

It is said that the people of New Orleans, La., maintain the most independent attitude toward the dictates of fashion of any city in the land.

In 1860 the average cost of teaching per annum for each pupil in the public schools of Chicago was \$3.49. In 1892 the average cost of teaching was \$16.20.

The prices of valuable Russian furs have been almost quadrupled in Germany in recent years. Not all of them are genuine, as may be inferred from the fact that dead cats, which were worth two cents apiece a few years ago, now cost twenty-five to thirty cents each.

Lambouche, of London Truth, acidly observes that "the British House of Lords, it must be remembered, has only survived thus far because the majority of its members have sufficient sense never to show their faces, much less to let their voices be heard, at Westminster."

Another bridge to connect New York and Brooklyn has been begun. The structure will be on the cantilever system and its spans will be 150 feet high. Its cost will be over \$10,000,000. The two great cities will soon be linked so firmly together that, in the opinion of the San Francisco Chronicle, a common municipal government will be absolutely necessary.

Since the great caves of this country were turned into show places a close watch has been kept on visitors to prevent their annexation of stalactites, "cave acorns," gypsum crystals, and other curious and beautiful formations. Not even the broken stalactites lying about the floor can be appropriated, for these are gathered and sold by the owners or lessees of these holes in the ground.

The backward condition of public instruction in provincial Russia may be gathered from a brief and well-authenticated statement in a prominent newspaper, from which it appears that in the Government of Pskoff, adjoining that of St. Petersburg, there is to be found only one elementary school in the whole area of 500 square versts, and among more than 200 villages, many of which contain several thousands of inhabitants.

The winter and wet weather of the East this year proved a great bonanza to the rubber shoe manufacturers and dealers, who have sold out nearly all their stock. So great has been the consumption it is estimated that the output of 1893 will have to be increased by nearly 20,000,000 pairs. This, calculates the Chicago Herald, will tax the capacity of the mills to the utmost and insure to the operatives abundant work at good wages during the year.

Another steamship line is arranging to put two 10,000-ton steamers under the American flag. The vessels will be built at Newport News, Va., and will ply between Liverpool and New Orleans. The new liners, it is expected, will be the nucleus of a full fleet of American steamers rivalling in speed and beauty the fastest afloat. "Evidently the prospects of the American flag reappearing on the ocean are brightening," exclaims the San Francisco Chronicle.

The other day two Chinese damsels invaded the San Francisco Chronicle building. They rode up and down the elevator, visiting the different floors, opening the doors of several offices, apparently for no other purpose than to see what was inside, meanwhile all the time jabbering and laughing as if they were very much amused. When asked who they were looking for one of them answered: "We no look for anybody—we all the same slumming."

Says the Detroit Free Press: "Silver may be cheap—say eighty-three cents an ounce—but its production is much cheaper. In the three most prominent mines at Creede, Col., silver has been produced at twenty-five cents an ounce, and the profits from these three mines last year were \$1,000,000 on a \$200,000 investment. Two Creede mines can produce 8,000,000 ounces per annum. A mine at Aspen has been turning out 2,500,000 ounces per annum, at a cost, it is said, of less than fourteen cents per ounce."

The stories of the misused oyster dredgers of the Chesapeake have excited wide sympathy, and a number of influential societies in Baltimore have in mind a headquarters where complaints can be lodged by the unfortunate and investigation made and prosecution conducted by this headquarters against the wretches who deceive and abuse the men they ship. In most cases, declares the Chicago Herald, the victims of these outrages are too poor to prosecute the offenders, but the proposed plan will obviate this difficulty and insure a deserved punishment.

TO HIM WHO WAITS.
To him who waits—" the wise old saying runs; Crooning o'er while winged snow-shafts dart
Awaith the gloomy light of shrouded suns, With what a thrill it vivifies my heart;

Crooning a lute I hear the robin sing; Upon my ear bursts all the melody

That leaps from out the lyric lips of Spring.—Clinton Scollard, in Youth's Companion.

A TALE OF A BROOM.



UNT KITTY stood, with the broom in her hand, at the parlor door.

A fit of general

activity seized me.

"O, Aunt Kitty, do let me sweep. You don't know how beautifully I can fix up a room. Besides, I am dying for want of exercise."

Aunt Kitty looked as if struck by a small torpedo.

"Dear aunt, have you not heard of Hercules's sweeping the Augean stables in one day? They contained three thousand head of cattle, which hadn't had any clean straw for thirty years. Well, I dare say he began with his mother's parlor, and trained his muscles thus." I caught the broom and performed a series of gymnastics, throwing it back of my head, and twisting my neck in and out of the loop, till the shade of the student lamp began to tremble.

My aunt yielded with many cautions. "Don't break anything, but move out the furniture, and sweep the corners, and shake the table cover and the rug; and don't lift the broom high so as to make a big dust."

"Enough, madam, my aunt. You will soon see how accomplished in such matters I am. Wait minute. Even at such a trying time, aesthetics must not be forgotten."

I can up stairs and reappeared with my hair done up in a white mull fichu, fastened at the side with a bunch of mignonette; my dress skirt pinned back, and covered with a large sash, trimmed with red bows.

"Beauty and the Broom," said I, as I saw my black eyes and dark cheeks under the soft white turban, in the small mirror. "Grace Brown, I have seen you with less becoming surroundings. Now, aunt, exit please. The curtain rises upon the first act."

My aunt well knew that rambling in the woods after flowers and insects was my delight, and that I regarded house-work as a necessary evil, which, like duties in a custom house, let those shirk who might. I spent weeks in this charming country home every summer, in preference to visiting any of the fashionable resorts, simply because I had enough of fashion the rest of the year—and because I was, with all my shortcomings, Aunt Kitty's favorite niece. Father and I lived all alone; or, rather, he lived with his grain elevators. He was very good to me. I might go anywhere I liked, or stay at home and invite company. So I joined a Shakspeare Club to improve my mind, and took lessons in free-hand drawing. Of course, I had to go a great deal to the dressmaker's, for a city girl's wardrobe takes time and attention. I had a dog cart and pony, and I took one of the girls every pleasant day to drive in Central Park. As for housekeeping, we had the best of servants, and I only had to decide whether it should be beef or mutton for dinner. No wonder Aunt Kitty regarded this freak as a new and startling development of my character. But she left me with:

"Don't sweep the dust into the hall, but to the hearth, and—"

I actually kissed her and pushed the dear soul out of the room, and shut the door in her face.

Now I threw open all the windows and blinds. A flood of beautiful sunshine came in. Dark rooms are an invention of the Prince of Darkness—but then folks in the country are awfully attached to them. Never mind, I have all our doors to live. How lovely those roses are this morning! I climb over the sill to the veranda, and pick a large bunch of Baltimore Belles, which I pin to my throat. A sparrow has her nest in that honeysuckle vine. Oh, she is sitting, and I will not disturb her. I almost wish I had gone for a walk. "But, Grace Brown, you shall not be fickle. You are going to sweep this room; so climb in again. This small round table shall be the starting point. 'A good beginning is half done.' The carpet is a modest tapestry, I will take it, one breath at a time, narrowing over the horizon of dust and dirt, the heart my radiating point, enlarging the area of brightness, till all is clean—when, Euter Dust Pan, and perform thy menial but useful office!"

The table is pretty and quaint, covered with an embroidered cloth that I worked and sent last Christmas. On it lie a handsome piece of coral under glass, some rare and beautiful shells, and an illustrated book, "Poems of the Sea."

Well do I know the sad story enshrined here. Fifteen years ago, Arnold Wood sailed on his last voyage. He was Aunt Kitty's lover, and a fine sailor. But Aunt Kitty would have no sailor for a husband, and he agreed that after one more voyage—he had just been promoted to be second mate—he would settle down to farming. She could not bear that he should go, but he was jubilant. New lands to see—rare and pretty things to bring back to the prettiest bride in town—it was but right that she should have one more taste of the wild, free life; and sadly she let him go. For several weeks letters came regularly. The last was from Calcutta. No one ever heard of that ship again. As months passed, Aunt Kitty grew pale and silent, with a wistful look on her face. People

stopped talking when she went by, and said under their breath, "Poor things!" At last she took to her bed with a slow fever. That's what they always call these broken heart troubles. But she had a strong physique, and did not die, as seemed likely, but after weeks of illness took up the burden of her life again. Well for her, perhaps, that her father was growing too old to look after the farm, and, as he died soon with a stroke of apoplexy, she assumed entire control of the business. Then her mother grew feeble, and they cared for her like an infant. She could only help herself a little by rolling her chair about. On warm days she enjoyed sitting on the veranda, but that was the only change she knew till she took the last long dreadful journey. Aunt Kitty's success as a farmer is wonderful. The men obey her, or else they go. Her cabbages are the finest, and her chickens the fattest in the neighborhood. She wages relentless persecution upon worms and insects, and it seems as if the things didn't dare to try to eat her cucumber plants. If the curculio attacks one of her plum trees, she cuts the tree down before the others suffer. "Better one dead tree than a lot of sickly ones," she says. With an eye, perhaps, to Aunt Kitty's swelling bank account, a very nice man asked her to marry him. She replied that her life was, indeed, for any who needed her, but for no husband. Her heart, she said, lay at the bottom of the ocean.

In the table is a small drawer which I ought to open and dust. Ah! the only thing here is a painted ambrotype of Arnold in a blue velvet case. I take it reverently from its folds of tissue paper and open it. On the inside cover is pinned a curl of ruddy brown hair. It is a boyish face, laughing, pure and sweet. Till the last he must have bounded over the crests of life's ways—happy, fearless. If only they could have been married, and had their pretty children about them!

But, Grace Brown, I thought you were sweeping! I push back the drawer, move the table, and play my broom with vigor.

Here are some dry leaves and flowers, dropped in the shadow of the door. They are botanical specimens which the doctor and I were studying last night.

We found a purple Gerardia, yellow Trefoil and Polygal along the roadside on our drive. We examined them through the doctor's big microscope. That Polygal was hard studying, and there he sat, enjoying my poking with his needles, trying to count stamens and cells too small almost to be seen with the microscope. He would not help one bit, and I felt more and more stupid.

He says I will make a fair botanist if I persevere. The doctor knows everything about plants, but then he had to learn, so as to dispense saraparilla, and all his vegetable stuffs. Botanical names do so dignify medicines! Now I should hate to get well of a fever on Monkshood or one of the Deadly Nightshades. But call them Aconitum and Belladonna and I shouldn't mind in the least. Out here, where I have a few companions, the doctor is very agreeable. He began practicing in New York, but it was up-hill work. So when the old physician of this place wanted to retire, and invited this young doctor to take his practice, he was glad to come. Some of his patients live off quite a distance, and he says I may as well enjoy the ride with him on fine days. He calls, quite unprofessionally, of course, on Aunt Kitty very often. But come—my little dried-up Gerardia, you and the rest must share a common fate and go to the dust-heep.

A few white hairs are caught on the broom. I take one gently off and draw it through my fingers. Aunt Kitty's hair turned white in the fever. I love white hairs. The mixed stage suggests the struggle between youth and middle age. I cannot associate white hair with any but good people like Aunt Rebekah and Aunt Kitty. The bad ought to use dyes and keep their locks, like their hearts, a dirty yellow-black.

I have come to the what-not, and I regard it with dismay. What not, indeed! Heaps of knick-knack, shells, vases, daguerreotypes, picture cards, boxes, small China figures, all waiting to be dusted. On the top shelf peacock feathers and dried grass wave from an antique vase. Here is my mother's picture in a small frame made of pine cones. There are hair flowers under a glass. Let us look at these ancient daguerreotypes. This is Uncle Amos, more sombre even than his portrait. That is father's cousin Sebastian who lives in Australia, and sends me something every year. I have never seen him, but he thought a great deal of mother, who died when I was four years old. It is for her sake, I suppose, that he sends me things. Here is a group of my own cousins, five light-haired, pretty, delicate children. Only one lives now. Their mother died of consumption, leaving a baby three months old. Uncle John, a brother of my father's and Aunt Kitty's, knew a Massachusetts girl, strong and sweet-tempered, who was teaching school. He went to her and said:

"You were my wife's best friend. Her children have her constitution. You know their doom. Come and make their short lives happy. She would be pleased, I will give you money and a home. All your wants shall be gratified. And for the care you give my children our gratitude will be your recompence."

She went, and took up her task, determined to conquer those fatal seeds of death which were the mother's heritage. She struggled, and did indeed give them happiness, but she could not give them health. What a fearful fact hereditary is! They lived from sixteen to twenty years, then one by one they drooped and died. All but one died in her arms.

He, singularly, escaped. As a forlorn hope, he was sent as common seaman on a sailing vessel. Being weak and unused to climbing, he fell to the deck and broke his hip. He was taken to the hospital, where he lay for a year, his wound suppurating and refusing to heal. When he did recover he walked with a crutch, but the blood taint was gone, and his lungs were sound. He married and lives in St. Louis. Here is a photograph of Charley, junior, a mischievous, sturdy-looking three-year-old, booked for a long life. On one shelf is a curiously carved cup which Cousin Charles did in the hospital. It was one of his ways of passing the time.

When all my poor cousins were laid in Greenwood, my uncle looked at the lady who had spent the best part of her life in his children's sick room, and saw that she was old before her time. Too late he began to value her life, and hoped by making her his wife to restore some of her lost youth and energy. He took her traveling; physicians saved her; but in spite of all, she gradually settled into a quiet melancholy. She preferred to stay in a darkened room, and moves noiselessly about as if she were tending the sick. Is there a nervous, vital force which those who are ill draw from those who care for them? It seems so in Aunt Mary's case. She may yet recover. My friend the doctor has seen her and gives hope; but it will take time.

The door suddenly opens.

"My stars! what a picture!" says a voice in dismay. This was the picture: Chaises and tables were moved into the middle of the room. Flies and dust filled the airy spaces between them. The former, joyously swarming and buzzing, showed absolute delight over such an unprecedented invitation as this—to Aunt Kitty's best room. The what-not was partly dismantled. Peacock feathers and dried grasses lay on the floor among a dozen or two daguerreotypes. I, Miss Brown, sat in the midst, while my broom lay on the centre table, dangerously near the student lamp. The dust-pan reposed upon the mantelpiece between Aunt Kitty's Royal Worcester vases. No wonder my aunt was in a state of mind. Her words came in little gasps:

"Child alive! Did I ever see—since I was born? I was an idiot—yes, I was—to think you could sweep a room. You are all right to tell the name of a flower or a butterfly, but if you are fit for a single thing about a house, Grace Brown, I haven't found it out!"

I heard a smothered laugh in the hall, and looking up from my confusion, saw—oh, heavens and earth! the doctor's eyes twinkling with amusement, while his face was red with suppressed mirth. "My horse and buggy are here, at your service, Miss Brown." (Why didn't I hear him drive up?) "I am going after some pitcher-plant and sundew, and you may like to gather some specimens. Since the pitcher-plant grows in a swamp, you might put on your rubbers. Otherwise your present costume is appropriate, as well as charming."

After the ride:

The doctor, that is, Henry, says I must assume the direction of his household affairs. He will be perfectly disconsolate if I don't. He wants me to be married with lots of white, soft stuff about my head—I will pucker up the veil a little, just to humor him—with rosebuds everywhere on my dress. He said that the picture of that half-swept room, the flies, the dust, myself a poor little, beautiful culprit seated on the floor with things all about me, my irate aunt, and the broom, was one in which lights and shades were exquisitely blended, and one that he can never forget.

It was a good long ride, and we did not once think of the pitcher-plant; but it was very sweet to be thought so much of by such a splendid fellow as my Henry. And as I am to live here all the time, I can get specimens any day. Meanwhile, I will humbly petition Aunt Kitty to give me lessons in housekeeping—Romance.

Wilson Shannon Bissell, who has

been a resident of Buffalo for forty years, lives at 295 Delaware avenue.

Like his former law partner, the President, he led a bachelor's life until his friends thought he would die, but four years ago he married Miss Louise Sturgis, of Geneva, New York, and is now the father of a little girl about the age of Ruth Cleveland. Mrs. Bissell is an accomplished musician and was music teacher at the Buffalo Seminary when she married. She is a charming lady.

John Griffin Carlisle, the famous Kentucky statesman, is as democratic to-day as when in his early years he followed the plow in Ken-

tucky. He is adored by newspaper men and is uniformly courteous and polite. He has been known to give his seat to a colored girl in the street cars with as much grace as though he were offering his place to a Senator's wife. His wife, who presides over his home in Washington, is a most

HOMES OF THE CABINET.

ABODES OF MR. CLEVELAND'S POLITICAL FAMILY.

Something of the Domestic Life of the Advisers Whom the President Has Chosen to Aid Him in Administering Public Affairs.

How They Live.

From the public lives of the men whom President Cleveland has appointed to his Cabinet it is interesting to turn and note their domestic habits.

The gentleman who holds the portfolio of State, Hon. Walter Q. Gresham, finds the chief delight in life in the bosom of his family. His home is one of a series of brown stone buildings on Prairie avenue, Chicago, and here he dispenses royal hospitality to his friends. In 1858 he married Miss Matilda McGrain, of Harrison County, Ind. Judge Gresham's figure is tall and slender and his handshake warm. He prides himself on his ability to read character. He is very democratic in his tastes and

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