Jack and I.

I was so tired of Jack, poor boy,
And Jack was tired of me;
Most-longed-for sweets will soonest cloy;
Fate had been kind, and we,
Two foolish spendthrift hearts made waste
Of life's best gifts with eager haste.

Oh! tired we were. Time seems so long
When everything goes well!
The walls of home rose grim and strong;
Like prisoners in a cell
We clanked our marriage chain, and pined
For freedom we had left behind.

Tired, tired of love and peace were we
Of every day's calm bliss!
We had no goal to win, since he
Was mine, and I was his;
And so we sighed in mute despair,
And wished each other anywhere.

But sorrow came one day—the pain
Of death's dark awful fear;
Oh, then our hearts beat warm again;
Then each to each was dear.
It seemed that life could nothing lack,
While Jack had me and I had Jack!

WOMEN AND THEIR CLOTHES.

The Progress of the War Against Corsets and for Divided Skirts.

Sarah Bernhardt's empire dresses in "La Tosca" bid fair to do more toward doing away with corsets than all the labors of reformers. If all women had the sort of figures that Bernhardt has, it would be still easier to have her example followed. Lots of great actresses, especially in France and England, dress without corsets in many parts and often off the stage. Sarah, Ellen Terry and Mary Anderson never wear them except in some particular part where the style of dressing is necessarily conventionally stiff. The real way to improve women's dress hygienically is to improve it and make them believe it is improved artistically. Lovely woman is not going to satisfy what she believes to be her looks to any small matters like health or life. The greatest advance so far accomplished has been through tea gowns introduced by fashion. Tea gowns are now recognized as proper wear indoors up to dinner time, and they are generally as hygienic as bloomers, and a great deal prettier. A lady just returned from England, and who has a very intelligent interest in the subject, met Lady Habberton over there. Lady Habberton still insists on the divided skirt without compromise. So she does not make much progress in getting her ideas carried out. The New York lady says that the trouble with Lady Habberton is that she has no real talent or taste or interest in dress. She wants divided skirts because she thinks they are more convenient, not because she admires them. What is needed are women to lead the world in dress who have too much taste to endure big tournure, squeezed waists or bulky crinolines. Then the hygiene will take care of itself. Mrs. Carpenter Fenton, the Secretary of the English Dress Reform Society, is fitted for her position by the fact that she dresses beautifully and always looks like a picture. Mrs. Gustafson, whose gowns were more admired and talked about in the papers than any one else's at the recent women's convention in Washington, is a dress reformer of the deepest dye. She insists on herself and children always being clad in accord with hygienic principles. Some of the best English dressmakers are dropping the tailor-made idea and going in for high art effects, which are now much more generally if less startlingly attempted than they were in the heyday of the æsthetics. Mrs. Oscar Wilde no longer does the bizarre, but she dresses with great originality and taste. She wears the divided petticoat beneath her gowns. Most of Mrs. Potter's dresses, both for the stage and private use, are designed to be worn over the divided petticoat. It is quite the swell thing now, but it is too flimpsy for conventionally fashionable frocks.—*New York Graphic.*

How to Drink Milk.

"What did you drink?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing that could have made me sick, I am sure," replied the patient. "Only a glass of milk."

"Did you drink it quickly?"

"No quicker than usual."

"I thought so. Now, let me give you a word of advice. Many persons complain that they cannot drink milk without being 'distressed by it.' The most common reason why milk is not well borne is due to the fact that people generally drink it too quickly. If a glass of it is swallowed hastily it enters the stomach and then forms in one solid, curdled mass, difficult of digestion. If, on the other hand, the same quantity is sipped, and three minutes at least is occupied in drinking it, then, on reaching the stomach, it is so divided that when coagulated, as it must always be by the gastric juice while digestion is going on, instead of being in one hard condensed mass upon the outside of which only the digestive fluids can act, it is more in the form of a sponge, and in and out of the entire bulk the gastric juice can freely play and perform its function. Milk may be rendered more digestible, and for many, of a more agreeable taste, if prepared by slowly adding a few drops of dilute hydrochloric acid to it, drop by drop, while stirring it at the same time. By this means the curd is broken up, and it is in a more favorable state to be acted upon by the digestive fluids. You follow my advice and you will have no more attacks of sickness such as the one you are troubled with today. Two dollars, please. Good day."—*Mail and Express.*

Worse Than Reported.

You never hear of a hod-carrier going to a millionaire and complaining that he is tired because he had been carrying bricks all day. He would get no sympathy if he did. But see how differently a man in a humble position treats a man of position when he complains. One of our best and most hard-working judges went up to the bar of the club the other day to get a drink. He felt affable. "Give me a long drink, John, I am very tired. I have so many things to carry in my head in court that it tires me out." "I can sympathize with you, judge," said the kindly barkeeper. "I know how it is myself, carrying in my head all the drinks the boys order."

The oldest resident of Dakota is Cornelius O'Leary, who lives near Elkton and is 114 years of age. He was born in Ireland, and did not come to this country until he had passed three score and ten. He reads without glasses and votes the Democratic ticket.

CURRENT TOPICS.

ABSINTHE was introduced into Western civilization by French soldiers after their return home from the Algerian war in 1844. It is a product of North Africa and the soldiers mixed it with their wine as a febrifuge. Its manufacture is now one of the largest liquor trades in Europe. It is chiefly made at Neufchatel, in Switzerland, where 2,000,000 gallons are produced annually.

THE New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* describes the new style of shaking hands among women of fashion as follows: The hand of the shakee is seized, brought to a level with the chin, while the elbow is crooked and then not shaken, but flapped. This graceful token of friendship is, I believe, an importation from the land of beef, Badminton and "Bass, you know."

W. W. WILMOT, an old man who appeared on the streets of Montgomery, Ala., a few days ago begging for enough money to buy a railroad ticket to Mobile, has had a romantic history. Many years ago he invented a machine for crimping shoes, and soon acquired a fortune. In 1876 he lost a wager of $75,000 that he had staked on Tilden's election to the Presidency, and since then one misfortune has crowded closely on the heels of another until he has lost his entire fortune and his health as well.

AN interesting development in photography is in the use of clockwork in printing from negatives. By this means a continuous web of sensitized paper is drawn at suitable intervals under a negative exposed to a source of light. After printing the paper is drawn, still by the mechanism, through "washer," "toner" and "fixer" successively, and appears finally as a series of finished pictures ready for mounting, and all alike in exposure, color and tone.

A NEW system of sewage works has been put into operation at Henley-on-Thames England. Its object is to avoid the discharge of sewage into the river—which can no longer be allowed—and lift it to a level which will permit it to be used for irrigation. Ejectors are placed in different parts of the town to receive the sewage, and from there it is forced by compressed air into tanks about a mile distant, and 180 feet higher in elevation. The method is not costly, has proved practicable, and may offer a successful solution of the question of the disposal of the sewage of low-lying towns.

QUEEN VICTORIA has approved of the 1st City of Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers being in future designated "The Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade, the Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment);" and of the 2nd Edinburgh, 1st Mid-Lothian, 2nd Mid-Lothian, 1st Haddington and 1st Linlithgowshire corps being in future designated respectively the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Volunteer Battalions of the above-mentioned regiment.

A FRIEND recently spoke to Louis Kossuth of the flourishing condition of Pesth, when the Hungarian exile said that it almost broke his heart to hear of that beautiful city and not be allowed to see it. The friend suggested that he might go there wearing blue goggles and a wig, after the style of General Boulanger. "No," was the reply, "yet it is just possible that I may see Hungary again. If Russia attacks my country I will go without a wig or disguise, and will visit every village and every city, and give my right arm in the service of my fatherland."

THE British drink bill in 1887 amounted to £124,953,680, against £122,905,785 in 1886, an increase of £2,047,895. This heavy increase, in the absence of any suggestion to the contrary, is attributed to the largely increased quantity of liquor drank in celebrating the Queen's Jubilee last year. The compiler of the above statistics notes one comforting fact in relation to this matter: It is that jubilees do not come every year. Another cause for satisfaction is found in the fact that the bulk of the increased expenditure was for beer and wine, and only a fractional portion was spent in spirits as strong drink.

THE London *Spectator* tells this story as an example of the futility of empirical knowledge without science: The Commission appointed to inquire into the sea fisheries, of which Sir Lyon Playfair was Chairman, found that on the west coast of Scotland there was a close-time for herrings, fixed at the instance of the fishermen themselves. As the greed of the fishermen has often interfered with the enactment of a close-time, and thereby done great damage to the fishing, this seemed a piece of unusual wisdom. It turned out, however, when the Commissioners came to inquire into the effect of this close-time, that it also prevented fishing for cod and ling. Now cod and ling live upon herring, and the result of the protection given them for several months in each year was that they destroyed far more herrings than all the fishermen in the United Kingdom would have taken in the same period. The close-time had a directly opposite effect from which it was intended to have.

A RECENT British visitor to the Fiji Islands, once the home of a race of cannibals, asserts that the British "govern this population of 100,000, not unaccustomed to fighting, and scattered through a difficult country, with a mere handful of native constabulary." A French official lately sent to Fiji from New Caledonia, "commissioned to discover the secret of our success in dealing with these native races," being informed of this fact, replied: "Well, there is no use in my reporting this to my superiors, because they would not believe me; or if, *par malheur*, they did believe and tried to put it in practice, we should be driven into the sea in a week." Unhappily, despite official reports to the contrary, the Fijian is rapidly disappearing from the face of his island. Why, the ship which conveyed the acceptance of our sovereignty of Fiji brought also the measles, which swept off one-third of the population. One of the many causes of the decline is said to be "the going to church in a full suit of European clothes, and sitting naked in a draught to cool themselves afterwards." "For this reckless introduction of clothing, the more ignorant missionary of former days has to answer." "The disappearance from the earth of these very fine races is a distinct loss to the world. The experiment of preserving such a race has certainly never been tried before under such favorable circumstances, for the workers have had *carte blanche*;" still, the writer believes that "what is needed above all is some additional stimulus to exertion."

MISFORTUNES never come singly. Only a day or two before Matthew Arnold's sad death, there died at Oxford Mrs. Thomas Arnold, the wife of his younger brother, and the mother of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, whose novel, "Robert Elsmere," has made so much sensation. Mrs. Arnold had lived with her husband (of University College) in North Oxford for some twenty years past; and she will be greatly missed by Oxford society.

IN Robert Louis Stevenson's paper on "Gentlemen," which will appear in the May *Scribner's*, he says: "It is easy to be a gentleman in a very stiff society, where much of our action is prescribed; it is hard indeed in every free society where (as it seems) almost any word or act must come by inspiration. The rehearsed piece is at an end: we are now floundering through an impromptu charade."

THERE is a great demand in circulating libraries for Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel "Robert Elsmere" in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's article in the "Nineteenth Century" wherein the great Liberal statesman's passion for theological controversy largely asserts itself. Although the novel was written with the purpose from which point of view Mr. Gladstone mainly considers it, it also sets forth a love story of uncommon interest with much artistic effect.

DR. OGLE, General Superintendent of Statistics in the British Registrar-General's office, was on the 20th ult. examined before the Committee on Emigrants and Emigration. He stated that the total number of foreigners in England and Wales, including London, in 1881 was 118,000, of whom 17,000 were Americans, 98,000 were European foreigners, 365 were returned as having no occupation, or as being children under 5 years of age. Of the 118,000, 10,583 were sailors and 484 were priests or ministers of religion. Deducting these and other similar classes, there were 46,345 males over the age of 5 years left to compete with native labor, but a further reduction would be made from that number for children between 5 and 15 and for old people over 65. Of this number of 46,345 there was no single trade at which there were so many as 5,000 foreigners engaged. The number of foreigners in London in 1881 was 60,222, the largest portion of whom came from Germany. The foreign tailors in St. George's in the East were in 1881 61 per cent. of the whole tailors in that district, and by 1887 the number had risen to 83 per cent. In other trades, such as waiters in hotels, there was a corresponding increase in the percentage of foreign labor.

COL. W. F. FOX, in an article in the *Century* for May, takes occasion to show that the much vaunted sacrifice of life by the Light Brigade at Balaklava was far exceeded by regiments during the United States civil war. The Light Brigade went into action 673 strong; the loss in the charge was 113 killed and 134 wounded, a total of 36.7 per cent. During the Franco-Prussian war the heaviest fighting was at Mars le Tour, in which the 16th German Infantry, or the 3rd Westphalian, lost 49 per cent. "But the 141st Pennsylvania lost 76 per cent. at Gettysburg," says Col. Fox, "while regimental losses of 60 per cent. were frequent occurrences in both Union and Confederate armies. In the war for the Union there were scores of regiments, unknown or forgotten in history, whose percentage of killed and wounded in certain actions would far exceed that of the much-praised Light Brigade, and nobody blundered either." Pettigrew's brigade, Heth's division—the 26th North Carolina—went into the battle of Gettysburg with over 800 men; it had 86 killed, 502 wounded and 120 missing. In one company, 84 strong, every officer and man was hit, and the orderly sergeant who made out the list did it with a bullet through each leg. It has been said it takes half a ton of lead to kill every soldier wiped out in battle, but these figures show that the chances of keeping metal from going to waste are sufficiently numerous for all ordinary purposes.

Growing Quinces.

Those who have attempted to grow the quince, which is one of the best of fruits for preserving and making jellies, are aware of the difficulties attending the effort. One of the obstacles is the destructive work of the borer if it is not arrested in its depredations. By a careful examination of the trunks of the tree the marks of the presence of the borer can be detected and their destruction effected. Hilling up about the tree with hard coal ashes has been by some believed to be sort of preventive; washing with soft soap suds will sometimes prove effectual in the destruction, but a small wire thrust into the cavity formed in the passage of the worm will serve well in its destruction. Salt strewn upon the surface of the ground seems to promote health, and by some is believed to be absolutely essential to success, and the fact that the quince thrives well upon sea coast farms that are continually acted upon by the salt breeze seems to favor that idea. But perhaps the most important thing is to keep the surface of the soil dressed with coarse manure to a depth of several inches. An abundance of fertilizing material seems to be of greater effect in the vigorous growth of the tree and the development of excellent fruit than any other thing that can be done.

A Neglected Father.

Mother (to Bobby, who has just completed his prayers)—Why, Bobby, you forgot to pray for papa.

Bobby—Why, so I did, and he needs it so much, doesn't he, ma?

A Family Man.

"Are you a man of family, sir?" he said to a timid little chap who had a nervous way of looking over his shoulder.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "my wife has a husband and four children."—*New York Sun.*

Wilhelmina Liebkuchner, who poisoned her two children on March 21st and is locked up in the Tombs, at New York, awaiting trial for their murder, gave birth to a male child yesterday morning. Her husband died a couple of years ago.

Miss Frances Willard advises all girls who "feel a call," as she once did, to the ministry to enter a theological seminary and prepare for the work, undisturbed by the alleged irreconcilability of the vocations of minister and mother.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

Memories of a Visit to the City of the Saints — The Men May Have Been Hypocrites, but the Women Were Sincere—A Talk With One of Brigham Young's Widows—Welcome to Extra Wives.

Whatever the Mormon men may be, I believe the women are sincere, especially the foreigners, who are ignorant in the extreme and show it in their faces and speech and manners. Among the better classes, however, the women are intelligent and refined and well educated, sending their sons to college and their daughters to Europe and living in every respect like their wealthy gentile neighbors. Some of them profess to be very happy with their sisters, as they call their husbands' wives, while others openly denounce a system which has brought so much evil to them.

In a pretty cottage near our hotel was a Scotch woman who talked freely upon the subject. She married her husband, who was much older than herself, because asked to do so by his wife, with whom she lived happily for a time. Then fierce jealousies and quarrels ensued, and they lived a cat-and-dog life until the old man threw a bomb into the camp by telling them he was about to marry Rose, a fair-haired Swede of 20. Then the first and second became a unit and waged war against the third, whose charms, however, prevailed, and she came to rule over them until the first wife died and the second packed up her goods and left the field to Rose, whose blue-eyed babies I saw, together with her husband, and a man of 70 or more. Sometimes the wives are sisters, and in rare instances, I was told, a mother and daugher have called the same man husband, but for the sake of womankind I hope this is not true.

Through the kindness of the wife of one of Brigham Young's sons I was taken to the Lion House to call upon Eliza Snow, a widow of the great apostle, who had, when he died, 18 wives, not including Ann Eliza, and 47 or 50 children. Truly, his state in the next world must be one of beatific bliss if such bliss is proportionate to the size of his family. The room in which I was received was a pleasant home-like apartment, with many portraits of the Youngs upon the walls, and among them one of Brigham. Sister Eliza, as she was called, had been the wife of Joseph Smith, the first expounder of Mormonism, and was about 80 years of age, with the sweet placid face of one who, having outlived the joys and sorrows of life, was patiently waiting for the end. She was very intelligent and well informed, and talked freely upon various subjects, especially that of polygamy, in which she fully believed as something sacred and holy, alleging many arguments in its defence, one of which was that as women, as a class, are much purer than men, it is better for a young girl to be sixth in the love of a good man than first in the heart of a bad one. This did not convince me, as I saw no necessity to be either, but she interested me greatly. She was a Mormon, and had been the wife of a man of many wives, and on that point I had no sympathy with her, but she impressed me as a sincere Christian woman, with nothing in her religion except polygamy which the most rigid evangelist could not endorse; and when not long ago I heard that she was dead I felt sure that she had found the rest she was waiting for when, on the steps of the Lion House, with the moonlight falling on her silvery hair, she gave me her blessing and said good-bye forever.—*Mary J. Holmes.*

Parted for Only Twenty Minutes.

White ribbon and crape hang to the left of the door at 753 Madison street, while at the right is the sombre insignia of death which shows that an adult has passed away. In the little parlor on the top floor are the remains of mother and daughter. Fannie Wells, an 11-year-old girl, was taken sick about three weeks ago. On Sunday morning her life was despaired of. When her mother, Mrs. Lizzie Wells, realized that the end was not only inevitable but close at hand, the scene was most pathetic.

"Is my little girl going to leave me here alone?" she asked.

"The dying child smiled faintly and in a few minutes Mrs. Wells had lost her daughter. Twenty minutes later the mother was also dead. There will be a double funeral this afternoon, at which Pastor Burns, of the Reid Avenue M. E. Church, will officiate. Four deaths have thrown the family into mourning within three years. Not long ago a daughter ran away and her whereabouts are now a mystery.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

750,000 Milch Cows in Ontario.

At the meeting of the Fairs and Expositions' Convention in Toronto yesterday Prof. Robertson, of Guelph, read a paper on the "Use of Exhibitions to the Dairy Industry." The Professor gave some interesting statistics. There are at present in Ontario 750,000 milch cows. The milk of 250,000 of these is manufactured into cheese, 250,000 contribute milk for butter and 150,000 give the milk which is consumed in the cities and country. The Professor suggested that in dairy shows the winners should be ticketed by the judges with a card explaining why they were awarded prizes. This would be a valuable aid to breeders.

Poetry Which Pays.

Society Dame—Who is that young man who is so attentive to you now?

Great Belle—He is a poet.

"Mercy on us! And do you, the proud daughter of a hundred millionaire, propose to throw yourself away on a poor, miserable starveling of a poet?"

"Oh, he isn't that kind of a poet. He writes soap advertisements."

"My own, own daughter, after all. Ask him to dinner."—*Omaha World.*

A Trivial Occurrence.

"You were severely wounded at Gettysburg, I believe?

"Let's see; I believe I was."

"Believe! Don't you remember it?"

"Not very distinctly."

"How's that?"

"I've been married ever since the war."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

The law of compensation as stated by a woman: "When we are girls they don't go away till after midnight, and when we are wives they don't come home until after midnight."

CONFESSIONS OF A LADY BENDER.

A Fair Contortionist of 19 Tells How She Learned to Contort.

The other day called on a bender, a lady, not a gentleman, who is well known as a most serpentine contortionist. I wished to ask Mlle. Vonare a few questions about her art, with a view of throwing some light on the training of little boys and girls for the profession. The lady was sitting before the fire with her sister, who has abandoned bending herself, and exhibits a troupe of highly educated poodles. A huge wicker basket contained her dress and other stage habits. From its depths she produced a bundle of photographs of herself, tied and knotted into all manner of curious folds. That is the business of a bender. The body is thrown into a score of unnatural postures, which appear to the audience to be achieved by dislocating every joint in the human frame, and to be effected at great risk to limb and life. Artists are generally enthusiastic about their callings, and I must say that Miss Vonare declared she would rather be a bender than a queen, or something to that effect. She began at 4; at 5 and a half she was before the public, and remains a bender still. "My father saw a contortionist one night on the stage, and he asked himself why he should not teach me, aged 4. I was put into training at once, and enjoyed the fun, as a child will enjoy anything new. Was I beaten? Was I starved? No. I seemed to take to it like a little duck takes to water. You see, we were a family of athletes, and besides, I was a daughter and not an apprentice. If the father is the trainer he may not spare the rod, but he is cruel only to be kind. My experience is that less rod and more kindness is the best plan. Father used to bribe us into doing the different tricks. To be successful means years of hard work, practice and performance. I am 19 now, and my performance keeps me in capital training. In the business of contortion the first lesson is the backward bend, first with the arms, and then without. You stand on a long mattrass, so that there is no danger, and at first your teacher controls your movements with a belt. It is much the same with other forms of acrobatic work, and the cruelty often takes the form of taking away the mattrass, which creates a sort of panic in the pupil's mind. If he has really tried his best and failed, he is so terrified that he is almost certain to fail unless he has a great deal of pluck. If he has only been sulking, it may bring him to his bearings. Of course children are often stubborn and try the patience of the teacher to its utmost limit.

"The art of contortion," continued Miss Vonare, "is learned by degrees. First the backward bend, then the 'dislocation,' then the 'splits,' and so on. What we call 'closeness' distinguishes the best bending. To the audience bending seems most difficult. But I experience no discomfort or inconvenience. I was a puny child. You see me now." The lady bender was certainly most healthy and cheerful, stout in body and ruddy in complexion, and she strongly maintains that all women would be greatly benefited if they took to bending. "It is quite a mistake to think that we put our limbs out of joint, or that we suffer from the curious nature of our performance. Of course, after one or more difficult positions one may suffer a little pain, but it goes in no time. In some attitudes I can only remain for twenty seconds, as the breathing becomes difficult. But these are trifling inconveniences. I practise a few minutes every day to keep myself loose here in my room, and that is about all I need do."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Chopped Off His Fingers to Escape Work

Charles Beyers, a convict serving a term in the Southern Prison at Jeffersonville, adopted a peculiar method yesterday morning to avoid manual labor. While on the way to the foundry, where he is assigned to labor, he dropped out of line, and before the guard discovered his intentions ran into the machine shop and, seizing a hatchet, deliberately laid his left hand on a block of wood and cut off all the fingers. This is the third time that Beyers has attempted to disable himself. He was sent to the penitentiary from Orange County to serve a term of eight years for burglary, and is one of the three prisoners who overpowered the jailer at Paola last January, and was prevented from escaping by the wife of the officer, who heard the scuffle and went to the relief of her husband. Standing in the hallway, with a cocked revolver, she called for assistance, at the same time threatening to blow out the brains of the first prisoner who attempted to pass out.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

One of the Family.

Mrs. H.—"Norah, I heard a man's voice in the kitchen last night. Didn't I tell you that I did not like my girls to have company?"

Norah—"Yes, 'em, you did; but it was me first cousin Mike, and sure you needn't make company of him at all."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Friend (to Mormon lady)—You are very happy with your husband, are you not, Mrs. Brigham? Mrs. Brigham—Very. We are devoted to each other, and he has such perfect confidence in my judgment that he confides all of his little love affairs to me.

Rev. George Barnes, the famous evangelist from the mountains of Kentucky, is a man of striking appearance. He is now 60 years old, is fully six feet tall, and his straight, vigorous form shows no sign of stoop that comes from age. His face shows strength of character and earnestness in every line.

An experience of more than twenty years of judicial life has taught me that more than seven-eighths of the crime committed in this country—which involve personal violence—were traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors * * * that of all the sin and misery, of pauperism and wretchedness, intoxicating liquor stands forth the unapproachable chief.—*Noah Davis, Chief Justice of the New York Supreme Court.*

At Indianapolis as a gentleman was walking along the street, accompanied by two young ladies, one of the girls stepped on a parlor match, and in an instant the dresses of both were ablaze from head to foot. By prompt action on the part of the gentleman the flames were smothered before the young ladies were seriously burned.