

# WOMAN AND HOME.

## MOTHERS' TRAINING THROUGH THE DISCIPLINE OF DOLLS.

**Mrs. Jeanness Miller's Lecture—An Economical Bonnet—Hanging Pictures. The Old Fashioned Sampler—Painted Lace—Items of Interest.**

It is a very instructive fact that two of the best mothers I know—and mothers, it must be added, on the largest scale—have had their preliminary training solely through the charge of dolls. I visited lately the nursery of one of these mothers, arranged as the collective play room of six children under 10; there being also three older offspring who have graduated from this play room, and are in a manner launched into the world outside. In this room everything is provided by wholesale; whole freight trains of toy wagons, wooden horses enough for all to ride at once, and 400 blocks for purposes of architecture. Here the six play perpetually together while they are in doors.

This pattern mother, conducting without a nurse this large world of little beings, tells me that she grew up not only without younger brothers and sisters, but without knowledge of young children. Up to the time of her marriage, at 23, she has no recollection of ever having taken any care of a child. What, then, prepared her for this vast sphere of duty, this rearing of nine young immortals? It was, she assures me, the discipline of dolls.

Up to the age of 13 her experience with dolls was on the very largest scale. She had seldom less than twenty, each with its own wardrobe, ornaments and possessions. Every night of her life the twenty dolls were undressed and put to bed before their mistress went, and all their clothes were neatly folded and put away separately. During the day, doubtless, each doll had its own career and position; was fed at a table, fitted with garments, elevated into grandeur or repressed into humbleness. When their young mistress grew up, they were doubtless laid aside or transferred to other children, or banished to the dusty purgatory of the garret from which no doll is ever translated to paradise. I forget whether Hans Andersen has ever duly chronicled the tragedy that lies at the end of every doll's life; it is worse than that of any other pet. An old horse is often tendered, an aged dog is at least shot, but an old doll is left to lie forever on its back in the garret, giving with one remaining eye to the slowly gathering cobwebs above it. At any rate, the lady I describe was, after an interval of ten years, reassigned to the duty that had absorbed her in girlhood; only this time the dolls were alive. On the other hand, there were fewer of them—only nine—and they were, and are, even more interesting, as I can testify, than the dolls. Her experience reminded me of that of another mother whose eight children are now practically grown up, and whose early training was much the same. She, too, had little to do with children in her youth, but her only sister once said to me, "I always knew that ——— would be a good mother. When we had paper dolls, she always knew just where each one was and what clothes it needed. She manages her children just as she did her paper dolls."

How curious is this world of dolls! Uncouth and savage in Alaska, quaint in Japan, strong and solidly built in Germany, graceful in France, it is said, by the greater clumsiness of the extremities; no matter how pretty the face, the feet and ankles are those of a peasant. In both countries, I believe, artificers visit the rural villages to study new faces for their dolls, as in ancient Greece the sculptors traveled about the country looking for beautiful forms. Everywhere the doll is to the child the symbol of humanity, the first object of responsibility, the type of what is lovable, the model on which the dawning parental instinct practices itself. The little girl does not know the faults in the nursery will have all the problems of ethics rehearsed upon this mimic stage of the doll's house. In the traveling diary of a child of 8, written literally from her own dictation for her absent father, the important events of the pilgrimage were always shared by the doll. "When we got to Nice I was sick. The next morning the doctor came, and he said I had something that was very much like scarlet fever. Then I had Annie (a sister) take care of baby (the doll) and keep her away, for I was afraid she would get the fever. She used to cry to comfort me, but I knew it wouldn't be good for her."

To a child thus imaginative and thus faithful this was an absolute rehearsal of motherhood. When Christmas came, it appears from the diary that "baby" hung up her stockings with the rest. She had a slate with a real pencil, a traveling shawl with a strap and a cap with ruffles. "I found baby with the cap on early in the morning, and she was so pleased that she almost jumped out of my arms." At the Coliseum, at St. Peter's, baby was of the party. "I used to take her to hear the band, in the carriage, and she went everywhere I did." This tenderest of parents was, of course, a girl; yet boys take their share of it in a more robust and intermittent way, and will take the doll to bed or to breakfast, sometimes, as eagerly as girls. The love of dolls with both sexes is a variable thing, perhaps delayed unaccountably or interrupted by long intervals of indifference. At any rate, it is the rehearsal of the most momentous part of human life, that which carries on from one generation to another the sacred fire of human affection. Where the doll ends the child begins, or, as an author has said: "In a nursery the youngest child is little more than a doll, and the doll is a little less than a child."—T. W. H. in Harper's Bazar.

**Mrs. Jeanness Miller's Lecture.** The audience in Steiway hall was slim when Mrs. Jeanness Miller entered upon the platform yesterday afternoon to talk of the ideal dress of the future. If Mrs. Miller wore the ideal dress she did not say so, nor could the ordinary uninitiated man discern it. It was a very elaborate conception, apparently of black silk velvet, profusely trimmed in front with white lace. The sleeves were long, tight and covered with puffings. A broad black band encircled the neck, and an immense corsage bouquet served to hide the details of the waist. Mrs. Miller spoke easily and gesticulated gracefully. The first half of her lecture was a denunciation of modern female attire. She characterized it as ungraceful, unhealthful and inconvenient. Her special aversion was corsets, bustles, petticoats and ill shaped tight shoes.

"Man clothes himself," she said, "with a view to comfort, woman only for show." She protested that she did not desire woman to clothe herself in man's garments, and de-

ridged the old notions of such dress reformers. What she advocated was that woman should be governed in her dress by the same principles which govern the men. The garments worn should follow, not too tightly, the lines of the figure, giving perfect freedom of action and no restraint or cramping of any part. This, she contended, was perfectly consistent with taste, ornamentation and variety. The corset was especially condemned because it cramped the waist, which is the location of the organs most essential to a woman's health and the purpose of maternity. Striking herself with a sounding blow upon the waist, she said she could not be hurt by any blow there which did not actually knock her down. This she attributed to the fact that she does not wear corsets.

"Women say they are uncomfortable without corsets," she went on. "I never wore corsets but one week, and then took them off because they were so uncomfortable. It is a mistake, I believe, to suppose that men like women for their small, distorted waists. It is not lifting a woman over a fence, helping her across a ditch, or otherwise ministering to her helplessness that makes a man love a woman; but rather the physical touch of your warm hand, indicating life and healthfulness."

A small waist is never natural to a woman, unless she was born deformed. Mrs. Miller was also severe on low neck dresses, and the morbid display of bust and shoulders. "She derided the eccentricities of fashion to which women subject themselves as slaves, but insisted that all the grace and beauty of attire possible can be secured without pandering to its health destroying decrees. She was particular to insist that she did not want the women to make frights of themselves, nor to become conspicuous by the oddity of their costumes; but her figure, being itself beautiful, cannot be improved by art. Leave the natural figure undisturbed, and drape it as attractive as you please."—New York Sun.

**An Economical Bonnet.** It is only the work of a few minutes to pin up a little fancy bonnet for evening wear, and all that is really necessary to buy is the frame. Two frames, one white the other black, are very handy to have in the house. They, with your bits of lace, a few knots of ribbon, an agrette or a bunch of flowers, enable you to prepare just the kind of head dress becoming with the dress worn, and every time you go out in the evening you may, if you desire, wear a different bonnet, and so you will not become common. Such things are done by tasteful, economical women every day in the week; and for this they are deserving of great credit.

I met a certain lady at the opera this season and could not but admire her charming little bonnet. I complimented her taste in its selection, when she said:

"I pinned it together in less than twenty minutes myself with odds and ends."

She had taken a small three-cornered piece of light blue velvet, and laid a plait here and there on the edge so that it would fit around the crown, leaving a point on the top. A white lace hair was pinned a little full around the brain, leaving the ends long enough to act as ties, and upon the top a pink agrette, which the lady had previously worn in her hair, was fastened with a rhinestone lace pin.

Just see how simple the arrangement was, and how very tasteful and effective it appeared. With a black lace frame, a black lace hair or ribbon can be stylishly arranged, and agrettes, flowers or jets used for ornamentation; or a comb of brilliant, or hair pins of gold, silver or brilliant, any of these would make a charming decoration for the black lace foundation. Every lady has a box of "fixings" that she can use admirably for such purposes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Hanging Pictures.** The time is at hand when house cleaning, painting, papering, calculating will be to the fore. And this is the best time of the year for the following suggestions: When all the pictures are taken from the walls preparatory to cleaning, have all the picture nails drawn from the walls and the holes they leave closed up. Have a gilt or plain wooden molding put up all around the room, four or five inches or more from the ceiling. If the wall is painted, paint the molding a darker or a contrasting tint. If it is papered, paint the molding the color of the bordering, which should fill the space between the molding and the ceiling.

The woodwork in the room should be the same tint as the molding. From this molding let all the pictures hang suspended by little fixtures that come for the purpose. Use fine picture wire instead of cord. Small pictures can be suspended from larger ones, if desirable. Plain wooden molding costs only two cents a foot, gilt costs seven or eight. Those who are building houses should have moldings put up in all the rooms and thus anticipate the temptation to mar the walls, at the same time making ample provision for their adornment. Gilt rods may be put up instead of moldings if one is careless as to expense.—Chicago News.

**In Former Days.** "When I was a girl," said an old lady, who had listened, the other evening, with wondering ears to a narrative of heartache brought home from an evening party by two "buds" of her family, "when I was a girl, none but guys were left as wall flowers, and gentlemen felt themselves called upon to save even these from absolute neglect. Nowadays, young men, it is quite evident, go to parties simply as lords of creation, to be amused, and very difficult lords to be amused they are. If they do not get the partner they fancy, they cut the dance, as they call it, and sulk in a lordly way. Sulk isn't exactly the word, either, for it takes some spirit to sulk. But the idea that men are under a social obligation to please and entertain at a party seems to have quite gone out. From their point of view, the girls have been brought there to please them—that is evident. And the prettiest and nicest girls are snubbed and left without partners if it pleases the fancy of these young gentlemen, and some home with heartburnings, like those poor girls. Perhaps that is proper basis for social pleasure, but I can't believe it—I don't believe it.—Eaton Transcript.

**Struck Out for Herself.** People are asking, "Who is Mrs. Fanny Chambers Gooch?" She is a new departure among literary women. Instead of competing with men for a precarious living as a newspaper or magazine writer, she has entered a field almost unexplored by the gender, and appears as a traveler and historian. She is now in New York attending to the publication of her new book on Mexico, which will be out this spring, and promises a new treat. She has spent six years in Mexico familiarizing herself with the history, traditions and customs of the people. Through the influence of President Diaz and his wife she gained access to the archives of state and the old libraries, and doubtless has learned a great deal that other writers never heard of. President Diaz considers her history so authentic that he will have it translated into Spanish for the benefit of his countrymen.—Chicago Tribune.

**Mrs. Cleveland is extorting praise from Washington gossips by being herself not a gossip. She is said never to talk about people unless kindly.**

**A Dog's Sense of Smell.** The nose of a dog is so acute that it can follow its master's trail almost anywhere, yet experiments show that sheets of tissue paper placed on the ground to be walked over and afterward removed effectually prevent any trace of the scent from lying, though strong perfumes sprinkled along the track will not baffle the dog.

# THE FIELD TELEGRAPH.

## DANGERS TO WHICH OPERATORS WERE EXPOSED DURING THE WAR.

**A Warning Just in the Nick of Time. Part Played by a Planter's Private Wire—Tapping the Enemy's Wires. Raiding.**

The Union armies in the west, in advancing, left behind them a vast stretch of country infested by guerrillas and exposed to formidable raids by the cavalry of Wheeler and Forrest.

The operators in Tennessee and Kentucky were always in danger of surprise and capture. Although they were non-combatants, the Confederates would not consent to treat them as civilians. Hence it happened that over seven per cent. of the operators in the service were carried off at one time or another to Libby prison or Andersonville. Sometimes, however, the warning would come from the next station just in the nick of time. "Guerrillas are coming." Sometimes the cutting of the wires would advise the man at the key that something was wrong. In such cases the only thing for the operator to do was to smash the battery, disengage the instrument, take it under his arm, jump out the window and start for the woods.

In 1864, just about the time of the fall of Atlanta, Gen. Hood sent Wheeler with a large body of cavalry into Tennessee to destroy the depots of supplies along the railroad from Louisville to Nashville and Chattanooga. To mislead the Union forces it was given out that the expedition was bound for eastern Kentucky. This was, in fact, the course for a time; but once across the border of Tennessee, Wheeler turned sharply to the left and headed for Murfreesboro, where there was a Union garrison. Two telegraph operators, James Jones and James Palmer, stationed at Jacksonboro, took turns at the instrument, and in the interval scouted the country in search of Wheeler. Palmer fell in with him, and being in civilian's dress passed himself off for a farmer. He was compelled to ride with the cavalry for some hours and then allowed to go. Cantering slowly until out of sight of the moving column, Palmer headed for the office at a breakneck pace. "Jim," said he, "Wheeler is here. About 100 miles above Jacksonboro, he has captured a private telegraph line running down the bank of the river to the city below. One night while he was having a little quiet game with a friend he thought he heard a steamboat. Rushing to the door he was astounded to see the river for miles and miles alive with gunboats and transports. He rushed to the instrument at once: 'Vicksburg! Vicksburg! God's sake get ready! Millions of Yankees are floating by your plantation.' This was Sherman's expedition from Memphis on the way to the fruitless assault upon the Chickasaw bluffs, near the Yazoo river. The Union forces had hoped to surprise the garrison, but the planter's private wire had let the cat out of the bag. When the news arrived at Vicksburg most of the officers were at a party. In the midst of a quadrille came the growling undertone of the long roll from the batteries on the heights.

"The tapping of the wires was resorted to by both sides during the war. This was an extremely hazardous proceeding. Any one caught in the act would, of course, be executed at once as a spy. Ellsworth, a noted operator attached to the command of John Morgan, was very expert at this business. He always carried a pocket instrument which he could attach to the main line. By the aid of this he could be put in circuit without opening or breaking the current. During one of Morgan's raids the operator at Gallatin, Tenn., was captured before he could give a danger signal by wire. Ellsworth took his place, and for several hours deceived the other offices. He reported the track clear from guerrillas, in order that trains might be sent along, which would, of course, have been captured. Fortunately an old operator, who knew Ellsworth's touch well, happened to take his seat at the key board and instantly recognized him. Ellsworth was so accomplished an operator that he was able to cut a wire, piece the two ends against his tongue, and by the vibrations read all messages coming over the line when Hooker was preparing to cross the Rappahannock on the eve of Chancellorsville there was reason to suspect that Gen. Lee was getting too much news. Investigation discovered a cable resting upon the bed of the river, crossing it and connected with an underground insulated wire on shore. This was traced to a small house opposite Fredericksburg. The operator at the Federal end of the line was discovered and arrested, and has not been seen since.

When Stoneman, Sheridan, Wilson, Rounsaville and other cavalry leaders were raiding in the enemy's country it was the custom to tap telegraph poles, chop them into stove lengths, and twist the wires into Gordian knots. An operator named O'Reilly, attached to Gen. Grierson's command during the Mississippi raid, hit upon a very simple plan which rendered the telegraph lines useless and at the same time left them standing. This puzzled the Confederates for a long time. O'Reilly now and then cut the wires, inserted between the ends a non-conducting substance, and then welded the ends together. Apparently the wires were as good as new, but they couldn't be made to work.—Chicago Herald.

**A Reminiscence of Lincoln.** A correspondent residing in Elgin, Ill., speaking of a family of children named Newhall, who thirty-five years ago gave concerts in Elmo, says: "The troupe traveled for years, and once, when at Danville, Ills., Mr. Lincoln, then stamping the state, heard them, and at the hotel offered as his part of the after-entertainment to recite the poem with which his name is so closely associated—'Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Lord be Proud?' He then sat down and wrote out the poem and gave it to Mrs. Hillis—then Miss Lois Newhall. This manuscript has been a precious keepsake through all the years since. A short time ago the manuscript passed into the hands of a Chicago gentleman, who paid cheerfully a large sum of money for it."—Chicago News.

**A Dog's Sense of Smell.** The nose of a dog is so acute that it can follow its master's trail almost anywhere, yet experiments show that sheets of tissue paper placed on the ground to be walked over and afterward removed effectually prevent any trace of the scent from lying, though strong perfumes sprinkled along the track will not baffle the dog.

# Preparation of Whitewash.

Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world when properly applied. It not only prevents the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthfulness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Outbuildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice a year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way: Take a clean, water tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slake it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been thoroughly effected, dissolve in water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt; these will cause the wash to harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives an unsightly appearance to the work.

If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash by adding three pounds of yellow ochre, or a good pear or lead color by the addition of lamp, vine or ivory black. For fawn color, add four pounds of umber, Turkish or American (the latter is the cheapest), one pound of common lampblack. For common stone color, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lampblack. This wash may be applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior both in appearance and durability to the common whitewash.—Chicago News.

# The Old Fashioned Samplers.

The old fashioned samplers that our mothers and grandmothers worked when they were children have been removed from the garrets or old trunks where they have lain and have been placed in the parlor or library; in other words, they have become fashionable and have been called forth with antique furniture and bric a brac. Who does not remember them? First came the alphabet, then a verse of so called poetry, then two impossible green dogs and two green trees of the Noah's ark variety, and the whole to conclude, as the advertisements say, with the name and age of the worker. They are rather pretty, these dogs, in their quaint and attractive way, and certainly a warning to those not of an indolent turn of mind.

A friend who told me she possessed both her grandmother's and mother's said: "But there is one reason why I cannot use them about the 'oh, dear!' On being asked why, she replied: 'Oh, dear! all our births are recorded on the samplers, the date worked with different colored silks.' That settled it; it was like parading what is to some the most sacred page in the family Bible, 'the births'; but those of you who have inherited old samplers that have no compromising dates, bring them forth as a unique ornament.—Evelyn Baker Harvier in New York Mail and Express.

# An Old Recipe.

I have found an old recipe, warranted to be good, and which calls for great care in the gathering of the leaves. It is said to remain fragrant in open bowls for hours, and occasionally stirred, but in the closed pot, which I am sure you will use, it will remain fragrant much longer. One is advised to pluck the rose leaves early in the morning—with them have an equal quantity of lavender blossoms and put them all in a large earthenware bowl. Add half a pound of crushed eris root, and then to every two pounds add two ounces of bruised cloves, of cinnamon, of allspice and common salt. Let the whole stand for about a fortnight, thoroughly mixing it every day with your hands and then it will be ready for use. As pot-pourris are charming gifts, I think you will be wise to arrange a number this spring that your city friends may have odors of the land of the roses to remind them of you.—Bob in New York Star.

# Effect in Painted Lace.

One of the happiest effects I ever saw in painted lace was executed by a New York artist. He desired a curtain to shut off an unsightly view, and one that should still admit the light. So he procured lace of the kind that is sometimes used for mosquito bars, of a greenish blue color, upon which he proceeded to paint an under the most sacred reefs, mermaids, fish, seaweed, etc. The curtain was suspended from poles and hung almost entirely plain from ceiling to floor, the slight fullness admirably suggesting the undulation of the water.

I do not see why this idea should not be utilized for portieres where it is desirable only to half cut off a view of the adjoining room, or for a large screen to be used for the same purpose. Gauze would answer for the foundation, and I am sure the effect would be good. Let some original genius try it.—Philadelphia Record.

# Women of Historical Note.

Balmes says: "The most celebrated attachments in history were all inspired by women in whom the vulgar would have found some defect. Cleopatra, Joanna of Naples, Diana of Poitiers, La Valliere, Mme. Pompadour, in short, most of the women whom love has rendered celebrated were not without imperfections, as infirmities, while most women whose beauty is described to us as perfect have been finally unhappy through their own. Their apparent caprice must have its cause. Perhaps men live by sentiments more than by pleasure; perhaps the charm, wholly physical, of a beautiful woman has its bounds. While the charm, essentially moral, of a woman of moderate beauty is infinite."

# Ornamenting a Dinner Table.

A new way of ornamenting a dinner table is to lay upon it a mirror so large that only a wide enough margin is left for the plates and glasses of the guests. The mirror is round, square, oblong or oval, according to the shape of the table. On the edge is a border of flowers, which must be of one kind only. At a recent dinner given in this city the immense mirror was placed on a cover of yellow silk and surrounded by tulips of the same hue. On the plateau itself were rows of silver candelabra with yellow candles and shades.—Clara Lanza in New York Mail and Express.

The old corner cupboard is being developed in high old style; the lower portion used as a closet while the shelves above are left open for a drapery curtain, or covered by closed doors of plate glass, stained glass, or open fretwork, lined with bright covered silk.

Kid shoes may be kept soft and free from cracks by rubbing them once a week with a little pure glycerine or castor oil.

To restore crushed velvet hold it over the spout of the teakettle and let it steam well, then comb up the nap.

Gail Hamilton says that "a woman of 50 should be as much ashamed of being dyspeptic as of being drunk."

What is called the invasion of new dishes has led to a great deal of gastronomic trash inflicted on the public.

There are those who mourn because pies, such as "mother used to make," are now an unknown quantity.

Cranberry jelly mixed with cold water makes a refreshing drink for the sick.

# ON THE CORAL KEYS.

## ODD CUSTOMS OF PEOPLE IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

**Types of Men that Live in Mutual Hate. Business Habits of the Residents of Key West—Facts About the Island. Flat as a Pancake.**

Perhaps there is no place in the United States so much talked about in New York and so little known as Key West. It is generally associated with cigars. It is the largest of a series of coral islands, called keys, which dot the ocean at the southern end of the peninsula of Florida, which is only to be reached by steamer. But on this coral reef is a city containing 20,000 inhabitants, consisting of Conchs, Cubans and negroes, with a few Americans. Perhaps the island has a bright future before it, for it has had no past and very little present. While other cities in the Union have been up and going, this coral key has been asleep in the gulf. It is the most southerly part of the Union—in fact, the very end of the United States. The city is the only one in the country where neither snow nor frost has ever been seen. The temperature is about 75 or 80 degrees in the day and about 65 at night. Communication is kept up with the rest of the world by means of a line of steamers from New York, another from New Orleans, and a mail steamer two or three times a week by way of Tampa, Fla. By the last we get New York papers about three days old.

# FLAT AS A PANCAKE.

The island is as flat as a pancake; the highest point being only twelve feet above the level of the sea. One would think that during a storm the sea would roll over the island and drown out poor little Key West. The city proper is densely populated, but is as unlike an American city as possible. All the houses are made of wood and built quite plainly. There is no show of ornamentation or decoration, to say nothing of what is called architecture. Once in a while you may detect something that looks like lattice work, but it is plain, and is not intended to display anything. Many of the stores have no signs upon or about them, and the storekeepers look as if they did not care whether they sold anything or not. There are no hotels, and those who desire a temporary residence have to hunt about for a boarding house.

When it is found, the boarders would consider a New York boarding house, derided as it is so often, a palace in accommodation for eating and sleeping compared to one in Key West. The streets are wide and dusty, for there are no sprinklers. In fact, water is such a luxury in the dry season that it cannot be wasted in sprinkling the streets. It is rain water caught in cisterns when the heavens furnish a supply, and is often carried from place to place in pails supported by a yoke from the shoulders. An attempt was once made to drive an artesian well; but the water when reached was so brackish that it could only be used for the extinguishing of fires. The dust flies continually. The roadway is hard, being the solid coral rock itself. There is no surface soil. What passes for soil is nothing more than this rock ground up. It is a nice thing to have blown over new black clothing, and still a nicer thing to get out of the cloth afterward. As before stated, the population consists mainly of Cubans, Conchs and negroes. The Conchs are in reality natives of the Bahama islands, and everybody in Key West calls them by that name.

# A SOCIETY OF MATERS.

The Cubans dislike the Conchs and the Conchs detest the Cubans, while both together hate the negroes. A happy state of society may therefore be imagined. They are as distinct as can be, but their localities are known as Cochtown, Niggertown and Cuban village. Each has its distinct amusements, occupations and turmoil. The few Americans seem always to be planning how best to get away from the island. Cigar making is the principal employment of the Cubans, and there is plenty of work for them, as Key West contains 125 cigar factories. It is said on good authority that 90,000,000 cigars are shipped away from the island every year.

The Cuban is not very strong looking. His sports are gambling and rooster fighting. The women are fairly good looking, given to wearing high heels, lace shawls and face powder. Both men and women smoke and chatter like magpies. They stand around in crowds and make a noise more like a lot of gossips than human beings. Their food is principally oil, pork, bananas and coffee. Their coffee is good, but made so strong that it will stain the cup from which it is drunk. When in a restaurant the Cubans appear to talk all at once, each trying, as it were, to drown the other's voice and gesticulating as if about to strike each other on the face. The odor of the Cuban restaurant is generally too strong for the olfactory nerves of one brought up in New York. The Conchs are the fishermen of the island and the gatherers of sponges. They are a large, rough class of men and apparently very ignorant. One marked feature is their accent, which is considered the characteristic of the Londoner, and the dropping of the aspirate where needed and using it excessively where not wanted. They use their fists when fighting, while the Cubans are too fond with the revolver or stiletto. The negroes are employed in Key West, as elsewhere, in menial labor, and are as lazy as in the other southern states. Together these three races form a very mixed and far from harmonious society—one that is not likely to be met with anywhere else in the United States.—New York Mail and Express.

# A Host of Women's Clubs.

It is noticeable that while the number of men of leisure is increasing, women of leisure are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth. This is a natural result of the conditions which have released certain men from the necessity of work, even if it be forced back to that division of labor which has assigned the men the making of money and to women the spending of it. The increase in wealth brings with it an increase in those activities—social, educational, philanthropic—which are largely in the hands of women, and which make large demands upon time and strength. These causes would be enough to explain the phenomenon I have mentioned, but there is an additional one in the host of women's clubs which have sprung up within the past few years, and which are now, let us hope, at their zenith. One lady of my acquaintance belongs to nine. I am by no means sure that this number is three times as many as I know of, and all but three of them are of a severely disciplinary character. Of these three, the one nearest approaching a scheme for amusement is a whist club; and at the meetings of the other two, papers are read and the enjoyment is primarily of an intellectual character. Of the remaining six, two have perhaps some practical bearing—though there is nothing so mundane as a cooking club among them—and the rest are clubs for theorizing.—Boston Transcript.

# Peat as Factory Fuel.

The use of peat as fuel in factories has increased so greatly in Russia that a peat bog has become more valuable than a well timbered forest. Many manufacturers are giving up the use of wood for peat.—Chicago Times.

# DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

## Curs Who Have a Sort of Honor and Respect for the Proprieties.

One hears so much of the dogs of Constantinople that he goes there quite prepared to be disappointed and expecting to find that their number has been greatly exaggerated, and that they are not treated with the respect which travelers report. But they are there in great quantities, and on bright days sunny parts of the streets are fairly paved with them. They lie down in the middle of the streets, and it rarely suggests itself to them to move. The drivers of carriages and wagons turn out for them; persons on foot step over or around them. And there they remain stretched out at full length, either asleep or blinking their eyes lazily. But it is late at night that they come out in force. Each collection of dogs has its own district, and we betide the stranger canine that dares to invade its sacred precincts. Glancing out of the hotel window into the narrow street on which it opened one evening about 5 o'clock, which was a little late in the afternoon for the dogs to be out stanning themselves, and a little early for them to be out for their night duties, I could see only a couple of dogs wandering about listlessly. Around the corner from another street came a third dog, not at all different in build, shape or color from the two in sight. He seemed to be moving along carelessly, indifferently, and without evil intent.

But he went a little too far and crossed the forbidden line. Suddenly there was a dash, a howling, a yelping, and in ten seconds not two, but fifteen dogs had pounced upon the newcomer, and had not some passing Turk rushed in among them and kicked them aside they would have made short work of the poor trespasser. But it showed the jealousy with which the Constantinople dogs guard what they consider their territorial rights and that they will brook no foreign invasion. Efforts have been made to get rid of them, but the natives regard them as sacred animals; and there is no question that, in the absence of a better sanitary system, they are absolutely necessary to the health of the city. For they are the scavengers. They eat anything and everything. The inhabitants throw the remains of food into the streets, and the dogs instantly devour them.

And there is withal a sort of honor and respect for the proprieties of things in the Constantinople dogs. One rarely sees them touch what is not intended for them. In front of the little butcher shops meat is often seen hanging down close to the ground. Dogs are running around. Sometimes they stop and look at the tempting morsels, but they never nose and smell them, and the butchers seem to have so much confidence in their good behavior that they do not drive them away; in fact, they pay no attention to them. The Constantinople dog is a mongrel animal, and is a combination of many breeds. The grand and final result has been a yellow cur, lean and lanky, but of considerable size, with sharp pointed ears and rather a bright and intelligent face, a little cross-eyed and yet sunny, like that of the street gambo who has knocked about and been thrown on his own resources from his birth. The night is their particular time, and not infrequently they make it somewhat disagreeable for the passer by. But a few sharp kicks, or better still, a few blows from a stout stick, easily drive them off.

But not the most pleasant part of a walk through an unlighted street on a dark night, as one is hurrying along, is to place his foot on a soft, pulpy mass, which quivers and yields and then rises with an unearthly howl and shoots off yelping into the darkness. And though one has merely stepped on one of the sleeping dogs of Constantinople, it makes his blood run cold, and it is some time before he can plant his feet down without carefully feeling to learn what may be the substance of the pavement on which he walks.—Constantinople Cor. Chicago Tribune.

# The Secretary Bird Extinct.

It is surprising to find it authoritatively stated at the meeting of a game protective association at Cape Town that the secretary bird is now extinct at Cape Colony. This curious bird has so long been popularly supposed to enjoy unlimited protection on account of its snake killing propensities that it will come quite as a shock, even to our naturalists and ornithologists, to hear that the Cape Colony, its ancient and most favorite habitat, knows it no more. In old days, undoubtedly, this bird was a high favorite among the Boers; it was by them often tamed, and might be seen stalking solemnly about among their kraals and buildings. As game became scarcer, however, it was discovered that the secretary bird did a vast amount of damage, not only to snakes, but to the smaller of the fawns and avi-fauna. For this reason, as well as for its rarity and quaintness, the poor secretary has been shot off or driven before the bounds of the colony, thus following the example of the noble game. It is well that the Cape farmers are striving themselves about the protection of the remnant of game left to them. Fifty years ago the limits of the colony contained in abundance most of the finest specimens of South African big game.—Pall Mall Gazette.

# Told of Bismarck and Von Moltke.

Another incident of Moltke and Bismarck comes to hand. At Konigsgrat, while the result was yet in doubt, the statesman approached the warrior to ask him his opinion of the battle. He found him sitting silent on his black horse and hesitated to disturb his meditations. Presently, without a word, he offered him his cigar case. There were two cigars in it, one good, the other rather poor. The illustrious marshal, still silent, took it, inspected the contents, chose the better cigar, returned the poor one with the case and remained as silent as before, while the statesman turned away with his question unasked and unanswered.—New York Tribune.

# Use for the Microphone.

In Germany the microphone is now used for tracing leaks in water pipes, the slightest trickling of the water being made distinctly audible when the apparatus is brought near it.—Arkansas Traveler.

The south African kafir hates the white man and his dog shares his hatred. A kafir dog bites a white man at sight.