TO WEAR OR NOT TO WEAR.

Colors Which Should Adorn Women of Beauty and Taste.

"No woman is ugly when she is dressed." Only Lord Chesterfield could have been guilty of such a gallant perversion of the truth.

If he used the word "dressed" advisedly and meant clothed with a due regard to the selection of becoming colors and to the cut and style of the gown to suit the individuality of the wearer, he was undoubtedly right—no woman is ugly when she is artistically and becomingly dressed. But so few women seem to know what colors will enhance or destroy their good looks, what style of gown will conceal their defects and heighten their charms and what way of arranging their hair will improve their faces, that dress ofttimes instead of adding beauty to the appearance has the contrary effect.

People who are florid must be careful what reds they use even more than the pale people. A deep blue red, that red suggested in a plum or the velvet leaf of a red pansy that has caught a shade from the petals of its near neighbor, the dark blue pansy is the color for florid complexions. Grown people should be careful not to wear bright red. As Modjeska observes: "As one grows older red is more becoming above the face than below it." Dark cardinal velvet above gray hair and dark eyes has a most charming effect.

Pink is most becoming for fair young people. Rose color, combined with black, white, or gray can be worn with impunity by the youthful and fair.

Magenta should be suppressed. Only a dazzling beauteous being could survive the uglifying effect of this depraved color, and then it must be combined with white.

Dark sage green is an almost universally becoming color. It annuls any tinge of green there may be in the complexion; for this reason brunette people generally look well in green.

Only those who have an exquisite complexion should dare to wear pale green. If the complexions are clear, rosy, and fair, pale and dark have equal privileges.

Dark green, combined with pale, is becoming to brunetts with clear, pallid complexions.

Yellow is a delicious color—a favorite hue of the old masters and Dame Nature. Warm yellow has a good effect on the complexion. It makes the skin look fairer than it really is. It goes pleasingly with many colors. A brunette will look particularly handsome in a green yellow. Mustard color, which is insufferable by daylight is simply delicious in the gaslight. Pure blue and yellow are harsh. A good rule is never to combine two colors of equal intensity. One or two colors should be dull and not too pure.

Yellow will blend well with old gobelin blue, with heliotrope and certain shades of blue grays. Amber of all shades is exceedingly becoming to dark people.

People with blue eyes should not wear bright blue. It makes their eyes look faded and detracts from the bloom of the complexion.

Black should be worn advisedly by both old and young. The young can wear it better than the old. It brings out clearly the hard lines in the face and seems to deaden the bloom of the skin. Golden-haired blondes, red-haired maids and matrons, and dark people with clear, rosy complexions can wear black and look well. All others can modify its hardening effects by combining white, red, orange, gray, or yellow with it.

All but people with coarse complexions look exceedingly well in white.

Every color can be made becoming by being artistically arranged and relieved by another color, or by the soft, subduing effects of net or lace or airy tulle.—*N. Y. Herald.*

TOLSTOI AND THE BEAR.

How the Celebrated Novelist's Presence of Mind Saved His Life.

An incident is related about the celebrated writer, Count Tolstoi, which nearly cost him his life. He went out on a bear hunt with some of his friends, and, after selecting a spot which commanded a good view of the surrounding grounds, some of the more experienced hunters suggested that the snow had better be trampled down so that it would be easier for them to move about and get out of bruin's way and have time enough to take a shot at him if he should come upon them unexpectedly.

The count, however, although up to his waist in the snow, objected to this and said that it was entirely unnecessary, since the whole thing consisted of shooting the bear and not wrestling with him.

They did not have to wait long, for the bear, which had just risen from its lair, was walking along to get out of the way of the hunters when it suddenly stepped out into the open space directly in front of Tolstoi.

He coolly took aim and fired, but the ball, for some reason or other went wide of its mark. Taking aim again he fired, this time hitting the bear in the head, and the bullet lodged in the lower jaw and of course only made a very irritating wound, which made the bear so savage that, taking a few jumps, he was upon Tolstoi before he was able to realize it. Just as the bear came close enough to him he dropped down, and of course the bear went right over his body. Tolstoi's whole body sunk into the deep snow, and, the only part that remained exposed was his head, which the bear tackled as soon as he had recovered from his surprise in seeing Tolstoi disappear so suddenly.

Tolstoi did his best to push his head down as low as possible, and elevated his fur cap for the bear to bite. Twice the savage animal snapped at it, and then, discovering his mistake, made a bite deeper down, this time taking a piece of flesh from the count's right cheek.

Just at this moment his comrades returned, and by their loud yells succeeded in driving away the bear, who very slowly turned his back upon the hunters and walked into the woods, master of the situation.

Wherein the Resemblence Failed.

The late Gen. Clinton B. Fisk of New ersey, who attained political promi- nce as the Prohibition candidate for sident, was a Sunday-school worker well as a Prohibitionist. He was ays in demand at Methodist Sunday- ol institutes, and at one of these erings, as he used to tell, he was letely dumfounded by a bright ster in this manner: He was ng an address after another speak- ho had reminded the children that n was Washington's birthday. Said Gen. Fisk:

"Of course, you all know, children, about George Washington, whose birthday this is. He was a General, also. Can any of you tell what is the difference between Washington and myself?"

At the furthest end of the room a small, boyish voice eagerly exclaimed: "I know, sir."

"Well, what is the difference?" asked Gen. Fisk, with a smile of encouragement.

"Gen. Washington couldn't tell a lie, sir!" was the exultant reply, which set the older persons present into a roar of laughter, in which the General himself joined as heartily as any one. —*N. Y. Press.*

LADIES AS DEPOSITORS.

The Difficulties the Dear Creatures Have in Comprehending Simple Things.

"What sort of a time do you have with your lady depositors?"

The question was asked of a patient-looking, middle-aged gentleman who stood behind the counter over which was the sign "Paying Teller," in one of the up-town national banks.

"Well," he replied, with a smile—a very agreeable smile—"now that I have become a practical philosopher, I do not find it irksome. Indeed, I rather enjoy myself. The efforts of a lady to master the intricacies of banking rules and practices used to make my head ache. Now they provide entertainment for me all day long. I used to sigh when I saw a lady approach the window with an expression on her face indicating that she was in doubt about something. Now I observe her coming with pleasure, for she may have some new problem—though that is unlikely—or she may develop some new phase of character. That is unlikely, also, however. I think I know them all. I ought to."

"Why is it they can't understand?"

"Many of them understand everything. The majority of them do. The woman who cannot comprehend all that is required of a depositor is an exception. But those who do not understand do not understand at all. What do you think of a lady coming here and demanding to know why a check drawn by her was not paid when there was no money to her credit? I've had that happen to me a number of times. It happened this morning. When I told the annoyed woman that her account was slightly overdrawn, she asked me why I hadn't sent her word.

"'You could have told very easily by consulting the stubs in your checkbook and comparing the total with the total deposits in your bank-book,' I said.

"'Oh,' she said, 'I can't bother with figures. I always hated 'em.'

"And I had some difficulty in convincing her that it would be necessary to put money in the bank before she could draw any more out. She wasn't quite so bad, however, as the very innocent lady, historical in bank circles, who, when one of her checks was sent back marked 'No funds,' descended upon the bank for information, and, incidentally, for more money, explaining that there must be plenty to her credit still, as she had only used about half the checks in her check book.

The teller was obliged just then to inform a bright-looking young woman that her signature to the check she presented would be absolutely necessary before he could honor it. She blushed furiously and hurried to a desk to add her name.

"There's an example," he said, laughing. "But she knows better. It was only carelessness."

When he had paid the young woman her money he continued: "It is a great wonder that lady depositors are not continually being defrauded, because of their manner of drawing checks. Of course when they draw them at the bank we can correct them. But the checks they write during their shopping hours would, I should think, be a constant temptation to people with tough consciences. They could be so easily raised. Nearly all, except the experienced ones, fail to fill out the line after putting down the amount, and any bungler could raise the figures. It is a blessing, therefore, that most of the checks are drawn to the order of the reputable business houses of the city.

"Frequently their checks are for ridiculously small amounts. It is the new depositors who write them. It is a novelty, and they appear to leave all their small change—and big change, too, for that matter—at home, for the purpose of enjoying it. I have had as many as fifteen checks from one woman in one day and some for amounts as small as 5 cents. The other day a check was presented here for 19 1-2 cents."

"Do they lose their tempers often?"

"Oh, sometimes, of course."

Just at that moment the angry notes of a woman's voice were heard. She was talking to the cashier. It appeared that a check of hers had been refused because it was drawn for an amount larger than the sum to her credit.

"The check," said the cashier, calmly, "called for $23. You have only $14 in the bank."

"I have, too," she answered fiercely. "I've got $37."

"You're mistaken, madame," answered the official, still calmly.

"Well, here's my book. You can see for yourself."

The cashier took the book with the resigned air of a man who had been there before many a time. He examined it quickly.

"The trouble is," he said, "that you have drawn a check hurriedly some time, and neglected to fill out the stub."

"I couldn't possibly have done that," she replied, "because I always fill out the stub first. And, besides, I don't write checks hurriedly. I don't do business that way."

The cashier smiled, and that exasperated the woman still further.

"You've made the mistake yourself," she declared.

"We do not make mistakes here," was the quiet response.

"But you might," she said, with emphasis.

"Yes, we might, but we never do."

"It's possible, isn't it?" she demanded, with more emphasis.

"Yes, it's possible. Almost everything is possible. But we never have made one in our twenty-two years of business life."

The lady sniffed at this, and then, throwing her checkbook on the counter, she said, sarcastically, "Well, if this institution needs money so badly, you can have it." She flounced out.

"Will the bank be that much richer?" was asked of the paying teller.

"Hardly," he replied; "she'll undoubtedly come back and draw it out." —*N. Y. Times.*

A Substitute.

"Julius," said the Colonel, with a benevolent smile, "you probably know that I have a hundred acres of watermelons?"

"I—I—has yo' dun got dat much, sah?"

"Why, you live out there, Julius, and know all about it."

"Deed I libs out dar, but I'se bin so werry busy I hain't had time to inquar' around. What about dem watermillyons, Kurnel?"

"Julius, suppose I should drug some of those melons?"

"Yes, sah."

"Put in something which would make the thief awfully sick?"

"I follers yo', sah."

"Do you think you could tell one of the drugged melons by feeling of it in the night?"

"Me? Me? What would I be doin' in yo' millyon patch at night, sah?"

"But suppose you went there?"

"Arter millyons?"

"Yes."

"Gwine ter steal 'em?"

"Yes."

"Wall, Kurnel Johnson, 'tain't no use to argify dat p'int, kase I wouldn't go."

"Why not?"

"'Kase I'd send one of de boys, yo' know!'—*N. Y. Sun.*

IN FAVOR OF CANNIBALS.

A Plea in Palliation of the Practice of Eating Human Flesh.

The word cannibal is associated in our minds with scenes of the most debased savagery that the imagination can picture; of men in habits and appearance a little lower than the brute; of orgies the result of the most degrading religious superstition. It is not until one has lived on terms of friendship with cannibals, says *Blackwood's Magazine*, that one realizes that the practice is not incompatible with an intelligence and moral qualities which command respect. And after all, if one can for a moment lay aside the instinctive horror which the idea calls up and dispassionately consider the nature of cannibalism our repugnance to it seems less logically grounded.

It is true that it must generally entail murder, but that is certainly not the reason for our loathing of it. It is something deeper than this, and the distinction we dr[illegible]tween the flesh of men and of [illegible] is at first sight a little curious. [illegible]u imagine the inhabitants of [illegible] planet, whose physical necessities [illegible] not force them to eat flesh—to take life in order to live—regarding us with much the same kind of abhorrence with which we look on cannibals. Most of our natural instincts are based upon natural laws, which, when broken, are sure to visit the breaker with their penalties. The eating of unripe fruit, of putrid meat and of poisonous matter are some of these. But no penalty in the shape of disease seems to be attached to cannibalism.

What, then, are the motives that lead men, apart from the pressure of famine, to practice cannibalism? Among certain African tribes, and lately in Hayti, it has been the outcome of a debased religious superstition or that extraordinary instinct common to all races which leads men to connect the highest religious enthusiasm with the most horrible orgies that their diseased imagination can conceive. The feeling that leads members of sects to bind themselves together by the celebration of some unspeakable rite perhaps led to the accusations laid against the Christians of the second century and the Hungarian Jews of the nineteenth. But in the South Seas, although the motive has been falsely attributed to a craving for animal food, it was generally the last act of triumph over a fallen enemy. Thus Homer makes Achilles, triumphing over the dying Hector, wish he could make mince-meat of his body and devour it. Triumph could go no further than to slay and then to assimilate the body of your foe, and the belief that by thus making him a part of you you acquire his courage in battle is said to have led a chief of old Fiji to actually consume himself the entire body of the man he had killed by daily roasting what remained of it to prevent decomposition.

Valuable Recipes.

The girl who freckles, says the **N. Y.** *Star*, is said to be lovable, therefore any girl who freckles should not fret about it. She always does, however, and for this reason—to prevent the freckles and the fretting—Dr. Anna Kingsford once devoted a long article to the subject. I am going to make an extract or two from it, for the season is upon us when a little talk of this sort is at least appropriate. To prevent summer freckles—that is, freckles caused by heat—when going out in the heat of the day, run a [illegible] cream on the face and wear a veil—unless you prefer the freckles; and between the latter and its remedy I believe I would prefer the freckles. Cold cream is, however, an innocent and beneficial ointment, softening and whitening the skin far better than either glycerine or vaseline. It should be composed of pure white wax, spermaceti of the best quality, almond oil and rosewater, or better still, cucumber juice. A little oxide of zinc is sometimes added to give consistency to the mixture. This makes a perfectly harmless cosmetic which can be applied to the face to remove freckles.

Many country places are beset with poison ivy, and from which summer visitors are apt to suffer. It is well to know that it can be cured by a few applications of wood lye. Tie wood ashes in a bag and boil a few moments. Dilute so that it will not be too harsh, yet leave it quite strong. Paint with it the afflicted parts, and in ten minutes wash off with soft tepid water and anoint with vaseline. Repeat two or three times, or till a cure is effected.

A method of whitening tarnished silver that is used by many jewelers is to immerse the article in a bath of cyanide. The strength of the solution should depend on the condition of the jewelry to be cleaned. After immersing the piece thoroughly in this liquid clean with whiting free from dust or grit.

How to Treat a Sweetheart.

From an old New England scrap book: When he comes to see you let me give you a few hints as to your treatment of him:

First of all, my dear, don't let him get an idea that your one object in life is to get all you can out of him.

Don't let him believe that you think so lightly of yourself that whenever he has an idle moment he can find you ready and willing to listen to him.

Don't let him think that you are going out driving with him alone, even if your mother should be lenient enough to permit this.

Don't let him think that you are going to the dance or the frolic with him; you are going with your brother, or else you are going to make up a party which will all go together.

Don't let him spend his money on you; when he goes away he may bring you a box of sweets, a book, or some music; but don't make him feel that you expect anything but courteous attention.

Don't let him call you by your first name, at least not till you are engaged to him, and then only when you are by yourselves.

Don't let him put his arms around you and kiss you; when he put the pretty ring on your finger that meant that you were to be his wife soon, he gained a few rights, but not the one of indiscriminate caressing. When he placed it there he was right to put a kiss on your lips—it was the seal of your love; but if you give your kisses too freely they will prove of little value. A maiden fair is like a beautiful, rich, purple plum; it hangs high up on the tree and is looked at with envy. He who would get it must work for it, and all the trying should be on his side, so that when he gets it he appreciates it.

Old People in the Crimea.

A Greek woman who died at Simferpol, Russia, lately is said to have been 112 years old. She was working in her garden to the last moment. Becoming tired, she laid down to rest and passed away without a struggle. There are many centenarians in the Crimea. Three years ago there was in Kertch an old soldier whose dismissal from the army dated from the time of Catherine II., and whose authenticated credentials put his age at 128 years.

The government telegraph service of Great Britain transmits, it is said, on the average, 1,538 270 words a day to newspapers alone.

FREMONT'S CAMEL SCHEME.

A Project Which Was a Prophecy of the Advent of the Iron Horse.

Mrs. M. A. Bingham, widow of the late General Bingham, met General John C. Fremont in Kansas City in the days before the war, and has many incidents to relate of the Pathfinder. One of the most interesting refers to the meeting of Senator Benton and General Fremont forty years ago to discuss the establishment of a caravan route to California.

"I met General Fremont along in the fifties," remarked Mrs. Bingham. "He came here and stopped several days at the famous Gillis House. I remember taking dinner with him. He was regarded as a brave, adventurous, daring spirit. We looked upon him very much as people of to-day look upon Stanley. At the time General Fremont was in Kansas City planning for a caravan to travel across the great American Desert. His right hand man in this project was Lieutenant Beale, a civil engineer, educated at West Point. The father-in-law of General Fremont, Senator Benton, was also here, and regarded the caravan scheme with favor. They proposed to import camels from Africa and use them in transporting goods overland along the route known as the Santa Fe trail. The camels were imported at a considerable expense, but the trip was found impractiable. The camels could not stand the climate. It was proposed to winter them in Texas or Southern California, but the project fell through, and the promoters of the scheme lost considerable money.

"I shall never forget," continued Mrs. Bingham, "how one bright sunny morning General Fremont rode away from Kansas City on his way to California, looking every inch a soldier in his handsome uniform and military trappings. Reining his steed to one side, he said, laughingly, to me: 'When I come back get your saddle ready and I will give you a ride on one of my camels.' I never had the privilege of taking that ride. General Fremont soon forgot the camel scheme and went off to new fields. The camel idea seemed perfectly feasible and practicable, but the idea of a Pacific railroad seemed preposterous. While discussing the caravan project Senator Benton said to me: 'You are young, but you will live to see the iron cars start from Kansas City and cross the mountains to the Pacific Slope. I am old. I shall never live to see it. But I have confidence in the country and I believe in the future of the railroad. This little town of 300 inhabitants will become one of the great cities of the world.

"I could not comprehend such a project. I was surprised at its magnitude. Visions of my school days of the great American Desert, second only to Sahara in its size, the geographies said, came flitting through my brain, and I remarked:

"But Senator, how about the great American Desert? How can they ever cross it?'

"'That is nothing,' he replied. Standing in the moonlight on the portico of the famous Gillis House, impressive and majestic in manner, the aged Senator has seemed to me ever since a prophet. The caravan, which seemed so plausible, a failure—the Pacific road, which seemed so far away, a success. Who can tell what to expect?"

He Wasn't Extravagant.

Cautious people are sometimes too cautious, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. The story of a man who considered seriously for a week whether it would be wise for him to pay $500 for a lot, and, after deciding in the affirmative, learned from the real-estate man in a more careful conversation that it was $500 per front foot, is a case in point.

A few days ago a stranger, while passing a haberdasher's store, was attracted by a display of shirts, which were further distinguished by a placard on which was printed the legend, "These are 75 cents." It happened that in the same case were a few silk umbrellas, which command about $3 each on a pleasant day, with a slight tendency to rise if clouds gather. The pedestrian gazed long and earnestly into the window; then he wandered away, only to return soon and gaze again. This was repeated several times. Finally he entered the store and asked to look at the umbrellas. One was brought out and he opened and examined it with the utmost care. It seemed to suit him exactly and he turned to the proprietor and remarked: "I'll give you an even 60 cents for it." The proprietor evidently didn't think he understood aright, for he leaned forward and said, "What?" The stranger again informed him "I'll give you an even 60 cents for the umbrella." The proprietor was dazed. Then he began to recover.

"How much do you think it costs?" he inquired.

"Seventy-five cents."

"And you have been debating all this time whether you would give that amount for a silk umbrell?"

The stranger said he had.

The proprietor led him gently but firmly to the door. "My friend," he said, tenderly, "you are too far from home and you'd better scoot before some hungry car-horse gets a chance to nibble at you and make a funeral of you before the mistake is discovered."

Stealing Kisses.

A good joke is being told on a well-known young Third street man. He is a great society man. He is handsome, polished and something of a dandy. He is quite good-looking and, a pair of glasses balanced on his aristocratic nose gave him an intellectual air that he would not otherwise possess. For a year or so he has been devoted to a well-known young society woman. Not a week ever passed that he has not been at least twice to see her. About a month ago he proposed and was accepted. About two weeks ago the engagement was broken, only to be patched up again shortly afterward.

The cause of the engagement being broken was that the young man made his accustomed visit; he was shown into the parlor. While sitting there he heard his betrothed coming down the stairs. He stepped to the door, and as she passed the door he leaped out and printed a kiss upon her lips. A faint scream above startled him. He looked up and saw his sweetheart at the head of the stairs. He looked down and saw that he had the housemaid in his arms. He tried to explain matters but his sweetheart would not have it, and the engagement was broken. She afterward accepted his explanation and reinstated him.

This experience would have cured most people, but it did not cure him. A few nights ago he called again and entered the parlor. There was no light in the hall nor in the parlor. In a short time he heard his girl coming down the steps. He stepped out into the hall, and as she reached the bottom of the stairs he inclosed her in his arms and imprinted a long, lingering kiss upon her ruby lips. Releasing her, he struck a match and lit the gas, then, turning to snatch a kiss, he was horrified to see before him the black cook. He gave her a dollar not to say anything about it, but it was too good to keep and she told it.

An infant grows eight inches during the first year.

A SABINE LOVE STORY.

Illustrating the Effect of Gentle Force on Woman's Sweet Nature.

Here is a cute little story from the French of Catulle Mendes. Not a pretty word, perhaps, but then she said it so prettily!

She was a sweet little thing, and when she put her hands on her hips, lifted up her saucy little face, and, looking at you with half-shut eyes, emitted this provoking monosyllable, it flew as straight and swiftly to its mark as any shaft in Cupid's quiver. And just because the little minx was perfectly conscious of the effect of her "Pshaw!" she uttered it on all public occasions.

She said "Pshaw!" to everybody and without any apparent reason, but there was one to whom she said it more frequently than to anybody else, and for the very best of reasons. For he loved her and she pretended that she didn't love him, and so for a long time "Pshaw!" was all the answer the poor fellow got to his prayers and protestations.

"I love you."

"Pshaw!"

"I would give my life for a kiss from your lips."

"Pshaw!"

"I will blow my brains out if you refuse to listen to me."

"Pshaw!" said she, bringing her laughing face still closer to his so that her tempting red lips fairly touched his beard.

She wasn't a bit afraid of him, you see, but he, poor fellow, was still a little afraid of her, and she drove him almost crazy with her coquetry. At last he lost all patience, and coming upon her unexpectedly one evening he said never a word but took her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. She struggled and screamed like a captured bird, and as uselessly, for the victorious lover paid no attention to her remonstrances, but kissed her hair, brow, cheeks and lips with the concentrated passion of months of desire.

And as he grew bolder, and, drawing her on his knee, kissed her white throat and clasped her yet more passionately, she became alarmed. She gave up struggling and had recourse to tears and entreaties.

"Let me go, oh! Please let me go!"

"Pshaw!" said he. He didn't say it as prettily as she did, and he didn't have such a saucy little face, but then he was a good deal stronger, and—Well, when he did release her there were tears and some reproachful glances, and then a sweet little kiss of forgiveness, given without the least compulsion. She never said "Pshaw!" to him again—that is, not when she had on her best frock and wanted to keep her hair in order, and they are to be married next week, I believe."

Fight Between Chameleons.

As soon as they catch sight of each other they remain perfectly still for a moment, says the Philadelphia *Times*. Then they nod their heads up and down three or four times, as if to work themselves up to the right pitch for a fight. Then they swell out their dewlap, or throat pouch, until it becomes a beautiful light scarlet. All this while their color is constantly changing in a manner marvelous to behold.

Before they saw each other each wore a gay golden-green coat and a white shirt bosom, tinted with green, but in an instant this holiday attire vanishes and they don their fighting suits one after another, dark brown, light brown, olive green, slate color, some plain, some spotted, but the puffing out of the dewlap is the last of these preliminaries, and now, like a flash, the tussel begins. And such a tussle it is, to be sure! No fun or play about it, only deadly earnest. I have watched these Lilliputian combats more than once; one especially I recall between two unusually fine specimens, regular anolis dudes, and a fair lady (I suspect she was at the bottom of the trouble, too), sat on a leaf close by and looked calmly on, ready to greet the victor with sweet smiles.

The antagonists seized each other by the jaws—their teeth are very tiny, just big enough to feel rough to one's finger—but they managed to hold on to each other, and then their heads moved to and fro, their long tails lashed, they advanced and retreated up and down the stem of the evening jassamine, which they had selected as their battle ground, and for ten minutes they kept at it, their dewlaps swelled like beautiful scarlet balls, their hues constantly changing, their whole aspect instinct with rage and determination.

At the end of that time one of them had lost half of his tail, but he fought bravely on until another sharp jerk deprived him of the remaining half. That was the "drop too much;" he did not "turn tail and run," simply because he had none to turn, but he did run as fast as he could go, leaving the victor to swallow the writhing stump of his tail, which he did with evident enjoyment. The conquered hero escaped the same fate only by flight, for it is always considered the proper thing among the anolis tribes to devour their conquered enemy.

A Resourceful Wife.

A good story comes from one of the rural districts of an ex-swell who married a young woman with a reputation, much to the chagrin of his family, who "cut him off," so to speak, for such a fatal mistake. Recently the parental hearts began to relent, and a proposition was made through an accommodating friend that the young ex-swell should divorce the objectionable daughter-in-law, and receive in return not only the parental blessing, but a goodly part of the parental exchequer. When the matter was laid before madame she advised her spouse to accept the generous reward offered for the "inconstancy of man," suggesting that it would be advisable to replete the empty coffers.

"What's a divorce more or less? Let's have one by all means—divide the spoils and get married over again."

Now, could a man, an ex-swell, have a more accommodating wife.

"Why," she said to a listening confidante—who, of course, circulated the matter, as all well-regulated confidantes do—"why, I am ready to do anything for the dear boy." And she added ingenuously: "Only last winter, when he was strapped for funds, I went to San Francisco and worked in a bookbindery."—*San Francisco Call.*

Reason for Protesting.

There is a story told of a young physician of this city who was connected at one time with the emergency hospital which has caused many a smile at his expense. He had not long been stationed at the hospital when a woman was brought in suffering from a severe scalp wound. The blood was welling out in great jets and was fast dyeing her golden curls a resty red, and the doctor was engaged in hastily clipping her hair, when his patient exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, don't!" Thinking he might have hurt her, he said, "Oh, never mind; that's all right." "No it's not," responded the lady with some warmth, "for you are cutting my wig." And so he was.

Paris's water supply is proportionately more than one-third less than any American city of note.

MYSTERIES OF THE PACIFIC.

Interesting Evidences of a Civilization of Great Antiquity.

Modern science, which has brought to light buried Troy, revealed the place of ancient Babylon, untombed the mummy of the Pharaoh of Moses, and constructed something of a history for the Aztecs and the mound builders, stands baffled before the mysterious ruins of the Pacific sea Islands.

Kusaiz, otherwise known as Strong Island, of the Caroline archipelago, with a circumference of fifty miles, is covered with massive ruins of a remote date. They bear the outlines of fortifications, and are built of stones ten feet long, duly squared on six sides, of a geological formation not met with on the island.

Ascension Island, known as Panape, is larger than Kusaie, possesses similar ruins, but much larger. In one place remains a wall 300 feet long and 30 feet high, forming a court.

Little Easter Island, on the eastern outskirts of Polynesia, has no running water, no trees, nothing to attract inhabitants. Yet this island is peopled by Polynesians of the fair type, such as are found far away in the Society Islands, and is covered with remains of a prehistoric civilization of which every record but that of stone has perished.

At the southwest end of the island there are to be found the ruins of nearly a hundred stone houses, built in regular lines and facing the sea. The walls of these houses are five feet thick and over five feet high, built of layers of flat stones, and lined inside with flat slabs. Internally the houses measure about forty feet long by thirteen feet wide, and they are roofed over with slabs overlapping like tiles. The inside walls are painted in three colors —red, black, and white—with figures of birds and mystic beasts and faces, and geometrical figures. In one of these houses was found a curious stone statue, eight feet high, and weighing about four tons, which is now in the British museum.

The sea cliffs near this ancient settlement are carved into grotesque shapes not unlike the painting on the walls, and the coast is marked with hundreds of these sculptures.

Again, on each headland of the island there is an enormous stone platform, built of hewn blocks of great size, fitted together without cement. They are built on sloping ground, presenting on the seaward side a wall face twenty or thirty feet high and two or three hundred feet long, and on the landward side a wall of about three feet in height, rising from a levelled terrace.

Upon these platforms are stone pedestals, which have supported images and on some broken figures remain. On one platform fifteen images were found, in size ranging from three to thirty-five feet in height. They are of human shape, representing the upper part of the body only, with arms and hands close to the sides. The heads are cut flat to allow of crowns being placed on them, which crowns seem to have been made, not of the same material as the statues, but of red tufa. This has been traced to an extinct crater within a few miles of the houses, and on the brink of this crater a large number of crowns were found, finished and ready for removal before some strange fate depeopled the island of these ancient worshippers.

The images themselves are made of gray lava, which is only found at quite another crater at the other end of the island. At this crater—called Otouli—there are several finished and partly finished images, just as they were left by the workmen. The head of one of these measures twenty feet from the nape of the neck to the crown. The faces of the images have well-defined features, with thin lips, broad noses, expanded nostrils, and a general disdainful expression. It is believed, from the appearance of the eye-sockets, that obsidian eye balls were intended to be inserted. The ears are very carefully carved, and are prominent.

There are also, in different parts of the island, wooden tablets covered with curious carvings and strange hieroglyphics, which no one can explain.

At Opara, or Rapaiti, Capt. Vine, Hall found a temple, or castle, in five stages, surrounded by walls which inclose stone houses, and also square platforms of stone on the sides of one of the hills, similar to those on Easter Island. This isle is 2,000 miles from Panape, but the inhabitants of the latter say their ancesters came from Oparo.

Who were those ancient people? The ruins presents an antiquity equal to that of the prehistoric civilizations of America. The present inhabitants are simply tattooed savages. The ancient race possessed intelligence far beyond anything now found in the Pacific; had ideas of architecture, sculpture, painting, and engineering and an elaborate religion. Archæologists and ethnologists have given us no light yet. The mystery of the Pacific awaits solution. —*Chicago News.*

The Sense of Smell.

Smell is the most acute by far of the five human senses, according to the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. Take an ounce of musk—most powerful of scents—and leave it where the atmosphere is still, open on a table, for a year. At the end of that time, having for full twelve months rendered odorous the whole air in its neighborhood, the most delicate scales cannot detect that it has lost a particle in weight.

Yet the smell has been infinitely distributed, microscopic portions of the musk floating off and exciting impressions upon the nerve papillæ under the delicate lining of the nasal passages, for this is what smell means. The sense has grown almost rudimentary in human beings through want of necessity for its use under civilized conditions; but it is highly probable that the cave men had it quite as well developed as the sharpest-nosed beasts.

Damarin.

A new element named "damaria," is said to have been discovered in the crater of an extinct volcano in Damaraland. It is reported to have an atomic weight of only 0.5, or half that of hydrogen; and, therefore, it is the lightest known substance.

Mrs. Chant's Advice to Girls.

These are the last public words I shall speak in Boston for a long time," said Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant to several hundred young persons gathered around her. "I want to ask you to keep up the standard of gentlemanly and ladylike behavior that I see around me, as well as to preserve your good looks. How are you going to keep up this standard? Well, by avoiding certain youthful vices. Some of these you know well. Eating your dinner in a hurry is one. Smuggling your breakfast into your stomach is another. Reading in bed is a third, and even worse is smoking in bed. In order to take new ideas into our minds we must read, but reading at the wrong time does no good. Some people wonder at me for doing so much work and never appearing fagged out. I will tell you how I do it. I laugh heartily. I love to laugh. I sleep soundly. I love to sleep. I eat well. I should say I love to eat, but you might consider me greedy."

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SOME CURIOUS SEIZURES.

Singular Liquors That Have Been Seized by the New York Customs Authorities.

The custom house occasionally affords interesting glimpses into the vast foreign life of the United States, says a letter from New York. Recently while calling upon a friend, who holds a responsible position in that circumlocutory institution, he showed me samples of a large number of invoices of liquors which had recently been imported. Every one would puzzle the average man about town. One was a greenish-yellow fluid called slivovitsch. It comes from Austria and the Balkan states, and is made from a small wild plum which grows in that district. It is fiery and to a Yankee palate very disagreeable, but is extremely popular with the Hungarians and Wallaks.

A suggestion of the Holy land was given by samples of honey wine, passover honey wine, and Jerusalem plum brandy. The first and second were sweet and odorous, but a trifle insipid. In composition they are like the metheglin and honey mead used in England during the middle ages. The brandy was raw and almost vitriolic. The three stimulants are consumed by the Sloraks and Polaks from Russia and the Greeks and Syrians from Asia Minor.

Specimens of pulque and mescal showed that Mexico has some influence upon its sister republic. The former is a beer made from cactus and tastes somewhat like that gaseous German horror, weiss-beer. It is far stronger, however, and is said to produce the most intense drunkenness known to erring man. The mescal is the distillate of pulque, and can be described only by the word atrocious.

The Scandinavians show their love of the fatherland by unceasing importations of Christiania beer, Swedish punch and corn brandtvin. The beer is light, pleasant and wholesome; the punch is aromatic, savory, but so sweet as to be insipid; the corn brandtvin is not corn brandy, as the name literally translated would imply, but a whisky made from rye, oats and barley. It is rich in fusel oil and consequently headache.

From Russia every now and then comes vodka or wodky, an impure, reeking, strong alcohol; from Central America some delicious cordials made out of pineapple, guava and banana; from China not less than fifty stimulants, running from tea wine, rosebud wine and almond beer to heavy millet whisky and rice brandy; from Turkey some liquid for making sherbet, and from Brazil lavangina, or orange-peel gin. Over 5,000 different kinds of stimulants are known and recorded in the custom house, of which 2,800 were unknown to Americans fifteen years ago.

A Victory Won Too Late.

A Detroit wholesale house sent an agent into one of the northern counties the other day, says the Detroit *Free Press*, to investigate and report on the failure of a dry-goods man whose assets were below zero. The bankrupt was perfectly willing to explain how it all happened.

"You see," he said, "I got married about two years ago. Up to that time the postmaster and his wife had been at the head of society here and run the ranch. He had the only swallow-tail coat and she the only silk dress in the town."

"I see."

"We had to make a lead for the head and I bought my wife a $12 bonnet and a diamond ring."

"Yes."

"The postmaster bought his wife a bronco pony and a pair of diamond ear-rings."

"Yes."

"Then I subscribed $200 to a new church, gave two lawn parties, and bought a top carriage and a pacer."

"Yes."

"He came up smilingly with a new brick house, a progressive euchre party, and gave $250 to the heathen of Africa."

"I see."

"Well, I had gone in to smash him or lose a lung, and so I pledged myself for the preacher's salary for a year, lost $400 on a deal in wheat, kept two hired girls, bought three Persian rugs, backed a barber shop, took a half interest in our home newspaper, and presented every church in town with a bell."

"That must have laid him?"

"It did. He threw up his hands and surrendered, but when you fellows in Detroit drew on me at three days' sight I was dished. I'm sorry it happened, but you can't blame me. If that postmaster hadn't made a fool of himself I'd have been able to pay 150 cents on the dollar.

To Insure Long Life.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says the first thing to be done to insure a long life is some years before birth to advertise for a couple of parents both belonging to long-lived families. Especially let the mother come of a race in which octogenarians and nonagenarians are very common phenomena. There are practical difficulties in following out this suggestion, but possibl ythe forethought of your progenitors, or that concurrence of circumstances which we call accident, may have arranged this for you.

Electric Railway in Salt Lake City.

Salt Lake City, Utah territory, expects to have sixty-five miles of electrical railway in operation by the close of the summer.

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Not Guilty.

Last winter the Northern Pacific lost a lot of coal at Helena, Montana, and accused prominent merchants of stealing it by the carload, claiming to have conclusive proof. P. J. Tuohy, one of the accused, has been tried and acquitted and that probably ends the cases.

children waste away under such a diet, while others gain flesh from the starchy food (carbonaceous or fat-forming), but they are weak and any slight illness or exposure prostrates them, and they need more of the muscle-forming foods.—New England Farmer.