MEXICAN MANNERS.

CHARACTERISTIC GESTURES AND GALLANTRIES OF THE PEOPLE.

Peculiar Method of Shrugging the Shoulders—How Wealth is Indicated—A Sign of Greeting—Hand Shaking—A Farewell—Clapping the Hands.

The Mexicans are adepts at expressing themselves by means of signs and gestures, and many of them exhibit a courtly grace and profound gallantry which, if amusing to a foreigner, is also worthy of admiration. A lady who has traveled in all parts of the republic and made a study of these national peculiarities recently described them to your correspondent, and many of her observations were very interesting. She said:

"When any one falls down it is customary to call out: 'Come here and I'll pick you up,' or to express the same sentiment by a gesture. The hand is held up vertically, palm outward, about level with the face. The fingers are then bent down rapidly and in the direction of the person addressed, the motion being directly the reverse of beckoning. Tossing the chin upward does not imply annoyance, as in most countries, or simply no, as in many European countries. It is simply an equivalent in Mexico for 'What do you want?' or 'I don't understand.' Foreigners who try to rid themselves of the importunities of beggars by this signal, naturally increase their trials rather than bring them to a speedy termination.

The Mexican of refinement has a very peculiar method of shrugging his shoulders. He raises his shoulders slightly, stretches his arms down at his sides, hands open and palms out, places his head a trifle on one side, uplifts his eyebrows and pulls his mouth down at the corners. These elaborate motions signify doubt, uncertainty, a difference of opinion or 'I told you so.' This is the fashionable manner of expressing triumph on being proved correct in regard to a prophecy or an argument.

INDICATIONS OF WEALTH.

"Instead of tapping the pocket to indicate money or its influence, the Mexican holds up his thumb and forefinger, curved as if encircling a coin. The token or threat of corporal punishment is a slight, lateral, horizontal movement of the hand, similar to the turn it takes in the act of beating eggs with a fork. The phrase 'a screw loose' is illustrated by a boring motion of the index finger against the temple, but indicating not an aberration of the mind, as with Americans, but of the temper. When a Mexican wishes to denote a lot of people he brings together the tips of all the fingers of one hand, to represent crowding. The first time I ever saw this gesture—the holding up of the hand vertically, and thrusting it forward two or three times with a repellant or protesting motion—was at a party, where a lady who had held another's fan during a dance offered to return it, when the owner, seeing that her friend was using the little implement of challenge, insisted that she retain it. Not a word was spoken—the hand said it all. The same gesture is used to imply: 'Keep your seat,' 'Do not disturb yourself,' and the like.

"There is a sign of greeting used in the City of Mexico and the southern part of the republic that I have never seen in the north nor on the western slope, where the bow still rules. At the capital an acquaintance, whether gentleman or lady, in saluting one of either sex, lifts the open hand, palm toward one's self, and waves the fingers, or often only the two middle ones. It rather startles a foreigner at first, but it is really a very pretty and graceful mode of greeting. I have observed that it is most used when saluting from a little distance, as across the street, and it no doubt came into use because of the density of traffic, in which the bow might pass unperceived.

"The Mexicans are very much given to hand shaking, and they are eminently a friendly and cordial race. It is the fashion among Americans to call their politeness superficial and insincere. I have not found it so, but I do admit that its formality is at times a little inconvenient. For instance, when one is in haste to catch a train or meet an appointment, one cannot rush away with a hasty 'So long.' It would violate the conventionalities to depart without exchanging the customary elaborate farewells with each individual member of the circle. Then, in passing through a door, there is almost invariably a contest of courtesy as to who shall go first.

FAREWELL DEMONSTRATION.

"The proper demonstration of farewell between Mexican women is the light embrace, emphasized in the north by each patting with her right hand the other's shoulder; in the City of Mexico and thereabouts by a kiss on either cheek. Between women and men, a bow and a handshake, or the bow alone, is the correct thing, although in the interior the provincials employ at meeting and parting a modified form of the embrace, between persons of the opposite as well as of the same sex. More than once my breath has been taken away by a handsome young hacendado meeting me literally with open arms. To my mind there is nothing prettier than this embrace, and the warm heared palmadita, or pat on the back, between two men who are friends, particularly between an old man and a young man.

"Handclapping is very common in Mexico, and in its oriental sense of summoning. It is difficult to account for all the peculiarities of Mexicans in the matter of gestures and manners. Some of their excessive gallantry is evidently a copy from, and improvement on, the French, and this handclapping is clearly derived from the Moors through the Spaniards. It is recognized as a call all over the republic, although about the national capital it has been pretty well supplanted by a peculiar, disagreeable sound—pst-t-! which always sets my teeth on edge. I believe this about exhausts the gestures of general usage; of course there are infinitely numerous signs of special and arbitrary significance. The Mexicans, as a rule, are adepts at expression by this means.

"As I have already touched on motions and manifestations not strictly to be classed as gestures, I might strain a point and put in the general list the performance which, from its ursine regularity and monotony, is known as haciendo el oso, or, 'playing the bear,' and which means the fixed promenade of an enamored youth over a short beat, before or beneath the window of the adored object, in which he spends as many hours a day as his leisure will permit."—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Ore Discovered by Electricity.

Leadville is excited over a new electric indicator that is used to determine the location, from surface observations, of underground mineral bodies. It is the invention of a prominent electrician of Boston, and is constructed upon the theory that the strong electric currents shown by large mineral bodies can be utilized to locate the latter. The machine is a simple affair, consisting of electrodes which connect with batteries in a box containing an electric needle. The influence of the electric subterranean currents upon the needle is supposed to indicate the presence of an ore body.—New York Sun.

Toboggan note paper and envelopes have appeared in time to be mixed up with the craze of the hour.

STATESMEN'S AUTOGRAPHS.

Pocket Money for the Pages of the Capitol—A Division of Profits.

For years it has been the privilege of the pages in the Capitol to make quite a lot of pocket money each session collecting autographs. The pages of the senate, for instance, will collect the signatures of all the senators in an album, turn the book over to some youngster in the house, who gets the congressmen's names, then to one of the pages in the supreme court for the autographs of the justices, and finally to the riding pages of the senate, who are constantly going between the Capitol, the White House, the several departments and bureaus of the government. The latter gets the names of the president, the cabinet and other prominent officials.

For such a collection the boy who starts the book has received whatever he could get out of his customer, trusting to his own sharpness and the latter's generosity. When he gets his money—and $10 is the usual price—he settles with the other pages who have assisted him on such terms as they are willing to make. The ordinary terms of settlement have been $5 to the contractor, $2 to the house page, $2 to the boy who gets the president and cabinet, and $1 to the youth in the supreme court. But the example of the trade unions has reached the Capitol, and an equal division of profits is now demanded by the boys. A young man said yesterday:

"I took an album which had been sent me from the west to one of the senate pages the other day and asked him to get the autographs of the statesmen for me, as he had done before. I had formerly paid him $10 for such a job, but he informed me that the boys had organized a union and had advanced prices to $15. He said that the 'kids' in the house kicked because the senate boys were making more money than they, and had struck, so it became necessary to organize and have a stated card of rates. 'Don't you see,' he said, 'that people who want autographs somehow always come to the senate first, and us fellows have been having a soft thing. We have got $5 for getting names of twenty-six senators, and have given the kids in the house only $2 for getting 325 names. When they happen to catch on to a job they get the $5, of course, and give us $2 for the senators' autographs, but for every one book they get we get a dozen, and they kicked about it. So we had to agree to pay them as much as we got ourselves. They won't touch a book for less than $5. There was a kid in the house who cut under them and got some names not long ago for $3, but when the other boys found it out they got hold of the book and tore out the leaves. They boycotted him, don't you see?"—Washington Cor. New York Sun.

De Brazza the Explorer.

I have had occasion to meet Stanley's French rival, Savorgnan de Brazza, and have been struck by the extraordinary contrast which the two men offer in their general bearing. Not only is De Brazza as tall and slim as Stanley is short and broad, not only is one as dark as the other is now gray, but the difference in their deportment and characters is so great that it is really worth pointing out. No man in the world could welcome a journalist more courteously than De Brazza. There is a perpetual smile in his eyes, which seem as a reflection of those Italian skies under which, I believe, he was born. His tall, supple frame bends condescendingly on the appearence of an interviewer. He is ready at once not only to reply to any amount of questions, but even to suggest them, and his answers are always given in a soft, musical tone, which caresses the ear as a warm, southerly breeze.

Strange to say, however, as soon as Mr. Reporter has vanished, quite charmed, from De Brazza's presence, he finds out that the French, or rather Italian, explorer has withheld from him all information of real interest, it having happened that the wily gentleman was desperately chewing his cigarette, and thereby muffling his words, each time he was letting some cat out of the bag for Mr. Reporter's benefit. Stanley, after a short moment of apparent coldness and stiffness, lays his pipe down and opens his mind with an absolutely American frankness, fearlessness and sincerity. The whole difference lies there. De Brazza, unlike the hero of Lafontaine's fable, resembles a sheet of iron painted green, like a reed, on the surface; whereas Stanley is the reed which seems unbending at first sight because it is painted over in iron hues.—Brussels Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Carrying Off the Silverware.

Such queer things happen constantly in what is called "Washington society" that one ceases to be surprised at almost anything, no matter how absurd or outrageous, that may be told in connection with its doings. The following is at present going the rounds of the clubs: A certain hostess, the leader of one of the most exclusive sets here, gave a handsome luncheon the other day. Near the plates of guests there was put a silver salt cellar of curious and artistic design. Against each salt cellar rested the card bearing the name of the guest. It so happened that these salt cellars were the gift of a very dear friend; in fact, they had been presented to the hostess on her wedding day, and she valued them accordingly. Imagine her dismay and indignation when she saw one of the guests, after admiring the design, and evidently supposing from the card resting against the salt cellar that it was intended as a favor, take it up and put it in her pocket. Worse than that, most of the other guests, not only one, followed her example. The hostess was speechless with surprise. She completely lost her presence of mind. A painful silence ensued, and the company parted under the impression that their hostess had suddenly been taken ill. When the doors had closed upon the last guest the unfortunate giver of the feast found upon counting her treasures that she had only two left. The next day came an explanation. A polite note was received from a lady who had been present saying she had neglected to take her favor, mentioning it, and asking the hostess to kindly send it. It was sent.—Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

The Autocrat and the Princes.

The Prince of Wales is of a lively temperament and a very cheerful aspect—a young girl would call him "jolly" as well as "nice." I could not help thinking of the story of "Mr. Pope" and his Prince of Wales, as told by Horace Walpole: "Mr. Pope, you don't love princes." "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love kings, then." "Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown." Certainly, nothing in Prince Albert Edward suggests any aggressive weapons or tendencies.

The lovely, youthful looking, gracious Alexandra, that always affable and amiable Princess Louise, the tall youth who sees the crown and scepter afar off in his dreams, the slips of girls so like many school misses we left behind us—all these grand personages, not being on exhibition but off enjoying themselves, just as I was and as other people were, seemed very much like their fellow mortals. It is really easier to feel at home with the highest people in the land than with the awkward commoner who was knighted yesterday.—O. W Holmes in Atlantic.

The latest gustatory achievement in Washinton is a conjunction of steamed oysters with curry.

WOMAN AND HOME.

TALKING THE FAULTS AND INDULGENCES OF THE FAMILY.

Baby's Health—Thoughts on Women. Good Meat—Nervous Prostration—Punishing Children—For Teachers—Feminine View—Notes and Paragraphs.

The saving of a few pennies here and there in the household expenses will in time give results such as no housekeeper who has not tried the plan would believe. An excellent little mother of a large family uptown keeps a little bank on the sitting room mantel into which is dropped a penny each time a slang word is used, a dish broken, a hat or coat flung carelessly on a chair, or any other rule of the house disobeyed. In this way a neat little sum of perhaps a dollar is collected each month, and this is always used to buy something to beautify their modest little apartment. Last month it was a low crimson globe for the parlor lamp, and the month before materials for a handsome sofa cushion, made by the oldest daughter.

A younger housekeeper has found a way that is not altogether new, that gives her many pretty articles each year. Every evening her better half must confess how much he has spent on cigars or tobacco, and deposit a similar amount in a pretty little box. If she indulges in candy she hands back from the box the amount she has spent on the sweets. For the first four months of her married life she only made about 15 cents a day; now she collects from 40 to 50 cents regularly, and as she only eats a pound of 60-cent candy a week her gains are considerable. Last month they were over $14. Even 10 cents each day would in a year amount to the neat sum of $36.50, and it seems only fair that the wife should be allowed the same amount for personal luxuries, especially when she does not use it in health destroying tobacco.

There are any number of ways, in which taxes, very light of course, may be levied on the members of the home to the advantage of all. Every time the head of the house is late for supper tax one penny, every time the mistress forgets to sew on buttons, when the want has been brought to her knowledge, she must also forfeit a penny. Finding fault with the coffee, being cross to the children, changing servant girls or washwomen oftener than once a month, bringing company home to dinner without the knowledge and permission of the mistress, sleeping until after church time on Sundays, forgetting errands and all such light but trying sins should be paid for and the money used for the advantage of the family. Two or three good magazines, pictures, books and even a piano might be purchased with such a fund.—New York Journal.

Hints for Baby's Health.

"'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure' is an old and time honored saw, but it is one parents would do well to remember in these days of croup, measles and diphtheria," said a prominent physician recently to a reporter. "One of the first safeguards against disease is pure air and exercise. Nothing increases the activity of the lungs like bodily exercise, and in order that it may be beneficial to the whole system it should be carried on in the open air. Some of them are too young to leave the nursery, and it is here that their little lives are very often imperiled by ignorant mothers and nurses. Gas and paraffine lamps should never be used in the nursery. In almost every room where gas is burned a plant will droop and die. Children are like plants; they require above all things pure air, light and sunshine—not gaslight, but daylight, sunlight, and as much of it as possible. The nursery in my house is the largest and sunniest room under the roof. In it there are no heavy hangings to hold the dust and obscure the light, nor are there any gas pipes. Gas is injurious in many ways. Its light is too strong for a babe's eyes; it absorbs all the pure air in the room before the child can get a chance to inflate its little lungs with oxygen; its heat is enervating, and there is always the danger of leakages. These leakages may be so small as to be imperceptible, but quite large enough to be pernicious to health.

Purity of water, however, is almost as essential as purity of atmosphere. This can be had by boiling all the water necessary for the nursery before it is used. Such treatment removes all impurities and destroys their effect. Another good thing to remember is the necessity that exists for fat in some form as an element of children's diet. I have seen fathers and mothers, to whom the cost of the article was nothing, deny their children sufficient butter to make their bread palatable. This is wrong. Butter should never be spared. Any parent who denies their children this commodity deserves to pay the doctor, and to pay him well, too. Children who are given enough butter and other fats rarely suffer from necrosed joints and scrofulous glands, to say nothing of marasmus tabes, mesenterico, hydrocephalus and consumption. Besides the ounce of prevention matter, parents would do well to bear in mind that other old saw, which advises us not to be penny wise and pound foolish.—New York Mail and Express.

A Woman's Thoughts on Women.

I have been sitting by the fire knitting and thinking, trying to plan out something for the future, until in sheer weariness I stop and come to the conclusion that too much thinking is not good for a woman. They say she jumps at conclusions and gains the same result that man arrives at by laborious effort. I feel sure I was nearer right on the subject an hour ago than I am now, after trying to see all sides of it, and losing my courage over its dangers. I call to mind Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Female seminary, and her rule of action which she taught her pupils: "Walk straight in the path of duty, satisfied to see one step at a time, and trust that light will come for the next step;" and she assured them from her own experience that light always came. Mary Lyon's nature was a strong, rugged one, of the true New England type, and her brave spirit did not shrink if the light disclosed sharp rocks for her feet instead of tender grass; but she reached her goal of great usefulness to other women, and gave them a health and strength that has been, and will be, handed down to many generations. Her rule presupposes a strong faith in overruling spiritual agencies, and also a firm adherence to duty, whether pleasant or painful. Will it apply to the present generation and help us, for instance, in rearing a large family of children upon a limited income? Will it decide the question of what our young men and maidens shall do when they come to the fork in the road where they must choose for themselves? Will it decide for us, when our work for them seems done for the present? They are gone from us, and yet we are not quite ready to curl up in the chimney corner and rest.—Lucy Holbrook in Herald of Health.

Overtaxing the Nervous System.

The terrors of nervous prostration—that calamity which seems a new foe, but is really only a new name for an old one—haunt men almost equally with women. If men hold out longer against its approaches, which is doubtful, they succumb almost hopelessly, and need long for a cure. I know young men of fine physique, who, having for a year or two undertaken to combine too many anxieties—for instance, a bread earning occupation and the study of a profession—have taken to their bed in utter helplessness and frequent tears, and remained there for years. "More pangs and fears than wars or women have" were their penalty for an over taxation of the nervous system. The fact that, as the life insurance companies tell us, women on the whole outlive men, seems to indicate that their nerves, if more sensitive than those of men, are more elastic, and offer a better resistance to the wear and tear of events; for we must remember that it is not the great things of life which prove exhausting, but the small ones, because these call out less in the way of resources to meet them, just as people take cold more readily after a warm bath than after a cold one, for want of a reaction.

"You cannot seriously maintain," said a clever woman once to me, "that any cares of political or business life can be so wearing, on the whole, as the task of cooking a dinner." Then she proceeded to explain how the cook, before every dinner, had to deal with a dozen different articles of food, no two of which had to be prepared in the same manner, or manipulated with the same touch, or exposed to the same degree and kind of heat, or cooked for the same length of time; that the cook had constantly to be going from one to the other, and keeping all in mind; and that, to bring them all out in readiness at the appointed time, neither underdone or overdone, neither slackbaked nor burned, neither too cold nor too hot—that this was an achievement worthy of demigods and heroes. And I was quite inclined, at length, to be convinced; certainly it was much easier for me to own myself convinced than it would have been to cook the dinner.—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

Women in Music.

Much has been written lately regarding the reason why there are no great female composers. There can be no doubt that, in other arts besides music, women have achieved but little that can lay claim to immortal fame Perhaps the principal reason of this is that their affections are too exclusively personal. A girl will assiduously practice on the piano as long as that will assist her in fascinating her suitors. But how many women outside the ranks of teachers continue their practice after marriage from the impersonal love of music itself? Needless to say they have no time; for every hour devoted to emotional refreshment strengthens the nerves for two hours of extra labor.

No doubt there is something comic in the ardent affection with which a professor hugs his pet theory regarding the Greek native, or the origin of honey in flowers, and in the ferocity with which he will defend it against his friends, if they happen to oppose it. But such complete devotion to abstract theories is absolutely necessary to the discovery of original ideas; and, as women are rarely able or willing to emerge from the haunts of personal emotion, this explains why they have achieved greatness in hardly any art but novel writing, which is chiefly concerned with personal emotions. Among great performers, on the other hand, there are as many talented women as men, if not more. But it is a curious fact that even the best lady pianists seldom learn to improvise in an interesting manner. A malicious bachelor has suggested that if, in teaching harmony, the chords were made personal by calling them "Charlie" and "William" instead of "tonic" and "dominant," women would soon learn to improvise charmingly.—American Musician.

Punishing Children Sensibly.

If parents were as sure of their children as the farmer is of his cabbages, there ought to be no doubt on this point, because the experience of the parent ought to indicate at once the proper treatment for the mental disorder, assuming that all wickedness is a mental disorder. But, as a matter of fact, how often do we punish on scientific principles.

If whipping is found to make Arthur an angel for several hours or days, the chances are that when Lilly comes upon the scene the efficacy of whipping will be so well established in the parents' mind that she will get a certain amount of whipping to no good, and that the failure of the punishment will be ascribed to stubbornness, which calls only for a double close.

Perhaps the following plan, which I adopted experimentally some time ago, may commend itself to some parents, even though I have no wonderful results to offer. In an old account book I have a few pages devoted to my children; in the part devoted to each child I note the offense under the proper date, the punishment adopted, or punishments if the first has not proved sufficient, and the results. For instance, on such a day I find that Lilly, aged 4, got at the shoe blacking bottle, soiled her own hands and the baby's frock. Punishment: No cake at luncheon. Tears, but no expression of remorse. Twelve days after, according to the ledger, Lilly tried the polish bottle again; this time she was compelled to wash her own hands until the last vestige of blacking had disappeared. It took her half an hour, and there is no record of a repetition of the offense.—Philip G. Hubert in Babyhood.

Self-Respect and Courtesy.

The potency of a gracious manner was shown notably a few years ago by an incident which occurred in one of our large cities. A young girl who had been a seamstress married the son of a wealthy and influential family. Her husband brought her home while his mother and sisters, with a large number of guests, were at their country seat. It was resolved before the bride arrived that she "should be taught to know her place;" that she must be taught to realize that, although in the family, she was not of it.

The house was filled with experienced women of society, skilled in every method of administering snubs, from the stinging sarcasm to the smile of icy civility. The little woman who was their intended victim had neither birth, fortune, experience, nor even education to defend her. But she had a simple, self-respecting manner, softened by the most exquisite courtesy.

"It was an armor of proof," said a spectator. "If they insulted or snubbed her, she was apparently unconscious of it, and turned to them with the same gracious, cordial kindness. She conquered. The dullest woman among her enemies at last understood that the poor little girl was better bred than herself."

Stocking Frames.

I have used for many years a little device which has prevented shrinking in my children's stockings, and may be of use to other mothers. Draw the shape of your child's stocking on a piece of paper; then have this shape cut from a half inch board, planed and nicely rounded and smoothed off at the edges. Bore a hole in the top and put in a loop of string. Stretch the children's washed stockings, while wet, over this form, and hang by the loop in some warm place to dry. Several stockings can be dried on one form, over each other, but of course the drying is slower. I have two forms made for each size of stocking. Models of a similar kind can be used for drying children's woolen undershirts. I have known those already shrunk brought back nearly to their original size in this way. These models should be merely the shape of the body, since forcing them into the sleeves would be apt to tear the shirt. If we wish to stretch the sleeves we could have separate models for them.—Babyhood.

Don't Overwork the Boys.

Farmers are sometimes very inconsiderate in the treatment of their sons. Without meaning any harm they impose labor upon boys which should be the work of men. Now the physical energies of a growing boy have already an important work allotted to them, that of building up a strong, healthy organization. The vital force cannot be exerted in making muscles and bone, and at the same time be expended in a hard day's work in the cornfield. We have seen many instances of boys being stunted and dwarfed because they were overworked by an unconscious father. When work is crowding in the fields there is a strong temptation to utilize every muscle, to provide means for the growing hogs at the expense of his own growing boy. This is all wrong. A farmer would not for an instant think of harnessing his 6-months old colt and hitching him to a plow, and why should not the growing boy have the same thoughtful consideration? Don't overwork the boys. They are all the material we have to make men of.—Atlanta Constitution.

Rules for Success.

My advice to women is possibly worthless and without merit. But this is it:

If there is anything you want to do, do it, or do the next best thing.

Do not expect that when misfortune comes to you that the whole world is going to drop its shovel and come and ask you "what you would like." If you think the world owes you a living, go ahead and make it. It's there.

If you are a workingwoman of greater or less degree, don't wear the fact on a placard like a leper. The world does not like it.

If you have a shadow of a roof tree to fly to, fly there and stay beneath it.

And above all, bring up your girls, if God is good enough to give you such, to think the same.—Fannie B. Merrill in New York Graphic.

How to Know Good Meat.

Dr. Letheby lays down the following simple rules for the guidance of those in search of good meat:

It is neither of a pale pink nor of a deep purple tint.

It has a marked appearance from the ramification of little veins of fat among the muscles.

It should be firm and elastic to the touch. Bad meat is wet, sodden and flabby, with the fat looking like jelly or wet parchment.

It should have little or no odor, and the odor should not be disagreeable. Diseased meat has a sickly, cadaverous smell, and sometimes a smell of physic. This is discoverable if the meat is chopped and drenched with warm water.

It should not shrink or waste much in cooking.—Herald of Health.

The Feminine Point of View.

"I notice," said a lady friend the other day, "that some fool man has invented a collapsing hat for ladies to wear to public entertainments. He might have saved himself his pains. Women wear high hats simply because they are the fashion. Beauty or ugliness, comfort or convenience has nothing to do with the question. The collapsing hat is not fashionable, and that settles it. I don't know where our fashions come from or who sets them, but I know we don't. American women have nothing to do but blindly follow, and I tell you now, in all seriousness, that all the talk in newspapers and the indignation of the public has not done a particle of good. The high hats will go when the fashion changes and not a day before."—Philadelphia Call.

Lack of Privacy in Our Homes.

A correspondent writes to The Boston Transcript calling attention to the fact that in this country window shades are frequently left up after the lamps are lit. "How very odd," he says, "this would seem to an Englishman! The moment a lamp is lighted in an Englishman's house, in town or country, down goes the curtain. An American has seemingly none of that nice sense of privacy that the Englishman owns. He can sit in the bosom of his family, eat, drink, be merry, dandle his child upon his knee, poke his fire, read his paper, all uncurtained to the outside world."

A Housekeeping Education.

A Rangoon English journal recently, in discussing the education of European girls in the far east, made a strong plea for the teaching of cooking and housekeeping in the schools. It declared that the general disinclination to marry among young men in the civil service who are living on a fixed salary was attributable largely to the fact that the young women were unable to do any housework, or even to direct properly the servants of a household.—Harper's Bazar.

The Effect Our Clothes Have.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in a practical talk to young women at Boston, gave a new turn to the definition of the word "becoming." Instead of garments becoming the person, she said, "we become like our clothes; if we put on a hat that is a little exaggerated in style, we give our heads a toss to correspond with it; the Quakers have calm, placid faces harmonizing with their clothing."

Imitation Ground Glass.

A very good imitation of ground glass is produced by dissolving three tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts in a pint of warm water, and applying it to the glass with a common paint brush. This answers admirably when a sort of screen is wanted. The solution must be applied to the side of the glass which is not exposed to the weather.—Atlanta Constitution.

Servants and Slave.

"How many servants do you keep?" asked an old friend of Marion Harland's husband, when they had been married about six months.

"Three—and one slave," was the prompt rejoinder. "The slave is my wife."—New York Graphic.

For Teachers and Parents.

If in instructing a child you are vexed with it for want of adroitness try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and remember that a child is all left hand.—Chicago Living Church.

Care of Flat Irons.

Irons that have been once red hot never retain the heat so well afterwards, and will always be rough. Be careful not to put them on the stove hours before they are needed, and after using them always stand them on end.

Cleaning Saucepans.

All the labor of scraping saucepans in which oatmeal or mush has been boiled may be saved by allowing the saucepan to stand on the table for five minutes before pouring the contents into the dish.

The Best Safeguard.

The sooner parents awake to the fact that the best they can do by their sons is to cause them to learn a trade, the better for the country.—Boston Budget.

Smoke stains can be removed from mica in stoves by thoroughly soaking it in vinegar

STORY OF LINCOLN.

TOLD BY EX-REPRESENTATIVE BRANDEGEE, OF CONNECTICUT.

A Gun Maker's Claims—An Interview With the President—Lincoln's Personal Appearance—A Persuasive Executive Document—Admiral Dahlgren.

I first saw Mr. Lincoln in the summer of 1863. I had been elected in the spring of that year to the Thirty-eighth congress, and visited Washington some time in June to look up quarters for the coming December session. The corridors of Willard's hotel were crowded with officers on leave, office seekers, contractors and jobbers—the swarm which always gathers around the hive of the treasury. The most conspicuous figure, and one of the most remarkable I ever saw, was Horatio Ames, an iron founder of Falls Village, Conn., a brother of Oakes Ames. He claimed to have invented a process of forging wrought iron cannon of heavy calibre, by subjecting the molten metal to the impact of two immense trip hammers, which with characteristic grim humor he had named respectively "Thor" and "Odin." Ames complained that though his guns had been subjected to unfair tests by Dahlgren, who was then chief of the ordnance bureau, and though it had withstood all attempts to burst it—while the Dahlgren guns had burst like glass bottles—yet he could neither get a report in his favor nor an authentic record of the experiments. Ames soon discovered that I was one of the newly elected Connecticut members, and insisted that in the absence of his own immediate representative it was my duty to present his appeal to President Lincoln. I did not "hanker after the job," to use one of the expressive phrases of Mr. Lincoln. But Ames was not the man to stand upon etiquette and I finally yielded to his importunity, on condition that an interview should be arranged with Mr. Lincoln's approval.

Every one knows the general appearance of Mr. Lincoln. That he was tall, swarthy, awkward and unconventional in dress and manner are the broad outlines of any conception of him. But no one who has not stood face to face with the man can ever realize a lifelike idea of the great original. As he rose—and seemed to keep on rising—before me, his hair was black, coarse and of an unkempt appearance, his nose prominent, his cheek bones high, his cheeks very hollow, his complexion swarthy, his manner gracious but subdued, while his eyes had an expression that I find myself incapable of describing, as though they lay in ambush in their deep caverns, ready to spring forth or retreat further within, as occasion required. He was awkward, but it was the awkwardness of nature, which is akin to grace. The expression of his face was earnest, with a shade of sadness, and his voice was soft and at times as tender as a woman's.

I had prepared what I thought a neat little speech of introduction, but he at once put my rhetoric and embarrassment to flight by taking me by the hand and saying, "Well, what does little Connecticut want?"

The tone, the familiar address, the friendly manner, the gracious smile at once put me at my ease, and I stated my case as to a friend, and almost an equal. Mr. Lincoln listened with evident interest. Ames had stated that a record existed of the various charges, the number of firings and the respective results to each gun, and that it would vindicate all he claimed, but he had been denied access to it. Mr. Lincoln closed the interview by requesting me to procure it and bring it to him at 8 o'clock that evening. And to my suggestion that I was unknown at the department, he took an executive envelope from a bundle which lay always on his table and wrote the following: "Let Mr. ——, of Connecticut, have a copy of such record as he indicates. A. Lincoln."

Armed with this concise but persuasive executive message, we visited the navy department, where we waited in the anteroom for more than two hours for the arrival of Commodore Dahlgren, who was said to be absent. Suspecting after a while that Dahlgren's absence was rather conventional than actual, we at last pushed by the janitor into the chief's room, where we found him calmly writing at his desk, where he had probably been from the commencement. My request for a copy of the report was curtly refused, until I produced the envelope with the unmistakable sign manual of the president, causing as much consternation as though one of Dahlgren's own guns had burst in in his own department. We got what we wanted and took it to the president that evening according to appointment.

Mr. Lincoln sat at an office desk, under which his long legs protruded to an extent which made them conspicuous. At first he had on a pair of carpet slippers, but as the conversation progressed he unconsciously withdrew his feet, disclosing what seemed to be a pair of dark yarn stockings, through which had worked his great toe, and this he kept in almost perpetual motion. The record verified the claim of Mr. Ames, and after much discussion and searching questions Mr. Lincoln took an executive envelope and wrote the following: "If Horatio Ames will make ten wrought iron guns after his method, which will answer satisfactorily such tests as I shall order, I will see that he gets paid $1 per pound for each gun. A. Lincoln."

Thus ended my first interview. I never saw Ames afterward, but was told by Oakes Ames, his brother, that the guns were made, answered all tests, and that his brother received $100,000 on the strength of that envelope.—Augustus Brandegee in New York Tribune.

London Reportorial Enterprise.

The London Times has not often of late distinguished itself by enterprise in getting news, but there is no doubt of its power to keep a bit or intelligence away from its rivals. Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation, announced exclusively by "The Thunderer," is a late example. The young statesman drove into Printing House square shortly after 11 o'clock at night and asked to see the editor. He was lodged with him for nearly an hour, at the end of which time, lo! as Mr. Black says in his novels, a strange thing happened. As soon as Lord Randolph had been seen off the premises an order was issued to lock every door, back and front, and take the keys to the editor's room. Dispatches, as they arrived through the night, were taken in at a window in the courtyard. Not a soul, from the editor to the printer's devil, was permitted to leave the premises on any pretext whatever. For some hours mystery and consternation brooded over the establishment. The secret was till 2 o'clock in the morning locked in the breasts of the editor and two leader writers. The paragraph announcing the resignation, and the articles commenting thereon, were written and held back to the last moment. But even then, the hour being one at which other papers had gone to press, the doors were still locked, and it was not till the paper had gone to press that the doors were unlocked.—New York Tribune.

Miss Dora Wheeler won the prize over 300 artist students for her study of "Penelope," since put into tapestry by the Associated Artists.