

LADIES' COLUMN.

Mrs. Astor's Laces.

Speaking of the fact that the laces owned by the late Mrs. Astor have been presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the Commercial Advertiser says: The collection is of great variety and extremely valuable. Mrs. Astor was very fond of laces, and her wealth enabled her to gratify this expensive taste without stint. As a result she gathered together during her life a great many of the rarest and finest specimens and designs, many of them being masterpieces and from the best makers of Europe. The collection comprises many old pieces of lace of historic association, which of course greatly enhances their interest and value for the purpose to which they are now to be put. These laces include all those that Mrs. Astor wore, beside what she merely collected from her love of lace. Their exact value is not known, but the collection is certainly worth a large sum.

Chicago's Petticoat Palace.

Central Music Hall block might very properly be called the petticoat palace of Chicago. Largely owned and entirely managed by a woman—Mrs. Carpenter—a greater number of women pass through its doors each day than any other building in town is honored with. In and out they go all day long, and ranging all the way from the beautiful and enthusiastic young girl, who is indulging in the dream that her voice will make her famous, to the decrepit old woman whom a friend or servant must assist up the stairs to the office of the woman metaphysician or Christian healer who has undertaken to remove her lameness or her ills.

There are in Central Music Hall women doctors, women metaphysicians, women Christian scientists, women dentists, artists, milliners and what-not. It is, too, a great place for fads, novelties, new things, progressive of all sorts. On the various floors of the handsome building may be found, besides the mind healers, women doctors of the old schools, a woman manicure and chiropodist, massage practised by both sexes, a school of languages in which Volapuk is taught, ocean brine bath, Swedish movement, compound oxygen treatment, a dramatic teacher, and, as one might easily suppose from the number of women who frequent the building, a millinery store, a candy shop, and embroidery bazaar and a photograph gallery.—Chicago Herald.

Dairy Schools for Girls.

In Germany and Denmark specially, and also to a limited extent in France, there are special schools for training girls in dairy work and all matters pertaining to farm work. The largest school of this kind in Germany is at Raden, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. It owes its existence to private liberality, but it has a subvention from the State of £225 a year. The same training is also given at Heinrichstal, in Baderberg in Saxony, where ten to twelve young women are taught the theory and practice of butter and cheese making. The practical instruction is given by a mistress, and includes technical management of a dairy, including book-keeping; feeding and management of cows; fattening calves and pigs; instruction in cooking; housekeeping in general; management of poultry according to their season; management of the kitchen garden. At Hildesheim, in Hanover, another dairy school of a like nature exists, with a grant from the Agricultural Society of Hanover of £225, which stipulates that six pupils shall be provided with board, lodging and teaching for a whole year at £18 each. The pupils give their services in the day until 1 o'clock, after which hour they are taught housekeeping. The heavy part of the work is done by servants, but if the pupils do not know how to perform any description of dairy work they are taught it carefully. In the afternoon the pupils are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, etc.; in fact, all the elements of a general education, as well as sewing.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Fashion Notes.

Stiff English felt hats in sailor shape and small felt pokes are shown for misses and girls in their teens. The finest artistic judgment and taste is demanded and displayed in the color combinations of indoor toilets. The wide embroidery on the back of gloves gives place to that which is narrower and less conspicuous. The pretty sashes of Bengaline with flowered designs are particularly pretty with gowns of gossamer stuffs. Polonaises of embroidered muslin will have apron fronts, with lapping surplice waists and much ribbon garniture. White embroidered muslins run very much to flounces, with insertions of varying widths for their other trimmings. As the season advances the skirts of dresses are less bunched at the back than heretofore and are laid in wider plaits. Embroidered muslin gowns are in the hands of dressmakers, who are making them up for the spring and summer trade. Silver gauze has proved itself so stylish and popular that other metal fabrics are being introduced with good effect.

Surplice waists lapping over on one side and forming a V opening at the neck are in favor for house dresses of all kinds.

Some fine specimens of hair-dressing are seen in the new coiffures which the effort to introduce the Psyche has brought out.

Canary yellow point d'esprit and accessories of black velvet and jet make a very effective and becoming ball gown for a dark brunette.

Striped gossamers are very much admired and have a more dressy effect than many of the plain fabrics in tulle, India silk muslins or laces.

New gingham, satens, percales and printed cotton goods are being made up for next season in very pretty, simple styles, with full p'ated over-skirts over under jupes, the draping effected from the waist line, and given easy sweep by a slash in the overskirt on each side, showing a panel of the underskirt.

A Grim Eskimo Joke.

There was another episode which those peculiar people seemed to consider as a huge joke, which I will explain as briefly as possible to show what the native people consider as funny in the frigid zones, says Lieutenant Schwatka in Woman. One of the Eskimo men had a painfully disfigured face, to which he pointed so often that one of the party was finally led to ask him the cause. He most cheerfully assented to explain, amid the grins and suppressed laughter of the others. When he was a young boy he was one of a small band of natives that came upon the remains of Sir John Franklin's unfortunate party, that had starved to death, and they found many curious things among the scattered material at the site of the sad scene.

One, which immediately took his boyish eye, was a red flattened can that he found full of "black sand," as he expressed it. The "black sand" was of no possible use to him, and on the first occasion he had to utilize the can, which was one winter evening when he was sitting by the lamp in his snow house, he poured the useless material out on the platform of anew that held the lamp, and in doing so some of it splashed in the flame. There was an instantaneous explosion, which he tried to explain by yelling "boom" until I thought the top of my head had been knocked off, and when some of the shock had passed away he found that the top of his snow hut had disappeared in the dark night, the stone lamp was broken into pieces, and the kitchen utensils and parlor furniture all mixed up.

He was a medicine man of the tribe—that is, one supposed to cure sickness by magic, incantations, etc.—and at the time the powder can exploded a patient was visiting him, who disappeared in the confusion, and his whereabouts was not known for a month or two afterward, when he turned up in another tribe farther south, whose doctors, he claimed, were not of such a pyrotechnic school of medicine.

The medicine man said that his own nervous system was badly shattered for a long time, and his hands and face were fearfully scarred as evidence of his story, but if his appetite was at all injured he had more than recovered, for he was the most enormous eater, savage or civilized, that I ever saw in my life, and could easily dispose of a reindeer ham at a lunch, whenever he came around to repeat his story, which was altogether too frequent; but we luckily found a good plan of ridding ourselves of him by the apparent careless handling of a powder can.

The Origin of a Phrase.

"The real Simon Pure" is a gentleman whom we in these degenerate days know too little. Here is Mr. Oliphant's history of him: "He was a Pennsylvania Quaker in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy: 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife.' This worthy person 'being about to visit London to attend the quarterly meeting of his sect, his friend, Aminadab Holdfast, sends a letter of recommendation and introduction to another Quaker, Obadiah Prim, a rigid and stern man, who is guardian of Anne Lovey, a young lady worth £10,000. Colonel Feignwell, another character in the same play, who is enamored of Miss Lovely and her handsome fortune, availing himself of an accidental discovery of Holdfast's letter and of its contents, succeeds in passing himself off on Prim as his expected visitor. The real Simon Pure, calling at Prim's house, is treated as an impostor, and is obliged to depart in order to hunt up witnesses who can testify to his identity. Meanwhile Feignwell succeeds in getting from Prim a written and unconditional consent to his marriage with Anne. No sooner has he obtained possession of the document than Simon Pure reappears with his witnesses and Prim discovers the trick that has been put upon him." Here endeth Mr. Oliphant's information. Whoever desires to know which of the twin suitors obtained the hand of the lady must consult Mrs. Centlivre's play itself.—Cornell.

George H. Clarkson, who was recently robbed by footpads in Kansas City, Mo., has sued the city, on the theory that it is bound to protect life and property.

A PIE FACTORY.

POPULARITY OF A DISTINCTLY AMERICAN PASTRY.

Three Hundred Thousand Gothamites Addicted to Its Daily Use—An Immense Bakery—15,000 Pies a Day.

Sullivan street, in the vicinity of 82, is a tantalizing neighborhood, remarks the New York Graphic. A soothing and delicious odor penetrates the air and pervades the sense. It is the smell of freshly baked pies. Through an alley out of a courtyard champing horses come prancing with their fragrant loads in the gay wagons behind, leaving a fine crusty flavor in the air. Sixty wagons roll away with their cupboards full of pies every morning and roll back with their cupboards empty every noon, and the links of fragrance make an unbroken chain. Fifteen thousand pies are sent out of this factory every day—just one-fifth of the whole number consumed in this town. As one pie will give four people a piece, there are 300,000 people here who have pie every day. The gentleman who runs this benevolent institution has baked pies on the same spot for forty years and eaten several every day. He still has a first rate digestion and scoffed at the notion that evil is concealed in the great American pastry. But it must be properly made—crust like a snow-flake under smoked glass, fruit that is fresh, juice like syrup and an oven piping hot. On the flat side of a paddle, after twenty minutes of baking, the ideal pie was a feast for a king or a crank. Was flour indigestible? No. Was fruit? Of course not. Was sugar or lard or shortening in small quantities? We all know better. Therefore, concluded the pie-maker triumphantly, these elements combined in an ideal peptic compound. And the pie eaters of New York and vicinity pay this excellent man \$2,100 every day to show that they back him up. To reach the office of the factory one must pass through a little shop where on a counter are ranged tempting pies popped hot out of an oven. The customer who stops to examine these pies is lost. Up stairs is a handsome counting room connecting with the factory in the rear by a bridge on the second story. The fruit room is on the top floor of the factory, the syrup room is on the second, the bakers occupy the first and the huge ovens are in the basement. Oil to one side are stables, boiler and engine rooms, and surrounding the courtyard are the wagon sheds. Pie baking is a big industry, and the capacity of this single factory, which is the largest, is 30,000 pies. This immense establishment has grown from a small bakery where \$30 a day was a big business and the pies were baked in a sheet-iron oven.

The product averages, however, 15,000 pies a day. This requires forty barrels of apples a day, 375 gallons of canned fruit, 2,500 pounds of sugar, the same quantity of lard, twenty-five pounds of spice and sixteen barrels of flour. All the apples used are the famous "T. C. K.'s," which are kept sound and good for nine months in the year. During June, July and August only canned goods are used. The apples are the staple of most of the factory-made pies, though peaches, apricots, pears, plums, cherries, raspberries, cranberries and in fact all fruit in their season and many the year round, beside custard and coconut, are employed, and are palatable. The owner of the factory likes them all, but rather gives preference to mince. He makes his own mince-meat, and the way he mixes up his meat, sugar, currants, raisins and apples is a toothsome revelation. Pretty girls pare the apples with machinery and cut them up by hand. They are sent below to the choppers and syrup makers on the second story. The syrup is made in the big boiler on the second story. The choppers are in the basement. The huge ovens are in the basement. The pies are carried down to the ovens ready to be baked—all but the crust. Then the pies are carried down to the ovens ready to be baked—all but the crust. Then the pies are carried down to the ovens ready to be baked—all but the crust.

When the slaughter is ended the rabbits are strewn over the ground as thick as dead leaves, and in places their carcasses will be in piles two feet high. Between 1,200 and 1,500 rabbits are usually killed in each drive, and it is no uncommon thing for one man to score a hundred dead rabbits in one round up. In parts most infected the drives are held once a week.—New York Sun.

dozen eggs. It was a big order, but the more pies they bake the fatter they get. For twenty miles around Sullivan street people eat these pies every day, and there is a branch factory in Newark and one in Philadelphia. There are about thirty other smaller factories in the trade, and most of the small bakeries make a few pies for themselves. The factories on the whole turn out wholesome and palatable pastry, and it isn't at all wonderful that people are fond of it. No other country has the same advantages as America in this respect, and the "tarts" of England and pastries of France have never been able to rival the popular and economical qualities of the American pie.—New York Graphic.

California Rabbit Drives.

Rabbits have multiplied so rapidly throughout California that they have become one of the most serious pests of the country. It is estimated that three rabbits will eat as much as a sheep, and that what can be killed in a day's rabbit drive will consume as much alfalfa as a hundred beef cattle. A good many schemes have been devised for getting rid of the pests, but the only efficacious one is the rabbit drive. This is considered very good field sport, also, and a drive is always participated in as much by those who are after fun as by those who want the rabbits killed.

The first thing in getting up a rabbit drive is to make a rabbit-proof corral of close, high palings, enclosing a space about thirty by ten or twenty yards. Leading into this at right angles are two lines of closely set palings, a quarter of a mile in length. Several hundred men on horseback and on foot then surround a section or two of land and work slowly toward the corral with shouts and beating of the ground. At first but few rabbits will be seen, but as the drivers close in toward the palings the little frightened beasts are as thick as sheep in a corral. They make frantic efforts to escape, and in trying to break through the line of basters many are killed by the clubs of the walkers. The drivers close in slowly, and the rabbits are gradually driven into the space partially enclosed by the palings, and from there it is easy to force them into the corral. They troop in like sheep, crowding over one another, and filling the corral. The drivers on foot follow, the corral is closed, and the slaughter begins. They are killed with the clubs by striking them on the head. The air is filled with their shrill squealing, which can be heard a mile away. They leap about in desperation, jump high, and dash themselves against the fence, huddle in the corners, and try to hide behind one another, or behind the heaps of those already killed. The clubs whistle through air, not infrequently striking the shins of the killers instead of the heads of the rabbits, for it requires a good aim, a steady arm, and no small amount of skill to guide every stroke to its destination on the skull of a rabbit that is leaping about like mad.

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Deceiving Their Father.

"Do you want to see a neat game? Then watch the three girls sitting with their father in the fifth pew of the middle aisle," said the tenor of a fashionable uptown church to a reporter who was paying him a visit in the choir during Sunday morning service.

The reporter fixed his eye on the mentioned pew. The father seemed to be a prosperous banker or merchant, a portly, gray-whiskered, red-faced man, evidently somewhat of a martinet. As the deacon approached with the contribution box the parent drew a fat wallet from his inside pocket, opened it and pompously handed each of his daughters a bank note.

"He gives them a tenner apiece," whispered the chorister:

Each girl as she received her bill crumpled it carelessly in her right hand and became absorbed in the hymnal again, which was held in both hands. When the silver salver was handed into their pew the father dropped his contribution in with a placid air and then passed the plate along to his daughters. Each took her left hand from her book, dropped a crumpled bill into the repository, and the plate was handed back to the waiting deacon.

"A clever idea," said the tenor. "Each girl drops a dollar bill on with her left hand and holds out a ten with her right hand. It seems that the young misses have to resort to sharp devices at times to raise money for matinee tickets and bon bons, eh?"—Chicago Mail.

Taking all crops, corn, cotton, wheat, oats, rice, sugar, tobacco, etc., and the enhanced values into consideration, it is very reasonable to estimate that agriculture yielded to Southern farmers in 1887 \$75,000,000 more than in 1886. Need there be any wonder, declares the Manufacturing Record, that Southern farmers are in better financial condition than for some years.

A Determined Suicide.

A gallant French officer has just taken his life under the most extraordinary circumstances, preferring death to dishonor.

The occurrence took place at Lisieux, Calvados, France, on the road to Cherbourg. He was accused of a flagrant breach of military discipline.

The charge, so far as it concerned that officer, was turned over to the military authorities. General Dumont then sent for Ruffet and informed him of the accusation that had been made against him. He added that, as the matter had gotten into the public prints, it would be necessary to make a formal investigation, and that during its progress the Colonel must consider himself under arrest.

"General," was Ruffet's reply. "I am the victim of an outrageous attempt to levy blackmail. Not a word of the charges is true, but I will not allow my name and my reputation to be tarnished. If you order an investigation I shall blow my brains out."

"You understand, sir," General Dumont answered, "that I must do my duty; the investigation must be held; and in order that you may not carry out your threat, I shall at once place you in confinement."

No sooner said than done. Ruffet was consigned to the military prison, and strict orders given that he should be constantly watched. In order that this might be done, the Colonel was given a cell with a loophole in the door, through which an eye could literally be kept on his movements night and day. During the evening that followed his arrest his trunk was brought to him. He opened it in the presence of the guard, but it apparently contained nothing more than a change of linen and a few toilet articles. Suddenly the guard, seeing Ruffet thrust his hand rapidly under some clothing as if he were trying to lay hold of some concealed weapon, sprang on him and seized his hand, in which the prisoner clutched a loaded revolver. A wild struggle between the two men then ensued for the possession of the firearm, during which they rolled over and over on the floor of the cell. For a second the Colonel seemed to have gained the mastery, but by a supreme effort the guard succeeded in opening the latter's clinched fist and getting hold of the weapon.

Ruffet appeared to bear his disappointment calmly, and the guard congratulated himself that all danger was averted. After supper the Colonel retired for the night, the guard was relieved, and toward morning a third took up the unintermitted watch. Ruffet had apparently resigned himself to the fate, and was sleeping quietly. What guard No. 3 did not see, however, was that the prisoner had half opened his eyes, and cautiously thrust one hand under his pillow. He thus grasped a razor, that had been in a concealed compartment of the trunk, and which had escaped the vigilance of the prison authorities. The sharp blade, and the hand that held it, again disappeared under the bed covering. Ruffet lay on his back, his eyes closed, but with the sheet drawn neatly up to his lips. He seemed to be asleep. The eyes of the soldier were not removed from him for an instant. He could see the slightest movement of the muscles of his face, and yet at that very moment the prisoner had committed suicide by cutting his throat.

His head rolled over on the pillow, over which the guard saw a stream of blood suddenly flow. He shouted and threw open the cell door. It was too late; the Colonel seemed to be in the agonies of death.

In spite of this terrible wound, however, he lived an entire day—long enough to enable his brother, an officer of higher rank, to reach the prison in time to receive his words.

"I have been slandered," he gasped, "for money, but I would not permit our name to be tarnished. I wish my body laid by the side of our sainted mother. I swear that I am worthy of it." Then came profuse bleeding and death.—New York Star.

One of the most interesting cases known in recent years is that of young Jesse Pomeroy, of Boston, who developed a murderous instinct when scarcely out of petticoats, and the impulse has grown with his growth. Emil Petrovsky, a Russian lad, evinced the same disposition to kill and torture as did young Pomeroy, and so did Pierre Chavaz, whose case recorded, some twenty years ago in Marseilles, attracted great attention in Europe. This lad with a subtle cunning far beyond his years enticed his childish companions into a dense forest and there murdered and buried them. No less than six victims were discovered. Strangely enough each of these children was the offspring of a father whose trade was that of a butcher, and in each case the mother occasionally assisted the husband in slaughtering cattle and sheep. It is claimed that the love for sacrificing life and the indifference to suffering was transmitted in each of these cases to the offspring, and the upholders of the theory adduce this as a proof that women should not be engaged in pursuits which are essentially intended for men. The present case offers a field for the investigator.

FUN.

The political speaker is usually plausible, even if not applaudable.

The man who invests in mining stock is usually put out over the out-pit.

Many Crown Princes are perfect rex before they come to be crowned.—Siftings.

Our pocketbook is now in such a feeble condition that it cannot stand a loan.—Orange Observer.

A dyspeptic traveler recently suicided at a country hotel by hanging himself to his bedpost with a rope made of twisted doughnuts.—Paragapher.

We are informed that Russia will not take the initiative. It is certainly reassuring to know that there is something that Russia does not want.—Boston Transcript.

Foreman—"In what column shall I put the account of the man who fell and broke his backbone?" Editor (busy writing a leader)—"Spinal column, of course."

"The coming newspaper," says a well known journalist, "will not print any advertisements." If this is so, the coming woman will not read it.—Somerville Journal.

"That was an exhaustive article of mine on 'Our Political Future,'" said the contributor to the editor. "I found it so," was the somewhat unsatisfactory reply.—Washington Critic.

An engagement ring on the finger of a young lady is apt to be made conspicuous by the wearer. It is the same way with a scap worn by an Indian in his belt.—New Orleans Picayune.

Caigua once spent \$100,000 on a recent supper. So history says. The truth probably is that he spent \$100 on the supper and handed over the rest as tips to the waiters.—Baltimore American.

Cuns that will shoot five miles have been invented. We mention this fact only to emphasize again to spring poets the advisability of scolding in all their contributions by mail.—Somerville Journal.

Funny Man (of Chicago daily)—"A sudden feeling of nausea has come over me. It must be something I've eaten." Horse Editor (sympathetically)—"Possibly it's something you have written."—Harper's Bazar.

Little Darling—"What a pleasant gentleman Mr. D'Esprit, the paragrapher, is—always so good-natured." "Rival Journalist (crossly)—"Well, if you could see him grinding out his jokes as I do, you'd say he was generally out of humor."—Tid-Bits.

A teacher of music in Ontario county inserted her professional card in one of the county newspapers. It was seen by an old lover in Chicago, who at once hunted her up, explained his absence of a quarter of a century, and married her. It pays to advertise.—Elmira Advertiser.

Mr. Borely Bore-Bore (pausing at the door)—"Ah, beg pardon; you have your hat and cane I see. I will call again." Busy Editor (eagerly)—"No, indeed my dear fellow, don't think of it. Do come in and sit down—I'm just going out."—Baltimore News.

Where they landed: Newspaper advertiser—"Been sending circulars to people, I see." Business Rival—"Um—yes, I sent out a small lot last night. How did you find it out?" "I saw them scattered around the postoffice floor where people get their letters."—Omaha World.

The "Dutch Mail" Hoax.

Concerning the origin of the "Dutch Mail" hoax a writer in Lippincott's Magazine says: Some fifty years ago an article appeared in an English provincial paper, the Leicester Herald, under the title of "The Dutch Mail," with the announcement that it had arrived too late for translation and had been set up and printed in the original. A great deal of attention was attracted to the article, many Dutch scholars announcing in print that it was not in any dialect with which they were acquainted, until it was finally discovered to be a hoax. Sir Richard Phillips, the editor of the paper, tells this story of how it was conceived and carried out: "One evening, before one of our publications, my men and a boy overturned two or three columns of the paper in type. We had to get ready some way for the coaches, which at 4 in the morning required four or five hundred papers. After every exertion, we were short nearly a column, but there stood a tempting column of 'pi' on the galleys. It suddenly struck me that this might be thought Dutch. I made up the column, overcame the scruples of the foreman, and so away the country edition went with its philological puzzle to worry the honest agricultural readers' heads. There was plenty of time to set up a column of plain English for the edition." Sir Richard tells of one man whom he met in Nottingham who for thirty years preserved a copy of the Leicester Herald, hoping that some day the letter would be explained.

The Boston's Young Men's Christian Association, establishing a library, invited George W. Cable to deliver a lecture in behalf of the enterprise. No tickets were sold. Admission was given to anybody who brought a book for the library. The scheme made a happy hit; a good many library shelves were filled.