

DEBT AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

Simplicity and Comfort Sacrificed to Vanity at the Merchants' Expense. Very few women, who are not miserably...

The whole strength of the management goes to make a show—to have an occasional display—and the debt by which this is brought about troubles the conscience of the lady as little as the discomfiture to her family disturbs her feelings.

A plain, well cooked, simple and succulent repast, such as she could accomplish without aid, and such as would delight her guests, would be a confession of comparative poverty she could not be induced to make.

What is true of house-keeping is true of personal expenses—the milliner's bill and the dressmaker's—with the thousand little fads and fancies dear to the feminine mind and destructive to the feminine sense of honor.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

Bee-keeping One of the Most Agreeable Employments for Farmers' Wives.

Who can keep bees? Anybody possessed of confidence, gentleness, patience and sense. There are persons who believe that the bees instinctively select them for enemies, pursue them and sting.

Something very unpleasant occurred to Gus Snubberly, a dude, at a fashionable New York restaurant, and he will go there no more. The large room was crowded with people, most of whom knew Gus, so he said, in a loud, imperious voice:

BUSINESS WOMEN.

A Number of Ladies Who Have Proved Themselves Sharp Financiers. Women who can make money can't always keep it. Harriet Hosmer discredited herself into fame and fortune, invested a large part of her earnings in Keely motor stock and lost it recently.

Not long ago the secretary and treasurer of one of the largest street-car lines in Pittsburgh was taken ill, and his daughter, who never had any practical training for the work, undertook to manage his business.

There are women of such great business ability that they have proved themselves a match for the very sharpest financiers. From Chilli comes the report of one Dona Cousino who rivals the financiers of all times.

A plain, well cooked, simple and succulent repast, such as she could accomplish without aid, and such as would delight her guests, would be a confession of comparative poverty she could not be induced to make.

Rough, But Probably True.

Something very unpleasant occurred to Gus Snubberly, a dude, at a fashionable New York restaurant, and he will go there no more.

"Waitaw, I ordered some brains a while ago, but I've not got them yet. I see you have fried oysters. Bring me a dozen when you fetch the brains."

"A dozen fried oysters for the man who hasn't got any brains yet," called out the waiter, in a voice that could be heard by every body in the dining-room.

Exactly Like Him.

A clerk in a Jewish banking-house celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the firm, Schmul, the principal, hands him in the morning a closed envelope inscribed: "In memory of this eventful day."

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired Schmul, with a grin.

"It's just like you," was the reply.

GENERAL.

A twenty-eight-toed cat, with one yellow and one green eye, is exhibited in New Haven.

A prominent minister in Fromont is credited with being a good one to tie two.

An apple tree over one hundred years old and four and a half feet in diameter, has been cut down in Lyme, Conn.

The French scientists are seeking to discover some way in which the coming of an earthquake can be foretold. If they find it the Signal Bureau will hoist a flag indicating: "Danger—climb a tree."

French experiments have shown that nickel may be effectively rolled upon soft steel plates, which are thus made as valuable for lamp reflectors and other purposes as silvered copper.

A wealthy farmer near Redwood City, Cal., is making arrangements to light the grounds and residence of his farm with electricity.

Australians receive more letters and post cards than any other people, the annual average being twenty-four to each person.

—Prof. Baird says that fishes sometimes live to be one hundred and fifty years old. Now we can understand why they are in no hurry to partake of the tempting morsel at the end of our line.

—Flower-pot stains on the window-sill will yield to a forcible application of fine wood ashes. Rinse off in clear water.

THE COCAINE HABIT.

A Physician's Interesting Experiments With the Powerful Drug.

There is no doubt of the value of cocaine, when appropriately and guardedly used by physicians and surgeons. Dr. Hammond, of New York, lately read a paper on the subject before the New York Neurological Society, in which he expressed doubts as to the existence of a cocaine habit which could not be readily controlled by the will.

He had tested cocaine on himself, and the effects exhibited are of interest, though we take exception to his conclusion. He first injected one grain beneath the skin. It exhilarated him and made him feel quite happy, but he was sleepless after it almost until morning, and arose with a severe headache. This headache followed each trial.

It seems to us, however, that Dr. Hammond overlooked two important facts: First, that all such habits are formed gradually; and secondly, that temperance is an important consideration in the case, persons of a nervous temperament being specially susceptible.

THE INTELLIGENT APE.

Marvelous Imitative Powers of the Chimpanzee and Other Monkeys.

The apes are unquestionably the most intelligent and the most manlike of the lower animals, physically, mentally and morally. They may be far away from the superior races of men in intellect but the difference between him and the lower races is much less marked.

The same advantages will be secured if, instead of meadow, the land is to be devoted to pasture.

In a short rotation, or when the grass is to be turned under in two or three years, clover and timothy may constitute the principal sowing, or clover and orchard grass; but for more permanent meadow or pasture, a more continuous growth will be afforded by the addition of other sows, as, for instance, tall fescue, Kentucky bluegrass, red top, etc.

In cutting the grass for hay, the mowing machine should be set several inches high, which will be better for the roots of the grass and for the next crop. Meadows are frequently injured by close cutting and bare earth.

The worst defect of monkeys is that they are inveterate thieves. They look upon stealing as fun, and therefore will pilfer even when they have no desire for what they take. Mue. Rover tells us that "they are capable of sucking a house and carrying off every thing moveable in it with the system and concert of a band of robbers."

—A Chicago newspaper tells of a citizen of that town who, going home the other night after a very heavy dinner, stumbled up against an iron railing that encircled a statue. He carefully felt his way around the railing several times, and at last, not finding any opening, collapsed in a heap on the pavement outside, swearing: "The rascals! They've locked me in here!"

MAKING MEADOWS.

Expenses Which Will Be Amply Repaid in the Long Run.

There is no department of farming which is performed in a more imperfect manner generally in the United States, than in the preparation and seeding to grass. Meadows do not yield more than half as much hay generally as they might under the best preparation, and pastures afford a correspondingly reduced amount of grazing.

The seeds of the grasses are many times smaller than those of wheat and corn, and the soil which is to receive them should be in a fine state of pulverization, and not made up of lumps and clods. The surface should be even and uniform, so that the seed may be lightly and evenly buried.

Grass, unlike Indian corn, will bear thick sowing and dense growth. The quantity of seed usually used is much too small, and the bare spots seen in new meadows are the result. But a moderate sowing, on a well prepared surface, will give a more compact growth of grass, than a bushel to the acre on a field of dry clods.

Farmers should not be satisfied with less than three tons to the acre. But this amount can not be obtained by the common course of allowing the grass to take its chance between other crops without special preparation.

TEUTONIC WISDOM.

Carl Dunder Tells His Friend Why He Is Happy and How He Got Rich.

Sometimes somebody comes to me and says vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right, Mr. Dunder, you vhas fit and sleek; you vhas always mit a smile on your face; you haf no trouble mit your family; every body speaks well of you. I like you to tell me how it vhas done. Und I answer him:

"If somebody vhas content he gets fat. If somebody vhas a peace mit all der world he smiles. Der man who marries for love und is a true husband to his wife and a good father to his children will haf no trouble mit his house. Every body must speak well of a man, who keeps out of politics, pays his debts, stands to his word und preaks no laws."

Und sometimes somebody comes to me und says vhas I Carl Dunder, dot oldt Dutchman? I vhas. Mr. Dunder, I vhas your friendt. I like a little loan for about two weeks. Und I says to him:

"Make ondt your note due in fifteen days und get some good indorsers und I lend you ten dollars. I likes to keep you ash my friendt, und so I do preess mit you in a peessness vhas. No stranger gets madt at you for an honest opinion, but sometimes your best friendt gets madt when you dun him. Der banker makes no enemies vhea he collects his money. Vwhy should I?"

Und again somebody comes to me mit a long face und asks vhas I Carl Dunder, dot Dutchman who makes so much money? Mr. Dunder, you vhas sooch a lucky dog! You vhas slust coining money. You pegins so poor you don't own your own boots, und how you rids in your carriage! Ah! Fortune vhas an eccentric jade. She smiles on some und frowns on others. I like you to tell me how you manage it. Und I says to him:

Wise Words About Women.

Love and a cough can not be hid.—George Herbert.

Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss.—Palluel.

Marriages are best of dissimilar materials.—Theodore Parker.

No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—Richter.

She commandeth her husband in any equal matter, by constantly obeying him.—Fuller.

To be a man in the true sense is, in the first place, and above all things, to have a wife.—Michelet.

Shut the door of that house of pleasure which you hear resounding, with the loud voice of a woman.—Saadi.

There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount of deep, strong, deathless love save that within a mother's heart.—Mrs. Hewson.

INDIAN POTTERY.

Regions in the Mexican Republic Where the Old Art Still Survives.

It is thought by some that ornamental patterns on pottery are handed down by savages from one generation to another. This is not true of our Indian, who, after making a pot, ornaments it with improvised designs. He has no pattern-books to guide him, Indians of New Mexico accustomed to pottery-making have, since their contact with whites, given attention to more elaborate ornamentation; just as those of Mexico meet a demand and find their way into public and private collections. The most noticeable change in technique is the use of animal and human forms, which, though not unknown on older pieces, are rare. Toy forms of pottery and those animal and human designs which met the readiest sale have been most improved by a kind of natural selection.

The thirst for antiquities has also stimulated the native artists to imitate them. In the City of Mexico an Italian made a good living for three years making stone sculptures in imitation of antiquities. The writer saw some of his works, but they were easily detected. The children all had European faces, and the delicate parts of the body were too well worked out. Near the city of Mexico live a settlement of Indians who have the credit of manufacturing clever imitations of ancient pottery. The noble custom of exciting in children the love of the beautiful through toys and dolls was not neglected by the ancient Mexicans. Even at our day a striking example is the manufacture of toys in great profusion at Guadalajara, which are sold not only throughout the republic, but outside.

They are taken on the backs of men and animals packed in baskets and crates. These toys are very truthful representations of the manners and customs of the people. For the rude apparatus employed, they are truly remarkable. The most interesting fact about this ware is the way in which the artist holds on to ancient forms, and in the decoration yields himself absolutely to the whims and demands of the market. He even borrows from the Spanish art of silversmithing and regilding. This almost total hiding of the old thing which they are unwilling to give up, with paint and forms to which their old art was a stranger, is also seen in their gourd vessels.

The pitchers from Toluca, once simple, unglazed vessels, are lost in the large spouts, altered handles, polished surface, elaborate decoration, glazing and stamping. Still, one may visit regions in Mexico where the old art still survives. The Pames, near the Valle del Maiz, and the Huastecas, the Indians of Sierra Naha and of Savanito, away from the influence of innovations, make their pottery as of old, simple in form and decoration.

CONJUGAL CAUCUS.

Midnight Conversation Between a Fashionable Wife and Her Democratic Husband.

Mrs. Thompson—Are you asleep, Mr. T.?

Mr. Thompson (hesitatingly)—No.

Mrs. T.—Prof. Catgut's bill for Arabella's first quarter—

Mr. T.—Humph! How much?

Mrs. T.—Why, my dear, you know his terms as well as I. Sixty dollars for twelve lessons.

Mr. T.—The day—deuce, I mean! It's the first I heard of it!

Mrs. T.—Oh, you've forgotten. I told you all about it.

Mr. T.—You told me awhile ago that you wanted Belle to brush up her music a little.

Mrs. T.—Yes; and you said very well.

Mr. T.—And on the strength of that you engage a professor at five dollars a lesson! Why, Maria, you'll drive me to the poor-house!

Mrs. T.—I've heard that before.

Mr. T.—And I never see Belle open the piano, either.

Mrs. T.—It is n't the piano; it's the violin.

Mr. T.—Violin??

Mrs. T. (calmly)—Yes; don't rouse the household. The piano is so very common.

Mr. T.—Indeed!

Mrs. T.—Yes; it is so much more effective to have some unique musical accomplishment—like playing the violin, zither or banjo.

Mr. T.—Banjo! Good gracious! I suppose I ought to be grateful for the violin if it has saved me from the banjo.

Mrs. T.—I thought seriously of the banjo, but Arabella's arm is so lovely, I decided in favor of the violin.

Mr. T.—Well, it strikes me Belle shows her arm enough every night, without going to an expense of sixty dollars to further display it.

Mrs. T.—Oh, you don't understand. Mr. T.—No; I don't pay.

Mrs. T.—And while we are on the subject of money—

Mr. T.—I don't know when we're off—

Mrs. T.—I really think you might increase Howard's allowance.

Mr. T.—Well, now, I like that! He has two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and lives at home.

Mrs. T.—I know; and it has done very well so far.

Mr. T.—Oh, has it?

Mrs. T.—But this summer he wants to play polo at Newport.

Mr. T.—Oh, does he?

Mrs. T.—Yes; he is a great expert now.

Mr. T.—Oh, is he?

Mrs. T.—And he wants his own ponies.

Mr. T.—Oh, does he?

Mrs. T.—I think (sobs) you are very unkind (sobs) to talk in that way (sobs). You have no interest (sobs) in the welfare and happiness (sobs) of your children.

Mr. T.—It looks as if I hadn't, indeed, to keep them in the luxury and idleness in which they are living.

Mrs. T. (still tearful)—Well, what can you expect?

A CONJUGAL CAUCUS.

Midnight Conversation Between a Fashionable Wife and Her Democratic Husband.

Mrs. Thompson—Are you asleep, Mr. T.?

Mr. Thompson (hesitatingly)—No.

Mrs. T.—Prof. Catgut's bill for Arabella's first quarter—

Mr. T.—Humph! How much?

Mrs. T.—Why, my dear, you know his terms as well as I. Sixty dollars for twelve lessons.

Mr. T.—The day—deuce, I mean! It's the first I heard of it!

Mrs. T.—Oh, you've forgotten. I told you all about it.

Mr. T.—You told me awhile ago that you wanted Belle to brush up her music a little.

Mrs. T.—Yes; and you said very well.

Mr. T.—And on the strength of that you engage a professor at five dollars a lesson! Why, Maria, you'll drive me to the poor-house!

Mrs. T.—I've heard that before.

Mr. T.—And I never see Belle open the piano, either.

Mrs. T.—It is n't the piano; it's the violin.

Mr. T.—Violin??

Mrs. T. (calmly)—Yes; don't rouse the household. The piano is so very common.

Mr. T.—Indeed!

Mrs. T.—Yes; it is so much more effective to have some unique musical accomplishment—like playing the violin, zither or banjo.

Mr. T.—Banjo! Good gracious! I suppose I ought to be grateful for the violin if it has saved me from the banjo.

Mrs. T.—I thought seriously of the banjo, but Arabella's arm is so lovely, I decided in favor of the violin.

Mr. T.—Well, it strikes me Belle shows her arm enough every night, without going to an expense of sixty dollars to further display it.

Mrs. T.—Oh, you don't understand. Mr. T.—No; I don't pay.

Mrs. T.—And while we are on the subject of money—

Mr. T.—I don't know when we're off—

Mrs. T.—I really think you might increase Howard's allowance.

Mr. T.—Well, now, I like that! He has two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and lives at home.

Mrs. T.—I know; and it has done very well so far.

Mr. T.—Oh, has it?

Mrs. T.—But this summer he wants to play polo at Newport.

Mr. T.—Oh, does he?

Mrs. T.—Yes; he is a great expert now.

Mr. T.—Oh, is he?

Mrs. T.—And he wants his own ponies.

Mr. T.—Oh, does he?

Mrs. T.—I think (sobs) you are very unkind (sobs) to talk in that way (sobs). You have no interest (sobs) in the welfare and happiness (sobs) of your children.

Mr. T.—It looks as if I hadn't, indeed, to keep them in the luxury and idleness in which they are living.

Mrs. T. (still tearful)—Well, what can you expect?

Mr. T.—I wasn't brought up so. I worked hard for my daily bread.

Mrs. T.—You hadn't a rich father.

Mr. T.—(with grim humor).—That's so! Perhaps it isn't your fault.

Mrs. T.—You see the children have got to live up to their station.

Mr. T.—Humph!

Mrs. T.—A sort of noble's oblige.

Mr. T.—Stick to English, my dear. I catch your meaning quicker.

Mrs. T.—And Howard is sure to marry splendidly. He is so handsome.

Mr. T. (facetiously)—Yes—a chip of the old block.

Mrs. T.—There is no doubt that Clara Knickerbocker is greatly taken with him.

Mr. T.—H-m, he might do worse.

Mrs. T.—Worse indeed! Why, they're one of the oldest families, and rich into the bargain.

Mr. T.—Quite a rare combination.

Mrs. T.—Arabella's prospects are not quite so flattering. The dear girl is so fastidious.

Mr. T.—Belle is a little fool.

Mrs. T.—Why, how can you say so.

Mr. T.—Because it is so. Fastidious, indeed! Do you know the way she judges a young man?

Mrs. T.—I know that her standard is very high.

Mr. T.—Is it? Well, at the Lawrence dance the other night, young Brown took her down to supper—a nice looking fellow—

Mrs. T.—But hardly Arabella's style.

Mr. T.—And when I asked her at breakfast, how she liked him, she said: "Pretty well, but O, Papa, did you notice he put his napkin on both knees?"

Mrs. T.—She is so ultra-refined.

Mr. T.—Ultra fiddlesticks! Another young man wore ill-fitting gloves, a third let his hair grow in an ugly way at the back of his neck, and so on—

Mrs. T.—My dear, you don't understand girls.

Mr. T.—My dear, I don't want to.

Mrs. T.—You ought to be very proud of Arabella.

Mr. T.—I am—she has a lovely arm.

Mrs. T.—And to strive to establish her well in life—

Mr. T.—What shall I do? Advertise for a man who wears his napkin over one knee only, whose gloves are made to order, and—

Mrs. T.—He awake half the night, plotting and planning for my children, while you snore serenely on.

Mr. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!—Philip H. Welch, in Puck.