THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

How to Dispose of Your Soup and Bread and Butter—What to Eat with the Fingers, What with a Spoon, and What with a Fork—Do Not Lounge Upon the Table, and Keep Your Hands Out of the Dishes.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

There are a few points of table etiquette not directly connected with the giving and receiving of dinners and teas, but which are of the first importance, as they concern individual behaviour. We would be inclined to think every one acquainted with them, and allusion to them a matter of supererogation on our part, if it were not that we see them so frequently violated. Those of our readers who are, or always have been, familiar with them, will perhaps pardon our speaking of them for the sake of those who are not.

We do not expect to see these gaucheries in the best society; but there are many people perfectly well fitted for the best society but for ignorance of these things, which, although trifles in themselves, are of such infinite importance on the whole. For instance, where all the requirements are not fully known, if a general cessation of conversation should suddenly supervene upon the serving of the soup, would there be silence in the place? Not at all; the gap would be filled with a continuous bubbling sound from the mouth of some one or other unlucky wight, whose mother never taught him to take soup properly, and who is probably disturbing and disgusting all those who do better, and who know how easily the trouble might be avoided. Soup is to be taken from the side of the spoon, not from the tip; and it is not to be sucked in, but, the spoon being slightly tilted, it is rather poured into the mouth than otherwise, the slightest silent inhalation being sufficient for the rest.

Another generally neglected obligation is that of spreading butter on one's bread as it lies in ones' plate, or but slightly lifted at one end from the plate; it is very frequently buttered in the air, bitten in gouges, and still held in the face and eyes of the table with the marks of the teeth on it. This is certainly not altogether pleasant; and it is better to cut it a bit at a time, after buttering it, and put piece by piece in the mouth with one's finger and thumb.

Let us mention a few things concerning the eating of which there is sometimes doubt. A cream-cake and any thing of a similar nature should be eaten with knife and fork, never bitten. Asparagus—which should always be served on bread or toast, so as to absorb superfluous moisture—may be taken from the finger and thumb; if it is fit to be set before you, the whole of it may be eaten. Peas and beans, as we all know, require the fork only. Potatoes, if mashed, should be mashed with the fork. Green corn should be eaten from the cob; but it must be held with a single hand, and not after the fashion of the Alderman's wife at the Lord-Mayor's dinner. French artichokes are to be eaten with the fingers slightly pulled apart at the top, and one of the leaves pulled out with the finger and thumb; the fleshy end of this leaf is then dipped in the salad-dressing served with it, and only that atom of a paler color at the bottom of the leaf is taken as it peels off between the lips, when the dry portion is to be laid back in the plate. It is always served as a separate course by itself; a pretty hand looks very pretty indeed when fingering a French artichoke. Celery, cresses, radishes, and all that sort of thing, are, of course, to be eaten from the fingers; the salt should be laid upon one's plate, not upon the cloth. Fish is to be eaten with the fork, without the assistance of the knife; a bit of bread in the left hand sometimes helps one to master a refractory morsel.

It is best to be very moderate in the beginning of a dinner, as one does not know what is to follow, and all the rest may be spoiled for one by an opposite course. We remember the case of a lady in Mexico, who, dining with the Governor of the province, was served for the first course with a hash. She was somewhat surprised; but it was a very good hash, and she really made her dinner upon it. But the next course was also hash—there were seventeen courses of hash before the main dinner, of every delicacy under the sun, made its appearance. Of course a tiny morsel of each hash, for the sake of the flavoring, was all she should have taken; as it was, she sat afterward like Tantalus.

Berries, of course, are to be eaten with a spoon. In England they are served with their hulls on, and three or four are considered an ample quantity. But then in England they are many times the size of ours; there they take the big berry by the stem, dip it into powdered sugar, and eat it as we do the turnip-radish. It is not proper to drink with a spoon in the cup, nor should one, by the way, ever quite drain cup or glass. Spoons are sometimes used with puddings, but forks are the better style. A spoon should never be turned over in the mouth. Ladies have frequently an affected way of holding the knife half-way down its length, as if it were too big for their little hands, but this is as awkward a way as it is weak; the knife should be grasped freely by the handle only, the forefinger being the only one to touch the blade, and that only along the back of the blade at its root, and no further down. In sending one's plate to be helped a second time, one should retain one's knife and fork, for the convenience of waiter and carver. At the conclusion of a course, where they have been used, knife and fork should be laid side by side on the plate—never crossed; the old custom of crossing them was in obedience to an ancient religious formula. The servant should offer every thing at the left of the guest, that the guest may be at liberty to use the right hand. If one has been given a napkin-ring, it is necessary to fold one's napkin and use the ring; otherwise the napkin should be left unfolded. One's teeth are not to be picked at table; but, if it is impossible to hinder it, it should be done behind the napkin. One may pick a bone at the table, but, as with corn, only one hand is allowed to touch it; yet one can usually get enough from it with knife and fork, which is certainly the more elegant way of doing; and, to take her teeth to it, gives a lady the look of caring a little too much for the pleasures of the table; one is, however, on no account to suck one's fingers after it.

Wherever there is any doubt as to the best way to do a thing, it is wise to follow that which is the most rational, and that will almost invariably be found to be the proper etiquet. There is a reason for every thing in polite usage; thus, the reason why one does not blow a thing to cool it is not only that it is an inelegant and vulgar action intrinsically, but because it may be offensive to others—can not help being so, indeed; and it, moreover, implies haste, which, whether resulting from greediness or from a desire to get away, is equally rude and objectionable. Every thing else may be as easily traced to its origin i 1 the fit and becoming.

If, to conclude, one seats one's self properly at table, and takes reason into account, one will do tolerably well. One must not pull one's chair too closely to the table, for the natural result of that is the inability to use one's knife and fork without inconveniencing one's neighbors; the elbows are to be held well in and close to one's side, which can not be done if the chair is too near the board. One must not lie or lean along the table, nor rest one's arms upon it. Nor is one to touch any of the dishes; if a member of the family, one can exercise all the duties of hospitality through servants, and wherever there are servants, neither family nor guests are to pass or help from any dish.

A STYLISH FUNERAL.

A Slight Satire on the Tendencies of the Day.

One of the most stylish events of the season, and one which has created a profound sensation among the creme de la creme of our city, was the funeral of Mrs. Alicia Arabella Fitznoodle, wife of our esteemed ellow-citizen, Col. Augustus H. M. Fitznoodle, which occurred yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the palatial residence on Shiddyshoddy Avenue. The elegant parlors had been elaborately decorated in honor of the event, the most conspicuous ornament being a large wreath of immortelles, tuberoses and smilax, which was suspended by heavy white satin ribbon from the heavy-gilded chandeliers and hung directly over the coffin.

The coffin was of course the cynosure of all eyes and it was indeed a feast for the eye of the veriest epicure. It had been imported from Paris expressly for the wearer, and cost an enormous sum. It was dark rosewood, trimmed with solid silver and gold tips, and lined with white satin shirred, frilled and cut bias, and fringed with real lace, which we were casually informed by one of the sorrowing friends of the deceased cost $60 a yard in Geneva. The corpse was attired in a magnificent black grosgrain silk, with princesse waist and full train; the trimmings were rich velvet and shirrings of silk, relieved at intervals by tiny bouquets of natural forget-me-nots. Deceased never appeared to finer advantage. Her raven hair was brushed back from her broad white forehead and confined in a simple knot by an antique comb studded with diamonds and amethysts. From her tiny ears hung glittering solitaire pendants, while a magnificent diamond brooch sparkled at her throat. Her beautiful arms were not crossed upon her bosom, but lay in calm repose at her sides, this being the latest and most approved style.

A grief-stricken relative informed one reporter that the silk hose and white slippers which the fair remains wore on this occasion involved an expense of $200. The bereaved husband was elegantly but simply dressed in conventional black, and the grace and dignity with which he bore himself throughout the exercises occasioned much favorable comment. Rev. Archibald Slusher, A. M., D. D., presided over the obsequies, being attired with his usual elegance and taste. Instead, however, of his usual white necktie, he wore the lilac tie which he purchased at Vienna during his recent summer's vacation in Europe. His remarks were eminently refined, and calculated to please even the most fastidious, and all regretted that the deceased could not have been present in spirit to enjoy them with the rest.

The music was extremely fine. Prof. Berando Carolino presided at the Steinway piano, and during the exercises performed Beethoven's six hundred and twelfth sonata, op. 3,064, Mozart's "La Morte," op. 214, in three flats, and Chopin's eighteenth mass in four sharps, op. 165. At the conclusion of each number the performer was rewarded with bouquets, and as an encore of the sonata gave Cherubini's touching op. 68 in a most feeling and artistic manner. The other musical exercises consisted of a solo by Miss Periwinkle, the charming young soprano who has just completed her musical education at Milan, and a duet by Prof. Vladimir Kortizsky and Mr. Fitzhugh Slobberall, of the Fifteenth Street Church choir. Excepting a slight tumble in certain passages of the duet occasioned by the premature presentation of a bouquet to the accomplished Prof. Kortizsky by one of his many admirers, the vocalization passed off pleasantly and was highly enjoyed. The procession to cemetery was large but select, no kind of vehicle smaller than a two horse barouche being admitted in line. A pleasant feature of this part of the programme was the eight new silk plumes with which the hearse was ornamented. At the cemetery the grave-diggers were appropriately attired in black, relieved by white kid gloves. The whole affair was so highly recherche that we take pleasure in chronicling it, and we congratulate the bereaved family upon the smoothness with which every thing moved. We are informed that the deceased's will is to be probated tomorrow, pending which negotiations for the elegant new Italian marble monument will be held in abeyance, etc.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Alligator-Hunting in Florida.

One afternoon, two of us started from the Arlington House, Gainesville, Florida, to what is known as Noonan's Lake, to hunt alligators. We had secured the service of a darky with his boat, and embarked at the sink in Paine's Prairie. This sink is simply a hole in the ground where the waters of Noonan's Lake disappear, or rather used to, as for some reason it has become partly stopped up, so that the water has set back and overflows thousands of acres. Consequently, we had so far to row that, before we got into the stream or regular outlet of the lake, it began to grow dark. After lots of hard work and trouble we became fairly bewildered, and finally struck in the midst of a hammock about 12 o'clock at night, and still a mile or two to go. We tied up the boat and struck out for higher ground; but, as it didn't seem to dry up much, we rolled up some logs to make a foundation above water. After piling on lots of dry weeds and grass, it made a seat, but didn't suit us for a camp; so climbing the stub of a tree that had a great amount of Spanish moss hanging on it, we pulled down several armfuls, and hung the festoons thick on sticks stuck in the ground around our campbed, leaving one side open next to the fire our darky had kindled. When all was done, we had a camp, or hut, that was both original and comfortable.

Some time in the night our fire began to burn low; so I tramped off in the outer darkness after wood. Looking back at our moss-covered hut, lit up by the fire in front, it looked like an immense bunch of wool. In a hole in one side sat Phinney, my comrade, with his elbows on his knees, in deep study—thinking perhaps of the probable time it would take to build the Gainesville and Charlotte Harbor Railroad. On the opposit side of the fire from where Phinney sat, I found our darky Jackson, sound asleep—a small log of wood under his neck, head thrown back, mouth wide open, and the prospect for ivory first-rate.

We would have slept pretty well, but for the night-noises peculiar to a Florida swamp. The roaring of the alligators, and the hootings, howlings and fiendish laughter of night-birds and animals, are very apt to give character to a man's dreams according to what denomination of Sunday-school he was brought up under.

Next morning we pushed on up into the lake, the shores of which, as far as we could see, were lined with tall cypress-trees, the branches all heavily festooned with the gray Spanish moss, hanging down sometimes in trailing masses fifteen to twenty feet. The effect was somber and rather indescribable. It was a warm and somewhat still day, and the gentle swaying of the long gray mossy streamers gave the scenery a tinge of melancholy, as if every tree was draped for some great funeral occasion. The water was of a reddish color, a little like an infusion of tan-bark. This is ascribed to the cypress-roots growing in the water.

Rowing slowly and quietly along the shore, as the 'gators are quite shy, we began to see floating around what looked like logs of wood, with the rough bark and knots sticking above the surface of the water—the eyes looking like two knots—which, as we came up, would quietly disappear, or go down with a splash. One huge fellow, coming from the edge of the shore, passed under the boat, where the water was only two or three feet deep—making the boat rock; his big eyes looked viciously enough up at us as he passed under.

Pretty soon we came in sight of a strip of an island of half-floating bonnet-or lily-pad roots and mud. On this were a dozen or more gigantic saurians, whose long jaws, with narrow muzzles, marked them as genuine specimens of the crocodile, varying in length from 16 to 20 feet. When we got too near to suit, they gradually slid off in the water, floating around the boat, seemingly curious to know what sort of beings we were. Several times Phinney raised his rifle to shoot; but I whispered "Hold on! Don't shoot yet! Here is a show P. T. Barnum can't give, and probably the old showman would give half a dollar to see it." Our darky boatman stammered out, "G-g-gemmen, better let 'em be!"

Finally, one huge old fellow, some 20 feet long, returned too close to the boat, and Phinney sent a bullet into him. Quick as lightning his tail went up in the air 20 feet or more, and came down on the water with a whoop that made us "feel glad that we were just close by a little ways off." The hit was not immediately fatal, so we did not get him.

We finally secured one of the smaller ones, nine feet long. The ball struck his head at an acute angle, and scooped all the brains out of the skull; yet for an hour perhaps it was not safe to come near, as he would jump his length out of the water and lash about till the water foamed like soap-suds. Alligators, when fatally hurt, generally work to shore to die. This one did that. So, stepping down the bank, I took hold of his fore leg to help him out; but, from the way the head and tail came around to meet me, I found it convenient to have business somewhere else mighty quick. They are almost as tenacious of life as the snapping turtle. The head of this one, for some time after being severed from the body, would snap its jaws on a stick so tight that the head could not be shaken off.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A French Manual of Manners.

A guide-book to gentility is always a delightful publication, but some of the French *annuals du savoirvivre* this year are unusually entertaining. Mme. la Comtesse de B——, "reared in the lap of Mme. Campan," has eclipsed herself with her "Code of Good Society," some extracts from which are here given:

When paying visits a gentleman should not wear heavy boots. Should he find himself in company with a young girl, it is in bad taste to joke about marriage; under some circumstances a pleasantry of such nature may be even more than coarse—immoral.

When a lady rises to take her leave the hostess rises also and makes her a profound courtesy, accompanied by some neat phrase of regret at her early departure.

A hostess may offer to share the footstool on which her feet are resting with a lady, but never with a gentleman, even if he should be old or an invalid.

Invitations to a ball or dinner should be written in the third person.

It is customary to tip servants on leaving a house where one has spent some considerable time.

More guests should not be invited to a dinner-party than can be accommodated at the table. . . When carving or helping yourself to any dish, you should not pick out the tid-bits.

Ladies should never append a postscript to a letter, because it shows that the epistle has been penned without attention or without any pleasure to the writer.

Visiting-cards should be of glazed pasteboard, those with gilt edges; arabesques, designs and flourishes are not in good taste. (Fancy a fashionable at any time within the last 20 years sporting a glazed card!)

Some people when leaving cards bend one corner down for each member of the family. (But, Countess, suppose the family contains more than four members?)

A lady of taste should not go out in the forenoon in full dress, with feathers and lace.

If a gentleman offers a lady a share of his umbrella, if she is in a hurry she may accept it, but if her business is not urgent she should seek refuge in a doorway or some other shelter. When such an offer is accepted, it should be with the greatest circumspection: she should not speak to her companion, and on quitting him should thank him in a cold and polished manner, saying nothing that may reveal her name or rank.

A lady entering an omnibus or a street-car should bow slightly to the other passengers.

A lady should never make signals from a window to a male acquaintance—a bow is all that is necessary.

Teas should be plain, but if the occasion is out of the common, the meal should assume a more festal aspect, and chocolate, candy, oranges, and tipsy cake may be added.

For amusements in society may be recommended reading aloud, cutting out portraits, etc., with small and well sharpened scissors from black paper, and pasting postage stamps upon paper to serve for mural decorations. If it is in the country an agreeable occupation will be found in sorting, doing up, and labeling garden seeds. Such a gathering should always conclude with a bowl of punch and another of bishop, served with fancy cakes and marrons glaces. The head of the household should superintend the refreshments and watch the lights, and when they gutter or smoke summon a servant to trim them; the lady of the household should devote herself to her more timid guests, praising the good looks and graceful manners of their children, etc.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The *American Manufacturer* gives an account of a gas-machine that is destined to do more damage to the gas companies than Edison's electric light, provided it works well. The machine is said to be very simple, and easily attached to any stove, and is designed to produce an abundance of gas to illuminate the house during the night. It is said that this invention is in successful operation, and is doing all that is claimed for it.

—Hickory-nut Macaroons: Make frosting as for cake; stir in enough pounded hickory-nut meats, with mixed ground spice to taste, to make convenient to handle. Flour the hands and form the mixture into little balls. Place on buttered tins, allowing room to spread, and bake in a quick oven.

ORANGE SALAD.—Peel one dozen oranges and cut in slices, put in layers in a glass dish, sprinkling each layer plentifully with sugar. Squeeze over this the juice of six oranges, and pour over all a glass of wine or brandy.

A BRIDAL couple from Washoe Valley, at breakfast this morning, conversed as follows: "He—Shall I skin your partater, honey?" She—"No, dearie, I have one already skun."—*Virginia Chronicle.*

FASHION NOTES.

—Circulars are very popular.

—Breakfast caps are much worn.

—Embroidered neckerchiefs of India mull are pretty and becoming.

—Long loops of ribbon are set as epaulets on new French dresses.

—Stylish walking suits are made of plush, combined with camel's hair.

—Shirring is the most fashionable dress and bonnet trimming in Paris.

—Stylish table-covers are in Turkish designs, into which much tinsel is woven.

—Fashion favors only slight figures, and the fronts of dresses are covered with shirring.

—Handsome fichus are in kerchief form, partly of point d'esprit and partly of duchesse lace.

—New passementeries are formed entirely of small cut, jet beads, strung on the wire in fancy designs.

—Velvet with colored figures upon it, made up with satin to correspond with the color in the figure, is another novelty.

—Plaids and Roman stripes, and solid colors with handsome side-clocking, are the newest kinks in cotton hosiery this fall.

—Shot silks are much used for evening dresses in combination with brocades that combine the colors in the changeable silk.

—Beautiful toilet sets are made of Breton lace and satin in six pieces—cushion-cover and mat, two side-mats and two bottle covers.

—Some of the new cloth suits have a fur border around the bottom of the underskirt. A very narrow plaiting is all that shows below it.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

For the multitude of short dresses which supply ladies with costumes this season there are various designs, almost equal in popularity. Young ladies like best dressy basque designs which have square or else surplice-shaped necks, filled in with soft, easy-looking folds of lace, or with squares of silk or satin in high colors, laid in plaits, which are not caught down, and are generally diagonal. Lord Stanley scarfs, copies of those worn by gentlemen, are also used in the square openings of basques, and these are of the gay satin, silk, or velvet which trims the dress elsewhere. Pointed basques are among the first favorites, just at present, and many such styles, plain in front, have showy extensions at the back, with either the center or else the side-forms caught up in curving lines, well trimmed at the points of fastening. To give variety to otherwise plain basques, young ladies have sets of satin or else plaid velvet comprising a gathered fichu, a belt with chatelaine bag, and sleeve trimmings, which they pass from one customer to another, for instance, from black silk to an olive, or blue gray cassimere, etc. Polonaises, either detached or forming part of the costume, continue to be seen in the best materials. New designs show panier draperies, which are adjustable to the figure, and always of the most precise kind possible. The backs of polonaise bodies are similar to basques in shape, and have either long side-bodies reaching to the shoulder, or they have the short, rounded, side-body ending in the armhole. The latter design is newest at present, and appears in the larger number of imported toilettes. When the panier drapery is arranged for a slender figure, it is massed well at the sides and drawn sharply back; for stouter ladies it is placed lower, curving over the figure and having its terminating plaits taken in with any seam back of the hips. Some of the best polonaise effects are seen in costumes which represent a trimmed skirt with polonaise attached. These, when well made, are handsome for street or walking suits, and are graceful in nearly all wool fabrics. Polonaises for the house are made quite bouffant, and are really long basques. The fullness at the back is placed wherever it is most suitable for the figure, but the graceful appearance of the Marguerite design is not yet forgotten, and appears in many handsome garments. When a basque-like effect is admired, this is produced by the extension of the centers below the waistline, and into or underneath these centers the fullness and drapery of the sides and skirt-centers are generally arranged. Although an attempt has been made to displace the Princesse dress, this is nevertheless the chosen model for handsome materials. Draperies and trimmings may often confuse the eye, but the single-piece design proves to be the foundation. Of minor points which have recently appeared on Princesse dresses there are scarfs for overskirt draperies which are shirred at the centers, and also at one side, where the ends are completed with full trimming, the opposite ends passing underneath the train, with a large bow for a finish. Princesse dresses are also elaborately trimmed with passementeries, embroidery, lace and fringe. New basques are open in the skirt at the back to disclose the shirring placed upon the dress-skirt. Polonaises are taken up at the sides and back in the most decided fashions. Sometimes the center-front also is greatly shortened by shirring lines; again the fronts are left open, ending in points which hang much below the outline of any other portion of the garment. There is little change in collarettes, shirred fichus, etc., but ladies to whom large collars are becoming wear the Directoire style, and also have detached squares of gay material like the Pompadour square, trimmed, and to be worn when fancy may require.—*Domestic Monthly for December.*

Endurance of the Horse.

In order to test the endurance of horses in the cavalry service, a trial match on horseback was recently undertaken by eight Italian officers of the Novara Cavalry Regiment. The task was to travel 312 miles from Milan, through Verona, Modena and Piscenza, back to Milan in five days, over roads generally good, but in some few places muddy, with deep ruts. The task was accomplished with some hours to spare, and without undue fatigue to the horses. Thirteen pounds of corn, and from six and a half to eight and a half pounds of hay were found to be sufficient daily rations for each horse during the march, and occasionally a little water thickened with a little flour and salt. On arriving at their stables the horses were always well wisped, and half an hour afterward their girths loosened. The average rate of marching during the journey was between five and five and a half miles an hour; this, of course, included occasional trots.—*Turf, Field and Farm*

—"It must not be thought," says the London *World*, "that Mrs. Langtry has the field all to herself at Brighton; on the contrary, every one has gone wild about the three young ladies from Chiselhurst, who, with their brilliant complexions, sparkling eyes, and lithe figures—clad in blue serge, with red turban head-dresses, or toques—are the cynosures of all eyes. It is no secret that the Empress of the French was not a little influenced in according the Prince Imperial her permission to go to the Cape, seeing his declared devotion to one of these young ladies, whose mother, by the way, is, if possible, handsomer than the daughters. They are Roman Catholics; and it is said that the number of young men who have gone over to that Church, or at least taken to going to it, at Brighton, is prodigious.

—Spurgeon hasn't missed a Sunday sermon in 1,500 consecutive Sundays.

FROM A BOTTLE.

A Christmas Story for the Little Folks.

The bottle, filled with water, was hidden behind a picture in the pretty parlor, and in the water was growing a sturdy ivy vine, which had climbed up and caught hold of the cord that held the picture, and in its joy at reaching so great a height, had thrown out two cheerful, glossy, light green leaves that looked smilingly down on the larger, darker leaves below.

The children had all gone to bed. Their stockings were hanging in a row under the mantel in the dining-room. Four of them. One pink and white, and very short in the leg—that was the 2-year-old baby's; one red and black—that was 5-year-old Tom's; one striped with buff and purple—that was 7-year-old May's; and one checked in blue and gray—that was 9-year-old Maud's.

The grown people were up-stairs dressing the spare room—grandmamma—the dear old lady!—was coming from her cottage in the country to spend holiday week—with Christmas greens.

The parlor was already dressed. Festoons of jolly, cold-defying winter vines dotted with bright red berries hung from the ceiling and enwreathed the gilt chandelier, wreaths, garlands, and crosses of autumn leaves brightened the gray walls, and bunches of slender dried grasses nodded from quaint, small white pitchers and pretty little vases.

"How lovely the parlor looks to-night!" said a delicate voice from one corner of the room, and a tall, feathery spear of grass bent gracefully forward.

"Lovely!" repeated a bunch of autumn leaves from the opposite corner.

"And how happy we should be," said the ivy, "to think that we help to make it so! And yet when I was first taken from my parent vine—'twas in last October—I thought I never should cease to regret the outer life. But I have been sheltered from winter's cruel winds and heavy snows, and tendered with kindly care and tender love, and I've no doubt, if I remain here during the summer, I shall find it just as pleasant to look at the sweet faces and hear the happy voices of the dear children as to see the gay butterflies and listen to the songs of the birds. But you, Bottle"—looking down at the bottle which held her and the water that gave her life—"aren't you rather lonely? Shut in between the back of the picture and the wall, you can see nothing."

"I can see *you*, dear Ivy," answered the bottle, in a clear, rippling voice, "and you are a very pleasant thing to look upon; and in the mornings I can see a long sunbeam on the wall, and *that* is a very pleasant thing to look upon. And as for being lonely—not a bit of it; I'm as happy as I can be. And you would say I ought to be happy if you but knew the life I used to lead before I had the honor and pleasure of supporting you."

"Tell us all about it—pray do," begged many little voices.

"Hear! hear! hear!" barked the bronze dog that stood on the top of the marble clock. "A story from the bottle."

"A story from the bottle," repeated the feather duster, as it hopped quickly in, on its one wooden leg, from the hall, where it had been lying on the mat. "*I* must hear it, too. Clock, couldn't you stop ticking for a little while?"

"Sorry I can't oblige you," said the clock, in a fairy-bell-like tone; "but I was wound up this afternoon, and so I must go on for a week; but I'll tick as softly as possible, and you won't notice it as soon as the story begins."

"Now, Bottle," barked the small bronze dog, "we're all ready."

"Yes, go ahead," called the drummer-boy from the lid of the match-safe.

"Well, if you insist upon it, and it really will give you pleasure," said the bottle, modestly, "although I had no intention of telling a story when I spoke of my past life, I *will* go ahead. I'll begin with the time just after I left the manufactory."

"Manufactory?" said the ivy.

"*Manufactory*," explained the bottle—"a place where they make bottles."

"Oh!" said the ivy. "You see, I didn't know, 'cause there's no place where they make ivies. Ivies grow."

"I left the manufactory," continued the bottle, "with a number of other bottles enough like me to have been my brothers and sisters."

"Perhaps they were," barked the bronze dog.

"Very likely," said the bottle. "And we were all carried down into a dismal place called a cellar, and filled with some dark-looking stuff that both tasted and smelled very—"

"Unpleasantly," hinted the ivy.

"'Unpleasantly,' yes; thank you, that's the word," said the bottle. "Then corks were forced into our mouths, and we were taken to a large store, where we were ranged around on shelves in company with hundreds of other bottles of all shapes and sizes. Of course we couldn't speak to each other; but for all that, we didn't lead a quiet life, for the store was always full of men from morning until night, and often far into the night, too. Such a thirsty crowd as they were! always wanting something to drink, and getting noisier and thirstier all the time. Well, one evening a bright-looking, pleasant-faced young man came in. 'A bottle of your very best whisky,' said he. 'It's my birthday, and I have some friends coming to spend the evening, and I must make a bowl of punch.' The man behind the counter took me down from the shelf ('Oho!' thought I, 'it's whisky I hold, is it? I wonder what that's good for?') wrapped me in white paper, and handed me to the pleasant-faced young man, who put me in his overcoat pocket and hurried home. That was the beginning of it."

"Ah, indeed," said the feather-duster; "so that was the beginning of it? By-the-bye, may I ask, the beginning of what?"

"The misery and unhappiness in this house," answered the bottle.

"In *this* house?" echoed the many little voices.

"Yes," said the bottle. "I wasn't a welcome visitor, I assure you, for as John—our master, you know—took me from his pocket and set me on the table, Agnes—our mistress, you know—said, 'Oh, John, John, I wouldn't. But he only kissed her and baby Lou—'

"'Bless her little heart!' barked the bronze dog.

"—And said, 'Nonsense, my dear.' And John's friends came, and the punch was made, and that was the beginning of it; and I began to find out that very night, not what whisky was good for, but what it was bad for."

"What?" asked the ivy.

"For men's heads and hearts," answered the bottle, solemnly. "It makes them silly and crazy and unkind and selfish. It brings poverty, tears, and disgrace to the happiest home, takes all the sunshine out of little children's lives, and clouds even the blessed Christmas Day. After that night I was scarcely ever empty. John drank every day more and more, and our dear mistress began to look pale and shabby, and the children couldn't go to school, their clothes were so patched and their shoes were so broken. As for the baby—"

"Bless her golden curls!" barked the bronze dog.

"—*She* pattered about the house in her tiny bare feet, because she had no shoes at all, and every thing grew dark and forlorn, and at last there was scarcely money enough to buy bread. Christmas Eve came. Agnes—our dear mistress—sat before the small fire in the grate, holding baby Lou—"

"Bless her blue eyes!" barked the bronzed dog.

"—Upon her knee, and the other children were gathered around her. John was lying on the lounge asleep. 'Mamma,' said May, 'in old times we used to hang up our stockings on Christmas Eve.' 'Did we?' asked Tom. 'I don't 'member. What for.' 'Why, Santa Clause used to come and fill them with nice things,' answered May. 'Oh, Santa Caus,' said Tom; 'the boy next door was telling me something 'bout him to-day. Why won't he come here to-night? We've been good chilluns, and mamma is the honeyest mamma in the world.' May made no reply, but Maud, glancing up where I stood on the mantel, said in a whisper, 'I guess he don't come where there's a bottle.'

"In a short time their papa awoke and went out into the street. Mamma looked sadly after him, and then the little ones knelt by her side and said their prayers, every prayer ending with 'God bless dear papa!' and bade her good-night. If bottles had hearts, mine would have ached, I am sure, when I saw that sad, lonely woman bury her face in her hands and cry—oh, so bitterly!—as soon as the children were gone, and heard her sob out, 'Oh, save him, save him, dear God, and bring back the light of happiness to my dear children, for the sake of the Christ-Child born on the holy Christmas Day!' And as she sobbed and prayed the door of the room opened, and John came in, sober, and with a tender look in his face, and a bright light in his eyes. Down on his knees he fell before the sweet mamma, and held out his arms to her, while he cried, in a broken voice, with the tears running down his cheeks, 'Never again, my good, patient wife—never, never, NEVER again.'"

"Oh, dear!" said the bronze dog. "I wish I could move my tail far enough around to wipe my eyes with it."

"And the small stockings," continued the bottle, "were hung up, after all, and a few toys and candies put in them; and John, who hadn't been asleep on the lounge—"

"I knew it!" screamed the feather-duster, jumping straight up and down in his glee.

"—But, wide awake, and listening to what his children said, has kept his word, and never, never—"

"I'd like to drum," interrupted the drummer-boy on top of the match-safe, "but my arms are so stiff, holding them in one position so long, I can't."

"And," said the bottle, looking up at the ivy, "you were brought here with the autumn leaves and grasses, and from that Christmas to this the parlor has grown prettier and prettier, and the little home happier and happier, and the baby has the cunningest blue shoes—"

"Bless her dimpled cheeks!" barked the bronze dog.

"—And May and Maud go to school again, and are getting to be fine scholars, and Tom is a jolly little fellow."

"But there's a bottle in the house yet," said the feather duster, slyly.

"That's true," said the bottle, "but it has joined the temperance society, and that makes all the difference in the world; and in consequence of its taking to water, to-morrow will be—"

"Stop a moment," said the clock. "To-morrow is here—I'm going to strike twelve;" and it struck with a sweet, silvery sound.

"Three cheers!" cried the feather duster, waving its feathers about so wildly that little bits of them flew all over the room.

"A merry Christmas!" chimed in all the other little voices; and then silence reigned in the parlor once more.

Tragic Death of a Tiger-tamer.

Scarcely three months have elapsed since we recorded the horrible fate of Karoly, the renowned Hungarian wild beast tamer, during one of his sensational performances with a huge boa-constrictor, by which he was crushed to death while enveloped in its coils. We now learn that another tragedy of this class has just been enacted at Berlin. William Rice, the "Tiger King," a brother-in-law of Hagenbeck, who is well known throughout Europe as the impressaria of Nubian caravans and Zulu "troupes," opened a zoologico-anthropological museum" a few days ago in Thiergarten, just outside the Brandenburger Thor. This "museum," as its title denotes, contained a collection of rare animals and a variety of more or less savage men and women, who have been trained by Rice to go through elaborate performances with disciplined carnivora. Among others was an extraordinarily handsome young negress who was announced to appear in a "thrilling scene of action" with three full grown Bengal tigers. On the opening night, the "museum" being crowded with an eagerly expectant audience, the curtain rose upon a huge cage, into which Rice proceeded to lead the tigers, preparatory to "Black Helen's" performance. Scarcely had he made his obeisance to the public when one of the ferocious animals sprang upon him, struck him on the right cheek with its left forepaw, and fastened with its tremendous fangs upon the muscles of his left arm. One of the attendants, also an Englishman, rushsd to his assistance, armed with a heavy iron bar, and beat the tiger off. Rice walked steadily off the stage, but fell in a swoon as soon as he had reached the wing. Profs. Von Langenbeck, the Emperor's body surgeon, and Virchow, the eminent adatomist, were summoned, and dressed the unfortunate man's wounds. He was removed to Langenbeck's private infirmary, where he received the personal and unremitting attention of Germany's first living surgeon; but the shock to his system was so terrible that at last he died in great agony. The immediate cause of death is officially stated to be blood-poisoning. "Black Helen," whose real name is Helen Johnson, a native of New Jersey, was also bitten by a lion during the performance that took place on the evening after Rice's mishap, and lies in a precarious condition. The Berlin police authorities have closed the "museum," and prohibited any further exhibitions of wild-beast taming within the precints of the German capital.—*London Telegraph.*

—"Just now, in at Smith's," said Jones, his face flushed with the proud consciousness of a good deed done, "my honesty had a severe strain. A fellow went out just after I came in, and I noticed he left half a dollar of his change on the counter. My first thought was to pocket it. Sorry to say it, boys; but it is a fact. I didn't, though, thank heaven! No; I just put my fingers near it when Smith handed me my cigars, and by a curious coincidence it was just the right change. Seemed sort o' providential, didn't it? Yes," he continued, "there's no doubt about it; honesty is the best policy."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Ice-Cream Candy: One and one-half pound of "A" sugar; two tablespoonfuls of butter; one and a half teacupfuls of water; the rind of half a lemon. Boil until it will crisp when dropped into cold water, set aside, and when it has ceased bubbling, stir in the juice of a lemon. When cool, take out the peel and pull until white. Draw into thin sticks and check into three or four-inch lengths. The sirup should be stirred all the time it is boiling.

—Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle, received the officers and men who distinguished themselves in the Zulu war, conferred the Victoria cross and other decorations on one corporal and three privates, of the Rorkes' Drift garrison. Gen. Newdigate, Crealock and Pearson, and other South African commanders attended the ceremony.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Personal and Literary.

—Miramu, the new prima donna, says she never took a lesson in acting. It is her belief that if one has soul and feeling, the expression and the acting come by intuition.

—The prize of $50 offered by the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, for the best set of twelve tiles, has been awarded to Miss Mary King Longfellow of Portland, Maine.

—Herbert Spencer is wintering in Egypt for his health, which has been seriously shattered by his recent close application to study. His forthcoming work will be entitled "Ceremonial Institutions."

—Bret Harte is superintending the publishing of his new book in Paris, which is to appear simultaneously in Germany, England and the United States as well as in France.

—Miss Stevens, a young American lady, has taken the first prize for porcelain painting in London, and has orders from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. Her sketches of American autumn foliage are said to be especially beautiful and effective.

—The late John Blackwood, one day in conversation with Miss Annie Brewster, related how he and George Eliot had corresponded for some time before he knew she was a woman. "I called her 'Dear George,'" he said merrily, "and employed some easy expressions, such as a man uses only to a man. After I knew her I was a little anxious to remember all that I might have said."

—Some new light may be expected to be thrown upon contemporary history by an important work on which the ex-Dictator of Hungary, Louis Kossuth, has been for some time past engaged, and which will appear simultaneously in five European languages. Kossuth daily devotes 10 hours out of every 24 to the work of composition, compilation, and arrangement, and the book he is about to give to the world will consist not only of his personal memoirs, but of his political writings and speeches. The first volume is announced for publication before the end of the present year.

—Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who is just now receiving much social honor, and gathering sequins from his music, is of Irish parentage on one side, and of Italian descent on the other, and, as Edmund Yates says, is endowed with that gift, rarest in England—the gift of vivacity. As a boy he had learned to play upon several instruments, and sang in the Chapel Royal. After 18 months' instruction he wrote an anthem, and Sir George Smart decreed that the work of his protege should be sung in the Chapel Royal. Mr. Sullivan's eyes twinkle as he tells how the Bishop of London, on being told the name of the author, sent for him, patted his black curly head, and presented him then and there with 10 shillings. This encouraged him to compete for the Mendelssohn scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, for which he was only just of sufficient age—14 years—and he won the prize, worth $100 a year, for which England has Jenny Lind to thank. By Sullivan's exertions this prize has been increased to $450 a year. Mr. Sullivan is a great personal favorite with the members of the royal family, as he is with persons everywhere who have royalty of intellect.

School and Church.

—There are three Japanese girls at Vassar.

—The number of pupils in the South Carolina public schools during the last year was 122,463, of whom 64,095 were colored.

—Thirty-seven students are now in attendance at the London School of Medicine for Women and at the Royal Free Hospital. Since the foundation of the school 70 have entered, many of whom have taken diplomas, and are now in practice.

—In Georgia there is a minister of the primitive Baptist denomination who has five churches under his care, making it necessary for him to preach all day long on Sundays. During six days of the week he goes into the forest and chops wood to earn a living. And he is 71 years of age at that.

—Rev. Moses How, a Methodist Episcopal clergyman of Portsmouth, N. H., is said to be the oldest preacher of any denomination in New England.