write news letters for even the best newspaper in Nebraska, any more than "Chicago" has. What a picnic we had, and you would have thought it a real bonny file picnic, minus fishing worms and spiders, if you could have stood with me at the Nebraska building and watched the people file in that great gateway, around "cap-a-pee" with umbrellas, camp stools, wraps, lunch baskets. And speaking of lunch baskets, I must tell you a joke on a very handsome and accomplished woman who was a member of Gay Boies' party from Iowa, and with that I promise not to say anything more about the time worn, threadbare subject of the delicate exercises. This young woman, who is very striking in appearance and would induce admiration in any company, was arranged in "purple and fine linen," bent on conquest. In this same party was a queer old-fashioned little lady, who happened to occupy a seat in the same carriage with the young woman. As the carriage took its position directly behind the one containing the chief executive of the state of Iowa, and moved in procession out Michigan avenue and Grand Boulevard, out to the Midway Plaisance, the younger woman did her best to entertain the little old lady, in her own charming way. She had noticed that a queer looking bundle rested on the lady's lap, but thought nothing about it. A pause came at a distance of several rods from the gateway, occasioned by a blockade of the thousands of people standing in line along the Plaisance, slowly, and with great effort, the green striver was untied and four luscious ham sandwiches were produced. As one man that crowd waved their hats and yelled "Hurrah for Iowa ham sandwiches!" "Three cheers for the old lady," and well there sat the young woman, and she refused to eat the sandwich offered her. Thus ended the first lesson.

Dear old Thos. Keene has been here for two weeks. Richelle, Richard III his best play, Hamlet, Othello, Merchant of Venice; we have seen him in all of them, and have admired him very much. The audiences that greeted him tested the capacity of McVicker's theatre, and went away, some praising, some criticizing. As Richelle, Othello, and Richard III, he is perfect. I have not seen his Shylock and his Hamlet, but do not think he does much work in the part, but it seems that he makes an effort to please, and does so quite naturally. His company is a splendid one, with one of whom he shares his honors. This one is Julius Scott, who takes the part of the King in Hamlet, of Iago, the basest villain Shakespeare ever created, and he is fine. One feels that it would be a positive pleasure to "murder" him. Miss Craigie, as Desdemona, is a perfect wonder to see, but as Ophelia she is splendid. That is, I do not wish to be unjust to the lady. Her acting is very clever, but her appearance is against her. The *Inter-Ocean* has been very adverse in its criticisms of Keene during this last engagement of his. I think it unwarranted.

Bearing the date of October 9th comes a wee card from Mr. and Mrs. William Morris, on which is engraved the name of their blessed baby, Lloyd Guthery Morris. May he live to be as charming as his parents. I hope soon to see them, as the company plays here again in "Settled Out of Court" next month, when I shall pay my respects personally to small Master Morris.
It was late—au revoir. Truly yours,
"CHICAGO."

William Dean Howells, the novelist, pays this graceful compliment to James Whitcomb Riley: "The fact is, our Hoosier Poet has found lodgment in people's love, which is a much safer place for any poet than their admiration. What he has said of very common aspects of life has endeared him; you feel, in reading his verse, that there is one of the homeliest souls that ever uttered itself in that way, and that he is true to what we all know because he has known it, and not because he has just verified it by close observation." Mr. Riley will read now and highly attractive selections from his own works at the Lansing theatre Monday evening, November 21st.

Beer For Family Use.
For family trade the John Gund Brewing Co. is now delivering a superior grade of extra pale beer in either pint or quart bottles. This beer for table use has no equal and is meeting with popular favor with all the best trade of the city. Prices as cheap as that charged for inferior beer. Leave orders at office, 211 North Ninth street. Oscar Beuk, agent. Once tried no other beer will be used. Why not order a sample case of it.

An Elegant Souvenir.
The Western Resort Book, a finely illustrated publication descriptive of all the western resorts along the lines of the Union Pacific system. Sent free upon receipt of six cents in stamps. J. T. Mastin, C. T. A., 1044 O street. E. A. Slosson, General Agent, Lincoln, Neb.

Burlington Route Playing Cards.
New design, round corners, flexible linen stock, permanent colors, worth 50 cents. We sell them at 10 cents. Good scheme to buy a few packs; might need them this winter; euchre, whist, high five, etc.
A. C. ZIEGLER, City Pass. Agt.

After Twenty Years.
This is the title of a renowned literary work that has been read the country over. "After twenty years," in Lincoln, would also make a decidedly interesting work, with Eugene Hallett as its leading figure. Mr. Hallett started business in Lincoln over twenty years ago, having established his well-known jewelry house here in 1871.

Since then he has kept pace with every popular movement and progressive stride made by the town, and like the city, is considered the most prominent in the state. When new novelties were a-nounced, Hallett has always been the first to show them, and as for the newest of the standard lines of goods, Hallett has always kept a representative stock. Hallett's career of twenty years of business in Lincoln has made many friends and a large patronage for him.

Mrs. Browning's Habits.
Mrs. Browning wore her hair in long ringlets, which, falling very much over her face, and when seen in profile suggested the unpleasant idea of blinkers that harshly cut across the graceful curves of brow and cheek. It was this style of arranging the hair that made Mrs. Browning look, not old-fashioned—for that would have given a touch of sentiment—but strangely out of fashion. Her slight, pretty figure was rather dignified than set off by garments that fell lapping about her, but, thank heaven, she was entirely free from the bad taste of the self-styled clever women who acknowledge themselves to be fashions as women by aping a masculine style of dress and address.

In conversation Mrs. Browning seemed reserved, with a certain proud aloofness of manner; at the same time there was a listening reticence in her attitude that did not help the playful teasing to and fro of talk. Occasionally she hung her remarks into the midst of the discussion, and such remarks, were weighed, measured, and full of sense and purpose. It was evident that Mrs. Browning had not thrown off the habit acquired in the years of silence in her darkened chamber of conversing in a one-sided way with the best books, which is a vastly different from conversing with the best men.—Chicago News.

Home Dressmaking.
The sensible woman, who has the best taste and knows just how to make the best of it, is learning, if she doesn't thoroughly understand it already, to have her dresses made at home. There never was a time in the history of clothes when so much dressmaking was done at home. Women have grown tired, oh, so tired, of the sameness of custom dressmaking. The mistress of the household selects some young girl or woman who is handy with her needle, then she goes studiously to work and plans her own wardrobe. First of all, she tries her hand on an inexpensive dress, and if she makes a success of it, which she is very likely to do, she goes on from one degree of perfection to another.

Three-fourths of the difficulty about dressmaking lies in the fact that women do not realize what absurd figures they cut in the clothes they wear. Once let the full consciousness of this dawn on them, and the work is done; for never afterward will they consent to look ridiculous, or what is even worse, commonplace, while harmony and beauty can be had by working for it; for whatever her follies and vanities may be, the American woman isn't lazy, especially when it comes to matters of adornment.—New York Ledger.

What a Wise Mother Can Do.
A wise mother can take ten minutes every day and read to her children a few words on astronomy, geology or physiology. Not dry statistics, which carry no knowledge to the little minds, but the names of planets and stars, their places and the mythological story connected with them; stories of the strata of rocks, with coal and other minerals buried beneath clay and stones; how the hot waters and the cold are deep down under us, waiting for man until he needs them and discovers their hiding places; stories of our own bones and nerves, muscles and blood; the course of our food from the mouth to the stomach; how fresh air invigorates us, and stimulants dry up the tissues. It is astonishing how easily little children learn the long words and use them intelligently. All these subjects and a hundred more are brought before them every day in a rightly conducted kindergarten.—Home Journal.

The Secret of Entertaining.
A man does not enjoy the feeling that what interests a girl he has no knowledge of and rather than make mistakes will remain silent, for men are very sensitive to ridicule and are not going to let a girl laugh at them if they can help it, but touch on his favorite hobby and he will think you charming, simply because you have introduced a topic on which he feels at home. No matter what it is, if you simply arrive at the keynote there will be no trouble about conversation, and in this easy way you will have established your reputation as a charming, intelligent, well informed woman, whom, in all probability, you will only be permitted to nod approval or say yes and most proper intervals.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Women and Men.
As a rule women require one hour of sleep more a day than men. Fewer of the latter reach the age of fifty than the former, but afterward the sterner sex has the best of it. It has also been found that single women live longer than single men, while married women on an average live two years longer than single ones.
A woman's chance of getting married is calculated to be only 2 1/2 per cent, when she reaches her fortieth year. As there are still more men than women in the United States, more of the fair sex should emigrate. As it is four men emigrate to three women. There is said to be only one sudden death among women to eight among men.—Chambers' Journal.

When Whipped Cream is Nice.
Whipped cream is a delicious adjunct to deep apple pie, and should be sent to the table in glass bowls. It is nice with any cold dessert, jelly, blanc mange, etc., with a little Jamaica rum to flavor it.—New York Journal.

Fine picture frames made to order at H. W. Cowles, 119 and 122 South Twelfth street.

TIME TO KICK

In a recent issue the COURIER gave currency to some of the numerous and earnest complaints against the exorbitant prices being paid for electric lights, a word of criticism that has met with the expressed approval of many patrons of the gas and electric light company. This expression has brought out the information that the company which has a monopoly of the lighting business in this city has been reaping enormous profits from its investment. A gentleman who has investigated the matter says that outside of his building, the electric light company has an even \$50,000 invested in its plant. It has bonded itself in the next sum of \$100,000 and disposed of its bonds to eastern investors, and is now paying a dividend of 38 per cent upon this enormous amount of stock, or almost 300 upon per cent the actual investment. The result is seen in the prices extorted from the public for electric lights. In incandescent lights, which in eastern cities, where they are burned until 11 o'clock, cost sixty cents a month apiece, are charged for here, where they are burned only until 10:30, at the rate of 2:45 per month. One consumer declares that he pays 14 cents per night for each light which could be had almost anywhere else for six cents each per night. The system of meters supplied by the company is causing a great deal of complaint because of its inefficiency, or rather its over-efficiency. One patron of the company who took the pains to investigate the workings of the machine furnished him, found that it kept itself diligently at work all day when no lights were burning, so that a place of business which was a few years since lighted for about \$15 ran up a bill of about \$45 by the meter. Such little incidents as the above are numerous, and are arousing a great deal of antipathy against the company which is reaping such a rich harvest therefrom, so that hundreds of people will welcome the information that men of means have interested themselves in the organization of a new company that will be heard from soon, a company that has arrangements almost completed for putting in a plant that will be the best that money can buy and will furnish the competition now so much to be desired.

"Yes, my dear boy," replied a well-posted father to an inquiring son, "physicians abuse each other, not exactly for advertising, but for paying for the advertising they manage to squeeze out of the papers. When you get into the newspaper business, as I hope you will some day, for all truly good and great men get there sooner or later, you will learn how easy it is for a doctor to howl against permitting his rival to advertise, and immediately call up the editor by telephone and seductively inquire: 'Don't you want a personal, just to help fill up? I wish you would say that Dr. Skinnem and wife have returned from a professional trip to Footdown. I want my patients to know that I am on duty.' And, my boy, if you should chance to ever so far forget yourself as to be a doctor, instead of a nice, generous editor, don't ever do that. If you want your patients to know that your fame is so wide-spread that you have been called to Footdown to smooth some one's way to the grave, put a notice to that effect in the newspaper and pay for it, or write them all personal letters and tell them about it in a friendly way. Or better yet, send them a bill for your last visit. This is the best way to remind them that you are at home. But don't ask the newspaper to do free for you that which you think should be paid for by others. In other words, if you think a line in the newspapers will do you good, don't ask it for nothing. Newspapers do not grow on trees. They cost money, just as little pills do, and while a good many of the editors live on wind, the men that work for them have not advanced that far in the profession and insist on having their bread and sometimes pie."

About the most aggravating thing that one can encounter in a day's travel is the phonographic music box that grimly receives one's nickel and absolutely declines to render value received. If there is ever a time when the germs of anarchy and bitter hatred of monopoly spring into full-blown and unreasoning fury, and the man with a passion for the willful destruction of property, it is when he sees his nickel bring no response from the symphonetic wizard. There are several of these traps for the unwary nickel in this city, and it is no uncommon thing to see a number of very angry people around them. When adults are the victims it is all very funny, but last Tuesday evening a little girl who had dropped her nickel into an unresponsive slot excited considerable compassion and made no friends for the machine or its owners. It may be presumed that one of these dumb machines may make in a good many unearned nickels during a day and it ought to be established that any victim had the right to burst it open and extract his nickel. Five cents is a small sum, but no man likes to realize that he has been robbed of even that mite. Some one will establish a much needed precedent some day and go after his nickel with an axe.

"I have attended a good many sessions of the legislature in Nebraska," said a lady of ordinarily keen powers of observation and a high sense of personal honor, "and I am convinced that some rigid steps should be inaugurated to disinfest the moral tone of the galleries and some of the adjoining offices that are populated only during the sessions. It is disgraceful to think that a lady of respectability cannot attend the sessions without being brought in contact with such women as have been wont to haunt the galleries, with the sanction and open favor of members. There should be less ground for the scandals that always linger around the legislative halls. There were less of this objectionable phase of state-manship apparent during the last session—"

Now that the campaign is over one may hope, without incurring the suspicion that he is prejudiced on account of politics, that some of the men who forced themselves to the front during the heat of the bloodless fray and succeeded in making three-ringed circles of themselves with doubtful regularity, will subside into the particular recesses of obscurity that were apparently built especially for them. Especially should some of the young men who have been endeavoring to shoulder the burdens of the entire political campaign get in out of the wet, as the fool killer is known to materially abate his leniency just after every political campaign.

One can not but admire the enterprise that affords visitors to eastern and European cities competent guides to show them whether they want to go. A man who has been much abroad suggests that there is a field for such an agency in Lincoln, as we need 'em. The stranger who would undertake to thread the jungle of old herds, superannuated hacks, crippled wagons and crazy buggies on South Tenth street would certainly welcome such a metropolitan convenience as a guide who was familiar with the by-paths.

The coming legislature should adopt some plan for securing speedier and more accurate returns from elections, as numerous other states have done. There is no sense in being compelled to wait a week before it can be told who is elected. And some more stringent rules should be adopted to secure complete election honors. In one of the precincts in this city where there were but 20 votes cast, the count was not completed until seven o'clock the morning after election. It makes one weary to see some of the election and registration officials at work.

"I would hate to die in springtime," dreamily sighed a poetic soul, "because you know it is so wet and disagreeable, and you know it is such a long, long way between the pavement and the cemetery. There would be no comfort in dying in Lincoln except in a dreamy summer."

Didn't Search His Pockets.
Egbert had been away from home eight years. But in all that time his love for his only sister had not grown less. Often his heart had spanned the intervening leagues and in his imagination he held her hand as they wandered over the familiar hills together. She was ever in his thoughts. As he neared home the bright vision that came to his mind was of Rose, now just budding into womanhood, running to greet him. He had been her companion, playmate and protector from infancy. During their long years of separation no stronger passion had come to drive her from his heart. He was all impatience to see her. She would throw her arms about his neck; her kisses would fall upon his face; she would plead with him never to leave her again. Would she search his pockets for bonbons as in the old days? They were there ready for her.

It was dusk when he swung wide the gate of the dear old country place and dashed up the gravelled walk. His aged parents were at the door to greet him. It was a great joy to meet them, but the scene was not as he had pictured it.

"Where was Rosabel?"

"In the orchard, Egbert, but!"

"Oh, we'll be back in a moment," and he flew down the path, throwing back a kiss to the dear old mother. He was a boy again, full of the joy of early youth.

Out under the trees he ran, looking here and looking there; a glance at the great apple tree where the big swing used to be; through the little grove of plums where the hammock always hung; past the rustic bench at the foot of the elms. Not there! Ah, she must be under the grape arbor by the hedge! On again. He saw something white glimmer through the vines; she was there. Parting the leaves he rushed forward with a glad cry to embrace her.

"O-h-h-h!"

"The dev'!"

"Why, Egbert, is it you? Mr. De Danderly, this is my brother."—Detroit Tribune.

Troubles of Childhood.
Dorothy, eight years old, is not only indolent but has a somewhat "snarly" disposition. The other day her aunt heard her saying querulously to herself:

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I don't know what to do!"

"What is the matter, Dorothy?" her aunt asked.

"Oh, mamma told me I might go over to Jennie Crossley's and my hands are dirty, and I don't know whether to wash them or put on my gloves!"—Youth's Companion.

Dangers of Hoasting.
Clara—When George and I are married I'm to have my own way in everything.
Dora—Guess you won't.
Clara—Indeed I will. That's the bargain. Don't you remember I told you he proposed to me in a rowboat, and asked if I'd float through life with him just that way?
"Yes."
"Well, he was rowing, but I was steering."—New York Weekly.

An Ornithological Item.
The small daughter of a well known Boston physician went to visit her grandmother in the country recently, and being town born and bred the singing of the birds was a new sensation for her. "What is that noise?" she inquired. "Birds singing," replied her grandmother. "That is a golden robin." The next day the midge informed her mamma she would like to hear that brass-horn again.—Boston Herald.