

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE TO-DAY.

Wal, wife, it hez been done at last, the mortgage's been foreclosed, An' though the times is perty hard, 'twas sooner 'an I supposed, I kind er thought the squire would wait 'till things picked up a bit, An' I could work an' pay it off an' make an end of it, It wouldn't take so very long 'fore I could pay it all, But squire he couldn't see it so, an' so it hed to fall; I told him it would break our hearts to hev to go away; Thet didn't do a bit o' good—we've got to move to-day!

At first I couldn't realize jest what hed come about; It seemed to me jest like a dream, but then I soon found out Thet we hed lost the dear old place—'twas sad, but it was true— An' then I started on the way to break the news to you, The pathway back seemed awful long an' awful hard to tread, Although the flowers were bloomin' an' birds sang sweet overhead, I've traveled it so many times, I've loved to go an' come, But all of this was changed to-day—I wasn't goin' home!

'Twas kind o' hard to see you smile when I come up the road; You didn't know thet I was bearin' sech a heavy load; My back is perty strong an' good fer many burdens yet, But I never hed one bear me down jest quite so much as thet, Fer I knew how the awful news I hed no power to keep, Would make you bow your poor old head, an' weep, an' weep, an' weep; I'd gladly given the rest o' life I hedn't hed to say, The old home is no longer ours—we've got to move to-day!

'Twas here we come long years ago, when you were first my bride; 'Twas here our children come to us, 'twas here our children died; Their finger-marks are on the walls—the prints o' chubby hands— Treasures dearer to our hearts than wealth of all earth's lands, 'Twas here they lisped your name an' mine in childish accents sweet;



'Twas here we heard the welcome sound o' tiny, patterin' feet; 'Twas here their infant prayers were said when tired with their play— But all these scenes we leave behind—we've got to move to-day!

Out there beneath the old elm tree thet stands beneath the hill, In the silent city of the dead thet lies so cold an' still, Three tiny graves hold sacred dust o' gens thet once were ours, Now sparkin' in the kingdom of the land o' love an' flowers, We sit here in the window, an' we gaze upon the spot, Thet while we hev a heart to love will never be forgot; Let's take a look together, wife; then we must turn away; It's perty hard to do it, but—we've got to move to-day!

Take down the pictures from the walls, "You can't?" Wal, I will then, When we get into our new home we'll put 'em up again, "It won't be this home?" Wal, I know, but still, it will be home— We'll try an' make it sech, dear wife, while yet through life we roam; Fer I've got you an' you've got me—I love to think of thet— Let's not forget behind all clouds the sun is shinin' yet, An' afore we leave the old home, wife, let's both kneel down an' pray, An' thank the Lord the last time here—we've got to move to-day!

We both air somewhat feeble, wife; our hair hez long been white, An' to leave home in our old age I cannot think jest right, But it won't be fer very long, an' we hev still our love To brighten our remainin' days—a blessin' from above, Some time we'll lay our burdens down—ah, thet day we'll be glad— It won't be like it is to-day, so dreary an' so sad; An' we will smile upon our friends an' we will gladly say: "Don't weep fer us; we're goin' home—we've got to move to-day!"

BEAUTIFUL MISS BOOZER.

Several months ago I read a sensational newspaper story about a beautiful woman from South Carolina who had drifted into a Turkish harem, where she had been barbarously murdered by the minions of the cruel pasha who was her lord and master. The sketch would have been intensely interesting to me if I had been able to accept it as a truthful narrative, but it struck me as a fanciful skit from some imaginative space writer, and I paid very little attention to it. But it seems that the story was strictly in accordance with the facts, and the writer merely gave one incident in a very remarkable life history. The other day I was talking with Major Tom Williams, a gallant ex-Confederate who was with General Pierce Young's cavalry in South Carolina when Sherman marched through the State

"Did you ever hear of the beautiful Miss Boozer?" asked the major. Laughed heartily, and told him briefly the substance of the newspaper article concerning the lady in question. The major's face assumed a thoughtful expression as he slowly whiffed his cigar.

"That was not a fake, as you seem to think," he said in his deliberate way; "Miss Boozer was no fiction. In her day she was the prettiest woman south of the Potomac, and the pasha was in big luck when he got hold of her."

"Do you know anything about her?" I asked in surprise.

"I should say I do," was the answer. "If you have a few minutes to spare I will tell you all about it."

I resumed my chair, and waited with my curiosity pleasantly excited. "Early in '65," said the major, "I was with General Young in South Carolina. We were hanging on Sherman's flanks, doing what we could to worry him, without much success, I must admit. You see, that dashing trooper, Kilpatrick, was always on hand to hold us in check, and we had a hard road to travel. Our fellows were plucky enough. They would ride and skirmish all day, and dance all night, but they were living on half rations, and were no match for the Federal cavalry. Still, we made Kilpatrick hustle, and many a night we routed him out of bed and made him change his quarters in a hurry."

"Before the fall of Columbia we spent a few days there. One afternoon General Young was standing with me on a corner discussing the campaign when he suddenly nudged me and pointed up the street.

"Only a few rods away, advancing toward us, was the most dazzling vision of loveliness that ever blinded the eyes of mortal man!

"We saw a girl of perhaps eighteen summers, dressed in exquisite taste, skipping along with a step so light that it would not have crushed a flower. She was a radiant creature, with golden hair, brown eyes flashing under long dark lashes, and her complexion was absolutely transparent.

"Her faultless form and features, and the mingled haughtiness and grace of her manner and movements would have attracted admiring attention in a crowd of the world's fairest women, and it is no wonder that we rough soldiers were struck dumb with speechless admiration.

"The general was the first to recover. In a husky whisper he requested me to follow him. The invitation was unnecessary. Little groups of officers were coming in our direction from every quarter, and then was seen a strange spectacle. Walking up the main street of the town was this paralyzing beauty, and following her at a respectful distance sauntered a score of officers with clattering sabers and jingling spurs.

"Yes, we continued our promenade until the girl stepped into a carriage and was rapidly whirled out of sight. "We returned to camp badly demoralized. We had learned that our charming was a certain Miss Boozer, a belle who was very popular in Confederate military circles, and very unpopular with her own sex.

"Nothing was said against her character, but several persons looked at us in a peculiar way when they spoke of her.

"Our cavalry had to leave that night, and some of the officers rode off with heavy hearts. If they could have secured Miss Boozer they would have remained and surrendered to Sherman.

"Two days later, when we were many miles away, some of our fellows joined us and reported the capture of Columbia. That did not interest us much. What we wanted to hear about was the beautiful Miss Boozer. How had she fared? That was the question.

"Kilpatrick drove us northward, but we were frequently overtaken by refugees, and from them we learned that our fascinating siren had captivated a crowd of Federal generals and colonels and was having a good time.

"You may imagine our rage and despair when we learned that Miss Boozer had left Columbia with the invaders. She had departed under the protection of one of the officers, and traveled in great state, riding in a fine carriage belonging to the father-in-law of General Wade Hampton.

"It was a long time after that before I heard any more about this wonderful young woman. I am sorry to say that I did not hear any good of her. She found Washington and New York too slow, and soon made her way to Paris, where she lived in royal style as the favorite of a prominent French statesman. Then she went to St. Petersburg with a Russian prince and remained several years.

"In the course of time she returned to Paris, where she enslaved a wealthy Turkish pasha. The godless rascal showered diamonds upon her and induced her to go with him to his province as the star attraction of his harem.

"The fair South Carolinian retained her health, vivacity and beauty, and successfully defied the ravages of time. At the age of 49 she was prettier and younger looking than most women at 30.

"But she made the mistake of her life when she got the notion into her head that she had civilized the pasha and could disobey him with impunity. She bribed her attendants and several times slipped out at night to meet distinguished foreigners who had been among her admirers in Paris.

"The sleepy-looking old Turk who owned her body and soul was in reality a very wide-awake old scoundrel. He knew exactly what was going on, and one night he set a trap for his pretty bird. She was caught in disgrace, and was locked up on bread and water for a week.

"The pasha then took supper with her and gave the half-famished creature the choicest viands and the rarest wines. She felt sure that he had re-

vented, but at the hour of midnight her tyrant took out his watch and gave her five minutes to pray to the God of the Christians before the executioner took her in charge.

"The frightened woman fell fainting at the monster's feet, and before she fully recovered consciousness a gigantic Turk had severed her head from her body with one blow of his keen weapon.

"And that is all I know about the beautiful Miss Boozer," said the major, lighting a fresh cigar.—Wallace Putnam Reed, in Chicago Times-Herald.

NAUGHTINESS AT DINNERS.

It Is Becoming More Common in New York's Swell Set.

In view of the disclosures which have been made regarding the indecent actions at the Seelye dinner in New York recently, it is not without interest to note that the practice of having as entertainers at swell society dinners members of the theatrical profession, if possible the naughtiest members thereof, is decidedly on the increase in the gay metropolis. Vandeville performers, "sketch" teams and stars of the concert halls are no longer fads at fashionable dinners. They are fixtures—just as much a part of the menu as the oysters or the coffee. During the holiday week fifty hostesses obtained the dramatic item of their dinners from one firm alone, "and it was not such a remarkably good week, either," said the senior member of the firm.

This custom of entertaining guests at dinner with professional talent has been growing in America for the past fifteen years, and last winter found it in the fullness of its popularity. And these entertainers come high. An artist who has made any kind of a hit with a concert hall audience demands anywhere from \$50 to \$1,500 for an hour's work. Says one dramatic agent: "Sooner or later most of the season's domestic and imported naughtiness gets into the homes of the rich and the fashionable. Generally the real wick-ed ones are booked to do their turns before a small, selected company of guests—just the intimate friends of the host or hostess, who can be trusted to keep what they have seen to themselves.

"Curious thing about it, too," the agent went on; "our best business is done during Lent. You wouldn't think it, would you? But it's so, and has been for the last two or three years. While society is doing penance and goes about in sackcloth and ashes before men, it is being entertained in its drawing rooms and dining rooms by artists whose work in the winter has made them famous or infamous, whichever way you want to look at it.

"I am inclined to believe that the tendency for what the world calls 'questionable performances' is growing. That is as far as the private entertainments are concerned. The young folk—the buds—who a few years ago were satisfied with the parlor elocutionist type crave something a bit stronger now, especially in Lent. We gave them the best—or the worst—we had last year, and I don't suppose they will be content with any Sunday school benefit this year."

Fulton's First Fare and Passenger.

There was one little incident in Robert Fulton's life about which few people know and which Fulton never forgot. It took place shortly before the return trip of his famous boat's voyage by steam up the Hudson river. At the time all Albany flocked to the wharf, says Harper's Round Table, which relates the story, to see the strange craft, but so timorous were they that few cared to board her. One gentleman, however, not only boarded her, but sought out Fulton, whom he found in the cabin, and the following conversation took place:

"This is Mr. Fulton, I presume?" "Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?" "We shall try to get back, sir."

"Have you any objection to my returning with you?" "If you wish to take the chances with us, sir, I have no objection."

"What is the fare?" "After a moment's hesitation, Fulton replied, "Six dollars." And when that amount was laid in his hand he gazed at it a long time, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Turning to the passenger, he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but this is the first pecuniary reward I have received for all my exertion in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion with a little dinner, but I am too poor now even for that. If we meet again, I trust it will not be the case."

As history relates, the voyage terminated successfully. Four years later Fulton was sitting in the cabin of the Clermont, then called the North River, when a gentleman entered. Fulton glanced at him, and then sprang up and gladly shook his hand. It was his first passenger, and over a pleasant little dinner Fulton entertained his guest with the history of his success, and ended with saying that the first actual recognition of his usefulness to his fellow-men was the \$6 paid to him by his first passenger.

A Boon for Cooks.

The country woman who has invented a kettle in which meats and vegetables may be boiled without odors being diffused through the house, should be gratefully rewarded by her sister sufferers. The merit of the invention lies in the cover, which has a curved tube or spout long enough to extend into an opening in the range pipe, and provided with a circular piece of tin near the end so that it may be fitted into any aperture. With this kettle one need not eat her boiled dinner before one's time.

IN THE TOMBS.

The Poet-Scout Brings Tears to the Eyes of Desperados.

The "Poet-Scout of the West," Capt. Jack Crawford, visited the Tombs prison in New York the other day to read some of his compositions to the prisoners. He was introduced by the warden on the bridge overlooking four tiers of cells. He said:

"I'm no preacher, boys. I came here to talk to you plain. I suppose it isn't exactly a square deal to level poetry at men who cannot escape, but still, if the rhymes don't always hit and the meter lopes once in a while, don't lay it up agin me. I speak from the heart."

The poet cleared his throat, brushed back his long hair and began to read one of his poems, entitled Sunshine. He stood there in the dim light looking up at the long tiers of cells. White faces peered down upon him from the narrow grated doors. The poet's voice as he read was heard in all corners of the old prison. The cynical look faded from many a face and attention and interest took its place.

After reading some pathetic selections the scout told how, through the influence of his mother, he first began to read to prisoners, thinking that he might cheer them and bring brightness into their lives. He told them, too, of the promise he had made to her that he would never drink and how he had kept it. He then read the poem entitled Mother's Prayers. There was a ring in the rugged verse which set all of the prisoners to thinking. The countenances of Murderer's Row lost their hardened look. William J. Koerner, on trial for the murder of his sweetheart, was aroused from his apathy. Patrick Goggin, accused of taking the life of an innocent child, drew his coat sleeve over his eyes. The Italian, who understood but one word—"mother," crossed himself and listened to the measured tones of the poet. Here is one of the stanzas:

Mother, who in days of childhood Prayed as only mothers pray: "Guard his footsteps in the wildwood, Let him not me led astray." And when dangers hovered round me, And my life was full of cares, Then a sweet form passed before me, And I thought of mother's prayers. There was a moment of silence, and then the long corridors rang with cheers. They cheered the poet three times there, and when he went away scores of hands reached forth from the bars and waved goodby.

Singular Beliefs.

The Greeks and Romans were extremely credulous, and some of their ideas, in matters of natural history, now seem grotesque. Bees were, perhaps, the commonest subject for error; it was quite generally believed that they carried ballast about with them in the shape of small pebbles, and that they did not produce their young themselves, but picked their eggs off flowers. Both these mistakes probably arose from the fact that bees carry pollen on their feet and legs. In the first case, this would be mistaken for grains of sand or tiny pebbles; in the second, for eggs. The belief that the dead bodies of animals gave birth to bees arose, doubtless, from bees building, as they have been known to do in modern times, in the hollow skeleton of animals, when they could not find hollow trees or rocks to answer their purpose. Another strange idea was the one held by the Greeks that storks, cranes, and similar birds were wont to swallow a cargo of stones before starting on a long flight, in order to adjust their balance correctly. These birds were supposed never to die; and the same pleasing characteristic was assigned to stags and eagles—a belief brought about, no doubt, by the extreme old age to which these animals often attain. A curious superstition which is still more or less seen in the Oriental fear of the "evil eye," was that if a wolf saw you before you saw him you were struck dumb! Other superstitions were common. It was generally supposed that bull's blood, if drunk, was rank poison; the raven's croak and the tree struck by lightning portended certain disaster, as did a twitching of the eyelid. The Romans thought that the rainbow drank up the waters from the earth, and dispensed it again in rain; the Greeks, with more poetic feeling, imagined it "the swift-footed messenger of the gods," and named it Iris.

Open Sand Molding.

Iron foundries who know the waste of time in preparing beds for open sand molding will appreciate the suggestion of an expert founder that a permanent bed should be made of such dimensions as to take in any work likely to be wasted, and that, if very large, it should be provided with a cinder bed, which should be low enough—at least fifteen inches from surface—to permit of long dabbers that are often required in loam plates. The straight edges should be made of flat bars of wrought iron with the upper edges planed.

German Technical Schools.

The success of German manufactures, attributable in so great a degree to technical schools, is arousing British manufacturers and artisans to a sense of their needs, and among recent contributions to the Halifax Technical School was a donation of \$500 from the London Cloth Workers' Company for the maintenance of the technical department, and a similar sum toward the supply of looms, etc., for the weaving department.

A Reassurances.

Mrs. Kiddler—Do you know, George, that everybody says the baby is just like me?

Mr. Kiddler—Nonsense, Anne. The baby is now more than six months old and it has never spoken a word.—Boston Transcript.



LIFTING STREET SKIRTS EASILY.

WHILE it is considered bad form for a woman to carry her skirts when walking, there are conditions and circumstances when she must do so. In the first place, unless a woman of luxury, one is not excusable for wearing skirts that, in consequence of their all-round exaggerated length, are veritable street sweepers. Walking skirts should be made just to escape the ground, and then they should be allowed to hang free, unless the sidewalks or crossings are too damp or otherwise dirty, when it would, of course, be most uncleanly not to lift the skirts. The way to lift them most effectually and conveniently is to throw the extra back fullness of the skirt over the back of the hand, which should be closed and placed as a handle at one side of the body, and slightly bend the forearm forward. The fullness of the skirt will thus be found to remain in place, and will not cause the fatigue to the hand and wrist that one experiences in the old way of holding so much weight of material in the hand.

She Is Heiress to a Million.

Thomas G. Fennell, a New York lawyer, is looking for a young Australian woman who is said to have just become heiress to \$1,000,000 by the death of her parents in a railroad accident. Her maiden name is Marie Josephine Ingalsble, and she lived in Sydney, New South Wales. She is 25, dark, and has strong regular features. The young woman is supposed to be in or near New York City. In 1892 she fell in love with William A. Allis, a civil engineer, and notwithstanding the opposition of her father, a stock raiser, eloped with Allis, and, after their wed-



MARIE JOSEPHINE INGALSBLE.

ding in Sydney, came to New York. For a time she corresponded with her parents and they responded, but they have received no word from her for six months. Letters to her have been delivered, but she has remained silent, and it is feared that she has met with foul play. Frank H. Pemberton, a Sydney lawyer, has asked Lawyer Fennell to make inquiries for her, but thus far he has obtained no clew to her whereabouts.

The Domestic Diplomat.

The feminine domestic diplomat is a person of unlimited tact and good sense. She has what not to do reduced to a science, and, above all, she is attractive. It is observed:

That she is never a martyr.

That she never apologizes for the food.

That she never describes her aches and pains.

That she never dwells on unpleasant reminiscences.

That she lets everyone have affairs of their own.

That disorder of a temporary nature does not visibly disturb her.

That she is always polite and cordial to the children's friends.

That she never corrects her children in the presence of any person, even the family.

That when the family diarrhea threatens she knows how and when to deftly change the subject.

That she gets rid of a guest who bores her by simply folding up a newspaper, and the other never suspects.

Care of the Wardrobe.

Never throw dress skirts across a chair. It wrinkles and injures them. The bodies of a dress, however, should be thoroughly aired, and the back of a chair is as good a place as any to stretch it on. If you have no chests of drawers long enough to lay evening dress skirts in without folding them, hang them in large bags of cambric in dark closets. Lay the bodies away in the drawers, stuffing out the sleeves, puffs, and the loops of the bows with soft, crumpled tissue paper. Lay tissue paper over them after folding them to preserve them from the dust, which will often sift into the best made cupboards.

Keep a stout clothes brush for cloth dresses. But don't allow the silk velvet on gowns to be touched by this brush. Keep a soft velvet brush or a thick piece of flannel for removing the dust from the velvet. The velvet-facing and the silken frills on the bottom of the gown should be brushed out with a stiff whisk of bristles, which

will reach the gathers. To remove grease spots from cloth dresses, lay a linen cloth on the wrong side of the dress under the spot, and scrub vigorously with benzine and afterward with alcohol diluted with one half of water. After pressing the cloth on the wrong side, all signs of the spot as well as the effect of the benzine will be gone. A little gas iron is a convenient article to use for pressing at such a time. But never let the benzine get anywhere near a flame.

A Lace Work Butterfly.
Women fond of embroidering may occupy themselves pleasantly of evenings in making an exceedingly unique and at the same time beautiful tidy or sofa pillow representing a butterfly in the meshes of lace. It is not a difficult task when one knows how to do it. In the first place the butterfly is outlined



LACE BUTTERFLY.

with linen braid that is made for the lace work now so much in vogue, and the filling-in stitches are of No. 60 (or finer) linen thread, that comes in small balls at 4 or 5 cents each. One ball of thread will make many butterflies.

Draw the pattern on a piece of muslin (colored paper muslin is the best). Baste the braid over the pattern and fill in the wings with fancy stitches. Do not prick the needle through the muslin in any place excepting when making the body of the butterfly, which is to be worked solid in an "over-and-over" stitch. For the two feelers use fine cord covered with the over-and-over stitch. When finished rip out the basting threads and cut away the muslin from under the wings trimming it close to the body, so that none of it may show. Starch, and while damp iron the wings (until dry), so that they will be uplifted. Place the butterfly on any piece of work you wish to decorate.

Tight Shoes No Longer Worn.

The smallest sizes in ladies' boots and shoes are becoming less and less asked for. The eager participation in outdoor sports and recreations which has become a part of the daily routine of the modern woman's life doubtless accounts in a large measure for this partial disappearance of very small shoes. A tight shoe was not altogether incompatible with the slow, short stroll in the open air that at one time sufficed, although the ordeal was somewhat painful. Now nothing but easy, well-fitting footgear is possible in the eight-mile walk, on the golf links or the bicycle. Although the cramped foot incased in the diminutive pointed shoe is disappearing, there is no reason why the foot and its covering should lose that daintiness which so well becomes a woman.

Exercise.

Women could take much of the exercise they need in their regular duties if they knew how. Going upstairs is considered one of the most unhealthy things a woman can do, but if she goes up with head erect and chest out, the propelling power in the calf of the leg, and down stairs stepping on the ball of the foot she would find it a healthful exercise. Pulling on rubbers and shoes may be good exercise. It is not possible to walk in a shoe with a pointed toe. This does not mean that a square toe shoe must be worn, but one which falls in with the line of the foot. We walk on the large toe and the two next it. The fourth and fifth simply grasp the ground.

Hints for the Home.

One of the best rules for hangings is to have semitransparent stuffs at the windows to admit light and medium weight portieres to admit air.

The very high sideboard for dining-room use has been relegated to obscurity, and low, broad ones, with swell front, are now considered very much better form.

A late fancy is to have fancy chairs in wood or wicker enameled a bright green. This would be a good scheme to rejuvenate soiled porch chairs of last summer and make them look like the latest style.

Fireplace materials of unglazed, ornamental bricks are the very latest for hall, library or living-room, but are particularly popular for the hall. The large majority are fitted with andirons for burning wood.

Fretwork, or grille, with pendant curtains over the doorway or in an arch, adds very much to the looks of a room. Agra, denim or Siberian linen drapes nicely and is very suitable as hangings for this purpose.

If any decoration is to be done make the walls and floors your first consideration. They are the background that your whole decorative scheme rests on, and if they are rich and in harmony half the battle is won.

The very latest way to hang curtains is to have a double rod and have each half across the other to about six inches from each side; they are then tied back about two yards of the way up, much higher than formerly.

Bear in mind when selecting your spherical lamp globe that yellow is absorbed by light and, consequently, looks much lighter with a light behind it, so select a good deep shade. Blue, on the other hand, gets much darker and intensifies in effect at night.