An Episode.

SPASM I.

In the vestibule at midnight
Stood the pair,
And the sound was low and sweet
As their lips would gently meet,
While dear Charley would repeat,
"Oh, so far!"

SPASM II.

Down the dimly lighted stairway
Crept her pa,
And his step was soft and low
As he nerved him for the blow
That would knock the dizzy beau
Oh, so far!

CONVULSIONS.

In the hallway shortly after
Lay her dad;
And his daughter held his head,
As the old man faintly said,
"I think his gloves were lined with lead,"
"Oh, so sad!"

MORAL.—And the old gentleman didn't get just the same. J. H. W.

A FORTUNE TURNED HIS HEAD.

The Unfortunate Malady that Overtook Jeweller George Gowland.

For some time past neighbors and friends of George Gowland, a jeweller working in his wife's store at 191½ King street east, have noticed that his mind was wandering. A few months ago Gowland's father, reputed to be worth $80,000, died intestate, and in consequence of the action of a stepmother the estate was thrown into chancery. Gowland's share is said to amount to some $20,000, and as financial affairs with him have not been going on smoothly for the past few years, the immediate prospect of such a change in his circumstances had the effect of causing him to become quite unbalanced.

His peculiar mania is that he is now immensely wealthy. He indulged in monstrous real estate transactions, talked of banqueting the whole town, starting a crack livery-stable and in connection with this latter idea was making arrangements to purchase some twenty fast horses and fashionable turnouts.—*Toronto World.*

Physiology in the Public Schools.

Bonafide answers: "Occupations which are injurious are carbolic acid gas, which is impure blood." "A stonemason's work is injurious because, when he is chipping, he breathes in all the chips, and then they are taken into the lungs." "The body is mostly composed of water, and about one half is aviricious tissue." "The body has an infinite number of bones joined together by the joints." "The spinal column is made of bones running all over the body." "Digestion belongs to the lower animals." "The gastric juice keeps the bones from creaking." "The three coverings of the brain are the diameter, the perimeter, and the trachea." "The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth and extends to the stomach." "Anatomy is dissecting of bodies generally lifeless." "The organs of digestion are stomach utensils, liver and spleen." "The extent of the mouth helps the digestion of food." "It is far more reliable to drive out the fire of a room and put on extra clothing than it is to put on no clothing and sit in front of a burning fire." "Soap is important in carrying off the fat of the body." "What is eaten by the body has sometimes been taken as food." "The first step in digestion is mastication and in salivation; second, the muscles of the gullet."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Barter in Human Hair.

A human hair market is located at Morians, in the department of the Lower Pyrennees, and on alternate Fridays hundreds of hair dressers repair to the little place to buy the hair of the young peasant girls. The dealers wander up and down the long, narrow street of the town, each with a huge pair of bright shears hanging from a black leather strap around his waist, while the young girls who wish to part with their hair stand about in the doorways. The transaction is carried on in the best room of the house. The hair is let down, the tresses combed out, and the dealer names the price. This varies from 3 to 20 francs. If a bargain is struck the dealer lays the money in the open palm of the seller, applies his shears and, in a minute, the long tresses fall on the floor. The purchaser rolls up the tresses, places them in paper, and thrusts them into his pocket. Of course, a maiden can rarely see her fallen tresses disappear into the dealer's pocket without crying. But she consoles herself with the thought that the hair will grow again and by looking at the money in her hand.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Wonderful Feat of Memory.

Bets involving extraordinary and almost impossible feats have frequently been made and won. Some years since, when the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was delivering lectures throughout the country, Colonel de Meres, of the Troy *Times*, made a bet that he would sit on the stage with the orator, remember every word he said, and publish it in his paper the next morning. The wager being accepted, Colonel de Meres sat on the platform near Mr. Beecher, and at the conclusion of the lecture went to the office of the Troy *Times*, and without halt or stop dictated the entire discourse word for word.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Do Not Mourn for Buffalos.

We have cows that give better milk than buffalo cows, and the meat is far preferable to buffalo meat. Civilization has ceased to want even buffalo hides. A recent large consignment that had been stored away somewhere and forgotten proved a drug in this market. For robes other hides are now preferred. The stamp of nationality there is about the animal gives him a sentimental interest, but that is a most uncertain peg to hang the hope of his prolonged existence upon in this utilitarian age.—*New York World.*

—"Time and tide wait for no man," but when a woman is in the case even time and tide must wait or go on without her.

—Bustard (tragically)—I am ruined—ruined! I can't pay ten cents on the dollar! Friendly—Don't cut up so, dear fellow. Just think how much better off you are than your creditors.

At last we have a key to the whole mysterious affair. The Whitechapel fiend, "Jack the Ripper," as the Londoners call him, is said to be a powerful mesmerist. This accounts for it all. Jack not only mesmerizes his victims, and thus renders them powerless to resist, but puts the London police most effectually to sleep.

FASHION'S LATEST.

Trying "To Look as Much Like Men as We Can."

THREE NEW DANCES THIS WINTER.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Three New Dances

Will come into use among fashionable people this winter. One of these is the slide mazourka, which is a partial revival of the old round dance, combining the polka and the waltz. In its new form it has more of a waltz movement than before. The general effect is graceful, and the long, sliding step is sightly, unless practiced too carelessly on an overpolished floor. The other new round dance is called the Berlin, and is very ingenious, since its slow, graceful polka time can be used at will for a galop, waltz or a schottische. Many couples are either unable or unwilling to accomplish a polka and to them the Berlin will be welcome, while it will also be enjoyed by those who like a polka. The other novelty is the Diamond lancers, the figures of which are more intricate and fanciful than any of the showy quadrilles yet introduced.

Latest London Fashions.

"I promised," says Cousin Madge in London *Truth*, "to give you some further particulars about what is to be worn this winter. Well, dear, it appears to me that our chief aim must be to look as much like men as we can. To have a bodice made as closely resembling a man's shirt as possible is fashion's 'last cry,' to translate literally the French idiom. I saw several of these new bodices at Gloucester Road, when I went with Evelyn the other day.

"One was a pale-blue foulard, made exactly like a man's smoking-jacket in front, with a plaited shirt of white surah underneath, and a man's collar and a man's tie, all in the foulard. The dress was a sweet one, the skirting being also in this sea-green shade of blue foulard, and arranged in folds down either side of straight folds of white surah in front. There were double fronts of the blue, so that if the upper one were to blow back, the under ones were there to act as proxy.

"A very pretty yellow pongee silk dress had the skirt arranged in the same sort of wide plaits from the waist, each being caught near the hem with a bow of shot yellow ribbon. Bands of white silk guipure ran from the waist in the same direction as the plaits. The bodice had a drapery of silk from the right shoulder to the left side of the waist, a graceful arrangement that would be very becoming to the figure. The sleeve was gathered above the elbow and at the wrist.

"A pointed piece of silk guipure was so arranged in front as to look like an underbodice over which the pongee was draped. The high collar had a deep turn-down covered with guipure.

"A delicious ball dress was in eau-de-Nilmoire, the right side being draped with crepe of the same color, the folds looking admirably fresh, as though they had fallen there. A black net ball dress, with large spots of the size of a florin, was made with a bodice in velvet of an indescribably bright, soft tone of flame color. It will be a most effective dress.

"A gown that made me break the tenth commandment before I even had time to stop myself, was in striped tailor cloth, just like a man's tweed suit cloth, beige color. The bodice looked as if it must fit, the bones being molded so beautifully to the fall of the waist both in front and at the back."

Shaking Hands With a Saucepan.

What was there—was there anything that the woman of a hundred years ago did not pickle or preserve? They pickled parsley green to cheat grim winter of some of its terrors; they pickled nasturtions—and a very excellent pickle they make. They pickled the large shoots of elder to imitate the "Indian bamboo." They put out in the middle of May, and the middle shoots are the most tender." They pickled green walnuts "when they will bear a pin to go into them," which is also done to this day. They were aware that "the clusters of elder flowers make (sic) a delicate pickle before it opens," and that to effect this it was only necessary to pour vinegar over them. They also knew that the seeds of elder should be pickled while still green, as a substitute for capers, and that "large cucumbers of the kind called green turley, prepared as mangoes, are excellent, and come sooner into eating." They pickled radish pods, young artichokes, horseradish, samphire, marigold flowers and more things than can be enumerated. Having pickled nearly every green shoot, stalk, pod and seed, they began to do the same by plums, apricots, peaches, currants and grapes. When they set about making jams, no fruit escaped them, they even attacked vegetables. When they made cakes it was the same. Parsnips, raspberries, etc., were made into cakes, and red beetroot, potatoes and oranges into biscuits. The recipe for violet cakes reads delightfully: "Take the finest violets you can get, pick off the leaves, beat the violets fine in a mortar with the juice of a lemon, beat and sift twice their weight of double-refined sugar, put your sugar and violets into a silver saucepan or tankard, set it over a slow fire, keep stirring it gently until all your sugar is dissolved; if you let it boil, it will discolor your violets; drop them in china plates; when you take them off, put them in a box, with paper between every layer." Can anything be more charming and ethereal than this? The only point at which it seems to touch common earth is the sugar, and that is to be double refined. The china plates doubtless were such as would now make the joy of a collector and madden his wife by their price. Would that the time when women found healthy excitement in turning this mixture out of the pan, with the color of the violets undisturbed by the rude, passionate act of boiling, were back again; it was a time when Satan must surely have found fewer idler hands to do his work. For our own part, we never take up a paper and read some horrible story of a woman's guilt or folly without wishing that the days of silver saucepans and delicate confections were once more with us; it is more than probable that the women who err so greatly have, as Dr. Kitchener says, "never shaken hands with a saucepan in their lives."

Cheese Tartlets.

"These little cheese and damson tartlets, for which I am sending you instructions," writes Cousin Madge in London *Truth*, "are delicious morsels. Try them once:

Melt about one ounce of butter in a small casserole, then put in about eight or ten ounces of very fresh rich Cheshire cheese, which, however, you should have shred finely previously; season it with a saltspoonful each of ground mace, saffron, nutmeg, cayenne and the tiniest pinch of salt. Stir it the whole time until it has dissolved, then remove it from the fire and let it get a few degrees cooler before mixing into it thoroughly two wine-glasses of warmed port and two of warmed cream, also the juice of half a very small lemon, and again whisk away to your heart's content until it is all a stiff froth. Set it aside to become as cold as ice, and while it is doing so line little patty-pans with either a well-made short paste or a puff paste. Put in as much as you consider sufficient of the "cheese stuff," also about six preserved damsons, with a little of their syrup. Bake in "quickish" oven until they are a lovely light yellow. Serve either hot or cold.

I myself prefer them cold. Either way, or anyhow, they are very good.

How an Empress Plays.

The Empress dowager of China amuses herself by playing a sort of hide-and-seek game on the water at night without lights. Lately her boatmen have taken to running away and others have refused to obey her orders. The reason for this disaffection is that according to law the penalties incurred should the Empress drown, even were it established that the boatmen were not in fault, include not only their death, but that of their families.

Fresh from Vanity Fair.

Novelty runs riot in the new bordered woolens, and one of the most unique designs exactly simulates the gimp used to edge carriage cushions.

Braiding done in a contrasting color appears on many of the handsomest cloth cloaks, and where fur is used beaver and skunk are easily long favorites.

The polka dot, like the poor, we have always with us, and never more than this season, when it appears on the necktie or the handkerchief of every other man you meet.

Immense round lace cellarettes dated a la Pierrot are in great vogue, not only for children, but also for young ladies, who also wear them of colored crape to match the dress.

It is said that if white velvet be not woven in sunshine, either in spring or early summer, there is no possibility of its keeping color, as the sun's rays alone can properly fix its paleness.

"Enhanced" is the last impossible epithet adopted by London tailors to designate any peculiarly atrocious fold or pucker or wrinkle wherewith it may please them to offend the gazing eye.

Paris just now sends out new winter underskirts woven in imitation of tiger skins, with the deep empire border, and they are so deliciously soft and warm that the bare sight of them is comforting.

Gray is beginning to divide honors with green in Parisian headgear, and in nearly all the models sent out by the best houses the bonnet brim is high and peaked, and the crown low and flat.

Pearl-edged ribbons have gone out of fashion. Thick-ribbed gros grain ribbon, with a plain satin edging, is that most in vogue, and also moire ribbon, which looks so well combined with velvet.

Ribbon plays a most important part in millinery, and as often as not constitutes the entire crown, with no foundation of any kind. In one of these a white wing had been placed in front, with a turnback brim of black crinoline.

Brains or Beauty.

Dufresny married his washer-woman.

Goethe's wife was a woman of mediocre capacity.

Emerson says: "It is not beauty that inspires the deepest passion."

Therese Lavasseur, the last flame of Rousseau, could not tell the time of day.

Racine had an illiterate wife, and was accustomed to boastfully declare that she would not read any of his tragedies.

Heine said of the woman he loved: "She has never read a line of my writings, and does not even know what a poet is."

It is an oft-quoted saying of Dr. Johnson that "a man in general is better pleased when he has a good dinner on the table than when his wife talks Greek."

"How many of the wise and learned," says Thackeray, "have married their cooks! Did not Lord Elden, himself, the most prudent of men, make a runaway match? Were not Achilles and Ajax both in love with their servant-maids?"

Jean Paul Richter declared that he would not lead a woman into the matrimonial noose whom it would not delight to hear him read the learned reviews of Gottingen, or the universal German library, when they sounded his praise, though it might be in some degree exaggerated.

Seven hundred people sat up all night to see the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton get in her carriage, but would one in a thousand lose a wink of sleep to get a glimpse of the learned wife of the pundit Yajnavalka, who discoursed with the Indian in Sanscrit on the vexed problems of life?

John Stuart Mill regarded the institution of marriage in its highest aim and aspect as "a union of two persons of cultivated faculties, identical in opinion and purposes, between whom there exists that best kind of equality, similarity of powers with reciprocal superiority in them, so that one can enjoy the luxury of looking up to the other and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and being led in the path of development."

Doing Him a Rank Injustice.

Dumley (to Brown)—Brown, I understand that Robinson referred to me yesterday as an old fool. I don't think that sort of thing is right.

Brown—Why, of course, it ain't right, Dumley. You can't be more than 40 at the outside.

—— Or for Worse?

Maria—Ye-es, d-darling, I will be yours. Don't ask papa to-night; he might refuse. To-morrow I'll get in one of my tempers, and then he's sure to consent!

The word "white" has been stricken from the Kansas Constitution.

AMELIA RIVES' SHOES.

The Digital Foot Covering of the Sensational Novelist.

Mrs. Amelia Rives Chanler is nothing if not odd. The other day she went to a reception with her hair in two pig tails, tied across her breast. She has taken to wearing sandals.

A gentleman who had occasion recently to visit the beautiful originator of the new shoes was in conversation with the lady when suddenly his eyes travelled to the edge of Miss Chanler's lovely home morning gown, and peeping out from the lower flounce he saw ten little white toes! Of course he started a trifle, and then his hostess laughed and showed him her new shoes.

"I have long thought of adopting digitated shoes," she said. "It seems to me heathenish to crowd the toes all together in tight shoes. Each toe should be as separate as each finger. Why should we crowd our toes all together and let our fingers go free? You have no idea with what comfort and ease I walk, now that I have adopted these shoes. Of course I cannot wear them in the city at present, but I hope soon to be able to do so, for I am sure many women of sense will adopt them."

Christmas Echoes.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Youngbusband to the partner of his joys, who was about to start forth on Christmas shopping bent, "get presents for all the family-in-law, and buy a nice lot of things for the boys; but don't spend more than a hundred dollars. We must live within our income." "Why, George," replied the lady, in an aggrieved tone, "you told me we had $200 this month—you know you did." And Mr. Youngbusband only sighed.

"Can you lend me $25 this morning, Mr. Williamson?" asked a beefy friend, entering the broker's office. "Sorry, Barrows, but I really can't. Mrs. Williamson went out this morning to buy a little surprise for me, and she took all the money I had."

"Ethel," said the landlady to her daughter, "we must make the Christmas season a pleasant one for the boarders. Suppose we ask them all to hang up their stocking on Christmas Eve, so that we may put some little remembrance in each?" "That is a very good idea, mother. We can give Mr. Mouldy a penknife, to Mr. Palette the artist, we can give a box of paints, young Scribbler would be delighted to have a patent lead pencil, and for Mr. Slowboy—well, let me see—what would you suggest for Mr. Slowboy's stocking, ma?" "Mr. Slowboy's unreceipted bill will do for Mr. Slowboy," replied the old lady, sternly.

"Have you decided on your presents for the boys yet, my dear?" asked Mr. Hendricks, after the lads had left the breakfast table for school. "Not quite all. But I have decided, William, that they shall all be given something useful. There is no use of wasting money on useless toys for them to break—and, by the way, we need a new rug for the parlor and a dozen tumblers, William." "Ah! well, why not get the rug for George, and give the tumblers to John?"

Johnny was Right.

Teacher—Johnny, I should think you would be ashamed of yourself to run away from school for the sake of floating around in that old, leaky, flat bottomed boat. Weren't you afraid of getting drowned?

Johnny—No m', not so much as on shore.

Teacher—What nonsense! Did you ever hear of anybody going out in a boat for fear of getting drowned?

Johnny—Yes m'.

Teacher (astonished)—Who?

Johnny—Noer.

The Golden Gate Special.

The Union and Central Pacific Roads and Pullman Company put on, December 5th, a weekly train of Pullman Vestibule Cars, to run between Council Bluffs and San Francisco. Steam heat, electric light, separate bath rooms for ladies and gentlemen, barber shop, observation and smoking rooms, and a female attendant for ladies and children, make it "THE FINEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD." Fare between Council Bluffs and San Francisco, including everything—ticket, berth and meals—will be $100.

A Powerful Simile.

"As slow as a woman walking along the street, reading a letter," would not be a bad axiom to hurl into the language as a fixture.—*Puck.*

"The Old Oaken Bucket,
The Iron-bound Bucket,
The Moss-covered Bucket,"

is very likely the one that has conveyed poisons to your system from some old well, whose waters have become contaminated from sewers, vaults, or percolation from the soil. To eradicate these poisons from the system and save yourself a spell of malarial, typhoid or bilious fever, and to keep the liver, kidneys and lungs in a healthy and vigorous condition, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the greatest blood-purifier of the age.

Life in Chicago.

Policeman (stopping citizen)—What are you running for?

Citizen—Because I'm cold.

Policeman—Well, don't do it again or I'll open fire on you.—*Chicago Globe.*

Make a Note of This.

Pain banished as if by magic. Polson's NERVILINE is a positive and almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most active remedy hitherto known falls far short of Nerviline for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. Good for external or internal use. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists.

Strained Relations.

Visitor—The milkman seems to be very gruff toward you.

Housekeeper—Yes; ever since I insisted that he must quit delivering us milk with straws and hairs in it our relations have been somewhat strained.

No lengthy advertisement is necessary to bolster up Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

According to Oscar Wilde, George Meredith's style is "chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning."

LUCK-BEARING HORSESHOES.

Leave It on the Door—A Superstition Nelson Believed In.

The old superstition of nailing a horseshoe over the door of a house as a protection against evil spirits, and an assurance of good luck, is as widely spread in the United States as it is in England or Ireland. It also prevails among nearly all Teutonic and Scandinavian races, and flourishes largely in the East and West Indies and Hindoostan. The old writers tell us that there are three elements united in the horseshoe—in the first place it is crescent shaped, secondly it is a portion of the horse, and lastly it is made of iron. Popular superstition has long endowed iron with protecting qualities. During the time of the plague in Rome, the inhabitants of the Eternal City drove nails in the walls of their houses as a safeguard against the dread disease. When the Arabs in the desert are overtaken by the deadly simoom, they seek succor from heaven by crying "Iron! iron!" Celtic, Finish and Welsh superstitions all agree that against witchcraft iron is considered the only guard. Custom even recites that it has always been considered a good omen to find old iron, and particularly to find an old horseshoe. In the mythology of England, horses were, and are to this day, looked upon as luck-bringers. In some parts of England nowadays it is still thought that many forms of disease can be cured in burning a horse alive. A horse's hoof placed under an invalid's bed is considered a specific for many complaints in the north of Scotland. Many years ago, in Ireland, so it is said, upon the death of a favorite horse, its feet and legs were hung up in the house, and even the hoofs are kept sacred. All of which, it is claimed, serve as a preventive of ill luck or disease. Even in New York, among a certain class, the horseshoe may be seen nailed up over many a house or shop door. The well-known song which was sung by Edward Harrigan a few years ago made a lasting impression, and served to remind many of the luck attending old iron shoes. One of the stanzas was:

"There's a story that goes, it is true, I think, history
Far back in the days of Julius Caesar,
That his wife, as a wave, had upon you
If you pick up an old iron shoe."

On account of its form, historians state that the qualities formerly accorded to the crescent have been transformed to the horseshoe. The Chinese build their tombs at the present day in a semi-circle form like a horseshoe, and the Moors use it in their architecture. Lord Nelson nailed a horseshoe to the mast of his flagship Victory, and guarded it as if it had been a citadel. Dr. James, of London, who earned the sobriquet of "Lucky" from the amount of money he made out of his patent medicines, attributed his phenomenal success to the finding of a horseshoe, which symbol he adopted as a crest for his carriage.—*New York Mail and Express.*

"I know its a sin to
But I'm bent on the notion
I'll throw myself into
The deep, briny ocean."

is the mental exclamation of many a sufferer from headache, indigestion, constipation, torpid liver, etc. The use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, however, would transform these unfortunates, and cause them to sing—

"But my sight shall wander
Through gay gardens and flowers
And look at little mermaids
Disdain my powers."

A Poor Job.

Shoddy (loudly)—I'd have you to sir, that I am a self made man, egad!

Letters (looking him over intently)—Well, Mr. Shoddy, you look like it, you do, indeed.

Miss Oscar Wilde has been lecturing in London on "Rational Dress for Women." The lecturer is, says the London *Star*, very young and pretty, but as a public speaker she has much to learn. To begin with, Mrs. Oscar Wilde is wholly innocent of the demeanor of a public speaker. She giggles at her own witticisms, innocently twists her shoulders, bends her head and explodes in a titter when she reads what she considers a particularly good thing. Her lecture was good in the main, simple, clear, undecorated.

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