THE LADIES' COLUMN.

A Pretty Table Invention.

A lady who entertains charmingly and in her own large-hearted and original way has invented an additional course at her most delightful ladies' lunches by introducing after the dessert a platter of fresh Parma violets, from which each guest helps herself to a luscious bunch of fragrance and beauty. A side dish of silver pins accompanies this course of sweets. Before being served to the guests these same beautiful flowers did duty as a centrepiece on which the guests feasted their eyes.—*Boston Post.*

Dressed as Flowers.

The wild imagination of mantuamakers has taken a new flight; they are dressing people to personate flowers. A young girl appeared at a recent ball in a white silk and tulle sprinkled over with white and purple violets; the corsage was covered with a network of heavy gold cord, which formed a complete basket, and in this receptacle violets were strewn. The straps over the shoulders were a violet ribbon, tied in bows to represent the handles of the basket; the stockings were embroidered with violets and leaves; she wore green satin slippers and carried a voilet bouquet. Another young woman wore a skirt of pink poulte de soie, with a garniture of pink rosebuds and fern leaves, placed over a drapery on moss-green crepe, with a pocket of moss rosebuds and fringes of grass that fell to the bottom of the skirt. One shoulder was adorned with moss roses and ferns, and the corsage was of pink moire antique trimmed with bands of cut crystal. These astonishing costumes appeared at a private, not a fancy, ball.—*New York Letter.*

Fashion Notes.

Old Normandy laces are again in use.

The full sleeve gathered at the elbow is more and more popular with evening dresses of transparent material.

Shoes with uppers of patent leather and foxed with thick soft kid are still preferred for carriage and house wear, and walking shoes maintain the patent leather tipped toe.

Corsets are made very high over the bust, and long in the waist for street wear to increase the long-waisted effect aimed at in all French gowns, but for evening wear they are cut very low to provide for the very decollete gowns that are fashionable.

Stockings in silk and Lisle thread repeat all the new greens and shades of heliotrope. For wear with evening dress are silk stockings with black feet and black half way up the leg, the rest flesh colored. This gives a curious appearance as if only half high hose were worn.

Large shell ornaments for the hair grow more and more popular and in the shape of long daggers, stilettos, two-handled swords, tridents, etc., are thrust through the elaborate long puffs. A pretty one worn by a woman with light brown hair heaped in silky folds on the crown of her head was of dark reddish shell in the shape of a crescent, three inches across from tip to tip.

In line of the new fancy for ribbons are cuffs with small loops of linen along the upper edge, through which narrow, picot-edged ribbon of different colors is run and tied in a bow of many long loops, under the chin and on the outside of the sleeves. Another fancy is for ruffles of crimped lisse, set thick with innumerable loops of narrow white or colored ribbon.

With the approach of spring many new black lace gowns make their appearance. The prettiest have plain skirts of narrow stripes of satin and moire, finished around the foot with a narrow plaiting of the same. The drapery is best made of very wide flouncing, which lends itself readily to the present mode of plain, full folds, and is as deep as the skirt. An economy is to have an extra pair of lace sleeves made with lining, which can be easily substituted and worn in the evening.

To those who can stand the severity of the style the Greek knot is the most becoming style of wearing the hair. The hair should be waved, with a few light curls in the middle of the forehead, but drawn away from the temples and twisted in a close knot on the back of the head, immediately below the crown, not allowing it to drag downward towards the nape.

Misses wear tailor-made suits of dark serge, or of striped or plaid homespun, with a kilt skirt that has short drapery, with a postillion basque with velvet revers and a vest of gay watered or striped silk. Dark blue serge, with red watered silk vest and blue velvet revers, makes a pretty frock. The high collar of blue velvet has a red watered ribbon inside, with a small bow on one side, and the cuffs are similarly finished.

A pretty tea gown has a petticoat of thickly gathered lace flounces sewn with big, dark red chenille balls. The gown, of white cashmere with a long train, buttons to the waist, from which it is open, showing petticoat, and turned back with broad revers of red velvet, the edges of which, like the full open sleeves, are hung with the chenille balls. The inside and train of the gown is lined with the palest pink surah.

Fashions in Mourning.

In Brittany widows' caps are made of yellow material.

In England it is still customary to wear white silk hat-bands for the unmarried.

Grayish-brown is the color used in Ethiopia—the color of the earth to which the dead return.

South Sea Islanders express mourning by a garb of striped white and black cloth. This signifies mingled sorrow and hope.

The Romans during the Republic wore dark blue for mourning and purple and violet to express royalty—"kings and priests to God."

White is the emblem of hope, and still prevails for all mourning in China. In England and this country it is used for children to denote purity.

In Persia pale-brown is used, while sky-blue, to express the assurance that the deceased has gone to heaven, is the color used in Syria, Cappedocia, Armenia and Turkey.

The Cardinals and Kings of France have always to be mourned for by the use of purple, and this use of the color has been handed down to the present time. It is said that the purple signifies the "blue" or aristocratic blood of the deceased.

Women's Work and Ways.

The Nebraska girl is by law her own "boss" at the age of 18.

Dr. Laura Weld, a graduate from a Boston medical school, has hung out her shingle in Dresden, Germany.

Miss Anna Siegel enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in the States who plays the trombone. She was educated in Vienna.

The Iowa Agricultural College has a new degree, M. D. E. (Master of Domestic Economy.) It has already been bestowed upon two women.

There are about 500 women employed in Berlin making rosettes for shoes and slippers. About 1,000,000 of these are exported to other countries each year.

Prussia pays women from sixpence to tenpence a day to act as guards at railway crossings. The work is mainly to open and close the bars and light and sweep the crossings.

The Rockwood Pottery at Cincinnati, founded by Mrs. Bellamy-Storer, is celebrated for its colors and glazes, than which none are finer outside of China and Japan, and for the beauty of form and finish generally. The initial experiments which have led to this perfection have been mainly conducted by women.

San Francisco has a novelty in an itinerant female button adjuster, who stands at the street corner with her box of buttons (the mechanical self-fastening kind) ready to repair the accidents of the day.

Jenny Lind is described as being white-haired, plain, severe and extremely pious; intolerant toward young singers, sneering at their voices and their vocation alike, and regretful of the days when she was sinful enough to appear on the stage. She sharply rebukes any one who ventures to address her as Jenny Lind. She left the name behind her with her sinful youth, and will not tolerate any allusion to it.

THE QUEEN AND THE BIBLE.

Memorable Testimony from Queen Victoria to the Value of the Holy Scriptures.

The public learned with some disappointment from a letter written, it is understood, by Sir Henry Ponsonby that the story of the Queen presenting a Bible to a heathen prince with the words, "This is the secret of England's greatness," was incorrect. It seems, however, that the interesting story is not without very solid foundation. It would appear that some time ago, a present having been made to Her Majesty by the chiefs of Abbeokuta, the Earl of Chichester was authorized to write the following letter: "The Queen and the people of England are very glad to know that Sagbua and the chiefs think as they do upon the subject of commerce. But commerce alone will not make a nation great and happy, like England. England has become great and happy by the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ. The Queen is, therefore, very glad to hear that Sagbua and the chiefs have so kindly received the missionaries who carry with them the Word of God, and that so many of the people are willing to hear it. In order to show how much the Queen values God's Word she sends with this, as a two-barrelled gun, a copy of this Word in the English."

House-Plants and Water.

Strange as it may seem, water is one of the greatest obstacles to the successful culture of window plants, in giving too much as well as in giving too little. Plants want water and in just the right amount. What is the right amount can be learned by filling a pot with soil to within an inch of its top. Pour on water, and when what will has drained off and it no longer drips, the soil will contain just the right quantity of water. But all soils will not let the excess of water drain off thus; when filled with water they hold it and remain as mud, in which no plant, save an aquatic, can grow. If it is inferred that such an impervious soil can be made into a porous one by adding a sufficient quantity of sand, a good conclusion will have been reached. A close soil may be made a porous one by adding sufficient sand. The writer was once called upon to inspect some window plants that were growing in the wrong direction, in spite of careful watering. We found a large plant stand in which was a collection of plants, in porcelain and other impervious pots, each of them filled with liquid mud. The owner, though a fairly intelligent man, was astonished to learn that it was possible to water too much, and that he was killing his plants with kindness. Pots with ample drainage and a soil made porous with sufficient sand will prevent the evil of too much water. Still, plants may suffer from a lack of water. The window gardener, finding that the surface of the soil in the pots looks moist, infers that no more water is needed and gives none, hence the plants suffer. The cause of this trouble is the same as that of over-watering; an impervious soil prevents the passage of water through it. Water is given, but it wets only a slight layer at the surface, it cannot pass downward and the roots may be suffering and dry, while the surface looks well. The remedy, as in the other case, is an open soil.—*American Agriculturist.*

One Hundred and Forty Elephants Captured at Once.

Mr. Sanderson, Superintendent of Government Kheddahs, succeeded on the 14th in capturing an immense herd of elephants, numbering no fewer than 140. This is the largest capture on record, and represents, it is estimated, about a lakh of rupees. The scene of the capture is only six miles from the Tura headquarters station of the Garo Hills. The stockade in which the elephants are enclosed is immensely strong, but is being further strengthened against pressure of so many powerful animals by being backed up with powerful timber supports, while an extra stockade is being prepared, into which some of the elephants may be admitted before the tying up process with tame elephants commences. The main stockade is literally tightly packed with elephants of all sizes. Col. Graham Smith, Commissary-General, who is paying an official visit to the Kehddahs, was, with Mrs. Graham Smith, fortunate enough to be present at this most exciting capture, and to witness a scene unequalled in Kheddah operations. Unfortunately during the drive, one elephant, breaking back, escaped, and in doing so killed one of the hunters.—*Calcutta Englishman.*

WITH THE SPIRITS.

Miss Brown's Peculiar Manner of Invoking the Dead.

Numbers of People Hear from Friends Across the Dark River.

The Atlanta medium, Miss Zaida Brown, held the fort again at Spiritualists' Hall, on Sixth street, last night. Miss Brown is a buxom young woman of 22, with a ready command of language and strong lungs. She was listened to by a large audience, most of whom were believers in her doctrines. The lady claimed to be controlled by mediumistic power in the address, which was well received. At the conclusion of the lecture Miss Brown gave some of her peculiar kind of tests, which consist of telling all about some dead person from some trinket or memento worn in life. She also gave a history of the wearer of the ornament. When the young woman called for applicants who wished to hear from departed friends there was a rush of men and women to the platform with rings, bracelets and other kinds of jewellery. Miss Brown remarked, as they overwhelmed her with the numerous articles: "One at a time, please." She also explained that to make the tests successful they must be handed directly to her by the wearer.

The first person to receive attention was a man who handed the medium a ring. Miss Brown pressed her hand tightly on the treasure as she said: "The person who comes to me has had many changes. There is more down in her nature than is understood. She has a gentle face, with gray hair. She is about five feet seven or eight inches in height, and has dark eyes. She always rushed into things impulsively, but earnest and sincere, and went out of life rather suddenly. This man must have his own way, and was very skeptical. I hear the name. He went over to the other side a long time ago." The owner of the ring said that Miss Brown's statement, which was unintelligible to the rest of the spectators, was correct.

The next individual accommodated by the medium was a lady, who took off a bracelet, which Miss Brown held in her hand. "This brings an influence of some one very amiable, of some one not closely connected. There come to me the names of Ellen and William. The possessor of this article has lately buried something, whether in the grave or not I am unable to say. I also see a lady, rather short, with dark hair. A man is also connected with this in some unaccountable way."

The lady who put her faith in Miss Brown's powers declared that William was her husband, but was silent as to the other persons whose first names were suggested.

The medium received another ring and told how it brought visions of a lady who had passed through startling changes in the past few months. There was a feeling of a child dying, and the influence of a two-story brick house, and in a room was a woman leaning over a bright fire. The names of Charlie and Jim came to the medium, and she was moved by an accident on the street. The lady who brought the article spoken of by Miss Brown except the name of Charlie, which was rather remarkable because Charlie is such a rare name.

So far the efforts of the Atlanta girl had not been conspicuously successful. The next trial was on a ring. The young woman said she was influenced by a feeling of impetuosity. The person was disposed to rush into things, and was inclined to regret it afterward. An element of travel entered into the impression. She regretted to say it, but the young gentleman of dark eyes and sallow complexion who was brought out in the test chewed tobacco. There was also the influence of a storm, the thunder rolled and lightning flashed, and the additional influence of something lost. She revealed the names of Jimmie and Herman. The matter was made still more complex by a large brick building which fell in and killed a man. A man also appeared in the vision. He was 45, with dark hair and eyes. A lady also came who was a great lover of music. The man that owned the ring said that Miss Brown's disclosures were correct.

The next subject was a young man who surrendered a ring to the medium. She took it and at once brought up in her spiritualistic way two young girls, Tillie and Mary. The former was very pretty, with light hair and blue eyes, and of rather slender build. Miss Brown complimented the owner of the ring by saying if he was not a lawyer he ought to be one. He was too skeptical to be religious. The young man was given lots of taffy, and during the course of the test the medium brought up the names of David and William, whom she described minutely. When she had finished the young man stated for the benefit of the audience that he didn't recognize any one spoken of, but everything said about himself was true. Several other individuals submitted articles upon which Miss Brown cast a horoscope. She pleased the believers, but the skeptics were inclined to doubt the efficacy of her declarations.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Matrimonial Commencement.

A Cincinnati newspaper man, who recently led a blushing maiden to Hymen's altar, is said to have started out upon his matrimonial career the proud possessor of the following housekeeping outfit:

1 oil stove	$1 00
1 coffee pot	25
1 frying pan	25
1 stew pan	25

The object of this article is to encourage those who are contemplating a journalistic career by showing them what can be accomplished in that profession by industry, sobriety and economy.—*Colorado Dispatch.*

—Young woman, listen to this: Tom Moore began to write poems when he was a boy of 14, Southey wrote his first verses when he was 11, Keats was a successful poet at 18, Leigh Hunt talked in rhyme at 13, Chaucer at 12, and Milton when he was 10. And where are they now, Ethel? Where are they now? They are dead. Go wash the ink off your thumb and help your mother pare the potatoes, Ethel, if you would live long. I'll write the poetry; I don't care to live any longer. P. S.—In fact, I'd rather die than pare the potatoes. —*Burdette.*

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A Man Who Was Drowned is Arrested for Conspiring to Defraud an Insurance Company.

Supt. Cornish, of Pinkerton's detective agency, and Chief Inspector Hanscom escorted to police headquarters a man who, according to the certificate of death, was drowned more than four months ago, says a Boston despatch of February 9th to the New York *Sun.* At headquarters he met the man who had sworn to seeing him drown, and who was so mad that he exclaimed, "You fool! If you got out of the way why didn't you stay out?" These two men, with two others, were arrested for conspiring to defraud the United States Mutual Accident Association out of $5,000. One of the conspirators took out a policy for that amount, and soon afterward was reported to have been drowned. Application was made for the insurance money, but the conspirators made one or two blunders, and failed to get the cash. The story of the conspiracy, as confessed by the supposed drowned man, is this:

Early last summer Henry J. Thomas, of Cambridge; Charles L. Frost, of North Andover, and Walter E. Bray and Eugene L. Saunders, of Chelsea, were discussing schemes for making money. They decided to try a plan for defrauding the United States Mutual Accident Association, of New York. On June 8th Thomas procured a blank application, and Saunders filled in the necessary answers to interrogatories concerning his health and general condition. A policy of $5,000 was taken out, and Mary Leonard, who passed as Thomas' intended wife, was made the beneficiary. It was understood that Thomas was to die at a certain time, and that the money would be equally divided among the conspirators. Two assessments were paid, and then the men thought it was time to act. On the morning of September 30th the four men met in a saloon in Boston and decided to drown Thomas in Beverly Harbor. Thomas went to his room at West Springfield street, packed all his things and took them away. Then he went to Beverly and met Bray and Frost. They spent some little time in discussing who should assist Thomas in his voluntary sacrifice. Frost was chosen, and he and Thomas went to the docks. Frost and Thomas spent two hours in examining the yacht Mayflower, which lay alongside one of the wharves, and at sundown they went to the railroad bridge and hired a boat. That was the last that was seen of them until to-day. Late that night Frost returned to the bridge alone and reported, with every appearance of grief, that the boat had capsized and that his companion was drowned. He said he searched for the body, but without success. All he could find was his friend's hat, which was in the boat. After telling the boatman where to look for the body, he drew a wallet from his vest pocket and paid the man with a note that had not been wet. The boatman did not notice this important fact until after Frost's departure.

The papers announced the death of Thomas, and on October 2nd Mary Leonard telegraphed to the secretary of the insurance company claiming the amount of the policy. The agent visited her to make the usual inquiries, and found her at a restaurant in Cambridge. The lady [illegible] she promptly replied that she had seen the account of the drowning in the *Journal*, which was taken regularly by the proprietor. The agent had not seen it, so he went to the proprietor and asked for the paper. The man said he did not take it. The girl's confusion made the agent suspicious, and an investigation was begun. After patient shadowing, a man who partly answered the description of Thomas was seen visiting the woman, and was traced to Taunton, where he went by the name of Thompson. He recently moved to Cambridge, and the police went there to arrest him to-day.

"Well, you are looking pretty well for a man who has been drowned four months," said Chief Inspector Hanscom.

Thomas recognized Hanscom and turned as though to run, but the inspector stopped him. He pretended he didn't know what the inspector meant. He denied being Thomas and stoutly maintained that his name was Thompson, but when Detective Thornhill produced a picture of him, taken before his alleged departure from this world, he confessed. He said that he and Frost rowed around the harbor until a specified hour. Then they rowed to the shore and he got out and met Bray. Frost then jumped overboard in water up to his waist, and careened the boat until several buckets of water had been shipped. Then he got in again and rowed back to the bridge with his sad tale.

Frost was arrested in North Andover to-day, and protested until confronted with Thomas in Inspector Hanscom's office. The men stared at each other without a sign of recognition. Then Frost went up to Thomas, touched his face, and said, facetiously: "He's alive, that's sure." "Yes, I'm alive," was Thomas' dry retort. The woman heard of Thomas' arrest and fled.

A Ton of Prune Sweepings.

On Friday night the butcher who supplies meat to the British steamship Saxmundham asked Night Inspector Whelan if it was all right for him to buy and take away a lot of prunes which had been offered him by officers of the steamer at 4 cents a pound. Inspector Whelan investigated the case and learned that the steamer had cleared for her outward trip with a cargo for Havre. The prunes were said to be the sweepings of a cargo of dried fruits landed in New York before the vessel came around here to load. The case came up before a board at the Custom House yesterday on a charge against the vessel and captain of violating section 4,368, for having goods on board and not on the manifest or store list. The captain satisfied the board that he had no knowledge of the concealment of the prunes or of their being on board, but he was condemned to pay a fine of $100 in addition to the confiscation of the goods, which weighed nearly a ton. This was the penalty affixed in section 4,368, but will probably be slightly reduced by the Secretary of the Treasury on account of the innocence of the captain.—*Baltimore American.*

A Dakota woman in the upper James valley decided that she wanted a fur cloak. She began trapping mink and tanning the skins. These she sent to St. Paul, where they have been made into a beautiful cloak for which she was offered $125.

UNCLE TOMMY STERETT.

The Husband of Five Wives and Father of Twenty-five Children.

One of the most familiar characters about Hamilton, and one whom everybody knows, is Uncle Tommy Sterett, writes a Hamilton, O., correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette.* The 7th of this month he celebrated his 77th birthday anniversary, and from appearances will live to celebrate many more. He was born near Venice, on the Miami. His first work was for Isaac Anderson, with whom he lived as a farm-hand, receiving $3 a month for the first year. Mr. Sterett has outlived four wives, and now lives in happiness with his fifth. He first married Mary Wells, of Kentucky, the couple starting in life together in a log cabin twelve feet square with dirt floor and a chimney made of mud and sticks. The wife weaved and purchased flour, while the husband mauled rails in exchange for meat. By his first wife Mr. Sterett was the father of eighteen children. Mr. Sterett's second wife was Isabel Brosier, by whom he had one child. The old man said he could not remember the dates when he married his different wives, as his memory was poor, and he "couldn't recollect these little things." After living four or five years Isabel died, and Mrs. Martha Nichols took her place. This was along about 1852, and five children resulted from this union. Mrs. Robert Pierce became the fourth Mrs. Thomas Sterett, and she died about twelve years ago in Indiana, without leaving any children. Uncle Tommy's present wife was the widow of William Smith. One child—Johnnie, aged 10—is the last addition to the Sterett family, and he completes the even quarter of a hundred children who claim the old man as their father. These children have grown up, married and emigrated, and many of them are living to-day in parts unknown to their aged parent. Mr. Sterett lived in Hamilton in 1815, when, as he says, it was a common sight to see Indians, bears, panthers, deer, wild turkeys, foxes und wolves in the roads, and prowling about the town. He has always been a Democrat, always expects to be, and first voted for Andrew Jackson for President. When the war broke out five of his own sons and four step-sons went to the front and served until they became veterans. The old man wanted to go, but the boys thought there were enough out of one family, and that he had better stay home and take care of the children, while they did the fighting. The farthest he was ever away from home was a trip to Louisville to see his boys during the rebellion. Although a bitter Democrat, and from Butler county, too, the old man was loyal, and opposed to the conduct of the South. Had he had more sons fit for duty they, too, should have gone, Mr. Sterett asserted, as he recalled those stirring days. Uncle Tommy has been a laboring man all his life, and was boss of the First Ward street gang for nine years. To-day he is able to walk to his daughter's house, fourteen miles away, in less than four hours, and none can work harder than he. He has used the weed since his 14th year, and worked for half a century, seeing nothing but hard knocks and much trouble, but is at present strong and

PRINCE OF NEW YORK DETECTIVES.

How He Manages to Corrall Thieves, Big and Little.

Markedly individualized and independent, Inspector Byrens in manner is very gentlemanly, insinuating, and invitive of confidence. He knows the thoughts, plans, ways and characteristics of "crooks," and readily infers how any one of the category will proceed in the projection and execution of crime, and what he will do to cover his tracks. Charles Reade's advice to "put yourself in his place" he follows in practice of a profession to which pre-eminent fitness rather than choice has called him. Like every genuine "sleuth hound" of just government, he exhibits rare coolness, self-possession and bravery, persistence unwearying, sagacity almost unerring, and the fine scent that sniffs the slightest odor of the quarry. Kind as keen, and impartial as imperturbable, he has formed a class of police officers equal to the needs of a municipality so free to ingress and egress that it is the most difficult of all to guard against criminals. "Honor among thieves" is one of the time-worn lies that he denounces with emphatic scorn. He says: "I never met a thief in my life, provided he could benefit by peaching on his confederates, from whom I could not find out anything I was desirous to know. There is no such thing as honor among thieves." * * * Some of the men reporting to him are said to be college-bred, and can pass muster in the best society. All are chosen in view of individual aptitude for certain kinds of work. The stamp of officialism is about the last of which there is any trace. Keeping *incognito* as much as possible, the chances of prompt detection are multiplied. "Crooks" are now afraid of their shadows; great robberies have ceased, and minor crime been reduced over eighty per cent. Detectives more or less closely imitate the example of their chief, who says: "Every evening I make it a point to meet some of these men in resorts, and learn from them the whereabouts of their friends, and what they are doing. One crook of consequence generally knows what other good men are doing. In this way I keep posted, and know in what part of the country all the sharp men are. As experts are liberated from the State Prison I follow their tracks in this way."

Variety may be the spice of life, but advertising is the pepper and salt of a newspaper, and the bread and butter of the advertiser. The customer comes in for the cream.

—A literary man says: "I have surely discovered the author of 'The Breadwinners.' It is John Hay, as has been asserted. You remember the peculiar name of Offit in the book. Well, a man of that name appears in the early chapters of the life of Lincoln which Hay and Nicolay are publishing in the "Century." I mentioned the coincidence to one of the assistant editors of the magazine, and he admitted, on being pressed hard, that John Hay wrote the much-talked-about novel."

First Lady—Yes, I have tried three different sewing-machines in the past six months. Second Lady—What pests these sewing-machine agents are, an't they? First Lady—Pests? Why, if it wasn't for them I should have had to buy a machine ten years ago!"