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THE SCARECROW.

In yonder field he stands erect,
No matter what the weather,
And keeps a watch so circumspect
On foes of every feather,
So faithful is he to the trust
Committed to his keeping
That all the birds suspect he must
Dispense with any sleeping.

Sometimes his hat tips down so low
It seems a cause for censure,
For then some old, courageous crow
Believes it safe to venture;
But catching sight of either arm
Outstretched in solemn warning,
The crow decides to leave this farm
Until another morning.

Although his dress is incomplete,
It really does not matter;
Perchance the truest heart may beat
Beneath a patch or tatter.
And it is wrong to base our love
On wealth and name and station,
For he who may will rise above
His daily occupation.

We should not look with eyes of scorn,
And find in him no beauty
Who stands and guards our fields of corn,
And does the whole world duty,
But honor him for native worth,
For rustic independence,
And send a hearty greeting forth
For him and his descendants.

—*Martha C. Cook, in Young People.*

A QUAINT PROPOSAL.

The lilac bush beneath the south window of Willow Brook Farm's wainscoted parlor nodded gracefully as a tiny zephyr swept gayly by, wafting far and near its incense of new mown hay. In its wake fluttered a purple and golden butterfly, to poise a moment upon the window's ledge, then to soar boldly forward until it lit upon a curious old vase beside an organ, whose yellowed keys gleamed softly in the half darkened room. The butterfly and the vase mirrored themselves in the polished oak floor, and if the range had been right they could have repeated the picture in the shining surface of each article of furniture.

A young girl was the sole occupant of the room, with the exception, of course, of the butterfly, who had winged his way to a small oval mirror and was busily making his toilet, as his companion, humming a merry tune, dusted carefully a squatty teapot, whose fat little spout and comic tout ensemble at once inspired a longing for ten brewed in such novel quarters. At that moment a voice, calling "Marthy! Marthy!" echoed through the house, followed by: "Run—quick old Tim's in the corn field, and my hands are all over dough!"

Hastily replacing the ancient heirloom on a spindle-legged table, the young girl darted from the room, while the butterfly, startled at its toilet, spread its brilliant wings and floated swiftly out into the sunshine again. Snatching a snowy sun bonnet from its peg in the hall, Martha flew down the garden path across to an adjacent meadow. In her hurry she failed to notice a gentleman slowly advancing in her direction, until two masculine hands stayed her progress.

With an exclamation of surprise, Martha raised her pretty blue eyes and met a pair of decidedly good-looking brown ones, gazing with evident appreciation at the dimpled, blushing face, from off which the sun-bonnet had slipped, disclosing a crop of reddish golden rings lying close to the finely-shaped little head.

"I beg your pardon," murmured Martha, the blushes and dimples waxing deeper, "but I didn't see you, I was in such a hurry."

"Don't mention it. Wouldn't have missed the—the pleasure for anything. I—I like to be run into," averred the gentleman with considerable emphasis.

Such a rippling laugh as bubbled over the lips of Martha at this speech, which she hastily apologized for with:

"I didn't mean to, really; but what you said sounded so odd."

"You couldn't do it again, could you? I assure you I never appreciated being a—odd until to-day. I—"

"Oh, the cow!" exclaimed Martha, suddenly recollecting her errand. "I forgot all about him," and away she sped, the gentleman hurrying after, repeating:

"Cow! Him! Let me help you. I—I really am very clever with cows. In fact I would like to make them a study."

However, when the field was reached no cow was to be seen, and remarking that doubtless some of the hands had ousted old Tim, Martha turned her steps toward the house, thinking the gentleman would proceed on his way. To her astonishment, however, he kept along by her side, observing:

"Are you acquainted at Willow Brook farm?"

"Why, yes; it's my home. I was born there," answered Martha, surprisedly.

"Happy farm! I mean—a—it must be a lovely place. You see, the fact is—that is, I have a note for Mrs. Duncan, of Willow Brook Farm."

"My mother!" ejaculated Martha, opening wide her blue eyes. Whereupon the gentleman scanned with newly awakened interest a square envelope he had extracted from his breast pocket, as he added:

"I am an old—I should say my mother is an old friend of Mrs. Duncan's," making a rough calculation of the length of time it might take, all things favorable, to place him on equally as good a footing with the daughter, while Martha's thoughts ran very much in this wise.

"Would be nice looking if he wasn't so sallow. Wonder if mother will ask him to make us a visit. I never heard her speak of an old friend that had a son."

By this time they were proceeding up the path that led to the farm's pretty rose garlanded porch, and having ushered the gentleman into the parlor we have already been introduced to, with a demure little courtesy and the words "I will send mother," Martha left him.

In a few moments a comely, rosy cheeked woman came hurrying into the parlor with:

"Good afternoon, sir, Martha tells me you have a letter for me from an old friend."

"Yes, from my mother," and the gentleman held toward her the letter. Having read it through, interrupted with exclamations such as "Bless me! Who'd have thought it!" Mrs. Duncan, her pleasant face deepening into a smile ejaculated:

"So you are little Paul Dorsey. My! how time flies. When I last saw you, you were only a little shaver. It must be nigh onto fifteen years ago. And to think of Lucindy's remembering me all these years and sending her son to see me. Not that I have forgotten her—not a bit. Only with one thing and another one hasn't time to think much of old days. You see your ma and I went to the same academy, and we thought a sight of each other; only somehow after both of us married we sort of drifted apart. Your ma she married a wealthy city man, while I got wedded to a well-to do farmer, and so gradually we each went our own way. Not to forget each other though, as you see, and now, my dear, excuse the liberty, but it comes natural like, being your Lucindy's son, I'll send one of the men down to the village after your trunk, and you'll just stop along with us and be as welcome as my own son, if I had one, and Marthy and I will do our best to make you comfortable," and motherly Mrs. Duncan laid her hand with an approving pat upon Paul Dorsey's slightly stooping shoulders, while he, coloring somewhat, endeavored to thank her for her warm hospitality, but was cut short with:

"Bless you, it's no put out, we have lots of room, and it wil be a real pleasure to me to see Lucindy's son making himself to home in my house."

And thus it was that Paul Dorsey became a guest at Willow Brook Farm.

That evening after her visitor had retired Mrs. Duncan observing to her daugther:

"Poor young man, he hasn't a bit of appetite. I don't wonder Lucindy is fretted about him. She writes that he is always that taken up with books, that she can hardly ever coax him to go about a bit with young folks and enjoy himself. I've been thinking Marthy, if you was just to kind of make believe you need his help now and again about the garden and such, it would do him a sight of good, and he'd never suspect it was for the sake of his health," and Mrs. Duncan laughed, a low, pleased laugh, at the thought of the deception, while Martha exclaimed:

"Why, mother! you are getting to be a regular conspirator. But I am afraid it won't work, he's so—so odd."

Paul Dorsey had been told to make himself perfectly at home; so the morning after his arrival he withdrew from the breakfast table to his own room, and forthwith commenced to unpack his books preparatory to a good day's study. Everything was at last arranged to his satisfaction, but somehow his thoughts were strangely wandering this day, although not a sound disturbed the cool quietness of his surroundings. A pair of blue eyes seemed to glance mockingly from the musty page he fain would master, and he caught himself repeating aloud the old-fashioned name of "Marthy," which took unto itself the sweetest of sounds by reason of its connection with so pretty an owner. Suddenly, with a thud, the book fell from his hand, as, exclaiming: "By Jove! that's her voice," Paul Dorsey, with one stride, was at the window making sad havoc of the dainty dimity curtains with clumsy hands.

Martha, accompanied by a tall stalwart fellow, was passing down the garden path, her infectious laughter floating merrily upon the balmy air as she chatted away to the young man at her side, who appeared to be enjoying the subject under discussion as much as herself. As they disappeared from view Paul, with rather a blank look, resumed his seat and sought to apply himself to his interrupted task, but not with the old ardor did he work, and for the first time that he could remember, he listened anxiously for the bell to summon him to luncheon.

The days slipped into weeks, and still Paul Dorsey remained a guest at Willow Brook Farm, and it became no unusual sight to see him obediently following Martha's directions concerning the uprooting of certain weeds, or the fastening of some vine more securely about its support. An honest, bronze tinge had replaced Paul's once sallow complexion, and the books—well, they had become secondary, a more potent charm having outrivaled them. Mrs. Duncan congratulates herself upon her happy forethought that was working such a change in her friend's son, and Martha admitted with a slight blush, that Mr. Dorsey was getting to be almost as handsome as her cousin Joe—her beau ideal of manly beauty heretofore.

The sun burned scorching hot upon the broad gravel path just outside of the farm's pretty parlor, but within that quaint room a restful coolness held sway. Lounging idly in the depths of a willow chair, was Paul, while Martha, seated at the old organ, drew from its aged keys a low, plaintive melody. As the last note died softly away, whirling round upon her seat, Martha exclaimed:

"Do you know, Mr. Dorsey, you have been wasting the whole morning? I don't believe you have looked at a book for two days"—this last, it must be owned, with a slight air of triumph as she continued, penitently: "I am afraid I have been to blame, but to morrow I will leave you free to spend the whole day with your books, for Cousin Joe has promised to drive me over to Dapleston to do some shopping."

"Hang cousin Joe"—

"Mr. Dorsey!" from Martha's astonished lips.

"I beg pardon, I really—I hope you will have a delightful time, Miss Duncan. I assure you I shall a—enjoy it immensely being left to my books and—confound it! Excuse me I—"

And before Martha could reply, Paul Dorsey had left the room.

"How queer it is," soliloquized Martha, as Paul's departing footsteps echoed through the hall. "I don't see why he should dislike Joe so; Joe is always such a favorite with every one. I hope I haven't offended him. I am sure I didn't mean to." And with rather a puzzled look upon the fair young face, Martha closed the organ.

That evening as Martha stood down by the meadow gate caressing old Doxey, the mare, her quick ears caught the sound of a familiar tread advancing toward her, and a moment after a voice exclaimed;

"I am an idiot, Miss Martha, but I—I hope you will forgive me. I couldn't bear the idea of his monopolizing you all day. I know you could never think of an old bookworm like myself—still I—I have been very happy, and I forget sometimes that—that there is such a difference between us."

Martha's cheeks had been growing rosier and rosier, while a strange, wild joy surged through her veins, as she answered, her tones trembling slightly.

"Since I can remember Consin Joe and I have been playmates, and since father died he has been so good and kind to mother, helping her about the farm and in every way, that he has become like a son to her, and as dear as a brother to me. Dear Joe! I don't know what we should have done without him." She paused, the tears gathering in her pretty eyes. Paul drew nearer, then hesitated, as Martha continued:

"Joe is engaged to my dearest friend, and they are to be married in just six weeks."

"I am awfully glad—I mean I wish them joy, and all that sort of thing," and Paul Dorsey advanced still nearer the little figure into whose eyes a sweet shyness had stolen.

"Martha, do you think there is a ghost of a chance for me? As it's my first attempt at anything of the kind, perhaps you will sum it up leniently, and make my sentence as easy as you can," then gathering courage from Martha's half averted face, and the extreme pinkness of the one visible ear, he laid his hand caressingly upon hers, adding:

"Martha, do you think you can forgive me for—for loving you?"

"Why should I forgive you for what I have done myself?" came the low answer, followed naively by, "But I did not know it until to-day, when I thought I had offended you."

"And—and you don't mind my being odd—or anything?" stammered Paul, in his excessive joy.

"You are not a bit odd," was the indignant reply; "I wouldn't have you any different," and Martha touched shyly the coat-sleeve in close proximity to her waist, whereupon she immediately disappeared from view, and from somewhere in the region of Paul's waistcoat pocket a muffled little voice might have been heard ejaculating:

"Oh, Paul! suppose somebody is looking?"

"I hope they are," was the audacious reply, succeeded by a second disappearance on Martha's part.

* * * * *

A week or so later a stylishly-dressed, middle aged lady was sitting tete-a-tete with Mrs. Duncan, who was observing:

"Dear me, Lucindy, you've no call to thank me. I had nothing to do with it. Not but what I am real pleased that your son and my daughter should come together; but I had no more thought of it than yourself."

A slight smile stirred the lips of Mrs. Dorsey as she remarked:

"You are just the same as ever, Mary. Well, if Martha only turns out half as good a woman as yourself, I am satisfied that Paul has won a treasure."

"And he'll never forget, mother, that he owes that treasure to you, for if you had not sent him to seek out your old friend he'd have remained a bachelor to the end of his days," interrupted a masculine voice, while a girlish treble exclaimed, "Oh, Paul!" the rest of the sentence being forever lost by Paul daringly sealing his betrothed's lips with his own.

Unharmed by Thronging Sharks.

We find this paragraph in a Trinidad (West Indies) letter to the Pittsburg *Dispatch:* When a whale is captured off the Bocas, the blowing of horns heralds its approach to one of the whaling stations in the islands of the Bocas. We at once determined to follow the whaling boat, which we soon saw rounding a point, rowed by eight vigorous whalemen, and towing a huge, shapeless mass. The capture of a whale off the coast of Trinidad is altogether different from an occurrence of the same kind in Northern and Arctic regions, owing to the swarming of countless sharks about the defunct, monster and their ferocious attacks on his carcass. We followed in the wake of the whaleboat and quite close to the whale. Already the sharks, with an instinct rivaling that of carrion birds, were gathering round their prey and increasing in numbers every moment. We reached Monos, another island in the Bocas, and there at the whaling station, situated at a flat point on shallow water, the lifeless whale was hauled in close to the shore. Now began the work of cutting up the whale, and carrying the blubber masses to the cauldrons. At this stage the sharks actually grew frantic, and would jump out of the water to seize on some piece of blubber they thought within reach. These otherwise dangerous fishes are, on an occasion of this kind, perfectly harmless to man, and this is well known to the whalemen. One of them having dropped his knife in the water, dived to recover it in the shallow water, and was left unmolested by the swarming monsters, whom he almost touched at every moment. Numbers of sharks are also harpooned with the greatest facility on these occasions, and the oil which is obtained from their livers, is said to be superior to cod liver oil in therapeutic properties.

A Chilian Hero.

There have never been but two "hand-to-hand" fights between iron-clads in the history of naval warfare. One took place in Hampton Roads, between the Monitor and the Merrimac, as we all know. The other was at Iquique, Peru, between the Peruvian ram Huescar and the Chilian iron clad Esmeralda. Admiral Grau, a Peruvian of German ancestry, commanded the former, and Arthur Pratt, a Chilian of English ancestry, the latter. The Huescar was the swifter and more powerful vessel, and struck the other amidships. As she was sinking Grau struck her again, and as the two vessels came together, Pratt sprang on board the Huescar, with two revolvers, and killed seven or eight men before he was shot down. His vessel, the Esmeralda, with all on board, went to the bottom of the ocean, and he lay alone on the deck of the victor, surrounded by the bodies of the men he killed. For this desperate act the Chillanos have made him their idea hero, and there is a monument to his memory in nearly every town. Streets and shops, saloons, mines, opera house and even lotteries are named in his honor, and the greatest national tribute is to destroy the custom house in order to erect his monument in the most conspicuous place in the principal city.

A CHINESE RACE COURSE.

REMARKABLE SCENES AMONG THE ALMOND-EYED ORIENTALS.

Going to the Races in Queer Vehicles—The Coolie Carrier—Queer Horses and Jockeys.

The Hong Kong race week is one of those rare occasions when the Chinese come out of their swarming ant hills, habitually so difficult of penetration to strangers. On the afternoon of the cup day the broad, handsome main road is taken possession of for miles by a swiftly circulating mass of chattering, pig-tailed and most uncanny looking Chinese, with their equally strange looking vehicles—the light covered armchair, carried by bamboo poles on the shoulders of two coolies, and the rickshaw, a two-wheeled vehicle with a pair of shafts, between which is placed not a horse, a mule, a pony, or even a donkey, but one of those unceasingly toiling Chinese. "Lickshaw, lickshaw!"—they cannot manage our "r"—shout half a dozen eager competitors to the Englishman. The rows of rickshaws, about three deep, every one at a brisk trot, with not an inch interval in front, behind, or on one side, are kept rigidly in their places by tall, stalwart policemen, English or Sikhs, stationed along the route; and if any driver or horse—one and the same in the present case—dares to deviate from the prescribed line, the policeman, with great tact and sagacity, instantly steps forward and whacks him—not taps him, but showers down heavy whacks on the offender's hollow sounding, shaven skull.

But we must not lose sight altogether of a very important element in the thing, the sedan chairs. These are more suitable for the staid elderly ladies. The bearers, two, or—if the weight of the lovely burden should try the supporting bamboo poles—four in number, shuffle rapidly and unweariedly along, and the occupants, perched high in the air, endeavor to look dignified, but only succeed in appearing supremely absurd. Their coolies, if in private employment, are habitually clad in light, bright cotton liveries—barefooted of course—and the effect is thoroughly Oriental and rather pretty. There, I see, is the chair belonging to the establishment of the governor of the colony. It is born by four coolies in our brilliant national scarlet uniform, and this dazzling color, in the midst of the Chinese green, yellow, and blue, really looks very imposing. There is a different sort of a chair, carefully covered and closed around with straw lattice work. It veils from public view some Chinese beauty of high degree. Soldiers under the rank of sergeant are forbidden by garrison order to travel in rickshaws.

The Europeans are only as units among thousands. True, the natives, high and low, rich and poor, afoot or transported, will instantly shrink aside at the incessant warning. "Hyah," of the running coolie, who thus intimates that he is conveying an Englishman, but the enormous majority of the streaming throng is, of course Asiatic Chinese. The route is lined with palms, with banyan trees, and with bamboos, and the red, fever-causing, disintegrated granite dust flies up into our faces. Up go the umbrellas. Up hill, and my trotting coolie never flags; down hill, and his speed becomes so breakneck that every moment I expect an upset, a collision, or a smash, irrespective of the contingency of broken bones to a few English foot travelers, who would scorn to move out of the way for any number of Chinese cries of "Hyah."

Here we are at the entrance to the grand stand. A payment of about $5 procures admission to the lawn, and once more the strangeness of the scene seems for a time to baffle any systematic observation, however painstaking. In lieu of stands are some seven or eight large mat houses, light, picturesque structures, supported on bamboo poles, with sides and roofs of rushes, and decorated with tropical evergreens and bright cloth or calico, the effect of which is excessively pretty. Each mat house is the property of some one private individual or of an association, and the refreshments provided are so ostly and abundant that the imputation of excessive eating and immoderate drinking can scarcely be resented.

The race crowd, without which a race meeting is as dull as a German steeplechase, is of large proportions, with representatives of nearly every Asiatic state, but, of course, Chinese enormously preponderate. Nearly all are chattering, and quite all are in high good humor, enjoying the general sense of holiday. Not a single case of drunkenness did I see—no bickering, no rowdyism, and yet no lack of fun.

The saddling bell rings, the numbers are hoisted, a thud of hoofs announces the preliminary canter. Well, what of the racing? Beneath criticism, almost beneath contempt. The ponies are from Australia, Japan or Chefoo—doubtless serviceable for the work of their respective countries, but as racers, wretched, weedy, groggy, undersized brutes; while the jockeys are the paraphernalia of their business, the preposterous length of their legs, their heavy weights, their horse coping idiosyncrasies, and their indifferent riding.

I bought a very average type of racer for £6 10s. In fact, the sport is merely a peg on which to hang the love of gambling, which, like the love of drink, runs very high in this part of the world. Innumerable and high prize lotteries are started, and three legged screws are merely bought and entered on the off chance of winning the stakes, which, in addition, are very considerable.

While pondering on the scene, my attention is suddenly aroused by an unwonted hum, bustle and excitement among the Chinese mob. A race is in course of being run, but to this incident they are habitually very indifferent. Something unusual is certainly arousing them. Here comes the horses. How queer the jockeys look, how strangely they are hunched up, how wildly they throw theiar arms about, how fiercely they flog, what diabolical faces—and, bless my heart, why, they have got pig-tails streaming in the wind! The puzzle is explained. It is a race ridden under special arrangements by Chinese "mafoos" or grooms—the best race of the meeting, the only one which has caused any real enthusiasm. Roused by the half-laughter, half-cheers, of their white masters, stimulated by the cries of their fellow countrymen—"Go it, Fordham!" I once heard an encouraging Chinese lad shout—the mafoos, as they "finish" up their Walpurgis ride, wild with excitement, seem to have lost still further their semblance to humanity, and to be transformed into distorted-visaged, horribly frenzied demons. The race over, how they strutted about in all the pride of jockey caps and jackets, and how they clung to their costume to the last possible moment?

The tenants of the numerous mat-fashioned grand stands belonging to the higher class natives have become very jubilant and vivacious in consequence of the above-described race, and I avail myself of an opportunity to enter one tenanted chiefly by Chinese and Japanese ladies. I must confess that my bashfulness compelled me to retreat after a very few moments from the battery of their half-wondering, half-scornful glances at the European intruder, but not before I had time to remark that their faces were flushed all over with skilfully applied pink tints, excepting in patches, which revealed disagreeably even and intensely opaque whiteness. Their eyebrows were penciled into narrow stiff arches; their headdress, vests and trousers—for in China all the women wear large, loose trousers—were of variegated colors, quite ingenious in their contrasts and brightness; their black hair was dragged back into lumpy, slimy rolls like jelly fish; their stature was ugly and stunted, and their feet, their extraordinary feet, in many cases had been contracted since childhood into mere deformed knobs, hideous to look at, on which they painfully tottered for a few yards.

A wide detour round a ditch brings us into the very thick of China race course dregs. Gambling booths for large sums, gambling booths for small sums, gambling booths for nick-nacks, gambling booths for high-priced drinkables, gambling booths for low priced carrion; each booth with an eager throng of both sexes and of all ages around it, which renders circulation difficult.

What is this fragrant and yet somewhat sickly smell, a mixture of burning spi ls and sandal wood, emanating from some of the closed chairs conveying home the Chinese ladies? It is due to the joss sticks, in consuming which they utilize their leisure moments, an exercise which they consider as equivalent to an act of worship.

Rapidly, yet steadily, the pedestrian, the sedan chair, and the rickshaw lines of wayfarers stream into the ordinary, quiet town, just beginning to glitter with gas jets from the English lamp posts—those ubiquitous lamp posts which, in common with the gallows, may now be regarded as the symbol of advancing civilization.—*London Cornhill.*

A Story About Ferdinand Ward.

George P. Lathrop tells in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* the following story about Ward, the notorious New York financier, now an inmate of Ludlow street jail in that city:

A wealthy resident of some prosperous New England city called on Ward one day with a note of introduction from a mutual friend. In the course of conversation he remarked that he had some money to invest, and asked Ward if he couldn't tell him of some chance to put it where it would bring a good margin of profit.

Ward said that he didn't know of anything just then. He himself had more money than he knew what to do with, and beside, he was too busy with some big scheme of his own to go into any outside speculation. Of course, this only whetted the New England man's appetite for investment, and in the course of half an hour he induced the famous financier to accept his check for $58,000, to be used in one of the "blind pools" of which Grant & Ward made a specialty. Three or four months later the New England man appeared again. By that time Ward had entirely forgotten him and his check and it was with great difficulty that he could recall his name and the amount of his investment. "I believe there's something due you?" he said, after a brief converation. Taking down a large ledger he made some brief calculations, and then observed with a pleasant smile: "The amount credited to you on our books is $102,764." Then to the bookkeeper: "Mr. Jones, will you kindly draw a check to Mr. Perkins' order for $102,754?"

Ward calmly turned to his work again, while his visitor sat gasping for breath. In the language of the day the visitor was "paralyzed." It was some time before he could control himself sufficiently to ask if there wasn't any chance for him to reinvest his money and double it again; but Ward didn't seem anxious, and at last the stranger took his departure, got his check certified at the Marine bank, and returned to his native town. Three days after he walked into Ward's office in company with four of the wealthiest of his townsmen. He had his certified check—the same one Ward had given him—in his pocket, and his friends were supplied with checks of their own. They succeeded in inducing the financier to accept about $350,000 for investment in another "blind pool." That was exactly one week before the failure of Grant & Ward.

Greenbacks.

"Old Greenbacks," was the soubriquet given to Secretary Chase in the army, from the green ink with which the backs of the United States paper money was printed. This ink was invented by Stacy J. Edson, and patented in 1857, as antiphotographic. It could not be photographed on account of its color, and could not be dislodged by alkalies by the counterfeiters to get a complete facsimile of the bills, and as it was a secret known only by the American Bank Note company and the inventor, it was impossible to counterfeit the greenback money. It was used by many banks before the war, but was never a leading feature in the bill; but even if the composition of the ink had been known, it would have been of no use, as the work could not be copied from the genuine bills with any kind of ink. The date of the patent could be seen on all the bills, in small print. Old General Spinner wanted to have Congress enact a law making the counterfeiting of national notes a capital offence, as was once the case in Great Britain, and to have them bear the legend which had been on the bills then issued by the Bank of England: "To Counterfeit is Death."—*Ben: Perley Poore.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is writing a book.

Fashionable ladies in Paris now wear short silk socks instead of stockings.

Narrow colored ribbons round the neck are a very pretty caprice of fashion.

Bustles have probably reached their maximum in size for at least six months to come.

Green in various subdued shades is a leading color in fall and early winter fashions.

The small capote, with a high crown dressily trimmed, is the favorite headgear for visiting.

For evening wear and garden party toilets young ladies wear one small tuft of natural flowers in the hair and another on the shoulder.

Very fine silk tulle veils are now to be procured in every color; instead of the thick dots they are ornamented with small woven-in rings.

The only woman railroad official in this country is Miss Laura Braden, treasurer of the Washington and Waynesburg railroad, in Pennsylvania.

The great banking house of the Rothschilds at London, employs mainly women, claiming that they are more reliable and accurate in their work than men.

The latest thing in parasols are covers of printed handkerchiefs with heraldic patterns, so laid over one another that the points fit in exactly between each other.

Blouse waists, with their broad gimps and fancy trimmings, have been the means of again bringing into fashion large embroidered collars. These are executed in Venetian embroidery.

In Garfield county, Colorado, there are 737 unmarried men and only sixty-eight unmarried women. The Glenwood *Echo* says: "We are 669 girls short here, and we want all the girls to know it."

Gloves are not worn so soiled this season as they were last, and there is a disposition to revert to French kid, after a course of Suede. In beige and the shades of fawn so popular now the former look well.

The women of Thibet, who are permitted to wear any color except green, purchase corals and pearls to ornament their head-dresses, which are the most costly part of their attire, and alone not unfrequently costs $5,000.

Neapolitan straw bonnets are liked because of their coolness and lightness, and are shown in black, beaded with small lead beads, and trimmed along the brim with pink or yellow roses that are veiled with Chantilly lace.

In many English factories the girls are robust as young athletes. An R. A. once declared that he never found such splendid physical development as among the factory girls in the slums of Stepney. They work hard all day and spend all their leisure in the open air.

The tendency to make waist and sleeves of different material is more and more manifest. For instance, in a satin and lace costume, the bodice was satin and the sleeves were lace. Another, velvet and wool, had the bodice of woolen material and velvet sleeves.

Braided piques are new this season, and are much liked for young ladies. The braiding is narrow Hercules or wide soutache braid, covers the flat front and sides of the dress, the vest, the cuffs and the collar. The tail of the short basque may or may not be braided, it is purely a matter of fancy.

A new fashion is just beginning in Paris. The trimmings of the high hats are all to be placed at the back, and the effect is just as though the hat had been put on with the back to the front. A whole cascade of feathers is thus placed on some of the hats, with the curly tips just showing from a front view. Or else it is a shower of loops in moire ribbon that falls from the crown to the very edge of the brim at the back, with a few drops from the shower hanging in front.

In Germany a servant has one Sunday out every two weeks. There is an understood hour for her to come home, and if she stays out later she loses her next Sunday holiday. Her pay is never more than $20 a year, and in some families is only $12. When there is a dispute between mistress and maid, it is settled by the police. But one servant is usually kept, and the work is hard, but the washing is done outside, and pies, cakes, bread, etc., are bought.

An old style revived is the initial cuff-button. The new buttons are an improvement on the old-time button with its staring single letter. The new styles are unobstrusive and present a bewildering variety from which to select. There are buttons with old English, script, block-stitched and engraved initials; monograms intricate and graceful in their interwoven traceries, and last, but by no means least, crests and coats-of-arms.

A peculiar custom in the Cape Verde islands is noted by a recent visitor there. His hostess was smoking a cigarette, when suddenly she drew it from her lips and offered it to him. Though somewhat startled he accepted it with the best grace that he could command, and upon subsequent inquiry found that it was considered among the islanders one of the greatest compliments a lady could pay to a gentleman.

HEALTH HINTS.

The treatment of eruptive fevers receives advantage from the wet sheet pack.

The cold douche to the head is the best remedy for the ravings of delirium tremens.

Acute mania, cerebral congestion, and sunstroke require the ice-cap, cool compress, or mild douche to the head.

Glycerine soap for chapped hands, lips, etc.: Take toilet soap, slice and melt with gentle heat, and add to one pound of soap one ounce of pure glycerine; when sufficiently cool make in balls.

"In 1830, while practicing in Madison county, Illinois," says a writer in the St. Louis *Medical Journal*, "I was induced by the representations of an old woman to make the trial in dysentery and diarrhea of tablespoonful doses of pure cider vinegar, with the addition of sufficient salt to be noticeable, and it acted so charmingly that I have never used anything else."

A POOR YOUNG MAN TO HIS GIRL.

A jewel rare are you, dear Anne,
But can you use a frying pan?
Or get a meal for a hungry man?
Oh, I will wed you if you can,
Sweet Anne!

Your dainty fingers wield a fan,
But can they wash a pot or pan?
Sweep, bake and brew? Oh, if they can,
I am, in truth, the very man,
Sweet Anne!

You work in Kensington, fair Anne,
Play, sing and dance, but if you can
Well mend my socks, none other than
Myself can worship like this man,
Sweet Anne!

—*Life.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A big diamond—The baseball field.—*Life.*

"Stick to it," as the fly-paper observed to the fly.—*Graphic.*

Guns are only human, after all. They will kick when the load becomes too heavy.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

When a barber seeks to make himself sociable with a customer in the chair, he is only "scraping an acquaintance."

"I catch on," was probably what the fish said when he took the baited hook. "He weighed five pounds," was probably the lie told by the fisherman.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dude—"You love me then, Miss Lydia?" Lydia—"Love is perhaps somewhat too much to say. At least I have sympathy for you, because your face resembles so much that of my poor dead Fido."

Some Eastern poetess asks the conundrum: "Oh, where does beauty linger?" Our office hours are from eight to six; mornings, noons and evenings generally at home, or out walking with the family.—*Peck's Sun.*

Little Bess to gentleman caller: "You ain't black, are you, Mr. M—?" "Black, child?—why no, I should hope not. What made you think I was?" "Oh, nothin', 'cept pa said you was awful niggardly."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Some one says "only one woman in a thousand can whistle." Every once in a while during the heated term, and when the whole world looks dismal and dreary, some bright ray of hope descends to cheer the hearts of men.

General Washington went fishing at least once. And on that occasion he caught a trout at least four inches long. While down at the corner grocery in the evening, after returning from his angling tour, he was asked how much the trout weighed, when he uttered those memorable words, viz.: "I cannot tell a lie. It weighed seventeen and a half pounds."—*Norristown Herald.*

She'd a lovely little pug
With a very ugly mug;
And she nursed it, and she coddled it, and kissed it:
She said it was so sweet
It was good enough to eat;
But, alas! one day it happened that she missed it.

She hunted everywhere,
And she advertised, but ne'er
Did she more set eyes upon that canine whiner:
But at last she traced its fate,
And found, cruel to relate,
He'd been eaten by a laundryman of China.

—*Boston Gazette.*

It is said of the Boston girl who got lost up in the Catskills the other day that she shouted in an intellectual tone of voice: "I require assistance from some honorable man of culture and refinement." When the farmer who found her was leading her back to the hotel she asked him if he was a regular subscriber to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and if he had read "Natural Laws of the Spiritual world." And when he said "No," she forgot to thank him for his assistance.—*New York Mail.*

THE LOCUST'S FATE.

A low locust sat in a high locust tree,
And he sang to his mate, "Zeezee, zeezee;
It's many a year since I've seen the bright sun;
It's many a year since I've had any fun;
And, my dear, if I don't paint everything red,
It will be zee zee—
Now you see, zee zee,
Because every green leaf in the country is dead!"
But a sparrow sat up in the same locust tree,
And much oftener cussed than the locust was he.
And he said to his mate, "There's a bug over there—
Such a nice little morsel for a fond loving pair;
Just wait here a minute, and I'll take the boy in.
Now don't slip—chip-chip—
Ain't he flip—chip-chip—."
And when they were through there was left but a skin.

—*Washington Star.*

A Man Drawn About by Two Sheep.

Almost every one who has ridden out toward the Bois, says a Paris letter to the New Orleans *Picayune*, has seen the old man in the little carriage drawn by sheep pattering along in the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne. These sheep are two as fine fat Southdowns as you ever saw, but the occupant is a cripple by the name of De Keroy. He has been in turn a soldier, a traveler, a politician, a journalist, and a man of letters. A nephew of the Abbe Lammenais, he was for a while private secretary to Lamartine, also an intimate friend of the marquis of Hereford, at whose place in the Bois he frequently met Louis Napoleon. During the war he volunteered to carry important dispatches out of Paris for the government of the Defense Nationale. He started alone in a balloon, which was caught in a hurricane, carried into Switzerland, and came down in the midst of the Mer de Glace Glacier, where his legs were so badly frost bitten that they both had to be amputated. Beside his legs he lost his fortune by the war, and it is his poverty that compels him to make use of a sheep instead of a pony cart. Before the sheep were presented to him by a friend he used to go about in a little wagon propelled by a machine worked by hand. Babylas and Babette, as they are called, now draw their master as swiftly as a pony could. The "Solitaire de Parly," as M. de Keroy calls himself, and Victor Hugo were fast friends; the latter often walking alongside the "mutton coach," talking with its occupant and caressing the sheep.

A kind word may often outweigh a real worth the wealth of the universe.

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