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ABOUT CHORUS MEN.

THEY ARE PAID JUST LIKE THE CHORUS GIRL.

But as They See a Great Deal of the World They Consequently Consider Themselves Amply Compensated for Their Services.

The chorus girl has had the calcium light of attention thrown upon her for ages, but the poor chorus man has been neglected. He goes through life carefully concealed behind a double row of chorus girls, singing his little life away, and no one gives his future a single thought, says the Boston Globe. W. H. MacDonald of the Bostonians has lifted the veil which screens the chorus man in obscurity, and speaks of his genesis in this way: "Of course, I will have to begin with the chorus man's advent in opera," said he, "and I will state at the start that the chorus man collectively possesses more than average intelligence. He is not, as a rule, however, a man who has devoted his early life to a study of music, with a determination of entering upon an operatic career. Most of them are young men who have studied music in a perfunctory way, and are the possessors of good, if not developed, voices, which their friends tell them should be heard upon the stage. The majority of them have been engaged in clerical work, and have tired of a life of commercial routine. If their salary is a small one, say $6 or $8 per week, the $20 a week or more they can get doing chorus work looks as big to them as a Himalayan mountain. But even when this impression has been dissipated by a whole lot of uncomfortably real conditions, the chances are that these men will continue in their new work rather than turn their faces toward a business life again, and no doubt most of them are more or less tainted with Bohemianism, and are not fitted for commercial pursuits. Doubtless a desire to see the country, as the phrase goes, is responsible for a number of them joining an opera company, and most of these are there to-day, seeing it over and over again."

"But what does the future hold in store for these men when their voices are gone? Isn't their outlook rather hopeless?" was asked.

"It depends upon the man himself to provide against the inevitable. While most of them are improvident, I know of conspicuous instances of individual thrift. With proper care the chorus man can keep his voice—his wage-earner—for a great number of years. We have men in the Bostonians who have been with us for nearly fifteen years, sober, thrifty men, good, I hope, for many years more. It is very common for a chorus man to marry a chorus girl, and by a little care in their domestic economy and a small emergency fund, be provided agains tthe proverbial "rainy day."

THE THREE GRACES.

A Trio of Beautiful Women Delight the Holders of Back Seats.

Three ladies walked down the center aisle of the National theater Monday night, says a Washington paper. They wore hats—hats of a florid style of architecture and covered with luxuriant vegetation. Strong men shuddered and grew pale with anxiety as to where those hats would locate themselves, and as the ladies slowly moved to the front the feelings of the audience verged upon the stormy and tumuluous. At last they were seated well down toward the orchestra, and at least one hundred persons, those directly in the line of sight, turned wan and ghastly with despair. In a moment, however, nimble fingers were at work, and before the watchers could gulp down their first wild anguish the hats disappeared and three sleek, shapely and inoffensive heads appeared in front of them. So the fashion has reached Washington. We have among us, then, the pioneers of the propaganda of mercy, consideration and gentleness. A new standard of morality has been erected. Women are showing their thoughtless sisters how to be kind as well as beautiful, gentle as well as fair, how to bless as well as adorn the world. Here is a fashion which recognizes humanity, a manifestation of female loveliness that makes allowance for the comfort of others. It is a new philosophy, a gospel of sweetness and light cannot the superior set make common canot the superior set make common cause in this? Why, if they must have their hats whereby to paralyze the vestibule and fill the aisles with pageantry as they come and go—why cannot they at least follow the divine example we have chronicled and uncover when they take their seats?

Marie Antoinette's Microscope.

A microscope belonging to Marie Antoinette has been recently discovered in a city in the center of France, and a photograph of it reproduced in a number of L'Art International. A little before her marriage the young archduchess of Austria expressed the strange desire of possessing a microscope. When asked what she intended to do with it, she answered with a sad smile: "I would like to see my happiness, which is so small that I cannot see it with the naked eye." That microscope, which was incased in a delicate little box, and bore the mark "Angelo Gozzi, Optician at Parme, 1752," figured among her wedding presents. It was constructed according to the directions of Dr. Lieberkuhn, who had made many improvements in the microscope, invented in 1590 by a spectacle-maker of Middleburg, Zacharie Jansen, and its magnifying properties are nearly as good as those of the latest-manufactured microscope.—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Was Short-Sight ed.

"I used to court an awfully nice girl," said Wheeler, "but she was very short-sighted. We would sit in the garden of an evening and she gave me a kiss for every star I saw. The 'milkyway' was decidedly useful, and she was very accommodating. She used to call my attention to several stars I missed, and finally got to steady work on cyclist's lamps and cigars. 'Twas the liking I had for cyclist's lamps that allured me to the bicycle."—Sport & Play.

A. L. McKenzie, an Englishman, has earned the eternal gratitude of students in general by versifying and setting to simple music "Dates of the Sovereigns of England," from the Norman conquest to the present ti

CRADLE OF INDIAN BABIES.

Queer Sacks in Which Pappooses Are Nursed and Transported.

When you go through an Indian camp you can see red and green sacks standing against the sides of the tepes, carried on the backs of little girls by means of a blanket which is fastened at the waist with a broad leather belt, or being rocked to and fro by the wind in the boughs of cottonwood trees.

Sometimes, if the camp is going on a long journey in search of game or for water, or to escape a war party, two of these sacks are fastened together by stout straps and swung over the back of a pony, one dangling on each side, like the baskets on a pack mule. But as a rule the horses are left for the men and boys to ride, and the pappooses are either carried by the girls or packed away on a "travoise," which is the only wagon the Indians have, and you will think it a very poor kind of a wagon when you hear how it is made.

The larger "travoises" are made of two cottonwood branches, and the smaller ones of stout willow sticks. The two poles are crossed about a quarter of the distance from the small ends, and held in place with strong cords of buffalo sinew; a foot or so below the joining a mat is fastened, reaching from one pole to the other and firm enough to carry heavy burdens. The frame of the mat is one long willow twig, which has to be soaked and twisted in shape while wet, and the mat is just a mesh of simply woven leathern straps.

It is a strange sight to see a camp packed and ready to take up the line of march. One by one, in single file, they start away—the men, and boys over 15, on horseback leading the way; then the women and dogs dragging the "travoises," and last of all, girls with pappooses on their backs, and little half-naked boys running along in a jog trot, breaking line every now and then to throw their balls or rob a bird's nest half hidden in the thick prairie grass.

AMERICAN GIRL IS ALL RIGHT.

She Is the Ripe, Consummate Flower of All Beneficent Forces.

There is no basis whatever for the idea that anything which is worth saving, and, least of all, the American girl, who is the "ripe, consummate flower" of the beneficent forces which are rolling the world onward to the millennium, says a writer to the Kansas City Star. She is a more perfect creature every way then she has at the beginning of the century. She is more robust as to frame and fibre than were her maternal ancestors. She is the symmetrical product of a method of training which educates her mind and pays respect to her physical development. She is not cultivated as Mrs. Susan Younk Gath claims, "to the verge of idealism." She is self-reliant to a degree that was unknown to her grandmothers. A multitude of activities which were formerly monopolized by men are now open to her, and through the courageous assertions of her own powers. She invades the professions, she masters the intricacies of business, and she fills with profit and satisfaction to herself and society places without number for which she was regarded wholly unfitted a half century ago. She rides, she rows, she skates, she swims, and her capabilities stop only at the throwing of stones. It is the ambition and desire of the American girl of to-day, as it has been of women in all ages of the world, to become the center of a domestic circle. There is not one woman in a thousand who would not prefer to marry and enjoy the delights of a happy home rather than battle with the world or distinguish herself in some public sphere. But the day has passed when women—at least American women—find the full solution of their destiny, though the home instinct is as strong in them as ever, and it has not been diminished by a familiarity with pursuits outside of the household. The wives and mothers of to-day are just as devoted to their husbands and children as were the wives and mothers of fifty years ago, and they were American girls before they became American women. The American girl is all right.

SHAKESPEARE'S MARRIED LIFE.

He Is Said Never to Have Lost Love for His Stratford Home.

On what basis does the theory rest that Shakespeare was not happy in the later years of his married life? writes Dr. William J. Rolfe in Ladies' Home Journal.

As we have seen, his wife was about eight years older than himself, and the nuptials had been celebrated in some haste. He had gone to London a few years later, leaving his wife and babies in Stratford. The "Sonnets," which, to my thinking, are unquestionably autobiographical, indicate that he had not been able to resist the temptations of city life—that he had sinned, and suffered, and repented. Note that terrible outcry of remorse, the 120th sonnet. It assures us that, whatever his errors may have been, Shakespeare repented of them; and his after life shows that he brought forth fruits meet for repentence. He never lost his love for his Stratford home. We have seen that as soon as he began to be prosperous in London he bought the dilapidated New Place, and as fast as his means allowed repaired the house, enlarged and improved the grounds, and gradually made it the elegant and delightful home which must have been his ideal from the very first.

Choosing the National Capital.

"It is not generally known," says the Philadelphia Record, "but it is a matter of history, nevertheless, that Bristol township, lying on the east side of Germantown, had a very narrow escape from being selected as the site of the capital of the United States. It was a very small matter that turned the choice toward Maryland and Virginia. So positive were some members of congress that the capital was going to be located near Germantown that they purchased real estate there, not, of course, as a matter of speculation, but simply to be near at hand when the removal from Philadelphia to Bristol took place. When the vote of the commissioners was taken there was a tie, four being for Bristol and four for the District of Columbia. Washington cast the deciding vote, and Bristol township was left out in the cold."

Her Nativity.

He—Where did you say Miss Foote was from?

She—Chicago.

He—Why, of course. I ought to have known that.

HER BONES ARE BREAKING.

Sarah Scott, of Fall River, Mass., a Sufferer From a Singular Disease.

Five years ago Miss Sarah Scott of Fall River, Mass., was budding into a womanhood that promised an exceptional example of feminine beauty. To-day, says the New York World, she is a bed-ridden invalid in whom every physician in New England is taking an interest. She is suffering from osteo-malacia, a rare disease of the bones. Her parents were both healthy, and they have another daughter who enjoys a beautiful face and a splendid physique. About eighteen months ago Miss Scott complained of a peculiar soreness in her left thigh. While about to step on a train her thigh bone snapped and she was carried into a hospital.

The manner of the breaking was so simple that the examining physician's curiosity was at once aroused. After some of the most expert men had looked into the details it was decided that amputation was necessary to prolong the girl's life. Her nerves were in a shattered condition, but the amputation was successful. It was noted at the time that the bone was of a very unusual composition, but no such results as have followed were expected. After the wound had been dressed and while she was being turned in a hospital bed the doctors and nurses were astonished by the breaking of a bone in her right thigh, almost in the exact spot where the amputation had been performed on the other leg. The fracture was treated immediately, and for eight months the girl remained at the institution under the care of physicians, who studied the case anxiously. Then the broken limb healed and the girl was taken home. Her general health did not improve and she became a great care to her relatives. One of the surgeons at a Boston hospital, who knew of her case, settled in Fall River some months ago and made a close study of the disease as it developed.

Not many weeks ago, while the girl was resting her foot on the floor, trying its strength without the support of crutches, the right thigh bone again snapped above where it was previously broken. That necessitated a total confinement to her bed. A few weeks later she was trying to chew a small piece of meat, when her left jaw bone broke. This caused a noticeable swelling and her pretty features now look distorted. Two weeks ago she was trying to fix a pillow under her head, using her left arm to push it into place. She hadn't reached her hand to the back of her head before the bones of the arm just at the shoulder joint seemingly fell apart. She now lies on her back nursing a broken right leg, a broken jaw and a broken shoulder joint. Her left leg is gone, as stated.

THE DOG WENT.

The Lady and the Railway Guard Were Both Determined.

A lady, who spoke very little French, was getting into a train for Dieppe at Paris last summer. She had a little white dog under her arm. One of the railway guards stepped up to her and, touching his cap, said somewhat pompously:

"Madame, you cannot take your dog on the train."

"But I take my dog——" the lady began brokenly.

"Madame, the rules admit of no exception. You must put your dog in a basket and pay his fare."

"But my dog is different, sir——"

"Your dog must go as other dogs do!"

The American lady was becoming excited.

"But my dog is—is—is oh, I can't think of the word—I'll put him in my valise."

"Impossible!"

"Oh, sir, take the dog yourself," the lady exclaimed.

"I cannot take the dog, madame. "It is contrary to the regulations."

A great crowd had gathered by this time. The lady was beginning to cry; but suddenly she thrust her dog, willy nilly, into the guard's hands, and then he discovered to his intense astonishment that the animal was stuffed.

The crowd roared with laughter, and the guard gave way with as much grace as he could summon up for the occasion.

Hardiness in Evergreens.

There are often conflicting reports as to any particular variety of evergreen being hardy. In some cases they are said to resist any amount of cold, in other cases they are reported as dying under comparatively little frost; but in most cases exposure has more to do with these results than low temperature. Almost all of the evergreens will grow together in woods or forests, or perhaps form underbrush, where they are somewhat protected from cold winds. A very large number of beautiful evergreens, now regarded as tender, would prove perfectly hardy when set out in groups together, or if planted where they would not be exposed to severe wintry blasts. Protection from the wind is what they mostly desire.—Meehan's Monthly.

A Governable Proxy.

Jinks—From what you told me of your mother-in-law, I should think you'd have heard enough of her in person, without having cared to induce her to talk into your phonograph.

Filkins—Oh, you can't imagine the pleasure it gives me to start the machine going, and then shut it off right in the midst of a sentence!—Puck.

Beside Cholly.

Saidso—Cholly always takes his man with him when he goes down on the "L" train. Heardso—What is that for? Saidso—When a pretty girl comes along, the man gets up and gives her his seat.—Puck.

FASHION IN FACE HAIR.

There Was a Time When It Took Courage to Wear Beard or Mustache.

The beard and mustache came into fashion among Englishmen so recently that middle-aged folks can easily recollect when it required some courage to lay the razor aside and still more to face the world during the initial stages of the result, says the London Standard. Toward the close of last century the second Lord Rokeby endeavored to restore the pointed beard, which went out with the Stuarts. But his countrymen would not hear of such an innovation, and recalled the hero of the Gordon riots, who, when he turned Jew, allowed his beard to grow after the almost sacred custom of his co-religionists. Lord Rokeby, therefore, endured to no purpose the scoffs of his contemporaries at what one of them described as "the most conspicuous trait of his person." All England either shaved, or compromised by permitting a scanty hint of a whisker to grow. Even "mutton chops," regarded in America until lately as the peculiar mark of an Englishman, were not generally adopted by the staider Britons. As for mustaches, only military men wore them, and, indeed, cavalry officers had almost a monopoly of this warlike appendage. The infantry seldom adopted it, and many officers of high rank, like Wellington, never wore it at any period of their career. Even Napoleon remained throughout life smooth-faced, and generally plied the razor himself. "One born to be a king," Talleyrand explained to Rogers, "has some one to shave him, but they who acquire kingdoms shave themselves." Naval officers, many of whom, in common with their men, bearded like the pard—though even they are subject to certain rules in this respect—used to be more strictly tied down. A mustache, far less a beard, was never seen afloat. The mustaches of foreign sailors never failed to excite the amusement and contempt of our blue-jackets, just as the bearded lips of a visitor at once stamped him as not to the island born—he was probably a "Frenchy," a German waiter, a singer or a circus rider. Dickens gives expression to this popular prejudice in "Martin Chuzzlewit," when he endows Montague Tigg with a mustache and the semi-military frogged coat then in favor with shady gentlemen who liked to be addressed as "captain." "Him!" was Mark Tapley's contemptuous observation; "I could see him a little better if he'd shave himself and get his hair cut. I wouldn't have any such Peter the Wild Boy in my house, not if I was paid race week prices for it. He's enough to turn the very beer sour." Yet Dickens himself wore a beard in his latter years.

WANT WHAT THEY CAN'T GET.

How a Certain Little Human Weakness Affects the Furniture Trade.

"John," said a furniture salesman, the other day, to the mover whom he had summoned, "this bedroom set is sold, but it is not to be delivered just yet. Move it out of the salesroom at once and store it somewhere until I want it."

"What's the use of moving it until you send it up to me?" asked the purchaser, idly. "Why don't you leave it where it is?"

The salesman uttered a queer little laugh and said:

"It is evident that you were never in the furniture business, or you would not ask that question. If I should mark that set 'sold' and leave it here in the salesroom in plain sight it would probably lose us several good sales."

"How so?" asked the purchaser, with an unbelieving look.

"It illustrates a universal weakness of human nature," laughed the salesman. "Everybody wants what he can't get, and there is nothing quite so attractive to the average buyer as a piece of furniture that somebody else has bought before he came around. If I left that bedroom set out marked 'sold' half a dozen person's would say before night that it was exactly the set they wanted, and when they heard there were no duplicates they would fuss around enviously and nothing else in the establishment would satisfy them.

"Eventually they would go off discontentedly and buy elsewhere, though the chances are that if there were no 'sold' tag on the set none of them would give it more than a passing glance, while a fair proportion of them would purchase other sets. It is a little human weakness, that is all.

"So arises one of the tricks of the trade. When a dealer sells a piece of furniture of which he sells no duplicates he hustles it out of the salesroom as quickly as he can, lest it lose him other trade. But when he sells a piece of furniture of which he has duplicates he puts a big 'sold' tag on it and leaves it in open sight as long as possible for a bait for others."

A Man of Nerve.

He—I called to see you last evening.

She—Yes?

He—Yes. The servant told me you were not in.

She—I was sorry to have missed you.

He—I thought you must be. I heard you laughing upstairs in such grief-stricken tones that I almost wept myself out of sympathy.

Zeal.

"The officer on our beat," said the long-suffering citizen, "seems to be very indifferent to his duties."

"Indeed!" said the police official.

"Yes. He spends nearly all his time in the kitchen with the servants."

"That shows his attention to duty. He wants to kape poshted on all thot goes an in the neighborhood."—Detroit Tribune.

Heart Disease 30 Yrs!

Short Breath, Palpitation.

Mr. G. W. McKinsey, postmaster of Kokomo, Ind., and a brave ex-soldier, says: "I had been severely troubled with heart disease ever since leaving the army at the close of the late war. I was troubled with palpitation and shortness of breath. I could not sleep on my left side, and had pain around my heart. I became so ill that I was much alarmed, and fortunately my attention was called to

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

I decided to try it. The first bottle made a decided improvement in my condition, and five bottles have completely cured me."

G. W. McKINSEY, P. M., Kokomo, Ind

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