LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Atlanta's Pretty Shoemaker.

Atlanta, Ga., can boast of a genuine curiosity—a live female shoemaker—young, pretty and industrious. Having occasion to send my little nephew with a pair of boots to be mended he surprised me on his return, writes a correspondent, by remarking that "she" said so and so about the boots. I then learned for the first time that we had in our neighborhood a young girl under twenty years of age, the daughter of a shoemaker, who daily works at the trade herself, not only mending, but making in good style, both boots and shoes. For several years she has thus been engaged, and has won the respect and patronage of a large circle of appreciative families.

Four Western Girls.

The *Woman's Journal* cites the Misses Kollock as four typical Western girls:

The family of W. E. and A. M. Kollock, of Madison, Wis., consists of seven members, four of whom are sisters. Of these Dr. Mary Kollock Bennett, the eldest, graduated at the Woman's Medical college of Chicago, and for many years has been practicing successfully in that city. The next, Dr. Harriet Kollock, graduated in the medical department at Ann Arbor, Mich., nine years ago, since which time she has been eminently successful in her professional work. The third, the Rev. Florence Kollock, graduated at Canton Theological college some years since, and is now doing a good work as pastor in a beautiful church, built for her by her parish during the past two years at Englewood, a fine suburban town of Chicago. Dr. Jennie C. Kollock, the youngest sister, graduated in the dental department of Ann Arbor, Mich., last March, together with a class of thirty-six gentlemen, she being the only lady, and passing the highest examination of any in the class. She is now establishing herself successfully as a dental practitioner in Chicago.

Whom Not to Marry.

Women who love their husbands are happy and at rest. Those who do not are disturbed and restless; they are always seeking for some means of killing time; they are ready to flirt at any moment; their children are, according to their means, either hidden in nurseries under the care of French *bonnes*, or handed over to Sally, the slatternly nurse, to shake, and slap, and stuff with sugar, as her wisdom dictates, while society and amusements of all sorts occupy their mother's time. Home is not happy to the poor woman, because she has chosen her mate foolishly—because she trusted to that "love after marriage" which mercenary old people promise those who make what they call a sensible match. Sad as a neglected wife, who loves her husband well, must be, I believe she is happier than this poor, restless creature, though she be worshiped. The love of one we do not love becomes simply a bore, especially in the close intercourse of home life, and she who does not give her heart to her husband is not likely to care much for his children. So, girls, if you do not love your lover, don't marry him. Remember that marriage is a serious step, and that when you give him your hand, that he may encircle it with a wedding-ring, you seal the happiness or misery of your natural life. Don't marry unless you are sure of your love for him and his for you.

Fashion in Colors.

The new colors are copied from foliage and flowers, and take their names accordingly; for instance, a new dark green is called elder green, another shade is sycamore, and the olive greens are called lichen green; a purple-red like scabieuse is marked petunia, and a similiar shade is orchis; the azealea red and pale eglantine (wild-rose) pink have already been noted; the Turc and Sicily reds are brighter shades than the dull garnet so long worn, and are similiar to carnation red. Sunflower yellow, like the "gaudy leonine flower" of the æsthetes, is shown in ribbons and crapes, while the paler yellow tints are maize, like the corn and straw colors worn before dull ecru shades were popular. Cinnamon brown with red predominating and the yellow leaf browns are shown, with also the dark reddish seal brown. There are three shades of beige ranging from ecru to brown, and there is pure white that has no yellow tinges, as well as the cream white that is almost as dark as Isabel yellow. Suez blue is a very pale shade, hussar blue is dark, and Russian blues have the gray shades that have been fashionable during the winter. Argent, or silver gray, is again largely imported.

Fashion Notes.

Slate blue appears among new colors.

New neck lingerie is very elaborate and voluminous.

Shirrings will be used on new light woolen and cotton goods.

Poufs in the backs of dresses grow smaller and less bouffant.

Evening dresses are trimmed with embroidered ruffles and tabliers.

Feather hats and bonnets are moribund. Paris has condemned them.

Galloons and braids will trim many spring costumes and spring jackets.

Cloth and cheviot costumes are rarely made of two materials combined.

Moresque and Oriental laces rival in popularity the Spanish, Barcelona and Burano.

Ribbed velvet and corduroy velveteen jackets are the fancy of the passing moment.

Copper tint is a favorite tint in new goods of all kinds, including the new upholstering stuffs.

For full evening dress there are bands of gold and silver or strings of pearls worn in the hair.

Morning dresses for unceremonious visits are made of black faille or black cachemire des Cevennes.

Spanish and Oriental laces will both be used for trimming nun's veiling when worn in the evening.

Nun's veiling is equally becoming to old and to young women. It is the very stuff for children's dressy suits.

Basques are shorter in the skirt and are frequently pointed in front and drawn up in the back to form the pouf.

Butterfly wing poufs in the back, formed by the scarf employed for the tablier and hip draperies, are much worn.

Among new pongees, the plain white goods, striped horizontally with hair lines in lace effects, are the unique and novel.

The Princess of Wales' favorite bonnet is the capote. According to Lucy Hooper, in the *Harper's Bazar*, she actually invented it.

Some authorities in matters of dress say that kilted skirts are going out of vogue; others announce that they will be more worn than ever.

Costumes for street wear should be of woolen material, one kind only, with which a felt hat or bonnet simply trimmed, and a cloth jacket, may be worn.

In Paris skirts are frequently seen of which the only drapery is a broad sash tied around the bottom of the waist and looped back on the tournure to form the pouf.

One of the prettiest lace pins in diamond jewelry is a reap hook set in graduated stones, with a serpent also in diamonds turned around the blade, its eyes being small rubies.

In spite of the high looping of back and side draperies the costume of the season defines the human form divine as much as ever. The effect is still of a princess robe or fourreau, whether the dress is short or trained.

The hair is worn low on the brow, either in a curly fringe or waved. Behind, it droops in the nape of the neck in a coil, in loops or braids. Flowers are sometimes worn in the hair in the evening in small quantities—just one large flower or a spray near the left ear.

American Horse-Shoes in England.

The poetical surroundings of "the village blacksmith" and his harmonious anvil, says *Chambers' Journal*, are threatened with a powerful rival by the introduction from the United States of a new industry; namely the manufacture of machine-made horse-shoes. A company whose premises face the Thames opposite Greenwich, have just opened their works, to supply the United Kingdom with these machine-made articles. The iron is rolled from scrap, coming from the rollers as a grooved bar, which is afterward cut into lengths, punched with the necessary holes, and finally is bent by a machine into the horse-shoe shape. It is calculated that there are in the United Kingdom about three million horses; in Europe generally more than thirty million; requiring annually a million and a half tons of shoes. So that if the new company turn out good work, there are plenty of customers for their goods. It is said that the new shoe has met with the approval of some eminent authorities, and is already used by several tramway companies.

Farming on a Big Scale.

E. C. Sprague, who lives just south of Fargo, Dakota, remarked that he would in three years have a larger tract of land in wheat than any other private individual. He now has 3,000 acres ready for crop, and will this spring break 7,000 more, and the following year will prepare 3,000 acres more on which to raise wheat. The land is all in Clay county. Mr. Sprague is probably one of the largest land owners in the world, now having a clear title to mors than half a million acres, 56,000 of which are in Minnesota, about 2,000,000 in Texas, 30,000 in Mississippi, and various other tracts in all parts of the Union.—*New Northwest.*

Congressman Moore, of Tennessee, wrote "Be a good boy and you'll be a good man" in an album which he supposed belonged to the small page who handed it to him, only to find that it belonged to a gray-haired officer of the House.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Jealousy is the homage that inferiority pays to merit.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

It is with life as with coffee, he who would drink it pure must drain it to the dregs.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

No books are so legible as the lives of men; no characters so plain as their moral conduct.

It is a solemn thought with the middle-aged that life's past business is begun in earnest.

Dark clouds roll up and obscure the sun, but we know that there is light above the clouds.

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude, when it is not in our power to repay it.

The best of all prayers is to act with a pure intention, and with a continual reference to the will of God.

The generality of men expend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.

We pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present and indulging in false hopes of the future.

Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

Men Who Paint and Powder.

There are men in New York who paint and powder. The number is small, but they exist, if the statements of druggists, barbers and dealers in toilet preparations are to be trusted. They are usually young men, not of the highest fashion, and are to be found occasionally in the lobbies of theaters, or speaking English at the French balls. The practice began a few years ago, and has not flourished. The custom of banging the hair among men, on the other hand, grew very rapidly. Capoul, the tenor, gave it impetus, and now in almost any assembly frequented by the well-to-do youth of the city there are one or more men's heads with banged hair. A druggist of this city, in speaking on the subject, said:

"We sell many bottles of cosmetics, blooms, lily whites and the like to men, and the inference is that they buy for their wives or sisters, but in some instances they unquestionably buy for themselves. It doesn't need a practiced eye to tell this. The effect on the face is easily discernible."

"Speaking of cosmetics, are any of them absolutely harmless?"

"I could not recommend a single one conscientiously. They all contain ingredients more or less injurious, and should not be used with any frequency."

A barber, whose place is near Twenty-third street, and who counts many young men about town among his customers, said: "The desire to look beautiful is about as strong in an idle young man as it is in an idle young woman. Many of my customers have no end of trouble in fixing themselves up. I sell a good deal in the way of liquid cosmetics, though nothing like lily white or pearl wash. Young fellows will come here twice a day to have their faces well rubbed with a mixture of bay rum, glycerine and several other fluids, which has a smoothing effect on the skin. They come ostensibly to be shaved in the morning and to have their hair dressed at night, but they really want their faces attended to. They often say, 'Put a little powder on my chin, it looks so black;' but if you put a little powder all over the face and then smooth it down and make a feint of rubbing it off with a towel, they're sure to come again."

There is quite a house in Fourteenth street, devoted entirely, according to its many signs, "to the beautification of the person." The reporter climbed to the second floor, opened a glass door, and found himself in a small reception room. A girl was addressing circulars at a table. Her complexion is decidedly bad. Perhaps, however, she is only a subject. Again, she may be a result.

"What did you wish, sir?" she asked.

"Do you do up men's faces?"

"Oh, yes," with a critical look; "I'll call madam." Madam came and the reporter stated his errand. She thought a moment and then said: "I see no reason why a gentleman should not improve his complexion. I have seven regular male customers. Two of them come three times a week and have their nails and hair attended to, besides the face."

"What do you do to the face?"

"First we use a stringent lotion with considerable camphor in it, which takes the natural oil out of the face. Then we remove the blemishes. Moles are taken out with a preparation of iron. Then we build the complexion up with ——" and she went on to give a list of concoctions.

"What kind of men are these, madam?"

"Oh," said she, "they are nice young men; quite nice."—*New York Sun.*

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Thirty per cent. of forest is considered the best proportion for the most beneficial effect on climate.

Strychnia acts only on certain portions of the spinal marrow, and opium on certain parts of the cerebrum.

Agassiz says: The pupil studies nature in the school-room, and when he goes out of doors he cannot find her.

Many butterflies take no food and have no digestive organs. The eating and storing of nutriment was performed in the earlier larva state.

It is said that the Japanese have made practical tests of paper belts to the transmission of power, and that the results have been satisfactory.

Experiments on the effect of the electric light on plant life tend to show that it contains rays detrimental to them. Plants constantly exposed to it become spotted and weakened.

The increase in strength in iron bolts from working the metal cold, is estimated at between fifty and a hundred per cent. and the effect in general is to give the iron a good deal of the qualities of hard steel.

A "solar" locomotive has been placed on the French Northern railway. It is so called owing to an electric light which is placed in the front and fed by the engine itself, and intended to illuminate the way for a long distance ahead.

A. Weill finds the decay of teeth to be caused by the development of a fungus. The acids of the mouth may promote decay, but cannot give rise to it. He concludes further that diseases of various parts of the body may be clearly traced to excretions from the mouth and teeth.

Among the Rifle-Pits.

The following is from Harry M. Kieffer's "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," in March *St. Nicholas:*

Fifty yards in front of the abatis the pickets were stationed. When first the siege began, picketing was dangerous business. Both armies were bent on fight, and picketing meant simply sharp-shooting. As a consequence, at first the pickets were posted only at night, so that from midnight the poor fellows lay in their rifle-pits under a broiling July sun, with no protection from the intolerable heat excepting the scanty shade of a little pine-brush erected overhead, or in front of the pit as a screen. There the picket lay, flat on his face, picking off the enemy's men whenever he could catch sight of a head or even so much as a hand; and right glad would he be if, when the long-awaited relief came at length, he had no wounds to show.

But later on, as the siege progressed, this murderous state of affairs gradually disappeared. Neither side found it pleasant nor profitable, and nothing was gained by it. It decided nothing, and only wasted powder and ball. And so gradually the pickets on both sides began to be on quite friendly terms. It was no unusual thing to see a Johnny picket—who would be posted scarcely a hundred yards away, so near were the lines—lay down his gun, wave a piece of white paper as a signal of truce, walk out into the neutral ground between the picket lines and meet one of our own pickets, who, also dropping his gun, would go out to inquire what Johnny might want to-day.

"Well, Yank, I want some coffee, and I'll trade tobacco for it."

"Has any of you fellows back there some coffee to trade for tobacco? 'Johnny Picket,' here, wants some coffee."

Or, may be he wanted to trade papers, a Richmond *Enquirer* for a New York *Herald* or *Tribune*, "even up and no odds." Or, he only wanted to talk about the news of the day — how "we 'uns whipped you 'uns up the valley the other day;" or how, "if we had Stonewall Jackson yet, we'd be in Washington before winter;" or may be he only wished to have a friendly game of cards!

There was a certain chivalrous etiquette developed through this social intercourse of deadly foemen, and it was really admirable. Seldom was there breach of confidence on either side. It would have gone hard with the comrade who should have ventured to shoot down a man in gray who had left his gun and come out of his pit under the sacred protection of a piece of white paper. If disagreement ever occurred in bartering, or high words arose in discussion, shots were never fired until due notice had been given. And I find mentioned in one of my old army letters that a general fire along our entire front grew out of some disagreement on the picket-line about trading coffee for tobacco. The two pickets couldn't agree, jumped into their pits, and began firing, the one calling out: "Look out, Yank, here comes your tobacco." Bang!

And the other replying: "All right, Johnny, here comes your coffee." Bang!

There is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship and act enmity is a sure proof of total depravity.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Danger in Nutmegs.—Nutmegs should be used sparingly, for they possess a narcotic property that constitutes them a drug. A lady who was induced to take nutmeg tea by her nurse was made drowsy by it and finally put into a profound slumber resembling that of opium.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Milk Diet in Bright's Disease.—Since we know not at present any drug that possesses therapeutic value to any marked extent in this terrible and fatal disease, and since it is daily making sad havoc among human beings, and principally among that class who, by reason of their valuable public labors, are particularly necessary to the welfare of the world; therefore, it becomes a medical question of paramount interest that we should discover some potent method of combating this very prevalent disease. Some years since Carel first called attention to the treatment of Bright's disease by the use of a milk diet, and since then Duncan, as well as many other prominent physicians, have written on this subject. We have ourselves seen some remarkable results follow this treatment, while Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of our city, is now quite an enthusiast on this subject. This method of treating a formidable disease has received sufficient distinguished indorsement to recommend it seriously to our notice. We would, therefore, ask all physicians who read this article to try this method of treatment, and to furnish us with their experience, which we will publish. The milk is used thoroughly skimmed and entirely freed from butter. To procure the best results it has been advised that the patient shall restrict himself absolutely to milk, and continue the treatment for a long time. If it disagrees with the stomach (as it will in some cases), Dr. Mitchell advises that the patient be put to bed, and the treatment commenced with tablespoonful doses, to which lime water is added, until the stomach tolerates the milk, when from eight to ten pints daily should be taken, and absolutely nothing else. The sanction of such a distinguished physician as Dr. Mitchell forces us to seriously consider the merits of this treatment, and we trust to receive the experience of all readers of this journal who may have cases of Bright's disease to treat. —*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

Salt for the Throat.

In those days when diseases of the throst are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, remarks an exchange, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat. For many years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subject to a dry hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day—morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure table salt in about a half a small tumbler full of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant, but after a few days' use no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first rate sharpener of the appetite, will abandon it.

A Tale of the Sea.

One of the very funniest stories ever heard comes from the log of the ship Gladstone, says the Sydney *Mail.* Down in the roaring forties a seaman fell overboard, and went down into the deep green gulf without the faintest possible hope of coming on board again. It is not an easy thing to find a man, even if he does keep afloat, when deep calls unto deep, and the big sea-mountains skip like young lambs in those latitudes. But as this man rose after the first header, right alongside he beheld an albatross, and around that albatross' neck he folded an arm, and doubtless with the other hand made a sure grip of the wicked hooked bill, and with much flapping and floundering, and doubtless strange conversation between man and bird, he held on till the boat was down and lifted him in. What tale the albatross told to his fellows that evening is to us unknown, but if any records be kept in the albatross world, little doubt there will be found set down a record of a new marine monster more marvelous than the mightiest sea-snake the most ancient mariner of the human race has beheld even in his dreams.

Artificial essence of almonds may be made from benzine.

Payment for Doing Good.

The sea is paid by lands,
With streams from ev'ry shore,
So give with kindly hands,
For God can give you more.

He would that in a ring
His blessings should be sent,
From living thing to thing,
But nowhere stayed or spent.

And ev'ry soul that takes,
But yields not back again,
Is as a link that breaks,
In heaven's love-made chain.

—*William Barnes.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Oh why shall we say for catched, caught,

A very necessary matrimonial band—A husband.

When a couple make up their minds to get married it may be called a tie vote.

If you must dabble in shares, try plowshares. No other kind pays so regular dividends.

"I'm the light of this menagerie!" cried the tapir. Then the other beasts wanted to put him out.

"Mamma, do you know what the largest species of ants are? You shake your head. Well, I'll tell you. They are elephants."

"Why do you hide, Johnny?" said one boy to another. "I hide to save my hide," replied the other, as he hied away to a secret spot.

Hens scratch up flower beds only when they are barefooted. That's why women run out and "shoo" the hens to keep them from doing damage.

A thief who robbed a contribution box the other day has repented. He is now obliged to carry around with him several pounds of punched coins which no one will take.

Nine men out of ten are mean enough to enjoy saying to a physician who goes hunting and gets no game, "Why didn't you take your medicine chest instead of a gun?"

A Paris pickpocket who had an ambition in that line had just made a collection of 132 different sorts of money purses, when the police fell upon him and crushed his laudable ambition.

At a German ball. Lieutenant—"Did you not tell me that your father has an estate in Silesia?" Young lady—"Yes, and two in Pomerania." Lieutenant "And can you still doubt my love?"

A rolling-pin is not æsthetic,
A dish-rag scarcely is divine,
A squalling child is not pathetic,
A dirty floor is not leonine;
A drudging life is not supernal,
Bad flour is not a daffodil,
The weather is not always vernal,
We have to mix the good and ill.

A member of a fashionable congregation called at a music store and inquired, "Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon?'" adding, "Our pastor referred to it yesterday as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

A wicked man has been getting a dollar a piece from simple-minded farmers by sending them through the mail, for one dollar, a "recipe" to prevent pumps from freezing on cold nights. The answer to the farmers' letters was: "Take them in doors over night."—*Boston Herald.*

"When I grow up, I'll be a man, won't I?" asked a little Austin boy of his mother. "Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious at school and learn how to behave yourself." "Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"—*Siftings.*

At a recent party a young lady was annoyed by the impertinence of a young man, and becoming tired of it turned toward him rather angrily and requested him to cease his impudence. The young fellow replied, "Please do not eat me." She replied, "Have no fear, sir, pork does not agree with me."

When a bashful young man finds himself in company where there is a creamy infant of ten months, the expression on his face when the proud mother thrusts her tender offspring at him with the remark, "Baby, kiss the nice gentleman," may be imagined, but cannot be counterfeited.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the saints and the apostle. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know," replied the landlady "for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

As grammarians some say we ought?
Let us see
How things be
When this kind of teaching is taught:

The egg isn't hatched, it is haught;
My britches arn't patched, they are paught;
John and James are not matched, they are
maught;
My door isn't latched, it is laught;
The pie wasn't snatched, it was snaught;
The cat never scratched, she but scraught;
The roof wasn't thatched, it was thaught.

If English must this way be wrought,
It soon will be snatched—that is naught.

—*Courier-Journal.*