Shelling Beans. Shelling beans! Shelling bean This is sport when nights are cold, When a cloud the moonlight screens, And the wind is loud and bold. Gathered close around the fire, Prettiest of household scenes, Sit the farmer's family, Shelling beans, Shelling beans!

Great big "squaw beans" white and pink, Small "papoqses" red and round "Crowdies" pearl and crimson mixed, In their pod the closest found. "Cranberries" half a dozen shades. "Californias" from the coast. Flat-shaped "Limas" purple, white, "Indian chiefs," a dark bright host.

"Wild goose" dotted with black specks Like the eggs the grass birds lay, Red-striped "Scipios," "Rowleys" flat, And "Imperials," violet gray. Little "pea beans," creamy white, Spotted "bush beans" passing count, From the pods they rattle out, Higher in the pans they mount. He, who toiled to raise them all, Underneath the summer sun, Thinks how many he can sell Now the labor is all done. While his wife in visions sees Steaming, well-filled platters rise.

Brown baked beans for winter days, Indian bread and pumpkin pies. But the little boys and girls

Handfuls on the table lay, And by shape and size and hue Let their fancies with them play. Pretty flower beds they devise, Fence and pathway, house and field. Such great pleasure to their hearts Just a few bright beans can yield.

Shelling beans ! Shelling beans ! This is sport when nights are cold, When a cloud the moonlight screens, And the wind is loud and bold. Gathered close around the fire, Prettiest of household scones. Sit the farmer's family, Shelling beans, shelling beans. -Mary L. B. Branch, in Good Housekceper

# A SCRAP OF PAPER.

It was once an immaculate sheet of white note-paper, lying with its brethren in a plush case on the stationer's counter, and was purchased with the rest by Mrs Gordon for Helen's birthday gift.

Before coming into Helen's possession it spent a dreary time in a big, busy work-room, where it was stamped and pounded and generally ill treated, but whence it emerged bearing a wonderfully twisted blue monogram of which H and B were the principal letters. Helen was delighted with her gift, and exhibited it with pride to Mr. John Cunningham, who, however, observed that it "wouldn't be of much use," and added in an explanatory whisper that "she would soon need a C instead of a B." Whereupon Helen blushed, and pretended to be very busy putting away the case in her pretty secretaire. There, in a dim, violet-scented corner, our particular sheet, which chanced to be about the middle of the box, lay undisturbed for weeks, till, as its fellows were gradually removed, and sent forth upon various missions, it came in time to be the top sheet. Then one night -- or rather morning-its mission began.

About 2 o'clock on a Wednesday morn-

cordial, but her visitor, nevertheless, chatted on and on, and aired her views on every conceivable subject, remarking as last, as she rose to take her leave: "So, Helen dear, it's all off between you and Mr. Cunningham?"

"From whom did you derive your information?" asked Helen, coldly.

"Well, from himself," replied Miss Hill, with a would-be conscious laugh. "At least, he asked me to go with him to the opera party to-morrow night, and as I knew that you had expected to accompany him, I supposed, of course"-

"You are at liberty to suppose anything you like, Louise," said Helen, "but if you please," still more stiffly, "I should prefer not to discuss the subject."

And Miss Hill, with a satisfied air, departed. A moment later Helen had snatched the letter from her desk, crushed it passionately into a tight, hard ball, and flung it into the waste-basket. "He shall never see it-never!" she declared. with an indignant sob, as she left the room.

In a little while Mary, the housemaid, came in, broom in hand, opened wide the windows and placed the waste-basket on the window ledge while she went to seek her dustpan. As she opened the door a mischievous-or was it a beneficent?-puff of wind whirled our particular bit of paper, in company with a torn dress-maker's bill and the programme of a morning concert, out of the open window! All three were blown together to the street corner, and there parted company. What happened to the other two was never heard, but Helen's letter became somehow wedged in between a lamp-post and a small block of coal which had been dropped near it, and remained there till toward evening, when it was noticed and picked up by an old scrap collector, who stuffed it-our poor, violet-scented scrap -into her sack among a lot of very dirty rags and papers of all kinds and emptied all together that evening on the floor of the cellar which she occupied with her sister. Now the scrap collector's sister, known as "Sairey" Malony, was a "sweeper" at the large theater where Patti was then nightly trilling. Her duties led her thither every morning at 9 o'clock, and kept her there usually for

five or six hours. She was in the habit of carrying with her a crust of bread or some similar delicacy to serve as lunchcon. On the Thursday morning, being seized with unaccountable daintiness, it occurred to her to wrap up her crust, which usually went unprotected into a corner of her huge pocket. She sought among her sister's heap for a suitable wrapper and selected Helen's crushed letter, which, although it had lost much of its original freshness, was still several degrees cleaner than the rest. She smoothed it out-not being able to read, its contents had no interest for her-wrapped it round her crust, and slipped the parcel into her pocket. There it reposed till noon, when Mrs. Malony, having nearly finished her work, seated herself in company with Mesdames Flannigan and O'Riley, parquet and balcony swcepers, in one of the lower boxes, and proceeded to discuss her luncheon. The theater, with its dim half-light and long rows of carefully "sheeted" seats, was a ghostly looking place; the shrill voice of an "under-study"-whose services, owing to the illness of a prima donna, were likely to be in request, and who was having a solitary rehearsal on the stage, tossing about her lean arms as Elvira-was the only sound which pierced the silence: the three old crows in the box mumbled their crusts and conversed in whispers. Suddenly a door banged, and the firm tread of the stage manager was heard approaching. In fear and trembling Mrs. Malony and her companions made a hasty exit from their comfortable quarters-an exit so hasty that the first-mentioned lady's luncheon wrapper-in other words, Helen's much abused letter-dropped on the floor and was kicked unnoticed under one of the chairs-the identical chair, in fact, which was occupied that evening by Miss Louise Hill. Thus it came to pass that during the second act of "Lucia" a certain well known blue monogrtm on a torn and dirty piece of paper which lay half concealed by Miss Hill's sweeping train attracted the attention of that young lady's escort. By and by he managed, unobserved, to secure it, and, making some excuse, retired to the foyer. Ten minutes later the indignant Miss Hill received by a messenger Mr. Cunningham's "deepest regrets and apologies for being obliged to leave the theater on sudden, urgent business," and had to content herself for the rest of the evening with the vacuous youth whom her escort had deputed to fill his place.

## LADIES DEPRTMENT.

#### Architecture for Women.

Southern papers suggests architecture as a profession for women. There are magnificent and costly houses whose kitchen arrangements are a marvet of inconvenience; and the woman of the house often says with a groan: "No woman would have planned things so." By all means let women be architects. They would naturally make better architects than men, for the reason that they have more practical knowledge of convenience and economy, especially in the arrangement of dwellings and other buildings appropriated wholly or in part to the use of their sex. There are, or could be, a thousand little intricacies about our homes which the masculine mind could never conceive, but which would add immeasurably to the comfort and convenience of the tidy, ambitious housewife. Since the trace of a woman's hand is so easily discernible in indoor decorations and adornments, why should she not cultivate and develop this, as any other talent, giving to her varied genius a wider field of activity and usefulness. -Chicago Times.

#### Fine String of. Pearls.

Three strings of pearls recently shown in this city were valued at \$3,200, \$2,200 and \$1,500, respectively, without the pretty diamond clasps which fastened them. The pearls were graduated, and of beautiful color and shape, but as one must be a poet to love Spenser, one must be accustomed to jewels to appreciate the refined beauty of pearls, and half the women who saw the three necklaces and some rival diamonds which blazed near them in another necklace would have chosen the diamonds if not informed of their comparative cheapness. The cost of this pretty bauble was \$750, and it was a pretty band of stones in a light gold setting, but it had a star pendant, with a great saphhire in the centre, which added two-thirds more to the price, and was a beautiful ornament by itself." The combinations of diamonds and colored stones are also very fine this season, not only in the pendants but also in rings. One of the latter, in which a turquoise as big as a humming-bird's egg is surrounded by diamond sparks, is pretty enough to figure in one of Mrs. Spofford's stories. -Boston Transcript.

## Why Englishmen Seek American Wives.

The popular taste over on the other side of the water appears to be growing more and more warm toward America and Americans. The wealthy and titled men of the Old World are seeking with increased earnestness American brides, and it is erroneous to suppose that all they are after is the parental boodle. There is a charm about American girls that the English do not have. The women of Great Britain are brought up from their earliest infancy to maintain a submissive and meek regard for the other sex. They are taught that the only thing in life for them is to marry comfortably and go into a, sort of serfdom for the rest of their lives. No American

Flowers and the Home. Miss Ella Lytle in an essay before the Montgomery Horticultural society of Missouri thus prettily treats the question of house adornment:

The love of the beautiful has been implanted by a benificent Creator in every human breast. It finds expression in the admiration of all that is lovely and charming in nature and art, and it prompts men, and especially women, to the adornment of their persons and their natural surroundings.

The love of the beautiful has caused men to travel thousands of miles, to endure fatigue, hardship, and, even more, to risk life itself that they might gaze from some lofty mountain-peak, if but an hour or two, upon the exqusite beauty of a panorama spread out at their feetupon a real picture painted in indescribable colors by God himself.

Flower-gardening has its charms, and that class of gardening which deals with land scape effects is delightful. I shall not try to have a flower garden this summer for the want of space, but shall exert myself to have a few choice houseplants and some real nice mounds of flowers in the yard. I find that early in the morning before sunrise is the best time to pull weeds, while the dew is yet on the flowers and weeds. A woman can very easily, and without much labor, cultivate a few flowers, a sufficiency for home adornment.

Woman was made to beautify and grace the home; to there perform that invisible work which, although less prominent, is necessary both to life and happiness. The home is, in the majority of cases, her field of action; and the home is the center of j y.

Then let each wife and mother have a place at their homes for the cultivation of flowers. They will reward us with both beauty and fragrance. The progress of our race is indicated by the care of flowers. How they twine themselves to our hearts when sad and alone.

A New Wrinkle in Fashionable Society

The fertile brain of the New York girl who pants for new worlds to conquer has hit upon fancy riding as a novel form of amusement, which leaves tennis and the gymnasium far behind. Clubs are formed and a teacher engaged, who has had, usually, an early career under the canvas and is skilled in various intricate branches of the equestrian art. The pupils meet at a riding ring, and New York's fairest daughters are taught to hop gracefully into the saddle without the assistance of a friendly hand, to dispense with the saddle altogether, to ride without bit or bridle, to keep an unshaken seat while their pet horses are trained to dance and bob and kneel and jump. The New York girls begin by being cood horse women, says a correspondent of the San Francisco Post, and take to their new pastime with natural delight. Their success is dear to them. and a great rivalry exists between the various clubs which give "afternoons" for the purpose of paralyzing each other

## CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The largest ventilating fan in the world is in the St. Hilda Colliery, South Shields, Wales. Its diameter is fifty feet.

A common advertisement in English papers is: "Wanted, by a lady of good connection, the management of a firstclass bar."

According to the London Practical Confectioner, "the potato introduced in England in 1600 was first caten as a sweetmeat, stewed in sack wine and sugar."

In China and Japan girls are named after some beautiful natural object, and such names are common as Cherry-flower, Peach-blossom, Plum-blossom, Bambooleaf, Pine-woods, sugar, etc.

The vault of the Cloaca maxium." the great sewer of ancient Rome dates from the sixth century B. C., but it shows, even at this early period, a perfection which gives evidence of long previous

In Italy a living scorpion is dropped into a wide glass bottle which contains a few drops of olive oil of the finest quality. More oil is poured on instantly, until the bottle is filled and the scorpion dead. In its struggles to free itself it ejects all its poison into the oil, and this poisoned oil forms a sovereign remedy for the sting of a scorpion.

When a batch of bread was made in the household of the Hebrews, Syrians and other Oriental races, a piece of the dough was made into a cake and baked under the ashes in order to be presented as an offering to the priest. This was called mamphnla in the Syrian language, whence the word, and probably the custom itself, was adopted by the ancient Romans.

It was customary in oriental countries for lovers to testify the violence of their passions by cutting themselves in the sight of their adored ones, and the fashion seems to have been adopted in England about 300 years ago, when young men frequently stabbed their arms with daggers, and, mingling the blood with wine, drank it off to the healths of their enslavers.

Earrings, according to Bibical record, were worn by women from the earliest times, but by men more rarely. Hebrew slaves, indeed, suffered their ears to be bored as a figure of their optional servitude, but no ornament was worn in the holes thus made. Xenophon informs us the males of Lybia were often subject to reproach on account of their earrings, and that in Greece females alone wore ornaments.

## Getting Money.

A story is told about one of Nashville's bankers. The perpetrator of the joke was once active in financial matters. He is not as wealthy, however, as he used to be, and finding himself in immediate need of some cash the other day, he walked into his former banker's office. After declining an invitation to be seated, he said: "You remember in former times my paper was worth par. I could raise any amount needed by the simple process of affixing my name to a note. You were kind and courtcous to me then. It was good morning, Mr .---. But times have changed. I am hard up now, but I have a scheme on foot by which I can retrieve my lost fortune if I can raise the requisite amount. The investment is safe, there being no risk whatever. I want you to let me have \$10,000.

#### A Wider Vision.

How sad they seem-the houses of the dead-And how the shadows of the trees advance And then withdraw, as they were spirit led, And meant to mock us with a prayer unsaid, Or goblin dance.

It is not well, methinks, to revel thus: It is not well to stir in such a place. The dead are wiser than the best of us; They lie so still, and yet, while we discuss, They win the race.

No doors are here! The dead have need of none,

They hold aloof; they pray beneath the

sod. With sightless eyes they see beyond the sun; And they will hear, in truth, when all is · done,

#### The voice of God.

Yes! they will hear it; they have learn'd at last

A wider wisdom than the world bestows. Hunger is ours to-day; but theirs is past. They toil no more, and in the wintry blast They find repose.

## -George Lancaster. HUMUROUS.

Foot pads-Corn plasters

There is generally an "if" in the way-Frequently the sheriff.

A petrified clock has been found in Another indication of hard Rome. times.

Every man has some hobby, and every girl looks forward to the time when she vill have a hubby.

There is any amount of good reading in the dictionary, but it is distributed in a very tantalizing manner.

A carp said to be 268 years old has been taken out of the river Spree. This shows that fish can stand sprees better than men can.

It is reported that Henry Bergh is carrying his sympathies for animals so far that he is cultivating a bald spot on his head as a pasture for flies.

More than four thousand devices for coupling have been patented, and yet thousands of bachelors and maidens go it alone in this country.

A lady who lost a pet canary bird by death was inconsolable until somebody suggested that she have it stuffed and put on her bonnet. She is now as happy is ever.

"What a murderous-looking villain the prisoner is!" whispered the old lady to her husband in the police court room. "Td be afraid to get near him." "Sh!" warned her husband, "that isn't the prisoner, he hasn't been brought in yet. It's the judge."

### The Air Gun.

The air-gun is simply a pneumatic engine, for the purpose of discharging bullets by the elastic force of compressed air. It is not known exactly when or by whom it was first invented, but it was certainly in use in France three centuries ago. It is probable that had not the gunpowder been discovered at so early a date air-guns might have been made very effective. They are usually made in the form of muskets, having a hollow stocks which is filled with compressed air from a force-pump. The lock is nothing more than a valve, which lets into the barrel part of the compressed air from the stock when the trigger is pulled. The gun is loaded with wadding and bullet in the ordinary way, and the bullet is driven from the barrel by the expansive action of the air. The range of the gun depends upon its size and the amount and degree of compression of the air. The velocity of the bullet is proportioned to the square foot of the degree of compression of the air. Under the pressure of fifty atmospheres, or 750 pounds, for instance, the impulse given to the ball is almost equal to that of an ordinary charge of gunpowder. Air-guns are sometimes made in the form of walking sticks, so they can be readily used for purposes of defense. Air-guns are generally regarded as somewhat unsafe, but it is not known that any law has ever been enacted against then. In the hands of inexperienced or malicious persons they are capable of doing much mischief.-Inter-Ocean.

ing Helen returned from a ball, and, instead of going quietly to bed, as usual, she hurried into her little boudoir, and dropping into a chair before the secretaire, buried her head in her hands, and began to sob bitterly. "Oh, I wish I hadn't! I wish I hadn't!" she said over and over again. At last, however, she grew calmer; and, opening her desk, drew forth the top sheet from its place and began to write rapidly.

"I know I can never rest, John, without first-even though this can not be sent till morning-explaining to you what happened to-night, and telling you, dear John, that I am very, very sorry and ashamed. I know quite well that I was wrong in giving three dances to Captain Morse when you had expressly asked me to have as little to do with him as possible; and, believe me, I did not intend dancing with him at all. If it had not been for Louise Hill I never should have done so. You know her teasing way. In the dressing-room this evening, before we went down stairs, she asked me if I intended dancing with Captain Morse, and when I wouldn't answer, declared she believed that you had forbidden it, and ended by daring me to dance with him more than once: Afterward, when he asked for two dances, I happened to look up, caught Louise's mocking glance, and was silly enough, on the impulse of the moment, to let him put his name down twice, thinking that I could explain to you how it happened. I had no idea then that you were close by and had seen it all, and when, later in the evening, I tried to tell you about it you were so cold and distant that my pride rose, and, out of bravado, I gave him a third dance. But when I saw your pained, stern look, John, I was quite miserable, and I even forgive you for flirting so abominably as you did for the rest of the evening with Louise. Now I have told you all about it. Please, dear, dearest John, forgive your own HELEN.

"P. S.-I will wear the frock you like to the opera party Thursday evening."

Then, a happy smile on her face, Helen left her letter lying on the desk and went to bed.

The next morning, just as she was prcwelcome might certainly have been more Statesman.

. . . . . .

Among the most cherished treasures of Mr. and Mrs. John Cunningham is a certain torn and disreputable scrap of paper.-A. G. Warwick in Chicago News.

### Too Low for the Tide.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," commenced the long-haired poet entering the editor's sanctum.

"Oh, yes," replied the busy man, stopping work long enough to waft the airy creature through the open door, on the point of his substantial gaiter; "but you paring to address an envelope, "Miss have got down too low for the tide; Louise Hill" was announced. Helen's you've been struck by the undertoe."-

girl goes into matrimony with any such idea. She is bound to get the upper hand if she can, and she has a sweet and brisk independence about her that is most attractive to men who have met with nothing but the other sort of thing. So it is that American girls, who at first shocked foreign society, are in great demand in Europe nowadays as ornaments to saloons and drawing-rooms and as prospectives to nabob natives. -Baltimore American.

## Faithful Christine.

Christine Olsen was the daughter of a toy maker in Stockholm, and she was loved by Hansen, one of her father's workmen. She loved Hansen, but her father would not let the lovers marry, and so Hansen said he would go to America and make a big fortune and then marry Christine. He landed at Castle Garden with about \$200, and set about getting work. He did a little at cigarmaking, but not much, 'nd almost before he knew it his money was gone and he was out of work. This was sixteen months ago. Up to that time he had written regularly and hopefully to the girl in Stockholm, and when his letters stopped she was much troubled. After waiting several months she determined to seek for Hansen. Her father had died, and after the debts were all paid Christine had a few hundred dollars left.

When she reached this city she found a man who had known Hansen, and who thought that he had gone to San Francisco. Christine bought a ticket for San Francisco. At Chicago a confidence man persuaded her to sell her ticket to San Francisco and buy one for Omaha. He said that he knew Hansen well, and that he was in Omaha. The girl did as advised, and then the new friend robbed her of her money excepting \$5. This was all she had when she reached Omaha eight months ago. Of course Hansen was rot there. Christine found a place to work, saved her wages, and still tried in all ways to learn of Hansen. Two weeks ago she heard from him. He was in Kansas City. She at once set out for that city, and a few days latter her former mistress in Omaha received a letter from her saying that she and Hansen were married and very happy .- New York Sun.

tional short, dark habit and tall hat and colors of the club on their whips. Parties are made up for club afternoons, and the invited guests are permitted to raise to any point of wild enthusiasm their fancy may suggest. The men wear the club colors in their buttonholes, the girls tie them on the handles of their parasols, the "Queen of the Ring" receives frantic applause and responds to encores, and the whole affair is novel, exciting and something like the circus, except that it is ultra-fashionable.

with envy. The riders wear the conven-

## Fashion Notes.

Pale bronze is a new color in goods. Black stockings continue in high faor.

Colored straw sailor hats are worn by children.

The beads composing silver necklaces tre of one size. Gauze ribbons are included in the new

nillinery goods. Crepe lisse and colored tulle are favor-

te fabrics for millinery! Silver buttons have the head of Augustus etched upon them.

The season's silks are very handsome and there is a great variety.

Large tortoise-shell buttons are adorned with heraldic lions in silver.

The veil is now to be tied just above the mouth and under the nose. Trimmed skirts are still fashionable,

and overskirts continue in favor. Gauze woven of metallic thread is used

for the foundation of small bonnets. Persian lace, a species of dainty drawn work, is used for trimming dresses.

Silver buckles are all sizes and designs, hammered, etched, chased or frosted. Soft Corah silks are in great variety of patterns put up in seven-yard lengths.

Cherries, berries, hips and haws are among the newest decorations for bonnets and hats.

Crinkled seersuckers appear in new colors, and have every appearance of silk in their manufacture.

A cambric dress for a little child has the round bodice plated with revers of embroidery. The skirt of wide embroidery is shirred on the bodice. A cluster of loops and ends of ribbon is arranged ". • right side of the waist.

The banker looked steadily out of the window for a few minutes, rubbed his hands, and said he was really sorry, but it would be impossible to let the gentleman have the sum mentioned.

The would-be borrower, not the least abashed by the refusal, said: "Well I might make out with \$5,000 for the present." The banker again declined to advance the cash, explaining that money matters were stringent. The visitor turned to go, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, said: "Well that's the way of the world. If I had come and asked for the loan of \$10 you would have refused."

"No, you are mistaken. I would have let you have it."

"Well, lend me that amount, if you feel like it."

With an "I-am-sold" smile the banker produced his plethoric purse, fished out a \$10 bill and handed it ever .- Nashville Banner.

### In the Night Watches.

The clock was on the stroke of twelve and old man Stuffey was awakened by muffled voices in the hall below.

"Wife," he said, "what is that?" "It's Sary and her young man,"replied the wife.

"Taint morning, is it?" he asked. "I don't know what time it is."

"I will see about this," he said, getting up and putting on his boots.

In a few minutes his wife heard a dull thud down stairs, and shortly after the old man returned.

"I am not an astronomer," he said, and I cannot explain it, but I saw the Son rise a few moments ago, and it is now midnight."

Then he looked reflectively down at the toe of his boot, took them both off, blew out the light and went back to bed .- Merchant Traveler.

A Big Baptizin' by Military Order.

Gen. Stevenson relates the following incident of the war. He said that in his command was a very devout and energetic chaplain, exceedingly earnest in regard to the spiritual welfare of the soldiers, especially before going into battle.

"The preacher," said Gen. Stevenson, "came down to where Billy Wilson's Zouaves were incamped and had a talk with Billy. He said that his efforts had been wonderfully blessed; that he had baptized fifty men from one regiment, a hundred from another, and so on, enumerating the fruits of his religious labor. and he suggested to Billy that as they were on the eve of a battle it would be well for him (the chaplain) to talk with Billy's men.

"Billy was very proud of his command, and he turned to the chaplain and said: 'That ain't necessary; I'll save you that trouble. Adjutant,' said he, calling an officer, 'you just go and make a detail of 800 men, and take 'em down to the creek and have 'em baptized. No blamed regiment in this corps shall go ahead of Billy Wilson's Zouaves.'

"And," continued the General, laughing heartly at the reminiscence, "blamed if the Adjutant didn't obey Billy's orders,"