

## THE MORNING BREAKS.

BY GRACE APPLETON.

The morning breaks, and with it brings  
The first faint breath of spring,  
And heart, like happy birds on wings,  
For joy are carolling!

A thrill runs thro' the frozen earth,  
A thrill pervades the air;  
Presaging banishment of dearth,  
Fortelling all things fair!

Each shivering bough enwreathed shall glow  
With wealth of summer bloom,  
Unmindful of the blasts that blow,  
Forgetful of the gloom!

And hearts bowed down by weight of wo,  
Souls shivering in life's blast,  
Beneath God's smile shall radiant grow  
In summer-land at last!

## CAN'T AFFORD TO MARRY

BY L. B. W.

"When are you and Mildred going to be married?"

The speaker sat opposite the young man addressed, smoking a cigar.

"If you mean Mildred Osborne, never. It's all very well to dance with such a girl, but no poor man would think of marrying her."

"Why not, Ned? She's handsome, accomplished, in the best set, dresses exquisitely, and will have a fortune when Mr. Osborne dies."

"Look here, Grayson, do you think I am a fool? I can't afford to marry Miss Osborne, and it is because she is in the fashionable set, dresses expensively, and has expectations from her father. I am only just beginning to succeed at the bar. It is a long time, as you know from your experience as a physician, before a large income can be earned in a profession. As yet I am not earning such an income. Miss Osborne has been brought up luxuriously. Her father keeps a carriage, goes to a watering-place every summer, and entertains constantly when at home. Mildred's very dresses, my dear fellow, would eat up half my earnings."

"I think you are hard on her. Any true woman, if she marries the man she loves, will cheerfully submit to sacrifices for his sake."

"So it is said, and so, in justice to the sex, most of them try to. But, Grayson, old fellow, you and I know, from our own experience, that habit is stronger than good resolutions. A rich man's daughter is not the girl for a poor man's wife. It isn't her fault; it's her misfortune."

"But you lose sight of the fact that Mildred will inherit a large share of her father's property."

"Not at all. Mr. Osborne is only fifty, hale and hearty. He will probably live for twenty years yet, and not till he dies will his daughter get one cent. At the end of twenty years, yes, long before that, I should be ruined, or else broken down in health in consequence of being in debt and overworked."

"Well, perhaps you are right. See what a scrape Harry Leonard got into!"

"Yes, he married the daughter of a man said to be worth a million. Old Mr. Johnson did not give her a penny. She had her wedding outfit, but that was all. On Harry's part there was nothing to support her with, only what he made out of his business, and, being a young merchant, he realized a very little wealth. Jessie Johnson was stylish and fond of making a dash. Harry took her to the Chaplin House, for he had sense enough to know he could not go to housekeeping in the way Jessie would want to go. In the summer they went to Saratoga, for Jess would not hear of a country boarding-house. There she had her pony phaeton, and a dozen or more Paris dresses. In the fall the hard times came, and Harry failed. I understand he owes twice as much as he can pay. Now this, I admit, is an exceptional case; yet this is the type of a large class, and a class that frighten young men and keep them from marrying."

"But what's to be done? We all expect to marry some day, and there are no girls except girls like Mildred and Jess."

"I beg your pardon. There are plenty of them, but, of course, to find them I fear you must go outside of the fashionable set, for it is only the daughters and wives of rich men who can afford to be fashionable. If you wish a wife you must look elsewhere for one, unless you expect to be a millionaire."

"Where would you look?"

"There are plenty of families where the daughters are well educated, and yet are able to help themselves. I know one daughter who makes all their hats and bonnets; another is a capital dressmaker. All attend to household affairs, making cake, deserts and good bread. They are quite as companionable as Mildred Osborne or Jess Johnson. No man with the right feeling wishes to make his wife a drudge; but men have to work, and why should not an able woman take her share?"

"Well, since you speak of it, I can recall such families also; but they don't go to public balls and dance the german."

"No. The daughters of such families are taught that home virtues are better than surface accomplishments. Men want true women for wives, not mere butterflies."

"I shall be curious, Ned, to see your wife."

"If you will come with me to-morrow evening I will introduce you to the young lady who has promised to fill that position. She is the daughter of a refined widow, and brought up like the girls I have been describing to you. She does not go out in society much, for she cannot afford it. As for her real accomplishments, her knowledge of literature, music and art are as far

above Miss Osborne as heaven is above the earth. With the fashionable girl it's chatter, chatter, chatter, and nothing else; dance and gossip!"

"Come, come, you are too severe; a good many of them are brilliant talkers, at least I find them so."

"Yes, the champagne foams for the public; for you the stale wine only is left."

So the conversation ends. Ned married the girl to whom he introduced his friend, and Grayson, after a few months, married her sister. They certainly are supremely happy in cosy, modest homes of their own—happier than if either had married Miss Osborne or one of her class. We wonder, sometimes, if mothers are not more to blame than the daughters for the frivolous, fashionable life. But we will let them decide.

### Artistic Furnishings.

"One of the most essential points in furnishing," remarked a careful housekeeper, "is to see that you get good carpets—carpets that will wear well and that will not soon go out of style. This, of course, is on the supposition that you do not propose to change your carpets with every slight change of fashion, but may desire to practice a perfectly comfortable economy. Good wearing quality and good taste do not necessarily mean that the carpet must be expensive. In choosing, take subdued colors—neither extremely light nor dark—and small patterns are best in the long run. Then come the curtains, which are very important, because you have to think not only of interior but also of exterior effects. When curtains and carpets are bought, if your means are moderate, you can then buy your furniture slowly, adding to it carefully, redressing and covering old furniture, thus economizing as much as you please."

Tapestries and ingrain seem to be the best carpets for people of moderate means; and now that all grades of them are so beautiful in design and colorings, the housekeeper of refined taste, though not wealthy, can easily gratify them in this direction.

Among curtains, especially among the richer fabrics, there is a great deal of brocade, and the flowers are quite as apt to be overshot as woven into the goods. Old roses and pink tints are much used this season, and they combine finely with grays and browns. In colors there is nothing better for wear and a good general effect than Madras. It comes forth this season as popular as ever, and some new grades have been added. One handsome Madras set was silk striped, with a dash of tinsel. It was very heavily fringed, which added much to its beauty.

Muslin curtains are becoming more and more popular. Irish point excel, too, as they have a rich appearance even when not costly. Among white curtains Irish point and Nottingham lace are the most satisfactory, unless one pays a very high price.—*New York Star.*

### His Boots Are Number 16.

Mr. Arnold, of Thompson, is only sixteen years old, but he is over six feet tall and his feet are famous, writes a Connecticut correspondent. They are bigger than any other feet in Windham County, and perhaps in the New England States. Young Thompson stepped into Eli Tracy's shoe shop at Central Village the other day and said he would like to have the shoemaker make him a pair of boots.

"All right," said Eli, "just put your foot on this measure, and I'll get your size."

Thompson tried to do as he had been bidden, but found it impossible to comply with the request. Although Tracy slipped the marker out to the jumping off place on the measure, there was not nearly room enough to accommodate the young man's extraordinary foot.

"Well," said he looking up aghast, "I never! You beat the record. What size boot do you usually wear?"

"Oh, generally I can get on sixteens," replied the youth, with ingenious complacency, "but lately they've pinched my feet some, and I guess I'll take a size or two larger this time."

Tracy then made an approximate estimate of the big foot, and found that it called for a boot one inch and a half longer than his measure. "I can't fill the bill for you," said he, "for you take a boot bigger than any last that is made."

So young Thompson had to go away without hope, and he is in a dilemma. The prospect is that he will have to go unshod during the remainder of his life unless he can persuade some liberal-soled contractor to make a last especially for his use, which will be expensive. Thompson is not the only six-footer and big-footer in his family.

### About a Big Gun.

Oliver Cromwell, on returning from the field of the first battle of Worcester, had occasion to pass through that city, and stopped for a few moments at the Bishop's palace.

The Bishop remarked that the battle had been "waging very hotly over yonder."

To this Cromwell replied: "Oh! I suppose you heard the roar of the artillery?"

"No," rejoined the Bishop; "I knew of it from the report of a Canon."

"My lord," said Cromwell, "I should advise you to obtain the dismissal of that gentleman from his office."

"Oh! why?"

"Because a cannon is of no use unless discharged."

"I prefer," answered the Bishop, "to let my Canon off."—*London Pick-Me-Up.*

## THE ART OF TAXIDERMY.

HOW THE FORMS OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS ARE PRESERVED.

Difficulty in Retaining the Natural Lines—A Big Business in Stuffed Skins—It Is Now a Fine Art in the Way of Preservation.



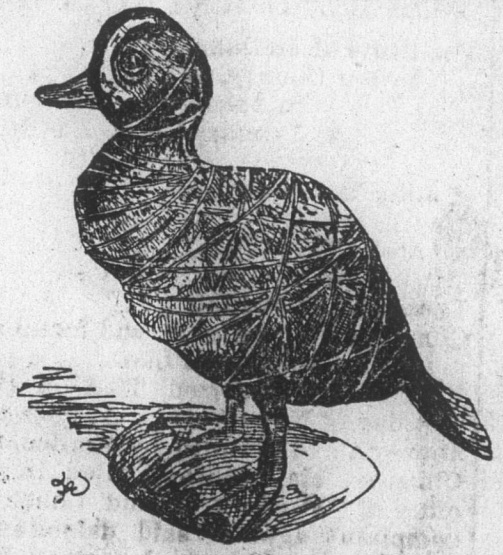
It is not a business calculated to bring its followers into public prominence. The busy world bustling up and down the streets does not care a straw for taxidermy. The ordinary man has something else to think of. Yet there are those who are deeply interested in the preservation of the forms of bird and animal life. Some are so from sentiment, as it enables them to retain the substantial shadow of a pet. Others are enlisted on a scientific basis. One may love birds and not be a taxidermist. Audubon illustrates this: He was a devoted ornithologist, one of the greatest America has yet known; but he paid no attention to taxidermy.



TAXIDERMIST AT WORK.

When he bagged a bird it was his practice to pin it to a tree and make a drawing reproducing the natural tints of the plumage, with colors. After this the skin was removed and dried. The collection of drawings and descriptions left by Audubon serve as criteria for sportsmen, but the value would have been much increased if supplemented by the actual forms of the birds. Charles Waterton, the English naturalist, has left far more to posterity through practicing taxidermy. The specimens he gathered, now in the museum in York, are of inestimable worth in showing the natural posture and action of life. On careful examination it will be found that a bird's body is not completely covered by feathers. There are places about the shoulders, under the wings and on the thighs where the skin is about bare, and fits the cavities or rounds out with great nicety. Usually these parts are stuffed full, the result being a marring of the symmetry and proportion. Waterton gave particular care to such points, trying to get them exact to nature.

The best way of preserving a bird's skin demands careful attention from the moment it is killed to the time of mounting. The wounds should be filled with cotton, and feathers discolored by blood should be softly wiped with a wet sponge. In hot weather the skin should be taken off at once, but in autumn or winter the bird can be allowed to get cold. Beginning at the breast bone, the skin is slowly separated by forcing a blunt instrument between it and the flesh. The bones of the wings are cut at the shoulder joints, and when getting the skin from the skull the vetebrae can be unjointed. Then remove the brains and eyes. The flesh is taken from the under bill, using care not to mutilate the openings of the ears or eyelids. The skin should then be rubbed with



DUCK WRAPPED TO DRY.

a solution of arsenic or corrosive sublimate and prepared for drying.

Before beginning stuffing, the skin in the interim having been dampened, wash the skull with corrosive sublimate, and reconnect to the neck with wire. The wings and legs are also adjusted with wire, and connected with a central piece running from head to tail. A fault common with stuffed birds is the apparent lengthening of the legs. The three bones of the legs should be articulated to almost form a letter Z, as the upper joint of the thigh is never straight. Chopped flax tow or cotton is the best for stuffing or sewing up. Cotton is put in the orbits of the eyes with fine forceps, and the

eyes are fixed in with cement. After being stuffed and the rose decided, thread is wound plentifully around the plumage to hold the feathers in position until the skin has again dried thoroughly.

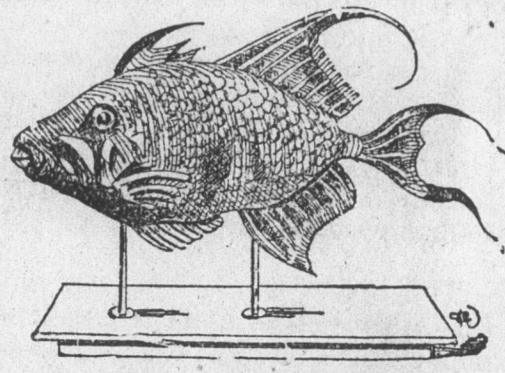
"The old custom," said the taxidermist, "of mounting birds on branches or moss-covered bases has been pretty much given up. Moss is a great place to breed insects and for moths to lay eggs, so a lot of some nice wood is now preferred."

The preservation of fish forms is a distinct branch of taxidermy, and is but little done. It is necessary to treat the fish as soon as taken from the water, and even then it is difficult to retain the color and luster of the scales.

The first ones to establish a business of stuffing anything and everything in natural life to supply museums and mercantile calls were the Verreaux Freres, in Paris. Before that a museum had to collect its own specimens, but the Verreaux opened a sort of clearing-house for wild beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles, from which a stuffed elephant or cotton-filled rodent could be ordered. The Verreaux passed away and were succeeded by an American named Ward, who to-day supplies the largest museums with stuffed specimens. His American headquarters are at Rochester, N. Y., where there are thousands of birds, mammals, fishes, and reptiles stuffed, or ready to be, if wanted. He has agents in all sections of the world looking for rare specimens and collecting others as the general stock needs replenishing.

Among taxidermal curiosities is a collection made by the late Henry Bergh to emphasize his stand against cruelty to animals. By stuffed specimens, the sufferings of the dumb brute from various forms of man's brutality is reproduced. A number of celebrated horses have had their skins made subjects of the taxidermist's art. Rienzi, ridden by Sheridan at "Winchester, twenty miles away," had his hide stuffed, and it is now at Governor's Island. Sherman's Tecumseh, that carried the General from Atlanta to the sea, can be seen at the Madison University. Robert E. Lee's war horse, Traveler, is in the Lee University, of Virginia, while famous trotting and running horses have in several instances also been thus honored.

"I am called on a good deal," said the taxidermist interrogated, "to stuff dead canaries. They have been household pets, but gone the way of all flesh, and the women of the family think it would be nice to keep something that looks as they did when alive. I always ask for a deposit in advance for such jobs, as it is a tedious bit of work, and often by the time it is done the loss of the bird has been partially forgotten. There is a parrot on the



TRIGGER FISH MOUNTED.

shelf there a woman cried over when she left the body, but got over her mourning so much in a week as to refuse to pay for the job."

### A Useful Insect.

The greatest bane to the cotton-planter is coco grass. Where it once gets a foothold, from the time the cotton is planted till it is harvested, it is one steady fight against this active enemy; and if a rainy spell should happen to come up, and the plantation work be seriously interfered with, the coco will gain such headway that it cannot be stopped, and will smother and kill the young cotton.

F. L. Maxwell of Killarney plantation, Louisiana, thinks he has solved the coco problem. A West Indian planter told him of a bug in Jamaica which showed a great predilection for the coco. Mr. Maxwell obtained from Jamaica several hundred eggs of the bug, which is known scientifically as the *Spactalis vulgaris minor*. Only twenty of the eggs hatched. He began operations with these. He planted the eggs in a box, raised several crops of them, and when he thought he had enough, began planting them on the worst coco patch on his plantation, scattering them three feet apart, just as if he were planting seed. After a few weeks some of the coco began to wilt. An examination showed that the worm had burrowed down two or three feet in the ground to the nut from which the coco springs, eaten it, and thus killed the plant. Since the first crop was hatched out, about the beginning of May, five crops of worms have been hatched, have laid their eggs and died, and each crop has been many fold larger than its predecessor, until the twenty spactales have grown to many billions. In one place they have destroyed ten acres of the coco, cutting it level with the ground, burrowing to the roots, and annihilating it, but not hurting the cotton in the least.

A Corsican doctor, M. de Susini, has made a sulphuric ether engine of twenty-horse power, which is expected to realize a saving of sixty-five per cent. in fuel. Scientific men in Paris who have witnessed its working are said to have reserved their opinion as to its merits until further tests have been made.

## WISE AND UNWISE.

A MAN might never become a fence even were he continually a-railing.

JOHN—Elvira, do you love me, or is it my money? Elvira—John, I love you both.

WHEN a dude is near-sighted and half-witted he gets on very well with half an eye-glass.

THE unmarried females of the country will be much interested in the work of the Patrons of Husbandry.

THE "Forty-niners" of California were Pan-Americans, though some pan'd out better than others.

LENA (from New York City)—And you are going to marry, Ella? Ella—Yes, I thought I would for a while.

"MUCILAGE trust been formed," said Jags to Cags. "Somebody's going to get stuck," was the prediction that followed.

THERE is a rumor that the senior class at Harvard University is deteriorating, and the election of a negro as class orator seems to give color to it.

FRIEND—Is Jennie's husband a good provider? Mother-in-law—Immense! They've been married only about five years and they have a whole houseful of children.

"Why," said the husband, "do you wear the hair of another woman on your head?" "Why," retorted his better-half, "do you wear the skin of another calf on your hands?"

MRS. WATTS—Mother's birthday comes next week, and I want to make her a present. What would you suggest? Mr. Watts—If I had my way I'd give her a nice, heavy tombstone.

DIGGINS—Do you see that portly man over there by the door? Wiggins—Yes; fine-looking man. Diggins—He takes life easily. Wiggins—Looks as if he did. Diggins—He does; he's a doctor.

GENIAL host—Patrick, me bhoys, you've had quite enough to drink. Take me advice; when ye get to the top of the street ye'll see two cabs; take the first, because, begorra, there's only one.

MISTRESS—It's singular we didn't catch any mice last night. Did you set the trap, Bridget? Bridget—I did, mum. I set it forinst the cheese, and thin covered it over wid an old hat so that the mice couldn't see it.

AGENT—Mr. Moneymuch, can I sell you a phonograph, the greatest invention of the age? The machine will guarantee to talk 200 words per minute, and— Mr. Moneymuch—Thank you, sir, but I don't need it. The sewing circle meets twice per week at our house.

A NICE plaything for children: Mrs. Bandbox—You said the train I should take leaves at 10:30, didn't you? Ticket Agent—Yes, madam; and I think I've told you that about ten times already. "Yes, I know you have, but my little boy says he likes to hear you talk."

FOND father—Harry, you have been waiting on Miss Watson for over a year. Why don't you marry her? Harry—She isn't emotional enough. Fond father—Great Scott, boy, what do you want with an emotional woman? The crown of my head is as bare as a billiard ball. Your mother was an emotional woman.

PARISHIONER—Deacon, I don't hab much faith in dat new minister wot yo' got fo' our church from down Richmond; he has dun prayed fo' rain for fo' weeks and not a drop has felled yet. Deacon—Yes, Bre'r Willyums, but it hab rained powful hard at Richmond, an' I guess de Lawd hab dun fo' gotten dat de minister hab changed his place ob residence.

NOT INSURED.  
The moon beams calmly sifted down  
Upon two tender things—  
Madeline Martha Robinson  
And William Henry Bings.  
The youth was smitten by her charms  
And closer to her leant,  
And having dared to kiss her, cried,  
"It was an accident!"  
"For shame young man!" exclaimed the maid.  
"Withhold your compliments,  
For well you know I'm not insured  
Against these accidents!"  
—*Haps and Mishaps.*

### A SIGN OF CIVILIZATION.



"Bedad, I must be gettin' among friends. O've been walkin' the intore mornin' an' that's the first sign of civilization O've met wid."

### HAD TWO GRADES.



Barber—"Shave, sir?"  
"Yes, of course."  
"Five or ten?"