

SAILORS' STRANGE COSTUMES.

Queer Outfits Fashionable in Neptune's Court—Forecastle Yards. "Talk about strange costumes," said the mate of a steamship to a Tribune reporter recently...

"Once when I was on a Rio steamer we shipped a man whose entire outfit consisted of a pair of rubber boots and a pair of dilapidated trousers, a bright red flannel shirt, and a white helmet hat. He looked like a disgraced rainbow as he moved about the decks...

"At another time when I was on a Rio steamer there was a quartermaster who used to put on a white shirt and a 'stand-up' collar every time he took his trick at the wheel. That man was always making mistakes of some kind, and used to annoy the old man, as the sailors call the captain, frightfully.

"Where away?" said he. "Three points on the starboard bow," replied the quartermaster. "I don't see any light," said the old man, peering through the night-glasses. "I don't now, but I did," replied the quartermaster.

"All his watch the quartermaster kept sighting that light at intervals. The old man would no sooner get comfortably settled down for a smoke than he would be startled by a cry of 'Light ho!' He was startled, you see, because he knew each time that if the ship was on her course it was no time to sight any light.

"I must have frequently occurred to the most casual observer of human affairs, that justice is a mere mockery. The man who is bad is just as apt to enjoy health and happiness as the man who goes to church and leads an exemplary life.

A small cart, to which a donkey was attached, was left standing in front of a school-house. The driver had gone into a neighboring saloon to slake his thirst. The mischievous boys gathered around the vehicle and proceeded to annoy the animal by punching him in the abdomen and other parts with sharp sticks.

the nose. The boy, whose sense of justice was also injured, rushed into the school house to inform the principal. Unfortunately one of the teachers was coming out of the door at the same moment, and he was almost impaled by the impetuous youth.

The good little boy did not linger around the teacher, who was partially doubled up from the force of the collision, but was nevertheless lifting his boot to kick. The boy kept right on upstairs, until he rushed almost breathless into the room of the principal. As soon as he was able to do so, the pupil said:—"The teacher boxed my ears, and I hadn't touched the donkey."

"Call your teacher a donkey, do you?" ejaculated the principal, livid with rage at the slur at the professor; and once more the good little Sunday School boy got it right and left, more constellations bursting upon his enraptured vision.

The idea that had been instilled into the youthful mind of that boy, that the good were rewarded and the bad punished, is undergoing some modification, at which we can hardly wonder.—Texas Siftings.

Book-publishers and book-sellers are doing their business irreparable damage in conspiring together to deceive the public by giving false prices for their books. For instance the juvenile books during the recent holidays were almost uniformly advertised at \$1.25 per copy, whereas the book-seller paid only 40 cents per copy to the book-publisher.

This custom of the publishers in printing fictitious prices on their books has developed a new feature in the book business which will tend to destroy legitimate book stores. This is the establishment of book bazaars in large retail dry goods stores, clothing houses, &c. Several years ago Mr. Wanamaker in Philadelphia placed in his large clothing establishment a table filled with juvenile books.

A Deplorable State of Affairs. The Temps correspondent in St. Petersburg draws a most dreary picture of the internal condition of Russia. Count Tolstoy, the Minister of the interior, exaggerates the old despotism, suppresses even local councils, prohibits the discussion of any internal events in the press and hunts incessantly for Nihilists, who begin to be found even in the ranks of the army.

Real Estate in New York City, according to a recent letter, for the time being, is at a dead halt. The big apartment house known as the Grosvenor, corner of Fifth avenue and Tenth street, has been sold to the Mutual Life Insurance Company for \$100,000; expert appraisers thought it would be cheap at \$250,000.

An experimental shaft in a new oil region of Wyoming Territory, sunk only fifteen feet, yields six barrels of oil in twenty-four hours.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A little borax put in the water in which napkins and red bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them fading.

It is worth recollecting that bar soap should be cut into square pieces and put into a dry place, as it keeps better after shrinking.

By rubbing with a damp flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked.

Why purchase inferior nutmegs when their quality can be tested by pricking them with a pin? If they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Carpets, after the dust has been beaten out, may be brightened by scattering upon them corn meal mixed with salt, and then sweeping it off; mix salt and meal equal proportions.

It is said that if a teaspoonful of mustard is mixed with water and molasses, which is usually poured over baked beans, there is no danger of the stomach being distressed after eating them.

A most appetizing salad is made of raw oysters mixed with an equal quantity of crisp celery, cut very finely and served with a mayonnaise dressing. The oysters may be cut in halves or left whole.

Rub your black walnut sewing machine tables, your cabinet organ, or any other piece of solid furniture you may have, with a cloth moistened with kerosene oil, and you will quickly see an improvement, but keep it away from varnish.

When putting away the silver tea or coffee pot, which is not used every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow the fresh air to get in and prevent the mustiness of the contents, familiar to hotel and boarding-house sufferers.

An easy and perfectly satisfactory way to cook a custard is to put it into a pudding dish or tin basin, and set it into a pan of hot water placed in a moderately hot oven. About half an hour's cooking will be required, and there is not the least danger of burning.

Crape may be renovated by thoroughly brushing all dust from the material sprinkling with alcohol and rolling in a newspaper, commencing with the paper and the crape together, so that the paper may be between every portion of the material. Allow it to remain so until dry.

A good entree for this season is made by slicing some cold boiled potatoes quite thin; put them into a pudding dish, sprinkle pepper and salt over them, then put in a layer of cold boiled lima beans, and so on until the dish is full. Make a dressing of vinegar, oil and mustard, and pour over this when it is time to send it to the table. This is suitable when served with cold meats.

A bread-crumbs omelet is excellent if served with roast lamb or veal; one pint of bread crumbs, a large spoonful of parsley, rubbed very fine, half of a tiny onion chopped fine. Beat two eggs, add a teaspoonful of milk, a trace of nutmeg, and pepper and salt liberally; also a lump of butter the size of a small egg. Mix all together, and bake in a slow oven, on a buttered pie plate; when light brown, turn it out of the plate and serve at once.

A cake receipt is here given which calls for sour milk; one cup of butter, three well beaten eggs, an even teaspoonful of soda, stirred into half a cup of sour milk; two small cups of flour, flavor with lemon; butter a small dripping pan, and pour the mixture into it; bake for thirty or thirty-five minutes; when done cut it into squares with a sharp, thin knife. This cake should be eaten while fresh, and it is very nice.

Sago sauce to eat with sweet puddings is easily made; wash one tablespoonful of sago in two or three waters, then put it into a saucepan, with one-third of a pint of water, the peel of one small lemon; let this simmer gently for ten minutes, then take out the lemon peel, add one-fourth of a pint of sherry, sugar to your taste, and the strained juice of the lemon. Let this boil for about two minutes, not longer. It is particularly nice with rice or bread pudding.

An experienced and notable house-keeper says that she has used a polish made after the following receipt with marked success: Three or even four drachms of cyanide of potassium, from eight to ten grains of nitrate of silver, with four ounces of water. Apply this to a silver plated article with a soft tooth brush; then wash the silver thoroughly with clean water, dry it with a soft linen cloth, and then polish with a chamois skin; this will not waste or scratch the plating, and yet will brighten it perfectly.

A salad dressing much used in Italy is made in this way: The yolk of one egg, six tablespoonfuls of oil, three of vinegar; put this into a bottle and shake it until it is white and creamy looking. When this simple dressing is used it is necessary to dry the salad after washing. A wire basket is a convenient receptacle to put the salad into after washing, as it will drain perfectly there, and can be lightly shaken. All salads, whether simple or plain, would be improved if care in drying sufficiently were observed.

Rich Trophies. A French traveler from Stamboul tells a wonderful story of the sights he saw. There were two thrones, one of enameled gold, with incrustations of pearls, rubies and emeralds. Also two caskets studded with rubies and diamonds, in which hairs from the Prophet's beard are jealously preserved. One room was hung with armor and scepters; caskets and espartoires lay on the table. In another room are the costumes of all the Sultans down to Mahmoud II. Each of the costumes has a silk scarf attached, together with a magnificently chased dagger and a diamond aigrette. Finally, the sacred treasure, consisting of the relics of Islam, the mantle and sword of the Prophet, his sword and bow; the swords of the first Caliphs and the oldest manuscripts of the Koran.—Boston Advertiser.

PUBLIC CONVEYANCES IN LONDON.

"The Guardian Angel" of the Past-Cabriolets and Modern Vehicles.

In that quaint and amusing work, "Walker's Original," which was published rather more than half a century ago, the author, who was long a metropolitan police magistrate, tells us, says The London Telegraph, in illustration of the changes which had occurred in the town and its fashions during his lifetime, that a "retired hackney coachman, giving an account of his life, recently stated that his principal gains had been derived from cruising at late hours about particular streets to pick up drunken gentlemen. If they were able to tell their address, he took them straight home; if not, he carried them to certain taverns, where the custom was to secure their property and put them to bed. In the morning he called to take them home, and was generally handsomely rewarded. He said there were other coachmen who pursued the same course, and they all considered it their policy to be strictly honest. The same calling was pursued for many years in Paris. The tariff for taking a drunkard home was 20 sous, and his conductor was known as 'L'Ange Gardien,' or 'The Guardian Angel.'"

These words were written about 1830, and they give us a strange peep into the social history of London and Paris during the early years of the present century. It is encouraging, at the outset, to find that the French capital had its "drunken gentlemen" as well as the English, and that the Parisian "Jarvis" of those days was satisfied with the modest reward of a franc for rendering them a service which would now be thought ill-requited unless at least five, and perhaps ten, times as much were given.

Mr. Walker's typical hackney coachman did not, it may be pretty safely affirmed, make enough money to secure a comfortable provision for his old age upon these self-sacrificing terms. The ever-obliging and ubiquitous policeman generally performs now the voluntary functions discharged when George III. and George IV. were upon the throne by night-prowling "jehus" who plied for hire. A story is told of an incorrigible joker who, being considerably the worse for liquor, was picked up one night in the Strand and safely deposited by a benevolent policeman in a comfortable "growler." In answer to the inquiries of his auxiliary for an address to which the cabman was to drive, the bibulous wit, whose sense of fun was not wholly quenched, could only reply, in a husky voice, "Kensal Green."

Nowadays it is but too probable that a gentleman in the streets who was too generous to furnish any address to his "guardian angel" would pass an uneasy night at the police station. It is evident, however, from Mr. Walker's story, that within the lifetime of many who may chance to read these words hackney coaches were so scarce at night that a few enterprising drivers of these ramshackle vehicles found it worth their while to traverse the dark streets, into which gas was not generally introduced until George IV.'s reign, in pursuit of "gentlemen in liquor." Sydney Smith tells us, indeed, that until he was himself nearly 50 years old he could not afford a carriage of his own, and that the straw from the bottom of the hackney coach which conveyed him to dinner stuck to the frounces of his wife's dress, and exposed them both to the jeers and flouts of powdered lackeys in the service of aristocratic hosts, who had issued their cards of invitation with the words: "To meet Mr. Sydney Smith," inscribed at the top.

It makes a great deal of difference at what time a man chances to be born. At present there is no more difficulty in hailing a four-wheeler or a hansom cab at any time of the day or night in the central parts of London than in obtaining change before midnight for a good half-crown. Men and women are all so accustomed to the comforts and conveniences of this kind which surround them on all sides that they are apt to forget—if, indeed, they know—the straits to which their fathers and grandfathers were reduced when living memory. Not until 1823 were those one-horse vehicles—long known by the names of "cabriolets," but now universally spoken of as "cabs"—introduced into the metropolitan streets, and in that year the number of such conveyances plying for hire was only twelve. The driver sat upon a perch attached to the right hand of the two-wheeled vehicle, and heard every word spoken by the two friends who were his fares. If the horse fell the fares had an excellent chance of being flung into the street, and the rain was kept up by leather curtains drawn across the front. In 1831 the number of cabs had increased to 165, and in that year the licenses to drive them were granted to all decently conducted applicants. Prior to 1831, when the trade was thrown open, the number of carriages or cabs plying for hire was limited to 1,200, and omnibuses, which were first started in 1829, were few and far between. What a contrast to these antediluvian times do the London streets now present!

In addition to about 2,500 omnibuses, they now contain something like 14,000 cabs, and, as regards speed, cleanliness, and general comfort, the public conveyances of this metropolis compare favorably with those of any other capital upon earth. The younger generation of Londoners who have no recollection of the barbarous days when such a thing as a hansom cab did not exist, may congratulate themselves by joyfully exclaiming: "The good of ancient times let others state; I think it lucky I was born so late!" In no respect does the British capital surpass its American and foreign visitors more than in the abundance, the cheapness, the comfort, and above all in the swiftness of its hansom cabs. The "gondolas of London"—a phrase which Lord Beaconsfield borrowed from Honore de Balzac, who first applied it to the floures of Paris—swarm in every street, and although, as Lord Rosebery pointed out when he recently took the chair at the cabmen's benevolent fund dinner, the last occupant of the vehicle may have been an archbishop, a professional beauty, or a foreign ambassador, its usefulness and convenience are equally within the

reach of all who have a shilling in their pockets to pay the fare.

A Mistinkered Clock

I have always clung affectionately to the theory that no poor man should ever hire anybody else to do what he himself can do about his premises. I am opposed to hiring tramps to eat up the substance of a hard-working individual, like an editor, hence I never allow one to saw wood for his breakfast at my place.

The other day a tramp called at my house. He had a kit of tinkering instruments, and displayed a burning desire to heal the eccentricities of our clock which never could be satisfied unless it was from four minutes to three days slow. I was at first disposed to let him give it two or three experimental tinks, but when he informed me that his time was very valuable and the wear and tear of his brain very severe in the performance of such offices of human beneficence, I concluded to do the job myself.

That afternoon I went down town and paid \$7 to a hardware man for the necessary labor saving machinery. I felt that \$7 was not an extravagant price to pay for a set of tools that would tinker me for the entire period of human life, so I hurried home and went for that clock.

My wife spread a white paper on the dining table for me, and it was not long before I had the viscera of that clock scattered about me like the shattered remains of a brass foundry after a cyclone had toyed with it. No wonder it was slow! Every clog and journal was clogged with dirt and stiffened with oil. I rubbed up the parts carefully, and then my wife leaned lovingly over my shoulder and remarked that she could not comprehend how in the world I would ever get all that stuff into it again. I replied that it took a high order of genius to do that, and drawing myself up proudly, assured her that I was fully equal to the situation.

Then I began to put the clock together, and soon had it full, but there were wheels and eccentrics and levers enough to make another clock. I felt proud of my grand achievements. I had often heard that "economy is wealth," and I had saved enough of that clock to pay for a new hair spring in my watch. I put on the hands and wound up the rejuvenated timepiece, and started it. It went off like the gong at a railway eating house, where a fellow stops twenty minutes to get robbed. When I was a little boy going to school my teacher, a tender young soul of forty-two summers and twice as many winters, used to write "Time flies" in my copy book, but I never fully realized the scope and intent of the remark until that clock resumed business at the old stand. I realized in a moment that I had conquered the perverse disposition of that clock to play along the road. It seemed infused with renewed vigor and was punctual to a fault.

The hour-hand got around the dial once each hour, while the minute-hand got around sixty times in the same period, and the bell sounded every second. On close inspection I discovered that I had accomplished what had never been done before. I had turned time backward, and longed to have the poet who sang: "Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight," present, that I might show him that his wish was gratified. The hands were going the wrong way, and my wife smiled a sweet, sad smile of hope as she remarked that in about four days we would be a boy and girl in school again. I was pleased for a moment at the thought, but as a faint wonder what would become of our five children in such an event stole upon me, hope gave place to fear that it would leave a bluish upon our young lives to return to the good old time, and I jammed the screw driver into the rapidly revolving wheels and put a stop to their mad career. One of these days I am going to pull the nail out and go back to the Garden of Eden and see Eve feed Adam apples.—F. E. Huddle, in Texas Siftings.

Wines for Sacramental Uses.

"At least fifty thousand gallons of wine are consumed annually for sacramental purposes in the United States," said a wholesale dealer in wines to a reporter for The Mail and Express. "What kind of wine is preferred?" "The pure juice of the grape, free from alcohol, is demanded. Dry wine, which has about 11 per cent of alcohol, also is sold for the church. The certificate of a priest as to the purity of the wine is often necessary before a brand can be sold. But let it once become popular and no matter if a little alcoholic adulteration creeps in, it is never detected. Sweet wine has at least 20 per cent of alcohol, yet it is often sold for sacramental purposes. Fact is, the sweet wine is always the favorite until its alcoholic percentage is discovered. If all priests and preachers were of the same nationality one brand of wine might do, but a French priest does not want the same wine as an Irish priest. Methodists, Episcopalians, Catholics, and Baptists all desire different brands."

"How do foreign wines sell?" "It is a strange fact, but foreigners like American wine and drink more of it than the natives do. The average American, who drinks wine, thinks nothing is like the imported article, while the foreigner, who has tried them both, prefers that made here. But since the prohibition question has started and several states have declared for temperance, more wine is sold for sacramental purposes than was ever known before. This gives the wine trade a boom. Every wholesale dealer sends his circular to the prohibition states stating he sells only the pure juice of the grape for church services. Every drug-store in every village, hamlet, and town lays in a supply of sacramental wine, and this year I predict that three times as many gallons will be sold for sacred purposes as was last year. This will bring the figures up to 150,000 gallons. When prohibition rules out malt liquors, then the pure wine is in demand, and the drug-stores do a land office business."—New York Mail and Express.

AMERICAN GIRLS.

An Eminent Divine Says They Are Not Mere Appendages to Saratoga Trunks. Prof. Swing in Chicago Current.

The girl of to-day, with rare exceptions, is industrious and with a breadth of invention and execution. The ironical and often mean essays on the woman of the present often picture her as good for little except for accompanying a Saratoga trunk on its wanderings in summer and for filling fashionable engagements in winter. Much of this sarcasm is deserved by the few, but when the millions of girls are thought of as they are ornamenting their mothers' homes in the villages and cities, the honest heart cannot but confess that the word "girl" never meant more than it does to-day. This being, when found in her best estate, can go gracefully from her silk dress and piano to a plain garb and to work among plants, or to the kitchen, or to a mission school class. In the city she can easily walk three miles. Languor has ceased to be fashionable; sleep in the day time not to be endured. The soul is thought to be action, not repose.

All can contradict these words of praise, because all who think a moment can find exceptions in girls who are always just dead with a headache, or as severe as a mummy to any kind of conversation or activity; girls who are pleased with nothing and nobody. These exceptions are so disagreeable that they seem to mar the whole world and make the beautiful characters invisible. In matters of this kind one can only offer opinions. One dare not assert with confidence. At a popular summer resort, where quite a number of these 16-year mortals were met and observed daily, it appeared in evidence and in common fame that to be full of obedience toward parents, of kindness toward all persons and things, to be industrious, to be full of inquiry and rational talk was not the exception, but the average of condition.

Why should a few girls of marked vanity and of giggling tendencies cast into reproach that multitude whose hearts are as innocent as the June flowers and June birds? Much of the ruin of character comes in the later years of woman, when the impudency of late dancing, late suppers and the mental anxiety, and perhaps sorrows which come from the vain efforts of the heart to create a paradise of pleasure away from duty, make the chest fade early and the eye lose its luster in the morning, like sun that goes behind clouds before noon. As for noble girls of 16, the Western continent is full of them. They are in the cities, in the villages, in the farm houses. We meet them on all streets, along all paths in the lone and lovely country. They are ready for all duty and happiness, and constitute to us older and fading hearts the most beautiful and divine scene on earth.

First Confederate Battle Flags.

From Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Recollections of a Virginia Girl in the First Year of the War," the following is taken: "Another incident of note, in personal experience during the autumn of '61, was that to two of my cousins and to me was intrusted the making of the first three battle flags of the confederacy, directly after congress had decided upon a design for them. They were jaunty squares of scarlet crossed with dark blue, the cross bearing stars to indicate the number of the seceding states. We set our best stitches upon them, edged them with golden fringes, and when they were finished, dispatched one to Johnston, another to Beauregard, and the third to Earl Van Dorn—the latter afterward a dashing cavalry leader, but then commanding infantry at Manassas. The banners were received with all the enthusiasm we could have hoped for; were toasted feted, cheered abundantly. After two years, when Van Dorn had been killed in Tennessee, mine came back to me, tattered and smokestained from long and honorable service in the field. But it was only a little while after it had been bestowed that there arrived one day at our lodgings in Culpeper a huge, bashful Mississippi scout—one of the most daring in the army—with the frame of a Hercules and the face of a child. He was bidden to come there by his general, he said to ask if I would not give him an order to fetch some cherished object from my dear old home—something that would prove to me how much they thought of the maker of that flag! After some hesitation, I acquiesced, although thinking it a jest; A week later I was the astonished recipient of a lamented bit of finery left 'within the lines,' a wrap of white and azure brought by Dillon himself, with a beaming face. He had gone through the Union pickets mounted on a load of firewood, and while peddling poultry, had presented himself at our town house, whence he carried off his prize in triumph, with a letter in his folds, telling us how relatives left behind longed to be sharing the joys and sorrows of those at large in the confederacy."

Allen Thorndyke Rice, the proprietor of the North American Review, is said to be the fortunate possessor of \$5,000,000—a very comfortable sum to have at one's command. Mr. Rice knows how to use it to his own enjoyment and to the enjoyment of others. He is a young man, not 35, it is said, with olive complexion, dark-brown hair, large hazel eyes, a good straight nose and a well-brushed, close-cut beard overhanging by a long mustache. He dresses quietly, and while his clothes are all of the handsomest material, he seems to have a fancy for a top coat that is a little worn in the seams, so that his clothes will not have the appearance of having just come from the tailor. Mr. Rice is a very busy man, for besides taking care of his money he looks after the interests of the North American Review, engages contributors, and when he is in New York takes entire charge of the editorial department upon his shoulders.