LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

Jenay Wilson was sitting sewing by the window of the little sliabby parlor that looked out on the High street. It was a dull afternoon in November; the sky was covered with heavy, drab colored clouds; the last few yellow leaves were falling from the great clm in the market place, and there was a raw chill feeling at the sir. Jenny was stitching away diligently. She had set herself a task to finish before tea time-a silk gown to mend and alter for the clergyman's wife, who was going to dine that evening at Reyhill place.

Jenny was not pretty, but she had a fresh, sweet little face, a large, smiling month, pleasant gray eyes, and neat, smooth hair. There was something cheery and courageous about the little woman. Life was not very smooth to her. She had to stitch morning, noon and night to keep ber invalid mother, and it was hard work to make both ends meet. But no one ever heard Jenny complain. She used to go singing about her work, and up and down the dark creaking stairs that led to her mother's bedroom. Jenny's voice was delightful. It did you good to hear it, it was so clear and sweet and fresh, like the voice of some lark on dewy summer mornings. And it had been very well trained by the organist, who willingly devoted his spare hour of an evening to teaching the little seamstress to pov and sing.

The market place looked very empty when Jenny looked out on it every now and again to rest her eyes. But presently she heard the noise of wheels, and saw the Reyhill carriage with Lady Violet herself in it, and another lady, Lady Eleanor Arden, a frequent visitor to Reyhill place, seated by her. Lady Eleanor was dark and pale, with a beautiful melanchely face and large sad eyeseyes that seemed to haunt you. She was an heiress. People said that she had cared all her life for Mr. Richard Feyne, one of Lady Violet's penniless younger brothers. Lady Violet, so the story ran, would have been very glad to have had her for a sister-in-law, and was always asking her to Reyhill to meet Mr. Feyne; but he never seemed to regard Eleanor in any other light than that of a mere friend. Lady Eleanor had had a great deal of trouble; she had lost both of her parents and her only brother, and the wealth that would have been such a pleasure to many people, seemed to her only a burden.

To Jenny's astonishment the carriage stopped before her mother's house, and the powdered footman rang the bell. Jenny ran to open the door.

"Does Miss Wilson live here?" rsked Lady Violet, from the carriage. "My name is Jane Wilson," answered Jenny, with a vague hope that Violet had come to order a dress of her. "I am a

dressmaker. Lady Violet Sprang out of the carriage and Lady Eleanor followed her. "We want to hear you sing," said

Lady Violet, pleasantly. "Will you sing to us?" Jenny's little workroom had never

held such grand visitors before. It was a dingy little parlor, with horsehair chairs and sofa. There were a few prints on the walls: The lord lieutenant of the county, holding a roll of papers in his hand, and with a pillar and a curtain in the background; "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo," and a lady simpering at a dove upon her

Jenny sat down shyly to the little old piano, and began, with a certain tremor in her voice, "Angels ever bright and fair." The pure notes, like the song of a lark, rang out through the little room, growing stronger and clearer as Jenny gathered courage and went on.

Lady Violet was warm in her praises

of Jenny's singing. "Will you come up to Revhill this evening, and said to use" she asked. "We want to have some music; my brother. Mr. Deyne, is so fond of it. What would be your terms?" she went on, hesitatingly, and with a pretty blush of embarrassment, and then she named a sum which filled Jenny with delight. What would it not buy for her invalid

mother! That evening at Reyhill, when the ladies came into the drawing after dinner, they found Jenny already awaiting them, as Lady Violet had directed. She had dressed herself in her Sunday black silk, with a bunch of violets fastening her neat muslin ficha, and a silver cross -her only ornament-on black velvet round her neck. Larly Eleanor came up and said a few kind words to her Eleanor was very geatle, often very silent, but when she spoke you could not choose but listen, the voice was so sweet, and the words themselves never seemed trivial.

The drawing room at Reyhill was separated from the dinker room by large folding doors and a heavy brocade curtain. As Eleanor was speaking Jenny saw un absent aust prescențied expression come over her face, and, following the direction of Eleanor's eyes, Jenny saw that the curtain had been pushed aside to admit one of the gentlemen. He came up to Lady Violet.

"I could wait no longer," he said; "they were discussing hounds and horses, and I thought it would never end. Now, Violet, when is our music to begin?" Lady Violet introduced him to Jenny

as her brother, Mr. Feyne. "Miss Wilson is going to sing to us, Richard," size said. "Will you and Eleanor take her into the hall and settle with her what the music is to be? I must go and 'talk pretty,' "she continued, in an undertone to her brother.

glancing at the other ladies," and presently we will come in and listen." The piano stood at one end of the hall, and here at night it was Richard's habit to sit and listen to music in the dark

Trace beside the piane, where he could tatch the singer almost unseen himself. Jenny followed Lady Eleanor into the hall. Mr. Feyne opened the piano for her and arranged the music. There was a kindness and a courtesy in his manner which were peculiar to him-a great gentleness and deference whenever he addressed a woman. He was by nature very enthusiastic, and, whatever the enthusiasm of the moment might be (and the one succeeded the other with great rapidity), it was to him at the time the one great aim and object of his life. weeks ago he knew little about it, and

all day and every day. Lady Violet had friend for life. sung to him until she was hourse, although her style of music was not according to his taste. She sang nothing but modern ballads and little French and Italian songs, and had attempted in vain to render classical music to his liking. Then it was that she had taken counsel of the organist who had recommended

Jenny to her. So Jenny sat at the piano and seng one song after another to him. Her reper-tory contained chiefly old ballads—such as what was coming. 'My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair'and solos from the oratorios. Mr. Feyne said very little, but sat in his dark corner I know you don't see the thing as other with his eyes fixed on Jenny. It was only when Lady Eleanor said that she evening listening to that musical little feared they were tiring Miss Wilson that he said in a low voice to Jenny: "Ah, I 'alk," she went on, inventing on the forgot that I was selfish; I could listen to spur of the moment, "and you don't

von forever. Lady Violet, who had come into the hall, rang the tell and asked the servant to show Miss Wilson to the housekeeper's room. "You will want something after all that singing." she said, kindly, "and I have told Mrs. Benson to have some supper ready for you."

Jenny was bowing her way out when Mr. Feyne made some hasty steps towards

"I cannot thank you enough," he said, religion in the tones of your voice, that one feels better for listening to you."

old songs and sacred music. It's all very the great people who propose to her. well of a Sunday evening to have sacred

week day. Mr. Feyne answered a little hotly that to sing any other kind of music would spoil Miss Wilson's volce. "Don't you agree with me?" he cried, turning to Lady Eleanor, "that her style is perfect. Any change would be for the worse."

"She sings charmingly," replied Lady coarse minded," Eleanor, a little vaguely. Whereupon Mr. Feyne returned.

"Ah! I forgot, Lady Eleanor, You don't care about music. I wonder at it." Eleanor grew crimson. "I am learning to care for it," she said hesitatingly

The next day at breakfast Richard begged his sister to ask Miss Wilson to come up again and sing. Lady Violet was only too glad to be able to provide some pleasure for him. She readily acquiesced, but when she and Lady Eleanor were sitting together in the little boudoir, she referred to the subject of Jenny, ar i found Eleanor far from responsive. Lady Violet's sitting room was a pretty little room overlooking the lake and distant woods. It was simply crammed with knicknacks and pretty little uscless things. There were plenty of little tablecovered with china and silver boxes and bric-a-brac. There was no such thing as a reasonably sized table at which any one could write in comfort. There was a great enamel box of French bonbons which was continually replenished, there were plenty of magazines and novels, and a profusion of delicately scented hothous flowers. Everybody became hopelessly idle directly they entered the room, and they always spent the morning with their feet on the fender, carrying on the most desultory conversation.

"I am so glad Richard liked her singing," Lady Violet was saying, "for it will help me to persuade him to stay or

"Yes," answered Lady Eleanor, little drily, "Miss Wilson's singing may have that desired effect."

"Why, Nell, what's the matter? there's no harm, surely"-

"No, no," cried Lady Eleanor, quickly, "nothing! I feel sure she is a very good girl, it is only my felly. I thought-I fancied-oh, never mind. Don't let's talk any more about it. Let's see the new frock of yours. I can't be mire whether I should like the silver with the salmon color." And her cheeks still remained crimson, though she was apparently occupied with the consideration of Lady Violet's wardrobe.

So Jenny came up again and again to Reyhill place, and sang of an evening to Mr. Feyne. He was always courteous and kind. There were moments, so Jenny fancied, when he entirely lost sight of her personality, and only identified her with her music, as one might think of a bird. He said many things to her in praise of her voice, but never made her any mere compliments. There was, Jenny felt, a curious relation established between them. Unconsciously, and without analyzing the feeling, she looked forward eagerly to these evenings. The dim hall, with its vague scent of violets, the warmth and the luxurious beauty of the house, after the chilly dinginess of her home, the sense of cary leasure after the toiling and moiling all day brought to the Ettle seamstress an indefinable sense of pleasure. Had Lady Violet been older she would have foreseen the danger, but such an idea never occurred to her. She was much too busy with her own round of enjoyment. And Mr. Feyne himself, absorbed in the pleasure of the music. and too chivalrons and modest to think he was inspiring any other feeling than that of the merest friendship, where it was his intention to inspire nothing warmer, never dreamed of any drawback

to his intimacy with Miss Wilson. There was a little woman staying at Reyhill who always liked to have her share in what was going on. She was a little old spinster of good family and very small means, who spent her life in visitinggoing from one great house to another, playing when others danced, writing letters for the lady of the house, going in to dinner with the bore of the evening, and performing a thousand little duties of the kind in return for the hospitality offered her. She was a toady and a mischief maker, but was so useful that she was still a welcome guest. She had always an inexhaustible store of confidential gessip, and could make herself very agreeable after her own fashion. In person she was very tiny, with black hair, and bright eyes like shiny beads. She was very anxious to ingratiate herself with Lady Elemon, to whom she had

Music was now his passion. A few and that beautiful old place in Hamps harm, and it was because she leved you slure). He doesn't see what he's doing, that she refused you?"-Annie Fellowes, cared less. Now he could conceive no and a friendly word in season will put in Leisure Hour.

greater pleasure than listening to music things straight, and make Eleanor my

So, after luncheon one day, she sidled up to Richard, and asked him to come into the hall to see some art needlework she was doing for his sister. When they were alone she began to her unsuspecting companion:

"I dare say you think me very meddlesome, Mr. Feyner As a matter of fact, Richard had never thought of her at all, and now he looked roads, people, accommodation, and ex-

"I have known you so long, she coptinued, "that I must give you a warning. do, but you really musta't spend every dressmaker. People are beginning to know what you have put into her silly little head-she will expect you to marry her; and she is head and ears in love. assure you, if she comes up like this, night after night, to sing to you, there will be all kinds of stories. No one respectable would employ her as dress-

maker if she sets her cap at gentlement The color rose in Richard's face to the roots of his hair. For one moment he was too angry to speak, and the foolish woman, taking his silence for a sign of gently; "you have so much reverence and consent, went on archly; "You are throwing away all your chances with Lady Eleanor. Yes, yes; I know she's When she was gone the party criticised been in love with you ever since she was a child in the schoolroom; but you can't "It is a pity," said Mr. Reyhill, "that expect this kind of thing to last forever she doesn't learn something besides those and one day she will get this drefusing all

By this time Richard had recovered his music, but one likes a little change of a voice. "All that you have said to me is atterly false and untrue!" he cried, his voice trembling with anger. "Neither Miss Vilson nor my-elf have ever entertained for a moment the ideas you have been good enough to impute to us. And if people have talked, they have simply done so because they are malicious and

The little woman was now frightened at what she had done. "I'm sure I only spoke because I wished to spare Lady Eleanor pain; anybody could see that she cares for you."

Richard was beginning to deny this story too, when suddenly he stopped, Something within him told him that this city; the mob collected, and, while yet at least was true, though he had never before known it.

The silly woman rambled on incohe rently, trying to excuse herself for meddling, "Of course, it was ruining the girl and I felt sorry for her-Miss Wilson, I mean. A girl's character is so quickly questioned, and then what remains? I couldn't bear to think of it!'

"Do you mean to say," Richard demanded, furious, "that Miss Wilson's reputation has suffered in the slightest degree, or that she has been lowered in the eyes of the world, by my fault?"

His opponent prevariented, hesitated, and then finally agreed that it was so She was so terrified that she scarcely knew what she was saying, and her one idea was to e-cape from Richard, who erect before her, his handsome face still handsomer with passion, and his angry eves fixed upon her, was ready, so she declared, "to kill her!"

"There is only one remedy," Mr. Feyne said, slowly; "I must ask Miss Wilson to be my wife. That is, it appears to me, the only way to put every thing straight;" and he strode out of the room, leaving the wretched creature to recover her senses. Without asking anys advice, without pausing to consid er, he proceeded to act on his blind impulse. It was a pouring wet day; the rain had been steadily falling all day and the ground was sodden and the trees dripping with moisture. The landscape looked blurred and blotted, and the only sound in the air was the regular, rhythmic sob of the rain. Richard passed before the hall windows, wrapped in the black Spanish cloak that Lady Violet used to call his "conspirator's cloak." He heard a tap on the glass, and turned round to see Lady Eleanor, who smiled and waved her hand to him. "I wish you joy of your wet walk!" she cried laughingly. Richard moved hastily away; sucten consciousness seized him that this really was the woman he loved. He had never realized it before; now it was too late. He hurried down to the little town and rang the bell at Jenny's house. The little apprentice showed him up into the parlor, where presently Jenny, with a flushed and startled face, made her appearance. He went up to her, regardless of his dripping cloak that was making puddles on the threadlere carpet, and began carnestly;

"I am afraid, Miss Wilson, that you have been annoyed by these abominable reports and scandalous stories." named, taking Jenny's blushes for a confirmation of his words. "I am deeply grieved," he went on "that any one should have dared to make my name the source of any discomfort to you, but it you with these stories can be silenced at once. I have come to ask you to be my

It seemed to Jenny as if the room reeled with her. For one moment, and for one moment only, she hesitated. continued in a faltering voice: of am poor, as you know, but I would endeavor to make you happy if you could be con-tent with the little that I can offer,"

Then Jenny turned her honest eyes towards him and looked him full in the face. "I have heard no slanderous reports, sir," she said, with simple dignity; and even had I heard them I could put an end to them. You have done me too much honor. I could never really suit you. You ought to marry a fady; and,' dropping her voice almost to a whisper, "you don't love me, sir; and I couldn't marry any one who didn't. I can't thank you enough. I shall remember your goodness to my dying day; but you must excuse me, sir, and one day you will be

ghal for what I have done. The tears unbidden rose to her eyes, but, courageous to the end, she made him a little curiscy that had, he felt, a world of grace and dignity in it, and left the room. So the matter ended. But three months after, when Mr. Feyne and his bride were spending their honeymoon in Hampshire, hitherto paid court in vain, and she came at a glance theorem position of affairs.

"That foolish dichard Feyne," she said to herself, "will at lauself into a scrape by and by, and the lose all his chances with Lady Eleducia good 27,000 a year.

"All, Elebura," she said, "don't you see, with Lady Eleducia good 27,000 a year.

"All, Elebura," she said, "don't you see, "he loved you too well to do you any hearn, and it was because she loved you. they went for a long ride over the downs,

BICYCLIST STEVENS IN MEXICO. Hard Roads to Travel-In the Midst of a

Dangerous Mob.

Starting from Canton on Oct. 13, I had expected to reach Kingkiang inside of twenty days; but calculations based on my experience in other countries failed me entirely in Chura. I found it a totally different country from any of the others I have traveled, both as regards perience generally. It would be Perle exaggeration to say that the only reads in south China (the north may be a little different) are the rivers, and no exagger-ation whatever to say that the only proper way to travel is with a boar, in which one can travel as in a house. Strictly speaking, there are no roads at all, as we understand the term; only narrow footpaths, leading here, there and everywhere, and yet nowhere in particular; an intricate mass of tracks about the rice fields, in which a stranger finds himself hopelessly bewildered to commence with, and invariably lost at last.

traveling, I should think, thirty miles, I found myself in a village about thirteen miles out. Neither are these pathways of that asphalt like smoothness for which an experienced cycler naturally yearns. who sees the pleasant autumn weather gradually gliding past, and the distance ahead still great. On the contrary, bowlders and rough slabs of stone, once laid level, but now more often sloping at angles that render them precarious footing for anything but a goat or a barefooted Chinaman, are the chief characteristics. In addition to this they are often not more than two feet wide, and often rise several feet above the waving paddy, so that traversing them is a feat really equal to the performance of walk ing on a wall. Under these circumstances a person frequently thinks of swapping his bicycle for a "pariah yaller," and riddling the purp with bullets.

The first day out from Canton, after

Ta-ho was the first city where the authorites saw fit to favor me with an escort. They sent a couple of soldiers with me to King-gang-foo. They evidently knew what they were about, for I should have fared badly had I reached Kinggang-foo alone, not knowing the direct route to the Yamen. The soldiers betrayed anxiety as we approached the several hundred yards from the Yamen. the stones began to come, and wild yells for the Fan Kwaes rent the air. Missile that would have knocked me senseless had I been wearing an ordinary hat only made deats in the big pith solar topee I had wern through India, and which effectually protected my head and shoulders. Lescaped into the Yamen with but a few trifling bruises and one spoke broke out of the bicycle, but one of the soldiers got badly lart on the armprobably a fractured bone. The soldiers warned them that I was armed, and until we reached the outer Yamen gate they confined themselves to yelling and throwing stones; several then rushed forward and seized the bieyele, but the officials came to the rescue and lauried me into the che-beien's office. It was pandemonium broke loose around the Yamen gates all the evening, the mob howling for the "foreign devil," the shouts of the soldiers keeping them at bay, and the officials loudly expostulating and haranguing them from time to time, as the din seemed to be increasing. Proclamations were sent out by the che-lisien, and, spirited off down stream. After this the ithorities never allowed me to travel by bicycle, but passed me on down stream by boat from town to town, under guard. until we reached Wu-ching on the Poyang Hoo, when, by much persuasion, I obtained permission to take a short cut across country to Kinkiang, but still with an escort. Thomas Stevens' Letter.

How Men Die in Battle.

When we got into the Brock Road intrenchments, a man a few files to my left dropped dead, shot just above the right eye. He did not grean, or sigh, or make the slightest physical movement. except that his chest heaved a few times. The life went out of his face instantly. leaving it without a particle of expression. It was plastic, and as the facial muscles contracted it took many shapes When this man's body became cold, on s face hardened, it was horribly disforted, as though he had suffered intensely. Any person who had not seen him killed would have said that he had endured supreme agony before death reeased lam. A few minutes after he fell another man, a little further to the left. fell with apparently a precisely similar wound. He was straightened out and ived for over an hour. He did not speak Simply lay on his back, and his broad thest rose and fell, slowly at first, and then finter and faster, and more and more feel-le until he was dead. And his face hardened, and it was almost terrifying in its painful distortion.

I have san dead soldiers' faces which were wreathed in smiles, and heard their comrades say that they had died happy I do not believe that the face of a dead soldier. lying on a battletield, ever truth fully inducates the mental or physica anguish or peacefulness of mind which be suffered or enjoyed before his death. The face is plastic after death, and as the facial muscles cool and contract they draw the face into many shapes. Sometimes the dead smile, again, they stare with glassy eyes, and folling tongues and dreadfully distorted visages at you. It goes for nothing. One death was as painless as the other.—Wilkeson's 'Recollections of a Private."

Gold and Paper, A paragraph in one of the state papers as to the relative weights of gold coin and paper money has made a demand on druggists for the use of their scales. It appears that a question was raised as to the number of \$1 bills required to equal the weight of a \$5 gold piece. The guesses ran all the way from ten to one hundred or more, but the scales showed that seven bills will just tip the scales down on the side where the paper money is placed. Tests here in Hartford give the same results, their being a very slight variation when new talks are used.-Harrford Times.

What is commonly called friendship even is only a little more honor among regues. - Thoreau.

NEW YORK'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Practical Knowledge the Central Idea of the Institution- 1 Lesson. The new build or of the Industrial Education association, of this city, is now in readiness to be seen, and visitors will

be welcomed at any time. From top to bottom the building, which is 60 feet wide and 100 feet deep, has been remodeled and filled with every possible convenience for the training of young people in bulf a bulf hundred branches of usefut . For the cooking class there are facilities for feaching a class of sixty girls at once; in the departments devoted to sewing, drawing, modeling in clay, carpentering, kitchen training, and all branches of domestic service the machinery is simply superb. and there is also a kindergarien for the youngest children not yet old enough to learn any practically useful work. central idea of the whole institution is that the boy or girl does not obtain in the public schools the practical knowledge necessary to make a living; he or she must get that more or less blunderingly after school days are ended, with the consequence that the boy who would have made an excellent plumber becomes a bad carpenter, and the girl who would have made a comfortable living as a type writer is condemned to mediocrity in some shop. This great work to which this vener-

able building is devoted is not in any sense a charicable work, all the lessons given there having to be paid for, but neither is it a money making institution, and the charges are simply sufficient to cover the expenses. For instance, cooking lessons cost ten cents a lesson, which pays for the material used in the lesson; the children in the kinderparten pay 50 cents a week; lessons in dressmaking, domestic service, embroidery, may be had at trilling cost from the best of instructors. The building has been opened only a few weeks, and although the advantages offered are scarcely known, pupils are already flocking to its classes. In the departments devoted to children the managers wish to impress upon parents and the public that it is not in any sense a charitable work, but an attempt to make people understand that technical, manual education is an essential factor to a boy's or a girl's whole training; in other words. it is the carrying out of the kindergarten system beyond the kindergarten age; the introduction of technical education in the public schools of Boston and Chicago proves to have been of very great value to the children.

In some of our most noted private schools for boys several hours a day are now devoted to manual training, the boys working at carpenters' benches or blacksmiths' forges, and soon developing tastes which, when cultivated, may be of the utmost value to them a few years from now. In the famous school founded by Felix Adler and supported by the lesson than I chanced to hear there one picked, ginned, spun, woven and made into garments; they knew the average and in Egypt and India, and they were toward midnight, the mob had finally and a miniature foon exactly how the of the lesson real cotton plants, with the ripe boils, were shown, together with pictures of the fields, and the boy who came out from the lecture upon cotton cloth must have been a very dull boy indeed if he did not understand the subject.—New York Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

A Protest Against Cheap Books.

The custom of "wiring" books instead of sewing the sheets together, was imported, we believe, from America, and is there used almost universally. Even costly scientific treatises receive this abominable treatment. Here it is at present used chiefly for the cheap and ephemeral literature, which perhaps it is not unsuited for. But book buyers should refuse to take copies of valuable books that have been wired. All that is necessary to avoid receiving them is to state when ordering copies that "wired" ones will be refused. If the publisher declines to supply sewn copies, the buyer should order the work in sheets and have them bound up by a competent bookbinder The extra trouble and cost will not be wasted. It is unnecessary to explain the mischiefs arising from the use of development of art, or eccentric fushion wire; they are palpable on inspection.— and facey. London Literary World.— Inside, 2

Telephone Prophecy.

The prophet Issiah, in the fewest possible words, describes the construction of

"Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be re-

yealed, and all flesh shall see it together." The prophet Habakkuk in the fewest words possible describes the telephone. "For the stone shall cry out of the wall and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."-Second chapter, eleventh verse; fourteenth verse; "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters oover the sea." Both of these prophesies are located in a class of dispensational prophecies, easily identified. - Cor. Hartford Times.

Change of Tactics.

It was one of the maxims of Napoleon that an army ought to change its system of tactics every ten years. His meaning was, that success does not rest upon forms, which can be copied by other armies or generals, but upon living energy and intelligence, which are always capable of devising new combinations; and that formalism of any kind is death to armies, as to other institutions,-Contemperary Review.

Sleep for the Nervous.

Every one should have eight hours sleep, and pale, thin, nervous persons require ten, which should be taken regularly in a well ventilated room.

The consumption of oil meal is rapidly increasing in the United States.

CHANGELESS.

When from the woodland still and lone, Through the long summer night, Sad Philomel's impassioned tone Thrilis with love's deep delight; When, steep'd in balmlest breath of June, The earth seems half divine, No change know I in words or time,

Dut sing, "Wilt thou be mine?" When autumn's red and autumn's gold Paint wood and wold and hill; When winter nights grow drear and cold, Love, I am changelesstill. Though violets wither, res s fade, Love's enleader and mine Mark summer still in sun and shade,

And still my heart is telme!

Another Word Needed.

The government ought to offer a reward for anybody who will invent a word that will pleasantly, picturesquely, agreeably define a hoppy evening among friends, "Social" is one of the most horrible words in the language, used as a noun. "Party" means anything or nothing. It is absolutely unexpressive. "A good time" comes in for a big drunk, er a pienie, or a funeral, even, for there are people who enjoy, really cajoy, fune-"A dinner party" seems to stop with the eating. Now if there is a time when people are unsociable, it is at a big dinner party. If you are fond of eating, conversation's a nuisance, and you can't get up mny reasonable discussion that will not be broken by the COLUMN

You've either to devote yourself to the menu or to your neighbor. If she's preffy, you don't ent your dinner; if the linner's good it requires a perfect self ibnegation to pay any attention to her. A dinner party is neither one thing nor the other. But after dinner! Well, that's different. "Soirce" is an abominable word. The man that coined it should have been killed. Now, what can you call a happy, merry evening? You can't call it anything short and nice and pleasant. People talk about "spending the evening" just as if they had to put in the time somehow, and that was all they wanted to do, "Calling" suggests a straightbacked chair, your hat in your hand and the hostess in disconfort, wishing you'd go. And there's only one word in the English language that means comfort, and peace, and happiness, and enjoyment, and that word is "Home," San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones,"

Woman's Work in Early Times.

Prior to the American revolution every colonial farm house and every blacksmith's shop was a manufactory. For everything was literally manufactured; that is, made by hand. The blacksmith hammered out axes, hoes, spades, plowsnears, scythes and nails, A tailoress went from house to house to make un the winter clothing, and was followed by the shoemaker. The farmer prepared the leather from skins which had laid in Society for Ethical Culture, of which he the vat for a year, and his wife made is the head, half the day is devoted to ready the cloth. Spinning wheels buzzed learning from books and half the day to from morning till night. Skeins of woolen learning how todo the world's work. I and linen yarn hung on the walls of have seldom heard a more interesting every house. Seated on the loom seat, the best woman of the family plied shutday, cotton cloth being the subject of the tles and treadles, weaving blankets lessen. The boys were required to tet sheets, table cloths, towels, bed curtains, where the cotton plant grew, how it was | window curtains, flannels and cloth for garments. Every woman in the household manufactured something. The aged number of bales produced in this country grandmother spun flax with the little wheel; the youngest daughter carded made to explain upon a miniature gin wool, and the oidest, if the men were busy, hatcheled flax. It was hand work dispersed. I was then placed aboard a cotton in the fields came to make the that did it, and every hand did what it sampan, and, with a guard of six soldiers, shirts on their backs. For the purposes could best do. The women, whose work was never done," not only carded, spun and wove, but they milked the cows, made butter, bread and cheese, soap and candles, cooked the food, did the washing, and in harvest raked hay, pulled flax and dug potatoes. The neighbor who happened in for an afternoon's gossip brought her work. The mother patched or knitted as she rested by the fireside, or quartered apples for the children to "string" and hang in the morning in festoons on the sunny outside walls. All were busy, always busy. -Youth's Companion.

Alma Tadema's Dwelling.

Mr. Alma Tadema, most versatile of artists, has added one more world to those he has already conquered. He has become his own architect, and M. Tissot's house in St. John's wood, which was considered a gem in its way when the French artist lived in it, has been transformed inside and out into something quite marvelous to behold. In the exforior are bits of nearly all the styles of all the ages, from the classic remantic down to the latest Nineteenth century

Juside, the medley is still more bewildering, but always barmonious. Mr. fadema was resolved that every nook and corner of his new home should have its picture, and each picture unlike its ellow. One vista suggests Greece, another Rome, a third the gorgeous and mysterious east. The room designed for the special use of the artist's wife will be one of the prettiest interiors in London. His own studio will also be unique in arrangement and decoration, and his friends are already looking forward to the enjoyment of his hospitality amid arroundings that will enhance, if posible, its well known grace and charm.-London World.

A Dress of Ancient Days.

From the most authentic authorities we learn that there was but little, if any, effort made to fit the garments to the body 450 years before Christ, and the chief and indispensable article of wear was called the "chiton," a linen bag-like affair, made in one piece and open at the top and bottom. It reached from the nick to the feet, and was so wide that the arms might be extended without disomfort. This particular style must have been all the rage, as we say nowadays, for the richer class likewise were the hiton, but it was composed of silk instead of linen, and another similar costame called the "Himation," which was composed of some sort of woolen stuff .-Brooklyn Citizen.

The French Presiden't Salary.

M. Grevy receives as president of the French republic a yearly salary of \$240,-000, besides the following allowances \$20,000 for heating and lighting, servants and washing, \$60,000 for his entertainments and journeys and \$25,000 for the maintenance of his game preserves.