

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Too much talk on trifles is a social evil.

Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret.

On slippery places take short steps and slow.

No one is ever fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

Make not thy friend too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend.

We carry all our neighbors' crimes in sight and throw all our own over our shoulder.

An artesian well has been sunk at Vitoria to the depth of 11,020 feet. It cost \$30,000.

Youth is the tassel and silken flower of life; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

No life can be utterly miserable that is heightened by the laughter and love of one little child.

Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.

The praises of others may be of use to teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.

A great many people's lives are like the blunderbuss that had a rusted lead in it. At the discharge the owner is himself kicked over.

It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of "standing up" as people call it, for their little rights, is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world.

How a President's Message was Stolen.

During the excitement over the Alabama treaty, some few years ago, a message of President Grant got into the newspapers before it did to the Senate. No one knew how it did so then, though all knew that it did. It came about in this way: W. E. Sawyer, the correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* at that time—who has since gained prominence as the inventor of a number of electric appliances, notably an electric lamp—happened to be near the state department building as the message, which was prepared by Hamilton Fish, the then secretary of state, was being sent down to the executive mansion for the signature of President Grant, preparatory to being sent to the Senate, which was then in special session for the purpose of considering the questions arising out of the spoliation and damages done by the Alabama to American shippers. Taking it for granted that the messenger had the document which all knew would be sent to the Senate that day, he spoke to him in an authoritative way, saying that President Grant was in a great hurry for it, and so great was his hurry that he would take it to him himself. His manner of talking threw the messenger off his guard for the moment, and he quietly handed the package to Sawyer, who jumped into a carriage near by and drove away without giving the messenger time to think.

Instead of going to the White House Sawyer drove about the city until he could copy the message, and after filing it at the telegraph office he went to the White House, where he delivered the message, as he promised he would do. President Grant occupied some time in reading it over before he would sign it, and it was an hour or so before it was sent to the Senate. By this time the message was in Boston and was being read on the streets of that city in the *Traveler* before it reached the Senate. The Senate being in executive session, even the substance of the message was not given out until Senator Sumner called the attention of the Senate to the fact that he had received a telegram from Boston saying that the message was printed there entire. In view of this fact, the Senate allowed a copy to be given out. Sawyer took chances and won, as many do who take chances. All sorts of stories were put in circulation as to how it got out, the general impression being that Ben Butler had a hand in it. The true story was the above, and this is the first time that it has ever appeared in a newspaper.—*Washington Letter*.

Unable to Come.

A New York paper tells this good story: A matter-of-fact young man from New York during a recent visit in Boston received an invitation from a lady—an old acquaintance—who has just blossomed out into a typical specimen of the aesthete, requesting his presence at her house on a certain evening "to meet two minds." It happened that he had just accepted an invitation to dine elsewhere on the same evening, and so he replied, expressing his regrets that he could not avail himself of the opportunity "to meet two minds" owing to a previous engagement "to meet four stomachs."

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Oats came originally from Abyssinia. Silk and sponge scarcely differ in composition.

There are eighteen known species of the bat in England.

It is calculated that out of 30,000 salmon eggs, not more than five fish live to be caught.

Among Swedish Laplanders a drum is kept in every family for the purpose of exorcising the evil spirits.

It is reported that the Colorado beetle has obtained a foothold in Belgium, near the French frontier.

An ant town was found in the Alleghany mountains containing 17,000 nests, rising in cones to the height of two or three feet.

The religious ceremonies of the Egyptians were preceded by abstinence, and the sacrificers were allowed neither animal food nor wine.

The town of Yarmouth, by an ancient charter, was obliged to send 100 herrings baked in twenty-four pies or pasties annually to the king.

Sir John Mandeville, who wrote a book of travels, is called the first prose writer in English literature. He died in 1371 at Leige, Belgium.

There is on record a story of a young man who ate eighteen pounds of beef daily, and died at the age of twenty-eight, weighing 530 pounds.

In the will of the Countess of Northampton in 1356, she bequeathed to her daughter, Countess of Arundel, "a bed of red worsted, embroidered."

Among the Greeks of the time of Homer, the Dorian tribes were characterized by the broad-brimmed hats which they wore when on a journey.

In 1531 the wandering bands styled gypsies were so numerous in England that an act was passed to banish them from the realm on pain of imprisonment and confiscation of property.

One of the first modern kings who possessed the accomplishment of writing was Pedro I., of Castile, styled Pedro the Cruel. He died in 1369. His signature is preserved on a treaty, "Yo, el Rey." I, the king.

Only One News Stand.

A correspondent writing from Venice, Italy, says: There is only one news-paper in Venice and one crier of papers in the streets, and this vender makes a noise between a yelp and a bay—a sad but desperate noise, as if his epiglottis had been struck by lightning and he was about to expire in mortal agony. I bought a Paris paper from him—about all he carries—but it didn't seem to do him any good.

The saddest thing in Venice is the absence of newspapers. I have never yet seen one in the hands of anybody but a traveler. The red-faced Venetian sits lazily under the half-drawn curtain that takes the place of door to his shop, waiting for customers, knowing nothing of the world without; the women, barefooted or in toe-slippers, shuffle and gossip about; but no one has a newspaper or a book; the somber gondolier quarrels for an extra centesimo from his passenger, but he never hears of America or of England, and has never read a word even of his own language. All are proud of Venice, even though she is but the dowdier bride of the Adriatic; proud that she was once conquered by Napoleon; proud of the church and square of St. Marks; proud of the palace of the Doges, with its quaint Moorish-Gothic architecture; proud, for aught I know, of the Bridge of Sighs, "a prison and a palace on each hand," which we traversed yesterday, and of the horrible machinery of persecution underneath, running down a hundred steps into the gloomy earth, where the early Venice developed all that was devilish in man. But Venice is a bankrupt city, only half fed, a pauper of brass gewgaws and filigree, slowly returning, through gloomy grandeur, to the quagmire from which it sprang.

The Origin of Regattas.

Apropos of a recent article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a correspondent writes, it may not be generally known that Venice is the home of regattas whence they were introduced into England in 1775. In the appendix to the "Annual Register" of that year will be found an article entitled, "Some Account of the new Entertainment Called a Regatta, Introduced from Venice into England in the Course of the Year 1775." The event produced a universal excitement. The whole river side was crowded from London bridge to Millbank, and even Westminster hall was desecrated by a scaffold for spectators. "Plans of the regatta were sold from a shilling to a penny each, and songs on the occasion sung, in which 'regatta' was the rhyme for 'Ranelagh,' and 'Royal Family' echoed to 'Liberty.'" The racing itself is dismissed with the scanty information that "the wagger boats started on the signal of firing a single piece of cannon," and that "they were absent near fifty minutes."

Of Idaho's 40,000 population, 10,000 are Mormons.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Pretty Girls in Mexico.

The Mexican girl has not the life, the vivacity, the animation of the American girl, a correspondent asserts, but she is very lovely in her way, and I think her the best product of the country. She has the most beautiful eyes in the world, with a soft languishing expression in them for those who like that sort of thing; a good complexion, not rosy but colorless, a magnificent head of hair, and a very shapely head to wear it on, a slim waist, and a graceful walk. She is perfectly modest, in fact rather timid, pretty well bred, and does not seem to find it dull to have the old folks along; it would be hard with her if she did, for the old folks would as soon think of letting her go up in a balloon as of letting her go out of their sight. I figured up that there must have been at least 500 pretty girls in the crowd, and it was pleasant to pass two hours between 9 and midnight admiring them.

Washing Flannels.

Cup up what soap may be needed and dissolve in a skillet of boiling water. Let it stand on the stove and simmer till every particle is dissolved. Never rub soap on the flannels, or allow a bit to settle on them. Nothing "fulls" flannel so badly as rubbing soap on it, or letting bits of it settle on the cloth. A place on which a bit of soap has been rubbed will have a different shade from the rest when dried, making the whole garment look spotted.

Take a small tub not quite half full of scalding hot or boiling water. Into this pour enough of the dissolved soap to make a rich suds, also some ammonia, a tablespoonful and a half to ten or twelve quarts of suds is a fair proportion. Stir this and the soap into the hot water till it is all thoroughly incorporated. Then put in the flannels. Two or three articles are enough to soak at one time. Press them well under the water, but turn them over in the suds occasionally while soaking. Let them remain in the water till it is cool enough to put the hands in without discomfort. While washing keep a good quantity of water at boiling heat on the range for rinsing purposes, and to keep the suds as hot as it can be used. Before one piece is washed and ready to be wrung out fill a small tub half full of clear hot water. Into this stir a little more "bluing" than would be used for cotton or linen. Shake out each piece as soon as washed, quickly, and throw at once into the hot rinsing water.

Rub the flannel as little as possible, but draw it repeatedly through the hands, squeezing rather than rubbing. Harsh rubbing thickens and injures the fabric. Never wring with a wringer, as the pressure mats the nap down so closely as to destroy all the soft, fleecy look of good flannel. Wring with the hands as dry as possible, then rinse and wring out again; and when as dry as it can be made by hand, snap out, stretch and pull out into the true shape; dry in the open air, if possible. Bring in when not quite dry, roll up a short time, and iron while still a little damp, so that each part can be more readily brought into shape. Pressing, when ironing, is better for the flannel than rubbing. It does not make the fabric feel so hard and wiry.

Scarlet flannel is poisonous to some skins if used before washing, and as one is not always sure how one may be affected by it it is safer to give it a scald in hot water with a little soap—not enough to make a strong suds. Let it stand and soak a few minutes, then wring out and ask treat like other flannels.—*Chri. Union*.

Fashion Notes.

Shirring is out of order.
Fans are of medium size.
Veils are not worn with pokes.
Brown furs are restored to favor.
The word chuddah means shawls.
Opera cloaks are made of moire plush.
Polonaises much bunched up are parts of new costumes.
New York women are favoring black costumes for street wear.
Nickel chatelaine watches for shopping are chosen by New York ladies.
Little tufts of black silk, watered ribbon and Spanish lace are used to trim heavy black satin gowns.
Link necklaces of bright gold cable chains, Etruscan wire work, or heavy gold ornaments of any description are, for the moment, considered out of style in the fashionable world.

Diadem wreaths of scarlet piceotes and holly-berry leaves for the hair are worn with full evening dresses, and pink plush roses and white clover blossoms are favorite hand and corsage bouquets for bridesmaids.

New and beautiful semi-long visites of black velvet, brocaded with fine gold leaves, are imported. They are lined with gold-colored satin sublime, and trimmed with broad bands of black zibinette, sprinkled with tiny flecks of gold.

The dress goods made by stitching

designs in cloth upon a silk or satin ground are now succeeded by those with plush figures stitched with gold thread. Plush gowns are trimmed with bands of plush figures on a cloth foundation.

Long rows of Roman pearls are used upon dresses of white surah, satin or brocade, as a heading to ruffles of lace or plaited frills of the dress material. Short pearl sleeves and high medicea fraises made of the beads are added to the corsage when this heading is used upon the skirt.

The short-pile plush being found the most durable is in the greatest favor. It forms a decided feature in all millinery decorations, and a band of it fulled around the edge of a bonnet makes a soft, becoming frame to the face—even the severest features coming under its pleasing and subsiding influence.

Exquisitely fine all-wool fabrics in delicate shades are shown, designed for evening dresses for young girls. The skirts of these materials are trimmed with lace, and the bodices to be of plush or satin, matching the color of the skirt. The laces used with these dresses are generally white Spanish, rose point, polana, or Aurillac.

Very pretty walking costumes are made of dark Prussian blue vogue, the only trimming being a wide Moorish scarf of rich Oriental striped silk, which is caught under the paniers on each side, and brought around and tied in front. Handsome enameled buttons, in bright Persian colors to match, fasten the bodice and the outside coat.

A Successful Stratagem.

Miss Rebecca Bates, who died recently at Scituate, Mass., aged eighty-eight, was with her sister Abigail the heroine of a stratagem which drove a British vessel out of Massachusetts bay during the war of 1812. She was then eighteen and her sister fourteen. The residents upon the shore had been frequently visited by the crews of British ships and robbed of their provisions and other articles, and when the girls saw the vessels bearing down they knew it boded no good to the family larder. Rebecca's quick mind decided to repel the enemy by a stratagem. The musical instruments of the home guard were stored in the house. She could play four tunes on the fife, and her sister Abigail could beat the drum in an exceedingly wild manner. "Yankee Doodle" was their masterpiece. The idea thus conceived was quickly put through. Rebecca and Abigail, with the drum and fife, ran down behind the cedar wood, and in a moment the quiet September evening was startled by the most remarkable martial outburst that ever was heard. "I looked," says Miss Bates, "and I could see the men in the barges resting on their oars and listening. Then I saw a flag flying from the masthead of the ship recalling them. My sister began to make a speech, and I said: 'Don't make me laugh, for I can't pucker my mouth.' When the men in the barge saw the flag they went about so quick that one fell overboard, and they picked him up by the back of his neck and hauled him in." A quarter of an hour later the La Hogue sailed away, the strains of "Yankee Doodle" pursuing her.

Too Fast to Get On.

It was at a way station on the Washash. An old man and woman with bundles and packages arrived from out in the country. They expected to get on the train for Detroit. The station agent told them that the train always stopped. "Just put your things where you can get them quick," said the agent, "and when it comes along just get on."

There was an "extra" on the road, as it happened, in advance of the "regular." In a few minutes they heard the sound of the approaching extra. The baggage was all secured, and the two waiting passengers stood close to the edge of the platform. The train went by at the rate of forty miles an hour.

When it had passed the old woman dropped her bundle, and rushed to the door of the office shaking her fist. She screamed out, "You big-headed fool, did you say get aw-en?"

The old man rushed around the platform calling for the agent to come out. The agent came to the door. There was a smile on his face.

"Don't come out a smiling at me! By the living jingo," said the old gentleman, "we've a notion to pace you around this platform six times 'aster than them keers went! You blasted fool, did you say get on! Did you think a man of my age could get on a streak of greased lightning? You may play tricks on some folks, but don't you try any game on me! Because a man lives on a railroad he doesn't have to know it all. I'm feeling hungry, and somebody is liable to get chawed up afore I leave!"

Before anything serious happened the regular train arrived, and the couple boarded it all right. The railroad agent felt relieved. He doesn't like the b y s to hallo, "Did you say get on?" at him.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Rushing to Their Deaths.

"Howard," the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, writes: Our "first citizens" are going off like hot cakes. It's as much as a fellow can do to attend to his business and pay the last sad tribute to departed friends. First-class funerals are of daily occurrence, and there are more mourners in the streets than ever before. Other things are happening, too, and among them softening of the brain. For years Printing House square, the Astor house rotunda, Delmonico's and the Brunswick have been frequented by a handsome-faced, big blue-eyed, frank-mannered, open-handed paper dealer, known to every one, and a jolly good fellow all the time. He was a fast liver, a hard drinker and a very light sleeper. He made money easily, spent it like water and was the personification of generous recklessness. Result? Softening of the brain. About three weeks ago he was taken to an insane asylum, where he is of course abundantly cared for, but the doctors say he is hopelessly idiotic. A friend of mine, one of these self-sacrificing chaps, went to see him. The poor fellow is poisoned by tobacco. He smoked cigarettes incessantly, so much so that his forefinger and thumb were yellow stained. This complicates matters. If he were devitalized by loss of sleep only, rest and regular hours might recuperate him. If his interior was simply overcharged with alcohol, proper medicaments and total abstinence from intoxicating drink might bring him up again. But on top, through, under and all about every muscle, fiber and tissue of his mental, moral and physical nature is that ineffable stain that nicotine alone can give and omnipotence alone remove.

Anybody else? Yes, indeed. They may not be literally in insane asylums, but they are the merest wrecks of old time glory. Come with me to that great exchange of down-town workers, the rotunda of the Astor house, and stand near the cashier. The place is packed from noon until three, and tolerably full all the rest of the day. Thousands eat and thousands drink and thousands smoke there every day. The monthly profits are said to be \$15,000—a great deal of money. Is it the same crowd? Are they the same thousands? Not by a jug full. Within the past five years two generations have come and gone, and the third is rushing along as fast as it can go.

How? By eating fast, drinking faster, and puff, puff, puffing with the eagerness of a race horse, bound to win and lose no time. There they stand or sit, as the case may be. If they eat they throw their victuals down at a gulp. If they drink, it's one, two, three, "give me a check," and off they go.

And then? Well they work till night, take their dinner and repeat the dose in some uptown house, according to their means. The chief places are Delmonico's, the Brunswick, the Fifth Avenue, the St. James and the Hoffman. Accustomed though you may be to the gay and festive developments of Philadelphia, I can show you sights here in the gastronomic line that would open your eyes with wonder and shut 'em up again in disgust.

Well? But it isn't well, it's fearful, and the few temperate old chaps who witness this social breakup, who see friend after friend depart—who has not lost a friend?—are paralyzed with fear lest some day we be left alone in our glory.

How Queen Victoria Travels.

A late number of the London *Times* gives an account of a recent trip made by Queen Victoria to Balmoral, etc., in the royal saloons provided for such occasions. Superintendents of the railroads always take charge of the train whenever the queen travels, and upon the occasion referred to "the utmost precautions were taken for the safety of her majesty during the journey, very detailed instructions being issued to the various railroad officials for the purpose, and it was distinctly stated that on the occasion none of the public was to be admitted, under any circumstances, to the stations between Banbury and Edinburgh; that the company's servants were to perform the necessary work on the platform without noise; and that no cheering or other demonstrations was to be permitted, the object being that the queen might not be disturbed during the night journey. The royal train was provided with a complement of fitters, lampmen and grossers, and was preceded by a pilot engine; it was furnished with continuous brakes and electric communicators. A "lookout man" was placed on the tender of the engine with instructions to keep his face turned toward the rear of the train for the purpose of observing signals, and similar orders were given to the guard on the front van."

It matters not how careful the cook may be, he can't make a rabbit hash without getting some kind of hair in it.

How the Express Business Started.

Josiah Quincy writes as follows in the *Independent*: I have just found an old letter addressed to me on the 27th of October, 1838, which led to results quite overpowering in their magnitude. The writer is William F. Harnden. He tells me that he has applied for a post of conductor upon the Western railroad, and solicits my influence as treasurer of the road, "should you think me worthy of the office." Harnden had been selling tickets at the Worcester railroad depot, but found this office much too sedentary for his active nature. He was a man who wanted to be moving. For some reason I do not recall, Harnden did not get the conductorship; but his application brought me in contact with this little, intelligent young fellow, who wished to be on the go, and I suggested to him a new sort of business, which in the hands of a bright man I thought might be pushed to success. As director and president of the Providence railroad I was compelled to make weekly journeys to New York, where the bulk of our stock was held.

The days of my departure were well known, and I was always met at the depot by a bevy of merchants' clerks who wished to intrust packages of business papers, samples of goods and other light matters to my care. The mail establishment was at that time utterly insufficient to meet the wants of the public. The postage was seventeen cents upon every bit of separate paper, and this was a burdensome tax upon the daily checks, drafts and receipts incident to mercantile transactions. I was ready to be of service to my friends, though some of them thought my good nature was imposed upon when they found I was obliged to carry a large traveling bag to receive their contributions. I kept this bag constantly in sight on my journey, and upon arriving in New York delivered it to a man whom the merchants employed to meet me and distribute its contents. Now, it occurred to me that here was an opportunity for somebody to do, for an adequate compensation, just what I was doing for nothing: I pointed out to Mr. Harnden that the collection and delivery of parcels, as well as other transportation, might be undertaken by one responsible person, for whose services the merchants would be glad to pay.

The suggestion fell upon fruitful soil. Harnden asked me for special facilities upon the Boston and Providence road, which I gladly gave him, and with the opening year he commenced regular trips (twice a week, I think he made them), bearing in his hand a small valise; and that valise contained in germ the immense express business—contained it as the acorn contains the forest of oaks that may come from it; but many generations are required to see the magnificence of the forests, while the growth of human enterprise expand to their wonderful maturity in one short life. Harnden's fate was that too common with pioneers and inventors. He built up a great business by steady industry, saw all its splendid possibilities, tried to realize them before the time was ripe and died a poor man at the age of thirty-three. In attempting to extend the express business to Europe he assumed risks that were ruinous, and the stalwart Vermont, Alvin Adams, took his place as chief in the great industry which had arisen under his hands.

Dinners of the German Emperor.

The *American Register* of Paris says: After the frequent notices we read in the papers of dinners at the emperor's palace, and tables laid for twenty or more covers, it may not be uninteresting to learn something about the emperor's table in general. Emperor William is in the habit of taking, about 7:30 A. M., a simple coffee with a large allowance of milk, and a couple of small breads without butter. At 1 o'clock P. M. the second breakfast (lunch) is served alternately cold or warm. The dinner takes place regularly at 5 o'clock. If the emperor has one or two guests the table is simply set in the lower apartments of the palace, the menu remaining the same which he is wont to order for himself, consisting of four or five courses, which the chef de cuisine submits early in the morning and the emperor approves of. If the dinner is a large one, the table is laid in the upper apartments. The invitations are given by the emperor at an early hour, the arrangements of seats being then and there discussed with the court marshals. The invited guests receive their host in a saloon adjoining the dining-room, where the latter salutes and, after a conversation of ten or fifteen minutes, precedes them to the table. The emperor takes light claret or Moselle with soda-water, and coffee only occasionally after large dinners. A cup of tea, without cake or bread, after the theater, concludes the frugal repasts of the day. When the empress is present the menu is submitted to her, and, except when a large party is invited, the emperor takes his dinner in the empress' apartments.