



SHOPPING IN PARIS.

A French journalist has recently given some curious information about the women who are trapped and who fall during their shopping expeditions. He says that in Paris no fewer than 4000 women are caught every year stealing before the counter. The number of titled ladies seized with kleptomania while examining the fashions is almost incredible. Among the most 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 \$2000. The police authorities consent to this sort of condonation.—New York Press.

CAPACITY OF WOMEN.

Miss Edie Johnson is an English lady who recently delivered a very interesting talk on the "Capacity of Women," before the Somerville Club. She held that capacity was not a difference of sex; it was not a capacity which divided human beings as men and women. Going back to earlier times, Miss Johnson traced the history of women in the savage state, when she had often as much voice in the government of the tribe as man. For instance, the aboriginal tribes of Australia had women in their councils; and the men squatted in a ring in one spot, the women in a similar ring not far off. No war was decided unless the women agreed. Again, in primitive times, when a murder was committed, the wife or mother of the injured man was always consulted, and her judgment was followed in the pursuit of the criminal. The ancient Egyptians had not only queens, but priestesses, priestesses who led religious ceremonies, and were no mere figure-heads. To-day, women were held to have a capacity for hard work; for instance, a woman might stand at the wash tub all day, it was only well-paid work she was debarred from. Naturally, in the debate which followed there were very few objections to the speaker's statements, the two chief were, that there were no great woman composers of music and very few women inventors. The latter objection was disposed of on the ground of difference of education, but the former was considered tolerably valid, since no woman has yet produced an oratorio.—Chicago Post.

FRENCH WOMEN.

French women are very superior to French men, as we see them, as a rule. They contain in themselves the advantages of two distinct epochs, and while possessing nearly as much personal charm as in youth, they have all the gains by experience and maturity. They keep things together as the young could not do. They set people at ease, and listen as well as talk. They recall the day of the salon, because they are ready to sacrifice themselves to the group which they gather around them, and they have also an ambition to be useful, which was unknown to the precocious of another epoch. Indeed, a French woman of any age seems to have a private elixir of her own, which stays by her through good report and evil report, through good fortune and evil fortune; she is always pleasing, cheerful and sympathetic. France has never produced a second "George Sand," and these elegant chatelaines are as unlike her as possible, and would be shocked to hear that there was anything in common between them in their beautiful faces and in the eccentricity which wanders along the borders of the Indes and in the meadows of the valley of the Loire, in the neighborhood of Nohant, in a man's costume, a frock coat buttoned tightly around the waist, her luxuriant hair falling over a Byronic collar, with a cane or whip, smoking cigarettes, as did George Sand. And yet each one of them has something of that queer mixture—like her—the love of literary companionship, the desire to rise to aesthetic discussion. Women in France have always shared in the discussion as to the property and the business of the husband; they in the higher circles have a desire now to join in the thought and the literary experience. The stories of Jules Janin, Balzac, Theophile Gautier, Alphonse Karr, are replete with these tokens of feminine influence of the higher order. They are very religious and very attentive to their charities. The fancy fairs which are so fashionable in the Champs Elysees are under the conduct always of the greatest ladies. And how decorous, how quietly elegant, they are! I fear our young girls could take a lesson from them.—Harper's Bazar.

THE LATEST STYLES IN RINGS.

One of the most interesting things in this modern life of ours is the decadence of many superstitions that have long been held to. It was but a few years ago that the opal was regarded as a most unlucky stone, while to-day the fashionable jeweler has all he can do to supply the great demand for them. Public sentiment has entirely changed, and to-day the opal is believed to be lucky, and fashion has adopted it. Opal rings are just the thing now, and for beauty and display they can hardly be beaten. An opal set in a small circle and pearls makes a most interesting ring, and they are worn now in being the stone itself that is the beauty. If one can get rid of the

THE MINE RAT.

IT PLAYS A PROMINENT PART IN THE COAL REGIONS.

A Big Strike Settled by the rodents — A Mince and Hungry Horde — Some Miners Never Kill Them.

"THE mine rat," said a former resident of Luzerne, Penn., to a New York Sun man, is an institution in the coal regions, and there is nothing the miners respect more when everything is running right. As long as work is going on in a mine on any kind of decent time the rats have no quarrel with any one and everything is lovely. They insist upon certain rights which the miners recognize and submit to without a murmur. It is only when a mine becomes idle and remains so for any length of time that the rats and the outside world antagonize one another. Even then the miner's respect for the mine rat will permit him to take measures against it only so far as it is necessary to preserve himself, his family and his property.

"Miners' strikes have been brought to a settlement more than once through the persistent efforts of mine rats. Remember one strike in particular that the rats forced to an end. This strike was a particularly stubborn one. Both miners and operators refused to budge one particle from the stand each had taken.

"The bosses declared that grass should grow about the entrance to the mine before they would consent to the demands of the men, and the men swore they would not stop until that grass, if they had nothing else to eat, rather than yield a single point to the bosses.

"The strike lasted so long that the rats were taken from the mine and turned out to pasture, and when that is done during a coal mine strike it is a certain indication that there is to be a long cessation of operations in that mine.

"That was the signal for the rats to take a hand in the difficulty. Miners and their families may starve for a principle if they choose, but the mine rat proposes to live, just the same, and, if the miners abandon him and cut off his supplies of mule feed, his chances of poisoning or starving in the miners' lurches, or eating a mule, is not so good. Then he will have to come to the surface and look about him. That is what the rats in this particular mine did when they got tired of waiting for operations to resume.

"The mine was a big one, and its rat population immense. The rats left the mine and literally took possession of its contiguous village. They quartered themselves in and about the miners' shanties, drove away the cats and dogs, and often made it unsafe for the goats. They lived on the more plentiful supplies the miners possessed and became a warning terror.

"The strike continued and the supplies of the strikers gradually became exhausted. Miners of neighboring collieries, who were not affected by the strike, came to the relief of their impoverished brethren. They sent a two-horse wagon load of provisions to them. A committee took the supplies in charge and stored them in a building from which they were to be distributed according to the necessities of the strikers.

"The very first night of their arrival the storehouse was raided by mine rats and everything devoured or carried away. Another wagon load was forwarded by sympathizing fellow miners, and a guard set upon the goods. Hundreds of the big, fierce, hungry mine rats charged the guard at night, drove him away, and the second supply of provisions disappeared before them. Four times were the striking miners revictualled in this way, and four times the mine rats captured the stores. This combination of the mine rats with the operators was more than the strikers could hold out against, and they finally went to work on the best terms they could obtain, absolutely beaten by the determined horde of mine rats.

"It is a curious fact that if a mine is abandoned by the workmen either on strike or because of lack of work, the rats will follow them to their homes invariably if the mine lies idle for any length of time, but if a mine has to be abandoned because of accidents, such as fall of roof, gas explosions, or fire, the rats will seek other mines in the neighborhood where work is going on. Then there is trouble and plenty of it.

"The rats already inhabiting that mine object to the horde of newcomers, and regular pitched battles ensue. These continue for two or three days. Then the situation seems to be accepted by the home rats, and the miners have to take it. The combined armies of rats overrun the mine, and the regular means of subsistence not being sufficient for the increased demand, the rats become so bold and persistent that not even the mules are safe when left by themselves. I have often heard miners say that on occasions of this kind it was a common thing to find the stable floors covered with hundreds of rats that had been trampled to death by the mules, as it seemed to be a passion with the rats to gnaw the flanks of the mules, and they often succeed in eating them entirely away, despite the frantic kicking and tramping of the animals and the scowrs of their own members that were crushed beneath their feet.

"In one mine, a few years ago, matters became so desperate from the enormous increase of rats, owing to the caving in of a neighboring mine, that the miners had to take desperate measures or surrender the mine to the invaders. It was impossible to keep enough feed on hand for the needs of the mules, and the poor beasts grew so thin that they could scarcely do their work. Even the miners' soap, lamp oil, and other supplies used in their work were devoured by the army of rats that overrun the chambers. The persistent animals would gnaw through the tool boxes in incredibly brief time and empty them in a twinkling of all portable and edible stores.

"The miners were forced to bury their dinner buckets beneath piles of coal to keep the contents away from the rats, and even then the hungry animals often excavated the hidden food. Not a day passed but one or more miners were compelled to fight with a horde of savage rats that disputed with him for the possession of his lunch. The miners at last laid aside their tools and devoted their time to decreasing the rat population of that mine. The mules were taken out, and in all parts of the mine poisoned food was scattered plentifully. This was kept up for three days and the result was most satisfactory. The third day three mine cars were heaped full of dead rats that were gathered from the tunnel floors, and the two tons of carcasses were carted to the outside and buried in one great pit dug for the purpose. Operations were then resumed, the rats left being on a peace footing."

"As a general thing a miner will not harm a mine rat. Some miners, especially of the old school, would almost as soon think of killing their children as a mine rat except on such occasions as I have mentioned. These miners regard the rats as safeguards and inflexible presagers of danger in a mine. They have an instinct, the miners say, that warns them of a pending fall of roof or similar disaster, and when they are seen scurrying away from one section of a mine to another, the workmen know that the rats are giving them a danger signal, and they hurry away in response to it. The chances are ten to one that there will soon be a cave-in more or less serious in the part of the mine thus abandoned by the rats, as long experience and observation have amply proved. The superstitious miner believes that the mine rat gives warning of this by some supernatural it possesses, but the practical man explains it by the theory that when a mine begins to work, as the quiet settling of one preparatory to a cave-in is called, the rats are disturbed in their hiding places, and they hurry away to seek places of safety.

"The mine rat is ordinarily as big as two of the common house rat, and is possessed of amazing intelligence. To be called as smart as a mine rat is to receive the highest compliment in the mining regions. It is no infrequent thing for a miner and some particular rat to form a strong attachment for each other, and I have often seen a miner and a big, bright-eyed mine rat lurching together like two old cronies, a quarter of a mile down in the black depths of the earth."

A Gigantic Marine Monster.

Not long since the people of Achill, or Eagle Island, lying off the coast of Ireland, in County Mayo, were accorded a privilege rare in the annals of the human race—nothing less than the uncommon sight of a stranded "devil-fish." When first washed ashore at the entrance of Blackrod Bay the villagers took it to be the carcass of some gigantic and unknown species of whale. After a couple or three weeks, however, when it had been tossed further inland by a terrific gale, the true character of the uncommon visitor was made known. To what species of the Ctenostrophes the monster belonged could not be ascertained, the creature being too far gone in decay. The sucker and the horny rings had fallen off before it reached the strand, the parrot-like beak peculiar to this animal being also missing. The animal, although widely shrunken and distorted, measured as follows: Length of tentacles, or long arms, thirty feet; circumference of body, sixty feet; circumference of tentacles near body, four feet each. Only four other instances of the appearance of this strange monster in British waters have been recorded. It is often asked why such things are not preserved in museums, easily accessible to curious sight-seers. Do you know that it would take a glass vessel as large as the hull of the Great Eastern to show off such a monster to any degree of perfection whatever?

Curious tales are often told by mariners about this most gigantic of water monsters. Its enormous tentacles are armed with formidable suckers, nearly as large as the average washtub, besides hooks and spikes, each set with vicious-looking teeth, all pointing inward. Some naturalists believe that glimpses of the devil-fish's arms have given rise to the oft-repeated sea-serpent stories.—St. Louis Republic.

The Desert Flora of Egypt.

The Rev. George Henslow, a famous botanist of the Old World, has recently made a critical examination of the desert flora of Egypt, and finds many special points of general interest. The prevailing tint of blue-gray color is a feature similar to what we find on the American desert, with the same adaptation by deep rooting to sustain the vegetation during the long continued heat and drought. The surface sand often indicating a temperature of 140 degrees. There is not a drop of rain during ten months, and plants with curiously knobby roots prevail. A felt-like hair clothed many leaves, and the cuticles of all are thickened. Calcium chloride, a powerful absorbent, is found in many of the species. Usually the flowers are not showy, and many species are self-fertilizing. Chickweed, which abounds in England and the long-settled portions of America, abounds in Egypt, but has there learned to do without the little white flower which it bears with us, he probably meaning that it is apetalous. Professor Henslow repeated what has before been stated in this department that the "mummy wheat" is a fruit in which the Egyptians are adepts. They can manage by sleight of hand to take it out of the mummy before you eyes. No mummy wheat that is genuine, says the professor, can possibly grow. As for "mummy peas," the professor declares that the Egyptians were in utter ignorance of any form of pea when the mummies were prepared.—New York Independent.

Dimitri Mindoleff, a Russian and the inventor of terrorite, an explosive more powerful than dynamite, is dead.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

MAKING A FEATHER DUSTER.

Select the finest of the turkey feathers, using those from the tail. A handle from an old duster is best, but one that will do nicely can be found, that has once served as a handle to a soup ladle or vegetable spoon, as they are often of wood, nicely painted black. Have ready some thick paste. Place a row of feathers around the end of the handle, with cord and smear well with paste; then add another row of feathers, keeping the feather ends even, and wind cord and paste as before. When a suitable size is obtained for the duster, finish off with a few rows of the finer, softer feathers from the body of the turkey, and trim the quill ends evenly with a sharp knife. The quills and paste are to be covered with a bit of bright colored leather, taken from the inside of an old shoe or boot, if not too much worn. Cut the leather in sections, flaring them to fit around the periphery; sew together and slip over the handle. The larger end may be notched fancifully, and the other end fastened in place by a few small tacks. If desired, a bit of gimps and some tiny brass nails will finish it exactly like the boughten ones. One of these makes a nice heartily brush, and with a small fancy dust pan, will be found convenient hung near the stove, especially if wood is burned, as there is always more or less litter from building fires. A much softer duster is made in like manner, using the longest of the fluffy feathers found on the under side of the turkey.—American Agriculturist.

TO CLEAN MATTINGS AND CARPETS.

Carpets may be cleaned very successfully without removing them from the floor, affirms a house magazine. Indeed, if of the heavy varieties of texture, with the wool all thrown up on the right side, as in the velvets, the body Brussels and other weaves of linen thread warp, they can be cleaned more conveniently and satisfactorily when stretched on the floor than when taken up, and their removal once in four or five years to sweep away the dust which may have sifted through and accumulated under them is all that is necessary either for neatness or their preservation.

For gathering up and removing the surface dust, sprinkle carpets thickly with Indian meal wetted only enough to prevent its flying away before the broom, and sweep carefully and vigorously with short, quick strokes of the broom. This repeated, with several applications of the slightly wetted meal, all the dust will be taken up, and the carpet will present a fresh and clean appearance. Then, for restoring the colors, should they be faded, sprinkle the carpet thickly with slightly dampened table salt, and again sweep thoroughly and briskly. For cleaning and restoring Chinese mattings, have at hand water heated several degrees above the tepid point, and pouring off in a large bucket, mix with meal and salt in a quantity sufficient to thicken it slightly. Dip in the water a coarse, stout cloth (a salt sack, well washed, or a coffee bag, is excellent for the purpose) and, wringing out the water as thoroughly as possible, go over the matting vigorously, repeating the process several times if necessary. In this way every spot may be removed and the matting restored almost to original freshness.

Ingrain, three-ply and other double-faced carpetings of both warp and wool floor, should be taken up from the floor, beaten and well shaken at least once a year, because they are more apt to be out and worn by the dust than carpetings of closer texture and single face; and the cleansing and restoring process may be resorted to when they are relaid. Beef's gall will restore any color, and beef's gall mixed with warm water is excellent for restoring faded carpets, piano and table covers and the like, but before applying the gall charged water the dust must be thoroughly removed from any article, as the gall is somewhat glutinous and prepares the goods to hold the dust only more securely.—New York Recorder.

RECIPES.

Frozen Apples.—Make a rich apple sauce, soaking the sugar and water together before putting in your fruit. When perfectly soft beat very smooth. Then put into your freezer and freeze. Serve plain or with cold custard as you prefer.

Rice and Corn Cakes.—One-half cup rice, boiled and hot, one-fourth cup butter, three eggs, one pint corn meal, two tablespoons flour, one teaspoon salt. Stir the butter into the hot rice; when cool add the well beaten eggs, meal, flour and salt. Mix with milk to make a thin batter and bake in a hot oven.

Pineapple Pie.—Select a ripe pineapple, peel and dig out the eyes, grate the pineapple and measure, allowing just as much white sugar as you have pineapple; beat the yolks of four eggs and add the sugar, then a cupful of sweet cream and beat well. Stir in the pineapple and lastly the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake with one crust.

Tart Shells.—Roll out thin a nice puff paste, cut out with a biscuit cutter, and with a smaller cutter (a wineglass will do) cut out the centres of two or three of these, lay the rings thus made on the third, and bake immediately; or shells may be made by simply lining party pans with paste. If the paste be light the shells will be fine, and may be used for tarts or oyster parties.

Cocoonut Tarts.—Dissolve half a pound of sugar in a quart of a pint of water; add half a grated cocoonut; let this boil slowly for a few minutes, and when cold add the well beaten yolks of three eggs and the whites of one. Beat all well together, and pour into party pans lined with rich crust. Bake a few minutes. When removed from the oven, cover the tarts with a meringue made of the whites of three eggs, mixed with three tablespoons of sugar. Return to oven and brown delicately.

GRAND ARMY COLUMN.

A BOY WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

Johnnie Klem was very small of his age, and he was not quite twelve years old when he fell wounded on the battlefield of Chickamauga.

Somewhere along the march Johnnie had fallen into line, and the men many of whom had boys at home, were very kind to him. There was always room under somebody's blanket and a chance to ride, and if there was food Johnnie got his full share.

The Colonel of one of the regiments was very kind to the boy, and he attached himself to that regiment. But Johnnie wanted to be a drummer-boy, and that, in his estimation, required a commission and a drum. The Colonel wrote out a commission and swore Johnnie in, and the men from their scant funds raised enough money to buy him a little drum. So Johnnie Klem became the drummer-boy of the regiment. He was very proud of his position, and soon was able to beat his drum in good style.

There were many hard marches, and the supply of food was scant before the battlefield of Chickamauga was reached.

The morning of the battle, when the men were preparing to meet the enemy in force, the officers and men tried to persuade Johnnie not to go, but he was determined he would.

"I'm the drummer-boy of the regiment, and it's my duty to go," he said.

"But, Johnnie, we are going to fight today, and you might get killed."

"Well, what if I do? I'm going to the fight."

"But you can't fight—you can't kill any of them."

"No, I have no gun, but I can beat the drum hard and scare them."

So Johnnie was allowed to go. He kept step with the men as best he could.

When they came in battle line, and shot and shell fell like rain, Johnnie beat his little drum with all his might.

When the order was given to "charge," he kept his place with the men, running to keep up and beating his drum with all his might. The Union forces were compelled to fall back. In the excitement no one noticed that Johnnie had fallen and that they had left him far behind.

Poor little Johnnie lay sorely wounded, with his drum and the dead beside him.

A Confederate Captain came running in advance of his command. Seeing the boy, he cursed him and called him vile names.

"I allow no man to call me such names," was Johnnie's answer, as he seized the gun of the dead man who was lying beside him and shot the Captain, who was only a few feet away, and he fell dead.

The Confederate soldiers, who saw him shoot their captain, came running, intending to run him through with their bayonets, but at that moment a Colonel came riding up and halted them.

"He killed our Captain; we saw him do it," they pleaded.

Johnnie was not slow in telling his side of the story, and the Colonel had him sent back to the hospital. And when a woman soldier who had been wounded in the same battle was sent over to the Union line under a "flag of truce," Johnnie was sent with her with the message that "the Confederates did not use women and children in war."

The first time I saw Johnnie he was in a hospital at Chattanooga. The battles of Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain had been fought near at hand, but he had not been able to look out upon the grand and awful scenes of the conflict.

There were a great many of the officers came to see the little hero, and have the story verified by him. So many were the visitors that the surgeons found a relapse. But Johnnie recovered. As soon as he was able to be put on a Lieutenant's uniform, for he had been commissioned, and the rank and pay of a Lieutenant he was entitled to, for he had earned promotion. Gen. Thomas placed him on his staff. He had a fine horse and carried a sword. Those who were at Chattanooga during the stay of Gen. Thomas will certainly remember him, as he was almost constantly riding about the town. He was a queer little officer in appearance. His glossy brown hair was fine as silk floss, his deep brown eyes were bright, and he sat very straight in his little saddle on his big horse. And his sword and sash were very conspicuous, he was so very small.

I think he remained with Gen. Thomas till the close of the war and was then sent to West Point Military Academy. That was the current report. I have not heard of him for years. If he still lives, and this falls under his notice, I will be glad to hear from him.—ANNIE WITTENMYER, in "Home and Country," N. Y. City.

The Duke Kind Hearted.

In all the minor affairs of life the Duke of Clarence was kind-hearted and thoughtful of others. While at a reception, shortly before his death, he noticed that a young lady present in a professional capacity had not been taken out to supper with the other guests. He immediately dispatched his equerry to request her to join the rest of the company, and made it a point to see that she was well served.

Good Places for All Bill.

The ancient Egyptians were not particular about the wraps in which to shroud their dead. Old napkins, old skirts and other cast-off clothing were so utilized. It is said that an unpaid dentist bill was found on the person of a lately exhumed mummy, whose teeth were in extra fine condition.