

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### A MISSIONARY FIELD TO WHICH OUR GIRLS WERE BORN.

To Make Match Scratches—Hanging Pictures—Women Who Are Not Jealous, Mother and Child—To Select a Wife, The Tongue—Hints and Helps.

While a great many of our young girls, having finished their nominal school studies, are restless and uneasy, half longing for a novel field of labor, for an opportunity to do something that shall help the world along, some missionary field or absolute errand of their own in life, they are in some danger of forgetting that a field for their usefulness lies directly within their own gates—a missionary field to which they were born, and whose neglect will injure far more than any effort they can make in other directions—unless very superlatively gifted for work in those directions—can help the world. This field of which we speak lies in their own homes, and is never so well cultivated as in the season of cold weather and bright fires, long evenings and bright lamps; and in homes where there is a father, an uncle, maybe, and certainly some brothers, our young girl is the priestess of the mission she desires.

The girls of a family have it in their power at all times to do a great deal of work in behalf of the male members of the household, or of their acquaintances, who are out in the rough and tumble, and among all the temptations of the open world; but the winter weather affords them ampler opportunity than all the out door days of boating and shooting and lawn tennis and picnicking do, for it brings about a closer and more constant contact, a much fuller vision of fine qualities, and a much more effective ground for their exercise.

Young girls, then, who understand this will soon find that they have all they want to do, if they will undertake to make their homes so thoroughly delightful that not only other youths will come to see them there, but their own brothers will contentedly and proudly prefer to stay therein.—Harper's Bazar.

### To Make Match Scratches.

Japanese figures are always ornamental—one way is to make match scratches out of them. Cut out cardboard the shape of a full dressed Japanese figure; paint the face and hands and the everlastingly accompanying fan; then paint bright strips and ornaments along the edges of the gown, leaving the whole of one unornamented side to be coated with thick gesso or varnish, which sprinkle white sand. If the face, hands, fan and ornaments are all allowed to dry thoroughly the figure, which has just been coated all over the plain places with varnish or glue, can be laid face downward in a box of sand, so that it will adhere more evenly to the surface.

Talking of match scratches, I have made a number of original ones out of sand paper. They save the wall and are quite ornamental. One of the simplest is a sheet of the sand paper painted to represent an old mill with a storm coming up over far away hills. In painting these use an old worthless bristle brush, as the grit of the hard sand soon wears it out. I use either oil or water colors, preferring the former well worked with turpentine to make it flow easily. Another design is a desert scene, with camels drinking from a stone trough under a group of palms. A way in the distance the pyramids are seen, giving it a truly Egyptian appearance. The water trough is a box fastened to one-half the bottom of the sheet of sand paper and the camels' heads reach down into it, apparently. Another design is of a girl carrying an umbrella—painted—with half a market basket in relief, this is to hold the matches. There is a street scene with a corner and lamp post, and the more one scratches the sand paper the more the picture looks as if the rain were really coming down, for every time a match is lighted it leaves a long streak across the picture.

A design of a fat old lady selling melons in market is a cute one. In front of her is a half of a big basket—like a round bushel basket—while all around her lie big green and yellow melons and pumpkins. Over her head is painted a big umbrella, and no matter how many matches are lighted across her smiling, fat visage, she never seems one bit afraid of getting wet. The basket holds the matches, of course.—Evan Best in Detroit Free Press.

### About Picture Hanging.

Most people who are fortunate enough to be the possessors of oil paintings know that they should never be hung in a strong light, for if so hung they soon take on a faded, washed out appearance; but perhaps these same people do not know that chromos suffer in the same way if exposed for any length of time in a strong light. The word chromo has an uninviting sound, being associated with the advertising card; yet there are many very fine chromos that even the most artistic would not be ashamed to hang up in their homes. The art of chromo making has reached so near perfection in the last few years that many of the finer grades of chromos are much more preferable to the inferior grades of oil paintings.

Very often in pictures such as lithographs, steel engravings or any of those that have glass over their faces, dust is observed between the glass and picture, making an ugly mark on the face or margin of the paper. This is caused by the back of the picture not being covered properly, and owing to a knot hole in the boards or the crevices between the boards the dust works its way in. As "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," it is well to see, before the picture is put in place, that the back is covered properly. Get some smooth wrapping paper, or lacking that, newspaper, and some paste, gum arabic or thin liquid glue. Cut the paper large enough to cover the whole back of the picture and extend to within an inch or less (according to the size of the picture, as a small picture will not require as much margin as a large one) of the outside edge on the back of the frame all around. Paste it firmly all around the edges, and there will be no dust on the inside of that picture while the paper remains whole.—Boston Budget.

### Women Who Are Not Jealous.

There are two types of women who are never susceptible to jealousy. One is the perfectly humble being, utterly devoid of individuality, who lives in a state of wondering amazement that she should be the recipient of her lover's least regard. She is grateful for a smile, and overwhelmed at a word of praise. She finds greater joy in loving than in being loved, and is a faint echo of the masculine mind in all her opinions and ideas. She is willing to be the most beneath his feet, to do his most menial labor. She has the nature of a serf, the devotion of a dog, and if he neglects her for other women (as he usually does) she never complains, as in his will she finds her only pleasure. Her nature is mild, patient and constant and devoid of passion and intensity.

The other type of women who know no jealousy is quite her opposite. She is a radiantly happy creature, full of self confidence, and

egotism, and satisfaction. She is pleased with life and with herself. She loves deeply, and demands as much as she gives. She expects to be told every day that she is the most adorable woman on earth, and she is sure to convince a man of the fact. It never enters her happy head that another woman could be as charming as herself, or that she could be displaced in the affections of any man she loves. She is a woman who has been accustomed to love and admiration all her life, and she knows how to keep her lover interested and amused. She is sure that he finds other women dull in comparison with herself, and she leads him freely to her friends, certain that he will return gladly to her. The majority of the women who lead a monotonous existence live in their imaginations and grow morbidly sensitive.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### A Mother's Devotion.

All the way through a man's life, he is consumed like a beautiful fabric in unholly passion or held aloft like St. George's banner undefiled in the battle of life, his mother stands by him, and yearns over him, and prays for him to the last. If he is successful, she is proud; if he is often cast down, she is pitiful; if he is wicked, she excuses him; if he dies young, her hopes are buried in his grave, and she never ceases to dream of what her darling might have been. Others may love him well, but their love never discounts hers. Others may be proud of him, but she always sits in the front row with those who applaud, and catches the splendor of his achievements as it is more to other eyes than a light reflected from afar, or the noise of wings that tarry in their coming. She anticipates his triumphs and antedates his victories. There is an "I told you so" in her proud eyes long before men hand in the verdict of his greatness, and all his achievements are but the prophecies of her loving dreams.

And when she dies, when the fluttering breath has expired in the last kiss, when the soft old hands have loosened their clasp, never before removed since his helpless baby days, when the patient, yearning eyes have withdrawn their gaze to look their first on God, what loss can overtake a man's life like this? The dove that brooded above the household nest and kept every nursing in the shadow of her wings, has winged her flight to heaven. The everlasting love that no unfaithful, nor sin, nor ingratitude could chill or destroy, has vanished like the sun from the sky, leaving only a few faint stars and a wan and chilly moon to fill its place.—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

### Boys Doing Housework.

In the training of children, a subject upon which I have been asked by many to write, I cannot suggest anything better than that mothers should teach their children to be useful, and begin the lessons early—from the first step out of babyhood. Parents would more readily accept this suggestion if they would give it an honest examination. Unfortunately, except among the poor, whose poverty compels them to practice it, this is a doctrine that receives of late but little attention, and is in great danger of becoming obsolete. Mothers—who must be chiefly responsible—scout at the idea. The excuse is advanced that usefulness with girls is possible, but that to teach boys to be of service is absurd and hopeless task. It is said that boys are troublesome, restless and awkward, and more given over to mischief and play than work. We are asked: "Would you have us teach boys, as they grow older, to run on errands, up stairs and down, at the risk of overturning everything with which they come in contact? Would you try to teach them how to dust a room, to help set the table, etc.?"

Certainly! Why not? Is any mother willing to believe that she cannot teach to boys what can be taught to girls? Surely, each one, boy or girl, can be very early taught to be useful, and can be so gently and skillfully guided that they will find it all "as good as play," to be able to help their mother and sisters, indoors and out, and with such teaching they learn to help themselves.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

### Dramatic Career of Women.

Many young ladies ask my advice concerning a dramatic career for themselves. The play is a great factor in the amusement loving world. We must be entertained, and time flies, young actors grow old, old ones die, and the ranks needs must be filled. It is a worthy profession, when worthy natures adorn it. But it is a hard life at its easiest and best. In a dramatic career more than any other a woman should feel the impelling force of great talent or the extreme command of necessity before she enters upon it. As a rule it calls for the sacrifice of all domestic comfort, the outlay of every particle of brain and body power, and demands unremitting drudgery for years before the rewards are obtained. After the rewards do come the labor of study and rehearsal and constant appearances taxes all the vitality of a strong woman and allows no time for home life. The pretty young girl who dreams only of glory and riches needs to weigh all these considerations calmly before she ventures upon this most arduous and uncertain of careers.

So many and great are the obstacles in the way of success in literature or on the stage, I can but wonder at the persistency of girls and women who, without ability or reason, stand before the locked doors of these professions and beg their older sisters who have found an entrance for themselves to let them in.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York World.

### How to Select a Wife.

In the first place, see the girl you intend to honor as early in the morning as possible, and note whether she is fresh and tidy or limp and frowzy.

Watch how she treats her pets—her dog, her cat, her little sister.

Discover what she eats and drinks, and make yourself certain whether she bathes or uses perfume.

Remember if she makes a habit of walking or driving.

Inform yourself whether she dates upon Owen Meredith and Henry James, or reads Longfellow and Fenimore Cooper.

Go to church with her and see if she cares more for the preacher than for the Gospel.

Make a sly study of her anatomy when you get a chance. Walk her up Murray hill as fast as you can, and dance a whole waltz through with her, and mark if she allows herself breathing room and wears tight slippers.

Assimilate yourself with her father's affairs and her mother's temper; and then, my boy, when you've found a girl who is neat, trim, true, healthy, wealthy and wise, sail in and win her.—"Tattler" in New York Star.

### A Tax on the Tongue.

A novel club was organized in a town of the old nutmeg state last winter, one which would not fail to do good in many other places if its plan of operations was faithfully carried out. It was called "The Tongue Guard," and each member pledged herself to pay a penny into the treasury every time she said anything against another person, whether she absolutely knew it to be deserved or took it from some one's "say so." This was done by means of home boxes, and at the end of three months they were carried

to headquarters, and the contents utilized for charitable purposes. It would require, of course, a great respect for one's word to keep the pledge, since many pennies collected in the box would stamp one as ill natured or a gossip, but this mortification was probably prevented by having all of the boxes exactly alike and without mark, so that they could not be identified. The mere matter of being obliged to put a penny in the box when thoughtless remarks were made would be curative, because of its inducing the habit of thinking when speaking.

### Caps of the Hair.

Young girls of the present day completely destroy their hair by crimping it with irons and twisting it up tightly with thick, hard hairpins. This treatment may make the hair look pretty for the time being, but no thought is given as to the ultimate result and the appearance it will present a few years hence. The hair should be well brushed every night and morning with a moderately hard brush—brushes made with short, unbleached bristles are the best—and on retiring to rest the hair should be drawn back lightly over the ears, plaited in one long plait, and allowed to hang down the back; it should not be fastened up with hair pins, nor should any cap or covering be worn on the head. This method makes the hair bright and glossy, without the aid of oils or pomades, which are best avoided. The fewer hair pins and ties used in dressing the hair the better; and twisted hair pins are injurious. It is not well to continue the same style of dressing the hair for too long a period, as that is apt to make it thin in some places; a little change is a relief to the head and otherwise advisable. Cutting the hair occasionally is necessary, and should not be neglected.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Sun Flower Remedy.

The seed of the common sun flower is the best remedy for whooping cough that I have ever known. Brown the seeds slightly, like coffee, then grind and steep; when sufficiently steeped drain clear of the dregs and sweeten with rock candy or lump sugar. Let the little ones drink freely of it at intervals throughout the day, and especially before retiring at night. In all ordinary cases, where children are properly cared for and kept in a bad weather, no other medicine will be required. It also has a very loosening effect on a hard, tight cough, and thus it seems that the despised sun flower is good for something. To any who are inclined to be skeptical would say, please try it before you condemn. I consider it so excellent a remedy that last summer I devoted a considerable portion of my summer garden to the raising of sun flowers that I might gather the seeds for medicinal purposes.—"Mrs. J. J. C." in Detroit Free Press.

### A Boy's Early Training.

I believe that from the outset of a child's career the appeal should be constantly made to his manhood. It may be true that we inherit a large heredity of the brutal sort; but there is also in every one, or in most, a large heredity of the noble and good. All the progress of the ages has not gone for nothing. It is in our blood. It can be felt as instinct. It can be appealed to and used as a fulcrum to move the boy to generous deeds. I do not believe in appeals to a boy's avarice and greed, whether it be in the way of apple tarts or paradise. Nor do I believe in appeals to his fear, whether in the way of rawhides or eternal bonfires. But from the beginning, and continuously, let us call out the noble and make the mean a source of mortification. Our young men at 16 would then go out of the family with courage of convictions, and an abhorrence for selfishness.—M. Maurice, M. D., in Globe-Democrat.

### The American Girl.

The American girl is not an ideal daughter. As a rule, she is something of a tyrant in her home, and is inclined to rebuke her parents if they displease her in any way. She has been reared to regard herself of foremost importance, and she expects everybody and everything to conform to her wishes. Once taught respect to her elders, she becomes the most devoted of daughters.

At a seaside resort, last summer, a young lady who was deemed one of the belles was constantly scolding her dotting mother for the most trivial things, as we have heard a cross nurse scold a refractory child. Had she heard the comments of disgusted listeners she might have been surprised at the estimation in which her belittling was held.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### Seasoned Stove Wood.

Green wood is easier chopped than dry wood. But the forehand man will chop the green wood while it is green and have it seasoned afterward. Stove wood seasons rapidly when it is in a dry, airy place. Though the wood must be burned as cut, it is the more economical to choose the dry wood. The extra labor required for its cutting will be more than well paid for by the greater heat from its combustion, not to speak of the time lost in getting green wood to burn.—Chicago Times.

### To Build a Home.

The true disposal of the latter third of the day is to devote it to the family for recreation and sports. I know scores of men who follow intellectual pursuits who never have a family hour. They are the most unsocial of all creatures and least domestic. But then men rarely accomplish anything worth the sacrifice. A man who fails to build a home is a failure. A man whose children dread him is a monstrous animal, even if he know how to discuss theology or metaphysics.—M. Maurice, M. D.

To prevent salt from congealing and sifting from the cellars, you can use a little corn starch with the salt—a spoonful of corn starch to about two salt cellars of salt. The starch absorbs the dampness, and the salt sifts more easily.

A pretty addition to a closetless room can be made by putting up two pieces of scantling in a convenient corner, fastening in some hanging pegs, and draping it with a pretty hanging of chintz or Madras cloth.

To set the color in black or dark hosiery, calicoes, cambrics, etc., put a large tablespoonful of black pepper into a pail of water, and let the articles lie in soak for a couple of hours.

Whenever a farmer gets a labor saving implement for himself, let him think if something to save his wife from kitchen labor cannot also be secured.

Never wash bronzed lamps, chandeliers, etc., but dust them with a feather brush or a soft woolen cloth.

If you are troubled with a clammy sensation after retiring try wearing woolen underwear at night.

Pieces of stale bread may be dipped in an egg fried brown in batter, and served as an omelet.

Washing Fluid—One tablespoonful of soda, and one teacup of coal oil to ten gallons of water.

A clothespin apron should have a place in every laundry.

## HYGIENE OF BEAUTY.

### PRESCRIPTIONS FOR MAKING FEMINE LOVELINESS PERENNIAL.

Keeping the Skin in Good Condition—Virtues of the Bath—Black Pimples on the Nose—The Causes of Bad Skin Food.

Next to regularity of features, human beauty largely consists in a fine complexion, to have which it is necessary that the skin should be kept in good condition. According to Ovid, paleness was essential to female beauty in old Rome. Modern theorists of beauty prefer color in the face, which is certainly suggestive of health. To keep the skin in good order, cleanliness is the first requisite. Between the Russian peasant, who never bathes, and the neat American, who bathes every day, there are many gradations, such as the Englishman who bathes often, the Frenchman, not of the highest classes, who bathes occasionally, and the people of other European nations with whom the practice is intermittent. In this connection it may not seem impertinent to quote from a work on the hygiene of beauty, published quite recently in Paris. Therein we read, after various directions for washing the face at least twice a day, the following remarkable advice, which is translated literally:

Every week, or at least every fifteen days, hygiene presents a general bath for cleansing the person—a bath of tepid water from 28 to 32 degs. centigrade. The bath universally recognized by legislators is indispensable as a means to health. "I would abandon medicine," wrote Percy very justly, "if I were interdicted in use of the bath."

A bath once in fifteen days would hardly satisfy the conscience of a neat American nor prove perfectly agreeable to his associates. No American ever thinks of bathing without soap. The French often do so, because only a small minority of the people are able to have a bath tub at home, and at the public baths soap is an extra charge. The soap used in bathing should not be too alkaline, though, since the skin of the body is soon after supplied with an oily fluid by means of the pores, this is a question of less importance. If something should be added to the bath to make it more efficient the question is, what shall it be? In this matter the experience of the French will be found valuable. If the skin is inclined to eruptions an addition of sulphur or the use of sulphur soap will be found efficacious. Baths of bran, starch and gelatine soften and cleanse the skin. Cold water baths are not generally to be recommended unless attended with the free use of soap and a lively friction.

Bran or starch added to warm baths increases theunctuousness of the skin, which delays the formation of wrinkles. Gelatine has a similar effect. Baths with aromatic plants, cologne water, benzoin, essences of thyme or wintergreen, or borate of soda, all have the effect of checking excessive or offensive secretions of the skin. Friction with oil after the bath was the custom among Greeks and Romans, and is still throughout the civilized world greatly in favor. The Empress Poppaea used baths of milk. Blanche d'Antigny, a noted contemporary demimondaine of Paris, bathed in champagne. In regard to the celebrated baths of Mme. Tallien, we are left in uncertainty as to how often she indulged in the luxury. It was probably only on social occasions of importance. Its cost could not have been great when strawberries and raspberries cost no more than three or four cents a pound at Paris. Baths like these, though luxurious, have only a secondary hygiene importance, and are not likely often to be imitated.

The black pimples of the nose are not a very curious disease, as is supposed, to a small and very curious worm to which scientists have given the name of demodex folliculorum, though this is found frequently in the skin of man and of animals. There are in the skin little glands, the office of some of which is to secrete perspiration, and of others the fatty sebaceous fluid which is intended by nature to keep the outer coating soft and pliable. These communicate with the surface by minute pores invisible to the naked eye. These openings sometimes become obstructed, when there follow several forms of skin disease.

The most simple form of malady, which is caused by an excessive secretion of the sebaceous fluid, which becomes hard and black, is called by the physicians acne simplex. When the complaint is more serious it is caused by the congestion or inflammation of the atrophy or hypertrophy of the sebaceous glands. Then the black points increase in size, especially if the skin is not kept clean, and there are larger pimples on the skin which suppurate. Pressing one of these pimples, there emerges a long, black, cylindrical object which resembles a worm, but which is merely fatty matter hardened and mixed with dust. If the most fluid part is dissolved in a drop of olive oil or other the worms are sometimes found, with the aid of a microscope, floating in it.

The cause of a bad skin are bad digestion, bad blood and generally a want of neatness. Even if the blood is not in perfect condition, if the skin is kept clean, pimples may in most cases be avoided, which is not saying that the blood should not be kept pure by all possible means. To this end the diet must be regulated and the digestion kept good. In this regard the French are exceedingly reasonable. They drink red wine, which is an excellent corrective, and they rarely drink it to excess. They are discreet in their use of acids, alcohol, rich syrups, smoked meats, lobsters and oysters. They eat little buckwheat, fruit or meat pies, sausages, spices, or other fatty substances. As a general thing, whatever may be said of the infrequency with which they bathe the body, they keep the face clean and have good complexions, as a rule. Preparations which French women use for the face are numerous and can easily be found. They do not wash the face too often with alkaline soaps, but clean it with beef flour, meal or bran, applied with tepid water and a piece of the linen. Creams are often used. The frequent drinking of milk is recommended as keeping the stomach, liver and kidneys in order, and so indirectly aiding digestion.

There is reason to believe that the skin of the face can be kept free from pimples by very simple means. To this end the body should be kept clean on account of the sympathy between the skin of the chest and that of the face. The face should be washed several times a day, whether with warm or cold water does not matter much, if immediately afterward it is bathed with cologne, which should not be wiped off, but left to evaporate. Persons who use cologne freely can safely make it of spirit of wine or deodorized alcohol, perfumed with a few drops of attar of roses or other essential oil. For the face and hands the use of brandy or corn whisky will be found beneficial. Then be contented with something in the form of a cosmetic should be applied which is not too quickly absorbed by the pores of the skin. Cold creams are good, but they are absorbed almost immediately. There is nothing so good for this purpose as a well made camphor ice, one which has water, glycerine, camphor, and perhaps some pure form of grease compounded in proper proportions. The wax keeps the other elements from being absorbed too quickly.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

### The Accident of Fortune—The Second Generation—Young Nobodies.

In these days when so many men who were born in the gutter die in a palace, when the accident of fortune, rather than that of birth, determines a man's social status, it becomes young men and maidens to study and thoroughly comprehend the essentials which go to make up a man and a lady.

No one can say that in this free country he has no chance. There is chance for every one to become what every one seems to think the noblest, highest, most to be desired condition—very rich—but there is also chance for every one to become a man in its brightest sense, a gentleman according to the type recognized by intelligence, virtue, honor, self abnegation.

Imitations, whether in jewelry, fabric or manhood, are readily recognized. There is a superficiality of polish, a gaudy stickiness of varnish, an unpleasant prominence of trait about imitations which fortunately the solid, genuine material does not need. As in a museum one can find gathered by the hand of enterprise curiosities from all portions of the globe, so in a city may be found at several of the common magnets of ambition, all the old developments of human nature, and one of the strangest features of metropolitan experience is the extraordinary growths which are apparent in the second generation, extraordinary growths in directions utterly foreign to any seed supposed to exist in the parent stock.

The boatman of yesterday produces the duke of today. The corner groceryman of twenty years ago effloresces into the Fitz-noodle of this year. The practical butcher of the past is transformed into the manikin of the present. The honest, painstaking, industrious self denier, who for forty years put head and heart and hand at severest toil in order that his pocket might be filled, produces in the second generation an empty headed, idle handed, shriveled hearted spendthrift, of no use to himself or any of his fellow creatures.

If you let the namby pamby German dancers of the day, the flippant waltzers of the period, the sippers of absinthe and the gulpers of brandy and soda, the pallid faced, weak eyed, bifurcated bearded, overdressed fops answer, they will draw out that they, in their many colored gaudiments of apparel, are the true gentry, and will blush to tell you how the money they so recklessly waste and prodigally squander was made and saved by their brawny ancestors. It is difficult to speak of the alleged "ladies" whose names appear in our society columns day after day, because one hesitates to pillory non-combatants.—Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

### New Discoveries of Gold.

New and extensive discoveries of gold continue to be reported from all sides. It is now certain that the mines of Alaska are exceptionally rich. In Australia, districts where the existence of gold was unsuspected throughout the palmy days of the diggings have been found well supplied with the yellow metal. In the regions surrounding Angra Pequena, the recent German acquisition on the southwest coast of Africa, gold fields of extraordinary richness have been discovered. The interior of southern Africa, indeed, seems likely to prove little short of one vast gold mine. Considerable quantities of the metal have already been obtained in the Transvaal, and the large district lying between the Limpopo and Zambesi rivers—Northern Bechuanaland—is believed to be so richly supplied that a mining company has been formed for the purpose of prospecting it thoroughly from end to end.

The discoveries in Alaska, which interest us most, suggest the reflection that as the Russians were so long in occupation of the territory without suspecting the existence of these mines, there may exist in their own possessions on the other side of the Bering sea, gold mines of which they have no knowledge. Gold mines of some importance have long been worked in eastern Siberia. But such a vast and thinly populated region as Asiatic Russia may contain deposits of surprising richness as yet undiscovered.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### The Day of the Dead in Mexico.

Most of the candy stands have a choice assortment of skulls in white or cream laced sugar, from those the size of a filbert to others "as large as life and twice as natural." And people are to be found who really buy and eat them! Ugh-h-h! Numerous are the vendors of models of the funeral train cars that serve as hearses in the City of Mexico. Painted somber black they are, whether of wood or tin, and of whatever material, from six to eighteen inches long, or even longer. They have their sable curtains carefully looped back at the corners to show the hier within and the corpse or the coffin upon it; and in the more elaborate ones there are the black garbed, tall silk hatted driver. Here is a table full of deaths, mounted to show countless ways in which the grisly one may assail us. One skeleton is mounted upon a white nostrilled, fiery eyed horse, which very evidently would carry any rider to destruction. Another is engaged in an interesting controversy with a bull, which may well end in disaster. Another is mounted upon a corpulent, noxious looking alacran, or scorpion, whose sting is so fatal in the tropics. One venturesome Death stands poised in an attitude of triumph, with one boy's foot planted on the breast of the devil in person.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### The English Soldier.

Col. Clark of the Seventh regiment, who has just returned from a three months' leave in England and the continent, had his eyes on things military while across the water. Soldiers are met so frequently over there as to impress him with the magnitude of the burden their support must entail.

The English soldier, he says, is a model in appearance. He is strong and athletic, very erect, with a most soldierly carriage. His uniform is clean, handsome and well fitting, and when seen off duty, with a natty little cap perched jauntily on the side of his head, can in hand and well gloved, "he is in appearance the most distinguished soldier in the world." Distinctive uniforms add greatly to the esprit de corps of the army, for every uniform has a history and a record that is to be maintained. While he deems the English volunteers a powerful adjunct for national defense, he thinks their organization and system in many respects inferior to our National guard.—New York Herald.

### Always an Englishman.

The charge that Maj. Haggerty and Tom O'Reilly are Scotchmen because they were born in Scotland led one of O'Reilly's friends into a story yesterday. Once upon a time the Duke of Wellington, when accused of being an Irishman, made a stiff denial of the accusation. "But weren't you born in Ireland?" asked his accuser. "I was," replied his grace, "but if a man happened to be born in a stable, do you call him a horse? I am an Englishman!" cried the duke, "wherever I was born."—New York Sun.

There are 1,500 temples in China that were erected to the memory of Confucius. In these edifices 62,000 pigs, rabbits, deer and sheep are sacrificed annually.

## AT CHICKAMAUGA.

### A BIT OF EXPERIENCE WHICH TWO MEN WILL REMEMBER.

What Happened to a Federal Artilleryman—Making Friends with a Wounded Confederate—Robbed by Ghouls—A Close Call—In the Swamp.

Miles P. Cook, of Flint, Mich., went to the front during the rebellion in the Twentieth Ohio Battery, and had an experience at the battle of Chickamauga which he will ever remember. He says:

"On the first day of the fight our battery was charged time after time, but we repulsed the Confederates each time until about mid-afternoon. A raw regiment was then brought up to act as support for the battery, and at the very first charge they fled in wild disorder. We were left stark alone on open ground, and though we gave them double charges of canister the Confederate lines swept right up to our guns and over us. I was shot in the arm and leg, and was left lying on the ground with scores of others when the guns were drawn off.

"As soon as I could look around me I found that the man on my right, who was wounded in the hand, shoulder and thigh, was a Confederate. He was a member of the Ninth Alabama infantry—one of the charging regiments—and his name was A. R. Carter. There were other Federal and Confederate wounded around us, and the ground was covered with dead men and horses. I dressed Carter's wounds and he dressed mine, and with the roar of battle around us we became the best of friends. None of the wounded were removed that night, and early next day the ghouls began to appear. I saw a number of Confederates robbing the dead and wounded, and by and by a member of Hood's Texan rangers approached us. I had on a pair of new boots of fancy make, and as he came up he ordered me to pull them off. I replied that I was wounded and could not do it. He remarked that he would have them off in a jiffy, and he seized my foot and drew the boot off in a rough manner. The other leg was the wounded one, and as he grabbed my foot I cried out with the pain. I was then braced up against a bank of earth in a sitting position, and the wound had become very painful. Carter reproved the ranger for his want of care, and with an oath he dropped my foot and picked up a musket with a bayonet attached.

### A CLOSE CALL.

"I believe he meant to kill me, but as he thrust at me the bayonet passed through my right hip and entered the earth, missing my fast. The merciless rangers then picked up my foot, braced one of his feet against my body, and pulled off the boot. Everything turned dark to me, although I did not lose consciousness. He was going away with the boots under his arm when Carter reached over and possessed himself of a revolver from a cavalryman's holster, and taking careful aim across my legs, he sent a bullet into the Ranger's back and dropped him dead in his tracks. I expected we would both be murdered for this, but the fellow's own comrades came up and agreed that it served him right. They raised me up, cleaned the bayonet of all dirt, and then pulled it out as carefully as possible.

"Just below us was a bit of swamp, and Carter, myself and several others managed to crawl down to it. There was a bed of soft, wet muck into which we burrowed clear up to our chins, and we were there another twenty-four hours before the Federals came to take us off the field. The mud bath was doubtless the means of saving our lives, as it kept the flies away, stopped the loss of blood, and acted as a dressing. When they came to wash me off in hospital the flesh about my wounds was as white as chicken meat, and the soreness had nearly all disappeared. Carter was taken to the same hospital, but I never saw him after that. But for him I could certainly have been murdered by the ranger, and it was he who so revenged me. He may yet be living, and if so I would give more to receive word from him than I would to be appointed a member of the president's cabinet.—Detroit Free Press.

### Not a Glove Wearing People.

Pleasant promenade days always exhibit the peculiarities of the glove wearing American. He invariably covers his hands with dogskins on a cold day; but when the air is warm enough he discards them altogether, or carries them half the time in his case hand. There'll have to be another generation of fashion in the United States before it becomes a man's second nature to glove himself before leaving home. The society writers invariably make their heroes come to the notch on the glove question, and the fashion articles earnestly insist on its importance. But careless men, men with fine hands and white, tapering fingers, men with big rings, men in a hurry and men who like to wash their hands often, won't wear gloves if they can help it. Yet they recognize it as a sign nudge of the mode.

Roscoe Conkling is rarely seen on the street without gloves, John W. Mackey and Bob Ingersoll rarely with them. The late Algernon S. Sullivan never left home without covering his hands as carefully as his head. The young Vanderbilts are often seen with light street gloves carried in the left hand. William L. Scott often wears light kids, a nobby Derby and a slender cane as jauntily as if he were under his thirties. Benjamin H. Bristow doesn't wear gloves often. Postmaster Pearson is fond of keeping his fingers well clothed. Mme. de Barrios imports her own gloves.—New York Sun.

### Frozen to Death.

In the Sandy Creek Valley, Dak., a family lived ten miles from the nearest neighbor. After one of the winter storms had ceased, the family not having been heard from in six weeks, two Indians undertook to reach the spot.

They found that the cabin had been completely covered in with snow. After considerable work they made an entrance. On the bed lay the wife, with a new-born babe at her breast. By the bed stood the husband, half reclining against the post, as if in the act of waiting upon his wife. In a trundle bed, in the corner of the room, were two boys and one girl, clinging closely together, as if trying to keep warm.

The scene was lifelike and realistic, but on touch they were all found to be dead—frozen stiff. Not one had survived to tell the story of their sufferings.