

## DEBT AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

Simplicity and Comfort Sacrificed to Vanity at the Merchants' Expense.

Very few women, who are not miserably, are content to be simple—to live well within their means, having all things in harmony and all things in sufficiency, those which are unseen as well as those which are visible. Most of them prefer an outside grandeur with a skimpy and dilapidated interior, so that the world to which they sacrifice shall commend and perhaps envy—seeing nothing of the flaws below the surface. What the family feels does not count; of self-respect there is no question; of the sentiment of thoroughness also is there none.

The whole strength of the management goes to make a show—to have an occasional display—and the debt by which this is brought about troubles the conscience of the lady as little as the discomfort to her family disturbs her feelings. Her friends do such and such things in such and such a style, so must she. She puts her self-respect in emulation—not in sincerity, not in thoroughness—and holds herself worthy of her position in proportion to the extent to which she spreads its pretence and increases its fundamental rottenness. If she gives dinners she goes beyond her home powers, and has to borrow from the outside.

A plain, well cooked, simple and succulent repast, such as she could accomplish without aid, and such as would delight her guests, would be a confession of comparative poverty she could not be induced to make. Wherefore she spends more in a bad imitation of first class cooking than her finances can properly afford and goes into debt for the margin.

What is true of housekeeping is true of all personal expenses—the milliner's bill and the dressmaker's—with the thousand little fads and fancies dear to the feminine mind and destructive to the feminine sense of honor. To get behind the scenes and into the confidence of certain small traders is to be introduced to the world, which, if you yourself are not one of the debt-makers, seems of another constitution and character from that you have always inhabited. Some women have neither conscience nor compassion—neither thought nor feeling for the poor creatures whom they mislead—the victims whom they cheat.—*Emily Craddock, in N. Y. Herald.*

## WORK FOR WOMEN.

Bee-Keeping One of the Most Agreeable Employments for Farmers' Wives.

Who can keep bees? Anybody possessed of confidence, gentleness, patience and sense. There are persons who believe that the bees instinctively select them for enemies, pursue them and sting. Founded in this belief such persons will never become bee-keepers, but if they should attempt it, throwing aside all fear they would find that the "instinctive antipathy" against them personally did not exist. Man is the enemy of every living thing regarded from the standpoint of the living thing. If it be desired to take eggs from a brooding hen, they are not abandoned because the hen drives her beak into the flesh, or flies into the face of the intruder. The bee-keeper may be stung a hundred times in a season, and yet he has no more fear of bees than of flies. The beginner is advised always to wear gloves with long gauntlets bound to the arm by elastic cords. When confidence is established, fully the glove will be laid aside. All bee-keepers wear veils. There may be a few exceptions, but only a few.

Women bee-keepers have been very successful. A bee paper, perhaps the first one of any account in this country was published by a woman who worked out agricultural problems in her own apiary. The "bloomer" costume, or a modification of it, is recommended by some writers. But there is a general dislike for that picturesque dress. The object is gained by having a skirt so full at the hem that it may be gathered about each ankle below the top of the shoe. The material must be strong, but may be light as gauze, and being light and ample will not interfere with any movement. For all there is recreation, exercise, health, and at least twenty-five per cent. profit.

There are two ways to start an apiary, namely, either to buy colonies in modern hives all ready to make harvest, or to buy colonies in old fashioned hives and transfer to modern hives. The latter is the cheaper, and the transferring, even of one colony, will usually rob bee-keeping of any terrors it may have in any timid mind. It is a grand introduction to the whole science.—*George B. Stockwell, in N. E. Farmer.*

Do not try to keep geese unless all the conditions are favorable. Geese may be kept at a very small cost or they may entail cost according to circumstances. A pond and pasture will enable them to secure their food with but little aid.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Where will you put me when I come to see your "castle in the air"? asked a gentleman of a witty Asylum Hill young lady whom he was visiting one evening. "In a brown study" was the impromptu reply.—*Hartford Journal.*

Prof. Baird says that fishes sometimes live to be one hundred and fifty years old. Now we can understand why they are in no hurry to partake of the tempting morsel at the end of our line.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Flower-pot stains on the window-sill will yield to a forcible application of fine wood ashes. Rub off in clear water.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

## BUSINESS WOMEN.

A Number of Ladies Who Have Proved Themselves Sharp Financiers.

Women who can make money can't always keep it. Harriet Hosmer chided herself into fame and fortune, invested a large part of her earnings in Keely motor stock, and lost it recently. Anna Dickinson made a large sum as a lecturer and lost it as a stage manager. Mrs. Bryan, of Georgia, has charge of certain cheap publications in New York at a salary of \$6,000. Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, at her death a few months ago, left a handsome fortune of \$360,000, the result of her literary work and profitable investments.

Not long ago the secretary and treasurer of one of the largest street-car lines in Pittsburgh was taken ill, and his daughter, who never had any practical training for the work, undertook to manage his business. She kept the books in good shape, attended to the collection of money, paid the employees, and bought feed and stock for the company. Her father died, and she had done so well in her official capacity that the company thought the best thing to be done was to elect the girl to fill the position permanently.

There are women of such great business ability that they have proved themselves a match for the very sharpest financiers. From Chili comes the report of one Dona Cosimo who rivals the financiers of all times. She is almost as famous for her charities as for her business ability. She is one of the richest women in the world. At her husband's death he gave her absolute control of his immense wealth, and she has proved herself a veritable queen of finance. She manages her business, exhibiting great foresight, breadth of purpose, and great ability as a manager of affairs. She has a power of control that can direct and harmonize the different branches of trade and business in which she is engaged. She has a trained superintendent for each separate department. These she has the tact to pay well, thus binding them to her interests. On one farm of vast extent she has 400 men. Every house in a village of 6,000 or 7,000 is hers, and to the people of this village and one adjoining she pays out monthly from \$100,000 to \$120,000. She owns the only large coal mines in South America. From them she receives \$30,000 each month. She has copper and silver smelting works of great value, and a fleet of eight iron steamships. All this vast enterprise she controls and directs.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## Rough, But Probably True.

Something very unpleasant occurred to Gus Snobberly, a dude, at a fashionable New York restaurant, and he will go there no more. The large room was crowded with people, most of whom knew Gus, so he said, in a loud, imperious voice:

"Waitaw, I ordered some brains a while ago, but I've not got them yet. I see you have fried oysters. Bring me a dozen when you fetch the brains."

"A dozen fried oysters for the man who hasn't got any brains yet," called out the waiter, in a voice that could be heard by every body in the dining-room.—*Texas Siftings.*

## Exactly Like Him.

A clerk in a Jewish banking-house celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the firm. Schmul, the principal, hands him in the morning a closed envelope inscribed: "In memory of this eventful day." The clerk gratefully receives the envelope without opening it; but on a gracious hint from the head of the firm he breaks the cover and finds—the photo of his master.

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired Schmul, with a grin.

"It's just like you," was the reply.—*German Paper.*

## GENERAL.

A twenty-eight-toed cat, with one yellow and one green eye, is exhibited in New Haven.

A prominent minister in Fremont is credited with being a good one to tie two.—*Omaha Bee.*

An apple tree over one hundred years old and four and a half feet in diameter, has been cut down in Lyme, Conn.

The French scientists are seeking to discover some way in which the coming of an earthquake can be foretold. If they find it the Signal Bureaus will hoist a flag indicating: "Danger—climb a tree."

French experiments have shown that nickel may be effectively rolled upon soft steel plates, which are thus made as valuable for lamp reflectors and other purposes as silvered copper.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A wealthy farmer near Redwood City, Cal., is making arrangements to light the grounds and residence of his farm with electricity. He will put up ninety lamps, the power to be furnished from the water-works on his ranch.—*Chicago Times.*

Australians receive more letters and post cards than any other people, the annual average being twenty-four to each person. Europeans come next with about fourteen each. An Asiatic gets only 40-100 of a letter or post card, and an African only 9-100.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Prof. Jaeger claims that the odor of camel's hair, which is so distinguishable, has a most beneficial use. He asserts that it produces sleep in persons suffering from insomnia, and he advises them to sleep on pillows covered with camel's hair and stuffed with hair.—*Boston Budget.*

## THE COCAINE HABIT.

A Physician's Interesting Experiments With the Powerful Drug.

There is no doubt of the value of cocaine, when appropriately and guardedly used by physicians and surgeons. Dr. Hammond, of New York, lately read a paper on the subject before the New York Neurological Society, in which he expressed doubts as to the existence of a cocaine habit which could not be readily controlled by the will. He had tested cocaine on himself, and the effects exhibited are of interest, though we take exception to his conclusion. He first injected one grain beneath the skin. It exhilarated him and made him feel quite happy, but he was sleepless after it almost until morning, and arose with a severe headache. This headache followed each trial. The next night he injected two grains, and the same pleasant feeling followed, accompanied by an inordinate desire to write. He wrote much, and thought at the time his work the best he had ever done, but found it in the morning to be disconnected nonsense, each sentence being complete in itself, but having no relation to the others. He next injected three grains, and felt the same inclination to write, but restrained himself and indulged in speech-making. Having at different intervals injected successively six and eight grains, he then injected eighteen. The effect was intense exhilaration, and inability for some hours to recall what he did. Next morning he found he had thrown his office into more or less of disorder. There had, in each instance, been much palpitation of the heart, but this time it was greatly increased. His headache remained for two days. But he felt no disposition to commit acts of violence, and was not conscious of any habit.

It seems to us, however, that Dr. Hammond overlooked two important facts: First, that all such habits are formed gradually; and secondly, that temperance is an important consideration in the case, persons of a nervous temperament being specially susceptible. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Dr. Mattison said he had had within a few months seven cases of the habit under his care, five of which were physicians. A physician, in attempting to write a prescription, wrote for a sheriff to come and take the patient to jail. He had also himself noticed hallucinations and delusions. He thought the continued use of the drug more injurious than that of morphine. His patients had gradually acquired their habits. The president of the society referred to thirteen cases reported by a single German physician. In Pittsburgh a prominent physician, who had formed the habit, became violent, and, under the delusion that he was being attacked by burglars, began firing right and left.—*Youth's Companion.*

## THE INTELLIGENT APE.

Marvellous Imitative Powers of the Chimpanzee and Other Monkeys.

The ape is unquestionably the most intelligent and the most manlike of the lower animals, physically, mentally and morally. It may be far away from the superior races of men in intellect but the difference between him and the lower races is much less marked. The black chimpanzees of Africa have fests like those of the negroes. They live in communities, fight in concert, and care for their wounded. They are clever in the use of their hands and arms, throwing stones better than street boys. Buffalo's black chimpanzee knew how to unlock a door, and if he did not find the key would hunt for it. This monkey took his meals like a well bred person, ate with a spoon and fork, used a plate and served itself with wine. In one of her letters from the Malay peninsula Miss Bird describes a dinner to which she was invited and at which her companions were two apes. "The apes had their curry, chutney, pineapple, eggs and bananas on porcelain, and so had I," writes the enterprising lady, who speaks of another ape, which was an important member of the family of the British Resident at Klang, as walking on its hind legs and going along quietly by her side like a human escort. It had not even a rudimentary tail, and when it sat with its arms folded it looked like a "gentlemanly person in a close-fitting suit."

The worst defect of monkeys is that they are inveterate thieves. They look upon stealing as fun, and therefore will pilfer even when they have no desire for what they take. Mrs. Rover tells us that "they are capable of sacking a house and carrying off everything movable in it with the system and concert of a band of robbers. They observe a kind of discipline in their operations, and post their scouts to inform them in season when it is time to run away." The monkeys in Sumatra, according to Cesare Morano, steal fruits and vegetables from gardens and will plunder houses. "Forming a line in order to pass their spoils from hand to hand, they scale the walls, enter at the doors or windows, and leisurely pillage all they can find." They are also very greedy, and will get tipsy when they have the chance, and a drunken ape seems more like a man than ever.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Chicago newspaper tells of a citizen of that town who, going home the other night after a very heavy dinner, stumbled up against an iron railing that encircled a statue. He carefully felt his way around the railing several times, and at last, not finding any opening, collapsed in a heap on the pavement outside, swearing: "The rascals! They've locked me in here!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

## MAKING MEADOWS.

Expenses Which Will Be Amply Repaid in the Long Run.

There is no department of farming which is performed in a more imperfect manner generally in the United States, than in the preparation and seeding to grass. Meadows do not yield more than half as much hay generally as they might under the best preparation, and pastures afford a correspondingly reduced amount of grazing. One reason for this imperfect result is that grass land, and the preparation for seeding it, take a second chance in the succession of crops. The seed is sown with some grain crop, and the young grass has to take its chance. The amount of seed sown, and the imperfect treatment which it gets, result in a thin growth, and in plenty of small bare spots over the field.

The seeds of the grasses are many times smaller than those of wheat and corn, and the soil which is to receive them should be in a fine state of pulverization, and not made up of lumps and clods. The surface should be even and uniform, so that the seed may be lightly and evenly buried. Careful and measured experiments have shown that fine grass seed will not come up if covered much over half an inch deep, and clover seed should never be more than an inch. It will not answer, therefore, to sow these minute seeds on rough and furrowed ground. Whether the seeding is done alone or with some grain crop, it is vitally important that this finished preparation should be attended to. A top-dressing of fine manure, in either case, will greatly assist in the germinating of the seed, and in the rapid growth of the young grass after it has come up.

Grass, unlike Indian corn, will bear thick sowing and dense growth. The quantity of seed usually used is much too small, and the bare spots seen in new meadows are the result. But a moderate sowing, on a well prepared surface, will give a more compact growth of grass, than a bushel to the acre on a field of dry clods. The heaviest crop of hay which we ever succeeded in raising the first year, was from a seeding of clover and timothy at the rate of half a bushel per acre, on a fine and well prepared surface, early in spring, and alone, the seed being covered with a light brush.

Farmers should not be satisfied with less than three tons to the acre. But this amount can not be obtained by the common course of allowing the grass to take its chance between other crops without special preparation. The two great requisites are a deep, rich soil and dense seeding. Manure is quite as important for grass as for corn, and a deep soil is a capital security against drought. Nearly as important is top-dressing. The late A. B. Dickinson brought the product of his meadow up to three tons to the acre, by turning the turbid streams in time of floods over the surface, and giving them a deposit an inch in depth. If this deposit had been fine manure instead of common soil, the effect would doubtless have been still greater. A perfect meadow should therefore be made by deep and repeated plowing, working in manure at all depths. This preparation may be made with other crops. A copious seeding follows, and if the grass is continued for years, autumn or winter top-dressing is important. All this is attended with large expense, but it will be amply repaid in the long run, and it would be more profitable to concentrate within a narrower compass than to spread over much land and obtain little.

The same advantages will be secured if, instead of meadow, the land is to be devoted to pasture. In a short rotation, or when the grass is to be turned under in two or three years, clover and timothy may constitute the principal sowing, or clover and orchard grass; but for more permanent meadow or pasture, a more continuous growth will be afforded by the addition of other sorts, as, for instance, tall fescue, Kentucky bluegrass, red top, etc.

In cutting the grass for hay, the mowing machine should be set several inches high, which will be better for the roots of the grass and for the next crop. Meadows are frequently injured by close cutting and bare earth. For the same reason, pastures should never be severely grazed. An improvement in their management, rarely adopted, is to pass the reaper over them early in the summer, to cut off all the heads of grass as they are emerging and before the seeds form. Set the cutter about a foot high, which will take of the heads and leave the succulent stems and leaves, and prevent the exhaustion from the ripening of the seeds. Such a pasturage has a much finer and more uniform appearance than when covered with uneven patches of ripe and dead stalks.—*Country Gentleman.*

## Wise Words About Women.

Love and a cough can not be hid.—*George Herbert.*

Maternal love! thou word that stuns all bliss.—*Paltock.*

Marriages are best of dissimilar materials.—*Theodore Parker.*

No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.—*Pickler.*

She commandeth her husband in any equal matter, by constantly obeying him.—*Miller.*

To be a man in the true sense is, in the first place, and above all things, to have a wife.—*Michalet.*

Shut the door of that house of pleasure which you hear resounding with the loud voice of a woman.—*Saadi.*

There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount of deep, strong, deathless love save that within a mother's heart.—*Mrs. Remans.*

## INDIAN POTTERY.

Regions in the Mexican Republic Where the Old Art Still Survives.

It is thought by some that ornamental patterns on pottery are handed down by savages from one generation to another. This is not true of our Indian, who, after making a pot, ornaments it with improvised designs. He has no pattern-books to guide him. Indians of New Mexico, accustomed to pottery-making have, since their contact with whites, given attention to more elaborate ornamentation; just as those of Mexico meet a demand and find their way into public and private collections. The most noticeable change in technique is the use of animal and human forms, which, though not unknown on older pieces, are rare. Toy forms of pottery and those animal and human designs which met the readiest sale have been most improved by a kind of natural selection.

The thirst for antiquities has also stimulated the native artists to imitate them. In the City of Mexico an Italian made a good living for three years making stone sculptures in imitation of antiquities. The writer saw some of his works, but they were easily detected. The children all had European faces, and the delicate parts of the body were two well worked out. Near the city of Mexico live a settlement of Indians who have the credit of manufacturing clever imitations of ancient pottery. The noble custom of exciting in children the love of the beautiful through toys and dolls was neglected by the ancient Mexicans. Even at our day a striking example is the manufacture of toys in great profusion at Guadalajara, which are sold not only throughout the republic, but outside.

They are taken on the backs of men and animals packed in baskets and crates. These toys are very truthful representations of the manners and customs of the people. For the rule apparatus employed, they are truly remarkable. The most interesting fact about this ware is the way in which the artist holds on to ancient forms, and in the decoration yields himself absolutely to the whims and demands of the market. He even borrows from the Spaniard the art of silvering and regilding. This almost total hiding of the old thing which they are unwilling to give up, with paint and forms to which their old art was a stranger, is also seen in their ground vessels.

The pitchers from Toluca, once simple, unadorned vessels, are lost in the large spoons, altered handles, polished surface, elaborate decoration, glazing and stamping. Still, one may visit regions in Mexico where the old art still survives. The Pames, near the Valle del Maiz, and the Huastecas, the Indians of Sierra Nola and of Savanito, away from the influence of innovations, make their pottery as of old, simple in form and decoration.—*Edward Palmer, in American Naturalist.*

## TEUTONIC WISDOM.

Carl Dunder Tells His Friend Why He Is Happy and How He Got Rich.

Sometimes somebody comes to me and says vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. Mr. Dunder, you vhas fat and sleek; you vhas always mit a smile on your face; you haf no trouble mit your family; eatery poly speaks well of you. I like you to tell me how it vhas done. Und I answer him: "If somebody vhas content he gets fat. If somebody vhas at peace mit all der world he smiles. Der man who marries for love und is a true husband to his wife and a good father to his children will haf no trouble mit his house. Eatery poly must speak well of a man who keeps out of bolities, pays his debts, stands to his word and preaks no laws."

Und sometimes somebody comes to me und says vhas I Carl Dunder, dot oldt Dutchmans? I vhas, Mr. Dunder, I vhas your friend. I like a little loan for about two weeks. Und I says to him:

"Make out your note due in fourteen days und get some good indorsers und I lend you ten dollars. I like to keep you ash my friend, und so I do peessness mit you in a peessness vhas. No stranger gets madt at you for an honest opinion, but sometimes your best friend gets madt when you dun him. Der banker makes no enemies vhea he collects his money. Vhay should I?"

Und again somebody comes to me mit a long face und asks vhas I Carl Dunder, dot Dutchmans who makes so much money? Mr. Dunder, you vhas such a lucky dog! You vhas shust coining money. You pegins so poor you doan't own your own boots, und now you ride in your carriage! Ah! Fortune vhas an eccentric jade. She smiles on some und frowns on others. I like you to tell me how you manage it. Und I says to him:

"My friend, Luck vhas der old man in der poor-house. If you wait for Luck to come along und help you outt you wait for der city to bury you. I work hard, I spend leedle; I plan carefully; I buy no vacant lots in a hollow, und I build no shipyards on a hill. What you smoke und drink pays my taxes. What time you lose builds my fences und shingles my houses. Gif Perseverance a dollar und he makes it two; gif Half-Hear a dollar und he lets half of it ship avhay while he is waiting.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A six-year-old boy in Galt, Can., has become an expert cigarette maker and smoker, and uses any paper that comes to hand in which to roll his tobacco. The other evening he went into his mother's room in the dark, and picking up a piece of paper from the bureau, rolled a cigarette, and had burned two-thirds of it before it was discovered that he was smoking a ten dollar bill.

## A CONJUGAL CAUCUS.

Midnight Conversation Between a Fashionable Wife and Her Democratic Husband.

Mr. Thompson—Are you alone, Mr. T.?

Mr. Thompson (hesitatingly)—Yes. Mrs. T.—Prof. Catgut's bill for Arabelle's first quarter—

Mr. T.—Humph! How much? Mrs. T.—Why, my dear, you know his terms as well as I. Sixty dollars for twelve lessons.

Mr. T.—The deuce—dence, I never heard of it!

Mrs. T.—Oh, you've forgotten. I told you all about it.

Mr. T.—You told me awhile ago that you wanted Belle to brush up her music a little.

Mrs. T.—Yes; and you said very well.

Mr. T.—And on the strength of the you engage a professor at five dollars a lesson! Why, Maria, you'll drive me to the poor-house!

Mrs. T.—I've heard that before.

Mr. T.—And I never see Belle open the piano, either.

Mrs. T.—It isn't the piano; it's the violin.

Mr. T.—Violin!!!

Mrs. T. (calmly)—Yes; don't rouse the household. The piano is so very common.

Mr. T.—Indeed!

Mrs. T.—Yes; it is so much more effective to have some unique musical accomplishment—like playing the violin, zither or banjo.

Mr. T.—Banjo! Good gracious! I suppose I ought to be grateful for the violin if it has saved me from the banjo.

Mrs. T.—I thought seriously of the banjo, but Arabelle's arm is so lovely. I decided in favor of the violin.

Mr. T.—Well, it strikes me Belle shows her arm enough every night, without going to an expense of sixty dollars to further display it.

Mrs. T.—Oh, you don't understand.

Mr. T.—No; I only pay.

Mrs. T.—And while we are on the subject of money—

Mr. T.—I don't know when we're off—

Mrs. T.—I really think you might—

Mr. T.—Howard's allowance.

Mrs. T.—Well, now, I like that! He has two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and lives at home.

Mrs. T.—I know; and it has done very well so far.

Mr. T.—Oh, has it?

Mrs. T.—But this summer he went to play polo at Newport.

Mr. T.—Oh, does he?

Mrs. T.—Yes; he is a great expert now.

Mr. T.—Oh, is he?

Mrs. T.—And he wants his own ponies.

Mr. T.—Oh, does he?

Mrs. T.—I think (sobs) you are very unkind (sobs) to talk in that way (sobs). You have no interest (sobs) in the well fare and happiness (sobs) of your child dren.

Mr. T.—It looks as if I hadn't, indeed, to keep them in the luxury and idleness in which they are living.

Mrs. T. (still tearful)—Well, what can you expect?

Mr. T.—I wasn't brought up so. I worked hard for my daily bread.

Mrs. T.—You hadn't a rich father.

Mr. T.—(with grim humor).—That's so! Perhaps it isn't their fault.

Mrs. T.—You see the children have got to live up to their station.

Mr. T.—Humph!

Mrs. T.—A sort of noblesse oblige.

Mr. T.—Stick to English, my dear, catch your meaning quicker.

Mrs. T.—And Howard is sure to marry splendidly. He is so handsome.

Mr. T. (facetiously)—Yes—a chip of the old block.

Mrs. T.—There is no doubt the Clara Knickerbocker is greatly taken with him.

Mr. T.—H-m, he might do worse.

Mrs. T.—Worse indeed! Why, they're one of the oldest families, and rich into the bargain.

Mr. T.—Quite a rare combination.

Mrs. T.—Arabelle's prospects are no quite so flattering. The dear girl is fastidious.

Mr. T.—Belle is a little fool.

Mrs. T.—Why, how can you say so.

Mr. T.—Because it is so. Fastidious, indeed! Do you know the way she judges a young man?

Mrs. T.—I know that her standards are very high.

Mr. T.—Is it? Well, at the Lawrence dance the other night, young Brown took her down to supper—a nice likely young fellow—

Mrs. T.—But hardly Arabelle's style.

Mr. T.—And when I asked her at breakfast how she liked him, she said: "Pretty well, but O, Papa, did you notice he put his napkin on both knees?"

Mrs. T.—She is so ultra-refined.

Mr. T.—Ultra fiddlesticks! Another young man wore ill-fitting gloves, a third let his hair grow in an ugly way at the back of his neck, and so on—

Mrs. T.—My dear, you don't understand girls.

Mr. T.—My dear, I don't want to.

Mrs. T.—You ought to be very proud of Arabelle.

Mr. T.—I am—she has a lovely arm.

Mrs. T.—And to strive to establish her well in life—

Mr. T.—What shall I do? Advertise for a man who wears his napkin over one knee only, whose gloves are made to order, and—

Mrs. T.—I lie awake half the night, plotting and planning for my children, while you snore serenely on.

Mr. T.—A fair