

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Women Clerks.

Of late years the employment of women clerks has greatly increased in England as well as in France, and in both countries it is generally agreed that the system works satisfactorily. At the Bank of France there are now 160 female clerks, who receive three francs a day to commence with, and whose salary, after a year or two's service, rises to 1,800 francs, and at the Paris offices of the credit foncier, where also there is a large staff of women, the remuneration, beginning at three and a half francs a day, rises in some cases to as much as 4,000 francs, or \$800 a year. In both establishments the hours of attendance are from nine to four on six days of the week, and the male and female clerks sit in different rooms—the women being superintended by officials of their own sex, and thus enjoying the greatest possible degree of privacy.

Caring for the Hair.

A lively old lady, who died far advanced in her eighties, and was proud in extreme old age of her beautiful dark hair, was accustomed when a girl to hang up her night-cap every morning filled with salt. This was shaken out into a Japanese dressing-box every night on retiring, but enough salt remained clinging to the cambric to secure, as she thought, the remarkable preservation of her hair. Dr. Holmes has sung or gossiped about the "widening part," which is one of the tell-tale tracks of passing years; but until lately the prevailing fashions of dressing the hair did not make any parting to show. Those who wear the hair in true classic style, with the pure white line from brow to crown, may find some use in the following recommendation of the *New York Evening Post* for strengthening the hair and renewing thin spots: "To a quart of warm water allow one tablespoonful of salt, and just before retiring for the night wet the head thoroughly with this, not along the widening seam alone, but the entire head. Repeat this operation for one or two nights each week until good results are apparent." It is likely that the vigorous rubbing which this treatment makes necessary afterward is of as much use to the hair as the saline treatment.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

News and Notes for Women

One of the best farmers in Maine is Miss Sarah L. Martin, of South Auburn. She carries on a farm successfully, and pays much attention to the raising of fine stock.

Johanna Wagner, niece of the great composer, has been appointed a professor of singing at the Munich Conservatory. She is the first woman ever chosen for such a professorship in Germany.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, declared that she would not marry any one who was not "just perfect," and she did not get a husband until she was 580 years old.

Those large but light parasol handles, so useful for summer travelling, are made out of cabbage stalks, grown in the fields of Brittany. A particular kind of long-stalked cabbage or collard is left in the ground to grow higher and higher for two or three years, the leaves being carefully stripped from the stalk, which, becoming very tough and strong, is often used for the stick of one of those large parasols called the Jersey sunshade.

Two new eccentricities in dress were noticed at a recent ball in London. One lady wore a crimson dress, and the same color was carried out in every detail, even to long crimson gloves. Another, whose costume was pale blue, followed up the idea to pale-blue kid-gloves. Both were peeresses.

Fashion Notes.

The shell-shaped straw-hat meets with only a limited amount of popularity.

Short bodies with long points back and front, grow more and more numerous.

Jerseys are much worn, but only for fatigue, shopping and travelling costumes.

Very low cut slippers with a tie across the instep are the favorites this summer.

Flower bonnets are as popular as ever, and tie under the chin with white lace strings.

Sateen dresses in large floriated designs should be trimmed with a profusion of white lace and a little dark velvet, to look well.

Large collars, fichus, and shoulder capes are worn with almost every toilet at the sea-side.

Black stockings are worn with dresses of any color, and on all occasions by both ladies and children.

It is said that there will be as many positive colors worn in the fall as intermediate or mixed shades.

Parasols, sunshades and umbrellas are in general large and of every possible silk or cotton material.

The newest French dresses have narrow skirts for the foundation upon, which are superimposed full draperies and flounces.

Soft twill plaid silks make elegant skirts worn under crepe de Chine or Indian cashmere polonaises or basque and draperies.

Pointed and basque waists, which have been of long duration, are beginning to be gradually modified—the basques are becoming shorter.

Bouquets are not now worn on the corsage, but at the waist. They should be large and loosely put together, and only of one kind of flowers.

A pretty travelling dress for a bride can be made of French gray bastine, and embroidery of the same color, with bows of French gray and scarlet ribbon.

Ribbons are used in every possible way on dresses. They are fashioned in rosettes, long looped bows and ends on dresses and bonnets and on the neck drapery.

Arab, Persian and Tunisian muslins, worked with colored silks and gold are in high favor to drape over white silk gowns. When color is preferred to white the tint chosen is, for the most part, aurora pink.

The newest handkerchiefs have narrow hems, about four-fifths of an inch wide, surmounted by a very narrow border, either of embroidery or open work. The hem is edged with fine valenciennes, a finger wide, and very slightly gathered.

Fawn is the prevailing hue in many of the new canvas plaids, and large fawn spots, shaded into spheres or moons in their third quarter, are strewn over whitey brown or flax blue muslins and mousseline de laines. They are made of fine kid and are lined with white, blue or pink kid.

A Truly Strange Coincidence.

"Speaking of strange coincidences," said Doodlicker, "I am reminded of a thing that happened to me once. I was standing on the breakwater here in Chicago one day in the summer of 1842, when one of my cuffs dropped into the lake and a big fish came up and swallowed it. I mourned a good deal over it, because the sleeve button in that cuff was made of gold that I dug myself in California in 1849. Well, time ran along and I forgot all about the sleeve-button. Soon after that I had the trouble with my hair, and had to doctor for that."

"What trouble was that, paw?" asked Theophilus.

"Why, didn't I ever tell you about that. Well, you see I found that I was losing my hair. It didn't come out by the roots, but it seemed to be broken off near my head, and yet, although I lost considerable every night, there never was any loose hairs in the bed in the morning. I finally got a friend to sit up and watch me one night, and in the morning he explained the whole thing. I had bitten it off and swallowed the hair."

"But, to get back to my first story. One day about seven years after I lost that cuff I was walking on Manhattan beach, arm in arm with Mr. Seligman, when he picked up something that was buried in the sand. 'Why, that's silver,' said he. 'So it is,' said I, and sure enough it was solid silver. But what is further, it was the identical sleeve-button I had lost thirteen years before in Lake Michigan. Now, what puzzles me is to know how that fish got way round to Manhattan beach from Chicago."

There was a short silence which Theophilus interrupted. "What puzzles me, paw, is how the fish changed a gold sleeve-button into a silver one."

Doodlicker thought he heard one of the hens cackle and went out to see if she had laid an egg.—*Chicago Herald*.

Mints and Assay Offices.

The United States government has coinage mints in Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans and Carson City, and a mint at Denver used at present merely as an assay office. This last and the assay offices at Boise City, Indian Territory, Helena, Montana Territory, and Charlotte, N. C., are limited by law to melting and assaying gold and silver bullion and paying for the same from treasury funds. There is an assay office at New York for the testing of foreign coin or bullion bought by the government to be coined or recoined. All the precious metal purchased for mintage is computed at the value given it at these assay offices. The single letters, O, S, C, etc., stamped under the eagle on the American coin, indicate the place where the piece was minted.

THE VIRGINIUS MASSACRE.

The Thrilling Experience of Captain Simon Gratz.

Captain Simon Gratz, one of the few men on board the Virginus who escaped being shot, recently gave a thrilling account of his narrow escape. He said:

"In the fall of 1871 we were ready for another expedition, and I left New York on the British steamer Atlas, bound for Kingston. There were 130 of us, all citizens, having signed no papers or made any agreement. At Kingston we found the Virginus, the old confederate blockade-runner.

"The history of our chase and capture by the Tornado is well known. We were taken ashore at Santiago and locked up in prison that day, the last day in October. On the 4th of November the butcher, Burriell, began to shoot the prisoners. The batch shot on the morning of the 4th were marched into the prison chapel on the evening before, and separately asked questions, and insultingly taunted with their certain death while priests were saying mass for their souls. They were kept there nearly all night in this mock trial and religious exercise. Ryan Varona, Céspedes and other officers and prominent Cubans were in the first lot. Ryan gave an assumed name, but his long hair gave him away, and he acknowledged his identity. Captain O'Callahan was one of the Spanish officers engaged in the butchery. He was in the Confederate army, and made an effort to save Ryan, but Burriell would not listen to it. At six in the morning the squad was marched out and chained in pairs, two soldiers between every two prisoners and a file of soldiers on each hand. They were made to kneel upon a bank of dirt by the side of a newly dug trench facing the ditch. A platoon of soldiers marched up, and when within a few rods of the kneeling figures fired, shooting them in the back, the bodies falling into the ditch, and the soldiers wheeling and marching away, while the bands were playing and flags flying. The trench was immediately filled up, and all the military and bands marched over it to lively airs. The next morning another large squad was shot in the same way. On the 7th the Virginus crew was brought ashore and shot. Captain Frye and Colonel Harris were among that squad, which numbered thirty-seven. The purser was not killed by the first fire, and he rose up, turned around, and shouted:

"You cowardly, barbarous butchers, have the decency to shoot your victims dead."

"A second volley was poured into him, and his body rolled into the trench.

"The next batch was thirteen in number, to be shot on the morning of the 8th. I had been in two batches which had been shot, and had been respited for a short time each morning on account of there being a wrong number or some superstition. Prayers for the repose of my soul had already been said twice, and twice had I remained behind while the others were led out and slaughtered. A terrible tumult followed this last killing. The populace by thousands had witnessed the whole awful series of daily tragedies, and they now became furious. Burriell had fled to his castle. All the priests and decent people flocked hither and implored that no more blood be spilled. The butcher surrounded himself with the troops, and ordered the executions to continue. Another batch, numbering fifteen, was prepared, and they were to be slaughtered on the morning of the 12th. On the night of the 11th, while we were in the chapel again, and the mass for our soul was being repeated, an English man-of-war came into the harbor. It was just at midnight, and the shooting was to take place at 6 p. m. The English consul pushed to the beach and signaled the commander on shore and informed him what was going on. Commander Loman immediately ordered the guns loaded, and covered Burriell's castle. He then sent word to the butcher that if another man was shot he would open fire on the castle and hang him, if captured. This put an end to the shooting business. The next day the American fleet arrived and steps were taken to burn the whole town if the prisoners were not released. Governor Burriell then smuggled the prisoners off in the night to Moro castle, and confined them in foul, wet and vermin-infested dungeons out under the sea. A few days after we were put aboard a steamer for Havana to be shot there. The vessel put in at St. Quargus, where the captain communicated with the governor of Havana, and received orders not to land his charge in the province. We were then taken back to the Moro dungeons. There we remained for two months before our release."

THE SPOOPENDYKES.

A Tumultuous Time Over a Sore Foot

"My dear," whimpered Mr. Spoopen-dyke, hobbling into his wife's room and throwing himself into a chair with a desolate expression of despair on his visage. "My dear, there is something the matter with my foot, and I can't make out what he trouble is."

"I know!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, hovering over him with affectionate interest and solicitude. "I think it's rheumatism."

"No, it ain't rheumatism, either!" growled Mr. Spoopen-dyke. "It is something worse than rheumatism, and if it goes to my heart it may kill me!"

Maybe it's a stone bruise," suggested Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, not realizing that a great deal of the sentiment and most of the danger are taken out of a malady when it is definitely ascertained what the malady is. "All you want is some liniment and you will be all right by to-morrow."

"That's all you know about it," grunted Mr. Spoopen-dyke, who was not to be put off with so small a disaster as a stone bruise. "I tell you, that I have got some trouble with my foot that threatens my life, and you stand around there like a cork in a bottle, and talk about it as though I hadn't got one leg into my coffin as far as the hip. Here I am kicking at death's door with a game foot, and all the interest you have in the matter is to shoot off a vast amount of intelligence about stone bruises. I tell you, it's something that ain't to be trifled with. Now, what're you going to do about it?"

"Are you sure it isn't a corn?" hazarded Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, timidly. "Sometimes corns hurt worse than anything else; but I never heard of people dying of them."

"No, it isn't a corn!" howled Mr. Spoopen-dyke, nursing his foot and glaring at his wife with a mingled expression of rage and pain. "What d'ye think this foot is, anyway: an agricultural district? When did you ever hear of a corn that reached from the heel to the knee? Which of your friends ever had a corn that hurt clear to the ear?" and Mr. Spoopen-dyke touched his foot carefully to the floor and eyed his wife narrowly to see if she noticed the expression of agony on his face.

"If it acts that way it must be a bunion!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopen-dyke triumphantly. "All you have got to do is take your boot off and put your slippers on."

"That's it!" yelled Mr. Spoopen-dyke, hauling off his shoe and firing it across the room. "When a man is dying of inflammatory rheumatism, it's only a bunion! You've got it! A pain that starts at the toe, runs to the back of the neck and ties in a hard knot over the spine is a bunion! Show me the bunion!" he continued, sticking his leg out straight and pointing his finger at the offending foot. "Take this digit in your lily white hand and place it tenderly on the dol gasted bunion before I die and forget what killed me! Pick it out of the surrounding anatomy!" he yelled, wriggling his foot and bouncing up and down in his chair in a delirium of rage. "Pluck the bunion from its mountain fastness on the hoof of Spoopen-dyke and hold it up to the gaze of the same!"

"Does it hurt—?" commenced Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, soothingly.

"Hurt!" roared Mr. Spoopen-dyke, springing from his chair and dancing around the room. "Of course it don't. It tickles! Hurt! It's a picnic! Say, my dear, and his voice was low and tender. "Say, my dear, instead of going in the country this summer we'll lay in a stock of bunions and wear 'em around for our health and recreation!" he shrieked, breaking out in a new spot. "Hurt! it feels like a band of music! That's what it is, a bunion! It took you to hit it! When I get time to fit you up with a full beard and a bottle of whiskey I'm going to start a dispensary with you! If you'd only improve your mind until you reached the standard of intelligence of a moderate donkey, you'd only need a stolen corpse and a bad smell to be a first class medical college!"

"Say, dear," observed Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, who had been carefully exploring her husband's boot; "Say, dear, I think I have found out what the trouble is. It isn't a bunion, after all. Here is a peg sticking out here about a quarter of an inch. If you will have that taken out I don't believe you will suffer any more."

Mr. Spoopen-dyke jammed his hat over his eyes, shoved his feet into his slippers, grabbed the obnoxious boot and started for the door with a withering look at his wife as he went out.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, as the front door slammed vindictively; "I don't care. If he has it taken out he has to admit

that I was right, and if he doesn't it will hurt him till he dies. I don't know which will be the worse for him but he will have to do one or the other." And with this crowning triumph still in her mind, Mrs. Spoopen-dyke began to scare the flies out of the room with a sheet, wondering why a fly who has been half smashed against one window frame will insist on coming in at the other window to be smashed over again.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.

All those who know their mind do not know their heart.

The more nature is sad, the more the heartstone is dear.

He will easily be content and at peace whose conscience is pure.

There is a fellowship among the virtues by which one great, generous passion stimulates another.

There are houses where people are bright without mistrusting it, there are others where people are stupid in spite of themselves.

In great cities we look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves in others. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man.

Life, in its very essence, is movement and transition. Not what we have, but what we gain or lose; not what we are, but what we are becoming; not where we stand, but whence we come and whither we go, constitute its real interest and worth.

Post yourself as to what is going on around you. Look out for such men as you think you would like to be, and see what it is that makes them what they are. Note the difference between their way and the ways of the ones you do not like. There is always a reason for a person's being what he is.

The Artful Oriental Races.

Though the annals of artfulness can boast of mourning households where collars have incised stolen plate instead of corpses, and of particular race-horses painted to resemble certain others and sent on long journeys in order that intending backers might be misled, we can not, as a nation, dispute the palm of trickery, mental or manipulative, with some of the Oriental races, whose merit undoubtedly raises them to that bad eminence. Possibly in the special branch of horse-stealing the South American Indian might receive an equal certificate of proficiency with the Arab; but as bold and expert general thieves the Hindoos and Chinese stand unrivaled.

A Chinaman has been known to seize a gentleman's finger and cut it clean off in the midst of a crowd to obtain possession of a ring and escape detection. This immunity is due perhaps to the great resemblance which the faces of a Chinese mob bear to one another in European eyes, rendering individuals absolutely indistinguishable at first, as well as to an ingenious artifice for disguising a broad bladed knife in the semblance of a closed fan such as all Chinese carry. Hindoos will swim or float cautiously along a river at dusk with an old basket or empty gourd over the head, whirling or twisting lazily with every eddy, and braving the crocodiles, to gain an entree to the bungalow they desire to plunder, under the very nose of the proprietor.

Better than Millions.

Robert Burdette talks in his paternal way to young men who have their living to earn. Beginners in life can't have too much of that kind of encouragement:

James G. Fair is worth \$42,000,000, and the whole \$42,000,000 of it, my dear boy, can't make him as happy as you are with the dew of youth in your heart.

If you envy him, if you, with your brown hands and your bright young face with the down just shading your lip, with not a gray hair in your head or a gnawing care in your heart, with the morning sun shining on your upturned face, with the velvet turf under your feet and the blue heavens above your head, with the blood coursing through your veins like wine, with fifty or sixty years of life before you, with mirage after mirage of bright dreams and beautiful illusions and pleasant vanities making the landscape beautiful about you; if you envy this man his gray hairs, and his wrinkles, and his old heart, you are a fool, my boy; and you are scattering ashes on the roses that grow in the morning.

There is lightness in your step, my son, and color in your blood, and the dreams in your heart, and all the love and beauty and freshness of the sunrise, the \$42,000,000 cannot buy.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

"Mother's Dear Comfort."

The kitchen is clean and cozy,
And bright with the sunshine gay,
And "Mother's dear Comfort" for mother sake
Is busily working away
Paring potatoes, and thinking
"It's humdrum work to do,"
But little Miss Comfort is willing and quick,
And the sunbeams are helping her through
For mother is sick and is sleeping,
And baby is quiet at last;
And father 'll be wanting his dinner soon,
The minutes are flying so fast.
Oh, she knows he will kiss her, and love her,
And call her his "Baby Bee;"
But mother's pet name is the truest of all,
For "Mother's dear Comfort" is she.

How Josey Was Caught.

Josey liked to keep office for his "Uncle Doctor," as he called him. But the doctor did not always like to trust him there when he was called away, for Josey had a habit of looking into things that made the doctor fear he might get into mischief, for Josey was a meddlesome boy. One day, however, Josey found himself alone, and began to look at everything on the table. The electric battery pleased him most.

"Ho! I know how to fix this," he said. "If any man came in that wanted electric treatment I could do it as well as Uncle Doctor. There! Now it's all right! Now you take hold of these handles."

The taking hold was very easy enough, but letting go was quite another matter. Any little boy or girl who has ever tried it will know how Josey's arms jingled and ached, but he had to hold on—he could not let go—and there he was, tears running down his face, when his uncle heard his screams and came in.

"You got caught that time, Josey," said his uncle when he had set him free. "Now, remember that bad habits hold fast to a boy worse than an electric battery does, and are harder to get rid of. And meddling is a very bad habit."

"I won't have any more to do with either of them," said Josey.—*Sunbeam*.

The Vain Old Woman.

There was once an old woman so very poor that she had no house, but lived in a hollow tree. One day she found a piece of money lying in the road. Full of joy at her good fortune, she began to consider what she should buy with the money.

"If I get anything to eat," she said to herself, "I shall quickly devour it, and that will be the end of the matter. That will not do at all. If I buy clothes, people will call me proud, and that will not do; and besides I have no closet to keep them in. Ah! I have it! I will buy a broom, and then everybody that I meet will think I have a house. A broom is the thing. A broom it shall be."

So the old woman went into the next town and bought a broom. She walked proudly along with her purchase, looking about her all the time to see if people noticed her and looked envious, thinking of her house. But as no one seemed to remark her, she began to be discontented with her bargain.

"Does everybody have a house except me?" she said to herself, crossly. "I wish I had bought something else!"

Presently she met a man carrying a small jar of oil.

"This is what I want," exclaimed the old woman; "anybody can have a house, but only the truly rich can have oil to light it with."

So she bartered her broom for the oil, and went on more proudly than ever, holding the jar so that all could see it. Still she failed to attract any particular notice, and she was once more discontented. As she went moodily along she met a woman with a bunch of large flowers.

"Here, at last, I have what I want," the old woman thought. "If I can get these, all that see me will believe I am just getting my house ready for a brilliant party. Then they'll be jealous, I hope."

So when the woman with the flowers came close to her she offered her oil for them, and the other gladly made the change.

"Now I am indeed fortunate!" she said to herself. "Now I am somebody!"

But still she failed to attract attention, and, happening to glance at her old dress, it suddenly occurred to her that she might be mistaken for a servant carrying flowers for her master. She was so much vexed by the thought that she flung the bouquet into the ditch, and went home to her tree empty-handed.

"Now I am well rid of it all," she said to herself.—*St. Nicholas*.

A quart of good milk should weigh nearly two pounds and two and one-half ounces.