The Behring Sealer.

The case seemed plain
To the man from Maine
As he ponder'd the tempting prize again;
"In this lucky affair of the Behring Sea
There's a President's chair, no doubt," quoth he.

"That lion's whelp
Shall roar and yelp
Till the old dam answers its call for help!
Then, well under cover, I'll twist her tail
And bag every vote of the Clan-na-Gael!

"And there's a debt
Uncancelled yet
Of national grudge that I don't forget,
Which, properly worked, is a White House pass—
For war with Britain will carry the mass!"

Then missives flew
And war clouds grew,
But—just as the air smelt sulphurous—whew!
Down into a hole fell J. G. B.,
And a dead calm reigns in the Behring Sea!

Inexpressible.

(Chicago Post.)

The man who lugs a melon home
And finds it isn't ripe
Is very apt to think some words
That look like these †*——;
——"*——††——† in type.

Upon a smooth banana peel
A deacon chanced to tread,
And here's † *——* ††——*
——†**——a brief shorthand report
Of what the deacon said.

A lady with her parasol
A passer's optic caught—
He said: "Pray, do not mention it."
But here * ††——* ††——
†*†——is what he thought.

With a No. 9.

(Boston Courier.)

"I've bought a bonnet, papa, dear;
My beau declares 'tis trimmed with skill;
I have no funds and I've come here
To see if you will fit the bill."

"Your beau! and what may be his name?"
The father roughly questioned her;
She hung her head, with cheeks aflame,
She softly answered, "William, sir."

His eyes shone with a dangerous light—
"Hum! So he says 'tis trimmed with skill!
Well, bring him to the house to-night,
And I will gladly foot your Bill."

Signs in the Dust.

"That was well done," remarked a *Free Press* reporter to the driver of a street-sprinkler who had left a dry spot in front of a thirty-foot lot so well defined that it stood out against the wet street like a boil on a man's nose.

"Yes, I think I have it down pretty fine," remarked the driver, "but I've had two months' practice at it. I don't believe I'm on to his line over an inch at either side. Hate to do it though."

"Why?"

"On account of the children. The man is too stingy to pay 25 cents a week to sprinkle the street in front of him. He thought we'd sprinkle it free if the rest of his neighbors paid, but we are up to all those tricks. But his children are not to blame, you know!"

"Of course not."

"They realize that this dry spot is a sign-board to the public and reads: 'Here lives a mean man.' People stop and look at it as they pass, and it is pointed out by those riding on the cars. He has four children, and not one of them is ever seen in the front yard. They are afraid of public ridicule."

"Must be a curious man that?"

"Not curious, but mean—just downright mean and stingy. If he was poor and unfortunate I'd feel ashamed to leave the signboard, but as it is I take particular pains to let the public get onto him. Now, watch me as I turn. See that? I stop dead on the line, shut her off tight, and begin at the other line. You can't find five drops of water on his whole front. There's the children looking out of the windows, and I can't help but feel sorry for 'em, but business is business, and we've got to live the same as other folks."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Do Wives Tire of Husbands?

It is surprising how soon a wife tires of the company of a man who is too much at home. Men are wise in getting away from their own roof trees a certain portion of each day. Among their wives will be found a general consensus of opinion to this effect. There will be found everywhere a disposition to pack off the men in the morning and to bid them to keep out of the way till toward evening, when it is assumed that they will probably have a little news of the busy world to bring home, and when baby will be sure to have said something exceptionally brilliant and precocious. The general events of the day will afford topics of conversation more interesting by far than if the whole household had been together from morning till night. A very little inquiry, too, will elicit the fact that men about home all day are apt to be fidgety and grumpy and interfering—altogether objectionable, in short. This is the case very often, even with workingmen of genius—authors or parsons or painters—but is particularly apt to be so with the unemployed, such, for instance, as business men who have retired or who are out of the harness for a short time. The spirit of mischief is never at a loss for a job for paterfamilias if it catches him idling and lounging about neither at work nor at play. It stirs up his bile and irritability, very likely, and incites him to the reform of domestic abuses. It kindles his sanitary ardor, and sends him poking and sniffing about inconveniently into all the odd corners of the establishment, or sets him about the curtailment of housekeeping extravagance, or the amendment of various unmethodical household procedures, all of which, however right and proper, tends to disturb domestic peace and quietude, and to make all the feminine members of the family very uncomfortable.—*The Old Homestead.*

Siam's representative at gay Paris staked all his wealth on baccarat, and the last heard of him he was on his way to the land of the white elephant, having shipped a steward on a vessel.

The tall hat celebrates in Europe this year its 100th birthday. The simple quaker hat of Dr. Franklin was the first cause of the abandonment of the three cornered style. The high hat, in its early days, was looked on as a symptom of a politicallly progressive spirit and was, consequently, the object of much persecution on the part of the police. In Germany and Russia they were forbidden under heavy penalties, but early in the '40's they at last became a trade-mark of respectability.

POINTERS FOR THE LADIES.

Tokens by Which a Married Man is Known from a Single One.

USEFUL HINTS AND NOTES.

How to Dress and the Ornaments Which Should be Worn.

The Married Man.

A married man always carries his condition with him, like a trademark. Anybody of average discernment can detect him at a glance. He does not pinch his toes with tight boots. He does not scent himself with violets. He never parts his hair in the middle. He keeps his seat in the horse car when the pretty girl, laden with bundles, comes in; he knows that his wife wouldn't approve of his rising. He does not get up flirtations with the good-looking saleswoman where he buys his gloves; he remembers that little birds are flying all around telling tales, and he has a horror or curtain-lectures; somehow, married men never seem to arrive at that state of beatitude where they do appreciate the kind of literary performances known as curtain-lectures.

The married man has come to that stage when he is convinced that the way his necktie hangs may not be any more important than his soul's salvation. He knows to a certainty that true happiness does not depend on the amount of starch in his shirt-bosom, but he will have to have been three times wedded before he will be able to be reconciled to a collar-band two sizes small or one size large. The man who can smile at fate when it swoops down upon him in the shape of an ill-fitting collar-band is nearly ready for canonization.—*Kate Thorne, in New York Weekly.*

A Beautiful Viennese.

Standing, sitting, leaning; sad, smiling or simply meditative; arrayed in a variety of chic costumes; smoking cigarette, peeping over a mask, etc., she has challenged comparison with every fresh rival. A few years ago she won a $5,000 prize at a beauty contest. Then she was simply Miss Mertens, "to fortune and to fame unknown." After that she became a fixed star in the theatrical firmament, and is now an actress in the Eden Theatre in Paris. She is a distracting beauty, perhaps the most beautiful woman in Europe. Her skin shows the smooth, dead-white of the magnolia blossom—a tint seen to perfection among the Austro-Hungarians. An oriental languor softens her large, white-lidded eyes. She is tall, of generous build and very graceful.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Packing a Luncheon.

A luncheon should be carried if possible in a basket and not in a close box, because the free entrance of air that is possible only to the basket keeps the food in a better and more healthful condition. A fresh wrapper for the luncheon should also be used each day—a linen one is daintiest, to be sure—but if that is not to be had then a fresh square of confectioner's paper or a Japanese paper napkin should be used. The packing of many dishes in the basket is out of the question, but there should surely be some arrangement by which a flask of cold tea or milk or bouillon or lemonade can be carried. An ordinary bottle will answer every purpose if it be carefully stoppered, but an inexpensive flask with a drinking cup fitted to the bottom is most convenient and best. Salt and pepper in very small cruets should also be carred.

An Exquisite Dressing-Table.

An exquisite dressing-table without one silver-backed article on it! The thing is not often tried, but it is very successful in the realization. Usually nowadays the dressing-table with a right to the adjective or even complete has at least one or two boxes or brush backs of silver. Somebody sees to it at Christmas time or on birthdays that there is something of the sort, but the beauty of this one is in satin-wood and olive-wood backs for brushes, and in boxes of tortoise shell and white bone, and in little crystal bottles instead of the assertive and more common large ones. An old-fashioned dressing-table of the sort so much in fashion now may sometimes be picked up at an auction-room for next to nothing.—*Boston Transcript.*

Lady Dilke's Fete.

Lady Dilke, that beautiful and gifted English woman, who captivated the Americans three years ago, entertained a hundred poor children of London just before the season closed. The barefoots, ragamuffins and gutter-snipes of the East End left London by an early train and spent the whole day in the Byfleet woods, where they had dinner and tea in a marquee, which had been erected in an adjoining field. During the afternoon prizes were given for the most tastefully arranged posies of wild flowers. Lady Dilke, Mrs. Wentworth Dilke, Miss Tuckwell, Miss Austin, Miss Ada and Miss Edith Heather-Bigg, Mr. Mackenna, and other ladies and gentlemen helped amuse the youngsters by playing touch-wood and various other round games. The children returned to London by 8 in the evening, having spent a most happy day, to be met at Waterloo by their grateful mothers, mostly the wives of dock laborers.

Clipping the Ends of Hair.

It is an old idea which still largely obtains that the ends of the hair should be clipped on the occasion of the advent of every new moon, a practice whose adherents claim will prevent present breakings and splitting, and in general contribute to the health and beauty of "woman's glory." French hairdressers and barbers, however, protest against this, and urge the burning process instead. They say, as is well-known, that every hair is a hollow tube, which, to retain its health and natural color, should be filled with an oil; frequent clipping allows this oil to escape and the hair is thereby injured. When the hair is burned, however, the ends are seared over, thus holding the lubricator.—*New York Times.*

The Whole Effect is Stylish.

A stylish tailor-gown of silver-blue faced cloth has a riding-habit effect in the back. The waistcoat and front of the dress are formed of pale tan-colored camel's hair, with a deep embroidery in silver-blue silk as a border to each. The toque, shoes and gloves match the waistcoat, and en suite is a long, very light boa of gray and brown natural ostrich feathers.—*New York Post.*

Long Veils Once Again.

There is a revival of the pretty fashion of wearing long veils, the New York *Sun* says: Colored gauze twisted around the hat and tied in a careless bow at the side or under the chin, seems to be universally becoming, and softens the lines of the face. Mauve or lilac veils are much worn, but those of beige-yellow, striped on the edge with three narrow bands of white, are newer.

Navy Blue is High Style.

Navy blue is a very fashionable color, and it will appear among many of the stylish street and carriage dresses during the present season. If anything could add to the prestige of serge—navy blue serge—it would be the fact that on Cup day the Princess of Wales wore dark blue English cloth very delicately trimmed with superb lace-like gold passementeries.—*New York Post.*

A Duchess with Costly Tastes.

The Duchess of Marlborough, like all dainty women, is extremely fond of sweet odors, but unlike the average dainty woman, considers not at all the expense attendant upon gratifying her caprice. Her perfume is bought in quantities and delivered at the manor of Woodstock in gallon jars. Vapor baths are her delight, in which perfume instead of alcohol is employed.

Something New in Jackets.

A new style of fancy jacket is composed of two materials—generally a plain fabric and a brocaded one. For instance, the bodice of the jacket, which is tight fitting at the back and open in front, is of bright silver gray glace silk, while the full sleeves, the collar and long revers, tapering down to the waist, are of brocaded silk of the same shade of color.

The Autumn Bonnets.

There is no likelihood of any marked change in shapes of bonnets this autumn. The oval turban shape will no doubt be the favorite. Twisted net or crepe, with applications of jet in the form of branches of foliage, butterflies, diamonds, etc., will be the materials out of which the fall bonnets, if such tiny affairs may be called bonnets, will be fashioned. The trimming will be massed on top.

Ordinary Muslin Is Right.

Ordinary muslin is coming into wear again, and black lace trimmings are much worn with it, either as fichus, panels or large jabots diminishing toward the waist; in fact, any way that fashion and fancy dictate, for the light black lace on the thin material forms a pretty and effective contrast.

Enameled Violets.

A little chatelaine for a watch is shown made of enameled violets, a large blossom at the top and graded to the smallest size, each with a pearl or rose diamond in the centre. It is extremely pretty when the blossoms are small and there are six or eight in a row.

Rich Enough to Wear Pearls.

The Duchess of Marlborough has taken to wearing pearls about her throat. With an income of $75,000 every six months this is a luxury in which the beautiful almond-haired lady can indulge.

Mahogany Hair Next.

Now for a mahogany hair craze. We have canary blondes, coppery brunettes and champagne and gold mediums, but a new classification will be needed when the girl with the mahogany halo arrives.

Frills on the Fly.

Small scent bottles to carry in the palm of a glove are of silver, with gold tracery.

Single roses, having buds, foliage and a long stem, are the preferred corsage bouquets.

Shade hats of colored horse hair are trimmed with ribbon bows, long pins and a feather pompon.

Flower necklaces worn by bridesmaids are mounted on black velvet ribbon, and consist of small flat flowers.

Dancing slippers that make the feet look small are black, of kid, with a beaded bow, and ankle strap having a buckle.

Fresh from the Jewellers.

A match box representing the head of a buffalo was recently noticed.

An impudent toad perched on the edge of a silver scallop shell is an attractive ash receiver for the smoking table.

Artistic enamelling is shown in a scarf pin representing a geranium blossom with a sapphire in the centre.

A diminutive key of rubies and diamonds across a square garter buckle of gold filigree work has recently appeared.

A cigarette case formed like a large, square cracker with numerous indentations has just been received with considerable favor.—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

Odds and Ends of Fashion.

A new hair comb in tortoise shell is the Eiffel tower in miniature.

Persian and two tone ribbons on bonnets are to continue in fashion.

It will soon be time to have our sealskin wraps of all kinds done over again.

Scotch suits for little boys are, it is said, to replace the sailor and Fauntleroy.

Models of the autumn bonnet are displayed and come in for a deal of admiration.

Coin bracelets have been followed by coin chatelaines for the fan and scent bottle.

Some of the new bonnets are a bunch of autumn leaves, red and yellow being the hues.

Three tiny round gold studs is the latest for the shirt bosom with the full dress suit.

Straw-colored kid gloves, embroidered in black, are quite the fashion in Paris and London.

Eight day hall clocks, guaranteed 100 years old, are still made to order and find well pleased purchasers.

Square-toed shoes for men are to be revived, and patent leatner are to be worn more generally than ever before.

There is a fad for monogram and crest rings. Anyone can have the former, but much humbug goes with the latter.

The imaginary gun for straw and white felt hats of all kinds will soon be fired. They, like dogs, have had their day.

Chinese and Japanese articles and materials for house decoration are to be more extensively used next season than ever.

Lanterns for the piazza of country houses are made of silk, and with them comes the fat candle that burns eight hours.

Reports of the elegance and magnificence of new carpets are rife. The designs and coloring are something entirely new.

The Gordon and other kinds of sashes have been run so far into the ground that it will be impossible to drag them out next summer.—*Mail and Express.*

VICTORIA TO BENJAMIN.

Births Among Royalty Regularly Announced at Washington.

The funniest thing in connection with this Government's diplomatic relations, says the Washington *Star*, is the letters sent to the President of the United States by the rulers of other nations announcing births and such events in sovereign families. Such communications are the custom among the powers, and there is a stereotyped form for them. For instance, on the occasion of the last important domestic happening in the household of Queen Victoria a letter came from her to President Harrison, as follows:

Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc., to Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States:

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND,—I have the pleasure of announcing to you the birth of a fine boy on the 21st inst. to my grand-daughter, the Princess Battenberg, who is doing as well as can be expected. This event will doubtless cement the cordial relations existing between our Governments.—Your good friend,

VICTORIA.

This letter is written on ruled blue paper, and to it President Harrison replies on white vellum paper in a big sheet as follows:

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND,—I have received the pleasant news conveyed to me by your communication of the 22nd inst., and am glad that the happy event came off safely. It is my earnest prayer and expectation that the said event will strengthen the bonds of amity and friendship which so happily subsist between our two governments.—Your good friend,

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

It is worth noting that the President never sees these letters from Queen Victoria and other sovereigns at all, and the replies, which are written in an elegant Spencerian hand by a $1,200 clerk in the department of State, are merely taken to him for his signature. Such is the nonsense of diplomacy.

Snails as a Delicacy.

Snails are largely consumed by consumptives in England who can afford them. Of course they are imported. The best come from the vineyards of France, and for this reason they are considered especially fine. They are certainly a luxury, for a tin of snails cost 4s 6d. Frogs' hind legs are eaten in larger quantities than is generally supposed. You can't tell them from a bit of chicken; and no doubt a good many people who are not careful about consulting the menu at swell dinners eat them as such. Another novelty for epicures is crawfish tails. They are little thing like shrimps, and are used for flavoring all sorts of dishes, soups, sauces and vegetables. Boned larks in aspic jelly sounds well. The young bachelors who lounge through life in chambers off Piccadilly go in for these potted things. They are convenient.

A Serious Question.

Mrs. Wellesley Vassar—Why are you so dejected, Miranda? You have every reason to be elated after having taken the senior prize in classics; and your essay on deductive philosophy won the admiration of all the faculty. So well equipped a girl should ——

Miranda Vassar—That's just the trouble; how—how can I find a husband who is able to sew buttons on, and cook, and mind the—the—oh! (She weeps.)—*Puck.*

Used to Laundry Work.

"Mary Ann," her mistress told her, "before ironing the fine linen always try the heat of the iron on something coarse, so as not to scorch the material." "I don't need to, mum. Thank hevins I hev a nose, and I knows when the linen is scorching by the smell of it, mum."

Oh, Nothing Much!

He—I can't imagine what's become of my razor. Have you seen it, my dear?

She—It's in the kitchen, Harold, and I'll go right now and fetch it myself. Bridget was so careless as to lose the can-opener last night, and I—why, whatever is the matter, dearest?

—Charles Frohman manages eleven theatrical companies besides a stock company in New York, and has 123 actors under engagement for the season.

—"The keeping of bees as an employment for women is now advocated in England," says the *Woman's Cycle* "and as an impulse prizes are to be given in some localities."

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

He's surely a difficult person to kill,
His frame seems of adamant;
He's dying each day, but remains with us still,
The "oldest inhabitant."

The wise man always hesitates
To judge another's sin:
'Tis good old common sense that waits
Till all the facts are in.

—Henry George is opposed to the building of war ships.

—Kelly, the man who is trying to invent a motor, is 53 years old.

—The Princess of Wales says it is her ambition in life to mind her own business.

—The lovely shades of poppy and cardinal have a place in early autumn millinery.

—Mrs. Henry M. Stanley's wedding cake served as one of the "side shows" at a bazar held in London recently.

—Jackets are to be worn much longer than they have been for the past few years and nearly all will have revers.

Mr. Powderly dresses neatly in black, and his linen is always clean and spotless. His head is bald and he wears gold-rimmed spectacles.

Her Majesty has sent a splendid cradle, richly ornamented, to her great grandson, the infant of the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, and the whole outfit for the child was bought in England by the Empress Frederick.—*London Truth.*

CATS WITH DIPHTHERIA.

How a Deadly Disease is Communicated to Children.

Dr. Klein read a paper before the members of the Royal Society, England, on "Diphtheria as it Affects Animals," and treating specially of the disease in the cat and the cow. Dr. Klein stated that during three years past the relations existing between a mysterious cat malady and human diphtheria had been prominently brought to his notice, the illness of the cats being generally of a pulmonary character. The animals were frequently, while ill, nursed by children, who in turn fell ill with the disease, which was in them well-marked diphtheria; or where children developed the disease, cats in the house sickened simultaneously or later. In North London last year the malady among cats was of a widespread nature. After various experiments Dr. Klein was able to state that the disease in question in these animals was undoubtedly diphtheria. As regarded diphtheria in the milch cow, Dr. Klein has proved that her milk is affected by the disease permeating her system; and he showed how, by artificially induced diphtheria, the symptoms so often found in milch cows, where milk was discovered to be the means of disseminating diphtheria, were well marked in the udder. Dr. Klein further gave an illustration of diphtheria conveyed from cow to cat at the Brown institution, where he was working. The milk of two diphtheria-infected cows, instead of being thrown away, was used for feeding two healthy caged cats. These became ill of diphtheria, and subsequently all cats placed in these cages developed the disease. Both these animals, therefore, may be accused of infecting man, and the greatest interest now attaches to the conditions under which the cow can acquire this property of inflicting injury upon the drinkers of her milk. Dr. Klein has shown what was long ago suspected by W. H. Power, an assistant medical officer of the local government board, that the infection of milk with diphtheritic poison is due to a cow disease.

Industrial and Other Items.

A worm eats steel rails.

Artificial musk is made.

Germany exports canaries.

Krupp guns cost $850 a ton.

Russia has a woman Mayor.

New York painters get $3.50.

France makes artificial ivory.

At Aspinwall ice is $50 a ton.

Cakes are baked by electricity.

New York has a woman roofer.

Milan has the largest theatre.

Rats are ruining crops in Italy.

English jockeys get $500 a week.

Jews claim Columbus was a Jew.

Powderly takes only $3,000 a year.

Salt Lake newsboys have a union.

Chicago is the world's eighth city.

A Chicago brewer owns 365 saloons.

Paperhangers have a national union.

London has 800 miles of wood street.

California has colonies of Hollanders.

East Tawas has girl "messenger boys."

Southern negroes are worth $263,000,000.

England gets 10,000 Irish settlers a year.

New York has seven millionaire editors.

Brooklyn has a Hebrew Bakers' Union

Nine companies supply London's water.

Halsted street, Chicago, is eighteen miles long.

San Francisco upholsterers label union goods.

New York drug clerks work fourteen hours.

A Benton Harbor woman has 10,000 silkworms.

Suffolk, Eng., makes flint guns for savages.

German laborers are the worst paid in Europe.

The Marquis Tseng's funeral cost $100,000.

San Francisco Canadian Americans have organized.

Church and People.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the diminished attendance at church. As a matter of fact, we suspect that there is in most communities as large a proportion of church-goers as in the more devout past times with which such damaging comparisons are often made. However that may be, one thing is true; we do find a tendency in this day to think of churches as a sort of Sunday lyceums. We are a good deal in the habit of going to church with the object of being entertained by the preacher.

Perhaps the neglect of the worship idea may account, in part at least, for the difficulty of filling our protestant churches. The Romanists gather great congregations at all hours and in all weather. It is not by offering pulpit attractions, but by pressing the obligation of worship. We may sneer at it as superstition. A slight infusion of the same sentiment would be wholesome for many Protestant Christians.—*Baptist Examiner.*

The action of the wife of a Presbyterian minister of Caledon East for $5,000 for slander against a farmer of Albion Township at Toronto yesterday was dismissed.

—A varnished cane is considered a just provocation of derision, scorn and contumely, and is not to be repeated.

—Prince Louis of Battenburg, when a young man, took a fancy to the art of printing and became a tolerably good typesetter.

—Over 18,000 pupils were flogged in the Boston schools last year. The Boston schools seem to be given mostly to "manual training."

—The girls who wait on the table at a fashionable Lakewood hotel are made to dress in a uniform of white and the effect is most agreeable.

—Dr. McGlynn thinks the New York clergymen had better purify church politics before attempting to renovate the politics of the municipality.

—William Steinway, who is spoken of as the Democratic candidate for Mayor of New York, is a native of Seesen, Germany, and 54 years of age. His father, who was a piano maker in that city, emigrated with his family to New York in 1854.