Somethin' to Say.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO J. W. RILEY.)

Somethin' to say, my daughter? Well, you bet,
I've somethin' to say!
Some fathers might let things take their course,
but your dad ain't built that way.
You see, I work for a livin' now, and I earn
enough for two;
But I'll be whipped if I'm goin' to feed another
along with you.

If you wanted to marry a decent man, who was
earnin' decent pay,
Most likely I'd tell you to go ahead, and hurry
and set the day;
But I know the worthless dude you want, and I
know his little lay.
Somethin' to say, my daughter? Well, you bet
I've somethin' to say!

Now, don't be cryin', daughter, and don't feel
hard at me—
You'd know you'd better be single, if only you
could see;
But to think of your marryin' such a man as lazy
young Dandy Jim
Though, 'f he knew enough to earn his salt,
don't know's I'd object to him.

It isn't him at all, you say; but the old man
millionaire?—
Why, child, you make your father proud; just
let me kiss you—there!
And you want me to add my blessing, and come
to the house and stay?
Well, I guess you can manage your own machine
and I ain't got nothin' to say.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Conceits in the Fashionable Attire of the Sex.

A TRIBUTE TO CANADIAN GIRLS.

Pink and White Maidens Whose Suitors are Swarthy.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Contribution.)

A Man's Reasoning.

"The trouble with women," said Smitherimpkins, "is that they want us to have fun their way. They want us to sit in the house and talk about the weather, sir; to discuss the eternal mysteries of dressmaking and cooking, sir; and to read novels, sir, and worship babies. They can't see why a man should want to go to a club or a public dinner, sir, or take in a baseball game or a horse race. They want us to do as they do and enjoy ourselves their way, sir, But did you ever hear of a man wanting a woman to have fun his way? No, sir; not much, sir. You never heard of any man's trying to pursuade his wife to go around the corner, sir, to a nice quiet place, sir, where some very elegant gentlemen were engaged in a rubber of cards, sir, and to smoke cigars and drink beer with the party, sir, and sit up till the cock had made himself hoarse with crowing, sir, and then meander home singing. Did you ever hear of any man's trying to pursuade a woman to have fun that way—his way? No, sir; not by a jugful, sir."

Canadian Girls.

Are Canadian girls pretty? We rather, and, better still, they are all trained to make good housekeepers. There is not a young lady from the Red River to Labrador that cannot make the most tempting of wheat cakes as well as the rarer delicacies. They are good helpmates and never prove faithless.—*New York Press.*

Floral Weddings.

Floral weddings are the latest nuptial whim of wealthy people. At a recent ceremony the house of the bride's parents was transformed into a veritable bower of roses. The carpet was a glistening white [illegible] the ceiling decorated with a delicate tracery of smilax, studded with pink and white roses; ropes of smilax and rosebuds draped the walk, while curtains of the same concealed the lace hangings of the bay window where the bridal couple stood. The mantels, stands, cabinet-shelves and window ledges were banked with moss and roses, while in the corners stood large, tall vases filled with roses of red and white. Throughout the whole house there was the same abundance of flowers, while the ball-room was decorated with tropical plants and festooned with rose wreaths. The musicians' gallery was draped with smilax and bonsilene buds, and the dining-room was decorated with a profusion of pink and white roses, white carnations and pink azaleas. The white cloth on the table was relieved by a broad band of pink silk plush laid down the centre, in the middle of which was a triple silver epergne upholding bowls of Venetian glass of pale pink, crowded full of pink and white buds, and the bridle cakes were wreathed with rosebuds.

The Best Anti-Fat.

A well-known physician writes: When a girl grows plump, entering her teens it is best not to meddle with nature rashly, as a reduction of fat in such a case has left epileptic seizures instead. The girl should leave school and take to music and quiet, steady work. It is a pity spinning is out of date. As a sedative exercise and for developing a fine hand and arm there is nothing to take its place. The beautiful Prudence, whose father held his manor by a king's favor, when asked in a silly way if she was not proud of her family possessions, made prompt answer, fit for a Greek girl: "No, I am not proud of our house or furniture or carriages or silver-ware or china, but I am proud of one thing—I know how to spin!" Sweet Mistress Prudence, send your taste and spirit again among our girls till they, like Helen of Troy and the wife of Odysseus, are seen by their own door in the sunshine spinning their purple thread.

Pretty Moorish Girls.

The women of Morocco, writes a recent traveller, are of all shades and colors, and I must say that some of the handsomest women I ever saw, both in feature and form, were full-blooded negresses. Another surprise was to notice that many of the Moorish beauties would show a snowy, rounded arm and a clear, pink and white skin that the most beautiful woman in Boston would have been glad to possess, but where they got this skin and complexion I could never find out, for the men, perhaps from their constant exposure to the sun, are tanned and blackened to the color almost of the negroes. In the country all is different, and little attempt is made by the women to be stingy with their charms, and to this freedom of the country many a poor, simple girl owes her position as prime favorite in the harem of some Moorish dignitary, who saw her perfections while travelling by her father's tent or hut. The principal figure among the washers was a comely young woman of perhaps 20, with a bright, intelligent face and a form that could not be criticized, and as she swung her little body around I could not but fancy her in pink silk tights and satin slippers. When she found I had pockets and commenced to go through them to see what they contained, I felt the time had come for me to tell her there was only one woman in the world who had a right to go through my pockets for keeps, and so I tried to change the subject.

Our Grandmothers' Way.

The old-fashioned courtesy of our grandmothers, says a Washington correspondent, is being revived again, though in a modified form. At a recent reception at the White House a fair young girl was presented to the President. As he took her hand she ducked down about six inches with a movement which might be termed the lightning courtesy. The same little bob was repeated a moment later as she shook hands with Mrs. Cleveland. Some of the bystanders exclaimed: "How awfully country!" but were quickly subdued by an explanation coming from one of the initiated. The trick is the latest English custom on being presented to people of note. The movement is a difficult one, and if universally adopted the fair society belles will find some difficulty in perfecting themselves in the accomplishment, for, unlike their grandmothers, the early education of the modern girl in that respect has been neglected. Courtesies and backboards were long ago consigned to oblivion as old-fashioned and out of date. Now, together with the old spinning-wheels, they are being brought to light and favor once more.

Fashion Notes.

Striped trousers in dark tones, such as a rich brown or plum color, are the correct thing.

Trimmings of heavy moire ribbon are as much in vogue as ever. Black is the fashionable color.

Among the latest novelties in summer millinery is the "Jardina" garden hat, made of natural grass, braided.

Zebra-striped parasols, with extra wide bands, make a showy appearance among the gayly dressed throngs at the fashionable resorts this season.

Gigantic poke bonnets, made of colored straw, are going to be the correct thing at the seaside this summer for young ladies who are careful of their complexions.

The scarf-pin should be rigidly excluded from any combinations with the white mull or muslin tie for evening dress. But it has a resting-place an inch from the bow on the part of the tie flat against the collar.

Black net bonnets, which are now all the rage, are rendered very attractive by the substitution of real for artificial flowers. A lady on Broadway yesterday wore a large bunch of real Jacqueminot roses in fragrant prominence in front of her bonnet.

Every other hat on a woman's head decorated with two goose-quills. This one of fashion's most imperious decrees. They must be worn on the side of the hat, at an angle of thirty-five degrees. Sometimes they are gilded or silvered. Another fashion in women's head-gear is a cross between the turban and toque. It is flat and sets out around the head. The material should be the same as that of the frock.

Striped gauze makes as pretty a trimming as any on girls' round hats for country wear

Filmy laces play a part in this season's costumes so important [illegible] white muslin lace-trimmed sunshade makes a charming accompaniment to a dainty summer costume.

Little children wear quaint little Shaker bonnets pique or drawn lawn. The little drawn hats are also very pretty and becoming.

Chamois gloves made on the Barritz model and stitched in white are very stylish for every-day wear for either shopping or driving, and have the advantage of being washable.

Sailor shapes, so youthful and becoming, are the hats which will be worn on all occasions where a serviceable head covering is desired.

Italian braids, otherwise Leghorns, are in many varieties of graceful shapes, and still promise to be the garden hats most popular the coming season.

Shoulder capes of cord passementerie are very stylish and new this season, and are in black or in colors. The fancy finish is in pendant drops or balls.

The Challi costume would hardly seem appropriate to the garden party or the class day fete, yet two of the prettiest possible costumes are now being made of this delicate woollen fabric which is fast taking the place of nun's veiling and albatross cloth.

The underskirt of bright red silk with a full drapery of flowered Challi, with a design of crysanthemums in variegated colors, is a description which does not do full justice to the lovely effect produced of a class day costume to be worn by one of this season's belles.

Copper Becoming Fashionable.

Copper is coming into fashion. What do I mean? Well, look at this lot of canes and umbrellas I have just imported. You will notice that each one of them has a piece of ordinary copper wire around the handle.

Gold and silver have become so common for these articles that people demand something new for a change, and you see the result before you. Just now great simplicity is affected in this respect, but I haven't the slightest doubt that when this metal becomes popular, as I believe it will, we shall see very elaborate personal ornaments made of it.

Indeed, I have often wondered why copper was not more generally used before this among civilized people as a material for ornaments. Its peculiar color harmonizes perfectly with dark materials and dark complexions, and it is comparatively free from oxidation. Barbarous? Not a bit of it! True, the aborigines made use of copper to adorn their persons, and in that they showed excellent judgment. In matters of taste we might frequently take a lesson from the savages.—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

There are probably 1,000 children in the city of Pittsburg who work in iron mills making bolts, nuts, hinges and barbed wire. Many of them are between the ages of 6 and 9 years.

A STAGE HERO.

How He Is Able to Make His Arm Sizzle With a Red Hot Poker.

When Robert B. Mantell was in Detroit recently, says the *Journal*, his act of burning out the wound in his arm made by the mad dog was very realistic. The poker was actually red hot, and he applied it fearlessly to the supposed wound. He hit the fond feminine hearts the hardest when he rushed on u. r., dumps *Diana* on a sofa, and says:

"Ma-a-a-n, look to your-r daughhter! I-I-I will attend to this scr-r-r-atch!"

Robert then shoves a poker into a colored glass fire, removes his red velvet coat, rolls up his shirtsleeves, and exposes a gory wound supposed to have been made by the fierce teeth of a mad dog. The wound is in the fleshy part of his forearm. He gazes upon it regretfully for a moment and then seizes a second poker which has been reposing all the time in a small plumber's furnace, concealed behind the table. He pauses, stretches out his arm, makes his hand a fist, while his mouth assumes an expression of intense determination. Another moment and the white hot poker is plunged into the bleeding wound. There is a sizzling sound. The smoke of burning flesh rises in a column and disappears among the flies. The red wound turns black before the eyes of the people. Waves of intense agony chase each other across the mobile features of the heroic *Monbars*. He slips his coat on and proceeds to say that he is a child of the people, but a billionaire, and wants to marry the girl he has saved. This is all very well, but the facts, it appears, are quite unromantic. Sewed upon Mantell's arm is a thick piece of canvas. It is colored with grease paint. Grease paint is laid onto the edges like putty, so as to conceal the joint just as the joint between an actor's forehead and a baldheaded wig is hidden. A small piece of fat bacon is glued upon the canvas and painted with red grease paint to look like a bloody wound. When the time comes Mantell slaps his hot poker into the bacon. It sizzles and smokes, the audience goes into mild fits, and Mantell tries to look as if he were losing a leg.

For and About Women.

Lady Dudley always sleeps between black silk sheets.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt wears a solitaire diamond ring that cost $48,000.

Mrs. J. H. Riddell, the novelist, spends much time in her garden and poultry yard.

Mrs. L. L. Sherman, a white woman of Great Falls, M.T., has secured a divorce from her colored husband and married her lawyer.

Mrs. Thomas Wilson, of Hillsboro, N.H., has just celebrated her 99th birthday in the house in which she has lived eighty-two years.

Lady Colin Campbell was one of the army of art critics at the Royal Academy.

Lady Watkin Williams has just published a novel depicting social life in London.

Mrs. Linda Gilbert has devoted fifteen years and most of her fortune to prison reform.

The Princess Christian gave a concert recently in aid of a home for soldiers nurses.

The Empress of Germany tastes portions of every article of food intended for the Emperor.

Isaiah Walton, a farmer living near ——, says he has five married daughters whose aggregate weight is over 1,000 pounds.

Miss Delphine Baker is about to establish a Christian newspaper in Jerusalem.

Amelie Rives, the authoress, never went to school, but had governesses who guided rather than taught her.

The Princess Eugenie, of Sweden, has taken a contingent of Salvationists under her patronage.

Miss Louise Royce, the Nebraska blizzard heroine, although a cripple for life, looks with cheerfulness into the future.

Kin Yamei, the Chinese girl who recently graduated from the Woman's Medical College in New York, speaks and writes in five languages.

Miss Shoemaker, of Muscle Fork, Mo., although perfectly well and enjoying life, has not been away from home in twenty-five years, not even to run in and talk with a neighbor.

A Brooklyn woman is an undertaker and embalmer. It was her husband's business, and she took it up after his death, and is making money at it.

Jean Ingelow gives a dinner three times a week to the sick and poor and the discharged convalescents from hospitals.

Miss Florence Louise Thayer, daughter of Gen. L. W. Thayer, of Warsaw, N. Y., has been appointed a notary public by Governor Hill.

Mr. Henry Shirk, of Baltimore, has given real estate to the value of $68,000 for the use of the new Woman's College in that city.

The will of Mrs. J. S. Waterman, of Sycamore, Ill., leaves her residence and 60 acres of land for a school for girls, with a fund amounting to $200,000 for its maintenance.

The friends of the late Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," have determined to erect a memorial to he in Tewkesbury Abbey, Tewkesbury, in the form of a marble medallion.

May Emily Bird, a colored woman who died at Centreville, Tenn., recently, was for a long time a missionary in Liberia, Africa, and once received and entertained the world-renowned explorer, Livingstone, on one of his most notable exploring expeditions. She spoke fluently many of the native African languages.

A Climatic Improvement.

Montreal Lady (to American financier)—"Do you not find our Canadian climate rather cold, Mr. Boodler?" American financier—"Oh, not at all; it agrees with me. I left New York because it was too warm for me there."

Moscow Jackson, a sleeping-car porter on the Central Georgia Railroad, has been in the employ of Southern railroads since 1833. He was a slave, and was sold by his master to the Macon & Western Road, now a part of the Central, and was for eighteen years put down among the valuable assets of that corporation.

The Mormon hierarchy is said to pay Mr. A. M. Gibson a salary of $10,000 a year to look after the interests of Zion at Washington.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The Famous Author Slowly Nearing the Completion of Her Career.

American literature has many bright and noble women who have commanded respect and honor by their brain work, and while there is always to be found another to take the place of one whose earthly work has ceased, we cannot but feel a pang of sorrow at the laying down of a single pen. Yet such a sorrowful feeling must be endured by the thousands who have read and been profited by the works of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Not only has the gifted authoress laid by the pen that has carried so much pleasure to hundreds of homes, but the mind that guided the pen is almost faded from its possessor. Like Emerson, the latter part of Harriet Beecher Stowe's life finds her almost entirely bereft of that instrument of thought which has given the world such examples of the purest literature. In her Hartford home Mrs. Stowe is, as only a few days ago she herself expressed it, "simply waiting" for the call that cannot be far off. Gradually but surely is her mind failing her, and the intervals when she is the brilliant conversationalist of old are becoming more rare. None appreciate this fact more than her devoted family, who respond to her slightest call and fill with loving and ready hands her every want. An ardent hope with the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is said to be that she may live to see her immortal book dramatized according to her own ideal, and this it is the intention of a company of capitalists to carry out in Boston next fall. Preparations are already under way, and these have been carried on with the sanction of the author, who has given her indorsement of the proposed version. It is not probable that Mrs. Stowe will personally attend the representation, "But, oh, I shall be so glad," she said to a friend, "that the public is given my ideal of characters and story." It is in this production that she at present evinces the most interest, and in the moments of pleasant chat that are granted her she continually refers to it. Mrs. Stowe's authorized biography is already provided for by the family, who have placed much valuable material in the hands of Mrs. Florine Thayer McCray, a near neighbor and a warm friend of the author. This biography is now under way, and will probably appear shortly after the taking off of the illustrious subject, whose life and work give so much material for one of the most interesting works that could be written.

The Editor's Troubles.

If I was married, and I had a son who had a proclivity for asking questions—I'd kill him in cold blood.

There's a child in the same house with me. Her mother thinks she's a prodigy—I think she's a ——; well, fill up the hiatus as you like. She's my sister; she's 6 years old; she plays the piano; she sings (I'll back her to yell "Barberry Bush" against any 6-year-old in tidewater Virginia); she wears a blue frock, a stick of candy, and a mud pie; and—she asks questions.

The other morning while I was sitting at the breakfast table eating a slice of toast some one else had toasted, she smole the winning, made-to-order smile with which she prefaces all of her questions, and asked: "Papa, yip (diminutive for Jeff), who wath Nero?"

"Nero was an old Roman who had a tendency for getting hilarious."

"O, yeth, I thee. He wath a muthic teacher, wathent he?"

"No, Nero was not a music teacher. You have probably heard the old story that he fiddled while Rome was burning."

"Yeth, thir. Well, what'd he do?"

"He was put to death, A. D. '68, for attempting to play John Baseler's 'Tuba Polka' on the violin."

"Well, I thay, Dip, who was Vochner?"

"Wagner was a man who wrote 'Parsifal' and 'Baby Mine.'"

"What'd he do?"

"He drank bock beer and dressed in female attire."

"What'd he do that for?"

"Partly because his suspenders were always busting, and partly to have an excuse for crowding a No. 11 foot into a No. 7 shoe."

"Well, what elth did he do?"

"He chewed up bad girls. Once, when he saw a young woman named Materna washing clothes, he grabbed her by the thin part of the neck and exclaimed: 'Gott sei dank, Ich habe Brunnhilde gerfunden.'"

"Anything else?"

"Yeth, thir. Well, I thay, Dip, who wath ——?"

But just then the postman rang and I escaped.—*Richmond Baton.*

Scene in a County Court.

At Bury St. Edmunds County Court, England, the other day, before Sir Francis Roxburgh, Judge, William Farrow Taylor applied to have an award set aside on the ground that none of the forms of the County Court which would make the award valid had been complied with, and that the reference exceeded his powers.

The Judge described an affidavit made by plaintiff as a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end.

Mr. Jones, solicitor—I protest against such an observation from the Bench as a most improper one.

The Judge—I am not going to be spoken to in that way, and I fine you £2.

Mr. Jones—All right. Your courts are getting notorious all over the country.

The Judge—I fine you another £2 for that.

Mr. Jones said he would not permit the Judge to use language such as he had used with regard to his client without protest.

The Judge refused the application.

A subscription was opened in Court to pay the fines inflicted on the solicitor.

Furor Scribendi.

She—Henry!

He—Horrors! Don't interrupt this inspiration. I am—

She—My dear, I only wanted to say that you have dipped your pen into the coffee.

One of the largest plantations in the South is that of Major B. W. Bellamy, of Jefferson county, Fla. It comprises 8,000 acres and nearly all of it is in cultivation. More than 1,500 negroes are employed on the plantation and the Major knows them all by name.

POTTER PALMER'S QUEER WAY.

How He Discharged a Man for Laziness and Hired Him Again at Higher Wages.

Potter Palmer, the great Chicago hotel man, according to our namesake of that city, will not tolerate laziness in his household. He expects his employees to keep at work while on duty, and nothing irritates him so much as to see one of them shirking his task. The other day while strolling through one of the corridors of his hotel he came upon a young man sitting idly in a window, with a mop and a pail of water beside him. Without appearing to notice the man, Mr. Palmer stopped and gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

"Well, what are you doing here?" he suddenly asked.

The young man started. "I—I have been cleaning the windows," he stammered.

"It strikes me that you are idling away your time," said the hotel proprietor, still gazing out of the window. "You are not paid to sit here and do nothing."

The window-cleaner tried to explain that he had been working very hard and had just sat down to rest a minute, but Mr. Palmer apparently did not hear him.

"When I hire a man to work for me I expect him to work. I will have no idlers about this house. On the whole I don't think you are the kind of man that is needed here, and you may consider your services in this hotel at an end. Go down to the office and draw your pay."

The discharged employee was struck dumb with surprise and he moved off in silence. After changing his working clothes for his best suit he descended to the office and received from the cashier the balance due on his month's wages. He lingered for a few minutes to speak with one of the assistant porters and was just remarking that he was out of employment, when who should come strolling through the rotunda but Mr. Palmer. Perhaps the gentleman overheard the remark. At any rate he paused, looked at the young man a moment, then tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Come with me. I want to speak with you."

More surprised than ever the young man followed him into his private office. Mr. Palmer, in a kindly tone, asked, "Are you in need of employment:

"Why, yes; I——"

"Would you like to do general work around a hotel—clean windows and that sort of thing? I want just such a fellow as you appear to be."

"Why—why Mr. Palmer, don't you know me? I——"

"Know you? Never saw you before in my life. But that makes no difference. I know what a man is by simply looking at him. You are honest and industrious—I can see that in your face. Now, I just discharged a man for skirking his work—a lazy, shiftless fellow—and I want you to take his place. I am so well pleased with you that I will agree to pay you $20 a month and your living expenses, although I only paid the other fellow $18. You can commence work at once if you like."

By this time the truth was very apparent to the young man and he concluded that he would be very foolish to tell Mr Palmer of his mistake, He therefore permitted himself to be hired to take the place of the "lazy, shiftless fellow," and within an hour after his discharge he was again at work cleaning windows. At last accounts Mr. Palmer had not heard of his mistake and in all probability is not yet aware that the man he dismissed and the man he afterward employed at better wages are one and the same. The other hotel employees have had a vast deal of fun over the incident.

Tea-Drinking and the Teeth.

Some years since, when on duty at recruiting stations in the north of England, I took observation on the great amount of disease and loss of the teeth existing among the class of men offering themselves. It became a cause of rejection of itself in great numbers. As far as inquiries went I was led to trace it to the excessive tea-drinking indulged in by the working classes in the manufacturing towns, and this went on all through the day, whether with food or not. In fact, instead of 5 o'clock tea being the invention of the upper classes, it was found to exist to an injurious extent in the working classes long before that time. Tea seems to have a peculiar tendency to cause hyperæmia in the tooth sacs, leading to inflammation, and, eventually, abscess of the fang, with, of course, dentralgia at every stage. Whether this special tendency was due to theine or tannin having an elective affinity for dentine it is not possible for me to say. It would be curious to know if medical men, practicing in such manufacturing districts, had observed the deterioration of teeth to be coincident with tea-drinking.—*British Medical Journal.*

No Hope for Him.

Enraged husband—Maria, I can endure this existence no longer. I am going to blow my brains out!

Wife (calmly)—Don't attempt it, John. You have never had any success in firing at small targets.

Mr. John Jones, of Fairburn, Ga., has a very wonderful house cat, if a tale that is told of it is to be believed. Several weeks ago this cat caught a rat, but, instead of killing it, began to nurse and care for it, and now gives it as much careful attention as any of her kittens receives.

Florida's "wild man" carries an old fashioned flint lock musket, and is so wild that whenever any person comes near him he runs like a wild deer and hides in the dense swamp near by. Evidently he is out of ammunition.

The annual crusade against the barbed-wire fence is about to begin coincidently with the opening of the fishing season. A philosopher who spends his winters hunting alligators in Florida and his summers whipping trout streams in the Adirondacks, has given it as his personal experience that a man may recover from the diphtheria, the mumps, or even the cholera, but he can never get over the barbed-wire fence and remain the creature he once was.

Lady Dilke makes an income of $2,000 a year byher drawing.

Jaggs—No, sir; no two persons think alike, and— Baggs—O, yes they do. I owe you $2. Jaggs—Don't let that bother you. I never thought you'd pay it anyway, so— Baggs—There you are; my thought exactly.