Mother's Work.

Baking, sewing and brewing,
Roasting, frying and boiling,
Sweeping, dusting and cleaning,
Washing, starching and ir'ning,
Ripping, turning and mending,
Cutting, basting and stitching,
Making the old like new;
Shoestrings to lace,
Faces to wash,
Buttons to sew,
And the like of such;
Stockings to darn
While the children play,
Stories to tell,
Tears wipe away,
Making them happy
The livelong day;
It is ever thus from mourn till night;
Who says that a mother's work is light?

At evening, four
Little forms in white;
Prayers all said,
And the last good night,
Tucking them safe
In each downy bed,
Silently asking
O'er each head,
That the dear Father
In heaven will keep
Safe all my darlings,
Awake or asleep,
Then I think the old adage true ever will prove
"It's easy to labor for those that we love."

Ah! me! dear me! I often say,
As I hang the tumbled clothes away;
And the tear-drop start
While my burdened heart
Aches for the mother across the way.
Where, oh, where are
Her nestlings flown?
All, all are gone,
Save one alone!
Folded their garments
With tenderest care,
Unpressed the pillow
And vacant the chair.
No ribbons to tie,
No faces to wash,
No hair all away;
No merry voices
To hush into rest;
God save them!
He took them,
And He knoweth best;
But, ah! the heart anguish! the tears that fall
This mother's work is the hardest of all!

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

They Are Often Injured by Too Much Care and Excessive Watering.

"More people injure flowering plants by too much care than by too little," said a prominent florist. "They fill their flower-pots or boxes full of water and keep the earth soaked, and then wonder why the plants don't thrive. You see, it operates this way: At first the plants are revived by the water, and the fresh growth inspires the owners that they have struck the proper key, but soon the leaves begin to fade, then wither, and drop off."

"What is the reason?"

"Well, the soil sours and eventually kills the plant. It is caused mostly by too much water, although it is sure to spoil within a year anyhow, and should be renewed once every twelve months. In winter flowers pine for the sun, and should be given the invigorating light whenever the opportunity presents itself. Another thing is a regular temperature or as near regular as possible. Let the earth get a little dry and then give it plenty of water and a plant will generally thrive. The German people of Chicago are more successful in raising plants than any other class of persons. They can keep them in the kitchen and have more success than others who keep them in the parlor."

"What insects prey on the plants?"

"The green fly is the worst, but it can be killed if people put the flowers in a box or barrel and burn the stems of tobacco. They drop right away. The amelia bugs gather under the leaves in great numbers until they appear like a white scale. A stiff brush or sponge and water will wash them off. Most people, however, prefer to purchase cut flowers than to care for plants."

"Are conservatories a success in Chicago?"

"They are not. They are too expensive as a general thing, and don't give satisfaction. The owners have to employ men to take care of them, and even then the plants die and have to be replaced often. Some persons who have no care for expenses persist in maintaining them, but the majority have dropped them."

"What are the favorite flowers this season?"

"The most in favor now is the chrysanthemum, bearing flowers of white, yellow, and other hues. They are much worn for corsage bouquets. The most hardy plants for the winter, however, are the ferns and palms. They keep well, and always look pretty. Window-boxes planted with these are very popular. In December we will have hyacinths in bloom, and after them come azalias, which are very fine, are of different colors, and do well in the house. Azabias and palms are the most expensive. Calla lilies do well in the house also. Roses and geraniums do not blossom in the winter except in the greenhouses."

Pretty Philadelphia Girls.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the *Courier-Journal* says: The beautiful Philadelphia women, from 4 to 5 o'clock each afternoon, can be seen in vast numbers on the popular thoroughfare—Chestnut street. The complexion of the women here—I speak of those under 30—is as soft, clear and roseate as a child's. An intelligent physician here, conversing with me on the subject, said the reason Philadelphia women were handsomer than the women from other cities was from the fact that they did less lacing. Lacing, he said, compressed the liver so that its functions were deranged and the bile, instead of legitimately aiding digestion as it should, is thrown into the venous circulation, producing the sallow complexion so common among our American women. The female gymnasts and equestriennes are noted for their fine complexion, which is attributable to the fact that their profession precludes lacing. Again the women here do more walking than they do in almost any other city on the continent. In this they resemble the English women, who are noted the world over for their beautiful complexions. Not only this, but the exercise of walking rounds the form, and we justly claim that for contour of face, complexion and figure our women are unexcelled.

"Do not sneer at the poor, down-trodden hotel clerks, who simply ask a chance to earn a humble living," says a hotel reporter. We promise.

Medals of honor have been awarded to a number of men on the Tallapoosa who displayed especial gallantry at the time the vessel was sunk.

A New York inventor has made a machine by which he can reduce the temperature of a room to 85 degrees below zero, if necessary.

ROAD MAKING.

The McAdam (Macadamized) System Explained.

The State of Illinois has no debt. It is considering what shall be done with the half a million dollars which the Illinois Central Railway pays every year into the State Treasury.

The Chicago *Tribune* says, use it to make good waggon roads. The suggestion is a wise one, for good roads promote civilization, good fellowship and good morals. But it is not every man, even though he may be a roadmaster, or even an engineer, who knows how to build a good waggon road. The best roads ever built, since the days of the old Romans, are those known as the McAdam roads. McAdam was an American, who settled in Scotland in 1783, and got appointed a commissioner of roads. He had a mania for roadbuilding, to which he devoted himself for six-and-twenty years. His plan of road-making is described as follows in the *St. James' Gazette*: His leading principle was that a road ought to be considered as an artificial flooring, so strong and even as to let the heaviest vehicle pass over it without impediment. Then people began to hear with wonder of roads thirty and forty feet wide rising only three inches in the centre, and he propounded the extraordinary heresy that a better and more lasting road could be made over the surface of a morass than over solid rock. Another of his easy first principles was that the native soil was more resistant when dry than when wet. As in reality it had to carry not alone the traffic, but the road also, it ought to be kept in a condition of the greatest resistance; that the best way of keeping it dry was to put over it a covering impervious to rain—the road, in fact. The thickness of this covering was to be regulated solely in relation to its imperviousness, and not at all as to its bearing of weights, to which the native soil was quite equal. Instead of digging a trench, therefore, to do away with the surface of the native soil, he carefully respected it, and raised the road sufficiently above it to let the water run off. Impermeability he obtained by the practical discovery that stones broken small, and shaken and pressed together, as by the traffic on a road, rapidly settled down face to face, and angle to angle, and made as close a mass as a wall. Mankind in general now believe that this last is all that McAam invented; the rest is forgotten. That important fraction of his discoveries is what has given to us the verb *to macadamize* ("To pave a road with small broken stones."—*Skeat*), and to the French their nouns, *macadam*, ("Nom d'un pavage inventé par un Anglais."—*Littre*), *macadamisage*, and the verb *macadamiser*. If a man is knocked down by an omnibus in the middle of the boulevard, a Parisian bystander will now-a-days say, "Je l'ai vu tomber sur le macdam." Surprise followed surprise. Roads which were mere layers of broken stone, six, four and even as little as three inches in thickness, passed through the worst winters without breaking up, while, as the coachman used to say, they "ran true; the wheel ran hard upon them, it ran upon the nail." Even in the breaking of stones McAdam made a revolution. He saw that able-bodied men standing up with heavy hammers wasted the greater portion of their strength. He made his stone-breakers sit, so that all the force of the blows took direct effect on the stone; and the result was that he found small hammers did the work perfectly well, and thus was able to confine it to old men past hard labor, women and boys, which reduced the cost of the broken stone by one half. The size to which the stone should be broken he determined in a practical way, by the area of contact of an ordinary wheel with a smooth road. This he found to be about an inch lengthwise, therefore he laid it down that "a stone which exceeds an inch in any of its dimensions is mischievous," that is to say, that the wheel in pressing on one end of it, tends to lift the other end out of the road. In practice he found it simplest to fix a weight of six ounces, and his surveyors carried about scales to test the largest stones in each heap. He would allow no large stones even for the foundation of his roads, for he found they constantly worked upward by the pressure and vibration of the traffic. The whole road was small broken stones, even over swampy ground.

FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.

Their Enormous Circulation and Utter Worthlessness.

I notice in one of your recent numbers, writes a Paris correspondent of the Albany, N.Y., *Journal*, you give the circulation of some of the Paris journals, and doubtless many of your readers were surprised at the large figures which you mentioned, but if they could see the size of these so-called newspapers and could notice the scantiness of news, the poorness of the paper and faded color of the ink, the wonder would be how they could have any circulation at all; in our country they could hardly be given away. A few telegrams from France, perhaps one from England, and occasionally one (copied from a London paper) from America, is all the foreign news, and the local is nearly as scanty. One-third of the space is given to stories, continued from day to day, a few advertisements, and that is all; the leading articles counting almost for nothing. The price of the smaller sheets is 1 cent, and these are the ones having or claiming to have such immense circulation; the *Petit Journal*, for instance, giving 750,000 and above as its daily issue. As all the departments of France within a hundred miles of Paris depend upon the city for their journals, the population upon which these sheets depend number four or five millions, including, of course, Paris itself, and as the father and the males generally of the family take their second breakfast at a restaurant or alone, a cheap newspaper is indispensable, so that a large part of the issue is read by but one person for each copy. The advertising patronage is very small, the French contenting themselves with waggons parading the streets, posters on walls and boardings, and the little "kiosks," as circular boxes something the size of our old-fashioned watchboxes are called, and which line the boulevards, some occupied as news-stands and others for other purposes. Every person here has his political opinion, and he buys that paper which most nearly reflects his views. The coachmen, for instance, almost invariably read the *Lanterne* or the *Intransigeant*, edited by Rochefort, and, in consequence, they are as a class revolutionary.

THE FLOOR WALKER.

An Occupation in Which Comparatively Few Men Succeed.

Of all the creatures of metropolitan commercial life the most interesting and fascinating is the floor walker, says the Chicago *Tribune*. A walking dictionary, a street guide and a dictionary of names, he also enjoys the distinction of being considered the leading man of the house, if not one of the leading partners. Polite to rich and poor alike, he is a continual ray of sunshine. He is found most active and most at home in the great business houses. He knows the store from cellar to garret, and where a thousand and one questions are asked daily he is ready with a thousand and one prompt answers. The women, who are apt to be the principal customers, are the recipients of his most solicitous attentions. The pink of politeness, he is regarded by most of them as an authority on all questions of dress and etiquette. He has a faculty for remembering names which would astonish a hotel clerk. Then he has the advantage of the hotel man in understanding the peculiarities of his customers. He is something more than a dictionary of names, and something less than a fashion-plate. Though scrupulously neat he is never extravagantly dressed. Diamonds possess no special attraction for him, except when they are seen upon the person of a customer, and yet he understands as well as anybody that they are not a recommendation in all cases. He has better means of settling questions of financial standing, for he may go to the manager, his superior, who is supposed to know all things knowable. To explain the exact position of a floor-walker to the outside world, according to one authority, it may be given as that of an assistant manager, the term floor-walker having been gradually applied as being more explanatory of his duties. In most large retail stores the space is divided up into departments, each one of which is under the care of a floor-walker, as for instance the lace department, the silk department and the hosiery department. Then there are several who are expected to keep a close watch about the front door, whose especial duty is to welcome visitors and direct them to the department where the goods they desire can be found. They are responsible for the behavior of a certain number of clerks and cash boys, to whom they are equally a terror and an object of envy. It is generally admitted that there is as much in the appearance and behavior of a floor-walker as there is in his business tact and powers of observation. To insure success he must be a thorough optimist, whose sunny views of life must not be shaken by a cross word from the proprietor, or an insult or a series of insults from the customers. He would make a poor *Hamlet*, but the best paid member of the craft in Chicago is said to be a fine comedian. He is considered an example unto his fellow-sinners, because his conduct is always the same, and he can tell the outrageous lie and the most solemn truth in the same melancholy and earnest tones. He works in an establishment owned by two partners, and half the customers know him as one partner and the other half as the other. It makes no difference to him, and he never thinks of correcting the mistake. Nor does he fear the wrath of the proprietors, for they regard him as their representative in most of the duties he performs; and as people value most highly little acts of politeness coming direct from the head of a large bazaar, the courtesies extended by the subaltern if received under this illusion are just as valuable.

WOMEN AT BREAKFAST.

When They Look Their Best—Pretty Women Eat Hearty Morning Meals.

Perhaps there is no better test of woman's health and beauty than her appearance at an early breakfast table, writes Dr. Hammond. She is then more as nature made her than at any other period of the day, when art has been brought in with a view of heightening her charms. If she has slept well, it argues at some extent a sound nervous system, and the effect is seen in the brightness of her eyes and the tone possessed by the muscles of her face and neck. Her movements are full of grace, for her limbs have been refreshed and strengthened by repose, and her mind is clear and bright, for it also has rested, and there have been no bad dreams to exhaust her nervous system and make her limp and haggard. Her intelligence is then at its maximum, and she feels the recklessness that is so generally the result of sound, healthy sleep, and that is only a natural elation of the emotions, pleasant, doubtless, for her to exhibit, but far more pleasant to those to whom it is manifested. If, on the contrary, she has slept badly, or has suffered from nightmare, in consequence of a feeble digestive system, her eyes are weak, dim and watery, her face is flabby, her head appears to be held unsteadily on her shoulders, for it droops on her chest, or bobs helplessly from side to side, her complexion is dull and blotchy, red where it ought not to be red, and pale where it ought not to be pale. Her expression is indicative of the discomfort she has undergone during the night, her movements are either painfully slow or aggravatingly brusque, her intellect shows stupidity, her emotions are torpid, her perceptions dull. While the woman that is in good physical health exhibits all the beauty in the early morning that her features are capable of expressing, the one whose organic life is deranged is at this period of the day at her worst. There is no better test of a woman's health than her ability to eat a hearty breakfast, and it might also be said that her physical beauty is in direct proportion to the amount of beefsteak or mutton chops she can put into herself at this meal. Certainly, pretty women can always eat a hearty breakfast.

King Leopold of Belgium has presented to King Humbert of Italy a silver meda for his humanity and devotion to the cholera stricken people of Naples.

Henry Bergh, the dumb animal's friend, is quite a dude in dress.

Capt. Webb's widow says the $3,000 subscribed for her by the English friends of the swimmer has never been sent her.

There has been a terrible outbreak of trichinosis in St. Andreasberg, a little town in the Hartz Mountains, the centre of the canary bird business.

THE TYPE-WRITING GIRL.

Her Habits and Peculiarities Clearly Described by an Accurate Observer.

The stenographer is rapidly being succeeded by the type-writer, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Men are too clumsy to acquire great facility at this sort of work, and it seems especially suited to women. The advantages which it possesses over the older fashion is that the work is finished when the operator has reached the end. A large element of uncertainty enters into life when one employs a stenographer. With the type-writing girls it is different. As a rule they are busy copying Supreme Court papers, which, by the way, they lay aside without the slightest regret, and they are apparently the only people who look with contempt upon the Supreme Court, and begin at once to prepare for work. The preparation is the longest part of it. After a few general remarks about the weather she removes her rings one after the other, looks at them carefully, places them in an orderly row beside the type-writer, pulls a hair-pin out of the forward part of her bang, examines it and then thrusts it with unquestioned belligerence into the back of her head. Then she yawns prodigiously, leans back in her chair, and says she is ready. When you begin she suddenly remembers, rises from the machine, goes to the washstand, toys with the faucets for a few moments, touches the ends of her fingers to the towel, then comes back by way of the mirror. I have become convinced by long experience that the average type-writer never really cares to wash her hands. It is a strategic subterfuge for the purpose of affording her an opportunity to look in the mirror. She returns, throws herself carelessly into the chair and briskly puts a sheet of paper into the machine. Having done this she withdraws the paper, turns it around and puts it in in that way. This is a system they never depart from under any circumstances. She is not ready yet, however. At this point it becomes necessary to open a small drawer at the right hand side of the type-writer, fish out a more or less showy purse, glance critically and somewhat sadly within, throw the purse back again, and bring forth an ink-eraser, a rubber, a fruit knife, and a half-eaten apple or peach. Some one will probably interrupt her for a quiet chat, and after that if you are still there you will be thoroughly started. Once under way, an expert type-writer is fully as fast as the average stenographer, and when you have finished dictating you may take the manuscript away with you. I have observed one peculiarity about the female type-writer. She never makes a mistake. It is always the machine. If she puts sixteen vowels in the word "through," she first hits the keyboard violently, then raises the roof of the structure, pokes at the type with her first finger, indulges in some airy criticisms of the manufacture, brings the whole thing together violently again, and continues to make the most grievous and absurd errors with a face of utter satisfaction and unruffled high spirits. She eventually marries the managing clerk of the law office

THE FESTIVE DANCE.

But Few Innovations to be Introduced This Winter.

On the authority of a member of the American Society of Professors of Dancing it may be said there are to be no new dances this season, except in quadrilles. At its last meeting in New York the association adopted the society quadrille. This is in respect to figures the same as the plain French quadrille, but is danced diagonally instead of opposite. The advantage is that it keeps the dancers in motion uninterruptedly and permits of no cessation in the pastime. The change is a popular one, and is similar to that made in the Saratoga lancers some seasons ago.

The member of the American society likewise said: "The national guard, lawn tennis, and waltz quadrilles are also new. This season the waltz quadrille will lead in popularity. Polkas will be announced here and there on fashionable programmes, and the galop and glide waltz will be very generally danced. As a matter of fact, there are no radical innovations for the coming winter. The field for parlor dances has been thoroughly exhausted. Galops, polkas, quadrilles and waltzes are all the species that could be devised, and whatever forms are new are variations or improvements on the old styles."

"How does the german stand in popular favor?"

"The german is still a feature. It will always be popular in good society. It is not adapted for a promiscuous gathering. Those taking part must be well acquainted. For this reason it continues in favor. To lead a german well requires great familiarity with its intricacies. Many people now employ professionals as leaders, and when gentlemen acquire proficiency it is considered a great distinction. The schottische and five-step waltz are not danced by nice people. The racquet is little less than the redowaglissade. It is also tabooed in fashionable circles."

"Has the amusement of roller-skating affected the dancing-academies?"

"It has not affected the schools proper to any extent, but it has diminished the attendance on the assemblies for advanced pupils. The character of the two amusements is very much the same."

The Last of Him.

Last week a telegram was received by the Rev. Archdeacon Cowley, at St. Peters, from the Governor-General of Canada, expressing condolence with the widon and family of Richard Henderson. Henderson was a member of the Manitoba contingent which was to form part of the Nile expedition, and died while on board the Ocean King, and was buried at sea. The Governor-General's message was duly forwarded to the bereaved family, who are still living in the St. Peter's settlement.—*Selkirk (Man.) Herald.*

Fire damp caused an explosion in a colliery at Wasmes, Belgium, yesterday, and 20 persons were killed.

The Transvaal Government is secretly negotiating with Prince Bismarck, asking Germany's protection.

An explosion occurred on Saturday in the Tredegar Coal and Iron Company's colliery at Hockin, and fifteen lives were lost.

A LAWYER'S MORALS.

Some Points for the Profession to Study.

The Century for November has an editorial under the head of "Lawyers' Morals," from which the following points are quoted:

"1. A lawyer ought to be a gentleman. His function as an attorney gives him no dispensation to disregard the ordinary rules of good manners, and the ordinary principles of decency and honor. He has no right to slander his neighbor, even if his neighbor be the defendant in a cause in which he appears for the plaintiff. He has no right to bully or browbeat a witness in cross-examination, or artfully to entrap that witness into giving false testimony. Whatever the privilege of the court may be, the lawyer who is guilty of such practices in court is no gentleman out of court.

"2. A lawyer ought not to lie. He may defend a criminal whom he knows to be guilty, but he may not say to the jury that he believes this criminal to be innocent. He may not in any way intentionally convey to the jury the impression that he believes the man to be innocent. He may not, in his plea, pervert or distort the evidence so as to weaken the force or conceal the meaning of it. He is a sworn officer of the court, and his oath should bind him to the strictest veracity. It would be quixotic to expect him to assist his adversary, but his obligation to speak the truth outranks every obligation that he owes to his client. It is notorious that some lawyers who would think it scandalous to tell a falsehood out of court, in any business transaction, lie shamelessly in court in behalf of their clients, and seem to think it part of their professional duty. That bar of justice before which, by their professional obligations, they are bound to the most stringent truthfulness, is the very place where they seem to consider themselves absolved from the common law of veracity. So long as the legal mind is infected with this deadly heresy, we need not wonder that our courts of justice often become the instruments of unrighteousness.

"3. A lawyer ought not to sell his services for the promotion of injustice and knavery. Swindlers of all types are aided by lawyers in their depredations upon society. The mock broker who operates in Wall street, and strips green country speculators of their hard-earned gains by the most nefarious roguery, always has an able lawyer as his accomplice. The gentleman by whose agency a nest of these rascals was lately broken up says, 'The great difficulty in stopping swindles of this class is that the rascals make enough money to be able to employ the best of legal advice, and are, moreover, careful to do nothing which will render them liable to arrest.' This is the testimony of a lawyer, Mr. Ralph Oakley, of New York. 'The best legal advice' can be had, then, in New York city for such purposes. It would be more difficult to believe this if its truth were not so often illustrated in the stupendous frauds and piracies of great corporations, all of which are carefully engineered by eminent lawyers. Our modern 'buccaneers'—our brave railroad wreckers—are in constant consultation with distinguished lawyers. They undeniably have 'the best of legal advice' in planning and executing their bold iniquities."

NEARLY FROZEN.

A Man Lies in the Snow all Night and Almost Dies.

Early yesterday morning head turnkey McKay, of the Provincial Jail, on making his regular tour of inspection around the jail premises, found a man named Alexander Moore, who lives in a shanty adjoining the Bay Horse Hotel, Portage avenue, lying in the snow and unable to move. He left the man in charge of a turnkey, and then procured a rig and had him removed to his shanty. Moore's pants were torn at the knees, and one of his legs was badly frozen. Half of his under lip had been entirely cut or bitten off, and he was in a very pitiable condition. On inspecting his tracks, Mr. McKay found that the unfortunate man must have wandered from the vicinity of Russell's spice mills, and crawling on his hands and knees reached the spot where he was discovered. He was taken to the hospital. —*Winnipeg paper.*

Wealthy Women.

The United States contains a great many wealthy women, writes a Washington correspondent. Henry E. Packer's sister owns a life interest in 160,000 shares of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, the dividends of which amount to $760,000 annually. Mrs. A. R. Allen, of St. Louis, pays taxes on $1,197,000, and Miss Bernice Morrison, of the same city, is taxed at $964,990. There is a cattle queen named Rogers near Corpus Christi, Tex., who owns 40 000 cattle, and is worth over $1,000,000. She is the financial agent of the ranch, keeps the pocketbook and oversees the stock, while she sends her second husband to the Texas Legislature. Catharine Wolfe, of New York, the daughter of old Peter Wolfe, who married Lorillard's two sisters and got $1,000,000 with each of them, has an income of $500 000 a year and she owns real estate to the amount of about $6,000 000. Like Mrs. Rogers, of Texas, she is about 50 years old, and plain in all her habits. She is single, too, and she lives all alone in a big house. Mrs. Wm. Astor is worth $1,000,000, and Mrs. Marshal O. Roberts, the wife of a mining king, who died some pears ago, is said to have assets which will foot up $8,000 000. Mrs. A. T. Stewart has a princely income no doubt. Miss Gammell is aid to contest with Miss Garrett the reputation of being the richest unmarried woman in the country, and England's wealthiest heiress, I see, is a Miss Hamilton, who has large estates in Scotland and an income somewhere near $500,000 a year.

He Prefers the Ladies.

Before leaving the Garner House, Chatham, where he stopped during his recent shooting trip westward, the Governor-General remarked to Mr. and Mrs. Perrin, who are now managing this hotel, that for the first time since coming to Canada he had been attended at table by young lady waiters instead of men, and he was decidedly pleased with the change.

The suspension of Home Ruler O'Donnell from the privileges of the House will last a week.