

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### How Some Saleswomen Live.

A writer in a New York paper says: I know a boarding house over on Fourteenth street whose upper floor is entirely given up to saleswomen from the neighboring Sixth avenue stores. The rooms are low, red hot in summer and polar in their winter temperature. Every room is packed with beds, leaving only a narrow lane between them, and a little opening in a corner for a dressing table. The inmates have to keep their trunks out in the hall. The attendance is slovenly, for the servants visit the top floor last, and not at all if they happen to be in an ill humor. The place is, in short, simply a shelter from the elements. Yet I have been told by the landlord himself that this floor profits him quite as much as the choicest in the house, for each tenant pays \$4 a week for bed and board, and there are in a couple of cases at least six in a room. They could hardly be worse lodged outside a tenement house. How they are fed I know not.

### College Life for Girls.

When a girl enters a college she finds herself in a small world, full of people with all shades of character and disposition. No ties of blood bind her to them, she knows nothing of their various tastes, nor they of hers. Living closely together for several weeks, she has daily opportunities of seeing this question rise before her fellows and before herself, and she sees how it is, and ever must be, answered, if the world is to jog on at all peaceably.

She sees how perfectly dependent human creatures are on one another, however much they may protest to the contrary; how each one must bear their neighbor's burden, if there is to be comfort; and, lastly, how the world is really kept together by the greatest of all virtues—charity. Thus she learns self-sacrifice.

There is little more to say. No one can deny, if they know anything at all about it, that the social training of college life is very great indeed. The mixing together of students of different ages as a wonderfully good effect; the younger gaining by the experience of the older, and the latter by the energy and ardor of the former. The joining of the social amusements of a college takes a girl out of herself, and gives her a confidence and ease most valuable when she leaves college to enter into society.

In conclusion, let me say that in thus urging a university training for girls in suitable cases, I would, of course, except it for those who have any pressing home claims. For them college life is out of the question, and should be resolutely aid aside. Duty—stern daughter of the voice of God! forbids them to take it up.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

### Norwegian Beds.

The bedrooms in all the Norwegian mans are the same small boxes, not large enough to swing a cherry in. Throughout Norway the beds are the same little narrow caskets, no wider than a steamer berth, with the same high sides, presumably to keep one from falling out, if he should incautiously move or turn during the night. To add to the torment of these berths, the pillow is a flat leather thing that you could put in your pocket, and beneath it lurks a broad wedge-shaped bolster arrangement that keeps one sliding down to the footboard, unless he can retain his place by bracing at full length at an angle and attitude that the human form only assumes on an undertaker's or dissecting table. In one Norwegian inn where the dusting maid wanted to do her kindest she put a wedge at head and foot of my berth, and I dreamed that I lay in a hammock that touched the ground. The white spread that covers the bed in the daytime like a pall, or a sheet on sweeping day, is carefully put away at night and one struggles with quilts or blankets that are always too short and too wide for the narrow bunk, and can never be made fast at the footboard. These are minor things, however, that one contends with everywhere in the towns, villages and on frequented roads, and he must go off the beaten track to find the true Norwegian bed that is only four feet long, very narrow and built into the side of the room, where it can be shut up like a cupboard all day long. At Ny-tuen there was an exacting Englishman six feet in stature, who insisted on seeing the beds before he would take his traps off his carriage. He found them many inches too short for his gaunt frame, and drove on to the next place for the night.—*Norway Letter.*

### In a Sleeping Coach.

The happy family of six in one section is astray early. The baby would not be a baby if it did not cry for its breakfast, and the other children would disgrace their years did they not gratify a praiseworthy desire for information by peering through the nervous woman's curtains, left flapping at both ends by the closing of the beds on each side; for, of course, as soon as the passengers get up the proud young porter puts things to right with a slam and a bang and a frantic application of feather duster. Reveling in his power, the dusky genius of the "sleeper" thrusts a sable hand between the curtains, after giving them a preliminary shake, and exclaims: "Lady, it's

time to wake up!" Wake up, indeed! What piling of insult upon injury. At though, the nervous woman ever had been asleep. There are still two hours before breakfast, and it isn't time to wake up; but of what use to protest! Fate "hath murdered sleep," and the nervous woman, more or less a temporary wreck, emerges from her misery to wash her face in the "ladies' toilet room." The door is locked, and she wanders back, toothbrush in hand, to sit down among strangers while the proud young porter stows away the downy couch. The nervous woman waits and waits. The door remains locked. She takes out her watch and times the one occupant of the wash room, numbers of young men meanwhile going to and from their open lavatory. At the end of half an hour the nervous woman appeals to the proud young porter, who wrings his hands in despair. "I dunno what's the matter with the women folks, but they just drive me wild o' a mornin'." When they gets into that room they act just as if they'd got to heaven. They never want to come out. They prink, lady, they prink. Lord knows what they do, for they don't look no better when they come out nor when they go in, but they just make me crazy, for the others want to wash themselves, and how can I go and bang the door and tell them to quit. This one's been in an hour, or my name isn't Jerry."

"This one" appears perfectly serene, as though she had not been guilty of unwarrantable selfishness. What has she been doing? Doing up her back hair and undoing her curl papers—a part of her toilet that should have been made in her berth. For utter disregard of other women's comfort commend me to the average woman to be found in "sleepers." Many a time have I gone to a wayside breakfast with unwashed face, because of the supreme selfishness of my sex. And so sure am I now of encountering it that, when forced to travel at night, I secure a "state-room."—*Kate Field.*

### Fashion Notes.

Jackets grow longer. Short basques are going out of favor.

Four-button gloves are the latest fancy.

Very few dresses are made of one fabric.

Collars of dresses grow higher and higher.

Green, blue and "suede" are a favorite combination.

Push is the favorite material for mantles, visites and pelerines.

Very small pokes are worn by young women, married or single.

Applique galloons trim many handsome cloth and wool dresses.

Jewelry of etched, oxidized silver and in Indian design is very fashionable.

Two sets of strings are seen again on bonnets, one wide, the other narrow.

Breasts of birds form in appropriately the entire sides of some fancy capotes.

Grenadine covered with heavy cut jet beads is used for bodices and mantles.

There is a return of favor to dressed kid gloves, but undressed kids are also worn.

Beaded camel's hair, in all colors and white, is used for mantles and dress trimming.

Plain velvet hats and bonnets are considered correct wear with dressy tailor suits.

Galloon have pendants of every description—ovals, cubes, sequins and spear heads.

Black velvet braces and deep cuffs are worn with dark green, gray blue and gray dresses.

Bodices and sleeves are in endless variety; but in spite of this, jackets are more popular than ever.

Three bows of broad stitching are on the back and four large buttons fasten the wrists of the newest gloves.

Diagonal cloth has broad stripes of watered silk in light contrasting colors, such as old gold upon a navy blue.

Living Brazilian beetles attached to a pin and chain, so that they can wander about at will over corsage or hair, are favored ornaments.

A novelty in serge has a trellis-like effect in frise plush with conventionalized flowers in various tints of the ground color for the fronts of dresses with plain drapery.

Handkerchiefs have delicately tinted borders, with white embroidery. Hem-stitched handkerchiefs have the embroidery in the middle.

### A Flattering Preference.

Two natives of the Marquesas Islands have been carried to France. The story runs that on the voyage, one of their fellow passengers, fishing for a compliment, asked them which they liked best, the French or English?

"The English," answered the man, smacking his lips, "they are the fattest."

"And a great deal more tender," chimed in the woman, with a grin that exhibited two rows of pointed teeth as sharp as a crocodile's.

## PUBLIC DEBTS.

### Vast Sums That the World's Leading Nations Own.

#### The Debt Burden Easiest Upon the United States and Germany.

The writer of a letter in which we were asked to publish an article on public debts expresses the belief "that in proportion to ability to pay, the public debt of the United States is smaller than that of any of the great nations of the earth." The statement might be made very much stronger than that.

Germany is the only one of the great powers of Europe which has not a larger debt, measuring its gross amount, than that of the United States, and the only one in which the actual burden of the debt, to say nothing of ability to bear it, is not greater than it is here. But it may be interesting to present the facts in regard to each country by itself, and we take them in alphabetical order.

Since May, 1868, Austria-Hungary has created no debt as a whole, but each kingdom has had its own "budget" and debt account. The sum of the old debt of the empire and of that of the two kingdoms is more than twenty-two hundred and fifty million dollars, and the interest, which has to be met by taxation, amounts to about two dollars and thirty cents for each person in Austria, and to three dollars and a half in Hungary.

The public debt of France is the largest of any in the world. The consolidated debt alone, which is by no means all of the debt, is almost four thousand million dollars. The charge on account of the public debt for this year is more than seven million dollars for each inhabitant of the Republic.

Germany as a whole has but a very small debt, scarcely more than one hundred and fifty million dollars, and it has invested funds which amount to more than this, so that the Empire may be said to have no debt at all. The several countries of Germany have their own debts, but in the case of Prussia, which has the largest, the obligations were incurred chiefly in building railroads, which pay a larger profit than the interest on the debt. To all intents, therefore, the Germans bear no burden at all on account of a public debt.

Great Britain has a great debt which, however, bears a low rate of interest. The nominal capital is about thirty-seven hundred million dollars, and the interest charge is one hundred and forty millions, which imposes an average burden of a little more than four dollars on each inhabitant of the British Isles.

The debt of Italy is not "capitalized." It represents an obligation to pay so much interest every year; and this sum amounts to three dollars and seventy-five cents a year for each subject of the king. No statistics of the debts of Spain and Turkey are worth anything. The government of Turkey is hopelessly bankrupt, and is bound hand and foot by its foreign debt. The last statement of the Spanish debt showed it to be nearly twenty-six hundred million dollars. Spain pays an amount of interest which averages more than three dollars for each Spaniard; and leaves some interest unpaid.

Russia owes a capital of about twenty-seven hundred million dollars, and pays about one hundred and forty-five millions annually for interest. It is this amount were divided by the number representing the whole population of the Russian empire, in Europe and Asia, it would make an average of one dollar and forty cents for every subject of the Czar.

The net debt of the United States at the close of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1886, was a very little less than thirteen hundred and ninety million dollars, and the annual interest charged upon it was not quite forty-nine and a half millions. As it is estimated that the present population of the country is about sixty-one millions, the yearly burden of the debt amounts to only eighty-one cents upon each member of the community.

We may, accordingly, state it as a fact that the actual burden of the public debt is very far less upon each inhabitant of the United States than it is upon a citizen of any other great power in the world except Germany; while, if ability to bear the same burden of taxation were to be considered, the difference would be greater still.

### Penny Educator.

The Sunday school children of America are potent factors in building up Christian organizations and benevolent institutions all over the world, for they are the originators of a penny fund, that is doing a good work both at home and abroad. When the Syrian missionary, Mrs. Layyah Barrikat, now lecturing in this State, was asked how she received her education, she replied: "I was educated by the pennies of the little children in a Philadelphia Sunday school."

There could hardly be a grander memorial to the unselfish gratitudes of those children than this living testimony. After all it is the little workers who build the great reefs of progress.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Plea for the Grassy Road.

I would say a few earnest words in intercession for a patient, venerable neighbor of ours and yours, who has few champions, who suffers in silence, who is fast becoming discouraged at the treatment of his thankless posterity, and who thus, year by year, is yielding up his hold among us. Country people everywhere among the hills, let me introduce to you the "old grassy road," the "mountain turnpike," the old "wood road," the "lane"—thus to bespeak the aid of the local vocabulary in fixing the identity I would bring to your mind—for there is an "old Marlborough road" in every town; if not, then more's the pity.

These ancient highways spread like a net over our New England hills, a net whose meshes are fast being lost among the growth which has sprung up around them. These old roads are all akin—essentially the same everywhere. Possessing in spirit a common origin, the history of one is repeated in all. It is the track of the pioneer who opened up the privileges we now enjoy; it is the scar of a hard fought battle; the mark of courage, fortitude and heroic self-sacrifice, the road our forefathers trod, and now in many instances the last eloquent visible link between the unworthy present and noble ancestral memories which should be kept green. I would turn the eyes of the errant into this forgotten path, and if possible keep it worn by reverence for its past, and guarded against the impending invasion—that "improving" hand of "progress."

For it is manifest on every hand that the acquisition of prosperity among our country towns is fast crowding out our rural lanes and ancient roads, tearing up their venerable landmarks, obliterating their footprints, smoothing away the mounds, and ploughing up their ashes. This seems little less than sacrilege—the deplorable fruit of that rage for "rural improvement" which is now the terror in the air, following in the train of wealth and prosperity and a certain era in the history of every growing town. Not but that in its proper place, where it pertains and ministers to individual home comforts, it may be highly proper and desirable; but when it sweeps the country not unlike a scourge of locusts, and at length drives the would-be "country" pilgrim or native inhabitant to the limits of the township to find a bit of nature "unadorned," is it not time to cry halt?—*Harper's Magazine.*

### Locomotives in Jerusalem.

Locomotives now run into Jerusalem. The roar of the engines through the street that once echoed the Crusader's tread is a powerful historical antithesis. Not less striking is the contrast between the armorer's chamber, whence stepped forth, armed cap-a-pie, the knight of the fourteenth century, and the erecting shops whence issues the mailed giant of the nineteenth. Under the medieval breast-plate the night of muscle; underneath the modern boiler-plate the supremacy of mind; and both within a span of 500 years, that has at one end the tower of London and at the other the Baldwin locomotive works. There is a strange, vivid analogy between these two; so vasty dissimilar. Each is the epitome of an age, and each age grotesquely at variance in methods and result, yet controlled by the same human motives of dominance and conquest. But what the crusader conquered and could not keep, the locomotive holds in peaceful possession.—*Iron Trade Review.*

### Paper Boots and Shoes.

Some very attractive specimens of paper slippers, sandals, and other coverings for the feet, a substitute for leather, etc., have been brought to notice in London, where their manufacture has been recently undertaken. For this purpose, paper, paper pulp or papier mache is employed in making the upper, which is molded to the desired form and size; the sole is made of paper or pasteboard, leather board, or other adapted paper material, a union of this sole to the upper being effected by means of cement, glue, or other adhesive material; the plan is to have the upper creased, embossed or perforated at the instep and sides, so as to prevent any breaking or tearing while in use. The sole may be made with or without a heel.

### The Men of '76.

A visitor to the Continental camp at Cambridge relates a dialogue which he heard between a Captain and one of the privates under him.

"Bill," said the Captain, "go bring a pail of water for the men."

"I shan't," said Bill. "It's your turn now, Captain; I got it last time."

A story is told of a company of riflemen raised in one of the frontier counties of Pennsylvania. So many volunteers applied as to embarrass the leader who was enlisting the company, and he drew on a board with chalk the figure of a nose of the common size, placed the board at the distance of 150 yards, and then declared he would take only those who could hit the mark. Over sixty succeeded.—*St. Nicholas.*

"I'll make you dance," cried an irate mother, pursuing her son with a slipper in hand. "Then," remarked the juvenile, "we shall have a brawl!"

## CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The nursery tale of Blue Beard is said to date back over 400 years.

The only Unitarian churches in the south are in Charleston, New Orleans, and Atlanta.

The bath-room of Mme. de Lesseps cost \$8,000. The exposed faucets and pipes are all gold-plated.

Under the extravagant habits of the Roman empire a string of pearls was sometimes cast among the people for a scramble in the public games of the circus.

A California cow swallowed a stick twenty inches long and nearly an inch thick, and in due course of time it worked its way out of her side without doing her much damage.

The combined capital of the Rothschilds is estimated at \$1,000,000,000. Half of this has been gained within the last twenty-five years, and the whole of it in scarcely more than a century.

The crysolite was in old times supposed to possess peculiar virtues, and according to old chroniclers there was a crysolite naturally in the form of a woman which was potent against fascinations of all kinds.

One of the foremost dangers supposed to hover around the new born infant was the propensity of witches and fairies to seal the most beautiful and well-favored children and to leave in their place, as were ugly and stupid. These were usually called changelings.

The milk product of Paretz, the private estate of the German Crown Prince, near Berlin, has been farmed out. Paretz, once the favorite summer sojourn of Queen Louise, the mother of Emperor William, has a model farm connected with it, whose dairy department yields nearly 1000 quarts of milk per diem.

A black gum tree has been found on the eastern shore of Maryland which exudes tiny streams of water from its branches and twigs. Standing a short distance from the tree, so as to place it between the spectator and the sun, the sun's rays reflect a beautiful rainbow through the mist.

Holyrood Day or Holy Cross Day (Sept. 14) was instituted by the Roman Catholic Church, on account of the recovery of a large piece of the cross by the Emperor Heraclius, after it had been taken away on the plundering of Jerusalem by Chosroes, King of Persia. Among the customs associated with this day was that of going a-nutting.

### A Deadly Weapon.

In an article on the bowie-knife and its inventor, Colonel Bowie, the *Chicago Herald* tells these stories: During a session of the Arkansas Legislature in 1837 the speaker of the House had occasion to call a member to order. The member insisted on keeping the floor for the purpose of making an explanation, whereupon Mr. Speaker drew an immense bowie-knife and advanced toward the offending member for the purpose of bringing him to order. The member also drew his bowie-knife, and, as the speaker advanced, threw it at him, expecting to disable him, a feat that he had performed more than once. Unfortunately he missed his aim, and the knife fell ringing on the floor thirty paces away. The member straightened himself in front of his foe, who, advancing deliberately, cut him down with one dreadful gash, killing him instantly. The gentleman having thus been called to order, Mr. Speaker resumed his seat, and the House adjourned for three days to attend the funeral. We are told that Mr. Speaker was tried for the murder, but was acquitted.

Another story that had considerable credence at one time was that at the battle of Buena Vista, a regiment of Mississippians, under the command of Jefferson Davis, received a charge of Mexican cavalry in the shape of a V, with the open end toward the enemy. The cavalry, riding into the open end, were first greeted with a deadly fire from the rifles, after which the gallant Mississippians went at the "G. C. S." with their bowie-knives and almost entirely destroyed them.

### The Road to Moral Wreck.

It is not always gambling nor the haste to be rich that leads to moral wreck. It is much more often the mere moral recklessness that is a part of the spirit of this age. Contentment, obedience, a religious devotion to one's daily duty, are no longer looked upon as necessary virtues. On the contrary, these things are rather spurned as incompatible with modern aspirations. Every man's duty is to get into some other man's place, to "rise in life" and to be, or appear to be, something other than he is. The rich man must make more riches; the poor man must have more than he has earned; we must all be moving about in a state of constant unrest and discontent, amid which the old notions of religion, virtue, honor, contented industry and domestic simplicity have no chance to exist.

When every man is reaching out for something that does not belong to him—whether in position, in wages, in corporate privileges or public office—it is no great wonder that so many take the shortest way and transfer their employer's money to their own pockets.—*Philadelphia Times.*

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN

### What I Know.

I know Where the prettiest flowers grow: Not the kind that a cool wind kills. That live in pots on our window-sills, But blossoms that bloom of their own free wills. All golden and speckled, and shaped like bells, And filled with sweetest smells. And I know Where the most beautiful breezes blow, An I where the blackberries ripen first, And how the flying-squirrel's babies are nursed. And when the nut burrs are ready to burst, And where the birds come to bathe and drink And chirp and chatter; and—somehow—I think

That I know Where dozens of children ought to go (I'd like to go with them to show them the way), And make up their minds that they'd go and stay (For you can't learn everything in a day), And I'm almost sure that perhaps by-and-by They'd know very nearly as much as I. —*Amey Leigh, in Young People.*

### Monkey Pockets.

I suppose you did not know that monkeys had any pockets, save those in the little green coats they sometimes wear. But that is a mistake; their real pockets are in their cheeks. The other evening I traveled in the next compartment to a little bearded monkey and his master.

The little creature's day's work was over, and, perched up on the sill of the carriage window, he produced his supper from those stowaway pockets of his and commenced to munch it with enjoyment. Several times the platform had to be cleared of the girls and boys who had come to see the little friend off on his journey. At length a porter, whose heart was warm toward little folks, allowed them to slip in and remain.

The officials felt the attraction on that window, and the stoker addressed the monkey as "mate." Even the station-master as he passed cast a sly glance toward the monkey, and a cheer was raised when the train was set in motion and the monkey glided away from big and little spectators.

I heard the other day of a pet monkey called Hag, a creature no larger than a guinea-pig, whose master once found in his cheek pocket a steel thimble, his own gold ring, a pair of sleeve-links, a farthing, a button, a shilling and a bit of candy. Monkeys, I am sorry to say, are given to stealing and they use these pockets to hide the articles which they have stolen.

### Little Opportunities.

Very few of us have opportunities to do great things, but we all may be kind and loving to those about us, and can never tell how far our kind words and loving acts may reach. *The Youth's Temperance Banner* gives an incident which proves that great good sometimes grow out of small actions.

Zoa Rodman, as she practiced her music day after day, noticed a tiny, poorly-clad child hanging around the gate.

"Who is it?" she asked, "and why does she come?"

"She is charmed, I think," replied her aunt, laughing. "Her name is Maggie Sherman, and her poor father is one of the victims of drink," she added more soberly. "Poor little thing! it is too bad."

Zoa went to the door. "Come in, little Maggie!" she said kindly.

The child could hardly credit her senses. The beautiful young lady, who sang so like an angel, had spoken to her—had asked her to come in!

She entered shyly.

"Are you fond of music?" Zoa asked.

"O, yes," she answered; "I do love it so."

"And can you sing?"

"A little—some of the pretty songs you sing," said the child.

"I am glad to sing for you; won't you let me hear you sing?" said the beautiful young lady.

Little Maggie commenced with a trembling voice, for she felt like one in a dream; but as she sang on the music took possession of her, and she thrilled and warbled like a bird.

"Thank you," said Zoa. "Would you like to have me teach you to sing and play, Maggie?"

"O! O! would you! But I have no money."

"No; and I do not offer to teach you for money. Only come to me every day, and I will teach you what I can."

When Maggie Sherman a few years later became a noted singer and musician, and lifted her father's family to respectability and comfort, it was not generally known that all their happiness arose from the kindness of Zoa Rodman.

### Hyperbolical.

A.—"Just imagine, Prof. Weinbaucht is so fat that he has been unable to see his feet for the last ten years!"

B.—"Tut, tut! nothing extraordinary about that. Baumlang, the student, is so tall that he has always to get on a step ladder when he wants to take off his hat."

C.—"Pooh, that is nothing. I have a cousin who is so tall that when he gets damp feet the 1st of January he begins to be troubled with a cold the 28th or 24th, it takes so long for the cold to strike upwards."—*Magdeburger Zeitung.*