

WOMEN AT HOME

AMONG CANNIBALS.

TWO women have recently distinguished themselves in the East. Miss Kingsley and Mrs. J. George Scott, both of England. For two years Miss Kingsley has been travelling in West Africa in the Gaboon country of the French Congo—the country of Du Challa. The greater part of the time was spent among the Fangwees, who are cannibals. Gorillas were encountered everywhere, and big game, such as elephants, hippopotami and the like abounded. In the deep recesses of the forest a dwarf race was found. These people poison their arrows by sticking them in corpses three days old. Corpses were encountered stuck all over with arrows and looking like hedgehogs.

Mrs. Scott's traveling was in the Shan states bordering on China. Most of the time was spent among a tribe called Wild Was. These people are head hunters and cannibals. In speaking of head hunting Mrs. Scott says: It is regarded essential, to secure good crops, that each village must get, at least, one stranger's head; or falling in this a head belonging to one of their own people. In February and March of each year these people go off on head-hunting expeditions. We had not been long in the country before we were made painfully aware of these practices. In one day we came across no less than three dead bodies lying across the path, one horribly mangled. The Was live up in sheltered parts of the hills at an altitude of five or six thousand feet above the sea. Their villages are very curious. Situated, as a rule, far apart, they are surrounded by earthen ramparts covered with bushes and guarded by a deep ditch. To enter the villages the traveler has to go through a long, narrow tunnel—often 100 yards long—so low that we could not go through without stooping and so narrow that two persons could not pass without touching. At the village end these tunnels are closed by heavy wooden doors, while leading to these tunnels are long avenues of trees, with heavy undergrowth. Along these dreary paths are rows of posts about four feet high, with ledges on which are exhibited the skulls taken by the inhabitants.

Inartistic Crowding.
Often we find every sort of curio, from the horrible and grotesque to the realistic, arranged in reception and family rooms. Of course where space is limited one must do the best one can, but, all the same, there are many bits of bric-a-brac that would be much more agreeable if less prominently exhibited. To jumble Indian, Chinese, Japanese and all manner of articles into one place, and in such close proximity that they continually elbow each other, is like colonizing the different sorts of people under one roof and compelling them to live there, whether they will or no. The incongruity, after a time, becomes painful, and it seems as though in their own way the articles would quarrel with one another as violently as would the human specimens of the same species were they thus crowded together.

Keeping a Canary Bird.
It is essential for the good health of a canary bird to keep the cage perfectly clean and strewn with fresh gravel. Fresh water for both drinking and bathing should be given every morning and during the moulting season a bit of iron kept in the drinking cup is excellent. Never hang the cage in a room without a fire, but on mild days the bird will be greatly refreshed by the air from an open window. The cage should never be less than eight inches in diameter and twelve in height. It should have perches at different heights. The canary, which is the usual house bird, thrives during the winter on a diet of small brown rape seeds, obtained during the summer, and occasional slices of sweet apple. Occasionally a few poppy or canary seeds and a very little bruised hemp seed may be added.

Hair Fretting and Crowsfeet.
The majority of women make a great mistake in crimping their hair. For some reason or other an overhanging cloud of curls or frizzes has a way of bringing out all the little lines and defects that nature or time have stamped in a woman's face. This is quite contrary to the old-time notion. Then it was taken for granted that the tighter the curls the prettier and more becoming the woman. But modern taste decrees differently. "If you want to look young and natural rather than faded and artificial," said a woman the other day, "stop crimping your hair. I know of no surer way to bring about the effect, at least. Just call to mind the well, not the elderly, but the no longer youthful women that you know, and think how ugly, inartistic and artificial they look with that mass of frizzes over their faces. And how soft, natural and becoming straight hair is to any woman at any age or state of health. Not necessarily tightly drawn, streak-

ed-back hair; it may be loose and puffy, if you choose, and always, of course, arranged with an eye to artistic and individual effect, but uncrimped, uncurled and unfretted."—New York Sun.

Hardly Knows Her Own Name.
So far as known Bertha Koenig, of 78 Christie street, New York, is the only sane human being who ever lived for two years within a block of the Bowery without learning the name of that or any other street in the Eastern metropolis. Bertha, who is 17 years old, came from Rumania two years



BERTHA KOENIG.

ago and went to live with her grandmother at the address given above. Her astonishing ignorance would perhaps never have become known to the public had not her grandfather fallen out of a window a few days ago. He died as a result of his injuries, and the girl was called as a witness at the coroner's inquest. It then developed that she did not know the name of the city or street in which she lived. She had never heard of the Bible or of the Saviour, knew nothing about the nature of an oath, and, more astonishing than all else to the New York people present, never heard of the Bowery. Of course she could not speak a word of English. The girl seems to be possessed of average intelligence, but is simply steeped in profound ignorance of common subjects, no one having taken the trouble to instruct her in any way.

A Woman's Work for a Year.
A busy wife, tired of hearing her husband declare that woman had nothing to do, made up a little statement of the way she had spent her time for one year. She had two children and two servants. Here are only a few of the items which silenced the husband once for all: Number of lunches put up, 1,157; meals ordered, 963; desserts prepared, 172; lamps filled and trimmed, 328; rooms dusted (a nine-room house), 2,250; dressed children 786 times; visits received, 879; visits paid, 167; books read, 88; papers read, 553; stories read aloud, 234; games played, 329; church services attended, 125; articles mended, 1,236; articles of clothing made, 120; letters written, 429; hours at the piano, 90½; hours in Sunday school work, 208; sick days, 44; amusements attended, 10.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Women and Their Lovers.
It is easy enough to tell a man by his friends; but it is impossible to tell a woman by her lovers. One reason for this is that a man usually shows himself to his fellows as he is; but it is impossible for his fellows to know how he shows himself to a woman, so long as he is in love with her. In that blissful condition the rude, off-hand man of business becomes to his mistress a picture of clumsy courtesy; the coward is capable of feats of valor from which a French cuirassier would shrink; the mean, tradesmanly person will stop before the shops of jewelers, hesitate, and at last enter; the rake will honestly regret the hearts he believes that he has broken, and, for the moment, steadfastly purposes to lead a new life.

Pink Satin and Apple Green.
Another stylish cloak was of pale pink satin brocaded with a light flowering pattern of convolvulus leaves in various artistic shades of green, and a few half ripe wheat ears. This was lined throughout with pale apple-green satin; the shoulder cape was edged with full pink chiffon.

Flings at the Fair Sex.
He—Are you going to the opera? She—No; I have such a cold I can't speak above a whisper.—Yonkers Statesman.
"Just think," Fraulein Rosalind, I was dreaming about you last night."
"Indeed! What dress did I have on?"—Fliegende Blaetter.
She—I think I will do the cooking myself awhile. He—H'm! That was what you wanted me to take out more life insurance for, was it?—Indianapolis Journal.

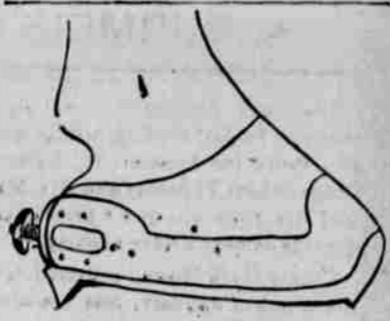
"I want a quarter from you for that starving family on Bottle alley." "Mercy! I can't spare a cent. My dress for the charity ball will cost me \$200."—Cleveland Press.
Mrs. De Fadd—The latest fashion is to have the piano built into the wall. Mr. De Fadd (wearily)—Well, that's sensible. Let's wall up ours.—New York Weekly.

Old Graybeard—It's a pity to keep such a pretty bird in a cage. Mrs. De Style—Isn't it a shame! How perfectly exquisitely lovely it would look on a hat.—Tid-Bits.
She—And you really attended the Queen's reception in London. The men, I suppose, stand uncovered in the presence of royalty? "Yes, but not to the same extent as the women."—Life.

A NAILLESS HORSESHOE.

Which Seems to be Admirably Adapted to its Purpose.

In one respect the human race has made very little improvement during the past few thousand years. This is in the matter of horseshoes. Our present method of shoeing horses has not changed materially for centuries, and has always been rude and irrational. One of the chief objections to the sys-



THE SHOE AS FITTED.

tem is that the hoof is made to fit the shoe instead of the shoe to fit the hoof. This involves a lot of cutting and scraping, and is the chief cause of lameness and stumbling. The use of nails is also a serious objection, as, no matter how careful the blacksmith may be, there are cases when a tender spot will be penetrated. It is quite obvious that nature never intended nails to be driven into a horse's hoof.

The accompanying illustrations show a novel horseshoe that has been subjected to a careful and thorough trial on half a dozen horses. Like a great many works of genius, the one in question is extremely simple. It consists of a band of metal about an inch high, which fits around the lower edge of the hoof. At the base of this band there is a sort of projecting shelf, or flange, which is made to fit into a groove running around the inside of the shoe. The latter is made of steel, of the usual shape and style. The only differences between it and the ordinary shoe are the presence of the grooves and the absence of nail holes.

When the band is fitted to the hoof (which is done very readily), the shoe in turn is attached by slipping the flange into the groove. It now remains to clasp the arrangement by two screws in the rear. These may be turned to any degree of tightness desired, and



THE SHOE PROPER.

a moderate degree is sufficient to prevent the shoe from coming off. The whole arrangement may be put on or taken off in a moment.

Made Him Apologize.

That Christian IX. of Denmark, whose illness is at present causing much anxiety, brings up his children in the way they should go is sufficiently evidenced by the following anecdote: One day at the dinner-table the young Prince asked his father what was the meaning of a word he had never heard before. This word, "lusing," is the Danish equivalent for our "box on the ears." The king asked his son where he had heard such a word. The boy, blushing to the roots of his hair, confessed after a little natural hesitation that he had been out in the streets amusing himself by ringing the bells and then running away. But at one door an angry porter rushed out and shouted after him that he would give him a "lusing" if ever he did such a thing again. When the prince had finished his explanation, his father exclaimed, "Very well, to-morrow you shall go with me to that very house and beg the porter's pardon for such rudeness." Accordingly, the next day the king went with his much-abashed son and made him apologize.

Discouraging a Boy.

A boy 8 or 9 years old stood at the corner of Brush and Elizabeth streets the other day with head up and arms folded. He had three hen's feathers stuck in his cap. He had a bow slung to his back, and in a quiver made of buffalo hide he had three or four arrows. In his belt was the family breadknife, and in his right hand was a war-club. As he thus stood, casting his eagle eye about him, a telegraph boy came along and stopped and looked him over. The inspection lasted a full minute and then he asked:

"Playing Injun?"
"Yes."
"Got a name?"
"Red Cloud."
"Humph! No go."
"What's the matter?"
"You have been eating bread and butter with sugar on it, and forgot to wipe off your mouth! Better stay in the back yard and scare the baby! You're no big Injun!"—Detroit Free Press.

An Expensive Violin.

It is reported that the Stradivarius violin known under the name of Hercules, has just passed into the possession of M. Eugene Ysaye, the well-known Belgian violinist, who purchased it of Paul Nothomb, king's advocate, of Manche in Belgium, for \$2,500. The instrument, dated 1732, and one of the most perfect ever turned out by the celebrated Cremona master, is said to be in a beautiful state of preservation.

Unusual Colors of Animals.

The coloring of animals seen in Maine this season is something unusual. There have been white moose, milk white fawns, gray wolves, and there has recently been captured a pale yellow fox.

There is nothing a married woman enjoys more than assisting a girl to land a young man.

EYEGLASSES FOR NEW YORKERS.

The Costly Oculist, Cheaper Optician and Cheapest Corner Stand.

Ophthalmic crowd this town almost as they crowd Boston. You may count six or eight in two blocks of East Twenty-third street, and there are scores up and down Broadway, while dry goods shops and corner stands sell eyeglasses to those that will buy. It costs from 75 cents to nearly as many dollars to be fitted with a first pair of eyeglasses. Those that go to the oculist for a prescription as preliminary to putting on glasses must pay him from \$10 to \$25, or if the eyes need treatment from \$25 to \$100, according to the nature and length of the treatment and the accustomed charges of the oculist.

When the patient is ready to buy his glasses, he takes the prescription of the oculist to an optician and orders them. Being made to order especially for the patient, they may cost anywhere from \$2.50 to \$15. Persons with complicated disorders of the eye really wear from two to five pairs of glasses in one. Some prescriptions call for two separate pairs, and no prudent man is content to have only one pair of glasses by him, since the loss of his single pair may mean the loss of a day's work or considerable injury to the eyes.

The most careful opticians refuse to examine the eyes of persons that come after eyeglasses, perhaps because the oculists do not send patients with prescriptions to opticians to undertake to perform the work of the oculist. The most expensive way to purchase glasses is through the oculist and the optician. Some very careful persons always visit an oculist before making a change in the power of their glasses. Others simply go on increasing the strength as need seems to direct. It is a good deal cheaper to buy of the oculist-optician, and some persons believe it to be quite as safe as the more expensive method. It is entirely probable that for ordinary conditions of the eye the oculist-optician serves well enough. Most persons that do not guess at their own needs in the matter of glasses either go to an oculist-optician and have him fit them out at from \$2.50 to \$15 or consult a friend. This last is the cheapest method, and it is a favorite one with thousands. The friend, who wears glasses, learns that the other is having some difficulty of sight and offers his own glasses on trial. If they seem to serve the need, the borrower goes to an oculist or some other dealer in eyeglasses and gets a like pair. He thus saves the fee of the oculist or that of the oculist-optician.

Many persons buy eyeglasses of the dry goods shops. They sell them at from 50 cents to \$1, and they look just like those that the opticians sell for \$2.50. They are perhaps as safe for those whose affections of the eyes are not complicated, but they do not last so long as those of the opticians. They break at the delicate joints. The frames, if they have any, are brittle, and the tiny screws are weak or are put in so badly that they crack the lenses. The dry goods shops, however, cannot compete with the corner stands for the trade of a great many persons. There are plenty of old fellows that have been buying their glasses for almost nothing at corner stands any time these 40 years. They never spent a penny on oculists, and they despise opticians. The fact is that science of the eye has grown up since they began to use glasses, and having started without it aid they keep on in like fashion. It is only because they are not troubled with complicated affections of the eyes that they are able to preserve their sight in defiance of the modern specialist.—New York Sun.

Whittier's Patriotic Poems.

During these years of the antislavery struggle not only was Whittier's reputation as a poet growing steadily, but the people of the north and of the west were as steadily coming over to his side. Of course we cannot exactly measure the influence of a poem or song, but it may be almost irresistible. He was a wise man who was willing to let others make the laws of a people if only he could write their songs. Law is but the expression of public opinion, and when the ringing stanzas of the antislavery bard and the stirring speeches of the antislavery orators had awakened the conscience of the free states the end of the evil was nigh. Slavery made a hard fight for its life, but it was slavery that Whittier hated, and not the southern slave owners, and there is no bitterness or rancor in the poems published in 1862 and called "In War Time." And of these ballads of the battle years the best and the best beloved is "Barbara Freitchie," which was rather a tribute to the old flag than an attack upon those who were then in arms against it.—Professor Brander Matthews in St. Nicholas.

Queer Cure For Toothache.

In Staffordshire and Shropshire, England, they have a most extraordinary cure for toothache. The sufferer watches a mole's runway with spade and traps, and as soon as he succeeds in capturing one of these reputed eyeless little animals cuts off its paw and quickly applies it to the aching molar. In order to make the cure sure and effective, the paw must be amputated while the mole is yet alive. Furthermore, if the aching tooth is on the right side of the jaw, a left hand mole paw must be used, and vice versa. A similar toothache superstition exists in the Cape Verde islands and also on the Canaries.—St. Louis Republic.

Sold.

A wag went to one of the stations of the Metropolitan railway one evening and finding the best seats all taken opened the door of a carriage and said:

"Why, this train isn't going."
A general stampede ensued, and the wag took the coveted seat in the corner. In the midst of the general indignation he was asked:
"Why did you say the train wasn't going?"
"Well, it wasn't then," replied the wag, "but it is now."—London Tit-Bits.

RUSSIA'S GIFT TO FRANCE.

A Magnificent Vase Presented by the Czar to the City of Paris.

The people of France are in a fever of joyous excitement on account of the recent arrival from Russia of some splendid gifts from the czar to the French nation. The principal gift is a magnificent vase of glorious proportions. It stands fully ten feet high without its pedestal. The vase was designed by Alexander III., and his ideas have been carried out in the slightest detail. Its upper portion is



THE VASE.

cut out of an enormous block of choice green jasper, specially selected from the government mines in the Ural mountains. It was cut and modeled at the imperial manufactory at Peterhof, under the supervision of Prof. Tchloff, who also modeled the bronze figures which ornament its sides. These represent two female heads, one typifying Russia, with the characteristic headdress of the women of that country; the other representing France, with the phrygian cap of liberty. All the ornamentation is executed in gold bronze of a wonderful quality. On the front of the body of the vase is the Russian imperial double-headed eagle, on the other arms of the city of Paris. On the intermediate pedestal is the inscription "Cronstadt-Toulon." The vase rests on a beautifully designed base made of red jasper, the sides of which are embellished with the coats of arms of Cronstadt and Toulon and the dates 1891-1893. This superb present has cost the Russian government at least \$80,000, which does not include the cost of transportation. It weighs about four and one-half tons, and on this account the floor of the hall where it will stand had to be strengthened.

AN EXPRESS TRICYCLE.

Already Adopted by One Express Company for Small Parcels.

Nearly every day we hear of some new development of the cycle idea. We noticed recently the application of it to artillery service, and also to hospital service as an ambulance. Now we have it in an express vehicle for the delivery of small parcels. The accompanying cut shows what the new vehi-



FOR PARCEL DELIVERY.

cle is like. It is said that the United States Express Company is now preparing to put it in immediate use. The machine—if we may call it a machine—will cost a good deal less than a horse, wagon and harness, and it does not have to be fed and groomed. The box will be 30 inches in length, 28 inches in width and 21 inches in depth, and on the top will be a railing to hold extra packages. This machine may be propelled as fast as an ordinary "safety" over a fairly good road, and one man can do the work.

Afraid of the Weapons.

A story is told of an honest old whaler captain, who, having given up intentional offense by his bluntness, was challenged to a duel. At first he stoutly refused to entertain the idea, neither wishing to injure his opponent nor to be disabled himself by one who was already notorious as a duelist. Being pressed, however, he at length consented, but, availing himself of his right to select the weapons, he staggered his insolent opponent by choosing harpoons at a distance of fifty yards. It is almost needless to say that, under the circumstances, the fire-eater cried off and hastily quitted the district.

Changed.

He looked at her earnestly. "You have changed since last we met," he said.
"Yes," she answered. "Those red ones were causing so many runaways that I thought I would adopt a pair of a more somber hue."—Indianapolis Journal.

At the Grand Restaurant.

Walter—How will you have your clams—on the half-shell?
Westerner—No, siree; I've got money enough to be as well as the next man. Give 'em to me on the whole shell or nothin', by gum!—New York World.

Practical.

"Professor, is your daughter a good housekeeper as well as a learned woman?"
"Why, yes, she has translated a cook book into Greek."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Every woman has a certain look with which she thinks she can squelch a man.



The Cream of Currents

His wedding trip was very short. For he was seen to falter—He took it on her bridal train, Descending from the altar.—New York Herald.

"My husband and I are to have our portraits painted." "By a battle painter."—New York Times.

"I am going to Venezuela. You may never see me again." "Then lend me ten dollars."—New York Times.

The Bachelor—it's easier to break things than to make them. The Engaged Man (dubiously)—I don't know about that.—Philadelphia Record.

Teacher—What is the chief end of man? Pupil—The barber thinks it is the head, but the bootblack thinks it is the feet.—Boston Transcript.

He—Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire! She—But it is not at that end of the cigarette where the smoker is.—Boston Transcript.

"Good resolutions, Charlie, are a great thing on the first of the new year." "Yes, I know, Jack; but they get to be an old story on the second."—Judge.

"What a remarkable head of hair your boy has, Mrs. Huggleson!" "Yes, but it's all wasted. He just won't learn to play the piano."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Shoppleigh—Is it any trouble to you to show goods? Mr. Cashcall—No, ma'am. But it's a good deal of trouble to sell them sometimes.—New York Herald.

Salesman—Do you want to have your goods sent by any particular express? Customer—Certainly, if you can find a particular express. I can't.—Roxbury Gazette.

Old Bullion—What! You wish to marry my daughter? She is a mere school girl yet. Suitor—Yes, sir. I came early to avoid the rush.—New York Weekly.

With these bacilli in a kiss, With caution rare, they say, She kept a spray of misdeeds To shoo the germs away.—Washington Star.

"By George, if I were in your place," said the officious friend, "I'd apply for a divorce." "I'd like to," admitted Mr. N. Peck, "but she won't let me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mistress—I can't say that you were always respectful, Bridget; still I will put it in the recommendation. Bridget—"Thank you, ma'am. An' I'll say the same thing uv you.—Truth.

He—Yes; I was out sleighing. And froze all my fingers. She (who wasn't along)—I don't see how a young man can get the fingers on both hands frozen.—Indianapolis Journal.

Miss Passee—I understand you do handsome work and make very pretty pictures. Photographer—Yes, miss; but I could make a natural likeness of you, if you prefer it.—Philadelphia Record.

"How did Miss Jones become a literary success so suddenly?" "Oh, she hit on such a charming idea she wrote one chapter of a novel and let the public guess the other forty-nine."—Chicago Record.

Chapple—I'm really deuced anxious to know what the new woman is going to do this leap year. Miss Cutting—Don't worry. They won't be likely to trouble anyone but the men.—New York Herald.

What have you in the past year won? That you at others' faults should scoff? You find that in the year you've done Most all things that you swore off.—Judge.

"This talk of war is absurd, isn't it?" I don't know about that. "Do you think there is anything in it?" "Well, I notice that Ponsonby has quit dyeing his hair, and that he is walking with a cane!"—Chicago Record.

Lorraine—Do you like Masie? She's so terribly brusque! Dora—No; I can't bear her. Lorraine—Then why are you always together? Dora—Oh! Her bad manner brings out my good one more strongly.—Chicago Tribune.

Crummer—That is the poet Latherbrush. He is a great advocate of purity. Gilleland—Indeed! I don't remember seeing any of his work. Crummer—You certainly must. He writes soap advertisements.—Chicago Record.

Willey—I tell you it's better in the end to be honest. Did you ever know a rogue who wasn't unhappy? Shalley—No; but, then, one would hardly expect a rogue to be happy when he is known.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?" Little Charlie—I love papa most. Charlie's mother—Why, Charlie, I thought you loved me most. Charlie—Can't help it, mamma. We men must hold together.—Philadelphia Times.

Needleson—Yes, we think a great deal of that parrot. I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for him. Pinnis—He isn't very handsome, but I suppose he's an excellent talker. "No, he is not much given to talking." "Won't talk?" "Can't."—Chicago Tribune.

Dealer—A diary for ninety-six? Perhaps this new style will suit you. Customer—Rather small, isn't it? Why, it stops with January 15! Dealer—Yes, it is very compact—does away with the unnecessary bulk of paper that you find in the old-fashioned diaries.—Judge.