

SELECTIONS.

Love that doth count its gifts is a weak poor Whoreon to stay a weary human heart.

We are soul-bound. What though through prison bars We hear the distant roaring of the sea.

At best we do, with foolish intent, But gild our chains and call them ornaments!

MAID AND MAN SERVANT.

The Growing Fashion of Bringing Attendants Back from Europe.

No less than seventeen names on the published list of saloon passengers of the steamer Oregon, which arrived a few days ago, were followed by the words "and maid," or "and man servant."

It appears that while very few going steamers carry personal attendants for the saloon passengers, the coming ones are invariably in with them, and sometimes in very numbers.

French maids are considered more valuable, though they usually demand their evenings after 8 o'clock, appropriate the "old dresses" of their mistresses while the garments are still new, and are seldom long in attendance upon one mistress.

Why anybody who can speak the language should want a courier in America is incomprehensible, for there are certainly no such difficulties to encounter here as meet the tourist in Europe.

Where Counterfeits Are Detected.

In the counting and handling of paper currency, the treasury women have almost superseded men. They count better and faster, and in the detection of counterfeiters are unequalled.

As an example: A counterfeit of the last issue of \$3 bills was known to be floating about some time ago the treasury sent out the alarm, but the officials, judging from experience, knew that it would probably not be detected until one reached the treasury in a package of money from one of the banks.

A Locomotive for Tunnels.

Honigsmann's locomotive is to be introduced in the St. Gothard tunnel. It can be charged from a stationary boiler with steam and hot water sufficient to make the twenty minutes' journey through the tunnel without requiring any fire.

TELEGRAPH TALES.

(Sidney (Neb.) Letter in N. Y. Times.)

Several old telegraph operators met here recently, and in the course of a long conversation told some of their experiences on the frontier. One of them began by recalling the great bullion robbery at this place. It was at noon, and most of the depot and stage hands had gone across the yards to dinner.

Another operator remarked that he was the man who discovered the Ogallala train robbery. He was in charge of the little office at Kearny. He had had a very stupid afternoon, and as the day was miserable without, he dozed more or less.

"I must have slept soundly for a while," he said, "for I lost myself entirely for an hour or two, but presently I had an indistinct impression that some one was calling for assistance. In my dream it seemed to me that I could hear the cry 'Help! Help!' and that I was powerless to render any assistance.

While I listened, I began to comprehend the nature of the message that was being sent. I could not catch all the letters, but I got enough after listening to it a dozen times, to make out this much: 'Ogallala, Ogallala. Help, help.' It flashed upon me all at once. The overland train was being robbed, or had been robbed. I grabbed the key, and led everybody here from Cheyenne to Omaha.

A third man said he had seen a good deal of service on the border, and had had a good many adventures, only one of which ever impressed him much. Down at Granada, on the Santa Fe road, when it was first opened, he had had a circus all one night with a party of robbers. The country was then a very dangerous one, and the management was in continual fear of desperadoes.

Michele in Italy has constructed a machine by which signs corresponding to various sounds can be telegraphed. Thus we have practically a telegraphic shorthand, to which the name "steno-telegraphy" is given. Michele's apparatus has now been in regular use for some period in telegraphing the debates of the Italian senate, and it is claimed that by this method 10,000 words can be transmitted per hour.

The Future of Diplomacy.

Lord Dufferin is of the opinion that the diplomacy of the world will soon be in the hands of the Americans. Nearly every member of the diplomatic corps that gets to Washington, he says, tries to bring home an American wife.

Evaporated peaches are said to be supplanting the canned fruit. They are much cheaper.

couldn't move head or foot. After they got me there I began to think what sort of a scrape I had got myself in. The train would come presently, and go flying by, and then those cut-throats would murder me just for the fun of it. I had thought the thing all over when I heard a sharp whistle and a roar. The men ran out to the platform with masks on and revolvers in hand. One of them had the lantern, which he swung vigorously. In going out on the platform they had left the door open so that I could see things pretty well. I began to hope that the train would stop, for I knew it contained men enough to do up that crowd if not taken too much by surprise.

The last speaker was one who had no hair on his head, but who said in response to an inquiry that no scalping-knife had ever taken it off. "It was just scared off," he exclaimed, "down toward old Julesburg. One day I was at my desk when the man up at Hooper's siding, ten or twelve miles away, telegraphed down that he was surrounded by redskins and that they were whetting their tomahawks on the wires. I thought it was a pretty good joke until he telegraphed that the station was in flames, and that a lot of Indians had set out for my place. Then I began to prick up my ears.

A Full-Grown Man. Huxley gives the following table of what a full-grown man should weigh, and how this weight should be divided: Weight, 154 pounds. Made up thus: Muscles and their appendages, sixty-eight pounds; skeleton, twenty-four pounds; skin, ten and one-half pounds; fat, twenty-eight pounds; brain, three pounds; thoracic viscera, three and one-half pounds; abdominal viscera, eleven pounds; blood which would drain from body, seven pounds.

This man ought to consume per diem: Lean beefsteak, 5,000 grains; bread, 6,000 grains; milk, 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains, and water, 22,900 grains. His heart should beat seventy-five times a minute, and he should breathe fifteen times a minute. In twenty-four hours he would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent. A man, therefore, of the weight mentioned ought to have 800 cubic feet of well ventilated space. He would throw off by the skin eighteen ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter, and 400 grains of carbonic acid every twenty-four hours, and his total loss during the twenty-four hours would be six pounds of water, and a little above two pounds of other matter.

He Got Trough the Crowd.

A good story of the Viennese carnival is current in the Austrian capital. At a ball given by the Viennese Choral society, which is always sure to be so thronged that it is the work of hours to reach the entrance, a member of a well-known financial house hit on an original but successful mode of conveyance. He arranged with four bearers to carry him through the crowd on a hospital stretcher. Of course the crowd made way, and great was their astonishment when he threw off the covering and jumped out alive and hearty.

Japan's Professional Story-Teller.

I have seen in Japan, on many a warm summer evening, under a tree by the roadside, a group of half-dozed coolies and even better class people in a circle round a man in the middle who was relating the old legends of the race in a homely, graphic, interesting style. He had the "gift of the gab" very gallantly; always, this romancer. He had a good voice and a great deal of expression. He brought in little bits of jokes and light touches of frivolity to lighten the serious interest of his tale. He acted animated, he gesticulated, he acted scenes so vividly that his auditors would unconsciously rise and want to take part. He interjected every now and again a bit of song, and when he had wound his hearers up to a point he would stop and say: "Let us have a pipe," deliberately take his smoke and then proceed.

Should Take the Chances.

When Darwin was asked if it were not a more plausible theory to affirm that apes were descended from man he was silent. Great men should seldom stand in the center of the board to teeter, but take one end and run the chances.

THE DRESSING OF SHOP-WINDOWS

An Art Which is Recognized by the Business Community.

Any one passing through a shopping quarter cannot help noticing the taste and profusion shown in the dressing of the shop-windows. Colors and fabrics are grouped so as to catch the eye and arrest the attention, and the work shows the hand of an artist.

"I cannot say," he observed, "that I have any rules that I adhere to in dressing the store and windows. Of course, I take care to put such colors together as will harmonize well, but in doing so I rely on my taste, and combine such goods as I think look well, without any set of rules on the subject. Window-dressing is an art I never was taught, but acquired from appreciation of color, and the incentive the rich stuffs by which I am constantly surrounded give me to display them to the best advantage. It is not my province here to dress windows, but I do it because there is no one else who can do it as well. Window-dressing is an art that cannot be taught. I have tried repeatedly to teach it, but have always failed. I have trained no less than a dozen young men to this work, so as to relieve me of it, but not one of them ever rose above an assistant. If I leave them to themselves and tell them to dress the windows, they make a botch of it. If I dress a window, say with lace curtains, and my assistant sees me do it, he can do it the same way afterward, but if given a promiscuous lot of stuffs and told to arrange them in the windows, he would be completely at sea."

"Are there not professional window-dressers?" was asked. "Yes, there are lots of them in New York, and in some of our large western cities, but I do not know of any in Baltimore. These professional window-dressers make a good living at it. Some of them have a list of stores that they dress two or three times a week, and receive a regular salary from each. Others are engaged by one only, and are kept simply for this purpose. A clerk that can do this will be paid extra. It is strange how few have taste in this way. Out of 1,000 salesmen, perhaps only one will display an aptitude for this work. It is just like dress drapery. Out of 100 dressmakers who can sew neatly, and even trim well, very few can drape artistically."

"Of course, to make a handsome window display, you must have the goods to do it with. Rich goods and such as are showy and attract attention are best. For rich brocades, evening silks, etc., some rich ground must be chosen that will throw them out well. It is a habit of mine to show goods as I want to sell them—thus, if there is a plain and plaid or embroidered goods that go together to make up a costume, I will show them that way in the window. An admirable habit with some window dressers is to put stiff paper inside the folds of silks, satins, etc., and set them up in rows in the window, than which nothing can be more ugly. The idea with me is to make them look graceful. The way goods fall is the best. No pins should be used. It spoils the goods and makes the effect stiff. In all my experience of window dressing I never spoiled but one piece of goods, and that was a piece of pink satin brocade which faded from being placed too close to the glass. Delicate tints, such as pink and lavender, will fade when there is no sun directly upon the glass. No goods should ever really touch the glass. In summer the heat and in winter the dampness will affect it. Windows are rarely dressed with dressgoods during hot weather, table linens and napkins, hosiery and lace curtains, taking their place. Excepting during the dull season, windows are dressed every other day. In Europe they are changed every day."

"Much of the effect depends upon the window and light. Windows cannot be dressed flat, but to look well must be higher at the back than in front. Frames or stools are the foundations on which the display is made. Sometimes after a window is dressed it looks dull and heavy from the street. Then a few laces, handkerchiefs, fans and gloves lighten it up wonderfully. There's a good deal of satisfaction in arriving at a beautiful and harmonious result, and one's success in this varies, just as I suppose it is with any work that can be called artistic. I think window-dressing is artistic work. It might be classed under the 'art of art decoration.'"

"Now you can well imagine that one industrious and lively woman could gather from five to ten pounds a day. They had no expense; they brought their meals with them, and ate when the men stopped work for dinner. Some of them got on the right side of custom-house men, who, as there was a duty on coffee then, had to be around, and they often got a good gleaming from an extra large tip in a bag. Now, ten pounds of coffee was worth at least \$2 then, and, by counting that up in a year, you will see that I was not wrong in the statement that the business was a good one. Besides, coffee was not their only commodity. They did very well in sugar, too."

Lovers of the edelweiss, who may in late years have noticed that it is no longer so common as it was among the mountains of Switzerland, will be glad to hear that specimens of it have recently been met with on Mount Tacoma—or, as it is otherwise called, Mount Ranier—in Washington territory, at a height of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, near at hand, flourishes another Alpine favorite, the vanilla-scented manureta. A quarter of a century ago edelweiss grew plentifully but a few hundred feet above Zermatt; now, owing to the thoughtless greed of the Swiss peasantry and the rapacity of cockney tourists, it is only to be seen upon the higher and more inaccessible summits of the Alps.

Want to Find Out.

Ready-made doors and window-frames from Sweden and Norway can be delivered and sold cheaper in France than the raw material in that country, and the Paris municipal council has voted \$600 to enable a delegation of Paris carpenters to go to Norway and Sweden, to ascertain how these northern people manage the thing.

London's Sunny Days.

The sun shone only 974 hours out of a possible 4,556 hours in London during 1883, which was an average of only two hours and forty minutes per day. London climate is charged with the less of sunshine.

Keeness.

Keeness in a man is not always to be taken as a sign of capacity, for it is generally observed most in those who are selfish and over-reaching, and his keeness generally ends in that kind of penetration into other people's interest which will tend to benefit his own.

FLORIDA SULPHUR POOLS.

Natural Phenomena in the Peninsula State Explained.

The Apalachicola Tribune explains the great smoke which has been puzzling observers for years, and which could be seen on any cloudless day ascending from the vicinity of Anella river, in Florida. Various efforts have been made to discover the supposed volcano, while, on the other hand, some have concluded that the smoke came from the camp-fires of some remnant of the Seminole Indians. The Times-Democrat expedition threw no light upon the mystery, the tall grass, bogs and dense undergrowth impeding the progress of the curions.

One Capt. Asher is the hero who arrived in Apalachicola, with the following information, which puts out the Florida volcano, and the romance is lost of the poor Seminole lingering in the land of his fathers. At the same time it adds to the attractions of the lovely land of fruits, flowers, and wonders. Perhaps from the sulphur pools came the healing virtues which laid the foundation for the legend that in Florida flowed the waters of eternal youth. Capt. Asher was in search of palmetto logs on the Anella river when he described the smoke or cloud from a point in the distance. Remembering the many reports he had heard about this smoke, he determined to unearth this mystery, if possible. So, calling his crew together, and picking up their traps, the party pursued their way in the small boats up the river, or creek, for it hardly deserves the name of river, for miles. After ascending from its mouth twenty-five or thirty miles, he judges, he was brought to an abrupt halt by a rock barrier in front. Upon investigating he found that the river ended and was lost underneath the ground. Seeing that the smoke became more distinct at this point, and seemed straight ahead, he had the boat hauled up to the bank and sprang ashore, determined, if possible, to pursue his investigations on foot. As he sprang on shore he gave an exclamation of surprise. Scattered at various points were huge rocks, towering many feet above his head—a thing unheard of in Florida.

Mr. Asher describes some of the rocks as being as large as an ordinary dwelling and apparently hollow, containing much water. He describes them as being of a flinty appearance, and when struck with an iron or steel instrument to emit thousands of sparks. A mile or two further on were seen numerous rocks that were formed into round basins, their sides being smooth and beautifully polished. Mr. Asher sprang upon the top of one of these basins. As his foot came in contact with the flinty substance a hollow sound was emitted from the rock. Calling for a pole, and it being handed to him, he placed it in the center of the basin. What was his surprise on drawing the pole to the top may be easily imagined when he discovered that the rock, being hollow, was filled with a strong sulphur water. Pursuing their way through the bog, sometimes up to their knees, again on hard ground for some distance, then again scratched and bruised by the underbrush, and fighting mosquitoes that seemed to resent this intrusion of their dominion, the little party had a hard time of it. Presently they came to where the river issued from its underground covert and pursued its way onward, to again disappear in the bowels of the earth.

Mr. Asher states that every few hundred yards these pools would make their appearance, and from them would issue white, misty clouds that would ascend heavenward, seeming in the distance to be clouds of smoke. He stated that the water in these pools was as clear as crystal and filled with beautiful fish, both fresh and salt. He caught a great many of the fish, and attempted to drink some of the water, but it was unpalatable—nauseating to the smell and taste. He spent several days wandering around these points, and he says he never before thought there was such a place in Florida. He discovered several rocks that he presumed would have answered very well for houses, being quite as large, hollow, and the walls as smooth as glass. He appeared to think it very strange that these monster rocks were found in such a low, flat, marshy section. He says that the rocks are separated by a distance of 200 feet, and rear their black, grimy heads to heaven from a level plain of marshy soil. There are no indications of their having been a hill, much less a volcano, in this section, and the smoke or cloud seen so often is simply the vapor rising from the sulphuric pools.

Dress Reform for Men.

Now, to my mind the dress, not of the time of William the Conqueror, or of the seventeenth century, but of just 100 years ago, was the most suitable and most manly that was ever worn by the male population of these islands. By reverting to it, we should get rid of two inconvenient and ugly portions of our present attire—namely, the cylindrical hat and the almost equally cylindrical trouser. The man of to-day is too cylindrical altogether to be a satisfactory object to himself or to artists. That a hat (to say nothing of its shape) should be made of a delicate material, which requires to be carefully protected from the weather and ironed and brushed if rained upon, is clearly ridiculous; that a man's legs, in this moist and muddy climate, should be clothed in tubes of cloth which reach to his heels and form admirable conductors of mud and dirt, both inside and outside, is equally so. By simply going back to the conical felt (not beaver) hat and the breeches and boots of our great-grandfathers, we would free ourselves at once of this inconvenience. And their caped frock-coat for riding and walking—why not that too? It saved the shoulders from the wet, and was a warm and sensible garment in every way.

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