

A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A HUNGRY AND INQUISITIVE REPORTER.

No Oriental Luxuries in Sight—A Mysterious Compound Brought to the Table. Two Slices of "Pee-sick-re-ant-l"—A Pot of Delicious Tea.

In Mulberry street, near Canal, amid the noise, bustle and confusion of the busy merchants of the "Bend," there is a quiet and unpretentious dining room. It is presided over at all hours of the day and night by Wah Sing Foo, and the business is said to be a thriving one. Pictures of turtles, pigs, sharks and several kinds of hogoblins are pasted on the windows and their virtues, as articles of diet, are set forth in choice spider scratches upon pieces of brown paper. The most attractive sign, however, reads as follows: "A good dinner 8 cents."

This was sufficient to lure a reporter into the place recently. There were none of the Oriental luxuries in sight. On the walls were a few pictures of flowers, highly colored, and a certificate that Mr. Foo, or some of his friends, had made a good dinner. The tables were of pine and partially covered by a ragged material that looked like a cross between a dishcloth and a mop. Mr. Foo was engaged in leveling the sole of his shoe with a hatchet when the reporter entered, and after glancing up quickly, went on with his work. The reporter stepped carelessly upon a stool and waited. How long the wait would have lasted will never be known. There was a sudden interruption. A pungent odor stole in from the back yard, where something was being cooked. It was too powerful for any nose save a highly cultivated one. The reporter tried to keep it back, but out it came—a double barreled sneeze—that set everything to jingling.

It struck Mr. Foo amidship. The hatchet fell on his foot and the shoe dropped into something which looked like a leg of mutton. There was blood in his eye and there might have been tragedy, had not the innocent cause of all the commotion put on a hungry look and touched his sunken abdomen with his finger.

THE BEST IN THE HOUSE. Mr. Foo smiled so that no one could tell whether he was weeping, waiting or gnashing his teeth as he said:

"Wing Foo ah alle go to kiting see bah." "All right, Mr. Foo, I'll forgive you. Now just set up the table in the house, up to the eight cent limit, and all will be well."

Mr. Foo jumped away with the air of a man who did not understand a word that had been spoken. He kept out of sight for twenty minutes and then appeared with a large bowl of something steaming hot, which he set on the table and then took a seat close by. He began to whistle a peculiar call and the yellowish soup moved restlessly in the bowl. A spoon came with the stuff. It required some courage to take a mouthful, and it would take a team of horses and a derrick to get one up to the rack for a second trial. A mixture of hard mustard, salt and black pepper, with a touch of lagging opium, but it is just a little surprising to the stomach of a man not thoroughly used to the customs of the Flowery Kingdom. Mr. Foo took the mysterious compound away and came back in a little while with a large platter and a couple of small dishes. There were two slices of some brown material on the platter. Mr. Foo admitted that it was "pee-sick-re-ant-l." There is no doubt that it was the genuine goods. It tasted so. One of the slices was filled with small fish bones, and the other was a dainty morsel which might have been taken, with a little imagination, to be a bit of fried mummy. There were also some beans, cabbage and rice. Mr. Foo evidently runs his place on the touch and taste not plan. Well—it keeps one from being poisoned. A nibble here and there demonstrated that an ash can would be a safe place for Mr. Foo's "layout."

It made it easy to understand why a young Chinaman wears wrinkles and appears like an old man while yet in his teens.

A SMALL POT OF TEA. Mr. Foo removed the dishes. He wanted to bring some more of the menu, but the reporter indicated that he would prefer a drink of some kind. After a long delay Mr. Foo appeared with a tray bearing a small pot, a teapot and a cup that resembled a toy. The tea was a revelation. It was aromatic and the flavor delicious, and if there had not been a small family of Croton bugs found in the teapot, after the tea had been swallowed, it would have been thoroughly enjoyable. This ended the dinner.

"Well, Mr. Foo, how much do I owe you?" the reporter asked, simply as a matter of form.

The remark brought back Mr. Foo's cheerfulness, and he came near uncovering his spine with longitudinal extension of his smile. He showed for the first time that his English had not been entirely neglected. After a few marks with a brush, through the wreath of smiles came the words soft and low:

"Sixty-nine-a-cent." "Sixty-nine cents! Go to, Mr. Foo. You are crazy! Why your sign out there says that you give a good dinner for eight cents. What do you mean by this extortion?"

"Ah! Excuse-me. Eight-cent for poor Chinaman. Melican man riches, no eatee like Chinaman. He eatee plenty soup, beef and good things. Muchee eatee, muchee pay. Belly good. Sixty-nine-a-cent cheapo. Chinaman lose money all time. Belly poor."

The bill was paid, and the visitor came away with the experience and conviction that Mr. Foo had mistaken his calling. He ought to double up with Hungry Joe and do the "hand shaking" act.—New York Tribune.

A Cure for Wakefulness. Many a middle aged man who is in the habit of going to bed after eating a hearty meal is puzzled when he finds himself waking up in the small hours of the morning, day after day, and unable to get to sleep again. He knows that this wakefulness is unnatural, but it never occurs to him that it is due to his stomach. It took me several years, during which I lost months of sleep, to find this out, but now I know it. If the victim of insomnia whom I have described will rise from his bed when he wakes and drink a pint of water he will go to sleep again immediately, and will not wake again until his ordinary hour.—Maj. E. S. Foster in Globe-Democrat.

Apothosis of Paper. We knew it would come. The announcement has been made that a paper coffin has been invented and put upon the market. A man may now build his house of paper, eat his dinner from paper plates, wipe his face with a paper handkerchief, buy his wife a paper piano and go to his grave in a paper coffin. The coffin may be paid for with a piece of paper and the death published on another piece. There are few things more useful than paper.—Philadelphia Record.

The Smoked Herring Monopoly. The island of Grand Manan is the home of cut and dried monopoly that would be hard to match. Grand Manan puts up annually more than 1,000,000 boxes of smoked herring, and controls the market.

Boston is the paradise of newspaper writers.

LOUISIANA SALT MINES.

A Belt of Saliferous Deposit—Pure Rock Salt—Pepper Fields.

One of the visitors to the mines explained to Mr. Ely that there was a belt of saliferous deposit in Louisiana extending from Bossier and Bienville parishes, above Red river, to the Gulf. The largest of these deposits appears to be the beds of ancient exhausted lakes. Salt springs were known to exist on Petite Anse island from the earliest date, but the works were abandoned until the blockade during the war raised the price of salt so high in the southern states that Major Avery reopened them for the use of the Confederates. It was at this time that he came more particularly upon the enormous stratum of pure rock salt, which underlies the soil. Like the island of Ormuz, in the Persian gulf, Petite Anse is apparently only a huge rock of salt.

The mines have now been in operation about twenty years. The salt is excavated in large blocks by blasting with dynamite. It is so pure that it is prepared for the market, not by melting and refining, as in the English mines, but simply by grinding into the requisite grades of fineness. The native crystals detached by blasting are as clear and translucent as glass. Mr. Ely went down into the mine, and witnessed through its far-reaching corridors, whose pillars and lofty arches shone with a soft silvery radiance. When the lights of the torches struck into the darkness overhead, the domes flashed back such splendors of color that it seemed to Mr. Ely as if he had entered one of the caves underground where the Troils have stored all the jewels of the world.

"This is all a surprise to me," said one of the visitors—a stout professor from some college in Indiana—as he stepped from the elevator into the upper air. "I actually did not know there was a mine of salt in the United States."

"And yet," said their guide, quickly, "you have no doubt used our salt on your table for years. We ship it to every large town in the north and west."

This little island of Petite Anse furnishes pepper as well as salt to our tables. Tobacco, or the distilled cayenne, dear to the hearts of gourmands and chefs, is manufactured here out of a wild pepper peculiar to Louisiana. Two or three folds produce enough of the cultivated pods to send their essence to all parts of this country and to Europe. It is one of the numberless miner industries which have sprung into life throughout the south since the war, and which hint at the strength and vitality of that long sterile soil.—Rebecca Harding Davis in Harper's Magazine.

A Mass of Ambergris. The fact that a schooner, which had arrived at Gloucester, had picked up off Cape Sable a mass of ambergris, weighing 125 pounds, has started inquiry as to the nature and market value of the substance. Its use in Europe and the United States is entirely confined to perfumery, although it formerly occupied no inconsiderable place in medicine. In the east it is used in pharmacy and as a flavoring material in cookery. Its value is from \$18 to \$25 per ounce, according to quality. It is a solid, fatty, inflammable substance, of dull gray or blackish color, the shades being variegated like marble, and possessing a peculiar sweet, earthy odor.

This substance is formed in the intestines of the spermaceti whale, being morbidly secreted, and floats on the water. Vessels pick it up in the Atlantic ocean, on the coasts of Brazil and Madagascar, on the coast of Africa, East Indies, China, Japan, the Bahama Islands and sometimes on the North American coast. The largest lump ever heretofore found weighed 182 pounds. The whales in which it has been discovered were either dead or much wasted, and evidently in a sickly condition. But it is believed that ambergris, from the position in which it exists and its chemical constitution, is a biliary concretion analogous to what is found in other mammals.—Boston Transcript.

Superstition on the Stage. "There is as much superstition among actors as there is among sailors," remarked a member of the profession to a reporter. "They are forever on the lookout for signs, and these are construed into all kinds of meanings. The placing of a chair on the stage in a peculiar position will be taken to mean something in connection with their success, while the action of a single individual in the audience will have a decided effect upon their future course."

"It is while rehearsing a new play that the greatest amount of superstition is indulged in with actors and managers."

"One of the most noticeable is the effect of the lines upon the members of the company. If a laugh or even a smile is provoked by the wit of the author it is regarded as a bad omen for the success of the piece. If a pathetic passage causes a remark regarding its beauty, the conclusion is at once reached that the play will not be a 'go,' and when the effect is in the opposite direction their spirits rise and the belief is entertained that all will be well with the play. There are probably 100 other signs upon which actors hang the fate of themselves or the play to be produced."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Causes of Premature Death. Most of those who die between 25 and 60, unless they die by accident, die by some indiscretion. It is the over indulgence of appetite, or the neglect of food when needed, or the overstrain of business, or exposure to changes of temperature without corresponding change of clothing. Most people of these ages are conscious of the error after it has been made, or others are conscious of it for them. Without undue captiousness we can note changed conditions, and adapt ourselves thereto. Multitudes die prematurely by reason of an indiscretion which might have been easily avoided. It is intelligent caution that saves sickness, and this caution ought to be in possession and exercise before middle life. It is so much easier to prevent serious sickness than it is to secure recovery from it. Hence it is that so many that are deficient in vigor in early life outlive the vigorous and the careless. Necessity compels them to study their changing conditions of health, and so teaches them the benefits of adaptiveness to conditions and circumstances.—Independent.

Not a Good Memory. For some reason, I don't know why, people expect to hear sensational testimony every time I'm put on the stand in a political case. But they don't hear it for a very good reason: I am so peculiarly constituted that in a political campaign I never remember a transaction in which I am concerned for twenty-four hours afterward. I never write letters. I always burn those I receive, and I don't make notes in a memorandum book or diary.—"Politician" in Globe-Democrat.

Advice to a Son. "My son," said a careful and observant father, "live an honest life and you will preserve your self respect, though you may fail to win the respect of others. But if in an evil hour you should deviate from the path of rectitude, struggle to escape detection until you have salted down enough money to purchase justice. Don't make a mistake and take too little; justice comes high."—New York Tribune.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A LADY CORRESPONDENT TELLS HOW TO CARE FOR THE HAIR.

Dress as a Recreation—A Well Shaped Woman—To Break Up Baby's Cold, Gloves, Corsets and "Reform" Clothing. Stray Bits of Information.

A woman whose hair reaches to her waist, thick as one's wrist when braided, needs no artificial ornaments to adorn her head, and abundant hair needs less care to arrange than a scanty crop. All women can possess such hair if they give proper care. It is best to keep the hair closely cut; after seven years it need not be touched by the scissors except to clip the forked ends once every month. Constant brushing is the secret of luxuriant shining tresses, as it strengthens the hair and brings out its natural luster, and, by brushing the heaviest tress hair can be changed to a warm golden tint. Use a hard brush; do not press lightly over the hair, but with firm, steady strokes brush until you loosen your hair and brush it this way you will find you can sleep much better. Braid the hair in the evening, and wear a cap that is unbound, as the hair should always be well aired and need not be bound unnecessarily.

Do not use pomades, dyes or preparations of any kind, and above all things don't wear night caps; covering the head with a cap is almost as bad as putting a clothes pin on the hair. Wash the hair with cold water, and any ladies have the mistaken idea that the hair and face should be closely covered when walking even a short distance in the sunshine; going often into the air and sunlight, except at noon, benefits the complexion as well as the hair. Tow headed people should remember that the sun changes the color of their hair to a more agreeable shade.

Combs are not a necessity for long hair, except to comb out tangles; the sharp teeth injure the scalp and produce dandruff. Washing the hair in cold suds promotes the growth and prevents falling out; barbed comb too is also good. Washing the hair with red sanders, yucca and henna and split the ends; instead of which take the yolk of an egg, beat slightly with the hand, adding a few (very few) drops of water and rub well into the roots. This cleans the scalp and makes the hair soft and silky. Allow about two minutes to get nearly dry, then raise the head and wash the hair with water, in which pour a few drops of ammonia (ammonia is the most healthful stimulus known for the hair and quickens its growth when nothing else will do so). After washing wipe and rub the hair dry with a towel; brush and part carefully with the fingers and dry in the sun, or in winter, dry by the fire. Never go into the open air until the hair is thoroughly dry. Shampooing the hair every morning in cold water and then brushing until the scalp glows is good for the hair when it is short and will not grow. Crimping pins do not injure the hair, unless they are of metal and the hair is put on them. If the hair is naturally dry, a mixture of one half ounce of carbonate of ammonia in a pint of sweet oil makes the best hair invigorator.—Ann Biscuits in Detroit Free Press.

Dress as a Recreation.

If it were not for clothes a great part of the world would have nothing to do and nothing to think of. It is not so with some who books and pictures and bring a music, poetry and conversation are to others. They take the place of metaphysics, astronomy and psychological research. Possibly it may require as much thought to plan a reception gown as to calculate an eclipse, especially if the plan is to give a party. It is a new shape for a bonnet, a new dress, a new trimming, as to invent a philosophical solution of the universe or to compose a symphony; but the mind is more enlarged and enriched by one than the other. We do not exactly want to live for clothes, to satisfy our souls with such material things, although many are apparently content to give all their leisure and thoughts to them, and are no sooner off with the old clothes than they are on with the new. They always have a dressmaker in the house and shopping on hand. Their literature is fashion reports. They have no interests to speak of apart from this frivolous and unprofitable content. If the happiness for such people consists in a wardrobe where no omission can be detected. But let it not be supposed that this adoration of clothes is a peculiarly feminine trait, although many believe so. Are not pop and coxcomb both in the masculine gender, and is there any feminine content to give all their leisure and thoughts to them, and are no sooner off with the old clothes than they are on with the new. They always have a dressmaker in the house and shopping on hand. Their literature is fashion reports. They have no interests to speak of apart from this frivolous and unprofitable content. If the happiness for such people consists in a wardrobe where no omission can be detected.

Let us make flannel shirts for the Hottentots, interest ourselves in mighty charities, or become, in a word, models of public spirit. But let us not quite forget our homes. In our homes are lips that often and often will yearn for cups of cold water, and sad, weary hearts will gladden and grow fresh again when the cup is given, unasked, by a thoughtful, loving hand. The small offerings cost so little; there is nothing in the world that costs so little and is yet so priceless. The fire burning brightly upon the hearth, the favorite dish upon the table, the cold water to the humble laborer when evening calls him home, and the baby lifted from the mother's tired arms, a strong hand at the heavy kettle, an appetitive scent for the capital bread, and the nice tea—this is the cup, returned full and overflowing, that half banishes the cares of the day, and brings new light into loving eyes. The old fashioned song played and sung for the silver haired father, the ready fingers that thread the needle for grandma's fading eyes, the word of tender cheer for the grievous child—these are such little cups, and yet they are so blessed!—St. Louis Magazine.

The Actress and Her Stays. It is said that years ago Mrs. Scott Siddons' dressmaker advised her to leave off her corsets. "What, lose me stage figure?" she cried. "Impossible!" The dressmaker urged that she was losing her figure anyhow, and that the only means of saving it was to take radical measures at once. "Well, here go me stays," said the actress, and the milliner proceeded to fit her a twenty-five inch waist. At the end of the season she became back again. "Make me a twenty-seven inch waist," she demanded, but in the meantime her figure below and above the waist had resumed their normal proportions, her skin had grown two shades fairer and clearer, and she looked younger. Since then she has never worn a stay, and she says that whereas before she abandoned them it was all she could do to drag through the last act, after she had dispensed with them she was so fresh and vigorous that she could have done a sixth act and not minded it. She still continues to wear very gorgeous gowns.—New York World.

"Reform Clothing" for Women. The movement in the direction of what is called "reform clothing" for women is certainly progressing. I had occasion to visit a shop where women's wear is sold and was

The bust of a woman of the height named should be forty-three inches measurement over the arms, and the waist twenty-four. The upper part of the arm should be from thirteen and a half to fifteen inches, and the wrist six inches. The ankle should be six inches, the calf of the leg fourteen and the thigh twenty-five. Any woman of the height mentioned has these measurements can congratulate herself on having as perfect a form as the Creator ever made. Of course the proportions vary with the height.—New York Mercury.

Girls in the Kitchen. "People make such a fuss about girls not going into service that I've kept a list of reasons against it; reasons that the girls gave without really knowing that they were giving them, and it's a pretty dreadful list, too. But there! It's both sides, and I'll like a training school for both and a different way of looking at things all round. There won't be much change till then."

This remark was repeated to a woman of high social position, whose interest in the problem was intense, and who had made a genuine home for the servants in her own house. "The thing that strikes me most seriously," she said, "that the girl's opportunity for a really good marriage ceases the moment she enters a kitchen. Say what you will, it is the natural destiny of woman, and my girls are nice girls, who ought, and I have a fair chance to find the right mate. Two of them are well educated. They could marry a young professional man or merchant and not disgrace him, but such men would never dream of looking at them. The ordinary mechanic comes to see them; a kind of man for every way. I don't know what to do about it, but it seems to me that if for any reason they had to leave me I would not advise them to continue in domestic service. Am I right or wrong?"

From other missuses who had thought seriously and impersonally of the girl's side of the question has come much the same testimony.—Helen Campbell.

How to Break Up Baby's Cold. When I find baby has taken cold, not so feverish and sick as to require packing, which one dreads to do because of the increased danger resulting from any exposure afterward, but a smart cold in its first stages, with red eyes and running nose and stuffed head, I take the little one in my lap several times through the day, and again at bedtime, and, removing boots and stockings, rub the little feet—soles and tops and ankles—with sweet oil or goose oil, and then heat them long and well before an open fire till the skin will absorb no more oil.

Then I bathe and rub the little bare back from neck to hips, especially along the spine, with oil also; shielding baby's back from cold drafts, and letting the warm rays of fire light and heat it just right, chafing and thoroughly heating till skin will absorb no more oil.

Wrapped in flannel and tucked away in her warm nest for the night, baby often wakes in the morning with but little trace of her cold. If there is hoarseness with other symptoms of an oncoming cold, for a simple remedy I like to give baby boiled molasses with a bit of butter or sweet oil or lard oil in it, or a few teaspoonfuls of onion syrup, made of sliced onions and brown sugar, which helps soothe the throat and clear the bowels, carrying away, perhaps, the aggravating source of the cold.—Clarissa Potter in Good Housekeeping.

A Lesson in Gloves. By the by, have you seen those most curious gloves, underests and stockings that fill a window on Broadway? They call it "Primrose," but it is the brightest, most glaring, most assertive yellow I have ever seen in my life. Who in the world would have courage to clothe herself in this get-up? The gloves and stockings are sufficiently long, with the assistance of the silk shirt, to entirely cover the body, and I am wondering what ballet dancer will add to it all with a black sash and make herself a study in yellow and black for the front row.

When will women learn that gloves intense in contrast to their hands, make their hands and prominent? For, really, anything that attracts attention at once to the hands only increases their size. That is one reason why white gloves have such an abominable effect. Don't you remember the old fashioned photographs where people had their hands arranged in the most conspicuous manner over the backs of impossible chairs—that is, impossible out of a photograph gallery—and where the first thing you saw, or rather the first thing that struck you, was the deadly whiteness of the hands and their immense size? In those days of maribic photography, one might wear a five-gallon hat in the picture it looked like nine—"bab" in New York Star.

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