

WOMAN AND HOME.

Charming Women and Women in Earnest--Lack of Balance.

Women Who Are in Journalism--The Correct Thing for Men--Hints--Peter Cooper and Poor Women.

[Susan N. Carter in The Century.]
During the first year of my acquaintance with Mr. Cooper, I frequently told him stories of our pupils who were very poor, or were making extraordinary efforts to remain in the art school. Finding, however, that such cases could never be mentioned without his immediately volunteering to aid them, as a matter of honor I soon ceased to speak to him of instances which would enlist his sympathy. In spite of this, however, now and then some case came up of a girl in unusually difficult circumstances. She had, perhaps, come from the far west or the south, and was away from her friends; or was one of many children, or had saved, painfully, the money to keep her at the Cooper union. The story was told to explain or illustrate some outside matter, and it did not occur to me that Mr. Cooper would feel it as an appeal to his charity. But so constant was his habit of sympathy, and so strong his desire to do good, that on such occasions his hand would be instantly in his pocket, and before I could perceive what he was about, a bill was slipped into my hand, as if he were hardly willing I should think what he was doing, and he said, "This may help her, perhaps, to get better food," or, "You can send if she needs anything specially; but do not say where it came from." These words were spoken in a tone so full of kindness, and yet so absent without ostentation, that I never did tell the recipient. The feeling in Mr. Cooper was too sacred a prompting to be spoiled with any touch of earthly vanity. Truly he did not wish his left hand to know what his right hand was doing; and, by instantly speaking on some other subject, he tried to make me forget the incident which had occurred.

Many a time, stories about pupils who had become prosperous through their education at the Cooper union were repeated to him either by letters or by the people themselves, or I told him incidents which it seemed best to him that he should know. Such need of praise, so far from ever raising an expression of vanity or pride in him, was received in the meekest spirit; and yet these were the results for which he was giving time, and money, and life. "All I want," he said, "is that these poor women shall earn decent and respectable livings, and especially that they shall be kept from marrying bad husbands."

This subject of unhappy marriages seemed to be a very prominent one in Mr. Cooper's mind. That women were often imposed upon, were ill-used and broken down, he had a lively conviction; and all his chivalry and sense of fatherly protection were enlisted to save them, so far as he could, from these ordinary misfortunes. While the world is now occupied with the question of what women can be taught, their "higher education," and many kindred subjects, Mr. Cooper's acute genius discovered, as by intuition, many years ago, the relation of women of the middle class to society, to industry, and the family. He saw that many of them could not marry, and he realized what must be the forlorn position of a number of elderly daughters of a poor man. He had noted the dangerous likelihood of giddy, ignorant young girls marrying anybody for a home, even if the men they married were dissipated or inefficient; and he had the tenderness for poor widows or deserted wives. He talked many times, and at great length, on these subjects, and all circumstances and any sort of incident brought up in his mind, to help women to be happy, independent, and virtuous.

Charming Women and Women in Earnest.

[Atlantic Monthly.]
When it was all over, my friend said, "So this is a woman in earnest. Do you suppose it is her earnestness that makes her so unimpressing?"

"This is my perplexity reduced to its last equation: Was it her earnestness?"
My friend held that it was. "If you have observed," said she, "women with aims are always like that. They are too superior to condescend to make themselves agreeable. Besides, they haven't time. Then they can never see but one side to a question--the side they are on. They are always dragging their own opinions to the front, and always running full tilt against every one's else. That is where they differ most from women who haven't purposes and who have seen a good deal of the world. It is the business of a woman of the world to be agreeable. She spares no pains to make herself just as good-looking as possible, and just as charming. And she is always tolerant. She may think you a fool for your beliefs, but she doesn't tell you so brutally, or try to crush you with an avalanche of argument. She tries to look at the matter from your point of view; in short, she feigns a sympathy, if she have it not. Your woman with a purpose think it wrong to feign anything. They won't pretend to be sympathetic any more than they will powder their faces, or let their dressmaker improve their figures. That's why they are so boring; they are too narrow to be sympathetic and too conscientious to be polite. It is earnestness that does it; earnestness is naturally narrowing. It is earnestness, too, that sets their nerves in a quiver and makes them so restless. They can never sit still; they are always twitching. Don't you know? That's earnestness. It has a kind of electric effect. Women in earnest have no repose of manner. But a woman of the world feigns that, just as she feigns sympathy, because it makes her pleasant to other people. Oh, there's no doubt of it; women with a purpose are vastly better than other women, but they are not nearly so nice!"

My own experience corroborates my friend's opinions. Women with a purpose, women in earnest, have a noticeable lack of charm. And I regret to say that the nobility of the purpose does not in the least affect the quantity of charm. Very likely their busy lives and the hard fight they have had to wage with social prejudices and moral anachronisms may have something to do with it.

But after making all deductions, I wonder if my friend's theory does not hit somewhere near the mark!

A Lack of Balance.

[Miss M. E. Perry.]
Light is not wanting upon what to live, but the how to live is a page quite unexplained--neglected. While in principles of living we are strong and great, in the art of living we are still bunglers. As proof of which: Our young people enter society with minds whose culture quite satisfies us, but the lack of balance between mind and body leads one to question what body culture they have had during the school life of mental development.

In answer--the gymnasium. If this be all, the meaningless affectations and lack of ease are not surprising, for the vigorous physical contortions of the gymnasium would hardly be harmonious in the home life. But there

is the dancing-school! What can it accomplish! Usually more or less agility in the use of the feet. Occasionally a sensitive, flexible body catches and follows the movement of the feet, giving an additional grace to the exercise, but rarely does it express any meaning beyond the assumption of a fashionable gymnastic.

This in the light of its greatest possibilities, while the graceless monuments of its falling short of this are neither infrequent nor unknown. Thus the advantage of the dancing-school as a means of body culture sheds but a sickly gleam upon the vast necessity. In despair at the monotony of inefficiency, we fly to the specialties, singing, painting, elocution. Occasionally, after a long study, a pupil gains a superior knowledge and proficiency in one of these directions, but the great majority work a little and weary of it, then bury this with other possibilities beneath an uninteresting seeming. A society is forfeited with those who paint a little, sing a little, dance a little, who, when they are not so engaged, are simply ill at ease and at a loss for entertainment, and their companions equally at a loss for helpful, enjoyable interest, for few and far between are they who have learned to think broadly, appreciate readily, talk and move well, even a little--and why? Because we have no culture in that art--most useful, most readily accessible, and most necessary to social grace, the art of conversation.

Women Who Are in Journalism.

[Mrs. Mary E. Haggart in Chicago Lever and Liberator.]

Mrs. L. M. Latham edits a department in The Cedar Rapids Times of Iowa, called "Woman's Bureau"; Mrs. Fannie Fowler conducts a woman's department in The Mansfield Standard of Michigan; Mrs. Laura Schofield keeps up a department in the interest of women in The Kokomo Tribune of Indiana; Mrs. Florence M. Adkinson edits "Woman's World," in Indianapolis Sunday Sentinel, and Mrs. Marv Wright central superintends "Woman's Work" in Indianapolis Times; Helen Wilman presides over "Woman's World" in The Chicago Express, and Elizabeth Boynton Harbert rules "Woman's Kingdom" in The Chicago later Ocean; Helen M. Gongar, edits and publishes Our Herald of Lafayette, Ind., and Mary B. Willard, conducts The Union Signal of Chicago. Mrs. E. T. Hush is editor and proprietor of Woman at Work of Brattleboro, Vt.; Emeline B. Wells edits and publishes The Woman's Exponent of Salt Lake City, and Lucy Stone and daughter, Alice Stone Blackwell, do the major portion of the editorial work of The Woman's Journal of Boston. Sallie Joy White is a member of the editorial staff of The Boston Herald, and Lillian Whiting is a member of the editorial corps of The Boston Traveler. Mary Clemmer Ames is as brilliant a correspondent as ever wrote for any paper, and Louise Chandler Moulton's letters to The New York Tribune have never been surpassed by any of their kind. Mrs. Gertrude Garrison is employed to work up feature articles for several New York papers and has no superior in her line. Middy Morgan reports for the "Stock and Cattle" department of The New York Tribune, and Emily B. Charles is associate editor of The Citizen and Soldier, of Washington City. Mrs. Dunaway publishes The New Northwest of Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Winslow The Alpha of Washington City and Mrs. Quinby The Agis of Cincinnati, Ohio, and these are only a few of the many women successfully engaged in journalism.

The Correct Thing for Men.

[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

There is no excuse for gentlemen to look as though their clothes were cut by a blind man and put on in the dark. This is the age of refinement, and the art of dress is something that the whole human family have a right to understand. Just because a human being happens to call himself a man, he must not think that he can look and dress just as he pleases; no, he can not so outrage society; he must listen to the Mistress of Fashion; no matter if he is married or is so unfortunate as to call himself a bachelor or a cross old widower, he is obliged to notice the fickle goddess. Society has become so elegant and so "high toned" that the messieurs can no longer come and go looking like "the tag end of time." They must now have suits for such and such occasions; natty ties, mode gloves, nobby hats, fashionable collars, canes and boots. The style of beard, mustache, the "long lock" on the forehead, the centre parting, and the cut over the ear are now matters of importance to the civilized lords of creation.

All this fantastic and highfalutin tone that is so charmingly becoming to the ladies is not yet adopted by the men. Those old times, when gentlemen favored the poetic element of dress and accordingly arrayed themselves in garments of velvet, silk and satin, with delicate lace garnitures and glittering gold and silver buckles studded with gems--well, all this color is now passe, and yet the outlook is that the day is not far distant when all this dainty finery in the masculine dress will be revived, the knee-breeches and silk hose and ambition in the ownership of shapely calves will all flourish again, and then thanks will be due to poor, abused Oscar the first, and his censured dude disciples. However, no matter how the future may "pat on the head" and fawn upon the wearer of silk hose and knee-breeches, it is a fact, that there has not been such a marked change in gentlemen's dress for years as has taken place this past year.

Ruskin's Letter on Nurseries.

[Fall Mail Gazette.]

I have never written a pamphlet on nurseries; first because I never write about anything except what I know more of than most other people; secondly, because I think nothing much matters in a nursery--except the mother, the nurse and the air. So far as I have notion or guess in the matter myself, beyond the perfection of those three necessary elements, I should say the rougher and plainer everything the better--no lace to cradle-cap, hardest possible bed and simplest possible food according to age, and floor and walls of the cleanest.

All education to beauty is, first, in the beauty of gentle human faces round a child; secondly, in the fields--fields meaning grass, water, beasts, flowers and sky. Without these no man can be educated humanly. He may be made a calculating machine, a walking dictionary, a painter of dead bodies, a twangler or scratcher on keys and catgut, a discoverer of new forms of worms in mud; a properly so-called human being--never. Pictures are, I believe, of no use whatever by themselves. If the child has other things right round it and given to it--its garden, its cat, and its window for the sky and stars--in time, pictures of flowers and beasts, and things in heaven and heavenly earth may be useful to it. But see first that its realities are heavenly.

A Cure for Sore Throat.

[The Household.]

In these days when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat. For many years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subjected to a dry hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we are

brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day--morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure table salt in about half a salt tumblerful of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from colds and coughs, but the dry, hacking cough had entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant, but after a few days' use no person who loves a nice, clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.

Bring Out the Side-Saddle.

[New York Evening Post.]

While riding has never entirely fallen into disuse with us, happily the side-saddle is oftener shown as a relic laid away with other unused lumber in stable or garret, or hung up in dusty negligence in some corner of the village saddler's shop. It is no longer an article of constant use as it was in bygone times. The side-saddle was a type of the days when things were in the rough. When roads were bad and vehicles of all kinds were models of sturdy strength, ugliness, and discomfort, women, perhaps as often as men, betook themselves to the saddle from necessity if not from choice. At a later day riding became a prominent feature of the recreations of life in the country, and not to own a side-saddle was an exceptional as not to own a churn or a linsay-woolsey dress for "every-day" wear. The doctors' help to keep the fashion in vogue by pronouncing ladies sound health, good appetites, and blooming cheeks as the inevitable outcome of the practice; and if mother or maid chose not themselves to take the reins, an accommodating method of riding double was provided; and nobody laughed then, to see the riders on their ambling way bent on pleasure-seeking, or bound for market, town, or meeting-house. Recent English and French journals speak approvingly of the revived interest shown by ladies in the custom of riding.

The Management of Servants.

The Pall Mall Gazette reproduces an article by the late George Eliot on "Servants' Logic," which appeared in that journal eighteen years ago. It concludes thus: "Wise masters and mistresses will not argue with their servants, will not give them reasons, will not consult them. A mild yet firm authority which rigorously demands without exception, and does not urge motives or entering into explanations, is both preferred by the servants themselves and is the best means of educating them into an improvement of their methods and habits. Authority and tradition are the chief, almost the only, safe guides of the uneducated--are the chief means of developing the crude mind, whether childish or adult. Reason about everything with your child, you make him a monster, without reverence without affection. Reason about things with your servants, consult them, give them the suffrage, and you produce no other effect in them than a sense of anarchy in the house, a suspicion of irresolution in you, the most opposed to that spirit of order and promptitude which can alone enable them to fill their places well and make their lives respectable."

Emma Abbott's Secret.

[Exchange.]
Miss Abbott to a Detroit reporter how she manages to retain her fresh complexion and smooth skin. This is how it is done: "In the first place, off the stage, I use nothing on my face but rice powder to remove the shiny effect which a generous use of soap always produces. When preparing my face for the stage--you, of course, know that the most beautiful complexion passes for nothing behind the footlights--I first bathe in cold water and rub briskly with a flesh brush; then avoid the skin plentifully with glycerine and rub dry with a coarse towel, after which I apply the cosmetics for the evening. After the performance I hasten to remove my war paint with vaseline, and then repeat the process of bathing in cold water, scrubbing with a flesh brush as before the performance. By this process all the deleterious effects of cosmetics are avoided. I am very careful to use preparations that contain no lead, as that kind would ruin the skin in spite of the best of care."

Margaret Fuller.

[London Echo.]
The impression that she was over-rated by those who came into personal contact with her has not been removed. In the world of literature there are those who achieve a certain reputation and yet are never read--as, for example, Andrew Marvel and Dr. Johnson. Margaret Fuller bids fair to take her place among the goodly company. She was a diligent student, an apt teacher, a valued friend of men like Channing and Emerson; yet she has left behind little which the world would not willingly let die, and her estimate of her country's literature was so imperfect that she preferred now forgotten writers to Lowell and Longfellow. It is somewhat remarkable that in America, where the emancipation of women has been far more complete than in the old world, no women of eminence have yet appeared to rank with Mrs. Browning or George Eliot or Madame Sand.

For Guests at Your Table.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]
Pretty devices for designating the place certain guests shall take at the table are employed by those happy housewives who can devote time to the poetry of home. One very pretty way is to have an alphabet made of tin, having a letter above three inches high, and the little tin forms deep enough to hold a little sand or wet moss. Then fill the forms with tiny flowers and leaves. Another way, though not so easy to make, is to have the form in the shape of a card, and on the background of green put in the guest's initial with small flowers.

What to Teach Your Daughters.

[Boston Transcript.]
A bit of wholesome advice is credited to Washington Irving in Orville Dewey's autobiography, as follows: Mrs. S. told me that one evening he (Irving) strolled up to their piazza and fell into one of his easy and unpremeditated talks, when he said, among other things, "Don't be anxious about the education of your daughters; they will do very well; don't teach them so many things--teach them one thing." "What is that, Mr. Irving?" "Teach them to be easily pleased."

Another Short Hair Era.

[Croffut's New York Letter.]
It looks as if another short-hair frenzy was going to strike the ladies. A good many in their teens now consider it the thing to cut off their hair and wear it curled close to their scalps, and yesterday I saw a row of bouquets in a milliner's window, each decorated with a little ruff of frizzed hair sewed under the back side in the neck.

To prevent mould on jelly, melt paraffin, and pour over it.

PRODIGALITY PICKED BARE.

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE A HOLLOW CAVE OF FAUPEURS.

"Gath" in Philadelphia Times.
Bankers stand very close to other kinds of gamblers in our day. I have nearly as much respect for the business of the man who spins the roulette marble and deals the faro pack as for the modern New York manipulator of stocks. Time was when brokers awaited and executed orders and extracted their commission, but that was before they lay in wait for simple men, abused friendship, lay across the path of the innocent and unwary, entrapped such as had trusts or hard-earned savings and desolated homes and communities.

If it was proper I could pull the roof off many a fair habitation and show the agony there of speculation implanted by some cunning broker.
Yonder is a man living on the sale of his wife's jewels, millions gone, trusts outraged, families made paupers and all the possibilities of the very poor, from sin to crime, enmeshing that noble household. He trusted a broker with everything and having gotten it the broker wants his character now to repair his own.

Here are two hotel-keepers with outward prosperity, both slaves to debt from speculative losses; enemies, yet equals in misfortune; the worm is at their hearts.
Yonder is a man making shoes in a penitentiary; he robbed his bond to feed his broker, who is at large and sleek and philosophic.
Let things be called by their right names. Many of these prowling brokers are wolves.
The meanest passion is avarice; its lowest form is gambling.
I asked a business man and bank director not long ago if he thought stock broking could be an honest business. Thinking a moment, my aged acquaintance replied:
"Hardly. When a man becomes a broker he asks his friend to do business with him. He must know that to lead them into speculation is to lead them into danger. I couldn't do it and feel right."

Among the happy results of our time is the ruin of the stock-broking class. The New York Stock Exchange is a hollow cave of faupeurs. They yell to echoes; they roar to no purpose; they have played tricks on their customers and picked prodigality bare. Instead of \$30,000--their seats will drop to \$3,000 a piece and be dear at that.

ACRE.

Cincinnati Enquirer.
When neighboring farmers are on good terms with each other it is usual with them to divide the boundary fence between their respective domains into parts, each agreeing to make and maintain the portion that is allotted to him. Then they quarrel about how the fence shall be made, and finally each makes a fence on his own side of the line. These fences are very close together. When they are of the Virginia or worm style the lane between them will be one of two shapes; it will be either a narrow strip with alternate angles corresponding to those in the parallel lines of fence; or it will be a succession of figures like the diamond in a pack of cards. This strip is usually allowed to grow up in all sorts of briars and thistles, and is a thorough nuisance to both farmers. As it is the result of strife and bickering, it is called in Ohio and, perhaps, in other states, the devil's lane.

With the old fashioned method of surveying, which prevailed before the regular system of laying off the sections and townships in squares was adopted, lines were liable to meet and cross each other at any angle. If a slanting boundary line was cut by the opening of a road, the field and one side of the boundary was sure to terminate in so sharp an angle that it could not be reached with a plow, nor, indeed, with any farming implement larger than a hoe. The farmer who finds himself bothered with such an angle obviates it by rounding in his outside fence from the road, and throwing a bit of land into common. This fragment, whether large or small, is sometimes called the devil's half-acre.

A GIANT RAFT OF LOGS.

The largest string of logs ever made into a raft was fowed into the Erie basin, South Brooklyn, at daybreak recently by the tug Cyclops and Haviland. The raft is 1,200 feet long, 24 feet wide and 12 feet deep. It is composed of eleven sections, each of which contains about 500 logs, ranging in size from the diameter of a wagon wheel down to that of a telegraph pole. The logs are piled into huge bundles and strapped together with chains strong enough to tow the Great Eastern. These sections were placed in a string and fastened with a strong hawser to the Cyclops, which was itself fastened to the Haviland.

RAILROADS AND SHIPPING.

Philadelphia Record.
The value of British shipping is \$1,000,000,000; value of British railroads, \$3,700,000,000; value of American railroads, \$6,300,000,000. Great Britain herself, the queen of marine commerce, finds her railroad investment troubles that in shipping, while our railroad plant nearly doubles in value that of the mother country.

FOR THE "PIE CLERK."

Chicago Herald.
Some time ago a dispatch was sent from St. Louis to Memphis, addressed to "James Giles, pie clerk, steamer Magenta." There was no man named Giles on the boat, and the message was not delivered, whereby a lawsuit ensued. The person meant was James Gillespie, clerk of the Magenta.

PREVENTION OF SHIPWRECKS.

A correspondent of L'Electricite makes a suggestion for prevention of shipwrecks. It is to attach chains at a certain depth parallel to our most dangerous coasts. The position of these being indicated on maps, ships driven towards the shore would have one chance more of safety, where the anchors would not hold on the bottom.

PLAYING FOR THE DANCERS.

A Little Woman's Narration of Her Experiences in Fashionable Houses.

[New York Sun.]
A modest-looking little woman with a somewhat worn face but an agreeable and constantly recurring smile, answered the reporter's ring at the door of a small house in Harlem recently. She led the way into a parlor furnished with horse-hair chairs and sofa, ingrain carpet, and cheap prints, and dropped mechanically upon the stool of a badgered piano. She said, pleasantly:

"I advertise in the papers for engagements to play at parties because there is more money in it than in teaching. I know that it is the general impression that the musician is more or less looked down upon at a party, but my experience has been just to the contrary, with one or two exceptions. At rare intervals people who are in the best society and live on Fifth avenue, send for me. It is usually on the spur of the moment when they want to get up a little impromptu dance. On other occasions they always have three or four pieces. It is when I play for these people that I feel my position most keenly. They send a cab for me if they are in a hurry, and pay me liberally, but it is the hardest money to earn in the world; for they treat me from the moment I enter the house until I leave exactly as they treat their servants. They never for a moment look at you in any other light than as a menial."

"Codfish aristocracy!"

"I suppose so, and yet all the wealthy society people act that way. I shall never forget the first time Mr. [mentioning the name of a prominent resident of Fifty-seventh street] sent for me. I had been teaching little girls and boys to play the piano for several years, and had gradually drifted into playing for dancing. I had been at it for three or four months, when one night a coach drove up to the door and the footman in livery asked for me. It was about 9 o'clock. I went downstairs, and he told me his master had sent for me to play for some people who happened in after dinner. I hurried on my things and got into the coach. I was afraid the footman would get in too. I was afraid of him, he looked so much like a policeman. He lit a small pipe and got upon the box. It was just beginning to snow, and the carriage was delightful and cozy. I began to think that playing for dancing was very delightful after all. When we got to the house I was a bit surprised to be taken in at the basement-door. Then the footman told a great big fat butler who I was, and the butler called me 'young woman,' and asked me to follow him up-stairs. I began to feel wretched. Then I was taken into the small music-room adjoining the parlors and told to play a waltz. I had only caught a glimpse of about a dozen beautifully dressed people who were chatting in the parlors. I had never seen anything so gorgeous in my life. It seemed like fairy land, but I felt awfully sad."

"I played a waltz, and had stopped for a minute, when the host stumped into the room and said I played too fast. He then ordered me to play a quadrille. I felt like crying, his manners were so rude. After I had played a little while longer one of the daughters of the house found fault with my selections. One would have thought, to hear her talk, that I was a kitchen maid. I couldn't understand how any one so beautiful and so richly dressed could be so cruel."

"After awhile they went down to supper. I waited an hour. They sent the footman upstairs to watch me while I waited. Then they came back and danced some more. At half past 12 the butler came in and said I could go. He had a silver salver, on which was a crumpled \$2 bill. He gave me this, and said his master considered it sufficient, as I had not come till late. Then he showed me out the basement door. He was very kind, and offered to get me an extra shawl from the cook, as it was snowing very hard, but I rushed out, crying like a goose. I had to walk all the way to Third avenue in snow that was ankle deep in order to get the cars. I didn't get asleep till morning, and suffered for weeks from the cold. I never went again to that house, though I've been to many similar ones. The servants are better bred than the masters."

"Where is it most agreeable to play?"
"In the houses of plain, everyday people. There are no nice people in the world than those who form what the English would call the middle class of New York."

How Jim Proposed.

The National Republican says that Derrick Dodt, in his book "Summer Saunterings," tells a clever story of James O'Neill, the actor, formerly leading man of the California theatre. It is to the effect that when he was courting his charming wife he could never muster up courage to propose, on account of the depressing arrangement of the furniture in her parlor. One day, however, the idea occurred to him to move the sofa into the centre of the room--the position, it will be recollected, it always occupies in society dramas. Standing behind this, and leaning upon the back in the most approved Montague style, habit soon exerted its power, and the handsome James easily popped the momentous question, even without the aid of subdued orchestral fiddling. If this story is not true it is at least interesting from an intrinsic, wild, weird and mysterious beauty that is all its own.

Origin of the Silk Industry.

[Exchange.]
It is said that Mrs. A. T. Stewart was the inspirer of her husband in many parts of his business, studying manufactures and the tariff, and that it is her is due the high rank held by American silks, cashmeres and carpets, she having persuaded Mr. Stewart to take advantage of the protective system and establish silk mills.

Atlantic Monthly: There is no greater compliment and tribute to one's integrity than to be fairly entreated to sit down for ten minutes longer.

ARTIFICIAL EGGS.

THE MANUFACTORY IN NEWARK, N. J.--HOW THEY ARE MADE AND WHO EATS THEM.

W. H. McDo call in New York Sun.
Last April parties from Paterson rented a building on Broad street in this city. They began a manufacturing business, and evidently did a lively trade. Barrels and boxes were shipped daily to New York. They employed a score or more of workmen, who were reticent when questioned about their work. I went into the place the other day to solicit an advertisement for The Sunday Call. I found the proprietor an educated and refined gentleman. He invited me into his office and I questioned him about his business. "Well," he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "I can't say that we wish to advertise, nor, in fact, to have our business known; but as it will probably all leak out before long, I may as well tell you. We are making artificial eggs by a process of my own on which I have but recently received my patents. Look in the other room. All the eggs you see there are made in this place. Here is one. Let me break it open." He broke it open and showed me what appeared to be the inside of a real egg. "Oh, it's a fact."

"Do you mean to say that you made that egg without the assistance of a hen?" I asked.
"Yes," he replied, "and if you wish I will show you something of our process. Come."

He led me through a room in which there was stored boxes upon boxes of eggs, and into another large, cool room in the rear. "Everything was clean and neat. Several strange-looking wooden machines, totally unlike anything I had ever seen, stood in different parts of the room. Six or seven men were operating the machinery, which moved noiselessly and with great rapidity. I followed my conductor to one end of the apartment, where there were three large tanks or vats. One was filled with a yellow compound, the second with a starchy mixture, and the other was covered. Pointing to these the proprietor said: "These contain the yolk mixture and the white of egg. We empty the vats every day, so you can judge of the extent of the business already. Let me show you one of the machines. You see they are divided into different boxes or receptacles. The first and second are the yolk and white. The next is what we term the 'skin' machine, and the last one is the sheller, with drying trays. This process is the result of many years of experiment and expense. I first conceived the idea after making a chemical analysis of an egg. After a long time I succeeded in making a very good imitation of an egg. I then turned my attention to making the machinery, and the result you see for yourself. Of course it would not be policy for me to explain all the mechanism, but I'll give you an idea of the process. Into the first machine is put the yolk mixture. ..."

"What is that?" I asked.
"Well, it's a mixture of Indian meal, corn starch and several other ingredients. It is poured into the opening in a thick, mushy state, and is formed by the machine into a ball and frozen. In this condition it passes into the other box, where it is surrounded by the white, which is chemically the same as the real egg. This is also frozen, and by a peculiar rotary motion of the machine an oval shape is imparted to it, and it passes into the next receptacle, where it receives the thin film skin. After this it has only to go into the sheller, where it gets its last coat in the shape of a plaster of Paris shell, a trifle thicker than the genuine article. Then it goes out on the drying trays, where the shell dries at once and the inside thaws out gradually. It becomes, to all appearances, a real egg."

"How many eggs can you turn out in a day?"
"Well, as we are running now, we turn out a thousand or so every hour."

"Many orders?"
"Why, bless your soul, yes. We cannot fill one-half of our orders. All we can make now are taken by two New York wholesale grocers alone. We charge \$13 per thousand for them, and they retail at all prices, from 12 to 30 cents per dozen. We sell only to the wholesale houses. I suppose plenty of these eggs are eaten in Newark as well as in other places. Col. Zulick, Billy Wright, Honest Andrew Albright, Joe Haines, Judge Johnson, Judge Henry, and all Newark's candidates for governor are living on them. They are perfectly harmless, and as substantial and wholesome as a real egg. The reason we made the machinery of wood is because we found that the presence of metal of any kind spoiled the flavor and prevented the cooking of the eggs."

"Can they be boiled?"
"Oh, yes; and he called one of the men. "Here, Jim, boil this gentleman an egg."

"Can they be detected?" I inquired, while the bogus egg was being boiled.
"I hardly think that anybody would be likely to observe any difference unless he happened to be well posted, as they look and taste like the real thing. We can, by a little flavoring, make them taste like goose or duck eggs, of course altering the size. They will keep for years. That one you have just eaten was nearly a year old. They never spoil nor become rotten, and, being harder and thicker in their shells, they will stand shipping better than real eggs. We calculate that in a few years we will run the hens of the country clean out of butter. We have a curious order to fill next year of a lot of different-colored Easter eggs. By an improvement in our machinery we can template turning them out hard boiled. Oh, it's a big thing, and capable, I suppose, of being brought to still greater perfection. One of my employes here insists that if I go to work at it I can invent a machine which will run the eggs into an incubator and hatch out spring chickens. Call in again when we have enlarged our place, and maybe we will have more to show you. Good morning."

The Scientific Philosopher says that sleepless people should court the sun, which is the very best soporific.