

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A Queen's Walking Dress.

A sensible walking dress is worn in the Carpathians, for mountain climbing, by the queen of Roumania, her maids of honor and other ladies. Her majesty's usual morning dress when she went to take the donche at the new baths and for a long walk afterward, was a chocolate-colored serge, the skirt plaited from the waist in large box plaits. The skirt only came to the calf of the leg, and was met by gaiters of the same color as the dress; a loose thick jacket and a Tyrolean hat. The maids of honor usually wore high boots (to the knee) instead of gaiters, dark green serge, short dresses and large hats. Every one had a spiked Carpathian stock, even those whose gowns and boots would quite preclude anything but walking on level ground.

A Spartan Bride.

A young man and his sister were hired to teach a school in Clay county, Kentucky, in partnership, the young lady to teach the first half of the school and her brother the other. Very soon after the young lady began teaching one of her largest male students became her "fellow," and in a very short time they were married. Not long, however, after they were married the young groom and another one of the bride's students engaged in a little "knockdown." Each of the offenders were brought before the fair disciple of the rod, was given an impartial trial, and the young groom was proven to be equally guilty with the other, and was given his choice of leaving the school or taking a whipping. He chose the latter; so his newly-made bride did herself fair justice in the use of the rod, gave her husband not a few stripes, and cutting the blood out in not a few places. Since then everything has passed off smoothly.—*Chicago Times.*

Woman's Answers.

We do not know the origin of the following talk on the intuitive methods of women:

"In a talk which followed our definitions I called the attention of our friends to a marked peculiarity in woman's way of answering questions; a peculiarity which even Mr. Howells—the finest, keenest and gentlest modern observer of feminine traits—has never noted, so far as I am aware. It is the constant habit of women, when asked a question, to make no direct response, but to reply by another question suggested by what they believe their interlocutor's intent or wish. I noted this four times yesterday in talking with your aunt, who, saying your presence, Clara, is the most intelligent woman I ever knew. And you shall have all five. In the morning I said, 'Orsula, do you think it looks like rain?' To which she replied, 'Why, do you think of inviting me to take a ride?' Soon after I asked her if she thought Miss Windermere was as old as twenty, and she responded by inquiring 'if I thought the girl too young to be engaged?' A little later I wanted to know if we had any brandy in the house, and she asked me where I felt sick. And toward evening, as I was dressing for dinner, I interrogated her as to the number of handkerchiefs I owned in the world, and she replied, 'Why, Paul, can't you find a clean one in your upper drawer?' This trait sometimes occasions, I remarked, great inconvenience to the more simple masculine mind. But on the whole it is charmingly feminine, showing as it does the quick sympathy of the sex, and their consequent desire to avoid unnecessary processes and get directly at the arriere pensee. They generally guess right, too. Your aunt did, three times out of the aforesaid four. It is when a man is in a hurry and really wants the information he asks for that he finds the habit a little exasperating."

Fashion Notes.

The tailor-cut jacket retains its place among fashionable winter wraps.

Large pokes with sugar-loaf crowns take precedence of all other bonnets.

Plush is the prettiest trimming for a cheviot dress when it is trimmed at all. Red, yellow, bronze green and turquoise blue are immensely fashionable.

Puffs a la epanette appear in a gathered, shirred puff on many tight sleeves.

Two or more materials combined to form one costume is as fashionable as ever.

Frog buttons and parallel rows of Titan braid trim cloth dresses very elegantly.

Satin and plush muffs take the place of fur ones in all but the severest weather.

The fashionable broades of this winter are very magnificent, but very expensive.

Full ruffs of black or white lace appear among the latest productions of neck lingerie.

Jackets of black Jersey cloth with triple collars of red are affected by very young ladies.

Pilgrim gray beaver felt hats, trimmed with large and long red plumes, are very fashionable.

White bonnets are much worn at theaters, receptions and for evening visits of ceremony.

Tinsel effects are introduced with admirable taste into fabrics, trimmings and millinery goods.

Crystal and pearl beads decorate with fine effect pale blue or rose-colored evening dresses.

Seal-brown cloth, with plush to match, is the favorite material for elegant promenade costumes.

Ribbons striped in moire and plush, or moire and satin, are in high favor for bonnet and hat trimmings.

Large hats with obelisk crowns and halo brims are the first choice of the most fashionable young ladies.

Brighter color and stronger contrasts are worn this winter than have appeared in many decades of fashion.

Velveteens are so beautifully improved nowadays that they can scarcely be distinguished from silk velvet even by experts.

Prince's feather is among the new flowers used in embroidery. The foliage is worked in crewels, the flower in French knots.

A new stuff which is especially designed for dress goods imitates plaited pekin on the right side, but on the back one sees that it is woven, and that the plaits are held in place by a network.

Shaded surah fans have the mount cut from the whole width of the material so as to show every tint, from the darkest to the lightest, and the down with which they are bordered follows the shading of the material.

The Hen Convention—A Fable.

A Fox who found hard picking in a certain neighborhood one day visited a farmer's Dog and said:

"I have lately undergone a change of heart, and I wish you to make known the fact to your master's Fowls. They treat me as if I was a murderer, and it really hurts my feelings to see them hurry into the coop at sunset. The Farmer, too, seems to distrust me, for he has made the coop so tight that I cannot find a single knothole. What sort of a way is that to treat a Fox who is doing his best to earn an honest living?"

"I presume you would like to state your case to the Fowls in person?" observed the Dog.

"That's it—that very idea," replied the Fox. "Say to them that I should like to meet them in convention under this tree to-morrow at noon. I will then explain my feelings toward them, and trust that the Fox and the Fowls will hereafter live in the greatest harmony. Indeed, the only difference between us is the fact that I have no wings, and they shouldn't hold me in suspicion on that account."

The Dog agreed to act as mediator, and at noon next day the Fox crept carefully through the weeds to the rendezvous, and crouched down to await the coming of the Fowls. There was presently heard a great whirr and clatter, and two-score hens alighted in the branches of the tree over the Fox.

"The convention will now proceed to business," said an old Hen, as she peered down upon the Fox.

"Just so," grinned the Fox. "Please come down, and we will proceed."

"Thanks; but, if it's all the same to you, we'd rather you'd come up here," replied the Hen.

"But I can't fly."

"And we are poor runners."

The Fox not being able to fly up, and the Hens refusing to fly down, the former was skulking off, when he met the Dog, who said:

"My friend, the difference between undergoing a change of heart and desiring to undergo a change of diet and position is so obscure that many people never stop to fish for it. As a Fox, you were respected for your cunning; as a hypocrite, even the old Hens despise you."—*Free Press.*

Peculiar Accidents.

A. O'Connell, of Helena, Montana, met with an accident that is perhaps without a parallel. While sneezing he fractured one of his ribs.

A boy riding on top of a load of hay with a muffer about his neck at Ghent, N. Y., was drawn from the load by a branch of a tree and hung by his muffer until almost dead.

In a runaway accident at Brighton, Mich., John Duffey was caught under the box and a bag of flour in the wagon was thrown over his head and pressed down by the box so that he was smothered to death.

William Allen, of Eckford, Mich., died from the bite of a weasel. The animal was robbing a hen's nest, and in crying to catch it Mr. Allen was bitten on the hand. The bite caused a painful illness, which terminated in death.

Miss Mary Pape, of Muscatine county, Iowa, aged sixteen years, lost her life by wiping her mouth with her apron upon which some strychnine had accidentally been spilled. She was taken sick the same day and died at night in great agony.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A little praise upsets a little mind.

The purest water runs from the hardest rock.

A man of little wisdom is a sage among fools.

The thing that makes people strong is the moral courage to do right.

It is right to be contented with what we have, never with what we are.

An untruthful man is taking his first lessons in learning the language that fills the vocabulary of crime.

"Man is moved by his senses, woman by her imagination; hence absence conducts him imperceptibly to forgetting, while it exalts her passion to idolatry."

If man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes, by having something to do and something to live for.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a headwind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.

In general pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes. All the other passions do occasional good, but wherever pride puts in its word everything goes wrong, and what may be desirable to do quietly and innocently, it is morally dangerous to do proudly.

Consumption.

Consumption usually begins with a slight, dry cough in the morning, then on going to bed, getting more and more frequent, with more and more phlegm, increasing debility, thinness of flesh, shortness of breath, and quickening pulse. In fatal cases its average course is about two years; hence the importance of arresting the disease at as early a stage as possible, and the sooner rational means are employed for this purpose the greater the chances of success. The disease is owing to an irritation commencing in the throat and extending to the lungs, so that their action is interfered with, and the blood does not receive sufficient oxygen to purify it. The first thing to be done is to remove the obstruction, which is the irritation or congestion of the lungs. Four ounces of glycerine, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of water, and one grain of morphia make an excellent mixture for relieving the cough. It should be taken in doses of two teaspoonfuls every two hours until the cough is relieved. The chest just below the neck should be rubbed with tartar-emetic ointment every morning over a space as large as the hand, until a thick crop of sores is brought out; then rub the ointment between the sores to bring out a new crop. Meantime, the patient should take regular and vigorous exercise in the open air. There is nothing that equals horseback riding as a remedy for this disease—a consumptive were to "live in the saddle" and sleep out of doors, taking care to keep the feet dry and warm, and to live upon good, nourishing food—in short, to "rough it," he would recover his health in a few months, even if the disease had made considerable progress. The trouble is that it requires a strong will to carry out so severe a course in spite of the languor and debility which disposes an invalid to quiet despondency. The most marked sign of lung disease is emaciation, and the most positive indication of returning health is increase in weight.—*Halt's Journal of Health.*

Planting Tobacco.

M. Quad describes the method of planting tobacco in Virginia as follows:

The tobacco crop in Virginia has long been a source of great revenue, and there was a time when any agriculture outside of tobacco raising was supposed to be a losing business. Tobacco land must be prepared as carefully as the average farmer would prepare a garden. The beds for the plants are generally prepared on a piece of new land in localities sheltered from winds and having a southern exposure. The ashes from the burned shrubs, leaves and limbs are carefully worked into the bed. The seed is then sown as we sow for cabbage, and the plants come up the same. When they are large enough to transplant they are set about three feet apart, and about 4,200 plants is the average for an acre of ground. At a certain age the plants must be "pruned," which consists of breaking off the snoots and suckers and pinching off the head, and again the tobacco worms must be hunted off the plants. Tobacco growers generally put in corn and other crops as well, so that hands can be shifted from one growing product to another as necessity requires or the state of the crop permits. A fair average per acre is 700 pounds. This must be sun-dried on scaffolds in the field, and afterward hung in barns and smoked. The average price for this heavy tobacco is seven cents per pound. An acre of land is thus made to yield about \$500. Growers estimate about 1,000 pounds to every hand employed, and the care of the tobacco crop is only one-half of their labor.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

As we ascend from the earth the air grows thinner and thinner. From this fact astronomers believe that the limit of the atmosphere is 200 miles from the earth's surface.

In Alpine regions there are more narrow, partly-closed flowers than elsewhere, and a greater proportion of long-tongued insects, the flora seeming to be exactly adapted to the insects feeding on its honey.

Coal consists of from eighty to ninety-five per cent of carbon mixed with a small proportion of mineral substances, which, after it is burned, remain as ashes, and of an inflammable gas contained in its interstices.

Professor Morangoni shows by a conclusive set of experiments that moist air is not a conductor of electricity. He proves that the loss of current in telegraph wires and the want of action in electrical machines during misty or wet weather are due to the condensation of moisture, carbonaceous deposits, adherent dust, spiders' webs, or the contact of branches of trees.

According to M. Treve the flame of a lamp appears brighter, and a vertical shaft, a post or mast is seen more distinctly through a vertical than through a horizontal slit, while a house, a landscape or the disk of the sun or moon is perceived more clearly through a horizontal slit. He finds similar differences in photographs, according as the light passes from the object to the plate through a vertical or horizontal slit, and ascribes the results to the action of diffused light.

Reunited After Twenty Years.

The following romantic story comes from Davenport, Iowa: One day recently the raft steamer Clyde went into Davenport on her way north, and Captain Douglass tied up his boat for a while in order to permit some of his crew to go ashore and make purchases. Among others who went ashore was Aaron Carter, a craftsman. The weather was very cold, with a keen northwest wind. While going along the street Carter met a poorly-dressed little boy, who was running along, crying bitterly. Carter asked him what was the matter, and the little lad sobbed out: "I'm cold." "Come with me," said Carter, and taking the boy to a clothing store he bought him a suit of warm clothes and a pair of mittens. He then asked the boy his name. "Aaron Dunlap," was the reply. Carter was thunderstruck. "Aaron Dunlap!" he cried. "Where are your father and mother?" "Father is dead," the boy replied. "Well, take me to your mother, then, as quickly as you can," said Carter. The boy took him to his humble home, and when Carter entered the house the boy's mother rushed into his arms with a shriek that made all the other occupants of the tenement-house rush into the hall to see what was the matter. Carter had found a sister he had not seen in almost twenty years, or since the year 1862, when he went to work with a Maine regiment, for his father was a lumberman from Maine. She married and came West the year after, and the family in the course of ten years lost all sight of her because her husband turned out badly. He died in West Liberty, Iowa, ten years ago, three months before her youngest child was born. The joy over this meeting cannot be described. Carter returned to the steamer and told Captain Douglass that he would go the rest of the way home by rail, and on the following Friday morning he took the first train for the North, with his sister, her two daughters and her son, clad more comfortably than they had been before in many a year, for the family had seen bitter poverty. Carter is unmarried, and is a resident of Chilpewa Falls, Wis. He has been a lumberman in that region for many years, rafting in the summer and logging in the winter. He said he should buy a home and place his sister in it. His benevolence to the half-frozen boy restored his sister to him.

The Owl Trade.

"How is the owl trade to-day?" inquired a New York reporter of a bird dealer.

"The owl trade is rather dull," said the dealer. "The fact is," he continued, "that there is never a steady trade in owls. The demand for owls is principally confined to the requirements of zoological collections. To make a collection complete it is necessary to have an owl in it. But the bird is uninteresting. It makes no noise worth hearing, and it is not pleasant to look upon. It sometimes catches rats and mice, but it is not valuable for that purpose."

"What is the price of owls?"

"For the ordinary barnyard owl there is no market value. Occasionally a man who has shot one wants to get it stuffed, but the live birds are not kept on sale. It would not pay to feed and take care of them. There is, however, a market for white owls, which are caught in Canada and the West and exported. The highest price for a nice white owl is \$5. Sometimes owls are used as decoys to catch other birds. They sit so still in the daytime that other birds will go near them fearlessly. Other methods of bird-catching are, however, more in favor. Owls are easily caught in the daytime, as then they see little, and can be easily approached and taken from their roosts."

"How do you account for the owl being an emblem of wisdom and held as it was among the ancient Greeks and Romans, sacred to Minerva?"

"I can't account for it; but I suppose, as a matter of fact, that there are many students who look as wise as an owl but know no more."

Friars Under the Confederacy.

A friend sends us the following circular, and writes: "Provisions are high now, but they might be worse; for example, note the enclosed."

CONFEDERATE STATES—AMERICA,
SUBSISTENCE DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., September 25, 1864.

The following prices, being the average of late schedules established by commissioners for States east of the Mississippi river, with cost of transportation included, will be charged for subsistence stores sold to officers under the act of February 17, 1863, and amendments, in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and East Louisiana, until further orders: Bacon, \$2.50 per pound; fresh beef, 70 cents per pound; flour, \$10 per barrel; corn meal, \$4.50 per bushel of 50 pounds; rice, 30 cents per pound; peas, \$6.50 per bushel of 60 pounds; sugar, \$3 per pound; coffee, \$5 per pound; soap, \$1 per pound; candles, \$3.25 per pound; vinegar, \$2.50 per gallon; molasses, \$10 per gallon; salt, 30 cents per pound.—*Columbia (S. C.) Register.*

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Starch poultices are very irritating, and may be used on the most delicate skin, even if there be an eruption on it—as in "shingles," for instance. They also retain heat well, and are lighter than linseed.

A glass of hot milk is an immense stimulant for a person fatigued either by mental or physical exertion. Milk heated to above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses while hot much of its sweetness and density.

Mothers and nurses cannot be too careful about the soap they use on the little ones. Few but physicians know how many of the so-called skin diseases among children are caused by the use of adulterated, poisonous soap. An analysis of several cakes of the pretty and perfumed toilet soaps that are sold on the streets showed the presence of ground glass, soluble glass, silex, pipe clay, rotten stone, borax, plaster of Paris, tin, crystal, magnesia, pumice stone, oat meal, and other substances, which are added to give the soap weight, hardness, toughness or clearness. The common colorings are vermilion, Venetian red and barmine, ultramarine green, pot pigment green, copperas, Spanish brown, ultramarine blue, yellow and scarlet anilines, and burnt umber. Many of the perfuming ingredients, though harmless in themselves, become chemically poisonous by admixture. Aiding the danger from all these to the rancid, dissipated, putrid qualities of grease used, and mothers may well be appalled at the permanent evils these neat-looking, delicately scented blocks of toilet soap contain, ready to be released whenever moistened and applied to the baby's body.

If every one knew the value of buttermilk as a drink it would be more freely partaken of by persons who drink so excessively of other beverages, and further compared its effects upon the system to the cleaning out of a cook stove that has been clogged up with ashes that, having sifted through, fill up every crevice and crack, saying that the human system is like the stove, and collects and gathers refuse matter that can in no way be exterminated from the system so effectually as by drinking buttermilk. It is also a specific remedy for indigestion, soothes and quiets the nerves, and is very somnolent to those who are troubled with sleeplessness. For a beverage there is nothing more healthy and strengthening. The churning half digests the milk, and buttermilk makes gastric juices, and contains properties which readily assimilate, with but very little wear on the digestive organs.

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The Angel of Death not Wanted.

To people who in rash moments wish themselves dead, comes this parable, to show them that if taken at their word they would soon retract and plead for life: A certain feeble old man had gathered a load of sticks, and was carrying it home. He became very tired on the road, and laying down his burden he cried out: "Oh, Angel of Death, deliver me from this misery!" At that instant the Angel of Death, in obedience to his summons, appeared before him and asked him what he wanted. On seeing the frightful figure the old man, trembling, replied: "Oh, friend be pleased to assist me, that I may lift once more this burden upon my shoulder; for this purpose only have I called you!"—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Heart Song.

A silver tongue and sparkling eye
Are lovely, to be sure;
And sunny smiles—yet all in vain,
Unless the heart is pure.

A fairy step, elastic feet,
Hands small and lily white
Are well enough—yet all in vain,
Unless the heart is right.

And wit and beauty, wealth and fame,
All gracefully combined,
Will win applause—yet all in vain,
Unless the heart is kind.

Such graces many friends may bring,
And high position, too;
Yet know this well—'tis all in vain,
Unless the heart is true.

—*Youth's Companion.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Swish tenders—Hair-pins.
"You're stalling me," as the turkey said to the cook.

The amateur concert player ought to receive blow for blow.

The watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes his profits on time.

Peacock feathers are emblems of vanity. They serve to point a moral and adorn a tale.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

Corn is the worst used of all the cereals. No matter how fruitful it is, it is only grown to have its ears pulled.

A cynical old bachelor says that "lovers are like armies; they get along well enough till the engagement begins."

A book, missing twenty years, has just been returned to the Boston public library. Some people are such terribly slow readers.

A little boy remarked: "I like grandpa because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."

A Kentucky girl is charged with having said: "If a cart wheel has nine fellows, it is a pity that a pretty girl like myself can't have one."

It is a mean boy who, knowing that his sister's young man is still in the parlor, will slip downstairs near midnight and gayly ring the breakfast bell.

One of the paragraphs has discovered that, as a three-wheeled vehicle is a tricycle, and a two-wheeled vehicle a bicycle, a wheelbarrow must be a icicle.

"This is a Picture of Freddy's Rabbits. But it is the Picture of a Fox." The Fox is very fat. Where are Freddy's Rabbits? Freddy's Rabbits are in the Fox.

Two girls at Greenwich, England, climbed five fences, wrenched off a lock, and plundered a house lately. If this goes on, male burglars will have to strike.

A scientific man says great noises will make milk sour. They will also make the average citizen pretty sour, especially if they come at night when he wants to sleep.

No better evidence of human progress can be found than in the fact that each new number of a monthly magazine is announced by its publishers to be infinitely superior to its predecessors.

"Where is the island of Java situated?" asked a school-teacher of a small, rather forlorn-looking boy. "I dunno, sir." "Don't you know where coffee comes from?" "Yes, sir; we borrows it ready parched from the next-door neighbor."

A clergyman in Scotland preached a few days ago from the text, "If ye do not repent, ye shall likewise perish." The wife of a farmer who was present went home and told her husband that the text was, "If you do not pay rent, you shall leave the parish."

They know how to have fun in Kentucky. At a recent fair a grab-bag was a feature; it was twenty-five cents a grab, and the grabs were numerous, but nobody got anything, though every fellow was satisfied! The bag contained a young alligator!

It has taken seven years to edit the correspondence of Peter the Great, the first volume of which will shortly appear in St. Petersburg. And yet we don't believe it will have as large a sale in this country as "Mad Joe; or the Good Little Boy who Murdered his Kind Grandmother," which was written in four hours and a half.

"HOW MUCH A MAN IS LIKE AN OLD SHOE?"

How much a man is like an old shoe; For instance, both a sole may lose; Both have been tanned, both are made tight by cobbler. Both get left and right; Both need a mate to be complete, And both are made to go on feet. They both need healing, oft are said, And both in time turn all to mud. With shoes the last is first, with men The first shall be the last, and when The shoes wear out they're mended new; When men wear out they're mended, too. They both are trod upon; and both Will tread on others, nothing loth. Both have their ties, and both incline, When polished, in the world to shine. And both get out—and would you choose To be a man or be a shoe?

—*H. C. Dodge.*

Whether or not coming events cast their shadows before depends upon the position of the sun.