DEMOCRATIC.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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THE TELEPHONE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square or less, one insertion.....$1 00
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Notices of appointment and final settlement 5 00

Other legal advertisements, 75 cents for first insertion and 40 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

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WOMAN AND HOME.

VARIOUS WAYS IN WHICH PLAIN DISHES MAY BE DECORATED.

Daughters of the Wealthy—Family Sympathy—Lady and Servant—A Woman's Invention—The Baby—Good Advice. Dust—Colds—Washing Fluids—Items.

The various ways in which even the plainst dishes may be made appetizing and handsome should be known to all housekeepers, particularly at this season of the year, when festive occasions are most frequent. It is easy to garnish dishes richly for a trifling outlay of time and trouble, and the increased beauty of a table well repays the pains taken. In many homes the appearance of the table can be improved and stiffness avoided by the exercise of a little ingenuity, and what housekeeper is there who would not rather have a few simple dishes prettily served than a number carelessly prepared? It is frequently the case that the dessert is generously decorated while the meats and vegetables are served without the slightest attempt at ornamentation. Pickles of almost every variety are useful for garnishing fish as well as cold meats. A piece of whitefish can be trimmed with a slice of lemon in the center and sprinkled with the yolk of a hard boiled egg that has been put through a hair sieve. The egg can be put on in geometrical lines or in the form of a star, and the dish be bordered with capers or small chilies, or, if preferred, parsley.

Stewed whitefish, with white sauce, should be ornamented with gherkins cut in long, narrow strips and capers laid in small rings over the centre. Many cooks cut the whites of eggs into rings and lay them on fish in the stereotyped fashion. They should be separated from the yolks and cooked as follows: Grease an ordinary jam pot, put in the whites, and set the pot in a saucepan of boiling water; cover and steam until set, when any devices can be cut from them—leaves, stars, diamonds.

For fish cakes, croquettes and other snacks, fried parsley is an ornament. It should be very dry. Put it into a wire basket and plunge it into smoking fat. It will become crisp in a moment and the color will be retained.

Bread crumbs, colored pink and yellow, make pretty decorations for many dishes. Vegetable coloring is not unwholesome, and can be used in food decoration successfully. Jellies, bread crumbs, and even vegetables can be colored for borders of dishes, and they add greatly to the effectiveness of many plain meats.

A handsome dish of vegetables, either turnips, carrots, or potatoes, can be made with alternate layers of green peas and capers laid over them in rows and the top crowned with a trifling quantity of current jelly. Chopped beets, capers and parsley introduced into salad make it better and improve its looks. For boiled fish lobster coral should be added to the sauce, and in lieu of this bread crumbs colored pink make an excellent substitute.

Potted meats can be made to look showy and handsome if strips of the hard white of an egg is laid on in a kind of trellis work. The meat can be arranged in any shape and decorated to suit the fancy with whites of egg which have been previously prepared according to the directions above. Curled butter, which is obtained by rubbing through a hair sieve and taking it up carefully, is a pretty ornament to cold sliced turkey or chicken. Tufts of parsley add to the attractiveness of this dish. Dark green olives may take the place of the parsley if preferred.

Currant jelly laid on in round heaps decorate a dish of boiled rice, and if the rice has been cooked with the addition of lemon juice to the water, thereby increasing its whiteness and causing the grains to separate well, it will be very pretty, particularly if about the edges of the dish are laid bits of watercress. Scallops of fish or poultry are improved by the addition of small portions of macaroni and tomatoes put along the edges of the dish and on top of the scallops.—New York Sun.

Daughters of the Rich.

The daughters of wealthy, luxurious parents enter into the competitive struggle of lavishing thousands of dollars on balls and dinner parties, because they are imbued with the idea that their position depends on their not showing themselves to be outdressed, "outentertained" or "outgayetied" by any of their friends. To marry and live in a boarding house or in a cottage, far removed from the sacred precincts of fashion, is annihilation. No matter if it were to be for only a few years, while the husband should be making his fortune, such descent could not be contemplated. The society young lady wants to begin her marriage life on the same scale that their parents are ending theirs. Declining to recognize any other possibility, she has never taken steps to learn anything about domestic duties, and is entirely ignorant of the way to make a dress or trim a bonnet. She employs the most expensive of trades people, probably spends double what an English nobleman's daughter would, and wastes more on ice cream, candy, and flowers than the entire income of a working woman. If she goes to the theatre or opera, she must have a carriage, a corsage bouquet, new gloves, and a supper. None of her toilets must be seen too often, and she must be registered in the summer at some expensive resort, or go to Europe. Her parents pet and indulge her in every way, her bachelor friends adore her, and she receives almost as much worship as did a goddess in the days of Greece and Rome.

Very probably she is pretty, highly educated, accomplished, bright, and attractive—a delightful partner for a dance or a flirtation, and very likely an excellent wife for an extremely rich man. But ask her to come down from her pedestal, to be the helpmate of a man of moderate means, to cut herself loose from the acquaintances that can only be kept up while she is wealthy, to share in his struggles, or to rise or sink with him, and she will most likely, politely but firmly refuse. It is difficult to foresee what the remedy for this state of affairs will be. It is unprecedented, because in European countries class prejudices have, as a rule, kept people in sets. Mere wealth seldom suffices to move a family out of its original set, and the girls are content to marry and remain in the circles to which they have been accustomed, without trying to push themselves into higher ones.—Chicago Times.

Old Fashioned Family Sentiment.

Fathers are over indulgent. Up to a certain point that answers very well, for children are pets and playthings, but later on comes that state of affairs so well put into the mouth of old King Lear, who in the depths of his anguish could find no phrase so apt in description of his lamentable condition as: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

As the twig is bent the tree inclines.

The boys who were brought up to disregard the interest and engagements of each other, who care nothing for the convenience, comfort, protection of their sisters, grow in time to be men, and these girls who have no confidences in their mother, who keep their secrets from each other, who take into the bosom of trust the casual acquaintance of a careless hour, grow to be women, and there you have the society of the future, and to a certain extent the society of today—families scattered by the hand of event, member from member swept by the besom of chance, with no cohesive principle, no cohesive attachment; in fact bringing up precisely the state of affairs that exists between my friend Sam and his brother.

I don't believe in this everlasting talk about the "good old days," for in the good old days we had no palace cars, no electric lights, no decent eating and drinking facilities on railways, no telegraph communication, no elevated railroads, for all of which we are indebted to the good new times, when the brain of science directs the hand of capital for the convenience, the comfort and the humanizing of mankind; but there was a something worth keeping in the good old times, or else this proud nation of ours would not be supreme as she is to-day, or else law would not, in the court of last resort, be respected as it is to-day, or else the strained conditions that exist between capital on the one hand and labor on the other could not be restrained within the present limits today, but chief among those good things of the good old days was a family sentiment, which bound heart to heart, interest to interest, making brothers and sisters and father and mother an entity, a commonwealth.—Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

Mistress and Helper.

I admit that there are some empty headed, unchristian women who prefer to have menials about them, and to whom the words "my servants" have a very pleasant and aristocratic sound; but I am glad to say I believe they are in the minority.

I have in mind a lady who had several servants who were ignorant, and content to be so; insolent, in many cases; fond of low company, and who thought they had done a smart thing when they had in any way overreached their mistress. These girls the lady treated as servants pure and simple. They ate and received their company in the kitchen, and the words exchanged with them were about their work, and nothing more.

But it happened that one fortunate day this lady secured as a helper an intelligent, well read, honest girl, who thought everything that was done should be well done; and after that there was no servant—or what is generally meant by that term—in that house. Mistress and helper discussed the latest magazine articles, or talked of Howells' or Mrs. Whitney's latest book while the baking and brewing went on, and if the mistress sometimes corrected the maid on a point of housework, the maid returned the favor by correcting the mistress on a quotation from Shakespeare, or recalled to her mind some name in a novel by Scott or Thackeray. And when the kitchen work was done, the two sat together in the parlor over books or sewing, or rode or walked together. They made calls and received callers together. In brief they were companions; and when, after a few years of this happy relationship, the mistress died, the girl who had been employed by her mourned for her as for a dear friend.—Lida A. Churchill in Demorest's Monthly.

Invention of a Charitable Woman.

The wife of Mr. E. Prentiss Bailey, of The Utica Observer, has inventive as well as philanthropic genius. Long an earnest worker in fields of charity, she found that in the hospitals it was often necessary to employ extra nurses to move patients, and that the task was always a strain both upon the sick and those in charge of them. She saw and contrived a way in which to help the sick to help themselves and it is very simple and effective.

Two iron sockets are attached firmly to the sides of a bedstead by screws, and into these are fitted short poles, and between the poles is suspended a horizontal bar, also fitted into clamps, and adjustable to any height above the head of the patient lying on the bed. From this bar hang a pair of strong straps with grips, and these can be moved from right to left at will. By grasping these straps the sick man can utilize the strength of the arms to lift himself up, to change his position, to turn over and to allow the bedding to be changed.

There are a variety of attachments to the invention, which extend its usefulness indefinitely. One is a rest for the leg, in which a broken limb can be placed while it is being dressed. It is only necessary to unscrew the sockets attached to the bedstead and change their location, to utilize this. Another is a small table for medicines, a book, anything that a patient wants within immediate reach. Another is a curtain rod, likely to be especially serviceable in hospital wards, to avoid a draft, to shut out the light, or to afford a degree of privacy.

Mrs. Bailey's invention has been in use for some time in Faxton Hospital at Utica, where it is found to be the greatest comfort and convenience in a large number of cases. —Rochester Union.

Lady Bellairs' Advice to Girls.

WHAT TO AVOID.

A loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagances in conversation — such phrases as "awfully this," "beastly that," "loads of time," "don't you know," "hate," for "dislike," etc.

Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise and joy—often dangerously approaching to "female swearing"—as "bother!" "gracious!" "how jolly!"

Yawning when listening to any one.

Talking on family matters, even to bosom friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you cannot execute with ease.

Crossing your letters.

Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

An unaffected, low, distinct, silver toned voice.

The art of pleasing those around you and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings or prejudices of others.

An erect carriage—that is, a sound body.

A good memory for faces and facts connected with them, thus avoiding giving offense through not recognizing or bowing to people, or saying to them what had best been left unsaid.

The art of listening without impatience to prosy talkers, and smiling to the twice told tale or joke.

Care of the Baby.

Every baby, of course, needs to be washed all over in warm water once a day; but this diurnal bath is positively hurtful unless it is accompanied by a good honest rubbing. Now rubbing is a thing very few persons understand, although it is such an indispensable part of the daily toilet. To rub an infant properly requires great tenderness and care. All such rubbing should be with a circular movement of the palm of the hand, and should be rapid, but with very little pressure. Above all, the soles of the feet should be thoroughly rubbed in this way, gently and quickly, for at least two minutes. This promotes circulation and sends the blood flowing through the tiny heart. In like manner the little hands should not be chafed up and down or squeezed, but the palms should be treated in the same circular way.

Mothers, as a rule, pay a great deal more attention to an infant's feet than to its hands. They would not think of leaving it without socks, even with its feet fastened up in a blanket; but with the thermometer below zero they will let it flourish two little red fists in the cold morning air. Yet how wretched it is to have cold hands every one knows. Little children, in cold weather, should not only have their hands rubbed frequently, but they ought to sleep in knitted mittens as soon as it becomes difficult to keep their hands under the coverlid, and that is as soon as they are restless.—Jane E. Runtz-Rees in Demorest's Monthly.

Want of Sympathy.

Take hospitality, for instance. Does it consist in astonishing the invited, in overwhelming him with a sense of your own wealth, or felicity, or family, or cleverness even, in trying to absorb him in your concerns, your successes, your possessions, in simply what interests you? However delightful all these may be, it is an offense to his individuality to insist that he shall admire at the point of the social bayonet. How do you treat the stranger? Do you adapt yourself and your surroundings to him, or insist that he shall adapt himself to you? How often does the stranger, the guest, sit in helpless agony in your circle (all of whom know each other) at table or in the drawing room, isolated and separate, because all the talk is local and personal, about your little world, and the affairs of your clique, and your petty interests, in which he or she cannot possibly join? Ah! the Sioux Indians would not be so cruel as that to a guest. There is no more refined torture to a sensitive person than that? Is it only thoughtlessness? It is more than that. It is a want of sympathy of the heart, or it is a lack of intelligence and broad minded interest in affairs of the world and in other people. It is this trait—absorption in self—pervading society more or less that makes it so unsatisfactory to most people in it. Just a want of human interest; people do not come in contact.—Harper's Bazar.

Dangers of Dust.

It is well known that dust is an absorbent and collector of odors, and that it gives them out under the influence of both heat and moisture, and that, independent of these qualities, it is injurious in itself to even the most healthy lungs, being composed of minute particles resulting from the wear and tear of many fabrics, animal, vegetable and mineral.

"Dust thus constituted," says the same writer, "cannot but be most dangerous company in a room, as, if allowed to remain, it becomes poisonous, and when it is disturbed and enters the lungs has not only an irritating effect, but becoming moist, gives out its noxious odors within the body." It can be readily seen, then, how important are the operations of sweeping and dusting, especially the latter.—The Household.

Use of the Toothpick.

Strict cleanliness is the principal thing to be observed in the care of the teeth. After eating, remove from the teeth all particles of food with a toothpick, but never, on any account, use a pin for this purpose, which is customary with some. This practice indulged in frequently will injure the teeth far more than any one would suppose. Use the wooden toothpick, of which there are two kinds, the sharp pointed and the flat pointed. The first is all very well if it does not split, leaving a small splinter between the teeth or under the gums, which is very disagreeable, if not actually painful. For this reason the flat pointed one is the best. Rinse the mouth thoroughly with lukewarm water after eating, if it can be conveniently done.—Boston Budget.

Best Washing Fluids.

Some housekeepers use washing fluids, and if the ingredients are harmless they lighten the labor, without destroying the fabric. The following are among the best fluids:

To five quarts of water put one pound of salsoda, half a pound of unslaked lime and a small lump of borax. Boil; when cold pour off and bottle. Use one teacupful for every boiler of clothes.

Another—One-half a bar of hard soap, one ounce each of saltpetre and borax dissolved in four quarts of water; when cold add five ounces of spirits of ammonia. Bottle and use as soap.

Another—Equal parts of turpentine and ammonia. Add to water.

For Tender Feet.

A remedy for tender feet is cold water, about two quarts, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, one tablespoonful of bay rum. Sit with the feet immersed for ten minutes, gently throwing the water over the limbs upward to the knee. Then rub dry with a crash towel, and all the tired feeling is gone. This recipe is good for a sponge bath also.—Boston Budget.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

Table linens should always be hemmed by hand. Not only do they look more dainty, but there is never a streak of dirt under the edge after being laundered, as with machine sewing.

For chilblains take ten pounds of oak bark, put it in a kettle and pour on it six quarts of water. Let it boil down to four quarts. Soak the feet in it and it will effect a certain cure.

A decided improvement in the eating bib for children is made of a towel. It is better to have the towel white. Hollow out the neck before binding, and bind with white tape.

Charcoal is recommended as an absorber of gases in the milk room where foul gases are present. It should be freshly powdered and kept there continually.

Fish is made more digestible and has its flavor brought out by a few drops of lemon juice squeezed over it.

Those who are troubled with sleeplessness, should, if strong enough to do so, take a long walk in the evening.

Kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and render them pliable as new.

Apple sauce is much improved by the addition of a tablespoonful of butter, and requires less suggar.

Dyspeptics who use coffee will do well to take it in small quantities, black and strong, without milk.

Tack a piece of ticking inside your wardrobe door and keep your patterns there.

Bottles may be easily cleaned with hot water and fine cinders.

WAITERS IN ST. LOUIS.

ENTERPRISING METHODS OF AMBITIOUS KNIGHTS OF THE NAPKIN.

Graduates of Oxford and Foreign Noblemen Who Wash Dishes, Wait at Table and Pocket Big Fees—A Fraternal Organization.

"You would be surprised, sir," remarked the head waiter of a leading hotel to a reporter, "to find the sort of people who present themselves to us head waiters for positions. You couldn't tell some of them from real gentlemen, they are so handsome, and polished in their manners. Only the other day a man presented himself at the door of the dining room. He was tall, stout, finely formed, and as dignified as a prince. I bowed as he approached and was about to conduct him to a seat at one of the tables, for I was convinced that he was a foreign nobleman. 'Are you the head waiter?' he asked. 'I am, sir,' I replied; 'pray, of what service can I be to you?' 'Give me a position,' said he. 'I am a waiter, and I come from Saratoga.'

"I would have been more surprised than I was if I had not often had applications from men of similar bearing."

"Did you employ the fellow?"

"Oh, certainly, and an exceptionally good waiter he has turned out. He is in demand all over the dining room, and the ladies are particularly fond of having him wait upon them. He is a graduate of Oxford university, and talks Greek with the fluency of an Athenian. We have Greek scholars in the house—one of them a professor—and I have been told that his Greek and Latin are unusually fine. One night he gave the help in the hotel a 'reading,' and one of his selections was a chapter of Virgil. He was applauded so vigorously for this that I questioned my men concerning their knowledge of Latin, and was surprised to find that quite a number of them were acquainted with the dead languages. Nearly all of my men speak French and German, and those of them who have not received good schooling are in the minority.

"You must know that there is no trade organization so compact and fraternal as that of the hotel waiters. They are good hearted fellows, as a rule, and will never see one of their kind want for anything that they can supply. Those in position supply those who are out of it, and nobody is a whit the wiser. Masonry itself is outdone by their regard for this rule of duty."

"Are the unemployed waiters who are here now supported in this way?"

"They are mostly. Nearly all of the recent arrivals came here too soon, and whatever they brought with them quickly disappeared. Their condition was made known to the other waiters at once, and the latter supplied them with means to secure lodging and enough change to keep them alive."

"How much does it cost to keep an unemployed waiter alive and cheerful?"

"Very little, if the men are 'fly,' and they generally are. A smart man whose room rent has been paid can live gloriously on ten cents a day. There are saloons in this city, both north and south, which supply an 11 o'clock lunch fit for any man's meal. In the bill of fare are two or three kinds of hot meat, potatoes fried, stewed and in salad form, tomatoes, chicken croquettes, cold slaw, pickles, bread, mustard, beets, etc. All a man need do to entitle him to a hack at this magnificent hungry man's banquet is to purchase one glass of beer."

"But a man can't have much fun on one meal a day, can he?"

"He doesn't need to confine himself to one meal. He has still five cents left, and with this he can purchase one beer later on."

"The unemployed napkin artists now in the city, attracted by the exposition and its accompanying festivities, are certainly a sorry looking lot, notwithstanding their sumptuous living. Their coats are threadbare, and their toes, when not peeping forth from their boots, are struggling to get there. Despite the fraternal care with which their more fortunate co-laborers regard them, they are not appetizing to look upon. But one-half, at least, of these will be shortly engaged to 'help out' at the leading hotels. Few will be able to recognize in the smooth shaven model in boiled shirt, spotless cravat, real cuffs and cutaway, the wretch who is today haunting the free lunch counters, grasping at whatever comes within range of his watery vision.

"There isn't a labor union in the country that takes half the care of its own that the waiters do of theirs. Occasionally they are economical and put their earnings away, but the great majority spend freely and give away what they can't spend. Like most people in their walk of life, they are imitative, and the conversation of guests at table is rarely lost upon them. A first class waiter can listen without appearing to, but he misses little that is worth remembering. Often when we have had distinguished guests at table, I have heard their speeches rehearsed and dissected in the kitchen. Sometimes I have heard the argument of a prominent statesman torn to shreds by the fellow who was waiting to fill his order behind the screen."

"Where do most of your waiters come from?"

"They come mostly from Europe, although it is only once in a while we get one direct from abroad here in St. Louis. The first stopping place for waiters is New York, but they are a roving set and can't rest even there. As soon as they begin to hear of the glorious west they take off their aprons and start. Sometimes they come west in sleepers and sometimes in box cars, but they get here just the same. Once in a while a man comes along and asks for work who has seen better days. Among these are noblemen and college graduates. They may have had plenty of money when they reached the west and spent it in high living; then their remittances fail to materialize and they are on their uppers. These men make splendid waiters, but they have to begin as dish washers and get accustomed to stepping around lively before they are intrusted with a table. Still, when they get there they always give satisfaction. They appreciate the importance of scrupulous cleanliness, and are invariably polite without betraying too much humility.

"I have a man under me who is such a correct judge of character that he can tell almost to a nickel often, and sometimes to a cent, what the amount of his tip will be. He can size a man up like a flash, and he does it without giving offense, either. I have seen gentlemen upon whom he had waited rise from the table with no intention of paying him anything, and yet he would draw their chairs so deftly away and inquire so earnestly if they had enjoyed their meal and whether he couldn't help them to some little extra delicacy, that they have put their hands in their pockets and feed him well."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Scheme for Swindling Farmers.

The latest scheme to swindle the farmer is being perpetrated under the guise of a so-called society to prevent the killing of birds. A man invades the rural home, talks glibly about the good being done for the farmer by the birds, and ends by asking him to sign a pledge not to kill a bird in twelve months. The pledges, with a little manipulation, turn up in the way of a promissory note and make trouble.—Chicago News.

DEATH PENALTY IN COREA.

Peculiar Manner of Killing Criminals in the Oriental Peninsula.

The manner of killing is peculiar and is especially obnoxious to the Catholic Christians, who are abundant in this country. An ordinary Roman cross is set up on a huge cart drawn by oxen. The man is tied to this with arms extended, and he is thus drawn through the streets. A crier precedes the procession, announcing the crime for which the man is being punished. His friends are allowed to follow and protest his innocence and bewail his sad fate, but as the punishment is usually visited upon the family if the treason has been glaring, the following of friends is apt to be rather small.

There are two places of execution at the capital. One, seldom used, is in the city, while the chief place is just outside the west gate, on a hillside, where the immense crowds upon the city wall and other high places can get a good view of the interesting sight. Whether the prisoner, in his exhausted state, has succumbed to the torture on the cross or not, on arriving at the place of execution he is placed face downward, with his neck upon a block, when, by one stroke, if it is a good one, the heavy sword severs the head from the body. The hands and feet are then cut off, and the mutilated body is carried back into the city and laid, chest downward, in one of the streets, where it must lie for three days.

It is refreshing to note that the people, and even the dogs, avoid that street for the time being, and the adjoining shops are closed. They count from the evening when the body is laid out till daylight of the third day, so that the body only lies there one day in reality. The foreigners resident in the capital, during the time following the emeute of 1884, when so many political criminals were executed, often stumbled upon these horrible sights in their journeyings about the streets. On one occasion when the bodies were near the legations the representatives combined and asked for their removal.

It should be mentioned that the humane king is opposed to this practice, which custom seems still to demand. In case the accuser should be proved an impostor and to have accused the man falsely, the prisoner or his friends have the right to demand an eye from him. Their method of obtaining the organ is quite novel, and if well performed it is more expeditious than is the modern surgical method of enucleation. The culprit is made to stoop over and is then hit with the loaded end of a flexible stick upon a spot on the back of the head, when the eye protrudes sufficiently so that it may be cut off. If, however, the people who wish the eye are not prompt in doing the cutting operation, the prisoner may quickly replace the eye and possess it thereafter in peace, all of which is said to have been done many times, but unfortunately has not been witnessed, as yet, by foreigners.—Seoul Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Poisoned by Mummy Eyes.

A weird interest attaches to mummies, and their coming to life, or exerting an occult influence when resurrected in one day, has furnished the foundation for several romances. Here is a prosaic and true story, with the scene laid in matter of fact New York, which goes far to relieve the romancers from the charge of romancing. Some time ago Messrs. Tiffany & Co. received an invoice of mummies' eyes. I do not go so far as to say that they were the actual eyes of leading citizens of Thebes and Memphis, but they were taken from the eye sockets of mummies exhumed from Egyptian tombs. They may have been the actual eyes reduced to the hardness of stone by the process of embalming, or they may have been only false eyes like those used by modern taxidermists in perpetuating the life semblance of some pet Fido or Tabby. At all events they were dubbed "mummy eyes," and the jewelers set about getting them ready for the market. They were amber colored, opaque and lusterless.

It was thought best to polish them before setting, and a workman was set at the task. Before he had been long at the work he became ill of a fever, and another man was put on the job. He, too, became ill of the same kind of a fever before he had spent much time on the job, and three or four other workmen who succeeded him were taken with the same symptoms and suffered a similar illness, although others, working on other jobs amid the same surroundings and under the same conditions, were enjoying their usual good health. Here is an excellent opportunity for the Society for Psychical Research. Were these illnesses simply a coincidence, or did the mummy eyes really exert some occult and baneful power for their own protection?—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Why Corn Bread is Scarce.

Corn bread, once a staple and common article of food, is coming to be regarded as a luxury. Not only is this true of the north, but also of the south, where Indian corn was at one time preferred to wheat for making bread. A Georgian said in explanation of the change: "The complaint that a really prime article of corn or Indian meal cannot be obtained in towns and cities is general. A country miller told me that he could not produce good cornmeal by the use of modern grinding machinery. The softest and best flavored meal is made from new corn. This the proprietors at large mills refuse to grind. To get good cornmeal the grinding must be done slowly, and it must be given time to cool properly before it is moved. This can only be done in country mills, and the supply is far behind the demand.

"Besides this, cornmeal cannot be kept long without deteriorating. It is not in the matter of bread making alone, however, that cornmeal has fallen into disuse; it is less used for cooking purposes generally. The great increase in wheat growing and the improvements in the flour making line, together with the high price of corn and low price of wheat, is in part responsible for this state of things. Few persons now use corn for economical reasons. Many, however, would prefer it for a considerable portion of the time, if a good article could be procured. The southern corn is preferred to all others, although the flint corn raised in New England is an excellent article; but it requires a large amount of cooking. Corn that grows in the prairie regions of the west is the most undesirable, and as this represents most of the cereal that is for sale it is not used to any great extent."—New York Mail and Express.

High Priced Peaches Abroad.

An American who recently returned from England says that before sailing he noticed one day a plate of fine peaches among the fruit of the dining room at the hotel. He inquired their price, and was told that the peaches were sixty cents apiece, and that they were "all or nothing" for Englishmen, as the fruit has not yet been brought in quantities which insure cheapness.—Chicago Times.

Tax Collecting in Morocco.

Muley Hassan knows how to collect taxes, anyway. Recently many of his subjects manifested a tendency to be delinquent. Thereupon he cut off the heads of a dozen or so and stuck them up in front of his palace, to encourage prompt settlement on the part of the others. It worked splendidly. Every delinquent taxpayer in Morocco settled up in full, next day.—New York Tribune.

MOST NORTHERN TOWN.

ODD WAYS OF LIFE IN NORWAY'S REMOTEST VILLAGE.

Under the Midnight Sun—A Place Where the Only Grass That Grows Is Found on the Housetops—A Drunken Laplander.

There is in mailing a letter at the northernmost town in the world a sentimental feeling of satisfaction which has nothing to do with a desire that it shall arrive sooner at its destination. This epistle will accompany me on the eight day journey south, and I might write it at any time during the voyage, but I shall take it ashore this morning and I shall hope that the Hammerfest postoffice authorities will find time to stamp it with their own postmark. To do this it will be necessary for them to be awake. I remember that when I was last in Hammerfest, at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, not a soul was starring in the place. The long arctic day had tired them out, and they slept late. I myself was tired, for I had remained up until 4 to see the scenery of the coast; but when the ship dropped anchor in the harbor an admirable curiosity had urged me to secure a solitary boatman, who rowed me ashore for the sum of two and a half cents.

As I walked along the main street I found myself endeavoring to fasten on my mind the features of Hammerfest by a comparison with Tromsoe, the other city of this Ultima Thule, where I had passed the day before. Tromsoe was a cheerful place, lying on the slopes of a green, hilly island by the blue waters of a long sound. Even within the arctic circle it was a very hot day; there was a luxurious growth of dwarf birches and wild cherry trees, and at the end of every lane there was the background of green hillside to be seen, from which the grass seemed to run down all over the place, covering the doorsteps and the walks.

Had it not also been sunny at Hammerfest I should have been ready to shiver. The town seemed to be a band of little wooden houses built in a long half circle round the harbor under a wall of cliffs from which many stones had fallen. If the grass was everywhere at Tromsoe, the rocks were everywhere at Hammerfest, for I was made conscious of them at every turn. When the sun presently went under a cloud and it grew chilly, I was reminded whenever I looked that I was standing under the cold and frowning brow of a precipice. Hammerfest, I was told, had a West End, where the finest houses and the hotel were, and I proceeded thither along the middle of the silent street. On either side ran rows of houses on a raised bank; in front of them was a narrow sidewalk to which one might ascend by occasional flights of steps; but the stones of the walk were jagged and dangerous, and the little square windows were too jealously high in any case for a passer-by to look in. Among the many white painted signs I hoped to have found at least one "Bageri" open, where I might get some coffee and bread, but in vain; there was not a soul in Hammerfest awake. I pinned my faith on that hotel in the West End of which I had heard, and went further. I have never been in a place so forbidding and destitute of soil for verdure as this. The only grass grew on the housetops, forced by the warmer air from beneath.

Taking a turn, however, to the left I arrived at the theatre—a low, wooden building, forty feet long, where performances were to be given once a week in the "season," so a notice read. Behind the theatre there was an expanse of sward strewn with blocks of stone, close under the cliff. Part of it was used as a cemetery overlooking the cold Arctic sea, part was a pasture ground for geese and goats. As I stood there gazing the silence was broken by a hoarse croak, and I perceived hopping about upon a housetop, and in and out of a chimney, where he presumably kept a hoard, a large Norwegian crow, with black back and gray breast and legs, like a respectable gentleman in black coat and smalls. On the same roof a little kid was eagerly pasturing. In the road at my feet one of the fox like, sharp eared reindeer dogs of the Lapps was gnawing a bone.

After a half mile walk I arrived in the West End, where I observed that no grass grew on the roofs of the houses. One palace, indeed, had two rows of seven high windows on its side and two windows at its end. The mayor of Hammerfest must, I fancy, have resided here. Opposite to me was a place of greater interest, the "Hotel of the North Pole." Its door was open, and hunger compelled me boldly to intrude myself upon its sleeping inmates. In a room on the right, hung with furs and Lapp costumes for sale, on a large bed lay a cat surrounded by five blind kittens newly born. On another door I read "Spisestue," which I took to mean eating room. In an apartment beyond this I found the landlord and landlady and four children in all stages of undress. They gave me some very good coffee, and they advised me in broken English to return to the boat stage by a new way along the wharves, where I might see the ships. The ships were mostly Russian, from Archangel and the White Sea, and I experienced a strange sensation of remoteness when I found that I was unable even to read the letters of their names.

On the counter of a diminutive bookshop where I stopped to buy some stamps I was astonished to see a book entitled "Fra Civilisationens Overdrev, af Mark Twain." I took this to mean "From excess of civilization," and as I left the shop I was racking my brain to imagine what book this could be, when I made an acquaintance whose condition explained to me that the book was certainly an unheard of tract by the humorist, distributed about Hammerfest in the interest of the temperance cause. Civilization had led my friend into excess of "finkel" and he was drunk; but unlike a Russian, he was good natured, for he was a Lapp, one of that outlandish race of nomad dwarfs whose figures give such strange and marked character to the street corners of Hammerfest and Tromsoe in the summer time, when they come down from the mountains to fish. He was very friendly, and I gave him a cigarette, which he was unable to manage until I showed him how it was to be lit and smoked. He puffed away with a delightful grin upon his wizen ape like face until finding that it disappeared very fast and that it was not as strong as his pipe, he threw the cigarette on the ground and, lighting his pipe, staggered off along the wharf. He had, like other Lapps, a Mongolian cast of features, with small almond shaped eyes and high angular cheek bones; and these, with his bow legs, made his appearance suggestive of two triangles, one above the other. He wore thick, heavy pointed shoes of leather and colored bands of worsted about his ankles, and black greasy leggings of whale skin fitted his limbs as tightly as if they were his own hide. He had a great coat of reindeer skin with the fur half worn away and girded in at the waist with a many colored beaded belt, from which hung a white bone handled knife. On his head was set a high pear shaped cap of blue cloth trimmed with red and yellow, almost like an empty bag, which for some reason stood up pertly in the air. From under the cap his long, wiry black hair hung down sallow, greasy cheeks, which he had chosen to shave smooth, though other men of his kind wear beards of every description of horror.—Jonathan Sturges in New York Times.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Norvin Green estimates Jay Gould's fortune at $60,000,000. This is moderate.

A number of Americans propose to erect a statue of Gen. Washington in Paris.

Marshall P. Wilder has arranged a professional trip to China, Japan and India for 1888.

Explorer Greely does not believe that the north pole will ever be reached except by balloon.

Not one of the four presidents of the French republic since its origin in 1870 was born in Paris.

M. Grevy saw twelve cabinets, with 129 ministers, serve under him while president of France.

Andrew D. White, of Cornell, says poker will soon be a necessary part of a classical education.

M. Grevy slept soundly for eight hours the night after his resignation—for the first time in six weeks.

Congressman Scott will spend $25,000 during the winter on social entertainments at his Washington home.

Mohini M. Chatterjee, the young Brahmin philosopher who came to this country last year, has returned to India.

Morell Mackenzie has received £8,500 up to the present time for his attendance on the prince imperial of Germany.

Gens. Sherman and Sheridan will review the state military exercises at the centennial celebration in Ohio next September.

The Court Journal says that Kaiser William wants to abdicate in favor of his son, the coronation to take place in May.

The first words of Rev. Joseph Parker upon his arrival in Liverpool were that he should never come to America again.

The Duke of Newcastle will winter in Florida and pay a flying visit to Philadelphia. He is young, unmarried and has a cork leg.

Louis Kossuth, now well on his 86th year, is in capital health of mind and body, and constantly busies himself with literary work.

It appears that Bismarck has an elder brother, who has been under prefect of Mingard since 1841, and is about to retire, aged 77.

M. E. Ingalls, of Cincinnati, carries an insurance of $300,000 on his life—the largest sum carried, it is said, by any resident of that city.

At the ball of the Pelican club, where Sullivan lately sparred before the Prince of Wales, the Pelicans all appeared in Pelican waistcoats.

Complaint is made in Washington that William Walter Phelps is wearing the same rusty brown suit which became a chestnut some years ago.

Sam Small announces that he has given up his labors as an evangelist, and is now a preacher in the Methodist church South at Washington, D. C.

Samuel Spencer, who has been made president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at a salary of $25,000 a year, was a rodman earning a scant salary a few years ago. He is not yet 40 years old.

The new French president belongs to a family of Scotch origin. The original name was Cairn, the French diminutive of which would be Cairnot, or little carn. This was soon corrupted into Carnot.

Prince Regent Luitpold, of Bavaria, was bitten in the hand while hunting by a dog, which it is feared was mad. Fortunately the wounds are not deep, and do not deprive the prince of the use of his hand.

Carter Harrison wants all the American women to dress as per the Chinese rule. "We would then have our better halves dressed," he says, "to please an artistic eye, without the present waste of female health and strength."

The other morning early a little curly headed girl of 6 or 7 years went to the Maine state house and asked an officer, "Is Governor Bodwell dead?" "Yes," was the reply. "Oh, he used to give me candy!" she exclaimed, and turned away crying bitterly.

Mr. Labouchere is down on the tall hat. He says: "I do so loathe it that if the present ministry would deal it a coup de grace by invariably appearing in pot hats I almost think that gratitude would oblige me to turn Tory—even at the risk of having my head staved in by a Tory constable."

John B. Alley, of Massachusetts, is said to be worth considerably over $10,000,000. He is the richest Republican in the old Bay state and is fond of politics. The greater part of his fortune was made in speculation and he is constantly adding to it. Mr. Alley is 70 years old.

The remains of President Carnot's illustrious grandfather are in the cemetery at Magdeburg, and an attempt will now be made to have them brought home to France. He died an exile, proscribed by the restored Bourbons for having voted for the killing of Louis XVI.

Paul Philippoteaux, the painter of the Gettysburg and Niagara Falls cycloramas, has just finished a work upon which he has been engaged for two years, consisting of thirty pictures of scenes in the life of Gen. Grant, beginning with his infancy and ending with his funeral. They are to be exhibited first at Boston and then throughout the country.

Mr. Frederick Villiers, the well known war correspondent and artist of The London Graphic, has entered the lecture field. He went with Mr. Archibald Forbes through the Franco-German, Servian and Russo-Turkish wars and has a great fund of interesting experiences, which he relates with graphic eloquence.

Jay Gould never smoked but one cigar in his life. It made him so ill that he never tried another. It seems hard that many a man who loves good cigars can't afford to buy them, while Jay Gould, who could have the finest weeds in the world without seriously impairing his income, has no taste for tobacco.

The Prince of Wales was slightly wounded in the nose by a Swedish nobleman, Baron Oscar Dickson, while shooting at Sandringham, but the incident was