

The Fair Sex.

The largest sheep owner in Texas is a woman known as the widow Callahan. Her herd numbers 50,000.

Louisville has discovered that woman are particularly fit to be drug clerks, and a number are already employed in the best stores.

GIRLS, BE CAUTIOUS.—Girls, beware of transient young men. Never suffer the address of strangers. Recollect one good, steady farmer's boy or industrious mechanic is worth more than all the floating trash in the world.

WHAT WOMAN CAN DO.—Woman need not become a coarse, noisy, brawling politician, in order to be useful, nor wear pantaloons, nor try to unsex herself generally.

As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and, if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny.

She can do much, alas! more to degrade man, if she chooses to do it. Who can estimate the evil that woman has power to do?

Instead of making dowers of truth, purity, beauty and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the earth smiles with a loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and arid desert covered with the scum of all evil passion, and swept by the bitter blast of everlasting death.

This is what woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no worthy work, as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher road to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.

Fashionable Dots.

Trains are again worn, more of them being noticed at all festivities than in any season for two years. A noticeable feature is their plainness. No matter how much the costume may be trimmed, the train hangs in straight, plain draping, sometimes having a plaiting or shell ruffling edging it.

use, but the "occasional" finds a trained costume out of style while yet unsold; but, if a handsome walking dress, it can be worn for the promenade and quiet receptions, the train added, and giving an entirely different style for full dress.

Often Ottoman or other rich silk or satin is used for the corsage and petticoat of the dress, while the train is of Ottoman silk, brocaded with velvet. A very stylish evening dress at a leading house is in baby-blue satin. The lower skirt is laid in plaits, with a fan-shaped front, the drapery plaited crosswise, caught in the middle with a double bow of satin and edged with white silk embroidery; the back drapery in a full puff, box-plaited into a flounce, falling over the main plaiting; the basque pointed in front; elbow sleeves edged with embroidery; Directoire collar also of embroidery; an adjustable train ready to be added under the box-plaiting that forms from the puff.

The polonaise is gathered in front, below a long-pointed vest of the antique lace. The back is draped in soft folds, the lower part hanging straight and full, with a border of the lace; flat cuffs border the sleeves, and a square collar is also made of the lace. Basques for full dress, as well as those for street and home wear, have the bottom cut in battlement points, leaf points, or square tabs, a fashion that has never been so generally followed as this.

French corset-makers are reintroducing the old-fashioned corset that had a board like busk down the front, but no fastenings, the lacing now being done at the back. This method, though causing extra time and trouble in arranging, produces, it is claimed, a more graceful outline to the form than the usual manner of fastening the corset. Satin corsets—of which there must be at least two, to wear with dark or light dresses—are extremely fashionable with those who can afford them, as this elastic fabric molds itself more closely to the figure than either Jean or French coutille. Over the hips of these new corsets are set wide gussets of silk elastic webbing, which give a peculiar ease to the wearer.

Beginning to Squeeze.

Two or three years ago a Jersey City pension lawyer took the case of a widow, who wanted about \$2000 back pay, and the papers went to Washington to be hidden among the cobwebs until some clerk had nothing else to do but examine them. After three months had passed a young farmer called to ask about the case, and regularly every ninety days since that time he has dropped in with his: "Well, any good news for the Widder Jennings?"

Pious Reflections.

The Pilgrims. "Out of darkness into His marvellous light."

What, nearly home? The sun is sinking fast. Around us rise the mountains dim and vast: And lo! like mighty sentinels they stand To guard the borders of the Promised Land!

Ourselves and Others.

A second degree of love, always rare in practice, is a plain and level dealing with each other's needs. What is worse than too much candy and coddling, too many honeyed words? We must not lose sight of progress, or that life is in its uses. Love should be a surgeon as well as a nurse.

The unwelcome truth may be the only mercy in many a case, and should be spoken out. Severity may be charity. Our state attorneys complain that there is growing up a cruel tendency to concede to rogues and avert the claims of justice, to the injury of the guilty and the innocent:

"Mercy is not itself that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe."

It is a question, whether humanity pays; but by every sensible person that should be looked upon as the same question as whether there is a God. The existence of Deity is guaranty of just compensations; that every pound shall be balanced by another pound; that we shall get as good as we give; that no gold goes through the perfect sieve, but that, to the very minutest atom, all will be rescued and rated and paid for. There need be no insurance on risks, for there are none. Morality is not a venture, nor charity a lottery, but these are tied to blessed ends by unerring laws.

When the Earl of Flanders sought refuge in the smoky hut of an old woman in Bruges, crying, "O, good woman, hide me; I am thy lord, the Earl of Flanders!" Froissart says, "she knew hym well, for she had been often tynes at his gate to fetch alms, and she slyde hym safe away."

Giving is getting, only silver is paid in gold. What we nobly give, we give into our own hands. Le Grice, the school companion of Charles Lamb, wrote: "I never heard him mentioned at school without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the same name, the addition was quite unnecessary; but there was implied kindness in it and it was proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness. The sweet-hearted boy was on the winning side. He could not lose in that game, because the cards were all trumps. The more indifferent to selfish ends was his fine playing, the more sure were those ends guarded by the sharp-eyed watchers of the world."

When we divinely forget, there is One who divinely remembers and repays.

Of Interest to Canoers.

The American Canoe Association now numbers several hundred members in the United States and Canada, and local clubs are in active existence in nearly every considerable town in the land. It is known that there are in Philadelphia a number of canoers who ply their paddles or trim their sheets on the Delaware and its tributaries, and it has been suggested that steps be taken to unite their scattered interests for the common advantage.

The American Association contains clergymen, lawyers, physicians, journalists and representatives of all the commercial interests of the country. It numbers among its members men whose hair is grey, as well as undergraduates and school boys, and it emphatically discourages all tendencies to the "professional" practices which are such an objectionable feature in many large organizations of this character.

Old Jokes Retashed.

An exchange heads a column, "Jokes on half-shell." We presume that the jokes were so loud and pronounced that they busted the other half.

The United States Treasury: The people work every day to fill it. Congress meets once a year to empty it.

One time there was a barber. And one day a feller he cum in the shop for to get shafed, and he handed the barber a card which was wrote on like this way: "For my hair—Taller, clone, lard bergmot, pematum, oil, tonnick, restor atiff, pitchooly, gum, beeswacks, kerriessen and tar. For my face—Cole cream, camfric, powder, lam fat, sof sope, glissern poltice, rooje nammel, giant cement, shoo black'n. For my whiskers—Sames hair, only more taller, For my muchtash—Do, starch-glew, mortar and sodder."

People of all classes take tea. Dead people take etenni T; gay people, festivi T; free people, liber T; fashionable folks, socie T; good people, pie T; successful candidates, majorit T; unsuccessful, minorit T; editors, hones T; solemn citizens, gravi T; funny roosters, levi T; orthodox citizens, dei T; polite people, suave T; bashful fellows, modes T; kind ones, chari T; bachelors and old maids, singulari T; short people, brevi T; cunning folks, rascali T; romantic simpletons, novel T; respectable people, Christiani T; artistic people, beau T; strong people, responsibili T; criminals, penal T, etc.

"Seizing the gigantic Indian round the waist, the brave boy lifted him into the air and flung him headlong down the chasm. Panting, the boy stood and watched the Indian's body fall from frag to frag until it disappeared in the darkness below. Just at this moment—Just at this moment the father of the boy who was reading this trash came along, lifted the youngster by the ear, and in the woodshed matinee that followed the boy had no thought of flinging the old gentleman down a chasm. There was no chasm handy.

Said an old gentleman, patronizingly, to a bright little fellow: "Be a good boy, my little man, and you may be President." "Yes, I may be," replied the wide-awake youth, "but you don't want to gamble on it."

"A red flag is a danger signal," said old Uncle Zadkins. "I know it is, for I found it out by waving a red flag at bull."

Things Look Squally.

In the early days of Michigan the pioneer respected the Sabbath because it was the day to go hunting and pay visits. Churches were few and far apart outside of the towns, and the presence of a circuit rider created as much excitement as a bear hunt.

One day a settler named Roberts, then living in the woods of Clinton county, happened to be at the county seat on business, and before leaving he called on the minister and had a talk. "Is it wrong to hunt on Sunday?" he asked, "Very wrong," was the reply. "How about playing cards?" "That is wicked."

"Can't we have a shooting-match?" "Not on the Sabbath—not if you want to be good." "Can't we set log-hoops a-doe, dig out foxes, tap sugar trees, look after bear-traps or go fishing on Sunday?" "Not as a Christian man. Let me read you a few lines in the good Book." When Roberts started for home he walked very fast, and about nine o'clock at night he arrived at the house of the nearest neighbor, and walked in on the family and called out: "Say, Bestwick, do you want to go to Heaven?" "Why, yess I suppose so," replied the other. "Then be at my house at daybreak to-morrow morning with your axe. I am going to give the land to build a meeting-house on, and you've got to help cut the logs."

POOR GIRLS!

"Woman is Fearfully and Wonderfully Made."

You sing of girls with golden curls And dimpled cheeks and chins, Of rosy lips and finger tips And peach-and-creamy skins; But you omit to add to it, They're falsely estimated; Their beauty's cheap, it's scarce skin deep, And poorly nickel-plated!

These Megs and Mauds are veriest frauds, A truth I will maintain Till women wear their natural hair Upon their pates again. For by their arts they win our hearts And make us half-demented, Till we are won, and when that's done Too late the act's repented.

They're made of stays in wondrous ways, Of whalebones, pins and pads, And lace and gimps and puffs and crimps. To fool the simple heads! Their very hair you now declare So lustrous, long and plenty, It is well known is all their own! But one time out of twenty!

Precise and prim and neat and trim, In faultless fashioned suits, With ankle-neat and daintiest feet Encased in tasseled boots. Small wonder that we scarce combat Their charms so captivating, But poor tools we their victims be, And wreck our lives mismatching!

"Oh, who will care for mother dear!" As wash-day she bangs away Upon the sounding string. Her hands, she said, were never made For vulgar household duty; 'Twould be a sin to soil her skin And desecrate her beauty!

Has she a beau? you'd like to know: Well, I should "smole a smile!" She plays it bold against his gold, And rakes in all his pile! And when she's wed, 'I'll bet my head, She don't sew on a button; She can't tell him from fresh spring lamb, Or monkey meat from mutton!

Yet this girl with golden curl And dimpled cheek and chin, And rosy lips and finger-tips, And peach-and-creamy skin! But men must eat of bread and meat. For that's the primal question: On beauty fed, we'd all go dead Of chronic indigestion!—From the Bryn Mawr (Pa.) Home News.

Bills of Fare Cooked by Cooks Without a Conscience.

At many of our restaurants, says the New York Graphic, the bill of fare is imposing, the dishes innumerable, the wine list superb and the cookery abominable. There is no conscience in this cooking. Made dishes are slung together hastily and mechanically, somewhat after the following fashion:

Tomato soup—Stock or beef soup warmed. Open the tomato can. A few spoonfuls warmed with the soup "on the spur of the moment."

Beefsteak pie—Greasy chunks of beef on top a bit of crust two inches square. Tripe fried in batter—No batter. A deliberate lie. Tripe fried in poor lard. Customer leaves with a horrible suspicion that he has partaken of wagon grease.

Boiled potatoes—The most venerable and cheapest "spuds" to be found in the market. Boiled either to-day or yesterday or the day before, and brought on iniquitous and water soaked, sodden and yellowish, sour and heavy.

Buckwheat cakes—Rags of batter tossed on a griddle, burned black on the outside and half done within. Man feels an hour afterward as though he had eaten the Day of Judgment.

Fish balls—Very salt cod and sour potatoes. Like trying to eat a slice of Lot's wife.

Hash—Forbidden ground. Ignorance is bliss; 'tis folly to investigate the subject too closely. Pork and beans—Should be termed grease, beans and brown sugar. Stomach in rebellion for three hours after.

Mince pies—Chopped meat and apples preserved in brown sugar. Slice of cheese, hard as iron, which has been that piece of pie's faithful companion for a week.

Hot rolls—Suggest through excess of saleratus the eating of a bar of yellow soap. Tea—Slops. Solution of tannin, made possibly last week and renewed from day to day.

Cream toast—Three small slices toasted black or brown. Batter of flour, water and salt poured over them. It is on diet like this that thousands are unconsciously starving to death and going to premature graves. It is diet like this that causes the slow torturing fiend dyspepsia, to stalk through the land, scattering his hundreds of protracted agonies on every side. It is diet like this that makes bad blood, and bad blood, weakness, and with rum, weakness, desire for rum, and with rum, murder and death. It is diet like this, long indulged in, that makes men morbid, gloomy, ill-natured and vicious. It is the hurried restaurant cook, who, in these various horrible compounds, ladles out as much slow poison as does the barkeeper. Sin and misery, disease and death, lie at the bottom of the kitchen pot, always stirring, never resting, day after day; so that the taste of the mixture cooked yesterday pervades that cooked to-day. Future generations will read with horror of the enormities committed in the public kitchens of 1883.

Cullings.

In a town not many miles from Boston, a man stepped into a neighbor's house, where he saw the head of the family lying upon his back on the floor, and his wife standing over him, as he thought, with a threatening air. He was about to withdraw, when the prostrate man shouted: "Come along in, Steve; she is only chalking me out a pair of pants."

Mrs. Partington and the judge: "Are you the judge of reprobates?" said Mrs. Partington, as she walked into an office of a judge of probate. "I am a judge of probate, was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see, my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

Heard in a hotel once: "Is there a fire company within a block of this hotel?" "Yes, sir." "And a hook and ladder company near?" "Yes, sir." "And fire escapes on all sides of the building?" "Yes, sir." "And rope ladders in every apartment?" "Yes, sir." "Well, if you can give me a room on the first floor, with a window opening into a back alley, I will stay all night."

Science and common practice: "I don't believe you have the water of the right temperature. You must get a thermometer," said an Austin mother to the new colored nurse, "what am I dat?" "It is an instrument by which you can tell if the water is too hot or too cold." "I kin tell dat ar without any instrument. Ef de chile urns blue den de water am too cool, and ef de chile turns red, den I knows dat de water am too hot."

Sanitary.

OPEN FIRE PLACES.—Dr. Frank Hamilton, in the Popular Science Monthly, insists that safety lies alone in open fire-places, ordinary washbowls and the banishment of all sewer connection to an outbuilding entirely separated from the living rooms. Authorities are quoted to prove that no plumbing can exclude sewer gas, and that no traps can be considered safe. Dr. Hamilton insists that typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlatina and the general weakness and prostration which afflict so many city dwellers are all traceable to sewer emanations.

TREATMENT OF DIPHTHERIA SORE THROAT.—Every now and then we meet an epidemic of a form of sore throat which, in many particulars, resembles diphtheria. The onset is sudden. The disease is ushered in by chilliness or actual shivering, followed by fever, loss of appetite, headache and pain in the throat, aggravated by swallowing.

On examination, the tonsils, the arch of the fauces, and in many cases the uvula, are red and swollen. Occasionally small ulcers are seen. The serical and submaxillary glands are frequently swollen, and in some cases albumen is found in the urine. The temperature may reach 105, while the pulse is much accelerated. It is distinctly infectious, for wives become infected subsequent to their husbands, and in some families all the members are attacked. Such an epidemic has recently appeared in Edinburgh, and Dr. Allan Jamieson, who makes a report of it in the Edinburgh Medical Journal for December, has found the most marked benefit to result from the internal administration of salicylate of soda and the local application of a solution of boroglyceride in glycerine, frequently during the day.

A Touching Incident.

ONE of the most touching exhibitions of the intensity of the home feeling ever having occurred in our knowledge, was shown in the case of the Chinaman who died on Sunday evening from the effects of wounds received at the hands of three young roughs at Second and Christian streets, on the 22d ult. They entered the place and without provocation assaulted him, fracturing his skull with a flat iron.

He was picked up senseless and taken to the hospital, and everything was done for him that was possible, but he was so unhappy, away from his countrymen, that they felt obliged to return him to his comrades. A Chinese physician from New York was sent for, and two young lady teachers from the Sunday School he attended, visited him every day—but his case was hopeless, and he died Sunday night as stated—holding in his hand, and pressing almost with devotion, some clay brought from China.

He could not die in China, but he reverently pressed some of her soil in his palm, as he sank to his final rest on earth, so far from home and friends, "Home, sweet, sweet home."—Bryn Mawr (Pa.) Home News.

In tearing down the old Thos. Jefferson building at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market streets, Philadelphia, a large number of old flint were found that once belonged to revolutionary muskets. In this house it is supposed that the Declaration of Independence was written.