

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

E. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

HOW TO CARE FOR FURS.

Points on Caring for Skins That Housekeepers Will Appreciate.

Campfire has been from time immemorial the housekeeper's weapon of defense against the ravages of the moth, but it is astonishing that so few people realize that though this is an excellent preservative after proper precautions of dusting and beating have been observed when packing a garment away, it is really a most undesirable substance to employ in the care of furs because of the injurious effects that result from its use. In a chat with a leading furrier, he told me that while all high class furs are appropriately worn in the deepest of mourning, a fashionable customer of his house concluded to discard her seal skins during the period through which she was wearing black, and carefully and securely packed them away in camphor. When she opened the box, two years later, the beautiful rich, dark color had changed to a decided red brown, and if they had been exposed to the hardest wear in the most violent storms for the same length of time the result could not have been more disastrous.

Sable or mink will gradually fade when it is subjected to the action of camphor, and it has the effect of turning ermine, which is again being turned forward in response to a fashionable demand, an unsightly yellow. Moths are noticed to be less likely to enter dyed fur, but the long haired or close curled kinds are especially affected as a favorite abiding place, natural beaver and otter, sable, mink, fish, bear, lynx, fox, and the long, soft and luxurious mandarin presenting most enticing features to this industrious little destroyer.

The method employed by the dealers in skins and furs in caring for their own stock and the possessions others confide to their keeping, simply consists in beating out the articles thoroughly with a light rattan stick every week, or ten days as the longest interval, and in keeping them hanging up in closets closed tightly from dust. Some folks claim, as a result of personal experience, that common salt plentifully sprinkled about is an excellent extermiator of moths.

As the recipe is an exceedingly simple and harmless one, as well as one which, by reason of being odorless, presents that desirable feature to persons with sensitive nostrils, it may be advisable to resort to it sometime by way of experiment. It is an established fact among accomplished housewives that salt is an excellent article to employ in sweeping heavy carpets, such as velvet, Axminster or others with a deep, close pile, as it tends to preserve and freshen the colors. If it possesses the exterminating qualities attributed to its use, the small particles that are likely to remain in the nap and in the corners of the room will be sufficient to establish the value of its efficacy as a defense against the diminutive but dreaded tormentors.

Furs should never be packed into a box or trunk, as the compression is liable to break the points of long haired furs and crush or mat the hairs so that they will never resume the fresh, live appearance they presented when new. In view of the recent rise in the price of camphor it is not undesirable to learn the most advisable manner of preserving our furs, for with that commodity which we can advantageously employ in packing away woollens, blankets and portieres during the summer months, every pound, at 60 cents therefore, will produce a seriously depleting effect upon a not too plethoric purse.—Grace Conroy in New York Star.

Successful Women Evangelists.

Women evangelists of late seem to be meeting with more success in the religious field near Harrodsburg than their co-laborers of the other sex. A short time ago Miss Marimon, an evangelist of the Methodist church of Salvia, held protracted meetings at several county churches, her labors being rewarded by nearly a hundred converts. She is now engaged in her work in the eastern part of the state, and there meeting with her usual success.

Last week Mrs. Woolsey, of the southern part of the state, began a meeting at Bethel church that resulted in twenty-five additions. Closing her meeting there, she left the early part of the present week for Perryville, and now has that usually quiet little town and surrounding country attending her meetings in great crowds, and almost nightly large numbers are turned away on account of the church not being large enough to accommodate them.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Walking Is the Best Tonic.

There are many different ways of improving the skin, and the most successful one is air and exercise. I number among my acquaintances a young lady whose complexion is the envy of all her friends. And when asked where she got her fine rosy cheeks and clear white skin, she answered: "By walking about two miles each day. A year ago I was a thin, shabby, weak looking creature. The doctor was consulted, and he prescribed plenty of fresh air and exercise. I followed his instructions, and you see what it has done for me. I never take a car if I can walk, while you young ladies never walk if you can ride.—M. E. Conlin in New York Star.

The Empress Eugenie, it is said, is as much of a recluse as though she were a nun. All day long she sits in her sunny parlor in a little London house, with a tablet in her lap, sketching or writing for a memorial she is preparing for publication. The book will contain the letters of the late Napoleon and prince, the proceeds from which will go to the fund for the relief of the widows of the war of 1870.

A woman was telling about things that she considered smart, and these among them:

To wear easy fitting gloves—tight gloves are bad form.

To wear brooches only with full dress.

To have violets, citron, aloes, or any sweet smelling flower or leaf in the finger bowl.

To sign your name in full—initials are bad.

For a Long Run.

Manager—Well, things look very prosperous. The new piece has made a hit.

Puffer—What makes you think the piece is a success?

Manager—The demand for passes—America.

LAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty weeps and sighs to the tower of the king.
Down, down to the cradle where infancy sleeps,
And for love's sake the singer and singer.
Use a garden of light full of heaven's perfume,
Where never a tear drop is shed,
And the rose and the lily are ever in bloom—
Tis the land of the beautiful dead.

Each moment of life a messenger comes
And beckons man over the way;
Through the host's noise of woman and rolling of drums
The army of mortals obey.

Few lips that have kissed not a motionless brow,
A face from each forehead has fled,
But we know that our loved ones are watching us
Now
In the land of the beautiful dead.

Had a charm that we knew ere the boundary was
We stood
And we stood in the valley alone;
Not a fruit that we plucked in our gardens is lost—
They have faded and levelled grown.
As the lilies burst forth when the shadows of night
Into bondage at dawn break are led,
So the joy that we pluck in our gardens is lost—
When the last deed is done and the last word is said
We will meet in the land of the beautiful dead.
—John Jerome Rooney.

SEQUEL OF A HANGING.

A Reporter's Experience with Two Brothers, One of Whom Was Hanged.

In the days when Horace Greeley was booming The New York Tribune, Fred Harriott was a reporter on that paper. In Binghamton, N. Y., a burglary was committed by three men. Two of these entered a store to secure the booty, while the third was left outside as a guard. This guard was vigilant and he saw by the movements of a young man who appeared on the scene that the burglars had been discovered. Prompt action was necessary and the guard was the man for the situation. Before the young man could give the alarm the guard had grappled with and killed him. Hiding his victim in a dark corner he watched until his accomplices finished their work and then, without a word of the deed he had committed, repaired with them to a rendezvous where the spoils were to be divided. While thus engaged the murderer managed to start a quarrel and in the scuffle that followed he killed his two confederates in crime and took all the booty himself.

The murderer, however, was not cunning enough to elude the officers of justice. He was arrested, tried and sentenced to be hanged. A few days before the hanging Harriott was sent by Mr. Greeley to report the affair. Harriott interviewed the condemned, and found him to be in many respects a wonderful man. He was a crank of the first water, and was thoroughly unbalanced in mind. He was a scholar of wonderful attainments, and as acquaintance progressed Harriott learned he had some manuscript notes in original Greek that any college or institution of learning would be delighted to possess.

Upon his arrest the man had given the name of Rufus, and that was all the public knew of him, but Harriott found more than that in the man, and he became so interested in him that he also interested Mr. Greeley, and by their combined efforts a respite was obtained for the prisoner. Harriott worked hard to secure the man's pardon, but he did not succeed, and Rufus was hanged. The newspaper man was the last one with whom he spoke before the cap was pulled over his head.

Harriott quit the newspaper business and married Clara Morris. He became her manager and in that capacity found himself some years ago in San Francisco. While there the actress wished to have some pictures taken, and Mr. Harriott went to the well known photographers of San Francisco, Bradley & Rulofson. After a few moments' talk with one of the firm he thought that he had seen him before in his mind, and he directed questions that in turn caused questions to be asked. The photographer's appearance, manner and speech brought to his memory the hanging of Rufus in Binghamton, and when he found he was talking to Mr. Rulofson his wonder grew greater than ever at the similarity of the name. Mr. Rulofson drew from him the whole story of the triple murder and the hanging. He told how he had labored for the condemned man and the interest he had taken in him.

The proprietor listened intently all through and noted down in a book of orders the appointment for Miss Morris for the next day. They parted and Mr. Harriott began a stroll through the gallery, looking at the pictures. He had not been long thus engaged when he became aware of a commotion down on the street below. He looked out of the window and saw a crowd. Presently it parted and some policemen emerged bearing the form of a man. Even at that distance Mr. Harriott recognized it as the man he had but a few minutes before been talking with. It was Rulofson. He had left the gallery and deliberately thrown himself to the pavement below.

Rulofson was a brother of the murderer hanged in Binghamton. He had not heard from his brother for years, as was learned a little later. The brother had been the black sheep of the family and had caused no end of trouble. He had been all over the world and had traveled under many aliases. His last one was Rulofson—he had merely dropped the last syllable. The story Harriott told was the first knowledge Rulofson had had of his brother's fate, and it affected him so that he committed suicide.—Chicago Herald.

More Barnumisms.

P. T. Barnum was introduced to Sir Arthur Sullivan, at the Waterloo station, in London. "Sir Arthur," said Mr. Barnum, "I am glad to have the opportunity of meeting you. You are celebrated. I am notorious." It is said that a rather pompous minister once met Barnum and said to him: "Mr. Barnum, you and I have met before on the temperance platform, and I hope we shall meet in heaven." "We shall," replied Barnum, confidently, "if you're there."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Sparrow's Nest.

When the sparrow's nest is done it is as well contrived a habitation for the purposes of its occupants as ever an architect designed. It is warm, dry and cosy, not only during the period when the young are growing, but even in midwinter. Nothing short of a blizzard has serious terrors to the inmates of a sparrow house.—New York Sun.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

GIRLS SHOULD NOT FORGET THE DEVOTION OF THEIR MOTHERS.

If You "Shop" You Must Pay—Success of Woman Suffrage—Tea Cloth Antiquaries—High Priced Men Cards—Where Men Buy Bonnets—Fashions in Toilet Sets.

A beautiful young lady asked me recently if I liked her new hat as well as the one she had been wearing previously. Truth compelled me to say that I did not.

"Neither do I, and it is all mamma's fault," she exclaimed, while an irritated expression dashed all the beauty from her face, as a whirlwind of dust covered the beauty of a rose tree.

"You never saw such a woman as mamma is to shop with," she continued. "The very first thing I try on she exclaims 'Oh, that looks lovely on you,' and she never can discriminate and choose, and so I buy the first one I look at, and after I get home I find I do not like it at all. I told mamma today how I despised this hat, and that it was all her fault."

"What did she reply?" I asked.

"Oh, she said she was always in fault—for my misfortunes according to my way of looking at, and of course, it was no use talking about it, so I came away."

"Has it ever occurred to your mother's feelings and motives toward you? You are her only daughter, and she has always worshipped you. You are always beautiful in her sight. She can only wish to please you, and to save you trouble. She can have no desire to annoy or disappoint you. From your cradle to the present day she has had no wish but for your happiness and success. Night after night she has been broken of her sleep to watch and care for you. It was the proudest hour of her life when she saw you developing into a beautiful young woman. What do you suppose can be her feelings now when she hears you speak such sharp, sarcastic or selfish words as you have just related to me? How poorly you must see her life of devotion, how inexpressible must be her sense of disappointment!"

"I never thought of that before," said the young lady, soberly.

I begin to think that the average American daughter "never thought of that."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

If You "Shop" You Must Pay.

It is rumored that a new order of things for shoppers is to be instituted in a large uptown establishment. At the doors of the shop are to be stationed keepers, who will inquire of each woman as she enters (men will be allowed to enter unquestioned) whether she wishes to "shop" or to buy. If she says she wishes to buy, she may pass on, but if she wishes merely to shop, she must buy a ten cent ticket, entitling her to the irrevocable privileges of the shopper. She may then pass from counter to counter as she pleases, to and fro in the store and up and down in it, and may demand the privilege of examining, if she pleases, the very last remnant of cloth and the last yard of lace in the establishment without fear and without reproach. But if, on the other hand, she cannot show the small bit of cardboard, she is expected to buy honestly and discreetly and depart.

This shopkeeper is to be hailed as the real friend of all true women. He says virtually: "Madam, all I have is yours, for the time. Yours to examine, to compare, to criticize, to desire—my clerks are yours, their time, their strength, their temper—for the clerks are not to be allowed the free and untrammelled expression of their contempt, as in the case of the humble buyer. All this can be and is yours if you desire it, from the going up of the sun until the going down thereof—and all for the sum of ten cents!"—New York Evening Sun.

The Success of Woman Suffrage.

Wherever woman suffrage has been tried, it has proved a success. The testimony from English sources is abundant, that since the complete enfranchisement of women in the Isle of Man, the condition of public affairs there has improved; and this fact is used as an argument to show that parliamentary suffrage should be extended to women in England also.

In the territory of Wyoming women have enjoyed full suffrage since 1869, a period of twenty-one years. Governor Campbell, who was in office at the time, in his message two years later, said that the women had conducted themselves in every respect with as much tact, judgment and good sense as men.

Two years after, he repeated that the system of impartial suffrage was an unqualified success. His successors, Governors Thayer, Hoyt, Hale and Warren, have all borne witness to the same effect, and M. C. Brown, United States attorney for the territory, says that "woman suffrage in Wyoming has accomplished much good, and has harmed no one."

Pages might be filled with similar testimony, not only as to Wyoming, but as to the other territories where woman suffrage has been tried. Mere theoretical views in opposition are but as "small dust in the balance" compared with these actual facts.—Francis Minor in April Forum.

Visiting and Menu Cards.

Eve's daughters are often tempted to become spend-thrifts. Five hundred thousand visiting cards have been engraved in Washington this season. One stationery firm tells me that it has turned out 300,000 in the last two months, and the money spent here on pastebord during a season amounts to tens of thousands of dollars. The most ordinary card costs a cent apiece after the plate is made, and the expense of the dinner invitations sent out cost \$10 a dozen. A prominent item on the expense account of a Washington belle is her engraving and printing, and society ladies who give dinners spend at times hundreds of dollars upon the stationery for a feast.

Mrs. Leland Stanford lately paid \$85 for fifty cards, to be used as menus for one of her big dinners. The map of the United States was stamped in silver on the cards, and the drawing and engraving were exquisite. At the dinner which Gen. Breckinridge gave a week or so ago the cards cost \$1 apiece, and Mrs. Justice Blatchford gave not long ago a luncheon, the cards for which were carried by hand at a cost of \$18 a dozen.

No one thinks of giving a big dinner without something fancy in the way of cards, and a great many of the menus are hand painted. Some of the cards are in raised silver and gold. They look as though the gold and silver had been melted and poured into letters on the

cards. They cost 75 cents apiece. Others are drawn in black, and it is quite the thing to make the menu card with each plate so pretty that it may be carried away as a souvenir.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Pay of Teachers in England.

A pamphlet published by the "Anxious Parent" of three daughters who have adopted the profession of governess gives the following incidents: The eldest girl, who is 21, holds a senior Cambridge certificate, speaks French fluently, is a fair pianist and artist and sings moderately well. She receives her board during term time, but earns only \$100 a year, and out of this she has her traveling expenses to pay. The other incidents are still stronger arguments in favor of "better payment of the lady teacher."

The second is 19. She is very fairly educated—that is, she can teach the rudiments of French, Latin, German, Euclid and algebra. She holds a certificate from the Royal Academy of Music as having passed the senior local examination, and has taken several honors and certificates for drawing and painting. She teaches in a large day school, but as yet gets no salary.

The third, aged 18, has acquired French on the continent, is well grounded in Latin and German, is well up in English generally and plays the piano fairly well. She gets her board and lodging, but, alas, no pay.

The only remedy for this condition of poor pay which the anxious parent can suggest is the formation of a charitable fund for aiding all lady teachers. He proposes that the girls attending the schools shall be asked to give a trifle toward raising such a fund.

Where Men Buy Bonnets.

A Wabash avenue saleswoman in a millinery store: I have been brought up in this business, and I never before knew of so many men buying hats and bonnets for women as there are this season. I can remember when a man would never have thought of coming into a place like this, except as a looker on, but for the last few seasons men have taken it into their heads to do much of the buying for their wives, sisters or sweethearts. And I must say that I like the change. The average man can pick out a becoming hat or bonnet for a woman and not look over one-third of the store. As a general thing, a man knows better than a woman what is best suited for her. Very few hats or bonnets selected by men are ever returned. One of the most prominent lawyers in the city—he used to be a judge—drove up in his carriage the other day and brought in his wife's old bonnet and gave minute instructions as to how it should be trimmed. And I must say he had excellent taste. I was over to Paris a few weeks ago, and I found men doing a good deal of shopping in this line of goods.—Chicago Tribune.

Fashions in Toilet Sets.

It is a fashion of the hour to use a number of articles for the toilet table in richly cut crystal in place of silver. Silver toilet articles require constant care. The crystal, moreover, throws over the dainty drawn work cover of the toilet table and the delicate tinted hangings of the boudoir the loveliest iridescent lights whenever a stray beam of sunshine touches them. Brushes and combs, however, are still mounted in silver in old repose and etched patterns.

A Queen Anne bedtime candlestick of polished metal is preferred to one in crystal, but not to one in Berlin or Dresden porcelain or even blue Delft. The loveliest porcelain toilet boxes are made by the Berlin factory, mounted in gold and painted in realistic flower patterns of the period of Martoline at Meissen, or in fine landscapes of old Dresden. The Berlin factory does little work of original design, but makes the best reproductions from old Dresden patterns.—New York Tribune.

Autographs at the Capital.

The newest thing in tea cloths is the autograph tea cloth. The idea originated in Washington, and has just crept up to this city. There are many distinguished women and men in Washington during the season whose autographs are worth having, and so an enterprising maiden hit upon a novel way of acquiring and preserving them. The cloth seen by the writer was a piece of white linen about a yard square, just large enough for a small table, and the autographs are written in pencil. Over the pencil lines the fair owner embroidered the autograph in Kensington stitch. The president's name occupied the center, and was embroidered in gold color; while around about him were grouped the autographs of distinguished army and navy men in bright scarlet; names of bishops were in purple and literary lights in blue, while the signatures of eminent jurists appeared in black.

Mrs. Martin's Medicine Chest.

One of the many pieces of luggage that went on board the steamer with Mrs. Bradley Martin was a medicine chest, a box that has crossed the sea as often as the family. It contained about two pounds of drugs; a dozen vials; plasters for cut, bruises and beauty spots; water bags for chills and cold feet; sprays for disinfecting purposes; pastilles for perfuming stuffy cabins and staterooms, and various instruments for household purposes. In the large cut glass bottles the society queen had ammonia, lavender water and alcohol. Smaller vials contained laudanum, benzoin, pargoric, glycerine and camphor, while the finger bottles held quinine pills, mild cathartics and pellets, lozenges and capsules for a tonic, a narcotic and the like. The soaps, tooth and face powders, toilet wares, creams, balms and bathing salts were in a satchel by themselves, and the mits, sponges, brushes and towel filled a steamer trunk. These drug chests vary in cost from \$8 to \$300.—New York Letter.

Skirt for Spring Wear.

The flat has gone forth that soft, light, clinging materials like foulard will be used for spring dresses, crossing in folds on the bodice, which they nearly cover, yet showing the outline of the figure and falling freely in graceful folds on the skirt. Only flat skirts without turnures are seen, though it is predicted that this fashion has had nearly its allotted time of popularity, and they are made much longer than formerly. The correct thing is only just to show the tip of the toe in front and to lay four or five inches on the ground in the back. The definite styles of Henry II and Louis XVI are losing favor, and one sees only crossway folds round waists, coming to the hips with a small point in front. The waist is made long at the back, the gathered skirt fastening on to it, while boys

of ribbon or velvet rosettes retain the draperies and folds.—Exchange.

A New Article of Dress.

The most sensible thing that has come forward lately is the "Estelle Clayton shirt" for ladies. It is made of the usual material of laundered shirts, and is just like a man's, so far as the bosom, collar and cuffs go, which latter are made on the shirt. The only way in which it differs from the masculine garment is that it is shorter and has a drawing string that holds it around the waist. Every woman who likes to wear cuffs, but who dislikes the instability and pricks of pins, will thank Miss Clayton, if she be the inventor of this garment, which, by the way, why not call the "Clayton" without the name shirt attached? We wear "Son-tags" why not "Claytons?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Maid in Decollete Gown.

A sensation, strictly original, was made at the opera the other evening. In the middle of the second act of "The Valkyrie," a handsome woman, in a tremendously smart black tulle gown, came in with her maid, a very pretty girl, several years younger than her mistress. They made considerable stir getting settled, and then the maid laid aside her cape, and every opera glass in the house was turned on her. She wore the stiffest of caps, a black stuff, high bodied frock and no sleeves! Long black gloves came nearly to the shoulder, but left a strip of the arm exposed. We may now expect to see ladies accompanied to receptions by maids in decollete gowns.—Chatter.

Miss Edwards and Sorosis.

At the recent Sorosis dinner in honor of Dr. Amelia B. Edwards Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, president of the club, made a graceful speech of welcome to the guest of honor. At its close she announced Mrs. Edwards as an honorary member of the club, and pinned upon her left shoulder the badge of the association, a gold letter "S," with the word "Sorosis" crossing it. This little ceremony brought tears to the eyes of Miss Edwards, who took Mrs. Clymer by the hand and kissed her cheek. And still there are those who think that women's clubs are just like men's clubs.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Women Barbers in London.

A lady whom I know is thinking of opening a haircutting saloon for gentlemen, and having a trained army of lady hairdressers to wait upon them. There is no doubt that a staff of lady haircutters would attract customers. There is no reason at all why women should not be employed to "barber" men. Women barbers are largely employed to cut women's hair, and a man's hair is easier to cut than a woman's. Of course the women barbers would have to gain proficiency in shaving.—Miss Mantalini in Pall Mall Gazette.

A Bright Girl Editor.

Miss Andrea Hofer, a girl of 20, is editor of The McGregor (La.) News. She carries on the paper herself, doing all the editorial and nearly half the mechanical work. She has worked in the office since she was 10 years old, and has graduated out of every department. Her helpers, a boy and girl, both younger than herself, set the correspondence and clippings. The editorials, notes, reviews, etc., Miss Hofer sets in type as she thinks them out.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Livery for Maids.

The novel idea of putting maids who wait at the dinner table in livery has been adopted. The dress is of some dark green, brown or blue cloth. The skirt is plain in front, with heavy plaits behind. The waist is not unlike a footman's, but toned up close with crosswise lines of red braid. A high stiff white collar and cravat, stiff white cuffs and tiny white cap complete this hybrid livery costume.—New York World.

She Was Tired of Life.

"I have worked until I am tired out." This was a note written by Mary L. Eaglesfield, of Utica—"bury me in the Potter's field—anywhere—only lay me to rest." A few notes were closed her note, and then the girl purchased a vial of laudanum, made her way to the St. Agnes cemetery and swallowed the fatal draught. Some hours later she was found dead. Rest, eternal rest had come.—New York Evening Sun.

The Fashion in Boots.

This high cut boot with a top that can be removed at will is a novelty for lady tourists who wish to climb or walk much. By lacing the top of the boot proper above the ankle it is drawn tight and acts as a support to the ankle, while the loose extra top protects the limb without causing any inconvenience. With the extra top removed the boot is a stylish one for rambling or for lawn games.—Boots and Shoes.

What Good Butter Is.

The scale for judging butter has changed. It has been often said that perfect butter is that which, made and put down today, will be just as good next June as it is now; but it is not the statement that has to be given at the present time. To my mind, perfect butter is that which perfectly suits the taste of the person or customer for which it is made and will draw out of his pocket-book the largest amount of cash for it. I do not think we can make butter on any other basis.—Professor Cooke.

Destruction of the Dead Sea Myth.

Arthur Stanley, dean of Westminster, visiting the country and thoroughly exploring it, allowed that the physical features of the Dead sea and its shores suggested the myths and legends, and he sums up the whole as follows: "A great mass of legends and exaggerations, particularly the cause and partly the result of the old belief that the cities were buried under the Dead sea, has been gradually removed in recent years."—Popular Science.

Wanted a Rest.

At Mechanicsville, Pa., a woman named Mosher spent the afternoon with two female friends, and upon reaching her home her voice was gone. For three months she could not speak a loud word. Her voice then suddenly returned. All the doctors could say about it was that she had talked her tongue into being tired and needing a rest.—Detroit Free Press.

Ye Bachelor's Thanks.

She's above herself a shrew, and yet I can't forget I owe my happiness to her.
Twas this way, sir I asked her once to wed, and she rejected me.

A WOMAN'S CLUB HOME.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., CONTAINS THE ORGANIZATION.

Sketch of Its Birth, Growth and Present Success—Thoroughly Equipped with a Building Beautifully Furnished—It Meets Weekly.

One of the most prosperous and useful women's clubs in the United States is located at Grand Rapids, Mich. Grand Rapids is one of the handsomest cities in the west, and contains hosts of handsome women. But the women are not satisfied with being handsome; they insist on being cultivated as well. Hence it is that their club is not a mere social organization, a means for exchanging choice gossip, but a literary club, and hence it is, too, that it has grown until there is no room for it to grow any more. In fact it became so large several years ago that it furnished an "overflow meeting," and the "West Side Ladies' Literary club," another similar and prosperous organization, was formed. Now, again, it has grown until, like an athlete, it must reduce its proportions to secure its own efficiency.

The Ladies' Literary club, of Grand Rapids, is the outgrowth of a class in history formed among the women of Grand Rapids by Mrs. L. H. Stone, of Kalamazoo, a woman who has been instrumental in forming several other women's clubs in the west. The history class was disbanded in the winter of 1871-72, but the taste for study had been created. A meeting of six women was held at the residence of Mrs. S. L. Fuller, a wealthy woman widely known for her originality and culture as well as for her charity. These six women formed themselves into a club.

THE CLUB IS ORGANIZED.

Mrs. Fuller drew up a constitution and issued a call to the women of the city who were interested in the project to join the club. About thirty responded. The first regular meeting was held in April, 1872. The membership soon reached 100. Since that time the growth of the club in numbers and in influence has been steady. The present membership is over 500, and embraces not only many women of wealth, but many without wealth, women in society and those not in society. The average attendance at the meetings, which are held every week, is about 300. The ladies believe that with a membership of more than 500 the club cannot work to so good an advantage as with a smaller number. They have decided accordingly to limit it to 500. No new members will be received therefore until the number falls below 500.

Dec. 31, 1887, was a red letter day for the club. That day the ladies dedicated a club house, erected under their own direction for their own exclusive use. Up to that time, although they had a single story nearly 1,000 volumes, a large and choice collection of photographs, a piano, a considerable amount of furniture and other paraphernalia for club housekeeping they had occupied rented rooms. Living in rented rooms did not satisfy these progressive women. They decided to buy a lot and build a house of their own. The building fund comprised \$1,500 in the treasury, an annual income of \$900 and a membership determination. The last mentioned item was the principal resource, for it was convertible into several times as much cash as the others combined. A lot was purchased on Sheldon street, one of the finest streets in the city, and July 30, 1887, the corner stone of the new club house was laid. Five months later the house was dedicated.

THE CLUB HOUSE.

The club house is two stories in height at the front, with a lofty single story in the rear for the main hall or auditorium. It is built of Amherst (O.) limestone and Grand Rapids pressed brick, with terra cotta trimmings, slate roof, stained glass and French plate glass windows. At the front on the first floor the main entrance opens into a large reception hall, with a handsome, broad, winding staircase leading to the "upper room," as the ladies designate what club members would call a banquet hall. Back of the stairs on the north side is a commodious and convenient toilet room. At the left of the main entrance, on the first floor and fronting the street, is the club library, a room about twenty-five feet square. The library opens into the auditorium, a room about fifty feet square, with a ceiling twenty-one feet high, embracing a dome and skylight at the center. At the further or west end of the auditorium is a large stage, flanked by dressing rooms. The floor of the auditorium is slightly inclined toward the stage. It is covered with a handsome body Brussels carpet, in which soft, yellowish brown is the prevailing tint, harmonizing perfectly with the beautiful decorations of the ceiling and dome. The library is finished in oak, and is also elegantly decorated. The colors are darker than those of the auditorium, but are complementary to them. Above the mantel in the auditorium is a beautiful plate glass mirror of the full width of the mantel, while in the library the oaken panel above the mantel bears the word "Books" in bold, carved letters, surrounded by a scroll, on which is the text, "Round these our pastimes and our happiness will grow."

THE WEEKLY MEETINGS.

A regular meeting of the club is held every Saturday afternoon and lasts two hours, except during the heated term, when a vacation is usually taken or the meetings are limited to one hour. As provided by the constitution of the club, the first meeting in each month is devoted to the consideration of subjects pertaining to art and literature, to be brought before the club by a committee of three who serve for a period of three months. For the second Saturday of the month a similar committee furnishes topics on education, and for the third Saturday another committee furnishes subjects in history. The meeting of the fourth week is in charge of an "entertainment committee," and whenever this committee furnishes an evening's entertainment not only do all members of the club have a standing invitation, but each member may invite one person to accompany her. The hours for entertainment are from 7 to 10 p. m. The entertainment generally includes plays, music, readings, recitations, etc. Cards and refreshments are prohibited. When a fifth Saturday occurs in any month it is called "President's day," and on that day the president brings before the club such general topics as she sees fit.

The programme committees lay out their work systematically and carefully, and copies are printed and distributed among members in advance, thus giving members a chance to study the subjects before their presentation at the club.—Chicago Tribune.

Among the various charity societies of Moscow there is one for the endowment of poor brides. The funds of the society are constantly increased by the gifts or bequests of benevolent persons, but only the interest of the money is used for the designated purpose.

The Antarctic expedition, advocated so warmly by the Australians, will start probably during the summer of 1891 under the direction of Professor Nordenskiold. The expenses will be shared by the Australian Geographical society, the Victoria Royal society and Baron Oscar Dickson, of Gothenburg, who has done so much already for polar exploration.

Dr. Know, the German physician who discovered antipyrine, is said to have made more than a million dollars from the sales of the drug to sufferers from the grip.