

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Bless the Average Woman.

The wisest men unite in the belief that intensely intellectual women are not always the most desirable companions. Auerbach, in "On the Heights," describes the Countess Irma with all her wit, grace and beauty as "an unspeakably fatiguing woman, requiring an everlasting firework display of mind." Pyrotechnic displays are wonderful and delightful, but an eternal Fourth of July, mental or material, would soon wear out the staunchest man. Bless the dull day and the average woman. Each has its niche to fill.

The Beautiful Woman.

There is a woman whose whole nature is beautiful, and, being beautiful, is noble, chaste and true; whose life is the outward expression of the inward thought, and who cannot choose but set forth the lesson of loveliness drunk in with her very being; whose mind makes itself seen as much in the graceful fashion of her dress as in the sweet words which fall from her lips, as much in the rhythmic offering of her household as in the glorious teachings of her children. Such a woman gathers round her forms of beauty, both outward as well as spiritual, as flowers gather dew by night to fashion it into living food by day. She is never heard to use a vulgar word, never known to do a graceless deed, nor seen to prefer a meaner taste. Her soul is a noble lyric set to gentle music, a low, sweet chant with words of love for the cathedral verses. This is the woman who elevates and purifies, and whose lessons of beauty and outward harmony have a deeper meaning than lies on the surface, and spring from a nobler source than mere artistic taste.—*Providence Journal.*

The Engagement Ring.

About the happiest day in the life of a young lady is the day upon which she receives an engagement ring. She will hold her hand up and look at the ring from all points and admire it, and assure Adolphus that he is just too awful nice for anything for giving it to her. And she always wears it that day, no matter what happens. If the ring is too large for her, she will ram bits of wood under it, just as a boy puts branches of trees and other things under his skate straps to keep his skates on. And, after she gets it fixed to suit her, she starts out to call on her friends. They will know before she arrives that she has received a ring, and are on the qui vive. They either tell her it is very pretty, or else pretend not to notice it at all, in either of which cases the recipient of the ring is delightful beyond description. Because if they compliment her she thinks that they are affecting an indifference to her good luck that they do not feel, and that they will tear her to pieces after her departure. And if they don't say a word or notice the ring the young lady knows that they are wild with envy, and would give their ears to be in her place. And she is glad to think that she has destroyed their happiness. And she calls on every one she knows and removes her gloves at every house, even if she remains therein but two minutes.—*Puck.*

Fashion Notes.

Velvet is all the rage. The favorite balmoral skirt is black. Wool costumes are the correct street wear. Silk underclothing is very much worn. Paris affects English fashions at the moment. Steel soutache appears among metal tie braids. Blouse effects on tight waists remain in favor. Nasturtium red is a fashionable color for bonnets. The newest shopping bags are made of undyed sealskin. Common-sense laced shoes are the most popular for street wear. Long tight-fitting sacques of Jersey cloth are much worn by young ladies. Mitts of soft black wool will be fashionable this winter, worn over kid gloves. Parisian dressmakers discard all sleeves except the close coat sleeve for street costumes. Waistcoats of all kinds, superimposed on the bodice or corsage, grow more and more popular. Colored flannel skirts edged with woolen lace are preferred to white ones or balmorals. Fedora waistcoats are sometimes made of black and white Spanish lace or Escorial lace scarfs. Parisians are combining velvet with Victorienne, Sicilienne, and Bengaline for carriage costumes. The jersey is condemned by the

Princess of Wales, but it enjoys high favor in Paris and in New York.

Tucks are used to excess by some dressmakers, even velvet flounces being trimmed with two or three tucks.

Some of the new greens combine beautifully with other colors, and are becoming alike to the dark and the fair.

All, or nearly all, basques have waistcoats. These are of soft silk or satin on heavy cloth and velvet costumes.

Velvet flounces have deep hems, which are so heavily stitched as to be plainly visible even when the flounces are thickly pleated.

Velvet dresses are full, but in the more elegant costumes they are made so by extra breadths of the material, and not by flounces.

Imported cloth suits are elaborately made of several contrasting materials, such as cloth and velvet, cloth and satin, or Sicilienne.

Long pelisses, made of finely checked tweeds or chevots, and trimmed with five-inch bands of fur, will be much worn upon the promenade this winter.

Scarfs, panels, either plain or kilted, sashes, waistcoats, and Watteau tunics made of Roman striped or plaided mervellux, are again worn as accessories to dresses of a dark monochrome.

Silver clover leaves covered with tiny diamond chippings, made to resemble drops of dew, are among the new designs in fancy jewelry, the set consisting of lace-pin, earrings, hair ornament, slide, and bangle bracelets.

A Salt Lake on Top of a Mountain.

There is a remarkable salt lake, situated one hundred and fifty miles west and south of Albuquerque, in New Mexico, and about fifty miles from the Arizona line. The lake is located on the top of a volcanic mountain, and evidently occupies an extinct crater. The lake is, perhaps, three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and is so strongly impregnated with salt, that a thick crust of pure white salt of a spongy consistency, like floating ice, encrusts the margin. It is so plentiful that it is carried away by the wagon-load. It has been long used by the Indians. The salt is white, of the purest quality and destitute of sand or any foreign ingredient. The texture is porous, much like congealed white foam. There was one specimen inclosing the stem of some vegetable and could be handled like an apple by its stem. But the most curious feature of this lake is a tall circular column, of monument-shaped formation, which rose up near the centre of the lake to the height of one hundred feet, and which appeared to be made of white lava, thrown up by some convulsion during some ancient geological period. The outside of this singular column sloped from the base toward the top, and was rough enough to be ascended. On reaching the top of the cone the interior was found to be hollow, like a tube, and at the bottom there was seen a circular pond of water, with a bright emerald green color in appearance, probably to be attributed to the sparse rays of light which penetrated this huge tube, and were reflected from the smooth, mirror-like surface of the water. A party with some difficulty descended the projecting sides of the bowl, and they found no incrustation of salt on the surface like that on the outside, but on thrusting the hand into the water and withdrawing it, the hand came out perfectly white from the particles of salt that adhered to it. It was evidently a very strong brine.

Burnside and the Dispatch-Carrier.

Referring to a volume from the pen of Mrs. Clark, the widow of a southern lawyer, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean's* Boston correspondent says that in early life she was engaged to be married to General Burnside, and that she actually went to the altar with him, but there changed her mind. The two only met once after that. It was when she was carrying important despatches to Jefferson Davis. She had baked a painful of raised biscuits and hidden the despatches in them. Having been arrested on suspicion, and knowing that General Burnside had command of the nearest division of the northern army, she demanded that she should be taken before him. He recognized her. She said she was going to Mobile and wanted a discharge and a pass. He hesitated a moment, and then wrote out a pass in silence, and gave it to her. "Does that contain your luncheon?" he inquired, pointing to a small basket that she carried in her hand. "Yes." "Let me see it." She opened the basket, displaying the biscuit. "Will you try one, General? They're pretty hard." The General rejected the proffer, and ordered a good dinner for her, and then himself put her on the cars.

NEW STATES.

Glowing Expectations of the Great Mississippi Valley.

When the settlement of Dakota shall have been completed—and this will not require many years at the rate at which population is pouring into that territory at present—the business of founding new States in the west and north-west will be virtually ended. The *St. Louis Republican* says: Wyoming, Montana, Washington, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona, the already organized territories, will gradually and slowly develop into full-fledged members of the Union, but there will be no more such amazing settlements as we have seen on the fat wheat lands of Dakota. Every new State in the west and north-west has been successively the receptacle of an immense tide of immigration which converted it in a few years from a wilderness into a full populated State. But it will not be a great while before the choice lands that have attracted immigrants to the Northwest will have been taken up, and then immigration, instead of flowing in one deep, strong tide in one direction, will break up into many smaller streams and flow over the Mississippi Valley States. These States are not yet fully settled; they are not half settled. Missouri has a population of a little over 2,000,000; it may have 4,000,000 and still be only half settled. Farming lands in the Mississippi Valley States do not command half their real value, and the reason of it is that the immigration from Europe to this country is of a character that seeks very low-priced lands, without regard to situation, and so it has gone into Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota. But farming lands are cheaper in Missouri and parts of Illinois, all things considered, at \$10.00 to \$25.00 per acre than they are in the remote northwest at \$1.25; for in Missouri and Illinois are to be found churches, schools, roads, settled society, cities, towns, adjacent manufacturing, mines and good markets—advantages which are cheaply estimated at 20 cents a bushel on all the grain raised on a farm. The settlement of the Northwest will not arrest immigration, but it will cause it to deposit itself in the States bordering on the Mississippi river. The tendency of people to move westward cannot be arrested. Europeans will continue to come to our shores; thousands of them will settle in the Atlantic States; indeed, they are doing this already, and the manufacturing and mining districts in New England and Pennsylvania are rapidly filling up with foreigners, and the native farmers of the East thus displaced will steadily move into this valley and occupy the lands now overlooked in the eager march to the far West.

How Walking-Canes are Made.

The manufacture of canes is by no means the simple process of cutting the sticks in the woods, peeling off the bark, whittling down the knots, sandpapering the rough surface, and adding a touch of varnish, a curiously-carved handle or head, and tipping the end with a ferrule. In the sand flats of New Jersey whole families support themselves by gathering nanneberry sticks, which they gather in the swamps, straighten with an old vise, steam over an old kettle, and perhaps scrape down or whittle into size. These are packed in large bundles to New York city and sold to the cane factories.

Many imported sticks, however, have to go through a process of straightening by mechanical means, which are a mystery to the uninitiated. They are buried in hot sand until they become pliable. In front of the heap of hot sand in which the sticks are plunged, is a stout board from five to six feet long, fixed at an angle inclined to the workmen, and having two or more notches cut in the edge. When the stick becomes perfectly pliable, the workman places it on one of the notches, and, bending it in the opposite direction to which it is naturally bent, straightens it. The sticks, apparently crooked, bent, warped and worthless, are by this simple process straightened; but the most curious part of the work is observed in the formation of the crook or curl for the handles, which are not naturally supplied with a hook or knob. The workman places one end of a cane firmly in a vise, and pours a continuous stream of fire from a gas pipe on the part which is to be bent. When sufficient heat has been applied, the cane is pulled slowly and gradually round until the hook is completely formed, and then secured with a string. An additional application of heat serves to bake and permanently fix the curl. The under part of the handle is frequently charred by the action of the gas, and this is rubbed down with sandpaper until the requisite degree of smoothness is attained.—*American Merchant.*

A DETECTIVE'S DISCOVERY.

How Mrs. Popperman Grew Suspicious Over a Mysterious Bur.

"Where did these burs come from?" and Mrs. Popperman pulled three real old-fashioned burs from her husband's coat as he lay on the lounge the other evening.

Now, it would have been very easy for Mr. Popperman to have told where the burs came from, but he thought it would be a good joke to mystify his wife, so he pretended to be surprised.

"I—I—don't know."
"Have you been into the country to-day?"
"No."

"Well, it's very singular how a business man can get burs on his clothes in New York."

"Well, I'll tell you. The health officers have planted burdock bushes on Broadway to purify the air and prevent the horses from having the blind stagers. Sometimes I brush up against these bushes."

"Oh!" Mrs. Popperman eyed her husband suspiciously, but said nothing more.

The next morning two more burs were picked from his pants.

"Now, I want to know what this means. I went to New York yesterday on purpose to see if there were bushes on Broadway. There wasn't one. Now I want an explanation."

"Well, I'll tell you, my dear. These are burs. They are the fruit of a remarkable tropical plant which is now on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue hotel. This plant is twenty feet high. Occasionally I go into the hotel, and, while standing under the leaves of this plant, the fruit, which resembles burs, drops on my clothes."

"What is the name of this singular plant?"
"The botanical name is Lumty tum olius."

After Mr. Popperman had departed the next day his wife sought a detective.

"My husband comes home every night with burs on his clothes. Now I want you to follow him and find out where he goes."

The detective undertook to solve the mystery. No burs on Mr. Popperman's clothes that night—nor the next. The third night he returned with the usual complement. The next day the detective called upon Mrs. Popperman.

"I have discovered all. I followed your husband two days. He attended strictly to his business. The third day he left his office about 2 o'clock, and—"
"Went into the country?"

"No, ma'am. He came to Brooklyn and rode to the vacant lot which he has just purchased on Schermerhorn street. While superintending the erection of a fence around the lot he often came in contact with the burdock bushes, and there is where he gets the burs."

"Oh, I am so glad. You have done your work well. Good day, sir."

That evening when Mr. Popperman returned his wife threw her arms around his neck and said: "My dear, I'm so glad to know that you are not a villain."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, about those burs, you know. I put a detective on your track and he told me that you got the burs in that lot on Schermerhorn street, and that you are innocent."

"Ha! ha! So you put a detective on my track, did you?"

"Yes."

"Good joke," and Mr. Popperman laid back in his chair and fairly roared with laughter.

"Yes, dear, and here's the detective's bill, which you have got to pay."

"To shadowing Mr. Popperman for three days, at \$9 per day, \$27."

The laughter subsided, and for an hour it was so quiet that you could have heard a bur drop.

Increase of Salmon.

There have been fears expressed that the enormous consumption of salmon in this country will cause a scarcity of that delicious food fish. But these fears are groundless. At Astoria, Oregon, all the offal of the salmon used for canning is thrown into the sea at the shore, the canneries being so situated that the Pacific ocean at the mouth of the Columbia river receives all this refuse. According to the *Portland Oregonian* this seeming wastefulness is a means of constant reproduction of the salmon. The first operation in the canneries, the writer says, is to relieve the fish of their entrails, fins, heads, and spawn, and these are in almost every instance dropped into the river. Much of the spawn is, of course, eaten by fish or destroyed, but a goodly share finds lodgment in the bottom, where it hatches. It is a well-known fact that the water about the canneries fairly swarms with young fish during the summer and fall.

A Precious Pair.

Sinnie Pippin is a yellow-haired girl, tall and wiry, about nineteen years old, and weighs about 115 pounds. She runs in the woods with Fayette, and they live there together more like Indians than white people. As soon as Fayette gets hold of any plunder, Sinnie comes to town and sells it for him, and buys coffee, cartridges and such things as he needs, and goes back into the woods, and they start out on another expedition. Once they commit a robbery, they start off as fast as they can through the woods, sleeping in the day and travelling in the night, until they get into another country or across the Kentucky line, but always manage to get a good way from the robbery before people commence to hunt for them. Anderson's plan is to meet a man travelling along the road, find out what he can about him by talking friendly-like, and if he thinks the stranger is worth robbing, he will take a short cut through the woods, and be waiting in the bushes when the stranger passes along the road. "Halt and throw up your hands," is the first thing that the wayfarer hears, and before he has time to collect his thoughts, Anderson has a pistol muzzle up against his temple, and is going through him with his left hand. Will Fayette Anderson fight?

Well, I just believe he is one of the gamest men in the world. Deputy sheriff Bailey McClellan, of Putnam county, shot him about a year ago and broke his arm badly. What do you think Anderson did? Well, he and the girl went to a spring in the woods, and she kept bathing his arm with cold water, washing it and keeping the wound clean, and the bone knitted up. His arm has recovered so well that he is able to handle a six-shooter with as much ease as most any of them; leastwise he has never been captured yet, and there have been plenty of people after him, and game ones too. But Sinnie, his girl, makes it hard to capture him, because she lays around the towns in Putnam, Smith and Overton counties, and gets all the news and carries it to him. This keeps him posted and puts him on his guard.

Why don't we capture Sinnie Pippin, you ask? Well, we have had her in jail, but being a woman, we couldn't get anything against her, so we had to turn her out on the range again, and this precious pair keep robbing and running by night, and sleeping in the woods and mountains by day, and there is no way of doing anything to stop them so far, but their time will come just like all the rest.—*Nashville American.*

Time is Money.

There lives in Pawtucket a man whose whole existence seems to be conducted similar to a piece of machinery. His movements and transactions are always "on time," in fact, his great hobby is time. "Be on time and save time" is his motto. At the same hour every morning he gets out of bed. A few seconds later his right boot is on and then his left, breakfast is finished in a separate time, and he is seen at his place of business just at the stroke of 7. He is constantly enlarging on the immense quantity of time that is wasted and thrown away by every man and woman every hour. He illustrated his hobby the other day in a rather amusing and indisputable manner. A friend presented him with a very fine-looking cat. Calling the next day, he found the cat without any tail, the tail being cut off as close to the body as could be without cutting the tail off behind the cat's ears. When asked why he had done this, he remarked: "I have to let this cat in and out of this store a good many times a day. Now, if that cat had a long tail, don't you see I would have to lose so much time waiting for the tail to go out and in, whereas now I have only to wait for the cat. A tail is of no earthly use to a cat, and especially to this cat, so you will see I have the cat just the same, and only the time in letting the cat in and out, thus saving all that time that would be lost in letting the tail in and out."

A Permanent Boarder.

Mr. Jales was talking to his oldest daughter about a visitor who was at their house.

"How long will he remain?" the young lady asked.

"I guess he will stay here all the time."

"Good heavens, we don't want him."

"But he told me he was going to stay."

"Did he positively say so?"

"Well, not exactly, but he said he'd remain until your mother got into a good humor, and if he really means what he says I guess we might as well prepare for a permanent boarder. At least, daughter, that has been my experience for the 35 years I've been remaining."

The Music of His Chin.

I'm quite a music-loving man,
And would go far to hear
Some German, or an African,
Whose tones are sweet and clear.
But save me from the person who
Will evermore begin,
Determined he will put one through
The music of his chin.

I cannot sing the old songs,
Though I can get them cheap;
Their memory to the past belongs,
So let them idly sleep.
But worse than old songs is the friend
Who seeks your time to win.
And who, when started, will not end
The music of his chin.

I've heard steam whistles, brazen gongs,
And bells of every tone;
I've heard the shouts of maddened throngs,
And heard a jacksaw groan.
I've heard a female lecturer sneer
On wicked men and sin;
These are as naught, for now I hear
The music of his chin.

HUMOROUS.

The dentists take the stump during a political campaign.

Our babies—With all their faults we love them still; not noisy.

Has it ever occurred that a milk pitcher is generally a good fly catcher?

A little book just published is entitled "How to Talk." A copy should be placed in the hands of every barber in the land.

The rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust; but it is the unjust who steal the umbrellas and let the just feel the rain.

Speaking of visiting, does it ever occur to you that the telephone girl answers more "calls" in one day than other ladies do in a month?

It is the sagacious remark of a keen observer of tourists, and he offers it to the travelling public, that you can generally tell a newly-married couple at the dinner-table by the indignation of the husband when a fly alights on his wife's butter.

If you are particularly anxious to abuse a man; don't call him a fool, he might be annoyed; don't call him a rascal, he might knock you down; quietly remark, with a heavenly smile, "Mr. you present a fine large margin for improvement."

"It is passing strange," mused the philosopher, "that so many people have died during the last decade, and yet so few of them have come back." Then his wife hit him over the ear with a hassock, and told him to go down to the grocery and get some red herrings for breakfast.

M. Wigglesworth's madame: "It is something I can't understand," said Mrs. Wigglesworth, laying down the paper, "why every Frenchman's first name begins with an M. Here's M. Ferry and M. Wilson and M. Grey and a dozen more." Most bother the Postmaster terribly.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

Clothing and Bodily Heat.

The thinnest veil is a vestment in the sense that it moderates the loss of heat which radiation causes the naked body to experience. In the same way a clouded sky protects the earth against too great cooling in spring nights. In covering ourselves with multiple envelopes of which we augment the protecting thickness according to the rigor of the seasons, we retard the radiation from the body by causing it to pass through a series of stages, or by providing relays. The linen, the ordinary dress and the cloak constitute for us so many artificial epidermises. The heat that leaves the skin goes to warm these superposed envelopes; it passes through them the more slowly in proportion as they are poorer conductors; reaching the surface, it escapes, but without making us feel the chills which direct contact with the atmosphere occasions, for our clothes catch the cold for us. The hairs and the feathers of animals perform the same function as toward their skin, serving to remove the seat of calorific exchange away from the body. The protection we owe to our clothes is made more effectual by their always being wadded with a stratum of warm air. Each one of us thus has his own atmosphere, which goes with him everywhere, and is renewed without being cooled. The animal also finds under its fur an additional protection in the bed of air that fills the spaces between the hairs; and it is on account of the air they enclose that porous substances, furs and feathers keep warm.

Experiments to determine the degree of facility with which different substances used for clothing allow heat to escape were made by Count Rumford, Senebier, Boeckmann, James Starck and M. Coulter. The results were not in all cases consistent with each other, but they indicated that the property is dependent on the texture of the substance rather than on the kind of material, or—as concerns non-luminous heat—its color.—*Popular Science Monthly.*