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An Ideal.

[Harriet Prescott Spofford in The Continent.]

Age comes to some people only like the wider opening of the rose, the gentle drooping of the creamy outer petal, and one must needs think of this in looking at Mrs. Fernalde. "I have had my threescore and ten," she used to say. "I have had all that nature has to give, and now I am living on grace." It was a sunny spirit that informed her, a lightsomeness that never let the substance of a tear penetrate beneath the surface that could endure nothing but happiness. Her unfailing good nature was like a fairy wind that smoothed every trouble out of her way and out of the way of every one about her. If her hair was white, no great sorrow had made it so; and its contrast with the soft brilliancy of the black eye and the velvet flush of a cheek unwritten by many lines, made her perhaps as lovely as one standing in all the full radiance of youth. As for Mr. Fernalde—tall, dark, spare—he was by no means unattractive, and his courtly manners had a unique elegance. He loved his ease; and annoyances, when they chanced to break through the magic circle his wife drew about him, vexed him, as they usually do a nervous person. For the rest, he was one of those men who, having led a singularly fortunate life, maintain to themselves a fancy that they have just missed the last stroke to make the crystal complete, who have a vanishing ideal always just beyond the sight and reach.

The Fernaldes were neighbors of ours. Wealth required no exertion of them, and advancing age secluded them in some measure from general society; their home was always cheerful; they were always in it; and if there had been no such person as crabbed old Mrs. Talliafero, who had spent the last six month with them, it would have been hard to see how heaven itself could be much improvement on it. However, she was going at once, and then where would be the crumple in the rose-leaf?

They loved young people. "The new generation lends us a part of its freshness," they used to say. They always welcomed any of us, and indeed made me so particularly conscious of their flattering favor that I spent a good portion of my time with them, threaded the sweet little lady's needles, read and wrote more or less for Mr. Fernalde, and was gradually taken into their confidence in a way I did not desire, since I am about to violate it.

"Could I imagine a happier old age than this, my child, with my wife, my health, my flowers, our birds and pets and friends?" he said once, repeating my question. "Why, yes, my dear, it was much happier before my wife brought Mrs. Talliafero to stay with us. Some old schoolmate or girl friend of hers, I don't quite know whom, for the fact is she nettled me so the first day she came that I wouldn't ask Rosalie a word about her, for fear I should show my displeasure at her having brought her home when she turned up. It is astounding how an invisibly small thorn will destroy your equanimity. And then this woman has a quality that would turn honey into vinegar, I do believe. She has changed our quiet, peaceful, sunshiny life, that seemed like one long day in June, into a sharp, raw day in November. There is something very rasping about her. I don't see why my wife invited her to spend such a season with us for. I wonder if she thought that at the end of the time I should press for a continuance? My dear, I have counted the days—it sounds sadly against all hospitable rites—I have counted the days till I should see her consult a railway time-table, as she did yesterday, about going home to-day. I believe she is not in affluent circumstances now. I would be glad to meet the expense of boarding her away! I am speaking strongly. Yes, Rosalie," looking at his laughing wife, "I know you say too strongly. But it is argument, assertion, contradiction, differing, bickering, finding fault with the servants who have suited us half a lifetime, questioning the expenditure, disordering the arrangements from one day to the next. Think of it, when she comes into my study and declares that my wife has the patience of the play to endure such a den of disorder in her house. She wonders that I do not wear a scratch. She warns me of indigestions, she threatens me with nightmares, she reminds me of my age, she interferes with my pipe! And then she wants so much fresh air! Thank heaven! her time is up to-day, and my wife will not invite another guest for a half year without giving me time to arrange a residence elsewhere! And such a voice, too! When one hears it, one longs for the proper infirmities of age that dull the hearing—sharp as a file, piercing as a locust's whirr! What are you laughing at, Rosalie?"

"Ah, you are not quite just, my love," said the sweet little lady. "Mrs. Talliafero has a fine mind. She is really waking us up. She prevents our sinking down into a jelly-like existence, as so many at our age do. She keeeps us bubbling."

"There, there, there, my dear! Don't say another word about your Mrs. Talliafero! Go and spend a season with her at Saratoga, if you ever want to see her any more. I'll go to Richfield. Bubble! She'd make sulphuric acid bubble out of the sands of the desert! I've no doubt she worried Talliafero, poor man, into the grave! But there, I've said too much," he added directly. "I beg your pardon, my sweet, if I hurt your feelings about an old friend, but really— Now, Rosalie, my love, if you don't care to go over these accounts, our young friend will.' And then Mrs. Fernalde tripped off with as light a foot as a girl of 17, and I drew up the great folding-screen around our chairs, stirred the fire a little, and took pencil and paper to add up the figures Mr. Fernalde was to read out to me.

But Mr. Fernalde was in a brown study for a little, and I let him stay.

"It was strange you should have asked me that question, child," he said at length. "I used, at your time of life, to imagine a very different old age from this, if I may so call that imagination, for, in fact, old age never entered into my calculations. I imagined nothing about the passage of time, only of the continuance of a condition. And that condition was the perpetual paradise of Alicia's smiles."

"Rosalie, you mean," said I.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Fernalde shortly. "I mean Alicia."

"Alicia?"

"Alicia, who, when I was twenty, was the light of my eyes and the loadstar of my life."

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Of course you don't, of course you don't. I've half the mind to tell you, though. It's a long time ago—a long time—and no harm done. One is perhaps a fool at 70," said Mr. Fernalde presently again. "I'm not quite 80. One is certainly a fool at 20. I was, at any rate, but I didn't know it, and I walked in a fool's paradise. And to be a fool and not know it! Is there, on the whole, any farther paradise? Pretty, pretty as a peach!" he began again, after another pause. "Ah! that sounds to us like profanity. That heavenly fair face, those eyes like the stars in a blue midnight! that smile of exquisite innocence and purity! I used to tremble before her sometimes as before some young saint stepped from a shrine—one that I dared to desecrate by loving. Ah, how I loved her! The sight of certain flowers brings her back to me now! When the apple trees are in blossom, that pink and white snow, that ineffable delicacy of perfume, calls her before me like a revelation! There are times when this eternal smoothness of things in my life palls me—times when I cannot bear the sound of evening bells coming across the water. It so renews for me that evening—that evening when I lost her—when I lost her if I found Rosalie!"

"You lost her then?" I said, to break the silence that followed.

"I will tell you. The two were inseparable. If I walked or rode or sailed with one, the other was not far away. Rosalie was a little gay, tormenting sprite. Alicia was a pensive saint. It was Alicia's home; her father was a man of wealth, and Rosalie was visiting her. Rosalie had no home, no fortune; she had just finished school and was to be governess, dreading it as a butterfly might dread being broken to harness, dreading it all the more for this glimpse of luxurious life in her friend's home since school. I myself had a fortune in my own right, and had been guilty of the follies of most of the jeunesse doree of that period, which, if comparatively innocent, were troublesome enough to the authorities of my college to need discipline, and I was passing a year of most unhappy rustication in the place adjoining Alicia's home. Never shall I forget the first moment in which I saw Alicia running down one of the orchard aisles with her white garments fluttering about her, and her fair head bent over the branch of apple blossoms in her hand. If lightning had fallen, the revolution that seized me could not have come more quickly. I seemed to be changed in a twinkling, to have been borne into another planet. I felt as if sunshine had pierced and penetrated once impenetrable gloom. When I fell asleep in the grass of that orchard, and woke with that heavenly creature bending over me, I rose only to walk on air. The little brown face of Rosalie, with its carnations, with the glint and glance of its great brown eyes, with its flood of brown curls that had a touch of gold on them, with the glittering teeth of its beautiful laugh, was just over her shoulder, but I merely know I saw it by remembering it afterward. She was only a shadow to me in those days; and as for me, I was only Alicia's shadow myself. She lived and moved in some exalted atmosphere, to my perception. She does now. Her father wore the front of Jove; I could not say that he did not carry the thunders. I felt myself a mote in the broad beam of their sunshine, as though I were something hardly visible in their large range of vision, as if it required an effort to make myself perceived by them. I hesitated to make the effort—I worshiped from afar. When she spoke to me my heart beat so I had hardly voice to answer; when she touched my hand it thrilled me through and through. And I asked no more. I thought of no more for a while than just to continue so forever; to see her from my window walking under the long aisles of the low-branched orchard, like some mediæval picture; to walk besides her sometimes; now and then to venture reading from the same page with her; now and then to be her partner in the dance. That Rosalie should be about with me, riding here, strolling there, walking to church, reading with the old pastor, in whose charge there was a fiction that I was, and so, in a way, studying with me—that was all a matter of commonplace; she was sweet, she was fresh, she was charming. But what was all that when an angel was in the room?

"One night I was on the gallery just outside their drawing-room, looking in at the long window, and Alicia was singing. Ah, how delicious was that voice! The cherubim and seraphim who continually do sing, if I ever hear them, will not sing so sweetly. I wonder to whom that voice is singing now! Besides her, that night, was this scamp who had come to the place more than once, a proud, commanding fellow in his undress uniform, a man whom her father plainly intended she should marry. I can see the scene now—the rich and dimly-lighted room full of purple shadows, the air laden with the scent of flowers; Alicia in her white drapery, more mystical, more beautiful, more holy, as she sang, than if revealed in the glow of her beauty; outside the violet depths of the sky, and the moon just falling, like some great golden flower, low in the west; and as Alicia's voice became silent a choir of bell tones coming far and fine and free across the water, like echoes of her song in heaven. My heart swelled with a fullness of rapture; life seemed too rich, too sweet, too sacred; and then I saw that man stoop and kiss her brow. The action turned me to stone for a moment till he came sauntering to the window, and I knew no more what I was doing than that bronze Perseus in the corner would if he moved. I lifted the hand that had seemed stone, and as he passed me I struck him on the mouth, the mouth that had done the profanation."

And Mr. Fernalde was quiet a little while.

"And that was the end of all things," he resumed. "The fellow laughed at me for a mad boy. Her father launched one of the thunderbolts, and forbade me the house. What a stricken day and night of wretchedness! What a week of hopelessness, of annihilation! But perhaps Alicia felt otherwise. Why should I not discover? Why should I suppose she had any other sympathy with that creature than the sympathy of the star and the worm? And if my glad hope peradventure were true, why then we could fly from these places that should know us no more; the world was before us, heaven's gates were open to us. And I wrote, my hand trembling at its sacrilegious daring, just a dozen lines, without address, without signature. She would know what it meant. And I sent it by the parson's boy. And I waited for her, lying on the grass beneath the orchard trees, in the deep gloom just gilded by the influence of the unseen moon. There came the rustling of garments, the tripping of a foot; my heart beat, my eyes grew dim. Was it she coming up behind me, as I lay lifted on my elbow, kneeling and putting her arms about me, raining swift kisses on my face?—wild, sweet kisses in that shadow; wild, passionate whispers in that silence! And then a great pang smote me, and I rose and went out with her into the less dim darkness—and it was Rosalie.

"She never knew," said Mr. Fernalde, "she does not know to-day that I died that night. I can't say how I lived through those moments even. They were but moments she had stolen away. She had to return at once. We parted at the foot of the mock-orange walk, and I went to my bed and lay there in a trance of despair. Perhaps sunlight brought some relief. The parson told at the breakfast-table the news that Alicia was betrothed to the army officer I had seen over the hedge. I wrote a word, saying I was called away, and I was gone a week or more. But in that blank I must have something to love me—to have an interest in. Better Rosalia than the absolute negation of those days. She thought nothing of my absence after my return. She was as full of romance as a flower of nectar. And, to sum it up, if she was not the rose, she had lived with the rose. One day we married, and here we are. A long life, a happy life, and I have never regretted the day in it that I made her my wife. After all, one cannot marry among the angels—clay must mate with clay. What do you say? Not love her, my child? You never were more mistaken. I love her tenderly, absorbingly. She is a perfect woman—she has been a perfect wife. She has made me calmly and completely happy. If once in a while the old hope, the old dream of a passion arises and sweeps before me in its bloom and light, it is because it means youth to me—that youth which we do not know till we are old—is itself the ideal that it holds up for worship. Yet perfect as my wife is, fifty years of this smooth life with her wear something of the commonplace, and if across their dead level of same content sometimes gleams the shining of Alicia's face, it is not in any disloyalty to her. I often wonder what became of the lovely creature. Once I could not have spoken of her. At seldom times, when I sit alone by the fire, she comes and sits beside me, and gleams of light and shadow make free with her sweetness, her beauty, her pensive and etherial grace. Dear girl! I suppose she sleeps in her grave by this, but she is a shaft of the light of heaven in my memory."

And Mr. Fernalde rose, walking to the window, just as the screen began to tremble, and a smothered cough and then an undisguised one, betrayed to me, if not to him, that Mrs. Fernalde had heard the chief part of the monologue.

"And I had heard it in fragments and sections more than once before," she afterward told me, with her pleasant smile. "I know it means nothing—that he is just as wholly mine as I am his—that our love is the imperishable sort—that we are welded into one by fifty years together. And perhaps it was ignoble of me to break the pretty bubble, to take away his little ideal, with which he has found comfort whenever I would have my own way too much. Yet I thought it was about time."

But she said nothing of this at all as she came bustling round the corner of the screen that morning.

"There is such a gale blowing outside," she said, "that the dust really rises in the house fit to choke one."

"You haven't caught cold, Rosalie?" said her husband, turning in concern.

"Not the least, but I shall if the hall-door is open another moment. There she comes now. Make haste, and bid Alicia good-bye, my love. She is just going."

"Whof" he cried, suddenly opening his eyes like lamps in their deep settings.

"Alicia—Mrs. Talliafero—dear. She married again, you know. Oh, it has been a fine jest," she cried with her low laugh, "to think that you should not have recognized Alicia in all these weeks and months!"

Mr. Fernalde was quiet for a few moments, looking at the sweet little lady before him, with her color like the half-tarnished rose, with the soft brilliancy of her placid smile. Then he crossed over the hearth before me, and he took her hand and bent down and kissed her mouth.

"My Rosalie," said he, "will you not make my adieux to Mrs. Talliafero youself? Tell her—tell her I have gone to the funeral of an old friend!"

Chinese Interest in Sorghum Sugar.

[Chicago Tribune.]

For 2,000 years sorghum has been profitably grown in China as a cereal, but has never been utilized as a source of producing sugar. The experiments made in this country by well-known scientists in this direction have attracted much attention in China. The people of that country are not slow to see that if the clear gain of its sugar value can be added to the seed crop it will prove a matter of vast importance to the empire. Accordingly, some weeks ago the Chinese embassador and his two secretaries were among a party of visitors to the Rio Grande Sugar company's works, for the purpose of learning what they could from observation of the processes employed in the manufacture of sugar from sorghum. Concerning the interest evinced by the shrewd and inquisitive representatives of the Celestial kingdom a correspondent of The New York Tribune says: "If they had been sugar experts, inclined to purchase the whole concern as an investment, they could not have studied the methods and machinery more closely or more intelligently. They watched the cane through the rollers and followed the expressed juice as it was clarified and boiled through the vacuum pans to the centrifugals, and by their searching inquiries kept Dr. Collier and Supt. Hughes constantly explaining every detail through the entire process. When the day was over there is little doubt that they had a more comprehensive knowledge of sugar-making than any of the American visitors." That the Chinese ambassadors went there for a purpose is evident enough, and the next thing to be expected is that one of these days China will be largely engaged in the successful manufacture of sorghum sugar.

Managing a Bird Dog.

[Evansville Argus.]

The average amateur gets his dog talk from books, and says "To-ho," "Down sir," "Down charge," "Retrieve," "Hi sir," "Bring to bag," "To heel, sir," etc., etc. If we ever forgot ourself and lent our dog to any amateur and he went through this lingo the dog would come in at night and try to say "Say, pard, that man you lent me to this morning must have been drinking, for he called me a lot of worse names than ever you did when you licked me for being too fresh and running over two or three gangs early in the day." And we wouldn't blame the poor dog. We don't hold any long conversation with our dog; it takes his mind away from business. When we get into a field we say "Yup" and wave our hands in the direction we want him to go.

When he comes to a point, if he seems to be nervous we say "Yo-o-o," just as we would to a nervous horse, and if by any accident we manage to kill a bird when the covey rises, we simply say "dead" and that settles it. He gets the bird, brings it up to us; sits down and at the word "drop" lets it fall out of his mouth and hies off again to fresh fields and pastures new. If he runs over a bird we yell "Hey! you darn fool!" and he drops down and remembers that if he does it again he will get a corn stalk across his flank. And so we go and the longer in the day he hunts the less we have to say to him, except to invariably pat his head and call him a "good old snoozer" every time he brings in a bird.

The Corean "Jenkins."

[Chicago Herald.]

Soh Kwanfi Pom, secretary of the Corean embassy at Washington, has made the following observations in this country: "The women of America are all far more beautiful than any others we have seen. I notice most women wear black clothes; many wear blue, and when the weather is warm, white is very commonly worn. Some women wear their hats and bonnets tilted back, showing the front hair, while others wear them squarely on the head. Of the two, the former style is the nicer to see."

Wretched Peru.

[Inter Ocean.]

Unhappy Peru! She not only has the extortionate demands of Chili to settle, but she has 320 generals, 1,400 colonels, 2,210 majors, 4,000 captains, and more lieutenants than anybody can count, all waiting for back pay. She thinks some of selling out as a total wreck.

New Orleans Picayune: When a giraffe wants a drink, he knows what a long-felt want is.

A CITY OF HOMES.

Philadelphia's Characteristics Contrasted With Parisian Features---A Future Full of Promise.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Philadelphia has the marked peculiarity of being a city of homes. This means more than the average reader will understand. It is not merely a place of shelter that is a home. New York has largely adopted the French flat system. These can hardly be called homes. They are economical contrivances for passing such time as cannot be put in elsewhere. Food, sleep, are the necessities, but the broad, generous idea of home rarely invades the French flat Temporary shelter is the leading idea. And the influence of this, in the unhomelike features it possesses, has a molding power over those who occupy flats. It is generally conceded that the lack of home sense in Paris is the result of this form of life. Restaurants take the place of home as resorts for food. Unsettled and wandering, the flat renter leads largely an outdoor life. All this is known, and the volatile character of the French population is largely the outcome. New York, as a cosmopolitan city, is possessed of many traits similar to Paris.

But Philadelphia has entirely different characteristics. It not only has many moderate houses—and from these through all intermediate grades up to palatial residences—but the number of artistic, comfortable, roomy houses is increasing. The fact that capitalists are spending large sums on such properties proves two things: That the mass of our people are so improving in circumstances as to be fully able to live with an approach to luxury; and that with this all the comfort of real homes is demanded. Houses with from eight to ten rooms, finished in natural woods, with all modern conveniences, adapted to artistic furnishing, and perfectly piped and drained, are what are in largest demand. All this has its evidence of the advancing prosperity and taste of our people; but it also proves more than this. The character of a population is molded by its homes. If these are such as to inspire elevated taste, and a sense of mental as well as physical comfort, the population is sure to advance in all the elements of thrift.

It is from this standpoint that we regard the future of Philadelphia as so full of promise. All it gains it keeps. It is not subject to wide fluctuations. All its growth is solid and permanent. But when people grow in taste, comfort, the sense of refinement, and so of intellectual power, it is the best of all. This is the marked feature of Philadelphia. Its advance represents a rising intellectual grade. And with rapid transit, which is a coming necessity, it will show the finest suburbs of any city in the world. Along its northern and western borders, these already exist. But their number must increase rapidly. The soil surrounding this city is peculiarly adapted to the finest rural homes. Pasturage, lawns, gardens, and all that adds charm or advantage to rural homes can be had. And elegant places, complete in appointments, will soon be a marked feature in the surroundings of our city. So with the poor well housed, and the better-to-do with an approach to elegance, and grand suburban homes, Philadelphia will be the great home city.

Thackeray's Martyrdom.

["Cornwall" in Inter Ocean.]

I am only permitted to tell one incident out of the many that have been related to me. The best years of Thackeray's life were given to the affectionate care of his insane wife. Her disease was that of a violent type, except at intervals, but she required constant oversight and attendance. To secure this Thackeray bought a house in the country near London, in which the invalid was surrounded with every comfort that love and sympathy could devise. As she still craved his presence and seemed unhappy when he was out of her sight, Thackeray made frequent visits to her in her retirement. These were the hours which his enemies declared were spent in the midst of all kinds of follies and excesses. They were devoted instead to soothing the invalid repinings and quieting the unreasonable suspicions of a wife dearly beloved but hopelessly insane. In one of his unpublished letters he relates without complaint, but in a strain of heart-broken resignation, that sometimes his wife could only be appeased in her insane moments by being permitted to beat him with her naked fists. This he endured shut up with her for hours, or until the violence of her passion had passed, when he would emerge from her rooms looking like one "who has died once and comes unwillingly back again to a hateful existence." It is not to be wondered at that Thackeray's views of life were tinged with a profound melancholy.

TENDENCIES AMONG QUAKERS.

At Winthrop, Me., the Quakers have introduced a wonderful innovation on old customs. They are building a meeting house which is actually to be beautiful. It will exceed in its decorative splendor any other Friend's meeting house in this country. Other meeting houses are bare and unpainted. This one will be tastefully upholstered. It will also be finished in hard wood. A bell is talked of, but it is thought that the conservative tendencies of the Friends will be sufficiently strained by the upholstery, the hard-wood finish, and the generally ecclesiastical appearance of the house. The denomination has hitherto stoutly resisted all innovations of this sori. The indications now are that the old rigidity of Quaker customs will have to accept a modification, in order to keep the younger Quakers from running off and joining other denominations.

How Did It Get There?

A Mississippi paper says that while some persons were boring an artesian well in Lee county, that state, they found a log 325 feet under the earth, which was in a fair state of preservation and resembled poplar.

WOMAN AND HOME.

Various Phases of Woman's Work ---Family Hints and Helps.

Stray Common Sense---Kitchen Recipes --- Decorative Suggestions--Fashion Items--Bill Arp's Talk.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

The trouble with most of the girls is they are in too big a hurry to get married. When they get through school or college they begin to look round for a feller, and as fellers of the right sort are scarce they kill time for a year or two and then mate with somebody they don't want exactly and the union is not happy. A girl had better not marry at all than to marry badly. Most of our men are poor and they can't afford to marry. The girls and the boys are all on a strain to keep up with society. But if a girl can support herself she is independent and can take her pick when she does marry. Mr. Whitner told me that he had to send to Michigan for girls to work in his office, that he could not find them here and he was now paying one $800 and another $1,000. That is a bad sign for us. It is a reflection either on our girls or our system of education.

There are many inviting fields for girls that are not yet occupied. The world is full of picture cards and Christmas gems, and they ought to make the designs, for new patterns are wanted every day. Photography is an art that would just suit their taste, and there ought to be a gallery attached to every female college. How nice it would be to adorn the walls or fill portfolios with lovely likenesses of every class that graduates and every teacher and distinguished visitor. How nice it would be to see a lady in charge of a gallery in every town. How much better she could arrange the dress and the position and how kindly the children would take to her gentle voice. I know she would get the patronage of all the young men and could have a trunk full of handsome pictures to look at on Sundays if she wanted them.

Southern girls are teaching now all over the land, and that is a good sign. Before the war we used to get all our teachers from New England. But then they didn't teach very long, for our young men and widowers married them, and they made good wives and good mothers and they raised up good rebels. They don't come now, and our own girls have monopolized the business. There is a nice young lady teaching not far from me and she has sixty-five scholars. Another one has started a school close by and my little chaps are going and now I have to bear their lessons every night, for they are in the cautious state and don't want to be kept in at recess. A little boy tickled Carl on the foot yesterday and he got a mark for cackling. He says he couldn't help it, for it just tickled itself before he knew it. I like these country schools. My happiest memories are of the years that I walked two miles to one of them and carried my dinner in a basket and played on the road, and at recess and noon, and stood up in the long class and spelt the hard words, and sometimes got head and told my good mother about it and received her approving smile. Those smiles and those tears. What a world of love was in them.

New Business for Women.

[Albany Journal.]

Within a year a new art has been developed calculated to relieve the pressure on the embroidery and painting business. High art has been introduced into the preservation of fruits and the baking of cakes and sweetmeats. This, too, has become a popular employment with people who are able to acquire the skill necessary. At the various art rooms now you will find canned fruit and fancy bake stuffs on exhibition, made by ladies for the most part who do it to employ their leisure time. These goods command the highest prices, being bought at rates which dealers in these stores would not dare to ask. The ill-success of so many people in making their preserves make this business supply something of a want.

Cake-baking, too, is an equally profitable venture. I see advertised in the Albany papers the wares of a lady resident in a city in central New York, who supplies cakes to a vast number of customers. She made herself famous by baking what is called "Angel's Food." She is a member of a family who were once immensely wealthy, but are now reduced to straitened circumstances. Her business is worth $5,000 a year to her at present, and is growing all the time. Another case is that of a lady who puts up canned fruits. She is the daughter of an ex-congressman, and is married to the son of the greatest diplomat America has produced in recent years. There is no need of her applying her skill in this manner, but she was induced to make a business of what was a pastime by the urgent solicitation of friends who ate her preserves. She now gets a very handsome revenue from the work.

A Misfortune Rather Than a Fault.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Through fault of discipline when the character was forming, women who happen to come within the charmed circle of moneyed plenty are predisposed against work of any sort that is more serious than pertains to the toilet, and do not have the joyful experience of life that comes of a useful relation to life. Girls are not subjected to the formative processes that strengthen and qualify their minds, develop their handicraft, or fructify their talents, so that they generally step into womanhood totally unfit to be helpmates to men, and quite without a practical knowledge of means by which to maintain themselves.

The lessons of their lives have been confined to the cultivation of social graces, not extending to the acquisition of principles of domestic economy or home exaltation. They become mothers before they have learned what it is to be wives, and consequently let their children follow the same unpurposeful way themselves have straggled along, unless those children are blessed enough to be boys, and come more directly under the paternal management.

The lives of a large proportion of women are so entirely devoted to dress and amusement that it is a question if they are aware that matters of greater importance concern other people. It is the misfortune rather than the fault of most of them, the result of a foolish notion that it is unnecessary for the girls of wealthy parents to know more than how to entertain agreeably and appear to good advantage in the fashionable world.

Concerning Wall-Paper.

[Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Rooms are being beautified or made hideous, according as the tastes of the family boss vary from good to bad. The results depend largely on the selection of the wall-paper. The use of paper for decorations of the walls and ceilings is increasing. Ceilings are rarely now frescoed, but left plain, that rich papers, harmonizing with the other decorations, may be used. Manufacturers frequently make special designs to order, or prepare paper from designs submitted to them.

In the cheaper grades of paper there has been a marked improvement in the last few years. A few years ago, during the Dolly Varden craze, there was a demand for bright colors, without regard to any recognized form or design. There was a reaction to dark, heavy colors. The styles for the fall seasons are light colors, not drabs and grays, but light and warm colors, arranged in small designs. The dado style of finish is still used, chiefly in rich furnishing and hall decorations.

When a room is decorated in the dado style, they run a light molding of ash, mahogany, cherry, black walnut, or some other wood to correspond with the furnishing, around the wall between the base and the field. Then above the field they put a frieze with a molding of the same sort of wood that is used below. The upper molding is, however, heavier, and they often use a kind from which pictures can be hung.

How Fashion May Bring Quiet Nights.

[Chicago Times.]

Fashion, omnipotent fashion, promises to do what centuries of bootjacks, fire shovels, cuspidors, and other utensils convertible into missiles of distinction have failed to accomplish. For countless ages such household articles have been aimed at howling midnight cats by victims whose sleep was banished by caterwaulings. Cats have been hit and the breath has temporarily left their bodies, but it is not on record that midnight cat meetings have ever been broken up through denuding a bed-chamber of utensils that might be hurled at the feline foes of slumber. The next night the cats invariably reassembled as if by request.

But, unless fashion should suddenly change her mind, relief would appear to be at hand. Kittens' heads are extensively used by fashionable milliners in Paris for the trimming of ladies' hats and bonnets. So large has become the demand that Paris back-yards are nightly invaded by cat-hunters, and the breeding of kittens for their heads has become a regular business. Paris sets the fashions, and this demand for kittens' heads must extend all over the world. The cat with a litter of young ones will be unable to send them out into the world to imitate her own dissipated career. They will have their little heads chopped off, and the self-same little heads will be used to adorn the millinery of the fashionable lady. If this fashion should hold out a year or two nocturnal caterwaulings will be heard no more, and a single bootjack may last a man a lifetime.

Reformation First.

[Chicago Herald.]

I was invited to a wedding the other evening, but could not go. The invitation was extended by the groom in person. He came in, and, having acted shyly for a moment, asked me to step out in the hallway. There were no other persons in the room, but I consented. The gas was burning and he turned it down. If I hadn't known him as well as I did, I should have felt some misgivings. Thus shadowed he stated his case at once. He said he was going to be married. He had known her a long time, and they had both outgrown their foolishness. He had no doubt about her. But he had been practicing to be good himself.

"One year ago," he said, "I just concluded not to drink nor run around town at night. I never took any oath or anything of that sort. It got to be kind of natural to me after that, and I didn't want to knock around. Then I concluded I would go to church. I had not been in one for fifteen years. I happened around one Sunday, and sat down just as quietly and naturally as a deacon. When they got to singing I found out that I had joined the chorus. I've kept it up, and without restraint. We're to be married to-morrow, and the little home is already fixed up and furnished." He went away, and I stood watching him. There was no need of the the sidewalk for him. His heart was so light that it might have buoyed his body above the earth. There was a genuine reformation that I wouldn't be afraid to tie to.

A Three-Year-Old's Prayer for Patience.

[Boston Traveler.]

One of the greatest little witches that ever lived was the 3-year-old girl of a certain Methodist D. D., LL. D., prominent alike for vigorous preaching and stern practice, but whose ideas of duty do not extend to the restraining of his children nor the holding up of his wife's weary arms. Hence when his little "thorn of his flesh" became too troublesome and troublous, he would withdraw to his study leaving her to the mother, and she, often with an audible prayer for strength, would persevere. One day Gracie was left alone for a moment all prepared to make a visit with her mamma, dressed in pure white. In a few moments she was missed from the room and search was made. Up stairs, down stairs, and in "my lady's chamber," passed the weary mother. At last she entered the kitchen and saw the child playing in some soot, and black as the substance itself. When she saw her mother in the door looking at her more in sorrow than in anger, quick as a flash the little one dropped on her knees, clasped her grimy hands, and lisped "O Lord, dive us patience!" No jest was it nor family speech, only the prayer that had often been the plea from a weary, true mother's heart.

Wholesale Cremation.

When the Belgian chemist M. Creteur was charged with the purification of the battlefield of Sedan, he was compelled to resort to cremation in order to dispose of the heaps of half-covered bodies. Not one case of illness occurred among his 250 workmen, though they were at work under a blazing sun. After the battle of Worth and Gravelotte and the two sieges of Paris the bodies of the slain were cremated, and none of the usual contagious disorders occurred. In Russia, after the retreat of the grand army, corpses were burned wholesale, and later, before Paris, 4,000 were cremated with a similar avoidance of bad effect. It is said if a similar method had been adopted in Egypt the cholera would not have broken out at Damietta.

How He Courted Her.

The following is Artemus Ward's description of why he courted Betsy Jane: "There were many affectin' ties which made me hanker after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ourn; their cows and ourn squelched their thirst at the same spring: our mares both had stars on their forhead; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same time; our parents (Betsy Jane's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and the neighbors used to observe: 'How thick the Wards and the Peasleys air.' It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pinned up, so that they couldn't sile 'em, affecktionately bilin' soap together and aboosin' their neighbors."

"How could you think of calling auntie stupid? Go to her immediately and tell her you are sorry." Freddie goes to auntie and says: "Auntie, I am sorry you are so stupid."