

Who? What? Which? Where?

When the young debutante gets sight of a beau  
She scarcely can peep thro' the leaves of her fan.  
Her heart doth so flutter, her cheeks do so glow,  
As she asks all a-trembling: "Who is the man?"  
Twenty doth bring her to years of disrepute,  
No longer she blushes, but changes her plan:  
With thoughts of the pocket, the place, the profession,  
She questions the circle with: "What is the man?"  
At thirty, each day the thought doth appal her,  
That hour by hour her roses grow wan;  
Her circle of lovers grow smaller and smaller,  
She duns each deceiver with: "Which is the man?"

## THE NEW SOUTH.

The train that rushed out of the wide-winding suburbs of Washington down into Virginia, in the dawn of a cold February morning, was filled with northerners going to New Orleans. They had, oddly enough, the alert, expectant air of explorers into an unknown country. The men looked out on the sleepy streets of Alexandria with as critical eyes as if it had been its namesake in Egypt, and the women buttoned their tight ulsters more closely, and slung their alligator satchels to their sides in readiness for any emergency.

They were intelligent people of the class who have leisure; they were familiar with the upper range of states; many of them ran over to Europe or to California every summer. But the three-cornered segment of their country, which had a climate, history, and character of its own, was foreign to them as Arabia Felix.

"I was in the south thirty years ago," said one fidgety old gentleman. "Visited a college found in eastern Virginia. Queer life! Great scrambling house in a large plantation, crowded with guests; leaky roof, magnificent old family plate, patched carpets, negroes swarming everywhere. Saddled horses hitched always by the door in case you wanted to cross a field. Old families, each with its coat of arms and pride of birth. The most generous, unmethodical, kindly people in the world."

The old gentleman in his enthusiasm took off his silk traveling-cap, letting the cold wind blow over his bald head, with its fringe of gray hair. His wife—a pudgy, prim little woman—replaced it with: "You forget, my dear!"

"Yes, yes, I forget that I'm a broken-down old invalid when I think of those days. It makes me a lad again to get into the south," turning to his listening neighbors. "I've been pastor of a church in western New York for forty years, you see. Never took a holiday. Some chronic trouble set in last fall, and the doctors said—Europe. My people raised the money at once. But I said, I'll go south and rest. No Europe for me. Why, gentlemen, in all the drive and struggle of these forty years, the remembrance of the leisure and quiet, the laziness, if you like, of the south has come before me like a glimpse of the isles of the blest. Life there is not all money-getting. They take it as they go."

His companions listened to the eager talk of the garrulous old fellow with assenting nods and smiles, he being one of those people to whom the world in all its humor says yes and smiles. But they did not all agree with him. Having the usual large, careless good humor of the American, they had no lingering grudge or bitterness against the south because of the war. But it was alien to them, as it had always been; they were men whose occupations and thoughts ran in fixed and narrow ruts, and like the great mass of average northerners they knew of the south only through long-ago recollections or hearsay traditions. It was in their minds a vague tropical stretch of sugar and cotton and rice fields, peopled by indolent, arrogant men and haughty, languid women their feet still firmly set on the necks of the negro race.

The names of the stations, too, began to recall the fact that they were in a once hostile country, and among a people who had been their foe. As the conductor shouted "Fairfax," "Manassas," "Culpeper," they looked out eagerly at the snow-covered fields and the unpainted wooden station-houses which replaced the brick Queen Anne villas affected by northern railways, expecting to find something novel and foreign.

A puffy young man from Chicago was superciliously calling attention to the worm fences, the lean fields, the forlorn houses, etc. as:

"Wretchedly poor, sir. Now, there is really no excuse for such poverty. Even grant that the state was laid waste by the war. All that was twenty years ago. Twenty years is enough for any man to get upon his legs again."

"It is all due to a lack of energy," decisively said a close-shaven, trim little iron-master from Pennsylvania. "We all know the south. Some of the best books in American literature are descriptions of these people. Did you ever read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' or 'A Fool's Errand?' They show you that a more indolent, incapable, pig-headed race never breathed. The men spend their time in idling, dul-

plaining and looked up inquiringly at the being to whom their destiny (in the shape of their father) had confided them. It was a moment of terrible suspense if their keen perceptions discovered the fraud; if they decided that in addition, to the creature comforts of warmth and motion, and noise, it was essential

peaked roofs rose the snowy hills. A crowd of students from the university filled the platform. An elderly man, after much hand-shaking with them, entered the car.

"Hello!" said Mr. Ely; "surely I know that face, Sarah? Except for the bald head— He bristled up. "I beg pardon. It is a long time ago. But are you not Woolaston Pogue? I am James Ely. Don't you remember? I visited the Meddills in Accomac in '55, and you—"

"Bless my soul! Of course I remember. Why, my dear sir, I am glad to see you back in Virginia. And how has the world used you in all these years?"

"Well, well, roughly enough," said Ely, with a sigh. He had, in fact, a comfortable home, and until lately sound health, yet as the two men sat side by side, it was the anxious, lean northerner, who most looked the victim of a destructive war. The Virginian was a stout, ruddy, overgrown boy. Prosperity apparently oozed out of every pore, from the red fringe of hair about his shining pate to his beaming spectacled eyes, and the gurgling laugh of pure enjoyment that bubbled out every minute.

"Changes?" he said, rubbing his knees meditatively, as Ely plied him with questions. "Oh, great changes! Necessarily. The houses in which you visited have all passed from the old families—except the Grange. That is a place of summer resort, kept by Mrs. Leigh."

"Not that lovely Anna Page who married Joe Page?"

"The very same. Beautiful as a dream, wasn't she? But she is making money fast keeping boarders. The house was torn out by the Yan—by one of the armies. After the surrender that woman put up partitions, hung doors, glazed windows, papered, painted, with her own hands. She's equal to a whole troop of mechanics."

"And John Medill?"

"Killed at Manassas. His son lost a leg, and was invalid for life. His daughters carry on the plantation. Virginia is in the saddle every morning before dawn. She herself plowed and dug until she was able to hire hands. She had the banner crop of tobacco in that county last year."

Mr. Ely made a chuckling sound of amazement and dismay.

"And what became of the Al-laires?"

"They lost everything? The boys as they grew up went to work—Fred in an iron-mill in Richmond, and St. Claire as brakeman on this road. They have both risen steadily."

"No lack of energy there!" said the old clergyman, with a sharp glance toward the scoffing iron man.

"I hope the trouble did not injure you, Mr. Pogue?" he said.

"Major Pogue," quietly amended the Virginian. "I had that rank in our army. Yes"—nodding good-humoredly—"I was left without a dollar. Fortune of war, eh? But I was young, and could accept the situation. It went harder with the old men. Our southern women, I will say, were the first to stagger to their feet. In every household it was invariably the women who first faced the inevitable and tried to make the best of it. The old men have never quite recovered from the blow. Some of them even yet fancy that the old issues are still alive. But it is the men who were children in '55 that have their hands on the lever now; and they make no mistake about issues. Where their fathers dreamed of reopening the slave trade and of conquering Mexico and annexing Cuba, to form a great empire, they talk of new cotton-gins, and Bessemer-steel works, and coal mines, and a thousand other ways of developing our resources. It is the young men who are the new south. I fancy you northern people know very little about the new south."

"Very little indeed," replied Mr. Ely, smiling uneasily. "In fact, I did not know, until five months ago, that there was such a nation."

"You will see"—laughing significantly.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine.*

### Snowdonia or Switzerland.

Llanberis has been called the Chamounix of Wales, just as Snowdonia has had bestowed upon it the name of Switzerland of Wales. With regard to Llanberis, if in calling it the Welsh Chamounix the object is to imply that, like the little village at the foot of Mont Blanc, it is the headquarters of tourists, and the starting point of climbers intending to go up Snowdonia, at the base of which it lies, there is no objection to the assimilation. But as regards Snowdonia, there is certainly no reason why it should be compared to Switzerland, with which it has but little likeness. It is very hard to understand why people always will compare one thing with another wholly irrespective of the merits of either. For it is only misleading people into the belief that this part of the principality is similar to the land of William Tell, than which a greater mistake could not be made. The beauties and attractions of Wales are sufficient to induce visitors to come to the principality or they are not. If they are, it is because they have distinctive and characteristic features of their own: if

proved sufficiently attractive of its own merits. Can anything be so unwise? If we were asked what makes the great charm of Welsh scenery, we would for our part, declare most emphatically that it is precisely its peculiar appearance, unlike we have seen in the Alps or Pyrenees, and that it is worth seeing if only for that very reason. If Wales were a kind of Switzerland, of Auvergne or of Provence region, the best thing to do would be to give it as wide a berth as possible, and not to go near it on any account, as an imitation, however good, is never equal to the original.—*Art Journal.*

### The Honey Bird.

We came to a large piece of timber, and while passing through it I had my first experience with the honey bird of South Africa. This curious little bird is, in size and plumage, about like an English sparrow, and gets his name from the fact that the little fellow, who is very fond of honey, being unable to obtain it for himself, will lead men to the places where the wild bees have hidden stores of rich wild honey. Whenever this bird sees a man he will fly close to him, hovering around, uttering a twittering sound; then he will go off in the direction of the place (generally a tree) where the honey is, flying backward and forward in a zig-zag fashion. Then back he will come, twittering in the same manner, as if to say: "Come along, I'll show you where it is." These actions are repeated until the tree is reached, when the bird will indicate it very plainly by flying to it and hovering around it.

If the distance is great (and sometimes the honey bird will lead a person who is willing to follow a distance of ten miles), he will wait on a tree until the follower comes up and will then continue his business of piloting. He is very persistent and will do his best to draw any one on, but if the party is not posted about honey birds and refuses to follow, or goes in the wrong direction, the bird will leave, probably in search of some person who will appreciate his efforts to provide him with sweets.

While the bees are being smoked out and the honey taken up, the bird will hover in the vicinity until the job is done, when of course his reward comes in the shape of a feast on the fragments that are left. If he knows of other hives, just as soon as one is disposed of he will lead the way to another, and I have, since this time, known as many as four trees to be taken up by a party in one day. When the honey bird has shown one tree, if the hunters are satisfied with that and refuse to follow him further, he leaves them; but I have never heard of an instance in which the bird misled any one in regard to finding honey. It frequently happens, however, that a honey bird will lead a person into very dangerous places, and unless the hunter keeps his eyes about him, when following this bird, he may run right onto a lion, a venomous snake, or some other equally undesirable acquaintance.—*American Field.*

### Complexion and Health.

A physician in the *Medical World* gives the following advice to women for the improvement of their health and complexion: "For the present I prescribe only for your feet. First, produce a quantity of woolen stockings, not such as you buy at the store under the name of lamb's wool, that you can read a newspaper through, but the kind that your aunt Jerusha in the country knits for you, that will keep your feet dry and warm, in spite of the wind and weather; second, if you want to go through, change them every morning, hanging the fresh ones by the fire during the night; third, produce thick caulk boots, double uppers and triple soles and wear them from the 1st of October to the 1st of May; make frequent applications of some good oil blacking; fourth, avoid rubbers altogether, except a pair of rubber boots, which may be worn for a little time through the snow-drifts or a flood of water; fifth, hold the bottoms of your feet in cold water a quarter of an inch deep just before going to bed two or three minutes, and then rub them hard with rough towels and your naked hands; sixth, to go out freely in all weather, and believe me, not only will your feet enjoy a good circulation, but as the consequences of the good circulation in the lower extremities your head will be relieved of all its fullness and your heart of all its palpitations. Your complexion will be greatly improved and your health made better in every respect."

One of the curiosities of Cayuga County, New York, is a hotel built directly upon the dividing line between two townships. It has been the custom for many years for the manager to shift his bar from one end of the house to the other just according to the way the town went on the excise question, and in that way he has managed to obtain a license, either in one town or the other most of the time.

Certain well-known localities in Lynchburg, Va., are known as "Dog Alley," "Buzzard Roost," "Hog Yard," and "Horse Heaven," and now some of the people there are asking that the name of Cork street be changed to "Dairy Lane."

clears a spot of ground where he purposes to put a house. Next he plants firmly in the ground two parallel rows of posts some eight feet high. To the tops of these are firmly lashed the long bamboos or other poles that are to be the "plates" to which the lower ends of the rafters are to be fastened. The latter are slender poles rising steeply to the light ridge-pole, some twenty or more feet above the site of the house. Across these rafters are lashed horizontally thin, long sticks split from Spanish cedar, from bamboo or from the palm. The frame for the roof is now complete. The builder then goes, machete in hand, to the nearest thicket of palmettos or to a coarse palm and hacks down the graceful fronds, sweeping in wide arches upward from the rich black soil. Shaving off the sharp edges of the leaf-stalk, that cut the unwary like a keen knife, he splits the butt end and placing, a part on each side of a small sapling, he pulls sturdily. The stalk splits evenly throughout its entire length, and the operator has two slender, tapering stalks, perhaps twenty feet long, each having pendant at right angles to itself a fringe of leaves, rich and glossy green and one to two inches wide and from twelve to twenty-four inches in length. These grow so closely together that their edges touch. In the young palmetto the tips of these long, narrow leaves are connected by a filament which gives to the whole frond a delicate, lace-like appearance.

Dragging these split palmetto fronds to his house that is to be, the builder places the first two stalks on the lower ends of the rafters, the butts at the gable ends of the house, and the fringe of leaves downward. The stalks are fastened to the horizontal poles by tough vines, and a second course is laid a little higher up, lapping over the first course as shingles lap on a roof. The tips of the fronds overlap in the middle. Tier after tier, and course after course are added in regular order, until the thatch has reached the desired thickness, perhaps more than a foot deep, making a roof absolutely rain-proof, that forms a safe and agreeable refuge for spiders, mice and other pleasant neighbors. However, such things seldom trouble the human occupants of the dwelling unless the mice become too free in their raids on the maize—a word that is by the way, pronounced "mice."

If the walls are to be of mud, slender poles are fastened horizontally from post to post, the doorways being between posts placed the proper distance apart. Poles three or four inches in diameter are placed upright between the larger posts, and to these the horizontal strips are secured. When this has been done the tempered clay is plastered on thickly, day after day, beginning at the ground and gradually working upward, a few inches each day, until the eaves are reached. When the wall has dried, a coating of clay is spread over the surface, filling all cracks and making a smooth wall. Whenever the wall becomes injured a handful or two of wet clay makes all sound again, wherein the Carib house has great advantage over the massive structures of our effete civilization; but Carib houses are not fire-proof.

The house itself is finished, but the kitchen, which is the heart of Honduranian as of other houses of greater pretensions remains to be made. For the foundation of this important structure posts are often set in the earth that forms the floor of the house, or of an attachment thereto. These posts support a platform about two feet from the floor. On the sticks forming the platform a thick bed of mud mortar is spread, and from this rise clay walls drawing near to each other at the top. Often the walls form an arch in the top of which is a range of holes of various sizes, over which pots and bowls of pottery are placed containing fish, fowl or fowl, yam, yucca or maize, frijoles or plantains. A fire is started, and housekeeping has begun. Sometimes the owner or his friend has an artistic talent, and beside the fireplace the clay image of a man will rise two or three feet, the flat surface made by the headdress forming a platform on which blazing splinters of fat pine are placed at night—a household god lighting the dusky priestesses offering up the daily sacrifices to humanity's exacting appetites.—*E. W. Perry, in Good House-keeping.*

### Read the Looking-Glass.

I read a sensible article in a London newspaper the other day recommending people to study their countenances by aid of their mirrors. As a general thing, it is not necessary to tell your acquaintances to look in the glass. They do so without being told, and everyone is aware when she does her face wears an expression quite unlike that seen by other eyes. Disappointment at the reflection, for the vision rarely comes up to the expectations and hopes of the vainest mortal, perhaps, but as far as animation goes there is not a trace in the best French plate ever made. This writer suggests her readers should make a practice of smiling and talking, if not eating, before their mirrors, just to observe and correct the grimaces with which they favor the world around them. One of the first lessons a singer receives should be this, to watch her countenance while singing. Precisely as an actor or actress

affection, a graceful carriage, are only results of training, and they become habits quite as easily as less pleasing tricks and mannerisms. There are people who appear tolerably well in repose, yet the instant they speak or laugh change to the grotesque and worry the beholder almost to death. A quite pretty actress, who has been seen more or less in society, spoils the contour of her face the instant she opens her mouth to speak. A little control of the muscles of the lips would obviate the fault and make her far more interesting. But wouldn't this study of the countenance make one very self-conscious? asks the reader. Possibly it might; yet, as self-consciousness is a prevailing sin, I see no reason why one can not add to it the grace of expression, and thus neutralize its evil effect. A sweet and gracious manner is always worth cultivating even if it takes a mirror to bring it to perfection.—*Boston Herald.*

### Furniture Made of Brass.

When the popular taste began some time ago to lean toward articles made of brass, many persons laughed at what they called a spasm, and said it could not last long; but if the trade done in this line of goods is anything to go by, the craze is increasing. Popular taste, in fact, is running riot in this regard. Fancy woodwork, so popular a year or so ago, is practically out of the market. Not only is this metal used in the manufacture of bric-a-brac and ornamental pieces, but in many of the recently-built dwellings it constitutes much of the practical and substantial appointments.

For portieres, mantle facings, and stair casings polished brass has been in common use for a long time, but it was not until recently that it took the place of softer and less expensive materials in the manufacture of panelings for doors, sills, baluster rails, balconies, and the like.

Its use in the manufacture of household articles has knocked a good-sized hole in the furniture business, for a portion of a dwelling can today be furnished in brass, from a kitchen poker up to a child's swinging crib. An article of this kind—a brass basinet—covered by a canopy, costs \$50. A simple crib, however, can be bought for \$35. Single brass bedsteads are worth \$48, while those of double size range in price from \$38 to \$100. Among the new designs in beds is a canopy which, while it extends only over the pillows, is a very handsome piece of furniture. The head and foot pieces are made in variously fashioned patterns, as also are the supports to the canopy, which can be had in damask, merino, silk, or satin. In a room where a light is continually burned they are practical and useful as well as ornamental.

Brass cabinets forty and sixty inches high, with four or five shelves, are also being made. They cost from \$40 up. The top and stanchions are of highly-polished metal, but the shelves are made of solid mahogany. Polished brass dressing-cases, with beveled glass mirrors, though pretty and elegant, are very expensive. So are the brass chairs. To furnish a reception room or parlor with brass chairs would be novel and dainty, but at \$40 each most people would have to be content with one or two. To the designs, patterns, and shapes of the various articles made of this metal there seems to be no end. The appearance of a room is greatly enhanced by a brass easel, as is also the looks of the picture to which it gives support.

The number of articles made of brass runs up into the thousands already—and the end is not yet. Shaving stands, wall pockets, fire screens, and such things exist in countless varieties. The most popular conceits are the umbrella stand, usually made in hammered goods, circular in form and about a foot in diameter; coal scuttles, used chiefly by people who have open fire-places and grates, to stand beside the fire-place; match boxes, whisk broom holders, ash receivers, and hall racks in polished oak with brass mountings. Small thermometers or clocks are sometimes set in the head of a tennis racket. The latest card picture-holder is made of brass in the semblance of a flatiron.

It is in the appointing of a house, however, that the craze is now mostly seen, and builders and architects generally are puzzling their brains trying to find new places and new uses to which they can put the metal, and are thus coming nearer and nearer to what is said will one day be a house of brass.—*New York Express.*

### Mutual Confidence.

Judge (to the accused)—Seppel, if you admit that you owe your doctor 20 marks, and you have the money, why don't you pay him?

Seppel—I am perfectly willing to pay the doctor, but first he should give me a receipt for the money, for he is not a reliable man. If I give him the money before he gives the receipt, then he won't sign the receipt, and afterward he will want the money again.

Judge—Doctor, why don't you sign the receipt?

Doctor—I will tell your honor. Seppel is not a reliable man. If I give him a receipt he won't pay me at all, and if then I prosecute him he will show the receipted bill in court.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

to see a new picture, and my eye rested on a lay figure standing gracefully draped in one corner. It flashed across me that this was just what I wanted, and I persuaded my friend to spare it to me for a time for some work I myself had in hand.

I did not want to startle Polly or

planning and looked up inquiringly at the being to whom their destiny (in the shape of their father) had confided them. It was a moment of terrible suspense if their keen perceptions discovered the fraud; if they decided that in addition, to the creature comforts of warmth and motion, and noise, it was essential

pandemonium. My "artificial mother" was a dream, but may I not hope also a prophecy?—*William Johnson in Ohio State Journal*

Wool felts, plain and with Astrakhan combinations will again be shown.

of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886? Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.