

PENCILINGS FROM LIFE.

Shortly after marriage: "Put your little toisey woosies up to mine, dear."
Five years later: "Take them blamed old hoofs away, can't you? Do you want to freeze a fellow?"
"Do you consider him a man of veracity?"
"His?"
"His, do you consider him a man of veracity?"
"Well, there's no tellin' what he might do if he was mad an' had a gun."

play so many yards of dry goods arranged according to existing modes, their dress seeming so entirely apart from themselves! A costume beautiful in itself may disguise or be disguised by the wearer. There must be harmony, a fitness, between the clothing and the clothed. And this harmony depends upon a principle that lies deeper than artistic qualities of material, color, or design. A woman may study to produce, and succeed in producing, a costume perfect in all its details, and were it as though it were a part of herself, and yet give no sense of pleasure, because it is out of harmony with her position. The first principle of being well dressed is that the cost shall not exceed the legitimate sum afforded by the provider, whether that provider be the wearer, or a husband or a father. If the cost of the dress be beyond the sum that can be afforded without effort of self-denial in things of greater importance in the family life, it cannot be, no matter how artistic, a source of pleasure to the wearer or those whom she dresses to please.
No husband can rejoice in the possession of a wife who is dressed in such a manner that he knows the thought she will suggest to every friend is, How can they afford it? No father can rejoice in the consciousness of a stylishly dressed daughter when he knows that his friends would have a higher respect for him and for his family if they dressed in a manner suited to their position financially. It is the Christian duty of every mother to educate her daughters to this fitness of position, to time and place; and this education must begin in childhood. What can be more incongruous than to see a father with hands grimed and disfigured by his daily labor, coat old and shabby, shoes showing intimate acquaintance with the cobbler, leading by the hand a tiny little one clothed in a pink coat, deep-collared lace collar, and head covered by a monstrously velvet and feathers? But the baby is filled with the sense of her fine clothes, and is learning her first lesson, that the comfort and peace of the family is secondary to the style and cut of her clothes.
It has not been an unimagined blessing to the laboring and poorer classes of our country that cheap grades of expensive materials are possible because of the mechanic arts. A thing may be beautiful in itself that will not be beautiful, or even pleasing, when not surrounded by harmonious conditions.
A dress that all other conditions being equal, would be a delight in the parlor on a reception day, seems sadly out of place on Fourteenth street, with the wearer's arms filled with brown paper parcels, and the wearer's face drawn and haggard because a bottle of hating ten dollars' worth of goods for five dollars has been going on for hours. We know when we look at the wearer that the costume must answer for all occasions—party, church and street. All the money that could be gotten together went to purchase an outfit that is out of all harmony with the wearer's position in life. Instead of looking with pleasure, we give a sigh for weak humanity and its lack of independence, and pass on.
When women are educated to realize the enormity of the sin of living and dressing beyond their income, the daily papers will record fewer embezzlements and misuses of trust funds. Nine-tenths of the crimes of this order are traceable to the false ideals and extravagant notions of the female members of the family.—Christian Union.

HAIR AND BEARD.
The Hirsute Appendage in History and Romance.
"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare, And beauty draws us with a single hair."
No subject within the scope of human science is really so unimportant, as to general well being, and yet, the question of the hair and beard, its cut and color, has been more prolific of custom, rule and law, than almost anything connected with mankind.
The champions of long hair, and of short hair, have ranged themselves under separate banners, shed each others blood, disturbed whole communities, and made history for an idea that could promote neither happiness nor contentment for either side.
Families have been divided by it, divorces have been granted in consequence of it, and legislators, in all ages but our own, have enacted laws to enforce compliance with their own peculiar views in this trivial matter. Common sense eventually regulated the affair and gave to every person the right outside of the tyranny of fashion's whims to care for the exterior of his head and to shape the natural covering of his face according to individual sentiment.
Ecclesiastical governments, adopting St. Paul's declaration that "long hair was an abomination unto a man," have made a vigorous war against the sinfulness of the custom and culminated in opposition to it from the pulpit as barbarous, unclean and unholy; but at the same time they have permitted, tolerated and sold immunity from sins, ex special gratia, not of the hair or beard, but of the heart and mind and conscience of greater enormity and more worthy of denunciation and suppression.
Woman's tresses have tuned the poet's lyre, nerved the warrior's steel and drawn woe-filled sighs from the depths of the lover's heart.
All other features are, to the enthusiastic lover, subordinate—beauty, intelligence and goodness are nothing. His life and hopes are staked on her voluptuous locks; he awakens from his dream of bliss only when, in a moment of curiosity, he discovers it is false—a chignon.
Lank hair, among the ancients, was a sign of cowardice; auburn hair, or light brown, evidenced great susceptibility to the tender passion, as well as "rare intelligence, industry and a powerful disposition; black hair was not highly esteemed, the possessors of it being thought jealous and quarrelsome; red hair, in general, was an aversion, a mark of reprobation, even before the time of Jesus. "As wicked as a red sea" was freely applied to any one having bright red hair, and was a popular and opprobrious saying, and, to make the sentiment more ringing, one of that patient tribe of quadrupeds was made to stomp for it every year by being thrown from a high wall.
The Romans never adopted long hair, as later nations did, deeming it effeminate and unbecoming, alike for scholar, statesman or warrior. A few of them may have done so, but it was after they had ceased to be a nation of warriors and become decadent courtiers. Shaving, by the Roman youths, was an event looked forward to, and commenced at about the age of 17.
The Franks wore long hair, which was the distinguishing mark of kings and nobles. An old historian remarks: "The hair is never cut on the heads of the Franks; King's sons; it is parted on the forehead and falls equally on both sides. They sprinkle their hair with gold-dust, and ornament it with pearls and precious jewels."
It has been written by some one that Dionysius, the tyrant, was so fearful of violence that he would permit no one to shave him, and that he signed his beard of gold with hot-ironed shells. This is, of course, an absurdity, for the heat required to singe would have burned the shells; and, either the tyrant rid himself of his beard in some other way, or did not shave at all; probably the latter.
The greatest prejudice has existed against the wearing of the beard and the style of the hair. Archbishop Tait forbade one of the clergy to officiate in his own church because he had grown a moustache. Lord Justice Knight Bruce refused to hear the cause of a barrister because he wore a beard, and numerous instances might be cited to show the disfavor which the wearing of a beard has excited.—Geo. P. Goff, A. M., in the Englishman.

Children's Toys.
A reporter who was strolling up Second avenue a few evenings ago had his attention drawn to a number of children in front of a small store. They were eagerly scrutinizing and admiring a number of many-colored wooden and rubber balls in the window. The writer, upon entering, found a multitudinous assortment of children's toys. The salesman and proprietor, all in one, was asked which assortment of toys pleased the little ones the most and met with the greatest demand, and replied with as much seriousness as a man who did a million dollars' worth of business in a year:
"That all depends upon the season of the year, my friend. Just now the bouncing ball is in season. What is a bouncing ball?" repeated the man with ignorant amazement at the reporter's ignorance of children's playthings. Why, here it is. Let me show you how it is worked, for I guess the little thing was not in vogue when you were young."
The vender of the so-called bouncing ball, which had an india-rubber string attached to it, bounced it in all directions, catching it scientifically in his hand as it bounced back. At the end of the string was a small loop, through which the operator's finger is inserted, thus leaving the hand in a position to be open so as to receive the ball.
"Do you sell many of these toys?" was asked.
"Thousands," came the prompt reply. "They are cheap, and besides easily lost. Then again we have the india-rubber ball, which is most sought after because it is not so liable to smash windows or looking-glasses. The wooden bouncing ball, as you can see is of a very hard substance, and sometimes give the youngsters a hard knock. I've seen many of them with pretty good lumps on their faces from their efforts to catch the ball as it rebounds."
"How do the prices range?"
"All the way from one to fifteen cents. Come around here any day, Sunday particularly, and you will see a stream of children going and coming from here that would do your heart good."
"You seem to be making a good living," was remarked.
"Yes, I have lived here for nearly eighteen years, and have been in no other business than selling children's toys in all that time. I am not a millionaire, but I have plenty, thank goodness I please the young folks and they please me, God bless them! It was through their patronage I bought the little house a few days ago, so that I have made up my mind that I will cater to the little ones until I am called away. I am busy all the year round, between kites, skipping-ropes, tops, hoop, marbles, sledges and many other kinds of toys for children."—New York Mail and Express.

The Genius of Success.
The Americans, as a class, have reached their position as merchants, farmers, bankers, mechanics, and inventors from a race of men who struggled with privation at the start. They have met the rocks and hills of New England, the forest and the Indians of the West, the undeveloped world, from other worlds apart, and conquering these have gained the courage of success, for failure brings weakness and victory brings an added strength.
It is the same old story with the banker or the peasant. "We value most what costs us most; we own longest what we earn with hardest effort, and retain the most of what we study deepest. The rule is proved by the prudent saver of money or the spendthrift of time. While one bred to luxury has little need of toil, another born with fortune will waste no effort for it, and all bred in climates of even heat and pleasure will sleep and rest and live in idleness. So exertion is the developer of mind and body. Very many Americans are born poor, and they feel the cold and know what hunger means.
The same hard exercise that athletes use to make a grand physique, mentally applied, makes a strong mind. The same close drill in thought that actors and gymnasts practice bodily will harden every mind-muscle, every faculty, encourage every energy, and deepen every plan and purpose. Thought to the mind of thinkers is like chalk to the hand of workers, the hardening fibre-maker that each produces.
The accident of poverty is the genius of success. The rich rarely invent anything; the poor and thoughtful give a life to active energy. Taken as a class we have all started poor. As the farmers among the rocks of New England left the hills and hindrances of broken lands and stony fields, so the Western landowners were met by an army of trees and a navy of swamps and the railroads encountered opposition from deserts and rivers, lakes and mountains. So in overcoming these obstacles the inventions of the poorer mental nobles were developed.
The history of railroads and bridges, and the struggles and progress of the projector, is too long to do more than glance at, but we will well know and deeply realize that their improvement and development has been the marvel of the century. The eloquent words of Van Dyke in 1850 must beautifully show the graphic picture: "Who shall stop this glorious work, which is spreading blessings and prosperity around us? Who shall dare to say, 'thou shalt not go on and no further? Who shall dare to do it after doing so much? Alas! it may pass and rest in ignominious ease? So never! It shall not be stayed. It shall spread onward in triumph; it shall add link after link to the great chain that binds mankind together; it shall spread onward, still onward, through the gorges of the valleys, over the depths of the valleys, till the broad ocean, whose waves are the sea, and whose breath is the wind, shall be heard uttering through the echoing solitudes of the Rocky Mountains; it shall lead the lone Indian from his wild retreat, and ere long reaching the golden shores of the far-off Pacific, there to be welcomed by the glad shouts of American freedom at the glorious event which has conquered time and distance, and bound them by nearer bonds to older homes and sister States."
A few inventions came from men in easy circumstances, but by far the greater growth is from the struggling classes. The remark of the learned and eloquent English advocate, Lord Erskine, that he never cut loose from embarrassment and pleaded from the heart until one day when reduced to actual want he felt his children tugging at his coat skirt, saying, "Father, give us bread," is the true sentiment of inspiration to Americans. Their families have been pleading for bread and intensified their energy. This is the stimulus to the woodman's arm as he hews down the wilderness; the motive of the engineer as he climbs the steep ascent of the Rocky Mountain railway, or burns the midnight lamp in experiments with electric light. This is the restless, active energy born with those who are born to labor; children of the same ancestry; heirs of the same inheritance; rewarded by the same applause and honored for the same pluck that picks bright jewels from the earth's rich mines, or shapes rude wood and metals into palace cars, cradles grain or plies a shuttle with the fruits of genius, where one man by invention does what a hundred could never do by plodding, and what a hundred would never have attempted but for a reward of victory, the aim and watchword of Americans.
The American genius springs from our own soil, and has a native value. It is a growth of our own climate, a reward of our own creation, a force prompting our own increasing and competing activity, unknown, unused, and not needed elsewhere. Its mark is original, its progress universal, and "every time the sun rises in America it seems to add many millions to the wealth of the nation," as well as a useful invention that shall either lessen labor or increase happiness.—J. W. Donovan, in The Current.

Kansas Sheep.
Sheep there were, indeed; thousands of them, objects of unflinching concern to the gentlemen and delight to the ladies.
"Was that stone wall?" asked, one afternoon, a lady sitting on the piazza with her opera-glass.
"That stone wall, madam, answered a Harvard graduate, politely, "is the sheep coming in to the corral."
To see the sheep go in and out, night and morning, was a never-failing amusement. Sometimes the ladies wandered down to the corral at sunset to see the herds come in, and you would have supposed them to be waiting for a Fourth-of-July procession with banners, from the eagerness with which they exclaimed, "Oh, here they come! there they are!" as the first faint tinkling of the bells was heard in the distance. If two herds appeared at once from opposite directions, the one with lambs had the "right of way," and Sly, the sheep-dog—not the only commander who has controlled troops by sitting down in front of them—would hold the other herd in check till the lambs were safely housed. The lambs born on the prairie during the day frisked back at night to the corral beside their mothers, a lamb four hours old being able to walk a mile.
When shearing-time came, they went into the sheds expecting to see the thick wool fall in locks beneath the shears, like the golden curls of their own darlings; great was the amazement to see the whole woolly fleece taken off much as if it had been an overcoat, looking still, if it were rolled up in a ball, like a veritable sheep, and often quite as large as the shorn and diminished creature that had once been part of it. One very hot day they braved the heat themselves for the sake of going out on the prairie to see how sheep keep cool. Instead of scattering along the creek, seeking singly the shade of the bushes or the tall trees only to be found near the creek, they huddle together in the middle of the sunny field more closely than ever, hang their heads in the shadow of each other's bodies, and remain motionless for hours. Not a single head is to be seen as you approach the herd; only a broad level field of woolly backs, supported by a small forest of little legs.—Alice Wellington Rollins, in Harper's Magazine for June.

This, That and The Other.

Talking of tortures reminds me that some of our modern tortures are becoming very much modified of late years. Take the photographing business for instance. The old method of torture was to fix your head in a vise patterned after the ancient thumb screw. This fixed you so that you couldn't help yourself and enabled you to gaze at the camera with a sort of cast-iron stare. You were then requested to rivet your gaze on that part of the wall that contained a card reading: "We do a cash business only," and the operator would place his open watch in the palm of his hand and say, "Assume a pleasing expression, please," as he whipped off the brass cap from the camera. From then on came an eternity. During that eternity your nose itched, you felt a tickling behind the ear, your teeth twitched, you wanted to sneeze, you were sure your stoney glare was rapidly freezing on your face, and before the brass cap was replaced you had an uncontrollable desire to yell a wild Indian war whoop at the top of your voice.
Now all that is changed. The operator lets you sit in a chair and assume any expression that suits you. He gives a rubber bulb one quick squeeze and the camera winks jovially at you and the thing is done. It is astonishing the progress that has been made in photography. In New York the other day I saw a detective's camera that would take a picture on the street with the rapidity of a pistol shot. It went off not unlike a pistol only with less noise, and took a picture complete in every particular in the infinitesimal part of a second. The Svoille Optical Company, of New York, manufactures them in the shape of a sort of hand-satchel box that is warranted not to raise anyone's suspicions, as to what it is. The one I saw belonged to Mr. Wilson, editor of the Philadelphia Photographer, who was then on his way to New Orleans, and intended to take characteristic street scenes with it on the fly.
The dentist's business is another occupation of torture second only to that of the old-time photographer. The improvements in that art of late years are also wonderful. A friend of mine who belongs to the craft has just put in a new hydraulic chair that will do much to please the wretch who sits in it still further in the dentist's power. A lever moved by the foot raises or lowers the anxious seat and another lever tilts it to any angle required. A cord that dangles at his good right hand contains a couple of electric wires which can be attached to two instruments of torture. The one is a little electric lamp and mirror that goes into the mouth and illuminates it like a brilliant ball room. The next is a sort of electric pin which beats the metal into the cavity of a tooth. It works literally like lightning. The next thing ought to be an electric tooth extractor—a lightning jerker, as it were.
The following yarn was sent in the other day about a gubernatorial election of said lang syne: Brother O. promised Brother P. to vote for a certain candidate, but on election day, to the disgust of Brother P., Brother O. sold his vote to the opposition. In a few days thereafter, Brother P., noticing Brother O. passing on the opposite side of the village street with his head lowered and seemingly in a meditative mood, accosted him by saying:
"Good morning, Brother O. How much did you get for your vote the other day?"
Brother O. raised his head, turned about, and looking at Brother P. with an air of injured innocence, said:
"Now then, Brother P., is that the way one Christian brother should talk to another?"—Detroit Free Press.

Treatment of Beggars in England.

For an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging was considered a crime deserving death, according to an old law in England, which remained in force for sixty years. The poor man might not change his master at his will or wander from place to place. If out of employment, preferring to be idle, he might be demanded for work by any master of the "craft" to which he belonged, and compelled to work whether he would or no. If caught begging once, being neither aged nor infirm, he was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time, his ear was slit or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time, upon this earth, but to live upon it to his own hurt and to that of others, he suffered death as a felon.