ttor.

N,

as Sung by Jenny Lind.

THE "DONT" IN DECORATION.

Things in the Bottom Drawer-Hints on Home Adoruments-The Trials and Anxieties of Parents in Training Their Children,

Home and Heaven.

Joseph Vergt.
With the same letter heaven and home be-

And the words dwell together in the mind;
For they who would a home in heaven win
Must brist a heaven in home begin to find.
Be happy here, yet with a humble soul
That tooks for perfect happiness in heaven; That looks for perfect happiness in heaven;
For what thou hast is carnest of the whole
Which to the faithful shall at last be given.
As once the patriarch, in a vision blessed,
Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
Became to him the gate of heaven below—
Sommy to these, when life itself is done,
Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.

First Singing of Home, Sweet Home, Brooklyn Magazine: Perhaps the most thrilling quarter of an hour in John Howard Payne's life was that when Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home," to him. The occasion was the Jenny Lind con-cert in Washington, the night of Decem-ber 17th, 1850. The assembly was, perhaps, the most distinguished ever seen in a concert room in this country. The im-mense National hall, hastily constructed for the occasion on the ruins of the burned National theater, was filled to overflowing. Among the notables present and occupying front seats were President Fillmore. Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, General Scott and John Howard Payne. Jenny Lind opened with the "Casta Diva," and followed with the "Flute Song" (in which her voice contested rivalry for purity and sweetness with a flute in the duct, then the famous "Bird Song," and next on her programme the "Greeting to America." All the pieces were applicated apparently to the full capacity of an enthusiastic audience, and Mr. Webster, who was in his most genial after-dinner mood, emphasized the plaudit by rising from his seat and making Jenny a profound bow, as if responding for the country to her "Greeting." But when the "Swedish Nightingale" answered the encore by turning in the direction of John Howard Payne and giving "Home, Sweet Home," with all the wonderful tenderness, purity and simplicity fitting both the words and air to the immortal song, the difference was at once seen between the mechanical ap-plause called out by a display of fine vocalization, and that elicited by the 'touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Before the first line of the song was completed the audience was fairly "off its feet," and could scarcely wait for a pause to give expression to its enthusiasm. People ordinarily of the undemonstrative sort clapped, stamped, and shouted as if they were mad, and it seemed as if there would be no end to Meantime all eyes were the uproar. Meantine an extended turned upon Payne, a small-sized, elegantly-moulded, gray-haired gentleman, who blushed violently at finding himself the center of so many glances.

The Ideal Home.

Beck's Journal of Decorative Art: The ideal home beautiful is attained rather by avaiding errors of taste than by the adop-tion of special dogmas of art. For my own part, if I have any dogmas to preach they may fairly be condensed in this one "Ayoid shams and affectations of Don't mistake mere prettyness for

beauty. Millinery, for instance, is out of place in the home beautiful. Don't attach to your chairs and sofas cushions, meaningless bows of ribbon which the nothing. Don't dress up your toilet tables in

muslin petticoats stiffened with crinoline or colored calico.

Don't scatter startling white "tidies'

about chairs and sofas as on so many bushes, as if you were hanging out the

Don't display on your walls china plates and dishes. They were never meant to go there. An exception may be made now and then in favor of a piece of fine color to help light up the room, or where a delicate china painting is worthy of careful examination. But hang up or-

dinary domestic china! Don't. Don't hang small pictures so that their beauty is lost to anyone under eight feet high. If a picture is not seen from the same position that the artist saw it when he painted it the drawing will appear foreshortened and the general effect con-

Don't hang any picture in the home which has not the impress of elegance, purity, and cheerfulness.

Don't give place to representations of corpses, tortured saints, or anything oceasioning painful emotions. Above all having such pictures and not wanting them down-stairs, don't banish them to the nursery, school-room, or bed-room. Some things I would relegate to the

bed-room—out of the way somewhere—in locked drawers, for instance. I mean mementoes of seaweed and dried ferns or flowers, and wretched daubs on china canvas, or paper, the crude efforts of youthful members of the family. No true lover of the home beantiful will inflict these on his family and friends and com pel them to violate truth by pretending

Don't buy your carpet or your wall-

paper because it looks pretty in the roll when you see it in the store. But think of the fitness of each with its ultimate surroundings. Remember that the car-pet is to be a background for your furniture, and the wall-paper, unless it is to be actual decoration of the walls—is to be merely a background for your pictures. Don't admit into the home beautiful any piece of furniture or implement of every day life which does not honestly serve its purpose—no light, flimsy chairs which an able bodied man dare not sit upon; no pully, debilitated sofas, all wind and springs; no burnished brass-sheeted fireirons, bought only to be looked at, and give place to the ugly little black poker and shovel when coal is to be broken or ashes are to be removed.

There is no reason why an object should not be useful as well as ornamental. In-deed, there can be no beauty without fitness. Nature everywhere teaches us the compatibility of the highest utility

with the greatest beauty.

And so with beauty and truth. There may be truth without beauty; but there is no beauty without truth. Truth, beauty and utility are the inseparable trinity of the ideal home. Let us then write them upon the portals of the house as the epiome of all that is most admirable in re ligion, in art, and in every day life.

Home Decorations.

Snowherries are among the favorite table decorations.

Curtains of a warm tone should be selected for a room with a northern ex-

Trailing plants are mingled with the flowers held by shell flow r receptacles, now so pen dar.

A sile, velvet or plash bag atached to

At a recent dinner party the leading floral decoration was a piece of sod heavy with grass with here and there a daisy.

bordered with red roses. It is well to see the warmth we cannot feel, and we know of no more effective way of gratifying the eye than to place panes of ruby glass in or over the door.

HOMES ON EARTH AND HEAVEN

The effect of the sunlight through this medium in a hall is very beautiful.

Even the old kid glover may be transformed into an article of beauty; the fingerless ones are not excluded, as it is geriess ones are not excluded, as it is only the backs that enter into the manufacture of a bed covering. Silk or satin is used to line this novel spread.

For receptacles for dried grasses straw cuffs are very pretty when wrought with worsted. Deft fingers will quickly work reeds and rushes, or daisies or forget-me-nots upon them. Fit a bit of pasteboard into the smaller portion of the cuff.

A pretty pin cushion is made of three sat's bags frieged at the top and filled with wool or bran well dried. Each Lag should be of a different culor, but the bues should harmonize. The the bags at the neck with narrow ribbon and fasten them together with strong slik.

The biren bark gathered during ramoles may be fashioned into lovely panels. Remove a layer from a large piece, paste it upon a pasteboard and dry it under pressure, as it must be kept smooth, then attach a spray of woodbine across it diagonally and huish with a fringe of red berries and small cones; or arrange a b quet of autumn leaves, bright berries and delicate prasses in the center.

"Things in the Bottom Drawer,"

Milnos Lectel.

[A mother supposed to be looking over the relics of her lost children.]

There are whips and tops, and pieces of strings; There are shoes that no little feet wear: There are pieces of strings and broken rings, And tresses of golden hair, There are little dresses folded away

Out of the light of the sunny day. . . There are dainty jackets that never are worn; There are toys and models of shins;

There are books and pictures, all faded and And marked with the finger tips Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust— Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul Sometimes, when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers,
And taken mine away;
And I sometimes doubt if the Lord can
know

That a mother's heart could love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones That are waiting and watching to-night or the slow return of the faltering feet That have strayed from the paths of right; Who have darkened their fives by shame and Whom the snares of the tempter have gath-

They wander far in distant climes; They perish by fire and flood; And their hands are black with the direst crimes
That have kindled the wrath of God-

Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest; She has hushed them to slumber upon her breast. And then I think of my children three-"Iv bables that never grew old— And I know they are waiting and watching

In the city with the streets of gold. Safe—safe from the cares of weary years, From sin and sorrow and war; And I thank my God, through my falling

For the things in the bottom drawer.

The Training of Youth. Philadelphia Record: It is a difficult thing for a father and mother to realize that their boy or girl is beyond control, and it is a still more difficult thing for them to acknowledge it. But when they do realize it, and carnestly wish to do what is best cal utaed to develop the intractable youngster into a helpful man or woman and a useful member of so-ciety, then the problem seems most vexations and difficult of solution. For the well-to-do and prosperous there are schools where both boys and girls may be guided by the wisestane most discreet discipline; meanwhile their minds are developed. Many of these schools are pre-sided over by persons of rare genius in that particular line, and who have, moreover devoted their lives to the one study of training the youthful mind. Besides hose schools where book-study and obedience are all that is required there are many schools of technology, where the hands as well as the head are taught. The masses of the people are not yet educated up to a full appreciation of their benefits, but of their utility there can be no doubt. The sons of rich men are not all born to follow the learned professions. Many an incompetent lawyer, or doctor, or preacher, would have made an excellent carpenter, or turner, or tinker, and would have been useful and happy in the vocation for which nature litted him. The homely adage that "you cannot make a silken purse out of a sow's ear" applies well here. Happily, the more farseeing prosperous parents are growing more and more in favor of technical education for their boys and girls, and the day may not be far distant when the "educated fool," with his head full of book-lore, but good for nothing under the sun, will be a rara However that may be, the multitude of good schools of all sorts effectually disposes of the question: shall we do with our boys a d girls?" (at least for the present) so far as the wellto-do father and mother are concerned.

Not so simple a matter is it to deal with the less favored ones. The child of the hard-working day labore is frequently endowed with its full measure of original The tight for food engrosses both mother and father to the extent that very little time is left them to look after the morals of their offspring, and when the realization comes home to them that their boy or girl is wayward and bad it comes often with crushing force. What to do

with them is the next question. That "the boy is father to the man," and that the way to reduce the number of criminal men is to increase the number of honest boys are principles now recognized by all enlightened persons who have given the matter any thought, Philanthropic men and wise statesmen have gone to work on this plan, and thus it is that our industrial schools and iomes, houses of refuge and state reform schools, are now conducted on different principles from those which characterzed their management a few years ago. The boys and girls are taken before they are hardened in crime, brought under good influences, taught that honesty is he best policy, and that labor is more profitable as well as more honorable than dleness. More than that, they are prepared for the workshop or farm, and when their period of pr. bation is over they can go forth into the world with the

knowledge of what they have to do and The most striking illustration of what may be accomplished by technical train-ing even with those boys who seem to be most appatlingly wicked and abanloned go forth every day from the reform schools of France. These schools are upon the highest plane, owing to the efforts of M. Georges Bonjcau, the eldest son of President Honjeau, who was shot by the Paris communists. His life and his fortune have been devoted to studying out the best means of reclaiming the poor and neglected youth. The result of his experience is that the way to get rid his experience is that the way to get rid of a criminal and uscless population is to purify the jails, and, above all, to take the abandoned child and, when his heart conscience, will and intolligence are de-yeloped, teach him the use of his hands in a technical school. The reformatory sys-tem as practiced in this institution is pased on strict but kind decipline and a belief in human dignity. In dealing with boys he appeals to their henor, and he has found such appeals in the main effec-tive. Education, dicipling, work, kind-ness and confidence have converted thou-

eputable men. The reform schools of our own land are not far behind. There are Georges Bon-jeans at work here as well as abroad, and walle name "House of Refuse" has

sands of incorrigible boys late useful and

nothing enticing about it the institution itself is not at all horrible. I have had occasion to inquire into the workings of some of these reformatory homes, and I have found the inmates well-fed, com-fortably clothed and uniformly happy. Viciousness and disobedience bring consequent misery there as elsewhere. technical training and book education is perhaps, not so thorough and far reach ing as in the regular schools of technology, but it is good—the principle is the me, and it cannot fail of a most benigu

influence. It may seem a hard thing for a parent to place a child in one of these reforma-tories; but is it not infinitely better than to allow it to grow up with vicious idle babits which will take it headiong tornin? Every child, boy or girl, should be taught to do something useful. There are plenty of people who stand ready to do this for those who are able and willing to pay for it; the state stands ready for those who are not. No mock sentimentality should be a stumbling-block in the way of duty to one's children. To do the best that in us lies for their future welfare is a heaven-imposed obligation and one we dare not ignore. And what to do with the "bad boys" need be no very difficult problem to those who earn-estly wish to solve it. Its greatest intric-acies have already been ciphered out.

A Disappointed Man. Long Branch Letter to the Jersey City Argus: News reached this city to-day that Elisha John Morrison, aged seventy five years, the oldest and wealthiest her mit in the state of New Jersey, is dying alone in his little but, situated about four miles south of here on the road leading from Asbury Park to Poplar. Morrison has fived a hermit life for nearly half a Forty-eight years ago he was a farm

boy, apprenticed to an old New England farmer named Syker. He disliked the work, but stuck manfully to it for six

years, when his master died, leaving him in his will \$100 cash. It was more money than he had ever seen before, let alone possessing. He took it to one of the members of the town directors and asked him what he should do with it. The reply was: "Go to school and learn something." He took the advice and in four years graduated from the local school with high honors. Then he went to col-lege, and after a full course he put out his shingle at Keene, N. H. It read: Elisha John Morrison, Attorney at Law." Business was dull and for a long time it was a question whether he could keep from starving. One day about a year after he started in business a client came to him and asked if he could find a purchaser for a lot of grain which the man had to sell. Morrison wrote to a New York grain merchant and by return mail he received an order for the goods. His commission on the transaction amounted to about \$100. The idea of starting an exchange for the sale of grain for the farmers of the surronding country entered his head and he invested the commission on the sale in renting a store It was something new and novel to the farmers to have a place to sell their prolnce so near home, and as they got as good prices for it as they could in Boston or any of the big markets, they patronized him. His business grew to such proportions that he soon gave up his prac-tice and devoted his whole time to his exchange. In a couple of years he started a branch store in Boston. Business inereased so rapidly that he was unable to attend to it himself, and so sold one half his interest to Joseph Coyle, Coyle was left in charge of the Keene and Boston stores while Morrrison went to New York and opened another. Good fortune attended him, and in a short time he retired with a fortune of \$500,000. A month or so after he had been in New York he met a very beautiful young lady named Kate Kirby. He visited her regularly, and in a year he became engaged to be married to her. The wedding was ostponed, however, from time to time and at last the lovers quarreled over some trivial matter and parted. Hardly a week had passed after the quarrel be fore Miss Kirby was married to an intimate friend of Morrison's. The latter seemed heart-broken, and through a lawyer he purchased the old Kirby farm, near Long Branch, from an uncle of his old sweetheart. He moved from the city immediately and erected a dwelling or, more correctly speaking, a hut, near the tre of the farm, and settled down to live in seclusion. From that day to this no other human being has ever been known to set foot across the threshold of his habitation. To-day Morrison is seventyfive years old, of medium height, spare figure, and has a short gray stubbly beard. His chief dislike is a woman, and he will never, if he can help it, look at one. He has no known relatives.

money he is supposed to keep buried on different parts of the farm. Thieves at a Wedding. Louisville Courier-Journal: While the wedding of Miss Lettie Robinson and Mr. Gilmer Adams was being celebrated at the residence of Mr. J. M. Robinson, 916 Fourth avenue, last evening, two men entered the house and were ob-served loitering about the back porch by the servants. It is supposed that while the ceremony was being performed in the arge parlors the two men passed through the house to the second floor, where a very large number of valuable presents

were displayed in three rooms. When the guests had all left the family passed

through the apartments up stairs and were busy inspecting the gifts. One of the ladies noticed a rug under the piano very much displaced, and stopped to straighten it out. Putting her hand under the rug it came in contact with a man's foot, and with a scream sho The other ladies becomjumped back. ing alarmed tried to get her to explain what was the matter. Before she could tell them a man came from under the piano, and, brandishing a huge stick, ran from the place and disappeared in the hallway. Instantly there was a perfect chorus of "Help, police," and several gentlemen who were in the dining room rushed to the rescue. The situa-tion was explained, and one of them ran into a back room and telephoned to Central station for the police. The other gentlemen began to search the house, supposing there was but one burglar. The ladies remained in the rooms containing the presents, and almost perished with fright when they saw a man c most repulsive contenance, whose rough garb and unshaven fave were strangely at variance with the dress suits they had seen but a few moments before. coolly arise from behind a fire screen, one of the presents, and slowly hobble (for he had a wooden leg) through the rooms and out on the back porch and down the stairs into the back yard. Not until the had disappeared could the ladies find voice to ser am out a second time for help. The gentlemen ran back again into the appartments and searched thor oughly, but were unable to rout a third

The presents displayed comprised gold and diamond jewelry, silver plate, valuable ornaments, and were worth not less than \$15,000.

Girls Can Make Homes and Support

Husbands. Washington Post: Another good turn has been done for women by the gallant secretary of the interior. It used to be held that a woman making a homestead entry and subsequently marrying before completing the same forfeited her right to acquire title. Scoretary Lamar re-verses this frigid decision and rules that he reservinge of a woman who had made a homestead entry will not defeat her right to receive title to the land can now go right ahead, take up home steads, build houses, and then get has, bands to support. There is nothing to

SELECTIONS FOR THE LADIES.

The Fountain of Women's Tears and the Effect of Its Flow.

THE SEVEZ AGES OF WOMEN

What Girls Do Read and What They Should Read-Talk on Winter Dresses-Blondes, Brunettes and Babies.

Woman's Tears. Robert Opten Fowler, in Bro shift Magazine The fountain of a woman's tears Lies closer to her boson than a man's. She lives by moments, he by years; She pitles where he looks askance.

First she to act the Christian part, Keener to feel for grief and pain; Perchance it is bee-use her heart

Is less a stranger to her brain. Howheit-'tis womanly to weep.

And her sweet, sudden tears but shame Our botter selves from torpid sleep To win a purer, nobler name. Dear, tender, tear-dimmed, woman eyes!
How off your tender, pilying tears
Have lifted from us, garment-wise.

The pent-up bitterness of years! How oft your tears in some dark day,

Down dropping, sweet as scented, thyme,
On our rough hearts, have kissed away

The stain of some intended crime! What The Girls Read. Pall Mall Gazeite: In the course of an article which Mr. E. G. Salmon contribuses to the October number of the Nine-teenth Century on the subject of "Books for Girls," there is an interesting list showing what books they do, as a matter of fact, most affect. The data were procured by Mr. Charles Welsh, the publisher, who collected replies from various schools. A thousand girls responded to the question: "Who is your favorite nuthors" and, rejecting all names which are not mentioned five times, Mr. Salmon tabulates the result as follows:

Charles Dickens 33 Bunyan
Sir Walter Scott 226 Mrs. Bradden
U. Kingsley 91 Mrs. H. B. Stowe
C. M. Yonge 91 Miss Worbbise
Shukspeare 73 H. Ainsworth Sir Walter Scott.
U. Kingsley
C. M. Yonge
Shakspeare
F. Wetherell
Mrs. Henry Word
George Elliet
Lora Latton
Longfellow 54 Lord Tennyson 51 Miss Montgomery 41 R. D. Blackmore 41 W. Black Anderson Hesba Streton Canan Farrar. Grace Aguilar. Tonckeray. Mrs. Walton
Whyte Melville
W. H. G. Kingston
Jules Verne
Mrs. Craik
Macaulay

Mark Twain. 28 F. Sinedley..... 26 Carlyle. 22 Miss Edgeworth... 21 Miss Havergal... 17 John Ruskin 18 Lewis Carroll 19 R. M. Hallantyne 17 C. B. onte 16 Mrs. Gaskell 16 Mrs. Hemans.... 14 Mrs. E. Marshall. 13 Captain Marryat 12 F. Anstey.....

"This analysis of the voting, as it may be called, suggests," says Mr. Salmon,
"some curious reflections to those who
have at all studied "girls" literature.
Hardly one of the recognized writers for
girls is mentioned. Mr. Welsh is, doubtless, correct when he surmises that much of the popularity, from the publisher's point of view, of "books for girls" is due to the fact that they are bought by parents and friends for presents. If girls were to choose their own books, in other words, they would make a choice for themselves very different from that which their elders make for them.'

What Girls Should Read. Lucy Wintzer in Brooklyn Magazine, A sad mistake on the part of the mald. When from school duties she is free, is to take a long historic course With works on philosophy.

When a maiden sits down with book in hand And determines to read it through, Although it is tedious and rather dry, It shows us what energy'll do.

Now, if instead of perusing those books, You would pick up a current magazine, And carefully read each page, You would get more knowledge, and better,

Than you could in the other way. I've tried it myself, and I know it is true, And I've seen it proved every day. The novels which sell the most in stores,

By the light writers of the day, Are trasby; but those in the magazines Are picked from the best, they say. I would not advise a voung girl to spend

All her time at classical books, For a strain too great on a damsel's brain Will ruin her health and good looks. But if at novels she lingers all day. The result will be plainly shown; The mind requires more nourishing food.

And would starve on fiction alone. Now, if you would find the right thing to do Mix your reading with prudence and care; The best works and topics of interest, too.

In a magazine all are there.

So take my advice, and patronize
The magazines of the day,
And then, if you find my method unwise,

Why, just try the other way. Motheas Do Not Own Their Babies. Lucy Stone, in Boston Globe: Millions of mothers all over the United States gather their little ones around them, never dreaming that by the law they have no right to these children. They do not know that the sole legal right to the chil dren rests with the father in all except three of the states. Most men do not know it. A majority of fathers, if they did know it, would never assert rights as against the mother. But now and then a father who is as bad as the law knows his legal rights and assumes them. Not long ago, within a short ride of Boston by rail, lived a young man and his wife and their seven months old baby. Apparently they were at peace and prosperous. One day the husband told his wife at noon that a certain family had sent her an earnest invitation to spend the afternoon. The wife said she too many things to do that day to go to But the husband said "you ought to go when they send for you. I will take care of the baby." Thus urged the wife made ready and went. At 6 o'clock she came home. The house was locked, hus-band and baby gone. There was no letter to explain this sudden and unexpected absence. The neighbors knew nothing. Overwhelmed with grief and heartache for her nursing baby, the poor mother consulted a lawyer. By his advice she forced an entrance to the house. How empty and desolate it seemed! It was evident that the husband had exercised ais legal right and taken the child where he pleased. All the neighbors sympa-thized with the wife. Men said that "if the wretch ever returned he would be serve to be tarred and feathered." Execration was loud, deep and abundant, but one quiet woman who knew the law. 'He is only as bad as the law whiel allows him the sole right to the child.' But every man said there was no such It was only after reference statutes that they would admit that here in Massachusetts a married father has a right to rob his wife of her children, and that men who were so cruel, mean and dastardly were only as bad as the law There was but one opinion of the law and of the man. But that could not restore the tender, helpless babe to its mother. If others could sleep or rest, there was no sleep or rest for her. parents of this husband lived in Canada. It was most likely he had taken the child to them. She had been to their home and knew how to find it. Making such arrangements as were possible, she started for Canada. The same night the husband

mother appeared at the home of the par-

young one. But not so. She sympathized with her son. It cannot now be told how it was managed, but she found the little one in a hot attic, evidently not having been washed since it left home, and she took it to her own father's nouse. where she is to-day in dread of what may bappen to her and to it. The brother of this cruel father took his child a few years ago away from its mother. Her relatives gave him \$700 to bring it back. It is sup-posed that this man hoped to make money by a similar torture to his wife. There was a great deal of indignation both among men and women, in the case quoted above. But what does it avail? It is evident there is need of women to help men make laws that will protect wemen and children. But the representative from the town where all this happened voted against woman suffrage in the Massachusetts legislature last winter. It is to be etts legislature last winter. hoped that the voters there will see to it that he does not have the opportunity to do so again. Meanwhile the reproach of all good citizens, men and women, should be so poured out upon men who wrong mothers and little children that they will flee as other thieves and robbers flee before honest people.

The Dress of Women in Winter. Cleveland Plain Dealer: Talking fashion and dress, I want to go on reord as declaring that I wouldn't be fashion serving woman, and dress as fashion serving woman dresses for a million of dollars and a house and lot on Euclid avenue. Why? Oh, because they dress for a perpetual summer, and we're not in that kind of a climate. Think of a fur shoulder cape and freezing arms— even though encased in the latest thing in protectors, chamois leather underwear—and of the general invitation to all the blasts of winter in female skirts. Think of that, say I, and indorse my declaration. It is bad enough, this costume, without the tricks peculiar to feminiaty which make it worse. In winter I have all I can do to keep my feet warm with merino socks, shoes a haif size too large for my feet and cloth and rubber overshoes. The average woman wears thin stockings of silk or thread and shoes from one to two sizes smaller than her feet, and no overshoes. And yet she smiles. I wear wool and fur-lined gloves in which I can move each tinger. She wears gloves of move each finger. She wears gloves of thin kid that bend her hand and fit closer than her skin. And yet she is cheerful. I wear a fur cap pulled down over my ears, and a thick, warm muffler. She ambles beneath a chip hat and a wisp of lace or silk for a ruffle. And still she smiles. And I think the weather is cold. Surely women is the most patient of Surely, woman is the most patient of martyrs for fashion's sake

The Seven Ages of Women. Burlington, N. J., Enterprise, All the world's a wardrobe, And all the girls and women merely wearers;

They have their fashions and their fantasis And one she in her time wears many garments Throughout her Seven Ages. First, the baby, Betrilled and broidered, in her nurse's arms, And then the trim-bosed school girl, with her flounces,

And small-boy-scorning face, tripping, skirtwarging, Coquettishly to school. And then the flirt, Orling like Circe, with a business willade Kept on her low-cut corset. Then a bride, Full of strange linery, vestured like an angel. Veiled vaporously, yet vigilant of glance, Seeking the woman's heaven, admiration, Even at the altar's steps. And then the ma-

Iron, In fair, rich velvet, with snave satin lined, With eyes severe, and skirts of youth cut Full of dress-saws and modish instances, To teach her girls their part. The sixth age

shifts
Into the gray, yet gorgeous, grandmamma,
With gold pince-nez on nose and fan at side,
Her youthful tastes still strong, and worldly

Her youthful tastes still strong, and worldly
wise
In sun, ptuary law, her quavering voice
Prosing of fashion and Le Follett, pines
Of robes and bargains rare. Last seene of all,
That ends the sex's mode-swayed history,
In second childishness and sheer oblivion
Of youth, taste, passion, all—save love of
dress!

Sensible Dresses for Promenade and House Wear. Boston Herald: How nice a pretty girl looks in a house dress. Even if she isn't what the majority call pretty this style of gown makes her come precious near being so. Everybody with eyes in his head sees for himself that the street costume is built on natty principles, that it has attained its purpose of revealing the form divine, and yet keeping up a proper degree of temperature by reason of its material. It can't be denied that the great unimpeachable tailor-made admirably suits the climate and out-door ife. Now that fact has been recognized and its benefit and use established, fashon will doubtless caper much to the other extreme and send the sensible dress fly ing. But let us not borrow trouble for the fair sex. Heaven knows they have enough now, getting their tailors to make a faultless fit. As to the florid, graceful gown destined for house wear, that also causes agony, though, judging by its ultinate success, this agony is turned to joy. It has taken five or six centuries to produce this "simple frock." All the portraiture that is famous the world over furnishes patterns and models for it. The great masters, the Vandykes-by the way, there is only one Vandyke-Titian. Rembrandt, Sir Joshua Beynolds, all those painters of beautiful women and picturesque dress, are really responsible for the present styles, which—heaven save the mark—have been "reproduced." Nevertheless, art, when it does not try too hard, accomplishes its object. There is daintiness, quaintness, sumptuousness, or whatever taste dictates, in the house dress of the present day. It may cost, begging Miss Marryat's pardon, \$200, or only \$25, for such things have been, and the flesh and blood inside was sweet to see in the becoming setting. Aside from the es-thetic influence the house dress exerts, it s necessary to personal comfort. being squeezed up all day in a cloth visc must be refressing to slip out into that sublimated wrapper, the ten gown, or into some little home dress, soft and silky, flowing and graceful, which relieves the heavy pressure and changes that masculine, horse-racy air for the purely femir Women ought to be happy. But are not. They insist on trying to they are not. improve a fashion that, for a marvel,

chances to be adaptive, almost hygienic and they are miserable. Painting the bly is ruination to the fily, in other words, why will purveyors of women's raiment not let well enough alone? Blondes and Brunets. London Standard: The business of examining the hair, eyes and skin of 6,868, 827 pupils is not a holiday task to be undertaken on a spare afternoon. How long it occupied is not stated, but examination of this number of little boys and girls has been made in Germany by Professor Virchow: but it is not very evident that his industrious authropologistic la-bors are rewarded by results. He has only found out what a tolerably observant traveler might have discovered for himself; and the precise figures he gives are of little or no practical value. It appears that 43 3-35 per cent of children in North Germany are blondes, 32 5-28 per cent are blondes ie Middle Germany, and 245-28 per cent in the south. The River Main, it is pointed out, thus becomes an anthropological line of significance, to general, the further south one goes the more brunets one meets—South Bayaria mustering but 14 per cent of blondes. 74,366 Hebrew children another table of figures shows the pure branets actuum-bered the pure blondes threefold. Whereas the relation of the clondes to returned. Not finding his wife he sur-mised that she had gone for the child. He had carried it to his parents. He telethe branets among the Christians is 31.8 to 14; that among the Jewish children is as 11.20 to 42. The tolerably observant traveler aforesaid would have indeed. graphed them to take the child away and hide it. This they did, When the young he often has -noted that blondes pre-dominate to the north and brancis to the ours of her husband, with this measure-less gold in her heart, his mother met her south; also that Jews are generally dark haired—as a rule Orientals and neople of Oriental descent are so. The professor's at the door. One would suppose that the heart of the old mother would have melted in sympathy for this grief stricken I discoveries lack novelty.

KELLEY, STIGER & CO. COLORED DRESS GOODS IMMENSE CLEARING SALE!

GREATEST BARGAINS OF THE SEASON.

We kindly ask you to bear in mind that this sale will only continue for the one day, tomorrow, Monday, Nov. 15th, at which time we propose offering the best ACTUAL BARGAINS ever shown in this city. You will find hem in three quantities, on three separate counters, placed in the west aisle of our store.

1st COUNTER.

Will contain 35 pieces 40 to 46 inches wide and all pure wool, hair lines, diagonal, illuminated stripes, silk and wool mixtures, hair line checks, in all colors, black and white.

The Season's Price \$1.25.

SALE PRICE 871/2.C

2d COUNTER. Will contain 50 pieces heather, camel's hair, spun silk and wool Norfolk and French serge suiting, all seasonable colors.

SALE PRICE 57½C, The Season's Price 75 to 871co,

3d COUNTER. On this counter we will place an assortment of 85 pieces. Our former retail price has been from 35c to 47%c. On Monday we will offer the entire lot

AT 25 CENTS.

N. B. We have a very complete line of Silk Velvets, in stripes, plaids and plain, in all the desirable colors, at BED ROCK PRICES, very suitable for trimmings.

Rememember our one day sale, Tomorrow, Monday, Nov. 15th.

KELLEY, STIGER & CO., Cor, 15th and Dodge Sts.

AMERICA'S BULLION

John Jacob Astor's Roll the Largest on the Continent.

GOLD AND GOUT CONSPICUOUS

His Wealth Overtops All Rivals, and Its Steady Increase-Miles of Real Estate and Mammoth Blocks of Buildings,

NEW YORK, Nov. 11 .- (Correspondence of the Bee.]-The title of "richest man" in America is not held continuously. An Astor, after losing it to a Van-

derbilt, has now regained it. John Jacob Astor, the richest man in America, is a devoted patron of opera, and it was just after he had limped into his box at the Metropolitan one evening this week that an artist caught sight of his face and succeeded in obtaining what the millionaire is ever able to keep from the public-a picture of his features. The powerfut landlord is tall and vigorous at over sixty years of age, and if he were a poor man or only moderately wealthy he would not have made himself unduly conspicuous by a limp. This defect in his gait is the result of possessing a carte blanche upon the good things of the world, eminent among which are champagnes and ancient burgandy. A liberal indulgence in the ornamental varieties of food and drink

HAS INDUCED GOUT. and Mr. Astor has just recovered from a severe attack. In appearance he suggests the typical Englishman. His face is ruddy and full, and is empellished with long side whiskers of a reddish gray color. These whiskers are not allowed to grow directly out from the cheeks, but by persistent brushing have been trained to hang down over the collar, somewhat in the Dundreary style. His eyes are a subdued gray. His figure is erect and stalwart, and his dress fashionable but plain.

After his own notions, Mr. Astor lives economically. He does not stint himself at the table, and he has two or three boxes at the opera, but as he does not work either for his hving or the extending of his estate, he finds it advisable to waste not a penny on business luxuries. He rarely rides when he can walk, and when he rides it is in a public stage if one is available rather than in his own or a hired coupe. His telegrams are "skele-tonized," and in other trivial ways he acts upon the "penny saved penny earned"

the amount of his wealth to-day. He is very slightly interested in stock com-panies, the Western Union telegraph, the Delaware, Lackawana & Western ratiroad, the Chemical bank and a few other concerns interest him. The overwhelming bulk of his property is in real estate on Manhattan island or just across Harlem in the annexed district. M can half of this in value is south of Chambers street, or in a district just a mile long on its longest diameter. In it s the Astor house, modestly estimated at 22,000,000, and numerous blocks and buildings along Broadway and Wall street. This part of his property pays at least 10 per part of the city that the increase to his to be while orator.

wealth comes. He is constantly putting aside what he can spare from receipts for the purpose of investing in more land; it is said on good authority that a sum amounting to \$6,000,000 in eash is kept on deposit in trust companies to be applied to new purchases when-ever a good bargain is secured. The condition of his property makes a favorite topic for the political economists.

EVERY CHILD BORN

in the cits adds to his wealth. It is the increase of population alone that makes Mr. Astor richer. As yet, however, the great landlord has not signified any in-tention of "whacking up" with the re-productive public. He is benefiting productive public. He is benefiting steadily by what John Stuart Mill called "uncarned increment of wealth" and bids fair to be before his death richer than any man who ever lived.

When William H. Vanderbilt was alive he overtopped John Jacob Astor, but the railroad king's death caused such a sub division of the property that the landlord is left way ahead of any competitor. His brother William, a struggling real estate speculator worth about \$60,000,000. does iot come as near to him as Jay Gould, and in fact, stands just about even with Cornelius Vanderbilt. William handles his business on the same plan adoped by his richer brother. Their offices are together and many people suppose that they own most of the Astor property in common. The disparity in their fortunes was the result simply of inheritance. Their father, who inherited the bulk of the old fur trader's, John Jacob's money, invested it in real estate, and left twothirds of it to his eldest son, the present

John Jacob. A STRIKING FEATURE of his wealth is that most of it is uninsured. There is so much of it that theoccosional total loss of a house or two or an entire block amounts to less than the premiums to be paid annually upon the

Mr. Astor is qualified for the title of colonel. In the war of the rebellion he served on General McClellan's staff as aide-de-camp with the rank of colonel. He was a volunteer and served with honor. His wife was a Miss Gibbs, of Charleston, S. C. They have one son, William Waldorf Astor, who has accomplished a little in politics, literature and art. A safe estimate of John Jacob Astor's wealth to-day is \$150,000,000. When Peter Cooper was alive be estimated the property at \$130,000,000, and the silent increase without the new investments would bring the figures up to \$150,000,000 and over by this time.

The firm of Rothschild & Sons, Franktort, will not be affected by the death of the Baron Mayer Karl von Rothschild. The head of the firm, for the present, will be the Bason Wilhelm C. von Rothschild, and we understand that there is no prospeet of a younger member of the family being taken in The deceased Baron von Rothschild was fifteen years old when he arrived in Frankfort, where his uncle. Anselm von Rothschild, was glad of his services as secretary—the boy being already a fine linguist—but at seventeen he began to study for a univer-sity education, and spent two years in Berlin and Gottingen, dividing his time between law, history and literature. His taste for art led him, later on, to make his wonderful collection of the best works of art in gold and silver, prior to the seventcenth century, and in lvory carvings, etc. Probably no other collection in the world can be compared with this one.

Mr. Frederick Donglass and his wife are new in Paris, where they expect to re-main two or three months. Mr. Daug-lass divides his time intween sight seelass divides his time intween sight seeing and studying French, which he expects to find useful during his coming cent per uniam and its value varies only | boar in Italy and other parts of Europe, slightly from year to year. It is from | Mr. Douglass listened to Pere Hyacimbo the vast tracts of half in the northern | a Sanshay or two ago and pronounces him.