

gent w...
shaking hair, and...
in them—not produce a marked effect—
and yet not discolor the skin beneath.
The so-called dyes are not always inju-
rious, but they are invariably hard to
manage and great skill and experience
is needed to use them properly and pre-
vent staining the skin. There are very
many dyes on the market, and they are
manufactured after various formulas.
Pyrogallol acid, water and alcohol were
the light hair so treated becomes very
black. But as said in the beginning,
there are very few people, comparatively,
who care to resort to dyes. And it is bet-
ter so, for many of those on sale are abso-
lutely poisonous, while the balance of
them, if they do not injure the general
health, are at least hurtful to the hair.
As for a "darkener"—something that
will merely darken the hair without dis-
coloring the skin—there might be a
satisfaction for some people in using it.
But no one should trifle with any prepa-
ration of the sort unless they know its
ingredients and have been assured by a
physician or chemist that it contains
nothing injurious. An eminent lady
physician was wont to advise her
patients who would cover up the finger
marks of age to use the following to re-
store the color of the hair turning gray:
Rust of iron, 1 dram; strong old ale, 1
pint; oil of rosemary, 12 drops. Put the
mixture in a bottle, cork it loosely,
shake it daily for ten or twelve days;
then, after the mixture has settled, turn
off the clear portion for use. Another
prescription of hers for the purpose was
as follows: Powdered sulphate of iron, 1
dram; rectified spirit, 1 ounce; oil of
rosemary, 10 drops; pure rain water, ½
pint. Shake until mixture is complete.
While using either of these it would,
of course, be necessary to keep the hair
clean. Probably they would serve the
purpose and stay for a time, at least, the
natural changes. Certainly these
"darkeners" are practically innocent.—
Boston Herald.

ARTISTIC FURNISHINGS.

How to Select Wisely for Style, Quality and Price.

"One of the most essential points in furnishing," remarked a careful house-keeper, "is to see that you get good carpets—carpets that will wear well and that will not soon go out of style. This, of course, is on the supposition that you do not propose to change your carpets with every slight change of fashion, but may desire to practice a perfectly comfortable economy. Good wearing quality and good taste do not necessarily mean that the carpet must be expensive. In choosing, subdued colors—neither extremely light nor dark—and small patterns are best in the long run. Then come the curtains, which are very important, because you have to think not only of interior, but also of exterior effects. When curtains and carpets are bought, if your means are moderate, you can then buy your furniture slowly, adding to it carefully, redressing and covering old furniture, thus economizing as much as you please."

Tapestries and ingrain seem to be the best carpets for people of moderate means; and now that all grades of them are so beautiful in design and colorings, the housekeeper of refined taste, though not wealthy, can easily gratify them in this direction.

Among curtains, especially among the richer fabrics, there is a great deal of brocade, and the flowers are quite as apt to be overshot as woven into the goods. Old rose and pink tints are much used this season, and they combine finely with grays and browns. In colors there is nothing better for wear and a good general effect than Madras. It comes forth this season as popular as ever, and some new grades have been added. One handsome Madras set was silk striped, with a dash of tinsel. It was very heavily fringed, which added much to its beauty.

Muslin curtains are becoming more and more popular. Irish point excel, too, as they have a rich appearance even when not costly. Among white curtains Irish point and Nottingham lace are the most satisfactory, unless one pays a very high price.—N. Y. Star.

Achieved Success.

fine place you've got here, Ma-
jor," said Major Clippett, looking
around with approving eyes upon the
velvety lawn, spotted with leafy walnut
trees. Up on the hillside the haymakers
at work; down in the valley one
just catch a glimpse of a river that
in and out among the green
and level pasture lands.

"I said Mr. Desmond, who,
I out upon a bamboo reeling
as smoking an Eastern chibouque,
there pretty for a man who can't
villa on Lake Como!"

two young gypsies as I came up
hill," added the Major, cheerily.
they were good enough to direct me.
I might have taken the wrong path,
or if they were riding a bare-back colt
in the pasture, the other was doing bat-
tle with a blackberry hedge and had a
very pretty mouth all beamed with
stains."

Mr. Desmond shrugged his shoulders.
"Our girls," said he. "You needn't go
on to describe them any further, Clip-
pett. Every body around here knows
our girls!"

"The poor girls," said Mrs. Desmond,
who sat by, in pale blue muslin, and
eyes to match. "They are a great dis-
appointment to my husband."

"Indeed?" uttered Major Clippett, sym-
pathetically. "They seem to be nice
young things."

"Nice enough," said Mr. Desmond, ap-
athetically. "But girls! And I've al-
ways so longed for a boy. Some one for
whom you can chalk out a career; some
one who can make a name in the world.
Girls!"

Mrs. Desmond, who believed implicit-
ly in her husband, drew a funeral
sigh; Major Clippett laughed. And Ella
and Essie, who had heard it all in the
shades of the drawing-room curtains,
looked sorrowfully at each other. Essie,
the youngest and rosiest, had washed
the blackberry stains away from her
cherry lips; Ella, the tall girl, who was
a very Rosa Bonheur in respect to colts
and cows and all the barnyard animals,
had put on her white dress and pink
ribbons to do fitting honor to her fa-
ther's guest. And here they stood look-
ing sadly into each other's eyes. Side
by side "our girls" went noiselessly up
into the old nursery, where they had
played as children.

"I always knew that papa wasn't quite
suited with us," said Essie.

"But I never guessed the reason
why!" said Ella.

"What shall we do?" said Essie.

"What can we do?" pleaded Ella. "We
are only girls!"

"Yes, I know," said brave little Essie,
who from the threshold of her four-
teenth year was beginning to take
shy peeps out into the world. "But
things are not as they used to be, Ella!
If we could only make papa say: 'I am
proud of you!' If we could only induce
him to look at us as if we weren't super-
fluities in the world!"

"Do you think it is possible?" said Ella,
with brightening eyes and carmine
spots glowing on each cheek.

"We can try," said Essie. "Let us go
down by the river and talk about it!"

"What!" said Mr. Desmond, lifting his
head wearily from the pillow of the sofa,
where he was composing himself for his
afternoon siesta. "Our girls again? Can
they never be contented? Aren't they
getting along well enough with their
gove-ness?"

"Yes, I know, dear," said little Mrs.
Desmond, meekly. "But they want
wider advantages than Miss Millson can
give them. They want music lessons
from Salvini; and a course of French
and German at the *Conseilatoire*; and
Major Clippett says that his sister will
be delighted to receive them for a year
or two, if you don't object!"

"Object!" repeated Mr. Desmond,
drowsily. "Oh, I don't object! Let them
do as they please!"

And Mrs. Desmond carried this verdict
to the girls.

"Didn't he say he should miss us?"
said Essie, wistfully.

"Was he glad that we had some ambi-
tion?" asked Ella, whose hungry little
soul yearned for sympathy as a desert
wanderer sighs for a cooling fountain in
the arid sands.

"No, children," said Mrs. Desmond,
pityingly. "You know papa never can
be very enthusiastic about girls! But—
I—I dare say he will miss you when you
are away."

So the two girls left Desmond Court,
dismissed by their father with cold
kisses, like the touch of a fish.

Five years had passed away, and "our
girls" had not returned to the parent
nest. Mrs. Desmond grieved for
them, but her husband scarcely
seemed to miss the sound of their laugh-
ter in the dim old garden alleys, or the
echo of their light footsteps in the
halls.

"If they had been boys, now," said he,
"it would have been very different."

Until at length he went up to town to
visit his friend Major Clippett.

"The girls aren't here, are they?"
"Well," with a yawn, "I thought you'd
get tired of them."

"Not in the least," said the Major,
briskly. "But in the prosecution of
their life studies they have been obliged
to leave us. You shall see them in a day
or two."

"Plenty of time; plenty of time," said
Mr. Desmond.

"Well," said the Major, "how shall
we amuse ourselves? Shall we go to
the theater to-night and see the beau-
tiful young 'Ophelia,' over whom the

whole world is raving?

Mr. Desmond brought up a stool.
"Yes," said he; "but as I do like
good acting, I think I should have
made an actor myself. If I had ever had
a chance to 'train' properly."

"And in the meantime," said the
Major, with great gravity, "we will
visit the studio of a pretty artist friend
of mine, who is winning herself a great
name in the world."

"I'm a little rusty about art," said
Mr. Desmond, "but I know a good pic-
ture when I see it."

It was a large octagonal room, lighted
by a dome of grousel glass from above,
and hung with folds of claret-colored
cloth—a room filled with glowing land-
scapes, fair, serious heads, and studies
of the antique. Visitors moved quietly
about, speaking in whispers and glanc-
ing now and again at a tall, slight girl
in a brown holland dress seated at the
waist, who was working at an easel at
the end of the room.

"Let me introduce you to my friend
the artist," said Major Clippett. Mr.
Desmond bowed low.

"I reverence art in all its shapes,"
said he. "And if I had been fortu-
nate to have a son—"

"Papa!" cried the girl, passionately,
flinging aside her palette, "don't you
know me?"

"Essie!" he cried. "No—it is not pos-
sible!"

"But it is, papa," cried she, "your
little Essie!"

His eyes filled with tears, and for
the first time in her life Esther Desmond
saw shining in them the light of true
affection.

"My girl," said he, huskily, "I am
proud of you. I honor you for making a
career for yourself. And Ella?"

"Oh," said Essie, busy with her colors,
"you shall see her by and by."

"She is not at home, then?"

"She is not here, papa."

Mr. Desmond accompanied his wife
and daughter and Major Clippett to the
theater that night. It was crowded
from pit to dome, for the "Ophelia"
of the season had been a brilliant success;
and when she glided on the stage in her
pure white dress and girdle of dead
gold the house rang with applause.
Her face and figure were exquisite; her
acting such as Shakespeare himself
might have dreamed of; and when at
last the curtain fell, and "Ophelia"
was called out again and again to receive
the enthusiastic laudations of the crowd,
the tears were raining down Mr.
Desmond's face.

"I call that acting," said he. "Clip-
pett, did you say you knew that girl?"

"Certainly, I know her," said Major
Clippett, with difficulty keeping the
corners of his mouth in order. "She
is coming to my house to-night to sup-
per. Shall I introduce you?"

"I shall esteem it an honor to know
a woman of such genius!" said Mr.
Desmond.

"Oh, George!" cried his wife, "didn't
you recognize her? Our Ella!"

"Not Ella!" cried Mr. Desmond, start-
ing up. "My daughter Ella?"

"And no other," said the Major.

"Well, I don't wonder that you didn't
know her. She has changed wonder-
fully. She's a genius, you know, is
Ella!"

And when the beautiful young Ophelia
was folded in her father's arms that
night his heart throbbed high with
pride, while Essie stood smiling by,
and Major Clippett took infinite credit
to himself for all that had transpired.

"They live here with me and my sis-
ter," said he. "They are my adopted
daughters. But we wanted to surprise
you, so they are staying temporarily
with a friend. They are both artists,
Desmond; they have conquered their
own destiny, God bless them, and
achieved success."

"Our girls!" said Mrs. Desmond,
softly—and the familiar words which he
had so often spoken, in a sort of con-
temptuous toleration, grated harshly on
her husband's ear.

"Our girls!" he repeated. "Our treas-
ures, wife! I have been sighing all my
life for a son, but I shall never sigh any
more. My girls are all sufficient to me
now!"

And of all the triumphs which Ella
and Essie Desmond have won this hour
was the sweetest to them!—Ernestine
McMullen, in N. Y. Ledger.

Salaries of Foreign Statesmen.

In Belgium each member of the Cham-
ber of Representatives receives £10 16s.
a month if he does not live in Brussels.
In Denmark members of both houses re-
ceive 15 shillings a day during the ses-
sion. In France Senators and Deputies
are paid £336 per annum, and the same
rate obtains in Austria. In Portugal
Peers and Deputies receive £67 a year.
In Holland members of the Lower House
receive £166 per annum. In Greece,
Roumania, Norway and Sweden Sen-
ators and Deputies are paid, as also are
the members of the local German Legis-
latures. In Switzerland members of the
National Council get 10 shillings a day,
and members of the State Council from 6
to 10 shillings. In Italy neither Sen-
ators nor Deputies are paid, but they
travel free and receive other conces-
sions in taxes and patronage. In the
United States Senators and Deputies re-
ceive £208 per annum. Why not pay
our M. P.'s, then they would, perhaps,
remember the saying: "Every one ought
to make himself worthy of his hire."—
London Court Journal.

—No Money in It.—Smarre—"Huifo,
Sharpe! How's 'Christian Science'
gittin' along?" Sharpe—"O, I've
give up 'Christian Science,' an' gone
back to plain bunco."—Pac.

Every one of my readers who lives

in the country, and probably every
one who lives in the city, knows that
the reason the bees bury themselves
in the flowers is that they may ex-
tract the nectar of which they make
their delicious honey. But perhaps
there are not many of either country
or city readers who know that the
honey-makers, besides helping them-
selves, also help the flowers they visit.

Sometimes, indeed, if it were not
for the visits of the bees, the flowers
would not live at all; for some flowers
are what is called imperfect, and need
to be powdered with what is known as
pollen before they can make any
seeds. And the bees carry the pollen
from a perfect flower to an im-
perfect flower, and leave it there
while they are thinking only of get-
ting nectar. If you will catch a bee
which has been gathering nectar, you
will notice that it is covered with
a fine dust. That dust is the pollen
which has clung to the fine hairs on
its body. And if you should by
chance not know what pollen is, you
have only to put a buttercup to baby's
little chin to find out if he loves but-
ter, and you will see the golden pol-
len-dust all over the white skin.

It often happens with highly culti-
vated strawberries that they have im-
perfect flowers, and would not bear a
single berry were they not planted
near to some other variety that has
perfect flowers. Occasionally it hap-
pens to an apple-tree that it bears only
imperfect flowers, and then it must
either depend upon the nectar-hunting
bees or upon some other agency for
the pollen.

Near the little town of La Ferte, in
France—I think it is La Ferte—there
is an apple-tree which bears only im-
perfect blossoms; and the fact having
long ago been discovered, has given
rise to a very beautiful custom among
the maidens of the village. When
spring-time comes, and the apple-tree
buds the joyous time with a glad burst
of blossom, the maidens of the village
arm themselves with gay ribbons and
perfect blossoms from their favorite
trees, and go singing to the lonely
tree which has produced only the im-
perfect blossoms. Each girl then kisses
a cluster of the imperfect blossoms,
and in so doing dusts the former with
the pollen from the latter. She then
ties a distinguishing ribbon near to
the cluster she has dusted.

The tree looks very gay when thus
decorated, with the pink blossoms
smiling up at heaven and the dainty
ribbons fluttering in the perfume-laden
air; but the best of it is when the
leaves drop like summer snow and the
little apples begin to take shape.
Then the maidens pluck off all but the
best fruit, and let that take all the
strength of the tree, so that the ap-
ples grow famously and come to per-
fection. And now is seen the strange
part of the affair. The apples, instead
of being all of one kind, are as dif-
ferent as the blossoms that kissed their
blossoms, the fact being that the ap-
ple is exactly like the apple on the
tree from which the pollen-bearing
blossom was taken.

So on this one tree will be seen
round, rosy-cheeked apples, long yel-
low apples, juicy apples, mealy apples,
dainty little apples, and "monstrous
big" apples. Each maiden has the
apple she wished most to have.

out the Difference Existed Only in the Old
Man's Mind.

"Madam," said the gallant old man
after obeying her request to close the
car window, "I was just thinking how
different the women of to-day are from
those of ten or fifteen years ago in the
matter of travel. Formerly a lady who
had to journey alone was—"

"Yes, sir," she interrupted, "but
would you please tell me if I am on the
right train for Buffalo?"

"You are madam. As I was saying,
the women of ten years ago were con-
tinually worrying for fear—"

"And does this car go right through
without change?"

"It does, madam. I was going to say
that the women—"

"And do you think my trunk will go
right through with me?"

"Of course, madam. In former years
a woman traveling alone was afraid that—"

"You are sure we are on the right
train?" she interrupted.

"Very sure."

"And we don't change?"

"No'm."

"And we get in at six o'clock?"

"We do."

"And they'll call out the name when
we get there?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I hope nothing will happen,
but I'm very, very nervous. Would
you mind asking the conductor if we
are likely to have a collision, go
through a bridge, or get in an hour
late?"

And the gallant old man, who saw
such a great difference between the
women traveling to-day and those of
ten years ago, retired into his shell
looking as if something had rubbed
against his placidity of mind.

THEY LIVE WELL.

Something About the Tastes of People
Whom Everyone Knows.

Secretary Tracy likes terrapin.
Senator Evarts is fond of milk.
Balzac had a great love for coffee.
Senators Hoar and Dawes like clams.
Austin Corbin is fond of rare roast
beef.

Mrs. Harrison likes the succulent
terrappin.

Billy Florence's favorite dish is turtle
soup.

Jay Gould likes fish or a tender lamb
chop.

Walker Blaine orders terrapin in
Maryland.

Senator Hascok is fond of canvas
back ducks.

Congressman Lodge revels in Spanish
maccheroni.

Frank Mayo eats food of the plainest
description.

Adelina Patti delights in terrapin in
la Maryland.

Ex-Governor John D. Long is fond
of bread and butter.

Uncle Jerry Rusk's favorite dish is
corn roasted on the cob.

Mrs. McKee is fond of a spring
chickens and lettuce salad.

Governor Hill has a special fondness
for porthouse steak.

Ex-Governor Ramsey has a fancy for
whitefish in a vinaigrette.

Secretary Noble is fond of fried
chicken and curried oysters.

Secretary Windom's favorite dish is
pickercel in a mayonnaise.

Judge Martine finds his chief joy and
delight in chicken pot-pie.

Russell Harrison prefers fried blue-
fish, washed down with a little claret.

Adjutant General Porter has a weak-
ness for all sorts of game of the gamey
savor.

Vice President Levi P. Morton rarely
eats more than one kind of meat at a
meal.

Colonel Fellows assails the substan-
tials, generally chicken fricasseed or a
well-made curry.

Warner Miller likes lobster salad,
but it must be prepared in the most
dainty manner.

Sarah Bernhardt loves sweetbreads
larded with French peas and a fric-
asse of chicken.

John Wanamaker clings to good old-
fashioned dishes, and rarely, if ever,
touches wine.

Secretary Blaine likes to discuss a
tender chicken or a well-broiled
gobbler with cranberry sauce.

Senator Quay's favorite is a porter-
house steak from an inch to an inch
and a half in thickness, with a pint of
champagne to keep it down.

The President likes a good porter
house steak or a prime rib of roast
beef, and relishes it. Buckwheat cakes
and deer-foot sausages with sweet-
breads constitute his favorite breakfast
dishes.—Chicago Mail.

—A large American eagle flew on the
ship William Starbuck recently in the
Gulf Stream, and was picked up in an
exhausted condition. The bird had a
glass eye, with the undecipherable in-
itials of the supposed owner's name in
it. The bird's claw was entirely emp-
ty, and it is supposed to have been car-
ried to sea by the force of the wind and
was unable to reach the shore.

—In a Western drama called "Black
Hawk," the bartender finds himself
obliged to listen to this: "You don't
know me? You don't know me? I'm
Bloody Bill, the Howling Terror! I'm
a greased thunderbolt from Hell's Can-
yon! When I twitter the clouds hide
themselves! When I yell the rocks
split, the waters stop running, and the
sun turns back. When I shriek
"Y-e-i-o-u!" it rains h-l-u-d!"

—Americus and Sumter County can
boast of the oldest horses and mules of
any city or county in the State of Geor-
gia. There are seven horses whose
ages will aggregate 200 years, and six
mules whose ages will aggregate the
same. Some of them are remarkably
young looking and get about in as lively
a manner as if they were only five
years old. One of the horses included
in the estimate was offered for sale at
auction recently that is known to be
thirty years old.

—A man in Pennsylvania did not
believe that his hired man kept a
good watch on the stables, and so he
disguised himself, went out and
began banging around, and the first
thing he knew he had a charge of shot
in his leg. The hired man was on hand.

—Grumley—"Hello, there goes Win-
ters; quite a fellow, I guess. His wife
told mine that he had been of great
service to the State for ten years."

Brown—"Yes, just so; he's been mak-
ing shoes; sort of a forcible service at
the State penitentiary."—Kearney En-
terprise.

—Urbane—"Yes, my dear Miss
Dashley, they say, you know, that
every man of forty is either a fool or a
physician." Miss Dashley—"And yet
I did not know, Mr. Oldbean, that you
had ever studied medicine."—America.

—Wife—"If you don't quit flirting
with the servant girl I'll leave the
house for good and all." Husband—
"You have promised to do that time
and again, but there isn't a bit of re-
lance to be placed in what you say."

—Texas Siftings.