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just claim to its well-earned title, "The Model
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The Philosophy of Entertain- ment.

[From the Mobile Register.]

As a general thing our young people in
America, are not thrown together
enough in an informal, social way.
Small and frequent entertainments,
which serve to bring them together
agreeably, and with but little expense,
do not prevail. The passion for display
has affected every-day hospitality; and
people now strive not so much to make
their houses attractive continuously, as to
surpass their neighbors by one grand,
tremendous effort in the way of enter-
tainment on a large scale. Each fash-
ionable social leader is content to give
one large party during the season, in
which the house will be crammed to
suffocation, and the guests crushed into
the smallest possible space, and thus
all of the social debts of the inmates
are paid in a lump.

Now, as there are many charming
people who cannot afford this sort of
thing, nor even the expense incident to
attending many "crushes," and who
are necessarily deprived of their prop-
er share of social enjoyment, would it not
be far better to have more of the
smaller class of gatherings and less of
the grand affairs?

In a sentimental point of view, there
is far more "business" transacted at
your small tea fight than your big feed.
A hardened bachelor may pass un-
scathed through half a dozen splendid
feels, but not through a series of well
served teas and post-prandial let-
tales. There is precious little sentiment
or passion in the atmosphere of a
crowded ball-room, staircase, boudoir,
hall or supper room. The men have
themselves under some sort of disci-
pline, and the women are too much
occupied with the exhilaration of the
dance, the observation of the toilet of
their sex, and the desire to be generally
agreeable, to listen to love, reason, the
hasty vows of a boy beau "flown with
wine," or the stereotyped compliments
of a blase "looker on in Vienna."

The case is far different, however,
with the home entertainment of the
friendly few of the special one. In the
former instance there is some chance of
resisting kindness, or defending oneself
from the softer emotions which, like
words traced in the sand, are washed
away by the waves of a sea of circum-
stances, or engulfed in a maelstrom of
engagements; but in the latter you are
at the mercy of your entertainer, and
she can pick your bones white at lei-
sure, or, with the motion of a small
white hand handing a cup of tea, upset
your fine resolutions, and drive you
like a partridge into the net of an "im-
pression," resulting often in the tying
of a knot with the tongue not to be un-
tied with the teeth.

Now it is very conducive to the hap-
piness of young people that they should
be thrown together often, pleasantly
and cheaply, and as but few of us can
afford anything handsome in the way of
an affair of dancing and victuals, by all
means let there be a return to the old
fashioned tea and muffin business, as
affording at once the most economical

and the most genial method of refresh-
ing our friends, beau or sweethearts, or
squaring our social accounts.

A veteran visitor whispers in our ear
that this is the condition of society:
"Visiting dull and declining, engage-
ments, none offering; marriages, none
in market." This is simply a frightful
state of affairs, and must be reme-
died. A voice from the aristocratic
quarter of the town comes up declaring
that the men are to blame, that "they
are perfectly hateful, selfish and hor-
rid," and that the present social stagna-
tion is due to their propensity to herd
in bachelor quarters and clubs, instead
of making some efforts to regain their
reputation for gallantry and devotion to
the fair sex by endeavoring to be at
least agreeable instead of dreadful.

The cause of much of this lamentable
plight of the young of both sexes, is
that the power of the Pantry has not
been used as much as its importance as
a softener of the human heart makes it
desirable. Muffins are all powerful;
tea is a panacea for all these ills.
Beauty resisted in the supper room of
a "crush," over boned turkey and
champagne, cannot be withstood on the
domestic hearthstone over muffins and
tea. The charmer who turns a deaf ear
to you over an ice in the pauses of a
"Boston dip," may, if in an amiable
mood, hearken to surreptitious tenderness,
sandwiched between a second cup
of Bohea, when there is a solitude of
two, a bright fire, opportunity, impor-
tunity, and propinquity.

Again, the tea fight as a purely
Platonic or friendly opportunity of inter-
course is much higher in the scale of
entertainment in its results than the
"crush," where the "dear five hun-
dred" friends for whom you turn your
house upside down, and injure your
temper and digestion, wear and tear
your home fearfully, and leave a wreck
of carpets torn, curtains damaged, glass
broken, ices, meats, sweetmeats, corks
and empty bottles for you to clear away
next morning. To be invited to a small,
well served muffin party to meet "just
the family," or a select few of con-
genial friends, or "Her," or "Him," is
indeed more of a compliment than to be
included with "the dear five hun-
dred," and asked to a mammoth
"crush."

The charm of an entertainment is not
so much the variety and delicacy of the
viands and the gorgeousness of the
silver and lamps, as the welcome, the
measure of service, and the congeniality
of the guests; for these are things
which no amount of display or luxury
can compensate us for the loss of. Care
should be taken, though, not to ask
people who have a mutual respect for
one another on the same evening, and
all semblance of ostentation, display, or
of its being a set thing; a premeditated
refreshment should be carefully avoided;
for the moment any form or ceremony
creeps into a tea, the charm of it has
gone, the good feeling ceases, the spell
is broken, and the thing becomes as
stiff and uncomfortable as a full dress
seven o'clock dinner with a shoddy
millionaire.

As a general rule, it is not a bad idea
to suppress the servants after they have
attended for a time, and then the re-
straint consequent upon their pres-
ence vanishes, and "Celestina" can
preside arily at the tea-pot, and her
"Augustus" cover himself with honors
as an indomptu carver; or if there
are no spoonies present, and the occa-
sion is strictly friendly or neighborly,
conversation can commence, and the
good things said, like the good things
eaten, be fully relished. Tea finished,
music, conversation, chess or cards fol-
low, and those who have any billing
or cooing to do, can watch their oppor-
tunity to "make hay while the sun
shines," quarrel, or make up, as the
situation may require.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

[From the Home Gazette.]

"Madam, it is my duty to arrest
you!"
"You dare not!"
The lips were white with passion
rather than fear, and the lady stood
before me lioness at bay. Even then I
could not help but note the splendid
beauty of this grand lady. Tall and
slender, eyes black and flashing—almost
lurid now—the spectacle she presented,
standing there in the middle of the
apartment, was more the appearance of
a queen than a hunted criminal.

"I must," I replied. "I do not
doubt your innocence. Looking into
your face, it is strange that any one
could couple it with guilt; but I am
constrained to do my duty, madam,
however inhuman it may be to my feel-
ings."
"Will you allow me to change my
dress?" she said in a tone almost plea-

sant. The hard lines around the mouth
had relaxed, and the passionate glow on
the face gave way to a more pleasant
smile.

"Certainly; I will wait here."
"I wish also to send a messenger to
a friend; will you allow him to pass?"
"Certainly."

This was my first interview with Eu-
genia Cornille. I had seen her for
months the leader of our gayest and
most fashionable society. In her splen-
did mansion she dispensed the most
profuse and elegant hospitality.

A Spanish lady—a widow she had
represented herself—and had been a
resident here almost a year. No one
ever suspected her of being aught than
what she seemed, until one day I was
ordered to arrest her as a murderess.

It was now alleged that this young
beauty was no other than a woman who
had poisoned her husband in Havana,
and fled with all his wealth. An im-
mense reward offered for her apprehen-
sion, and the circumstances that had
come to our knowledge had pointed her
out beyond all doubt as the person we
were in search of. Yet the person who
recognized her at the theater the evening
before advised us to be careful lest
she should escape us. I laughed at the
idea. Mr. I. and myself were surely
sufficient to arrest a lady. We were
old enough in the ways of cunning to
defeat such an attempt. When the lady
left me I stepped to the window and
said to Mr. I., who was waiting at the
door:

"The lady desires to send a mes-
senger for a friend; suffer him to pass."
Almost at the same instant the door
of the apartment opened, and a youth,
apparently a mulatto boy, came out and
passed hurriedly through the room into
the hall, and was, no doubt, the mes-
senger, I thought, and I picked up a
book and commenced reading. Nearly
an hour passed, and still the lady did
not make her appearance, nor did the
boy return. The friend she had sent
for must live at some distance. I
thought, or the lady is unusually care-
ful about her toilet; and so another
hour went by. At last I grew impatient,
and knocked at the door.

"Madam, I can wait no longer."
There was no reply. I knocked re-
peatedly, and at last determined to
force an entrance. Strange fears harass-
ed me. I began to suspect, I know
not what. It took but a moment to
break in the door, and once in the
apartment, the mystery was revealed.
The robes of the lady lay upon the
floor, and scattered over the room were
suits of boys' wearing apparel, similar
to that worn by the mulatto boy. On
the table was a cosmetic that would
stain the skin to a light, delicate
brown.

I was foiled for certain; the lady had
escaped in the disguise of a messenger;
I ought to have detected the ruse; I
felt humiliated, and determined to
repeat the error. I knew she would not
remain an instant longer in the city
than she could get away. I hurried to
her bankers but found that she had
already drawn the amount due her an
hour before.

"Who presented the check?" I
asked the clerk.
"A mulatto boy. It was made pay-
able to bearer."

There was yet a chance. The French
steamer left within an hour. It was
possible she would seek that means of
escape. I jumped into a cab, and
arrived there ten minutes before she
left the wharf—just in time to assist an
aged, decrepit gentleman into the
cabin. There were few passengers, and
none of them answered the description
of the person I sought. I stood on the
wharf watching the receding vessel as
it disappeared. I was in the act of
turning away, when a backman ap-
proached me with the remark:

"Mr. F., did you see that old man
on board? He had a long, white
beard, and hair that fell on his shoul-
ders?"

"Yes."
"Well, there's something curious
about him."
"Why?"

"Why, sir, when he got into my
carriage he was a mulatto boy, and
when he got out he was an old man."
I will not repeat the expression I
used then—it was neither refined or
polite, for I knew the vessel would be
far out to sea before she could be over-
taken. I was foiled by a woman. Nor
could I help rejoicing, now that the
chance was over, that she had escaped.
Innocent or guilty, there was a
charm about her none could resist.
The spell of her wondrous beauty af-
fected all who approached her. It lingers
in my memory yet; and I would
not have the stain of blood upon my
conscience.

A PLEA IN BEHALF OF OLD MAIDS.

[From the Aldine Press.]

It is a sad and solemn fact, that Old
Maids do not receive the sympathy
which they deserve from the commu-
nity at large; their trials are not un-
derstood, their sufferings are not ap-
preciated.

If I shall succeed in awakening a
little compassion for them, in the hearts
of a hitherto thoughtless and unfeeling
public, I shall feel that I have accom-
plished my mission upon earth, and
shall rejoice in the reflection that I have
not lived in vain.

No one seems to realize to what a
height of moral heroism a woman must
climb, before she can calmly confess
that she belongs to the taboed class.
Gail Hamilton thought she had done a
brave thing when she commenced an
article in the *Atlantic* with the words,
"I am a woman," and so she had; but
even Gail Hamilton dare not avow, as
she might have done, without violating
the truth, that she was an old maid.

Dear old Gov. Andrew, of Massa-
chusetts, was the only man who ever
manifested any real sympathy for the
"anxious and aimless" ones, whom the
great mass of people regard with indif-
ference. He, good soul, proposed send-
ing us all to Oregon, to seek our for-
tunes, in the shape of six feet, more or
less, of surplus Western masculinity;
and although his plan was never car-
ried into operation, the memory of his
benevolent purpose must ever live in
the hearts of those he sought to bless.
Let me enumerate some of the trials
and deprivations that attends a life of
singleness.

In the first place—since gold must
always take the first place—an old
maid must take care of her own money!
Did you ever think of that, ye married
dames? If not, just pause for a mo-
ment, and reflect upon the awful res-
ponsibility from which our kind and
thoughtful law-givers have so com-
pletely relieved you. Your single sister
cannot enjoy the sweet satisfaction of
feeling that all her earthly wealth is
safely stowed away in her husband's
pocket, and that she has no possible
claim upon it, or care in respect to it.
She misses, too, that charming sense of
uncertainty, which the married lady
experiences, as to whether it still exists
in the form of greenbacks, or has be-
come converted into a fancy horse, or a
share in the gold mines, recently dis-
covered by the man in the moon. She
is obliged to consider for herself how
much money she wishes to spend, and
what she will spend it for, and is de-
prived of the delightful tremor pro-
duced by asking some one else for it,
and the gentle excitement of hearing
the growled reply, "Money? You are
always wanting money. Anyone would
suppose you thought I was made of
money. How much do you want?"

Secondly, An old maid must take
care of herself. She must decide for
herself what occupation she will pursue,
where she will go, when, and how long
she will stay.

When she has returned from a visit
to a friend, there is no husband waiting
at home to greet her with the affec-
tionate remark, "Why didn't you stay
for ever, while you were about it?"
This care and responsibility, concern-
ing her comings and goings, she can never
escape.

What wonder that so many old maids
live to a weary old age! I think there
are few people who fully realize the
value of matrimonial experiences, in
helping to "shuffle off this mortal coil."

In addition to the trials which I
have here mentioned, there are many
others, hardly less severe, which an
old maid is continually forced to endure.
There are many little tragic incidents
which enliven and diversify the life of
a married lady, that the unfortunate
maiden can never enjoy. At her home,
all is quiet, dull, uninteresting. There
is no one to kick off his boots into the
basket of newly-ironed clothes, no one
to throw the favorite cat out of the
window, or to track mud over the
freshly-scrubbed kitchen floor. No one
to make a cheerful remark if the bis-
cuits are heavy, the pies too sour, or
the meat overdone. There are no deli-
cious gray woolen socks to darn in the
long evenings—no patching of
torn jackets—no re-lining of old coat
sleeves.

But time and space would fail,
should I attempt to mention all the
peculiar trials to which we are sub-
jected. Enough has already been
stated to convince any candid mind
that there is, in reality, almost nothing
to relieve the monotony of an old
maid's life.

In conclusion, I can only exclaim, in
the words of a well-known poem,
"Pity the sorrows of a poor old"—Maid!

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