WOMAN AND HOME.

DEADLY FASCINATION OF THE SWEET TEMPERED AND CLEVER UCLY.

Putting Away Winter Clothing-Care of the Baby-Feminine Tollet-Little in Green-Notes and Hints.

If I did not know girls better; if, in fact, I and not been years ago a girl myself, I should assume that Easter morn would find only grows on rows of pretty girls on their kneet with thoughts on the litary and the book of common prayer. Girls are human, thank heaven, very human, and it does my heart good to have this last confidential talk or

First, by way of moral, let me speak of a reflection I have made or rather been making of the French read steamer did not see fit to smistake North Carolina for New Jersey of Long Island for his pier. As a consequence, there has come to hand a very precious, long looked for budget of magazines, French, and French to too very last gasp. They are not fashion magazines in any sense of the word, but there is due attention to womankind. A French magazine, like a Frenchman himself,

would be all at case far from femininity. Women, old and young; belies, beautiful and ugly, adorn these pages as they do our own private life. And the thing that struck in an uziv woman."

Delighting is not necessarily loving or making love to. It is a much more subiland delicate form of admiration than making love, this delighting; much more.

The Frenchman paints the ucly woman's picture and stands before it in rapt admiration. He designs her gowns, her wrops and her hats, and walks around her with his hand on his heart. It is his ambition in a way that does it. He creates her and gives her her being. Then, like many another greature, he late ber rest.

What has this to do with fashions? Everything. Pretty women, as a rule, can look out for themselves-and do. As whatever they wear looks well on them, and they are free to follow their own sweet will, it follows that they do not yearn for extraneous advice. Perhaps the ugly woman does not yestu for it either, but even so, sho gets it.

Bometimes she needs it. The advice that I mean is not a complete "Book for Ugly Girls," but a general awakening to the possibilities of one's self, and a dotermination to foster those possibilities to the utmost. Good skin; perfect skin. Good hair; immeniate bair. Good eyes; clear, healthy, happy eyes. Good month; clear teeth and a lampy curl to the corner. Good figure; tight gowns. Bad figure-artistic gowin and trust to luck for the craze to last.

Oh, an ugly woman is to be envied rather than pitied if she knows which side is her best get jealous of her, same as they do of pretty women, without rhyme or reason. In the necond place, she will be forgiven her extra care for herself, with a blunt thought, perhaps unflattering-"Poor thing, she needs it man, same as most of us are, every triumph cause of the disadvantages of the case.

woman. You are continually growing cool, with the idea that at last she no longer brilli ut-her flushes of fascination, like Macauley's floshes of silence, prove utterly irre-

Oh, not do not pity the ugly woman proeverything, and so does she,

later to pluming themselves.

Rooted at by her brothers, and excused and apological for by the feminine members of her household, is not to be overburdened with conceit; in fact, she is apt to be anything else, from painfully bashful to right down bad

Here then will come in well a good dose of my usual panacea-common sense. Common senso will do more toward making one's life and lot agreeable than anything clas-

she berself admires a certain pretty woman, of people to whom she, if she would, might seem perfection.

Raise her ideas of beneif by any means. another give her a little comfort and a little to mind a cloud of dust coming into their common seres. Then she will be happy, and will repay your trouble by blossoming out like the rose, - San Prancises Chroniels.

Putting Away Wlater Clothing.

The labor of putting away winter clothing becomes harder each year to the average city houselseper, for motion gather thickly in the closets, trunks and chests in small houses, and especially in the flats and apartments which are the homes of so many. The derr old garrots of our childhood with their lavender scented chests are no more, even the airy old thing in their bands. In their simple dress, wardrobes that could be opened to the air and | which was, however, arranged with an eye to sunshine have given place to dark and stuffy effect in form and color, they made a very little pantries, and short trunks are used instead of the long oaken chests which permitted a gown or coat to rest its whole length and not to be doubled up and badly creased wemen, and even young men, it seems to me

thereby. This is the best season for settling clothes closets for the summer. Every article should Perhaps it would be too much to expect the be removed from them and the walls either sons and daughters of our wealthy people to whitewashed or kalsomined and turpentine exchange the delights of driving dog carts for rubbed into the wood work. No carpet should the less easy satisfaction of shouldering be left on the floor, for it breeds moths very quickly. If there are two or three shelves that as a matter of health and good looks the these should be covered with newspapers and latter would be the better for them.—Roston the winter clothing placed upon them also Post. wrapped in newspapers, the printer's ink being poisonous to the destructive little in-

of hours and whipped free of dust, all the aid of a small hand glass, rub the chalk sevput a small piece of camphor. The heally as possible, placed in a pile with a greenance of the Emovation.

opening for the entrance of the moth. The evercoats should be folded lengthwise. It is very had policy to fold them croswise, as a moth or two in this position will mark them almost beyond help. Put a piece of newspaper in each sloere, lay the coat on a flat bed or table, and fold it fourfold so that the edges will come even with the center scain; place the sleeves over each breast, taking care that the shoulders are not wrinkled. Midget-Training of Children-Bellet Vests are easily folded, but trousers are more difficult than a cout, and where a housekeeper has many men in her household she would do well to take a few lessons in folding from a

Clothing packed into a trunk should be well sprinkled with camphor. If the trunk is old, a new lining of newspapers will often

act as a preventive against moth. Families living in flats should provide themselves with two or three long oaken chests. These will be made at reasonable prices by any carpenter, and as they may be covered and used as ottomars, they need not this morning. Luckily enough, the captain take up as much room as the ordinary trunk. -New York Journal.

Little Midget's Clinging Fingers.

Mrs. Blanchard was entertaining some friends in the parlor one evening when she beard a small voice she knew so well saving: "Please 'scuse me, manima." Then she saw a little figure standing in the doorway in white gown, with tangled curls and bright eyes, too wight for 10 o'clock at night, thought Mrs. Blanchard. Midget ran across the room to the refuge that had never failed her-mother's arms "Mamma, dear," pleaded the little night owl, "I have just learned today how to me particularly, and that I am now using aight ow), "I have just learned today how to for my moral is, "How a Frenchman delights tell you I love you in such a beautiful new way. Please, may I show you? I'm so'fraid I'll forget by morning " Midget held up her dimpled fingers. "Now, everybody do just as I do," she said, gleefully. "Hold your thumbs together so, now the next singers the same way, but the next to that you must louble in tight." She held her chubby fingers a this position, the palms together, the thumbs tightly touching, also the forelingers, but the second fingers folded in so that her rosy nais and the dimples that stood for knuckles touched, then the third and fourth finners not at the tips as the thumbs and

forellnzers only "Now," cried Midget, in great delight, our far can you go from nurser and she parted the thumbs as far as they would go. Now how far from cook!" and the forefin gers went apart. Then in suppressed give the carefully explained: "You must ship the folded diagers and go to the next. Now, how for can you go from your dear, aweet manusa?" she eried in great triumph. odd it was that those queer little third fingers rould not separate, and the more you tried the closer they were, not only Midget's tiny fingers, but papa's strong ones and Judge Mill's wrinkled ones. And as long as the second fingers are held in bondage the third cues will not separate. Try it.-Christian

A Foe of Belles in Green. A protest should be raised against the vivid side. In the first place, other women won't and unspeakably hideous shade of yellowgreen that is so largely used in new costumes, and that makes the feminino wearers resemthe colossal south African currots. Any kind of green, even the palest and most delicate hue, can only be worn by women of a certain And last, but not least, if she be hu type-these, for instance, who have skins like tvory and reddish golden bair. Bet when will be balm to her soul, doubly sweet be it comes to the startling emerald tints that compose the latest gowns a word of remon-Another thing, there is a deadly fascina- strance is not out of place. The color itself tion about a sweet tempered and elever ugly is entremely beautiful on grass plot and line bash, but it is, nevertheless, horribly ugly when put into material at so much a yard. pleases you, then growing but when doubly There is no woman living to whom it is becoming. Then there is something else that appears to need modification-sleeves. The g of mutton sleeve is both picturesone and proffy on a slim, youthful figure. But is that vided she is wise. Those that love her love any reason why every other fat woman one her twice as well as a merely preity woman | meets, young or old, as the case might be, is ever loved, and she knows it. They appresshould have ridiculous puffs standing out on ciate the elevernosa which can triumph over | her shoulders like incipient wings! And then what is the meaning of those strange looking But when we find an ugly woman who has, patches that agreen at the tops of so many as it were, left all hope belaind, what are we are a -zondescript ornaments, neither a puff nor a slash, nor yet exactly an insertion, but It is unpromising situation, is it not? And a nort of timid compromise in which all three nothing is to be done except talk! Talk is have a share! It does seem a pity that with like the proverbial rain to these ugly ducks. so much good tasto everywhere, and so varied It may, however, like that, set them awhile an assortment of exquisite fabrics from which to choose in the shops, we should be com-The one great obstacle in the way of a pelled to see these monstresities—a procession would be missionary is the natural abyness of of great figures, beputted, bepatched and, this young leading. A girl who has been what is more, industied -Philadelphia Press.

Don't Train Children to Be Fussy,

A signal advantage in the treatment of comes children or infants is the fact that they do not remember or imagine. More than half the difficulty in treating the diseases of grown people lies in the formation of theories by the patient which a physician labors in vain to break down, and finally humors. It would be well for mothers to remember this simple Tell an ugly girl that the more she sulks truth. When a child has recovered from a and wrinkles her foreboad and draws down cold be does not carry the memory of it to the corners of her mouth the uglier she will make him success and sliver for several become-maturally. Tell her the more she weeks. We know by the thermometer that elaborates her complexion with red and white it is several degrees colder, and forthwith the more the world will think she has to, pile on more ciothing, allr up the fires and Teli her the more she goes about lank and local cold to the marrow of our bones. A disheveled the more pulpable will be the dif- child, in happy unconsciousness, plays on, ference between her and a girl whose features and unless the change be severe eatches and clothes are equally regular. Teach her no cold. So a little wet that has penetrated that all the world is not alike, and that while a person's bool appears to some a sure token of a bad cold, but if properly attended to Journal of Chemistry, there is every possibility that there are plenty should make no more difference than a wet hand. Be careful how you give young children fussy ideas which belong to their weary, heavy laden olders. They should be Fib to her if necessary, but in some way of trained not to feel a slight degree of cold, not eyes, or a slight bump or scratch any more than as a mere incident. A grumbling child is a patiful object, and the habit once formed is inerndicable. - Heraid of Elealth.

Italian Versus American Women.

I like to see the straight figures of a number of Italian women and girls whom I met from time to time in my walks about town. The other day a small procession of these people passed me, each bearing on her head a large bundle, and most of them having somepicturesque appearance, and much of this was due to their erect bearing. When I see the stooping shoulders of so many of our young that it would be well for them to profit by the example of these picturesque foreigners. market baskets, but I am inclined to think

Secret of the Feminine Toilet.

A reporter visiting Castle garden the other All the woolen clothing should be put out on day saw an Italian woman pull a big piece of the clothes line in the sanshine for a couple white chalk from her pocket, and, with the predicts turned inside out and well brushed and times along the part in her jet black hair. with a which broom. Then into each pocket it was a new wrinkle, he thought, and subsedress quent inquiry among the regular officers of skirts should be turned inside out, folded as the garden showed that they, too, were in Later three paper between each one, then wrapped in Italian maidens who were sitting in a group paper and pinned so as to leave no smalles if a dozen or more of their country women

thrust their bands into capacious pockets and produced three sticks of chalk. As many pocket looking glasses were brought out and then with great care the newly arrived foreigners set to work to whiten the part that divided their shiny looks at the center of their heads. The operation continued for fully ten minutes before they were satisfied that the furrow was immaculate whiteness. Then they returned the chalk and looking glasses their pockets and settled down to admire one snother.

"It is a custom," said the famous Castle garden bootblack, "that is followed by only a small number of the Italian people. It cor. sponds to the cheek painting of American men. The Italians chalk the part in their bair to give it a noticeable whiteness. It shows their glistening and oily black hair to better advantage, and according to a number of prominent Italian physicians, preserves and hardens the scalp. But few American women know of the scheme, but I suppose when they hear of it there will be a regular corner in the chalk market."-New York Mail and Express.

Care of the Baby.

I think babies have stood enough abuse. They're little and all that sort of thing and belpiess, and they are made to endure the contumely that does not belong to them. Why do people speak of a bouncing baby! A baby usually of the age to which that term is applied is about as far from bouncing as it can well be. It is the incarnation of limp-

"Isn't it a bouncing boy?" asks the nurse, ecstatically.

And just at that moment the little innocent lump of human dough is lying with its thumb in its mouth, perfectly limp. But there is a side issue. A squalling baby has been the destroyer of all romance of connubial bliss. This effect is not produced by the baby, but by the neighbors of jesting. And the mother may suffer, but still allow the poor little thing to stand all the blame. It's a shame. I may object to a baby that wakes up the house in the middle of the night with crying, but the baby crying is not a patch on the mother soothing it. That simply drives you mad, and when you hear a heavier foot land on the floor and a hind of a rough sound, you may look out for the father, whose attempts to quiet the child would wake the seven sloopers. If they'd only let the child cry, it would soon get tired and go to sleep; but they keen soo hing it until it gats wild staring wide awahe and howls for hours. Leave the baby alone and be good enough to apologize in the morning in behalf of the baby for the noise you've made yourself .- San Francisco

Pleasant Homes in Summer Dress.

It has grown to be the fashion to make a complete change of furniture, drapings, and the like, and to gut our homes in summer apparel, to take up carpets that entirely cover the floor, and replace with rugs. This very much helps to keep the rooms cool in bot weather, besides making them attractive to the eye. Then, regarding matting, one has only to walk through some of our large furnishing warehouses in town to see for how small a sum a floor can be laid with novel and artistic covering. The winter carpet gains by the summer rest, and will last One need not be extravagant to furnish rooms in good taste for the heated term, as, with the use of a few bottles of stain, the floors can be darkened; a few more of gold, bronze or enamel will completely transform the appearance of the quaint old fashioned chairs relegated to the attic. The heavy looking winter portions may be replaced by airy ones of Madras, art lace, or simple Nottingham or scrim. Cushions, foot stools and divans can be covered with dainty cretonne in gay Watteau designs, and the greatest needful expense of a summer room to look most inviting for the entire senson would be the purchase of a goodly number of low broad easy chairs and rockers of rutten and willow, to be scattered freely in every available nook

One Hour Each Day.

Every woman, no matter how situated, if able to leave her bed, ought to get one hour, if not more, in the open are each day, walking if possible. And in the winter season every living room should have a strong draught of fresh nir though it for five or ten minutes two or three times a day, even if the weather is below zero. Nervousness, hendaches and blues would disappear as if by magic if these rules were followed, and instead of an army of helpless invalids, swelling the plethoric purses of specialists, we should have active, vigorous women, a comfort to themselves and a blessing to their families, and all by the exercise of a little common sense, which after all, is a twin sister to wisdom,-Arkansaw Traveler.

Starch for Burns.

Take a little starch or grrow root, and merely moisten it with cold water, and lay it on the injured part. This must be done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin. However, it may be applied some hours afterward with good effects. I learned this when a readent of France. It may already be known here, but I have mod with none among my acquaintances who seem to have heard of it. The old remedy, raw mest, is not always at

hand, and some children have an insurmountable repugnance to let it be applied .-

Save Your Steps.

Have the articles must in use conveniently near. Don't have the pots and bettles and other cooking utensils, generally used daily, in a closet in quother room or at the farther corner of the kitchen, away from the stove, where, when they are wanted for use, you have just so many steps to take before you get them, and just so many or more to take when you are putting them back. Have a small closet near the stove or sink, where all these articles can be kept.—Boston Endget.

Treatment of a Buil.

A well known physician says that a boil should not be allowed to progress if it can be stopped at the outset, as the system is more likely to be poisoned than relieved by the gathering matter. The boil should be painted with iodine, and will not amount to anything if taken in the first stage. - Boston Budget.

Every one admires bravery, but many a hig, burly man is afraid of the woman who trembles at the sight of a mouse.-Philadelphia Herald.

In boiling meat for roup use cold water to extract the juices, but if the ment is wanted for itself alone plunge into boiling water at itualty to observe that you are ready, it is

A little linseed oil brushed over faded green blinds will, if they are not too far gone, make them look almost as good as new.

Do not use coal oil lamps in bedrooms with wick furned downtow. They produce asthma, heart disease, throat disease, etc. By dipping fish for an instant in boiling

water much of the difficulty in removing the scales will be overcome. Salt sprinkled over anything that is burn-

ag on the store will prevent any disagreeable

A MATRIMONIAL "AD."

A MAN OF "GENTEEL APPEARANCE" SEEKS A LADY CORRESPONDENT.

How the Riter Was Ritten by a Couple of Mischief Loving Fair Ones - A Double Bereage Planned-The Closing

Em and I have been having a splended ime at the expense of the matrimonial adverising citizen. For several days we saw an ad in the papers asking some lady of means o correspond with a gentleman of fine education, high moral character and gented aprearance. It was easy to see the person was pecunious, ugly and in carnest. So to this man we wrote. We told him a lovely ghost story of an early marriage to a grocer of means, of an unfortunate illness and widow bood. We said that, left with a large fort use, we were being domineered ofer by the deceased grocer's mother, who was seeking to invest a large sum we had in bank at present in property out of town, and then getting possession of the widow and money. The mother-in-law had intentions of an almost murderous character. We were "not seeking altogether to make a second marriage, but to find some strong masculine spirit to counsel and advise us in our great strait."

It was lovely how Veritas "bit at that buit." We got a letter immediately, telling "Cornelia" (that was the name we signed) to be firm; not to yield an inch; to buy no property until she had seen him. Veritas, who was epared to be drawn and quartered in dese of friendless widows with stamps. The whole letter breathed a desire to get hold of just such a blessed fool as we had made Corelia out to be.

Then we thought we would have a look at him, so we named the street in which Em lives, and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. There is a church directly opposite Em's parfor windows. We mentioned the vicinity of the church as the most secluded. He was to know the willow by a handkerchief carried n her parasot hand, and she was to know him a newspaper in one hand and a few flowers

HE HOVE IN SIGHT.

At 3 o'clock promptly we nearly fell art of the window as he hove in sight-such a endaverous, unhealthy looking speciacle, his seedy suit brushed and buttoned up, his canky hair oiled till it split and showed his sealo behind under the brim of a shocking bad hat. That hat alone settled his statusit was the style of 1879. The weed was rusty and the beaver had been touched up with a wet sponge. There were kness in his winter trousers and fringe on their bottoms. The heels of his shoes were worn off one side till he walked on the bins, and altogether he was as fine a specimen of decay as you could run on in a week.

In his hand, which was covered with a black worsted glove, he hore a newspaper rolled up like the truncheon of Hamlet's ghost, and in the end of it he had stuck a bunch of Black

As tuck would have it, a lady in mourning came down the street. Veritas was on the alert. She had no handkerchief in her hand but he pranced up beside her and looked out of his watery eyes at her knowingly. He met no encouragement, but he couldn't give it up. He passed her twice, swinging his flower tipped paper truncheou; then he got in front setting it up against his coat tails and wag ging it as if he was old dog Tray and pleased to meet ber. Half a dozen women he pursued in like manner, till finally, about 4. he gave it up as a bad job, and we lost him Then we sat down and wrote this:

"Yesterday by no strategy could I get outthat horrible old woman put her bonnet on and vowed I shou! I not stir a step without her. I was in despair. I had no one to send. and then you were disappointed. But, dear riend, don't desert me; be at that same place and if at ten minutes past 'clock I am not here, come right around to the next street where I hve, though I didn't mention it before. Go up the steps of No. 26, ring the bell, inquire for Mrs. Jones, you will se shown into the parlor, and I will come to cou. Just speak of having come from Mid lletown lately. Talk about Julia and the boys. Speak up foud and say the 'new barn Talk about anything till I is nearly done." tell you it is safe, because that old drugon

will surely be listening." SPOORIER THAN EVER. This was splendid. Around in the next treet at 26 fixes a woman named Jones. Em just detests. Only think what a situation

this brought about. At 5, punctually, there was our awful "Veritas," spookier than ever. The wretch waited and looked at a Waterbury watch several times. Of course there was no Corselia, so he braced himself and headed for 26, the next street. We had our hats on, and we flew out and after him. Up the steps bold as brass he went. He pulled the bell and was admitted. We watched and waited certainly fifteen minutes. Then the door banged open. The servent came out and looked up and down the street, "She is after the dice," said Em. Then out bonneed Veritas, is hat in his band. He was bald as a pound of butter, that is, he had just a few hairs. He was gesticulating wildly, and his poor old face was red as spanking, behind borned or Em's bete poir, Mrs. Jones, looking like a turey who seem red hat.

We sent Em's hired girl over to interview be Jones girl, and we heard all about itow he got into the parior, and, when Mrs. lones came in, tallout like a crazy man about erros, and Julias, and cows, and kept looking the folding place doors, and kept whisper Is it safe! Can I expose my identity

And Mrs. Jones at last shricked for the ziel, and they put the erazy creature out, Oh, Em and I have had a levely time. We are going to write him to-night, and vow hat Mrs. Jones was the mother-in-law, and se has Cornelia locked up, and beg him to myoke the law, and save the money in the bank and a sweet, young, old greeer's widow. -Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Actor's First Appearance, The retired performer finishes up his advice to the would be actor by some memorandum on how he should conduct himself the first

nght of his appearance.

"Should you be very nervous after dessing you had lest not appear in the green room, as you will naturally distress or fldget the performers concerned in the scenes, which fact will rather tend to augment your mal asly. Having given the prompter an opporperhaps as well for you to proceed to that sart of the stage from which you are to enter and walk quietly up and down; or, as the play goes on, observe the case and coolness with which the actors go on with their parts, nd you will doubtless eatch spirit and confidence. Make your entrance easily and coolly, with your head and eyes so fixed as to avoid seeing the footlights which, until you are accustomed to them, are apt to bewilder

Ex Queen Isabella, of Spain, is "doing" 'aris in right royal style, ax she is said to be spending money at the rate of \$200,000 a year. APPEALED FROM THE CHAIR.

How Parliamentary Insubordination Was Quelled in the Limekiln Club.

For some weeks past Elder Shinbone Whitbeck has exhibited signs of insubordination, This is said to be owing to the fact that he drew \$13 in a lottery and wants to establish a club of his own-a society with less formality and more lemonade. It was evident from his actions when the meeting opened that he had an iron hot, and the triangle had scarcely sent forth its stricken voice when he was on his feet and addressing the president. "Brushler Whitbeck, you ar' out of order,"

replied the chair order?

chair.

"Your 'peal am out of order, sah!" "I also 'peals from that decishun, an' I axes fur a vote of the lodge."

It was plain to all members that Shinbone was out of order, and that he was seeking to force some issue. Brother Gardner looked at him in a dazed sort of way for a minute, and then asked-"Does Brudder Whitbook know dat he is

liable to a fine of from six to 'leben thousand dollars?

'No, san! I demand a vote on my 'peal' "Does you intend to bull-lone dis cha'r?" "I intend to bev my rights under the constitushum an' bylaws of dis club. I hev 'pealed from your decishun."

"Does any pusson second dat 'peal?" asked the President as he looked up and down the

No one did.

"It does, sab."

The old man slowly removed the spectacles from his nose, took the chinestone pin from his bosom and calmly descended the platform and approached the older. The latter started to pull a brickbat, wrapped in cligator chin, from his hind pocket, but before he could get it out something serious happened. From the reporter's desk it seemed as if his beels hit the ling and his head the floor in rotation. One of his shoes sailed into the continuest corner and struck State Rights Green in the slowest and the other flew in the east and open Col Pan Handle Jackson. Buttone, buckley, broken suspendera, book cirapa and recipes for making root beer filled the elr and were drawn towards the open windows, and the bumpety-bumps on the floor to alormed the to turn in a fire alarm. By and by a deep bush fell upon Paradice hall. Brother Garaner returned to his chair. Givendam Jones put his cont under the head of the pulvevired man and the floating frequentialowly drifted out leto the solemn night,

"All guy'ments should rule by law," cold the president, as he toyed with his spectrely "but when subjects defy the law ra' do guv ment too, do guy'ment should be chal to de occashun. Does any one else in die hall want to 'peal from de decishun of dis chn'r under de head of "Communications?"

Not a hoof moved. - Detroit Pres Press.

Fashlenable English on the Continent. But what fushionable English people like to out the end of their season is to go to the ontinent for a month or two before the great country life of the autumn sets in. The kernest of the sportsmen, of course, will 'not got up grouse shooting, which begins on Aug. 12 but, after all, everybody has not a grous moor, nor is everybody else invited to one and some even of the fortunate do get thred of grouse shooting; and in July when the at tractions of parliament and politics and do bates begin to wane for the men; when the women are tired of balls, and dinners, and visits, and shops, and cricket matches at "Lords," and garden parties at Marlborough continent. Nearly every English person of baden, and Hombus and Aix le Bains, and the other points where healing waters are reported to restore or revive the faded strength and spirits and appetites of those who are called the "world."

They live there the simplest and most regular of lives; as different as possible from that at an American watering place. Indeed, except in Arkansas, or some other place to which only the severest sufferers are sent, I doubt if there exists at any public resort in America any such life as the most fortunate of Europeans in circumstance and station submit to at the ordinary Germanspa. They live in the plainest quarters, they ent the plainest and commonest fare, often such as their own servants at home, would refuse They put aside all their finery and go about in the plainest garb. They rise at 6, and sometimes at 5 in the morning, and go to bed at 9 at night. They take the water from some spring to which they are obliged to walk, and they must go out in all weathers the water may not be brought, or it leses its force; they stand en queue, in long trains, mixed with what they consider the "common people;" ambassadors and princes, ofter among sliopkeepers and greasy Bohemians, sent to the springs for obesity. They some times, as at Carlibad, carry their own cum, but at other places, like Kissingen, they are the same glasses as the mass, and the mass in often very massy.—Adam Badean's Letter.

Courtesy and Courage,

I know of a lit. Paul artist the culy claims to be an amateur; who not long ago invited everal field friends to visit his study and import his works, as well as several race turmases that he had made in Munich. The dears came, all in a flatter, to spend a p'erant hour. On an ever was resting one of the finest of his foreign collection, though to the unpractical eye it would seem only so much solor. It had cost blor quite a sum, and in intended eventually to present it to his His guests gazed on everything admired and chattered and talked until they came to this. Then one, an imposent durling with the blenst eyes, carclessly jubbling her parasoi point not only at it, but through it, remarked; "Oh, I'm so sorry. I dish't mean to do that, Pray forgive me, Mr Blank, "My dear modain," he replied, "don't worry, That is only an off hand work of my ownnot worth anything at all," Wasn't that courtesy and courage? That "off band" picture had only cost him \$400.-Pioncer Press.

The Stealer of Newspapers.

Guests in large boarding houses find it difficult to secure their papers unless they sit up all night and watch the front stoop when it comes. I have tried the plan of having my name marked on the paper, but the has availed me nothing. The spot on which was placed my name would be torn off and the gentleman who was complacently reading and monopolizing my property would look up from his plate as I came in and, in a voice of anxious inquiry, ask me whether I had read the bews. On revelving a negative answer he would politely hand me the paper held by him with the remark that I was at liberty to use "bis paper." Without exaggeration this same thing has occurred to me for weeks at a the sight, magnify every object about and time. The same fellow who shilly steals my on digginess and confusion in the brain." paper I understand performs the same perty -II. A. Hewitt, in N. Y. Mail and Express. largetry at his barber's and in the cafes where he is known. That he is crazy on the subject of stealing newspapers I have not the slightest doubt.-Brooklyn Eagle.

TRIP WITH A PRIEST

AMONG THE AVERAGE POOR OF THE GREAT EAST SIDE.

A Tour Among Typical Tenement Families-Disorderly Condition of a Washerwoman's Home-A Neat Place-A Mother and Daughter.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when the priest stopped before a big tenement building not far from the East river, "Does de cha'r decide dat I ar' out of An alley ran directly through this building to the back yard. The passage was low, dark and narrow. The yard was about fifteen "Den I 'peals from the decishun of de feet square. It came to an end at a five story building, which stood, therefore, off the street and between blocks, entirely surrounded with solid rows of tenement houses. It seemed like a house in a well. This structure swarmed with the life of twenty families. Besides serving as a hubitation for upward of 100 human beings, it had been found convenient as a bitching post for numerous clothes lines. From all the buildings by which it was surrounded ran lines that were attached to it in various places. These lines were double, running around a pulley at the further end, so that a woman in the third story by pulling on the empty line could bring all her drying linen within her reach one piece at a time. Certainly a convenient arrangement, but it was productive of a picturesque array of clothing of all sorts sus-pended at heights varying from one to six stories, and by so much the more shutting off light and air. Such is one of the most common features of the tenement districts. Were it not thus there would be no place whatever for the hanging out of a wash, for the roofs and back yards combined would not go around to one-quarter of the tenants; and it saves going up and down stairs with big baskets of clothes to roof or yard, as the ease might be. But it does not save going down stairs even from the seventh or eighth or tenth stories to dispose of refuse, for the only connection with the sewer for these dwelling places is through outhouses in back

"Let us go in here," said the priest, leading the way to the door of the unrow building at the back of the yard. It need not be said that the staleway was steep and dark. At the grocer down stairs that he ran out and cought top of the fifth flight the priest knocked at a "Kemm," exclaimed a strong, hearty voice,

ed the priest and his companion entered.

othing short of a photograph and catalogue ently do justice to the confusion of that room. longine, in the first place, that it is about ten feet square. The door, when pushed part way open, comes to a stop against a mass of clothing, or if not clothing odds and ends of loth; in the heap, which is about two feet igh, may be detected remnants of shirts, trousers, quilts, skirts, stockings, shows, sheets, towels, mosquito netting and nondescript articles, apparently without number. They are not the evidence that the woman who stands at the other side of the room is in the washber leadings, for the things in this hear are hopelessly ragged, very dirty and unfit for use. The heap is crowned by a broken down market basket, in which is lying a haby less than a year old. She is covered with the shreds of a quilt and she looks indifferently out of her dull eyes at the visitors. A similar heap of clothing is under the window at the end of the room. Pots, shoes, plates, pans, coal, kindling wood a very little of each), bottles, a brush, a piece of soap and some other articles that have slipped from the memory are on the floor. One cannot step without trending upon something besides the honeds of the floor. There are a small stove, house, perhaps a third of the very great and | a box cupbourd in which a few dishes are ungay world turns its face and feet toward the systematically arranged and a mantel shelf at one side of the room. Several cheap pictures rank or quality makes these visits once in two are on the walis. From a smaller and winor three years. They go to Carlsbad, and dowless room in equally hopeless confusion comes a child of about five years to stare glumly at the priest. The woman cooking at the stove is a stalwart German, clad approprintely to her surroundings. She smiles pleasantly and talks with all the gusto and volubility of a typical gossip.

The next place visited was scrupulously nest. A young woman with a grave face presided there. She had three children. Her husband was away at his work. He is a shoemaker, and gets from his regular employment \$5 a week. He pays \$10 a month for rent, and the priest said that he believed the young man added somewhat to his income by coobling until late at night in his tenement for his neighbors. The only child present was a bright little youngster just able to walk. He bokest healthy. As the priest went out of the building a 6-year-old boy ran up to him shouting, "Hulloa, Father!" He belonged to

the same family. Up four flights in another building was an elderly woman whose room was fairly neat, but crowded with kitchen and bedroom furniture. Elected how her son had fallen into a cellar the day before and had to be taken to a hospital, and how turee days before her husband had gone down with a staging and injured himself so that he had to stay

"Whope is he now!" asked the priest, "Oh, he got up this morning and went to

work again; This family consisted of husband, wife and five children. The husband, when he did not less time from calamities, made 812 a week,

and, with the work of the mother and the chief, boy, the total income per week rose to The writer estants "Would it be possible by a more sensible cuties of the meame for these people to live

more comfortably? Is any of it wasted in crink or other form of dissipation?" "These people are temperate," replied the polest gravely. "Whether they might not, if they know more about domestic economy, manage to get more for their money. I do not know; but there is an aged father and mother whose support, rent and all, has to come out

of that Els a week." At the very top of a lefty building within a stone's throw of the water from were a mother and her daughter at work making shirts. The daughter was about 17 years old, and under better circumstances she might have been pretty. She rose with a smile to greet the priest, who inquired about her

health. "I not feeling well, today, futher," she said, "but the reason I have not been to church for two Sundays is that I was sick abed. I cannot go out every day now, as I cannot tell when I shall be better. I was so sick last night that they thought I would not live till

"Yes," interrupted the mother in a tremulous voice, "we thought she would surely die." "And yet you are at work now?" he asked. "Yes," was the cheerful reply. "We must do all we can or we shall not get rich."

Further questions developed the fact that these two, who had only themselves to depend upon, managed by continuous work during the light of two days, to do seventy-two cents' worth of work. And they sighed as they explained that work was not always steady. The girl's voice was wenk, her frame thin and wasted, her face colorless, and as the priest and his companion went down stairs they could only look significantly at each other, both silently wondering whether she would live to take her communion at church on the coming Sunday .-- New York Sun.