

SUNDAY'S DINNER.

It is Managed in the Slums of London.

Sunday's dinner! We know what that means here at the West, among the rich and the well to do. But among the poor, the very poor, whose modest wages is at the utmost twelve or fourteen shillings a week, the toiling helots who live in one room in the slums—do you know what sort of a feast their Sunday's dinner is?

The Sunday's dinner of many of these people consists, alas, of no dinner at all. But there are thousands of men who, by hook or by crook, will on this one day of the week have a little meal that does not wholly consist of bread and butter.

Of course, if they are going to have meat or fish, the first thing is to get it. Even the hare, as worthy Mrs. Glass reminded her readers, had to be caught first. Now, there are many reasons why the poor do not shop on Saturday night. In the first place, many of them are employed themselves till the last moment in the streets, either selling their own stock, or assisting a wealthier neighbor. The men who get their poor wage on the Saturday, too, do not as a rule come home early with it. When they do, there are other things besides marketing to be thought of. If possible, a few trifling articles are redeemed from the pawnbroker; and then there is generally a visit to the publichouse, entailed by the necessity of paying up the week's score, and starting a fresh one. It is not perhaps generally known that the local publicans often trust the folk who live in their neighborhood for drink from Monday till Saturday, and find that it pays to do so. In the publichouses perhaps more of Saturday evening is spent than is good for either pocket or health. But apart from these things there is one great reason why the very poor leave buying Sunday's dinner until Sunday morning.

On Saturday the aristocracy of the working classes pick and choose, and pay the best prices for the privilege. On Sunday what is left is

SOLD AT A CONSIDERABLE REDUCTION. It must be got rid of before one o'clock on Sunday—this perishable stock. The vendor's necessity is the vendee's opportunity. In the great Sunday markets of the New Cut, the Seven Dials, Brick-lane, Spital-fields, and East street, Walworth, business is in full swing from nine a. m. until one. There the poor housewife, with just the remnants of the week's earnings to spend, can get fish and meat and vegetables at an "alarming sacrifice." Decent mutton fetches from 7d. to 8½d. per lb. Beef from 8d. to 9d. Inferior and doubtful stuff can be obtained for considerably less; but the poor are generally experts in the matter of quality. They handle and examine fish and meat before they buy in a manner which would shock the stately fishmongers and butchers who have the Royal Arms over their shop doors. The criticisms passed on the food offered is sometimes distinctly slanderous, and it is couched in language that scarcely harmonises with the Sabbath bells chiming from the neighboring steeples, and calling the faithful unto prayer.

When the haggling and bargaining are over, and one by one the stalls wheel off, then the Sunday dinner question has assumed a new phase. It has to be cooked. Those who are lucky enough to be in time for the bakehouses bear their precious burden there. Those who cannot afford the expense, or who have not enough to send to the shop, do the best they can at home; and here the terrible deficiency of all inducements to thrift and cleanliness in the homes of the poor becomes painfully apparent. Ovens, boilers, coppers, there are none, and various are the devices resorted to to cook Sunday's dinner. An old battered gridiron is routed out or borrowed—sometimes a dilapidated frying pan does duty, but the "cheif" has a difficult task at best. I have seen Sunday's dinner cooked on the end of a bit of stick at the fire by mother, while the eldest boy caught the gravy in a saucer. Father does not as a rule take part in the culinary rites. He is out

GETTING AN APPETITE, or waiting for the public to open, and passing the interval in discussing whatever may be the objects of mutual interest with his neighbors.

Sometimes even when the dinner has been cooked there is a slip 'twixt dish and lip. Father has been known to come in the worse for liquor at two o'clock, and because dinner is not ready seize the "joint" and throw it at mother. Sometimes when the dish returns from the bakehouse, Billy, the eldest boy, is observed to be holding his head high as he hears it along. It is not wicked pride at the size of the beef, or the number of the potatoes that causes Billy's loftiness. Alas, alas! The family, with one nose, discovers the bitter truth in a moment. Perhaps father has been to market instead of mother, and his lack of experience has been traded upon. The meat that looked so well is unfit for consumption.

These are dark sides, however, to Sunday's dinner; there is a brighter, and it is one which had I space I could exemplify with many a true and touching story. Often and often these wretched one-room family dinner parties are brightened by the presence of a guest—some poor creature worse off than the family, who is invited to share the little that there is. The little boy and girl upstairs, whose mother is in the hospital are asked, perhaps; or the poor old crap with the rheumatics, whose daughter, in service, has forgotten to send the promised

the bit of paper in which the fish or the meat was wrapped is resorted to. Johnny smells the hard words out and gradually masters his subject and begins. Oh, the joy of the family if the torn half sheet contains a murder or a battle. Oh, the long faces that they pull if after Johnny has struggled with words he never met with before, it is discovered that "the readin'" is all about the price of American rails, or a fragment of a parliamentary debate. But it must not be imagined that in these poor families the Sunday afternoon is given up to purely intellectual diversions. Often

ANOTHER WORK DAY COMMENCES when dinner is done. Mother and the girls have to be off with the "watercresses," and the boys go out with oranges, and father does his duty in that station of life into which he has been called, with a basket of periwinkles and shrimps. The "cresses," purchased at six in the morning in the market, are taken from under the bed; and washed in such water as can be obtained, and the oranges and the winkles are shouldered, and off go the family to try and earn enough to pay the rent to-morrow and buy more stock to go on with.

The aristocracy of the working classes have a Sunday dinner that is a feast of Lucullus by the side of the poor little repasts I have tried to sketch. The wild struggle for the Sunday meal, the shifts, the disappointments and the disasters attending it, only the very poor—those earning precarious livelihoods—know. But—and here the great law of compensation comes in—with all the troubles and all the shifts, and pinching, and struggle, and disappointment, I question if on the day of rest, when rich folks sit at groaning tables, and well-to-do families gather together to eat, drink, and be decorously merry, there are any of them who so thoroughly enjoy the "Sunday's dinner" as the one-roomed feasters in the melancholy slums of London.

SCIENTIFIC.

The addition of a small quantity of carbolic acid or oil of cloves while making flour paste will prevent its becoming sour.

The composition of bell-metal varies; it is generally about eight per cent. copper and twenty tin. Small quantities of silver are sometimes added.

A patent for casting oil upon the troubled waters has been issued. By this machine, oil is forced through the pipes under the water surface, and rising quickly seems to calm the commotion in it struggle to the top.

Paper spokes for wheels are among the latest appliances for that ever-increasing article. The paper pulp is forced into iron molds under heavy pressure, where it dries and hardens; and the spokes thus produced are said to be much superior to wood. Paper is fast supplanting wood in many useful ways.

It is said that waterproof paper and pasteboard can be produced by treating the surface of ordinary paper with an ammoniacal solution of copper, so as partially to dissolve the surface, which is then let dry. Paper thus prepared is said to be equal in strength to parchment.

A test has been made at St. Louis of using fire brick for paving purposes. The test was made in the busiest streets. A committee of engineers and others have just reported that "fire bricks show all the endurance of granite, and that they make a smoother, cleaner, and less noisy street, and are more easily repaired and give a better foothold to horses; that neither frost nor fire affects them, and that they can be used at less than a half the cost of granite."

A human skull, singularly like the famous Neanderthal skull which so engrossed the attention of archaeologists and ethnologists a few years ago, has recently been exhumed from a clay deposit near Podbabs, in the neighborhood of Prague, Bohemia. It is notable for the great flatness of the forehead, the thickened eyebrows, and a remarkably small facial angle, apparently surpassing in this last respect the skull above mentioned. A mammoth's tusk was obtained from the same locality.

Bird-lime is made by boiling the middle bark of the holly seven or eight hours in water; drain it and lay it in heaps in the ground; covered with stones, for two or three weeks, till reduced to a muddle. Beat this in a mortar, wash it in rainwater, and knead until free from extraneous matter. Put it into earthen pots, and in four or five days it will be fit for use. An inferior kind is made by boiling linseed oil for some hours, until it becomes a viscid mass.

With respect to waters for steam-raising, Mr. W. Ivison Macadam says—"No attempt should be made to soften water or employ anti-incrustators without first making a searching inquiry as to the nature of the waters available and the scale they may form. No special law can be laid down for the softening of water or the use of anti-incrustators; the cause of the disease must first be learned, and then the remedy must be safe and sure. To limit the materials used by laying down a hard-and-fast law would be to cause injury and loss to the steam user. The best results are obtained by the employment of a man of skill and the rigid working out of his suggestions."

Singular Dispute

The Russian papers are discussing a rather singular dispute which has arisen between

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

What is Transpiring in the Personal, Political and Business World.

The most tancorous bitterness prevails in Belgium now in regard to religion. It finds reflection in every paper.

A new publication of recipes gives prominence to an "antio-spre mixture," and tells people how to relieve drunkenness.

M. Corson, in the *Journal de Pharmacie*, says that a piece of borax weighing two or three grains will, if allowed to dissolve slowly in the mouth of a singer, remove all traces of hoarseness.

The petition to Queen Victoria in favor of the restoration of Valentine Baker to the British army has already been signed by over 12,000 persons, including several peers and members of the Commons.

Lovers of so-called "blood oranges" will be interested to hear that, the supply of their favorite fruit having fallen short, certain dealers now prick the skins of ordinary oranges and then subject the latter to a bath of colored liquid.

Savassy Jo-zi, a Hungarian highwayman, who has for some time past levied a regular black mail from farmers, and for whose head a large sum had been offered, has been captured. He used to live like a gentleman at fashionable bathing places, and nobody dared to denounce him.

Out of a total area of nearly 21,000,000 acres the woods and copes of Ireland are now less than 330,000 acres. In Great Britain out of nearly 57,000,000 acres 2,500,000 acres are now thus returned. The forests of Europe are estimated to cover 500,000,000 acres, or nearly 20 per cent. of the surface of the Continent.

In the palace of Fontainebleau, that great rambling edifice of the style of the Renaissance, the apartments of the First Napoleon, next the gallery of Francis I, are still pointed out. His bedchamber remains exactly as he left it; and in his official cabinet a small round table is shown as that on which his hand signed away its last nominal fragment of power.

It is reported that there is an agreement to the effect that Fred Archer, the first of English jockeys, shall give his services to Mr. Manton after the demise of the Duke of Portland, Lord Hastings, and the Duke of Westminster. The term of agreement extends over three years, and has been bound by payments beforehand of a check for, it is said, £6,000.

Mme. Auban Moet, wife of the great champagne producer, has left her husband, her personality amounting to the enormous sum of \$12,000,000, with the extraordinary condition that should he refuse it the money is to go to young Prince Victor Napoleon. Mr. Moet preferred keeping the money. The profits of champagne making must be satisfactory.

Midhat Pasha, recently Grand Vizier, was a man of European education, whose acquaintance with Occidental customs led him him to grant many civil rights to the Christians of the Turkish Empire, but history will never find out to what extent he was implicated in the assassination of his sovereign the Sultan Abdul-Aziz.

A new outdoor game for ladies and gentlemen, called enobament, is becoming fashionable in England. It is played with small light hoops, thrown with wands, something after the manner of grace hoops, though the wand is of a novel construction, involving a peculiar method of casting the hoop. A moderately large piece of ground is suitable.

A famous mollah at Cabul having declared the use of tobacco to be contrary to the Mohammedan law, the Amerehs have submitted the question to a council of mollahs from all parts of the country. If their decision be against the indulgence in tobacco, its use in Afghanistan will be prohibited, but if they pronounce it lawful the anti-tobacco prophet is promised imprisonment at Candahar.

There seems to be a good deal of difference between the authorities in England as to how much a "smokable" cigar costs. Sir Henry Wolf told the House of Commons the other night that "decent" cigars might be had for 9s. 6d. per hundred—that is to say, for a little more than two cents a piece. The *London Times*, on the other hand, assures its readers that a "fair" cigar can be had for ninepence or a shilling—equal to twenty-four cents.

A woman or man who treats a child cruelly in Japan is an object of universal horror. Caste-women will not accept employment there unless they can bring the little ones where they work with them on their backs. It is the same with factory women. It is funny to see the mothers in the fan manufactory at Oato, with a pair of sharp, merry observant, and oblique little eyes peering over their shoulders, and while they work they are constantly turning round to chirrup at the young ones and talk to them.

The hero of the hour at Berlin at present is Dr. Koch, the President of the German Cholera Commission, who has just returned from India, where he has discovered the cholera germ. He studied medicine at Göttingen, and afterwards pursued his microscopic studies of bacteria at Breslau under Prof. Cohn. Dr. Koch has been known to the scientific world for some time as a conscientious and accurate observer, but to the non-scientific world his name was unknown until his discovery of the cholera germ.

his most eminent faculty argumentatively statement.

The celebrated brigand Zoffa of Castel Gaelfo, Bologna, died recently in the State prison of Ancona, where he had been confined the last twenty-eight years. He was sentenced for life in 1856 for many crimes. He was one of the most daring companions of Pasotti, the terror of the Romagna forty years ago. Among the exploits by which Zoffa and his companions made themselves notorious was the following: One night they entered the city of Forlimpopoli while a performance was going on at the theatre. They went behind the scenes, and levelling their carbines at the audience, announced that every door was closed and guarded by a brigand, and that the audience had better give up at once all their valuables. One of the gang went round with a bag collecting jewels and money, and the band then leisurely retired.

The fact that photographic portraits are so rarely good likenesses is attributed by a writer in *Chambers's Journal* to the circumstance that by photography it has hitherto been found impossible to give colors their true shade value. What is meant by this is that yellow to the eye is a brilliant light tint, but in a photograph it is reproduced almost black; red, instead of giving the idea of fire and light comes out black, and blue photographs perfectly white; such changes, of course, playing sad havoc with complexions and contrasts of color generally. According to a recent French process, however, the trouble or drawback in question can be obviated, the plan consisting simply in the addition to the usual ingredients of the sensitive photographic surface of one per cent of eosine. A modification of the crysotolum process is not being introduced. The photograph, printed in the usual manner on paper, is first of all immersed in a mixture of naphtha, paraffine, mastic drops, ether, and vinegar; this treatment makes it quit transparent, so that body colors, in oil if laid broadly on their places on the back, of picture the show through with good effect.

A Locomotive Eight Inches Long.

Mr. Henry Case, of Oil City, Pa., who recently moved to Gloversville, N. Y., has just completed the smallest locomotive ever made, it being but eight inches long and weighing but a pound and a half. Three years, counting ten hours as a day's labor, have been devoted to its construction. There are 585 screws in the engine. The steam gauge is but one-fourth of an inch in diameter; the pump throws but one drop of water every stroke; the check valves in the pump are one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter; the headlight is only half an inch in width, seven eighths of an inch high, and three eighths of an inch long. The space in the lamp is so small that it was almost impossible to get enough oxygen in it to support the combustion. The fire is kindled by using a gill of alcohol, which runs the engine for half an hour. The stroke of the cylinder is one inch, bore five-sixteenths; the heater pipe is only the thirty-second part of an inch in diameter. There are seven flues in the boiler. The width of the track is one and five-eighths inches, and it makes four and three-quarters inches distance each revolution. The valve seat is but one sixteenth of an inch wide. The driving wheels are one and one-half inches in diameter; the front truck wheels one-half inch, and those of the tender are the same size. The tender is but three and three-quarters inches long, two and one-eighth inches wide, and two inches high. The metals used in its construction are brass, solid silver, gold, and steel.—*New York Post*.

Playing Chess Blindfold.

There is nothing very remarkable in playing a game of chess without seeing the board. When once mastered, the trick is not only fairly easy of performance, but the fact that the process is purely mental rather facilitates than impedes the action of the mind. To the blindfold chess-player, there is present a mental picture of the board with the pieces in position. He can change the position of the men as easily as he can think, and after he has once mastered the difficulty of fixing the mental picture, it is distinctly before him. Some players, who do not in their common process of memory use picture phantoms, work out the moves as algebraical propositions are occasionally worked, by phantoms of sound; but, as a rule, chess players are mental-picturists, and can at pleasure call up any one of several pictures of boards as they last conceived them. The most difficult feat, and one which very few mental chess-players can accomplish, is to play two or three games simultaneously, the moves made by their opponents being told them in close succession and their own moves being directed after all the reports of the proceedings of their opponents have been received. Thus, if there be several players against the one mental player, he must be able to remember what each of his adversaries has done before he begins to give the instructions for his several counter moves. In this exploit the most perfect development of the mental faculty of distinct picturing and the displacement and recall of mental pictures will be exhibited. The prodigious difficulty of the feat can only be realized in the attempt to perform it. Even the expert blind-folded chess-player can rarely succeed in accomplishing the performance we have attempted to describe.

CHIT-CHAT.

Old Girl: I am delighted to hear of you, Miss Bunifoe; I knew you were a charming woman! You are the exception of her grace and beauty. Bunifoe; Oh, yes, I can? People don't usually tell me I am her living image.

The wife is called the better half, but the base-ball season the husband beats the whole family.

A Burlington girl has a diary devoted entirely to bringing down the visits of her court docket.

The empress of Austria can not type the emperor of an American farm and garden. Customs differ in different countries.

"Mr. Highwater, how is it I find no milk on your milk?" Milkman: "Well, I expect the cows are holding it back for strawberry time."

The bridesmaids now give presents to the bridegroom, instead of the opposite, as formerly. This insures the groom a full set of 25 cent neckties before starting.

An old farmer who wrote to an editoring how to get rid of moles, and received the reply, "Plow them out," answered: "Can't do it. It's on my gal's nose."

Mr. Jenkins Masher, having sent a card and received word that Mrs. R. be down in a moment, steals a kiss from pretty maid. Mrs. R., entering unexpectantly, says: "Jane, how often have I told you to receive your visitors in the kitchen?"

Night Life of Young Men.

One night often destroys a whole life. The night keeps the day. Night is sun's harvest time. More and more is committed in one night the days of the week. This is more physically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers with torch in hand, stretch away in lines on either sidewalk; the gay and transparencies are ablaze with electric lights; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its sweet tones; the gay company begins to gather; the haunts and houses of pleasure; the bling places are ablaze with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the of destruction are grinding health, and happiness, hope, out of thousands of lives.

The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The temptations and perils and pitfalls of night are hundredfold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and dangers make us start back with horror. All tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and when you spend your evenings, and I will put out the chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be, "Watchman of the night?" Policeman, pacing the streets, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? What do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? What do they do in, and what time do they go out? Policeman, would the night young men commend them to their consciences? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning papers the names of the young men, their habits; and what that are on the streets for sinful pleasures. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business, some would leave the city, some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the All-seeing there is nothing hid that shall be revealed the last day.

Bismarck's Political Enemies.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Forbes* gives an account of Bismarck's relations with Berlin after the Lasker incident. "The Chancellor," he writes, "hates his good city Berlin, and never goes there unless he is compelled to. As public opinion was busy with Lasker's death, and as the American press had sustained the action of American congress in the matter, it became necessary for the chancellor to explain his position to the Reichstag. He did so in the gentlest manner, trying not to tread on the tail of anybody's coat and paying a number of delicate compliments to the United States liberal party, and even, to the most of Lasker, to whom he concedes everything but greatness. That he reserves for himself. Lasker has been more talked of since his death than he ever was in his lifetime. That is because behind the Lasker there is the living Bamberger and dangerously eloquent Richter, besides the old man, Victor, to measure swords with him. I mention the chief of the new party, the Count de Stauffenberg, chancellor sees that his enemies are dangerous and armed to the teeth; hence his liberal words and soothing speech and floral tribute to poor Lasker's coffin.

"Bamberger's speech at Lasker's grave adds to the correspondent, 'was exactly that of Antony over Caesar's body.' He was a friend, was true to me and just; but Bamberger says he was ambitious and Brutus is a noble man." Brutus on this occasion was Bismarck, and when Bamberger says "Though the political world is keenly interested in the result of the election, it allows itself to be led by certain whose capacity, foresight, and strength