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Lafayette's Tomb.

Gen. Lafayette's remains lie neglected and almost forgotten in the old Picpus cemetry, on the outskirts of Paris. Very few tourists ever ask to be shown there, and when they do make the request are so to go on being told that they would be compelled to drive through narrow, crooked streets, entirely deserted save for the few solemn and gloomy-looking convents which line the way.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

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WOMAN AND HOME.

The Management of Husbands---To Succeed in Dressing Well.

Kiss the Children Good Night---Children's Clothes --- Home Helps---Fashion Notes of All Sorts.

Many all-wool suits are combinations of two materials, one plain and the other of the most elaborate description.

The modern drawing-room, to be acceptable, should be made to represent "fashionable confusion" in all its elegance and sumptuousness.

Bridesmaids, according to The Boston Gazette, should be selected with reference to good looks, though not too good, unless the bride is a crusher.

Flat, crossway folds hanging like tucks on the skirt is one of the novelties from abroad. These are well adapted to materials unsuitable for full trimmings.

Somebody has brought home from Europe an opera cloak made of white fur and lined with quilted satin. People have no idea what a nice garment this is until they hear it cost $2,300.

Pretty and seasonable correspondence cards have autumn leaves embossed in the upper left hand corner and the day of the week stamped in gold across the cluster. They are a "Boston notion."

Oriental parlor carpets are already declared to be out of date, and the old-fashioned bouquet-patterns of a quarter of a century ago are revived in all their own and much original new glory.

Not only the bride, but the bridesmaids now carry prayer-books at church wedding ceremonies, and the books are an ecclesiastical present from the not always excessively religious bridegroom.

Ye girl of ye period's muff is decorated with humming birds, kitten and pigeon heads. They look just "too nice for anything," and should be put up in the parlor cabinet with other curiosities to be admired.

In after-dinner coffee cups something new in material and pattern is of glass ornamented with storks engraved on the side. The glass is warranted strong enough to withstand the heat and not break, spoiling somebody's good clothes.

Embroidered pillow-shams now have on one "Good night" and on the other "Good morning," the work very exquisitely done in colors. Some ought to be made with the following worked conspicuously in the centre: "For goodness' sake, stop snoring!"

A quite modern arrangement of the neck-trimming of the bodice is as convenient as it is elegant, namely, that of so adjusting the corsage that it is suitable either for the day or the evening. Most bodices are now made to open with chemisette or plastron.

You must have a table and chair and a pair of huge stag horns in your hall now, the old 1812 hat-rack and stand being entirely out of fashion. The umbrella-stand must be of china, hand painted. People going to housekeeping are kindly requested to bear these facts in mind.

The waistcoat is more popular to-day than it has been for years. There is a variety of ways of forming this jaunty vest, but the old continental mode ranks first in popularity with its buttons down in front, elaborate braiding, or hand embroidery in silk at each side, and showing pocket-flaps over the the hips, also adorned with buttons and embroidery or braidwork. The favorite colors now are grays in soft, dark shades; a new green, gunpowder blue, cigar brown and a bright golden brown. The new green is a cross between myrtle and bottle green. In one light it looks like sage, and in another it resembles the more bluish tint. Very few of the new costumes are made entirely of one material. Combination is the order of the day. Brocade and velvet, broche and cashmere and velvet, vicugna and brocade, are all combined.

On Managing Husbands.

See that your husband is properly fed and the chances are that he will take pleasure in seeing that you are properly clothed. The experiment is worth trying anyway.

When any of your husband's relatives come always give them the spare room. If you should give up your own apartment and sleep in the spare room yourself you might catch your death of cold.

Judge a man not by great deeds, but by the little attentions of daily life. If he nightly brings an evening paper home to you, be sure that although older and more careworn than when he married you he is your ardent lover still.

Put down bed-room carpets late in the day, when it is too dark to see where you drop your tacks. When your husband gets up at night and goes searching around for the paregoric he will find them and perhaps pick them up for you.

In a family of children it usually happens that one or two are bad tempered and very hard to manage. Never lose an opportunity of reminding your husband that they do not bear the slightest resemblance to any member of your family. This will keep him from fancying that they take after you.

It is very necessary when a business man comes home after a day of harassing care and continued struggles with powerful competitors that his mind should be distracted from such subjects. The best way to accomplish this is to spend the evening telling him about the incapacity and impudence of your servants.

Always keep the love letters your husband wrote you before marriage in a well-locked iron box in the darkest corner of the attic. Nothing puts a man in such a temper as to stumble across his former effusions and read a few pages of them. Some men under such circumstances have been known to kick themselves down stairs and be seriously injured.

Always be in some far away part of the house when your husband comes in and let him hunt you up. If he finds you in the lumber room covered with dust and dirt, slashing around with a wet cloth in your hand, he will know that your are faithfully doing your "duoty." If you should meet him in the hall with neatly-arranged hair and a smiling, upturned face, he might imagine that you had been lounging in the parlor all day reading French novels.

To Succeed in Dressing Well.

Nine-tenths of a dress is in the fit; if it is good it will redeem a 25-cent rep; if poor, it will ruin a satin de Lyon. The best way to get a perfect waist is to patronize a man dressmaker or a fashionable modiste, whose services may be secured for $18 or $25, according to the fabric used and the style of dress desired. If the aid of these artists is beyond the reach of the average woman, there is one thing she can do—go and buy a pattern, put her wits to work, and persevere until the bodice fits. The task is not a difficult one if she will but remember that she will have to have dresses all her natural life, and once a fit is secured the trial is over.

It may be advantageous to know that for a few dollars a tailor will take her measure and draft her a waist pattern that can be relied on, and as the fashion changes a woman who knows how to sew can so modify it as to suit the passing fancy. This fact will have cost some time and temper, but it will be a saving in the end and enable a woman to look like a queen in a 50-cent twill and afford three times as many dresses as she previously wore when she paid $18 for having an $8 cashmere made.

On the subject of a woman's good and weak points little that is practical can be written. To succeed in dressing well one must not only study the styles, but study her figure, and, if mistress of herself, she knows better than any milliner or modiste what she can wear. There are some figures that cannot wear large patterns, sensational combinations of color, or circular draperies, and what may convert a tall, angular form into a veritable scarecrow will enhance the woman proverbially bunchy. A tall, spare frame, hollow-chested, long-waisted, scrawny-armed, and flat-breasted woman, if robed in thick material, with short waist trimmed with braid, binding, or relief collar, has the angles broken, and the surface may be more generally covered if the goods is slightly figured or ribbed and is dark in color, but not black, as that is usually finished and tends to polish down the contour. The taller a woman the shorter in parts her suit should be cut, while a short waist gets depth when the eye is forced to take in the length of a basque, say from the collar to a line below the hips. A full figure, if pronounced, can be neutralized by plain waists, long, scantily trimmed skirts and draperies that fall vertically. In colors black, plain surfaced light shades and fine, indistinct patterns in colors will influence the reduction. Let the buttons be small, the collar low and avoid broad banded trimmings. A multiplicity of petticoats will counteract the most persistent efforts on the part of modistes, who recommend but one underskirt, the weight and warmth of which must be suited to the climate. The opposite will aid a woman of six feet in being reduced to lower terms.

Bustles are an abomination, but most figures require some pouf, especially where the hips are prominent. This effect can be secured by making two little cushions of, say 5x8 inches of curled hair or moss; sew them to a narrow band and attach to each dress skirt belt. These will counteract all flatness caused by the slide or fall of the heavy skirts, and insure to the wearer more comfort than the best organized bustle in the market.

Kiss the Children Good Night.

Send the little ones to bed in a happy frame of mind. It requires some discipline and self-denial on the part of a weary parent to answer all the foolish questions and attend to the many wants that multiply so fast as the hour of bed time draws near, but it is a labor of love that will bring a large recompense. Children never forget. They will carry with them through life's long and weary pilgrimage the remembrance of the face that bent over them at night, and that was associated in their immature minds with heaven and God. And the little tiresome last questions mean so much to them. What if we should not answer them and they never awakened here? Unanswered questions and unanswered problems have followed men and women through life with harrowing persistence.

And never give a thoughtless answer to a child's question. Never tell the little ones that the thunder is the voice of God! Think what an idea they must form of such a God. Do not tell them petty vague stories that will mislead them into tangled paths. Hood says pathetically of his own childhood:

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.

"It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

No one can so gently and kindly prepare the little ones for the perplexities and disappointments of life, which are inevitable, as the fathers and mothers to whom their education should be a first consideration. The moral lessons taught at the mother's knee or by the bedside can never be forgotten, nor can the father shirk all responsibility in the matter of home tutelage. That is a child to be pitied who is afraid to ask its father any question which arises in its young mind; who dare not climb to the parental knee and challenge the world to dislodge it. Dr. Holland, in his fine poem of Daniel Grey, which is said to typify his own father, says:

"He had some notions that did not improve him,
He never kissed his children, so they say."

We feel sorry for the children of a father so austere, but we can afford to pity one who lost so much beauty and value out of his own life. Then kiss the children good night and good morning and answer all their questions, and you will find that in such work two are blessed—one in giving, the other in receiving.

Good Sense About Children's Clothes.

There is very likely no conservatism more difficult to deal with than that displayed by the young boy in regard to any change in his apparel. "If I must wear these cuffs," said an 8-year-old boy, on Sunday morning, "I am not going to church." The cuffs in question were entirely unobjectionable in the eye of man or woman. They were probably unnoticeable, also; but the boy discovered a morbid dread of appearing in them, as they were not a usual addition to his toilet. He confessed, in confidence to his mother, as they walked along, that he dreaded the remarks his Sunday school class would make upon them. How little consideration is shown for the feelings of children.

How few parents realize that the child's world, only, as John Brown, of Edinburg, says, "about three feet high," has its tragedies and comedies, its fear of blighting, adverse criticism. So many times, when garments are chosen, when the question is not of expenditure, but of taste, the children themselves might be allowed to choose, within certain limits, what they will have.

Who has not seen this sight; when all the happy boys in the neighborhood are wearing knee-pants, one small and weary soul appearing in pantaloons the exact counterpart of his father's and reaching to the heels of his shoes! This life is made a burden to him, and then and there is begotten an uneasy consciousness of self that will require years of thought and experience and of resolute care to overcome.

The consciousness of being well and suitably dressed, so dear to the heart of woman and so conducive to her ease, is just as consoling to a child, and is no more likely to lead to a morbid fondness for dress than is the discomfort occasioned by the consciousness that there is something wrong about his clothes.

The Secret of the "Home Look."

There are certain principles to be observed in a room if it is to impress the visitor with a sense of comfort or beauty. For one thing there must be a variety in it. It is not necessary to buy a whole set of furniture alike, but there should be one prevailing color, a solid basis on which to build. There should also be care taken to furnish the wall spaces. It is an admirable plan to pull a sofa out, but if in doing so a great empty space is left, the room is made bare. In such a case the sofa could be turned so as to break the stiff line, and yet remain against the wall. But the great secret of comfort and of giving an immediate effect of pleasant living is in the making of corners! What does an open fire amount to if an easy chair does not stand in front of it, or a lovely view from a window of the curtain has to be drawn up and the visitor stand to look out? No; what we want is the chair by the fire, the light on the table and the lounge pushed near it; the easy seat by the window where a good light falls, all ready and waiting.

It is all in vain to put baskets of bright wools about, or magazines, or portfolios of engravings, to give a "home look," if the convenient and comfortable seat is not added. The visitor who coming in finds an easy chair by the fire, and near it the little stand with the magazine, can endure waiting a few moments, because he feels that his welcome has met him. The chair by the window, the fan ready to be picked up; the bench under the tree, the seat on the porch, are the successes of hospitality. It is not given to every one to appreciate pictures, or to feel color, but every one delights in being made comfortable.

Care of Little Girls' Hair.

It is the opinion of several down-town doctors that women not only rob themselves but their children of the best part of their hair, simply because they don't know how to use a comb or brush. When the hair is loose and smooth use the fine end of the comb and let each application touch the scalp. Comb the hair in every direction—right, left, up, back, down, from the poll and ears forward, parting it at a dozen different lines from ear to ear. The brush may be of metal or bristle so long as it is in intelligent hands. Have a towel at hand and wipe off the brush after every few applications. Brush little tresses at a time, if you would keep less hair in the brush than on the head. While short it is better to let the hair hang loosely. When started for the final growth braid it in one or two strands, but not tightly. Always fasten the ends with combings, as a string, cord or elastic will certainly cut the hair. Don't try to crimp your little daughter's hair. To be sure it has the appearance of just doubling the thickness and tickling the vanity of the little girl, as well as warming the pride of her mother, but at the same time it breaks off the individual hairs and keeps them of an uneven length for years.

The heavy heads of hair that many little girls are made to carry, just because it is the fashion, or because some proud mother "hates to cut it off," is not frequently the cause of nervous diseases and general ill health. Eight or ten inches of hair is too hot in summer, too great a strain on the nerves in the winter, and in nineteen cases out of twenty so impoverishes the hair cells that the product is ever afterward very frugal. Medical works on the subject are full of instances in which twitching of the facial muscles, Saint Vitus' dance, weakness of the nerves of the eyes, and various nervous troubles can be traced to a heavy mane which some little one has been burdened with through the weakness of her father and the vanity of her mother.

Old Maids.

The highest type of old maid has made no sacrifice, nor is she in any sense a victim, for marriage as a state is not necessary to her idea of happiness; but she has none of that antagonism toward half the human race which Miss Priscilla makes her boast; nor is she one who has set herself against marriage, or whom no man has ever wished to marry. She is the woman who has never met with her ideal, and who has never been cunningly persuaded to accept anything short of it.

Stray Items.

Go west, young girl! In Texas they are paying servant girls $20 a month.

An Indianapolis woman who wears a No. 1 shoe claims to have had sixteen offers of marriage on account of her foot.

The ladies of Cleveland hold an annual doll show for a charity called "The Open Door." Their last one netted $4,000.

Tom Thumb's poor little widow is in a lonely bad way. She has been shocked so often by sudden deaths in her family and then by the Milwaukee fire that she wonders she is'nt dead.

Escape the Old Foliy,

Let our girls have as regular daily duties as our boys. Let idleness be forbidden them. Let recreation be indeed recreation, at proper times and in proper quantities. Let us open more numerous avenues of female industry, and let ever women be clothed with the dignity of a useful life. Can such a reformation be brought about? My dear madam, begin it yourself. Rule your household on this principle. Have the courage to defy fashion where it opposes. Be a bold leader in this reform, and you will soon see a host of followers glad to escape from the old folly.

Brahmin Women.

Cut off from all intercourse with their fellow creatures, and unable to read or write, the life of the Brahmin women can be easily conceived. Married at 10 years (for spinsterhood is abominable), mothers at 12, they are faded and old at the beginning of their fifth lustrum, and die of sheer age at about 30. Their time is passed most aimlessly in the care of their children and the mysteries of the toilet.

Women as Druggists.

Six ladies having graduated with honor from the South London College of Chemistry, mean to begin life as druggists. They deserve to succeed. Pharmacy is a profitable field of employment, and is one well suited to women, being neat and cleanly and delicate, and there is no doubt that female druggists would be more accurate and reliable than male.

Household Art.

There is as much art in cooking a rich cake as there is in molding a piece of clay, and there is as much skilled delicacy and artistic fancy required for an exquisite piece of embroidery as there is for the making of a Messoinier portrait.

To Remove Warts.

A writer in one of the medical journals says he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid, three or four times a day, by means of a camel's hair pencil, to be the best and easiest method for removing warts.

Charles Lamb: I shall begin to believe there is some such principle as chivalry influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Kissing under the mistletoe, an old custom, is going to be revived in fashionable society this wintor.

Ladies in Nevada wear hop bads for ornaments.

MEXICAN POSTOFFICE METHODS.

Postage Peculiarities in Monterey---No City Delivery, No Stamps Sold, No Accommodation.

[Fannie Brigham Ward in Pioneer Press.]

The postoffice, on the opposite side of the same plaza, is an institution of the most aggravating character, conducted strictly on Mexican manana (to-morrow) principles. Although Monterey has now many foreign residents, there is not a clerk in the office who understands a word of any language, or can read other than Mexican names. As the Spanish alphabet does not contain all the English letters (for instance, it has no W, its T's are all F's, and its I's are Y's) the mistakes that perpetually occur are enough to make an angel weep. Of course Mexican ladies never go to the postoffice, and if an "Americano" ventures to do so, perhaps she will be waited upon in course of time, after having been severely stared at, and all the men about the premises are first attended to.

There is no drop-letter system, and no city delivery. If you desire to communicate by letter with a person in the same town, no amount of persuasion or number of postage stamps will induce the powers that be to to put your missive into his box. While postage to the United States, Canada and Europe is only 6 cents per half-ounce, it is 25 cents to any part of Mexico, if only across the line from one state to another; and very particular they are in weighing, to get in another 25 cents if possible. Mexican postal cards are 3 cents each, good for any part of the world, except in Mexico—but may not be sent from one town to another within their own borders.

In Monterey (if you look particularly honest) they will sometimes sell you one or two postage stamps to carry away with you—but never more than two; while in other Mexican postoffices they will not sell you any. Why, heaven only knows, except that it is one of the many "rules of the government." The postoffice is frequently closed, for hours at a time, while the postmaster and all his clerks are enjoying a long siesta. As there is no outside box for depositing letters, even if we had stamps to put on them. I am afraid that this institution is responsible for considerable profanity, especially on the part of those who have been accustomed to better treatment in Los Estados Unidos del Norte, as they insist on calling our United States, in contradistinction to their del sur.

Examples of Prodigious Memory.

A conductor must have a prodigious musical memory if he can, as Herr Richter usually does, conduct such a score by heart, never forgetting to beckon to any instrument at the very second wanted. I say a prodigious musical memory, because the faculty of remembering is by no means a general, but a special one. One man may, as Richter for instance, know a number of scores by heart, another may be able to keep an incredible number of figures in his remembrance, and not be able to retain the smallest musical motif. The Emperor Napoleon III. who never forgot a man he had once spoken to, could so little remember a musical theme that you might have played the same thing twice over to him and given it two different names, and he never would have known it.

An example of the most astounding memory is the winner of the national chess tournament, Mr. Zuckerfort. He is capable not only of playing a game of chess by heart, i. e., without ever looking at his board, but being told his adversary's move, instantly replying with his countermove and keeping the position, however altered, in his head; but further, he played sixteen games at the same time in the same way, that is to say, before each of sixteen tables sat a player with a board, and they informed him after each other of their respective moves, he replied and never confounded one position with another, never made a false move, but twice detected, where on purpose false moves were made to test him, the wrong direction. He performed an especially curious feat in the house of a friend where there was a whist party, playing a game of chess by heart with some one in the adjoining room, and when the cards for whist were dealt, he looked once through his cards then put them away, and each time his turn came he mentioned the card he wished to play, all the while continuing his chess game, and never keeping either his chess or his whist partner waiting one minute for the necessary move.

Lake Michigan Booming.

My friend stopped to shake hands with a stoic in a slouch hat, taking the rain as it came, but this time I retained the umbrella. Returning to shelter, he said: "That man is a character. He lives down the Illinois Central about 150 miles, and is pretty well off, as they say there. The last time he was in Chicago there were freshets throughout the state, and all the streams were very high. On his return home his neighbors asked him how the lake was, and he said with great positiveness, 'Booming. The rains filled her plumb full, and the water off by the crib was ten feet higher than I ever saw it before.' And the worst of it was his remark was quoted in the district school for months after to prove that the waters in Lake Michigan went up and down with the fluctuating water courses."

THE COWBOY'S TALE.

"Are there no real good Injuns?"
The cowboy raised his head,
And glancing at the tenderfoot
He turned to him and said:
"I rode the prairies, pardner,
Ten years in rain or sun,
But as to real good Injuns,
I hain't met more'n one.
A swig o' that horse liniment,
And then I'll try to place
This A 1 virtuous redskin
That for goodness trumped the ace.
'Twas at the bar of Mack's Ford,
A lot of boys one day
Got to making things quite lively
In a ball and cartridge way.
I banged around about me
And didn't count the odds—
I'd been soakin' electricisty
Like fifty lightning rods—
When suddenly the sheriff
And his gang came bounding down,
And the boys took to their cattle
And dusted out o' town.
But something was the matter
With my headworks, I dare say,
For I stumbled by the roadside
And couldn't find my way.
And the next I can remember
It was night and pitchy black,
And I tried to strike the trail from there,
But couldn't hit a track,
And I was mighty dizzy,
And I felt I should have died,
When standing just before me
An Injun's shape I spied.
He held his hands out to me,
But didn't say a word;
And when I tried to hail him
He neither spoke nor stirred.
And then I slipped in somehow
Between each sturdy arm,
And he let me down so gentle
Without a bit o' harm.
And I lay there quite contented
And slept until 'twas day,
And woke to find him watching
At my side the same old way.
So I climbed upon my uprights,
And a word I couldn't say,
But I looked the red man in the face,
And then—I sneaked away.
We parted. But, as years pass by,
I wonder more and more
If still that real good Injun stands
At Mack's tobacco store.

The Wardrobe of the Noble Roman.

It is surprising that the apparel of the Greeks and Romans so long maintained its simplicity of form. The primitive dress of both nations was a single tunic, falling from the shoulders to the feet. Above this there was afterward worn a shorter tunic coming to the waist, and to this was added an outer cloak or tunic for out-door wear or for journeys. The shape of these garments permitted several to be worn, one over the other, when the severity of the weather required. Each of them had its reason for being, and they were all simplicity itself in form and material.

When Rome became luxurious, they were sometimes expensively ornamented with gold, jewels, and embroidery, yet their ancient cut was but slightly modified from the earliest period. Collars and cravats were to the noble Roman an unknown barbarism. Even when the tailor gave his tunic shape he left the neck bare, showing the fine way in which the head was set upon the shoulders. For this reason, as well as because the outer tunic, or toga, showed striking outlines of the figure, statuesque attitudes were easy, and no sculptor had to go far to find models for Jupiter, Apollo, or Antinous. There was little to be considered in this mode of dress besides the cut of the tunic.

The Roman might wear a helmet and gauntlets in war time, but gloves were not for his hands in time of peace, nor did he wear hat or cap, except when he went on a journey, which was not often. Sandals fastened with thongs covered part of his foot and ankle, but stockings were effeminate, and he left their use to his wife and daughter. Shirt, in the modern sense, he had not, and to have incased his manly limbs in close-fitting pantaloons would have been an insult to his personal freedom. Yet each separate portion of ancient dress contained the germ of an article of modern apparel. The inner tunic corresponded remotely with the shirt, the shorter one above it survives in the modern vest, while the outer tunic is faintly represented by the coat. When a Roman wished to protect his neck he drew the folds of his toga closer about it, and sometimes threw the garment over his head when the sun or rain was troublesome, after the manner of an Arab burnoose.

Wendell Phillips' Reminiscences of Fanny Kemble.

Some time since it was my good fortune to be present at a private luncheon when Wendell Phillips was the only other guest. The great orator was in the best of spirits, talking, as few men can talk, of things past, present and future. Some chat of theatrical matters started him upon reminiscences of the days of Fanny Kemble.

"We saved all our money," he said, "to buy tickets. I was in the law school, and some of my friends sold everything they could lay hands on, books, clothing or whatever came first, to raise funds. Then we walked in from Cambridge; we could not afford to ride, when tickets to see Fannie Kemble were to be bought. I went nineteen nights running to see her, Sundays, of course, excepted. After the play we used to assemble where the Parker house is now—it was the rear entrance to the Tremont theatre then—to see her come out. She would be so muffled up that we could not even see her figure, but we used to find great satisfaction in seeing her walk by on the arm of her escort up to the Tremont house. Then we would give three student cheers for her and walk out to Cambridge to bed.

"Such audiences as she had, too! If you'd put a cap sheaf down over the theatre, you would have covered about all Boston had to boast of in the way of culture and learning—Webster and Everett and Story. Judge Story used to be so enthusiastic that he'd talk about her all the time of the lecture. Next morning he'd say, 'Phillips'—or somebody else, as the case might be—'were you at the theatre last night? Well, what did you think of the performance?' I said to him once: 'Judge Story, you come of Puritan ancestors. How do you reconcile all this theatre-going with their teachings?' 'I don't try to reconcile it,' he answered, striking his hands together, 'I only thank God I'm alive in the same era with such a woman!'"

Wilkie Collins' Rheumatism.

Wilkie Collins writes most of his novels with his own hand, but now and then rheumatic gout gives him such pain that he cannot hold a pen, and then he employs an amanuensis. The greater part of "The Moonstone" was dictated, and Mr. Collins says it is the only one of his works which he has never read. The recollection of the agony he suffered while dictating it deters him. "For a long time, while that book was writing," he says, "I had the utmost difficulty in getting an amanuensis who would go on with his work without interrupting himself to sympathize with me. I am much like a beast in many ways—if I am in pain, I must howl; and, as I lay in the bed in the corner yonder, I would often break forth in a yell of anguish. Then my amanuensis would urge me to compose myself and not to write any more. Between the paragraphs I would go along nicely enough, having in my mind just what I wanted to say, and these interruptions would drive me mad. Finally a young girl, not more than 17, offered to help me, and I consented that she should, in case she was sure she could let me howl and cry out in my pain while she kept her place at the table. She did it, too, and 'The Moonstone' finally came to an end. But I never read it—never."

Old Rags for Glucose.

Sugar is now manufactured in Germany from old rags. The rags are treated with sulphuric acid, and converted into dextrine. This is treated with a milk of lime, and is then subjected to a new bath of sulphuric acid, which converts it into glucose. The glucose obtained by this process is identical with that of commerce, and may be used in the same way for confections, ices, etc.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WHISKY.

Home-Made Liquor Which Is as Honestly Manufactured as Sweet Cider.

["Gath's" Maryland Letter.]

I observe, for the benefit of your temperance element in Ohio, for whose sobriety I have great respect, that the plain old German sects—the Mennonists, the Dunkers, &c.—generally keep little distilleries. It does not appear to have been fifty years ago the theory that a little whisky was death in the pot. Sometimes these distilleries are built of stone, and are of odd shapes, with overhanging caves. Again they are two stories high and built of brick, to store the liquor after it is distilled.

Said I to my man: "How did they distill liquor in those little places?"

"Why, they first ground up the grain in the proportion they wanted and then let it soak in a hogshead until it fermented. Then it was put in a mash-tub and boiled until its vapor went over into another place and came out whisky."

"Do you make any whisky in this region now?"

"Yes, it is said we make the best east of the Allegheny mountains—perhaps the best anywhere. I know one man up here near Greencastle, Pa., who has about one thousand barrels on hand. Last year he would not distill any because the corn was too wet. Every parcel that man sells he takes a sample from and labels it. Some time ago he sent a barrel to New York and he got the sample back from the barrel, and said he, that whisky was tampered with on the way. It tasted to me as if an old iron nail had dropped in it."

My driver then remarked: "The whisky you get in cities is not fit to drink. Our old distillers in this region, of whom there are some left, are just as honest in making whisky as if they made cider or put up canned peaches. Their fathers made whisky before them. Almost every miller had a little still down by the spring-house."

Said I: "What do you think about taking off the internal revenue taxes and having free whisky?"

"I don't know much about it," said the driver, candidly. "It seems strange that in a country as big as ours, and so full of grain, we can not have any honest liquor. It must be from these revenue laws. When they put a tax of $1.50 to $2 a gallon on whisky, which only costs 50 cents a gallon to make, there will be adulteration of it. I suppose they didn't have the drunkards forty years ago that they do now, nor the new diseases that you hear about."

"How much does that man up in Pennsylvania ask for whisky?"

"He asks $2.50 a gallon now. The internal revenue system gives our humble, old-fashioned distillers a good deal of trouble. The laws are so minute that a plain man can hardly understand them, and they also increase the cost of making the liquor."

Attractions for the Crowd.

Walking through Wall street I noticed the workmen laying the foundation for the Washington statue. A crowd was watching the job. How easily a crowd is gathered here! The reason is found in the fact that a large part of the populace is composed of those who tramp the streets without apparent purpose, and are always ready to stop and gaze. Fourteenth street is the biggest of such idle gatherings, as there is a window there (in the third story) in which ridiculous marionettes are exhibited. These little toys are only fit for the children, and yet they attract great numbers of grown people, who stand on the opposite side and gaze with strange intentness on the silly performance. The juke of the thing is that the latter is only a bait for an advertisement. The showman has hired the window for this purpose, and while he attracts the public he also parades his business.

A crowd of fashion-worshipers is always found at Arnold & Constable's immense corner window, where a half dozen wax figures display the fall styles in the most gorgeous manner. Rich and poor mingle in this circle of admiration. Here one meets an irresistiable denial of the idea that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." No, no! Beauty (wax and paint beauty, at least) requires a $3,000 dress to do it full justice. There is always a crowd at the bookstands, where so many stop, though not one in fifty makes a purchase. When one sees the words, "Your choice for 25 cents," how natural it is to halt and look! Each one gazes a moment or two, and then passes on, but some one else is ready to take his place. These facts show that though street life has a hurried aspect, a large part of it is composed of listless wanderers.

An Unknown Hero.

What a small world we live in, after all! And how round it is, too! Here on the heights, alone, save for the many beautiful babies born to him since he sat down under his oaks, built his house, and planted his vine and fig tree—many vines and many fig trees, in fact—I find a dear old sailor, a fellow world builder of the far west. A dozen years ago or so he found this spot with the encircled city below, the Potomac far away; yet in his very dooryard, with many ships, the old Roman arena before him, aye, the very wild beasts devouring Christians over yonder at the capitol—finding all this before him, I say, he sat down here, would go no more away, but gave up his commission and has been here ever since, planting grapes, growing figs, looking down into the president's dooryard. And this silent little man, too modest to let me mention his name, is the very man, the humane and gallant soldier who went out unarmed, all alone, some fifteen years ago, and brought in more than a thousand armed Apache Indians, a feat that startled the country at the time, I remember.

NED'S SUGGESTION.

[Louise R. Smith in St. Nicholas.]

"Where did you buy her, mamma?"
Asked 3-year-old Ned of me,
As he leaned o'er the dainty cradle
His "new little sister" to see.

"An angel brought her, darling,"
I answered, and he smiled,
Then softly bent his curly head,
And kissed the sleeping child.

But a sudden change came over him,
And he said, "If I'd been you,
While I was about it, mamma,
I'd have caught the angel, too!"

My own experience tells me that a man can always do the work for which his heart is fitted if he will will give himself the habit of regarding his work as a normal condition of his life. I therefore venture to advise young men who look forward to authorship as the business of their lives, even when they propose that the authorship shall be of the highest class known, to avoid enthusiastic rushes with their pens, and to seat themselves at their desks day by day as though they were lawyers' clerks, and so let them sit until the allotted task shall be accomplished.