Man's Ideal Wife.

To hear the men a-talkin' in their sweet unselfish style
Bout the way a woman acts, who adores em without guile,
Is enough to make a woman just despair of bein' a wife,
For to satisfy her husband she must give him up her life.

For she mustn't be too handsome, nor particularly plain,
For if pretty she'd be flirtin', and if not, she'd try to gain
(By shriekin' and assertin' through all the days and nights)
Continual truth and justice and other fancied rights.

Then she must have serpent wisdom, yet be harmless as a dove,
Have common sense in plenty, yet be like the saints above—
As innocent and ignorant of all wickedness on earth
And believe the yarns he tells her of his doings from his birth.

Of course she makes her clothing, which must next to nothing cost,
Though the neighbors mustn't see that her dress in style has lost.
She will cook to great perfection and be a thorough nurse,
And tend her babes, and never ask to have a private purse.

She'll grieve to see her gracious lord a-workin' long and hard,
And grant he needs a constant change, his precious health to guard;
And many comforts she'll be willin' to always do without,
But they're purchased for his benefit, with great delight, no doubt.

Just fancy, when this ideal wife dies wearily and worn,
How afflicted he will show himself, for weeks be quite forlorn,
And declare to all who knew her she was bounded by his love,
At very perfect woman gone, to wait for him above.

JANET COSSAR.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 12, 1889.

SOUP ON DRAUGHT.

How the Magician of the Kitchen Pleases His Patrons.

How they manage to get up so many different kinds of soups in the small restaurants is puzzling. According to an investigation it is done thus: Here comes a waiter with an order for vegetable soup. The cook lifts the lid of a big boiler of clear soup, made by boiling bones and scraps of beef, mutton, chicken, veal, etc. Out of this boiler the cook dips a bowlful of clear soup, and into it he pops in quick succession a little from each pot of boiled vegetable he is saving for that day. There is your vegetable soup. Is it consomme? From a big pitcher he pours into the clear stock some brown thickening fluid. Is it macaroni? A pot of boiled macaroni is near at hand, and he forks a few strings into the bowl. Is it ox-tail? A big tin of condensed ox tail soup stands on a handy shelf, and a spoonful lends its flavor to the stock. Is it chicken? He thrusts a pair of tongs into the boiler and brings up morsels from the depths until enough scraps of chicken are found to pass muster. Is it tomato? A squirt of weak but thick tomato catsup does the business. Is it rice? Some of the rice pudding is available. Roast lamb and roast mutton come from the same joint at its touch, and, by aid of an unctuous salad and some jelly, so will roast venison at a pinch. Roast rib or roast loin from the same piece of beef depends altogether on his carving. The veal is veal, or it is chicken for salad, or it is turkey for fricassee, or it is rabbit for stew, or it is lamb for pie, just as he desires. The plain old cod, too, if boiled, is turned into boiled halibut, or haddock, or bluefish, and if baked becomes baked halibut, or bluefish or haddock, at his simple touch. With the aid of a few biting sauces they become almost anything one can name in the way of fish.—*Baltimore News.*

The Blood Orange.

The blood orange is a mere variety of the sweet orange, obtained by cultivation, and appears first to have been raised by the Spanish gardeners in the Phillippine islands, from the capital of which—Manila—it together with the well-known cigars formed at one time one of the chief articles of export. On its first appearance in Europe it excited a considerable sensation, and in the last century very high prices were demanded for the trees which bore the wonderful fruit. None, however, now are brought here from Manila, the supply being derived almost entirely from Malta, where great pains and attention are bestowed upon their cultivation. It was for a long time supposed, and the idea is not yet quite extinct, that the blood oranges were produced by the grafting of the orange with pomegranate, but there is not the slightest foundation for this belief.

A Young Sporting Man Leaves $80,000 to His Mother.

Frederick Brown, a well-known sporting man, of Washington, who died in Saratoga on Sunday, made a will leaving his mother $80,000. This amount he has won from the bookmakers in the last year. At the last meeting of the Jockey Club in 1888 here he "went broke," saving from the wreck only a diamond ring, which he pawned for $40. Borrowing $10 he started with this capital and won $6,000 during the spring meeting. He followed the horses to Monmouth, Sheepshead and Saratoga and won right along. He deposited $17,000 of his winnings in a Saratoga bank. Brown was a young man of good habits and well liked.—*Capital.*

Fully Equipped.

Fond Mere—You are fully prepared to enjoy yourself at the picnic?

Prudent Daughter—Yes, indeed. I have two umbrellas, waterproof and overshoes, and Charley has two lovely new life-preservers.

Optimistic.

Gladys (effusively)—Oh, Uncle Joe, the gypsy who told my fortune says I am to marry a nobleman.

Uncle Joe—Well, let's hope for the best. You may die, you know.

"BRIGHT'S DISEASE has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Roberts, of the University of New York City. Additional proof why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many disorders which are only symptoms of kidney disease.

"How can you tell a poor cigar without smoking it, Smith?" "By looking at the picture on the box, my friend. If the picture is pretty the cigar is bad."—*Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.*

GREENNESS IN NEW YORK.

There Are More Trees and Shade Here Than Any Countryman Would Believe.

"If I go home and tell my wife I've been sleeping under blankets ever since I came to New York, she won't believe me," said one man to another on an elevated train yesterday, "but it's a fact, nevertheless. I'm stopping with relations on the west side, between the river and the Park, and maybe that's made it somewhat cooler, but, as far as I can see, almost any part of New York is cooler than up in the State, where I live, especially at night.

"Then there's another thing about New York that would surprise country folks who think the city in summer is just one step this side of the bad place; that's the trees. I remember reading in the story books about the poor city children that never saw green grass or trees from year's end to year's end, and didn't even know that flowers grew anywhere except in shop windows. Well, I've been around New York pretty considerable, and it kind o' strikes me that it would be all-fired hard work to bring up a child in the city and keep it from seeing trees and grass everywhere it went, and flowers, too. I'm goin' to tell my wife the next time she wants to get cooled off, and at the same time not lose sight of trees and grass and green things, to come right to New York. It beats the seashore all hollow."

The countryman was a little enthusiastic, perhaps, but there was a deal of truth in what he said. New Yorkers are so used to it that they never stop to think about it, but to a man coming here with preconceived ideas of the desert nature and terrible heat of city streets, the amount of shade and greenness about the city is surprising. It is hard for a person in New York to find a position upon any street corner from which trees, vines, or green grass are not in sight in one direction or the other. Of course, above Fifty-ninth street there is Central Park always in sight from any corner up to and beyond 110th street on either side of the city. Besides this, there is Riverside Park, from Seventy-second to 125th, Morningside Park, Mt. Morris Park, and other green breathing places below the Harlem, while the beautiful Boulevard, with its park strip in the centre and its four rows of lusty young elms, even now beginning to form a double arch over the street, West End avenue, with rows of young trees doing well on either side, Eighty-sixth street, with its little grassy squares and trees in front of every house, and other shorter stretches of tree-shadowed streets make it certain that even when this part of the city shall be closely built up there will be no lack of greenness and shade.

Below Fifty-ninth street there are nearly a dozen small parks, with more to come, but the singular thing, when noticed for the first time, is the frequency of trees along the built-up streets. It probably won't be believed at first thought, but it is a fact, easily verified by personal inspection, that from Fifty-ninth street to Grand street the Sixth avenue elevated railroad does not cross a single street on which trees are not visible to a passenger. In a few instances there will be only one or two scrubby little trees struggling for existence upon the curb; more frequently the trees are numerous enough and vigorous enough to arch the street. On Fifty-third street they are so near the tracks that passengers can almost reach out and touch them as the train rushes by. Besides the trees along the curbs, there are frequent glimpses of green from the centre of blocks, and sometimes trees tall enough to wave above four-story houses can be seen, showing that in back yards there is abundant greenness for private enjoyment.

There are also thousands of windows where boxes filled with flowering plants and vines are kept, and often there are glimpses of sunflowers and other hardy plants blooming in yards or in boxes upon roofs. Pleasantest of all are the vines that of late years have been freely planted in front of houses on residence streets. These have grown so thriftily that in hundreds of instances they reach a dense mass of vivid green from the sidewalk to the roof, sometimes spreading out so as to cover almost the whole front of the house. Two or three such vines illuminate beautifully a block of dull brown stone fronts.

Below Grand street the rule ceases to hold good that a passenger on the elevated can see trees on every street crossed, but it is largely because the streets are so crooked that often not over a block or two is in sight in any direction from the train. In the dry goods district trees are few, but toward the river, wherever people live, there is generally at least one tree in sight from every corner, and from Chambers street, where the City Hall Park comes into sight, down past St. Paul's and Trinity, Bowling Green and the Battery, there is always something green upon which to rest the eye.

There are fewer trees in proportion to population on the east than on the west side of the city, but even on the east side they grow at frequent intervals, and thrive in the most closely built districts. There will be more of them, too, when the new small parks are made.—*New York Sun.*

On Time.

Some people are always in a hurry and generally always behind hand. The two go together; for hurry is the child of a state of mind rather than of a train of circumstances. The methodical man is never in a hurry. He moves along in his orbit, as Goethe says the stars do, "without haste and without rest." He knows what is first to be done, what next, and how long each item to be attended to will require. He sees in an exigency what can be omitted or deferred, and what must be done according to the programme he has made. If he is due at a certain train he is there on time with five or ten minutes to spare. If a certain task is to be done by a certain date, the work is ready a little in advance of the date.—*Exchange.*

Poor Creature.

A.—How is your pretty cousin coming on?

B.—I regret to say that her chances in life are slim.

"Great heavens! Is she so dangerously ill?"

"She is not ill at all. Her chances in life are slim because she is engaged to be married to a dude."

A report is current in Chicago that the Northwestern & Milwaukee Railway systems are to be amalgamated.

SARAH ALTHEA HILL.

The Stormy Career of the Woman Who is Now Judge Terry's Widow.

Sarah Althea Hill, whose stormy career in California has given her national notoriety, was born in this old French town just forty-nine years ago. She comes of good stock, her father being Samuel Hill, a prominent attorney, and her mother Julia Sloan, daughter of a wealthy lumber dealer. She had one brother, Hiram Morgan Hill, and her parents both died in 1854, leaving the two orphans an estate of $40,000. She is related to some of the best families in the country, among them the Wilkins, Sloans and Rodneys. The girl had good opportunities for acquiring an education. She attended school at Danville, Ky., and finally graduated from St. Vincent's Convent in this town. She had a governess in the person of Miss Barral, a sister of ex-Congressman Hatcher. Her grandfather, Hiram Sloan, was her guardian, and he appears to have held a slack rein. The young ward developed a spirited temper, and soon after reaching legal age made her money fly. She grew up to womanhood in much her own way, and was noted for her beauty and temper. Sarah was a girl of more than ordinary personal beauty. She was plump, of medium height and possessed a lovely complexion. She was fair, but not a pronounced blonde. She was scheming and ambitious to excel in personal charms. These traits made her unpopular among her girl companions. It was said of her, too, that though she was a spendthrift in some things, she worshipped money and gave her attention mostly to those who possessed it. She is remembered by her friends here as something of a flirt, and at one time she is said to have had three engagements to marry on her hands. The hero of one of these engagements, Mr. Leanders, is a prominent politician residing in Southeast Missouri, and another resides in St. Louis. Her conquests in that section of the State were numerous during the time she held sway. She was fast, but her name was never tarnished with scandal. In love affairs Miss Hill was tyrannical, and more than one of her lovers had to suffer under her iron rule and eccentric whims. To show how cruel she was to her lovers the case of the one she really loved will suffice. He was then a young man, but is now a Missouri politician of national fame. They were engaged to be married and one night attended a hop. Sarah Althea became angry at her escort, and when the ballroom was entered she went upstairs and never came back until time to return home. The young man was angry and determined to break the engagement. Sarah Althea heard of it, summoned him into her bewitching presence, and the old infatuation returned so strong that he determined to swallow the insults, but Sarah had heard that he had told his friends that he intended to break the engagement. She determined on revenge. She never looked lovelier than on the night her luckless lover answered her call. He was powerless before her and pressed his suit with more energy than ever. She said nothing until he was ready to leave, and as he stopped for a good-night kiss on the threshold she turned her head and, with her eyes blazing, said: "Mr.——, you can go. We will cry quits. I don't want to see you again." The young man almost fell down the steps and never saw her afterwards. Now the story goes that Sarah Althea was really in love with this young man and expected to win him back. In this she failed, and in September, 1870, disgusted and broken-hearted and with only the wreck of her fortune, she started for California. A young uncle, named W. Sloan, accompanied her to the Pacific coast. He was wealthy and took his handsome niece to his mother's home. Sarah and the old lady did not live in harmony, and Mr. Sloan gave his niece a fine suite of rooms in a prominent San Francisco hotel. It was there she met Senator Sharon. Her brother, Hiram Hill, was a reckless youth, and followed her to California, where he married a wealthy woman of Spanish blood. Sarah Althea has never returned to the home of her childhood.—*Cape Girardeau (Mo.) Special to Philadelphia Press.*

The City of Berlin.

Frederick the Great worked hard to beautify this town of his choice, but it cannot be said that, with all his efforts and all the energy of recent years, it is a town which strikes a stranger familiar with London or Paris as one of grandeur or even of dignity. To begin with, there only exists one church of architectural interest—interest, because the beauty of the Klosterkirche has been destroyed by additions made about the middle of the present century. As for the cathedral, that is a late, domed edifice, no larger than a decent parish church in this country. This poverty is unique. Look where you will over Europe and you will not find a single town of capital importance so void of that crowning ornament to a city, a fine ecclesiastical building. The defect cannot be exaggerated. Such buildings are the durable record of a city's life; each weather-beaten stone has an interest no less human than scientific, no less romantic than artistic. We have our St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the Parisians their Notre Dame, Vienna its St. Stephen's, Rome its St. Peter's; but there are no such sermons in stone to be read in Berlin, no building to be admired for its beauty or revered for its age. Conceive Paris without Notre Dame. The effect is nothing short of robbering French literature of Victor Hugo! Nor is Berlin much better off for secular buildings. None of them save an inconsiderable fragment of the old Schloss date earlier than the 17th century, and the bulk of the old Schloss is a decaying plaster faced pile of that unfortunate period. The palaces of the late Emperor William and of the Emperor Frederick as crown prince were built, the former some 50 years ago, the latter 30, and, though both insignificant in size compared with Buckingham palace, may be admitted to compete with it in point of style.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Pedestrian, to big, fat policeman on Broadway—Well, Mr. Officer, how do you stand this hot weather? Policeman—Principally on the shady side.

Wife—"Look at all the things I bought with that little money. You can no longer say I'm extravagant." Hubby—"But all those things are for my use. As soon as you begin to buy things for yourself you'll need a bank."

THE CHERRY.

The Past and Present Culture of this Fruit—Its Classifications.

Downing separates the cherry into two classes—first, the Bigarreaus and Hearts, and second, the Dukes and Morellos. These amount almost or quite to distinct species. The Hearts and Bigarreaus, being strong and vigorous growing trees, are somewhat tender in many sections of country, especially in the level, fertile west, and are therefore not so generally cultivated, though as a rule the fruit is of fine quality. According to Dr. Warder, the Hearts and Bigarreaus are not entirely reliable except on soils where the American chestnut is an indigenous growth, or at least successful when introduced. The Dukes and Morellos are more hardy and fruitful, this class embracing varieties like the Kentish, which are quite universally popular. Although in some sections a profitable fruit, the cherry has scarcely held its own in point of popularity along with other classes of fruits during the last quarter of a century. This is perhaps partly due to the overshadowing popularity of the strawberry and other small fruits coming into competition with it, by reason of their ripening at or near the same season. In some particulars, however, especially for culinary purposes, the cherry is not likely to be entirely superseded by any of its best of rivals. The late Dr. Kirtland, of Cleveland, O., made the improvement of the cherry, which succeeds admirably in that section, the specialty of his life work. In this way he gave to the world a number of valuable varieties. More recently new introductions are being made from abroad, through the energy and perseverance of Professor Budd and others, with encouraging prospects. We may hope from this source to obtain varieties directly and indirectly which will prove more hardy and valuable, especially north of the present limit of cherry culture, as intimated above, very little, if any, effort has yet been put forth in the improvement of our native species, of which Professor Gray mentions at least four. The arts of horticulture, aided by the hand of time, may yet subjugate to the uses of man some or all of these now untamed species. The cherry succeeds well on dry soils. In orchards, where there is ample room for large trees, and in climates where it is not subject to the bursting of the bark, standards with four or five feet of clear trunk are to be preferred. For door yards, where shade and ornament are taken into account, standards of the free growing sorts are the most suitable. For fruit gardens of limited extent, and in localities where the bark of the trunk is liable to burst, the dwarfs or low standards are most appropriate and profitable.

Weariness.

A tramp knows what it is to be leg-weary, a farm laborer to be body-weary, a literary man to be brain-weary, and a sorrowing man to be soul-weary. The sick are often weary, even of life itself. Weariness is generally a physiological "ebb-tide," which time and patience will convert into a "flow." It is never well to whip or spur a worn-out horse, except in the direst straits. If he mends his pace in obedience to the stimulus, every step is a drop drawn from his life-blood. Idleness is not one of the faults of the present age; weariness is one of its commonest experiences. The cheques that many a man draws on his physiological resources are innumerable; and, as these resources are strictly limited, like any other ordinary banking account, it is very easy to bring about a balance on the wrong side. Adequate rest is one kind of repayment to the bank, sound sleep is another, regular eating and good digestion another. One day's holiday in the week and one or two months in the year for those who work exceptionally hard usually bring the credit balance to a highly favorable condition; and thus with care and management physiological solvency is secured and maintained. But a physiological fortune is as good a thing, or even a better thing, than a money fortune. Stored resources, well invested, keep the mind easy and the body youthful. If, however, a man have not these, but only enough of strength to go on steadily from day to day, he should watch carefully against excessive weariness. A feeling of prostration is the dark thunder cloud that portends a change in the atmosphere. Health, like weather, may "break," and when once it is broken nobody knows when the barometer will mark "set fair" again. Weariness, coming on in the ordinary course of work, without any special and temporary cause, is nature's demand for an immediate holiday. The horse is tired. He does not want the whip, but a month's run in a quiet and abundant pasture. As nothing in the world can properly satisfy hunger except food, so no drug or stimulant of any kind except rest can restore the weary to energy and health. The doctor's tonic is a very good thing in its way, but it will no more act as a substitute for rest than a glow worn's light will serve the same purpose as the moon.—*Hospital.*

He Took a Fit.

A gang of men were at work on a city street when a slight, beardless youth laid down his pick, and approaching the foreman said to him:

"Can I take a fit, sir?"

"Take what?" asked the foreman.

"A fit—I feel one coming on," replied the young man, without emotion.

"Why certainly," said the foreman.

So the young man walked over to a bit of grass under a leafy tree—it was a a new street in the suburbs—and had a fit.

Then he went and washed his face, came back to his place in the line, and took up his pick and struck into work. After the day's work was over the young man said to the foreman: "You don't mind my having fits?"

"No—I guess not if you do a fair day's work."

"Well, you see, I used to work for a butcher, an' he wouldn't let me take fits—said it interfered with business—an' I thought you might feel the same way about it."

And that young man works hard with pick and shovel and takes a fit once in a while as you or I might take a drink of water.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

—A physician in New York reports that during an epidemic of diphtheria in that city there were five times as many cases on the shady side of the street as on the sunny side.

THE NET BREAKS.

A Moment of Horror for Monsieur Peynaud and 5,000 People.

Monsieur Baptiste Peynaud, who dives from a tower at Rockaway Beach, L.I., said to be 150 feet high, into a bignet stretched below, broke through the net Friday afternoon. Peynaud started to make the jump at 2 p.m., with the usual formal preparations. More than 5,000 spectators were on the shore and in numerous boats, large and small. The net into which the dive or fall is made is about thirty feet long and fifteen wide, and is made of good, stout cordage. In the centre is a piece of heavy canvas about six feet square. When Peynaud dives he tries to land as near the centre of the canvas as he can. This ensures an equal strain on all parts of the net. The net is stretched eight feet above the shallow water at the shore. It was getting to be low tide at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, and the water below the net was about eight inches deep. Peynaud mounted the tower as usual and when he got to the top gave the same dramatic look about him. After bending over in the narrow opening in the platform at the top a minute or so, and looking intently at the net to gauge his jump, his body straightened itself and he shot downwards like an arrow. When he had descended 50 or 60 feet the spectators could see that his body was slowly turning, so that he could land in the net on his back, with his head towards the tower. He fell on his back, but his aim had been bad, and his body struck half on the canvas and half on the netting. The cords in the netting parted with a snap, a prolonged rip was heard, and the people turned pale and closed their eyes to shut out a horrible scene. Peynaud rebounded in the air two or three feet, came down again feet first, and slid through the rent in the net. As he did so, however, he grasped the loose shreds of netting on each side, and slowly let himself down into the water, where he stood with a look of blank amazement on his pale face. He stared at the top of the tower, at the hole in the net, and then at his feet, and seemed to wonder what had happened to him. He quickly recovered himself, however, and made his customary graceful bow and wave of the hand.

Facts About Coffee.

The pleasures of coffee are by no means dissipated in the warm season, when "ho coffee is not needed as a means of defying the discomfort of cold weather. Cold coffee is a delicious beverage when well made. Coffee ice made of strong coffee frozen in a freezer and served in cups with whipped cream is a dainty desert, or a convenient part of the afternoon tea menu; coffee soda is a peculiar summer drink, and few people accustomed to the morning cup of coffee make any difference on account of the weather in this most important feature of the breakfast table. An expert in coffee maintains that the best coffee is made in the old-fashioned tin coffee-pot. "Don't give me any new patent arrangement for making coffee," he says, "the old tin pot is the only kind of cooking utensil that preserves the aroma and the full flavor of the coffee."

After the coffee has been boiled and settled pour it in good strength upon a cup half filled with cream and hot milk. Most true coffee epicures have a beverage prepared with full strength that will give a delicious aroma and a true but delicate flavor to a cup of rich cream and boiled milk. Rather peculiarly the average American drinks about the same amount of coffee now that he did eighteen years ago. In 1870 the average consumption for each person was 7½ pounds; in 1888 it was 7⅔ pounds, showing that the taste for coffee neither increases nor decreases.—*Boston Journal.*

The Care of the Finger Nails.

The half-moon, which is esteemed so great a beauty, if carefully attended to, will increase in time, and even when it has been almost obliterated will grow to be very beautiful, says *Medical Classics.* Many people think that pushing the skin back from the nail will show it more, and that by this practice the delicate hem, as we call it, which holds the upper and under skins together, is totally destroyed, and the ends of the fingers have an ugly yellow growth encircling the nail instead of the delicate framework which nature intended. Then the way in which the nail is cut can totally change the shape of the fingers. By cutting the nails close at the sides and keeping the corners from adhering to the skin, hang-nails can be avoided. Where the nails are thin and inclined to break, frequent oiling is necessary, and the nails should never be polished except when some oily substance is used beside the powder. This keeps the nails more pliable, and no matter how thin they are, if properly treated they are no more liable to break than thicker ones. Another thing that is bad for the nails is polishing them too roughly. They should be lightly touched and not rubbed until they become heated. This is one cause of white spots coming on the nail and marring its beauty.

A Trick Worth Trying.

Baker Brothers, of Candler, Georgia, have invented a novel way of catching owls or night hawks. They have set up a long pole near the fowl house. The pole is about sixteen feet high with the top end sawed off smooth and a little steel trap is set on top of the post, fastened by a string to the post below. Notches are cut in the post by which it is easy to climb. On a moonlight night the owls when they are around are likely to light on something near the fowl house. The other night an owl was heard not far off and, thinking that he would be likely to come for a chicken during the night, the brothers went out after supper and set the trap on top of the pole. Before they went to bed the family heard a fluttering in that direction and, going out, found that they had trapped an owl that measured four feet five inches from tip to tip.

Brodie to Go Over Niagara Falls.

Steve Brodie has fully decided to attempt what no man has done and lived—float over the American Falls at Niagara. He will leave New York for Niagara to-day and devote some time to making himself familiar with the dangers he must encounter. The falls are 166 feet high. The compensation for the terrible risk Brodie will take in addition to the fame to be won by the undertaking is a purse of $1,500, contributed by hotelmen and railway men.