

### THEIR FORTUNE.

He is but a fisherman,  
She an oyster seller;  
I—well, I'll be if I can,  
Their true fortune-teller.

He has lost his heart to her—  
Love has thrilled his being,  
And for him her pulses stir,  
That is easy seeing.

He is jealous as the South,  
Bound with Love's stern fetter;  
She—well, watch her rosy mouth—  
She is little better.

So they'll quarrel many a time,  
Quarrel till the morrow;  
Then, like their own sunny clime,  
Joy will follow sorrow.

Doubting, always loving still,  
They will pass together  
To the shore where comes no ill,  
Strife or angry weather.

Simple tale you say this is,  
Lacking point or glory;  
True, but myriad tales like this  
Make the wide world's story.

—Cassell's Family Magazine.

### BEAUTY NOT SKIN DEEP.

#### Results of a Day Spent in a "Beautifying" Parlor.

Growing Use of Cosmetics Among Young and Old—Futility of Lotions and Powders—About the Complexion—The Surest Beautifier.

"Eight million dollars are spent annually by the women of America for paints, powders and cosmetics."

This item has been going the rounds of the press recently, and after I had read it for about the sixth time I determined to start on a tour of investigation and to find out for myself if the profits from the sales of cosmetics are so enormous.

It is not a difficult matter in New York to find one of the establishments where they promise to make a raving, tearing blonde beauty of you, a radiant, brilliant brunette—as you fancy—in less than no time at all, if you will only invest in the one and only balm, or lotion, or powder which is there manufactured on the premises.

The first place of this sort which I visited was presided over by a blonde young woman, who smiled sweetly and assured me, if I was looking for a preparation which would impart the flush of a June rose to my cheeks and the sunniest gold tint to my hair, I had come to just the right place.

"This preparation is the only toilet article which is absolutely harmless; it has stood the test of ninety-five years, is known throughout the whole world, and is composed of perfectly—"

At this point I interrupted her, or she would still have been going on about the merits of the cosmetic.

I told her that my time was limited; and if she had got started again on the theme, I intended to intimate that I had to catch a train for some distant town in the wilds of Jersey, and that she might just as well spare her breath, for what little complexion I have I value too highly to spoil with any paint or powder.

But if she would kindly give me some idea of the amount of money annually expended for cosmetics in America I would be much obliged to her.

"I should say that at least several million dollars were spent every year. Our sales alone are over half a million boxes of—"

"Our—"

"Our—"

"Our—"

"Our—"

"Our—"

"Our—"

"Our—"

"Our—"

Perhaps I could find some place where a saleswoman was required. I would try at any rate—the fun I would probably get would be sufficient reward for a few days' work, supposing I could get nothing more substantial.

My next visit was to a place where I found that the proprietor had just advertised for a saleswoman, and, although she preferred some one with experience, she said I could come and try the place for a few days and see how I could get on.

Madame occupied two rooms in a handsome building on one of the principal avenues. Every thing was most gorgeous, turkey rugs and velvet-covered furniture, low divans and costly portieres, with lotions enough to sail a yacht and powders enough to start a flour mill.

"I have an appointment at ten o'clock," said Madame; "it is with a lady who is having her skin treated, but she may not come in until afternoon or to-morrow."

I expressed some surprise, as I had supposed that a woman would keep an appointment of this kind if she never kept any other.

"Oh! not at all," replied Madame, who, by the way, was most friendly. Such people usually are, I notice. Cosmetics may not improve the complexion, but some way I have an idea that they are rather a good thing for the temper.

"A lady makes an appointment to come to me at ten o'clock a certain morning, an appointment which she religiously intends to keep, and she leaves her home in time to do so, but on her way here she meets Mrs. So-and-so, an intimate friend, who exclaims:—"

"Oh! I am so glad to see you, dear Jennie, or Mary or whatever her name may be—you must come with me to select a new winter dress."

"Oh! hesitates Mrs. No. 1. I can not. I have an engagement; I am going to—"

"And here she hesitates again. No, not for all the world would she tell her nearest and dearest and best friend that she is not satisfied with the complexion that has been given her and is having another one made to order. Oh! no. She can't do that; her friends may make the discovery, but the subject must not be mentioned, so she vacillates, and can think of no excuse except that she was going to Macy's for soap or hairpins—and so she agrees to go with her friend.

"Now that is the way they do, and I never know when to expect my customers. They always come, though—"

"If not on the day of the appointment, soon after—and as I understand how it is, I am not particular about the matter."

"When I started business here a year ago," Madame told me in one of the few and far-between times when she had no callers, "my first advertisement brought me thirty-one customers. That is, the first day I opened the establishment, thirty-one ladies called here, and nearly all of them bought some of my goods."

Are people so quick to run after every thing new in this line? I thought. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at, for beauty's chief point lies in the complexion, and since the time that Cyrus' old grandfather, Astyages, adorned himself with paint around his eyes and color on his face; since the time that the Egyptians applied a black powder by means of an ivory bodkin to the pupils of the eyes, up to the present time, and for all time to come, the art of the costumer and beautifier will be in demand.

My day's experience showed me that from the young girl only fourteen or eighteen years of age up to the shocking old woman who paints, powders and wears a wig, all ages and conditions are represented among the customers of such an establishment. Nor is it only the one sex who give good money in exchange for such articles. There was a case not so very long ago, reported in the papers, of a man who, so it was stated on the authority of his wife and six daughters, used baby powder, pink face powder, and burnt cork to darken his eyes. That face powder is occasionally used by the sterner sex I have on the authority of Madame.

In one of Mr. Sala's stories we read that an enemy of the heroine—who was, of course, beautiful—"insinuated that her complexion (it was statuesque, marble-like in its pallor) was pasty and cadaverous; that her hair (it was blue-black as a raven's wing) was dyed, and that her eyebrows were painted."

Could her enemy have insinuated anything more unkind? During the day I presume between thirty-five and forty people called. It is needless to remark that each and all were in pursuit of beauty, and willing for its sake to put up with any amount of inconvenience and go to any expense. There never was a time when women did not love to make themselves beautiful—a very laudable ambition, provided no harmful preparations are made use of.

The best means of preserving the complexion is first to avoid care and worry, anxiety and fretfulness, which are detrimental to the complexion. Try to sleep well, and be careful of diet, and meet the world as it comes. Cold atmosphere and plenty of cold water are good tonics, excepting in cases of exceedingly delicate people. Protect your faces from strong winds by wearing a thick veil until the skin becomes somewhat hardened to the cold.

Some good writers and prominent physicians oppose the use of cold water and advise hot water.

"I must say I am much opposed to heat in any form for the face," says a

lady who has made dermatology a study, and who has a most beautiful complexion of her own to show for her care and study. "For example, you wash your face on arising in the morning with hot or cold water; which is more agreeable in its results if you are compelled to go outdoors? After washing one's face in hot water it feels drawn and soft if exposed to the air. Now, what you want is not a soft but a hard skin, firm but smooth and velvety-looking. You can never have a pretty complexion with soft skin, as it very soon wrinkles, and who does not detest wrinkles?"

So, ladies, do not use hot water. Do not eat too much; that coarsens the skin and makes it assume a masculine look.

Those who have too much color should avoid all rich meats and stimulating drinks.

If people would make a study of dermatology and pay more attention to physiological laws, there would probably be more good, healthy complexions and fewer demands for cosmetics. But will that time ever come? My experience of the past few days, I am sorry to say, leads me to believe that the use of cosmetics is alarmingly on the increase. As some one has said: "It will soon become a national eyecore. There was a time when a woman applied her violet powder in secret, and as to rouge it was relegated entirely to that one-half of the world the other half is presumed to know nothing of."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

### COMMON POLITENESS.

It Costs Nothing, and Is Always Received Gratefully by Every Body.

Common politeness is very simple, very easy, very cheap. It costs nothing in effort; it is no tax upon either the physical or mental powers; it is always gratefully received by polite people, and it gratifies giver as well as receiver. It makes all within the range of its influence happier and better, and it smooths many of the rougher paths of life.

Many intelligent and well-bred people are often uncivil for want of thoughtfulness, and they sometimes give good reason for offense, or for the assumption that they are uncivil, when they do not mean to be guilty of such an offense. Such persons are usually understood and excused by their intimate acquaintances; but it is a misfortune to yield to the habit of even apparent rudeness. It often grieves people whose respect is valuable, and it never accomplishes any good.

The gravest complaints about incivility often come against those who assume to be exemplars of society and good manners, and they are only too often just. So common is it for a lady to refuse the acknowledgment of the courtesy extended when a gentleman gives his seat to a lady in a street car that many gentlemen have abandoned that particular act of civility, except in cases where they know the lady, and they certainly have great provocation.

It is not at all rare to see ladies of social distinction accept a seat from a gentleman without the semblance of acknowledgment, and in all such cases the gentleman must feel like resenting the unpardonable rudeness, for it is not simply a want of civility, it is the positive rudeness that can be associated only with vulgarity. No true lady ever committed such a breach of common politeness, and it is only just to say that, as a rule, only those who pose as ladies ever commit such flagrant offenses against good breeding.

The true lady or gentleman never forgets common politeness to all with whom they come in contact, and the surest sign of the social pretender is displayed in public incivility to others. The genuine lady or gentleman is always so well assured of her or his position that they dignify it by courtesy to others who merit it, regardless of condition or circumstance, while the upstart, uncertain of position, repeats upon others the snubs he or she has received in the effort to climb into social recognition.

The true lady or gentleman are ever polite and courteous to all when those admirable qualities can be exhibited, and when those attributes are not exhibited on all proper occasions, it is always safe to assume that vulgarity is masquerading in the thin guise of the gentleness that ever marks the lady and the gentleman.—Philadelphia Times.

Manufacturing Jewels.

Some of the most singular processes appear to be in vogue at Oberstein, Germany, where the industry of manufacturing jewels is so largely carried on. Chalcedony is the usual base of false onyxes and agates, which are most frequently imitated, the stones in this case being boiled in the coloring matter and then subjected to intense heat, the color permeating the whole stone. One establishment possesses the secret of converting crocidolite into "cat's eyes." Gypsum and hornblende are also made into the same gems. Ticon, which are cheap stones of silicon and zirconia, have the color washed out, and are apparently diamonds until tested; a thin slice of diamond is laid over a topaz, so that the whole appears to be one gem; emeralds are easily imitated; many stones sold as rubies are only red spinel, and much of what is termed lapis lazuli is only dyed chalcedony.—Manufacturer.

The largest sum ever collected at a charity dinner was \$263,000, received at the centenary festival of the Royal Masonic Institute for Girls, recently held at the Albert Hall, London.

### PITH AND POINT.

—Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing.—James A. Garfield.

—When our hatred is violent, it sinks even beneath those we hate.

—It is easier to vanquish a man in an argument than it is to convince him.

—The largest expenses of married life are frequently caused by the little ones.

—Life consists in the alternate process of learning and unlearning; but it is often wiser to unlearn than to learn.

—It is believed that the luckiest stone mentioned in the Bible is the one that David used in his encounter with Goliath.—Jeweler's Weekly.

—The man who spends most of his days in giving advice to his friends has no need at all to lie awake nights wondering why he isn't popular.—Somerville Journal.

—Compared with eternity our career extends over a time easily expressed by the word "scat!" uttered in an ordinary tone of voice.—Bill Nye.

—We are almost all of us a little selfish naturally, you know, excepting when we hear a piece of unpleasant gossip about the man we never liked. Then we generally want to share our knowledge with every one we meet.—Journal of Education.

—My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; think a threadbare coat the "only wear;" and acknowledge a white-washed garret the fittest housing place for a gentleman; do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded.—Era.

—There is no real conflict between truth and politeness; what is imagined to be such is only the crude mistake of those who fail to discover their harmony. Politeness, taken in its best sense, is the graceful expression of respect, kind feeling and good-will.

—Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made one and the tailor made the other. Don't judge a man by his family, for Cain belonged to a good family. Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.—North Wales (Pa.) Record.

—The true lady and gentleman are polite and courteous to all when those admirable qualities can be exhibited, and when those attributes are not exhibited on all proper occasions, it is always safe to assume that vulgarity is masquerading in the thin guise of the gentleness that ever marks the lady and gentleman.

—A long life may be passed without finding a friend in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and sincerity. A weak man, however honest, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counsel. Friends are often chosen for similitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failings, because they are his own. Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain; or they are interested, and fearful to offend.—Dr. S. Johnson.

—In every political canvass we are prone to forget that the commonwealth is composed of men. We are, therefore, prone to forget also that to improve or reform the commonwealth, we are to reform and improve those who compose it.—men. To try to do otherwise is to try to make the rose bloom before the bush is rooted, or to cause the tower to soar before the cornerstone is laid. The center of all organization and social existence is the individual man. All deterioration or improvement begins with single human beings.

### A NOVEL INDUSTRY.

An Enterprising Farmer Embarks in the Culture of Skunks.

The latest thing out in the way of a business venture is skunk-culture, if it may be so styled. At first it has the appearance of a joke, but it is nothing of the kind, as may be seen further on.

Having heard that something of the kind existed in this vicinity, the reporter set out to investigate the matter, and, although skeptical at first, soon found there was "something in it."

The owner and proprietor of this skunk ranch, is Joseph Lininger, residing two and a half miles north of this city, on the Mishler road. In an interview with him he said that the way he came to give such a thing any attention was a knowledge that a man in Tennessee had successfully conducted such an enterprise for several years and became rich as a result. The skunk is an animal easily raised and is quite valuable for its oil and fur. The skin is worth from 75 cents to \$1.50 and the yield of oil is about the same value. They have from six to ten young at a time, and breed several times in a season, the same as rabbits. Mr. Lininger established his "skunkery" in the spring with only a few animals, and now, in so short a time, there are fifty in the corral. "I set out," said he, "to raise 500 before slaughtering any, and at the present rate it will not be long before that number is realized." "How about the odor?" we asked. "None whatever. You can go right to the corral, and I defy you to tell by the odor that there is a skunk in the neighborhood." It seems that they never eject the acid and offensive fluid except as a means of defense, and if not molested there is no danger. "Besides," said he, "it is an easy matter, when kittens, to remove from them the glands containing the offensive secretions, and thus disarm them for life."—Huntington (Ind.) Herald.

### CHILDREN'S APPETITES.

Some Sound Advice on a Matter of More Than Ordinary Importance.

While some children eat daintily and seem to know when they have had enough, there are others who eat ravenously at the table and seem to be eating all the time between meals. This, I think, is an unnatural state of things. Animals in their youthful days are inclined to over-eat, but an animal worth raising is carefully guarded so that it does not over-eat. Should not these children be as carefully watched as animals? It is too often a habit acquired by food being easy of access, or over-indulgent parents, who, as soon as a child frets, give it something to eat to pacify it, until from an over-loaded stomach it is fretful and cross, and the more it eats the more uncomfortable it becomes.

I could not help contrast the manner of a very rich lady with her three boys with that of others I have seen since.

They have a very comfortable breakfast at seven o'clock in the morning, lunch at twelve, which usually consisted of potatoes, rice, cold sliced meat, milk, bread and butter; at five o'clock a plate piled high with sliced bread and butter and three glasses of water were carried to the nursery, and they were allowed to eat all they wanted of it; at half-past five the two youngest, aged five and seven, were put to bed; the oldest, nine years old, was allowed to be up till seven.

The family dinner was at six, and if the dessert was a light pudding, fruit and nuts, occasionally the boys were allowed to come down to dessert, but retired as soon as it was over.

"Do you never allow them a piece between meals?" I asked the mother one day.

"Oh, yes, there are some crusts of bread on a shelf by the nursery door that they can have whenever they are hungry."

"What, those hard things?" I asked in amazement, for I thought they were some crusts that had lain there a long time and been forgotten.

"Yes," she replied, "if they are hungry they will sit down and gnaw away at a crust and enjoy it, and it is good for their teeth."

I saw them many times get one of those crusts and gnaw at it as if it were candy, and I thought how many mothers would give their child a great piece of pie, cake or bread and butter thick with jam, jelly or molasses. The crusts did not take away the appetite for the next meal, while such a large lunch as the other would answer for a meal.

Depend upon it, that children raised on some system of self-denial are much happier, much better in disposition and health than those allowed to gratify every appetite.

Take notice for yourself, some time when you are traveling, and you will soon notice the difference between the children who eat from the time they get on the cars to the time they get off, and those who eat nothing upon the journey only at regular meal times.

Children need good, plain food, plenty of fruit, but all kinds of rich pastry, gravy and knick-knacks of every kind they are much better without.

The food we eat is largely responsible for the diseases with which so many are troubled, and also for the disposition; so the plainer it is, the freer we shall be from the many ills to which mortal flesh is heir.—Ladies' Home Companion.

### DURABILITY OF RAILS.

The Comparative Wearing Qualities of Iron and Steel.

The comparative wearing qualities of iron and steel rails formed a very fruitful topic of discussion at one time in railroad circles, but the question suddenly lost its vitality when the price of steel rails fell below the cost of production of iron rails. It is, therefore, a matter of much less interest than it would have been the case, say ten years since, to note the experience in this respect of the Wabash railway, which has just been made public.

The company removed from its tracks this fall some iron rails which had been first laid down in 1856, and about the same time they took up some English steel rails which were first used in 1873. The iron rails, after a life of thirty-two years, were sold to be remanufactured, and the steel rails, which had been used for fifteen years, were relaid on a branch road, where they are expected to last for twelve to fifteen years more. The "expectation of life" in either case would therefore seem to be nearly the same, with the difference in favor of the iron rails, probably due to the fact that the latter began their career in an era of less traffic, slower trains, lighter locomotives and smaller freight cars. Nevertheless, the facts cited go far to sustain the position of the erstwhile advocates of the continued use of iron rails, that well-made iron rails would sustain the wear and tear of regular railroad traffic as well as steel rails. It is worthy of note in this connection that the Wabash steel rails cost \$103 per ton, in gold, in 1873, and that the old iron rails were sold this fall for more than three-fourths the price of new steel rails, ton for ton.—Iron Age.

### Complimenting the Press.

Guest (registering his name and address, "Lee Davis Jackson, editor Paralyzer, Hunker's Hollow, Ark.")—You compliment the press, I presume?

Hotel clerk—Compliment the press? Certainly. You write a beautiful and, sir, you do, indeed. Guests without baggage are required to pay in advance. Four dollars, please, Mr. Jackson.—Chicago Tribune.

### AMERICAN AMENITIES.

Some Foreign Criticism Which We Can Dismiss With a Smile.

The ordinary receptions at the White House are characterized by an almost equal amount of freedom. The people walk about the rooms in an artless manner, picking a flower here and ripping off a leaf there, thumbing the *editions de luxe* which lie upon the tables, salivating anywhere—although a large number of spittoons, euphemistically called "cuspidors," are provided on such occasions—drawing their chairs up to the tables, and generally making themselves quite at home. Indeed, more than once or twice have a couple of democratic dames indulged in a set-to for a chair they had simultaneously selected. That all is both "painful and free" we do not need to be assured by the sight of the countless colored gentleman who pushes his way through the throng to "grip massa President." Nevertheless conversation among our American cousins is conducted on brisk and business-like lines. There may be small charm of expression or conventional prettiness of phrase, but the words, be they drawn slovenly or intoned at a high rate of speed, are directly to the point. Of course the language differs greatly from our own, although there is a deal that passes for American slang which is to be found in our dialects or in Elizabethan literature.

The promiscuous use of "elegant" is an evident importation from the Emerald Isle; "mad" for "angry" is pure Sussex, as is also the "down east" "axey" for "ague." A "square meal" is an expression well-known to the dramatists of the Shakespearian era, and the indiscriminate use of the word "bug" for all manner of insects is good old English enough. Many of our country folks to this day call the lady bird the "lady bug," the cockchafer the "May bug," and the green beetle the "June bug."

We seem to strike new ground, however, when we find shirts spoken of as "waists," short coats as "sacks," boots as "shoes," a purse as a "pocket-book," goshes as "slip-gums," handbags as "grip-sacks," the smaller articles of feminine attire as "notions," and scents as "odors." It is a little surprising when an American informs you that he is going to "tell you good-bye," when he arrests your attention and prefaces his remarks with a laconic "Say!" and request you to repeat a remark with an invariable "how" in place of our "what." And when a fair American insists on your seeing Niagara in winter, because "the fall is just as big and the trimmings are so mightily elegant,"—meaning thereby the beauty of the surroundings of ice and snow—it is, to say the least, a little painful. But then, when a beautiful sunset, a tasty dish, the weather, a certain route, or drive, or view, are all equally "elegant," what can we expect?—London Standard.

Evening Funerals.

A Custom Which Is Having a Rapid Growth in New York.

"No, it isn't exactly a fashion," thoughtfully responded a prominent up-town undertaker in response to a question concerning the comparatively recent prevalence of evening funerals; "it is becoming a custom. Several causes combine to encourage it. First, it is less expensive. The interment takes place quietly the next day, and the funeral cortege may be, perhaps, only the hearse and one carriage containing a clergyman and some representative member of the family. Frequently, too, a funeral is appointed in the evening, because the body is to be conveyed to some distant town for interment and an early start must be made the following morning.

"Still, another influence is traceable to the city's great increase of area. You will notice evening funerals seem more frequent in the upper wards. To attend the final services over a friend's remains where the residence is above Fifty-ninth or Seventy-second street the down-town business man must easily relinquish two-thirds of his day at the office, which is not always convenient or even possible. In the evening he finds it much easier to be present.

"For my own part," concluded the undertaker, emphatically, "I don't like it. There is something incongruous about gaslight and funeral trappings. Death is natural; its accessories should be as little artificial as possible. Just as the light from a chandelier increases the ghastliness of the corpse beneath, so, to my mind, do evening funerals accentuate the gloom of such sad occasions."—N. Y. Sun.

### A Friend and Benefactor.

"Confound your awkwardness!" exclaimed the man whose corns had been stepped on.

"I beg your pardon, sir," answered the offender, "but I think you were as much to blame as I was. You stepped directly in my way."

"Do you claim the whole sidewalk, sir, as yours? Has every body got to get out of the way when you come along?"

"Sir, I have apologized to you for the accident. If you want any further satisfaction I shall be happy to accommodate you at any time. Here is my card."

(Reads)—"K. K. Guppings, Manufacturer of Railway Lamps." Do you make these lamps they use on the cars?"

"I do, sir."

(With emotion)—"My dear friend, permit me to grasp your hand! I am a spectacle peddler!"—Chicago Tribune.