

NILSSON'S PLAN.

She Speaks of Her Early Life, and of Her Desire to Live in America.

HER GOOD FORTUNE IN SECURING A MUSICAL EDUCATION.

"Yes, I have seriously contemplated making America my home, and may do so. I have no ties to bind me to Europe; but I despise the ocean. I never think of it or a ship but that I get deathly sick. If I come to America to live, no money can get me to cross the ocean again. I have every evidence of friendship from Americans and my own people, the Swedes, think I should be very happy here."

"Have you no family—nothing to take your heart back to Europe, Madam Nilsson?"

"No; I have really nothing to bind me to the other side of the water. I, as you know, come from a peasant family. I am proud of it. My father and mother, who were Swedish peasants, are both dead. I am the youngest of a family of seven children. Seven years elapsed between the birth of the child older than myself and I. When I was born, after this lapse of seven years, the good peasants all around my father's humble home said: 'That girl will do something remarkable—good or bad.' Has the prediction come true? Well, my brothers and sisters are still alive. They are yet peasants, fond of their free life and will never change. I can understand them, but with the change that has taken place in me by education, musically and otherwise, they cannot understand me. My old home, the cottage in which I was born, I revere and love. I have purchased it and placed a wall of stone around the old grounds and the dear old home that I can now see as it was to me when I was a poor little peasant girl. Not a shingle or a board shall be disturbed except by the soft touches of time. It is my monument to my dear father and mother. They were poor, but they loved me and their children, and I think and speak of them even now with tears in my eyes and heart. As to America, I think New York is the most delightful city in the world, and I would be very happy if I could live there."

In answer to the question as to how she came to study music, Madam Nilsson said:

"When I was a little girl, eight years old, I was passionately fond of music. Father and mother needed my services to help keep the family, but I found an old violin and got possession of it, and before I knew a note of music was playing from ear familiar tunes on this violin. I soon commenced to sing and play my accompaniments on the violin, and wandered away from home for a day at a time to sing and play at fairs. I would make a little money in this way and carried it home to mother. One day, at a fair, a judge, a man then about thirty-four years of age and now living, came to me and said: 'My little girl, you have a fine voice and a love of music; both must be cultivated. Come with me.' I begged and said no, mother would not let me. But he made me go. We went into Stockholm (I was born near Stockholm) and he took me to the house of a well-known music teacher (Madame Nilsson gave the names of all these people, but the reporter cannot remember them) a lady. She made me sing and play, and said 'that girl's voice should be cultivated.' The judge said, 'I will pay for her instruction.' He then went back to my home with me, and it was only by hard work that he got the consent of father and mother to let me go. But they finally consented. I went to Stockholm, was taught to read and write, and studied music night and day. I made up my mind to be a great musician or a great teacher. I soon found that playing the violin injured my vocal organs, and my chest and lungs, and gave it up, although I can yet play the instrument. After studying in Stockholm I was sent to Paris by the same gentleman, and studied there three years, and then made my debut, which was in 1864, and, you know, was a success. The very first money I made I sent to my benefactor, with interest in full. He is yet alive, and is still my good friend, and appears to be very proud of me. I met him at a court wedding last October, and he was delighted with my voice."—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

SCOTLAND.

Scotland, with the natural drawbacks of unpropitious climate, unfruitful soil, rugged and profligate mountains, holds her own in the competitions of the world in a perfectly wonderful manner—taking as its direct opposite the favored clime of Mexico, with its silver mines, its eternal springs, the sunshine and its vegetation, we find that the rugged land of the North sends to different nations more productions, both of its soil and its arts, than the favored territory of the South, with all its vast proportions. Scotland helps to feed London from her flocks, to her sons the world is indebted for the most powerful and obedient forces in the practical application of steam, and at this day, while Great Britain builds a larger number of iron steamships than all the other nations of Europe put together, half of the work is done by the little country of Scotland.

"Figures won't lie," they tell us. That must be the reason it is so hard to put a carpet down smoothly and make it reach into all the corners.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FOR WHOEVER IT FITS.—There are nearly as many bad wives as bad husbands. Many men who work hard and try to do well in life are neglected and abused by improvident women. They are condemned to eat the poorest dinner, when they provide the best the market affords.

On heavy bread, soggy vegetables, and muddy coffee and tough pierce, how can a woman expect her husband to be pleasant and loving? Such men often drink whisky because their food distresses them—as it would any one who had not a cast-iron stomach—and the habits of intemperance are sometimes in this way begun, through the fault of a wife.

It costs more to cook poorly than to make food good and palatable. If a woman runs home from a neighbor's just in time to throw a pie together, bake it, and bring it to the dinner-table hot, she commits a great offense against the health of the family.

If a man has only an hour to go home, get his dinner and return to his business, it should be ready for him promptly on time or he will eat very hot food in the greatest haste, and start off for a rapid walk, all of which is very bad, and will show its effects upon the strongest man.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.—A man's foes are those of his own household, and the keenest enemies of women are women themselves. No one can inflict such humiliation on a woman as a woman can when she chooses; for if the art of high-handed snubbing belongs to men, that of subtle wounding is peculiarly feminine and is practiced by the best breed of the sex. Women are always more or less antagonistic to each other. They are gregarious in fashion and emulative in follies, but they cannot combine; they never support their weak sisters; they shrink from those who are stronger than the average, and if they would speak the truth boldly, they would confess to a radical contempt for each other's intellect, which perhaps is the real reason why the sect of the "emancipated" commands so small a following. Half a dozen men advocating "emancipation" doctrines would do more toward leaving the whole bulk of womankind than any number of first-class women. Where they do stand by each other it is from instinctive or personal affection rather than from class solidarity. And this is one of the most striking distinctions of the sex and one cause among others why men have the upper hand and why they are able to keep it.

CRACKER PUDDING.—Take three soda crackers, roll fine, one pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, and a little salt. Bake half an hour, then beat the whites of two eggs, add sugar, season with lemon, pour over the pudding, set in the oven, and brown delicately. It needs no sauce.

The *Scientific American* gives this as an excellent mode for preserving eggs: "Take fresh ones, put a dozen or more into a small willow basket and immerse them for five seconds in boiling water containing about five pounds of common brown sugar per gallon. Place the eggs on trays to dry. Then pack, when cool, small end down, in an intimate mixture of one part of finely powdered charcoal and two of dry bran. In this way they will last six months or more. The scalding water causes the formation of a thin skin of hard albumen next the inner surface of the shell and the sugar or syrup closes all the pores."

"No one knows until they have tried it," says an experienced housewife, "how much they may change the aspect of things about the house by using a little varnish. On a sunny day take the old chairs and tables out on the porch or by the open door, and after thoroughly wiping and dusting them off with a damp cloth, apply a thin coat of varnish, and so cover up scratches and marred spots of all kinds. It will dry in a very short time, and you will be surprised to see how much good you have done. A flannel cloth, with a very little linseed oil, is good to rub furniture with, but the greatest care must be taken to prevent any oil being left on the wood to attract dust. It must be rubbed until you would not know, except by the improved appearance, that any oil had been used."

HOW EVERY LADY CAN DETECT ADULTERATED BAKING POWDERS.—To detect the presence of starch in baking powder, which may cover other and more serious adulterations, put a small quantity of the powder in a little water and boil a few minutes. If starch is present, it will make paste, and, if in addition it contains ammonia, a strong odor of ammonia is perceptible while the paste is still warm.

A CURE FOR CORNS.—The *Scientific American*, a very reliable paper, gives the following recipe as a sure cure for corns. As the remedy is very simple, if any of our readers are afflicted with corns it would probably be well for them to give it a trial: "Take one-fourth cup of strong vinegar; crumble into it some bread. Let it stand half an hour, or until it softens into a good poultice. Then apply, on retiring at night. In the morning the soreness will be gone, and the corn can be picked out. If the corn is a very obstinate one it may require two or more applications to effect a cure."

The Princess of Wales, now in her 38th year, is described as looking scarcely a day older than when, 19 years ago, she stood at the altar by the side of her young husband. It's just wonderful how being a princess prevents people from observing that one grows old.

CHIHUAHUA.

Dissolving the Rose-Colored Descriptions of the Old Mexican City.

STRIKING CONTRAST BETWEEN THE UPPER CLASS AND THE LOWER.

To the truthful observer Chihuahua is a very commonplace city, with very little business activity, with a great number of wrinkled old women, and an annoyingly small number of young and pretty ones. The great bulk of its male population use blankets instead of coats, and very few are dressed in the extreme of fashion and enjoy every luxury. My object is not to belittle the city or its inhabitants, but to describe things as they are. Credit must be given to the main plaza, or square, to the cathedral, and to the public offices. The main plaza is a square about three hundred feet long and wide, with paved walks surrounding and intersecting it. These walks are lined with trees and seats, and enclose spaces planted with semi-tropical flowers and trees. A bronze fountain, from which water flows continually in sufficient quantity to supply more than half the people of the city, stands in the center of the square. The cathedral is a massive old building, with a time-worn look and an impressive front of carved stone, surmounted by two towers, and ornamented with several sculptured saints. The construction of this cathedral, completed in 1738, is said to have cost \$500,000, but a building of similar style could be built at one-fifth that sum anywhere in the United States at the present day. The public buildings, on the north side of the main plaza, are one story in height, with a broad corridor and plain pillars in front. These buildings are called "imposing." They appear to be so in comparison with the adobe houses of the city.

Chihuahua is picturesquely situated. It rises from an arid, treeless plain, like Damascus in the desert. The view is bounded on three sides by detached mountain groups, offshoots of the Sierra Madre, as the Rocky Mountains are called in this part of Mexico. The climate is, indeed, lovely. The sunshine even in January is of rare brightness and warmth, the sky of a clear crystal blue, and the air of unusual lightness. These climatic characteristics are enjoyed, in a more or less degree, by all places on the Mexican table land, which stretches from Santa Fe to the city of Mexico.

The surroundings of Chihuahua are barren, but it must be remembered that all mining towns are situated in barren, worthless soils. Chihuahua is, or rather has been, a mining center. The Santa Eulalia mines, fifteen miles from the city, not working at present, are said to have yielded \$250,000,000. A small stream on the west by means of an aqueduct supplies the city fountain with water. This stream, unworthy of notice in other localities, is the only supply of water in the neighborhood. The mines in the neighborhood of Chihuahua, from a variety of causes, are nearly all idle. Just now, however, an unusual activity prevails, notably in the Santa Eulalia mines. They are putting up modern machinery and reduction works in the place of the antiquated machinery of the past.

To the student of ethnology this part of Mexico presents an interesting field. Here, for over 300 years, a branch of the Caucasian race has lived surrounded by Indians, and there is to-day as wide a gap between the Indian and the white man as there was over three centuries ago. Late Apache attacks display a fierceness and the punishments dealt to the savages by the Mexican soldiery display a cruelty equal to anything in the past. The civilized Indian, however, dresses and lives like the lower-class Mexican. So closely do they resemble each other that in some cases it is difficult to tell which is Mexican and which is Indian. This is due to the frequency of intermarriage between both classes and the degeneracy of the lower-class Mexican, whose social habits and education are on a level with his Indian neighbor.

In striking contrast with the poverty, ignorance and barbarism of the lower class is the wealth, intelligence and refinement of the upper class. Indeed, nothing strikes the observer more forcibly than the extremes of Mexican society, one class being at the very lowest round of the social ladder and the other at the top round, with scarcely a trace of any intervening link between them. The lower-class Mexican, with an intellect veiled in superstition and Indian traditions, is an object of pity to more fortunate people, while the upper-class Mexican, with an advanced education, and the enjoyment of all the luxuries of life, is an object of admiration. Why Mexican society assumes such extremes can only be explained by the peculiar political and church history of the country. But, saying nothing of the past, the present favors the lower-class Mexican, and enables him to enter the path of civilization on a level with advanced humanity. Public schools are being established throughout the country by a liberal Government whose equal Mexico never saw; railroads are building; modern machinery and industries are being introduced, and still more are likely to follow. Everything tends to improve the condition of the lower class, and to revive whatever is left of the dying spirit of old Spanish ways. —[N. Y. Sun.]

The expression, "Two-ten," which was used in A. T. Stewart's house for years, cautioned the clerks to keep two eyes on ten fingers.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The new nickle will be larger than the old one, but it won't buy any more beer.

The man whose opinion is of no value is always trying to give it away. No matter if the postage is reduced it is just as much trouble to lick a two-cent stamp as a three-cent one.

It was a cold day for that Judge who threatened to fine a party \$10 for coughing in Court, when the disturbing element informed His Honor that he would be willing to pay twice that sum to have it stopped.

A Western woman named her girl baby after a noted lady and wrote to her about it. The lady sent a thick, heavily-sealed envelope, "not to be opened until the babe's thirtieth birthday." It was a terrible revenge to take.

A Cincinnati man who dreamed that he was dead and in hell says he felt perfectly at home there.

Malaria is no longer fashionable. It is called by some other name; to pronounce it would break a man all up.

Tom Thumb is a little fellow, and no mistake. When rescued from the Milwaukee fire he began bewailing the loss of his diamonds. On the other hand his wife went to work to alleviate the suffering of the wounded.

The editors of *Puck* kept an office govt to eat up bad contributions sent in, but when the animal displayed a hankering for their own copy, they felt the slur keenly, got mad and drove the animal forth with clubs.

As a wee miss was accompanying her grandma and aunty across the green yesterday she suddenly stopped. "What are you stopping for, Pauline?" asked one of the ladies. "Grandma and aunty, I must stop to shiver," was the reply of the half-frozen little girl.

A member of the Legislature explains the fact that on his salary of \$1,000 he had in one session saved \$30,000 by saying: "It's all owing to my wife's bein' economical in not keepin' a hired girl that we've saved so much."

A Syracuse cow was run over by a railway train and one of her hind legs cut off. Her owner, a skillful surgeon, healed the wounded stump and put on a wooden leg, upon which the cow now stumps around very comfortably. If this be true, and it probably is, the only trouble will be that when that cow is butchered to make a Roman holiday one of the quarters won't have any handle.

"Oh, yes," said the contented man, "I am just as well satisfied that my horse isn't as fast as some. When I owned a trotter that could get away with anything on the road I was in front all the time and didn't half enjoy myself. Now I am behind most of the time and can see all the fun."

A Texas editor woke one night to find a burglar in his sleeping room over the printing office. "What do you want here?" shouted the Texan. "Money," was the concise reply. "Fly 'round then," said the editor; "I'll go halves on all you can find here."

"Colonel," said a man who wanted to make out a genealogical tree, "Colonel, how can I become thoroughly acquainted with my family history?" "Simply by running for office," answered the Colonel.

"You would not have me young again, would you?" asked a fond wife of her equally fond husband. "No, indeed," was the reply; "your temper gets better every year."

A girl may have No. 10 hands, and yet when she sits for a picture she doesn't put her hands in her pocket—she hides them beneath a \$20 fan.

Human bones have been found in the debris of the old Postoffice in New York. They are supposed to be the remains of people who were reckless enough to bother the stamp clerk while he was reading the last novel.

We are told that the fashion in swearing is changing. Let it! When we fall down on a coal hole and make ourself sore all over, the good old-style profanity, that will daunt the obstinacy of a mule, is good enough for us.

At an auction sale of old Government medical supplies, at St. Louis, among other things one man bought 17,368 pills for thirty cents. A local paper says: "The books and instruments sold have been used before, but the pills were entirely new."

An Italian, playing a concertina, approached two bull dogs that had just joined in an unfriendly wrestle, and the music scared the dogs so that they let go their grips, turned tail and fled. And the crowd was so mad they didn't know what to do, but they finally mobbed the musician.

Not long since a smart seven-year-old son of one of our preachers, after service was over and the family had returned home from church, said: "Papa, do you ever look at me while you are preaching?" The father, thinking that he was a little hurt by supposed neglect, said: "Certainly, my son, I often look at you and think of you when I am preaching."

"But, to-day, did you notice me at all?" "Yes, I did, son, several times," said the father.

"Well, papa, did you see me wink at you two or three times?" "No, my son. What did you wink at me for when I was preaching?" "I winked at you, papa, to get you to stop; you were spinning it out too long."

Love looks through spectacles which make copper look like gold, poverty like riches, and foul tears like pearls.

BABY AND BEAR.

Abduction of a Three-Year-Old Girl by a Cinnamon Bear.

A STRANGE AFFECTION WHICH SAVED THE CHILD.

Henry Flynn, has the following incident to relate, in which a bear of the cinnamon species abducted his three-year-old daughter, not with any desire to harm the child, but through a strange kind of affection. It appears that Mr. Flynn started one morning to take a horse to pasture, and, as his little girl seemed anxious to go, he put her upon the horse's back and let her ride a short distance, perhaps forty rods from the house, where he put her down and told her to run home. He noticed that she continued standing where he left her, and, on looking back after going a little farther, saw her playing in the sand. He soon passed out of sight and was gone about an hour, expecting, of course, that the child would return to the house after playing a few moments. On returning home he made inquiry about her of her mother, who said she had not seen her, and supposed he had taken her along with him. On going to the spot where he had left her he saw huge bear tracks in the sand, and at once came to the conclusion that the child had been carried off by the bear.

The family immediately made search through the forest, which was grown up to almost a jungle, rendering their search very slow. All day these anxious parents searched for traces of their child; nor did they stop when darkness came on, but remained in the woods calling the lost one by her name. Morning came, and their search was fruitless. A couple of gentlemen, who were traveling through the mountains buying stock, came to the house, and, being informed of the circumstances, immediately set out to find her. The gentlemen wandered about, and as they were passing a swamp spot where the undergrowth was thick called the child, or else they were talking loud, when one of them heard her voice. He then called her by name and told her to come out of the bushes. She replied that the bear would not let her.

The men then crept through the brush, and when near the spot where she and the bear were they heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. On going to her they found her standing upon a log extending about half way across a swamp. The bear had undertaken to cross the swamp on the log, and being pursued left the child and got away as rapidly as possible. She had received some scratches about the face, arms and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body; but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of teeth being found on her back, where, in taking hold of her clothes to carry her he had taken the flesh also.

The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest and would put his nose up to her face, when she would slap him, and the bear would hang its head by her side and purr and rub against her like a cat. The men asked her if she was cold in the night, and she told them the old bear lay down beside her and put his "arms" around her and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair. She was taken home to her parents.

SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH.

New York letter: There was an unusual scene at the Tombs yesterday. A large detachment of prisoners were brought down to Sing Sing. Most of them were quite youthful criminals, and in the waiting-room and vestibule were a number of their former friends or relatives assembled to take a last look at them and give them a parting word as the officers brought them out to the conveyance that was to take them to the Hudson River Railroad.

Among these onlookers were several women, sad, careworn, and poorly clad. They had sons or husbands among the prisoners. One woman dressed in a thin alpaca dress with a threadbare shawl pulled round her shoulders was conspicuous by her manner. She was evidently a hard-working woman. The bones of her bare wrist showed the strain of long-continued labor. The lines in a face that must at one time have been comely were the lines that are made by want, and pain, and self-denial.

"Is my Johnny in that gang?" she asked one of the keepers. "What's he up for?" asked the keeper.

"O I don't know. I only heard this morning that he was sentenced."

"What's his name?"

"Here the woman came close to the man and whispered something.

"Five years," said he bluntly.

"Highway robbery."

Then she leaned back against the stone-wall of the corridor, and the rise and fall of the frayed shawl alone told that she had a mother's heart and that it could be wrenched.

Presently the tramp of feet told that the men were being brought out. She clutched the stones with one hand and bent forward. With hand-dog looks or assumed bravado the wretches came down, their manacles now and then giving out a faint clink.

There was one young fellow in the party, a white-faced, slender youth. He could not have been over 18. Suddenly the woman saw him, and with love and tenderness beaming in her face and thrilling in her voice, she

cried out; "Johnny, my God, Johnny!"

The young man saw her, but he saw all the miserable creatures around him. He put on a haggard smile, tossed his head and said: "Hullo, old woman."

Then the gang passed by and went out of sight, and the woman who had borne him and who had no doubt wept and prayed over him stood there desolate, clutching at the stone to keep from falling.

THE LEOPARD.

The leopard is so like the panther that it is sometimes mistaken for it, but there is a decided difference between the two animals. The leopard is smaller than the panther, the spots with which its coat is marked are smaller, and it is of a paler yellow color.

The usual length of the leopard is about four feet from the nose to the tail, and the tail measures about two feet and a half. The leopard is so flexible and supple in all its joints that it can wiggle along the ground like a snake to surprise its prey, climb trees and swim through the water. Its fierceness and voracity are extraordinary, and it frequently escapes its pursuers by taking to the trees, and sometimes it springs down upon them from the branches. It is usually captured in pitfalls.

The leopard is found in most hot countries of the East, such as India, Persia and China, and a few may still be met with in Palestine and Syria.

Yet even this fierce creature, that is constantly tearing to pieces and killing other animals, is capable of gratitude and attachment. Lady Strangford tells us how, some years ago, a poor Russian hermit lived alone in a cave in the wildest part of Mount Tabor. One day in winter, when the snow was deep on the ground, a leopard came and crouched at the entrance to his cave. The good man, without showing any fear, threw the beautiful animal a piece of bread, which it ate. And from that time it took up its abode with the hermit, and snared his meals, and used to accompany him in his wanderings all over the mountain.

There was also a tame leopard in Captain Burton's establishment at Damascus, and Mr. Burton declares it to have been the pet of the whole household. But though it was quite gentle with its human friends, it sometimes worried the other pets, and now and then treated itself to a dinner off one of the goats.

The great beauty of these creatures, with their pretty black spots on their yellow coats, renders them very attractive, but it is only in a few rare instances that they have been made the companions of man.

THE JEWS IN GERMANY.

It may seem strange that the English, who are not at bottom a tolerant race, should be distinctly in advance of their German relatives in their attitude toward the Jews. Even when they were doing their best to keep Baron Rothschild out of Parliament, Englishmen spoke with genuine reverence of his vast wealth. He was so very rich that he ought to have been an orthodox Christian. Surely divine grace could not in the end be withheld from a man with such a business. It was necessary to oppose his entry into the House of Commons in the interval; but it was a necessity that gave pain, not pleasure, to those who felt its force. For many years past all that we have done in the way of persecuting the Jews has been to try to convert them; and though a good deal of money has been spent on this excellent object, we never heard that a single Jew objected to the outlay. Nothing came of the effort, and the Jewish race have always been content to put up with it on the familiar plea that it pleased us and did not hurt them. Unfortunately, Germany is not precisely a country in which schemes of conversion are likely to make much way. If an English Protestant is troubled at the worldly success of a Hebrew neighbor, he may hope that by the labors of the admirable Society for the Conversion of the Jews his rival may have the veil removed from his eyes and be brought to see the wickedness of underselling an equally eager, but rather less clever Christian. Herr Stocker, the court chaplain, who has made himself so especially conspicuous in the contest with the Jews, has no such resource open to him. The last thing that a German thinks of doing with a Jew is to convert him. The hatred in which the race is now held in Germany is far too practical to be appeased by any such trifle as a change of religion. If the German Jews became Christians to-morrow they would be equally powerful. If they were rather stupid, and not good at making money, and altogether given to lag behind their Christian neighbors, they might be of any religion they liked. Their offence is that in all these respects they are better men than the Christians. They work harder, they earn more, they are sharper to see and seize advantages. If they became Christians, a new reason would have to be found for hating them; but it certainly would be found.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—An Austin youth has been paying his addresses to a young lady, under the impression that she was wealthy. Finally she told him promptly that the bank had failed, and that she was penniless, after which his attentions slackened up. A few days ago she said to him: "Dear George, it seems to me that since you found out I am only a poor girl you have ceased to love me." "You don't say so!" rejoined the candid youth; "do you know that the very same idea has occurred to me?"

There was one young fellow in the party, a white-faced, slender youth. He could not have been over 18. Suddenly the woman saw him, and with love and tenderness beaming in her face and thrilling in her voice, she