

The recent rains extended over the Klickitat valley and was sufficient to make the plowing good. South of the ground is yet too dry to plow.

Every thing is quiet about the freight depot, but one car has been set out in the past week for wheat, and it was the only one called for.

Mr. Deerkake the man who shot himself last week is in a very precarious condition. He may pull through, but the chances are all against him.

The furniture for the board of trade rooms is in place and the board now has as neat and comfortable a meeting place as any like association on the Coast.

Four car loads of cattle from Baker City were taken off to rest here Thursday night, being sent on Friday evening. They were sent to the Sound and a car load of hogs was sent with them from here.

Don't forget that the CHRONICLE gets from a column to a column and a half of dispatches daily, and many of them are in print forty hours before you find the same in the Oregonian. We get the cream of the dispatches and feel that we should receive a generous support.

The sample boots and shoes being turned out of the North Dalles boot and shoe factory, are first class in every particular. We understand they will put men on the road soon soliciting orders, and as these come in the force will be increased.

A young lady attending the Geary school got into an embarrassing position one day last week, says the Eugene Register. She slipped out and went up in the garret. While walking about she missed her footing and pushed her feet through the plaster, and hung them down in the school room below.

The many friends of Hon. E. L. Smith will be pained to learn that he has gradually grown worse until there is little hope of his recovery. He was removed to the hospital Saturday, and is now under treatment by Dr. Henry Jones of Portland.

Nearly all the trains between here and Portland are run in the night. It would be of some accommodation if a freight or two would run, but as it is one freight train leaves Portland early in the morning and gets here late at night. The present arrangement is a nuisance, and in case children have to travel it becomes an outrage.

Mr. Aaron Frazier, superintendent of the public school at Dufur, is in the city. The school has made wonderful progress under his efficient management until it ranks now second to no school in the state outside of the larger cities. School will commence again Monday, and the term will open with about ninety pupils. Dufur is proud of her public school, and justly so.

Two Italians have certainly discovered a way of beating the sentence that "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." They are both strapping big lazy fellows each owning a tame bear that earns a living for them, the bears doing the work and the owners doing the begging act. The whole four are undesirable citizens though the bears are certainly possessed of the better education, and at least equal intelligence.

The day before Christmas the Columbia Packing Co. of this city presented the editor of this paper with a ham of their own curing. We sampled that ham yesterday and can truthfully say that it is (or rather was) as good as any ever packed. It was firm, juicy, sweet, and of delicious flavor, and shows what Oregon can do in the meat packing business. Chicago never sent out a better ham.

If the present weather holds there will be nothing to prevent work being commenced on the new water system, and it will be done immediately after the holidays. This will furnish employment for a large number of people and will assist materially in keeping business moving through January and February, the dull months of the year. Eight carloads of pipe are on hand and the work of distributing will be commenced probably week after next.

The reservoir for the new water system is to be located near the old pest house in the pines. This will give it ample fall to supply under good pressure all the houses on the bluff and the needs of the city until it has multiplied in population several times. The water will be taken into the pipes near Meeple's place on Mill creek, and it looks now as though the new system would be in operation early in the spring.

The weather for the past few days has been decidedly peculiar for this side of the mountains. The recent heavy storms at sea have evidently forced a large sized section of wabfoot's ocean climate across the Cascades and it cannot find its way back. The fog could be cut up into excellent nun's veiling, it being thick enough to cling to one's face like snow in a dark cellar. It must be sooty mixed on the other side of the range where it is not, for it is almost mist here, where it is.

The Court house is distressingly quiet except in the way of being repaired. The county clerk, the sheriff and the ever busy reporter unite in protesting against this state of affairs. Mr. Crossen has lots of blank marriage licenses. Mr. Crossen plenty of blank attachments. The combination ought to work. Besides all this the court room is being put in elegant shape, and the sequel to itself affection can be found there. If some of our young folks or old folks either will take advantage of a dull wedding market, we will gladly give them a good send off in our columns.

Some of the mill owners in Hood River are thinking seriously of building a narrow gauge railroad from that place to a point near the Elk beds. This road would be used principally for logging purposes, traversing a fine belt of timber but it would also carry passengers to the foot of Mt. Hood, and to within five or six miles of Cloud Cap Inn. This would no doubt largely increase the number of visitors to that famous resort, and would also make accessible the Coe glaciers, Lost Lake and the many magnificent camping places at the base of the old mountain.

Lawrence Wieland and Maria Johannes. The A. E. O. organized a lodge here Sunday night, in Odd Fellows hall. The lodge starts in with twenty-three members.

It is to be hoped that the authorities of Sherman county will stop the collecting of toll on the road leading to the Deschutes bridge. It is an outrage on their citizens as well as ours.

An exchange says: "Lawyers bury their mistakes in the supreme court, physicians bury theirs in the graveyard, but the printers put theirs in the most public places imaginable, where everyone can see and criticize them."

Companies "A" and "C" of the 3rd Regiment have issued invitations to a guard mount, and social hop at the regimental armory on Wednesday January 7th 1891. Professor Birgfield will furnish the music for the occasion.

Mrs. J. R. Warner, of White Salmon, has been in town the past few days visiting friends, and soon expects to leave for Portland, where she will make an extended visit with her daughter, Miss Annie Henderson.

The number of tramps who came here to spend the holidays is considerably in excess of the average. However, as they are kept at work on the streets no great damage accrues, but it seems strange that they should prefer the warm and sheltering hospitalities of the city jail, to the wild and untrammelled freedom of the grass-covered hills.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Drew who arrived here from Quebec one week ago, were of course much surprised to find the hills covered with green grass and the thermometer in the fifties, as there was two feet of snow at their home when they left, and the thermometer standing at 20 below. They left this morning to visit their daughter Mrs. D. E. Gillman in Gilliam county.

The officers of Wasco Lodge No. 10, 15 A. F. & A. M. were installed Saturday evening, December 27th, 1890, as follows: W. E. Garretson, W. M.; G. V. Bolton, S. W.; D. L. Cates, J. W.; Geo. A. Liebe, treasurer; O. D. Odoms, secretary; E. C. Phirman, S. D.; Henry Clough, J. D.; E. Schanno, S. S.; A. Larsen, J. S.; R. G. Closter, Tyler.

How dear to this heart is the old yellow pumpkin, when orchards are barren of stuffing for pies, when peaches and apples have both been a failure and berries of no kind have greeted the eyes; how fondly we turn to the fruit of the corn field—the fruit that our children are taught to despise—the old yellow pumpkin, the undecorated pumpkin, the big bellied pumpkin that makes such good pies.

Mr. J. R. Underhill of Boyd is in the city. He informs us that several horses have died in his neighborhood recently from some unknown disease. The animals act as if dizzy stagger and fall, and when down roll about as if drunk. Weakness is not affected, the disease only showing in the bands of work horses. He also says that bleeding them in the forehead seems to give relief, and that the blood coagulates at that spot, and the skin when cut looks as if it had been badly bruised.

A few days ago Ole Johnson, a rancher and single-mill man, was working on his place near Stanwood with a long iron bar, which he used in rolling logs. At a certain point in his labor he plunged the sharp end of the bar into the ground, and was greatly astonished to see the tool quickly disappear into the bowels of the earth, and a stream of clear spring water spout up from the aperture. On investigation he found the bar had sunk into the ground about nine feet, through a hole less than a foot in diameter, and which was surrounded by a wall of solid stone.

A flagpole has been erected on the corner of the CHRONICLE building, and commencing with the New Year, weather signals will be displayed from it. The United States signal service will furnish about 8 o'clock every morning a forecast of the weather for the next twenty-four hours. Mr. Brooks the signal service officer here has kindly volunteered to see that the signals are displayed. As soon as that is done we will publish the meaning of the signals, and then if you want to go visiting, fishing or anywhere else, a glance at the flag on the CHRONICLE office will tell you what you may expect from the weather clerk.

The Lake Labish Disaster. This is the title of a little book issued by Clara Irvine, city editor of the Salem Statesman. It gives in a concise manner the history of the railroad wreck which occurred at Lake Labish on Nov. 12th ult., by which four persons lost their lives, and over one hundred were injured. The price of the book is ten cents and it is well worth that amount. We never realized until we saw the book how great the disaster was—disaster typographical—we mean. It bears the imprint of an impecunious country printer, evidently with an amateur outfit, and his slaughter of everything in the way of art or style in the way of workmanship is absolutely heart-breaking. As a first class sample of "country blacksmith" job work the book is worth sending for.

Extreme Low Water. The Corvallis Times rises with this remark: The Willamette river is lower than ever before known at this season of the year. Yesterday Max Friendly's logging outfit consisting of a wagon and three yoke of oxen forded it about a mile and a half above this city and his driver didn't get a drop of water on himself. The like has never been known in December.

In this city Dec. 23rd the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Stone. Sunday, Dec. 29, 1890, at Portland, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Johns. In this city Sunday Dec. 29th, Edward Angel, aged about 23 years. The funeral took place this afternoon at Eight miles. Mr. Angel came here recently to assist in caring for members of his family who were sick with Typhoid fever. As they recovered he was stricken down, and passed away a victim of that disease.

The natural gas in the vicinity of Pittsburg is said to be giving out. The leading company engaged in supplying natural gas to consumers, cleared nearly one-half million dollars last year, yet the stock is falling very fast in value. If the supply falls the plant will be worth little or nothing to the stockholders.

The badger is by no means unworthy of being taken as an emblem. He is a very plucky, persistent little animal—so indomitable as the beaver, perhaps, but capable of a great deal of endurance, and sufficiently brave in his own defence, though ordinarily quiet and inoffensive.

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The shells are all swept with bay. The brakes are all with a song. On the hedges rose garlands away. Careless of the world's annoyances. As shoobles, and tattered, and grimy, and gray. His shuffles along.

A skylark sings high above. A thrush from yon hanging bough. Far away in the wood a dove; But he passes with a lowing brow. Their melodies once he was wont to love; He lutes them now.

Hates all; save the shivering night. When under a bark he creeps. And Squalor is out of sight. And Hunger its distance keeps. And unmoved by the birds and the meadows bright. His misery sleeps. —New York Tribune.

An Afflicting Incident. The conflagration of the scaffolds intended for fireworks for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI is generally known. Amidst the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to be married. For a long time they loved, proceeding first to matrimony, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror and peril every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said; "my strength fails. I cannot endure this."

"There is yet a way!" cried the lover in despair; "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves redoubles his ardor and strength. He is the most violent convulsions; his breast he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued, he is again surrounded by the mob. The hotels this season are unusually crowded and prices for permanent lodgings are enormous. A man of my acquaintance recently asked the proprietor of a well known hotel on Fifth avenue what would be the price per week to himself and his family—for persons of all—for a moderate sized suite of rooms. The price named was nearly \$300 a week. That was an old established house, however. The new ones are charging less for the purpose of having all apartments occupied before May 1, when the new lodgers will be made. —New York Star.

The Browning Society Still Lives. The flyaway squibs on the decline of Boston interest in Browning that have appeared in certain papers—chiefly in the funny columns—of the Boston Herald, and in the worthy of refutation of all, than by the gathering of Browning lovers at the Hotel Brunswick. Over 150 members of the Boston Browning society came together in the large parlor of the Brunswick for the first meeting of the season. The meeting was held on an interesting and enthusiastic meeting. There was a brief business meeting at which eight new members were elected.

The society has taken up for its entertainment and study this winter the great poet's longest and most elaborate poem, "The Ring and the Book."—Boston Advertiser.

Failed a Tooth for a Princess. Dr. William C. Boswell, a young and skillful dentist, who, coming from Baltimore, located in London last spring, had the honor of pulling a tooth from the royal mouth of the fair Princess Maud of Wales last week. It was a wisdom tooth and it hated to let go. The princess screamed like a locomotive. Dr. Boswell got \$10 (\$50 for the job, and of course the highest remuneration for such a feat. As for the royal tooth, the doctor has mounted it and enshrined it in a velvet case.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Child Suicide. The Medical and Surgical Reporter is an authority for the statement that between Jan. 1 to Sept. 1, 1890, 62 children—46 boys and 16 girls—committed suicide in Berlin. Of this number 24 had attained the age of 15, 14 their 14th year, 9 their 13th, while 7 were only 12 years of age and 1 had not attained the age of 7. In all cases the motive was the same, and for the act remains a secret, but it is supposed to have been due to exceptional severity on the part of servants or teachers.

The Trouble with a Pipe. The rise in cigars is producing a resort to the pipe. The smoker will probably reconcile himself to the difference, but the one behind the smoker will lament the change. When you smell a cigar you smell that cigar only. When a pipe favors you it gives you not only health but a feeling reminiscent of all its predecessors.—Exchange.

Respectable Poverty. Miss Baquey—I understood you to say, mamma, that the Emersons were very wealthy. Mrs. Baquey—Are they not? Miss B. B.—I should say not. Everybody at church today had on new fall spectacles, except Miss Emerson. She wore her summer glasses.—Cape Cod Item.

A Turtle Stops a Cotton Mill. The Barnard mill was stopped for an hour or so Monday. The machinery was all right, but a curious mud turtle had wandered up the feeding pipe of the mill, and by the cessation of work.—Fall River Globe.

Cul Bono. Amateur Photographer—What do you think? I have become so expert that I can catch a cannon ball in its flight. Layman—No use. There's no money in baseball nowadays.—Good News.

Her Reward. "Pretty Aspirant"—What must I do to win fame as an actress? The Dramatist—Study hard for about five years, day and night; work your way up for five more and then— P. A. (breathlessly)—And then? The Dramatist—And then you may be asked to sign a soap testimonial, or get your picture in the tobacco stores.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Seventy-five thousand baskets hold 15,000,000 oysters. Multiply that by 343, the number of days in the oyster season, and you have the enormous amount of 5,197,500,000 oysters eaten in the metropolitan district every year. Besides this the oystermen say that the local traffic uses nearly one-third as many clams in the course of a year, or 1,910,000,000.—New York Letter.

The revenue cutter Rush, late from a northern Pacific tour, brought home a walrus skin over fourteen feet long. It was captured by some junior officer of Walrus island, and will be sent to the Smithsonian institution at Washington, where, after being properly prepared, it will form one of the Alaskan exhibits at the World's Fair.

Reading Browning in Massachusetts. The most devoted and uncompromising worshippers of Robert Browning live in Springfield, and of course they are women. They gathered at the meeting of a well known lawyer, and listened with rapt and soulful attention to selections from the great poet as read by the lawyer's wife. At length the reader paused the part of the audience. "It is exquisite," murmured the Brownings in concert, and the reading proceeded. Again the hostess paused, solicited, and asked her guests if they were sure they liked it. "Oh, yes," was the chorus, "it is beautiful." "But do you understand it?" asked Mrs. Lawyer; "I can't make anything out of it." "Why, yes, we comprehend it perfectly," was the assurance, "and it is so delightful that we would like to bear some more." Then the wicked reader coolly informed the enthusiasts that she had been reading the poems backward for half an hour. The name of this practical joker may be learned on inquiry of almost any member of Springfield "society."—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

Women in Hotels. "The most desperate creature on earth," said the clerk of a well known uptown hotel, "is a woman from out of town in a hotel bedroom on a wet Sunday. There is absolutely nothing to do, the confinement is almost intolerable, and the isolation of her lot is made unusually painful by the fact that so much is going on all around her from which she is debarred. Men come to town with their wives or daughters, leave them at 7 in the morning, and go off to attend to business. The ramifications and extraordinary character of the 'business' undertaken by rural visitors is one of those things which no man can accurately gauge. It is certain, however, that the western merchants are out of the hotel pretty much all the time from 8 in the morning till 11 at night. Sometimes they come in to take their meals with the women of their party, but not infrequently they leave them entirely to their own resources."—New York Letter.

A Pen Picture of a Well Known Woman. One day last week a customer in one of the large Brooklyn dry goods stores stood waiting for her turn to be served, and idly watching the woman who was claiming the attention of the clerk at the moment. There was nothing about her to attract a second glance. She looked to be close upon 60 years of age, her hair was very gray, though not white, and a pair of large, rather dark eyes looked out from a colorless, unimpressive face. In figure she was short and small, and the black costume she wore was simple to plainness. Yet when she gave her name and address for a parcel to be sent to the hotel pretty much all the time from 8 in the morning till 11 at night. Sometimes they come in to take their meals with the women of their party, but not infrequently they leave them entirely to their own resources."—New York Letter.

Pullman's Pretty Daughters. Two dashing young women these. They are the Misses Pullman of the world. I say of the world, because, while their home is in Chicago, they are known as many people in Boston, New York, London, Paris and Vienna as in the Lake city. They walk as erectly as grenadier guards. They are superbly dressed, but their clothing is not in any sense lush. They are both tall, being pretty nearly six feet in height, have rosy cheeks, clear skin and constitutions made strong by judicious work in the gymnasium. They are seen very often at the opera in this city, go to the theatre frequently and are known in many of the best houses in New York. They spend their time at the Windsor hotel, and whenever they visit this city their society is eagerly sought by young men of the best families.—New York Cor. Chicago News.

Boston Women. All the women of Boston do not wear gilt lamps and calf shoes and carry broadcloth reticules bulging with manuscripts and leaflets of transcendental philosophy. Anna Whitney, the vice president of the St. Bernard club, of Massachusetts, and known as much about dogology and dogdom as any breeder in the country. She can size up a dog at a glance. At the recent dog show in Detroit, Mich., Miss Whitney was one of the judges. As understood by this canine connection, "Go to the dog" is not a saw, but a proverb. Instead of a reproach, she claims the meaning has been distorted by abbreviation. "Go to the dogs for a lesson in patience, love, fidelity and sagacity" is her interpretation of the old adage.—Exchange.

Mrs. Vanderhill's Change of Heart. Mrs. Frederick Vanderhill is credited with an effort to bring back summer country life in her world to the simplicity which means summer rest. Last season at Newport she wore cool and simple toilet with few ornaments, she turned her children out to play in the plainest and most serviceable garments, she invited guests to quiet pleasures, and set her whole life to the study of ostentatious comfort and leisure. It is said that her missionary labors resulted in some conversions from the painful worship of Mammon.—Harper's Bazar.

Miss Nellie Tetraen, who resides at Lumpkin, has proved herself an expert at handling the lever on one of the immense road engines used for hauling logs into the saw mills. Miss Tetraen is not more than 14 years of age, and her courage in the line mentioned is something remarkable. She steered the mammoth engine and wagon through the woods and up and down the hills with a dexterous hand. She surprised the men at the mill with her aptness, and conducted the engine as well as any man could.—Oroville (Cal.) Mercury.

Some Complexion Tints. The cold winds of autumn make the following advice very reasonable: Rose water and brandy is recommended for roughness caused by walking or driving in the wind. Another skin tonic is alcohol and water. The white of an egg beaten well, five grams of alum in five grams of sweet almond oil, is said to be a sure remedy for wrinkles. One teaspoonful of carbolic acid in a pint of rose water is an excellent remedy for pimples. Strong tea will darken the eyelashes, we are told, while sage tea makes the hair dark, and cream made by a pint of glycerine and six ounces of lime water will, when rubbed three or four times a day, make the hair glossy and keep the scalp clean.—New York Journal.

At this season the temperature is liable to fall many degrees in a few hours, and the Indian summer morning may be succeeded by wintry blasts at night. It is therefore very difficult to arrange the clothing of a little child so as to protect it properly from these sudden changes, and colds are almost inevitable. A baby's cold is often a very distressing matter to the mother. She knows how liable an apparently harmless cold is to become a fatal inflammation of the lungs. No cold of an infant should for a moment be neglected. See at once that the child is thoroughly protected by flannels, if it is not so already.

Notice especially that the feet are kept in warm, woolen socks or hose, which must be secured so that they cannot be kicked off. Greasing the baby's nose with a little vasoline tallow and rubbing in a drop or two of camphor certainly relieves a cold in the head, although it is an old wife's remedy. If the baby shows any hoarseness lose not a moment, but lay on the chest a flannel cloth dipped in sweet oil, or rubbed thick with mullein tallow, or camphor and vasoline. This greased and camphorated cloth and apply it as hot as it can be borne, covering it with a piece of dry flannel to retain the heat and to keep it from greasing the child's clothing. Every time the cloth is cold replace it by another hot one. After such treatment a child will often fall asleep and wake up entirely recovered.

If the hoarseness continues, however, or shows any signs of growing worse, a physician should be summoned at once, as moments of a baby's sickness are equivalent to hours in grown persons' illness. The strongest child requires the tenderest and most unremitting care to bring it through infancy strong and vigorous, without any organic weakness, which may develop in after years. When the child's cold settles in the bowels nothing is better than an application of flannels wrung out in hot liquor, laid over the stomach and abdomen, and covered with dry flannel.—New York Tribune.

A Home Society for Girls. At last New York is to have a home—a free, respectable American home, where young women out of employment can find shelter, sympathy and substantial aid. The institution is to be the same sort of a place as a public school, with no more charity, religion, politics or restriction, and will be supported and maintained by the French Evangelical church of the city of New York. The officers of incorporation providing for the care of the needy, and the office of establishment will begin at once, the board of managers including Mrs. Lena Roberts, Mrs. Caroline Lecoultrre, Mrs. Marie Grosjeans, Mrs. Emilie Sweeney, the Rev. H. L. Grandinier and Mr. J. E. Roberts.

The Young Women's Home society will provide unemployed young women whose occupation is that of a teacher, maid or domestic with a pleasant home and good board. Medical attendance will be furnished the sick, decent and comfortable clothing provided for the needy, together with financial aid, good counsel and friendly support and encouragement. The needs of the girl will be sufficient plea for admission, and, as in the regulation of a public hotel, good conduct will serve as a guarantee of good character, and the applicant will be subjected to an interview for industrial use only, in order to acquaint the examiner with her ability. Suitable and profitable employment will be found for her without any charges or fees whatever.

Intended to benefit the French girl directly, it is not decisive whether other nationalities will be debarred from the privileges of the home. There is some held in New York city for a dozen just such organizations as the Home society promises to be.—New York World.

The National Council of Women of the United States, organized in the spring of 1888, will hold the first of its triennial meetings in February, 1891, in the Chamber of Commerce building, in Washington. It will last four days, including seven public sessions. Eleven of the most important national organizations of women in the country have entered the council. As soon as any organization enters the council, its president is made a vice president in the council, and it has also the right to appoint one person to represent it on the executive board. This board includes the general officers of the council, together with the presidents of all organizations belonging to it, and one delegate besides its president from every organization.

The corresponding secretary of the council, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, 343 North Pennsylvania street, Indianapolis, will gladly answer all inquiries addressed to her, and will see that every provision is made for the appropriate representation on the programme of all departments of work in whose prosecution the women of the country have effected national organizations.

It is hoped that women interested in the work will respond to this call, and give the aid necessary to render the first triennial meeting worthy of the objects in whose behalf the National Council was formed.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Women of Kansas. There are hundreds of bright women and girls who have taken up claims in the western part of the state and lived on them until they got a deed for their land. There are hundreds of women in the state who manage to keep men depending on them from going hungry; there are hundreds of women who can do anything a man can do, has ever done, or ever tried to do, and there are hundreds of women in Kansas who want equal rights with men. The signs are that what they ask will be conceded them. They have taken charge of the public schools, and no state in the Union has better. They are means of the school boards, county and city superintendents and teachers. They lead in the educational and prohibition movement.

They are making no noisy or threatening clamor for equal rights. They are simply showing by what they do that they are the equal of man, and that the ballot in their hands would not only be safe, but wisely used for the betterment of the people and development of a state that is coming to the front with greater strides than any other in the Union.—Kansas Cor. Chicago Tribune.

The Influence of Reading. Seventeen years ago Miss Ticknor, of Boston, having been often appealed to to direct the reading of young girls, founded a society to encourage a more studious life. This society, including at first half a dozen names, now has a membership of 324 active students, whose intellectual work is planned and simplified

WORKING WOMEN. THE IMPORTANCE OF CARING PROPERLY FOR BABY'S COLD.

A Home Society for Girls—The National Council of Women—The Women of Kansas—Reading Browning in Massachusetts—Women in Hotels.

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Intended to benefit the French girl directly, it is not decisive whether other nationalities will be debarred from the privileges of the home. There is some held in New York city for a dozen just such organizations as the Home society promises to be.—New York World.

The National Council of Women of the United States, organized in the spring of 1888, will hold the first of its triennial meetings in February, 1891, in the Chamber of Commerce building, in Washington. It will last four days, including seven public sessions. Eleven of the most important national organizations of women in the country have entered the council. As soon as any organization enters the council, its president is made a vice president in the council, and it has also the right to appoint one person to represent it on the executive board. This board includes the general officers of the council, together with the presidents of all organizations belonging to it, and one delegate besides its president from every organization.

The corresponding secretary of the council, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, 343 North Pennsylvania street, Indianapolis, will gladly answer all inquiries addressed to her, and will see that every provision is made for the appropriate representation on the programme of all departments of work in whose prosecution the women of the country have effected national organizations.

It is hoped that women interested in the work will respond to this call, and give the aid necessary to render the first triennial meeting worthy of the objects in whose behalf the National Council was formed.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Women of Kansas. There are hundreds of bright women and girls who have taken up claims in the western part of the state and lived on them until they got a deed for their land. There are hundreds of women in the state who manage to keep men depending on them from going hungry; there are hundreds of women who can do anything a man can do, has ever done, or ever tried to do, and there are hundreds of women in Kansas who want equal rights with men. The signs are that what they ask will be conceded them. They have taken charge of the public schools, and no state in the Union has better. They are means of the school boards, county and city superintendents and teachers. They lead in the educational and prohibition movement.

They are making no noisy or threatening clamor for equal rights. They are simply showing by what they do that they are the equal of man, and that the ballot in their hands would not only be safe, but wisely used for the betterment of the people and development of a state that is coming to the front with greater strides than any other in the Union.—Kansas Cor. Chicago Tribune.

The Influence of Reading. Seventeen years ago Miss Ticknor, of Boston, having been often appealed to to direct the reading of young girls, founded a society to encourage a more studious life. This society, including at first half a dozen names, now has a membership of 324 active students, whose intellectual work is planned and simplified

the part of the audience. "It is exquisite," murmured the Brownings in concert, and the reading proceeded. Again the hostess paused, solicited, and asked her guests if they were sure they liked it. "Oh, yes," was the chorus, "it is beautiful." "But do you understand it?" asked Mrs. Lawyer; "I can't make anything out of it." "Why, yes, we comprehend it perfectly," was the assurance, "and it is so delightful that we would like to bear some more." Then the wicked reader coolly informed the enthusiasts that she had been reading the poems backward for half an hour. The name of this practical joker may be learned on inquiry of almost any member of Springfield "society."—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

Women in Hotels. "The most desperate creature on earth," said the clerk of a well known uptown hotel, "is a woman from out of town in a hotel bedroom on a wet Sunday. There is absolutely nothing to do, the confinement is almost intolerable, and the isolation of her lot is made unusually painful by the fact that so much is going on all around her from which she is debarred. Men come to town with their wives or daughters, leave them at 7 in the morning, and go off to attend to business. The ramifications and extraordinary character of the 'business' undertaken by rural visitors is one of those things which no man can accurately gauge. It is certain, however, that the western merchants are out of the hotel pretty much all the time from 8 in the morning till 11 at night. Sometimes they come in to take their meals with the women of their party, but not infrequently they leave them entirely to their own resources."—New York Letter.

A Pen Picture of a Well Known Woman. One day last week a customer in one of the large Brooklyn dry goods stores stood waiting for her turn to be served, and idly watching the woman who was claiming the attention of the clerk at the moment. There was nothing about her to attract a second glance. She looked to be close upon 60 years of age, her hair was very gray, though not white, and a pair of large, rather dark eyes looked out from a colorless, unimpressive face. In figure she was short and small, and the black costume she wore was simple to plainness. Yet when she gave her name and address for a parcel to be sent to the hotel pretty much all the time from 8 in the morning till 11 at night. Sometimes they come in to take their meals with the women of their party, but not infrequently they leave them entirely to their own resources."—New York Letter.

Pullman's Pretty Daughters. Two dashing young women these. They are the Misses Pullman of the world. I say of the world, because, while their home is in Chicago, they are known as many people in Boston, New York, London, Paris and Vienna as in the Lake city. They walk as erectly as grenadier guards. They are superbly dressed, but their clothing is not in any sense lush. They are both tall, being pretty nearly six feet in height, have rosy cheeks, clear skin and constitutions made strong by judicious work in the gymnasium. They are seen very often at the opera in this city, go to the theatre frequently and are known in many of the best houses in New York. They spend their time at the Windsor hotel, and whenever they visit this city their society is eagerly sought by young men of the best families.—New York Cor. Chicago News.

Boston Women. All the women of Boston do not wear gilt lamps and calf shoes and carry broadcloth reticules bulging with manuscripts and leaflets of transcendental philosophy. Anna Whitney, the vice president of the St. Bernard club, of Massachusetts, and known as much about dogology and dogdom as any breeder in the country. She can size up a dog at a glance. At the recent dog show in Detroit, Mich., Miss Whitney was one of the judges. As understood by this canine connection, "Go to the dog" is not a saw, but a proverb. Instead of a reproach, she claims the meaning has been distorted by abbreviation. "Go to the dogs for a lesson in patience, love, fidelity and sagacity" is her interpretation of the old adage.—Exchange.

Mrs. Vanderhill's Change of Heart. Mrs