

WOMAN AND HOME.

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT APARTMENTS IN THE HOUSE.

Care of the Cook Stove—The Wise Hostess—Emerson and His Children—Poison Ivy—Athletics—Children's Dress—Labor Saving Hints—Items.

One of the most important apartments in the house is the cellar, and while one that often receives insufficient attention. "Out of sight, out of mind," is exemplified here, and the result may frequently be traced in the impaired health of those who live above the underground lumber room.

Old packing, boxes, newspapers, broken utensils, rotting fruit and vegetables, and in some cases such garbage as potato parings, lemon and orange skins, bones, etc., that should be of right be consigned to the swill pail, are allowed to accumulate from one month's end to the other. The unwholesome and unpleasant odor that rises like a cloud whenever the cellar door is opened is hastily attributed to the mustiness popularly supposed to be an inseparable adjunct to the underground regions. Slight but persistent and healthful in the family is disregarded, and a sharp attack of diphtheria or typhoid fever is perhaps needed to arouse the household to the danger in which they dwell.

The cellar is more readily kept clean if it is cut up into several small rooms, instead of being left in one great, undivided chamber. Where it is not thus arranged it should at least be partitioned off on one side by bins to hold the various stores, in place of letting them lie in heaps in corners. When bins are out of the question, barrels or large packing boxes form tolerable substitutes. The coal is usually kept in the vaults provided for that purpose.

It is a great aid in the endeavor to obtain proper neatness in the cellar if the room is well lighted and ventilated. The windows may be kept shut in the daytime, but should always be left open at night to allow the fresh air to enter, except when the weather is so cold that there is danger of freezing the supplies of food kept there. Even then the sashes should be unclosed night and morning long enough to permit a sluice of air to gain admittance. By carefully following this plan much of the musty and earthy odor common to cellars may be banished. Wire netting should be nailed over the outside of the windows in a way that may exclude the flies without hindering the opening of the sash.

There should be a spring attached to the door that will prevent the left ajar and a free passage to flies furnished by careless servants. If there are no separate vaults provided for the coal, and it must be kept in the common cellar, large bins for this are indispensable. The coal should never be dumped into one corner of the cellar, whence its grimy dust will be tracked to the upper floor by every one coming up from below. Nor should the wood, large and small, be thrown into an indiscriminate stack, but neatly piled, the kindling in one place, the logs intended for the open fires in another, and chips, sawdust, and shavings swept together and emptied into a basket or box. Vegetables, above all, should never be heaped on the floor. They rot more easily there, besides being unsightly, and invariably leaving dirt for some time to sweep up. Barrels or boxes may hold them, as well as apples or pears. Both vegetables and fruit should be picked over often, and the rotten ones thrown away. The good ones will keep twice as long if this is done. The work may seem tedious, but it is almost essential, especially toward spring, when vegetables begin to decay rapidly. Health demands this as well as economy. Many a case of spring illness has been traced to a harmless looking barrel in the cellar, where disease germs are fostered in a mass of putrid vegetable matter.

The idea that the cellar is an omnium gatherum for useless articles of all sorts should be diligently combated. Whatever is not worth keeping in the certain hope of putting to service at some future time should be thrown away without hesitation. The cellar cannot look neat with a heap of lumber and old iron disfiguring it. Broken packing cases and staveless barrels may be used here to be split up and converted into bindings as speedily as possible, while any boxes that may possibly be put to use are much better kept in the attic out of the damp.

A cellar floor should always be laid in cement. An earth flooring holds the dampness and is, moreover, very hard to keep clean. The cement can be swept, and even scrubbed, without trouble. The walls and ceilings should be whitewashed, not only to make the room lighter, but as a means of disinfection. The whitewashing should be repeated at least once a year. The floor should receive its weekly brushing with the rest of the house, and at the same time the cobwebs should be dislodged and all collections of rubbish removed.

The cellar must be supplied with shelves. Swing shelves are preferable to those set in the wall, as there is less danger with the former of rats and mice having a chance to attack the provisions. One shelf should be kept for the milk, and wiped clean every day after the cream is skimmed. Deposits of sour milk are always unsavory. The meats, vegetables, cakes, etc., stored on the other shelves should always be protected by covers of wire netting. With the care one may take, a fly or two will sometimes succeed in effecting an entrance, and the mischief they do even in a short time renders the precaution worth while. A piece of gauze or musquito netting stretched over each pan of milk may also save a fly from involuntary suicide and the milk from waste. Poultry and meat that are hung up for a day or two should be incased in stout brown paper, or, better still, unbleached muslin. All shelves should be scrubbed off every week with a mixture of washing soda and water, then wiped dry.

It is a great convenience to the housewife if she can have a closet partitioned off and well stocked with shelves, where she can keep her pickles, preserves, jellies and jams. Upstairs cupboards are seldom cool enough, except when they are in an exposed position that there is risk of their contents freezing in the bitterest winter weather. Here, too, can be placed the glucose fruit, the box of oranges or lemons, the barrel of pineapples and other delicacies, that keep better in a cool place than in an ordinary pantry. The semi-gloom also helps preserve canned goods.

Drain pipes frequently traverse the cellar, and are likely, from the obscurity of the place, to receive less attention than is their due. They should often be examined for leaks, and any such promptly checked. If there are open drains, they should be washed down with a strong solution of copperas and water. Should the odor from the drains refuse to yield to this and to chloride of lime or potash, they must be inspected by a practical plumber, and the matter rectified without delay.—Christian Tribune and Harpers Bazar.

Care of the Cook Stove. "Why is it that I burn out so many sets of stove linings?" some one asks. Let me tell you. Use a little more care than you have been using, watch and see that a clinker is not allowed to form on the linings, and if one does form, remove it carefully with the poker. At night the fire box should be swept

full of coal after raking out all the dead cinders and ashes in the range; never fill your stove with coal above the top of the linings. Never use a shaker when it is possible to avoid it; instead, use the poker freely and you will have a better fire and use less coal. Shaking the fire brinks it down into a solid mass and the air cannot circulate through. When the fire from any cause becomes dull, do not stir it over the top or put in wood, but rake out the cinders and open the drafts. At night do not close the drafts as soon as the coal for the night is put on, but let it burn a short time, or, as one man expresses it, "until you think the coal is warm all through." There is then very little danger of gas, even if the stove is a poor one. The ashes should never accumulate in the ash pan until they reach the grate. If this happens even once, the grate will usually be burned out.

Always run the range so that you can get all the heat needed without having the top red hot, as this will warp the covers and centers, and if a little water should happen to fall on the stove while so hot, the top of the range is very apt to crack. Keep the stove well blacked; if the lids get covered with grease turn them over and let the top of the lid come next the fire until the grease is all burned off. If the covers are red and the blackening does not adhere, let them get wet, so that they will rust a little, and then black them. When buying a range, buy one that is moderately heavy and made of the best quality of iron. All the joints of a heating stove or range should fit well; because if they do not, when the range has been used a short time you will notice gas escaping, and will not be able to tell where it comes from.—Nellie Willey in Good House-keeping.

Labor Saving Hints. I write to thank those who kindly sent directions for removing a leucop that had become wedged in a pitcher. Perhaps it would be well to state that before any answer reached me, I experimented successfully by holding the pitcher bottom side up over a steaming teakettle; by tapping smartly on the bottom of the pitcher the cup fell out. I think that there is such a thing as "honest dirt," and that there should never be such an amount of trimming of children's clothing as to keep one always busy making, washing and ironing them. I have two children, and I find time to tell and read stories, take walks, and even play with them out of doors and swing them sometimes.

I must tell the readers my method of washing dishes. A tubful of clean water is kept in the kitchen, into which all of the "sticky" dishes are dumped bodily and left until their turn to be washed arrives. The tub is used only for this purpose. This saves time and labor. In washing "stuck up" kettles I use an old knife, kept for the purpose, to scrape them with, and never use my finger nails, as many people do. Where this is practiced the finger nails are usually anything but "a thing of beauty," and are a plague instead of "a joy forever." I have seen finger nails from this practice broken, worn off square and blunt enough to "set one's teeth on edge." To clean bottles easily and quickly, turn a cupful of fine shot into them; fill nearly full of hot lye and shake well. To have pans look good after cooking them, put in cold water and let them come gradually to a boil. This is to be done when they are first put on the stove to cook. It is convenient to have four holders to use around the stove. Two of them can then be spared for the wash every week.—Detroit Free Press.

The Wise Hostess. A hostess should, of course, exercise a wise exclusiveness, such as Lady Palmerston described when she said she "passed Lord Palmerston's acquaintances through a coarse sieve." No woman who entertains should invite her guests carelessly. The very respect which she owes to herself and her guests should prevent this. As a clever woman in London once said, "I am never flattered at being asked to Mrs. J's camp." No woman should allow her house to be degraded to a camp. One should winnow the chaff from the wheat.

A lady in entertaining has to remember always to invite those who are congenial. No one in this country can afford to make her parties either political, musical or literary exclusively; but one should have a general idea of sets and of their tastes, and of who would like to meet whom. Especially is this important at a breakfast or a dinner, where the guests must sit and talk for two or three hours together; there is no such order of agreeability. To invite a vaporous, airy, foolish woman to sit next an Oxford professor, who has a specialty on which he wishes to talk and which she would not understand, is to make them both miserable. To ask a young poet to sit next an old campaigner, who has nothing to talk of, but the dissection of character, who is given to social parboiling, is to make both miserable and will ruin one dinner at least. To ask a busy politician to sit next an abstract philosopher would not be half as bad. Therefore a woman has much to consider before she begins to entertain.—Harper's Bazar.

Remedy for Poison Ivy. People who have sought relief during the heated term at the various seaside resorts which dot the coast of New Jersey have suffered at intervals from a plague of mosquitoes and black gnats. Others, who preferred the mountains and inland attractions, have suffered greatly from contact with poison ivy. The former found a remedy in pennyroyal and brush ferns, both miserable. To ask a young poet to sit next an old campaigner, who has nothing to talk of, but the dissection of character, who is given to social parboiling, is to make both miserable and will ruin one dinner at least. To ask a busy politician to sit next an abstract philosopher would not be half as bad. Therefore a woman has much to consider before she begins to entertain.—Harper's Bazar.

There is a prejudice against peacocks' feathers for household ornamentation, because old women say death comes to the house where they are displayed. For ingrowing toe nails use equal parts of mutton tallow, castile soap and white sugar made into a salve. Apply until the swelling is down, then trim the nail in the center. Said Laetitia Mott, when asked how she managed never to have any trouble with servants: "I never ask them to do anything I know they won't do."

The taste of fish may be removed very effectively from knives and forks by rubbing them with fresh orange or lemon peel. If soot is dropped on the carpet, cover thickly with salt and it may be swept up without injury to the carpet. Mrs. Grundy says that the conspicuously fashionable woman who is "charitable and kind" is a real curiosity. Fleas, one who has tried it asserts, may be driven away by scattering flour of sulphur liberally about.

A teaspoon of lye in a pail of water will improve the color of black goods. At the Queen's Fountain. Near Invermark, on Lord Dalhousie's estate, a fountain was some years ago erected to commemorate a visit paid to the place by the queen. It bears this inscription, in gold letters: "Rest, stranger, on this lovely scene, and drink and pray for Scotland's queen—Victoria." A Highlander was shocked one morning to read the following address, traced in a bold hand, suggestive of the London tourist, immediately underneath the original: "We'll pray for Queen Victoria here, but we'll drink her health in beer."—New York Tribune.

As a rule, the higher the position of the parents, the more simply the children are dressed—this rule holding good as regards the royal and noble families of England. Unfortunately, our country people have acquired abroad the unenviable reputation of loving vulgar display; but Angliomania has had the desirable result of inculcating a love of simplicity. Teachers in French and German schools have been known to complain bitterly of the demoralizing effect produced by American girls upon the other pupils. The demoralization of France, as the case may be, having been accustomed to the plainest style of dress and coiffure deemed suitable to her tender years, is rendered envious and discontented by association with such free and independent young women clad in silk attire, as a school costume, with diamond earrings flashing in their ears and their fingers loaded with rings. While there will always be, in

every community, a select few who will know how to dress simply on all occasions where rich garments would make them conspicuous, the masses are not happy unless they are testifying to their wealth with the gorgeousness of their robes and the profusion of their jewels.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Emerson and His Children. Emerson was playful and winning in his ways with his children, but he did not often romp with them, and he discouraged their devoting the early hours, even of a holiday, to amusement. "He taught us that at breakfast all must be calm and sweet, nothing must jar; we must not begin the day with light reading or games; our first and best hours should be occupied in a way to match the sweet and serious morning."

From the age of 13 or 14 he thought they should be encouraged as much as possible to regulate their own conduct. He would put the case, and leave them to think and act for themselves; and he did not fear to inculcate, even at this age, the whole of his own doctrine of self reliance. To one of his daughters who was away from home at school, he writes: "Finish every day and be done with it. For manners and for wise living it is a vice to remember. You have done what you could; so blunders and absurdities no doubt crop in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day for all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the rotten yesterdays."—Cabot's "Memoir of Emerson."

Girls Figures Spoiled by Athletics. It is the athletic girl, the new type of girl who goes in for pretty nearly all the sports her brother takes up, who is, if she has previously cultivated her figure, the worst deformed girl of all. There is nothing like athletics and corsets, mixed or in alternate doses, to bring out the possibilities of curves, twists and abnormal developments in a modern girl. All British femininity is at present engaged in screaming contradictions at La-bouchere because he had the hardihood to declare that tennis playing girls were crooked. In a half dozen groups at Central park the other day I picked out four players whose right shoulders were noticeably of different shape from the left, and six or seven in whom the same thing, though less obvious, had begun to manifest itself, the summer exertion enlarging the muscles and light clothing "strapping them out of place and accentuating the uneven development of the body. Girls who row in corsets are a curious sight, the extra muscular development all taking place high up, where the blood has a chance to circulate, and making the shoulder tower above the rest of the body.—Chicago Herald.

A Troublesome Form of Beauty. Mrs. Reformer Jenness-Miller's latest objective point is the bustle. In her magazine, Dress, she comments on the amusing alacrity with which women fly to the defense of the bustle whenever that highly ornamental and pestiferous obtrusive article of dress is assailed. She quite overlooks the most grotesque phase of the bustle question; that is the constant solicitude of the average wearer when on the street, single out any well dressed woman who happens to meet on promenade, and ten to one, if you follow her, you will observe that about once in every block of her walk she will give her bustle a flip, furtive or bold, according to her disposition. No woman is ever certain ten minutes at a stretch that her bustle is in the regulation state of discipline, hence her mind is forever on the rack.—Detroit Free Press.

Prevention of Wrinkles. Evidently quite a number of us are growing old because we are interested in knowing what will prevent wrinkles. The best remedy is, of course, lack of care and absolute hard heartedness, for the emotions cause wrinkles. When they are just beginning to be little wrinkles, sort of baby wrinkles, the old Creole recipe is really of some use. This is when on the street, single out any well dressed woman who happens to meet on promenade, and ten to one, if you follow her, you will observe that about once in every block of her walk she will give her bustle a flip, furtive or bold, according to her disposition. No woman is ever certain ten minutes at a stretch that her bustle is in the regulation state of discipline, hence her mind is forever on the rack.—Detroit Free Press.

To Fill Cracks in Floors. Cracks in floors may be neatly but permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of a half pound of flour, three quarts of water and half a pound of alum mixed and boiled. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the crevices with a case knife. It will harden like papier mache.—Boston Budget.

The best remedy for burns is claimed to be essence of peppermint and whisky mixed. Wet a soft cloth or raw cotton and apply. It stops the pain instantly and draws out the fire. The women of New York have been granted more patents than their sisters in any other state. The women of Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin rank next in order.

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BUILDING PIANOS.

SOME CURIOUS FACTS REGARDING THEIR MANUFACTURE AND SALE.

Comparatively few piano factories can Justly Claim to Make Their Own Instruments—Fanciful Names—Borrowing a Good Scale—Various Successful Tricks. Pianofortes are no longer manufactured, but are built. Only two or three of the hundreds of piano factories in this country can justly claim to make their instruments from beginning to finish. Large establishments devoted to the manufacture of some particular portions of the instrument have sprung up of late, and have so revolutionized the art of piano making that in some shops not a single part of the completed instrument is made in the factory.

There are probably a dozen places in New York and vicinity devoted exclusively to the making of cases. A like number make the beautiful and delicate piece of mechanism known as the action, and as many foundries cast the heavy iron plates which sustain the enormous strain of the strings. There are also manufacturers of sounding boards, and of wrest planks, into which the tuning pins are set; carvers of legs, lyres and trusses; importers of felts and cloths, winders of wrapped strings for the lower notes, and drawers of thinner wires for the upper notes.

Several large houses make a specialty of pianoforte hardware, and a half dozen cutters of ivory supply complete keyboards with black keys of ebony and white keys of a medium quality of ivory. Other establishments make keys of various compositions, principally of celluloid, and even the stencil plates for the names are often furnished by the varnish dealer. Thus nothing remains to be made at the factory but the name, and that is sometimes of the most adroit workmanship.

One of the largest buildings on the west side of this city, with a capacity of turning out the enormous number of sixty to seventy-five completed instruments a week, makes no part of the piano but the name, and quite frequently even that is furnished to them by the dealer who buys largely enough to justify having his own name put on as the maker. Sometimes a name is manufactured having so close a resemblance to that of some one of the best known makers as to mislead the unwary.

UNDER FANCIFUL NAMES. Besides these, dozens of names, purely fanciful, are used by makers whose reputation will not justify demanding a high price for pianos bearing their own name. It is not, however, to be inferred that all instruments built and put together like blocks in a puzzle are necessarily inferior. The quality of a pianoforte depends upon two essentials—the scale and the care with which it is constructed and finished. The scale is a matter of scientific accuracy in form, balance and proportions of the iron frame over which the strings are stretched, and its adjustment to the sounding board. This is generally most readily arrived at by borrowing from some leading maker. A first class piano is secured and taken to pieces, the frame or scale is copied, often by making a casting from the original plate, and the new manufacture is equipped with a successful scale, without experiencing any of the delay and disappointment incident to experiments in search of the new and the beautiful.

The casemaker is next visited, and it is found that a moderate price will buy a case suitable for a high class instrument, and one less elaborate, made of lighter material, can be had for a surprisingly small sum. While the case, which is made of white wood and ash, veneered with something more expensive, is getting its first coat of the stain which is to turn it into rosewood, ebony or cherry, the skilled workmen are putting the frame and sounding board together. The strings are then drawn, the pins being driven into place with a hammer instead of being carefully screwed in as in the old-fashioned days of conscientious work and high prices. While this is in hand the case is glued together, having received its several coats of varnish.

More rosewood pianos are made than of all the other sorts combined; yet few are really veneered with rosewood nowadays. This is because it is seldom that varnish will not soon show small chinks and cracks on this veneer, and, as a very close imitation can be produced by staining, it is usual to veneer the cases with mahogany or baywood or sometimes with cherry, and then transform it into rosewood or ebony as preferred. No real ebony is ever used for similar reasons, and also because large pieces of ebony veneer cannot be had.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES. After the stain comes the varnishing. This is frequently done by contract, the varnish foreman receiving a stated price for each instrument finished, hiring his own assistants and buying the varnish himself. After the case has joined company with the iron frame and sounding board, the action is placed in position and the wires get the first rough tuning. If the piano is to have any soul, the tone regulator now proceeds to develop it by his skill. But if the price at which it is to be sold does not justify such luxuries as a pure, round and even tone, and a crisp, responsive touch, the soul maker's responsibilities are not exacting. Fly finishing is done last. This includes putting on lock and hinges, and the instrument is then ready for sale.

It is popularly believed that no plain piano, however fine, can be made to cost the manufacturer more than \$200, and the fact that some of the cheapest are wholesaled at less than \$150 seems to justify that impression. It is thus a matter of comment that in nearly all catalogues the old extravagant prices are quoted, although it is well known that in almost every case the list price is utterly disregarded in making a sale.

Only one house of any repute has had the courage to do away with the long price system, and to face the inference that reduction indicates a cheapening of quality. One great establishment vigorously holds to the high list throughout, giving only a moderate discount even at wholesale, but its patrons seem willing to pay the prices, and a reduction or modification would probably result in a loss of caste.

All the piano makers, however, do not grow rich. Long credits and enormous bills, money borrowed, and notes discounted at ruinous rates work have among these as with other classes of business men. And without copious advertising a piano maker might as well close his doors. A piano cannot be sold at a fair price unless it is already favorably known. It requires a long head as well as a deep pocket to make a good piano, and to sell it after it is made.—New York Sun.

The face of the car is neither hard nor mean, yet there is a firmness always visible behind the handsomeness and the indifference which would be called a line of equality by his enemies, but an honest determination to rule or die by those who know him best. I like his face, and, in spite of my republican principles, admire the man.—Copenhagen Cor Courser-Journal.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

A granddaughter of Charles Dickens does a flourishing business with a type writer.

The Empress Eugenie has recovered her health and now talks about a tour in the Holy Land. Miss Anna Dickinson, who has been ill for nearly a year, is slowly improving and will shortly go south. Mrs. Mackay presented the new Countess Cairns, who is a Jewess by birth, a diamond and ruby aigrette brooch.

Queen Victoria, having been requested to write her name in a Bible specially printed for the colonies, and to add a verse from Scripture, selected the following: "On earth peace, good will toward men." It is remembered of Jenny Lind that she disliked factory. When the sculptor Durham made a bust of her she was greatly displeased with it. "I am," she said to him, "an ugly Swede and you have made me a beautiful Englishwoman."

A young woman of culture in London has set the fashion of wearing a black Fortia gown, lined with crimson, to the theatres, and has gained several followers. She is now trying to lead off with a studded shirt front and white cravat. Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has proved a most acceptable teacher of history. She is popular with her pupils at Mrs. Reed's boarding school in New York, and under her guidance they have become proficient in the historical studies undertaken.

In a Spanish newspaper, printed at Matanzas, Cuba, appears the following advertisement: "Photographs of the most beautiful woman in the world—Mrs. Frances Folsom de Cleveland, the lady of the White House, the idol of 60,000,000 of people, the wife of the President of the United States. Call for the 'El Rayo Verde' cigarettes."

The wife of Don M. Dickinson, the new postmaster general, is a handsome woman—tall, with auburn hair, clear complexion and large dark eyes. She has always been very popular in Detroit, and has been a prominent figure in the social life of that city. She is extremely affable, and has both tact and dignity. She is considerably younger than her husband.

CREATION'S LOWER ORDERS. The largest cow in Dakota is reported from Cass county. She stands 6 feet high at the shoulders, and though thin in flesh, weighs 1,800 pounds. The weatherwise of Maine say that the recent capture of an immense Arctic owl near Fish Point presages an early winter. The bird measured 6 feet from tip to tip.

A handsome buck was recently shot near Rock Springs, Ky., which for the past two years had been a target for the rifles of the hunters of the neighborhood. He weighed 175 pounds and his antlers were of unusual size. In many portions of Idaho, Nevada and Wyoming the rabbits are so numerous that they are becoming almost as great a plague as in Australia. The proprietors of a large ranch are giving boys five cents apiece for killing them, and some of the boys earn as much as \$5 each per day. The dead rabbits are fed to hogs to fatten them.

Levi Campbell, of Kingsbury, Me., set a bear trap and a bear got into it. He dragged the trap a good distance, until it was caught in a log. Then Levi came up and struck the bear with an axe. The animal turned suddenly, wrenched the trap loose, grabbed Levi, and was in a fair way to make an end of him when his dog pitched in and attracted the bear's attention until Levi could drag himself away.

Justice Jamsach, of Kalamazoo, Mich., has a parrot that he wouldn't sell for its weight in silver. On five different occasions has this intelligent bird saved the house from being burglarized. The last time was on a recent night. The burglar got the door unlocked, but when he opened it the parrot asked, in a stern and harsh voice: "Hello, there! What's the matter?" The burglar didn't answer, but fell over himself in his desperate effort to get away.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN. Boston Mamma—You mustn't speak of your legs, Flossie, when we have company. It isn't polite. Flossie—What should I say, mamma, drumsticks?—New York Sun. Father—Come, Bobby, you are all tired out; so hurry off to bed. Bobby, with a slow and reluctant movement—Pa, you oughtn't to tell a boy to hurry up when he's all tired out.—Philadelphia North American.

When Little Meg saw a picture of Christian, with the burden on his back, she looked at it curiously for a minute and then asked: "Mamma, what makes the manny wear his bustle so high up on his back?"—Boston Transcript. A tiny nephew once heard his dearly beloved maiden aunt called an "old maid." The child's elder brothers and sisters were telling "what they were going to be" one day soon afterward, and little precocity astonished everybody in the room by saying earnestly that he was going to be an "old maid" like auntie, "vase was made everybody do!"—Kingston Freeman.

A sturdy little chap, some 7 years old, had a tantrum one day last week and, mother, in order to mark her displeasure and impress it upon him, left him by himself and went to her own room. He followed her as far as the door, and, after she had passed in, closed it somewhat emphatically. Then he went to his play. Half an hour later he returned, opened the door softly and looked in. His mother caught his eye and could not repress a smile. "There," he said, "I knew you'd get over it. Now you are my own dear mamma again."—Boston Herald.

Little Nellie, of West End, was in an avenue store yesterday with her mother, and she was greatly pleased with the Christmas array of dolls. "Mamma," she said, "I want a baby." "Very well, Nellie," replied the mother, "you shall have one," and Nellie soon had one in her arms, but she was not satisfied and still hung about the doll display. Finally, half in fear and half in hope, she whispered: "Mamma, I'd like to have twins."—Washington Critic.

SENATORS AND EX-SENATORS. John Sherman is said to be worth \$1,500,000. Senators Stanford, of California, and Stockbridge, of Michigan, turn over all their salaries to the clerks of their committees. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, when in the senate before, was one of the most liberal entertainers in Washington. His fortune was much larger then than it is now, yet he spends money with the same freedom that characterized him then. Ex-Senator Dorsey, Senator Windom and Jesse R. Grant are at the head of a great syndicate which has purchased the Moore-Benjamin iron mines in the Gogebic range, in Wisconsin. The price paid for the mines and surrounding lands was more than \$2,000,000.

Strange and Mysterious Fact. A day or two ago a lady in the West End called my attention to a strange and mysterious fact in reference to the prevalence of diphtheria throughout the city. She had noticed that in nine cases out of ten the disease was found in the street, running east and west, and on the east side of the streets running north and south. She wanted to know my opinion as to the cause, but I must confess I was unable to give her any information. I have looked the matter up, however, and I find she was right about the location of the disease on the south and east side of the street.—Dr. Warren G. Priest in Globe-Democrat.

GAMES OF THE FAKIRS.

SMALL SCHEMES THAT LOOK HONEST BUT ARE DECEPTIVE.

How the Ring Trick Wins—The Tripod and Grip-sack Man—Smuggled Shawls Which Entrap the Unwary—The Sailor and His Cigars.

There are a thousand and one ways in which the unsuspecting resident or the bucolic visitor in New York may be relieved of his money without in the least suspecting that he is being defrauded until the operation has been performed. There are innumerable schemes daily in operation in this city by which a great and greedy army of social harpies manages to take in quite a considerable revenue from their practices.

Perhaps the most successful of these little games is that one generally described as "the kid glove racket." The method adopted in this game is very simple, but is nearly always successful because it works so strongly on the imagination and appeals with such peculiar force to the gullibility which reposes in the mind of the average man. The gentleman who plies this interesting game may be met frequently on Broadway, between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, and along the Bowery. He selects a pedestrian who from his appearance may become a likely victim. He walks close beside the man for a few paces when suddenly he stoops to the ground and picks up a dark object.

"A RING IN IT." Naturally the curiosity of the prospective victim is aroused, and he wants to know what the young man has found. "Pshaw, it's only a kid glove, d—!" exclaims that individual, as he makes a motion as if to throw it away. He restrains himself with a start and cries: "There's a ring in it, by gosh! Just feel it," and the man addressed fobs, while, surely enough, there it is. Then the young man draws out the ring, and holding it at arm's length, exclaims with a satisfied smile, "Ain't she a beauty, though?" and "she's" it, its glitter and size count for anything. To prove that the ring is a valuable one he offers the glove for inspection, and this being always of the best description, naturally excites the belief that a person wearing such an excellent glove would naturally wear a valuable ring. By this time the victim is in good shape, and the young man offers to sell the ring for \$5. It is too much, the man says.

"Oh, well, I'm dead broke and you can have it for \$2." At this price the victim buys, and he walks away with the pleasant impression that he carries a bargain with him in his pocket which cost the young man who sold it just three cents. He soon learns his mistake, but seldom tells others of how neatly he has been scooped, and consequently the young man who works "the kid glove racket" goes along serenely on the road to wealth.

Any person who passes along the Bowery during the afternoon will probably notice a man who, in and out of season, wears a high white battered hat, a kind of linen duster, a woolen muffler around his neck and a remarkably red nose. He carries with him a portable tripod or stand and a weather beaten grip-sack which he unfolds and erects at a spot near Canal street, where there is always a great throng of passersby. He glances around to see that no hated "copper" is in sight, and then he is ready for guanoons. His game is a modification of the three card trick, or a still further illustration of the degree to which the now you see it, now you don't act, may be carried. He has a hole about two inches square cut in the partition dividing in two compartments of the grip-sack, and in the outer partition are four or five small pasteboard boxes, something like those made to hold cigarettes.

He picks up one of the boxes, and, pulling out its drawer, shows therein a five dollar bill. Then he announces to the crowd which gathers so easily on the Bowery that he will allow anybody to draw that box who can do so by paying \$1 for the privilege. The crowd is not desiring to try, when suddenly a tough young man wearing a pea jacket ornamented with great mock pearl buttons, says he will try. He puts down a dollar, draws a box, and lo! it is the one containing the bill.

HE TRIES IT AGAIN. He invests another dollar, draws again, and again he is successful. The red nosed man expresses his disapproval of his ill luck, but announces that somebody must win. The young man with the pea jacket says he will not try again, as he is \$8 in pocket and is happy, and he disappears from the scene. By this time several men want to try their hands at the drawing—it looks so simple! The first one draws and finds his box contains a cake of soap. He tries again, with a like result. Nothing daunted he slides down another dollar for a chance, but fails to get the box with the bill.

Of course that particular box is always dropped skillfully through the little slot in the partition. Then other observers try their luck, but the result is always the same—they come out losers. When the crowd is pretty well worked the red nosed man gazes down the street and cries with a start, "Here's a cop," and suddenly bundling up his traps he disappears down Canal street. Of course there is no "cop" in sight, and if any person should follow the red nosed man he will find him in company with the young man who was drinking milk punches while chucking over their luck.

The most enterprising and elaborate of all petty swindles is the "smuggled shawl" business. This is really an artistic little idea, and the man who practices it deserves to be called a Napoleon of finance in his way. He dresses in a uniform similar to that worn by stewards on first class ocean steamships. His story never fails to make the desired impression on his victims.

He goes around in tenement houses during the day while the lords of creation are at work and he carries a parcel which he declares contains a shawl of rare value which has been smuggled from France or Timbuctoo or some place far away. Sometimes it is silk he offers, but his makeup and the plausible story he tells usually get him a purchaser. In this way the guileless housewife buys a shawl for \$20 which the rascal gets wholesale on Catharine street for \$10 a dozen. To this class of swindlers belongs the alleged sailor one meets so frequently along the river front who sells "smuggled" cigars at \$5 per box of 100 which he purchased on Park row at a cent apiece or less.—New York Press.

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