THE JIGGER.

It seems to us that the jigger has not received his share of attention this summer—from the literati, we mean—and we have succeeded in compiling some information and collecting some little gems devoted to that small but energetic insect.

We hunted him up—in the dictionary—the other day and found that the jigger is a species of flea of the West Indies and South America which burrows beneath the skin, making painful and sometimes dangerous sores. The name is erroneously aplied, so Webster says, to some kinds of mites and ticks, and it is doubtless one variety of these mighty mites that makes itself such a nuisance in the hot season.

This insect, small as it it, yet has the privilege of spelling its name in seven different ways: Chigoe, chegoe, chigre, chegre, chique, chigger and jigger. This fact calls forth from the pen of one poet the following lines, in which we notice some poetic license has been used:

ACCORDING TO WEBSTER.

Chigoe, chegre, chegoe, chigre—spell it howsoe'er you will—
Chique, cheque, chegeur, chigger—'tis the same old jigger still.
From whence this aggravating midget came, and why we are afflicted with it nobody sems to have found out, but it is here, and apparently here to stay. In fact, its staying qualities are unusually remarkable.
Full many a laf and blade of emerald green
Upon their surfac countless jiggers bear;
Full many a man is doomed to scratch unseen,
And voice his suffering to the quivering air.

It did not require seven years, the author informs us, to write this little stanza. On the contrary, it was dashed off in an idle moment. This is a refreshing assurance. It is so rare to find anyone who has an idle moment in the jigger season.

There is another excellent thing about these charming little thoughtlets; they are not the fond foolish imaginings of a romantic mind; they are the result of experience. Then, too, they are so impressioned and full of feeling.

Here is a bit of wisdom which every thinking person will heartily endorse. It relates to the jigger's position in social circles.

There are some things which are not good form;
And some are quite improper,
And some to which society has turned the Klondike shoulder.
But the jigger's "strictly in it"—
That no one doubts a minute—
And he's pretty sure to stay there until the weather's colder.

The following tragic tale will strike a sympathetic chord:

It was a festive jigger bug that sat upon the grass
And waited for some unsophisticated jayhawker to pass,
And sharpened up his forceps while he winked the other eye
And thought about the good square mael he'd tackle by and by,
The tiny bright red jigger,
The infinitesmal jigger,
The pesky itching jigger that's little, but oh my!

"I'm not the only pebble," thought his jiggership, "there's others."
So when he spied a victim gave the wink unto his brothers,
For the jigger isn't selfish, if his ways are rather small;
And when he sees a good thing he never wants it all—
The lithesome, blithesome jigger,
The nimble footed jigger,
The old familiar jigger that stays from spring to fall.

It was a man who used that night a quart of kerosene,
A pound of salty butter and a lot of vaseline,
And any one who'd seen him scratch would not have called him lazy,
But the insane board next morning pronounced him raving crazy.
And all because of the jigger,
The nineteenth century jigger—
They sent him to an asylum for folks with ideas hazy.

Here is a recipe for annihilating the jigger, which will be found effective: First catch your jigger—and this is the way to do it. After a stroll in the blue grass, go indoors and sit quietly down for an hour or two, and at the first nibble arm yourself with a needle and a search warrant and begin operations. If your sight is good you may find the jigger, which is about the size of a pin point and of a bright red color. Carefully impale him on the needle and he will give you no further trouble.

ARTEMISIA ANDREWS.

SOME LATE INVENTIONS.

In a newly designed folding bed the bottom and head and foot boards are formed of sets of lazy tongs, each set being adjustable in two directions, thus making the bed changeable as to its length and width.

To permit the use of a photograph gallery at night a photographic light stand has been patented, comprising a vertical distributing pipe with branches to carry the burners, with adjustable reflectors to throw all the light in one direction.

To prevent the legs of furniture from tearing the carpet a pad has been designed, consisting of a spindle to be inserted in the end of the leg, with a headed portion formed at the lower end, the latter being covered by a cap of leather or rubber.

A handy device for cleaning lamp chimneys is formed of four wires twisted together at one end, with a sliding ring attached to a rod leading to the handle, to be pushed down over the wires and cause them to grip a sponge or other material for cleaning the chimney.

The cranks of a bicycle can be lengthened by a Chicago man's device consisting of a recessed sleeve, having a hole for the reception of a bolt, to attach it to the crank, the bolt taking the place of the pedal shaft, while the latter is inserted in an extension of the sleeve beyond the bolt.

Commercial travelers will appreciate a new sample case designed for their use, having extensible frames set inside the case to open in opposite directions, slides being carried by the frames to support a series of trays, which arrange themselves in steps when the case is opened.

Jardinieres can be easily drained without removing the plant jar by a new attachment, a hole being formed in the bottom of the jardiniere for the insertion of a tube, which bends at right angles and has a sliding pipe in the end to be pushed in and close the outlet after draining.

DAISY'S FUN.

As soon as I have time, said Miss Daisy, as reported in the Chicago Record, seating herself in her little red chair, I'm going to tell every person I know how to enjoy themselves.

It's as easy. You must only have fun. That's all.

To have fun you've got to have earrings and things, and if you haven't got 'em, make 'em!

I do. I have nine essquisite earrings that I made myself outen of beads and things and I'm going to make some more soon.

If you can't be took to a matnee make a matnee yourself, and if you can't wear your mamma's organdies, wear Mena's aperuns tied on sort of loose in the back, so's they'll drag good.

I make matnees and picnics and going-a-ridings and Sunny-schools and every mortil thing.

Once I made a barber shop, and it was jest ezzackly like a real one.

Mamma made be a big rolly man outen a quilt and tied papa's old foot ball on for a head. Then I put him in a big chair and soap-sudded him and shaved him with a knife all day. Only he was bald. But I used four bottles of hair colic on him, and that was most as much fun as cutting his hair.

Then the Sunday school. I had Gran' an' her canary bird and the gold fish an mamma's statuaries of Beenus and Paulbenearus for scholars and we all enjoyed ourselves.

Picnics are fun, too, but they are longer to make. First you must get an apple—the same as when you go to play butcher shop—and a cooky, and outen of 'em make banana and pickles and cakes and sardines. Then get a match box and pack 'em in and have plenty of bananas made. Then when the lunching is all ready put on an organdy or some other grown-up thing and go to the picnic on the rocking-chair street car. You know how to make that, of course. Wear earrings and a shawl and a pairsole, 'cause when you get to the picnic it will rain awful and you must eat lunching with the pairsole up. Then, when you're just as wet as you can be, you must go under a tree to get dry. That's the sofa or the hogmany table. Then, when you're all dry and snugly again, eat a few more banans and go home in the rocking-chair horse car.

But a circus. Oh! You must be a riding lady in a long dress and sit on the side of a big trunk covered with the red table cloth and have pink paper on your cheeks for paint. Then sometimes I play I'm the dancing-legged lady, with my legs going right down into the ends of my toes, but they don't, very good. Where do dancing-legged ladies live? I never saw one on the street, and I've looked and looked. I asked Uncle John if they were angels, and he said no, they only played angels. And the clownd, too, I never saw him on the street. I suppose he's so white he's 'fraid to get soiled if he comes out. I don't see how he can ever enjoy himself.

Boys' most fun is when they go skating and freeze their ears and have to have snow rubbed into them to keep them from spoiling.

Once a boy who used to run away from school and go fishing caught so many fish that he broke his arm carrying them home, and his ma gave him 10 cents a pound for 'em. Then when he got bigger he could paint picksures of fishes so good they were smelly, and now he's an arterist and has an artery of his own, and makes fish to sell for an awful lot of money. Papa say's that's because he was a bad boy and run away from school instead of being good and learning how to work in an office all day. Now he just sells fish picksures.

In the summer I have essquisite time playing garden. I go over in the lot where that lady keeps her goat and I name all the white flowers Lily, all the pink ones Rose and all the blue ones Violet. But the most ones are yellow ones and I just call 'em all darling, so's not to hurt their feelings. I charge a pin for enough flowers to fill the jodrunaire, and I have seven pins in Gran's cushion that I made that way last summer. They're empty-lot flowers, but they're essquisite.

If you take up the little fire shovel and dig all nice around an empty-lot flower and then pour three catchup bottles of water onto it, it will grow as tall as you are and have eight bouquets on top. Then pick them for the jodrunaire.

Did you ever sprinkle a goat? I did in the hot time last summer. I sprinkled him every day so's he could keep cool and enjoy hisself. In the hot time I sprinkled every mortil thing I could. Gran's canary, the lettuce on Menna's Sunday hat to keep it from biltherin' and mamma's goldfish.

Then you know the big tree on the corner. I poured five livery pills bottles of water on it every day, beside when I helped the janitor with the hose. It grew so!

It seems as if there's so many things to do a person doesn't have time to go a place or do a mortil thing. There's so much fun, maybe I'll not have time to have it all before I stop being a little girl. You stop at 8 you know, and then begin being a big girl. I'm afraid I'll cry that day, but, then, maybe big girls 'joy themselves too!

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The Universalist general convention meets in Boston October 19.

The receipts of the American board (Congregational) for the year just ended are $644,200.89.

A Michigan Methodist minister who for eight years has been lecturing against the Roman Catholics has now joined that communion.

The new catechism recently prepared in England is being printed in Spanish by the American Tract society and will be circulated in our new island possessions.

At the dedication of the Jewish synagogue recently finished at El Paso an Episcopal, a Methodist and a Presbyterian minister assisted Rabi Oscar Cohen in the exercises.

The American Sunday School union, in closing up its seventy-five years of continuous labor, points to the organization of over 100,000 Sunday schools, with over 500,000 teachers and 4,000,000 scholars.

It is stated that Bishop Steere substituted a church for a slave market in Zanzibar, and many of the slave children whom the sultan gave the bishop as a compliment are now themselves missionaries.

Most of the bishops of the Church of England have issued letters to their various dioceses ordering the archbishop's decision in regard to ritualistic practices to be held in abeyance. Many of the clergy, it is stated, frankly announce that they will not do so.

President Seelye says that "cure by faith is the very opposite of Christian Science. Christian Science teaches that there is no such thing as disease; that is a preposterous falsehood. Faith teaches that God can heal disease; that is a sublime truth."

NOTES OF THE DAY.

America has 208 female lawyers.

The use of the fan originated in China.

Our clocks and sun dials were invented in the Orient.

German newspapers praise the American consular service.

An energetic temperament and active habits conduce to longevity.

The value of hogs is $166,272,770 more than the total amount deposited in all the savings banks of the country.

The vaccination, or rather anti-vaccination, question is a very live on in England, the law there not being compulsory.

The woman who invented satchel-bottom paper bags was offered $20,000 for the patent before she could get away from Washington.

During the fiscal year of 1897-98 the United States sold $28,000 worth of typewriters in Mexico and $18,000 worth in Argentina.

Eggs as an article of diet were first used by the Malaccans and when we speak of Shanghai chickens we but mention an Asiatic name.

Japan has to rely entirely upon foreign countries for her supply of leather, there being only two tanneries worth the name in the country.

Interference with digestion is by no means an uncommon effect of excessive exercise, and so far as training is concerned it is one of the most destructive.

A New York restaurateur recently undertook to cater exclusively for fat people, but failed because his customers lacked perseverance in the "banting" diet served.

Near a certain quarry in Italy is a town in which the inhabitants pay no rent or taxes. They are quarry employes, who have dug dwellings in the face of a steep rock.

Austrian women can be seen in the best restaurants with a huge glass of beer standing a foot high on the table in front of them, and they consume the liquor with ease and evident enjoyment.

They are busily working again at the wonderful quarries of Vitulano, in the Italian province of Venevento, which Charles III., of Naples, first exploited, and from which he built the splendid Palace of Caserta.

At Sheffield, England, the scarcity of workmen for the iron and steel industry has become so acute that measures are being taken for recruiting labor abroad—especially in Sweden, where labor is much cheaper.

The American Agriculturist has gathered and compiled statistics which show that of 52,000 students in nearly 500 colleges and universities in this country, nearly 21,000 are from the agricultural classes.

The Chinese, as most people know, believe in a future existence; but in that future state they are by means certain whether all one's wants are provided for, consequently they have a way of their own of consigning earthly comforts to their departed friends and relatives in the other world.

Ordinary dark hair is far finer than red, and more than three dark hairs would generally occupy the place of a red one, 105,000 hairs being about the average crop. Fair-haired people are still better off, 140,000 to 160,000 being quite an ordinary crop of hairs on the head of a fair man or woman.

"The magnetic currents that exist in the earth constitute a problem that science has done very little toward explaining," remarked a gentleman of this city, who has had a great deal of experience in mining, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Apropos of the subject, I can tell you a curious little story. Some years ago a steel drill was driven 2,200 feet straight down thro' a deposit of rock salt on Jefferson's island. The object was to ascertain the thickness of the stratum, and I may say incidentally that in that respect it proved a failure. At the end of 2,200 feet, which you know is nearly half a mile, the bottom was apparently as far off as ever and for all that was learned to the contrary there may be salt clear through to the Philippines. The first couple of hundred feet or so of the hole was in dirt and sand and for that distance there was an iron pipe. The restof the way was through beautiful hard rock salt, in which there was no necessity for piping. The drill was a steel rod a couple of inches in diameter and made in sections, which were screwed one into the other as it went down. When the level I have mentioned was reached I was astonished to find that the drill had become strongly magnetic. If an iron tool of any sort was brought near it, it would fly over and attach itself so tenaciously to the side that it could hardly be pulled loose. There was no instrument at hand for measuring the exact strength of the attraction, but it equaled that of a very powerful electro-magnet. Since then I have noticed the same phenomenon in other borings through salt. Something about the condition seems to set up a magnetic current or else a subterranean current is tapped. These, at any rate, are the facts."

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

Texas has three woolen mills.

North Carolina has 205 cotton mills.

New Jersey ranks first in silk goods.

Jersey City has a woman sign painter.

London printers enjoy the fifty-four-hour week.

A Cleveland councilman has prepared an ordinance which will require motormen to be licensed.

The union cigarmakers of Tampa, Fla., have enforced a demand that cigar factories be scrubbed and cleaned once a month.

There are upward of 1,000,000 shippers of produce in the United States and it is believed that from their ranks a strong national organization can be formed.

One hundred years ago it was considered a wonderful achievement for ten men to manufacture 48,000 pins in a day. Now three make 7,500,000 pins in the same time.

The demand for men to work in the lumber woods inthe season that is just opening is better than it has been for some years and the wages offered are 25 per cent higher. The tide of workers from the harvest field to the pineries has set in, and yet the demand is greater than the supply.

Mass meetings have been held nightly for the last two weeks in Ottawa, Ill., for the purpose of raising $165,000 required to secure a big glass plant to cost over $1,000,000. The necessary sum is about raised, one-half being subscribed by the school teachers, clerks, laboring men and women. Just as soon as arrangements can be made work will be commenced on the buildings.

Electric light for the illumination of railroad cars has been successfully generated in Hoboken—though only experimentally—by power derived from the axles of the moving wheels. Friction pulleys placed on the axle run a dynamo under the car. A storage battery prevents the light from going out when the car stops. The lights cost about 1 cent each for every ten hours.

CRUEL AND TREACHEROUS.

From the New York Tribune: At the Plaza Hotel is William Borda, a ranchman and sugar planter in Porto Rico who had an experience during the siege of the Island by the Americans that would appear well in a novel. All his property, with 2,500 head of cattle, 50 head of horses and other live stock, was confiscated by the Spaniards and he and his family were driven from their house by the soldiers. "I don't like to say much about it now because it is all over," said Mr. Borda modestly. "I and my wife and three children were shut up in a hotel in San Juan and closedly guarded by the soldiers. Although I had spent thirty-one years in Porto Rico, I am and always will be an American. The Spaniards thought that by holding the ax over our head they could prevent the fleet from beginning the bombardment. At any rate the military governor came to me and said: 'When you hear the first American gun boom you will know that your last day and your wife's and your children's last day has come. You will be shot. I was almost crazy with with rage and grief to think that my innocent wife and children were to be slaughtered like cattle, but I was helpless and could do nothing but rave, which seemed to delight my jailers very much. I had given up all hope, because I knew from long experience that the Spaniards were quite cruel enough to carry out their threats. To the American consul at St. Thomas we owe our lives. He heard of our predicament and by a circuitous cable route managed to get dispatches to the English consul at San Juan persuading him to interfere in our behalf.

"When we were finally released from our prison it seemed like being restored to life. Is it any wonder that I am glad the Americans conquered Porto Rico? General Brooke restored my property to me and most of my live stock was recovered. The cattle were to have been disposed of on the day the protocol was signed. If it had been a day later I wouldn't have had any cattle. The better class of Porto Ricans—that is, the property-ownig class—is rejoicing over the American occupation. They know that the American government is strong enough to hold the people in hand, and that it will develop the resources of the island. Shortly before the war broke out I was on the point of closing a deal with some London capitalists who wanted to buy my property. I wouldn't take twice the amount if it were offered to me now, such is my faith in America and American methods. What Porto Rico needs is free trade with the United States. When that is established the island will become Americanized in a day. Business cannot flourish without it, and as yet the natives have not had an opportunity to observe the benefits of American rule. They have been so long under Spain that they are suspicious of all mankind. Then, too, the politicians who make a living by their corruption are trying to stir up discontent. The Puros party is favorable to America, whereas the Liberals are inclined to be hostile to us. Three months ago one of my overseers, who was a member of the rural police, was assassinated because he informed on a party of ruffians who killed a calf belonging to a neighboring ranchman. The assassins, four in number, were caught with unmistakable evidences of guilt upon them. I told General Henry that he should court-martial them, as, if they were turned over to the civil courts they would surely be acquitted. Good man that he is, he could not believe that the Spanish courts were corrupt, and refused to court-martial the prisoners. Three days ago I received word that they had all been acquitted. That is what Spanish courts are like, and we will all be very glad to see them abolished. We want American methods and American capital as soon as possible, but we have no room for rogues and cranks. I would also advise the poor man to stay away for a while yet."

A PASSPORT IN MISSOURI.

"Out in old Missouri core bread, old-fashioned, sure-enough pone, is still served in the best families," said a traveling man to the New York Sun. "In some of the first-clas hotels of that state they put corn pone under the head of dessert. I reckon you know that there is also the corn dodger, and then there is hoecake, and then there is the ashcake—all made out of cornmeal. But the corn pone is the piece de resistance. When a stranger goes into a Missouri house and says he likes corn bread, 'specially corn pone, the rockies of the heart of the Missourian war mtoward that stranger at once. It comes mighty nigh being a passport to the best society in my state.

"I know of one man who was made to feel very much at home by his familiarity with corn bread and its habits in a Missouri home at a time when he was very much under suspicion. He had been sent to investigate a matter by his superior. He arrived at the house at a late hour. The folks had gone to bed. He aroused them by hallooing from the road. When the man of the house appeared and called off the dogs he asked the stranger what he wanted.

"The stranger was not as satisfactory in his reply as was desired, and the man of the house told him he had better go further up the road for entertainment for himself and beast. The stranger had his reasons for wanting to stay at the house where he had just made his call. He said it was pretty hard when a Missourian couldn't find shelter in any Missouri home when he made application. The man of th house asked him:

"'Are you a Missourian?'

"When the stranger replied he had that honor, the man of the house kind o' hesitated, and then asked, 'Have you got any credentials?'

"'Have you got any corn bread?' asked the stranger.

"'What kind?' was the query.

"'Pone,' was the reply.

"'Ligth and come in, was the hospitable invitation.

"When the stranger was in the house the Missourian apologized for keeping his guest without the gate so long by explaining that there were a good many peddlers about the country, and he was very particular as to whom he admitted.

"'I don't want you to feel any uncertainty about me,' said the stranger, 'and to convince you that I am a Missourian and entitled to your hospitality, I can tell you right where that corn bread is kept. I'll bet I can find it in the dark. It's in a skillet in the lower part of the kitchen cupboard, and the milk that goes with it is out in the springhouse in the back yard.'

"The Missouri host extended his hand to the stranger, and, shaking the latter's hand earnestly, he said: 'You could come mighty nigh gettin' into our lodge without the grip or the sign.'

"That was an actual experience, and when you are in Missouri and want to be taken care of in the proper way, just you call at any Missourian's home and say 'corn pone.'"

SEVERAL PEOPLE SHOCKED.

The innocent looking red mail box which represents Uncle Sam on the southwest corner of Fourth and Douglas streets was loaded yesterday, says the Omaha Bee. The mail box is quite in the habit of staying out nights and things like that, but it never behaved in such an unbecoming manner as it did on this occasion. The fact is it had got mixed up in some way with an electric wire which ran down the pole on which the mail box is strapped, and between them they had all kinds of fun.

One of the first victims was Mrs. Godfrey Rehms, who keeps the Merchants' hotel. She stepped up to the box with a letter in one hand, while with the other she started to lift up the little iron flap. She hadn't got it further than one-hundredth part of an inch when she steped back with a startled exclamation, and suddenly came to the conclusion that she might just as well walk up as far as the office with her letter. J. C. Meacham was another victim, and the shock was strong enough to stay with him all morning. He started to mail a letter, just as Mrs. Rehms did, but he didn't mail it. Two or three little boys were caught and several other persons, one or two of them, it is said, being knocked down. T. J. Stone touched the box "just for fun," and got all he wanted. "Dennie" O'Meara has knocked about on the police force long enough and "seen things" frequently enough so as not to be easily shocked, but he didn't monkey with the loaded mail box more than a fractional part of one second. When F. L. Reddy came around to collect the mail at this corner he walked up to the box with an excellent rendition of "Just as the Sun Went Down" on his lips. He put one hand on the box and came pretty near doing what the sun is said to have done.

The condition of things was reported to the electric light company and to the postoffice officials, and electricians were sent to straighten out the mix up. In a short time the mail box was in good working order again. It is not lokely, however, that this particular box will be quite as popular with a certain few for the next few weeks.

Crossed Railway Bridges.

A horse attached to the buggy used by Captain Warren Taylor of the central fire station, became frightened on Tuesday morning while being driven to Taylor's residence to take him to the Harris-Emery fire in Des Moines, and breaking away from the driver started east on Lyon street. The driver, realizing that the horse was beyond control, leaped from the buggy at Ninth street. Relieved of all restraint, the frantic animal tore east on Ninth to Eighteenth, ran south to Maury, thence east to the Burlington track, which he followed, with the vehicle bounding along behind, occasionally hitting the high places and then soaring in the air for the next quarter of a mile. The horse ran east on the railroad track, crossing two small bridges, until he arrived near the starch works, where he stopped, being completely exhausted by the run of nearly three miles. He was found standing in the road near the distillery an hour afterward, and being identified by the buggy marked with the initials of the department, he was driven back to the station and turned over to Captain Taylor. Strange to relate, he was not badly injured, while the buggy showed no signs of the mad race along the rough streets, along railroad tracks and over bridges. Just how the horse escaped falling through the bridges crossed will perhaps never be made clear to the minds of the wondering firemen, but his hoof prints and the marks of the buggy wheels leave no doubt of the course he followed from Maury street to the starch works.

Josephine's Necklace.

The Empress Josephine's famous pearl necklace, the gift of Napoleon and his favorite of all her jewels, has become the property of Myron A. Davis, one of the wealthiest citizens of St. Joseph, Mo.

Mr. Davis inherited it from an aunt, who was a rich collector of gems, in Amsterdam, Holland. The unhappy Josephine bequeathed the necklace to her daughter, Hortense Beauharnais, who was afterward queen of Holland.

The set contains 12,000 pearls. This will seem an impossible number until it is remembered that latterly the Empress of the French substantially remodeled her once beautiful figure. Where age was making her deficient she supplied the discrepancy with wax forms, so that a few years before her death she went about practically encased in wax. To conceal this fact she wore enormous and clase-woven necklaces. The pearls are strung on horsehair and set in mother of pearl. The workmanship is exceedingly delicate and the design is exquisite.

FRENCH COFFEE.

One and one-half cups ground coffee. Put in a flannel bag, tie top and put in old-fashioned coffee pot; pour on three pints of water, boil ten minutes; serve in another coffee pot. A very rich coffee can be made by adding to the grounds first placed in a bowl one egg, shell and all broken, and thoroughly mixed with coffee. Where egg is used omit soaking coffee grounds in water.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.: Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal.) Notary Public.

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FOR ENGAGED GIRLS.

Chaperonage during the period of engagements is much less strict than before. Engaged people are allowed to walk, ride, boat and cycle together generally without chaperonage, though this would be necessary at any sort of public gathering. Considerate hosts often send engaged couples in to dinner together; but this is not to be expected as a right. Indeed in general society lovers are expected to behave just as other people, and it is a want of good breeding to be demonstratively affectionate.

The engagement ring is the first care of the accepted lover. It is usual for to ask his fiancee to choose it, or to consult her as to her taste in rings. Immediately after the announcement of the engagements, friends will write or call to offer their congratulations and good wishes. The calls should be returned and the letters answered as soon as possible. A few cordial words of thanks are all that is necessary.

Announcements about an engagement are made by the lady's mother, and if the engagement is a matter of chivalry for the man to allow it to be supposed that it was the lady who wished to be released, and to let her mother give whatever explanation she desires to her friends.

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