# WOMAN AND HOME.

## ECONOMICAL WIVES AND SISTERS AND HOW THEY SAVE MONEY.

**Inside Our Homes—The Duty of Every Mother—A Heroine at the Washtub. Bedroom Corners—When to Use Canned Goods.**

The fact that women are economical and money savers is difficult to impress upon the minds of men as a class. The methods adopted by women are sensible and practical, sometimes ludicrous and often pathetic, according to the position in which they are placed in regard to the amounts which fall to their lots to dispose of. One who denies herself even the common delicacies, not to mention the necessaries, of life, is not a good example for others. Whenever a woman is allowed a certain sum or earns a regular amount, with which all expenses must be met, then she is better able to appreciate relative values, and she will soon accustom herself to the best methods of procuring the most and less for her money. As a class women are more saving than men ever think of being.

The wife of one of the most prominent politicians this state has ever produced was the financier of the family, and but for her ambition and faith in his abilities he would probably never have been known beyond the confines of his own county. Her farsightedness in real estate purchases, which were exceedingly small at first, made for them a modest competency which gave him opportunities in time for his political career. All the household labor was performed by her own hands, and the sale of dairy products gave them their first start.

One plan was to buy a lot in a respectable quarter and place several houses upon it. The houses were not built there. The wife passing through the streets would find houses for sale cheap if they were moved from the place. These were bought and placed on the lot mentioned, the cost being much less than a like structure when new. Fresh paper within and a coat of paint made them desirable to rent, and little by little the fortune was accumulated.

The officers of the building and loan associations have found thousands of women stockholders. Young women fired with an ambition to own property and have a home of their own are paying weekly into the association hundreds of dollars. Many of them have to practice the most rigid economy in order to meet their obligations. The comparative newness of women in business life and their naturally sensitive consciences make them prompt, and dealers in real estate have found them, as a rule, desirable customers.

In an organization recently started the plan is the same as that of a savings bank. Any sum may be deposited at any time, and after the deposits amount to fifty dollars interest is paid to the depositor. Among the persons who have dealings with this association are women of our most fashionable sets, who entertain handsomely and seemingly have everything heart can wish. Their savings are sometimes as small as twenty-five cents, fifty cents—occasionally as many dollars.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Inside Our Homes.**

There are not many households, we venture to say, wherein there is no war under way between its master and mistress on the subject of tables with not six inches of space in which to put anything temporarily; chairs covered with senseless "tidies," cushions, bows, etc.; pillows upon which heads are not allowed to rest; lamps so bedecked that they add nothing to the better reading facilities of the room; windows dressed up to exclude the daylight, which proves a kindness if the frames are, as is usually the case, the better part of the pictures on the wall; fur rugs over which those with failing eyesight are constantly warned by the kindly not to stumble, etc. It only needs a moment's pause for reflection to prove to sensible persons that this craze for stuffing and litering the home has been carried to a ridiculous excess.

Beauty should preside in every household, it is true, but it is better to err always on the side of simplicity and of utility merely, than on that of foolish, meaningless adornment. There is undoubtedly a desirable half way point between the home without any consideration for the refinement of appearance and that which is either a vulgar aggregation of furnishings too fine for the use of the humanity which seems ill at ease in their midst, or a combination of the cheapest results of machine labor overlaid by a display of silly hand work and garish coloring. The home which tells nothing of the taste, thought or occupation of its inmates, lacks the one distinctive quality of the most interesting thing in life character.—Boston Herald.

**The Duty of Every Mother.**

There are those in this country who for the sake of self gratification or in order that their own pleasure may not be broken in upon foregoing of the greatest privileges which any right thinking mother can enjoy, viz., that of suckling her own offspring. Among those we find mostly our society belles, those who wish to preserve their beauty and elegance of figure, and the mother, or rather say not the mother, who does not care to be disturbed from her slumber. Surely no motive of this sort ought for a moment to weigh with the true mother in the discharge of what is plainly a part of the sacred duty that devolves upon her. In the performance of the tender office of nurse the mother engenders those strong feelings of affection and love in her child which are apt to be conspicuous by their absence in the case of those in whom this sacred duty has been foregone.

Let it then be understood that I regard it as plainly a part of every mother's duty to bring up her child at the breast unless, of course, there are obstacles in the way which prevent her doing so. That the breast was intended by nature to be the fountain of nourishment for a certain period of every animal's existence cannot be doubted after the most superficial study of the habits of the lower animals, and while creatures by nature fierce and cruel do not forego what instinct tells them to be a part of their duty to their young, shall woman, with her infinitely superior capacity, act differently?—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**A Heroine at the Washtub.**

Prosaic as it looks, there is many a romance washed over and over again in a washtub. You might for instance drop into a North Clark street basement laundry any day in the week and you would find there, with reddened, robust arms deep in the suds, a stout woman of forty or so. She is one of the best, most skilled and reliable laundresses in town, and in the establishment where she is employed she receives as much as fifteen dollars per week. That has been the regular amount of her earnings for a number of years, and with it she has decently educated her children, supported her whole family, nursed her husband until his death and maintained her honorable independence in life. She has rosy cheeks and her dark hair shows as yet but faint streaks of gray, but her lot has been hard enough to knock out many thousands of other women who are robust of mind and body.

Her husband, whom she married against the parental injunction, was a flourishing and lucky speculator on Wall street. In the awful panic of 1873 he went under, never to recover. Penniless, his wife scorned all aid from her family, moved out west, settled in Chicago and has maintained herself and family ever since by working. And, strange to say, she seems to be quite happy and contented. Her eldest boy is now employed in a printing office, while one of her daughters is married. And the other four she has still at home, bringing them up to be useful citizens.—Chicago Herald.

**Why Some Cake Always Cracks.**

One of two things, says the teacher of cooking, must take place to cause a cake to crack. In the first place pastry flour only should be used for delicate cakes—in fact for all cakes. If you use ordinary flour, which may contain spring wheat, the cake of course is too thick, and the starch cells in baking or cooking require more moisture than they can get from the given quantity of liquids or corresponding materials in the cakes. Use, then, less flour, although I should say buy the winter wheat flour for cake. Then again the oven may be too hot when the cake goes in, or it may be placed too near an upper heat. All cakes should be baked at first on the floor of the oven. If the crust is formed too soon, the underheat will force the heat up, and as the gas escapes it breaks the crust and leaves of course the crack, so that it is either too hot an oven at first, or the wrong kind of flour that causes the trouble.

The same authority prefers water to milk in those cakes that are rich with butter, as she believes it makes a loaf more delicate and with a softer crust. Water of course in such cases must be added gradually.

**Bedroom Corners.**

All corners are troublesome because it is difficult to fill them with furniture that is at once artistic, appropriate and useful, but the corners of sleeping rooms present special difficulties. There is little furniture that is either necessary or best in a bedroom. And when one of the few necessary pieces can be made to fill a corner, the happiest effect is produced.

A little while ago a young architect, who had a room without closets, had to have a wardrobe put into his room to shelter his clothing. Now a wardrobe was to his artistic soul, as it is to many others, a thing abhorrent, and he pleaded to be allowed to mitigate his sufferings as much as possible, by having his own idea of what a wardrobe might be carried into effect. And he was. The wardrobe is of plain oak, and in each of the doors mirrors were set, so that the worthy designer might view his irreproachable person from various angles while dressing. And all the comfort he got out of it, which he declared to be great, he certainly deserved, because the wardrobe was all that a wardrobe should be—artistic, convenient and out of the way.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**When to Use Canned Goods.**

If you are the least bit nervous about canned goods soak them—pease, lobsters, anything—for an hour in iced water before heating them. This will remove any tinny taste that may be noticed in them and take away the last shade of reproach that may cling to that best friend of the busy housekeeper, the canned article. Of course no one should depend too much on that sort of supply, but the knowledge that you have a stock of tongue, chicken, jelly, cocoa and that sort of thing, where it can be reached at a moment's notice, helps to make unexpected lunch or dinner company the pleasure they ought to be, not the worry they usually are.

An extra course of croquettes is a delightful addition to a plain dinner, and the canned chicken or lobster will make them perfectly, and without the bother and delay of mincing. If things are hurried at the last minute a can of soup may be opened and heated in a jiffy, or a form of jelly opened without a bit of bother, and there won't be any course of roasted hostess to serve up to the unexpected friends.—New York Press.

**Would You Comfort an Invalid?**

Look hopeful, never despairing.

When requested to read the news, omit the death list.

Tell only the pleasant tidings; there is no fear of forgetting the evil.

Sigh, if you must, after leaving the sick-room, but not in the presence of the sufferer.

Leave stiff linen cuffs outside—in England, where they are fashionable, if you like.

Refrain from telling about a similar case in which the invalid died a shocking death.

Let every article of food be delicately dished, taking only small, tempting quantities.

If you must chew gum, munch popcorn or nuts, wait until a half mile away from sensitive ears.

Make the most of the luxuries at hand without expatiating upon the charms of the unattainable.

If your sick ones think that the curtain is green when it is really blue, what harm in allowing them to think so?—Good Housekeeping.

**How Two Nationalities Buy Lace.**

A leading London merchant once said to me: "An American lady will come here to buy, and nothing but the very best will satisfy her, real velvet, real lace, real silk, perfect fit and exclusive style, no cotton 'mixtures,' no 'sham' skirts, only noble material from start to finish. An English lady will come in and, whatever else, the thing she buys must be the lowest for cash or credit. I remember the time when an English lady would bring a carriageful of money to buy a handful of lace; now she brings a handful of money to buy a carriageful of lace, and is perfectly content to dress herself in any wretched imitation. Englishwomen all buy this stuff" (the speaker contemptuously indicated some horrid "coffee lace"); "we can't sell that rubbish to an American; she would not touch it with her parasol. Indeed, in one part of Spain the lace trade has died, owing to the degeneration in taste of English women who once supported this fabric."—Florence Gray in Jewish Messenger.

**The Value of System.**

A matter which might be useful to women and important to the perfect management of a household is some study on the fitting up of the average business office. Here's a desk with pigeonholes for bill heads, receipts, blanks of all sorts, contracts, pads, blotters and every necessity of a well regulated establishment. In another place are spaces for books. Each book is numbered or lettered; each has its proper place and is always found there. Observe, if you will, that the books always stand on end and are not placed one above another; also that the book exactly fits the space on which it is kept. In the safe there are similar arrangements. The bookkeeper can go into the office at any time of day or night, and even if he were blindfolded could lay his hands on any article in daily use.—New York Ledger.

**Linen for Wedding Presents.**

Why is not house linen given more often as a wedding present? Save in large quantities, when some generous godmother or aunt stocks the linen closet for the bride, it is rarely thought of, and yet it would make a most acceptable present, even in the smallest quantities. A dozen beautifully marked towels, for instance, or a tablecloth with a dozen napkins to match; or, what is very seldom seen in the linen press nowadays, but what can still be bought at the large linen emporiums, some handwoven linen sheets. A pair of these with wide hemstitched tops and bottoms would be thoroughly appreciated by any dainty lady who looked forward to her own linen closet as almost the best part of her future establishment.—New York Tribune.

**Fresh Fields for Intellectual Women.**

Some of the most fascinating and remunerative of the minor arts such as woodcarving, designing and house decoration are already taught with singular success by women, and the demand of the county councils for lady instructors in household management, and even in scientific dairy work, has already outstripped the available supply. Here, then, is a fresh opening for women's intellects when the literary field becomes too crowded, which has in its favor that it tends to place women once more in control of the comforts and conveniences as well as of the social elegance of daily life.—London Spectator.

**A Way to Cure Hang Nails.**

Persons afflicted with hang nails can cure them with persistent treatment. They come usually from an abnormally dry condition of the skin. The fingers should be soaked a few minutes every night and the dried and loosened skin carefully cut away. Then rosaline or nail salve, procurable at any drug store or toilet counter, may be applied and left over night. The salve performs a double office of healing and nourishing the sore and impoverished skin. In caring for the nails a jeweler's file, so called, will be found very much better to use than the coarse ones usually provided in manicure sets.—New York Times.

**The Arab Mother's Advice.**

When an Arab damsel gets married her mother gives her the following advice for securing her future happiness: "You are leaving your nest to live with a man with whose ways and habits you are unfamiliar. I advise you to become his slave, if you wish to become the absolute mistress of your husband. Be satisfied with little, endeavor to feed him well and watch over his sleep. For hunger begets anger, and sleeplessness makes a man crossbrained. Be dumb as to his secrets, do not appear gloomy when he is merry, nor merry when he is sad, and Allah shall bless you."—Indian Mirror.

**The College Woman's Work.**

Professor Ely, of Vassar college, says of the practical work of college women: "As to the college woman's individual work in the church and in the community, ask the pastors of our churches in the various towns and villages, consult the boards of hospitals, training schools and other philanthropic enterprises, and having gathered all the statistics decide whether, in the twenty years in which the opportunities for higher education have been offered to women, education has created a race of idle, skeptical and selfish women."

**A Great Writer and Her Working Hours.**

George Sand always wrote at night, and when the fever of composition was upon her she was wont to work all night. There is a story told of her finishing a novel at 1 o'clock in the morning and immediately taking up a fresh quire of paper and writing the first chapter of a new one before she retired to rest.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

**When Pride Helps a Woman.**

Women devour many disappointments between breakfast and dinner time, keep back the tears, look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, "Oh, nothing." Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing, when it only urges us to hide our own hurts and not to hurt others.—George Eliot.

**How to Serve Celery.**

Celery should be scraped and washed, and then put in iced water, to be made crisp, at least an hour before it goes on the table. It is now served in long, flat glass dishes. It should be put on the table with the meat and the other vegetables, and is to be removed before the dessert is served.

**Avoid Tin Plates.**

Never put away food in tin plates. Fully one-half the cases of poison from the use of canned goods is because the article was left or put back into the can after using. China, earthenware or glass is the only safe receptacle for "left overs."—New York Journal.

Scorch stains on white cloth, which are the work of a careless ironer, may be removed, it is said, by soaking the cloth in lukewarm water, squeezing lemon juice on it, and sprinkling a little salt over it and laying it in the hot sun to bleach.

The Cross of the Legion of Honor has been conferred upon forty-four women—in most cases for heroic services as nurses, but occasionally for acts of patriotism and daring, as well as for achievements in science and the arts.

Augusta Holmes is well known as a musical composer. When only thirteen years of age she composed a minuet for the Artillery Regiment of the Guard, and the conductor of the orchestra asked her to direct the rehearsals.

In buying baby a bathtub, select a granite iron one. If the dealer has none in stock it will pay you to order one; there is no paint to rub off, it is not easily dented, and with ordinary care outlasts a tin one.

**How American Authors Are Swindled.**

Sixteen years ago an author, now well known, brought to a prominent American firm for publication his first book, an edition de luxe, selling at ten dollars per volume. They made the usual proposition, 10 per cent. royalty after the first 1,000 copies were sold, which he accepted. At the suggestion of the American house he arranged with an English publisher to bring out the book simultaneously, the two publishers sharing the cost of the plates. The English publisher with each semiannual statement sent drafts for ten, fifteen, and once as high as fifty pounds for royalty fees.

The American publisher, although he has been selling the book for sixteen years, and although the author hears from it as having been sold in all parts of the country—and it is apparently a standard work—has never yet reported a thousand copies sold, and the author has received nothing. Many other instances of this kind might be given, but cui bono? The proviso is unjust and inequitable, a temptation to the publisher not to report the true number of copies sold, and should never be accepted by an author who expects pecuniary return for his labor.—Charles B. Todd in Forum.

**Carlyle's Method of Work.**

Speaking of his method of work, Carlyle said he had found the little wooden pegs which washerwomen employ to fasten clothes to a line highly convenient for keeping together bits of notes and agenda on the same special point. It was his habit to paste on a screen in his workroom engraved portraits, when no better could be had, of the people he was then writing about. It kept the image of the man steadily in view, and one must have a clear image of him in the mind before it was in the least possible to make him be seen by the reader.—Sir C. Gavan Duffy in Contemporary Review.

**Taking One's Own Pulse.**

Being able to "take" one's own pulse is a doubtful accomplishment because the heart has some peculiarities the importance of which are sure to be overestimated except by physicians and much uneasiness occasioned in consequence. Irregularity of the pulse is natural to a small number

# SOME CLUB MEMBERS.

## CHARACTERISTIC INDIVIDUALS WHO MAKE UP A WOMAN'S CLUB.

**Critical Sketches of Persons Who Take a Prominent and Interesting Part in the Organization Known Always as "The Woman's Club."**

The Ardent Young Member who has just joined. She is so ardent. She has never had the pleasure of writing any statistics before, and now she opens her mouth, eyes and notebook over them. To her the horrors of Russia, the increase of crime, the tenement house question, the race problem, theosophy, physical culture and drainage are delightfully alarming questions, over which she weeps and flushes and applauds as their many sides are presented and discussed. She listens with respect and awe to every one who speaks, and trembles with delight to find herself a member of such a wonderful club. She votes both ways with a feeble voice or hand, and then conscientiously wonders if she oughtn't to rise and explain that a new count may be taken. She never misses a meeting, is always early, never gets up to go out before the speaker has finished and exhibits superfluous gratification if any one speaks to her. She is very careful to wear her good clothes to the club and always spends considerable time on her back hair.

The Tough Old Member is at once the admiration and despair of the Ardent Young Member, who wonders how she ever dares to glare at the speaker as she does and have so little respect for him or her apparently. She is never enthusiastic over anything, frequently turns up her nose at things in particular or in general, and often rises and goes out while the speaker is in the midst of the most delightfully intricate whirl of startling statistics. The Tough Old Member has sized up every one in the club, and if the occasion demands, is not delicate about expressing her opinions. She stands in awe of no one, is not deceived over any one's age or intellect, never applauds, seldom criticises in any way, but has an I-know-the-whole-business air, which shuts up fresh members like the camp chairs they sit in.

The Frivolous Member is not always well spoken of, but often relieves the meetings of the gloom that sometimes gathers about them and makes a break in the mists of monotony in which they are annually engulfed. Though the majority of the members do not care to giggle, the minority that care to but do not dare to feel a sort of safety vale in the Frivolous Member and enjoy her presence. The Frivolous Member means to be frivolous, it is no uncontrollable and unexpected impulse that besets her. She premeditates and arranges her frivolity that its startling contrast to the other members' grave composure may be unmistakable and pronounced and gain for her the distinction which a jerky and spontaneous frivolity would never bring.

And we have the Ladylike Member. Women who fall over chairs and drop umbrellas have a stinging appreciation of her and a sneaking hope that she doesn't know much. She is always composed and well attired, listens attentively, only smiles with one side of her face at a time and avoids discussion. She has the same salutation for her twenty-five and fifty cent neighbors, and people do not feel obliged to draw in their feet when she passes them. The Ladylike Member is ladylike way through. We do not feel that she slams a door after her when she is out of sight or unnecessarily twirls a chair around like a top to relieve suppressed feeling. We somehow feel that her composure is built on a Christian spirit and a gentle heart.

The Grumbling Member is another safety valve for the other members. Sure that every deficiency, from the bylaws to the front door mat, have been or will be attacked by her, the others can afford to assume the amiable virtues which they have not, confident that their battles will be fought for them. The Grumbling Member is ever ready to fight battles—scents danger afar off and never gets over dangers past.

The Grumbling Member approaches the club with a frown that makes even a doughty director yearn for refuge in the coal scuttle or a temporary perch on the top of an elevator.

The Vigorous Member is divided into two classes—she who accomplishes something with her vigor and she who does not. The former is the leaven of an often lumpy club, while the latter is as maddening as twenty-four tons of coal sliding from a four horse cart. One electrifies, the other irritates. One makes a motion and carries it out, while the other is flying about crying what ought to be done. One brings water, while the other yells "Fire!" The Vigorous Members often relax, from criticism or overexertion, and a warm spring day of peace and pleasant platitudes settles over the club; but suddenly, like the east wind that arises and begins to slam doors and blow dust around the corners into you eyes, the Vigorous Members awake to action and the club remounts its roller coasters of cumpus and reform.

And the other members are. The Timi Members, who rise to speak and wish they hadn't, or those who do not rise to speak and wish they had; the Bellicose Members, who could work wonders if they had only had some old Cy Prime to back them; the members who only come when there is something to eat, and the members who only come to gossip in the dressing room, the member whose manner is a constant apology for living, and the member who nails every one to the wall while she examines them, the member who likes to whisper while a paper is being read, and the member who wants the city noises to cease while she listens; the Sociable Member, who is as popular as the penny post, and the Mean Member, who talks about all the other members.—Boston Gazette.

**Neapolitan Women.**

The Neapolitan woman of the upper class is not interested in the higher education or industrial progress of her sex. She can smile sweetly, dance lightly, coquette gracefully and dress daintily, but to blister her soft palm with an oar, prick her taper fingers with a needle, broaden her slender foot by walking or wrinkle her smooth brow with study are to her undreamed of absurdities.

The little brothers and sisters in a Neapolitan household are rigorously separated. They work and play at different hours and are brought up according to an entirely different code. The daughters are educated in Rome or Paris at the Sacre Coeur, and if there are several girls in one family one is educated to the church.—Naples Letter.

**A Conversationist's Advice.**

"Never talk about yourself, your diseases, your domestics or your dresses. Talk about your friends' interests, not your own," advises one of the most interesting conversationists among women.—Margaret Fuller.

Sweeping heavy velvet carpets with salt cleans and keeps them from moths, as particles of the salt remain in the carpet and corners. Salt is not fatal and has no disagreeable odor.

After cleaning closets, if borax be sprinkled around the edges of the shelves and floor, one will not be troubled with roaches.

A new, soft paint brush is a good thing to dust carved furniture with, as the bristles will penetrate the deepest crevices.

Use salt and water to clean willow furniture, apply with brush and rub dry.

## DR. TALMAGE ON GHOSTS.

**Call Him Early for Dinner, He Says, Nature Will Do the Rest.**

Dr. Talmage laughs at ghosts, and as for such a thing as being thirteenth at the table his only regret is, so he declares, that he is not the twelfth, so that he would stand a better chance of getting a fair share of the choice bits.

But even Dr. Talmage occasionally comes across some experience which, to him, is vague and inexplicable, and in its uncanny suggestiveness seems to hint darkly at a world beyond our own—a world of ghosts, goblins, gnomes and phantasmagoria of a sleeper's brain.

Dr. Talmage was sitting in his apartments a day or so ago chatting pleasantly, when his eyes ranged over toward a striking oil painting, representing a gentleman of the olden school. He pointed to the treasure, raised his finger significantly and said in that profound voice of his:

"I do not wish you to believe I am superstitious, but there is something about that picture that, to me, is as attractive as it is out of the ordinary."

"What is it, Dr. Talmage?"

"That picture," pursued the orator, "is a representation in oil of my late uncle, the Rev. Dr. Samuel K. Talmage, formerly of Oglethorpe university, Georgia. For fifty years the portrait hung in my uncle's room. It was much prized by him. It was esteemed a splendid likeness. It had other associations surrounding it which made it especially valued in my uncle's eyes." The visitor remembered that it was old Captain Oglethorpe, who brought the oak seeds from Africa, and hastened to answer:

"Oh, yes."

"On the night my uncle died a strange thing happened. The friends were gathered around the bed. An intense silence stilled the room. The great mystery of death was about to again assert its dominance over the children of men. There was a deep drawn sigh, and those about the bed bowed their heads at the passing of a soul."

Here Dr. Talmage paused dramatically in his recital just a moment. Then he was saying with telling effect:

"At that moment suddenly the cords holding the picture snapped asunder, and with a great crash the picture of my uncle fell to the floor."

It was some moments before the visitor spoke again.

"Are you superstitious, Dr. Talmage?"

"On the contrary, I do all I can to work against such ideas. They are absolutely foreign to my nature. I mention the story of the picture merely as an interesting coincidence. At best that is all it may be called. It is simply a coincidence. Had my uncle died a moment later, or a day before, if you please, no significance would have been attached to the crashing of the picture. But coming as it did, just at the moment of the flight of the soul, it was a singular circumstance."

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"My dear fellow, what a question! Of course not. All such manifestations, as far as supernatural significance is concerned, are ridiculous. There are a great many people, as you know, who will hesitate to begin a journey on Friday; who look upon the accidental spilling of salt as a calamitous circumstance foreboding evil; who hear the clock strike thirteen when a man dies; who regard the howling of a dog as a harbinger of death. But I have long ago learned to look upon such things as mere coincidences, inexplicable in themselves, but of no more force or power than in themselves belong. It is absurd."

"What is your theory?"

"People who are continually on the lookout for the unusual must of necessity be dominated by an unhealthy mind. They become nervous wrecks. They are super sensitive about nothing. They are nor bid."

"Would you sit down at a table of thirteen, Dr. Talmage?"

"I would, indeed. But I would rather be the twelfth man, as then I would stand a chance of getting more to eat, having come earlier."

"Have you not had a great many people come to you with superstitious coincidences asking your advice?"

"Many times. But I always do my best to dissuade them. I laugh away their devils."—New York Recorder.

## THE GERMAN EMBASSADOR.

**He Has Had a Distinguished Career In European Diplomacy.**

Baron von Saurma Jeltsch, the first German embassador to the United States, has long been a prominent and interesting figure in the diplomatic service of his native land, having had an experience of 28 years at various posts of more or less importance. He owes his appointment as embassador at Washington to the fact that he was senior minister in the Prussian service and represented the kingdom at the German court of Stuttgart. He has represented Germany in one capacity or another in nearly every country of Europe.

BARON SAURMA.

He has filled nearly all the important positions in the German diplomatic service. His present appointment to Washington, however, is looked upon as the most responsible and important post he has yet filled. His first important appointment was that of consul general and diplomatic agent to Egypt in 1879, 1880 and 1881. Thence he went as minister to Roumania; thence to The Hague. He was very successful as secretary of the legation in Paris. Since then he has filled positions in the German legations in Vienna, London, Madrid, St. Petersburg and Rome. His last station was in the barony of Stuttgart, and his position will now be filled by the retiring minister from this country, Baron von Holleben. Altogether our new embassador has had a most honorable and distinguished career.

The baron is 57 years of age and is tall, square shouldered and wears a full blond beard. Though he has the titles of "excellency" and "privy councilor," he prefers to be called and signs himself simply Baron Saurma, dropping even the hyphenated Jeltsch, which might be of such great assistance to him in our best metropolitan society. This is his first visit to America, and of course he will soon get over such primitive simplicity, particularly as he has a handsome daughter, Baroness Carmen Saurma, to "bring out." Though the young lady is but 18 years of age, she is to have charge of her father's household in Washington, at least for a time, as her mother will not come to America for the present. The baron's only other child is a son, who is at present a lieutenant in a regiment of hussars stationed in Silesia.

The baron has special instructions to inspect the World's fair thoroughly and report upon it to the home authorities. Germany, he says, takes the greatest interest in the exposition and considers it necessary that her representative here should take cognizance of all the fair's useful and progressive features.

**How Banks Treat "Sweated" Coins.**

In a recent deposit in the United States subtreasury in this city by a New York bank of more than $100,000 in gold received from California seven "sweated" coins were found. They were placed on a block and the letter L punched on their face to show that they were light weight and then returned to the bank.—New York Herald.

# BEST FOOD FOR MEN.

## WHAT SOME BRAIN WORKERS EAT IN ORDER TO DO GOOD WORK.

**No Hard and Fast Rules Can Be Laid Down for Everybody—Individual Peculiarities Must Determine the Particular Food Needed for Each One.**

Whether the old saying that a man's heart is reached through his stomach is or is not a true one, it is a scientific fact that the stomach is a highway to the brain. The exhilarating influence of a good dinner is sometimes shown in brilliant impromptu speeches, without a doubt. The cook is responsible for many of the accidents, the failures and successes of life. Not long ago a well known lawyer in summing up a case acquitted himself so wretchedly that the jury promptly brought in a verdict against his client. The lawyer afterward acknowledged that hot muffins at breakfast were responsible for his having lost the case. They made him irritable and insolent.

Curious to know upon what sort of food men of note do their best work, I recently interviewed some of the lights of the medical profession, law, commerce, theology and society.

Genial Dr. George F. Shrady, President Grant's stanch friend, declares that he must vary his food in order to develop and nourish, separately and collectively, the organs of his body.

"I have an excellent digestion and can take all kinds of food without feeling any discomfort," said he, "but I believe that the brain is most nurtured by sleep and rest. If we gratify our intellectual tastes we are feeding the brain vastly better than by any sort of material food, and consequently obtain better results.

"A friend once had as a patient a young author, who had been recommended to follow a strict diet of pumpkins. On this sort of fare he wrote a novel. Well, the offspring of pumpkins—roasted, boiled and stewed—is still looking for a publisher to launch it on an unsuspecting public!

"No one kind of food exclusively is good for the ordinary man. 'To be healthy, wealthy and wise,' as the old maxim goes, study the likes and dislikes of your stomach and regulate your diet accordingly (as I do) and all will go well."

Judge Roger A. Pryor laughed heartily when told that every briefless lawyer in town was anxious to know whether his spirited speeches might be attributed to squab, lobster or partridge.

"Tell them from me," said Judge Pryor, "that I am extremely fond of birds and dainties generally and that lobster a la Newburg is a toothsome dish I don't despise and that my brain works best when I'm free from indigestion. Tell these young men to follow the old Roman maxim and secure for themselves 'a sound mind in a sound body.

"Hot breads, salads, ices and sweets form part of my daily menu, and as they give my body strength I am able to do my allotted share of mental labor. The body must first be ministered to by food and exercise, and then the mind will soon be ripe for cultivation. The reason, memory and imagination must each be nourished with the food it requires—logic, law, mathematics, poetry or art. Upon the idiosyncracies and constitutional peculiarities of each man depend the kind of food he assimilates."

Dr. H. P. Loomis thinks men pay too much attention to the specific uses of certain foods.

"Look at the enormous sale of phosphates and so called brain foods," said he. "There is nothing in them. If instead of wondering whether this, that or the other is good for him a man would simply follow the dictates of his own appetite we would be much better off. Nature places a safeguard upon excess by creating the sensation of satiety.

"When I have eaten some rich food that causes me some annoyance I take a horseback ride or other pleasant exercise and rid myself of the ill feeling, and in the future avoid that Welsh rarebit or venison that caused the trouble. Rest is really the best tonic for the brain. In two words I would give this prescription for happiness—'Avoid worry.'"

A prominent member of Sorosis, a really brainy woman, declares that the amount of food people require or think they require is largely a matter of habit. Said she: "It is possible to train the stomach to do with very little or to make its requirements border on the margin of gluttony. When the hunger is satisfied, brain achievements depend upon heredity and environment, and to them must be attributed all success or failure. The gardener who only cares for the blossom of his plant instead of directing his efforts to the root, will have but sorry fruit as a reward. Let mankind look to their physical perfection, and the mental and moral are sure to follow."

The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the author and clergyman, believes the brain to be touchingly appreciative of all kindness shown to the stomach, and sullen and unmanageable when the latter is oppressed. At the same time allowance must be made for individual tastes.

"My food," he said, "must be taken at regular intervals and be largely of the farinaceous kind, while yours, possibly, may be taken when and as you chose. A single sandwich of caviar would incapacitate me for several hours. So, I say, be kind to the machinery of the body. After all, the best diet for the brain is a constant variety in the quality and quantity of our intellectual food."

There seems to be no particular edible which holds a magic power over the realm of thought but by selecting food with a view to digestibility. In individual cases the body is aided in performing its various functions, and the brain, with its other organs, is thus enabled to discharge its duties properly as well.—New York Herald.

A simple and inexpensive amulet for rheumatism which was, and probably still is, a favorite with old mammies of the south was a potato or a buckeye carried in the pocket.

The Hampton family of Roswell, Ga., possess a cow's horn hat that has been in the family since 1862. The hat was carried through the Revolutionary war by a Hampton.

The Chinese carpenter when he is planing a piece of wood always holds it with his feet. He also turns a grindstone and does many other kinds of work in the same manner.

An industry has been started in California which consists of making sugar from the sap of the sugar pine tree. The sugar is said to be exceptionally fine.

## THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

**It Will Be Admirably Arranged and Cared For in the New Building.**

It will take at least four years more to finish the Congressional Library building in Washington, though a casual glance at it would lead a person to believe it much nearer completion. This impression is due to the fact that work is progressing rapidly on the dome, which will be finished this fall.

The building will be a fine specimen of Italian renaissance, built of light fine grained New Hampshire granite, almost as well adapted as white marble to the nice details of decoration peculiar to this style of architecture. The building is to be as nearly fireproof as possible, very little combustible material entering into its construction. The bookshelves are to be of iron and the floors of marble.

The grand feature of the building will be the reading room in the rotunda. It will be 100 feet in diameter, and from the floor to the ceiling of the dome there will be a clear space of 125 feet. It is to be finished in marble and will be the most beautiful and most convenient room of the kind in the world. In the center will be the librarian's desk and the catalogue counter. Around these will be reading tables in concentric circles, affording space for upward of 300

CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY BUILDING.

readers. The rotunda will be surrounded by alcoves two stories high, which will be reserved for reading rooms for special students.

Direct access will be had from the reading room to the book stacks, so that the time taken in furnishing books will be hardly noticeable. These "stacks" are in fact nine story buildings opening directly from the rotunda. They will be lighted with plate glass windows on both sides. The north and south stacks will each hold more than 800,000 volumes, and the east stack, the smallest of the three, will accommodate 175,000 volumes more. As the library at present possesses less than 700,000 volumes, the result of 40 years' collecting, it is expected that these stacks will provide sufficient storage room for the next 50 years. But when additional space is required it will be comparatively easy to get it, as the plans provide plenty of room for expansion.

In the large part of the building not devoted to the library proper some of the rooms will be devoted to special collections and others reserved as private reading rooms for members of congress. At present it looks as if the cost of the building would come within the $6,000,000 appropriated for it, but it will be safer to talk about that four years hence.

**Jewelry in History.**

Jewelry is as ancient as the existence of the precious metals and the precious stones. In no age of barbarism or of puritanical simplicity has the jewel been entirely discarded. The ages of barbarism were those of unexampled splendor and decoration. Conquering hosts rifled the treasure chests of their victims and carried home in triumph their jewels and jewelry. The ancient Greeks, Persians, Egyptians and Romans were adepts in decorating their persons, and their men were no less demonstrative than their women. Masses of gold chains sparkling with jewels, earrings and finger rings adorned the person of the Roman dandy, while the warrior studded his breastplate, helmet, sword and shield with emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and diamonds.

The jewels of the crown are great show pieces in every kingdom in the world, while family diamonds or pearls, as the case may be, are just as jealously guarded and handed down from generation to generation, priceless heirlooms, souvenirs of the past. In the jeweler's art of today two widely different nations probably excel all others in the originality of their designs—France and Russia. The former not only originates designs of her own, but calls upon her varied art imagination to adapt all the fancies and crudities of the ancients, until her jewelry sets the patterns from which all others save Russia copy.—H. P. Mawson in Harper's Weekly.

**The Average American Abroad.**

What the average American abroad is most conspicuous for is the commission of small sins. Instead of wondering that the English criticise us, we ought to wonder rather that their hospitality was not exhausted long ago; for really the behavior of some of our people abroad would try the patience of the angels in the seventh heaven. Never by chance do they seem to do the right thing except in the wrong way; and one's head spins in ransacking the code to discover what is the spring of their action. The free and easy, go as you please, mebbe we will way in which they accept an invitation to dinner—that sacred function—is appalling.

They utterly disregard that time, money, pains, courtesy and brains have been expended to give them a delightful dinner—and I never ate a poor one in all my English experience—and arrive too early or too late or not at all, as it suits them, upsetting the host's arrangements, the hostess' temper and making of themselves table talk for nine days after.—Florence Gray in Jewish Messenger.

**How Victor Hugo Used to Work.**

Victor Hugo always wrote standing at a high desk, especially constructed for him, throwing off sheet after sheet as fast as he filled it, till he would be quite snowed up in leaves of foolscap. He often rose in the middle of the night to note down an idea or a verse. He got up for the day usually at 6 o'clock, and would devote from six to eight hours per diem to his work. He made but few corrections, his poems being thought out complete in his brain before he put pen to paper. It is a well known fact that he indulged in the arduous task of composition while traversing the streets of Paris on the top of an omnibus. When working out some great conception he would spend hours in this way.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

**"Forget Not All His Benefits."**

Happy are those whose names suggest gladness and brightness, whose presence acts as sunshine wherever they may move. Even those who are not joyful by nature may become thankful and bright by grace, and recommend religion by putting away mutterings, complaints and irritability. The Bible urges us, "Forget not all his benefits." If we think about all our mercies, our preservations, our deliverances and more about the hope that is set before us, depression will be cured and the spirit of heaviness will be replaced by the garments of praise.—Moravian.

**The Income of the Czar.**

The czar has no salary; he is the head of the government, so there is no one to pay him any salary; he takes what he wishes. The crown lands cover about 1,000,000 acres, and there are gold and silver mines in Siberia; but no reports are made of what these bring in. They are the private property of the imperial family.—New York Sun.