

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

After a Quarter of a Century.

At a fashionable summer hotel near this city for several weeks an elderly couple have attracted much attention. The husband is tall and fine-looking, and his abundant hair and beard are beginning to be tinged with gray. The wife is a dainty little lady, with prematurely white hair, that contrasts admirably with her clear, rosy complexion. Husband and wife are turned of fifty, but they are full of life and spirit. Their devotion to each other is a pleasing spectacle. They stray about to dark corners of the porch, or find secluded seats in the grounds, and hold converse, apparently, with the zest of young lovers.

The history of their lives is romantic. The husband, who is now a prosperous business man of this city, was a suitor for the lady's hand more than a quarter of a century ago. But her parents objected because he was young and poor. The lovers parted and the lady married a suitor chosen by her parents. Years afterward the young man married. To neither marriage were children born. After nearly twenty-five years of married life the lady became a widow. A year ago the other widower became a widower.

Last winter the widower and the widow met accidentally in this city. The old love was rekindled, and a month ago they were married.—*New York Sun.*

What Wives Are For.

What the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman that, as he puts an arm around her, feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight, who will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspiration. All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory; through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek nothing further than housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by giving a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.—*Cleveland Sun.*

A Poet and Linguist at Seventeen.

When we read of a Mithridates or a Mezzofanti we wonder how a single mind could grasp so many forms of human speech, and are almost inclined to acknowledge the truth of the ancient saying, that with every tongue a distinct individuality is acquired. Great linguistic powers have, however, rarely been combined with poetical talents of a high order, but Elizabeth Kulmann possessed both gifts in a remarkable degree. Although she died at the early age of seventeen, and during her brief life had to struggle with many difficulties, yet by her rare ability and great industry she acquired a complete mastery over eleven languages, and wrote poetry in no less than eight. Goethe and Jean Paul Richter have both borne high testimony to her genius; her German poems alone fill a closely printed octavo volume of more than 700 pages, and her Russian and Italian poetical works are also voluminous. Speaking with the fluency of a native French, Italian, English, Spanish, Portuguese and modern Greek, as well as Russian and German, she was at the same time well versed in Latin, ancient Greek and Slavonian. Her favorite authors were the great poets and historians of Greece. A diligent student of Homer, Pindar, Theocritus, she was engaged on a translation of Hesiod's poems when death cut short her literary career. In her last writings she speaks with sorrow of all she leaves undone, but we may well be astonished at what she has accomplished. Her original works comprise epic poems, lyrics, ballads; and as we peruse them we know not whether most to admire the beauty and simplicity of the language or the marvelous accuracy with which she describes the events of past ages and the scenery of the most remote countries.—*Good Words.*

Fashion Notes.

Black toilets are again in high vogue. Vests of white lace are worn on evening dresses.

Wraps entirely of black jet beads are very fashionable.

Velvet is an exceedingly popular fabric at the present time.

The rage for black hosiery continues. Infants socks are out in black silk.

Wide ribbons are folded into soft belts and tied at the back in very large bows with short ends.

Classic and esthetic styles of dress are still affected by many fashionable ladies both here and abroad.

An effort is being made to bring into fashion again the bordered lace veils worn ten years or more ago.

A charming toilette of cream canvas batiste can be trimmed with a quantity of fine Saxony lace and ruby velvet.

Velvet ribbon trimmings, recently introduced, have already lost favor, having been adopted on very common dresses.

A London dress-maker cuts open overskirts like half shawls, knots the corner and allows it to fall on the left side of the skirt.

It is now quite the fashion to hand-paint your given name upon the handle or panel of your parasol, your pocket-book, glove-top, etc.

Watteau morning dresses have a double box-pleat from the neck to below the waist line, where it merges into the drapery of the skirt.

Curtains are hung on poles and drawn to one side when light is desired. In a word, they hang in straight folds, and not looped back.

Birds are in active demand among milliners. They are used for trimming summer hats, and promise to be a popular garniture during the autumn.

There is a tendency, even in Paris, to wear lower and broader heels on walking shoes. Many ladies have adopted the broad, low English heel.

Reform, the Princess of Wales's tailor-dressmaker, is trimming plain skirts with mohair braid, putting it on in vertical as well as horizontal bands.

Satin is an appropriate and fashionable material for the inner curtains to a drawing-room. The curtains are often triple-lined, the outer lining being a soft Japanese or India silk.

The English fashion of saturating a straw fan with lavender water has been introduced; with the gentle moving of the fan the face is slightly sprinkled with the water and the perfume generally distributed.

Dressmakers are now employing padding just below the waist line in every dress. This does away with the necessity of a bustle, and most ladies find it more comfortable, as well as more convenient.

Waistcoats of almost every shape and material are exceedingly fashionable, but this style of bodice demands the most careful fit and finish, otherwise their introduction will often mar the good effect of an otherwise stylish toilet.

Telegraphy and Mesmerism.

Forty-eight years ago Mr. Joel Sutherland, a member of congress from Pennsylvania, introduced in the house of representatives a resolution requesting the secretary of the treasury to report to the house the propriety of establishing a system of telegraph for the United States. The secretary addressed a circular-letter of inquiry to many scientific and practical gentlemen in different sections of the country inviting their attention to the resolution of congress. The results of this inquiry brought forth many useful and practical suggestions, and urged the necessity of a system of telegraph for public and private purposes. The idea of using electricity as a means of communication between parties many miles apart seemed ridiculous even to many learned statesmen at that time, and it was then characterized as a twin brother to mesmerism and millerism. In the house when an appropriation of \$30,000 was asked to enable Prof. Morse to continue his experiment with the magnetic telegraph, it was moved to divide the amount between Prof. Morse and Mr. Fish, to enable the latter, who was an expert in mesmerism, to carry on his experiments in the mesmeric art. When it came to the attention of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, in the United States senate, he said: I rejoice at the invention of the magnetic telegraph and look forward to the time when it will be of great value to the business interests and commerce of the country, and do not doubt that the time will come when electricity will be extensively applied in the arts and commerce of the world.—*Washington Republican.*

Ramrod Bread.

As a curious souvenir of the war, Albert Ross has preserved in a glass case a piece of what was known in the confederate army as ramrod bread. It was made by stringing out a piece of dough and twisting it around a ramrod and then baked by suspending on two forked sticks. The piece preserved by Maj. Ross was baked in 1864 in East Tennessee.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The Navajos Indians make blankets which are so closely woven that they hold water.

The cholera, says somebody, has appeared at exact intervals of seventeen years, namely 1832, 1849, 1866, and 1883.

Many of the old tall clocks now so much admired are made in Berkshire, with works from Connecticut, and are less than a year old when bought for genuine antiquities.

A good Cremona violin has fifty-eight divisions. The back, neck, sides and circles are of sycamore; the belly, base-bar, sounding-post, and six blocks of deal; the finger-board and tail-piece of ebony.

The Chinese have a law that if the elder brother in a family should have no children when fifty years of age, he may claim the eldest son of any of his younger brothers, and make him his heir.

You can hear the whistle of a locomotive 3300 yards, the noise of a train 2800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1800 yards, the roll of a drum 1600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, and a cricket's chirp, 800 yards.

How many (says an exchange) know that a horse gets up before and a cow gets up behind, and the cow eats from her and the horse eats to him. How many know that a surveyor's mark upon a tree never gets any higher from the ground, or what trees bear fruit without bloom?

Bayard Taylor used to say that of all men he had ever seen, Hawthorne was the most remarkable for possessing eyes that flashed fire, the pupils being so dilated as to render the iris invisible. Gladstone has similar eyes and some of his friends attributed to them Queen Victoria's lack of fondness for that statesman. Her majesty, they say, has on several occasions been actually terrified by Gladstone's gaze.

A Father Hubbard.

The other day as old Major Solman, announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of the church, his wife appeared, wearing a mother Hubbard dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments, and asked:

"Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that?"

"It's a mother Hubbard, Jeems."

"Air you goin' to wear it to church?"

"Why, certainly, Jeems. The mother Hubbard is all the fashion now."

"Well, I'm glad to know it," the old man replied. "Just wait until I get ready, and we'll go."

The old man went out into the kitchen, took a couple of meal sacks, cut the bottoms out, sewed the tops together, and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned, his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment, and exclaimed:

"Great goodness, Jeems, what's that?"

"Father Hubbard," the old man replied.

"You're not goin' to wear them sacks, are you?"

"I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got as much right to wear these meal bags as you have to go in that bran sack."

"I'll take off."

"All right; off goes the father Hubbard," and turning away, he added to himself, "Only one to beat a woman, and that is by agreein' with her. Ef it hadn't been for the daddy Hubbard I'd a been in a mighty bad fix."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Peanut Flour.

No doubt, ere long, "peanut flour" will be an important product of the south. Virginia is set down this year for 2,100,000 bushels, Tennessee for 250,000, and North Carolina at 135,000 bushels, these being the chief states engaged in their cultivation, and those in which they were first introduced from Africa. In Virginia they are called "peanuts," in North Carolina "ground-peas," in Tennessee "gobbers," and in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi "pinders." Virginians are beginning to turn the peanut into flour, and say it makes a peculiarly palatable "biscuit." In Georgia there is a custom, now growing old, of grinding or pounding the shelled peanuts and turning them into pastry, which has some resemblance, both in looks and taste, to that made of cocconut, but the peanut pastry is more oily and richer, and, we think, healthier and better every way. If, as some people believe, Africa sent a curse to America in slavery, she certainly conferred upon her a blessing in the universally popular peanut, which grows so well throughout the southern regions that we shall soon be able to cut off the now large importation altogether.—*Savannah (Ga.) Telegram.*

DEATHS FROM FRIGHT.

Instances, Ancient and Modern, Collected from Authentic History.

The distinction between fright and fear ought always to be borne in mind. Fear can be mastered by an effort; fright has come and gone before the brain has had time to come to the conclusion that an effort is possible. There is no fear in human beings so strong as the fear of death, and yet, "there is no passion in the mind of man," says Bacon, truly enough, "so weak but it meets and masters the fear of death. Revenge triumphs over it; loveslights it; honor aspires to it; grief fleeth to it; fear preoccupieth it." Pity, which is the "tenderest of passions," led many to kill themselves from compassion for Otho's suicide. *Evo tedium vite*, mere utter weariness of doing the same thing over and over again, will lead a man to defy his inborn fear of death. But what passion can guard against fright?

A Hebrew, according to Lodovick Vives, once crossed a narrow plank over a torrent, in the dark, and, visiting the place next day, saw the extremity of his last night's risk, and died of—what? Not of fear, obviously, because there was nothing to be afraid of, but possibly of fright. So, again, persons have been known who always fainted at the smell of certain flowers, notably, that of the May blossom, but it would be ridiculous to accuse them of being afraid of Hawthorn.

Surgeon-general Francis, of the Indian medical service, tells of a drummer who was suddenly aroused from his sleep by something crawling over his naked legs. He imagined it was a cobra and his friends, collected by the outcry, thought so too, and he was treated accordingly. Incantations, such as are customary with the natives on such occasions, were resorted to, and the poor fellow was flagellated with twisted cloths on the arms and legs in view partly to arouse him, but principally to drive out the evil influence (spirit) that for the time being had taken possession of him. With the first dawn of light the cause of the fright was discovered in the shape of a harmless lizard, which was lying crushed and half killed by the side of the poor drummer, but it was too late. From the moment when he believed that a poisonous snake had bitten him he passed into an increasing collapse until he died. The drummer was not a strong lad, and the shock was too much for him.

The most remarkable death from the accident of fright was that of the Dutch painter, Penteman, in the seventeenth century. He was at work on a picture in which were represented several death heads, grinning skeletons and other objects calculated to inspire the beholder with a contempt for the vanities and follies of the day. In order to do his work better he went to an anatomical room, and used it for a studio. One sultry day, as he was drawing those melancholy relics of mortality by which he was surrounded, he fell off into a quiet sleep, from which he was suddenly aroused. Imagine his horror at beholding the skulls and bones dancing around the room like mad, and the skeletons which hung from the ceiling dashing themselves together. Panic stricken, he rushed from the room, and threw himself headlong from a window to the pavement below. He sufficiently recovered to learn that the cause of his fear was a slight earthquake, but his nervous system had received so severe a shock that he died in a few days.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by an accident of fear. He was one day sleeping in an armchair, when his wife, Louisa of Mecklenburg, who had for some time been hopelessly insane, escaped from her keepers and made her way to the king's private apartments. Breaking through a glass door she dabbled herself in blood, and in a raging fit of delirium cast herself upon the king. The latter, who was not aware of the hopelessness of her lunacy, was so horrified at the appearance of a woman, clad only in linen and covered with blood, that he imagined, with a superstition characteristic of the age, that it was the White Lady whose ghost, according to the time-honored tradition, invariably appeared when death was around the house of Bradenburg. He was seized with a fever and died in six weeks.

More ridiculous was the death of the French marshal, De Montrevel, "whose whole soul," says St. Simon, "was but ambition and lucre, without ever having been able to distinguish his right hand from his left, but concealing his universal ignorance with an audacity which favor, fashion and birth protected." He was a very superstitious man, and one day a salt cellar was upset at a public dinner in his lap, and so frightened was he that he arose and announced that he was a dead man. He reached home and died in a few days.

few days, in 1716, literally scared to death by the absurd casualty of a salt-cellar's turning over.—*London Globe.*

Forced Labor in Egypt.

The conditions of forced labor do not seem to differ much in the different parts of the country. Nowhere do the laborers receive any pay or food or shelter, while their treatment by their task-masters would seem to be simply brutal. Mr. Stuart describes the system as he saw it in operation in the province of Keneh, in Upper Egypt. A cut of about eighteen feet in depth had to be made through a conglomerate of sand and gravel; this was flanked right and left by high embankments constructed of the material taken from the trench, and along the bottom and on the slopes "men swarmed thickly, like bees on a honey-comb, for a distance of about a mile in length." The entire strength of the impressable labor in the province, amounting to about 40,000 men, was concentrated on this work.

The men toiled from sunrise to sunset, with the thermometer at 82 degrees in the shade, having only a brief interval at midday for a meal of bread soaked in unfiltered Nile water. This, with a similar meal before beginning and after leaving off, constituted the day's dietary. The laborers provided their own baskets for carrying the excavated soil, and their own tools, when they used any, but most employed their fingers. Overseers walked about among them armed with sticks, with which they struck the men while they were carrying loads upon their heads, often without any apparent reason. At night they slept upon the ground almost without clothing, and quite without shelter, though the air was often very cold. Mr. Stuart has often seen negro slaves at work in the cotton plantations of Cuba, and the convicts at Portland, and both were to be envied, in his opinion, by the side of these fellows.—*London Globe.*

Origin of Names of the Fabrics.

Everything connected with one's business is of importance. Very few dry-goods men know the origin of the names of the goods they handle. They may seem trivial points, but they are of interest to the man who seeks to be thoroughly familiar with the merchandise in which he deals. For the information of such we give the derivation of the names of the following goods: Damask is from the city of Damascus; satins from Zaytown in China; calico from Calicut, a town in India, formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, and where calico was also printed. Muslin is named from Mosul in Asia. Alpaca is from an animal of Peru, of the llama species, from whose wool the fabric is woven. Bukram takes its name from Bohara; fustian comes from Fostat, a city of the middle ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended. Taffeta and tabby from a street in Bagdad. Cambric from Cambrai. Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize from Bajaz; dimity from Damietta, and jeans from Jean. Druggie is derived from a city in Ireland, Drughka. Duck comes from Torque, in Normandy. Blanket is called after Thomas Blanket, a famous clothier connected with the introduction of woollens into England about 1340. Serge derives its name from Nerga, a Spanish name for a peculiar woolen blanket. Diaper is not from D'Ypres, as is sometimes stated, but from the Greek "diaspron," figured. Velvet comes from the Italian *velute*, wooly (Latin *velus*—a hide or pelt). Shawl is from the Sanscrit *sala*, floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandanna is from an Indian word, meaning to bind or tie, because they are tied in knots before dyeing. Chintz comes from the Hindoo word "chett." Delaine is the French "of wool."

The Longevity of Stones.

Dr. Julian of Columbia college, comes to the following conclusions in regard to the life of stones, defining life as the period during which the stone presented a decent appearance: Coarse brownstone, best used out of the sun, from 5 to 15 years; laminated fine brownstone, from 25 to 50 years; compact fine brownstone, from one to two centuries; Nova Scotia stone will probably last from 50 to 100 years; Ohio sandstone, the best of the sandstones, 100 years; Caen stone, from 35 to 40 years; coarse dolomite marble, 40 years; fine marble, 60 years; pure calcareous marble, from 50 to 100 years; granite, from 75 to 200 years, according to variety; bluestone is as yet untried, but will prove a good building material. Some of the causes that produce decay in stones are, first, solutions are hydrations of the stones and heat of the sun.

The mammoth Russian variety of sunflower is grown on some of the Western cattle ranches to supply the deficiency of wood for fuel

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

For they conquer who believe they can.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.

Warmth of feeling is one thing, permanence another.

Let every eye negotiate for itself, and trust no agent.

A heart overflowing with feeling draws love like a magnet.

The deepest feeling often lies in silence; the lightest in words.

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools.

Well-directed toil will insure success in every walk of life, high or low.

Hardship and toil are necessary for development of power and strength of character.

Do good and be good, and despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, some one will love you and greet your coming.

The world would be much better off if the pains taken to analyze the subtlest moral laws were given to the practice of the simplest.

By rousing himself, by earnestness by restraint and control, the wise man may make for himself an island which no flood can overwhelm.

Music is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.

THE SQUATTER'S DAUGHTER.

Why She Did Not Marry a Man of Education.

"Light and look at yer saddle," said the squatter's daughter, as a man stopped at the fence. The man who had been several weeks in the neighborhood, and who had become so well acquainted with the girl that her handsome face was ever before him, advanced to where she was sitting, and lingeringly shook the hand which she extended to him:

"How are you, Emily?"

"Just rate, never felt better nor had less."

"Where's all the folks?"

"Scattered. Dad's gone to the still-house, mam's gone to a quiltin', Bob's lyin' around loose, somewhat, and Dick's drunk, I speck."

"Emily," said the visitor, seating himself in the door way, "don't you know that dressed in anything like a stylish way, you would be one of the handsomest girls I ever saw?"

"Wall, Lor, I hadn't thought about it."

"Wouldn't you like to wear fine dresses?"

"Now, you're shoutin'."

"And have a good education?"

"I don't kere so much about the eddycation, 'cause I'm sorter 'spicious 'bout book sense. Real old hoss sense is the kind to have, an' ef a person's got the hoss sense, he don't need the book larnin', an' ef he haint' got the hoss sense he can't take book larnin' to any great shakes."

"You are mistaken. Education accomplishes wonders, and without our great colleges and schools this entire country would soon be worse than it was when first discovered."

"I know jes' what I'm er talkin' about," she replied, "an' thar ain't no use you tryin' ter talk book larnin' agin me, 'cause I've got the fingers. A mighty eddycated feller come to see me fur a long time, and folks lowed we'd marry, an' I reckon we would ef it hadn't er ben that his eddycation proved to be a failure. One day at a log rollin', Tony Diver, the runt of the neighborhood, arter hearin' my eddycated man blow a powerful chance, went up to him an' said: 'Look a hear, cap'n, you've ben talkin' 'bout your eddycation for some time, now I want to show you that it don't amount to nothin', an' tellin' the smart man to cut his capers, Tony grabbed him. They scuffled aroun' a while, an' finally Tony flung him. Tony don't know a letter in the book, an' when it was diskivered that the fellow's eddycation didn't amount to anythin', pap he come home an' sez 'Emily, that smart man 'o you'n was flung down jes' now by Tony Diver. Ef yer marry him I'll drive yer from under my roof, an' you shan't come back no mo'.' 'Pap,' s'I, 'I ain't a goin' ter fling myself away.'"

"Emily, do you think that you could live happily with me?"

"Look a here, ef Gabe Johnson knowed yer was er talkin' ter me that er way, he'd chaw yer mane."

"What are you engaged to him?"

"It hits me that er way."

"I must say that I don't think he's—"

"Hole on, right thar. Didn't he whip the doctor at Dry Fork t'other day, an' didn't he slap the jaw offen the county judge? Yer can't set here an' talk about a man yer s'c' 'complishments. Get on that hoc' ar' mosey.—*Arkansas Traveler.*