

DIAGNOSING LADIES' FEET.

In Important Part of a Shoemakers' Work.

Shoes or foot coverings of some sort have been and will continue to be worn as long as there is any left to wear them, but fashion is making such a change in the styles that the shoe of the past, and the not very long past, either, and that of the present are widely dissimilar, indeed. In the days of old all shoes were made for service. Care was taken in selecting the stock, and the result was a shoe that had some wear in it. In these days of cheap, ready-made shoes, a great change is noticed, especially in ladies' shoes. Instead of being made exclusively for service, they are made for show, and that is about all there is to some of them.

A Times-Star reporter called yesterday at the shop of a veteran shoemaker, and gleaned some information on the subject of shoemaking in its many forms.

"Isn't there even a great difference in the style of shoe of to-day and that of say fifteen or twenty years ago?" was one of the questions put by the reporter.

"There's where you make a mistake," was the response. "There are only five kinds of ladies' shoes, the button, front lace, side lace, tie and slipper. The styles, as you call them, are only different trimmings. There is a growing tendency for trimmed shoes, and some very fancy designs are gotten up. One of the tolerably late shoes is the undressed kid, and it will probably be very much worn. The material is soft and pliable, cool, and is of about the same cost as dressed kid, of which most of the ladies' shoes are now made."

"What is the difference in effect between a ready-made shoe and one that is made to order, on the foot, with reference to corns and bunions?" was asked.

"All the difference in the world. In making a ready-made shoe thousands of pairs are turned from one style of last, and it is safe to say that on an average not one foot in a hundred will exactly conform to the dimensions of that last. Now, imagine the other ninety-nine pairs of feet thrust into shoes that are not their exact shape. They are wider here, smaller there, the instep is too high or too low and many other kindred faults. This squeezing and compressing of feet is going to injure them in some way and the most common form it appears in is in the shape of corns and bunions. Hence corn doctors are multiplying.

"It is different with a shoe made by measure. The customer comes in, sits in a chair and removes her shoe. The first thing she is ordered to do is to place her foot on the leaf of the order book. Then we trace the outline of the foot as it appears in its natural state with the weight of the body on it. Then the usual measurements of the foot are taken and we are ready to prepare the last. A man to measure properly should be able to diagnose a customer. For instance, a person with a flat foot can stand a tight shoe, whereas the thin, nervous foot can not stand one with comfort. All these little things count in making ease and comfort. When the last is prepared it will be the exact shape and size of the customer's foot. To fit this we cut our material and the result is that when the shoe is completed it is exactly all that a shoe is intended to be.

The reporter was shown a number of lasts, each of which was marked with some lady's name. After one measurement shoes can be made in any style on the same last and a perfect fit will be secured. One last was shown the reporter which the shoemaker had used in making a lady's shoes for twenty years. The only alteration made on it in all that time was the tacking on of a piece of leather on the instep to make it higher. From this it would seem that the female instep improves with age. The cost of a custom shoe, of course, is a great deal more than the ready-made shoe, inasmuch as the material for one pair costs the small dealer almost as much as a finished ready-made pair.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Mr. McSwat's Economy.

"I could never see," briskly observed Mr. McSwat, as he leaned a new pane of glass 28x36 carefully against the wall, laid the case containing the broken pane on the dining-room table, removed his coat, and otherwise cleared the decks for action. "Why any man should pay a glazier a \$2 bill for a job of this kind when he can do it himself at a cost of less than half that figure. Hand me that case-knife, Lobelia."

"Mrs. McSwat complied with his request and he began to dig out the hard putty and bits of broken glass still remaining in the sash."

"These glaziers," he continued, "ain't satisfied with a moderate profit. They want to hog the whole thing. This pane of glass cost me 75 cents, and these three-cornered tin fingers and this lump of putty were thrown in. A glazier could have bought the outfit for 50 cents, and then he'd have made \$1.50 for about twenty minutes' work. Catch me paying any such price! Lobelia, take this putty and work it into—ouch!"

Mr. McSwat's case-knife had slipped, and his hand had collided violently with a piece of broken glass. "Billiger, you have cut yourself!" exclaimed his wife.

"It's nothing, Lobelia," he said. "A man may expect a little scratch or two when he's at work of this kind. This dinged putty comes out awful hard. Got-lee for gosh all snakes! There's another gash. Get me a rag, quick! Don't stand there with your fingers in your mouth. Do you want me to bleed to death right here?"

Don't work at it any more, Billiger, pleaded Mrs. McSwat.

"You'll cut your hands all to pieces." "Who's doing this job?" roared Billiger, as he wrapped his thumb in the handkerchief his wife had given him. "Stand out of my way!"

For the next half-hour he pranced about the table, digging out hardened putty, prying out splinters of glass, and varying the monotony of the exercise by occasional remarks of a paroxysmal and incendiary nature.

At last, however, he laid the sash ready for the reception of the glass.

"Lobelia," he called out, "is the putty ready?"

"Of course it is," she replied. "I worked it till it was nice and soft and put it on the table where you could get it when you—oh Billiger! You've knocked it down and trampled it all over my nice rug!"

"I'll wash out, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat reassuringly, and he gathered up the putty and rolled it into a lump again. "Now I'll put the glass in. Anybody that can't put in a pane of common window-glass," he went on as he lifted the sash, "no matter how big 'tis, ought to be—"

Crack!

"It's only a corner, Lobelia. It won't show. I can fix all that so it will—"

Crack!

"Blame the everlasting dad-squizzled—"

Crash!

Smash!

Jingle!

"Blank the whole billy-be-dash-blanked business!"

Mr. McSwat tumbled the remains of his 28x36 pane of glass on the floor, jumped up and down on them, and howled, while Mrs. McSwat retired to an upper room, locked the door, crawled under the bed and wept.

Mr. Billiger McSwat the next day paid a \$5 bill to a glazier for doing the job, and told him in a voice of thunder, to keep the change and be hanged to him!

Great is the Power of Impudence.

The half of the effectiveness of impudence is not realized by the great majority of mankind, which is fortunate in so far that if they comprehend it it would be impossible for society to continue to exist upon its present foundations. He who has impudence is better dowered for making his way in the world than he who has beauty, strength, wit, intelligence or wisdom, all of which are yet esteemed good things in their way. He is even better provided than the man who inherits wealth, since by virtue of this mighty quality he has command of the purses of others, is above millionaires, for of them he makes his playthings; beauty bows to him, virtue is under his feet; while as to learning and mere ability they are as chaff upon the wind before good wholesale impudence.

Sunset Cox Said "Matrimony."

The following little anecdote shows the ready wit of the late S. S. Cox. It was during his visit at Huron, S. D., that a young lady accompanied by her best young man, was introduced to the honored guest. Extending her hand to him, she said, very gushingly:

"Oh, Mr. Cox, I am so glad to know you and hear you speak. Just say one word, one single little word, that I can say I have heard your voice."

The roguish statesman squeezed tenderly the soft white hand that was laid in his, glanced at the faces of the young couple standing before him, and in a sweet, low voice said:

"Matrimony."

"'Tis unnecessary to state that the day was soon named."

Took Undue Advantage.

They were sitting in a dimly-lighted corner under the balcony in the hall where the church fair was being held.

"Is your eye-sight good, Mr. Follibus?" she asked. "What does it say on that sign over the table away across the hall?"

"It says 'T-A-K-E-O-N-E,' Miss Flytte," said Mr. Follibus, slowly spelling out the letters.

"How sharp-sighted you are!" said the admirer. "And then I took the hint, but instead of taking one kiss the arid thing took twenty-three.—Somerville Journal."

Too Long to Wait.

Elderly but Rich Admirer—I know, my dear Miss Lillian, there is some disparity in our ages, but it is not too great, I hope. I have known cases in which—

Young Beauty—Please excuse me for asking, Mr. Means, but what is your age?

I shall be fifty-three years old one week from next Friday, Miss Lillian. (With a sigh)—The disparity is not great enough, Mr. Means, by about twenty-five years.—Chicago Tribune.

Why They Pleased Him.

Elevated Railway Official (traveling recog. on his own line)—They say here has been some fault found with the lamps on these trains. Do you see anything wrong with them?

Passenger—No, sir. On the contrary, they are exactly the kind of lamps I like to see used in cars.

Railway Official (highly pleased)—I presume you are a professional car?

Passenger—Yes, sir. I am an oculist.

The Rule Not the Exception.

Husband—These trousers that I want to wear on the fishing party are not a single suspender button on.

Wife (sweety)—Then, John, if your party is drowned I shall be able to identify your body from the others.

Husband (savagely)—No, you won't, dither; the others are all married men, oo.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

CURIOSITIES OF FASTING.

Strange Customs That Prevail or have Prevailed in Lent.

In the early Christian Church wine was as much forbidden as meat to those who were fasting. Very terrible must have been the ancient days of Holy Week that were classed under the euphonious title of Xerophagy, when the only food allowed was bread and salt, to which, in certain localities only, vegetables were added. The rules concerning Lent varied greatly in different localities for several centuries. A writer in the fifth century mentions that in certain places it lasted only three weeks, in others six, and in some as much as seven. Then there were countries in which the Lenten fast was kept on every day of the week. Sunday was omitted in others, and elsewhere there was no fasting on either that day or Saturday. The Cistercians, who did so much in the Middle Ages for agriculture in this country, used to last from the 14th of September until Easter, eating neither meat, fish, nor eggs.

To this day in the Roman Catholic Church the fast days vary greatly in different countries and even dioceses, and although its Lent now begins or ends on the same days throughout the world, there is considerable difference in the rules for keeping it in certain localities. Then with regard to Advent there is some diversity. In the fifth century it was kept as a general fast of forty days, from Nov. 11 till Christmas. This custom has so died out that, although in England and Ireland Roman Catholics are made to fast on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Advent, there is no such rule on the Continent, except in religious houses, and only in some of those. A curious custom prevails in France of allowing a certain water-fowl that feeds chiefly on fish to be eaten on days of the year on which other flesh meat is forbidden. We think, however, that many people who have once tasted this particular delicacy will not be likely to avail themselves of the privilege a second time. The most interesting exceptional rule connected with abstinence is one that exists in Spain. It seems that at the time of the Crusades all who contributed a fixed annual sum were dispensed from certain days of abstinence by a Papal Bull, and this dispensation has never been withdrawn. As the fee required has now become a mere trifle through the depreciation in the value of the money (about a couple of shillings), the dispensation has fallen within the reach of most people, and the funds thus accumulated are devoted to charitable purposes.

It is interesting to remember that when the rules about fasting were far stricter among Roman Catholics in England than they are now, such a thing as eating fish during Lent was unheard of, and the fast days at other times being then much more numerous than at present, it was very difficult for those living inland to get any fresh fish caught in the sea, and that the potato, to say nothing of certain other vegetables, had not yet been introduced into this country. Tea and coffee were unknown, as also were tobacco and many other little luxuries which tend to make a day of fasting or abstinence far from intolerable in modern times. Nor should it be forgotten that eggs were not allowed on fast days in the middle ages. Cheese, milk, and butter were long forbidden. The permission to eat meat at the "one meal" on every day in Lent except Wednesdays and Fridays and the last four days of Holy Week is very modern indeed; nor is it universal. Another modern innovation is the toleration of the custom of taking a little tea or coffee with a few mouthfuls, which are not to count at all, at breakfast time, as well as the "half meal," which with certain restrictions, is allowed under the title of collation later on in the day.

The Infantile Don'ts.

Even the baby is the victim of reform. Methods employed twenty years ago are intolerable in the nursery of to-day.

The infantile don'ts are almost as numerous as the etiological negatives.

Among the approved are:

Don't rock the baby.

Don't let him sleep in a warm room.

Don't let him sleep with his head under cover.

Don't let him sleep with his mouth open.

Don't "pat" him to sleep.

Don't try to make him sleep if he is not sleepy.

Don't let him nap in the afternoon.

Don't let him be kissed.

Don't let him wear any garment that is tight enough to bind his throat, arms, waist or wrists.

Don't have ball-buttons on the back of his dress.

Don't have clumsy sashes on the back of his dress.

Don't cool his food by blowing it.

Don't feed him with a tablespoon.

Don't use a tube nursing-bottle.

Don't change the milk you started with.

Don't bathe him in hot or cold water.

Don't bathe him more than three times a week.

Don't allow a comb to touch his head.

Don't let him eat at the family table.

Don't let him taste meat until he is two.

Don't let him sleep on a pillow.

Don't coax, tease, torment, mimic or scold him.

Don't whip him.

Don't make him cry.

Don't notice him when he pouts.

Don't frighten him.

Don't tell him about ghosts, boogs, boos or bad places.

Don't shake him.

Don't put him in short shoes.

Don't dance, jump or dandle him.

Don't verify him.

Don't let him sleep with an adult.

Don't place him face to face on a bed, or in a carriage, with another child.

Don't let him swallow things or eat sashes.

Don't let him roll downstairs.

Don't let him fall out of windows.

Don't teach him to walk.

Don't wash him with lye soap.

Don't let him chew painted cards.

Don't expose his eyes to the sun unless protected by a peaked hat or veil.

Don't scream in his ear.

Don't rap him under the chin.

Don't lift him by the wrists or arms.

Don't starch any of his clothes.

Don't allow him to wear wet bibs.

Don't worry him.

Don't give him anything to eat between meals.

Toeing the Scratch.

There had been some hard words between Julius and Moses before, as near as I could make out.

Moses was blacking my boots on the veranda when Julius came around from the kitchen, and began:

"Look heh, boy; I've dun got my eyeball on you, an' de fust thing you know I'll pound you to squash!"

"Shoo! Does you know who you is conversin' wid?" demanded Moses.

"Doan' you talk to me dat way, black man."

"Who's black man?"

"You is."

"You was a liar, sir!"

"So was you!"

"Look out, boy! A feller dun call me liar one time, and the county had to bury him."

"An' you look out for me, black man; I've mighty hard to wake up, but when I gits aroused I woz pizer all de way frew."

"Shoo! I just want to say to you dat de las' fight I was in it took eight men to hold me. Doan' you get me mad, boy, doan' you do it."

"Bum! I dass put out my hand right on yo' shoulder."

"An' I dass put my hand on yours."

"Now, what yer gwine ter do?"

"Now, what you gwine ter do?"

"Shoo!"

"Shoo!"

And after standing in defiance for a moment, each backed slowly away and went about his business, to renew the "def" at the first opportunity, and always with the same result.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Court Was With Him.

A young lawyer was making his maiden effort before a jury in defense of a criminal. The evidence was all in, and he arose to utter the brilliant thoughts that had been surging through his brain. He was primed for a fine display of oratorical pyrotechnics, but somehow or other he could not get a start. His mind became a blank and he stood trembling for a moment.

Then waving his arms he began:

"May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury—My—ahem! My—"

Officer, kindly get me a drink of water."

He waited for the attendant to return and tried to gather his faculties. After taking a sip of water he began again: "May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury, I am happy—no—yes."

After a pause he again extended his arm and exclaimed: "May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury. My unfortunate client—"

This impressed him as a particularly bad opening, so he again hesitated. "Go on, counsellor," said the Judge, encouragingly, "so far I am with you."—Chicago News.

Wealth of the United States.

The rapid increase in the wealth, business and prosperity of the United States during the last ten years is simply marvelous. The total wealth of the country is now \$71,459,000,000, equal to nearly \$1000 per head. This is an increase in ten years of \$18,000,000,000 or 42 per cent. England's wealth in 1885 is given as \$50,000,000,000, giving an average wealth per head of \$1,245. The average in Scotland is \$1,215 per head, and in Ireland \$565. The total wealth of France is estimated at \$36,000,000,000. England exacts in taxes \$20 per head of population, while each individual in the United States pays but \$12.50. America will produce 9,000,000 tons of iron this year, while England's greatest production is 8,600,000 tons.

A Lively Sitting.

"I hyah dah was a pooty libaly time down till de pokah 'semblage at Mistah Jenkins' las' night."

"Yes; I don't quit de game foh 11 o'clock."

"Whuhfuh?"

"Well, I couldn't quite un'tan' some ob de peccolyalties ob de pack of kyahds."

"What was it roused yoh spichons?"

"I heh' foh jacks."

"Yes."

"An' in aben' mindedness, drawn foh er nudah."

"Yes."

"An' filled de han'."—Washington Post.

A Romantic Man's Dilemma.

Three young ladies employed in one of the manufactories in Middletown wrote their names upon a slip of paper and enclosed it in a box which was shipped to Boston. The slip of paper fell into the hands of an old gentleman who, a week after, made his appearance in the factory. He was introduced to the young ladies, and after paying attention to all, returned to Boston to decide, it is said, which shall become his wife.

HISTORICAL.

The steamship Savannah made the first ocean voyage in July, 1819, sailing from New York to Liverpool in twenty-six days.

The government of St. Domingo, which claims to have the only original bones of Columbus, is desirous of forwarding them to the United States for use in 1893, provided they be given in return for them \$20,000 cash down, and twenty per cent. of receipts on public exhibition of the same.

The repeal of the embargo, which received the President's signature March 1, closed the long reign of President Jefferson; and with but one exception the remark of John Randolph was destined to remain true, that "never has there been any administration which went out of office and left the nation in a state so deplorable and calamitous."

In a secluded spot in Westminster Abbey, in careful keeping, are preserved some of the effigies of English kings and queens that, according to old custom, formed part of the pageantry of their state funerals. Some of the very oldest, perhaps of Plantagenet times, are stripped of their robes; but some others that are not much more than two hundred years old are still invested with the antique clothing with which they were made to represent the forms of the royal dead to their sorrowing lieges.

The brilliant court life of the later Tudor times was a new thing in English history. In earlier days it had not been the fashion for the great land owners to forsake their estates and live at Tower Hill or Shoe Lane with a following of 100 or 200 gentlemen in livery and white frieze, lined with crimson taffetas, and to spend two or three times their yearly income in a merry life of dicing, card-playing and hunting in Gray's Inn Fields, Islington and Highgate, and in buying dresses fine enough to adorn court pageants and processions, where the greatest nobles of the land accepted the honor of bearing the queen's litter.

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette sends the following extract from Pepy's Diary, which is very illustrative of the dangers of a mild winter. After recording in August, 1661, "a sickly time both in the city and country everywhere (of a sort of fever) that never was heard of almost unless it was in the January, 1662, the following remarkable entry: "15th January, 1662. . . . A fast day ordered by the Parliament, to pray for more reasonable weather; it having hitherto been Summer weather, that it is, both as to warmth and every other thing, just as if it were the middle of May or June, which do threaten a plague (as all men think) to follow, for so it was almost the last Winter; and the whole year after hath been a very sickly time to this day."

The Mother-in-Law Was Surprised.

A well-known young man in town who became the father of twin the other morning, grew so elated over the event that he proceeded to trifle with the telegraph to the extent of twenty-five cents, and wired his mother-in-law in Chicago in this jubilant, jag-on strain:

"Twins born! Head us off!"

The next day he was surprised by a sudden swooping down of the mother-in-law upon him, bathed in tears and full of anxiety, even as the proud father had been full of a sweeter spirit ever since the advent of his heirs.

The mother-in-law had been shocked at the receipt of the telegram, for a wicked and soul-hardened telegraph operator had construed the message so that the horrified grandmother of the two innocents read it:

"Twins born! Heads off."—Toledo Blade.

The President and Consul New's Spats.

"When I was getting ready to come to England," says the Hon. John C. New, Consul-General, "my tailor in Washington told me that I must surely wear spats, and he made me a pair of white duck. I wore them by way of experiment one day to the White House, and I noticed as I sat talking to the people in the Red Room that President Harrison eyed me askance. Presently he got up and beckoned me to come outside, and when we got into the hall he whispered nervously:

"John, your drawers are hanging down below your pants!"

"That settled the spat question so far as I was concerned. I'm too loyal an American to affect any article of apparel that isn't officially recognized by our Chief Executive."—Chicago News.

The Duke of Orleans.

A correspondent who saw the Duke of Orleans at his trial thus speaks of the young pretender: "The ladies thought him charming; the few Republicans near me said that he struck them as a brainless masher. If dressed as a girl, though he is 21, he would have looked girlish and pretty, with a fine figure. But, as a man, he struck me unfavorably. There is a great narrowness of mind and hardness of temperament betrayed in his countenance. The complexion is fresh, the features are neatly cut, a little like Queen Victoria's on her early coins, but the jaw is set and the triangular small eyes are sunk close together, furtive, and have no message to the world from such soul as there is behind them."—New York World.

Unbeknowns.

Callo has a son at college. The other day he wrote him a long letter, in which he took him severely to task for his foolish extravagance, and wound up as follows:

"Your mother incloses twenty dollars without my knowledge."

Snow-Packing.

We are not apt to think of the use of ice, or the obtaining of a freezing temperature in warm weather to preserve meats and other perishable articles, as a practice of quite recent origin. Our grandfathers, and even in many cases our fathers, did not cut ice in winter, and accordingly had no store of it to draw upon in summer. The natural coolness of an underground cellar had to serve for the preservation of such articles of food as would be spoiled by heat, and the butter was kept hard by dangling it in a pail in a deep well.

The Romans, however, understood and practised, many centuries ago, the art of maintaining an artificial temperature. They were fond of oysters, and transported them inland by the use of snow. Each oyster was packed in closely compressed snow which was surrounded by a layer of straw, and that in turn by a wrapping of woolen cloth.

This method succeeded so well that Apicius was able to send oysters from Brindisi to the Emperor Trajan in Armenia. These oysters by the way were from Lake Lucrinus in Italy, which was famous throughout the ancient times for the excellence of its oysters. They were the "Blue Points" of antiquity; and the Emperor Augustus thought so highly of the lake which produced them that he provided it with a constant supply of water from the sea by cutting an artificial channel at considerable expense.

It would be interesting to compare the quality of these ancient oysters with those of our own day, as might possibly be done if Lake Lucrinus was still in existence. But the spot where Apicius gathered his oysters for the Emperor Trajan is now covered by a mountain about four hundred feet high, which was raised during an earthquake and volcanic eruption in the year 1538.

The epicurean Emperor Heliogabalus, undoubtedly understood the art of snow-packing, as described by Apicius, for it is related that he would never eat sea fish except at a great distance from the sea. He would then bring from the salt water, at an immense expense, great quantities of the choicest kinds of fish, and distribute them among the peasants of the inland country.