

WHERE WOMEN DO WOOING.

The Maids of Moravia, Spain, Switzerland and Russia select Their Own Sweethearts.

In most countries it is the lads who do the wooing, the lassies are wooed. But not everywhere. Among the gypsies of Moravia, for instance, none will dare presume to court a maiden until she has notified to the young man of her choice her readiness. This she does by using a cake as a love letter, baking there in a coin, and throwing it into his door at night when he is alone. He, of course, is not bound to accept. But if he sees it behooves him to be faithful. The Romany of Hungary knows naught of breach of promise suits. Instead, the relations and friends of the jilted maiden await upon the inconstant lover, argue with him, plead with him. Then, if he still remain obdurate, he is maimed by a shot in the leg or arm, says London Tit-Bits.

By recent Romany custom, too, the slighted girl has the right to be present and to decree in which of his limbs he shall be wounded. In practice, however, she usually elects to stay away, thereby leaving the fearful choice to him.

A marriageable Burmese girl, as soon as she has completed her trousseau, places in her window the "love lamp," and, according to whether its interjecting beams, carefully directed from behind with her own tiny toilet mirror, shine on this hut or that, the gallant within knows that somewhere a lassie's heart is inclined toward him.

When one of the cigarmakers of southern Spain—who constitute a separate class by themselves, somewhat analogous to the French grisette—casts her eyes lovingly on a likely lad, she forthwith twists her powder puff into a pom-pom for his hat. If he wears it at the next bullfight it is considered a match.

The Andalusian peasant girl sends a pumpkin pie to the particular swain she affects. If he eats it, well and good; she is engaged. If not, she tries elsewhere, pie following pie until success is arrived at.

Swiss maidens go a-wooing not always and anyhow, but at stated intervals—the eyes of the weddings of their friends. Then is held what is known as the "feast of the love garlands." All the unmarried girls who claim acquaintance with either bride or bridegroom assemble at sunset at the latter's home, dance, sing and make merry. Then, when the dawn is gray, they take their departure, each girl bearing away with her a posy gayly decked with ribbon.

FOUGHT WITH HIS BRAINS.

Cinnamon Bear That Displayed Great Intelligence in Wraying His Victims.

The grizzly bear is the biggest, most powerful and savage of all the North American wild animals. But the hunter does not fear him as he does the crafty, slinking cinnamon bear, says Pearson's Weekly.

An almost incredible story of the cunning of the latter animal is told by a man named Tarberwood, who was one of a trapping party of five in the Colorado mountains in the year 1880.

A cinnamon bear was located near their camp, and several times they tried to kill him, but failed. Then the brute hid among the bowlders near the spring, and when the cook went down to get water, killed him with one blow of his paw.

After this tragedy the party moved their camp three miles. About midnight on the first night a timber wolf was heard howling dismally in a lot of rocks 50 yards away. They stoned him out, but the second night the creature was there again, and howled so that they could not sleep.

Stones would not move him, so two went out with guns. The first man was luckily, as it proved—a half-breed, with a keen sense of smell. He stooped up cautiously to the rocks, hoping to get near enough to shoot the disturber, even in the darkness.

The man behind saw him suddenly stop, turn and bolt. "Bear!" he shouted, as he ran. He had smelt their cinnamon enemy, who was wrothling behind the nearest rock, waiting in ambush to kill another of them. It seems certain that he must have entered into an alliance with the wolf for the purpose of tempting his two-legged foes into his clutches.

Poor Place for Orphans.

Odesa, a city of 400,000 inhabitants, has an orphan asylum at which since 1857 from 63 to 65 per cent. of the infants received each year have died. Official investigation showed that this frightful rate of mortality was due to unsanitary arrangements and the use of poor milk.—N. Y. Post.

Obscurity. Obscurity lasts much longer than fame.—Chicago Daily News.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A skunk is never really powerful until you kick it.—Melrose Globe.

"No." He "Well, will you be a bridesmaid at the wedding when I marry Miss Wilkinson? I am going over to propose to her now."—Somerville Journal.

Esther—"I suppose you would call the Brewsters a perfect match. They always act like a pair of lovers." Constance—"Why, they are quarrelling more than half the time." Esther—"That's what I mean."—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Honeymoon—"Miss Lofly, you are the sweetest, loveliest, most charming woman in all the world." Miss Lofly—"Thanks. It is so pleasant to have one's own conviction endorsed by a gentleman of such excellent judgment as yourself."—Richmond Dispatch.

"That story," said Woodby Biter to the critic, "is founded upon fact." "It is plain," replied the critic, having finished reading the manuscript, "that you are the real hero of the tale." "What makes you think that?" "I notice you have the courage to sign your name to it."—Philadelphia Press.

No More Bills.—Jinkers—"Your wife is running up big bills at the stores, is she? Huh! My wife started on the same road, but I stopped it mighty quick, I can tell you—yes, sir, I ordered her never to get another thing charged, and she never has—no, sir." Winkers—"But she still shops." Jinkers—"Yes; she—er—made me put my bank account in her name and give her a check book."—N. Y. Weekly.

MARRIAGE URGED IN LONDON.

Champagne Breakfast and Bedroom Suite Offered as an Encouragement.

Every now and then we are informed that "men don't marry nowadays," as if marriage, like crochet, were confined to the fair sex. Why this should be so is a question that ought to be left for decision to a royal commission, or an errand boy, or some one with plenty of leisure. But there is no doubt about the fact. In a crowded London thoroughfare for eight months past, placards have offered a reward for the first couple who would go and get married. Yet only one happy pair have come forward to claim the prize. Such is the decay of matrimony, says a foreign correspondent of the Philadelphia Press.

The prize for getting married was not, as a cynic suggested, the Victoria cross, given, as all should know, for deeds of bravery. It was something much more useful to people about to furnish a house. There was no deception about it. In the shop window, "plain for all folk to see," stood and still stands, the prize furniture. Moreover, above it a gigantic inscription declares that this start in housekeeping will be given absolutely free to the couple who consent to hold their wedding breakfast in "our window," after which poetic thought it concludes prosaically, "For further particulars see small handbills." There we find that the stipulation, after all, resolves itself into another gift. And such a gift—a wedding breakfast for 20, in the palatial surroundings of a furniture shop window.

Here is the menu: Roast beef, roast fowls, York ham, tongue, pressed beef, blanc mange, jelly, custard, cheese, and coffee; carte des vins—champagne, light ales. So heavily was the pill of matrimony sugared, Edwin and Angelina had but to send out cards for the shop window and they and their 18 guests might drink champagne and light ales at other people's expense, amid the acclamations of the populace.

It would be supposed that blissful couples tumbled over one another to get at the light ales. Not so. It takes more than light ales, even when reinforced by champagne, to lure our modern benedicts down the primrose path of matrimony. For eight months the offer was blazoned abroad and there were no takers. Marriage was off. Sometimes, indeed, more or less happy couples stood outside and surveyed the glories and shining brass and mentally drank champagne and light ales. Some came inside, and urged on by friends with an eye to the main chance carefully discussed the matter. Edwin, as a rule, had no objection to take the lot, but Angelina shied at the shop window. One happy pair actually promised to accept the offer. But the lady took counsel with herself in the silent hours of night, and in the morning the bridegroom came round to cry off. So the offer still went a begging.

At last, however, a couple have fallen victims to its charms. The wedding is fixed for a date at a church of which, lest it should be inconveniently crowded, it may be better to conceal the name. On the morning of the day champagne and light ales, not to mention the bride and bridegroom, will adorn the spot where the prize, by that time removed to another place, once tempted the wayfaring man to matrimony.

A Heroic Poole.

French pooles, for all their top-fishness, are cast in the heroic mold, as witness the latest story from Paris. A fire was raging in the Rue Mounigny, and while the family shivered on the cobbles their poole sprang through the flaming door, raced up the smoldering staircase, and in a trice returned with the baby's doll in his jaws.—N. Y. Tribune.

STEAMBOAT AUTHORITY.

Harping Phrenology of the Captain in Communicating His Wishes to Inferiors.

Authority on board of a steamboat is an interesting study. It runs on a sliding scale, but, unlike the gamut, it slides only one way. This is bad for the lower "C" on the steamboat, but he has to stand it. A good illustration of how the thing works was given not long ago in a boat on the Delaware, says London Tit-Bits.

The captain of a steamboat was trying to make a landing at the dock, but the operation was attended with some difficulty. A line from the bow had been run out and made fast to a post, but the vessel's stern was swinging off into the stream. The skipper, with a scowl on his brow, stood on the bridge, about the wheelhouse, and stared at the first mate, who was hustling around on the hurricane-deck amidships. Down below on the quarter-deck the second mate was helping the third mate and a deck-hand to take the turns out of the stern line, which was snarled up on deck instead of being fast on the dock.

"Mr. Olsen," said the captain, in a gentlemanly tone of voice, to the first mate, "why in thunder don't you get that line out, you long leg, lank, knock-kneed, tar-stained wreck of returning reason? Don't you see we're swinging off?"

"Aye, aye, sir," Mr. Olsen replied, respectfully, touching his cap to the skipper.

Then Mr. Olsen leaned far over the rail, and, raising his voice, he called the second mate's attention to a matter of very great importance.

"Mr. Peterson!" he yelled, "what's eating you, you tow-headed, block-eyed lubber? Do you want to choke the stream? Get a move on you, and be quick about it!"

"Aye, aye, sir," was Mr. Peterson's response to the delicate attention received from his superior. He then gave the third mate some instructions.

"Swanson," he gently but firmly remarked, "I'll crack your blooming skull if you don't move yourself, you gaunt-eyed, bow-legged, stork-fish feeder. Bear a hand here. Lively now, and get that line out!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Swanson, in a humble voice.

Then Swanson gave the deck-hand, who gets E3 a month, a clout on the side of the head that knocked him spinning. Then he shouted: "Why in the name of the other place don't you pay out that stern line, you low-billed, white-livered, mule-eared, hog-backed, slab-sided, bench-legged, feeble-minded chicken robber? What are we paying you for? And he finished the unfortunate man with a kick in the ribs.

The deck-hand ran the line out and made the boat fast. Then he went down in the hold, where he anointed his person and clubbed himself with a hand-spike.

AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

A Much-Loved Familiar Figure That Will Abide in History.

"Where is the old-fashioned mother who, with her innumerable duties, found time to devote to her children; who felt that they were entrusted to her for a brief time only; that they, in turn, were to be history-makers and that she was responsible for their early training; who was mother, sister, friend?" Thus wails a Jeremiah of the press, bemoaning the substitution of hired nurses for maternal care and attention, and continues: "Whenever will come the strong men and women of our nation if the mothers are to fritter away the futures of their children at clubs and bridge whist and social aspirations? The queen-mother has abdicated the mightiest throne in the world, that of the nursery, for a kingdom for other than that where righteousness rules."

To the old-fashioned mother the mighty manhood of America doffs its hat. For the old-fashioned mother is still with us, and to stay, declares Robert Webster Jones in the Housekeeper. Modern science has brought many improvements that would make our ancestors stare could they return to earth, but one familiar figure they would still find here; that of the old-fashioned mother. For she cannot be improved upon. Before the mighty mystery of motherhood man stands hushed in awe; this silken cord of sisterhood that binds the mothers of today to those of all the ages. What has been the mightiest power since the world began? The mother's influence. And is it likely that at this late hour the queens of America would willingly relinquish the jeweled scepter for a torch wherewith to chase the will-o'-the-wisps of social delights?

But there are no fashions in motherhood, so why speak of the old-fashioned motherhood? The dictators of women's wardrobes who send forth their royal commands from season to season issue no such bulletins of advance style as these: "The correct thing for mothers this winter is to be seen frequently with their children in public. The latest fashionable fad is for mothers to kiss their children on bidding them good-night." Or: "The newest wrinkle indulged in by fashionable mothers is telling them stories on Sunday afternoons, gathered together about the fireside. Even ultra-fashionable mothers now permit their children to clamber upon their laps." No, the duties and the privileges of motherhood are dependent upon neither time nor the whims of fashion. Mothers faithful to their sacred trust there may be, but how happily few they are in comparison with the millions of noble mothers who today share the magnificent honor of training up the coming generation of American men and women.

BOXERS A POOR LOT.

They Are Regarded by Most of the People in China as Abject Malcontents.

An American who's back from China, after a considerable exploration in that land, says that there is a good deal of misapprehension in this country as to the makeup of the Boxer legions. They are not politically important, in his view; on the contrary, they represent the revolutionary, unclean, ignorant element that is to be found in every nation, in the same culottes of Paris, in the dynamiters of Madrid, in the rioters of Pennsylvania, the commandants of the Belgian mill districts, but lower still than these, because the highest level of society and intelligence in China is not very high. The aspirer he found to be weak, indecisive and inconsistent, the empress, who has usurped his power, is absurd and foxy, says the Brooklyn Eagle. As to the Boxers, he says: "They are the poorest lot in China, and they have been hypnotized by Prince Tuan and the other leaders."

"What's the attitude of the mass of the people toward the Boxers? Why, every one is down on them. That's because the people who are intelligent enough to see the drift of events realize that every outbreak of these mad makes the nation's position more difficult and perilous. They don't want any more invasions of allies, nor any further excruciating part of Europe for interference with their government, and they realize that it's to their own interest to keep the Boxers quiet. Still, the Chinese have no love for white men. They regard them all with suspicion. 'Foreign devil' is still the common name for us, and the natives who have been Christianized by our missionaries are known by a phrase that might be translated, 'secondary foreign devil.'"

When it is remembered that very few white men are in China for their health, any more than the Chinese are here for ours; when the forcing of the opium trade on China is recalled; when the violation of tombs and temples, unutterably sacred in Mongolian eyes, is borne in mind; when, also, it is seen that the profits of railroads, telegraph lines and other enterprises are going largely into the hands of strangers, it does not seem remarkable that the Chinese should have little affection for the foreigners.

GIRL WHO FOUND HERSELF.

She Started In to Be an Elocutionist, But Turned to the Advertising Business.

It is not often that a thing done for pastime turns out to be one's chief resource, and the serious business undertaking becomes a pastime; but a certain young New York woman has lately experienced this odd reversal of interests, says the Sun of that city.

She sits in an office all day now and evolves puzzles, acrostics and catch-phrase riddles for business advertisements. But her original aim was to be a professional tourist and public entertainer.

Always when at college she was called upon to supply the nonsense rhymes and character bits that the girls wanted for private circulation or for the college annuals. And now this aptitude for playing on words and looking at matters from a lively, facetious standpoint brings her good pay.

"There are about as many declaimers and dramatic speakers in the amusement world now as can work profitably, and not many people make commercial riddles. So I cast my lot where there is the most likelihood of appreciation," she says regarding her work.

"A rebuttal that I wrote and illustrated for a friend on her birthday and that brought in several of her characteristics was seen and commented upon by a business man."

"Why don't you put that lively instinct to business use?" he said. "People are compelled to have their business brought before the public in a taking way, even if they never hear a dramatic recitation. You must change your calling."

"And he sent me my first advertisement to construct. It was to be a puzzle hitting on a certain brand of Swiss cheese. My work was liked, I got into the spirit of it and made several sample puzzles, just on imaginary wares which were pronounced good."

"That was nine months ago. Now I devise proverbs, enigmas and arithmetical puzzles, sometimes in numbers, sometimes in Roman letters, for business folks all over the country, for shoe dealers, plumbers' apparatus, chicken powders, what not. And I am getting more and more confidence and experience."

Sun's Antics of Sunset.

Curious deformations of the sun's disk as it sets have recently been studied by Dr. Prinz, of the Royal Belgian observatory, by the aid of photography. The most common of these are simply indentations of the disk. Sometimes there is appearance as of flames issuing symmetrically from opposite sides and uniting above in a single jet, which disappears to give place to another, formed in the same way. These phenomena, according to M. Prinz, are due to horizontal layers of air of different density, which refract the sun's light. Some such appearance of the solar disk at sunrise may have originated the familiar legend that on Easter morning the sun dances as he rises.—Success.

Rules by Autocrats.

The South African colonies and islands owned by Germany have no local legislature or even crown councils. Each is ruled by an autocrat appointed by the emperor.—N. Y. Sun.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

A New York City citizen, presently spoke of Daniel, of Biblical fame, as one of the few men who was lionized and kept his head.

At Edinburgh, Scotland, a lady has been found insane who left \$2,000 to provide a fund for the rescue of sane persons improperly placed in lunatic asylums.

The perfect of the Seine having placarded Paris with posters, describing the terrible effect of alcohol and absolute drinking, the cafe proprietors each filed a damage suit against him.

When the late "Tom" Reed was first talked of for the presidency, he was asked if he thought the party would put him in nomination. His reply was: "They might do worse—and I think they will."

When Albert Smith grew tired of being the butt of Douglas Jerrold's wit, he one day plaintively remarked: "After all, Jerrold, we row in the same boat." "Yes," answered the clever playwright, like a flash of lightning, "but not with the same skulls."

In a recently published memoir of Lord Salisbury, there is an amusing story of his childhood. "Oh, Betty," he said one day to his nurse, "I wish I was a cat." "Why?" asked the astonished Betty. "When I think," said the child, "of the many times I must dress and undress before I die, I wish my clothes grow on my back!"

Twenty-six German girls are worn by American girls who have married abroad and 20 English peaches. There are three French duchesses and five Italian countesses of American birth. Seventeen Italian nobles and six "Russians of title" have left their coronets at the feet of American brides. Holland has two baronesses, American born; Davanic one countess, and the sovereign prince of Monaco closes the list.

Senator Foraker does not care much for society, but, of course, he is obliged to attend many functions during the season at Washington, D. C. The other evening he was heard to give the following order to his coachman: "Drive us to Senator's to dinner, then call and take us to Mrs. W's reception. At 11 call for us to go to the embassy and after that take us to the madhouse."

BOARD OF TRADE FUNCTIONS.

Nearly Per Cent. of Transactions on Chicago Are Purely Speculative.

Probably quite 90 per cent. of all the transactions on the board are trades made by persons who do not expect to receive or deliver a bushel of actual grain, explains Will Payne, in "The Chicago Board of Trade in Century." This speculative trading is not only the most prominent, but is the most useful of the board's functions. Without it there could not possibly be the broad market which makes wheat a liquid asset everywhere in the United States. The speculative business means simply the perfection of a trade organization. You may buy a corner lot which in your opinion is likely to advance in value, pay for it, go to the savings bank, mortgage the lot and borrow on it the major part of the purchase price, leaving invested of your own capital only enough margin to secure the lender against loss through fluctuation in value. In a highly organized liquid market like that in grain and stocks all this lumber of mortgaging and borrowing is eliminated. You simply pay down the margin. Virtually nobody would buy wheat for a rise if he had to get out and get the actual grain. inspect it, find a storehouse to put it in, see that it was properly insured, guard against deterioration by sweating, etc., while it was in store, and when he wished to sell look around for a customer who wished just so much wheat of just such a sort. The board of trade does all this for him, the purchaser's part consisting only in giving an order to a broker and paying down the margin which will insure the broker against loss through fluctuations in price. This is what makes the broad market and gives wheat its staple value.

The board of trade is a court, too. Its directors and various committees are continually busy trying commercial cases, and hearing and settling the disputes which arise in the transaction of an immense volume of business.

Without the Chicago board and the several lesser exchanges which copy its methods and follow its prices, the grain trade of North America would fall to pieces, and every bushel of cereal raised north of the Mexican line would have less value.

She Struck the Limit. He loved her devotedly. He was also bow-legged. Both facts gave him pain at times.

He passed it off with a rueful smile when she merrily said that his affliction gave him such an arch look, and that, after all, he was a pretty good sort when you got onto his curves. He bore it patiently when she referred to his walk as parthenetical progress. But he rebelled and broke the engagement when she called her pet dog through the wicket formed by his legs.—London Tit-Bits.

Crops That Failed.

Great efforts have been made in southern California to produce tea, silk, opium and perfume, and although the climate fosters the most satisfactory growth of these plants, each has failed, because the high price of labor makes the crop unremunerative.—N. Y. Sun.

PHOTOGRAPH ENGRAVING.

The Work of Making the Illustrations for Newspapers and Magazines.

There always has been, and we suppose there always will be, a question of veracity as to who was the first man to produce practically a reproduction of the photograph in a series of lines, dots, squares and angles, by a photographic negative, so that a printing plate could be made from it without the intervention of any tool work, which, at the present time, is known as the half-tone. Undoubtedly to Mr. George C. Ives, of Philadelphia, the most credit is due for the perfecting of the half-tone process in this country. And in Boston the credit belongs to the late Mr. Robert Lewis, says the Boston Globe.

During the last 15 years the half-tone process has been greatly improved. In this period plates were etched on zinc by the so-called alben process, which consisted of a clean piece of zinc coated with a solution of bichromate of potassium and the white of an egg. When this coating was dry the plate was exposed to light in a copying frame after printing, then rolled with a thin layer of ink and immersed in water for development, then dried, brushed over with a powder known as dragon's blood, a resinous substance that resists acid. This powder adheres to the ink on the lines or dots. The ink washes off all parts of the plate where there is no line or dot to be affected by the light in making the print. With the powder only on the lines or dots the plate is immersed in a bath of nitric acid and water for about ten minutes, when the acid attacks all parts of the plate except the lines or dots protected by the powder, the result being the lines or dots are left in relief, and then we have our printing plate.

The present half-tones used in the magazines and newspapers are done by the improved method called the etamel process, the only difference being in the metal, the magazine using copper, which is better for fine work, while the newspapers use zinc which is cheaper and admits of a rapid manipulation. The etamel process consists chiefly of preparation and bichromate of potash.

A highly polished piece of copper or zinc one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness is coated with prepared gelatin and bichromate of potash, then thoroughly dried, exposed to sunlight or electric light, under the half-tone negative; then the soluble part disappears under the immersion of water, and the exposed parts remain. The plate is dried the enamel is baked onto the plate as hard as a piece of steel. Then it is ready for the etching. It is etched in a bath of perchloric acid of iron and water for copper half-tones, while nitric acid is used for zinc. The iron etches all parts not protected by the enamel, and the operator carries the etching to a point where his experience tells him he has a good depth, detail and color in the plate. Next it goes to the finisher, which at the present day are nearly all former first-class work engravers, who engrave out imperfections and touch up the plate locally or etch the high lights, and give the plate every attention to make an artistic production.

The half-tones in newspapers are made on a smoothed 65 or 70-line screen, meaning 65 or 70 lines to the inch. A negative is made and printed on zinc and etched by the etamel process. New paper cuts require a greater depth than ordinary commercial work and are more difficult to etch. After etching it goes to the finisher, who removes any imperfections. Then it is mounted on a type-high base, ready to be put in place in the newspaper form with the reading matter.

HIS IDEA OF ECONOMY.

The Foreman Was Very Careful of Supplies, as He Explained to His Superior.

A new division superintendent had been appointed on a western road, and shortly thereafter he called a meeting of all the section foremen and laid down a number of rules for their guidance. He informed them that, while every man was secure in his position as long as he performed the duties pertaining to his department satisfactorily, he wanted it clearly understood that in the future economy was to be the watchword, and warned them to be especially careful in regard to supplies, relates the New York Times.

A short time afterward he was making a trip over the road in a haundcar, and while inspecting a piece of track lately repaired he noticed a big railroad spike lying under a bush alongside the track. He picked it up, put it in his pocket, and when he met the foreman of that section he said: "Do you remember what I told you recently in regard to being careful about supplies?"

"I do, sorr," responded the foreman.

"Then how do you account for this?" said the D. S., producing the spike. "I found it a short distance down the road. Do you call that being careful of supplies?"

"Shaure, it's a sharp eye ye have, sorr," said the foreman admiringly. "I had three min' lookin' fer that spike for two days, an' div't a bit eud they find it!"

Mortgage Statistics.

Ninety-five per cent. of mortgages, as shown by the census, are made in order to increase the original holding of property or to raise money for business operations, and but five per cent. are because of threatened disaster.—Real Estate Journal.