

# WOMAN AND HOME.

## AN ILLUSTRATION OF CO-OPERATION IN A COUNTRY HOME.

**A Physically Perfect Woman—What Children Should Learn—A Lazy Husband. A Point on Dress—Educational Hints. Comfort for Wives—Items.**

An illustration of co-operation has recently come under my observation, which has interested me, especially since it illustrates the possibilities of the many homes as contrasted with the exceptional opportunities of the few.

In a quiet country home of which I know, there are nine children (the four youngest, boys). Their ages range from 1 to 21 years. City conveniences of sewerage, water works and gas have not yet lightened household work, but there are broad fields all about them, and the delights of woods and dells and sweet breathed winds and flowers. There is a vegetable garden to be cared for, and a cow to be milked. The father's business takes him from home a large part of every week, so that more care than is usual falls upon the mother. But what a genius is hers, indeed, for ordering the household forces! How clear headed and wise is she in the management of her home department!

Several of the children are physically delicate. They vary widely in temperament, and so many children must; but, so far as I know, they all cheerfully went into line, and the entire family work goes on quietly, regularly, and apparently without friction. There is no maid in the kitchen, but each daughter takes her turn in the various departments of work. She serves her apprenticeship as cook, or chambermaid, or seamstress, and is left, after a proper start therein, to the unassisted conduct of her department, learning from occasional failure how to do the better plan and execute next time. Since there are only "themselves," all can bear with equanimity the sometime dispensation of an overdone roast or an underdone omelet, and if the wick of the "evening lamp" smokes ominously at one corner, Jessie or Alice or Arthur will be pretty sure to try to straighten the next morning.

Even the very little ones feel their responsibility in the family plans. One has in charge the sweeping of the verandas and the bringing of the "kindlings." Another washes all the vegetables. On Mondays the work of washing is so divided that it is not over wearisome for any. There are two clothes wringers, at which the larger boys officiate. One sister attends to the first washing, another to the rinsing, etc. The care of the lamp falls to one little girl, and so on. The mother has a sewing school, where even the boys are enthusiastic learners. The baby constitutes a divided right. I suspect that many hands have the holding of him, but as he has been a feeble child he has chiefly fallen to his mother's tending. In this family there are pleasant literary plans and readings. Music and art do not leave the go by, either. In short, it is a well ordered republic, with no superfluous citizens.—*Rebecca Parley Reed in Christian Union.*

### A Physically Perfect Woman.

If a woman wishes to know whether she is a perfect specimen of her sex she has only to apply the rules laid down for ascertaining the fact and figure on the results. First, as to height, stature differs, but the Medicean Venus is five feet, five inches in height, and this is held by many sculptors and artists to be the most admirable stature for a woman. As for coloring and shape, here is a code laid down by the Arabs, who say that a woman should have these things: Black—hair, eyebrows, lashes and pupils. White—Skin, teeth and globe of the eye. Red—Tongue, lips and cheeks. Round—Head, neck, arms, ankles and waist. Long—back, fingers, arms and limbs. Large—Forehead eyes and feet. Narrow—Eyebrows, nose and feet. Small—Ears, bust and hands.

For a woman of five feet five, 138 pounds is the proper weight, and if she be well formed she can stand another ten pounds without greatly showing it. When her arms are extended she should measure from tip of middle finger to tip of middle finger just five feet five, exactly her own height. The length of her hand should be just a tenth of that and her foot a seventh, and the diameter of her chest a fifth. From her thighs to the ground she should measure just what she measures from the thighs to the top of the head. The knee should come exactly midway between the thigh and the heel. The distance from the elbow to the middle finger should be the same as the distance from the elbow to the middle of the chest. From the top of the head to the chin should be just the length of the foot, and there should be the same distance between the chin and the armpits. A woman of this height should measure twenty-four inches about the waist and thirty-four inches about the bust, if measured from under the arms, and forty-five if over them. The upper arm should measure thirteen inches and the wrist six. The calf of the leg should measure fourteen and one-half inches, the thigh twenty-five and the ankle eight. There is another system of measurement which says that the distance twice around the thumb should go once around the wrist; twice around the wrist, once around the throat; twice around the throat, once around the waist, and so on, but the first is the measure used by sculptors, who have gained them by measurements of the Greek statues. *New York World.*

### What Children Should Learn.

Teach young girls and boys less about etiquette forms and more about the spirit of love. Teach them not so much to dance and pose and receive gracefully, as to be quick to do a service for any one in trouble or bewilderment, alert to lend a helping hand, even if it be to the girl in the kitchen or the homeless and hated tramp on the street, and more mindful of others' comfort than their own. Teach them to despise vulgarity and low habits and uncleanliness of body or of mind; but teach them also that poverty is no disgrace and that the measure of a man or a woman's worth lies never in the pocket or the attire. Anybody can wear fine clothes, but not so many can earn them honestly or go without them if beyond their means. The man or the woman in a shabby coat or cloak is more royal in the sight of honest men than the duke who never pays his tailor's bill, or the girl who never lifts her lazy hand to earn her living.

If I had the teaching of 100 blessed girls today, I would drop the languages, and the classics and the accomplishments from the list; I would close up the text books and turn the blackboards' Ethiopian faces to the wall and give a solid year's lesson in human nature. How they averaged in Latin should be of not so much account as how they averaged in honor and loyalty and heaven born purity. What tasks they made in algebra should matter little compared to what sweet deeds of courtesy and helpful love they scored from day to day. Their standing in scholarship should pale into insignificance before their standing in the ability to make home happy. —*Amber in Chicago Journal.*

### Husbands as Nuisances.

Sometimes the effect of marriage is to

transform a male exquisite into a sloven, especially if the cares of poverty and an increasing family rest upon his shoulders; or it may be that he is by nature slovenly and easily relapses into that ideal destroying condition when the vanities of youth cease to act as a spur. Husbands of this kind commonly at their hearth grow, neglect to polish the heels of their boots, and develop an irritating tendency to affect rubbers in all weathers. Their hats, if not actually shabby, are usually antiquated, and their trousers, being worn too short, invariably bag most ugly at the knee. They wear long overcoats, and either carry no umbrellas (carrying nothing for their dingy old clothes) or umbrellas of prodigious circumference, of cheap material, and warranted to turn inside out every time the wind happens to catch them right.

These men, if living out of town, are almost sure to hatch a fondness for poultry and to spend their Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings pottering about hencoops and watching the strut of their favorite roosters. They care nothing for society, not much for the opera or the play, and are alarmingly prone to fall asleep over their newspapers in the evening. They usually prefer a pipe to a cigar, and they are mighty consumers of beer. Even to such base uses may the married man descend.—*Herald of Health.*

### Courage, Weary Mother.

"What have I done to-day?" the tired mother asks at night. "Nothing but take care of baby and plan the meals and 'pick up.' My life is wasted on trifles." Take courage, weary mother! The progress of the world depends on the devotion of good women to just such "trifles." Who can do a greater work than these—care for a child and look after the interests of a home. She who with patient mother love prepares a human soul for life's responsibilities, does valiant service for both God and man. The first years of a child's life must, of necessity, be devoted to the care of the body, but the body should be made a fit temple for the indwelling of an immortal soul. Taking care of the baby is surely no trifling when viewed in this light.

And what are the other services that go to make a home? Innumerable as the sands of the seashore for number, and in themselves almost as insignificant in character, but the grand sum total serves, as does the sandy shore, to stem the swelling tide of outside sin and suffering that menaces with sullen wrath the sanctity of home and the safety of society. The husband and the children who know the comforts of a happy home are safe from many woes that prey on those outside its shelter. Blessings on the wife and mother who "looketh well to the ways of her household, and esteemeth not the bread of idleness."

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." Her children arise up and call her blessed. "Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."—*Iowa State Register.*

### A Point on Dress.

Finally the best wine came last; the best speaker was the handsomest and most attractive woman, and if I could tell her name you'd all recognize her as a notable social leader. She said that she had just one little story to tell apropos of the discussion on dress.

"In teaching my class at Five Points," she said, "I used to always try to dress plainly, and finally one day I had to go to a friend's from the mission, and had to put on a visiting toilet. I was troubled about it, but I did not see any way out of the difficulty, so I determined to go on and forget about it as well as I could. Well, as I was talking to the class a poor woman near me kept smoothing down the velvet of my skirt; all the time she kept it up, touching it softly. After the regular session was over I asked those that wanted to speak to me to wait, as I always do. 'Do you like my gown?' I said.

"'Sure, ma'am, we poor folks don't see anything so soft down here, and touchin' it is made me feel quieter than anything you did!'

"Since that I've made a point of dressing handsomely whenever I go to Five Points. That's my little contribution to the discussion on dress."—*New York Graphic.*

### How to Treat Children.

A word about nervous children. Never scold them nor "make fun" of them. They suffer enough without your threats or sarcasm. Pretend not to see their awkwardness when in company nor their grimaces when alone. A case was reported the other day of a boy of 10 years who, on being vexed, and without any apparent provocation, will clench his hands and make the most frightful contortions of the muscles of his face and lead till his mother fears he is idiotic. By so means. He is the brightest boy in his class at school, fond of reading and of natural history, but he is of a highly nervous temperament, and has not been taught to control the little wires, so to speak, on which he is strung.

This is no single case. There are thousands of children who give way to their nerves in various fashions. Talk to them about these curious little fellows that should be their servants, not their masters. Never whip them. The man or woman who nips a nervous child is on a level with brutes that have no reason. Encourage them. Help them. Be patient with them. They are the making of our future successful men and women, for they will work hard at whatever they undertake. Brace up your own nerves first, and then be indulgent toward the capers of your over-nervous children.—*Boston Globe.*

### Wives and Husbands.

They were discussing the awful problem of the inefficiency of so many men. There were three of them—all ladies who had known plenty and now wore their own bread winners in consequence of the failure of husbands to even keep the wolf from the door. "I believe in setting out the slippers and all that old-time nonsense about a wife's duties," said one. "If the husband provides the home and its necessities. But when I am obliged to go out into the world and earn the money to buy my bread as well as my own, as I do now, I give up the practice of setting out the slippers." Another remarked that a married woman made the mistake of her life when she began to do anything to earn money. The third said she also believed that the efficiency of woman was creating a race of inefficient, irresponsible men.

After talking it over in plain language, in which use was found tremendous emphasis, they all agreed that, as women were so frequently obliged to earn their bread, everything should be made as easy as possible for them; but the old way of the husband earning and the wife expending the money for their mutual comfort was the best, and any departure therefrom showed that there was something radically wrong somewhere.—*New York Press "Every Day Talk."*

### What Do Girls Know?

Most of our boys assume the responsibilities of the citizen, and our girls enter upon the duties of the wife and the mother with only the knowledge acquired in the public schools.

### Now, what do they know?

How many of the girls understand the simplest rules of diet, ventilation or health?

ful dressing! How many know how to treat a person suffering from sunstroke? How many could bind up a wound so as to check the flow of blood? How many could take prompt and efficient action in those moments when it is so imperatively required, those fearful important moments, "before the doctor comes?" In often days the house mother had learned in her girlhood "the use of simples and the most noble art of chirurgery." If, with our far greater knowledge of the human body and its laws, we adopted the same plan in teaching our daughters, how many precious lives would be saved!—*E. M. Hardinge in The Epoch.*

### Education of Women.

A woman who cannot cook a dinner as well as eat it, make a dress as well as wear it, a woman who cannot turn her hand to anything when occasion requires, who is not able to train her servants practically, and teach them the value of economy of time as well as money, is not, in my opinion, educated at all, though she may be very much cultivated, and even have been to college and taken a degree.

Look at Hester in her dairy, now. Would she look any fresher, healthier, happier in a cap and gown, or be more usefully employed in poring over conic sections or reading questionable Greek plays? Take my word for it, girls would be all the better and homes all the happier if more time and attention were given to domestic affairs, and if every woman knew how to be her own cook, housekeeper and dressmaker. Such things are far more easily learned than dead languages or mathematics, and are of infinitely more use to a woman in going through life.—*Mrs. Boyle in Cassell's Magazine.*

### A Habit to Avoid.

It is a coarse habit of some people to sneer at "mothers-in-law," and we often notice such sneers in the papers.

Your own mothers, if you have sisters who are married, is a mother-in-law, and so also is your wife's mother. Your daughter, when she is married, will have a husband to whom your wife is mother-in-law. Every man's mother who has ever had a married daughter is a mother-in-law.

The vast majority of the well beloved mothers of families are, or will be, mothers-in-law, and nearly the whole of those lovely daughters upon whom their parents look with pride will some day be mother-in-law. When you think of these things you will see how ill becoming is the habit of sneering at the mother-in-law.

Do not, therefore, fall into the baneful custom of speaking slightly of mothers-in-law if you honor the mother who bore you, or the sisters and daughters in whom you delight.—*New York Evening Sun.*

### Advice to Overworked Women.

Mrs. Abby Diaz recommends overworked women to let a good many unstarved articles go rough dried, with only a little pulling and smoothing, to put plainer clothes on children, and to quit baking so much cake and pie. The great point is to gain time. "Let them give up doing those things for their children, in order that they may do better things for those children, such as reading, talking, walking with them, especially walking the woods and fields, such as getting light on matters connected with their proper training. I don't mean to say that we never have a bit of cake or pudding in the house; in fact, we do often have plain cake and gingerbread, and occasionally, to help out, a pudding. But they are not counted in among the must-haves. I have escaped from that tyranny. If there's no cake in the house, I don't feel myself to be a shamed and sinful creature, as I used to."—*New York Post.*

### Charm of Little Dinners.

The sincerest form of hospitality, and by far the most enjoyable left to us, is "little" dinners. Shabby banquets and display feasts may possess some interest as spectacles, and various forms of glorification, private and public, individual or collective; but the real soul of good fellowship is in a gathering of six to a dozen persons—intelligent, congenial—around the table of a discriminating, experienced host or hostess or both, who invite their friends, not to show the extent of their wealth and the luxury of their plate—though there is no objection to the use of beautiful things, if one possesses them—but whose first thought is comfort, and a little season of unclonced, and, therefore, rational enjoyment, on such a basis as can be repeated and made a part, indeed, of the daily life—its milestones and happy occasions.—*Jennie June in American Magazine.*

### A Word Concerning Wrinkles.

A word now on wrinkles. The skin has a natural tendency to form wrinkles, even in youth, this tendency naturally increasing with age. Every influence which distends the skin for any time must lead to wrinkles, and as a weak or imperfect circulation of the blood will make certain parts of the body swell, it is of the greatest importance to keep the blood pure, and thus prevent bloating, which is sure to be followed by wrinkles. Ladies should take regular exercise in the open air, and keep early hours, deliberately setting their face against excesses in diet, if they wish to keep them free from wrinkles, for when they once come they are most difficult to rid one's self of.—*New York Press "Every Day Talk."*

### For the Whooping Cough.

A ready experiment for the relief of the distressing cough occasioned in children in cases of whooping cough is this: Drop oil of turpentine on the pillow where the fumes will be inhaled while sleeping and during the convulsive cough, hold a handkerchief before the child's face with fifteen or twenty drops on it.—*Herald of Health.*

### The "Cake" We All Sigh For.

"Mamma," said little Willie, after returning from a dinner to which he had been invited, "I allus thinkt thought that cake was just cake; but I see there's a difference in it, Aunt Susan's cake is cake an' pie an' puddin' an' peaches an' ice cream an' everythin' good together, but yours is nothin' but cake."—*Elmira Tidings.*

People who suffer a bad odor in the breath should use, as a wash, a mixture made by adding a teaspoonful of the tincture of myrrh to a tumblerful of water. This remedy is thought to retard decay of the teeth.

Take a bucket of fresh water into your bedroom every night, and let it remain uncovered. It will absorb all poisonous gases.

A toothbrush, kept for the purpose, will aid greatly in cleaning out or pressed glass ware.

The water in which codfish has been soaked is very good for washing the skin under the stove.

The oftener flour is sifted for sponge cake the lighter the cake will be.

Keep a separate saucepan for boiling potatoes in if possible.

Bathrooms should not open into sleeping apartments.

The sure preventive for cholera is cleanliness.

# BEAVERS AT WORK.

## HOW THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN FAMILY PREPARE FOR WINTER.

An Old Grayback Tugging Away at a Maple Log—The Family to the Rescue—An Unfinished Hut—Habits of Beavers.

"You would be surprised at the intelligence shown by these animals. Some of them seem to be almost human, they are so clever." "And industrious!"

"More industrious than many people. Just now they are pegging away day and night. Usually they work at night only, but this is building time, and as there seems to be snow in the air they are hustling double time to get their winter quarters in order. Just look at that fellow trying to roll down that big log there."

And Headkeeper Byrne, of the Zoological garden, leaned over the iron railing round the beaver pond, his fine face lighted up with interest, as he watched the quaint, hairy creatures so hard at work. The log was a heavy limb of a maple tree. It lay upon the bank a yard or two from the water. It was almost as thick and three times as long as the beaver that was endeavoring to move it. The animal pushed with all his strength, but vainly. He stopped, half hopelessly, walked round and round the log, then squatting resolutely on his haunches uttered a low cry. Instantly another creature poked its snout just above the water's surface and waited. The cry was repeated and the animal in the pond struck out for the shore, reached it, and scrambled on the bank.

"That's the old grayback's mate," said Mr. Byrne. "The two of them will work the log together." And they tried it. But it was a tremendous job. An animal got on each side and shoved with their noses and fore feet for all they were worth. But the log didn't budge an inch. Still they pushed and tugged and tussled.

"I imagine they'll give it up," said the reporter.

"It looks like it," replied Mr. Byrne. "But, 'egad, not now; for here comes their two little ones."

### THE WHOLE FAMILY OUT.

As he spoke two young beavers that had been swimming rapidly across the pond clambered out on the bank and each took a turn at the end of the maple log. All four, taking a sort of bark from old grayback as a signal, started in simultaneously. Just the least little bit did the log move, but enough to encourage the beavers to dash at it with a will. A little more it gave; then more and more. Presently it struck a deep decline in the bank and began to roll down. The beavers were on it, tugging and pushing. In a moment or two more it was at the bottom and lying on the narrow flat surface round the edge of the pond. Before the momentum had altogether left it the beavers were on it again, making their last big spurt. And in another second—plash! it tumbled over into the water. The delighted beavers sprang on it all at once. For the rest it was as smooth as soap, and with Grayback leading on one side and his mate on the other and the two little ones pushing at the other end, the big log went through the water like a fast yacht before the wind.

The beavers got it over to a but made of boughs and mud in the middle of the stream. They laboriously pushed it up half out of the water, and satisfied that it was safe set off in quest of other material. The hut was nearly the size of an Indian wigwam and much the same in shape. It was made of many layers of sticks, logs and mud. The flooring was of logs, supported just above the water on other logs and stones. The boughs of trees and broken sticks were showing through the mud. But that is because the house was not complete. When it reaches a size great enough to satisfy the animals they will take one good day and night to give it a finishing touch, and walking over it will smooth out the mud with their broad, flat tails as nicely as if the work was done with a trowel.

And what is greatly to the credit of the animals, while all the beavers in the pond work upon the hut, the house is really intended to be the quarters only of the grandfather and grandmother beavers in the colony. All the young ones have their own abodes, and the ground all about the pond is burrowed deep with subterranean private residences.

### AN ENTERPRISING COUPLE.

Two beavers on one occasion burrowed a home for themselves thirty-four feet under the pathway round the pond. When the Zoo people discovered the fact they had a hard time coaxing the beavers out of their quarters, and a still harder one filling the place up. Now there is a stone equid under ground all round the pond at some distance from the water, and when the beavers have worked their way as far as the stone they are forced to be satisfied with the extent of their dwelling.

All afternoon younger beavers, each with his mate, taking such time as they could from work on the hut, were busy at work on their own residences, hunting sticks, digging up and carrying mud and placing each element in its proper place. Some of their showed almost a mathematical nicety in their calculations. One busy fellow who wanted to cut a large stick in two would nibble a little here and there, then walk around the stick, examining it critically, then nibble again and walk around once more. At last, when apparently satisfied with his calculations, he set to work with a will, and in the twinkling of an eye, as it seemed, he had gnawed the stick through.

All the wood used in building is stripped of its bark, which forms the principal food of the animals. Now and again a beaver, coming on a particularly fresh and juicy yellow twig, would stop work long enough to recast himself with the bark, first, by the way, washing the twig well in the pond. They treat all their food in the same way, and when some one threw a big fellow an apple yesterday he spun it round and round in the water before eating it. They lay up heaps of bark for winter use, and now and again when they find a fine, big log they bury it, bark and all, in the mud, nibbling off a supply as they require it during the winter days.

They take plenty of rest, however, as well as work hard, and along about feeding time several of them came out and lounged in the sunshine on the grassy bank, waiting for the keeper to come. They know him perfectly. The oldest and biggest of the colony—the patriarch—is stone blind. But somehow he, too, knows the keeper at feeding time.—*Philadelphia Times.*

### The Unset Magazine.

I know of no greater pleasure for a man who is fond of reading than to take home with him a new number of one of our modern magazines with the leaves all uncut, and sit down to it with his mind free from care while the stormy winds blow outside and the fire burns brightly within. Then is the time for the easiest chair and a good paper knife. The old lady fond of what Charles Lamb tells about liked a good fire and a clean hearth and the rigor of the game. I don't play whist, but I like the first two ingredients and for the rigor of the game, the rustic of the magazine leaves.—*Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.*

# FANCIES IN FURNITURE.

Mahogany is the popular wood for this season.

A carved footstool has its sides in embossed brass.

Fourteenth century chairs are returning to favor.

Cabinets and toilet tables of papier mache are once more in use.

Parlor suits of six pieces, no two alike, are in fashion and in favor.

Furniture carvers should be careful not to make their cutting too deep.

Desks for offices and rooms are made to contain a concealed washstand.

A hat rack is provided with protruding erect ovals of nickel plated wire for silk hats.

Dwarf book cases, elaborately carved and gilded, are to be seen in the most fashionable houses.

Table beds are new. They are converted from one to the other readily, and may be used as either.

Brass cabinets are quite pretty and quite stylish; pillars have floriated capitals, panels of antique design, etc.

A dressing table has a double top, the upper divided in the middle and opening to right and left on hinges.

Furniture may be painted the most effectively by rubbing down each coat, as is done in carriage painting.

Fauteuils of the toniest quality are made from locust wood and upholstered in pink and blue, with golden fringe.

Jewel caskets of tortoise shell, with four drawers, are neat and expensive. They make excellent Christmas presents.

Drawing room tables of unique appearance are made from coarse Irish stalks of light greenish yellow and bound by withes of red.

A new color to stain wood is a rich violet, and the stain is thus made: The wood is heated with a bath of four and one-half ounces of olive oil, same of soda ash and two and one-half pints of boiling water. It is then dyed with magenta.

Folding beds are selling well about the holiday season. There is considerable mechanical ingenuity displayed in their construction. One house, well known as the residence of a wealthy gentleman, has a folding bed in every apartment, thus making each room a parlor.—*New York Mail and Express.*

### WHAT THEY WEAR.

Watered velvet is the thing in millinery.

Rejoice, O womankind; sable is not so ugly this year.

Cloth princess gowns demand trimming at far, as their make up forbids drapery.

The large pouf at the back, so long disfiguring draperies, is now pronouncedly bad style.

The very newest seal coats are short at the back, with the long fronts deeply bordered with fox fur.

For very little folk, hoods of chinchilla, with lining and loops of shell pink, are the highest fashion.

Diamond pins jeweled both at point and head are now fashionable, worn thrust carefully in the hair.

Half low shoes of bronze, patent leather, French kid or suede, are preferred to slippers for evening wear.

The merry thought and peacocks' feathers in diamonds and emeralds, are among new designs for brooches.

A wide front panel, or one at each side, is newer and better style than the single one that has become chronic.

In front draperies, a go-as-you-please center, with some plaits, either hand, is the correct thing for silk or woolen.

A new bangle is elastic—opening for the hand, then springing to the arm—yet warranted not to get out of order.

Walking shoes of Angora kid, made over lasts delightfully big and square toe, are designer—"for which relief much thanks."

Hats are segregating themselves into two distinct species—low, with wide brims, and steepie like, with a bare suspicion of protection.

Smart looking fur capes are either plastrons across the chest or in the shape of a habit skirt, with epaulets and loops of cord passanteries.

Red riding habits are the latest elegant economy of Parisian equestriennes, who must otherwise sport the color of the entertainer of the hour.

### RULES FOR GETTING RICH.

The best merchant is he whose business talent is of the highest order and improved to the highest pitch.

Of all quarrels, the most senseless, the most bootless, the most worrying, is a quarrel with your circumstances.

Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has and that which he thinks he has.

Half of the heavy hearts and broken spirits and sleepless eyes among our merchants might be spared were they only willing to conform their appearances to their substance.

Many merchants object too much, consult too long, advertise too little, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.

Some men seem to take failure quite comfortably; they stop and go on again, without changing their style of living or lowering their beads. That is a feat that no honest business man can admire.

In business there are many who cannot rise, many who cannot help descending, many who of necessity fall, many who earn their bread, and many who only waste it when once in their own hands.

Great merit or great failings will make you respected or despised, but trifles, little attentions, mere nothings, either done or neglected, will make you either liked or disliked in the general run of the world.

The true merchant is not the man who best understands his business and contrives to bargain others out of their reasonable profits, but he who best understands his business and never takes advantage of any man's ignorance or any man's necessity.

"Leading articles" in commerce, like leading articles in journalism, are meant to make a character for the whole. But it is questionable whether a merchant is justified in taking such modes of attracting the attention of the public unless he has actual advantages to offer.—*New York Mail and Express.*

### POLITICAL PICKINGS.

Prohibitionist St. John's wife is making testotal speeches in Kentucky.

An active campaign in North Carolina next year is what Republican National Committeeman Harris, from that state, promises.

Elijah M. Haines, whose career in the Illinois legislature attracted some attention two years ago, is in the field as a candidate for governor.

# GREELEY'S DISCOVERY.

## HOW THE TRIBUNE PHILOSOPHER FOUND AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

The Typesetter's First Interview with the Famous Editor—Something the Tribune Had to Take Back—Reading Dame's Choice Obituaries.

The cleverest newspaper men, when pushed into the walks of statesmanship, have rarely fulfilled the promises of their journalistic careers. But I look for a different result in Amos J. Cummings' case. He has an abundance of that rare mental commodity known as horse sense. There is nothing of the theorist about him. He is eminently practical, earnest, energetic, courageous and honest. I know of no young man who ever entered congress with brighter prospects. He was offered \$5,000 a year—as much as his congressional salary—to write over his own signature one letter a week for a newspaper about the doings of the house.

Cummings' name brings to my mind his indirect connection with the newspaper killing of a number of American statesmen for whom the last trump had not been blown—or played, whichever you prefer. When Horace Greeley, one of the best and profane of men, was editor of The Tribune, Amos Cummings entered the employ of that newspaper as a typesetter. He then lived in Newark. One afternoon The Evening Telegram published a report of the death of William Wright, United States senator from New Jersey. It was an event in the political world, and Greeley wrote an editorial upon it. It fell to Cummings' lot to place a portion of the article in type. Having just come from his New Jersey home, he knew that the report of Senator Wright's death was untrue, and so informed the foreman of the composing room, who told him that he should go down stairs and "tell the old man."

### INTERVIEWING HIS CHIEF.

Cummings, with his sleeves rolled up, and still wearing his ink smeared apron, walked into the sanctum of the Sage of Chappaqua, and in his blunt way said: "Senator Billy Wright is not dead."

Looking up, Greeley, in his peculiar falsetto voice, exclaimed: "Who in — are you?"

"I work upstairs in the composing room," was the quiet answer.

"Young man," squeaked out Greeley, "you're a — fool. Go read The Telegram." The young printer said not another word, but walked upstairs and finished putting in type the editorial sermon over the living senator's body. Two days afterward The Tribune was obliged to correct its false statement of Wright's death.

It did not take Greeley long to find that Cummings was not a fool, and it was very long before the typesetter was city editor of the great journal. At that time there were two New York congressmen bearing the name of James M. Humphreys. One was from Buffalo, and a Democrat; the other was from Brooklyn, and a Republican, and was at one time postmaster of that city. The news editor, Otterson, in recording in the columns of The Tribune their votes on important public measures almost invariably mixed them up in one way or another and led Mr. Greeley into mistaken criticism that filled him with agony.

### GLAD TO HEAR IT.

One night the dear old man walked into the editorial room and asked is there any news on which he could make editorial comment. "Congressman Humphreys is dead," answered Cummings.

"Is he?" squeaked Greeley, "I'm — glad to hear it. Now The Tribune can be right about him." He continued, turning to Otterson.

The news editor promptly reeled off what he had before him about the Brooklyn Republican. Greeley went down stairs and wrote a strong editorial on the subject. The next morning all the other newspapers contained particulars of the death of the Buffalo Democrat. The Brooklyn Congressman was still alive. When Greeley discovered the error he had been led into, the azure hue in which distance robes the mountain is pale, indeed, beside the sapphire atmosphere of The Tribune office. After he had become a valued attaché of The Sun and one of its stockholders, Cummings had the privilege of reading editorial obituaries of Daniel Manning and Henry Watterson, written by the nervous, forceful pen of Charles A. Dana. They were put in type at various times, of course—but were not published because the outstretched wings of the angel of death were again closed in each instance and the shadow passed away. But Cummings thought it a monstrous shame that men in memory of whom Charles A. Dana had poured forth his choicest utterances should not hear them, while, favored above all others, they were alive to enjoy them. Accordingly he had proofs of both articles struck and actually read to Manning and Watterson what The Sun had proposed saying over their heads. A man who could do that will be able to hold his own, I think, even in the American congress.—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*