

PERSONAL.

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love—thee.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Fair Summer—Bying from chill Autumn's
breath—
Turned and looked back with longing restful
gaze,

DORA.

Duncan Holmes (soliloquizing in
street car)—I don't believe in—
love at first sight, but I believe in fate.

Duncan—No, I'll stay where I am.
It is true, I saw Sissy Tomkyns in this
car as it passed me, but I would never
run three blocks for the pleasure of
talking to him.

Duncan—Yes; very well. Now I
want you to pack my small trunk. I
am going to Europe. And, James
about what age is—the gentleman,
Mr. Botan? Did he seem to be a feeble,
delicate-looking sort of man at all?

Duncan—No, sir. I took him to be
about thirty-six or seven—a little older
than yourself, sir.

Duncan—Yes. Now go. Fate is
against me!

Duncan Holmes (in his married
sister's drawing-room to years later)—
It was certainly a strange coincidence,
to say the least. Soon after reaching
Geneva I saw in a New York paper
the death "suddenly," of Charles Botan,

Duncan—Nearly every one is get-
ting off the car. A little trip
in the country would be agreeable,
perhaps. No, I'll stay in town and go
up the avenue. What is the old lady
saying to her now? "Something about
the streets."

Duncan—I am not quite sure, but I
will ask the driver. (Goes out on front
platform.)

Duncan—Have I forgotten what?
Duncan—That we met two years
ago, you and I. There is recollection
written in your eyes, but you do not
quite place me.

Duncan—Yes; I recollect it all. It
was only a few weeks before my great,
great sorrow—

Duncan—Oh, pardon me. I did not
mean to grieve you so, Hark, the
music is beginning. Shall we go into
the other room?

be no harm in such a theft as that.
Some day, when we are both old, I
shall hunt her up again and give it
back to her, and we shall laugh to-
gether over the mad-dog episode.

Dora—No, thank you; we can hear
very well here. Are you fond of music?
Duncan—Yes; very. That fellow
plays well, too.

Dora—I am so glad you thought
dear grandma had a sweet face. It
suited her exactly. I nearly died when
I lost her, and now I am quite alone.

Dora—Is she dead? I am shocked
to hear it. I had no idea you were
in mourning for her. (Aside.) Where
on earth is Botan, then?

Dora—Your face shows you are
grieved. Thank you, I remember that
you were very kind that day. (Singing
begins.) That is a fine voice, but I'm
very tired of the song. Are not you?

Duncan—I do not know it.
Dora—Not know "Marguerite"?
Duncan—Yes, yes; of course! Pardon
me, I was thinking of something else.
I am glad we are not the have another
verse. It is time I restored the rest of
your property to you. This handkerchief
has been all over Europe with me.

Dora—Did I drop it in the car?
But no; you have made a mistake. It is
not mine.

Duncan—Not yours? I found it in
the pocket of your fur cape, and it has
your name. Look, Theodora?

Dora—Indeed you mistake. My
name is Dorothea.

Duncan I do not understand.
Did not my servant go to your house in
Seventieth street?

Dora No; he could not have done
so, for I have always lived in Madison
avenue.

Duncan But he saw your—your—
Mr. Botan.

Dora Who can you mean? I have
no brother, and my father has been
dead ten years.

Duncan But do you mean to
say you did not lose your fur cape that
day?

Dora Mr. Holmes, I assure you I
never had one. I begin to understand
now. The lady who sat next me in
the car had one on her lap.

Duncan I see, I see; I was on a
wild-goose chase. But tell me, what is
your name? Margie called you Dora
Botan.

Dora Here is my visiting card in
her card-basket look!

Duncan Miss Dorothea Boughton
Miss, Dorothea Boughton! Miss! Well,
well, what an absurd mistake I made!
Was there ever such a stupid? Sissy
Tomkyns herself could not have done
worse. Let me explain from the be-
ginning.

Dora Hark! A duet,
(Duett sings.)
"Look, look in my eyes
And ask, ask no more!"
—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

How a Coat of Tar Feels.
People who read of tarring and feather-
ing by White Caps and others know
that the punishment is a very unpleas-
ant one, but few imagine how terribly
painful and dangerous it is. In Wyom-
ing I once saw a man who had been
tarred and feathered, and, although he
very deserved it I could not help pity-
ing him. Hardened tar is very hard
to remove from the skin, and when
feathers are added it forms a kind of
cement that sticks closer than a brother.

As soon as the tar sets, the victim's
suffering begins. It contracts as it
cools, and pulls on the little veins of
the body is pulled, causing the most
exquisite agony. The perspiration is
entirely stopped, and unless the tar is
removed death is certain to ensue. But
the removal is no easy task, and re-
quires several days. The tar cannot be
softened by the application of heat, and
must be peeled off bit by bit, sweet oil
being used to make the process less
painful. The irritation to the skin is
very great, as the hairs cannot be dis-
engaged, but must be pulled out or cut
off. No man can be cleaned of tar in
a single day, as the pain of the opera-
tion will be too excruciating for en-
durance, and until this is done he has
to suffer from a pain like that of 10,000
pin pricks. Numbers of men have died
under the torture and none who have gone
through it regard tarring and feather-
ing as anything but a most fearful in-
fliction.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Siamese Twins.
Eng and Chang, the twins, were born
in Siam in 1811, and came to the United
States in 1829, after which they were on
exhibition many years here and in Eu-
rope. They settled near Mount Airy,
N. C., in 1854, where they died in 1874.
Chang died unexpectedly while the
twins were in bed and had been dead
several hours before Eng awoke. The
latter received a nervous shock at the
sight of his dead brother which termi-
nated fatally in about an hour. The
twins were connected in the epigastric
regions by a band about six or seven
inches long and about two and a half
in diameter. They were physiological-
ly distinct persons, having different
forms, strength and dispositions. Each
was married and had several children,
none of whom exhibited any malforma-
tion.

Dry Goods.—An old lady from way-
back regions came to the city to do some
"trading." As she looked around the
elegant store with vague wonder a dandy
floorwalker approached her.

"What can I do for you to-day,
madam?"

"I want to go to the place where you
sell dry goods."

"It is right here, madam. What kind
of dry goods do you want?"

"Dried apples, mister."

—That tired feeling now so often
heard of, is entirely overcome by
Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives men-
tal and bodily strength.

A Street Car Romance.
How the Loss of a Purse Led a Young
Man to Matrimony.

"Tickets!" shouted the smart young
conductor, as he elbowed his way
through the passengers standing in a
car which was being drawn swiftly up
California street.

It was but half past five o'clock on a
Thursday afternoon that I found my-
self inside a car filled with men return-
ing from business, scattered among
whom was a sprinkling of members of
the fairer sex, who, encumbered with
their innumerable purchases and wrap-
ped up in cloaks, allowed only the tips
of their noses to appear over their long
boas of fur or feathers.

All eyes were turned in the direction
of the speaker, and the conductor began
to look very knowing.

"Have you got any money?" he
asked in a gruff voice.

"No; I have lost my purse, which
contained all the money I had about
me. But my husband will pay for it in
the morning, or I will send the money
at once on returning home."

"Can't do it, ma'am," replied the con-
ductor; "you've got to pay now or get
out and walk."

"Here, conductor," I said, tendering
him a dime; and then turning to the
elder lady, I added: "It is the rule of
the company, madam. The conductor
cannot give credit to passengers. I hope
you will permit me to spare you the an-
noyance of having to get out at this
hour."

"I am very much obliged to you,
sir," replied the lady, "and I accept
your kind offer willingly. Will you be
good enough to give me your address,
that I may discharge without delay this
small debt?"

"Oh, it is a mere nothing, madam," I
replied. "I shall be very well satisfied
if you will give the sum to the first poor
person you meet."

"Oh, no, not at all, sir," said the lady;
"I must insist—"

Under such pressure I could hardly
refuse, and as the car was now approach-
ing Hyde street, where I transferred to
the cross-town line, I took the three
transfers the conductor gave me, and,
confused by the deep interest of the
other passengers, now all eyes and ears,
I hastily drew out a card, and, raising
my hat, extended it, with two transfers,
to the lady. But it was the young girl
who, blushing deeply, took them.

The following day I had almost for-
gotten the incident, when among my
letters I found one—in an unknown
handwriting—bearing the city post-
mark.

I opened it and saw, attached to the
top of the visiting card enclosed, five
two-cent postage stamps. On the card
was printed:

MR. AND MRS. JOHN G. CARMEN.
While underneath was written: "Mr.
and Mrs. Carmen present their compli-
ments and thanks to Mr. Paul Barnard
for his kindness and courtesy. Tues-
days No. —, Pine street."

I put the card aside on my desk, un-
der a vase of violets, and it was not till
one morning, nearly a week later, that
I came across it again.

Now, every day you meet people in
the street cars whom you look at for an
instant with more or less attention; but
in my case I had scarcely had a glimpse
of the mother or the daughter, and had
not the least idea if they were pretty or
otherwise. From their accent and man-
ner, however, there could be no doubt
they were of the upper world—
but, after all, of what interest, could
they be to me?

Nevertheless, I did feel interest, so
why should I attempt to deny it?
Their address had been given me, and
also their day at home. The address
was printed, but "the day" was written
in a modern, angular English hand.
Not so the lines of thanks, a hand-
writing there was the delicate, precise
kind that young misses were taught
thirty years ago. The mother had cer-
tainly written them.

But who had written "the day"?
I became curious. How could I find
out? Yes, there was a way. But to
call on people with whom I had only
exchanged a few words—almost on the
street, and who in a week might have
forgotten both my name and my face,
was rather a delicate matter.

Then I should have to undergo the
torture of feeling myself an intruder, as
the servant would announce me in the
reception room where, perhaps, half-a-
dozen ladies, unknown to me, would
look me over from head to foot as I ad-
vanced, as if to ask:

"Who is this person, and where does
he come from?"
When I thought it well over, how-
ever, I reflected that there had been oc-
casion to talk of me, and at the name
of Paul Barnard, Mrs. Carmen would
know very well who I was.

But she had looked over my should-
er, and a small hand soon covered my
eyes, while an arm slipped round my
neck and her soft lips pressed mine.

"Oh, you naughty boy! But just
wait a minute."

She disappeared laughing, and came
back quickly with a small blue satchet,
from out of which she drew two pink
street car transfers.

"You see I've kept them safely—you
did not think I had thrown them away,
did you? The first Tuesday I cried all
night. If you had not come the second—"

"Well, what would you have done,
Ethel?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes."

"You won't be cross? Well, I would
have sent you one of them by post."

"How jolly! And Mrs. Carmen—
did she know—?"

"No, no, no. She was ever so sur-
prised when you called. It was I who,
before closing the envelope, secretly
wrote at the foot of the card 'Tuesdays.'
Are you sorry?"

(And then there is the sound of kiss-
ing.)

Northerners Down South.

There is a large crowd of Northern
people constantly in attendance at the
Southern Inter-State Exposition in the
city of Raleigh, N. C., and they are
well paid for the expense of a trip. It
is, as we have heretofore said, really
more interesting for the Northerners
than a trip to the Chicago Exposition.

Hundreds of people are flocking to
the Exposition to see what the negro
has to show for his quarter of a century
of freedom. Right well have the colored
improved in their Southern homes,
and it ought to be gratifying to all who
desire to see the Union perpetuated to
know that the white people and colored
people are living together in peace, and
working shoulder to shoulder for the
development of the Southern section of
the Union. For what is to the advan-
tage of one section is to the advantage
of the whole. We of this part of the
Union fought to keep the Southern part
from leaving the Union, and we suc-
ceeded. The negroes were freed, and it
is gratifying to all to know that our
work was not in vain; but there is a
great improvement over the old South;
that in every nook and corner of that
favored land peace and prosperity are
on the increase. And one great pleasure
to us is the fact that the Southern peo-
ple are really in earnest in inviting us
to visit them and to join with them in
utilizing the great wealth they have in
the millions of acres of virgin lands that
have never been cultivated, but only
await the hand of man to make them
produce the most abundant crops. It
is the greatest mistake to suppose the
South a great level flat country covered
with pines and scrub oaks. There are
mountains in North Carolina higher
than the White mountains of New
Hampshire. Northerners who visit the
Exposition are very much surprised at
what the South has inside her borders.

Telling a Cow's Age.

Almost all farmers know that the
marks upon the horns of a cow indicate
her age, but few know exactly how to
count them. At two years old a
wrinkle may be found forming at the
base of the horn, and as the horn
grows during the following year, this
wrinkle becomes easily seen. Its full
development marks three years' growth.
At five years a second is fully devel-
oped, and after that one appears every
year, until at the age of eleven or
twelve the wrinkles are smaller and
closer and less conspicuous and some
of the earlier ones will have been worn
entirely away. Then it is time to kill
the cow, for she has outlived her use-
fulness as a producer.

The Code of Hara-Kiri.

It is generally understood that hara-
kiri, or hara-wo-kiri is the solemn
practice of suicide among the Japanese
nobles—a practice most deeply rooted
in their ideas of honor and faithfulness.

The hara-kiri was first practiced on
the battlefield. If the defeated did not
wish to fall alive into the hands of the
enemy they thrust their swords into
their mouths or their breasts or cut their
own throats. Later the hara-kiri be-
came an institution of honor. Who-
ever knew his cause to be lost either ex-
ecuted himself with his sword or allow-
ed his companions to do it for him. It
often happened that when a feudal lord
had performed his self execution his vas-
sals followed his example to show their
loyalty beyond the grave.

HIS MEMORY UNSTAINED.
My mother, who was a Japanese of
rank, often related to me a case of hara-
kiri which took place not so many years
ago in her own family. The nobleman,
occupying a government office, had
killed his bitterest enemy and was sen-
tenced to the hara-kiri. If he had not
belonged to the caste of warriors they
would either have beheaded him or sen-
tenced him to be nailed to the cross,
which would have brought dishonor on
his family, besides resulting in pecuni-
ary disadvantages. The hara-kiri, how-
ever, attached no dishonor to him or his
family. The condemned man was com-
mitted to the surveillance of a noble-
man in whose mansion the solemn self-
execution was to take place. Day and
hour were appointed, and the witnesses
elected by the government arrived.
The condemned man had begged three
of his friends to render him the last ser-
vice and they consented.

Subordinates called on the prisoner to
tell of the arrival of the witnesses. They
brought him robes of hemp on a
tray. He donned them quickly and
hurried to the reception room of the
palace, where the sentence of death was
read to him. The prisoner listened to
it without moving a feature. Then he
retired once more to his chamber to
change his dress for the last time. At-
tired in white robes, he was led by a
solemn procession to the room where
the self-execution was to take place. A
large cotton cloth was spread on the
mats. Over this a scarlet quilt was laid
to prevent the blood from oozing
through the mats. It was already dark

and a candelabrum, giving a faint light
was placed in each corner. Behind two
white screens a pad, a wash basin, a cen-
sor, a tray and a short sword lay hidden.
According to prevailing rules, the per-
sons present stepped into the semi-dark
room and took their places.

Then the duties of the three assistants
of the prisoner began. The first
brought him the sword on a short leg-
ged table, the hilt being wrapped in pa-
per. The prisoner receives the weapon
with reverence, lifting it with both
hands to his forehead to express his es-
teem. Then he laid it back on the ta-
ble and bowed to all present. He let
his upper garments fall down to the
belt, and stuffed them firmly under his
knees to prevent him from falling back-
ward, while with a firm hand he seized
the sword, and with a quick movement
cut up his stomach, the second assistant,

who stood on his left side, with one
flerce blow severed the head from the
trunk. After rendering his friend this
terrible service he retired behind the
screens, drew some white paper from his
belt and wiped the weapon. The third
assistant then grasped heed by the cuff
of hair and presented it to the principal
government witness to show that justice
had been fully satisfied. This was fol-
lowed by deep silence. All present re-
tired quietly. On the floor lay the
body of the nobleman. Four servants
appeared and carried away the body and
cleaned the room.

The memory of the nobleman re-
mained unstained. He had remained
loyal to his rank in death.

NOT FOR THE SHOGUN.

In 1869 a private secretary to the
privy council proposed the abolition of
the hara-kiri. Two-thirds of the deputies
were against the proposition, and in
the speeches held on that occasion they
praised the institution as indispen-
sable to preserve the honor of the aris-
tocracy, and as a spur to morality and
religion. The man who advanced the
proposition was, as was expected, mur-
dered not long afterward.

Of course all Japanese do not share
the opinion of those deputies. In the
last change of government when the
shogun, completely defeated, had no
other alternative than to flee to Yeddo,
one of his councilors advised him to
have recourse to the hara-kiri as the last
means of saving his honor and that of
his family. The shogun ridiculed the
advice and left the room in rage.

The faithful councilor retired to another
part of the palace and dissembled
himself in proof of his earnestness. The
shogun is still living and enjoys a fat in-
come.

So much about the essential charac-
teristics of the hara-kiri. The changes
which this old national custom has un-
dergone cause the particulars concern-
ing it to be somewhat contradictory.
By the introduction of a new code of
laws the hara-kiri has been abolished
and only noblemen who still believe in
the traditional code of honor of their an-
cestors, may select it as a mode of death.
—C. Sadakichi Hartmann in New York
Sun.

Snaps Shots for Women.

Short jackets are set aside as quite out
of date.

Trailing street dresses are being very
generally pulled up.

Cure a stiff neck with a plaster of
mustard or warm molasses.

Cure a tickling in the throat with a
pinch of dry pulverized borax, placed on
the tongue and slowly dissolved.

The busy women will find it economi-
cal to use, instead of a dress braid, a
binding of corduroy or velvetene.

A tablespoonful of ox-gall to a gallon
of water will set the colors of almost any
goods soaked in it before washing.

A new shade, called Thermidor—a
marigold yellow—is very fashionable in
millinery and satin dress pattern.

To remove coffee stains, put thick
glycerine on the wrong side of the article,
and wash out in lukewarm water.

Sift a tablespoonful of pulverized sa-
gar over the top of two crust pies, bak-
ing, and see how delicious it makes them.

A little sugar added to beets, corn,
squash, peas, etc., during or after cook-
ing will improve them, particularly if
poor.

When meat is broiling it will cook
more quickly if a frying pan is turned
over it. Frying may be hastened in the
same way.

Sashes are made of India silk and
sural, fringed out at the bottom, and
tied up high under the arms with large
bows in back.

The woman who can succeed in mak-
ing her face perspire freely every day,
will in a very few months have a clear,
bright, fine complexion.

A new and delicious dainty is pre-
pared by taking the stone either from dates
or prunes and substituting a bit of the
kernel of an English walnut.

In making custard, pumpkin or lemon
pies, it is better to partly bake the crust
before adding the mixture, so that it
may not be absorbed by the paste.

Sou is the name of one of the new col-
ors in Paris, a brownish copper, just the
color of a well-used bronzed coin. It is
handsome in velvet, and effective in
fine wool materials.

These matters are from the Home
Queen. Yellow stains, left by sewing
machine oil on white, may be removed
by rubbing the spot with a cloth wet
with ammonia before washing with soap.

Another kind of embroidery that is
by courtesy called "Oriental" is done on
soft, faded-colored satens with the ex-
quisitely colored Moravian cottons. Red
and blue are used on a dark dull-red
ground with good effect. The stitch
most commonly used in this work is the
herring-bone stitch of our grandmothers
now dignified by the name of "Turkish
stitch."

A friend of Laurel's in the States is to
be married immediately. One of her
trousseau gowns is a dream to judge
from the description. It is in soft
white crepe-de-chine, embroidered with
silver and pale purple satens, and worn
with a pansy velvet Swiss belt and bro-
chettes. The groups of pansies on the
dress consist of a silver one and a purple
overlapping each other slightly, with
the foliage in gray-green. Does it not
sound nice?