WHEN WAR RAGED.

REMINISCENCES SUGGESTED BY CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

The Substitutes For Articles of Household Use—Queer Bonnets and Dresses—The Ruling Passion Strong Even In Adversity. The Mothers and Maidens of the South.

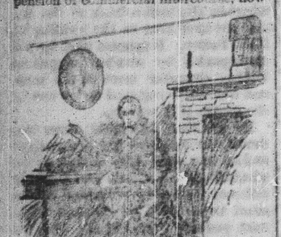
[Special Correspondence.]

CHARLESTON, April 26.—This is Confederate Memorial day, and it has become an anniversary throughout the south, and the southern soldier's grave is a mecca on whose shrine our people lay their offerings. But no Confederates are more worthy of tender remembrance than the wives, sisters and daughters who girded on the soldier's sash and with heartbreaking force wells sent him forth to battle. Many chapters might be written concerning their sufferings and sacrifices, but none perhaps is more interesting than that which describes the manner in which these brave women, the majority of whom were raised in affluence, adapted themselves to a condition of absolute poverty and by their ingenuity triumphed over their privations.

The Ingenuity of Necessity.

Ask any matron today who was a girl of the war period how she lived, and she will tell you of tea made of sassafras sweetened with sorghum sirup; of vinegar made of persimmons; of shoeblacking composed of sumac berries boiled with water, suet and soot; of candles made from beef tallow, with strips of old cloth for wicks, or sycamore balls split in half and soaked in the drippings of pork or other fatty substances; of buttons made of persimmon seed or cut from gourds; a paper of pins costing $5; of old garments and old carpets ripped, raveled, carded, mixed, dyed and made to do duty in other shapes; of hats made of palmetto or straw, and shoes of rat and squirrel skins. In short, there was no waste and yet few of the harassing dilemmas of Flora McFlimsy.

When the war began, the average southern family was supplied with clothes for a year to come. With the establishment of a blockade and the suspension of commercial intercourse, however, the problem which presented itself was how to obtain the actual necessaries of a household—its food and dress. Prices continued to rise steadily from 1861 to 1865. In the latter part 1863 flour was $100 a barrel, tea $160 per pound, coffee $40 per pound, bacon $1.25 per pound, butter $3 per pound, tobacco $4 per pound, sugar $3 per pound, soda $4 per pound, nails $1.50 per pound, whisky $40 per gallon and later $150; kid gloves $50 per pair, which, when soiled re-dyed with ink balls; calico [illegible] per yard, boots from $250 to $[illegible] were and so on. A year lat[illegible] $20 per were trebled and qu[illegible]0 per pair. wonder that the im[illegible] these prices was put to its sever[illegible] drupled. What



MAKING OVER A BONNET.

But they were [illegible]enuity of woman They drank chic[illegible]st tea! [illegible]ye, wheat, sw[illegible] equal to the sacrifice. [illegible]tuts dried an[illegible]rifully of coffee made of [illegible]nd herbs f[illegible]eet potatoes and ground [illegible]onsiste[illegible] parched. They used roots that w[illegible] medicines. Their envelopes lag[illegible] of wall paper or old pictures w[illegible]ere blank on one side, the much[illegible] being furnished by the gum trees, [illegible]hile the ink was a composition of oak balls, green persimmons and rusty nails in the place of copperas. The cackling geese supplied the pens.

Bridal Veils and Bonnets.

In matters of dress every device to be thought of was utilized in order that the weakness of the fair sex to be in style might be gratified. The most antiquated fabrics did not equal the demand. Trains were discarded and skirts abbreviated. When a number of sisters were in a family, they concealed their deficiencies by turning two half worn dresses into one. They borrowed freely from each other and took turns in staying at home. A single bridal veil served for half a dozen weddings, and antebellum silk stockings were patiently unraveled and transformed into neat fitting gloves.

Bonnets were marvels of invention, and not a few of them were fearfully and wonderfully made. Among the strange articles employed in their manufacture were guinea hen and goose feathers. A straw hat dyed and varnished, with a bit of gay ribbon twisted around the crown or trimmed with a palm leaf or some other equally catching design cut from a gentleman's dressing gown, attracted no unusual attention.

A lady writes that "once, by some odd chance, an acquaintance was so fortunate as to have sent her a hat and a pair of balmoral boots, with a skirt to correspond. These treasures were sent by a blockade runner, and a reception was held to display them and allow others the privilege of trying them on. I afterward often saw the balmoral skirt worn very guilelessly with simply an antique velvet jacket." Silk dresses were made from the covers of worn parasols or umbrellas, and a mosquito net often did duty as lining.

"At our sad little prayer meetings," writes another lady, "a lady began here and there to appear in a novel shaped bonnet, unlike anything our Confederate eyes ever had rested upon, with a sort of front portico and balustrade addition, and this covered artistically with more or less of ribbon, laces or flowers, as circumstances might permit. I presently—even through my tears—became aware of this change gradually taking place in the female architecture, and learning upon inquiry how word had come through the blockade that bonnets were being worn larger in front I waxed indignant that any southern woman should do so frivolous an act as to sit down at a time like the present to build a vestibule to her bonnet.

Easily Pleased.

"Next there came a dim, mysterious whisper through the blockade that 'bonnets were being worn larger behind.' Immediately female activity was bent in that direction, and in an incredibly short space of time there were observed excrescences of divers hues and contributions obtruding from the backs of the ladies' heads—a fated, as it were, built on to the original body of the bonnet—which, taken in conjunction with the change already undergone in front and in consideration of the meager millinery now to be had among us, presented a highly variegated and striking appearance.

"Time wore on, and day by day this irresistible disease of the bonnet—a sort of elephantiasis of that organ—spread more and more through the congregation until whole rows, having caught the contagion, might be seen sitting up in a state of deep satisfaction under these ingenious and picturesque arborescences. Presently it became so conspicuous not to have this bonnet elaboration that—oh, weak, weak woman's nature!—even I sat down, and through floods of tears threw out my little wire arbor in front and covered it with the accustomed millinery incongruities."

And thus do we take a pathetic peep at Confederate fashions! Yet, while following this phantom in her way, no southern lady ever failed in her duty to the sick and wounded. At home she was busy providing for their use the scant luxuries which the time afforded, and in the hospital she lent her cheerful influence during the long and dreary period of convalescence. She soothed the dying, and her tears fell upon the sod of the dead.

It is to a southern woman we owe the thought of a Memorial day, and since then it has been observed with religious regularity. Wherever is a bit of "God's acre" in which lie the remains of a Confederate soldier, there, once a year at least, rather the mothers and maidens of the south and strew it with a wealth of flowers.

F. G. DE FONTAINE.

THE TIMBUKTU OF TODAY.

The Famous Stronghold of Superstition Again Prominent.

[Special Correspondence.]

PARIS, April 18.—The occupation of the famous African city of Timbuktu by French soldiery brings that famous Sahara-Sudanese stronghold of ignorance and Mohammedanism prominently before the world again. Timbuktu has always been a mysterious place. The old time geographies used to describe it as a great city, filled with magnificent buildings and peopled by a race as strong and brave as they were cruel and exclusive.

In truth, Timbuktu was an important city in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is situated on the left bank of the river Niger near the point of con[illegible] fluence of its upper tributaries [illegible] north stretch the arid [illegible] to the south the [illegible]tes of Sahara, the western S[illegible]plains and vales of from the s[illegible]dan. It was captured by [illegible]ages in the eleventh century [illegible] Tuareg Berbers, and it steadily [illegible]ose in importance till 1492, when it was captured by the warriors of the surrounding tribes. Its history after that appears to have been a succession of captures and recaptures and burnings and rebuildings.

The population of Timbuktu is composed of Sourhais, Tuaregi, Mandingoes, Berbish Arabs, Bambarahs, Fulahs and since 1860 a small sprinkling of Jews. The Mohammedan prejudice that exists in Timbuktu against Christians is quite as strong against the Jews, and the story of how the latter obtained a footing there is a rather interesting one. Mordokhai Abi-Serour, once a poor Hebrew boy of Morocco, where his race is treated with great cruelty, was the first Jew to reach Timbuktu. Feeling certain that he could not get on in Morocco while still little more than a lad, he started out unaided to seek his fortune. His quest led him through France, Turkey, Greece, Asia Minor and finally to Jerusalem. He earned his way as he traveled, but stopped long in no place till he reached Jerusalem. There he tarried five years and studied with such fervor that he became a rabbi. Then for seven years he was a schoolteacher in Aleppo, Syria, Egypt, Tunis and Algeria. Then, armed with a French passport and possessed of some property, he returned to Morocco, where he found his family poorer than ever. He had heard of the money to be made in the Timbuktu trade, and although he knew of the rule that no Jews should live there he determined to try if he could not gain an entrance and do some business in the fanatical city. So, with his brother Isaac and a caravan, he started across the desert. At Aruan, where Laing was killed, they were stopped and told that they could go no farther. But Mordokhai had the Koran almost by heart, and he succeeded in convincing the Mohammedan sheik who sought to block the way that the sacred book did not command believers to kill Jews, but to take tribute from them. An agreement was reached on that basis, and the two adventurous Hebrews traded for a year in Aruan. The next year he succeeded in entering Timbuktu, and there he nearly lost his life, but again his knowledge of the Koran served him.

When he repeated the words of the prophet, that the believer who kills a tributary may not enter paradise, the murderous hand was staid, and an arrangement similiar to that at Aruan was made with the reigning emir. In time other Jews, all friends or relatives of Morokhai, were admitted, and there is now quite a colony of Hebrews in Timbuktu. He left the place in 1869, and since his retirement from the Timbuktu trade has done excellent work in the service of the Paris Geographical society.

CHARLES SIEBE.

FOR A PERFECT FORM

A NEW GOWN TO GIVE STOUT WOMEN A CHANCE.

It Sets the Figure Off to Advantage—Olive Harper "Dotes" on a Black Silk Cut to Make the Waist Look Trim—The Season's Trifles—Dress Combinations.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, April 20.—One of the most novel as well as prettiest new designs in the form of a gown came under my notice today. The material was a lustring black and gray silk, heavy in texture and of a pleasing color, as it had the appearance of dark gray until it was closely examined. Then was cut to fit like a princess dress, but [illegible] was cut in six pieces, reaching from top to bottom, each piece coming in to fill the figure to perfection.

Indeed perfection is the word that perfection will do for this kind of a gown. Every seam from top to bottom is piped

THE LATEST IDEA.

with a heavy cord covered with reseda green velvet. It fits in the back in the same way, except that at the three middle seams the fullness of three breadths is laid under in fan plaits. It fastens invisibly in front. The sleeves are drooping puffs of the same material as the dress, with standing ruffles at the shoulders fastened in regular plaits to the gown. There are drooping ruffs at the elbow. Around these and at the wrists are rows of velvet ribbon. This is a real hour to the wearer of perfect proportions, for lately she has had no chance to show her figure to advantage. What with the ruffles, draperies, capes and berthas, the slender woman has looked even better than her plumper sister. I predict an instant success for this elegant novelty.

Her sister in her rich black armure silk, with its wide skirt trimmed and festooned with black velvet ribbon luxuriously twisted in a manner to take up dozens and dozens of yards, her draped waist also decorated with ribbon and a deep cape of velvet made with a direct view to making her waist look s[illegible] and her shoulders large, cann[illegible] all phorically speaking, hol[illegible] metaher for style or bea[illegible] candle to snug fitting gow[illegible] To achieve the be fitted [illegible] all the seams must side o[illegible] the gown is on wrong

But what a triumph for a dressmaker if she does get a good fit!

Now, that black silk gown is really beautiful. The drapery is graceful, that gathered yoke gives broken lines and consequently softness to the face, and, as I said before, the wide cape and full sleeves make the waist look trim and round, while the wrinkled surplice at the bottom of the waist is extremely elegant, and a black silk gown is such a comfort. It is always genteel and ladylike in any place or on any occasion; so, after all, I think, if offered a choice, I should prefer the black silk, but still the other is very stylish.

Tea caps have come to stay. Every house now gives one to match every tea gown. But some of them are larger than the bonnets. One I saw was made of cream lace, like a flat alsatian bow, tied with cherry ribbons. Another, shaped just like a cockleshell, was of mazarin blue velvet, with a fall of lace in front and a long piece of lace hanging in the back. This was made for a young lady and looked youthful and "awfully stylish."

There is no end to the number of styles for hats this season. Some—and the most—have flowers, but really the most satisfactory hats have feather trimming, generally quills, short ostrich tufts or a group of pinions in irregular lengths. One such had blue straw brim bordered with jet spangles. For trim-

NEW TRIFLES.

ming there was a bunch of bluish crow pinions and a mass of bow loops. For a little girl there was a pretty "best hat" of silver gray straw, with a very wide brim bent down on the sides and up in the front and back. Two rosettes of silver gray ribbon were set on the crown, one on each side, ending in long strings to tie under the chin. On the top were two mottled gray quills with tiny gilt spangles.

Among the newest combinations in making up gowns I notice challie and cashmere with lace and ribbon trimmings. China silk and nun's veiling make another combination, as do crepon and velutina, and granite cheviot and camel's hair. One would think these goods too near alike to form the contrast of material necessary for a striking costume, but curiously enough they are effective.

OLIVE HARPER.

HAIR RAISING FRIGHTS.

Is the "Standing on End" Sensation a Real or an Imaginary One?

As a general rule unscientific opinions on a scientific subject are of but little value to the student and the investigator. Yet to be permitted to ask such questions appears to relieve one to a certain extent, even though the answer be far from satisfactory.

There is a variety of opinions as to the sensations conducing to "end" in fits of extreme fright, some of which are temporary and altogether probable, others ridiculous in the extreme. The notion, if so it be, that the hair occasionally raises and lifts the hat is of extreme antiquity. In the old Bible book in the Bible [illegible] I find the following: "Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up."

Do you remember what Virgil says about his hero in the celebrated box fur-chimney bonnet passage? I read from Conington's translation:

> While that in terror I pursued
> From Troy to leave the loved and loving guest,
> The ghastly apparition of my wife
> Confronts me larger than in life.
> I stood appalled, my hair erect,
> And fast my tongue the utterance
> checked.

Macbeth relates his experience as follows:

> Why do I yield to that suggestion
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair?

And again in Hamlet we read:

> I could a tale unfold whose lightest words
> Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
> blood,
> Make thy two eyes like stars, start from their
> spheres,
> Thy knotted and combined locks to part
> And each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Similar instances of "hair raising" being mentioned in literature could be multiplied, but the above are sufficient, even without scientific corroboration, to prove that the phenomenon is not a freak of the imagination.

One of the authorities before me gives this opinion: "Plainly stated, the hair raising notion is without a substantial basis. In short, the sensation is only an imaginary one."

Hilbert says, "In such cases the hair actually stands erect, as a result of a sudden contraction of the follicles."

Wilson's "Normal Condition of the Hair and Skin" says, "The phenomenon of hair standing erect in cases of extreme terror cannot satisfactorily be explained."—St. Louis Republic.

Heartless Physicians.

It is an almost [illegible] fatal obstacle in the building up of [illegible] practice for a physician to wear a [illegible] mustache or beard. Many a youthful face. Any doctor will c[illegible] corroborate that. I remember an amusing incident in my own experience after I had graduated from hospital service and put up my shingle and started practice. It was terribly slow work getting patients. I had a friend who was a medical student in my office. He was very dark complexioned and though only 20 years old had a big black beard. A woman called at the office one day and asked to see the doctor. My student answered the summons and said that he would call me. I walked into the reception room. The patient, who was a stranger to both of us, looked at me impatiently. I had a very adolescent mustache at that time.

"I want to see the doctor," she exclaimed rather sharply. "I don't want to see a medical student. I wish to see the gentleman with the beard." To save myself the loss of that patient I had to apologize and call my student back. I was present, heard all that was said, and I was the author of the prescription given. The woman didn't know that, however, and went away perfectly satisfied. It was simply an amusing illustration of the prejudice, unjust enough, to boyish looking doctors, and incidents of that kind occur every day.—New York Sun.

Southern Planters.

The gentleman, indeed, has taken to agriculture in the south. Before the war the whole southern social system rested on the planter. There has been an insidious and noiseless industrial revolution since, but the planter remains the main support of the taxes. We have no class among northern farmers that quite answers to his. He resembles more the English country gentleman of a past generation when country gentlemen did not go to town.

All the same, it would not do to count the planter out of the scheme. He is the most American farmer of them all, barely excepting the New Englander, who is disappearing every year. He furnishes a conservative, native born influence of immense account. A class that still believes in God and women and honor, that may be led astray by hotheaded prejudices, but can neither be bought nor cowed, is a class to be valued, since it is as true today as in Goldsmith's time that—

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

—Octave Thanet in Scribner's.

Wasting Our Wealth.

Providence stocked the earth, the waters and the air with a store of all that was necessary for the use or for the benefit of man. Had we been content to live upon what may be called the interest of this store there was amply sufficient to last for all time. But we are the spendthrifts of our race; we are exhausting our capital, exterminating every wild animal, killing out with our machinery every mineral and raking the very ocean for its wealth. What is to become of us when we have exhausted our sensationalism, exhausted our capital and exhausted even our vitality? They call this fin de siecle. I call it fin du monde.—Truth.

Your Learning.

Wear your learning like your watch in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked like a watchman.—Chesterfield.

THE TREASURE KEY.

A Discovery That Opened the Riches of Eastern Literature.

It is not a fairy tale that I am going to tell you, though I do take you far away to the orient, to the land of the lotus flower, the land of the pyramids, of the obelisks and the Nile, but a story true in word and fact.

It is the story of a key before which vast treasure houses impenetrable for ages opened their doors. And when the portals were thrown wide the wondering gazed upon things surpassing riches of which their wildest imaginings had never dreamed.

It is not a key of gold, though its value is more than its weight in mere precious metal, nor is it shaped like a key at all. And the wonder is it unlocked is not only for its finders, but for all time, for you and for me. I speak of the Rosetta stone, which is now in the British museum.

Many ages ago Ptolemy Epiphanes, king of Egypt, paid the arrears of taxes and other debts of the priesthood of Egypt, and in thanks and to show their respect for his consideration the priesthood, at a synod held in Memphis, passed a decree commemorating it. The decree was cut into stone, as that was the mode of preserving a record of historical events. This happened about 195 years before the Christian era.

You must know that the Egyptians had a different mode of writing from ours. They used hieroglyphics or picture writing, and this, after great research, has been discovered to be the written interpretation of sounds.

That a record of Epiphanes' deed might not be lost the Egyptians had the decree written in three different languages, the hieroglyphic, the demotic and the Greek. This was done as a precaution, because, as the country had many dialects, a language once in use was likely to die out in time. So by making this triliteral copy of the event, each a translation of the other, it was likely to be preserved.

Yours passed [illegible] the fate of ag[illegible] buried from view the [illegible] that was destined to play so im[illegible] following a [illegible] modern conceptions of m[illegible] southern regarding the past [illegible] and manners and customs of the [illegible] Egyptians.

[illegible] is the origin of the Rosetta stone, and no one in the modern world knew of its existence until the time of Napoleon. He carried his conquering arms all over Europe, and not content with his victories there he invaded Egypt, where he fought the brilliant Egyptian campaign.

While stationed near Rosetta, in lower Egypt, some of the soldiers with the French engineer, M. Bouchard, found, while excavating in the historical soil, a block of stone of black basalt, about 3½ feet in length and a little more than 2½ feet in width. On it they saw strange and unintelligible writing or drawings. It was the Rosetta stone, so called from the name of the place where it was found, but they did not dream how precious their discovery would prove.

And it was not until about 15 years had passed that even one word was translated. Dr. Young in 1815 made out the word Ptolemy, and he it was who discovered that the writing was phonetic and not ideographic, as had been supposed. But the key had not yet done its work, for, like Aladdin and his lamp, the talisman had not yet been conquered.

Dr. Young, continuing his research, deciphered the word Berenice among the pictorial writings of the frescoes at Karnak. But it is to Champolion that most of the credit is due, for he continued the research unremittingly, and finally his labors were crowned with victory. The translation of the Rosetta stone was completed—that is to say, so far as the stone itself is complete, for one part of it is broken off.

It was not an easy task to conquer, but one will worth the attempt, and honor will ever redound to the men that undertook and succeeded. In opening up the broad field of the literature of the east, the field that glows with glorious deeds and vast achievements, and that for ages baffled the wisest.—Philadelphia Times.

No More Milk.

"There is no more milk in the world," said an old gourmet as he sat at his luncheon at the Manhattan club. "It has gone, and not even a bubble of regret seems to mark the spot where it sank out of sight. Milk, the earliest staff of all generations, is now a thing unknown in polite circles. It's all cream now. It does not matter whether I dine here or in Texas or in California, everywhere the waiters ask: 'Will you take cream in your coffee?' and 'Will you have cream hot or cold?' The good old staple, milk, is no longer called by name. Even in Chicago they call it cream. Milk is tabooed. It has gone out of existence with the word 'woman,' the word 'undertaker,' the word 'dress' and a lot of other noble terms. Now it's always cream, lady, funeral director and gown wherever you go, even in Chicago. And yet the 'cream' is often pale blue and thin, and if it was not served as cream I would swear it was milk, and darned bad milk at that."—New York Sun.

A Real Lake of Fire.

The greatest natural wonder of Hawaii, if not in the entire world, is Lake Dana, or Dana lake, a body of molten lava 10 miles in circumference. To the sightseer the surface of this wonderful lake appears as if it were a sea of redhot water dashing against the cliffs which surround it on all sides to a height averaging 100 feet. J. J. Williams of Honolulu, who probably knows more about the volcanic condition of the island than any other living man, says that "this rushing, restless, heaving lake of boiling fire never remains silent or calm for a single instant."—St. Louis Republic.

Not That Kind.

Lady—Have you any celery?

Green Huckster—Not much, ma'am—only $3 a week.—Detroit Free Press.

AN EFFECTIVE MADSTONE.

How It Adheres to the Body and Sucks Out All the Poison.

Nearly every one has heard more or less about madstones and the wonderful cures with which they are credited in saving life where a person had been bitten by a mad dog. Many regard these stones as a mere supposition, but statistics go to prove that they really do contain many wonderful properties. Madstones are seldom heard of anywhere except in the southern states, where they are quite common, and most of the people of that section place great faith in them. Mrs. J. H. Parks, a lady residing in this city, is the possessor of one of these remarkable stones, and a reporter called on her to learn something about it.

"Yes," she said when questioned on the subject, "I have a madstone and have had it many years. My husband found it near Magnolia Springs, Fla. I have only had occasion to use it three or four times since it has been in my possession, and each time the best results followed. The reason that I have not used it often is that I never hear of a case where a person has been bitten by a mad dog until I see it in the paper, and then it has always been stated that the patient has been taken with convulsions. It is too late to use the madstone then. Spasms do not generally appear until about nine days after the person is bitten, and if the stone is applied any time previous to the convulsions the poison will be entirely drawn out by it.

"The worst case I ever cared with my madstone happened when a policeman here in the city, named Price, was bitten on the hand by a mad dog. His arm had swollen up to three or four times its natural size and had turned black. The man was suffering the most excruciating agony, and his physicians had despaired of his life. I accidentally heard of his case and it once arrived to the house with my madstone. The doctor consented to give it a trial, and the result was that the man recovered and is now walking around the streets as well as ever."

Upon the reporter's asking if he might see the stone Mrs. Parks immediately produced it, remarking as she did so, "It does not look nearly as powerful as it really is."

It is a little, porous, [illegible] substance about an inch long, half an inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick and appeared to be a sort of vegetable compound.

"The process of applying the madstone," continued Mrs. Parks, "is very simple and somewhat similar to vaccination. You select some part of the body between the bite and the heart and with a sharp knife scrape the skin till the blood comes, then apply the stone to the raw spot. The stone will adhere immediately, and its drawing qualities are so great that it will almost bury itself in the flesh, sucking out the poison until all the pores of the stone are filled with the deadly virus. The stone then drops off of its own accord, and after being thoroughly cleansed with milk, warm water and soap is applied again. This is kept up till the stone refuses to stick, thereby showing that all the poison has been drawn out."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Sting of the Nettle.

The leaf and stem of a nettle are literally clothed with erect hollow hairs. If one of these hairs is viewed under a microscope, it will be seen that its free end, after tapering to a very fine degree of slimness, finishes as a little knob, while in the other direction, after gradually becoming more robust, it suddenly expands into a large bulb, corresponding with the poison gland of the adder.

The point of the hair is very brittle, and contact with our skin causes the end to snap off, leaving a hollow needle point which readily pierces our cuticle, and pressing upon the bulb at the other end the poison is forced through the central channel and infames our blood. The tender handed who stroke the nettle are stung for their pains, because their gentleness has only served to break the brittle points and rendering them fit for piercing, but the rough handed break the hairs at their thickest parts, where they are too stout to prick.—Good Words.

"Boil Down" Everything!

The taste for short stories, in place of the ancient three volume novel, has been cultivated even in conservative England and has become so widespread in the United States that very few periodicals which deal in fiction at all are without their stories begun and finished in a single issue. The talent required to produce a fascinating and successful fiction in this narrow compass is a peculiar one, and while there are numerous failures there are also a surprising number of successes. Well written, descriptive articles, too, are in demand, and special cravings for personal, gossip and lively sketches of notable living characters are manifest. That perennial interest which mankind and womankind evince in every individual whose name, for whatever reason, has become familiar supplies a basis for an inexhaustible series of light paragraphic articles.—New York Journal.

Dean le Breton.

Mrs. Langtry's father, Dean le Breton, was the leading dignitary of his church in Jersey, presiding especially over the picturesque church at St. Saviour's. He was a man of superb physique and strikingly handsome. His beauty descended to more members of his family than to his famous daughter, for the brothers, of whom there were several, all were splendid looking, Apollolike fellows, notably Mrs. Langtry's youngest and favorite brother, who was killed in a tiger hunt in India.—New York Times.

It Didn't Pay.

Saidso—I never had but one quarrel with my wife in all our married experience.

Heardso—How did that happen?

Saidso—She went into hysterics, and it cost me $10 for a doctor.—New York World.