

A NEW PARLOR GAME.

WHOEVER FIRST COMES ALONG WITH IT WILL GET RICH.

Any Trivial Little Thing Easily Becomes a Craze—Fun With Bean Bags—Paraphernalia of the Game—Drawing a Pig.

"The man who will invent a new parlor game that will catch the fancy of society needn't trouble himself about the little cares of this life," said a society man. "All the circles high and low are thirsting for something new, and whoever gets in with it first is sure to make a fortune. Now, to show you how easily a trivial little thing becomes a craze, I have only to call your attention to the bean bag game. It isn't the old bean bag that you toss from one row or line of persons to another, but a game that requires a little skill in throwing. That's the secret of the whole thing—the throwing. You want a number of bean bags of different sizes, a piece of painted canvas, with a hole in it, and appliances to stretch the canvas between the folding doors dividing two parlors, and when you've got them you've got the new craze complete. I've seen twenty married men and women throwing bags at the hole in the canvas for two hours, and they seemed to enjoy it so much that they were reluctant to stop and go home. If you hear a business man complain of a sore shoulder you can truthfully suspect him of bean throwing. There is a sort of excitement about the game that makes it popular, but it won't run very long. Men like it because they want to demonstrate to their wives that they can throw straighter than women; also because it makes them think of the days when a shining silk hat was a mark for a snowball or a brick.

TEN SIZES OF BEAN BAGS.

"Of course there are prizes for the best throwers as there are for the best players of progressive euchre, and once the things get in motion everybody does his best to get the best prize. There are ten sizes of bags, and they count from 10 to 100, the latter of course being the largest bag. A thrower begins with the ten, and if he succeeds in putting it through the hole in the canvas he tries to send the twenty bag after it, and continues to throw until he scores a miss, when he has to give way to the next person on the list. The paraphernalia of the game, as you can see, is simple, yet it can be made to cost a good deal of money if anybody has a notion for costly things. I am credibly informed that the genius who invented it has already made \$30,000 from the manufacture and sale of bags and canvas, and that his profits are increasing every day.

"There is another form of amusement that is coming into favor very rapidly, though it isn't nearly as popular as the bean bag. It is the drawing of objects on paper and slates blindfolded. I was at a party the other night when a contest of this kind was gotten up by some of the ladies, and it proved a source of genuine fun.

"Now," began one of the ladies who proposed the game, "I will blindfold Mr. M— and let him try to draw a pig." Mr. M— was accordingly blindfolded, a pencil was put in his hand, and he began to trace the outlines of a porker on a piece of drawing paper. It was funny, I tell you, to watch that pig as he drew it. When he got through and removed the handkerchief from his eyes to catch a glimpse at his work he just said, "That ain't a pig. I can do better than that."

"He was right. It wasn't a pig, and it would have taken a greater genius than any that saw it to have likened it to any object to be found above ground. There were two or three stock yards men in the party, men who buy and sell hogs every day, and not one of them came nearer a pig than a pig itself could if it had a pencil. All this may look trivial to persons who don't get a great deal of parlor entertainment, but I assure you it was good fun for everybody there. It doesn't take much to amuse people who are at all inclined to be domestic in their tastes, and the simpler the game the more popular it will become. That's why progressive euchre has stood so long."—Chicago Herald.

Georgia Dialects.

In former days Georgia—that is the great crackerdom of Georgia—was settled from little colonies of other states and countries. Thus, each section preserved traces of the local dialect spoken in the region whence the settlers emigrated. In the mountain countries people say "weuns" and "youuns," "kin youuns" and "weuns" the way, etc. In wire grass Georgia these expressions are not used except in rare instances. In the mountains they call it a "hunk o' bread," meaning a piece. In the wire grass it is a "chunk o' bread." So it goes. What is common in one section is strange in another.

What is said of the whites is especially true of the negroes. The negroes of the northern and middle counties speak a dialect that is in many ways different from the outlandish gibberish jargon of the salt water darkeys, whose gabble is about as intelligible as the chatter of rice birds that infest their own tide water plantations. And yet the guileless author will hear a conversation between two city hackmen and retire to his study and evolve a dialect sketch that is a cross between the tarweed twaddle and the talk of the typical dude minstrel with formidable shirt front and burnt cork accompaniments.—Atlanta Constitution.

His Salary Didn't Go Up.

"I had been working for three years for one of our old time wholesale houses," said a Detroit worker who was calling up reminiscences, "and I finally concluded that I ought to have a raise of salary. I began on \$4 per week and was raised to \$6, but there it had stuck for two years. The head man of the firm was a cold, stiff, snubbing man, who seldom recognized an employee and was known to me only by the name of the subject nearest to my heart, but one day I did into the private office when I knew he was alone.

"Well, sir," he snaps out, short as pie crust. "I—came to—to—"  
"Come to what, sir?"  
"I—came to ask you if you—you didn't think?"  
"See, here, William," he said as he wheeled around on me, "if my daughter loves you, and you love her, I've no objection to your marriage. Fix it up between you and don't bother me again."

"The old reynard! He had a daughter, but I had never spoken to her in my life, and he knew it. He answered me the way he did to stop me from asking for a raise of salary. It was a year and a half after that before I was lifted to \$8 per week."—Detroit Free Press.

His Remarkable Strait.

A diner-out who had had more than his share of the wine was carefully feeling his way home at night, when he unfortunately stumbled against the circular railing which surrounded a statue. After having gone around it about seven times, the hopelessness of his situation flashed upon him, and he sank down upon the pavement outside with a despairing shriek. "The seconds! They've shut me in here!"—Chicago Tribune.

DRESSER TO ADELAIDE NEILSON.

Hannah Leone's Occult Influence Over the Great Actress—Modjeska's Notion. Hannah Leone's history has never been told, and as it gives an interesting page in theatrical history it is worth relating. Hannah many years ago married a worthless fellow named Leone, and after enduring with him for a few years she finally left him and accepted the position of a dresser to Adelaide Neilson. Hannah is a short, hump-backed woman, but she has pleasing features and some call her pretty. From the time she first accepted the position with Neilson, up to the time that talented actress' sad death, Hannah performed her duties without ever making a mistake. Her duties as a dresser consisted in packing and unpacking her mistress' wardrobe and in dressing Neilson for the stage. As Hannah was obliged to know where every article was and at a minute's notice be able to place her hand upon it, it may readily be seen that her duties were not only onerous, but that they also required a great deal of headwork to successfully perform.

Hannah exercised some strange occult influence over Neilson, and it is said that the most beautiful but most wayward woman feared and loved to one but her, and that one look from Hannah's clear eyes had more influence over her than the prayers and entreaties of a hundred friends. Certain it is that Neilson loved the quiet little woman, for after her (Neilson's) will was read it was found that she had bequeathed to Hannah Leone the most beautiful and valuable set of jewels of her priceless collection.

After Neilson's death in Paris Hannah returned to this country, and for some time remained in privacy; but in 1882 or 1883 she became Modjeska's dresser, and she was with the latter until last fall.

Modjeska, like other great actresses, has her pet superstitions. First among them is that if she goes on the stage at the first production of a new piece without rubbing her hand over a humpbacked person's back the play will be a dismal failure. Hannah, on account of her hump, was invaluable to Modjeska, but owing to some disagreement she was finally discharged.

At the production of "Daniel" in New York a short time since, after everything was ready, Modjeska refused to allow the piece to go on unless she could rub her hand over a humpbacked person's back. The stage manager was in agony until he happened to spy a humpbacked man in the audience. The manager quietly had him called upon the stage, and after Modjeska had daintily caressed his hump with the tips of her fingers she consented to make her entrance upon the stage, and the play moved smoothly on.

Hannah Leone is a finely educated woman, speaking three or four different languages, and it is owing alone to the great love she bore Neilson that she has never risen to a higher place in the world. She is living at present in New York, quietly, on one of the uptown streets. She has had many offers from great actresses to enter their service, but has not considered any of them favorably.—New York Star.

The Culinary Artist's Despair.

The French delegation sent over to the inauguration of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty was entertained at dinner by the Union League club. And what a supper! A supper such as only the wedding feasts of Gamauche could give an idea. The dishes served were of the most exquisite and costly description; the confectionery was of the most learned and artistic sort; dish after dish came on selected from a bill of fare which covered no less than an enormous page of closely printed text. Nothing, in fact, was wanting except the appetite to do honor to a banquet worthy of Saranapalms. At midnight the first course was still in progress. The chairman thereupon took a decisive step. He summarily put a stop to endless pageant, and ordered champagne to be served.

I have since learned that this firm resolve on the part of the chairman proved almost a death blow to the cook of the club, an Italian, whose amour propre was at stake. He had dreamed of out rivaling his most formidable competitors of New York by setting before real connoisseurs a repast which, from first to last, should prove a gastronomic crescendo of the highest order. In his despair, the cook was with difficulty prevented from thrusting, not a sword like Vatel, but he had none—but a kitchen knife through his body. Kind words, however, brought him round to a calmer mood. Take consolation, O grand culinary artist! for the French delegation, despite its poor appetite, has retained a lasting sense of your merits.—M. Charles Bigot in Paris Revue-Bleue.

Take Sufficient Drink.

Medical authorities now declare that it is of vital importance to health that the system should receive daily a sufficient quantity of water to amount to what sailors would call a "flushing," that is, sufficient to wash away the waste. Most of the matter which should be excreted is solid, and requires a comparatively large volume of fluid to dissolve it so that it may be cast off, an example of which may be seen in the case of uric acid, which needs several thousand times its weight in water to dissolve, or else it crystallizes in the shape of calculi, or produces other disease. Three and a half pints of water or other clear fluid, not obstructed by semi-solid contents, should be taken daily by every adult, and by large people as much as four and a half or five pints, in order to keep the cells of the kidneys well washed out, the effete waste matter from the possibility of depositing itself where it may do harm, and the system in health generally.—Harper's Bazar.

How Donkey Parties are Conducted. Donkey parties are the latest thing in the way of a social gathering in Milwaukee. A large audience representing a tallness donkey is cut out of paper or cloth and fastened upon the wall. To each guest are given a cannie tail and a pin. They are blindfolded, one by one, placed in a corner opposite the donkey, whirled three times around, and then started on a blind search for the donkey, upon which, if they reach it, the tail is to be pinned. If the guest goes in another direction and stumbles against a wall, door, chair, or anything else, there he must leave the tail. The movements of the blindfolded are apt to be ludicrous. The person who makes the best effort to place the tail upon the donkey where it belongs receives a present of some kind, while the guest who makes the most unskillful effort gets the booby prize.—New York Sun.

The Paris Bon Marche.

The celebrated shop called the Bon Marche in Paris has a "band" or orchestra composed of 250 of the men and women connected with the establishment. The other evening, writes a correspondent, they gave a concert in the huge halls of the store, and eminent artists like M. Faure, of the Grand opera, were among the singers. There were no less than 7,000 people in the audience.—Chicago Times.

Cure for Bright's Disease.

Some eight or ten years since Gen. Schenck was afflicted with Bright's disease, and never expected to recover, but an old Vermont physician put him on a strict diet of stale bread and skimmed milk, which restored him to health, and he is now enjoying his old age.—Boston Budget.

ON HELEN'S CHEEK.

On Helen's cheek was once a glow,  
An arc of druidland glinted below,  
A silver purpled, glistened beauty  
In tidal swaying to and fro.  
O flush of youth! outliving  
The butterfly's Arabian wing!  
The very argosies of morning  
Bear not from heaven so rich a thing.  
On Helen's cheek a springtide day,  
Fragile and wonderful it lay;  
From Helen's cheek these twenty summers  
Child lips have kissed the bloom away.  
Nay, Time! record it not so fast,  
The reign of roses overpast;  
All victor pomps of theirs encircle  
A loyal woman to the last.

So true of speech, of soul so free,  
Of such a mellowed blood is she,  
That girlhood's vision, long vanished,  
Rounds never to a memory.  
No less in her Love's self desires!  
Up trembling to adoring eyes,  
The sweet mirage of youth and beauty  
On Helen's cheek forever lies.  
—Louise Imogen Guiney in The Independent.

PERSIA'S RAGGED REGIMENTS.

Shabby Soldiers of the Shah—Thieving Officers and Their Plunder. The Persian soldier, even on state occasions, presents generally a rather ludicrous appearance. His uniform is of cotton cloth and mostly of a deep blue color. It is made of what we call shirting, and when new is very suitable clothing in a warm country. But soon the military buttons begin to disappear and are replaced by substitutes of all sorts, shapes, colors and sizes. The hair disappears from the warrior's sheepskin shako, which quickly grows shabby on account of his habitually using it as a pillow. Moreover, the foot coverings of no two men in the regiment are alike, and the whole crew presents a melancholy appearance.

But yet the Persian soldier does a best job. Previous to a review or festival parade he may be seen carefully preparing a plume of white feathers, procured from the nearest domestic fowl, and binding them to a piece of stick. When this martial plume has attained the size of a lamp brush he triumphantly affixes it to a shako. On the occasion of official illuminations composite candles are served out by the local governor at the rate of one to each man. The colonel has, of course, a greater number of men on his list than ever makes an appearance; he keeps the difference. The other officers appropriate half the remaining candles. The non-commissioned officers act (i. e. steal) a certain proportion, and at length one candle is served out to every five men. This is divided into five portions, a new wick is inserted, and when the regiment is paraded, at a given signal a box of matches is passed round, and the regiment triumphantly presents arms with a lighted candle in each man's moustache as per general order.

The pay of the Persian soldier is nominally seven toman (£2 15s) per annum and rations. He is lucky if he gets half his pay, which does not reach him till it has passed through the hands of many persons, his superiors. But his rations of three and a half pounds of bread a day are quite another matter. If his rations are tampered with the soldier mutinies at once, and there is no atrocity of which the Persian soldier robbed of his rations is incapable.—St. James' Gazette.

Men Full of Whims.

No one charging all whims to the account of women. Men are full of them. There are a half dozen tobacco slaves who daily go on 'change, who say they cannot sleep unless a quid of tobacco reposes beneath their tongue. Others tell of getting up in the night to smoke, and there is one old crank who insists he cannot sleep unless his head is turned toward the north. He has a whim that he is a compass. It is said ex-Artillery General Brewster likes an open grave, but detests the color of coal.

The contrast of the black coal and the red and blue flames was most distasteful to him; so his servant had orders to splash the fuel with whitewash, which he kept on hand for the purpose. Gen. Butler has a whim. Of late years he is seldom without a piece of slippery elm in his mouth, which he declares is an admirable specific for nervousness. Years ago Butler was a smoker. Then he took what is known as a dry smoke—that is, he went through the motions of smoking with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. From that he has graduated to slippery elm. Senator Beck's whim is that he cannot speak unless he arises with a penholder in his right hand, which he always slams down upon his desk before he has spoken a dozen words.—Cincinnati Times-Star "Rambles."

Agreeable Orders for Gas.

The fact that several residents of Troy were recently killed by odorous gas has aroused some inquiry as to the use of this dangerous agent. It seems that this fuel gas, which is manufactured and used for various domestic purposes, can readily be made safe, or at least practically so, by giving it an odor which will enable customers to detect its presence, and many patents have been taken out to accomplish this result. It may not be generally known that common gas may easily be made odorous, but that the odor is retained as a protection.

This subject opens some curious fields of observation. Seeing that it is feasible thus to impregnate gas with an odor, why does not modern enterprise combine use and delight by adopting such odors as shall be most agreeable to patrons? Few, for instance, like the present smell of gas, and why cannot it be infused herewith with the essence of mignonette or apple blossom, or yang-yang!—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Electric Photographs.

Not long since were recorded some interesting experiments in which M. Ch. Zenger secured photographs in the darkness of a moonless night through the imperceptible phosphorescence of certain objects which had been brightly illuminated during the day. M. D. Tomasi has now described some even more remarkable effects under the euphonious name of "effluviography." By an exposure of a few minutes' duration he has impressed upon a photographer's sensitive plate an image of an object through which a silent discharge of electricity was passing, this result being obtained when care was taken to insure perfect darkness and with a current of too low tension to give any sign of light. The theory of the experimenter is that a body under electric influence emits "electric rays" analogous to the dark rays of the spectrum.—Arkansas Traveler.

The Globe's Rainfall.

From 34,600 to 35,000 cubic miles of rain falls every year upon the surface of this globe. The rivers carry off barely one-half; the rest disappears by evaporation, by the absorption of the earth, and by being taken up by plants, animals and mineral oxidation.—Chicago Times.

"One Cent Lunch" Stands.

A "one cent lunch" stand having been established in New York city, there is a demand for more of them. The bill of fare is soup, stewed fish, pork and beans, coffee, milk and bread.

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