WOMAN AND HOME.

THE FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE OF A WOMAN WORTH WINNING.

Cleanliness and Its Virtues—Rules for Family Peace—A Woman's Good Resolutions—Interior Decorations—Children. Kitchen Hints—Notes and Items.

My brother, it is said, and I believe it to be in many cases true, that men do not read women readily; do not understand their real characters even though those characters may be seen by other women. Now, let me give you an infallible rule, one which you can apply in every case and never be disappointed in the results. It is simply this: When you come into the presence of a woman whom you are meeting for the first time note the impression she makes on your mind. If she reminds you at once of your sex and her own by look, word or act, let her alone, for her influence will degrade you. She may please your eye by her beauty, your ear by her voice, flatter you by her words and manner, but she will never be a true friend to you. She studies to please and expects you to please in return. She has no thought above present pleasure and no care for anything but self. She will never uplift you beyond your present plane nor incite you to deeds of honor. She must live out her organization and by suffering be made to see the true aim of life before she can be to you in any respect what a woman should be to a man—a guide to draw him up, not down; a friend whom he can safely trust and honor, and, perchance, even love.

If, on the other hand, you meet a woman whose presence brings no thought of sex into your mind, who brings out your best thoughts and gives you hers in return, whose manner encourages no ignoble deed or word, who respects herself, and involuntarily calls out your respect for her, make that woman your friend, no matter what may be her age or social position, no matter if she be poorly dressed and plain featured and one not calculated to make a show in the world of fashion; she has a soul filled with good, and her thoughts are the forerunners of good deeds, and she will prove a source of constant inspiration to you that will draw you to higher planes of development and tend to make you the man you ought to be. After spending an hour with such a woman you leave her feeling more manly, more erect morally and physically, and though you may not have the thought clearly formed in your mind, yet you are conscious that the time spent in her company was spent wisely. You are aware that her influence is elevating and refining and you feel your better nature rousing into action. You feel ashamed of your misdeeds and wish yourself better than you are, and resolve to make yourself more worthy of her regard. Evils that you have scarce noticed before you are hardly willing to tolerate, new desires awake and you breathe for a time a new, purer atmosphere.

When you find a woman who produces these or similar impressions on you, cultivate her acquaintance; she will do you good. Her influence will be ennobling, not degrading. She will never drag a man down, but raise him to a higher level and bring out in strong relief all the grand nobility of manhood that is in him, and the strength and purity of his highest and best gifts.

The friendship and love of a woman of this class is worth winning, my brother; and happy is he who can call such a woman his friend, and doubly blessed is he who can win her for his life companion. Association with her will be on a plane far above selfish passion, and round out the life into harmonious completeness that not only influences the individual but all who come in contact with him.—Cor. Christian Register.

Cleanliness is Next to Godliness.

"I have seen the women of many nations," remarked an old gentleman to a reporter the other day, "both in society and at home, and I confess with pride that I think American women, as a rule, are the neatest the world over. Have you ever lived in a village and noted the fastidious habits of the belles, who are perhaps more particular about their appearance than they would be in a large city, because they know everybody knows them, and because they cannot go down the street without being scrutinized closely by some admirer? I have known village maidens after having married and settled down in a great city take advantage of the wilderness of houses and strange faces and go about in such slatternly attire as they would never have assumed in their native village, but these cases are rare.

"You take a girl who is neat at home and she will be neat everywhere else. If she wears a clean calico in the morning she will wear a spotless merino in the afternoon. If she wears a clean collar in the morning she will replace it with a fresher one in the evening, and so on.

"The habit of neatness or its opposite is an interesting study in women. The characteristic naturally exists just the same in men, but the circumstances governing their lives are such as do not bring out this phase in such pronounced fashion. I don't doubt that some of the greatest slatterns on earth are men, but they are seldom found out, you know. If you are sufficiently intimate with a gentleman to gain access to his apartment you will soon have a very excellent method of judging of his habits. If you find his brushes full of hair and lint, his towels and soiled clothes kicking about everywhere, with a bowl of dirty water always on his washstand, you may easily judge that he will go out in the street with grease spots on his clothes and half soiled linen on.

"Now, between you and me, I detest dirty people. There is something as repulsive about untidy habits to me as there is in real wickedness. I don't think you can be a good man or a good woman without possessing thoroughly clean personal habits, and I will stick to it until my dying day. They tell me I am a crank on this subject. I don't care whether I am or not."—Denver Tribune.

Rules for Family Peace.

We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed to-day, so prepare for it.

Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and, therefore, we are not to expect too much.

To learn the different temper of each individual.

When any good happens to any one to rejoice at it.

When inclined to give an angry answer to count ten.

If from sickness, pain or infirmity we feel irritable to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

To observe when others are so suffering and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their wants.

To watch for little opportunities of pleasing and to put little annoyances out of the way.

To take a cheerful view of everything.

In all little pleasures which may occur to put self last.

To try for the soft answer that "turneth away wrath."

When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed to ask ourselves: "Have I not often done the same thing and been forgiven?"

In conversation not to exalt ourselves, but to bring others forward.

To be very gentle with the younger ones and treat them with respect, remembering that we were once young.

Never to judge one another, but to attribute a good motive when we can.

To compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of the day.

Resolutions for a Woman.

Never for one day to neglect hair, teeth or nails.

Never to wear a garment spotted or with a hole in it if in any way avoidable.

Never to come down to breakfast other than as fresh as a bath and good temper will admit. If too ill to be sweet or to dress carefully, to stay out of sight.

Never to appear at dinner without distinctly showing it is dinner and worthy of some distinction.

Never to forget to show in dress, body or manners that I am glad to be a woman.

Never to run down men or get excited about the wrongs of our sex.

Never to sulk, or whine, or nag—the three greatest failings of womankind.

Never, if possible, to scold husband or brother or other masculine attachments; but if it can't be helped, to scold quick and reasonably and have that the end of it.

Never to forget, if dependent on husband or any one else for even the most loving support, that the least return is love and care and a certain amount of forgiveness.

Never to make a woman balance on the edge of a horse car seat when by moving three inches she might have comfort.

Never to elbow a woman out of the way, be she old, young, rich or poor. If anxious to go ahead, say "please."

To answer letters.

To keep appointments.

And last and most enduring resolution of all, to wear no hats at the theatre.—New York Graphic.

Interior Decorations.

Horticulturists are positively besieged for handsome seeds of exotic and native plants to be worked in with embroidered flowers, or with divisional bands of screens, or to deck the covers of card boxes, etc. For attachment a fine drilled hole for the passage of the needle passes through their axes.

Among choice knickknacks for boudoir and similar use are small cabinets with masking doors inside of doors—subtleties of craftsmanship with interior arrangements concealed, the whole of accurate and refined execution.

A picturesque card case consists of an open gilded net, with the model of a fisherman in compo holding up one end. The net would seem to be sufficiently capacious for any of the leaders of society.

A lantern of tin, octagonal in form and jeweled, shows the dial of a clock on one of its sides. Suspended in a darkened corner and with the face of the clock shining in the haze of the colored roundlets it presents a pretty effect.

Half dozen sets of elegantly decorated cups and saucers, in satin cushioned case, are now composed of three patterns. For various dishes on stands, such as tureens and sauce holders thick, flat beveled edges and sunken centers have been introduced.

As a receptacle for jewelry or other articles of beauty and value is a nest of four cabinets set in frame of beautifully carved tortoise shell, each in a different style of lacquer work and ornamented with rock crystal cut in fantastic forms.

White Underwear Going Out.

The following notes on dress are furnished me by a lady: While many a Frenchwoman of the well-to-do bourgeois class goes to market herself in order to save a few sous on the price of her comestibles, she is often regardless of the expense of her white petticoats. The white petticoat is rather a costly article, because it must always be spotlessly clean. A French lady, and above all a Parisienne, would as soon think of wearing one soiled as she would think of being seen with a hole in her stocking or with boots down at heel. In such matters the French are essentially particular, and in this respect they set an example to many wealthy and well dressed daughters of Albion and of America, who, even when in Paris, are not always irreproachably gloved and booted.

To return to the white petticoat, it has held its ground in France, while in some other countries it has of late years been almost driven from general use. Yet even in this matter of the white petticoat fashion is becoming French ladies to be henceforth too conservative. They are told that, at any rate during the coming winter, they are to wear colored skirts, except for full evening dress and for toilettes de ville. In short, underlinen generally is undergoing modifications, and night dresses of colored cambric reflect the taste of many foremost women of fashion. Nay, more, pure white is no longer exclusively used for baby toilets.—Boston Transcript.

Hints for the Kitchen.

When stove and shoe blacking brushes get so worn at their scrubbing end as to be useless, remove the brush from the handle, reverse it and tack again in place, securing the two thirds worn brush another term of service.

"Is it potato little or potato big to-day?" I overheard a young girl ask her mother as the clock struck 11.

"Neither, child, but middle sized potato day," and as the little helper clattered down the cellar stairs with her pan, I said: "Whatever do you mean? With your large crew of workmen for which you must prepare meals, I should think all your days would be potato dinner days."

"So they are," was her quick reply, "but we have learned to avoid waste in their cooking by boiling different sizes consecutive days. Formerly we would boil a large dinner pot of potatoes for each noon meal, giving little attention to their size. In consequence the smaller ones would be overdone, a waste of several bushels throughout the year. But nowadays we keep the potato heap picked clean as we go, a dinner pot of small ones wholly one day, large, may be, rotten hearted old fellows the next and middle sized potatoes another day. Since adopting this plan our boiling potatoes are nearly all done at the same instant, and none come from the kettle half raw and others mushed for the swill barrel.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Enter Not into This Temptation.

There are two great temptations to which a careful housekeeper is liable. One is to fill her servants' hands so full with the regular work that when extra requirements come, as in times of company or illness or house cleaning, she herself must be the one to fulfill them. The other is wherever she sees incapacity in any department of the work to make up the deficiency by her own efforts. In this way she will accumulate a variety of tasks, such as the care of favorite lamps, the dusting of bric-a-brac, the flavoring of custards and mixing of salads, not to speak of the packing of lunches and arranging of trays for invalids, which is a great comfort to herself and others to have done with nicety. But if she does not limit her desires in this direction these tasks will certainly trench upon the time and strength required for overweight and plainness, not to speak of rest, and the constant occurrence of the unforeseen will steal away the remainder.—M. E. Bennett in Good Housekeeping.

Old Chairs Made Beautiful.

I have a great fondness and aptitude for fixing up old chairs and making them even more comfortable to sit in than when they were new. I nail straps of strong, coarse cloth over the frame to form the seat, cover this with carpet, bound neatly, and if desirable put a cushion on it. Strips of tin may be nailed over weak places to strengthen them. I have just fixed up an old rocking chair, of which the woven seat and back were all gone, so that it is both comfortable and pleasant to look at. After putting in the back and seat as above described, I made a cushion for both back and seat of corn husks, then covered chair, frame and all, with cretonne and put a pretty tidy on it. It stands in the bay window and is admired by everybody that sees it. It costs only the cretonne and tacks.—Cor. New York Tribune.

A Life Not to Be Envied.

To be a belle, with all it implies, is really arduous. It means devotion to everybody and everything except one's self, with no quiet moments; it means to live in the glare of public life, to have every action noticed and criticised.

No wonder the term "professional beauty" came up in London! It is a most difficult "profession" to follow, to be always at one's best, never to obtrude private griefs or joys, to be always unruffled.

How few who are really beautiful are capable of being so professionally; in other words, of really making a business of it. And then the constant dread of eclipse, newer and younger beauties are coming upon the scene every day, and the heyday of an attractive woman is as short as the life of a butterfly.—Hartford Courant.

Trouble with Professional Nurses.

The professed nurse is apt to have a will of her own, and in case of sickness to set even the doctor at defiance. Columns might be filled with instances of their fads. For example, one experienced nurse having learned from a leading accoucheur to anoint the new born babe before washing it, persisted to the day of her death in greasing all her nurslings from head to foot before their daily bath, insisting that the practice was necessary both for health and the beauty of their complexions. Another nurse could never be persuaded to warm the water in which she washed the baby. "No, marm," she would say, "I always washes children in water fresh from the hydrant; warm water makes them delicate," and she would unhesitatingly give up a good place rather than yield the point.—Cor. Boston Globe.

To Keep the Boys at Home.

See to it that their homes compete with public places in their attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires by night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you.

There is Enough for All.

But with $800,000,000 in the Metropolitan Opera house there ought not to be 200,000 women starving in its shadow. There is no need. It is not a question between music and starvation. It is only a question of music and plenty. So far as money is concerned, these women can be amply fed and clothed without the sacrifice of one note of Patti's, or one satin fluting or one golden cord. There is enough and to spare in New York for all the music and all the millinery, and yet to let no woman go wringing despairing hands through the midnight streets and no little child go shivering and supperless to a bed of straw.—Gail Hamilton in New York World.

Don't Ask Too Much of Them.

The Boston Courier thinks that too many demands are made on the emotional nature of children. "Who," it says, "has not seen children badgered and harassed with: Kiss your auntie, because you love her; now kiss grandpa; now put your arms round grandma's neck and show her how fond you are of her; and you do love your own dear mamma, don't you?" and the unfortunate baby is forced to go through successive demonstrations of affection, getting through the round of the circle only to have it started over again. How many grown people could endure being continually called upon to give proof of fondness?

How to Starch Shirts.

To do up shirts take two tablespoonfuls of starch and one teaspoon even full of powdered borax and dissolve in one and one half cups of cold water. The shirts must not be previously starched and they must be perfectly dry. Dip the cuffs, collars, bosoms and neckbands in the starch, then roll up tight in a dry cloth and let them lie two hours. Then rub off and iron. They will be like pasteboard and have a nice gloss.

A Nurse's Foolish Notion.

A foolish notion prevalent among the lower classes in several countries is that a babe at the breast can be insured against colic by being made to taste everything which the mother eats. The writer was once horrified to find her nurse about to give her baby cold slaw on this principle; the girl defending herself on the plea that her mother always did it, and that it was good for the child.—Cor. Boston Globe.

A Clever Boston Girl.

Miss Maude Howe, beautiful, clever girl that she is, makes one of the most interesting "Chatterers" that ever even Boston developed. We are quite ready to believe her recent statement that she "never made a journey in her life without seeing something that I never saw before or learning something new."

Another Dress Reform.

Mrs. Miller, of Washington, is the apostle of a new dispensation in the way of woman's dress. Her creed is wands instead of corsets, layers of underclothing fitted smoothly to the body, and drawers to match the gown, a sort of adaptation of Lady Habberton's "divided skirt," with slight differences.

Maiden Assurance Company.

The Danes assure maidens upon payment of an annual sum of a comfortable home at a certain age. The benefits of the association cease at marriage.

Home Made Broom Holder.

Take two large spoons, drive large nails through them in the wall about two inches apart, and hang up your broom, brush end up.

To make sheets last longer, when they get thin in the middle, tear down the center, sew the out edges together and hem the sides.

To take the "fishy" smell from your skillet after frying fish put soap and water in the skillet and let boil for ten minutes.

Square dinner plates grow in favor, and the newest are a perfect study of artistic decoration.

ILLINOIS PIONEERS.

MANNER OF LIVING BY THOSE WHO FIRST BROKE THE PRAIRIES.

The Building of the Log Cabin—Furniture of the Interior—Mortar and "Sweep" for Grinding Corn—Going to Mill—Clothing.

Pioneer life takes its shape from the surroundings. Southern Illinois differed from the other western states in being distant from large towns, without public conveyance, having a climate neither cold nor warm, having a nearly even mixture of woodland and prairie, and being settled by emigrants from the south.

The houses were mostly round pole cabins, not the huge poplar logs they had used in the south, but such as they could get. Sometimes the walls were "shelped down," or very slightly hewn, and sometimes the walls were built of split logs smoothed a little on the face. Some of the cracks in these walls were chinked and daubed, while some were left open to admit light. Windows were nearly or quite unknown. Some of the cabins had cracks all around "that a dog could jump through." If the floor was anything else than bare ground it was made of puncheons, or slabs, split out and smoothed a little with a chopping axe, and fastened down with wooden pins or not fastened at all. There were but three "sleepers" to the floor, one at each end and one in the middle. The roof was not nailed and had no rafters. At the eaves the end logs projected at each corner a foot or two beyond the walls, and on the ends of these rested logs, one on each side; and these were called "battin' poles," because the ends of the first course of boards batted against them. Several courses of logs were then put up, the gables, of course, upright, while the side logs were "drawn in to shape the roof." On these logs clapboards were laid, four foot boards being generally used, and held down by "weight poles." A pole was laid on each course of boards, and these poles were kept in place by blocks or sticks set up between them, called "knees."

The chimney was of split logs below and small sticks higher up, with a stone, sometimes only a dirt, fireplace. Sometimes there was a loft, made by laying clapboards on the joists; sometimes not; and then the joists—generally poles—were convenient for hanging up deer and deer skins, etc. Shelves resting on long pins in the walls answered for cupboard, pantry, bureau and wardrobe, as everything that might not as well be on the floor was stowed away on these shelves. There were but few bedsteads in the country. "Bed scaffolds" were made on two rails or pieces driven into the walls, one for the side and one for the end, in the corner of the cabin, the other ends of these rails being let into a post, the entire structure frequently having but one bed post. Boards were laid across from the long rail to the wall, or from rail to rail, and on these the bed—if the happy family had any—was laid. The table was either made of boards nailed to a rough, unwieldy frame, or it was made on stakes driven into the ground—i. e., the floor. Meat was plenty, but breadstuff was at first brought from the older settlements on the Mississippi, Ohio or Wabash. Some had little hand mills that would grind a bushel or two of corn in a day, and they did well. But many had to beat this meal in a mortar. One family had a big kettle which they used for a mortar, but generally the mortar was a stump with a basin burned out in the top of it. Over this was suspended on a "sweep" a huge billet of wood. This billet was brought down upon the grain in the mortar, the sweep raised it, and so, thump, thump, the pounding went on till the grain was broken small enough to make bread. Another style of mortar was made of a large block, and the pestle was a maul with an iron wedge in the end of it. This was used in bad weather, as it could be brought indoors, and it cut the grain rapidly. The meal was sifted through a sieve, made by punching a piece of deerskin full of holes with a hot spindle and stretching it over a hoop. In the early autumn meal was grated, and the bread made of this meal and baked on a board or in the ashes was as delicious as heart could wish. But finer delicacies than these were sometimes prepared. Meal was "parched"—that is, it was beaten very fine, then it was put into a cloth of loose, open texture, and as much as possible sifted and beaten out through the cloth. This was "parched" meal, and it was nearly as fine as flour.

Most of the hats or caps worn were made of skins, often of the most fantastic shapes, but in summer the straw hat was common. The hats the men brought to this country with them were worn on Sunday. As the original supply of clothing began to fail, the first resource was to make clothes of deer skins. Those in the hands of the Indians made excellent clothing, but our first settlers were not such good tanners, and the clothes did not do so well. The breeches soon got a tremendous knee that was a permanent thing. When the men or boys went out into the grass while the dew was on, the breeches would soon be dangling around their feet; and then about 10 o'clock, or sooner, when they became dry again, they rustled and crackled about their knees as much too short. Moccasins were almost universally worn—often being made for winter use of skins with the hair on. In warm weather all went barefoot.

Most of the leisure time was spent in visiting or hunting, horse races and protracted meetings. Much time was also spent in going to mill. A two bushel sack of corn was shelled; long before daylight the next morning the bustle of getting off began, so as to make the trip in one day if possible; the sack was thrown across a horse, man or boy mounted and jogged away, followed by many cautions about crossing the creeks and much anxiety was felt if the boys failed to get back the next night or the following day.

I had better describe one of the mills. There is an open shed, open all around. In the middle a large post—say eighteen inches in diameter—turns on a pivot in a block set in the ground, and is stayed by cross beams at the top; this post, about two feet from the ground, a beam goes through and extends eight or ten feet out at each end, and to these the horses are hitched. About six feet from the ground all round the post sticks five or six feet long with a natural fork at the end are driven into auger holes, and in these forks a raw hide round band or rope works. Some later mills had a light wheel instead of these sticks. This band goes round a little trundle head that turns the millstone. The whole was out in the woods, sometimes without even a shed; so being at mill was very much like being out of doors.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

A Correct Diagnosis.

Physician (to patient)—Have you been out to-day, madam?

Patient—Yes, sir. I attended an auction sale of household effects.

Physician—You probably overdid yourself.

Patient—No, I didn't do anything. My husband went off this morning without having me a coat.

Physician—I see. I would recommend bromide, madam. You are suffering from nervous prostration.—Puck.

WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE.

A Couple of Strong Domestic Tastes. Martha Washington's Work.

Both Washington and his wife were people of strong domestic tastes. They loved their home at Mount Vernon, and were seldom happier than during the few times they were alone in it. Martha Washington grew more and more domestic during her latter years, and in the dark days of the revolution, with all her wealth and former extravagance, she wore plainer clothes as more befitting the times. She would not patronize English goods, and a great deal of cloth was made at Mount Vernon. She kept sixteen spinning wheels busy, and she was especially proud of two dresses that she had made for herself. They were of cotton, striped with silk, and they must have been of fine quality, for one weighed only a pound and a half and the other still less. The silk stripes were made from the raveling of brown silk stockings and some old crimson chair covers. Martha Washington clad her servants in cloth of her own manufacture, and the liveries of her coachman and footman were made at Mount Vernon, with the exception of the scarlet cuffs and trimmings, which were imported.

She manufactured the cloth from which Gen. Washington had made one of his inauguration suits, and it is recorded by her grandson that she dressed very plainly when at home with no guests to entertain, and that she was so neat that she could wear a gown a whole week, going through her kitchen and laundry and all the other places in the routine of domestic management, and the gown at the end of the week would retain its snow like whiteness and be unsullied by even a single speck.

She was a hard worker. George Washington rose from his bed during a part of the year at 4 o'clock, and Martha was always up at daybreak. She was a great knitter, and while sitting the knitting needles were seldom out of her hands. She had an army of servants under her, and she looked personally after every detail of the household affairs, going about with a bunch of keys hanging at her side. The extent of the Mount Vernon household may be imagined by the fact that, at times, the butter of one hundred cows was not enough to supply its table.

Martha Washington was fond of gardening, and she liked to work in the garden herself. She was a good mother, and she is said to have been a woman of deep religious convictions. She was somewhat of a match maker in regard to her children, and she possessed, in short, most of the traits that are common to the mothers and the wives of to-day. If here and there in her character we find some weakness to laugh at, we must remember that, upon the whole, there is much in it to admire. She was a good woman, a good wife, and a good mother, and General Washington never thought that she was anything else but the best woman in the world.—Frank G. Carpenter in The Cosmopolitan.

Mind Healing and Mind Reading.

A physician in extensive practice was lately asked: "What proportion, should you say, of those people who send a servant flying to your office with, 'Come right away!' or make the telephone jingle with, 'Come as quick as you can!' are suffering chiefly from fear and imagination?" Stroking his beard, the learned medicine replied: "Well, I might safely put it at two-thirds. When I arrive, the mere announcement that it is nothing serious allays the fear. While I am writing the prescription and chatting pleasantly on some other topic, the last stage of convalescence has been nearly reached, and when I say, in an assuring tone, 'Take this and you will be all right in the morning,' the case is settled." In this connection the doctor was asked what he thought of the "mind cure," which is now making such a furore. "Medically speaking," he replied, "it is a humbug; but with patients whose supposed sickness is 'all in the mind,' it may work." To this the respondent summoned the courage to ask: "Well, doctor, if your estimate of the number of hackadaisies and hypochondriacs in the community be correct, why is not the mind healer a useful member of society, seeing that to those who have faith in him he effects as good results as you—minus the drug?" Here the doctor abruptly cut off further debate; but to the mind of the untutored layman the latter question seems not so entirely out of order.—Boston Globe.

Wear of Hurry and Worry.

Hurry and worry, which usually go together, ruin more lives and destroy more happiness than any amount of regular, systematic labor. Any one may prove this for himself by noticing his own sensations after a season of hurried and agitated effort. The fatigue and reaction tell forcibly on the strength and vigor, and unfit him for subsequent labor. Certainly a life thus spent must be a short and unsatisfactory one. It would be well enough for each one to bear in mind that there is always time enough for him to do well all that he is called upon to do at all. If he undertake more than this he does injustice both to his work and to himself. On the other hand, if he waste the time which is intrusted to him, let him not hope to atone for it by extra haste and hurry. When we have learned to avoid wasting time on the one hand and crowding it on the other we shall begin to appreciate its true value.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Men Who Understand Horses.

It is astonishing how few men there are who know anything about a horse. There is no other animal that the average man is on such close and familiar relations with, or that he treats with such a gross ignorance of his peculiarities. That teamster, now, has probably done little else than drive a horse in the intervals of shoveling coal. He certainly knows how heavy his load is, and you would think he ought to know what the horse can do. But when his team gets stalled the only way he can think of to help the horse is to beat him. This is one of the things that ought to be taught in our public schools. I would have it made a regular branch of study, and I know the hardest who could furnish a text book. The school of the Centaurs on the plains of Thessaly was indeed famous in its day, but that was a long time ago, and the drivers of our coal carts are not Apollos.—Boston Post.

THE "HORSE EXCHANGE."

VISIT TO A NEW YORK MARKET FOR BROKEN DOWN HORSES.

"Biggest Bargains of the Age"—The Dealer's Favorite and the Customer's Bane—Fixing Up Worn Out Hacks—Various Tricks of the Trade.

The Horse Exchange on Broadway and the sales stables on Twenty-fourth street are well known to all New Yorkers who have any knowledge of horseflesh. But away up in Yorkville at the foot of east Seventy-fourth street there is a place where horses are bought, sold and exchanged which nine-tenths of these knowing New Yorkers never heard of. But every peddler who is rich enough to afford a horse, every farmer within a radius of twenty-five miles of New York and every fourth rate horse dealer has been there, and with the exception of the class last mentioned few care to go there a second time.

This peculiar institution is known as the Horse Market. A more appropriate title for it would be: "A market for broken down horses," for that is really what it is, although the astute men who run it will never acknowledge the fact.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon the market is to be seen at its best. A stranger coming there then might well imagine himself in a lunatic asylum. The auctioneer is no longer regarded. Every dealer is then an auctioneer, albeit without a license, and goes from group to group shouting:

"Biggest bargain of the age. True Hambletonian blood. Trots a mile in 2.50. Name your price."

Horses that can hardly pull a pound are seen by some magic influence, trotting like race horses. Horses with all kinds and sorts of diseases which, in the whirl and confusion, are concealed; horses with hoofs half eaten away; horses whose thighs seem out of joint; blind horses; horses that are worn out from old age; dozens and dozens of horses, but not a sound one in the whole lot.

THE DEALER'S "DUMMY."

Among these horses is one that is the dealer's favorite and the customer's bane. In the vernacular of the horse market he is termed a "dummy." The relevancy of the word is not apparent. He has what are called "on" and "off" days. One day he is as brisk and fiery a horse as one would wish to speed up the boulevard on a day when the high flyers are out. The next day he may be unable to pull a pound or stand up in his harness, or may give up the ghost altogether. His disease is incurable, yet when he is in good spirits he is a fine looking animal and an expert might be fooled by him. It is no wonder, therefore, that the average buyer is deceived in him. There are many other good looking horses sold at the market, but as the reporter was privately assured by a dealer, who acted as his guide, not one of them is worth taking away.

As the reporter and the artist were standing on the outskirts of the busy throng a meek looking man approached them.

"Say, mister," he said to the reporter, whose apparent greenness had evidently impressed him, "do you see that horse over thar?"

Following the direction of the man's finger the reporter saw what appeared to be a spirited bay horse. A typical jockey was riding him around to show his good points, while the owner was haranguing a large crowd.

"Now, I'll tell ye," continued the meek man, confidentially. "I know that horse from 'way back. He's a good un. He's got blood in him, that horse has, an' I know it. Now, the man wot owns him an' I is on bad footins. We had a quarrel some time ago about a little bargin, an' so I don't want ter bid on 'im. But if you kin buy him fur $175 I'll give ye an even $200 for 'im. Wot d'ye say?"

The reporter excused himself on the ground that he had no funds with him, and the man went away disgusted.

"Clear skin game," said the guide. "That horse is a dummy. He may not live two days. You pay your cash for him, and the other fellow who said he'd buy him from you never turns up. You never could catch him, for you don't know his name, and if you did he'd get a dozen witnesses to prove an alibi for him."

TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

In front of one of the sales stables, which was locked, the guide paused and knocked in a peculiar way on the door. It was opened and the party walked in. A wonderful scene met their gaze. Bottles, buckets and pails full of liquids and powders were scattered everywhere. Three men with their sleeves rolled up to their armpits were busy doctoring a number of sickly horses. A broken down hack was, in fifteen minutes, transformed into a plunging, spirited horse. He was quickly taken out on the grounds and sold at ten times his value to an innocent buyer.

Every horse sold in the market is "doctored" more or less, and the effect while it lasts is remarkable. All the dealers are adepts at the revivifying art, and can "fix up" a horse in less time than it takes to tell.

A horse apparently sound was sold the other day for $65 to a farmer hailing from Long Island. The purchaser drove him up the eastern Boulevard on his way to the Ninety-ninth street ferry. Before he had gone five blocks the horse began to blow terribly. He proved to be "a wheezer," that is, short winded. When the farmer returned he could not find the man he had bought of. The horse looked as though he would not outlive the day.

"I'll give you $5 for him for his bones," said an uncouth red shirted horseman.

The farmer, fearing that his horse would die on the journey, and just as fearful of being guyed even if he did get him home, accepted the offer. The purchaser was the partner of the dealer who first sold the horse. The animal was put under the doctor's treatment and resold the same day to another unsuspecting farmer for $40.

A custom in general vogue among the dealers is to prove the strength of the horse by showing his drawing power. The wheels of the wagon to which the horse is harnessed are tied together so that they cannot revolve. Then the horse is forced to drag the wagon with its load for about twenty-five feet. The test is not a particularly good one. The "persuader," which in horse market parlance means man and whip, manages to call for the animal's latent powers in one grand effort.

At rare intervals the dealers are themselves tricked. A man will sell them a horse and the same day the owner will appear and claim that his hired man has stolen the horse and run away. He has no difficulty in identifying the horse, because his partner in the steal has kept track of him. The dealer has to give up the animal and has no chance of getting back his money. As a rule, when he buys a horse he knows to be stolen he transfers it through a dozen different parties. Thus makes it harder to trace. Dealers seldom try to cheat each other, but form a solid combination against everybody else. The combination against everybody else. The law requires a "certificate with every sale," but it is seldom given.—New York World.

Clothes and company do oftentimes tell tales in a mute but significant language.