THE ART OF PROSPERITY

if me not that advertising as bettin empty dream,
ast bettin empty dream,
the charms are more surprising
the charms are more surprising
(and every body who has tried it wisely and and will acknowledge that its effects are far more astonishing) as its dail, old-fashioned practitioner

dwhichever way thou turnest of whichever way thou turnest from stil find upon the whole, who advertise in earnest (Yes we have only to glasse at our wealthy connucercial firms and we shall admit that these who do the thing property; there is not be wished for goal.

sin't then then a lesson borrow? Cont let a little expense deter you; you merely casting you bread spon the saters and you will save have the sate isfaction of knowing the save to morrow) will the richer than to-day

Let the senseless cronkers ters

Let the senseless cronkers ters

Take your heart with hope is testing

The your heart with hope is testing

The your will always find a lest of people in

Every community who are wind to their

Interests; but while you cree meaning fortune. and fortune)
They will find oblivion's grave.

gier's ink will lend the battle-Printer's ink, the balls of 1 fe:
inter's ink, the balls of 1 fe:
inter's ink, no dist, no rathe
(No. it does its work ;u tiy: and in the great war of competition when judicious if and the city laid on, it ways;
Leads the van against the strife.

We can make success sublime, our pile and leave behind us (Exactly, that's just where it comes in, We not only feather our own nest, but we provide for the prosperity and well-being of generations set unborn, and se leave What delies the touch of t me.

ing which, perthance another Singsing man with weary brain, some non-attentions brother. (A good essemble is always to be commended as estably in the matter of severising; and e-eny a struggling bustness man sceine the secret of another's sure (sa) May with wiscom try again.

ertise then! Up and doing! Soarert a mouner fate; and the wiser course pursuing. You will find that you will soon be in a position to look the world in the fare, il you Learn to advert se and wart!

New Zealand Tone. POOLADO'S PUG.

That Aristocratic Animal Unburdens His Mind a Little.

loned, but I don't enjoy having it above the public road. Well, as I said, I "fired up;" and when the opportunity occurred I, in a when I had finished it looked as if it course this delicate attention on my part did not tend to cement our friend. ing girl she was, s-she threw me into the water.

tractive young lady, particularly to there are times when life is worth liv- which this is a synopsis: my friend Mr. Poolado; but in my quiet ing. little way I did all in my power to free

well regulated novels I had read, an of the house. gnanswered letter was always suffi-6Kenland's coral strand or to in romances received a fearful shock 'Heroine' and found that the miss- conning away.

ing letter had never been received. Here we were, off for three days to spend the "4th." Our cargo contisted of the freshest things in confectionery for Miss Rosalee, the latest summer novels for her mother, the newest things in fire-works for the children, and the most fashionable attire for himself.

Rosalee having a weakness, or rather a strength, for out-door sports, Poolado thought it would be a tivie. So we paddled down the overing a brand new cance. He was entertaining himself by imagining the impression he would make on the "Adored One" by gracefully swinging his craft to the steps, springing lightly ashore, and falling on her alabaster neck with a five pound box of boubous.

Late in the afternoon her home betame visible with its well-peopled verandas, with the musicians on the lawn, and, alas! her big dogs roaming at large.

In order to do it all with an air of careless grace. Poolado proceeded to light a cigarette. Where he threw the burning match I know not; but it is barely possible that it fell among the freworks. I have no particular reason for thinking so, only about this time a peculiar hissing sound came from our eargo, followed by sudden flashes of light.

I rembember distinctly seeing the air filled with unchristian language as Poolado flew into the water, where I joined him, just as an explosion occupied the space we had so recently

Was it Epictetus or "Mr. Barnes, of New York" who remarked: "When a dog falls into the water he wets his coat dirt and clay about two inches thick. and pants?" Any way, this was my condition; and not being much of a swimmer, I seized a piece of soap as it glance one might have thought there floated by from our wrecked cargo, and was washed ashore.

Of course this unpremeditated pyro technic exhibition made us the center of observation, and the men came rushing down from the verand i; but the hig dogs were ahead of all, and, Planted on the edge of the water, with upper and lower teeth on dress parade, simply waited for us.

In vain Poolado tried to pacify them as he waded along the shore. At every attempt he made to approach their anger and their teeth seemed to in-

costrol them or get them away from us; and as soon as it was seen that I here had been no serious accident ex-

cepting to the cance and its contents. soothing to us.

Nothing could be done till Miss Rosalee herself arrived and took command of the refractory dogs.

When she recognized us through our disguises, she, too, smiled, and it was the most irritating k nd-the haifsuppressed smile. Now if she had simply ordered a steamer chair brought down from the house and had seated herself on the river bank and laughed, shricked and hallooed for three-quarters of an hour, it would have been balm to our jaded spirits compared with her attempts at sympathy which but thinly concealed her almost uncontrollable amusement.

Think of what a stage entrance for Poolado, who counted on making such gracefully to the shore in his picturesque canoe and his fashionable bored fore us like ghosts. smile! And, to add still another ago ny to the occasion, there was the 'Hated Rival," Mr. Junius Brutus Jonas, in spotless garb, whose assistus up onto the bank!

The contrast between the two suitors as we plodded toward the house tween an elegantly dressed, contented and amusing man, and a dripping, shivering, cross-grained specimen of disgusted humanity.

Poolado lacked the moral courage and his flannel suit lacked the nonence. So early the next morning we quietly returned home.

Two weeks later we arranged to spend our regular vacation at a fashionable hotel in the vicinity of Miss Rosa ee's summer home. Among other attractions, our rep-

ertory included a bronco: gentle and unkind, could be driven by a ladywith a big club-and warranted to always do the wrong thing at the right time; but with his russet harness, white lines, and a neatly appointed. stylish cart, the general effect wasgreat! So with these pleasing accessories we made our second attempt to shine in Miss Rosalee's presence.

We rattled along the road at Generally I've the sweetest disposi- strapping pace, swung between the tion in the world; but when Rosales stone posts, and trotted right up the Ricker called me an old-fashioned steep, curving drive-way to the house, fossil, I fired up. Yes, I am old-fash- which was situated a hundred feet

thrown in my face. I was ruined by Poolado had selected an hour when cheap imitations. The first were he knew the guests would be assemworks of art, besides being unique and bled on the front piazza; and the expensive; but when things came to effect we produced -I with a new jewsuch a pass that one could buy a sled collar from Tiffany's, and my stony-hearted imitation for seventy- companion a combination of all the fine cents, then my star of fashion set. | intest fads in men's dress-quite satisfied our sore feelings.

Miss Rosalee immediately fell on the quiet, unostentatious way, toyed with pony's neck, called it all kinds of her feather fan in such a manner that sweet names, admired the trappings, enthused over the cart, and finally had been to a political convention. Of even complimented me! For the first time I realized what a really charm-

hip, in fact a coldness came between | To all this Mr. Junius Brutus Jonas, whose complexion we imagined was I can not deny that Miss Rosalee fact assuming a greenish tint, with a

As Miss Rosalee, having ac him from the fascination, even going invitation to drive, stepped into the so far as to chew up a love-letter he hall to gather her wrap, some of the children, with shricks and howls, and Now I counted on this mastication the uncontrollable big dogs, came to break up the whole affair. In att bounding playfully round to the front

The whole onset was too much for tient to make the "Lover" fly to the bronco's nerves, and with a frightened snort he clawed the air with his India's icy mountains; but my faith iront feet, and then, before any one sould put out a hand to arrest him, he when, after twenty-four hours of plunged madly down the curved drive pine, Poolado calmly inquired of the and gave a good imitation of a horse

To the careless observer I've no loubt he appeared to use his legs in the old-fashioned way, but for the sake of art I am glad to state that he ran in he correct Maybridge instantaneous ohotographic style.

Poolado rushed wildly down the straight path, arriving at the gate just in time to slip and sprawl out in the mud, giving the pony an opportunity to roll all over him; a chance which the bronco availed himself of with point in his favor to affect the athletic slacrity and evident enjoyment. The effect was all very pretty, and the result-a symphony in mud!

If the pony had only continued his race, smashed the carriage, ruined the harness, or even broke a few of Poolado's legs, it would have given some dignity to the scene; but, as it was, the ludicrons held undisputed sway; even the bronco seemed too overcome at the general hilarity to move.

Of course the "H. R." Mr. Junius B. Jonas, in a spotless lawn-tennis costume, was the first man on hand to drag the mud-frescoed Poolado to his feet and assist him up the hill, while others helped untangle the pony and proceeded to repair a slight break in the traces.

Imagine the contrast! Mr. Jonas in snowy white flannel trousers, a blue silk shirt with cravat and waist-scarf of blue and white, a sparking blazer and immaculate straw hat; and by his side, wrecked, dilapidated Pooindo, with his coat split down the back and the opening nicely plastered up with rich brown mad, both sleeves torn open frem shoulder to elbow, his hands in the same condition as his face -not exactly spattered with mud. but bearing a solid coating of dust, which tended to injure the expression of his clear-cut features. At the first were only thirteen holes in his trou-

ty-one rents, more or less concealed with c'ay, could be discerned. As for me, there was one pound of mud to every hair on my hide. Rosalee gave one giance at us as we tottered up the steps-just one little bashful look and then flew into the

sers; but on careful examination twen-

I don't say she laughed-I simply saw her cramming her handkerchief, her lace fan and some embroidery into her mouth as she rushed for the door; and when she was within the wildest peals of uncontrollable laughter shook pears of uncontrollar litrus Miss Rosaice studies their habits with an interest sea of a victim. was too polite to allow herself to be

allarity, which naturally was not party on the veranda were not so away in a fit.

For the next few days we kept ourselves in close retirement, as we were wearing several marks and bruises which only time and arnica could ef-

We resolved on our next appearance to avoid both canoes and broncos. So arraying ourselves in our tartest raiment, and assuming our imported bored look, we sauntered to the pienic grounds by the river bank, where Miss Rosalee and her party were assembled.

incidents we had experienced in trying to make an impression on Miss Rosaventional picnic accidents rose up be-

take, though his appearance was unusual.

His elastic step, his nonchalant air, was just what you would imagine be- his patronizing smile and his spotless

sirendy surmised, Mr. Jonas was wet! shrinking qualities to face the audi- For once he had reached our level. I with an apologetic bearing; but there

We suddenly observed that our innocent merriment was coldly frowned on by the assembly; and, a moment later, it was explained to us that Mr. Jonas was a hero-a real, life-sized, first-class, sensational hero!

At the risk of his life and the sure ruin of his chaste costume he had plunged boldly into the raging torrent and snatched the beautiful Miss

posed as the lion of the hour. Some of the reports placed the feet, and said the young lady was being rapidly swept out of sight by a legs? furious current, and that she had aling swimmer could grasp her.

All this was too much for Poolado. We wandered to our hotel, and he paced the Boor nervously all day, and wrote desperately all night. And the was generally considered a very at- sickly smile, had to listen. After all, result was a etter to Miss Rosalce, of

He told her of his unconquerable ove; hadeclared his intention of never seeing her again; he would leave the field to Mr. Jonas, the man whom fate had favored in allowing him the would be as great as his own misery

was deep; etc., etc. the next morning on our way home.

The following day at the breakfast crease or wrinkle would entirely detable, as I occupied my accustomed stroy the repose of this imperial spoilt stool at Poolado's eldow, watching child for the night. bim listlessly open his mail, he chocolate-pot and nearly overturning the whole table. I sprang just in time to avoid the flying china and falling chairs as he rushed wildly to his room, where I was not slow in

following him. Already his t aveling-bag was his hand, into which he was crowding linen that can be procured, and a lot of articles Then, without one word or thought for me, he flew out of

Now from experience I knew that i went uninvited it would simply make a scene; so while I was standing there undecided, my eye fell on the letter which had caused this sudden emo-

tion, and which he had accidentally dropped.

Behold the contents: You Door Foolish Old Boy: I thought every one knew that Mr. Jonas was engaged to my pretty cousin who is now abroad, and he seeks my society simply so that he can find a patient istener while he enthuses about his absent

In regard to his saving the lovel est girl in the world, as you so charmingly word it, I may as well let you into the secret now; it was all omp in after the-supposed-to-be-drowning

lesides being an expert swimmer, I knew "YOUR WAITING ROSALKE."

sive I boited after him. Talk about an enthusiastic reception! You should have just seen him

hug me when the letter in my mouth was recognized. Oh! we felt on very good terms Rosalce, or, I should say, Mrs. Poolado, hugs me whenever she thinks of deodorizers.

Oh! I may be old-fashioned and out the baby!-Will Phillip Hooper, in with advantage,

Demorest's Magazine. DEATH BEFORE DRUDGERY. The Dog's Innata Batred for Any Thing

That Looks Like Work. Every dog is either a born gentle-

excited to merriment at our eccentric that never flags. "There is not one of the speciators showed uncalled-for appearance, though the rest of the them who will work if he can avoid it. The only difference between the wellpunctilious; and it was with quiet sat- bred and genteel dog and the loafer in isfaction that I saw one man dragged this respect is shown in the manner in the publication of the early novels which they support their idleness, of The dog whose birth and connections entitie him to live without so ling his their reception by the public press; paws by labor knows his social position very well, and is not at all On the contrary, if, as occasionally upon his dramatic attempts, happens, he is forced to perform some ered, and he goes about his uncongenial occupation in a half-hearted. perfunctory way, and evinces by his drooping ears and depressed tail that In consequence of the two disastrons he keenly feels his degradation, and does not know what he has done to deserve it. He considers that his inee, this our third attempt made us telligent companionship, as unswerva fascinating impression by swinging feel decidedly nervous. All the con- ing fidelity, and his sleepless vigitance in protecting his master's property when the heavier senses of humanity On approaching we saw that the are steeped in slumber should exempt wildest confusion and excitement him from vulgar toil, and be accepted seemed to prevail; then out from the as sufficient return for his board and crowd walked the "H. R.," Mr. Junius lodging. As his owner usually agrees ance we were obliged to accept to drag Brutus Jonas. Yes, there was no mis- with him, the dog is not often asked to sacrifice what he regards as his birth-

> "The dog of loafing tendencies yields not a whit to his aristocratic garb were not with him. At every brother in his detestation for toil, but move water spouted from his shoes, he can not carry off his idleness with spurted from every seam and ran in the same air of easy independence. torrents from the edges of his clothes. He seems to think that his owners ex-Yes, as the intelligent reader has peet him to work for his living, and he moves about in the family circle don't hesitate to say we smiled-in his subservience ends. Try to train fact, my amusement was too large for him to the light but debasing treadmy collar and I came near having mill employment of turning the wheel that works the mechanism by which the cream is made into butter, and you will be surprised to find how soon he will learn to distinguish churning day from the other six, and be conspicuous by his absence while the

dairy maid is doing his work. "A dog's abhorrence of labor, hard or easy, can not be attributed to laziness, for he is not at all lazy. All animated nature shows no more active Rosalee from the jaws of death-that creature than he. Arouse him from is, she wou'd no doubt have drowned. his sleep on the coldest winter night. In time, if the water had sufficient and call upon him to accompany you depth; but, to tell the truth, Poolado en any mission, and he will be deand I afterwards quietly sounded the lighted with the confidence you place water in that locality and found it in him and shrink from no discomfort only three or four feet deep. There or danger. It is clear to me that his was no current, and no holes; and if hatred for toil is due to his innate genshe had been let alone she would have tility, and only when he is faise to his walked comfortably out and saved her natural instincts, and feels ashamed of bangs, which, alas! were lost in the his lifelong idleness, does he look and confusion of being dragged ashore. act like a lonfer. It is not easy to But of course we could not say all teach a good dog tricks. He will not this to the enthusiastic admirers of take kindly to them, for they are tothe thrilling deed, and the "H. R." much like work to accord with hitastes. Curs sometimes make good t leksters, but how often have you depth of the water at seventy-five seen a Newfound and or a mastiff stand upon his ear or waltz on his hind

"Well bred dogs are like Indians ready sunk four times before the dar- They are at all times ready and willing to hunt until they drop, or fight until they die; but the motto by which they all seem to be guided is: Death before Drudgery." -N. Y. Sun.

> THE BEDS OF ROYALTY. Faucies of Illustrious Personages About

Clarence House is one of the mos

comfortable houses in London, and is famous for its good beds, for the only p ivilege of risking his life to save daughter of Alexander II, of Russin the loveliest girl in the world; and is, like many Muscovite ladies, very he could only hope her happiness particular about her beds, and with tolerate in her house none but the very best. Even when a mere child, and The number of hours and the amount long thefore her marriage, she was so of writing-paper it required to particular about this very important compose this effusion were beyond item in domestic comfort that to inreckening. It was sent to her by a sure the sheets being tightly stretched messenger as we rolled to the station over the mattress, she used to have them sewn down, for even the slightest

Her Royal Highness used to jumped from his seat, upsetting the greatly chaffed about this weakness by members of our royal family when first she came to this country, but the Queen, who is also very particular about her beds, stuck up for her, and although now the sheets are no longer sewn down to the mattress, they are composed of the most exquisitely fine stretched like a tight rope over the most perfect mattresses that can be manufactured in Paris, in which capital ator. the making of mattresses has been

brought up to the level of a fine art. A curious and amusing chapter might indeed be written about the beds of illustrious personages. The ex-Empress Eugenie is quite as particular about her beds as the Duchess of Edinburgh or our Gracious Sovereign, and quite agrees with the first-named lady as to the fineness of the linen and the tightness of the drawing of the sheets. but Her Imperial Majesty has an odd fancy to have her bed so low as to give a visitor to the Imperial bedchamber the impression that the widow of Casar is almost sleeping on the floor. a practical joke we girls planned. We made Cassar is almost sleeping on the floor, wagers as to which man would be the first to It is indeed hardly elevated more than a foot from the floor, as all who have visited in old days the private apartments at St. Cloud. Complegae and the the shallowness of the water. But the partie-ulars of all this will keep till I see you, which Tuileries will remember. Another curious bed is that of Sarah Bernhardt. Now I'm no fool; at a glance I saw It is nearly fifteen feet broad, and the chance to make myself welcome to when the great comedience is indis-Poolado. I realized how he'd prize posed and receives her intimate friends the precious letter, so seizing the mis- reposing on he couch she looks like a little golden-haired bird lost in a great sea of white satin, -Modern Society.

-Coffee pounded in it mortile and ronsted on an iron plate augar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with with ourselves," and even to this day, myrrh and sprincled on the floor and farniture of a siez room, are excellent

-Why not teach the boys at home how to carve a fowl? A lady has her of style, but there are two people who boys take turns with each other and appreciate me. Two people? Why! the father in waiting on the table. It ere are three now-I almost forgot is a place that might be followed by all

-n sa mming professor says in repard to sen bathers caught by the undertow, that the bather should keep cool, lie as flat on his back as possible and wait for a wave. With the wave he should make a vigorous stroke for man or a confirmed loafer," said a the shore and then lie still and level Long Island sporting man, who keeps again until another wave will help a dozen or more canine pets and him. In this way he can cheat the

THE LADY OF LYONS.

To Deceive Hostile Critics the Play Was

I am not old enough to remember Edward Lytton Bulwer, and consequently am unable to speak of but when that gifted gentleman took to writing for the stage I perfectly recolashamed of the aimless life he leads. Leet the savage attacks that were made

There is no doubt that Bulwer had, light task his whole nature is low- in some way or other, made himself personally offensive to the critics; but, whether or no, he became fully persuaded that no play written by him, however good it might be, would be allowed to succeed upon the stage.

Acting upon this conviction he, in counsel with Macready, who always played the hero in his pieces, detertempt anonymously. Happy thought! one muslin slip. The subject fixed upon was "The Lady of Lyons," and when the play was prothe authorship was known to two persons only-Macready and Bulwer. Dickens was the intimate friend of both actor and writer and on invitation of Macready he took his place among the audience on the first night, in total lenorance of any thing and every thing went delightedly behind the scenes to cloak. congratulate the great actor on a welldeserved success.

In Macready's dressing-room Dickens found Bulwer, looking, as he thought, a little disturbed.

"A capital play! good idea-well and dramatically worked out. The author, a young fellow, I suppose, has been ooking a little at our friend here," indicating Bulwer. "If this is his first work I predict a fine future for him; as for you, my dear Macready, you are in you see the play from the front? I did not notice you among the audience."

"No," said Bulwer, "I saw quite from prickly heat enough of it from the wings." "Well," exclaimed Dickens,

are not satisfied with it?" "Not a bit of it," said Bulwer, "It was capitally acted, fortunately for the author. Without our friend here it might have been a hideous failure."

"My dear Bulwer, if I did not believe you to be free from the slightest tinge of jealousy of other writers, what you have just said would make me uneasy. The fellow has written a bright, capital play, and you should be the first to acknowledge such."

"Not if I don't think so, I suppose," said Bulwer with a smile. In telling this anecdote, as well as I

can remember, I have used Dickens' bouses by many mothers; a quilt beexpressions as I heard them from his The morning following the produc-

tion of "The Lady of Lyons" was a quested by the papers to take a lesson Journal. from his rival, who had shown by his admirable play that he had dramatic their absence in such works as had hitherto proceeded from the pen of Mr. Bulwer. -- Frith's Reminiscences.

BEETLES AS CHARMS. Queer Discovery Made by a Reporter in a

Oothum Jewelry Store. An industrious Mexican beetle in the way furnishes amusement to large crowds almost every hour of the day. It is a curious looking insect, and even persons well versed in natural history are unable at first sight to tell exactly to what variety it belongs. It looks like a cross between a big black spider and a tumble bug.

The beetle has a velvety blue black, with the legs of a spider. Around the neck is a gold band attached to a thread that holds the insect to a miniature human skeleton. The beetle crawls up and down the skeleton with the regularity of clock work. So precise are the movements that nearly every one mistakes it for a mechanical

toy. The other afternoon Walter B. Price and Senator Studler spent some time pondering over the beetle. "I don't believe a piece of mechanism could be as perfect as that," exclaimed the Sen-

Mr. Price, who is a great student of natural history, insisted that nature had never constructed such a looking insect, and as a result of the difference of opinion a wager was made. I accom panied the two gentlemen into the store to decide the wager. The jeweler

said that it was a live Mexican beetle. "It is a most curious insect," he said, "and it is as busy as a bee. We have put on a false back of blue velvet to give it a brilliant appearance. We do quite a trade in thom. Ladies wear them as charms to their chains. The Baroness Blanc set the fashion to wearing them here in New York. I don't know just how long they will live, but I know of several that are over five years of age.

"I am at a loss to understand how they exist, for they never eat or drink. We keep them in a show case with our watches. Some of them are very intelligent, and one of the clerks trains them to do a number of cute things. If he whistles they will come and crawl up his arm. They are as cunning as 'possums. They turn on their backs and pretend to be dead when they scent danger. They sell for five dollars and upwards, according to their education. Five dollars sounds rather cheap for

a beetle trained like a circus animal and dressed up like a Haytian field marshal, doesn't it?-N. Y. Herald.

-The poorest memory on record is that of the fellow tried for burglary in Brooklyn the other day. He testified that he had never been arrested before, but when his memory was jogged by certain evidence admitted that he had a dim recollection of being convicted of murder once and given a twenty-year sentence.

-The Christian Intelligencer dislikes he substitution of "signs" for "mira-des" in the Revised New Testament. 'Miracles," it says, "is a more pleasant word than signs, both to the tongue and

OUR DARLING BABIES.

How They Should be Bressed During the

One can not waik a half mile in any part of town at this time of year without meeting bables, and bables of all I have furnished for years past the kinds. Poor little three-week-olds smothered in flannels until they can cosses of the Orleans family. The hardly breathe, and little toddlers pale | Comtesse de Paris dresses in a severe with the effort to cut their eye-teeth and simple style, and always wears and breathe city air at the same time. round hats -never bonnets. Her hats

A baby of any age needs air at this are small and of a special variety of time of year. The long cashmere the toque shape, which is prepared cloaks that strain the necks of bables purposely for her. Dark brown and under four months are barbarous, and black are her favorite colors. Her yet half the mothers in town use them. | married daughter, the Duchesse de From sunrise until sunset, while the Braganza, shares her mother's simthermom ter is up to seventy-six, a plicity of taste. The Duchesse de baby just born or under three months Chartres, the sister-in-law of the old needs only a little flannel skirt. Comtesse de Paris, is one of the most high in the neck and long in the elegant royal ladies in Europe. She sleeves, a dannel band, knitted and is famed for her graceful carriage, put on loosely; a napkin, soft woolen and it has been said of her that to see mined to produce his next drauntic at- socks, one long flanuel petticoat and her sit down was in itself a lesson in

poor little helpless thing. A knitted duced-about the year 1842, I think- jacket and a white muslin cap are suffleient for outdoors, except when walking in the wind or driving; then the Princess Waldemar of Denmark, a soft shawl or cape is best. The cloaks with sleeves should not

be used until a baby is old enough to the toque shape in front, curving put out his hand for his rattle. Then down at the back in something of the he is old enough to hold up his head connected with the play. The curtain without support from the hand and trimming set in front of the crown, fell to a storm of applause. Dickens can better bear the weight of the

Don't keep the baby bundled up all day. After his mid-day nap and meal fair complexion, she delights in delplace him flat on his back in the cen- jeate shades of pale blue or silver ter of your bed, turn his long frock gray. up and let him kick and crow. It will help him to grow and will strengthen his back and legs.

If it is very warm and the baby is fretful give him a mid-day both in large-brimmed hats, which, indeed, tepld water, and another one at sundown if he needs it. Very little tables of her beauty. Every thing must be should not be put in the water but small and neat and compact, whether for a long run, depend upon it." Then, once a day, but are easily sponged off, hat or bonnet. Her favorite colors turning to Bulwer, Dickens said: "Did and are generally quiet and sleep well are pale blue and mauve, and several sfier a bath. A little vinegar added of the new shades of green, such as to the water will aliay the itching Nile-red and varnish-green, which last

Chaling often comes with June weather, and it is very painful to the bairy. To prevent it maby should be Viadimir, who was a Princess of the sponged off and powdered a half ducal house of Meckienburg-Schwerin, dozen times a day. Fuller's earth is used when powder is not sufficient. European fashion, being extremely The former is a very fine dust-colored powder and can be obtained at any finite taste in dress.

drug-store. Don't put the baby to sleep on a four-fo'd quilt lined with cotton, and daring and novel, and perfectly suca small soft hair pillow. A single cessful. She delights in wearing flowder-down spread is used.

Hammocks are being used in town mums and violets. ing put in before the baby. They formerly the Princess Elizabeth of keep up a gentle swaving motion for Saxe-Weimar, also has much taste in a long time, are inexpensive and can dress. Just at present she is rebe changed from one room to the stricted to black and white, as her triumph for Bulwer, who was re- other with but little trouble. - N. Y. husband is cousin of the Emperor of

THE AUTOCRAT TALKS.

of Literature. duced. In history there are Prescott, thirty in all. Every Theodore Parker and Dr. Bartol; in and Whittier, for the latter, if not an Letter. actual resident of Boston, must be regarded, nevertheless, as belonging to he Boston literary guild.

"There is Lowell, plso. Others night be mentioned in addition to those already named. For real intellectual force take the old Chestnut Street Club, or the Radical Club, as ome choose to call it. Where will you ind its equal? We have never had any thing like it in this country since. Indeed, the literary outlook seems hardly encouraging. I sometimes fee that poetry will become a lost art with is. To be sure we have a large numper of writers of verse-1 refer to the rising generation of writers-and it is very good verse, too, but very ittle-very little-of it rises to the scale of real poetry. It is not suffidently striking to impress itself upor he world to endure. The disposition s to indulge in fanciful telelet and the rondeau, all pretty enough in their way; but very few poems of this charseter have ever become immortal.

"For example, the sonnet is one of the most mechanical and artificial forms of verse there is. To be sure. Shakespen e's sonnets are excellent, as they do not conform to the estab tished rules governing the construction of the sonnet. If one is to succeed in poetry he must give free rein to his sentiment and imagination in the more imple and natural forms of verse Take for instance. Tennyson's 'Ir Memoriam;' the form is simple and easy. This is a great poem and will ive. Still, from these observations. I would not seek to discourage any young man from seeking to be a poe if he really fee's the divine instinct within him.

"But I would urge him by all meanto adopt the most natural way of writing, and not by any means depend on poetry or literature, in any sense. for his brend and butter. Let him have something else for a staff; it is absolutely necessary, unless one be a cenius, and even then it is far safer l'oe was a genius, yet his case ought to prove a warning to all who aspire in literature. I in my own case have and a professorship, the work of which has not always been congenial; never the ess, it was proved a good staff."-From an Interview in Boston Journal

- A Mohammedan un'vers'ty nine undred vones older than Oxford is still ourishing at Caro as in the days of Arabian conjuests. It contains but one room, the floor is payed and the oof is supported by too columns.

-A new that which acts as a foot scraper without retaining the dirt on it surface, and which is readily cleaned. I made of flexible wood matting. Strip of clear white hard maple, straigh grained and well seasoned, are connected by means of galvanized irea wire, with a rubber tube between them. and the result is a very durable and

HEADGEAR OF ROYALTY.

A Parisian Milliner Recalls the Faucles of

I number a great many royal ladies among my customers. For instance, hats and bonnets worn by the Prinpurposely for her. Dark brown and grace. Her usual style of headgear Do not put any thing else on the is the capote bonnet in black and gold or cream-white or red, all of which colors, or combination of colors, are very becoming to her. Her daughter, prefers a style of headgear which is gotten up especially for her. It is of canote form. She likes straight high never wears strings, and particularly dislikes hanging ends, whether of ribbon or lace. As she has a fresh,

The Empress of Russia has been for some years past one of my customers. Like her sister, the Princess of Wales, she never wears high-crowned or would be unsuited to the delicate type is the newest color yet produced this

Her sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess is one of the royal leaders of the stylish in manner and possessing in-

I have just carried out for her an idea of her own, which was to comeather bed, and use a very thin little bine in a toque a crown in real sealeather pillow for his head. One of skin with trimming of white slik the best summer cracks has a bottom gauze. This union of the fur and of wire-screen, and on this is placed a gauze, of dark brown and white, was ers, her favorites being chrysanthe-

The wife of her second brother, Germany, and she is still in slight mourning for the Emperor Frederick. She wears compact capotes, with powers which were conspicuous by O. W. Helme.' View of a Phase or Two close bordering and strings, the bow under the throat being very becoming "The question is, will this country to her. When she was married three ever see another such group of re- years ago I furnished the bonnets and markable men as Buston has pro- bats of her trousseau, comprising some Motley and Parkman. In theology, made with a hat to match, and every carriage, or reception, or theater oratory, Wendell Phillips; in philoso- dress had the bonnet to correspond in window of a jeweler on upper Broad- phy, Emerson; in poetry, Longfellow material as well as in color.-Paris

How Tea is Tasted Nowadays.

The art of tea-tasting in commercial houses, which formerly proved detrimental to the health of so many men, has now been reduced to such accurucy that the tasting pa t of it has been practically eliminated in all but the name, and the tes is tested new by sight and smell. Boiling water is first poured on an accurately-measured po tion of the leaves. In a few minutes the liquid shows some tint of green or brown, and the length of this time and the shade of the color produced are important elements in the test. The taster then, with the aid of a spoon, inhales the rising steam from the mixture. This is called "getting the aroma," and is the most important part of the test. He may, perhaps, la some cases actually taste the liquid, but this is no longer generally done. Color, aroma and the "liquoring" qualities of the tea are sufficient grounds to judge by. The oldtime tea-taster was a high-salaried expert, who frequently ended his career with heart disease or fits, the result of slow poiscoing from the quantities of adulterated tea he tasted, but now, as a rule, every merchant tests his own teas by the recent and approved method .- N. Y. Tribune.

-A curious incident occurred in the Parade Church, Shorneliffe, England, on a recent Sunday. It was found that the church was besieged by various cinds of birds, principally swallows. Every effort was made to d slodge hem, by without effect, and at last ome soldiers were obliged to fire a voley of blank eartr'dges, which comsletely routed them, and, the church seing soon vacated, the acryles was teld.

At Cambridge, says the London Truth, the girl undergraduates have seen decidedly "coming on." In last year's Mathematical Tripos they had no sranglers at all, and their best "uran was only equal to the forty-fourth on the list. This year they have two wranglers, one coming between the wenty-fourth and the twenty-fifth on he list, the other being equal to the hirty-fourth.

Evils of Intemperance.

Einstein (to his partner)-Isanos, you was oud into lasel night, I zee. Dos oust stop, Isaacs; no more drinkin' dis mont'. You hear me, Isnars! Isaacs-I don't drink in pecziness

hours Einstein -Dot makes no differ. You drink at night, ant effery mornings your hants tremble so you gan't show a gustomer any of dose sheap pants mitout shakin' de buttons off. -Puck.

-Twenty-two German congregations of Philadelphia have united in the effort of founding a Home for the Aged. -The Presbyterian