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### Woman's Rights.

A woman's rights, what do those words convey?
What depths of old-world wisdom do they reach?
What is their real intent? Oh, sisters, say,
And strive in daily life their truth to teach.

The right to minister to those that need,
With quiet song the weary to beguile;
With words of peace the hungry hearts to feed,
And cheer the sad and lonely with a smile.

The right in others joys to find,
The right divine to weep when others weep;
The right to be to all unceasing kind;
The right to wake and pray while others sleep.

Right to be noble, right to be true,
Right to think rightly—and rightly to do,
Right to be tender, right to be just;
Right to be worthy of infinite trust.

To be the little children's truest friends,
To know them in their ever-changing mood,
Forgetting self, to labor to the end,
To be a gracious influence for good.

To be the ladies of creation's lords,
As mothers, daughters, sisters or as wives;
To be the best that earth to them affords,
To be to them the music of their lives.

The right in strength and honor to be free;
In daily work accomplished, finding rest;
The right in "trivial round" a sphere to see;
The right, in blessing, to be fully blest.

Right to be perfect, right to be pure;
Right to be patient, and strong to endure;
Right to be loving, right to be good—
These are the rights of the true womanhood.

## TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa, near Walton-on-Thames, sat, one evening at dusk, an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might be some seventy; whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful, blooming face and active, light and upright figure, were in strong contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man, but in his eye and in the corners of his mouth were the indications of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he, "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard that when a sick uncle asks two nephews to come and see him they can't come at once. The duty is simple in the extreme—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will. Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost celerity. But the world's getting quite heartless."

"Oh, sir!" said Mary.

"And what does 'Oh sir!' mean?" said he, "D'ye think I sha'nt die? I know better. A little more and there'll be an end of old Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner—to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate friends. Ugh! give me a glass of the doctor's stuff."

The girl poured some medicine into a glass, and Collett, after having contemplated it for a moment with infinite disgust, managed to get it down.

"I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said he, "I don't by any means approve of your 'Oh, sir,' and 'Dear me,' and the rest of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir' at all. Why, you couldn't be more respectful if you were a charity-girl and I a beadle in a gold-laced hat. None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your awful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and dislikings."

"My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your poor father told you quite right, Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent—a capital fellow! His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved me—I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child—and it isn't every friend would do that!"

"A kind and generous protector you have been!"

"Well, I don't know; I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Haven't I given you good, prudent, worldly advice about John Meade, and made myself quite disagreeable, and like a guardian? Come, confess you love this penniless nephew of mine."

"Penniless, indeed!" said Mary.

"Ah, there it is!" said Mr. Collett, "And what business has a poor artist to fall in love with my ward. And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor artist? But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over! Haven't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one—the thriving one? Peter Finch—considering he's an attorney—is a worthy young man. He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvas forever, and not grow rich. He's all for art, and truth, and social reform and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage and splash poor John Meade as he trudges on foot!"

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was announced. He had scarcely taken his seat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a queer sort of smile, whilst they made speeches expressive of sorrow at the nature of their visit. At last, stopping them—

"Enough, boys, enough," said he. "Let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you both. I haven't seen much of you up to the present time, and for anything I know you may be rogues or fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince under this address; but Peter Finch sat calm and confident.

"To put a case, now," said Mr. Collett, "this morning a poor wretch of a gardener came begging here. He could get no work, it seems, and said he was starving. Well, I knew something about the fellow, and I believe he only told the truth; so I gave him a shilling to get rid of him. Now I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had I for giving him a shilling? What claim had he on me? What claim has he on anybody? The value of his labor in the market is all that a working man has a right to; and when his labor is of no value, why then he must go wherever else he can. Eh, Peter? That's my philosophy—what do you think?"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr Finch, "perfectly agree with you. The value of their labor in the market is all that laborers can pretend to—all that they should have. Nothing acts more perniciously than the absurd extraneous support called charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett. "You're a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy, go on!"

"What results from charitable aid?" continued Peter. "The value of labor is kept at an unnatural level. State charity is state robbery; private charity is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett. "What do you think of our philosophy, John?"

"I don't like it, I don't believe it!" said John. "You were quite right to give the man a shilling. I'd have given him a shilling myself."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all orthodox political economy, you Vandal?"

"Yes," said John, "as the Vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John!" said Mr. Collett. "We shall never make anything of him, Peter. Really, we'd better talk of something else. John, tell us about the last new novel!"

They conversed on various topics, until the arrival of the invalid's early bed-time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity the next morning, after breakfast, to speak with John Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do think more of your own interest—of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent last night, and contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself. John, you must be more careful or we shall never be married."

"Well, Mary, dear, I'll do my best," said John. "It was that confounded Peter, with his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"I am thankful that you are not," said Mary; "but an iceberg floats—think of that, John. Remember—every time you offend Mr. Collett you please Mr. Finch."

"So I do!" said John. "Yes, I'll remember that."

"If you would only try to be a little mean and hard-hearted," said Mary; "just a little, to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer, John—and you deserve to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then?" said John. "Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? And are you not to sit at needle work in my studio, whilst I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah, how, indeed?" said Mary. "But here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together," and so saying, she withdrew.

"What, Meade?" said Peter Finch, as he entered. "Skulking in-doors on a fine morning like this! I've been all through the village. Not an ugly place—but wants looking after sadly. Roads shamefully muddy! Pigs allowed to walk on the footpath!"

"Deadful!" exclaimed John.

"I say—you come out pretty strong last night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old man! But I like your spirit."

"I have no doubt you do," thought John.

"Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself," said Peter. "But the world—this world, my dear sir—soon cures all our romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable; but what's the use of regretting? It's no part of the business of the superior classes to interfere with the laws of supply and demand; poor people must be miserable. "What can't be cured must be endured."

"That is to say," returned John, "what we can't cure, they must endure?"

"Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bed-room.

They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "here I am, you see; brought to an anchor at last! The doctor will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his head and write recipes. Humbug, my boys! Patients can do as much for themselves, I believe, as doctors can do for them; they're all in the dark together—the only difference is that the patients grope in English and the doctors grope in Latin."

"You are too skeptical, sir," said John Meade.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice, Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests. I'm going to make my will to-day, and I don't know how to act about your cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma disgraced us by marrying an oilman."

"An oilman!" exclaimed John.

"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr. Collett; "a wretch who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine, black-lead and birch brooms. It was a dreadful blow to the family. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methodist in despair. Well, Briggs, the oilman, died last week, it seems, and his widow has written to me, asking for assistance. Now, I have thought of leaving her a hundred a year in my will. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends! What have I to do with her misfortunes!"

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter Finch; "no notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and unworthy match—and let her abide the consequences!"

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr. Collett.

"Upon my word, I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of the worldly man. "What right had she to marry—as you observed with great justice, sir. Let her abide the consequences—as you very properly remarked, Finch. Can't she carry on the oilman's business? I dare say it will support her very well."

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett; "Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute."

"That does not alter the question," said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs' family do something for her."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Collett. "Briggs' family are the people to do something for her. She mus'nt expect anything from us—must she, John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John. "With children, too? Why, this is another case, sir. You surely ought to notice her—to assist her. Confound it, I'm for letting her have the hundred a year."

"Oh, Jonn, John! What a breakdown!" said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, and turned back at the second step! Here's a brave traveler for you, Peter. John, John, keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave sterner ways to very different men. Good-bye, both of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said.

He pressed their hands and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak the next day, and, in three days after that, he calmly breathed his last

As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterestedness and the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the man of business read the following in a clear voice:

"I bequeath to my niece, Emma Briggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her family by marrying an oil man, the sum of four thousand pounds; being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could ever find it again, would do nothing to provide her with food, or clothing, or shelter."

John Meade smiled and Peter Finch ground his teeth—but in a quiet, respectable manner.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"Having always held the opinion that women should be rendered a rational and independent being—and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies the right of earning her own living—I hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton, the only daughter of my old friend, Fred. Sutton, the sum of ten thousand pound, which will enable her to marry, or to remain single, as she may prefer."

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again—but in a manner hardly respectable. Both, however, by a violent effort, kept silent.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Meade, and have been grieved to find him much possessed with a feeling of philanthrophy, and with a general preference for whatever is noble and true over whatever is base and false. As these tendencies are by no means such as can advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds—hoping that he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical picture, which, as yet, he has only talked about.

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I should only insult him by offering an aid which he does not require; yet, from his affectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I venture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive library of law-books."

How Peter Finch stormed and called names—how John Meade broke into a delirium of joy—how Mary Sutton cried first, and then laughed, and then cried and laughed together—all these matters I shall not attempt to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. John Meade; and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture. Peter Finch has taken to discounting bills and bringing actions on them, and brives about in his brougham already.

### Wedding in Old Virginia.

The wedding was lovely—the bridesmaids, or, as the old fashioned expression here is, the ones who wait on her, did charmingly, and I must tell you about it. The church, built by an architect who had no knowledge of latter day wedding processions, had no center aisle, but this was no difficulty to a Virginia girl futile in resources. First of all up came the ushers, two by two from each side; they met in front of the altar and crossed over; then a pair of maids in pink and blue came up the right aisle and crossed over to the left side; then two of the groomsmen just behind them, forming an effective back-ground and giving a real southern air of protection. This way of coming first from one side and then another was continued until all were in their places, and then came the bride on her father's arm, a veritable vision of loveliness in white satin, and the becoming tulle veil.

Tender hands had arranged the veil, loving hands were beating with emotion all about her, and the happy man did look happy, and said the "I will" with an emphasis worth recording. A girl near me said that the constant effort to look first on one side and then on the other to see the procession of rosebud girls was rapidly making her cross eyed. After the service, back to the house we went, and then there was a supper—no miserable rich supper from a caterer, but turkeys brown and tender, hams pink and really sugar cured, salads dressed with recipes that had been treasured for years, and oysters not only as the Lord ordained they should be, but in every way that the ingenuity of the darkey cook could arrange them. A really Virginia supper is, as you know, Dolly, well worth eating.

### What to Teach the Girls.

Give your girls a thorough education.

Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household.

Teach them to wash, to iron and darn stockings, to sew on buttons and to make their own dresses.

Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the doctor's account.

Teach them that he only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more money than they receive.

Teach them that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silken one unpaid for.

Teach them that a full, healthy face displays a greater lustre than fifty cosmetic beauties.

Teach them to purchase and see that the account corresponds with the purchase.

Teach them good common sense self help and industry.

Teach them that an honest mechanic in his working clothes is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty, finely dressed idlers.

Teach them gardening and the beauty of nature

### SUPERSTITIOUS WOMEN.

#### Some Queer Ideas That Pervade Housekeeping Circles.

Women are always somewhat supersensitive about their work. There is probably no point on which this supersensitiveness is more displayed than that of housekeeping. To be called a "slack" housekeeper stings a woman to the quick, no matter how deserved the impeachment may be; yet the moment a woman knows that she is exciting herself in her housekeeping to do more than she otherwise would, for fear that "people will talk," that moment she begins to endanger her whole theory of life. It is this keeping house so as to please society, and to placate "the neighbors," which is at the bottom of much of the overwork and the belittling of the mind which are the bane of housekeepers.

"Don't try to keep your house so clean," says a clever writer, "or else a stepmother will bring up your children." This is simple but strong presentation of the matter throws a flood of light upon it. It intimates that a housekeeper has duties besides keeping house and paramount to that one.

A housekeeper is usually a wife. A wife, besides seeing that her husband has clean rooms to live in, well cooked meals and neat clothes, should make herself a companion to him. His mind is usually sharpened by his activity in business or profesional life. She must see to it that her own mind is kept as sharp as possible by reading and study. She should try to remain, so far as her efforts can go, what she probably was in the days of their courtship—the most interesting person in the world for him to be with. Above all things, she must keep herself well and strong, or else good spirits, which are the most charming attribute in either man or woman, will be lacking.

Then she is usually a mother. Her children are full of questions. They desire her companionship and her conversation. Whose else can be so good for them as hers? She should see to it that they have those in full measure and of good quality.

She is also a member of some social circle. The greatest work that woman can do to improve the social fabric is, of course, in the home; but there are many outside duties which no self-respecting woman should neglect, and for which she should have a portion of her time and strength.

The keeping of the house, then, is only one of several vocations of the housekeeper, and subordinate to those of the wife, the mother and the social being. That is to say, the keeping of the home in which family and friends are to be fed and sheltered is only a means to the securing of their health and happiness. Just as soon as a woman begins to think of the cleaning and cooking as ends in themselves, and devotes herself to them to such an extent that her usefulness in higher spheres is impaired, she is making a mistake. Keep the balance true. Remember that the objects of our earthly toil are to keep our loved ones well and happy.

Relegate conversation about the household affairs to the background, unless the humorous side is uppermost. See that good meats, plain and substantial, are served, no matter what cleaning or other work is going on. Do not tire yourself out with trying to do double work in a day. By system this can be avoided. Never mind what "the neighbors" say. Keep continually in mind that you are keeping house not for the sake of keeping house, but to make a home in which husband and children and friends shall thrive and rejoice continually.

### A Child Heroine.

Nixie was the station agent's daughter and only child. She was fifteen, although so small she looked some three years younger. She had spent nearly all of her time in the ticket office with her father, picking up letter by letter and word by word the sounds of the Morse instrument, and finally one day she astonished her father by taking a telegram by sound, giving him a neat "copy."

From that day Nixie was installed as telegraph operator and the indulgent father often said "Nick could run that office just as well as he could himself." One afternoon her father sauntered into the depot with trouble enthroned on his majestic brow.

"Nick I'm summoned on a jury case up to the Centre Village this afternoon. It's too late to get anybody here. S'pose you can 'tend the concern alone until I get back—probably by 6."

"I guess so, father," replied Nixie. So off he went, leaving Nixie mistress of the situation. As the afternoon passed along the heat and stillness overcame her, and drooping her flaxen head on the desk before her she was soon asleep.

Afterward, the first thing she could remember about it, a voice seeming to come from her dreams said; "'Taint likely she is left here alone, and asleep, too."

"No," responded another evil voice, "the old man's probably 'round somewhere—but," in a lower tone, "come on, let's go 'long. The down train'll be along, and we'll just lay 'em out."

Nixie was wide awake enough now, but she had presence of mind in her small body, and realized that safety lay in keeping still.

"How fur is it up there?"

"Sh! Keep mum. Do you want to knock the hull thing in the head, and yourself too?" And then the girl's quickened hearing caught the sound of heavy footsteps passing by the window and on up the track.

Nixie waited until she couldn't hear the footsteps and then cautiously turned and looked out of the window. There they were — two miserable-looking tramps hastening up the track. She recognized them at once as two men who had been discharged from a construction train that had been at work down the road. What should she do? Oh, if she could send for her father.

But there was no one anywhere near, and besides, by the time he could get home it might be too late, for it was evident that the desperate wretches were bent upon revenging themselves of their fancied wrongs upon the innocent. She looked at the clock. Half-past 4! She ran out and looked around the lonely station. No living being in sight. She called once feebly, but what was the use? If she sent for her father she had no tangible explanation to give or real reason to make him hurry home—only she was sure there was harm coming to the down train—that long, crowded express filled with mountain tourists. But she must do something.

The men had disappeared around a slight bend in the track. Nixie ran in locked up the office and then hurried up the track until she arrived at the slight curve. Then she "made haste more slowly," for there were the men. Stepping behind a clump of bushes she watched them. They had stopped and were doing something, she could not at first see what, to the track. Pretty soon up came a rail, and in a minute more it was thrown down a steep ledge within four feet of the track—where the whole train must be precipitated in less than an hour if something could not be done to warn them. Nixie saw it all now, and for a moment stood, her eyes dilated with horror, while she saw the scoundrels shake their fists toward her way and heard an imprecation. Then they passed on and Nixie, growing cold in the sudden extremity, turned and sped toward the depot.

The rail had been removed on a curve which was shaded on the west side by a high bank so that at 5.30 it was quite dusk there, and as the trains always came in on a down grade they came at full speed. So Nixie thought to herself "I'm so glad I came, for now I'll hurry and telegraph to Stratford before the train comes by, and then we'll see Mr. Tramps, how your little scheme comes out."

She reached the office and looked at the clock. Five minutes to 5! and the train left Stratford at 5.03. Well, eight minutes is plenty of time if she could "raise" Stratford. She grasped the key. "Sd-sd-sd," clicked the instrument. Never before was there so impatient an operator on that line. With her eyes on the clock, which seemed then, if ever, to say "forever—never—never—forever," she kept up the call. Somebody on the other side "broke her" twice, but she gave all the danger signals she could think of and kept on. The moments kept on—one, two, three, four, five—slowly pealed the old clock—each strike an agony to the girl.

Meanwhile the agent at Stratford could not operate at all, and the boy could and who served as general choreboy about the place had gone for the cows and there was no one to answer the call on which so much depended.

A few minutes and it was too late, and Nixie was in a new dilemma.

Nixie closed the key in despair. She did not know the train signals, but seized the red flag under the old desk and ran for dear life—literally the dear lives of her fellow-creatures. Not until she got to the wrecked place did she remember that she must go beyond the curve to stop them or she would be of no use. Already she heard the approaching train rumble in the distance. Faster, faster she sped round the curve straight on up the track. She could see them now coming in. On they rushed, the great engine bent on destroying its precious freight. Nixie stopped in the middle of the track and frantically swung her red flag, but still the monster rushed toward he, showing no abatement of speed.

Nixie waited with a sinking heart—Oh, why did everything go against her? Was it the will of God that this dreadful thing must happen? The engine was close upon her and she ran up on a jutting rock by the railroad still waving her scarlet flag—but just as the engine came alongside of her she heard the sharp click of the call-bell in the engine and saw the fireman push the engineer aside and reverse the engine. The conductor, who had just seen her and excitedly pulled the bell-rope, jumped off and came toward her. But the reaction was too much for poor Nixie, and she could only gasp out, "Round the curve!" and then she was a white heap with no sense of anything.

Passengers rushed out, and, after some had been to the curve and had seen what the little girl had saved them from, no lady in the land could be so royally wanted upon as she was when she had been lifted into the car and told modestly her little story. It was some little time before the track was ready for the train to proceed, and, when Nixie got out at her own station many kind hands pressed hers in farewell, and the conductor left something in her hand, too, just as the train left, saying, "You are the bravest little woman in the State."

Not until she had been in the office a good half hour with her father, who had got home from his lawsuit, and wondered what made the train late and where Nixie had gone to—and told him all the story did Nixie think to look at the packet. Then she read a note: "Will Miss Eunice Markham accept the accompanying from the friends she so bravely saved August 23, 1886?"

The note was wrapped round $500 in bank notes.

"Oh, papa! now you can pay off the mortgage on the house," cried Nixie, and the father said:

"I declare, Nick, you get higher wages as agent than I do!"

### Masculine Disorder.

Let us take a peep into a room occupied by "one of the boys," where for three or four months he has been left to arrange, or rather to disarrange, things according to his own sweet fancy.

Shades of chaos!—what a sight meets our view. In one corner is a nest of cast off boots and shoes, scattered promiscuously are old socks, half-worn undergarments, *passe* cravats and collars, discarded nether garments and sundry other rubbish rank with personal exhalations and emitting vile odors. There is a thick incrustation of ambeer on the stove, and a conglomeration of apple cores, peanut hulls, ashes, charcoal and kindling wood strew the carpet.

In brushing his wet hair he has spattered the looking-glass with murky water, until you wonder how its befogged surface can give any kind of satisfactory reflection of his manly image.

One thing, perhaps, you will see in all this muss, which shows some signs of care; that is his "Sunday best" which is brushed and folded away for a future "draw-on."

Come away, dear girl, you have seen enough. Go sit you down and ponder.

But this "boy" will be a husband some time—your husband, perhaps, and will expect you to look after his wardrobe, serve his meals decently, wrestle with the filth and disorder which he leaves in his wake, and rise triumphantly through the conflict with a wide margin of neatness to establish your victory.

What! You will not be courted by such a sloven? Hark, my girl, you may be deceived. Wait until he dons his snowy linen and carefully kept "Sunday best," and emerges like a newly fledged butterfly from his foul chrysalis. You will not know him then for what he is.

After marriage, the probabilities are that his wife will brush his clothes or have the satisfaction of seeing him wear them without being brushed.

### HENRY'S LAKE.

#### A Wonderful Sheet of Water in Idaho.

One of the wonders of our great country is Henry's lake, on the Summit of the Rocky mountains, near the line between Idaho and Montana, on the Targee's Pass trail. The lake is five miles wide and ten miles long. It is the source of the north fork of Snake river. Like a basin overflowing the clear water ripples over a bar that forms the brim—a bar of crumbled crystaline quartz—in a gurgling stream that flows peacefully through waving grass for half a mile and then plunges into a canyon where it is lashed into a foam and leaps over precipices on its way down from that continental divide as it grows to be a great river. After a journey of one hundred miles over rocky heights and through mountain defiles, we reached the lake. Men and horses were tired and hungry. The mild beauty of the smooth water, level meadows and shaded parks, all smiling with the evening sunlight, was a happy relief. The blue grass was variegated with wild flowers, birds were singing in the trees, swans were swimming in the lake. Before us was the winter range of the antelope, the deer and elk. A party of trappers who spent one winter there, say the elk came down like herds of cattle and destroyed their hay. They were compelled to drive great droves of elk away to save any grass or other feed for their pack horses.

One of the wonders of Henry's lake is the floating island. When we camped at night a lovely island was within a stone's throw of us. We decided to explore it in the morning. The soft green carpet, the drooping willows and stiff little pines, so near the shining surface of the cool blue water filled us with a desire to rest in their shade. When morning came the island was gone. Five miles away we could see the little trees waving in the wind that had wafted them to the opposite side of the lake. The wind changed, however, and the mysterious island came on its daily orbit and rested, while all nature was hushed that lovely afternoon, near where we had first seen it. We paddled a raft of logs to its border. It was circular in shape and three hundred feet in diameter. The outer edge was a tough sward, and so thin that it gave down under the weight of a man and let him into the water boot-top deep. A few feet from the edge it would support the weight of a horse. The floating mass we found to be a mat of green grass roots overspread with a thin layer of decayed vegetable matter. The small trees had taken root in that blanket of mold. They rocked and swayed from side to side as we walked around them. As we approached the island a large number of swans was seen to swim away. There seemed to be two kinds—white and gray. Their guttural calls could be heard five miles. In the wake of some that evidently were filling the office of mother, as they floated majestically away, were following the cygnets, fluffy and round like bunches of tow. In the grass near us was a swan fluttering and crying as she stretched out her long neck and spread out her broad white wings. She splashed into the water when we were twenty-five feet distant and disappeared. When we next saw her she was far out on the lake swimming with three or four very small young ones close behind. She had managed to get them out of the nest into the water, and they had followed her. They were not one day old. In the nest from which they had been hurried were five eggs not yet hatched. Two white, soft, flat bills had just broken through the hard shell. The fat man of the party contracted to complete the hatching process in the bosom of his shirt, and we carried the two eggs to camp. Our incubator was a success, and on the following morning he drew forth from the recesses of his baggy flannel shirt two long heads and long necks, with small, down-covered bodies attached.

Another curiosity near the lake is what is called Moose springs. From the mouth of a cave in the side of a bluff bursts forth a river of considerable size. The sparkling water, after seething and roaring under the weight of great pressure or other hidden forces, spreads out over a rocky bed of glistening quartz forty feet wide, and leaps from ledge to ledge down the precipitous heights. Thousands of mountain trout are continually trying to stem that tumbling current. They can be seen flouncing in the air from morning till night in their effort to gain the underground river, after following the tumultuous Snake to the summit of the great watershed of the continent. Indians catch and pack away from that place tons of trout every year. When we visited the fishing ground a hungry, nomadic tribe of dusky natives after weary days of travel, were arranging camp and looking over of the prospect of a sumptuous meal. They were to feast on fish that were not yet caught.

After lighting the log fires the fishermen repaired to the foot of the steep incline by the rushing outlet of the subterranean river. Each man cut a slender rod and shaped the end of it to fit loosely the hollow end of a buckhorn spear tip. A strong cord attached the tip to the rod or haft of the spear. A muscular brave would step forward, a brawny bare arm would raise the simple implement above his head, where it would balance for a second, and then like an arrow it would be hurled into the water with a sure aim; a trout would flash his speckled sides in the sun, the blood would flow in a red cloud down the stream, and a fine fish would be landed on the green sward. The buckhorn tip would pass through the body and slip from the haft as it was pulled back. The cord fastening the tip to the rod would hold the fish, let him flounder as he would. After catching ten pounds for each member of the company they proceeded to cook the evening meal in a manner as simple as it was strange. Large quantities of soft clay were dug from the bank and kneaded to the consistency of dough, and each fish was separately encased in a coating about an inch thick and thrown into the fire to bake. They were cooked without dressing. Some of them were gaping for breath as they were besmeared with clay. The case soon hardened in the fire like brick in a kiln. The oil sizzed and sputtered through the seams. Experts watched closely, and when the perfect cremation state was reached the fish were withdrawn from the bed of fire. The shells were broken with small stones, and the delicious morsels were turned out steaming, white and savory enough to tempt an epicure.

### PET DOGS IN PARIS.

#### Some of the Most Noted Canines—Their Artistic Liveries and Trousseaux.

Every dog has his day; for pet dogs this day is a very happy one, at least in Paris. Every grand lady's dog is far better known by her friends than her children, for the latter remain in the nursery with nurses and governesses, drive out and dine alone, are never seen in the drawing-room, while Nero and Finette are ever at their fond mistress' side; they have their privileged corner or seat in the reception rooms; after the mistress, they are the ones next saluted by callers and guests; the best tid-bits of a sumptuous table are given to Gyp or Mopps; in their best bib and tucker they are driven in madame's carriage, in which the best places are reserved for their dogship. At the present day the aristocracy of dogs is as well defined as the aristocracy of their masters, and dog brain is not so dull as to be oblivious to the great distinction made in their favor; the noted pet dog of Paris knows its rank and looks down on plebeian churls accordingly.

A chic dog has his fashionable tailor, and he would think himself degraded if he did not have his things made at the renowned dog tailor, Ledouble. The trousseax of a dog varies according to the race to which he belongs; it is composed of shirts, vests, coats, artistic collars and the variety of ornaments to be put on them, bracelets, leashes, and flower boutonnieres. Their livery corresponds with that of the house. Their articles of toilet comprise a whole collection of combs, brushes, scissors, and shears; some whose paws are delicate have rubber boots. The wife of Gen. Turr had a hood made for Niniche, a Havana pup, whose ears are so delicate that it makes the thing nervous to have rain-drops fall on them when caught in a storm. These dogs have their special professional men, such as bathers, hairdressers, shearers, and doctors, who daily come to attend to their wants. I really think it necessary for an English philologist to coin a name for such fine animals; I feel as if I were insulting them to call them dogs. The poodle is of the kind which demands the most care. The Marquise Belhoeuf, Duke de Morny's sister, has a passion for poodles. Not finding a shearer to suit her in France, she induced an artist, a specialist in the shearing business, to leave Spain, his native country, to attend to her many poodles. To be specially adored, the dog must be gigantic or liliputian, it does not matter so much as to its kind; however, the favorite ones are the Danish, the black and white poodles, the griffon, and the terrier; the bulldog has been taken into favor since the Princesses of Orleans have adopted him.

Nero is one of the most noted dogs in the Capital; he belonged to the Czar Alexander II., and is now under the care of the Emperor's morganatic wife the Princess Jourlewsky. He drives at the Bois every day with his mistress, his long, silky, black hair is admired by every one who takes time to notice dogs; he refuses to sleep anywhere but in his mistress's bedroom. Don Francois d' Assisi's favorite dog is a white fox terrier. When he desires to pay a particular favor to one of his lady friends of noble birth he sends her a young terrier accompanied with its whole trousseau; at first, he takes it to a fashionable tailor to have an extensive outfit made, after which he orders a dog-house, which, in its sumptuousness of rich satin upholstery, lace, gold, and silver ornamentations, deserves the name of palace He thus presented the Infanta Eulalie with a white Danish dog of untold value, whose collar was of silver, sat in real pearls. Mme. Maurice Ephrussi, nee Rothschild, the day of her marriage had her favorite terrier dressed in white satin, with garlands of orange blossoms. The whole Rothschild family are possessed of the passion for dogs. The Baron and Baroness had two different houses built for their canine specimens, who seemed to have declared war with each other. The Baroness has a whole family of marvelous terriers. Rigalo is the gentleman, Beauty the lady; the lady possesses the good graces of her mistress to the detriment of her husband; she travels with her, her trousseaux are made of finer materials, and afterwards the gentleman dog's jealousy is excited by being deprived of the much-coveted Rothschild coat of arms, which his wife wears embroidered in relief in one of the corners of her coat. The Baroness Nathaniel Rothschild has all of her dogs wear the white and yellow colors of her livery. When the wife of Gen. Turr takes her dogs out on a yachting expedition they wear dark blue coats with marine collars, anchors embroidered in the corners and paraphed with the mistress' name. The rarest of all Paris dogs is probably the one Mme. Theo brought back from America, Pistache was given to its mistress in a bouquet of roses at her last performance in Mexico. It belongs to a race of dogs which is almost extinct, the Chiwawas; they can now only be found on the summit of a mountain in Mexico on the day of public markets. One of her great admirers scaled that mountain to bring the dog-loving actress that marvel among dogs. It is to be hoped American woman are far too sensible to imitate the French women in her inordinate love of dogs. I have heard strange stories of American women's passion for pets, that turtles, lizards, chameleons were taken to the opera by their admiring mistresses. I consider that a vile, calumniating falsehood, for I deem the American woman as the one having the most good sense or her race, capable only of occupying her time in useful work, instead of killing it by caressing things that are too beastly to return her affection.

### An Old Circus Rider Talks.

Barnum and Forepaugh are the only successful and wealthy circus men of to-day. I should say they are equally wealthy. Forepaugh having the advantage of being alone and getting all the profits, while Barnum has to divide with his partners. Both are in the habit of investing all their surplus in real estate, Barnum owning a section of Bridgeport, while Forepaugh has numerous houses in Philadelphia. In the olden days more money was made in the circus business, because the expenses and risks were not so great as now, especially in the matter of ground rent and license. A dozen or so of horses, four or five cages of animals, one elephant, one camel, and twenty people all told constituted the outfit; there were no double mammoth tents, no droves of elephants, no herd of camels, or stud of horses.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Isabella Burns Begg, a niece of Robert Burns, is dead at the age of 84 years.

—One thousand men from Pike and Calhoun counties, Ill., took part in a recent fox chase.

—Jenner made the first experiment of inoculating a child from a cow-pox pustule in 1796.

—It cost Lansing, Mich., $50 to convict a 17-year-old girl of the theft of a dog valued at 25 cents.

—"Montana turnips" is the name by which $600 or $700 lumps of bullion are known in that Territory.

—Bogus ten-cent pieces have made their appearance at Long Branch, Red Bank and Asbury Park, N. J.

—Key West, Fla., reports that there are no tramps, no beggars and no objects of charity in that city.

—The first time the halls of Congress at Washington, were illuminated with gas was during the Polk Administration.

—Liquor men in various New Jersey cities are said to have combined to defeat any legislative action against their interests.

—After an absence of two years and nine days, a pet squirrel has returned voluntarily to its old quarters in Mattison, Mich.

—The number of beggars in the streets of San Francisco has grown so large as to attract the attention of the local press.

—Congressman Mitchell, of Connecticut, had his left arm broken the other day by being thrown out of a sleigh in New York.

—The Chatham, (N. B.) *World* says that at a recent revival at Mill Branch, every man and woman in the place—except one—was converted.

—Coal of excellent quality has been struck near St. Louis by well sinkers at a depth of fifty-three feet. The extent of the vein is as yet unknown.

—The failure to agree upon who should play "Macbeth" was the cause of the disbandment of a dramatic society at Palouse City, W. T., recently.

—Pittsburg health officers estimate the death rate in that city for 1886 to be 21 per thousand. This estimate supposes the population to amount to 203,000.

—A single sheet of paper, seventy-two inches wide and seven and three-quarters miles long, has been made without a break in a paper mill at Watertown, N. Y.

—The gross mineral output of Montana last year is stated at $24,000,000, of which there was $3,500,000 in gold, $7,000,000 in copper, and $13,500,000 in silver.

—A ten-year-old girl of Bellaire, Ohio, had her bare feet so badly frozen during a somnambulistic trip on a recent cold night that they had to be amputated.

—Ralph Lane and companions who went back to England from Virginia with Sir Francis Drake, carried with them the first tobacco ever seen in that country.

—A Catskill school teacher attempted to "lick" a colored boy one day last week, but the colored boy whipped him instead, and then they shook hands and "made up."

—Tobogganing is all the rage at Morristown, N. J. The club owns a fine slide, and numbers among its members the most fashionable people of that wealthy town.

—A farm near Mannington, in Salem county, N. J., was sold at auction the other day. The price was $64 an acre, said to be about the average market price of farm land in that section.

—A horse that was the pet of a young lady living at South River, N. J., a despatch from New Brunswick states, died after showing unmistakable signs of grief since his mistress died, a week before.

—Miss Lucy Stanley, who lives and owns considerable property near Evansville, Ind., is said to have been proclaimed Queen of the Gypsies of this country, vice her sister, who died December 30th.

—Two Catawba Indians were in Columbus, S. C., a few days ago, as representatives of their tribe, seeking redress for sequestration of their territory which they claimed had been reduced to less than 800 acres.

—Frank Pierce, a member of the Worcester (Mass.) fire department, slipped in getting off an omnibus, a few days ago, severing an artery in one of his legs and bleeding to death in less than fifteen minutes.

—A lady of Philadelphia presented her