THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Things Worth Knowing in Connection With the Household.

A Dear Little School Ma'am.

With her funny little glasses you'd have thought her very wise
If it wasn't for the laughter that was peeping from her eyes;
Just the queerest and the dearest little school ma'am ever known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls was certainly her own.

"I give my brightest pupil," in a pleasant tone she said,
"A little corner by himself to show that he is head,
And, to spare the tender feelings of the dullest boy, I put
All the others in a circle, so you can't tell which is foot.

"Whenever any pupil in his lessons doesn't miss,
I encourage his endeavors with a penny sugar kiss;
And, since this slight upon the rest might too severely fall,
I take the box of kisses and I hand 'em round to all.

"I've asked them what they'd like to be a dozen times or more,
And each, I find, intends when grown to keep a candy store;
So, thinking that they ought to have some knowledge of their trade,
I've put a little stove in, just to show them how it's made.

Enthusiastic? Bless you, it is wonderful to see
How interested in such things a little child can be;
And, from their tempting taffy and their luscious lollipops,
I'm sure they'll do me credit when they come to open shops.'

And, with a nod that plainly showed how free she was from doubt,
She deftly smoothed the wrinkles of her snowy apron out—
Just the queerest and the dearest little school ma'am ever known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls was really her own

—*Malcolm Douglas, in the Christmas St. Nicholas.*

Mothers and Daughters.

How strange it is that ideas in various parts of the globe are so contradictory. For instance, take the question of girls. In spite of our advancing ideas, we have a general conviction that girls should not be put to very hard work. We shield them if we can. In Asia and Africa, on the contrary, in spite of all we are always hearing of the lazy lives of women in those countries, an old belief prevails that they were born to labor. The same is true in many parts of Germany. In Turkestan and on the Tartar steppes, the Kirghese sultanas and their daughters, in whose veins flow the blood of long lines of kings, still milk the sheep, cows and goats, and perform the menial duties of the household. They reverse our order of things. The mother wears silk and the daughter calico; the mother cultivates accomplishments and the daughter does the drudgery. In fact, they really consider the mother entitled to the best of everything! Such is it to be uncivilized. There the mother is at home in the parlor and the daughter in the kitchen, and we would look in vain for the child too fashionable and well-educated to scorn her mother. What a blessed state of affairs!

What to Teach the Children.

Teach them to be polite, teach them that there is nothing but goodness of heart of so much desirability as a pleasing deportment. They will lose the idea after a while that it is smart to be pert and boisterous, and take pride in being little ladies and gentlemen. Teach them to say "how do you do" or "good morning" to everybody they meet with whom they are acquainted; never to contradict, whisper, hum, beat a tatoo with the fingers on the furniture, or loll round in lounging attitudes in company; to say "yes, ma'am," "no, sir," "what, ma'am," "if you please" and "thank you" and "excuse me," if it is necessary to pass before any one or leave the table before the rest; and never do any of the things for which it is necessary to be excused unless it is absolutely unavoidable. Not to toss things, instead of handing them; not to eat with the knife; not to meddle with things which belong to others; not to listen to anything not intended for their ears; not to refuse to give the whole to a little visitor when half will not do. A polite child is the best of companions, but a rude one is a troublesome nuisance and will find himself learning at 18 or 20 things which should have been taught him when a child.

Sally Lunn.

English children are as fond of buns as the little folks in this country are of cookies and doughnuts, and there are some very nice ones made over there. There are penny and two-penny plum-buns, and caraway buns, and spice buns, and the celebrated hot-cross buns. One of the nicest of them all is the "Sally Lunn," named after the young woman who first made them, more than seventy years ago. She lived in bath, and every morning and evening carried them round to the gentlemen's houses in a large basket covered with a white damask cloth. For a long time no one could find out just how they were made, but after a while a baker by the name of Dalmer bought the business of her. And this is how she made them: She took one quart of flour and mixed with it a half teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, then rubbed in half a cup of butter, four beaten eggs and one pint of milk. She then poured the batter into round cake tins and baked them in a quick oven. Dalmer was a musician as well as a baker, and made a song and set it to music, all in praise of "Sally Lunn and her famous bunn," and the buns became such favorites that barrows were made to carry them in to the customers. In a few years Dalmer retired from business, a very rich man. To this day in every town in England the Sally Lunn bun is the chief favorite with grown folks as well as children.

How to Remove Ink Stains.

Ink stains may be removed from colored table covers by dissolving a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a teaspoonful of hot water, and rubbing the stained part well with the solution. Ink stains may be taken out of anything white by simply putting a little powdered salts of lemon and cold water on the stain, allowing it to remain about five minutes, and then washing it out with soap and water, when the stains will disappear. Ink stains on silver or plated articles may be effectually removed without injury to the articles by making a little chloride of lime into a paste with water, and rubbing the stains until they disappear, and afterwards washing the article with soap and water. To remove ink stains from a mahogany table, put a few drops of spirits of nitre into a teaspoonful of water, and touch the part stained with a feather dipped into the mixture. Immediately the ink stain disappears the place must be rubbed with a cloth dipped in cold water, or there will be a white mark.

Making Beds and Climbing Stairs.

There is nothing more cheerful to the sight of a tired person than a clean, soft couch—pleasant to the eyes as well as to the touch, and giving promise of dainty rest. I may add that in no occupation is a woman more attractive than when engaged in the servile work of making up just such a bed. Don't you remember how the heroine of "She Stoops to Conquer" bags her game—I mean wins a husband—by letting him view her at such housework? My advice to girls, in cases where a desirable young man happens to be a guest in the house, is not to disdain all connection with household affairs, with the idea of impressing him with your too goodness for that kind of thing, but instead to find some excuse for becoming chambermaids, so that the visitors may see you transform a tousled bed into a snowy, slick and entrancing one. If the job be done deftly it is sure to be potent in its effect on the fellow who beholds it. But there are things which are dangerous for a girl to do at home in the presence of her admirer. Going upstairs is one of them. It is easy enough to descend with sprightly grace, but I defy any living being in skirts to ascend without awkwardness. In the current play at Daly's Theatre two of the acts have for a scene an interior in which a broad staircase leads directly back from the rear. The characters go up and down uncounted times. The women are personating fine ladies and wear the most fashionable of dresses. On the stage level they are objects of estimable regard; but the instant they begin to mount those dreadful stairs they become camels, elephants, anything that walks grotesquely with the hind legs. They wabble from side to side, they strain every gusset and seam in their clothes, they threaten to burst their corset-strings, their joints seem to refuse all customary action, and the outlines presented by their backs bear no semblance to their normal shapeliness. It is clear to my mind that nature never intended that women should go upstairs, for I don't believe an angel, if feminine, could mount the golden stair other than absurdly.—*Clara Belle.*

Miscellaneous.

Hats and bonnets are this winter most fantastically extravagant. They are odd shapes borrowed from history, from fable, and even from the stage.

A housekeeper asks, "What is the simplest way to keep jelly from moulding on top?" "Shut a boy in a pantry for a few minutes."

Chestnuts and their leaves, imitated in fine silk cord covered with beads, are used by the English dressmakers to trim their large velvet cloaks.

The prettiest new work basket is in the shape of a gipsy kettle, both kettle and sticks being made of wicker. A great bow of velvet in the nasturtium shades is bound around the centre of the sticks and another is on the outside of the kettle, which has a lining of nasturtium silk and pockets innumerable.

The Japanese girl when she goes into company paints her face white, her lips and the corners of her eyes red, with two slate coloured spots on her forehead.

Among Miss Astor's jewels is a necklace of four rows of pink pearls, lover's knots of rubies and sapphires separating the pearls at every tenth pearl.

The leaf in the marriage register in Haworth Church, on which is inscribed the name of Charlotte Bronte, has been so often handled by American travellers that it is falling to pieces.

The best shot in Dakota is said to be a woman, Mrs. Lowner, wife of Colonel Lowner, of Fort Totten. She has killed 114 prairie chickens this fall and the first deer ever brought down from Moose River.

A young gentleman asked a young lady what she thought of the "marriage state in general." "Not knowing, can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I could put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer.'

The Princess Victoria and Prince Bismarck have become reconciled. A feud has long existed between these two, on account of the slight regard the Prince has for the deference due to woman of whatever rank, and because the Princess repelled his disrespect of Court etiquette.

"Madame," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation which will spring up in the best regulated families, "when a man and his wife have quarrelled and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to advance toward a reconciliation?" "The better natured and wiser of the two," said the wife, putting up her mouth for a kiss, which was given with an unction. She was the conqueror.

Cracks in floors, around the mould board, or other parts of a room, may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the cracks with a case knife. It will harden like papier-mache.

What We Call Our Drones.

One of the upper ten thousand, who was visiting America, accepted the hospitality of a gentleman in New York. When taking farewell of his host the latter asked him what he thought of the American people. "Well," answered the nobleman, "I like them immensely, but I miss something." "What is that?" asked the Yankee. "I miss the aristocracy," replied the Englishman. "What are they?" naively asked his host. "The aristocracy!" said the nobleman, in a somewhat surprised tone of voice, "why, they are the people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did nothing, you know; whose grandfathers did nothing, you know—in fact, the aristocracy." Here he was interrupted by the American, who chimed in with, "Oh, we've pleaty of them over here; but we don't call them aristocracy—we call them tramps."—*London Truth.*

It will cost over $60,000 to put the White House in proper trim for the reception of the bachelor President next month.

HER LOVER WAS A CANNIBAL.

Maddened by Jealousy He Bites Off the End of Her Nose.

Lillian Farrelly, a pretty blonde, 19 years old, living with her parents at No. 9 Pell street, New York, had two lovers with whom she alternated. The young men were acquainted with the situation and tried to out-rival each other by making presents to the girl and taking her to places of amusement. One night she went with Frank Sullivan to a theatre or ball and the next night it would be Robert Greene's turn. So matters went on until a week ago, when both young men came on the same night and each insisted that it was his turn to take the girl out. They went to the street to fight it out and Sullivan returned with his eyes blackened and his face covered with gore. He said that he had been attacked by Greene with some blunt instrument and that then Greene had brutally kicked him. Lillian pitied him and made him happy by promising to become his wife, also declaring that she would never speak to Greene again. Monday night Sullivan went with the Sullivan Club, who had received a banner from Mrs. Hendrick's, wife of the Vice-President elect, to Newark, where they marched in the procession which was reviewed by Gov. Hendricks. When the club returned to the city it was near 11 o'clock and Sullivan proceeded to the house of his promised wife to make his excuses for failing to take her to a place of amusement, as he had promised. She was out, however, and on inquiring her mother told him that she had gone to the theatre with his rival. He waited until they made their appearance, when he sprang at his rival and made a savage assault upon him. Greene got away and Sullivan turned his attention to his sweetheart. He threw her to the ground and bending over her, took her nose between his teeth and bit off the end. The young girl uttered a piercing scream and became unconscious. The maddened lover took the bit of nose out of his mouth, placed it carefully in his vest pocket, and leaned over to take another bite when he was struck from behind and was made a prisoner by officer Churchill, of the Sixth Precinct. The young girl was taken to Chambers Street Hospital, where the piece of nose, which Sullivan had given up, was stitched on again. Yesterday she was sufficiently recovered to appear against her cannibalistic lover at the Tombs, and he was held.

He Had Plans.

A wholesale house in Detroit in which the firm consists of four partners, with a solid old gentleman at the head, took on a new traveller a few days ago. He was engaged and packed off without having seen the senior partner, and he probably didn't care a cent whether such a person existed or not. He was coming in over one of the roads on a recent Saturday, and had taken a seat in the smoker to enjoy a 15-center, when a fellow traveller asked him how business was, and what firm he represented.

"Business is infernal dull, and I represent the firm of Blank & Co., Detroit," was the answer.

"Pretty solid house?"

"Oh, yes; but rather cranky."

"Going to be with it next year?"

"Well, that will depend. When I get in I'm going to ask for a position in the store. I'm fitted for almost any place there, and I'm going to push myself."

"And then you'll work for promotion?"

"You bet! and if things come around right I'll have an interest in the old ranch inside of two years."

"Eh! How's that?"

"Well, the old crank who furnishes the doubloons to keep the business booming has two marriageable daughters, and I'm going to be his son-in-law, or break both legs trying. I've got the pluck to succeed, and you can bet a new hat on me any day in the year."

The conversation died away very soon after that, and in a little time the traveller was left to the comforts of his cigar. He thought no more of the matter until he walked into the store Monday morning to report. The first man his eyes rested upon was his fellow-traveller on the train, and the old gent had his hat off, and seemed very much at home. He bowed to the drummer and he smiled, and he went to the door and called after him in a forgiving tone, but the man escaped, and has not been seen in Detroit since.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Dude's Views on Dress.

Philadelphia *Press:* "Few men really know how to dress," said a prize dude, as he paused to get the reflection of his new summer pea-jacket in Wanamaker's windows. "Now, that feller over there," he continued, pointing to an imitation dude sunning himself on the opposite side of the street, "has got on low quartering shoes and a billycock hat, with a Prince Albert frock—the brute. And notice his scarf-pin, please do. It represents a little skate—entirely out of season. Besides, everything should have some real or apparent purpose about a man's dress, and that fellow's scarf-pin is stuck in the upper part of the scarf, and don't seem put there to hold the folds together at all. Now, you'd hardly believe it, but the beast hasn't even had the soles of his shoes blackened, and the backs of those disgusting yellow gloves of his are stitched in black."

He Couldn't Either.

A gentleman who drove up to the post-office yesterday and found no place to hitch his horse called to a boot-black and asked if he didn't want to earn a nickel.

"Can't do it just now," replied the lad; "I'm going up the alley to see a slugging match."

Close at his heels was a second boy, and the gentleman addressed him with the same inquiry..

"Oh, I couldn't stop a minute," protested the gamin, "fur I'm one of the sluggers he's going to see slug!"

The newest canvasser goes from house to house when wives are at home and husbands away. He explains how readily, privately and for slight reasons, divorces may be obtained; and he departs saying that he will take the liberty of calling again in a week. He is an agent for a divorce lawyer. Discontented wives, either with or without good cause for divorce, thus have the means brought to them; and, when it is added that pay is taken on the instalment plan, the attractiveness of the scheme must be acknowledged.

PROHIBITION AS A PRINCIPLE.

Prof. Goldwin Smith on the Position o Prohibitionists.

Prohibitionists, if they really care to assure themselves of the soundness of their position, should read the article on "Moderation and Total Abstinence" by Mr. Sutton Sharpe in the current number of the "Fortnightly Review." They will find in it some reason for doubting whether the authority of medical science is really on their side, and whether it is not rather in favor of those that believe a moderate use of alcoholic drinks is good for the majority of mankind, especially for those who have to undergo severe labor either of body or of brain. They will at least see that the point is still debatable. The assumption upon which their action is based, and which forms their sole justification for coercing their fellow-citizens on a question of private health and taste, is that moderate use must lead to abuse; and this is contradicted by the experience of hundreds of millions. They will be glad at all events to find that the truth of the hideous charges of intemperance against Englishwomen is challenged, as it certainly may be with good reason if the charges rest on no more trustworthy foundation than the work of the American, Mr. Gustafson, with its claptrap title, "The Foundation of Death" While they are on the path of research, they may be induced to look back to the account of prohibition in Vermont, given by Mr. Edward Johnson in the *Popular Science Monthly* of last May. They will there find that the law having been passed at first by a small majority, and having failed in operation, as under those circumstances it was sure to do, enactment has been heaped upon enactment and penalty upon penalty, till at last the exasperation of the baffled prohibionists has trampled on that which all freemen hold most dear by empowering the police, if they suspect the existence of liquor to break without a warrant into any citizen's home. The infamous trade of the informer is of course encouraged by abundant bribes. And what is the result? According to Mr. Johnson, the free and open sale of liquor, notwithstanding spasmodic and futile efforts to enforce the law. The number of places in which liquor is sold seems to be on the increase. Legislation is forced through by moral violence and by the fears of politicians who stand in awe of the temperance vote; but public opinion does not support coercion; and, as Mr. Johnson says, of enforcing the laws as the laws against burglary and larceny are enforced no one dreams for a moment. Unfortunately the attempt, though abortive, is not without consequences. The people learn disregard of law; the taverns being unlicensed are no longer regulated; ardent spirits being most easily smuggled are substituted for more wholesome beverages; and the moral agencies by which intemperance has been greatly diminished, are weakened by the fallacious confidence reposed in legislative coercion. But when people are careening on the wings of a supposed principle they think as little of practical consequences as they do of inconvenient rights.—*Week.*

Home.

Most Americans do not have homes; they have merely places to stay, where the father can read his newspaper, the mother ply the sewing machine and the children make molasses candy, or have annual birthday parties. But the idea of a heart centre, where love is cherished, thoughts are fostered, and morals expanded, is apparently unheard of in their philosphy. Materfamilias goes to church on Sunday without an idea that she is leaving the holiest temple behind her, of which she is high priestess, and if you should dissect her brain you would find that in the corner devoted to "necessities" the strata of clothes, cooks, sewing girls and roast turkey fill up all but the smallest crevice conscientiously set aside for religious belief and church membership.

How People Will Dance.

"The changes for the coming winter are not at all arranged yet," says an authority on dancing, "but a general survey of the field may be given. The waltz quadrille and lawn tennis quadrille will be the square dances of the winter, without doubt. The plain quadrilles will be danced more like the Saratoga quadrille. That is, the first four will dance with the side couples instead of remaining quiet. In the round dances the waltz will, as usual, be the dance. I think it safe to say the waltz will never be superseded. The other round dances will go as usual. None of them have been dropped."

An Observing Policeman.

"Officer, what is the charge against this woman?" asked the police justice.

"That's no woman, your honor. That's a man dressed in woman's clothes."

"How do you know?"

"Why, I watched him on the street and he passed four women with new winter cloaks on and never once turned around to look at them."

"Seventy-five and costs."

He Knew What Would Sell.

Pittsburg *Chronicle:* "You are confident that your new patent medicine will be a success, are you?" asked a friend of a manufacturing druggist.

"I'm positive of it," replied the druggist.

"What virtues does it possess?" inquired the friend.

"Oh, it don't possess any medicinal virtues, you know, but it is the nastiest tasting stuff you ever heard of!"

The Santa Rosa (Cal.) Republican is authority for the statement that a redwood tree cut in that county furnished all the timber for the Baptist church in Santa Rosa, one of the largest churches in that section, the interior of which is finished in wood, there being no plastered walls. Sixty thousand shingles were made from the tree after enough was taken for the church. Another redwood tree kept two men busy for two years in cutting it up into shingles.

The publication of Mark Twain's new book, "Huckleberry Finn," is indefinitely postponed, after 2 500 copies had been sene out, owing to the indecent character of ont of the illustrations. An engraver was the guilty party. The edition already published will be destroyed.

THE STREET CAR HORSE.

What He Does, What He Costs and How He is Cared For.

In a recent interview, Robert Bell Superintendent of the Detroit City Railway Company, said: "Well, to-day we own 675 horses. Sometimes we have more, sometimes less, but that is about the average. We buy more than half of our horses in Canada, where they are better boned, better footed and stauncher than those raised on this side of the line. The company is always in the market for horses. We pay $140 to $150 for large horses suitable for drawing bob-tailed cars, and for lighter horses, to draw large cars in pairs, from $110 to $120. The duty on Canadian horses is 20 per cent. Our 675 horses represent an investment of $82,000.

"Average life of street car horses? Some play out in a year or two; others last more than seven. We have used one horse for fourteen years; several for twelve years. The average term of service is seven years. But we do not use up horses so that they are only fit for the knacker. Oh, no; when we are done with them they are still good horses, and quite in demand for ordinary farm work. What they lose by street car service is swiftness. The hard work stiffens their tendons and muscles, and they cannot trot fast. But they are perfectly adapted for slow work, such as teaming and ploughing.

"No, we have no horse hospital—no need for one. If a contagious disease should break out, we would improvise something of the kind, but we have had no occasion as yet. If a horse is running down I stop his work, change his feed, or give him medicine. If his trouble baffles me I call in a veterinary surgeon. If he dies I dissect him for my future guidance. I depend more on nursing than drugging.

"What does it cost to feed a horse? I figure it at about 20 cents per day. This consists of 10 pounds of hay, eight cents; eight pounds of oats, seven cents; five pounds of corn and oats ground together, five cents—altogether 20 cents.

"Yes, it is the strain of starting the car which breaks down the horses. We have tried dozens of so-called car-starters. The main principle of these machines is storing up power by means of springs when the car is being stopped, and releasing this power when the car is started. But they were all failures. The most promising were the most liable to get out of order. Every humane person would like to see some motive power other than horse flesh applied to street railways. No practical steam car, however, has yet been invented. The cable system is very good.

"The best roadway for street car horses? Well, you wouldn't think it, but cobble-stones are better than wooden blocks. The stones, it is true, are quite hard on the hoofs, leading to annoying cracks, but they do not injure the legs and shoulders as wooden blocks do. The latter become uneven by wear, and are very slippery in wet weather, so that the horses have to strain their muscles and cords to keep their footing. We work each horse four hours per day, and he draws a car 18 miles. Yes, the work is very hard, and the horses' feet are always feverish from the nature of their work. Every horse in dry weather has a poultice of a certain kind applied to the hollow of his foot; in wet weather it is applied every second hour. Our equine mortality is 2 per cent. per annum, including accidents."

"Do you take better care of your horses than your drivers?"

Mr. Bell repeated the question, smiled intensely, but said nothing.

Tales of Whistler.

Mr. Whistler's *bon mots* are circulating in society in a fashion calculated to make the bones of Sidney Smith turn in their grave. He has his admirers, as we all know, in spite of Mr. Ruskin; and one of these, worshipping at his feet in the æsthetic Burne Jones attitude, murmured: "Ah, Mr. Whistler, I only know of two painters in all the world—Velasquez and yourself." "Why," said Mr. Whistler, in the softest tones, "why drag in Velasquez?"

This is one of the best of stories, but another of the same kind is worth repeating: "I see you everywhere in nature," said one of his admirers; "in the sky, in the clouds, in the water." "Yes," said the artist, with an air of inimitable self-complacency, "Nature is very apt. She shows a decided improvement since I took her up."—*Manchester Times.*

A Trifling Difficulty.

Customer—How often am I to take this mixture?

Druggist—Three times a day after meals.

Customer—But, mister, I only get one meal in two days.

Clear Case of Dead Loss.

"How's business?" "I'm losing money very fast now." "How?" "Oh, the cutting of railroad rates." "How does that effect you?" "Why, you see, I travel on passes over all these roads, and where I used to save $20 on every trip from New York to Chicago, I save only $1 now. Dead loss of $19."—*Chi[illegible] New[illegible]*

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would consider this reasonable grounds for annexing the Kingdom of Siam, but in this country we do not consider the gift of an inch sufficient cause for the appropriation of an ell.

"Why do you not hold up your head as I do?" inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a labouring farmer. "Squire," replied the farmer, "look at that field of grain; all the valuable heads hang down like mine, while those that have nothing in them stand upright like yours."

A Californian's black berry crop weighed 5,400 pounds, and was sold at 7 cents per pound, bringing him $432. The roots taken from between the rows were sold for enough to pay for the pruning and cultivation. The cost of picking and marketing was $100, which left a net profit of $166 per acre.