SENTIMENTS OF SUNSHINE.

Sense and Nonsense Carefully Mixed up in Humor's Mortar.

SOME SMILE—STARTING SCRIBES

Sin Covering Charity"—Proclamation of Onion Bill—Brother Penstock Sits Down—The Mistled Man and Other "Laughs."

"Pastoral Poetry."

A minister may love his wife,
From every ill protect her;
But love her as he may, alas,
At last he's only Rector.
—Toledo American.

And though she may quite rapid be
No race-horse going faster,
She'll find, however wild and free,
That he is always Pastor.
—Railway Journal.

They studied grammar in the school
Together, out in Carson,
And after they were both made one
She found him still a Parson.
—Yankton Statesman.

And if she wanders from the fold
So far she breaks the record,
Of course he'll pull her golden fleece,
The gentle, loving Shepherd.
—Duluth Paragrapher.

And though he boasts he feels as young
As when he first beheld her,
His congregation all assert
That he is yet the elder.
—Philadelphia Record.

"Onion Bill."

There is somethng decidedy unique in the civilization of Idaho. In the classic town known as Beef Gap a gentleman commonly called "Onion Bill" was recently elected marshal, whereupon he became "Chief Birdell." On assuming the responsibility of his position, he issued a circular, from which we cull a few choice items:

On and after this date there will be in this town:

No more compelling people to drink when they don't feel like it.

No more shooting off plug hats.

No more drinking of whisky out of bottles when the bars are open.

No more noisy deviltry.

Any man riding or driving a horse into a public bar will be shot.

Any man raking down the pot at poker without the cards to back it up will be shot dead.

It is the determination of the new administraton to usher in an era of reform, and all good citizens will array themselves on the side of the law. All others will be turned over to the coroner.

The comparative ethics which the chief insists upon are striking. The man who drives a horse into a bar-room will simply be shot; but the wretch who rakes down the pot under unfair circumstances will not only be shot, but shot dead. Beef Gap has found a master at last.

A Great Principle Involved.

"What, Reginald, will you let a trifle separate us?"

"It's no trifle, Dorothy; a great principle is involved."

"How can a high hat be called a principle?"

"If you persist in cutting off your neighbor's view, isn't that a moral act and a grave offense?"

"You forget that the man who sat behind me was blind."

"That makes no difference. Will you take me or keep your hat? Choose!"

"Well, I'll take you and keep the hat to hold your theater cloves."

The Way It Struck Him.

I went to a fair.
There seemed everything there,
From a mammoth piano to a row of small pins,
And this sign I read—
It was tacked overhead—
"Charity covers a multitude of sins."

When the maids did advance,
Saying "Please take a chance,"
With species of lotteries' vast rarities,
I thought that the sign,
Should be changed to the line:
"Sin covers a multitude of charities."

Brudder Penstock Sat Down.

Detroit Free Press: The city clerk of Mobile made inquiry by letter if Rev. Penstock had been absent from Detroit for the last few weeks. An individual claiming to be that person had been working Mobile for contributions to found a chair of astronomy in connection with the Lime Kiln club. He was remarked as the homeliest colored man ever seen south of Mason and Dixon's line. The secretary had scarcely finished reading the communication when Brudder Penstock sprang up, waved his arms wildly about and gasped out:

"I move dat dis club offer a reward of $5,000 for de arrest of dat base impostor."

"Brudder Penstock, be calm," replied the president.

"But my reputation ar' at stake."

"Not at all. The secketary will reply to that letter an' offer the usual reward of $25."

"I move to make it $3,000," shouted Penstock.

"I shall rule de moshun out of order, sah."

"Den I shall resign."

"Brudder Penstock, if you would resign dis club would hev to hide its grief as well as possible, an' continer its work. While we all luv an' admire you, we doan figure dat you am a $3,000 mulatto. De reward of $25 has been de highest sum offered in any case an' it will hev to kiver yours."

Penstock sat down with a dull thud, breaking four ribs of Samuel Shin's new umbrella and after hearing the janitor's monthly report the meeting adjourned.

Let 'Er Go.

Pittsburg Press: A Sewickley juvenile of six summers is physically in about the same condition as Johnny. He joined the A B C class a few days ago, and when he came home the first day his mamma asked him: "Well, dear; what did you learn to-day?" "Oh, I learned lots; I learned three letters, mamma!" "Is that so? such a smart little boy! What are they, dearie?" "Let 'er rip, let 'er flicker, and let 'er go Galiagher!" That boy needs a new suit of clother and a wig.

Spring Poetry.

THE RUSTIC ANANIAS.

When days of sunshine come between
The February blizzards keen
With promises of spring to mock us,
The rustic Ananias tells
That he, while roaming through the dells,
Or woods, has seen an early crocus.

* * *

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

He is the self made man who roves
In early March through leafless groves,
While overhead the storm cloud hovers,
And all the ground with snow is white,
And, to his unalloyed delight,
The trailing arbutus discovers.

A Woman's Way.

Detroit Free Press: An agent with three or four rugs in a strap called at a house on National avenue and rung the bell without arousing anybody, when a woman called to him from across the street:

"No use ringing there."

"Lady gone?"

"They are too poor to buy rugs."

He was about to pass on, when a chamber window was raised, and a woman stuck her head out and said:

"I'll show 'em whether we are or not! I think a carpenter's wife is just as good as a drayman's wife, and has just as much money for fine things. Which is your best rug?"

"This one, ma'am—for $8."

"Hang it on the fence where everybody can see it. Now take this $20 bill and call at all the houses around here and ask for change. You won't get it, but I'll have the right amount to hand you when you come back.

The Box and the Ballet.

Washington Critic.

There's a lady in one of the boxes,
She's dressed in a manner au fait,
Which those who are posted on fashion,
Denominate decollete.

There's another one there in the ballet,
Whose attire is quite comme il faut,
Reversing the cut of the other,
It's decollete down below.

If you take the two dresses presented
And combine them; when you are done
You will find that the new combination
Will result in your having but one.

Now what shall we say of the puzzle?
One garment with women for two,
And both of them dressed in the fashion—
We don't understand it. Do you?

He Was Misled.

San Francisco Chronicle: The picturesque is always a feature of a woman's description of anything. She talks grandiloquently of colors, and if you hear her describe a tablecloth you fancy it's a gorgeous thing of tapestry or some equally effective picture.

"My wife," says the husband to the man in the store, "has sent me for something she looked at yesterday."

"Yes."

"This is the description of it," and he pulls out a piece of paper which has in it a full description of an elaborate pattern of myriads of colors, and all in nomenclature that sounds like some elaborate picture. "You'll excuse me, I can't remember the blamed thing."

"That's all right. I know what she means."

"You'll please wrap it up very carefully, for if it gets spoiled before it gets there she'll be mad."

"Certainly."

Then the man goes to the shelf and pulls out roughly a piece of something.

"Hold on," says the husband, "that can't be the thing. That's chintz, or damask or something, ain't it?"

"This is the article, sir."

"What does it cost?"

"Forty cents a yard."

"Great Scott! Forty cents a yard! I thought from the description it would come to about $100."

A Miracle.

"What wuz de tex' dis mornin', Mis-Johnson? I was too late."

"It was about the miracles, Brother Snow. War de Lord fed seven people on five t'ousand baskets of fish."

"I don't see any miracle about dat."

"Oh, de miracle am, dey all didn't bust."

An Honest Man.

Texas Siftings: "Have you got a copy of 'Milton's Paradise Lost?'" asked Gilhooly of Hostteter McGinnis, one of the Austin aristocrats.

"What in the world is that?" replied McGinnis.

"It's a book," replied Gilhooly.

"No, sir, I have not got such a book. Whenever I find anything that is lost I return it to the owner. When did Mr. Milton lose his book? What reward is he offering for its return?"

Little Bits of Wit.

If any animal on the farm earns his annual sty-penned it must be the hog.

An unsteady man, like an unsteady light, is apt to go out nights.

There was a young lady named Hughes
Who never was known to refughes
To go out at night,
On a young man's invight,
To take one of a couple of stughes.

It is never too late to mend; but a man need not expect to have a button sewed on much after midnight.

There is a merchant in this city who has an admirable sense of the eternal fitness of things. He provides his collector with a dun-colored horse.

"Dear, dear, how fashions do alter, to be sure," remarked Mrs. Peachblossom; "I see that steerage rates are cut lower."

The Horror of the Catacombs.

From London Society: Most people have heard of the catacombs of Paris, but few have visited them, or are aware of the vast extent. They were originally stone quarries; the material use in building the cathedral of Norte Dame, the hotel Cluny, the older portion of the Tuilieries and many other of the public edifices of Paris having been derived from this source. So extensive were their ramifications that of Paris within the walls more than a tenth part is said to have been honeycombed in this manner. It was not till within the last 100 years that the quarries have served the purpose or received the name of catacombs.

Many Parisian churches and cemeteries have transferred the remains of their dead to the keeping of the catacombs. These are now under the care of a regular corps of workmen, who attend to the arrangement of the bones, keep the galleries in order, and are constantly on the watch against subsidences of earth, which would otherwise be of frequent occurrence. The galleries have been carefully surveyed and their course compared with that of the superjacent thoroughfares. Indicating tablets are put up at frequent intervals, so that a skilled person can at any moment name the street, and even the number of the house, which is above his head. Without such knowledge, or a competent guide, however, woe betide the ill-fated wretch who should venture to explore these grim recesses. Beneath the Rue de l'Abbe de l'Eppe, just outside the Ossuaire, or catacomb proper, is seen a tomb in the angle of a wall, to which a terrible tradition attaches. Here lies Philibert Aspairt, formerly porter of the military hospital of Val de Grace. The hospital lies above a portion of the catacombs, and from if descends one of the seventy staircases of which we have spoken. In an evil hour the ill-fated porter took it into his head to make a voyage of discovery in the catacombs. On November 3, 1793, he descended the winding stair. Lantern in hand he entered that awful labyrinth, and he never came back. How long he lived, or how he died; how long his feeble lantern kept alight, or for how many hours or days he may have wandered in darkness, ere death put an end to his sufferings are among the secrets of the catacombs. For eleven years his fate was not even known, but on April 30, 1804, some workmen treading in course of their duty some of the less-used passages, came upon a human skeleton. Flesh and clothing had alike crumbled into dust, but the buttons of the coat remained, and by these and the bunch of keys that lay beside the corpse, it was identified beyond doubt as that of the unfortunate Philibert Aspairt.

Married.

Benkelman, (Neb.) Pioneer: Last Friday in Detroit, Mich., at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. A. S. Barnes, Mr. Ed F. Burton, of Benkelman, Neb., and Miss Adah Pease of Detroit, Mich., were united in marriage. The wedding was a quiet one, only a very few intimate friends being present. Mr. and Mrs. Burton came in Monday night, and will hereafter reside in Benkelman. The Pioneer wishes them all the happiness and prosperity imaginable and their friends wish them the same and hope they may live long and happily.

High License in Detroit.

In 1885 the city of Detroit had 1,200 saloons within her limits, and collected nothing from them, because there was a prohibitory law against them. In 1886 she had 1,000 saloons and collected $189,000 from them under a high license law.

HOME AND HOUSEKEEPING.

Practical Suggestions Gathered from Varied Experience and Observation.

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, HARMONY.

"Sweet Companionship of Life"—How to Give a Dinner—Nervous Folk—Musty Rooms—General Hearthstone Hints.

What is Home?

Oh! what is home? that sweet companionship
Of life, the better part;
The happy smile of welcome on the lip
Upspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands,
The long remembered tone,
The ready sympathy which understands
All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheek of little children pressed
To ours in loving glee;
The presence of our dearest and our best,
No matter where we be.

And, failing this, a prince may homeless live
Though palace walls are nigh;
And, having it, a desert shore may give
The joy wealth cannot buy.

Far reaching as the earth's remotest span,
Widespread as ocean foam,
One thought is sacred in the breast of man—
It is the thought of home.

That little word his human fate shall bind
With destinies above,
For there the home of his immortal mind
is in God's wider love.

Put Yourself in Her Place.

Harper's Bazar: There exists in every household a short and easy method of testing the comparative nervousness of the sexes. Take the very sweetest and most domestic of men, the most home-loving and equable, and see if he can have patience with the children, day in and day out, as can a wife much less gifted by nature with these fine qualities. The children may be the sweetest ever born, and yet each will be pretty sure to pass through stages in its development when its cross-questionings, its needless resistings, its chronic deafnesses, its endless "What?" and "Why?" and "Whom did you say?" will furnish grounds of practice for saintship. Not that all mothers are equal to this task—far from it; but when it comes to nerves, the average mother takes all this trial and pressure in a way that puts the average father to shame. I knew a shrewd woman who, whenever her husband had given her a lecture on nervousness, used to contrive to have him dress one or two of the children for school on a winter's morning, after a breakfast slightly belated. The good man would fall meekly into the trap, not clearly remembering the vastness of the labor—the adjustings and the tyings and the buttonings; the leggings and the overdrawers and the arctic shoes; the jacket, scarf, coat, gloves, mittens, wristers; the hat or cap or hood, to be pulled and pushed and tied in the proper position; the complete way in which all these things, besides being put on, have to be mutually made fast by strings and buttons and safety pins, so that the child thus dressed is a model of compressed packing, and could, like a well-packed barrel of china, be sent around the world without injury.

Calm must be the spirit, high the purpose, of the father who reaches the end of this complex task without a word of impatience, while the wife whom he calls nervous has long since taken off his hands the other child assigned to him, and has long since, with deft hands, dressed her and given one patient, final, all-comprehending twich, and the whole thing is done. If you doubt whether men are, on the whole, and in their own way, as nervous as women, test them with getting the children ready for school, and remember that their mother does it twice a day at least, every day of her life.

Too Tidy for Comfort.

Boston Record: "Recollections of My Mother," by Susan T. Lesley, gives an interesting picture of life in Northampton fifty years ago. The mother was Mrs. Lyman, famous for her hospitality and her devotion to reading. Here is a suggestive bit for housekeepers: "One day a friend came in who had just visited Mrs. ——, who was one of the most exquisite housekeepers. She begin to tell my mother about the perfect condition of that house from the garret to cellar, and rang the changes on the brightness of the brasses, the admirable shine of the glass and silver, the entire absence of dust on every carpet. My mother stood it just as long as she could, though figeting uneasily in her chair. Then she exclaimed: 'I think Mrs. —— is the dirtiest person I ever saw in my life.' 'Oh, Mrs Lyman, what can you mean?' cried the friend. 'What I say is true' said my mother, bringing down her hand with much force on the table. 'From the rising to the setting of the sun to the going down of the same that woman's mind is on dirt. She thinks dirt, sees dirt, is fighting dirt the livelong day. Now, I would rather see more of it on the carpet and less of it on her mind.'"

Foul Air and Musty Rooms.

In many rooms there is always a musty smell on a wet day in summer. Why is this? Because the windows are shut to keep out the rain, while the fireplace is shut to keep out the soot. It is almost a note of a good housemaid to close the valve of the stove as soon as the fires are left off; and if this remains closed, the ventilation of the room throughout the summer is left to depend on the windows alone. In other words, is suspended at night, and when even there is much wind or rain in the day. If Dr. Parker's rule never to stop up the chimney and never to close the regulator were more attended to, much less foul air would be breathed.

For My Lady's Chamber.

Towel shams are now considered necessary in well appointed bedrooms, for concealing the towels during the daytime. They are sometimes profusely ornamented. For instance, one will have a foliage design outlined upon it, with ingrain cotton, the flowers being padded and worked over with rabbit wool. Across this design an oblong piece, in imitation of a sheet of paper, is laid, having on it a head sketched out in black silk outlines, and to give the needful white tint of the paper, the material is darned with flourishing thread. A trifling novelty, that will probably be a favorite on account of its oddity, is the little folding chair work bag. A diminutive chair of ebonized wood is furnished with a bag, drawn up with elastic and headed with a frill in lieu of the ordinary seat. The back has also a flat bag fastened to it like those fitted inside some portmanteaus. They are made in cretonne, but would be much more elegant in plush, velvet, or brocade. It has been proposed to ornament the upper bag, if of plush, with a monogram, and chords might well replace the elastic; the chair, to be in keeping, might then be gilded. Satin sheeting, serge, or oatmeal cloth, could be embroidered and large ribbon bows added; indeed, the various modes of beautifying them are almost endless. Eastern embroidery is a work in which all such sorts of scraps can be used up. It is a regular potpourri of fabrics—a melange of figures. The more variety the better. The material on which this quaint ornamentation is laid is red Turkey cambric. Japanese figures are cut out of cretonne and appliqued on. Cornucopias, pines, fans, circles, crescents, and stars are cut out of plush, velvet, satin, silk and cotton, and arranged in some kind of design, characteristic of eastern work. The more prominent figures are highly raised from the ground, the edges are buttonholed over, or herring-boned, and the feather stitch is introduced wherever there is an uncovered space. Spangles and tinsels play a decided part in this manufacture.

Home Duties of Girls.

Good Housekeeping: It is by no means necessary to keep your daughter in the kitchen half the time to accomplish these results, nor is it essential that she should be skilled on her marriage day in every kind of cookery, and be able to get up a first-class dinner at short notice. This should not be expected any more than that she go to the blackboard and unerringly demonstrate the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid three or four years after she has graduated at some excellent seminary. But the elements of domestic knowledge should be thoroughly mastered, and a suitable amount of practice given in important details. The intelligent girl will know how to apply such knowledge when the proper time comes.

The natural imitativeness of children is to be made available, which the mother who herself looks after the ways of her household will find an easy matter. The little ones like to be useful, if they see others about them useful; they like to follow the mother about the house under pretense of helping, though often hindering her; they enjoy using their little hands about something that older people do; in fact, to work until false notions are instilled into their minds. Most young girls delight to have some small household duty committed to their care; and is this disposition should be fostered, instead of being discouraged, as it often is, on the ground that they cannot do the thing as well as an older person, they would, with rare exceptions, grow up with sufficient knowledge of those home matters and interest in them about which nowadays there is so much complaint that young ladies know so little, and care less.

Mrs. Ellen Bliss Hooker writes: "We hear a great deal about the decline in matrimonial alliances, and much that is very absurd is said and written of it—mainly, it is urged, that women are not fit for wives of men with moderate incomes. It is said that co-operative housekeeping would insure a greater degree of family life. When from large factories, stores, laundries, and the like, we can so order our home living as to lessen the expenses incident upon the keeping up of a large establishment, the dispensing of an army of servants, and proportionate expenditure of food, etc., men of small capital can afford to marry, hire rooms and have meals served therein for a comparatively small consideration. Without question many young men who would gladly establish homes of their own are deterred from so doing by the manifest extravagance (as they call it) of young women:"

Hints on Dinner-Giving.

The Queen: In 'Squire Western's time a foaming tankard would have symbolized the sans facon of a home dinner. But we have got past 'Squire Western's times, because we have abjured the substance; and now it would be difficult to find a symbol which should represent the quiet little meeting which means but a hospitable welcome, abjuring finery and formality, and demanding only readiness to be pleased and suitability of attire. And, after all, these small informal dinners where people are asked for the real pleasure given by their society and where there is plenty of general talk and all fun is common—these dinners are the most enjoyable of all. If they miss the stately grandeur and supreme culinary excellence of the finest kinds, they have in them an element of friendliness and intimacy which more than compensates for the cook's best fireworks. But then the people must be absolutely harmonious. There must not be a crude color nor a false note—not a Brahminical prude if the joyous train is frankly bohemian; nor a grave politician if it is merrily artistic; nor a musicless semi-savage, who "does not know one tune from another," and who thinks a barrel organ as fine as a stringed band, if the talk is all of motifs and themes, Bach and Rubinstein, Wagner and Beethoven, and the amusement all of songs, and pieces "spanked" over the piano as if so many powerful mice were scuttling among the keys. The whole thing must be of one harmonious tint—not the same, but harmonious—else will the smaller number betray the discrepancies with greater clearness, and the whole thing will collapse ignominiously.

One practice which cannot be too severely condemned is that ungrateful, discourteous, and essentially false habit ingrained in some, of laughing at or finding fault with a dinner—an entertainment of any kind— provided at cost and trouble for the entertainer's friends. In all cases we have the right to suppose that people do the best they know. If we think we have a better method than that best, well and good. Let us hold by it and not be seduced into the worse way. But neither let us fall foul of the arrangements to which we have voluntarily submitted ourselves. It is a hateful habit, and ranks with the repetition of conversation, the carrying about little scandals, picked up at this house and that—the telling little confidences in which no harm was to be found in the beginning, but which, by repetition, swell into monstrosities undreamt of by the confider. If we accept the hospitality of our friends we bind ourselves in all honor to silence at the least, if we feel that we cannot heartily commend the thing provided for us. To go away and laugh at it all is an act of a currish kind, for which the whip of censure is needed, smartly laid on. But this is a fault by no means rare in society, where gratitude for the most part is conspicuous by its absence. Yet we all owe gratitude to those who have sought to entertain us, and censure or ridicule ought to include a sturdy refusal to ever accept the like again. The little foxes of morality destroy a great many vines; and if we would be perfect in great things we had better begin by cleansing the small. And this small sin of detraction—especially after having received hospitality—is one of the first to abolish would we keep the temple pure.

Dinner Table Decorations.

To attain success in the art of decorating dinner tables needs a thoughtful eye and a discreet hand. The primary object is to enhance the elegance of the table

That the feast may be more joyous,
And the guests be more contented.

Therefore the decorations must be subordinate to the comfort of those who are to partake of the meal: they are not to be arranged for the entertainment of lookers on, and it should never be said of them that the servants had all the pleasure they could afford, while the guests were simply made uncomfortable. The old epergne and the golden bowl of gaudy flowers interfered with conversation, made the table heavy and ostentatious, and indicated that the dinner was prepared for ceremony rather than for enjoyment. In selecting receptacles for flowers and fruits, it should be borne in mind that a clear view across the table is always to be desired, and that simple designs characterized by distinctness and elegance are to be preferred to those that are complex and elaborate, even if these last should happen to be in the best taste, considered apart from the purpose they are inteded for. There are occasions when elaborate and costly works are found appropriate, but, as a rule, they are the very things we do not want. All gold and silver receptacles are objectionable; nevertheless, they are not to be condemned in toto because we have seen them used with admirable effect, and the sparkle of metal is appropriate to festivity. The large silvered plateau is usually a cold obstruction or a glaring mockery, and even plants, if too large or in too great plenty, are apt to suggest that the table is an imitation of a nursery or a greengrocer's shop.

GUARDIANS OF GOODNESS.

What Woman Has Done and is Doing in the World.

BOUDOIRS OF DUTY AND BEAUTY.

Her Place in Literature—Famous Mothers and Daughters—Love's Schedule—Will Rose Elizabeth Marry?

Woman.

H. Egerton Clamp.

From heaven to earth the star descended
(By guides celestial attended),
Predestined to a semblance human,
Still half divine, it changed to woman;
It still retained within its face
Some likeness of its heavenly grace;
The vestal beauties of the skies
Were mirror'd in its faultless eyes;
The splendors of the sunlight there—
But changed its halo into hair,
While rose and lily both combined
The hue of lip and cheek designed,
So typical of all that she
Most beautiful in both might be.

Woman's Place in Literature.

Henry James in Harper's Weekly: Flooded as we have been in these latter days with copious discussions as to the admission of women to the various offices, colleges, functions, and privileges, singularly little attention has been paid, by themselves at least, to the fact that in one highly important department of human affairs their cause is already gained—gained in such a way as to deprive them largely of their ground, formerly so substantial, for complaining of the intolerance of man. In America, in England, to-day, it is no longer a question of their admission into the world of literature; they are there in force; they have been admitted with all the honors, on a perfectly equal footing. In America, at least, one feels tempted at moments to exclaim that they are in themselves the world of literature. In Germany and in France, in this line of production, their presence is less to be perceived. To speak only of the latter country, France has brought forth in the persons of Madame de Sevigne, Madame de Stael, and Madame Sand, three female writers of the first rank, without counting a hundred ladies to whom we owe charming memoirs and volumes of reminiscences; but in the table of contents of the Revue des Deux Mondes, that epitome of the literary movements (as regards everything, at least, but the famous doctrine, in fiction, of "naturalism"), it is rare to encounter the name of a female contributor. The covers of American and English periodicals tell a different story; on these monthly sections of the ladder of fame the ladies stand as thick as on the staircase at a crowded evening party.

The Higher Education of Women.

New York Tribune: There must be some other reason for the disproportion in the number of male and female students than can be charged to a lack of opportunity for girls, and we think it is to be found in a certain domestic prejudice that exists against sending them away from home. As a rule, parents, and mothers especially, are reluctant enough about sending their boys away. That contingency, however, they have prepared themselves for. They have accepted it as inevitable, but the idea of parting with a daughter just when she is blossoming into womanhood is extremely unwelcome. Reason may say that it is for the best. The cold theory of ushering her into social life accomplished and well informed may seem wise and desirable, but experience shows that objections on her part are listened to with an acquiescent spirit. The girls who go to college are almost entirely the girls who want to go.

It will be necessary for those who desire to see the higher education of women a commonly accepted fact to turn their batteries against this sentiment. It will be hard to deal with. It proceeds from an affection with which all humanity sympathizes. The time must come when parents will be ashamed to give their sons better educational opportunities than their daughters. In 1880 the census showed that 154,375 of our 227,710 school teachers were women. This startling fact is of itself a loud demand for the general extension of the reform. No one influence is more powerful in shaping our national destiny than that of persons who are shaping the minds and characters of those who make it. In these days of progress the best mental training that, in the nature of things, is possible is a young woman's right. It should be given her as a matter of course, and as freely as the clothes she wears.

He Favored Women Bookkeepers.

Des Moines Mail: There is no place in the world where woman rises to emergencies of trust and responsibility more efficiently or frequently than in our broad western country. One of our business men was asked recently: "Why do you employ Miss —— for your bookkeeper? Can you get her services for less than you would have to pay a man?" "No," said he, "I choose her because I know I can depend upon her return each morning refreshed and ready for business, while a man in the same position is more than likely to spend his evening far into the night in dissipation that wholly unfits him for the morrow's duties."

Love's Schedule.

Puck.

Item: Some hair—soft golden brown,
She wears it as it were a crown.

Item: Two eyes. They look at me,
Although there's little there to see.

Item: Two lips to sing, speak, kiss,
In none of these are they amiss.

Item: A smile. It flits away
Ere I its beauties can portray.

Item: Two hands—so fair and fine;
Too fair, I fear, to mate with mine.

Item: Two feet. To kick, in play,
The follies of the world away.

Item: Her dress. Alas! we men
Cannot describe beyond our ken.

Item: A voice. Its music stirs
The heart-strings of her worshipers.

Each note those flower-like lips set free
A rosebud's perfume seems to me.

Item: Four words. My heart's consoled—
"I love you too"—and all is told.

A Famous Woman and Her Daughters

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: At Mrs. Mullet's tea party yesterday Mrs. Kate Chase reappeared in society. Mrs. Chase left her younger daughters at school in Paris when she returned to this country last summer to superintend the removal of her father's remains, but brought with her her eldest daughter, Miss Ethel. She is a wonderfully pretty girl of nineteen years, and is said to be quite what her mother was at that age. She is quick and vivacious in conversation, graceful, easy and full of tact, and very accomplished in music and the languages. Mrs. Chase and her daughters have dropped the Sprague name entirely, and Ethel Chase, as she is called, is another aspirant for the stage. She has a dramatic gift, and it is her ambition to perfect herself in the art and make a debut in this country. The want of money is her reason for going on the stage. Mrs. Chase has only a narrow income now, and the education of her daughters has straitened her. Miss Ethel talks very plainly to the family friends who try to dissuade her, and says that she feels obliged to help the family, and can make more money in that way than in any other.

Perfuming Gloves.

Boston Herald: One old receipt for perfuming gloves runs: Take ambergris a dram, civet the like quantity, orange-flower butter a quarter of an ounce, and with these, well mixed and ordered, daub them over gently with fine cotton wool, and so press the perfume into them. Other devices for making them "richly redolent" point generally to the use of fats as being the best available and most largely employed means to secure a good and lasting perfume. As for such gloves being considered excellent for night use, we have the lines in Swift's poem on the "Ladies' Dressing-Room."

There night gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeathed by Tripsey when she died.

Where a lady's maid is reassuring her mistress, in a poem of 1790, as to her superiority over a rival, the maid says:

I know the arts she labors to disguise,
I know whence all her boasted graces rise;
Those charms which gained the creature such renown,
Are culled from every quarter of the town;
She buys her beauties at a price immense,
Her breath from Warren and her teeth from Spence;
Each night her face is wrapped in greasy bands,
And Chinese gloves enfold her arms and hands;
If such a make-up thing can rival thee,
Let park canals strive with the foaming sea;
Let Oxford hacks with Pegasus compare,
And broad St. Gile's vie with Portman square.

Ladies of Lima.

Buenos Ayres Herald: The ladies of Lima are all eyes. They have the reputation of being, as a class, the most beautiful in the world, and meeting them on the way to mass in the morning, or shopping later in the day, one can see how they obtained it; but knowing them in their homes, the opinion changes, and you conclude, after calm reflection, that they are not so pretty as the women of New York. It is the manta, which they wear in such a coquetish way, that gives them their reputation for beauty, for it conceals every feature except their bewitching eyes and lovely olive complexion. No matter how ugly her mouth or her nose is; no matter how high her cheekbones or large her ears; no matter whether she is as scrawny as a scarecrow or as bald as a bat, a manta will make any woman with pretty eyes look handsome, and like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. This garment, which is peculiar to Peru, and is worn by ladies of all ages and social positions, from the president's wife to the laundress who comes after your linen, is a sort of foster-sister to the mantilla of Spain. It is usually of crepe from China, and costs anywhere from $10 to $500, according to its quality.

Unwomanly Women.

New York Letter in Cleveland Leader: If you wish to get a good idea of manners and morals of men and women in New York visit frequently the first-class restaurants, such as Delmonico's, the Brunswick, Morelli's, Taylor's, Martinelli's and the cafes of leading hotels. You need not fear; your judgment will not lead you astray. Ladies think no more of drinking a pint of wine with their luncheon or dinner than they do of drinking a glass of water. At one of the above-named places last night, where wine is included with the dinner, ours was the only table without wine, and we seemed to fall correspondingly low in the opinion of our stylish French waiter. Before the dinner is finished the color begins to rush into the faces of the ladies and when they leave the room they are fully under the influence of the wine; not drunk, no, no, but "braced up" for the ride home and the ordeal of getting ready for some evening entertainment, after which, in New York, ladies and gentlemen generally have supper, with wine, of course. It is a fact that numbers of women are obliged to "sober off" and to "swear off" for three or four months or become permanent wrecks.

Dressmaking as an Art.

One of those industries, says the London Queen, which are not yet permitted to rank among the recognized methods of a gentle woman's profession is that of dressmaking. "So dreadful, you know, to meet your dressmaker at dinner," say the foolish one, fingering the lace and brocade by which that very dressmaker has made them lovely. They do not object to meet the artist who had taken their portrait, and added charms which nature had forgotten to give, but the dressmaker, who conceals their defects, and heightens their beauties, is another person altogether, and out of the sacred pale which incloses the painter. Yet, dressmaking of the best kind is a real art, needing taste, perception, originality, the creative faculty and the—sometimes most difficult—power of harmonizing beauty with ugliness—devising a becoming garment for an unlovely person. Where is the essential difference, pray, between a man who mixes colors deftly on his palette and a woman who combines hers deftly in material? between a man who draws on canvas beautiful lines and draperies impossible to wear if lovely to look at which to fasten a breadth of silk so that it shall hang in perfect folds and not have a kink or angle? The one is merely putting into possible practice the theoretical beauty of the other; and we say again what meed of praise belongs to a figure artist belongs also to a dressmaker, each to his and her own sphere.

The secret of Miss Evarts' popularity as a maker and dispenser of chocolate when her father was secretary of state, lay in the fact that the chocolate was exceedingly rich, and callers relished it greedily in the tiny cups in which it was served. More chocolate was used in one of those small cups than ordinarily enters into the composition of two coffee cups of this beverage. Beaten white of eggs with cream was served with it, and the mixture was so toothsome that it gave the young lady a national reputation.

Miss Cleveland's Romance.

New York Morning Journal: A remarkable story about Miss Rose Cleveland comes from Washington. It is to the effect that she is about to become a wife. During her term as editress of Literary Life a tale of a young clergyman's trials was published. The story and the student and Miss Cleveland are romantically connected. When Miss Cleveland left Washington for Holland Patent the young man was missed from Washington, and it was learned upon inquiry that he had gone to Europe. He, however, returned about three months afterward, and is now stopping with relatives in Albany, N. Y. He, it is said, is the prospective bridegroom, and the wedding will take place early in April. Miss Cleveland became interested in the divinity student and some charitable work he had on hand, and upon receiving the offer from the Chicago publisher she asked the young student's advice. He, who by the way, belongs to one of the oldest and most aristocratic families at the capital, declared his opposition. It appears that the minister delineated in the story referred to above was this young lover of Mrs. Cleveland, and the incidents and episodes appearing in the story were taken from the actual occurrences subsequent to and during the courtship of the young couple. In one portion of the serial an effecting scene was introduced, depicting a little "tiff" which had actually occurred between the couple before the final estrangement, and which had terminated in a victory for Miss C., through the use of woman's weapons—tears and reproaches. The reproduction of this incident in the story so worked up the young man's feelings that he at once started for Holland Patent, where Miss Cleveland was then stopping, to try and effect a reconciliation. The engagement was renewed. Thereupon Miss Cleveland severed her connection with Literary Life, and once more everything bloomed like a rose. This, it is said, is the true inwardness of Literary Life affair, over which there has been so much controversy. The president is said to be pleased with the match.

Looking After the Complexion.

Medical World: A wise old doctor tells the ladies after this fashion how they can improve both health and complexion: For the present I prescribe only for your feet. First, procure a quantity of woolen stockings, not such as you buy at the store under the name of lamb's wool that you can read a newspaper through, but the kind that your aunt Jerusha in the country knits for you, that will keep your feet dry and warm, in spite of the wind and weather; second, if you want to be thorough, change them every morning, hanging the fresh ones by the fire during the night; third, procure thick calf-skin boots, double uppers and triple soles, and wear them from the 1st of October to the 1st of May; make frequent applications of some good oil blacking; fourth, avoid rubbers altogether, except a pair of rubber boots, which may be worn for a little time through the snowdrifts or a flood of water; fifth, hold the bottoms of your feet in cold water a quarter of an inch deep just before going to bed, two or three minutes, and then rub them hard with rough towels and your naked hands; sixth, go out freely in all weathers, and, believe me, not only will your feet enjoy a good circulation, but as the consequences of the good circulation in the lower extremities your head will be relieved of all its fullness and your heart of all its palpitations. Your complexion will be greatly improved and your health made better in every respect.

Story of the American Mail Service.

St. James Gazette: The early history of the postal service between this country and its "plantations" across the Atlantic is curious and interesting. In the first attempt to establish such a service it was proposed that the packet boats should sail from the Isle of Wight. On the 25th of February, 1703, the lords of trade reported to the Earl of Nottingham on a proposal made by Sir Jeffrey Jeffreys for establishing a regular service of packet boats between that island and New York. The lords conferred with Jeffreys and learned the exact nature of his proposals, which were to place on the line two ships, for sailing or rowing, each of 150 tons burthen and carrying fourteen guns and a crew of forty men. One of these ships would, he said, be ready to "part" after entering into an agreement, and sail direct to New York, remain there thirty days and then return. The next packet was to start two months after the first. Jeffreys reserved the right of taking passengers and fifty tons of merchandise on each voyage. For remuneration he asked the sum of £350 a month and stipulated that the ships should receive "effectual protection."

The act of 1710 gives us a curious insight into one of the most frequent causes of delay in the conveyance of letters from one part of America to another. This was the rapacity of the ferrymen in levying blackmail on the post boys, so to speak, notwithstanding that the ferries were to have been free for the post. So it was enacted that any delay on a ferryman's part a longer time than half an hour should be punished by a fine of $5. By the act of 1710 an increase in the postage rate was made, and the following scale fixed, so far as concerned New York: For a "single" letter, one shilling; "double," two shillings, and "treble," three shillings; a letter of an ounce weight being carried for the modest sum of four shilling. The postage to New York remained at the same exorbitant rate for years. Thus it happened that when in 1760 a certain American divine sent to a friend at Lambeth two tracts of his own composition, the recipient acknowledged them in these words: "Good Johnson, but the postage on them amounted to thirty-five shillings."

ST. JACOBS OIL

FOR SPRAINS--BRUISES.

After a lapse of years statements confirming the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil and its permanent cures are given below.

From an Aged Minister—May, 1880.

Waxahachie, Ellis Co., Texas.

My wife fell from a horse and received a severe bruising; one rib broken. I got some of your St. Jacobs Oil. She used one bottle and it did her good. I am an old minister of 40 odd years standing.

S. S. YARBOROUGH.

From His Wife 6 Years Later—Cured.

Waxahachie, Tex., Nov. 9th, 1886.

My husband is dead. I was the principal beneficiary of St. Jacobs Oil, having received painful injuries falling from a horse. I was cured by it.

MRS. M. B. YARBOROUGH.

Abscess on Right Arm—July, 1881—Cured.

Holyoke Mass.

Five years ago an abscess formed on my right arm and with it came rheumatism. I was unable to heal the abscess or remove the pains. I used three bottles of St. Jacobs Oil; in three days all pain had ceased: in nine days the abscess was entirely healed. THOS. P. GLOSTER.

From Same 5 Years Later—Enthusiastic.

43 Hight St., Holyoke, Mass., Oct. 29, 1886.

Yours received. "I, Thos. P. Gloster, after five years of terrible suffering from an abscess on the right arm, was permanently cured by St. Jacobs Oil. For further information apply to me."

THOS. P. GLOSTER.

Sprained and Fractured Arm—Cured.

New York, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1886.

In reply I would say, some years ago I had a very badly sprained and fractured arm and found St. Jacobs Oil reduced