Facts of Interest To Women Readers.

Symposium of Information, Partly Grave, Partly Gossipy and Partly Gay.

A BACHELOR MAID:

Once there lived a bachelor maiden
Years and years ago (?)
And her mind with truth was laden,
But her heart was cold as snow.
For she thought with good old Plato,
She could live alone;
So she smiled on many a suitor,
But her heart was cold as stone.

Came a bachelor man a-suing
For her friendship true.
This, alas! was her undoing,
As it might have been with you!
For her friendship still he sued her,—
(Such a simple thing!)
Till before she knew he wooed her—
Wooed her with a friendship ring!

Now, although she's fond of Plato,
Her cold heart's grown warm,
And her theories of living
Have imbibed a wondrous charm,
For she says: "'Tis human nature,
Spite of Plato's pen:
Men were made for loving women,
Women made for loving men."

—Kate Field's Washington.

* * *

Fair play for the wife. The world has heard quite enough of Li Hung Chang. What of his superior half? Marchioness Li is described as a very beautiful and, for China, a learned woman, who looks 35 and is 55. Her husband's wealth is fabulous and she spends royally, though she keeps accurate account of every item. In her magnificent home on the banks of the Pei-Ho she lives in great splendor, surrounded by song birds, peacocks, aquaria, pottery, gems, botanical collections and 1,000 attendants and servants. She has 2,000 coats, 1,200 pairs of "trousserettes" and 500 fur robes. Her feet are so small that she is unable to walk more than a few steps, but twice a day she bathes in oil of orange and acacia blooms and takes an airing in a cooly sedan. Finally, she dresses her hair in fifty ways, her favorite coiffure being a la griffin.

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A LYRIC OF LENT.

Girl of the Lenten period,
With softly downcast eyes,
Have you prayed off the surplus force
That in your nature lies?
Have you evolved a litany
To which your steps will dance?
Girl of the Lenten period,
There's mischief in your glance!

You're thinking not of litanies
With penitent refrains,
But of your love's arithmetic,
And counting up your gains
Of poems wrought in needlework,
Of symphonies in gowns,
Of bonnets that at Easter-tide
Shall banish Lenten frowns.

Girl of the Lenten period,
In royal purple clad,
Fair penitent in violet,
Your coming makes me glad!
I love you, pretty devotee,
Whose sins are small and few,
And when I to devotions go
I'll ask to kneel by you.

—Life.

* * *

The wife of the junior senator from Pennsylvania, Mrs. Matthew S. Quay, is pre-eminently a home woman. Ask Mrs. Quay to tell you the romance of her life, writes a Washington correspondent, and she will laugh and tell you she has known Mr. Quay since he was 10 years old, as if that fact precludes all possibilities of sentiment. She is essentially a domestic woman, in the most beautiful acceptation of the world, whose heart is wholly given up to her home, husband and children. To her husband she has been helpmate and inspiration. While politics in the abstract have little attraction for her, any measure that claims her husband's attention is sure of her sympathy and support. Her interest centers primarily in him. Of the ten children that have been born to them five are now living, two sons and three daughters. Mary, the eldest, made her first formal bow to the social world in Washington three winters ago. Coral finished her studies in Europe two years ago and was presented to Washington the following season. Susan, the youngest, is still at school. Her husband's position as a public man and the fact that her children are now of an age to take their place in the world make many demands socially on Mrs. Quay's time. She enters into this phase of her life with the same unquestioning devotion that has made her always the loved companion of both husband and children. She is a graceful hostess, possessed of that rare tact which springs from an innately good heart, and of that most requisite of all attributes in social life, the faculty of bringing out the best in each individual guest and sending him on his way happy. In appearance Mrs. Quay is of medium height, admirably proportioned, with dark hair and eyes, and aristocratic nose and chin and a mouth that to the physiognomist reveals the gentleness of her nature.

* * *

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN BILLVILLE:

Had a woman suffrage meetin' at Billville-on-the-Bend,
With Sister Wilkins in the chair, Miss Jenkins on one end
An' Sairy Jones on t'other, and that air gal o' Brown's
An' Molly Spinks, paradin' round in these new fangled gowns.

An' 'twuz: "Now step lively ladies!
For soon you'll wear a coat,
An' you'll canvass all the country
When you vote, vote, vote!"

They passed a resolution to the 'fect that women rules,
An' orter run the g[illegible]'er'ment as well as teach the schools,
That they ort to be a votin', and a raisin' of a row;
They'd been raised to bakin' biscuits, but the men could bake them now.

An' 'twuz: "Step up lively, ladies!
For soon you'll wear a coat;
An' the men kin mind the babies
When you vote, vote, vote!"

They talked from sun to sundown, an' ther sentiments wuz free;
An' every man in Billville climbed a oak or hick'ry tree!
"the thing is been decided that the womens own the town,
the men'll take the kitchen jest as on as they climb down!

"Step up lively, gentlemen!
me and jerk your coat!
you burn the biscuits,
our wives have gone to vote!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

* * *

t book written by two clev- women are set forth some ning the women-wage-earn- are not without suggestive us. It seems as if the Eng- n, like her American sister, difficulty in entering profes- nd business occupations, but ficulty of getting equal pay for work is common to both nations. Of course, to women of exceptional talent this does not apply, but the great army of workers are struggling with the problem. For instance, a head mistress of a school may get about $1,500 per annum, while assistant mistresses get from $625 to $750, but assistant masters get $700 to $850. Women writers are so poorly paid in England that they were excluded from the Authors' club on the ground that they could not afford to pay the subscription.

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BESSIE BROWN, M. D.:

'Twas April when she came to town;
The birds had come, the bees were swarming,
Her name she said was Doctor Brown;
I saw at once that she was charming.
She took a cottage tinted green,
Where dewy roses loved to mingle;
And on the door, next day, was seen
A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath;
Her hat was darker to enhance it,
The violet eyes that glowed beneath
Were brighter than her keenest lancet,
The beauties of her glove and gown
The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter.
Ere she had been a day in town,
The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,
And swore they never saw such wee things;
The gossips met in purring bands
And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things;
The former drank the doctor's health
With clinking cups, the gay carousers;
The latter watched her door by stealth,
Just like so many mousers.

But Doctor Bessie went her way,
Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,
And drove her buggy every day
Behind a dashing pair of ponies.
Her flower-like face, so bright she bore,
I hope that time might never wilt her,
The way she tripped across the floor
Was better than a philter.

Her patients thronged the village street;
Her snowy slate was always quite full.
Some said her bitters tasted sweet,
And some pronounced her pills delightful.
'Twas strange—I knew not what it meant—
She seemed a nymph from Eldorado;
Wher'er she came, wher'er she went,
Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

Like all the rest, I too, grew ill;
My aching heart there was no quelling;
I trembled at my doctor's bill,
And lo! the items still are swelling.
The drugs I drank you'd weep to hear!
They've quite enriched the fair concocter,
And I'm a ruined man I fear,
Unless—I wed the doctor.

—Jenness Miller Monthly.

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The census reveals some curious facts about the distribution of New York's excess of women. New York city has 20,000 of them; Brooklyn, 17,000; Albany, 5,500; Troy, 5,000; Utica, 3,000; Rochester, 4,000; Syracuse, 1,100. They are all, practically, in the larger cities of the state, the one exception being Buffalo, which has 4,000 more men than women. New York city's business opportunities, which attracts crowds of men, seem to attract quite as many women. Yet the excess of women in New York is comparatively small. The city has 45 women to every 44 men, while Brooklyn has 26 women to every 25 men, and Troy 11 women to every 10 men. Why should it happen that in the suburban counties nearest New York there should be more men than women?

* * *

SELECTED RECIPES:

Minced Veal.—Put the bones of a cold fillet or loin of veal, or any other bones you may have, into a stew pan with the skin and trimmings of the meat. Dredge in a little flour, pour in more than a pint of water, a small onion, sliced, one-half teaspoonful of minced lemon peel, a little mace, if the flavor is liked, a bouquet of sweet herbs, white pepper and salt to taste. Simmer these ingredients for more than hour, then strain the gravy and thicken it with an ounce of butter rolled in flour; boil it up again and skim well. While the gravy is cooking mince the veal, but not too fine. When the gravy is ready put it in and warm it gradually; add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and three teaspoonfuls of milk or cream if you can afford it. Do not let it boil. Pile the mince in the center of the dish, and garnish with sippets of toasted bread and points of lemon. Place three nicely-poached eggs on top, and you will have a very pretty as well as nice dish for the table.

To Boil Eggs.—Put them in a sauce-pan, and pour boiling water over them, cover the dish tight and set back where the water will keep hot, but not boil. Let it stand ten minutes. The effect is quite different from that produced by boiling, both the flavor and the texture of the egg being vastly superior to an egg boiled in the usual manner.

Cutlets of Cold Mutton—Divide the remains of a cold neck of mutton into neat cutlets, trimming off some of the fat; make a good batter with milk, flour and eggs, dip the cutlets in it and throw them into a frying pan full of boiling lard; let them acquire a nice golden color on both sides, and serve hot, piled up around a center of green peas or French beans.

Creamed Cod Fish.—Remove the bones and skin and make a cupful of the fish. Put it into a saucepan, cover with cold water and set it on the back of the stove, where it will keep warm, but not boiling, till softened. If very salty the water will have to be changed, covering it the second time with warm water. Drain thoroughly in a sieve. Put a generous tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, when melted add one tablespoonful of flour, stir till smooth, but not brown, gradually add one cup of rich milk, stir till smooth, then add the fish; let it heat thoroughly and then add the well-beaten yolks of three or four eggs. Let it cook till it thickens, stirring constantly.

Potato Puff.—Wash eight large potatoes of uniform size and bake till just done. When done take them up, break them in two, squeeze out the inside and rub through a sieve. Put a tablespoonful of butter and half a cup of cream into a saucepan and set over the fire; when it boils up add the sifted potato and season highly with salt, pepper, celery salt and chopped parsley. Remove from the fire, and when slightly cool add the beaten yolks of three eggs. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir them in gently. Turn into a shallow baking dish, pile it in a rocky form and bake ten minutes, or until it is puffed and browned. A few tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped meat—beef or chicken—added makes a pleasant variety.

Orange Jelly.—One box of gelatine. Pour on it one pint of cold water. After standing ten minutes add one pint of boiling water, stirring frequently. Put on the stove to simmer slowly until thoroughly dissolved. Take ten medium sized oranges and two lemons; squeeze out the juice and pulp; strain it and add one quart of granulated sugar. Mix all with the gelatine and turn into moulds to stiffen.

Pressed Liver.—Wash a calf's liver thoroughly. Put it in a saucepan, cover with water, add a small onion sliced, one or two slices of carrots, two sprigs of parsley, two bay leaves, a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, sage, summer savory, thyme, sweet marjoram, cloves and allspice, and one or two slices of salt pork. Cover close and simmer until tender. When done chop fine, remove all gristle and fibre and season highly with salt, cayenne and lemon juice, and moisten with a little of the strained broth. Press, and when cold serve cut in thin slices.

Pickled Celery.—This is a novelty that will be greatly admired. Chop up the tender hearts of two or three heads of celery into inch lengths, and put them into a bowl, covering them afterward with a brine strong enough to float an egg. Cover the bowl, and leave the celery to soak for eight or ten days. Then take out the celery and wash it well in cold water, settling it after to drain until nearly dry. Boil in an enamel saucepan a quart of best malt vinegar, with a dessertspoonful of mixed spices, including whole mace, pepper corns, allspice and salt. Pack the celery neatly into a glass jar, and pour the hot, strained vinegar over it. Cover down tightly, and in a week's time it will be fit to serve with any cold viands.

Fruit Cake (Plain).—Half a pound of butter and a pound of sugar, beaten to a cream, add the yolks of four well-beaten eggs, stir till light, then add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, then add one-half pound of English currants, flavor with mace, add a light pound of flour in which has been stirred a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven. This is very good if eaten fresh.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

Strong ammonia and water will take out grease spots.

Sprinkle the inside of damp gloves with violet powder.

For grease spots take equal parts of ether and chloroform.

Keep a dish of water on the back of a tight stove to purify the air.

Darn gloves in buttonhole stitch, repeated till the hole is filled up.

A persistent washing and rinsing in milk will remove an ink stain.

Powdered pipe clay mixed with water will remove oil stains from wall paper.

Add a teaspoonful of ammonia to one teacupful of water for cleaning jewelry.

Try a strip of wood back of the door where the knob hits the paper in opening.

Before laying a carpet wash the floor with turpentine to prevent buffalo moths.

Grease may be removed from woolen goods by sponging it with strong, cold coffee.

To keep paste from moulding but two or three cloves in the paste pot while heated.

Fine laces may be cleaned by being packed in wheat flour and allowed to remain twenty-four hours.

To remove paint from clothing, saturate with turpentine until softened, then wash out with soap and water.

Black silk may be renovated by a thorough sponging of stale beer, then placed between newspapers and pressed with a hot iron.

One cooking school teacher says the making of bread develops, whitens and strengthens the hand, and that really there is no better manicure than kneading the dough.

Two sheets of a newspaper wrapped about ice will keep it half as long again as ice that is uncovered. The paper is much more cleanly than a blanket, and can be renewed every day.

Any woman doing her work may so systematize it that it will be the easiest possible for her. She need not follow any other person's methods, unless they are the very best for her own conditions.

Do not hinder the beauty of a good picture by grouping with it a number of trivial or even of equally good ones. Give it space in which to shine by itself. Other objects beside pictures also detract from them.

To mend gloves neatly commence by working with a glove needle and cotton thread, put a buttonhole stitch all around the hole. In this work another row and so on until it is completely filled up with these delicately made stitches.

The mixture of cotton and wool in the manufacture of cloth has been learned so thoroughly that feeling will detect the presence of cotton. A piece of the goods boiled in a solution of caustic potash will leave only the cotton fibre intact.

A small point for the hostess whose wax candles show a propensity to rapid wasting is that to put them in the ice chest for fully 24 hours before using will increase their burning time very appreciably. They want to be thoroughly chilled.

A method to prevent flannel from shrinking is to hold it over the steam of boiling water. When thoroughly damp it can be immersed. This should be done before the flannel is cut. Skeins of wool to be used in knitting or crocheting are often treated in the same way.

Tomato catsup is many per cent. improved if served hot. To heat with little trouble fill a bottle with enough of the catsup to serve at one time; cork tightly and stand in a dish of cold water, allowing the water to heat gradually to the boiling point. Set in a perforated false bottom under the bottle in the kettle.

The proper way to wash the chamois gloves is not by rubbing or wringing. Put them on the hands and wash gently with a soft silk rag, dipped in soapy water. Then rinse by sponging with clear water. Pat the gloves as nearly free from water as possible. If time is no object it is an excellent plan to let them dry on your hands. If this cannot be done remove them carefully and, when they are nearly dry, put them on again, in order that they may resume the shape of the hand.

To remove the indelible ink stains from the handkerchiefs steep them in a little chlorine water for about half an hour, then wash in ammonia water, which will obliterate the stains; then wash in clear water. They may also be removed by spreading the cloth with the ink marks over a basin filled with hot water, then moisten the marks with tincture of iodine and immediately after take a feather and moisten the parts stained by iodine with a solution of hyposulphate of soda or caustic potash or soda until the color is removed; then let the cloth dip in the hot water. After a while wash well and dry.

Pure indigo, although more expensive, is better and safer for bluing clothes than any substitute, especially those in which Prussian blue enters as a component part. Many have noticed in clothing as it is returned from the laundry tiny spots of iron rust all over the articles. It is claimed that it is the use of Prussian blue, which is a mixture of iron and cyanide of potassium. The action of the soap has a tendency to separate the elements, and the iron is deposited on the clothing in the shape of ugly rust spots. You may test your blueing mixture easily yourself. Turn a few drops into a cup, add water, then drop into it a lump of washing soda. Should the mixture turn to a reddish tint, be sure there is Prussian blue in it, and do not use that blueing.

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SOME FAMOUS WOMEN:

The emblems of royalty of the queen of Madagascar consist of four scarlet umbrellas, which are held over her majesty when she sits in her palanquin of state.

A correspondent supplies an ingenious answer to the question, "Who is the devil's wife?" thus: "The devil is the father of lying. Lying is invention. Necessity is the mother of invention; necessity is therefore the devil's wife."

Susan B. Anthony is one of the best dressed women in America. Probably the idea has not occurred even to most of the people who have seen Miss Anthony, for, as this proves the claim, she is always so well dressed that you do not notice what she wears. Her clothes are the very best of their kind, well made and beautifully fitted. There is always an air of natural elegance about Miss Anthony that is delightful to see.

It is to the humane influence of the Queen Regent of Spain that must be attributed the favorable consideration which the legislature at Madrid is won according to the bill for the abolition of bull fighting throughout the kingdom. True, the metropolitan press treats the matter with a certain amount of skepticism, though not with hostility. But in the cortes itself there appears to be a satisfactory prospect of the projected law being passed by both houses.

It was not only "the fierce light which beats upon" the French presidency, but the vexatious restrictions of etiquette upon Mme. Casimir-Perier that made her long to return to private life once more. Passionately fond of bicycle riding, she saw herself cut off from this form of amusement and exercise by the dreary etiquette that governs everything at the Elysee Palace, and it was pointed out to her that it would be out of place and contrary to the dignity of France for the first lady to be seen scudding about on a wheel in bloomers, no matter how fetching.

To believe a French writer, there are no fewer than 4,000 women caught every year in stealing during their shopping expeditions, a habit euphoniously styled kleptomania. The number of titled ladies seized with this strange malady while examining the fashions of Paris, he tells us, is almost incredible. Among the more recent culprits were a Russian princess, a French countess, an English duchess and the daughter of a reigning sovereign. As a rule, these more distinguished offenders are let off on the payment of a round sum for the relief of the poor, and when the shoplifter is known to be rich the sum exacted rises to as much as 10,000 francs. The police authorities consent to this sort of condonation.

The German Emperor's wedding present to the Russian imperial bridal couple has just been sent to St. Petersburg from the Berlin porcelain factory where it was made. It is a dinner service for thirty-six persons and is a copy of one ordered by Frederick the Great for Potsdam. It is decorated with relief medallions in the so-called rococo form and wreaths of flowers, all painted by well-known artists. There is an enormous quantity of gilding about it. The center piece is a large mirror plateau, fenced around by a tiny china railing and bearing fruit stands to match the dishes. The highest stand bears a shield, with the monograms of the czar and czarina.

Women writ servers in London have been employed of late, according to a land agent, with great success. "I should never think nowadays," said he, "of putting a man in possession at a really respectable house where there are women and children. I used to receive many complaints that men were rough and overbearing, but since I have employed women most of them widows who have been troubled themselves, the testimony has been the reverse." A lawyer, too, testifies to the advantage of a woman bailiff, who can often serve her writs on slippery customers who evade men constantly. Women are frequently employed in New York in the same service, the price of serving a writ being $1.

NEWSGATHERER'S MISSION.

Glance at Lights and Shadows of a Reporter's Life—An Example of the Usefulness of a Scribe.

For The Tribune.

The news-gatherer of today, while enjoying nearly all the vicissitudes of life, finds that the work is constantly a repetition of yesterday. The murder of today must be "written up" for the paper on different lines from the one of a week ago. He cannot speak of the assassin's "smoking pistol" being "clenched in his right hand" every time a man shoots another. He cannot tell of the "life's blood ebbing slowly out" or speak of "the glassy eyes" and "pallid cheek" more than once a fortnight.

And when he comes to bury the man the funeral procession cannot always "move off" at a certain hour any more than the "solemn burial service" at the grave always finishes the "last rites of the deceased."

So it is with the ordinary events one sees in the perusal of his daily paper. There is the murderer, suicide or incendiary, the bank robber and the bigamist. They all operate in their distinctive lines from a main shafting, circumstances often altering certain parts in detail, but the main bare facts remain the same and must be garnished in such a way so as to render their reports readable. It must be totally different from the last article printed on the same subject.

Versatility at a Premium.

A versatile writer is naturally the best for a paper printed in a city whose population is under 200,000. In larger cities, aside from general reporters, the working staff has its special writers on murders, large fires and interviews and other particular branches which constitute the tout ensemble of the modern daily.

Interviews are the most difficult to write unless shorthand is employed. A man will say to a reporter something which, when he reads in print, wishes he had not mentioned and then either in person visits the editor or writes him a letter denying it, at the same time not forgetting a few remarks regarding the reporter, who has undoubtedly reproduced his language verbatim. In the past reporters have lost good positions in this way, but today it is different, for the editors of papers know all about those kind of men. In point of fact many public men make utterances to a reporter which, if printed, would do them great injury, and are in consequence withheld, and again the interviewer is often more than able to correctly reproduce the utterances of a man clothed in better language than it was given.

There are, of course, unscrupulous reporters just the same as there are bad bankers. They are few, but enough to prejudice many people against the entire craft. This is to be regretted, and the people who are loudest in their denunciation of the toilers of the press are often the very ones who give them questionable information.

One Reporter's Romance.

A reporter naturally becomes hardened, yet he is not built of Portland cement, with sandstone trimmings, and the following illustration is given to show how a certain newspaper man helped some people in trouble. The incident occurred in an eastern city several years ago. A beautiful young woman whose parents were decidedly poor became acquainted with a young man who occupied an excellent social position and also was possessed of a fairly good income. He wronged the girl and refused to marry her, saying he could not present her to his friends as the ruler of his household, but endeavored to induce the girl to go to another city where she would be unknown. In a peculiar manner which cannot be divulged a reporter learned of his perfidy and after fully convincing himself of the genuineness of the case, went to the young man and threatened to expose the whole matter. He, however, had not the slightest intention of doing so. The man paled before him and begged him to keep it out of print and finally, as a last resort, offered him a consideration, a good round sum it was, if the matter would be kept quiet. The reporter was a gentleman and did not treat the man as he perhaps deserved, but gave him to clearly understand that he was not a blackmailer.

The young man used every possible entreaty, but the scribe was as unyielding as adamant. He casually remarked before leaving the miserable culprit that it would afford him one of the greatest pleasures possible to be able to write an account of his wedding within a few days. The reporter had an opportunity to do so, for he was one of the witnesses at a quiet and small wedding about a week later and he even gave the readers of it to understand very plainly that it had occurred six months previous to the actual date, a remission for which all will forgive him. He corresponds with and very often visits that same young man, who has one of the most delightful homes, over which a charming hostess presides, and there is a little boy that lives there who gets an extra nice Christmas present every year just because he is named after a reporter.

ANCESTRY OF THE BOSS.

Something About the Derivation of the American Uncrowned King.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The Boss is a most worshipful figure in American politics to-day. It is a curious thing to study his linguistic as well as political ancestry. A writer in the Century Magazine, who has sought to demonstrate that the modern blackmail of New York is an inheritance from old New Amsterdam, reminds us of the fact that the dread name of "boss" is also a relic of the Dutch period. These are two severe blows at Knickerbocker pride; but the aristocratic descendants of the old patroons must perforce confess the truth of indictments. The word "boss" has been derived by Americans from the ancient Dutch "baas," meaning "foreman" or "master." But behind even this—a significance which has become familiar through its application to master workingmen—there lies a far more curious ancestry, a lineage which carries us back to the old days when the cow was the centre of domestic life, and the maid of the household was named the "daughter" because she was the milk-maid or milk-drawer.

The Dutch settlers of New York had a hoary precedent for their use of the term "baas". In the Middle Dutch homes the master of the roof-tree was respectfully called "baes," or "master" of the house. The mistress was called "baesinne." Danish and Flemish usage was the same. Some etymologists have attempted to trace the expression back ultimately to the Gothic term "wase," which meant "cousin" in the masculine and "aunt" in the feminine. This was, however, less a term of relationship than of honor; and certainly the sense of the appellation was that of "friend" or "kinsman," the chief kinsman undoubtedly having been most frequently thus addressed. If, indeed, the parental term was "wase," how shall one explain the genesis and growth of that word?

A Boss was Once a Cow.

The old Greek word for cow, which was undoubtedly nearest to the Sanskrit and original Indo-European tongue, was "bos," as the Romans afterward wrote it out in Latin letters from the Greek. All the Teutonic languages have preserved this word. Icelandic, Swedish and Danish folk spoke of the cow-stall as the "bas" or "baas;" and even in Gothic one finds the seemingly cognate "bansts," meaning "barn." It is hard to escape from the conviction that the Dutch "baas" (master) was first applied to the owner of the cows. Even the word "wase"—meaning "cousin" in the old English sense of "coz"—has probably an affinity with the old Germanic word for the wild ox, "wasend," from which was finally devolved our modern term "bison." In Irish, which is greatly like Greek in much of its vocabulary, the cow is called "bos;" and hence the cry "co-boss, co-boss" in use among farmers to-day. As the cows follow one another, Brindle after Bess, in somewhat the same follow-the-leader fashion as Ding-Dong's sheep in Rabelais' story, there is, even in this fanciful aspect, a peculiar significance in the political name of "Boss."

VERY STUPID DIPLOMACY.

How We Sacrifice Millions of Dollars in Oriental Trade.

From a Washington Letter.

American trade with China amounts to practically nothing, a few millions a year merely, made up almost exclusively of exports of kerosene oil, Waterbury watches and piece goods. While English and German merchants do a trade amounting to hundreds of millions, our people seem content with the crumbs which other nations regard as too insignificant to bother with. There is no good reason why America should not have its proper share of this vast commerce. In fact, if the proper means were employed, it might outdistance both England and Germany, as the celestial is suspicious and jealous of the European, and would rather do business with our people. But so long as our state department pursues its traditional policy we never shall enjoy those advantages.

In China it is impossible for any one to do anything without being able to gain ready access to the high dignitaries at court, and even to the throne itself. If an English or German agent goes to China properly vouched for he finds his minister ready to facilitate his way by all proper means to procure him introductions and to do everything he can to open up trade relations. But an American is placed on an entirely different footing. In the first place the state department refuses to give him a letter of introduction to our minister, and our minister, under the department's regulations, is prohibited from lending him any official assistance. The consequence is that while English and German agents obtain ready access to Li Hung Chang and other important personages the American agent kicks his heels in the ante-room and is never given a fair show.

A New Definition.

From the Detroit Tribune.

"What we want of you," said the editor to the poet, "is something new."

"But what do you call 'new?' "

"Something worked over and smashed till you can't recognize it!"

MEN OF REAL NOTE.

It is said that the romances of Jules Verne have made a fortune for his publishers, but only $5,000 a year for the author.

Senator Wolcott of Colorado and Representative Clark of Missouri are men of one kidney, each having one of those organs removed.

Sergius Stepniak, the Russian Radical, does not believe the new Czar will embark on a great war unless he loses his mind. He thinks the poverty of Europe will keep her at peace.

Camille Flammarion and three other French astronomers will make for the Paris exhibition in 1900 a model of the moon—a model on such an enormous scale that balloon journeys will be made around it.

Professor Neumann, of the University of Koenigsberg, is 96 years of age, and for forty-six years has been lecturing continuously on physics and mineralogy. He is the oldest professor in the active work in Germany.

Mr. Maxim recently gave a public exhibition of his new flying machine at Bexley for the benefit of a local charity. No attempt was made to fly, but the machine was run up and down the rails, propelled solely by its aerial screws at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

Abbe Theure of Loigny has been given the chief prize of $2,500 by the French Academy for his bravery. The abbe on Dec. 2, 1870, under a heavy fire, saved more than 500 wounded, French and German, who, in the confusion of a night combat, would otherwise have been massacred. On the following day he attended more than 1,000 wounded in his parsonage and church.

Random Notes of Life in London.

Another Interesting Ramble Among the Rare Treasures of the British Museum.

London, March 28.—I had a great treat this week again, and if you are not too tired of hearing about the British Museum by this time, I will tell it to you. You see, I am very much in love with this great institution, and one of my chaperones here, observing it, gave me a letter of introduction to the chief librarian there, whom she knows very well. It proved an open sesame to me beyond a doubt, for I was immediately ushered through the public libraries to the library proper, where none but the members of the library staff and people with tickets and orders giving them the privilege of research there are admitted. The chief is a lovely old man, and we had no difficulty in making each other's acquaintance, upon which he took me in charge and showed me over his wonderful domain of books.

He began first with the large reading room, which is the largest in the world, and round, like the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, showing me all the curiously convenient arrangements they have for the holding of books, the lighting of the cute little dark corners, the cataloguing, and so forth. But the thing which interested me most of all was an inclosure in this room, where there was a large table with piles of books on it, at short distance from each other. These all had markers innumerable in them, and were, the old gentleman informed me, kept there from day to day, without being disturbed or moved, for the special use of some of the famous authors, savants, or divines of the day here in London, who are in the habit of coming here very often for the purpose of quiet and undisturbed research.

Notable Bookworms.

Walter Besant has his pile of books here, from which perhaps he is even now culling material for a future novel. Mr. Gladstone often comes here, and studies by the hour, and many and many a lecturer in the universities of England may be seen at work at this table, while some of the most ponderous sermons ever preached in the churches of London owe their correctness of ancient anecdote and historical reference to such hard work at the British Museum. There were, however, none of these notabilities at work when I went over this hallowed ground, it being too early in the day for geniuses, who, as my dear old guide said, are a lazy lot.

He took me outside this reading room into a corridor which runs quite around it, in a circle, and which is lined on both sides with books from the floor way up to the dome. Outside of this circular corridor runs another such, still larger, of course, and so on, so that the immense reading room, which is the center, is the smallest and innermost of a number of consecutive circles of books. These wheels within wheels are a wonderful arrangement. They are five or six stories high, and the floors and stairs are all of iron open work, so that the light from the glass roof shines down through and suffices for all, from the top to the ground floor, thus obviating all necessity for windows and doors, which take up so much room. Book space, my guide informed me, is becoming a serious question at the museum, as there are now upon its shelves over 2,000,000 volumes, exclusive of catalogues—of which there are several thousand—and the space has already become quite inadequate for the rapidly increasing number. But I cannot explain this wonderful bookdom properly, so I will not try, and we will "get on," as the English have it.

The Original Magna Charta.

He conducted me through the king's and the Grenville libraries also, pointing out many wonderfully interesting and delightful things, which had utterly escaped me when I went through before by myself, and it was as much pleasure to see this dear, white-haired old bookworm, with his pink face fairly beaming over the old treasures he showed me, as it was to look at and enjoy the treasures themselves. Going from here, he unlocked door after door, until we were at last in a room which was guarded by an ogre in the shape of a very nice young man, to whom the chief gave a few directions, at which the aforesaid young man ran off and brought back a bunch of keys, with which he unlocked some cabinets. From one of these he brought forth, very tenderly and carefully, a strong box, in which was the parchment to which every loyal Britisher looks for his liberties—the Magna Charta.

It is old and pale and torn, and scorched by the great fire, through which it passed, but it still has the seal of old King John upon it, and it is carefully kept here in a beautiful box, and under glass, while the facsimiles and photographs of it are allowed to hang in the Grenville autograph library without, where the populace may gaze upon it, but this is the real and only genuine Runnymede Magna Charta, which the wise and dogged old barons forced from their scamp of a king long, long ago, in the early days of English history. This is next to the oldest document in the kingdom, the Doomsday Book, compiled by William the Conqueror, being the oldest. I could not see that, however, as it is kept at the record office here in London, not at the museum.

An Autograph of Shakespeare.

The young man, in whose kind care the old gentleman left me, showed to me also, with great pride, a parchment on which is one of the three or four authentic signatures now in existence of William Shakespeare. This young person, too, was a bookworm, and it was almost as interesting to see the young man kindling into enthusiasm over the priceless treasures in his custody, as it was to watch the dear old one who had just left us. He asked me if I had seen the signature of her majesty outside in the Grenville, and he seemed to take such pride in it that I am afraid I pretended to a great delight in it—which I did not particularly feel—just to please him.

I ran into Niagara one day this week and saw some of the lovely skaters and their lovely gowns. Indeed, some of the habitues of this very swell resort seemed to have put in an appearance more for decorative than for athletic reasons. It is a most capital place to go to, when one has a few minutes to spare, to see the beauty and fashion of upper tendom. Niagara has become a sort of winter substitute for Rotten Row, and "everybody who is anybody" skates at Niagara, in the smartest and prettiest costumes possible. Indeed, some of the dresses are quite impossible, on the ice, from the very reason of their gorgeousness, but then, as I said before, these are the bric-a-brac women. It never does me any good to go to Niagara, anyway, for I always come away wishing that I were rich and beautiful and irreproachably tailor-made, too. I took another girl with me, as I had my press ticket, and she was driven very nearly mad with mingled delight and envy over the parade. She was not in the least to be blamed, for the provocation truly is great.

An English Sol Russell.

The other night I saw John Hare's comedy, "A Pair of Spectacles," and enjoyed it immensely. Hare is an old actor as dear to the London public as Sol Smith Russell is to every right-minded one of us across the sea, and is somewhat like him, I thought. It was just such a piece as Mr. Russell likes to play in, too, and the house would hardly allow him off the stage at all, they were so delighted over him. He has put a new piece on this week, which I dare say you have heard of by this time, as it is of the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" variety, and bad news always travels fast, they say.

I have had a reasonable amount of music this week, having heard an excellent organ recital in big Queen's hall, where the organ is simply superb, and having gone to a splendid fortnightly at the Royal Academy of Music last evening, and to a lecture on Liszt, by Francis Korbay, a former and a very enthusiastic pupil of that giant in music. It was the first of a series of six on Liszt, and I go to them because I have not been able, so far, to care for Liszt himself, though I like his music very much. But Mr. Korbay is almost a fanatic on his dear teacher, and he raves so delightfully that I find myself coming round already somewhat, though I fancy I could like the missionary more than the gospel he preaches, perhaps, for Mr. Korbay is great.

Terry and Irving.

Last week my landladies took me to see Ellen Terry and Henry Irving in "King Arthur." That was an evening worth having. The Lyceum was simply densely crowded, and the play brought back all the "Idyls of the King" and the other Arthur poems delightfully. My own little village of Caerleon, where I saw the Round Table and the old turret of the Castle of Guinevere, is in the play, too, and so I felt as though I knew all about it, having been over the ground before. Irving is quite old by this time, I guess, and takes the old king's part very realistically, while Ellen Terry made a most handsome Queen Guinevere. It was most beautifully staged and of course the costumes were all that could be desired in the way of old time elegance. Ellen Terry's gowns, I assure you, were simply perfection.

We have had no cold weather lately at all, the coming spring showing some very convincing signs of its approach. The ice has all gone down the river Thames, and the poor, cold sea gulls have again flown out to the coast. The "gull's meat man," a butcher who has had a meat stand on Westminster bridge for the boys and girls whose delight it was to throw meat to the poor, starved birds, has moved away from lack of business. The spring flowers are coming up already, and the wild flowers have already made their appearance, the snow-drops having blossomed as early as the first of March. One of the girls here had a big box of these dainty little green and white flowers sent up from the country to her, and she was so kind as to present me with a generous bunch of them on my birthday. I was charmed, for I had never seen a snow-drop before, and these were beautiful. They must be lovely little things, peeping up from the snows in the woods where they were gathered.

A Glimpse of the Slums.

Yesterday some of us went for a visit to the East India docks, down at the end of London, where we saw all the ships, some passenger ones, some trading ones, and all sorts, in fact. They were most interesting, as was also the ride there in the train. Our way was down through the ugly and poor parts of London, where none of the pretty things of life ever get, and where all is dull and grey and squalid. The train was not a very fast one, and we went through slum after slum, till I felt as though I had really been slumming.

However, we got to the docks at last and there a gentleman connected with the East India company met us and under his wing we went all over the place. We went through the warehouses and smelt the spices and saw bales of stuffs from India. We watched them load up a passenger vessel soon to sail for Calcutta. We had permits to poke our inquisitive noses anywhere we pleased, and of course we made the most of our opportunity, going aboard an Australian liner bound for Sidney, and a dirty old whaler that is now off duty, and some of the penny excursion boats that run on the Thames in summer, and in fact we made ourselves quite ubiquitous. We must have walked and climbed miles and miles, up and down the ships' ladders and all over the wharves. It was the first time I ever saw the anchor of a big boat, and we were immensely tickled to see them hanging out of their loopholes and looking for all the world like great immense violin mutes. There was a ship-rope factory near the docks, too, through which our friend took us, where we saw them make all sorts of ship-rope, from the thinnest to the biggest, thickest telegraphic cable rope, which is of steel and as big and thick as I am myself. Truly the sea must be in a great state when it can break such strong things as these, and hammer such boats as the immense ships we saw, to pieces.

Sadie E. Kaiser.

KNOWS HE IS DEAD.

Ex-Speaker Crisp Does Not Expect to Come to Life Again.

Just before leaving Washington ex-Speaker Crisp was asked if he ever expected to again preside over the house of representatives. "I do not," replied Judge Crisp. I have no expectation of being again elected to the speakership." When questioned as to the cause of his lack of hopefulness in this direction, Mr. Crisp added: "I do not expect the precedents of history to be broken for my especial benefit. Do you know that no man was ever elected speaker of the house during more than two congresses? Well, it is a fact. It is somewhat remarkable that while eleven men have served through two congresses not one of them was ever elected to a third term. I don't know that there is any anti-third term prejudice in the country so far as the speakership is concerned, as there is about the presidency, but I scarcely expect to be lucky enough to break the record."