

PACK MULES.

Towns are built up among mountains where no road may come.

One who travels through the country of the Rocky Mountains, will pause for wonder at seeing, in places difficult of access, towns of substantial buildings, of which the material must have come from anywhere in neighborhood. And yet they may be hundreds of miles from a railroad.

The whole of that town has been carried there, and most of it on the backs of mules. In what are pack-trains they have carried the things that made the houses and all that houses contain over journeys that have taken weeks to make, and in high places where the chances were before the train got past, some of the animals would go over a precipice. Regular freight train will sometimes carry fifty animals, generally all mules, and horses are used. Mules are preferred, not because of greater strength, but for the reason that their backs are more level, so that they are liable to be chafed by their loads. A mule can carry from 200 to 600 lbs., but those that can bear the weight are exceptional animals. There are two styles of apparatus for carrying packs, to which his burden is added. One is called a pack saddle, resembling very closely a sawbuck, a contrivance used on the backs of pack animals. The other is Spanish, and is called by its Spanish name, *aparejo*. This consists of great saddle-bags, each about two feet wide and three feet long, stuffed with hay until they become three or four inches thick, and also with half a dozen rods running lengthwise inside to keep their shape and hold them together.

Two bags are joined at the top either of their own width, so that they hang across the back they hang on the sides and reach the belly. If they consist of several small packs, they are made up into two bundles, each one of which is secured by a double rope, called the swing, is thrown over the *aparejo*, and the bundles are lifted up on the beast's back, and the ends of the rope joined together, so that they hang suspended, counterbalancing the other. After they have been shifted and adjusted so the weight is rightly distributed, they are ready to be fastened securely to the *aparejo*; and to do this a rope is longer and heavier than the swing, called a lash rope.

When this is finally tied, it has the appearance of a cat's cradle. It seems as if twice passed straight around the animal and twice around him diagonally, is in the direction from his near hip to his off hip, and from his hip to his off shoulder. In reality it is only gone once under his belly, then has been caught on the corners of the *aparejo*, and has had a couple of inches by which the two straight lines going over the pack that at first swayed on with all the packer's weight, have been further drawn apart until they make the figure of a diamond, and it is this which gives the pack to the loop called the "diamond," without which no pack can be fastened. The man who packs the pack side first throws the lash across the pack, and in doing so he gives it a peculiar twist that looks simple enough, but a person could watch him do it for weeks and yet have no other idea how it was done than that a clever fellow could get of the trick by mixing up his three cards.

It is wonderful to see the wisdom of the pack mule on the march. Except a man, followed by the bell mule, he is left to his own resources. He rules the whole train marches in an file, but when the road lies as a smooth and even prairie, the mule is apt to scatter a little, and five or six animals go side by side. The moment that a ford is reached, however, the pack mule is in the lead, and the difficult passage of any sort, they actively fall back again into rank, each passes in turn. In going up a steep hill, if there is a trail, he will not be diverged from; but if there is none, the greatest freedom of movement is taken. And yet the whole pack will ascend or descend on the principle; that is, they will follow the pack leader. They may approach the ford in perfect order, but the moment it is reached they scatter along its sides, crossing back and forth among themselves, making only short tracks, thus passing over a seemingly impassible hill with little greater effort than would be required for a gentle descent.

The pack train recently traveling the Rocky Mountains, a mule that had a pack rather wider than the others was seen to stop before two trees, and, although several animals had already passed through without difficulty, he carefully examined the space from one tree to the other, and, after deciding that they were too close to his load, he turned from the trail, and came round on the other side rather than try to force his way through.

The Chinaman is becoming civilized just as he can in this country. He wears his pigtail, wears coat and pants, plays keno, drinks beer and eats steaks. The loafer who objects to his being cheap cannot expect him to be dressed with all the American improvements at once.

Chilburne, Texas, Mrs. Baylis has been communicated from the Adventurer on the ground that she is possessed with a devil. It was her custom after coming out of a trance to say what she claimed to have seen among the communicants.

MODERN DRESS.

The progress of civilization has developed the decorative tendencies in every direction, but the original impulses are found in all countries and in all times. The savage who shows a curious taste in nose pieces and body paint is as much a votary of fashion as the Parisienne whose whole soul is concentrated upon the effectiveness of her dress. Both sexes have been equally weak at times in their slavish surrender to this tyrannical despotism. But the males have in a measure emancipated themselves. The garb of our modern bucks and bloods compares favorably with that of the dandies and macaronis of the past. Their attire has some manliness in it; they are sensibly shod; the stuffs they wear are serviceable and suited to our changeable seasons. It is no longer the custom to swallow up a whole patrimony in tailor's bills. The lavish employment of the most costly materials has also disappeared. Silks and satins, except as regards gorgeous socks or decorative neckties, are left to women. The use of frills and jabots or rare Valenciennes has gone with full-bottomed wigs and small-clothes of gold brocade. Men do not wear shirts which cost £10 or £20 apiece, as they did when that sum meant six or seven times its present value; nor do they fix priceless jewels in their shoe-laces, or carry muffs of rare furs on their hands. The present fashions are a distinct improvement upon those of even a more recent period. The tight-fitting, high-collared monstrosities of the Georgian epoch went out with the King who permitted a seam but called a crease intolerable. No one, not the most fatuous and empty-headed devotee of high collars and single-studded shirts, would give a tithe of the time Beau Brummel devoted to his voluminous and largely unsuccessful ties. But with the weaker sex the reverse is still the case. While men have in a measure shaken themselves free from the dominion of dress, the passion is as old as the hills. Hebrew wives and maidens laced tightly and added fringes of gay colors to their snow-white robes. For them a sister discovered in Solomon's reign the special uses of the silkworm: "Ce ver rampant qui habille l'homme de feuilles d'arbres elaborees dans son sein." Egyptian beauties, sitting under the shadow of the pyramids in the days of the Pharaohs, sleeked and preened themselves before their brightly burnished brazen mirrors, heightening their charms with collyrium and henna, and trying new effects in costume. Artifice was resorted to by the ladies of Greece to increase their beauty; they, too, wore body bands and belts to improve their figures, and it is more than probable that the celebrated girdle of Venus was the germ and prototype of the modern stays. The Roman matrons carried the rage for dress to extravagant excess. The beauty who would preserve her complexion slept with a flour poultice on her face; she bathed in asses' milk, and spent long hours at her toilet braiding, dyeing and dressing her beautiful hair, of which all the ladies of Rome were especially proud. Her garments were rich and varied in color, if not in shape, but the coquettish taste of the wearer could give endless changes to the draping of the palla or stole. Later civilization has proved as fanciful in matters of dress as the old. The sex through countless generations has maintained the traditions handed down from classical times. Sovereigns set the fashions to the ladies of their Court; the crowd followed suit and set sumptuary laws at defiance. One Queen introduced the *bonnet a canon*; another the "scarf" head tie. Catherine de Medici ruled French fashion with the most imperious sway. She laid down limits which waists should not exceed, and popularized a cruel steel corset intended to compass these dimensions. Our own Queen Bess was a woman to the fingertips as regarded matters of dress. She was fond of the most gorgeous apparel, and at her death her wardrobe was found to contain 3,000 costumes. Her loyal female subjects feebly imitated her example, and their fondness for colossal ruffs stiff with the newly-introduced starch for long-waisted gowns made of silk, velvet, satin, tafetta or gros grain brought down upon them much caustic satire at the time.—(Mrs. Armatage, in the Fortnightly Review.)

The Glasgow Times tells a good story of a Glasgow boy who had been summoned as a witness in a case before the Municipal Court. His mother took great pains in instructing him as to his behavior, and was particularly solicitous as to his doing at once, without a moment's hesitation, whatever he might be asked to do. The hour of trial arrived, and Jack, in his "Sunday clothes," set out for Court in high spirits. He had not been gone long when he returned, sobbing bitterly. The following colloquy ensued: "What's wrang wi' ye, laddie?" "Nae muckle." "Ay, but what's wrang wi' ye?" "Nae muckle, I tell ye." At length his mother succeeded in eliciting the truth. "Weell, they tuk me into a big room wi' a chiel wi' white pow (head) sittin' in his lane, an' a lot o' mair chieles sittin' below him, an' the chiel wi' the white pow axed me me name. An' I tellt him, 'Jock MacNab.' An' he tellt me, 'Jock MacNab, hand up your han' an' swear.' An' I put up my hand' an' said, 'D—n your een, sir; an' then they put me out."

"I want to get a pair of driving gloves," said a consequential-looking duck, entering a gent's furnishing store and addressing a lady attendant. "Buckskin?" asked the polite saleswoman. "Oh, no," replied the impetuous customer; "I want something that will match the color of my skin." "Oh, you do?" returned the lady, quickly, taking down a box from the shelf; "try a pair of these calfskins!" The doughhead has never since patronized a store where there are women attendants.

Buttermilk is the favorite beverage among the temperance men of Philadelphia. It is recommended by physicians as being good for dyspepsia and the kidneys.

GREAT MEN'S NAMES.

What Some Autographs are Worth, and Why.

On the sixth or top floor of a handsome, commodious private house on Forty-second street, New York, is an old man, probably some 70 years of age, a native of New England. He is tall and thin, has scanty gray locks and beard, and betrays in his habitual stoop a sedentary habit. Matthew Morgan, or "Autograph Mat," as he is familiarly known to second-hand booksellers, is an interesting character, remarkable not only for the uncommon nature of his vocation and his unswerving pursuit of and devotion to it, but for the extent of his journeyings through the civilized world, and for his scholarship.

"What valuable autograph letters have you on hand at present?" was asked of him.

"Well, let me see. Here are three in the handwriting of Byron, the poet, one of them, quite long, addressed to his friend Mr. Hobhouse. It is dated June, 1814, and is a very characteristic production. It opens thus: 'Why, Johnny, did you not turn up last night according to appointment? I waited for you two mortal hours. Neither you nor any of your race were ever before so roundly cursed. I was astonished first at your audacity in breaking so solemn a treaty with me, secondly, at my own patience, which had never endured a like exercise before, and lastly, at my own volubility as I anathematized you and all your works.' But really, my dear Hobhouse, etc., etc., etc. The disappointment, you see, which occasioned this letter seems to have been nothing more than the breaking of an engagement by Hobhouse to accompany Byron to Vauxhall Gardens, then a place much resorted to by holiday-making cockneys, but now a densely populated district of London. The price of this letter consisting of three closely-filled foolscap pages, is \$250. Will there be any difficulty in finding a purchaser for it? Oh, no! The other two letters are brief, and relate simply to business matters, yet I expect to easily realize \$20 apiece for them. Here are three verses, unsigned, by George Herbert, the old English divine, worth at least \$100; they would bring double and half as much if they bore his signature. Here is a letter written by John Wesley, and here a presentation copy of Cowper's 'Task,' with the poet's writing on the title-page. I once owned a brief letter written by Sir Walter Raleigh while a prisoner in the Tower of London, which I sold to a wealthy gentleman in Virginia for \$1,000.

"How about the value of autograph letters by modern authors?"

"Well, a brief letter written by Tenyson will bring in New York all the way from \$15 to \$25, but in London it would realize nothing. By the same rule letters by Longfellow will command as much in London, though here they are a drug. Letters by Charles Dickens sell any way at all times, always realizing good prices."—[New York Tribune.]

DENVER, COL., TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Why, in that early golden age no doors were locked at night; the intellectual tramp had not yet heard of Colorado; the cultured eastern burglar was still doing missionary work in New England, and the bogus insurance company was then relieving the widow and the orphan in the land of the Puritans. And there were no dudes here then. Just fancy one of those little animals out here among the pioneers, dressed in a wash basin hat, a blue necktie, a bob-tailed velvet coat, sausage-skin pants and patent leather shoes, with the toe as long and sharp as a picket pin, riding along a gulch upon a saddle about the size and shape of a miner's pancake, as he now joggles along Broadway at a single-foot gait, looking "just too sweet for anything." [Laughter.] Why, the pioneers would have lassoed him for a new species of jackass rabbit; the women would have run him through a sluice box and panned him out for a dollar-store brass hair-pin. And there were no Mother Hubbard gowns then. [Laughter.] Picture, if you can, a pioneer woman in a Mother Hubbard gown sailing around a camp fire. No; our pioneer woman had no such habits. [Loud laughter.] Nor did the pioneers wear stovepipe hats. I remember the first plug hat I ever saw on the head of a pioneer. It adorned the crown of P. P. Wilcox as he ventured timidly along Larimer street one day. True, this was as late as 1866, and the pioneer days were then considered past, but it was a sad example, and was the first step to a sad end. That erring brother has come down to be an Indian agent.—[From a speech by W. F. Stone.]

THE FATHER OF FORTY-TWO CHILDREN.

John Heffner, a rickpicer of Reading, Pa., aged 68, was killed recently by a locomotive. He himself is the authority of the statement that he is the father of forty-two children. He was a small wiry, hump-backed, dark-skinned man, and was born in Germany. At 25 he married his first wife in Germany. She lived eight years, and in that time became the mother of seventeen children—twins twice, triplets four times, and a single child. He employed a young woman to take charge of the brood of seventeen little ones, and in 1849 she became his wife. In due time she became the mother of fifteen children, and died in 1857. Twelve of the little ones died, leaving twenty in the brood. He then brought them to America, and in 1858 married his third wife, a widow with one child. She bore him ten children, making forty-two in all, a small number of whom are now living. He seemed to enjoy himself, and went through life apparently happy and contented. He was unable to save much money.

LONDON IN HENRY VIII'S TIME.

During the reign of Henry VIII. the splendor of the civic shows rose to its utmost height, and the profusion of gold and silver displayed, the costly silks, embroidered tapestries, and gorgeous dresses caused the pageant to reach a climax of magnificence which is almost incredible. It must not be imagined, however, that all this parade signified universal prosperity throughout London, and that the citizens contributed equally to its maintenance. It was far otherwise. The wealth of the metropolis was at that time engrossed by comparatively few individuals, and these spectacles were the only opportunities which the rich and powerful possessed for showing forth their opulence, while they also afforded the only amusements available to the common people. The manner of living among the generality of the citizens was at that time very miserable. According to an ancient map of the period the whole of the metropolis was then confined within the city walls, and the suburbs were almost wholly void of buildings. A few houses stood in Smithfield, and a few more led to the Strand; but the fields came close up to the wall along almost the whole of its northern and eastern circumference. Charing Cross was merely connected with the city by an irregular row of houses, and the village of St. Giles lay isolated in the open country. Inside the wall were no less than 130,000 constant residents; for the merchants had then no country villas, but dwelt night and day upon their business premises. The houses were small and narrow, and the floors, says Erasmus, "were commonly of clay, strewn with rushes, under which lay unmoistened an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones and everything that is nasty." The same author tells us that the crowded manner of building and the almost total exclusion of light and air from the dwellings caused the frequent plagues with which the city was ravaged. Alleys, courts and by-paths abounded in every direction, and the streets, though numerous, were narrow. There was but one commodious and regular road. It led through the heart of the city, from Aldersgate to Ludgate, and as it was the route of all the civic processions and shows, great care was bestowed upon it by the municipal authorities. It was almost entirely occupied by goldsmiths' shops, and all trades of a less splendid appearance were rigidly excluded.—[The National Review.]

NO FRIEND OF MINE.

"I was down at the stock-yards, yesterday," observed Mrs. Cauliflower, "and stepped into the Sun newspaper office, for a few moments, to see my friend, Mr. Hoyt. And in the course of our conversation, he referred incidentally to you, my dear."

"And what did he say about me?" demanded Mrs. Rosebush.

"He said he had been very well acquainted with you, for more than eleven years; and, well, I can't remember all the adjectives he used, but anyhow, he was profuse with panegyric laudations and overflowing with the most profuse and verbose commendatory eulogiums."

"And when he'd finished 'em, what did you do and say?" responded Mrs. Rosebush, with ill-disguised efforts to smother down her uprising indignation.

"Why, of course, I fell in with his train of expletives, and fully coincided with his effulgent, periorative, extolatory glorification."

"Well," retorted Mrs. Rosebush, in evident pain and mortification, "I'd never have thought it of you. I have always took you for my friend; and only to think that you should have stood by and heard that big, hateful, wretched creature abuse me, an honest and decent woman, in such a foul manner, and never have lifted your finger to resent it! Let me tell you, Mrs. Rosebush, this settles it. I've been mistaken with respect to your professed friendship, but I've found you out at last; you are no friend of mine, and I shall never darken your door again; and when you call over to my house to borrow a drawing of tea, I shan't be at home, and don't you forget it."

And the enraged woman, majestically drawing herself up, withdrew from her friend's presence with queenly hauteur and magnificent scorn.—[Chicago Telegraph.]

WELL-WORN HEARTH.

The Never-Ceasing Changes on Land and In the Sea.

That the falling drop will wear away the stone, is a saying which few adult persons have not been able to verify by observation; but it is not so generally understood that falling drops of rain will wear away a mountain or wash away a continent. Rain, frost and ice have ground down the summits of the loftiest mountains; and there are few high peaks now in existence which have not been much higher, and which are not being steadily leveled by atmospheric agencies. In colder climates solid glacier rivers are also found, which imperceptibly, but with irresistible force, hollow out valleys and grind down the superincumbent rock. The sea also devours the land rapidly. Furthermore, innumerable rivers, streams and springs are perpetually loosening the soil, rasping down the rocks with sand, and bearing off billions of tons of solid matter to the sea-bottom, where the whole mass is squeezed by the terrific hydraulic pressure into stone, marble, or solid strata of some kind. The Mississippi alone carries annually to the sea \$12,500,000,000 pounds of mud. All the habitable land of the globe is being continually ground and washed away—planned down to the ocean level; while the sea-bottom is being as steadily filled up. The deposit of foraminiferous shells alone—not including other remains—is sufficient, as Huxley has calculated, to create a bed of limestone in the bottom of the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean 800 feet thick supposing these oceans to have existed for only 100,000 years.

Were it not for internal forces the time would come when all existing land would be leveled with the ocean. The coral islands would form no exception; for the coral-builders cannot live above water, nor could their islands ever have reached the surface but for subterranean upheavals. Thus the tendency of the world's crust is to become uniformly smooth and level, and to surround itself with an envelope of water. But within the earth enormous forces are constantly at work to counteract this tendency—forces which manifest themselves in volcanic action, in seismic action and in other and even more mysterious actions.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

TOPNOODY.

"My dear," said Mr. Topnoody to his wife last Tuesday at noon, "do you want to go to the Enquirer boat race at three o'clock?"

"No, I don't. I've been working in the kitchen all the morning and I'm tired, and besides, you know as well as I do that I don't like athletics in any shape."

"Of course, my dear, you don't; but your tongue is so athletic I didn't know but that you might want to give it a chance to—"

"Shut up, Topnoody. I won't stand it."

"Sit down, love."

"I'll do as I please."

"Will you go to the boat race, dear?"

"No, I tell you."

"Why not, my dear?"

"Topnoody, I despise puns, and you are a pun, but I'll use one to tell you why I won't go. When you were a bean of nine years ago, I liked you because I didn't see you very often, but now, when there is barely a trace of your former self, and I have to have you round always—to take in a bean trace every day, so to speak, it makes me want to break somebody's skull, and—"

Topnoody fell off his chair in a faint.—[Merchant Traveler.]

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A man's best friends are not always those of his own household. Jake Boylbug is in very reduced circumstances. He is likewise in bad health. His clothes are in such a sad condition that he has often been mistaken for a member of the press. Jake Boylbug used to go to school with Samuel Sandly, who is known to be exceedingly economical. Jake called on Sam the other day and begged him for a quarter of a dollar, not as a subsidy, but merely as a loan.

"I haven't got any money for you," was the rude response.

"I'll pay you, Sam, before long."

"I've got no money, I tell you. It takes every cent I've got to support my poor old mother and my bed-ridden sister," and the voice of the supposed hard-hearted man grew husky, and a pearly tear trickled down his unaccustomed cheek, so to speak.

"But, Sam, I happen to know that you make your old mother chop wood and do the housework, and you don't contribute a cent to your bed-ridden sister, for you had her carted over the hill to the poor house last week, so neither of them costs you a cent."

"You know that, do you?"

"I do."

"Well, if that's the way I treat those nearest and dearest to me, what chance do you suppose you have of squeezing a quarter of a dollar out of me, when you are not even a brother to me, eh?"

How much more graceful, elegant and superior does the man on the bicycle look than the man on the wheelbarrow. But wait until they come in collision, and see which procession turn up in the most handsome condition.

Another intelligent compositor has been heard from. This time he is a Kentucky citizen, who, presumably having taken his girl out for ice cream the night previous, set up the caption to Poe's beautiful poem "The Greed of the Belles."

Condensed milk is made by squeezing the water out and putting in sugar. It takes a great deal to make a little.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

It should be pointed out with continual earnestness, says Ruskin, that the essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived, because the deception was by gesture or silence instead of utterance; and, finally, according to Tennyson's trenchant line, "A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

We may not be always able to see how our work or our actions are to endure, but, if they are of high and noble quality, they will never die. Some of the best things that men of genius or of character accomplish are never traced home to them. A suggestion is made, an idea is implanted, a generous impulse is awakened, and the efforts may continue to reproduce themselves long after their originator has been forgotten.

Those who read everything are thought to understand everything, too; but it is not always so. Reading only furnishes the mind with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough that we cram ourselves with a great load of collections. Unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.

It is not always the truth which an inquirer disbelieves, but the angles and refractions through which minds differently constituted have come at the truth. Give him time, and do not badger him with hard names, and he will often discover truth through lenses and prisms of his own making.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day nor by night, in journeying nor in retirement.

A bird upon the wing may carry a seed that shall add a new species to the vegetable family of a continent; and just so a word, a thought, from a living soul, may have results immeasurable and eternal.

Swedenborg says "words are things." They are more; they are spiritual forces—angels of blessing or of cursing. Unuttered, we control them, uttered, they control us.

Music is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire earth is destined one day to sound.

Every duty well done, doubtless adds to the moral and spiritual stature. Each opportunity eagerly grasped and used is the key to larger privileges.

Love is the most terrible and the most generous of the passions; it is the only one that includes in its dreams the happiness of some one else.

Money in your purse will credit you; wisdom in your head will adorn you; and both in your necessity will serve you.

What you are doing for love you can do no longer for mere gain. The higher motive drives out the lower.

One gains courage by showing himself poor; in that manner one robs poverty of its sharpest sting.

Those sentiments of love which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

WOMEN.

Lady Campbell of London wears the divided skirt, and is said to look well in it.

"Now, then, witness," said the cross-examining counsel, sternly, "does the preceding witness enjoy your entire confidence?" "Great Scott, no! Why, that's my wife."

Miss Georgiana Ball Hughes, a daughter of the late Ball Hughes, a sculptor of Boston, has achieved quite a reputation in London as an artist, where she has lived for many years.

Miss Mary Mapes Dodge, editor and novelist, is a daughter of President Novels, the celebrated writer on horticulture. She formerly lived in Newark, but is now a resident of New York.

Dr. Holmes says one good thing for women: "There is no such thing as a female punster. I never knew nor heard one; though I have once or twice heard a woman make a single detached pun, as I have known a hen to crow."

Miss Rathbone, who for six years has been a missionary abroad, has brought to New York the first Burmese woman who ever landed on our shores. The newcomer will study for five years in this country before returning for missionary work.

Susan Anthony says there are 1,000 women practicing medicine in England, and that, so far as she has been able to learn, "they kill as large a proportion of their patients, and receive as exorbitant fees for so doing, as male practitioners."

At present only peers and their sons and privy councillors can marry at any hour of the day they choose in Great Britain. Lesser worthies have to ask permission of the archbishop to marry later than noon, and he sometimes refuses it.

A middle-aged lady applied to Mr. Barnum for the position of circus manager. When asked about her proficiency she naively replied that she had been married three times, and if anyone could explain the word circus she was the person.

An advertisement in a Lyons, France, paper says a young lady 21 years of age, and a member of an honorable family, offers her love in marriage to a man who will come to the aid of her parents. Age or looks of no account, but she must have a good establishment.