



GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

Come, let us fit together for a space, In this still room remote from friendly mirth...

AN INDIAN'S SLAVE.

Adventures of M. de Belle-Isele in an Indian Nation.

A Startling and Interesting Story That Occupies a Place in the History of Louisiana—A Brave Young Esquim.

Distant from the country of the Natchitoches Indians one hundred and fifty leagues ago, lay the land of the Attakapas...

The story of M. de Belle-Isele occupies a special place in the chronicles and records of the early annals of Louisiana.

It was in the year 1719 that the chevalier de Belle-Isele, an ambitious and enterprising man, had been assigned a company to the then almost untroubled wild-untrodden by the foot of the European—Louisiana.

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They were led by the delusive sound—still deeper into the gloomy forest. As they went onward, the Indians, who were in the van, were beating the waves on the shore.

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FACE POWDER AND ROUGE.

How the Ladies Enhance Their Natural Charms—Preparing for the Opera or Ball—A Belle's Toilet—Dudes Using Face-powder and Rouge.

"There is scarcely one woman in a hundred," said a well-known druggist to a reporter's inquiry, "but uses face powder. Some use it only on rare occasions, and very little of it; others are powdered up every day as regularly as they are dressed. It would be very hard to find a woman who has never applied the beautifying dust to her face."

"Of course young women use more than the older?" "I can not make any rule on that subject. We have customers for face powder old enough to be grandmothers. It is not at all uncommon to see on the streets highly powdered women who at a distance seem to be about thirty years old, but, coming nearer, the wrinkles of the three-score years are plainly visible."

"Are there many kinds of powder in use among the ladies?" "Hundreds, I would say. Generally a woman does not care for any powder in particular, and a druggist can sell just what she recommends. Some of course have their preferences among powders and will purchase no other. The manufacture of face powders is a large business in many lands, and has become wealthy in it. It used to be profitable for the retailer to handle these goods, but now the large dry goods stores are dealing in them and the trade of the drug stores is much reduced. But there are many ladies who would not purchase powder in any other place than a drug store because they think they are more liable to get a better and purer article there."

"There are various components from which they can be made. Magnesia, chalk and lead are the principal. Some powders are almost entirely composed of chalk, and are of the cheaper kind. Others are made of talc, and are more expensive. The use of lead is not so common as it once was, but it is still used in some cheap powders. The use of lead is not so common as it once was, but it is still used in some cheap powders. The use of lead is not so common as it once was, but it is still used in some cheap powders."

"Well, I should say so. You'd be surprised to see all the articles many a belle uses to get herself up for a special occasion. She often starts the night before to begin the preparations. She has been in the habit of using powder and rouge, as I told you before, becomes rough and scaly. The first thing to do, then, is to apply something to soften the skin. Generally a woman uses cream or glycerine and may have a sort of mask which they wear over night on the inside of which is cream or some other softening agent. This is done in the morning the face is soft and smooth. Then as the evening approaches the hair of the face is used to put on the powder. And how do you suppose she gets such nice red lips? She uses rouge, of course. And at the ball she looks perfectly charming—fair but false."

"Do they use anything else besides powder and rouge?" "Yes, they have a large sale for face washes, vaseline, toilet water, washes for the scalp, bandoline, camphor, eye-brow pencils and a dark liquid for the eye-brow and lashes, not to speak of the quantity of Cologne that is disposed of. Many ladies keep all these articles in stock. Then the list of toilet articles includes, of course, a comb, a tooth brush, a set of maniere instruments, a Turkish towel, a flesh brush, tooth paste, a hand glass and other things too numerous to mention. O, yes, the ladies are often the best and most profitable class of trade that a druggist can have."

"Are not the ladies ashamed to come to your store for these articles, especially the powder and rouge?" "Most of them are not. They have got used to it and think it no disgrace or no one's business if they use powder or rouge. But some of them when they come to purchase, always give the clerk to understand that they want the articles for some friend. They never use such things. O, no! And yet you can see the rouge on the lips while they are trying to give you this taffy. Many ladies send a messenger boy for all such articles, and thus keep the fact that they use powder somewhat secret. But a man can't see well if he can't tell the difference between a powdered face and one without powder."

"Do men ever use face powder?" "Men? No, certainly not. But I have seen a few powdered men and rouge. Some of them seem to be going out of fashion with the ladies. I don't wonder it, since the dude has caught on to the style.—Albany Argus.

HENS ON THE FARM.

They Do Their Best When They Are Most Contented. All kinds of grain may be fed to fowls with benefit. Variety seems to be an advantage, and probably from the fact that a single grain is not the necessary animal and vegetable accompaniments will secure profit, particularly if that grain be wheat, least so, probably, if corn; but the almost universal testimony is in favor of a variety of feed.

It is in the nature of the hen, as of the milk cow, to be best when its treatment and surroundings contribute most to its contentment, making the proverbial singing hen that of this world. To afford it comfortable quarters and a sufficient range, with a variety of food and pure water, satisfy it, and dispose it to propagate on, which, under such circumstances, is as the greatest amount of eggs. The hen is a domestic fowl and has domestic attachments, and unless made to feel at home and unmolested, it will be loth to respond to the demands of maternity. A hen that is starved, or frightened, will not lay any more than if allowed to suffer from neglect or a sudden change of food, even among the best layng breeds. Treatment is of the greatest importance that the old, unimpaired fowl—a poor layer—can, with proper care, be made to realize profit on the cost, and in such cases surpass the most noted egg-producing breeds when neglected.

Among farmers, it is doubtful whether or much, if any, profit on the whole is obtained from eggs; rather it is a loss from the damage done by the fowls where these are allowed, as is more or less the case. All kinds of breed have been tried here with pretty much the same result. They are a damage to the grain, to the garden, and are not beneficial to the grass, to say nothing of the fouling the walks, the uncertain hatch, and bringing out broods in the fall, when not wanted.

In the exceptional cases where farmers keep up their fowls and have them properly attended to, it is quite different; and it is on the farm where they can be better taken care of usually than elsewhere, on account of their food, which, in its variety, is raised on the farm, and the abundance of space for a range which the farm affords; besides, there are usually members enough of the family to see to the fowls, which lessens the cost of attendance. Not a few farmers take advanced and expert care of their fowls, and with more ought to do, since they are bound to have the convenience of eggs (fresh eggs at that), and fowls for the table—and with their better means for keeping up their fowls, secure a large income and a large profit that is realized by the professional poultry-keeper. It is their superior advantages that enable them to do this, and if they keep them all let them keep them well—undisturbed possession of clean, comfortable quarters, with a variety of food, which the farm affords, and sufficient ground and grass in summer for green food and exercise, and it is a plan that has proved to be excellent as well as more easy, to allow the hens access to their grain feed at all times, so as to avoid over-feeding, and keep them as long as they can not waste or foul it, and let wheat or wheat screenings be not the least part on of the grain. The exchange of grass and insects, which form part of the food of fowls during the summer, is more conveniently made on the farm to vegetable and animal food for winter. In this way poultry can be made a profitable annex to the farm.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

ENGLAND'S ARMED FORCES.

Some Figures Likely to Prove Interesting. Fortresses are of little use indeed, of no use, unless there are troops of sufficient numerical strength to hold them. Unfortunately, the British Army, although much improved of late years, and although it now possesses a reserve which formerly was non-existent, is not numerically strong enough for the duties required of it. Especially when, as at the present time, over 20,000 men are locked up in the Valley of the Nile and 24,000 in Ireland. The army in England and Scotland at the present time consists of about 39,000 regular troops and under orders for eight service of 24,000 regular troops in Ireland, who can hardly be removed from that island; of 24,000 in foreign stations (exclusive of Egypt, the Sudan and India); of 22,000 in Egypt; and the Sudan, or under order (of the 15,000 are already there and 7,000 on the way); 60,000 in India, and two West Indian regiments of negroes, number 1,000 of all ranks. There are also about 34,500 in the first-class reserve, 7,000 in other reserves, and a militia reserve of 26,000. In case of a complication no troops could be called out except those in England and Scotland and the reserve a total of 126,500. From this total, however, must be deducted all sick men and recruits—about 25,000—leaving only 101,500 available for the greatest emergency. With regard to the militia, its establishment is 142,000, but the actual strength is about 107,000. Of these, 26,000 belong to the militia reserve, already counted in the regular army; 52,000 belong to the militia, number 1,000; so that only 29,000 are the total force of militia that can be depended upon in case of war. Thus only 153,500 men can be brought together. Of these, the number from 153,500, less the number 1,000, will require 40,000 to fill them up; the 1,000 are and military ports, 18,000 regulars, even supposing that volunteers form the chief part of their defense, in addition to 28,000 pensioners in militia; the commercial ports would require, in addition to the volunteers, 4,000 regulars and 8,000 militia. These, taken together, number 128,000. Taking the number from 153,500, there remain only 25,500 of the movable army, a force totally inadequate to take the field with any prospect of success against an invading force—which would not certainly be less than 120,000 men—or with which to conduct any offensive expedition into an enemy's country.—Fortnightly Review.

HE TRIED HIS LUCK ONCE MORE.

And Won Fifteen Thousand Dollars in the Louisiana Lottery. "Great Scott! is that so?" The speaker, who was a clerk in a Montgomery street wine-house, leaned over the counter and stared at the visitor, his eyes bulging out so far that they might easily have been knocked off with a cane.

"Perhaps it is so and perhaps it is not so. That is what I have come here to ascertain," was the reply. "Where is Mr. Eckenroth?" "He'll be in in a moment, and he'll tell you if it's true; but I think there must be some mistake; here he comes now," added the clerk as a handsome young man with dark side-wiskeys, a cheerful face and a beaming eye entered the office.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Eckenroth," was the visitor's greeting. "Dropped in to see if it was true, as I hear it whispered that you've won the big prize in the Louisiana State Lottery." "Sh-h-h, I've been trying to keep it quiet," said the lucky man with a smile. "Have hardly breathed a word about it. It isn't the whole of the big prize, you know, I only held one fifth. That's \$15,000."

"Fifteen thousand dollars—I should say that was enough for one haul." "Yes, it's a good deal for a poor man to come into possession of all of a sudden. I tell you it paralyzed me when I saw the report of the drawing. But there it was—No. 8,999. Then I thought it must be a misprint or error of some kind. Hadn't any faith in my luck, you know, but I telegraphed to New Orleans, without saying a word to any one in the office or on the street, and when I received the reply that the money was at my disposal, I sent on word to have it collected through the bank. It arrived Saturday, and if you'll take the trouble to look at this, you'll see I am not giving you any game."

A brand-new deposit book of the First National Bank, with the single entry "14,947," was handed to the visitor. "Fifty dollars charges and \$3 for telegrams—a reasonable discount," was the remark of the happy owner of the bank book as he placed it in his pocket. Mr. Eckenroth is head bookkeeper for Bach, Meese & Co., at 321 Montgomery street, in the Odd Fellows' building. He takes his good fortune very coolly. When asked if he did not intend to resign his position as bookkeeper, he replied: "Not at all. It's a good situation, and the money is all right where it is. In the course of time I may make some change and go into a different business, but my present plan is to remain here, if I am retained."

"By the way," he added, "the way I came to buy that ticket was rather peculiar. I had bought several times before, without winning a dollar. It was merely for amusement, because I look at lotteries in a different light from that in which the majority of people view them. I never lay awake nights thinking how much I was going to win and how I was going to collect my money, and what I would do with it after I won it, and all that sort of nonsense. I thought at first if I kept on buying tickets I would win in time. But at length I became rather disgusted and began to think there was nothing in it. I heard a great deal of talk about persons winning big prizes and had read newspaper reports of men drawing thousands of dollars on a single ticket, but I began to take such statements cum grano salis. So when it came to buying a ticket last month I thought I wouldn't invest. For several days I refused to take a chance, and it was just by a mere freak that at last I put over my dollar and took No. 8,999. I regretted afterward that I had altered my resolution, but now I thank my lucky stars that I didn't let the chance go by."

Mr. Eckenroth is a man of family and has the reputation among his acquaintances of being sober, steady and industrious. With all the prizes which Fortune has showered down upon the lucky lottery players of this city it is doubtful if any have fallen into better hands than that won by the fortunate holder of ticket No. 8,999.—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, August 4.

"Touring" Abroad.

The St. James' Gazette says: "The habit of 'touring' abroad seems to be growing in favor among English sportsmen as well as among those of other countries. Although the coming cricket season at home is not to be regarded by the advent of any forego eleven, it appears that a couple of British teams are intending to travel in search of winter cricket. Both will visit America. This is probably due to the extreme courtesy and 'good form' which was so consistent in shown by the Philadelphia gentlemen who visited us last year. Every club we believe, which met the Philadelphians thoroughly enjoyed the friendly contest; and in fact the latter fairly justified their title to the name. A team of south of England gentlemen will sail for America at the end of August, and will include R. T. and R. J. Thornton, W. Welman, the old Bark Blue, T. Hine-Haycock, the old Bark Blue, T. W. Fowler, the old Cambridge fast bowler. The other team will be composed of Scotch gentlemen, who will also sail in August. Doubtless both elevens will have thoroughly enjoyable trips among a people as hospitable as the Americans."

Mr. Sweeney's Cat in Fly Time. (Bill Syc.) But I was going to speak more in particular about Mr. Sweeney's cat. Mr. Sweeney had a large cat named Dr. Mary Walker, of which he was very fond. Dr. Mary Walker remained at the drug store all the time, and was known all over St. Paul as a quiet and reserved cat. If Dr. Mary Walker took in the town after office hours nobody seemed to know anything about it. She would be around bright and cheerful the next morning and attend to her duties at the store just as though nothing whatever had ever happened.

One day last summer Mr. Sweeney left a large plate of fly-paper with water on it in the window, hoping to gather in a few quarts of flies in a deceased state. Dr. Mary Walker used to go to this window during the afternoon and look out on the busy street while she called her pleasant memories of her past life. That afternoon she thought she would call up some more memories, so she went over on the counter and from there jumped down on the window sill, landing with all four feet in the plate of fly-paper. At first she regarded it as a joke and treated the matter very lightly, but later on she observed that the fly-paper stuck to her feet with great tenacity of purpose. She controlled herself and acted in the coolest manner, though you could have seen that mentally she suffered intensely. She sat down a moment to more fully outline a plan for the future. In doing so she made a great mistake. The gesture resulted in giving the fly-paper to her person in such a way that the slip turned up behind her neck, and she was a human and caused her great inconvenience.

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We Knew It Would Come to This.

The roller crass is breaking out in musical circles. Why His Other Papa was Thankful. (Philadelphia Call.) "Are you going to be my new papa?" "Accepted Suitor.—'Yes, my dear child.' "Have you got your wig yet?" "Wig! Why, no; I need no wig. Why do you ask?" "My other papa always said he was so thankful his hair wasn't fast to him."

Fall River Advance: The most conscientious man in the world may have a plucked quail in his pocket when he goes to church, but he never brings it away with him; it has been a collection.