MORE MONEY IN CANDY MAKING THAN IN MANUSCRIPT.

Mints for the Household-An Undesirable Habit-Care of Lamps-Woman's Friendship-Her Specialty-Good Breeding. Bostonian Desserts-Stray Items.

"The one or two literary friends I had advised me to write a novel, and give up all other duties to do it. I had not sufficient faith in myself for that, but was persuaded by an experienced friend to write a serial story of a melogramatic character, merely as a pot boiler, for to make money had become a stern necessity. As the story had to be full of moral purpose, and would do good rather than harm, I swallowed my instincts and began it without the smallest belief in my own powers for writing sensational work. Nevertheless, I was determined to finish it; if not good of its kind, at least I had not neglected to make the effort.

"Just as it was finished there was a great stagnation in the periodical trade, and I received the manuscript back, saying that it had not been read because, in consequence of the dull times, no manuscripts were being purchased. I then gave up the idea of sensational literature and returned to Plainfield, N. J., where I had formerly resided. The friend with whom I stayed, like myself, was short of ready money. In considering the means of making it, she suggested if I could make certain articles she had eaten at my house during the days I was studying Gouffe, she could find a ready sale among her friends, of whom she had a very large circle.

"We devoted \$1 worth of material to the experiment. Our though s turned only to candy and candied fruits. Gouffe gave one form of candy, which I had tried in former days because I could not realize that sugar and water, boiled, could ever be rolled out like dough. I satisfied myself that it was so and went no further into the matter and thought no more of it until reminded of it by my friend. I experimented and succeeded in making little squares, or tablets of cream candy, which seemed quite wonderful at the time. After many experiments and failures succeeded in candying some fruit.

"These were sent out as samples by my friend, and during the interval I went on experimenting and succeeded in making candies that made me ashamed of the sample. It was uggested, also, that English plum puddings, for the making of which I had some reputa tion, on account of their keeping qualities, would be very likely to sell. My hostess atended to the sale, took the improved samples of candies to New York, and found her friends delighted with them. The Woman's exthange also took them. She returned home with orders for Thanksgiving, to be all filled within a week, which, considering that I was only in the experimental stage, that we had not a convenience and were on the top of a bill three miles from town, knew nothing of waxed paper or almond paste, or anything of the kind, was simply appalling, for the orders were for many pounds of candies and many others for Christmas puddings and cakes, We knew not one must be refused. We had ao servant and could get none, but did get a woman at odd times during the week to wash Myself and friend worked far into the night from very early morning. For hours I stood boiling sugar, pot after pot, while as it sooled she worked it, then during any interval we washed currents, stoned a few raisins or blanched almonds, in short, working incesmantly, not stopping even for meals.

"Every order was filled, and before we had time to look around, orders began coming in again, and then they came not only for articles we professed to make, but for many others. One lady wanted macaroons, if she could have them. I had made macaroons years before, and as it became our business to refuse no order whatever, the macaroons were experimented with, until such as would compare with the best were produced. Many of these were sold at the Woman's exchange, as was our candy also. But before Christ mas, private or, ers came so thick that nothing could be sent to the exchange. For Christmas and New Years, over sixty pounds of French candy, one hundred and odd plum puddings, besides sponge cake, macaroons, pound cake and jumbles, were ordered, and every order filled; we worked for weeks, before and after Christmas, eighteen hours a day, for the demand continued all through the holiday season. And we candied our own prange and lemon pecl, and had none of the sids to labor we might have procured had we raticipated such success.

"During Lent, when there was a lull, I went for a few weeks to New York, and read and made notes on everything I could find on confectionery in the Astor library. There were few modern books of much service, and then, for the first time, I found my acquirement of Italian and French stand me in good stead, for I was able to glean some valuable Meas from old Italian and French confectioners. During this interval I was asked, by the owner of one of Sardou's plays, to translate it for her, as she was not satisfied with the translation she had. I agreed to do it in the summer, and went back to my friend to experiment on the contents of my note book.

"A few weeks later I took a cottage much pearer the depot, with the intention of carrying on the business of making plum pudding, takes, etc., the next winter. But, meanwhile, I translated the play and turned some sotes that I had ready for a lecture, which I found I had not the courage to deliver, into some articles, afterward printed in Scribner's Monthly. I then wrote 'Culture and Cook ing, and sent my sensational story again on its travels, as times had become more prosperous. This time it did not come back, but with the acceptance and a liberal check came an offer of stendy work on a weekly journal, provided I agreed to write only for that one periodical. This agreement was made, with the privilege of writing for Cassell's Magarine, in London, to which I had been some time a contributor, and the engagement justified me in giving up for the time being the business of candy and pudding making entirely to my former hostess and friend, who, by her energy and business ability, had helped so largely to make it a success."-Catherine Owen in Good Housekeeping.

An Undesirable Habit.

A habit very common with a number of our thoughtless young ladies, who do a great many things quietly which they would not like to have known of at home-a habit deserving of the strongest condemnation-is that of promiscuous correspondence with gentlemen, whether the gentlemen be married or The comig ladies who flud pleasure in this habit use their pens on any pretext that turns up, and sometimes on no pretext at all. We are not really sure that this does not come less under the head of an undesirable habit than a sin, for there is an indelicacy about it quite amounting to immodesty, of which no girl who respects herself or who desires the respect of others will be guilty.

These young letter writers, however, generally get a fit reward for their thoughtless ness or their culpability in the end. For if Sheir correspondent is a man of systematic habits, their letters are docketed and tick eted, and his clerks have as much of a laugh over them as they wish; and if he is not a systematic man, then those letters are at the mercy of any and every one who chooses to waste time in reading them. And if their correspondent is a married man, then his possession of their letters, even of the most trivial kind, places the writers at a disadvantage. Sooner or later, too, in that case, the letters fall into the hands of his wife; his wife, who, long after the brist correspondence has been done with, usually remains mistress of the situation, reads the folly or the wickedness with clear eyes, and holds the writer not only in contempt, but in her lower. No young girl can be sure that her correspondent is not merely amusing himself with her; and it is often the case that her letters are unwelcome and a nuisance, and he does not check them and does reply to them, not from interest in her, but mere manly chivalry.

And when the writer has recovered from her folly, or forgotten about her idleness, there is the letter, in all probability still extant, in the possession of somebody, she knows not whom, ready to rise like an awful betraying ghost after she herself has possibly undergone a change that will make her face burn, branded with shame, should the letter ever chance to confront her, or perhaps even the memory of it. Her motive may have been all innocence at the time, but it is left forever under doubt; and, in fact, except in the baldest business affair, there can be no excuse, and therefore no innocence, in the matter of a young girl's writing letters to any man not her personal relative or guardian. for about most of these letters there is an unimaidenliness almost amounting to indecency, and in the end her correspondent himself never thinks other than lightly of her on account of them.—Harper's Bazar.

Hints for the Household.

Salt and water clean willow furniture. For scraping kettles a large clam shell is

To save table scrubbing have your dish table covered with zinc.

Clean stoves when cold with any stove polsh mixed with alum water.

The foot of a coarse cotton stocking is superior to a sponge for bathing purposes.

Fry some apples occasionally. Fried apples will remove the edge from many a bard meal. New tins should be set over the fire with politing water in them for several bours before food is put into them.

Lemon juice and sugar, mixed vary think, is useful to relieve coughs and sore throats. It must be very acid as well as sweet.

Spots may be taken from gilding by immersing the article in a solution of alum in

pure soft water. Dry with sawdust. A little borax added to the water in which scarlet napkins and red bordered towels are

washed will prevent them from fading. Plaster busts may be cleaned by dipping them into thick liquid cold starch-clear starch mixed with cold water-and brushing

them when dry. The latest wrinkle for luncheons in New York is to serve the soup in cups instead of plates, and the china stores are selling two handled cups for the purpose.

Plaster of paris mixed with water about like paste is good for closing cracks in stove ovens, firebricks, old coal scuttles, water pots and a great many other things.

When the nose threatens to bleed exce sively, it can sometimes be arrested by putting the feet into hot water, or by applying a mustard plaster between the shoulders.

For making hair oil that is not injurious to the hair: Castor oil, 1/2 pint; 95 per cent. alcohol, 1/4 pint; tincture cantharides, 1/4 ounce; oil of bergamot, 2 drachms. Color toe mixture a pale pink with alkanet root. The bottom of an old keg or butter firkin

makes a good mat to set your kettle on. Have one or two hanging near the dish table. Make a hole and put a siring through to hang Finger marks may be removed from varished furniture by the use of a little sweet

oil upon a soft rag. Patient rubbing with hloroform will remove paint from black silk or any other material. Steel knives which are not in general use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped

n a strong solution of soda, one part water to four of soda; then wipe dry, roll in flannel and keep in a dry place. Tea stains are very difficult to get out if eglected. They should be soaked in either

mik or warm water as soon as possible, and then soaped and rubbed out. The next washng will efface them wholly.

One of the most common causes of stomach nal bowel troubles in children is the common astom of feeding very young children potstoes, rice and bread before their digestive anparatus is capable of digesting these starchy ngredients:

To take creases out of drawing paper of mgravings lay the paper or engraving face ownward on a sheet of smooth, unsized white paper, cover it with another sheet of the same very slightly damp and iron with a moderately warm flatiron.

Woman's Friendship for Woman.

In spite of what satirists and sciolists may save to say on the matter, so far as our own view has extended we have always seen one woman ready to be the friend of another when she has once been plainly given to understand that her friendship is required and will be of service, and we should advise no young girl, no young wife, nor woman of naturer years, to seek aid and friendship, on any occasion when she finds real need of those commodities, from the other sex if there is a good and gentle woman within her reach. the mother that is in every woman, that is with her from the day before her first doll came, and will be with her after her last grandbaby has done with dolls, rises at apeal, brings her emotions into play, and all her resources with them, enlists all her energies, and makes her ready to use every effort for the other woman, whether in sore distress or just in teasing trouble.

If she feels that vice must not be smiled m, that malice must be checked, that pathe which lead to death must be made hard to tread, shall she be kinder than or superior to that nature which, in visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children as a law of heredity. does the same thing! Yet where this mother of pity is not to be found in a woman or righteous call, and she neither feels nor re sonds to the cry of trouble in another, then that person may be a woman fair enough is ontward seeming, but in her heart she is no woman at all.—Harper's Bagar.

Woman's Specialty.

We often speak of the various differences, mental and otherwise, between man and woman. Among them all there is none more striking than this, that man's work has been highly specialized, while woman's has not. veral specialties have been evolved out of her original specialty—as weaving, spinning, baking, etc. But these new specialties have mostly been given to men, not women. To all intents and purposes women has now, as always, one specialty-house-

Hence the intense heredity of it. It is bred in the bone. The carpenter's son may fail to develop a special aptitude for working in

wood; but the son of a long line of carpenters, whose male ancestors on his mother's side were also carpenters, would be sure to This case never occurs. Masculine specialties are numerous. Their specialties are not one, but many. Now, if it happens that one of those ancestors had a specialty particularly adapted to transmission, which had become a part of his nature before his children were born, his posterity may have inherited his sp cial aptitude regardless of the occupations of their immediate male parents. course, it would all the time be diluted by its mixture with aptitudes inherited through other strains.

In the case of woman, every circumstance conspires to make the special aptitude intensely hereditary. It is acquired before the birth of children, hence it is always transmitted. It has been transmitted, undiluted, from the female side through countless generations. In a certain sense woman inherits masculine aptitudes from her male ancestors, but almost her only use of them, is to transmit them to her sons .- Henry J. Philpott in Popular Science Monthly.

If you burn your lamps all night cleanse them daily; otherwise every other day will

be sufficient. Sweeping days remove the lamps from the oom, and do not return until the dust set-

Be sure to handle the chimney by the botom; it is always cool there and the finger

narks will not disfigure. In fly time make some neat paper caps for be chimneys.

Keep your burners bright. If boiling them once in six months in sal soda will not do it east them aside and buy new ones. Throw away defective ones as quickly as a piece of dynamite.

Remember that wicks often become candied, work badly and emit an offensive odor. To remedy this wash them once in six or eight mouths in suds, rinse and dry. Sew to the wick a strip of red or blue flan-

nel just its width and length; it looks pretty and enables you to use all of the wick when quite short In purchasing lamps be sure they are well

put together if of different materials. Those with transparent reservoirs are more agrees e and easier to fill. Learn how to blow out a light and teach

our children, thus avoiding danger, a disagreeable odor and a smoky chimney. Turn the light down quite low, when a slight breath from the top of the chimney puts it out, then turn up the wick a trifle, leaving it ready to light.-Estelle Mendell in Good Housekeeping.

Essence of Good Breeding.

When you enter a room and are presented to the hostess, her reception of you proves har good breeding or her bad. The way in which her children meet you-the way in which at any age beyond the merest babyhood they speak and hold themselves-is as eloquent of their gentle training or ungentle as is a correct accent or a provincial. No idiosyncrasy mars the real essence of good breeding, and all excuses made for lapses and lesions are futile. A well bred person may be as shy as a bawk, and her limbs may be as awkwardly bung together as so many crooked sticks badly pinned. All the same her good breeding will be evident, and neither her shyness nor her awkwardness will tell against it. Though it costs her the well known agonies to sustain a connected conversation, and though by the very fact of her shyness her brain will run dry, she will sustain it with the most consummate politeness if not always with the most flawless fluency. She will put a restraint on herself and talk her best, bad as that best may be, because she is versed in the art and mystery of good breeding and thinks of others rather than

But an ill bred person, if shy, is simply boorish, and takes no trouble to conquer the dumb demon within him, but gives way to it and lets it conquer him at pleasure. You feel that the excuse made for him or her by those who want to smooth over asperities with varnish-that excuse of being so "dreadfully shy" is no excuse at all. For you know by experience how sweet and anxious to be supple and at ease-for all the pain it costs her-can be that well bred bundle of nerves and fears, who is as timid as a hare and as sensitive as a mimosa, but also who is as thoughtful for others as the boor is disregarding.-Home Journal.

Favorite Bostonian Desserts.

The Bostonians are fond of odd novelties of the table. A favorite dessert of theirs is to hollow out a block of ice and place within cubes of muskmelon. It is cut up in the morning, placed in the ice, covered with a block of ice and served at 6 o'clock dinner. Over this frozen melon is sprinkled sherry and powdered sugar. Brown bread ice cream is a favorite Boston dish. The brown bread is permitted to become stale; it is then grated into the usual ingredients for ice cream and is delicious. Huckleberry ice cream is also appetizing and looks pretty. It makes an ice cream almost as black, and is a novelty. Huckleberry griddle cakes for breakfast and fried sliced bananas are favorite dishes with the wealthy Bostonians, as are also stewed rest currants. Almost all fresh fruits are cooked as breakfast dishes, and stewed cucumbers never prove injurious, while they are an attractive dish. There is also at hand to sip all day an ice pitcher filled with cream of tartar water sweetened. This not only cools the blood, but is a wonderful nervine as the French know, who invariably sip sweetened water.-Boston Cor. Washington

Lady Graduates.

The ladies have done well at Cambridge and Dublin. At the English university eleven of the superior sex have succeeded in taking mathematical honors, while in Ireland the degree of bachelor of arts has been conferred on nine women, of whom four took honors, One lady was capped master of arts, and an other lady, who obtained the first place in the honors list in modern literature, was awarded a valuable scholarship. Seventyeight women presented themselves for the natriculation examination, and of these eventy one passed, twenty seven obtaining honors.-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Baby's Album.

An accomplished amateur photographer us a set of rough Manila albums, each one devoted to one of his children. The first page shows the baby a day old, and not a month basses without a picture of that child or some of its surroundings-the nursery, the house, its books and playthings. On some pages are family groups in which the child figures. Beneath each picture is written the date, and the album will constitute a curious record for the future.—Harper's Bazar.

Neglect of Women's Interests.

The neglect of women's interests by worknen and their organizations is clearly a mistake, even if looked at from the most uncom promisingly selfish point of view, and the selfish instinct of the labor organizations should prompt them to aid an effort for the protection of women from underpay, alhough those who make that effort are moved by much higher and more generous considerations.-New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE PRINCETON'S GUN.

HOW IT EXPLODED AND KILLED TWO OF TYLER'S CABINET OFFICERS.

The Story as Told by a Sailor on Board the Vessel-The Scene Upon Deck After the Peacemaker Had Carried Out Its Work of Destruction.

Charles R. Lawrence, sitting on his doorstep the other night, his head enveloped in a tightly drawn bandanna handkerchief and his knees and chin but a few inches apart, rasped out the story of the Princeton from a throat hoarse with a twenty years' cough.

"It was on Feb. 28, 1844," said the old man, "and I mind it well, for I had a son born that day. Capt. Stockton built the Princeton on his own plan at the Philadelphia navy yard, and after she was launched I helped to rig her. Then she went round to Washington and lay at the navy yard, in the Potomac. When the 28th came she steamed down the river, with the president, most of his cabinet. young John Tyler, a lot of senators and representatives, a dozen or two naval officers and ever so many ladies aboard, all the guests of Capt. Stockton. There was fiddling and flirting and dancing and champagne drinking all the way down. Officers on shore were mighty polite to the wives of those that were away in the Mediterranean or cruising with the Asiatic squadron, and there was no end of fun among the young folks. The president was merry, too, for Miss Gardner was aboard. Her father was killed that day, but I saw her on the Princeton again when the vessel was off the battery at New York. She was Mrs. Tyler then, the wife of the president. I saw her again, a long time afterward, at John Tyler's home, on the James river. The exresident showed me his children that day and gave me thirteen gold dollars.

THE EXPLOSION.

"Well, they fired the Peacemaker twice on the way down the river, and then everybody went below to dinner. There was plenty of champagne again and the president gave the toast, 'The Princeton's three guns-the Oregon, the Peacemaker and Capt. Stockton, and the greatest of these is Stockton.' At last Secretary Gilmer asked to have the Peacemaker fired again, and some of the company followed Capt, Stockton on deck to see the piece I aded. The president started up with the rest, but turned back to hear his son-in-law, Mr. Waller, sing a song. Capt. Stockton ordered Lieut. Hunt to make ready for firing. Old King was gunner and Barlow was gunner's mate. They loaded the gun with twenty-five pounds of powder and a 212 pound shot. She was so big that you could have crawled inside her and had plenty of room to spare. Capt. Stockton stood nearest the gun, and the cabinet officers, some senators and a few ladies were not far away. The secretary of war walked off before the gun was fired. Capt. Stockton called out, 'Stand clear of the gun,' and then she was fired. There was an awful explosion, a cloud of smoke and a loud scream from the wounded. When the smoke cleared away every one could see that the top of the gun was blown off from trunnions to breech, and wo dozen people were lying on deck. Capt. Stockton was burt, but he jumped to his feet and mounted the gun carriage to see the damage. There lay Col. Gardner with both legs and both arms gone, Mr. Maxey with an arm missing. Mr. Gilmer with his skull crushed, Mr. Upshur with one leg blown off, Capt. Kennon with his watch blown clear brough his body, and still a running, so they said; the president's servant, wounded so that he died soon after, and ever so many more hurt with pieces of the gun or shocked by the concussion. Senator Benton was hurt a little and scared a good deal, and Senator Woodbury's daughter had her pretty face splashed with the blood of the injured. One lady's headdress was singed with a hot piece of the gun. Senator Phelps' hat was blown off and almost everybody on deck was knocked down.

THE SCENE ON DECK. "The ladies below deck didn't know what ad happened, and before they came up flags and canvas were thrown over the dead bodes. A senator said to the president, 'You've ost two of your cabinet,' and Mr. Tyler burst right out a crying. When the news spread everybody rushed on deck. Capt. Kenm's wife wouldn't be satisfied until she had lifted the canvas and looked at her husband's body. Mrs. Gilmer sat on deck with dry eyes, moaning and saying it couldn't be true that her husband was dead. There was no merrymaking on the way back, except that so e of the sailors broke in and drank up what was left of the champagne. One fellow, they said, tried to steal Kennon's watch after

it had gone through the poor captain's body. "After the accident the Princeton looked as if she'd been in action. There was blood and bits of flesh all about the place where the gun exploded; the bulwarks were carried away; the rigging was tangled, and one of the yards was cut clean through by a big chunk of the gun, that flew up and went balf through the deck when it came down. That piece weighed over 700 pounds, and there was more than 1.600 pounds of metal blown off the gun. When we landed the dead bodies were taken to the White House. Capt, Stockton was dreadfully cut up about the accident, as the Princeton and her guns were his pets. The court of inquiry cleared him of blame, but he never got over it, even after he was made a ommodore."-St. George's (Del.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Where the Heirlooms Come From.

One of the largest dealers in old furniture and bric-a-brac in New York city told me the other day that the principal parts of his sales were with the Long Island farmers, "You don't tell me," said I, "that those hardhanded illers of the soil have taste for this sort of thing!" "I don't, indeed," he replied; "there is nothing they)care less about, but they keep a constant supply on hand to sell as heirlooms, with which they are very loth to part; and the fun of it is." he added, "that they often get bigger prices than we would dare to ask. and for furniture in a very bad state of repair, too. All we sell out of our place is put in perfect order, and at a very large expense, while these old rascals get just as good a price for theirs in the last stages of dilapidation."-New York Letter.

Thoroughly Polite.

Peabody Jamison is one of the most courteous men on the road, and he can be polite under very trying circumstances. The other lay while he was riding in a Clark street car. a lady burdened with much more than her share of avoirdupois entered. Peabody was on his feet in an instant, but the space he left was, comparatively speaking, woefully

small. "I am very much obliged to you," said the indy, as she balanced herself on the edge of

"Don't mention it," replied Peabody gal-

lantly. "I am only sorry there isn't more of it."-Merchant Traveler. A Suggestion for the Poets.

Celia Thaxter writes all her poetry between 4 and 6 o'clock in the morning. It would be a good thing if some other poets would follow her example. The habit would insure their being up in time to do an honest day's work,

anyhow. -Somerville Journal.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brer Gardner's Able Address on Women's Extravagance.

It was two minutes after the triangle sounded before the smoke in Paradise h ll would permit the members to see each other. When it had at last thinned out Brother Gardner said:

"Nicolemus Pembroke Scott, a local member of dis lodge, has crossed into Canady an' will not reappear among us. Fur de las' three months I have bin expectin' some sich climax, an' dis mawnin', when a messenger informed me dat he had disappeared arter failin' in an attempt to shoot hisself wid an ole hoss pistol, I war not a bit surprised. He leaves a wife an' two chill'en an' about fifty creditors.

"What sent him off? De same reasons dat am daily workin' to bring about another panic-de same reasons dat explain de hundreds ob bizness failures-de same reasons dat am cripplin' de efforts of thousands of hard workin' men to secure homes of deir ownfamily extravagance. No, you can't call it extravagance; foolery am a better name for it. Up to a y'ar ago Brudder Scott was jobbin' aroun' and makin' \$1 a day. Den he got a situashun by which he airned \$14 per week. He was poo' off in de house an' had debts hangin' ober him, but heah was a chance to get eben. How was it improved! In less dan one month his wife was rigged out wal a \$20 dress, twelve shillin' kids, a \$5 bat and an opera fan. He had no peace ob min' onless he obeyed her. In six weeks she became too high toned to wash an' iron fur oder folkses. In two mouths she wanted a better house, wid a red parlor carpet an' cane seat cha'rs all aroun' de room. In three months she had to have a black silk dress, gold bracelets, a tony bunnet, kid shoes an' gold fiilin' in her teef.

"Dat foolery has reaped its harvest. De husband found dat he was runnin' behind, his home was bein' neglected, his wife was beln gossiped about, an' in despair he has p cked up his feet an' slid out. It was de natural result. I tell you, my frens, de tomfoolery of de women of dis kentry am strainin' on de chalk line till t'e cord can't stan' much mo', an' it am high time dat somebody sots his foot down. De man who airns \$25 per week has somehow got de ideah into his head dat de world expects him to dress his wife as if he airned a banker's profits. Wives of men who can't keep up wid deir house rent am canterin' up an' down wid sealskin sacques an' \$6 shoes. Wives of men who have to dodge de butcher an' grocer an' tailor am now selectin' fall carpets an' orderin' \$30 lambrequins. Wives of men who couldn't raise \$50 at de bank to save der necks am rushin' to bails an' parties an' havin' deir expensive dresses described fur de benefit of de public.

"De so called society of de aige am composed of false hair, false pretenses, debt dodging an' base decepshun. Our rich people and distinguished by deir plain dress an' quiet manners. De snides an' dudes an' dodos do all de swaggerin', rush on all de colors an' monopolize de biggest sheer of de street. You wait! De man who lives fur anoder ten y'ars will h'ar suntbin' drap, an' arter de drap takes place de thousands of idiots who now feel ashamed to admit dat dey doan keep but two servant gals in de house will go back to deir cook stoves an' wash tubs an' take deir proper places in de purceshun."-Detroit Free Press,

Australian "Helps."

(Alleged ads in Victoria paper.) Wanted-An amiable and high toned family consisting of a delicate and shrinking elderly widow who is a small eater any way and has her meals sent in from a restaurant, can secure a comfortable home with a superior cook. No notice taken of families who give dinners or who fail to take nicked china in a truly Christian spirit. Address "Earnest Worker," forwarding credentials authenticated by a clergyman.

Wanted-An industrious and hard working family who do their own cooking, washing ironing, ashes sifting, dressmaking, mending, dusting, sweeping, nursing, whitewashing, housecleaning, carpet beating, fancy work, chamberwork, preserving, knitting, painting in oils, scrubbing, wax fruit and care of the cow, and who have an agile hired man to make fires, fill lamps, snuff candles, exercise the purs, clean the silver, run for the doctor, wind the clocks, tend door and shoo nocturnal cats off the back fence, can hear of a good opening with a lady whose specialty is general bousework. Address "Overtasked.

Wanted-A winning and modest appearing male baby, 3 months old, of unexceptionable moral character, would like to evail himself of the advantages of a nurse. Baby's name is mostly "Tootsey-Wootsey-Mamma's Pet." but it can be changed to "Bub," if that seems to come handier. Can refer to seventeen nurses now in the lunatic asylum with whom he has lived during the past four weeks. Address "Little Angel."

Wanted-A graceful and accomplished family that moves in the best circles and has no poor relations that come to the house will be permitted to allay itself with a select waitress; must furnish satisfactory pedigree. Apply in applicant's own handwriting. No notice taken of letters not stamped with a 'crest." Families that did not come over with William the Conqueror will be repulsed with scorn. Address "Deportment."

Wanted-A chambermaid who is about to orm matrimonial relations would like to procure a situation for a really deserving and well behaved family, which has lived with her for the last twelve years. This is a rare chance for a chambermaid in search of a family that keeps its place and never gives impudence. Salient sketch of family and imperial group picture furnished on application. Address "Orange Blossoms." - Cor, New York Tribune,

Not So Easy-Sometimes.

He was rather sentimental, and so was she is they strolled along. She knew she had him, but he did not know how far he had progressed with her.

"Do you like sentiment?" he said. "Not too much of it," said she, "How happy a fellow must feel when he as the girl he loves in his arms, and holds er close to his breast, and presses his lips to

ners, and"-"And-and-it's so easily done," said she .-San Francisco Chronicle.

Regardless of Cost. "Young man, ' he asked, "what is your am-

"To get rich, sir," replied the young man, lighting a fresh cigar. "Not a very high aim. But while you are trying to get rich aren't you spending a good deal of money?"

bition in life!"

"Oh, I don't mind the expense, sir. I'm willing to get rich regardless of cost."-New

That Is, if He Was Just Learning. "What was Nero's greatest act of cruelty?" asked the teacher of the class in history. "Playin' the fiddle," was the prompt response; and the teacher let it go at that.— Washington Critic.

One of the Rising Ones, "My son," inquired the minister, "can you repeat the Ten Commandments?"
"No, sir, but I can light a cigarette in the

wind the first trial."-Detroit Free Press.

TRIPS FOR THE GIRLS.

A NOVEL VACATION PARTY LEAVES NEW YORK ON FOOT.

Girls of the Art Students' League Who Go Jogging Over the Hills-A College of Physical Training for Young La-

A novel vacation party left the city the other morning. It comprised a ball dozen members, an artist whose name is not unknown with his wife heading the group, and accompanied by a quartette of girls in their early twenties, two of them being pupils of the Art Students' Lengue. The six are en route for the Catskills. They purpose to be anywhere from a week to a month on the

road. In a word, they are going to walk.

A tramp trip through some of the most beautiful-though it may not arrogate to itself the title grandest-scenery in the east is what the party, largely feminine, has in mind, walking in the cool of the morning and in the late afternoon, sleeping in farm bouses or in an occasional barn if the hay mows happen to be piled soft and high, and the watchdog be not too attentive. Baggage has been limited to a small, light weight canvas bag swung by leather straps over the shoulders of each, and the object of the jaunt is the enjoyment pure and simple of a lapse into Bohemianism. The women of the party, "the gallant five," as the home stayers dub them, have ado; ted as accouterments for the tramp skirts of brown serge, undraped, as light as possible and short, just reaching to the tops of high walking boots made for the occasion; blouse waists with scarlet sashes for picturesque effect, brown sailor hats with scarlet ribbons, oil of pennyroval for musquito bites, and plenty of pluck to last them the journey through. Alpenstocks are dispensed with and parasols left at home, the old time beat remedy of a handful of broad, wet leaves in the lat being relied on for duty in time of

Such a trip afoot is not a usual vacation outing for a woman, but if the project now in contemplation for a college of physical training for girls in New York goes through it may in the future be as much a matter of course as it has been in the past out of the course. The proposed school, the plan of which exists in the minds of some of the best known promoters of physical training in the country, will be, if opened, unique in design and scope. A desirable up town west side corner has been "spotted," so to speak, money is expected from one or two of New York's rich women who have the prospects of girls at heart, and it would not be surprising if building were commenced within a brief period. Though nothing is definitely concluded, the outlook is favorable.

So far as any plans have been precisely formulated, the design of the new school will be to dispel the popular notion that the ill health of woman is natural-that they are the vic tims of functions whose exercise necessarily constitutes a sort of invalidism. The girls entering will be treated according to Dio Lewis' old theory that the microscopic misses who swarm about our schools and chatter in our streets are the curiosities of a "high civilization," and that women who give free play to their lungs and stomachs ought to grow nearly as large as men.

All pupils in this school of the future, which may be a school of the present within a year, will be subjected to a daily regimen with carefully apportioned exercise, with a view of determining the possibility of improving their bodies as the bodies of young men are improved in the German gymnasia. A full curriculum of studies, probably of the academic or college preparatory grade, will be, it is thought, adopted covering four years' time. Some restrictions as to dress it is proposed to adopt, not amounting to uniform, but making short, loose, light attire, with no pressure whatever about the waist and hygienic shoes compulsory, leaving the girls all day long as much at liberty as boys in their gymnasium dress. Papils will be measured on entering, and an average gain of two and a half inches about the chest, five inches about the waist, one and a half inches about the arm and an inch about the forearm is what is looked ferward to as the desirable result of the first year's bodily training and exercise of the typical slim girl of 17.

That such a school would succeed Dio Lewis' experiments at Lexington years ago demonstrated. Whether the plan, as at present entertained, becomes anything more than a plan or not, there is no reason why the average woman should not add ten-fold to her enjoyment of life and out of door living by cultivating the noble art of walking. A delicate woman, properly dressed, and who knows how to walk, can walk twenty-five miles of a summer afternoon without injury when an equivalent amount of other exercise might produce serious injury. Walking is the natural and normal exercise and hurts no woman who sets rightly about it. A woman who is unaccustomed to vigorous walking, in order to become a good pedestrian, should look first to her shoes. These should be broad across the forward part of the foot, offering not the least obstruction to the free movement of the toes. The heels should be low and broad, and they should fit rather snugly about the heel and instep. The full dress equipment should weigh upon honest scales not more than two and a half or three pounds, and should hang from the shoulder without any band, pinned or buttoned or laced about the waist. No woman can walk in a corset, The walker must be comfortable enough to be unconscious of her attire. A hat that shades the eyes is in order.

So prepared, try any distance that does not prove fatiguing as an initial experiment. It. will probably be from a mile and a half to two miles, and must be walked at a brisk pace, three miles and a half an hour being a good limit. When this can be done without ache or foot weariness, and a well woman ought to have no difficulty at the first trial. increase the distance during the leisure days of the summer vacation daily, maintaining the same gait, and fifteen miles a day for a week or fortnight in succession, twenty-five miles on any occasion that demands it, will be found within any ordinary capacity with a month or six weeks' training.-Eliza Putnam Heaton in New York Mail and Express.

Progress in Dress.

With all the faults that woman's dress has now, its gain in twenty, in ten years, has been very great. It is far less flimsy than it used to be; has more dignity, coherence, plan, Its tints, more or less plensing, are very rarely displeasing, and the modern notion of carefully following and revealing the soutines of the figure is very successfully carried out. The clothing is more and more supported from the shoulders; the stacks of petticoats are done away with; wool and silk underwear defend the sensitive skin, and, though not all shoes are sensible, sensible shoes are worn, and may be found. Some of the head gear is obtrusive in its viciousness, but the usual bonnet is inoffensive, and in its close trimness goes very well with the severely plain street suits.-Providence Jour-

Thouse of traveling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are.-Johnson.