

The Pope's Tiaras and Chalice Glitter with Precious Gems.

The Vatican jeweller therefore built a vessel which was enamelled over with the deepest blue. On this enamel the diamonds were grouped in bouquets, but the real piece de resistance was a cross made wholly of diamonds, that stood out in magnificent relief against the azure background. This chalice was used on the occasion of the propagation of the dogma, and the clerical journals say that the sight of it "produced a profound impression."

Restrictions on Presentations to

The feverish yearning to bend the knee at Buckingham palace, which possesses so many American ladies, arises from the extravagant notion that an attendance at a drawing-room will inevitably produce an invitation to the jubilee entertainment; but there are some Americans now flaunting about London who could assure their countrywomen that it is one thing to attend a drawing-room and quite another to get invited to the palace.

As a commentary upon this, it may be well to add that out of 1,600 presentations to the queen the present season, the Americans numbered only fifty, which hardly justifies the title of a "rush." I may also be added that youth, good looks and especially money, will continue, as heretofore, to win admission to this show as to Buffalo Bill's, and not personal merit or distinction, which is not always accompanied with the above.

Harper's Bazar: Once engaged in a happy pair should avoid all public demonstrations of affection, except that they may walk together arm in arm, and the young lady may drive out with her affianced with a servant behind. She must not, however, go to the opera or theatre with him alone; she must have a chaperon if she would consult the prejudices of Society.

While it is delightful to see a young couple really in love they should not go to a theatre to show it. All unsophisticated human beings are fond of the egoisme a deux, but it is most painful to the lookers-on. These lovers should remember that people are observing them laughing at them, and if they make love on a stage-coach drive, a picnic, a law tennis party, the whole pleasure of the party is spoiled. A woman loses her dignity by this process, and nothing is finer in a young woman than a sweetly maidenly reserve.

When an engagement is announced the family of the lover all call on that of the lady. The announcement should come from the mother of the gentleman as soon as is convenient and proper then the father, the mother-in-law and by the family of the young man to that of the young woman. She then becomes a *autocrite*; everything is referred to her. She goes out with her future mother-in-law or sisters, and is one of them in fact though not in name; she can visit their house at any country and they must never travel alone with her lover. Our language is singularly deficient; we have no word to represent fiancée and fiancé; "my daughter's engaged" is a very awkward phrase; "my daughter's beautiful" is a sound, "my daughter's handsome man" is very contrived; "my daughter's lover" is scarcely a proper phrase; so we have to beat about the bush unless we adopt the French word.

As hatter edframe may be reinvigo
ated by that wonderful tonic, Dr. J. I.
McLean's Strengthening Cordial and
Blood Purifier, it enriches the blood, an
vitalizes and strengthens the whole bod.

of Pittsburgh's fashionable society. It has been announced that the dressmakers and milliners of that city, tired of dunning their customers for the amount of unpaid bills, will combine to make a complete list of the delinquents and will publish the names of the same in the "Modest and Charming Tailors' union." The most shocking element of the female sex and everybody knows that this element is very large—has an aversion to anything like publicity, and this element of Pittsburgh womanhood will doubtless resolve that the milliners and dressmakers are "horrible mean" and will endeavor to sort to know that ladies don't like that sort of thing, and if they persist in it they must expect to lose good customers.

Just how these fashionable consumers of the Pittsburgh society expect the dressmaker and milliners to live is something they could, perhaps, not readily express. As for the idea that dressmakers would suffer by losing customers of this kind, it is quite as absurd as the South street clothing dealer's remark that he lost money on every suit of clothes that he sold, but managed to get along by selling hats. Any such idea that the loss of the Pittsburgh fashionables can stave off the threatened doom. If they will all manage to pay the money that they owe the honest, hard-working women who serve them as well as possible for the sake of a decent livelihood, the dreaded

posure may not be made after all. Women should not forget that they owe special consideration to other women who are obliged to make a living and who make it honestly.

The Vulgar Display of Studied Extravagance a Relic of Ignorance.

Philadelphia Times: Notwithstanding the earnest efforts made by many ministers and leading public journals to restrain the excessive cost of funerals, the expensive display in the burial of the dead has been increasing rather than diminishing. If this extravagant and utterly un-compensating expenditure in funerals was confined to people of abundant means, who can afford any outlay on funeral occasions, it would be a matter of little or no concern to the public; but as the poor have been obliged to conform to the custom of the rich, and simplicity in funeral, it has been chiefly among the more intelligent and opulent people, while those who can least afford extravagant funerals are compelled by what they regard as an imperious custom to waste away a large portion of their dead by the wanton outlay of money in their burial.

A great funeral parade on the burial of the private citizen is not only unreasonable, but it fairly crosses the line of vulgar display. Grief for the dead is the natural emotion of the world, and we sorrow, and it is the last thing that should be paraded before the unsympathetic multitude. Indeed, the burial of the dead should be as far removed as possible from the world's gaze. The dead should be sacred to the gaze and loving offices of those who mourn for them; and there should be absolute exclusion of the vulgar and the unwelcome. So sadly jars the sanctity of grief with ostentation has become the display of the merest regulation respect for the dead that many of the dead notices in the public journals are little more than a mere suggestion—"Please omit flowers." And many others have the still better admonition—"Interment private." The admonitions, forced by love of the dead, teach the lesson that would save thousands of poor families from starvation or severe sacrifice for months after a funeral, merely for the sake of a vulgar parade and the dead.

This tendency to parade and display on funeral occasions is oppressive upon the largest portion of citizens in every community, for the majority of the people in this country are not in a position to afford the costly and elaborate funeral or the ostentatious or straightened circumstances. They feel compelled to imitate those of fortune in ostentatious respect for the dead, and, between costly caskets, flowers, carriages, and the like, are made to incur the barbarous habilliments of woe, they often involve themselves in debts which they cannot pay or must practice the severest self-denial for months after to defray the cost of the funeral, and make it a source of grief. It is not only a needless oppression of persons of humble means, but it is a burlesque of the sincere sorrow that is felt for the dead. The assumption of the mode of funeral is limited in a profusion of costly flowers, or in a costly casket, or in a long line of costly carriages, for idle-lookers-on, is simply farcical. It strips the love of the dead of its sacredness, and makes it a mockery into the empty pomp of a vulgar parade, while it impoverishes many to the verge of want and why is it done? Simply because many of those who can afford it are so constituted that they are vain and extravagance were tributes of respect for the dead; and the poor, often more sincere in their grief, are taught that the measure of respect for their dead is to be made manifest in the measure of pomp and extravagance exhibited in their burial.

The world is growing in intelligence, and as it advances in enlightened civilization the simplicity of funerals will surely follow. Just as intelligence increases, the love of hollow pomp and ceremony is diminished, and the severest simplicity in the burial of the dead will be a certain outgrowth of a higher standard of culture among the people. The

**School-Teaching That Will Seem Very
Funny to Boys and Girls Who Now
Attend New England Schools.**

New London Day: In those days the first exercise was reading two verses from the Testament by the older pupils, who had back seats, while the small children were nearest the fire. After the reading if the teacher was a man of prayer he offered one. This was done while the little ones were roasting before the fire. Then began the exercises in Webster's spelling book, the teacher in winter pointing to the letters with a pen-knife, and in summer with the point or his scissors, as they were more or less in use.

Thumpvere generally on the head, with a thumble on the teacher's finger, if a female. Then came the study of a-b, ab. Then reading was begun with the maxim "Let no man put off the law of God." Then as the reader progressed came the stories in Webster's spelling-book of the unfortunate and silly dairy-woman who laid a milk-pail on her head, calculated how many eggs she would sell it for and what a fine dress she would buy, until, tossing her head with these prideful reflections, down came the milk-pail to the ground and with it all her sweet hopes.

Then there was the moral story about the boys' stealing apples. The farmer first tried to stop them by throwing tufts of grass, but finding them of no effect he threw stones, which were more effectual. The American Preceptor succeeded that book. The children were given a recess, though it was not known by that name. The boys went first by themselves and afterwards the girls. At recess the teacher mended the goose-quill pens, the quills being picked up oftentimes while the children were on the way to school. They would be damn, and a snit could

**An Implement that Causes More
Deaths in One Day Than the
Railroads Do in a
Whole Year.**

Annually succeeding the Fourth of July the papers of the country teem with notices of the sale of the deadly toy pistols. The harm is already done and the words are then wasted. By that time at least a hundred thousand have been suddenly added to the infernal army of toy pistol-wielders killed annually in the United States by the toy pistol than the number of people who commit suicide, are killed by being hit by lightning or are killed by the sale of the toy pistols goes on without the efforts of any society or party to prevent it. The killing is a simple thing. The toy pistol is constructed that a cap composed of corrosive sublimate is placed where it will be struck by the hammer of the pistol, making a small, unobtrusive place, like the snail box, but very frequently lodging a portion of the cap in his hand. The result is quite equal for the rattling noise is heard, the toy pistol is a week of lock jaw, often suffering intense torture. At least a dozen deaths result from the use of every city in the country on every fourth.

The toy store windows are piled full of these murderous implements, and it is sad to say, a pretty near estimate of the number of deaths from the toy pistol cause this year. Beware of the toy pistol.

Condon figures: the crown prince of Germany wishes those around him by the resignation and good temper with which he bears his very trying ailments. He grumbles, it is true, at the dietary slops on which he is necessarily kept, but only in a grimly humorous fashion. As he is not permitted for the present to speak even a whisper, he always has a small porcelain slate at his side, on which he writes his wishes. And not infrequently he amuses his ten or twelve attendants, who are indefatigable in their attentions, by expressing his wants by means of those quaint little drawings and hieroglyphics like those used in the rebuses so dear to the readers of puzzle papers.

rest he be skinned alive by confederates of the proprietor, who in every well-regulated poker room are employed to browse upon the unsophisticated.

Some talk has been created by the explanation that the gambler's \$4 ahead is said to have broken a built edge for bank on Tremont street the other night, by playing the celebrated "progressive" system, the invention of which, it is said, the gambler had learned from the bones. We cannot help the gambler to place a limit on the game. The nature of this system may be really explained by supposing that you are betting simply to win. You bet \$5. If you win, you have \$10. For example, that you begin by putting five \$1 chips upon the odd. You lose, and thereupon bet six chips. This bet you win, and you have \$12. You bet \$7. You win \$6. You are \$1 ahead so far. Having won the last bet, you risk one chip less next time and lose \$5. Then you add a chip every time you win and \$6. If you win the first two bets and win two, you are still \$2 winner. You go on, adding a chip every time you win and taking off one every time you lose, the result being that you are always \$1 ahead when you lose you nevertheless lift yourself at the end of your play \$4 ahead for every pair of bets you have made, minus the losses. This system has been known for many years and has been understood hitherto that the progressive system was of no use save against unlimited fair, but it is possible to make a profit from it by being properly proved upon it. His winnings are variously stated at from \$5,000 to \$30,000.

The Medical Value of Lemons—A Hot Weather Malady.

Chicago Journal: "While you are giving people simple rules for preserving their health, why don't you tell them about the health benefits of lemonade? A professional man asked me the other day. He went on to say that he had long been troubled with an inactive liver, which gave him a world of pain and trouble. One day the doctor he was advised by a friend to take a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon squeezed into it, but no sugar, night and morning, and soon after that he felt better and better, and found himself better almost immediately. His daily headaches, which medicine had failed to cure, left him; his appetite improved, and he gained weight. He said that he took it for a few weeks. After a while he omitted the drink, either at night or in the morning, and now at times does without either of them. "I have since then," he said, "been convinced that there is no better medicine for persons who are troubled with bilious and liver complaints than the simple remedy of lemonade. It is so simple and so efficacious than quinine or any other drug, while it is devoid of their injurious consequences. It excites the liver, stimulates the digestive organs and tones up the system. I have never known a person fail to take, either; indeed, one soon gets to liking it."

[illegible]

Some Wealthy Men Whose Lot is Not Envidable.
I believe that there is more deception

about the happiness of the average middle-class man, and the most sceptical of us imagine, writes *John Hall*, that Sunday morning, in the *Illustrated London News*, by an old-fashioned clergyman who had heard first when I was six years old. He isn't exactly the fashion, but he preaches sermons of the good old orthodox style that are to me more acceptable than the sermons of the new and fashionable town preachers. The ushers took me half-way up the aisle, and I sat down behind a man who was perhaps forty-eight years of age. He wore the conventional frock-coat. I was struck first by the magnificent contour of his head. It might have been the head of one of the great Roman Emperors. He looked very much out of health. His skin was colorless, his eyes heavy and his brow wrinkled. From every quarter of the church eyes were turned at him from time to time. What struck me particularly was this restless-

It seemed an utter impossibility for him to remain quiet, even for an instant. He shifted his seat, twisted his head and twitched his fingers all through the service. I have no doubt he would have received such a sentiment on my part, but I must say that I pitied him—and, between you and me, it's an exceedingly pleasant thing to be able to pity a man who is worth \$100,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller is the head of the Standard Oil company, and one of the rich men of the world; but I would not take his nervousness, responsibility and ill-health if the capital stock of the whole of the big company monotonously went with it.

monopoly went with it. The other millionaire who is somewhat known, sits about in hotel corridors and cafes, lonely, crabbed and curt. One afternoon his friends have left him, till now not even an old school-fellow looks at him as he passes by. He is a rank drunkard and nothing more. The vice has brought out all that is repulsive in his character, and driven even his family from him.

Russell Sage entered an elevated car the other day and sank into a seat near the door, looking like a frowsy and ill-kept farmer. I wondered at the time if the volley of ill-natured remarks that greeted his arrival reached the old miser's ears.

Cassell's Saturday Journal: The old saying that what is one man's meat is another man's poison is realized in the opposite tastes of people. The Turks shudder at the thought of eating oysters. The Digger Indians of the Pacific coast rejoiced in the great locust swarms of 1875 as a dispensation of the Great Spirit. The French will eat frogs, snails and the diseased liver of geese, but draw the line at alligators. Buckland declared the taste of a boa constrictor to be good and much like veal. Quass, the fermented

cabbage-water of the Russians, it is their
 favorite food. It is made of a soup of
 assembling a mixture of stale fish and
 suds in taste, yet, next to beer, it has
 more votaries than any other fermented
 beverage. A tallow candle washed down
 with beer is more valued than any
 bread. The Chinese are always ready
 to be thankful for food. In Canton
 and other Chinese cities rats are
 sold at the rate of 2s. a dozen, and the
 hind quarters of the deer are hung
 in the streets as a delicacy. Mutton
 and lamb, but mutton at a higher price.
 The edible bird's nests of the Chinese
 are worth twice their weight in silver.
 The Chinese are fond of eating snakes
 £3 a pound. The negroes of the West
 Indies eat baked snakes and palm worms
 fried in fat, but they cannot be induced
 to eat baked rabbits. In Mexico parrots
 are sold for food. The natives of
 The Guanches of the Argentine Republic
 are in the habit of hunting skunks for
 the sake of their flesh. The octopus or
 cuttlefish is eaten in Spain. In the
 eastern, in Curacao, and deemed a delicacy

cy. In the Pacific Islands and West Indies, lizard eggs are eaten with gusto. The natives of the Antilles eat alligator eggs, and the eggs of the turtle are sold everywhere, though up to the commencement of the last century turtle was only eaten by the poor of Jamaica. Ants are eaten by various nations. In Brazil they are eaten with resin and sugar. In Africa they are stewed with grease or butter. The East Indians catch them in pits and carefully wash them in handfulls like rasins. In Siam a curry of ant eggs is considered a luxury. The English have been after robbing them of their honey. Caterpillars and spiders are dainties to the African bushmen. After they have wound the silk from the cocoon the Chinese eat the caterpillars. Spiders roasted are a sort of dessert with the New Caledonians.

**Pouring Forth an Immense Volume
of Fire and Lava—A town in Ruins.**

The explorers sent out by Governor Torres of the Mexican state of Sonora, to ascertain the existence of the volcano reported near Bavispe, Sonora, have returned. They report an active volcano fourteen miles southeast of Bavispe, in the Sierra Madre mountains. The party consisted of three men and traveled five miles of the mountain. The crater was pouring forth an immense volume of smoke, fire and lava, and boiling water was issuing from the side of the mountain. The lava in vast waves was slowly pouring down the sides of the mountain canons which are being filled. Boiling water has destroyed all vegetation in the valleys in the vicinity. Boulders weighing tons are hurled down from the crater. The exploding party says the noise proceeding from the mountain was most terrific. The air was dense with smoke and cinders. The party had great difficulty in approaching within four miles of the mountain, owing to the great chasms and cliffs. The lava is flowing down the roads and trails are wiped out. Not a bird or living thing could be seen within ten miles of the volcano. The town of Bavispe is a ruin. The people have all moved out to the high plains and are now suffering in the heat. The country has been a constant tremor and continual series of shocks daily since the first earthquake shock.

San Francisco Chronicle: He came into the club with a big scar on his nose and a hump very low down on his fore-

head.
 "Prize fight!" I asked.
 "No."
 "Row?"
 "No."
 "Run up against a street?"
 "No. Not any very inquisitive. Went to the fair, that's all."
 "Did the hose strike you?"
 "No. I got those scars saving a fellow's effects. There was a poor devil of a storekeeper being turned out. I made him pay for him. The door didn't happen to be open, so I went through a panel of glass with my head, got in and saved his books."
 "That was noble! He must have felt grateful."
 "Grateful be —. He asked me what in thunder I wanted to save his ledger for. Didn't I know any better? I didn't, and I guess he's my enemy for life."

A Woman Who Kept a Secret Well.
El Paso Inter-Republics: A Mexican, who recently attempted to rob Mrs. Woods, at Tucson, seized one of her fingers and bit it nearly off, to make her disclose the whereabouts of her money. The plucky woman refused to do so.

Nature usually makes a gallant fight against disease, and when helped by Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier will eradicate it from the system.

They Agree. Burlington Free Press: A Vassar instructor is getting the girls to agree not to wear corsets—that is she thinks she is.