FOR THE LADIES.

Useful Household Hints and Fashion Notes.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

'Tis but a little Bible,
And the cover is old and worn,
The leaves are dark and yellow,
And the edges a trifle torn,
And here I find the marking
Of a delicate hand, and there
Faint trace of tears I fancy
On a page once white and fair.

And though I've much that's costly,
And I've much that is wonderful,
There's naught I hold so precious,
And there's naught so beautiful
To me—as this small Bible
With its cover so old and worn,
And leaves so dark and yellow,
And its edges stained and torn.

And though you deem it worthless,
And there's many—more grand and fine—
There's naught I love so truly
As this dear book of mine.
It was my mother's Bible,
And she read it in quiet there,
In days of joy and sorrow,
Alone in her old arm chair.

It was my mother's Bible,
And she gave it long ago,
And told me of its comfort,
In her times of joy or woe,
And so I love and prize it
More than gems of the earth or sea,
And in my heart forever
It shall e'er a treasure be.
You know then why I love it,
Though its cover is old and worn,
And though its leaves are yellow,
And its edges stained and torn.

Tales of Two Royalties.

Another girl is just from the Berlin Court, says Margery Deane in the Boston *Transcript*. At her feet are a group of maidens lying on rugs, plying her with questions. "Now tell us about the Empress. She is *so* old, *can* she look regal any more?" comes from an unmistakable Philadelphia maiden. "Poor thing!" replied the American girl, who is never greatly impressed with royalty. "She is a good old thing," this very patronizingly, "but she is a guy on State occasions." And then she vividly drew a picture for us of the aged German Empress, nearly 80, unable to stand, thin almost to a skeleton, withered and pinched, clad in pale green satin and velvet, with garniture of gay autumn leaves on her train, with diamonds and emeralds innumerable on her poor neck, which is hidden only by tulle, and wrinkled Bernhardt gloves on her poor, bare arms, this toilette surmounted by a high head-dress of feathers. She is wheeled in in a sort of chair-throne or throne-chair. It is not a pleasant description of old age. And the Crown Princess, Queen Victoria's daughter, makes her own dresses!" "Oh!" from a chorus of maidens. "And a Crown Princess?" "Yes, she makes them herself, and the seam down the back meanders just as it always does on home-made dresses, and she doesn't sew them very nicely, either." It is true that this Princess does cut and make clothing for herself and daughters, and superintends the housekeeping. Did not the Princess Alice darn her own stockings?

Sewing a Lost Art.

Some one has been writing to the papers complaining that English women are forgetting how to sew. Perhaps there is some truth in this. I was examining the other morning an old piece of sewing done by Mrs. Gray's grandmother, in which the stitches are so miraculously small and neat that they might now almost take rank as fancy work. There was a marvellous little darn in one part of the fine muslin, the garment in question being a baby's christening robe. Well, this darn was filled in with lace stitches, such as were used in making modern point, but the cotton was so fine that the work must have been rather trying to the eyes. The seams were not run and felled, as they are now, but each side of the seam was hemmed with the narrowest possible little tiny, soft hem, and the two were "top sewed" against each other. The needle used must have been excessively small, or the work could never have been so neat. The little robe was evidently a labor of love and the worker seems to have lavished any amount of labor upon it. No one could have said of it that it looked "blown together," as some one remarked of the dresses in Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits.

Household Hints.

Sprinkle salt immediately over any spot where something has boiled over on the stove, and the place may be more easily cleaned. This also counteracts the bad odor.

To restore mildewed linen take soft soap and powdered chalk in equal quantities and rub all over the discolorations. Spread the linen in the sun for an hour or so, then wash off.

If you have occasion to use clothes wet in hot water about an invalid, do not try to wring them out of the water. The best way to prepare them is to steam them; they can be handled with comparative ease.

A teaspoonful of borax, put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed, will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid away for two or three years.

If you are afraid that your yeast cakes are a little stale, put one of them in a cup of warm water with a good pinch of hops; let this stand for an hour or so before using; it will have an excellent effect on the yeast and will insure good bread.

Cuffs that are laundried at home often fail to please, because they are ironed out flat, and when the buttons are put in the cuffs flatter and wrinkle. This can be avoided, if the laundress only knows how to iron the cuffs until they are perfectly dry and then takes the broad end of the flat-iron and, pressing very hard on the edge, and slowly goes over the length of the cuff. The cuff will roll as the iron leaves it. This is so simple an operation that one is likely to succeed the first time she tries to do it.

Worth Knowing.

Hearths of gray marble may be cleaned by rubbing them with linseed oil.

To clean red brick floors, rub them with a brick moistened with a little warm milk and water, and wipe dry with a soft cloth.

Leather chair-seats may be brightened and revived by rubbing them with the white of an egg; leather book bindings will also be improved by the same treatment.

Bronze may be renovated and recolored by mixing one part of muriatic acid and two parts of water; free the article from all grease and dirt and apply the diluted acid with a cloth; when dry, polish with sweet oil.

For varnished paints save some tea leaves for a few days; then steep them in a tin pail for half an hour; strain through a sieve and use the tea for cleaning the paint. The tea acts as a strong detergent, and makes the paint nearly equal to new in appearance; it will not do to wash unvarnished paints with it.

To polish slate floors, use a smooth flat piece of pumice stone, then polish with rotten-stone. Washing well with soap and water is usually enough to keep the slates clean, but by adopting the above method, not only do the slates become polished, but any stains are taken out.

A very complete filling for open cracks in floors may be made by thoroughly soaking newspapers in a paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed; make the final mixture about as thick as putty, a kind of paper putty, and it will harden like papier-mache.

To clean frosted (dead) silver ornaments, dissolve a lump of soda in a saucepan of boiling water and place them in it, and leave for a few moments; then add a small piece of yellow soap and rub the articles with a soft tooth-brush; when taken out of the water place in a hot oven on a brick until the desired effect is produced.

The Fashion o' It.

Gros grain or faille is now considered preferable to satin.

High collars made to meet in front and fasten by two hooks or loops are the proper neckwear.

Theatre parties are considered the proper thing among those who wish to perform social duties but are limited in house-room.

Entire birds of a size smaller than mallards, with little toes turned up toward the heavens, are quite the thing to make hats expensive.

Sleeves are trimmed with a v-shaped inserted piece. In cloth dresses basket-woven braids extend from the armhole to below the elbow.

The postilion basques made by English tailors have the middle forms of the back an inch and a fourth wide at the waist line and wide side forms.

It is reported, though by whom and under what circumstances we do not deem it proper to state, that young ladies are now wearing golden bands about their ankles. But of course they are never seen except by "the girls." Their purpose in the world is merely to provoke envy.

"If I Had Knowed."

The New York *Sun* describes a scene in the *Times* office which modesty forbade the latter paper to mention. One George Ripley, feeling himself aggrieved at some statements the police reporter had found it necessary to make in connection with his career, climbed to the editorial room in search of a vindication. He wore a nice hat, brought along with him a big blackthorn stick weighing over two pounds, a big chum who weighed somewhere about two hundred, and a marked copy of the *Times*. He slapped the latter upon the desk at which Harry Loewenthal, the city editor, sat reading, and dropped heavily into a cane-bottomed chair. His tall and weighty chum stood up for two minutes in imposing silence, while fifteen reporters became fully alive to the physical importance of the visit.

"Dat's all wrong," cried Ripley at length, depositing his forefinger on the newspaper account. "I ain't no thief and no convict, and yer must take it back, what yer stuck in de paper."

"You hear him talking," interpolated the tall chum in a massive gutteral.

"I will investigate this, gentlemen," replied the city editor, suavely, as he applied his lungs to the telephone which communicates with the marble palace of the police on Mulberry street.

Ripley sprang to his feet and pounded the desk with his blackhorn with great energy. The city editor beheld this with the reserve of a man with large resources in the way of messenger calls and policemen, and merely rang a call. The calls wouldn't work, and the policemen were all at the other end of the beat. Mr. B. A Finkelstein, a reporter of considerable avoirdupoise, arose at this juncture and expostulated in Greek with Mr. Ripley upon such a useless waste of energy. He mildly suggested that the new table of the city editor was not in any way responsible, and should not be pounded without reason.

"You are a cur," exclaimed Mr. Ripley.

"You hear him," added the tall and weighty chum, admiringly. The fist of Mr. Finkelstein found its way into Mr. Ripley's left eye with resounding emphasis, and his hat and blackthorn walking stick became floating parts of the surrounding scenery. Mr. W. E Simmons played a Dutch roll with marked success upon the massive features of the imposing chum, and while Mr. Miller, the editor-in-chief, and Mr John C. Reid viewed the passing show from a convenient editorial portico with evidences of intense approval, Mr. Ripley and his imposing but ineffectual peler were swept out of the building. Mr. Ripley paused on the sidewalk and counted thirteen distinct bruises on his face and head. His large associate subsequently returned with one eye closed, and begged for the return of Mr. Ripley's hat and stick. "Et I hed knowed he would do this," he said apologetically, "I wouldn't a brung him." "Don't mention it," exclaimed fifteen reporters. "We'd be pleased to see you again at any time."

"Overdoing It"

Minister (to one of his flock): "I'm shocked, James, to see you've broken your promise and have been indulging again." (James hangs his head.) "You really should give it up. It does you great harm—makes you unfit for work—spoils your appearance—ye canna tak' yer breakfast—ye've a bad taste i' yer mooth—'gives ye a splittin' headache—"

James: "Aye, menaster, but ye hae suffered yersel'!"

The following curious instruction is found among those issued for the guidance of the proposed Nile expedition: "The camels are to be treated with consideration and kindness, their peculiarities are to be studied, and no ill-usage or foul language is to be resorted to."

END OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

One of the Best Known Reporters in the Country Dead — "Tom" Maguire Passes Peacefully Away—Sketch of His Life and Achievements.

(Boston Herald.)

During the last quarter century the best known journalist from the Hudson river to the jumping off point in Nova Scotia was Tom Maguire. "Poor Tom's a'cold." After a few days of painful illness at the home of his mother in the Bunker Hill district, he died at 6 o'clock last evening of pneumonia, at the age of 43 years. Thomas Maguire was a cosmopolitan, in the sense that he claimed no country as the place of his nativity, having been born in mid-ocean while his parents were making the passage in a sailing vessel from Ireland to America in 1841. He was a citizen of the world — at home everywhere and with everybody from the earliest days of his career. Soon after arrival in this country, Mr. Maguire's father died, and Mrs. Maguire located in Hinsdale, Berkshire county, where young Tom attended school and acquired the common education with which he began his journalistic career some years later. His genial disposition made him a great favorite among railroad people, and he eventually cast his lines with them, becoming a water boy, and subsequently a brakeman on the Western Railroad, which has since been merged with the Boston & Worcester, under the general name of Boston & Albany. By contributing news paragraphs to the columns of the Springfield *Republican*, Maguire became a great favorite of the elder Bowles, who gave him an opening as a reporter with the oracle of Western Massachusetts newspaper readers. After a successful apprenticeship with the *Republican*, he began contributing for the New York *Herald*, and coming to Boston secured a place on the *Journal*, "covering" the Massachusetts work for the New *Herald* as well. In his earlier career as a journalist, he had a happy faculty of making hosts of friends, who were always glad to see him and to favor him in every possible way, and he was quite well known in every State in New England and in the large cities of Canada and the Provinces. He had most peculiar qualities as a news gatherer and correspondent, and early practice at the keyboard of the telegraph office in Hinsdale made him very valuable in emergencies calling for an operator to take the place of the then imperfectly educated telegraphers of country towns and villages As a war correspondent, while the rebellion was in progress, he was not without daring, and took chances which few of the army correspondents of the time would hazard; yet he not only escaped harm, but this quality of his work more than compensated for the danger he exposed himself to. On the occasion of the Fenian raid into Canada in 1866, Tom was at the front for the *Journal*, and two years later he was again in Canada with the "Irish Revolutionary Army," having meanwhile left the *Journal* and become New England correspondent for the New York *Herald*. On the second raid his despatches were sent from all points between St. Armand and Trout River in Canada and St. Albans, Vt., and Malone, N. Y., on the American side. Of the many journalistic feats which brought Mr. Maguire into prominence, his greatest was that in connection with the loss of the White Star steamship Atlantic on the coast of Nova Scotia about fourteen years ago. On learning of the disaster he started by special train for Halifax, and on arriving there chartered the only steamer that could be obtained and went to the wreck. In that way he recovered over 100 bodies, and these, with many others recovered of the 562 lost, were claimed by their friends solely through the complete and systematic description of the dead that Mr. Maguire gave to the public in his long despatches to his paper. Owing to the condition of the roads along the coast at the time, it was impossible to reach the wreck except by boat, and, as Mr. Maguire had chartered the only available one, he had the field to himself, and his fellow correspondents were unable to get any nearer the scene of the accident than Halifax, a distance of thirty miles. Each night, while the excitement lasted, these correspondents were forced to stand about on the Halifax wharves and pick up meagre items, while Mr. Maguire sailed up in his steamer just from the wreck, and telegraphed column after column of the last particulars It was a feat that made Mr. Maguire a hero, and called forth the admiration of the score or more of New York and Boston correspondents who were outgeneralled by his enterprise. He occasioned a great deal of discussion and controversy at that time by his descriptions of scenes in the hold of the wrecked steamship, many professional divers declaring that no expert could stay so long and do so much under water as the New York *Herald* novice claimed to have done After two days of newspaper war on the subject, the *Herald's* correspondent received a peremptory order by telegraph from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, directing him to "go down in the bell again." Next day the *Herald* had another description of scenes witnessed in the second exploration of the wreck, and the vividness of the portrayal was even more shocking than the first. The last description silenced, but did not convince, the New York divers, some of whom stuck to it that the *Herald* man had never been under water. Col. Rogers, of the Boston *Journal*, soon after secured the services of the deceased, who proved a fitting colaborer to the then veteran Dave Loavitt, who at the time was in the zenith of his fame. Beside attending to his reportorial duties on the *Journal*, he became correspondent for the New York *Herald*, as well as an especial favorite with the elder Bennett and New York journalists in general. At the opening of hostilities in 1861, he happened to be in New York State, and was sent to West Point to look after a meeting between General Wool and President Lincoln, touching matters concerning the war. He was the only correspondent present at this meeting, which he has often taken pleasure in narrating among his fellows. While the President pared a troublesome corn with a razor belonging to General Wool, the whole situation was discussed, and the order for the first call for troops was drawn up by the general, and immediately signed by the President. The New York *Herald* the next morning published an "exclusive" which astonished the world, and which was at first doubted, until confirmed later by the official call as promulgated from Washington. In 1861 and 1862 he was with the Army of the Potomac as correspondent of the *Journal*, and spent a good portion of his time at Acquia Creek, the depot of supplies, as well as at army headquarters. He was intimately associated with the leading generals, and had the confidence of all who knew him, officers and soldiers alike. He proved himself a most efficient correspondent, and, after Fredericksburg, started to Fort Monroe, in anticipation of joining the expedition to Newbern, but, owing to contagious diseases prevailing in the Carolinas, he gave up that trip, and resumed his duties with the Army of the Potomac. While here he performed invaluable service in connection with the work of the Sanitary Relief Association. On several occasions he took the risks of wandering within the rebel lines, but escaped all harm. While at the front he was on the best of terms with the agents of the Adams express, and through their courtesy was afforded "an underground railway," by which he managed to get through much important news which might not have seen the light of day if subjected to the eagle eyes of the censor who had charge of the matter of correspondents. He returned home in 1864, and resumed his labors on the *Journal*. At the same time he resumed his correspondence with the New York *Herald*, which soon began to compete with the *Journal* in the publication of New England news. This did not suit Col. Rogers, and Tom was given the alternative either to leave the *Journal* or discontinue his work for the New York paper. Tom decided to stand by Bennett, who about the same time became interested in establishing a bureau in this section in opposition to the Associated Press. His field at first comprised all the territory east of New Haven and including the Provinces, and later was extended as far north and west as Toronto, Ont. In 1868, or thereabouts, he accompanied Prince Arthur in the latter's tour from Halifax throughout the country. His description of this trip in the New York *Herald* attracted general attention, and was exceedingly creditable to the author, as well as intensely interesting. He acted as secretary and agent for P. S. Gilmore during the World's Peace Jubilee, and Mr. Gilmore was so impressed by his genius and accomplishments as a writer that he composed and dedicated a piece of music to him. The description of the loss of the steamer Atlantic off Halifax and the Fenian raids have been alluded to. In 1870 he accomplished another piece of fine work for the same journal in connection with the "Mill River disaster," still well remembered, in the western part of the State. He accompanied the Duke Alexis, the son of the "Czar of all the Russias," in the latter's trip throughout the country from the moment that scion of royalty landed until he left again. Tom especially distinguished himself on this trip on behalf of the New York *Herald*. On reaching St. Louis, some 68 correspondents were on hand—representing as many different journals—to accompany the Duke on the grand buffalo hunt which had been arranged in his honor by Gen. Phil. Sheridan. At the last moment Sheridan decided that it would be impossible to take all the correspondents with the party by reason of lack of horses for transportation and, not to show any partiality, the general decided to have none of them go. He proposed to furnish an epitome of each day's sport for all the papers, and that settled it, to all appearances, for the poor correspondents, many of whom had travelled hundreds of miles to describe the antics of a live prince hunting down a live buffalo. Tom, however, was not satisfied, and felt chagrined at having to turn back to New York and meet, perhaps, the disapprobation of the stern old Scotchman who presided over the welfare of the *Herald*. His cogitated, soon saw his way clear, and offered himself to Sheridan as a telegraph operator who might be wanted to assist in getting the report of each day's hunt through to the papers. This was done unknown to his associates, and he accompanied the party, which was headed by the lamented Custer, with whom poor Tom was on the best of terms, the result of a friendship formed on the battle fields of Virginia. Tom did his duty as an operator to perfection, and when the hunt was over, it was found by the party that the New York *Herald* each day had nearly a whole page of matter descriptive of the sport, to the exclusion of other journals. It is enough to say that Tom favored his own paper only in his capacity as operator. Sheridan, of course, was angry when he discovered how he had been outwitted, but later on forgave the enterprising journalist. During the first fire in 1872, Tom again distinguished himself, and again he made a hit in his description of President Grant's trip to the Vineyard and Cape in 1874. "Old" Grant and Tom were as fast friends as if brought up together at West Point, and during the trip the bond of sympathy between them was impressed upon other correspondents of the party. In connection with the centennial celebration of the battles of Lexington and Concord in 1875, Tom made another "big hit" by preparing the matter for a special edition of the New York *Herald*, which was sold all over New England during the day of the celebration. This issue of the New York *Herald* embraced a historical sketch of the battles from the pens of the late lamented Ralph Waldo Emerson and other prominent men of the time, direct descendants of the patriots who met the British soldiery. Documents which had a bearing on those great events, as well as upon the epoch which they marked, were produced for the first time in fac-simile, together with illustrations of weapons, relics and instruments used in the battles, as well as of the historical houses and spots. Pictures of the leading patriots of the revolutionary days were also given, and poor Tom again came in for his share of fame.

The editor of *The Boston Journal of Chemistry* has learned by observation that the ant is an active and efficient destroyer of the canker worm. The little creatures would seize the worms which were feeding upon the leaves of an elm tree and bear them in their powerful grip to their nest in the ground.

No less than 61 manufactories, devoted solely to the manufacture of playing cards, are located in the German Empire, and 17 of the number are in Saxony.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC R. R.

From Ocean to Ocean in Another Year —Progress of the Work—Chat With the General Superintendent.

Learning that Mr. M. J. Haney, the energetic and popular Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia, was stopping at the Driard, a representative of the Victoria (B.C.) *Colonist* paid him a visit yesterday, and asked him a few questions concerning the progress of the work of construction. The work of construction is being pushed rapidly forward and about 5,000 men are employed, 4,000 being Chinese laborers, without whom, the Superintendent said, work of great magnitude could not be carried on in this country without tremendous expense. White labor, which he had employed in the east with great satisfaction, here proved to be unproductive from a lack of energy on the part of the men, or a desire to get a "soft sit;" the only way that it could be accounted for being, in the Superintendent's mind, something in the climate which caused a feeling of laziness and carelessness. Had not the cave-ins in the tunnels occurred, the track would now have been laid beyond Barnes. As it is, the line is graded, and, if nothing unforeseen occurs to prevent it, the cry will be

THROUGH TO SAVONA

by 1st of December. Mr. Haney has had some rough work of construction during his career, but that on the Onderdonk contract is the most difficult and dangerous that he has ever been connected with. His first impression on going over the line was of alarm at the fearful grandeur of the country through which the road was to be built, but this quickly vanished, and now he would as soon travel, so far as risk is concerned, over the B. C. section of the C. P. R. as the prairie section. It is the nature of the country through which the road ran that appalled the inexperienced, the sharp curves and imaginary dangers ahead that made them fearful. The railway telegraph line between Port Moody and Yale came into operation last week, and there are now six operators employed between those two points for the running of trains. Above Yale the Government line is used, and a telegraph office is at every station. The number and nature of accidents on the construction has been greatly exaggerated; for a fact, there were but two deaths to employees, and not a passenger injured since the road has been in operation. The scenery through which the B. C. section passes is grander, more picturesque and varied than on the other roads. There is not the same monotony of sage brush and bleak-looking mountains as on the Union Pacific, but from the grand scenery from Port Moody to Yale, it merges into the awfully magnificent scenery of towering perpendicular mountains on the one side and abysses beneath on the other. In one stretch of thirty miles the road runs along a perpendicular wall of rock, with the raging Fraser hundreds of feet beneath. This changes when Kamloops is reached, and the road passes by the Thompson river along the little and big Shuswap lakes, where the mountains have a gradual slope, and the scenery pleasantly picturesque. The Superintendent was questioned as to the probable cost of the Onderdonk contract, and said that the average cost per mile from Port Moody to Yale will be about $40,000; from that point to Savona it will foot up to about $100,000 per mile. The heaviest part of construction is now passed, and the 150 miles of contract beyond Savona, secured by Mr. Onderdonk will be easy compared to the Yale Savona section. When queried with regard to the probable time when this new section would be finished, he said he had not the least doubt but that they would have the rails laid and trains running by the 1st of September next year, and that he thought that those working from the east would meet them there, and that trains would run through from ocean to ocean by the 1st of November. On this new contract the contractors will employ about 9,000 men, 7,500 of whom will be Chinese. During the coming winter about 2,000 men will be employed in tunnel and heavy rock work. When asked about the probability of their being destitution among the Chinese, he said there was none, and that last winter there was no such thing among them, but that they went into huts for the winter, and fattened up. Mr. Onderdonk was bringing in about 33,000 mats of rice. A mat is 50 pounds, which is a Chinaman's supply for a month. He said in the Chinese requisitions for supplies there were about 200 articles enumerated, which seems rather strange, considering the economical habits of John. The mortality among the Chinese was small, and among 6,000 during the past year only thirty deaths had occurred.

Too Weak to Live.

New York *Journal*: "Why is this butter like Samson?" asked the young man at the foot of the table. Everybody except the landlady was about to say something concerning its strength, when the propounder of the conundrum, who taught a class in Sunday School, gleefully remarked:

"Because it was shorn of its hair after it fell into the hands of the Philistines."

As the joke was as weak as the coffee there were no grounds for hilarity.

An Unfeeling Father.

A bevy of girls were looking at a bridal trousseau.

"How exquisite!" "How lovely!" "How supremely sweet!" etc., *ad nauseam*, were the exclamations made.

"You ought to be very happy, Clara," said one of the girls to the bride elect.

"I suppose I ought," said Clara, discontentedly, "but papa won't bring a newspaper reporter to look at them."

Chorus—What a shame!

Two hundred citizens of Columbus, O., have been fined for profanity in the public streets. One man has caused the arrests.

Joaquin Miller is now the lion of New Orleans, and has been given the liberty of the Crescent City on condition that he shall write no poetry during his sojourn. He promises instead to study up the sugar interest, and is going to visit John Dymond and H. P. Kernochan, the two most prominent sugar planters in Plaquemines Parish, and will then take a run through the Teche country.