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THE REVIEW

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Rainbow Land.

From the valley of morn, where tear drops hang, The glittering bow of promise sprang...

KITTY'S NEW YEAR'S:

Trying to be Fashionable. BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Oh, mamma, do let me have a regular table and 'receive' like Miss Delmarde," pleaded Kitty Clifford.

"We can't afford it, my dear," said Mrs. Clifford, sagely shaking her head. "You know very well how small papa's income is, compared with Mr. Delmarde's; and if it wasn't for Uncle Joshua's help—"

"Write to Uncle Joshua and ask him for some more money," urged Kitty her, blue eyes shining like jewels, and her cheeks tinged with the softest, loveliest pink.

"My dear, you don't know your Uncle Joshua as I do," said Mrs. Clifford. "He has been very kind to help papa along in his business embarrassments, but he disapproves of all this foolish fashionable display—"

"But it isn't foolish to do as other people do," interrupted Kitty; "and besides, how is he to know that it is for a New Year's table and a New Year's dress that we want the money? Oh, mamma, write—please, do write. There is a time in one's life when economy is the worst policy, and I believe it has come to us now."

"Do you mean—?" Kitty laughed and colored, and contrived to get the fringe of her pink silk bow entangled in a little locket she wore about her neck.

"Mamma, I mean that I believe Col. Coplands will propose in a very few days, if only—"

And here Kitty stopped. "Girl of the period" though she undoubtedly was, even she did not like to say, "if he is properly baited, and stimulated up to the proposing point."

Mrs. Clifford flushed. Col. Copland was a rich widower, the prize for which more than one girl was striving, and with Kitty's fresh beauty and artless piquancy of manner, she did not know why her child should not be the winner of wealth, station, and an aristocratic home. At all events it was worth the trying for.

Mrs. Clifford had lived all her own time on a narrow income, making a kind of whitened sepulchre of her existence, whereof the outside was gay and glittering, the inside full of petty economies, miserable makeshifts, and shallow expedients. And if she could spare Kitty such another life—

"Yes, child, yes," said she, "I will write to Uncle Joshua."

"And let him think it's for papa's business," said Kitty eagerly. "Mamma, we must have the parlor lighted with gas, and a lot of hot-house flowers. We can easily hire the glass and silver that we want, and I'll just make out a list of the refreshments at Cecini's."

"My dear, don't you think we might get them at some less extravagant place?" suggested the prudent mamma.

Kitty made a little gesture of deprecation. "Oh, mamma, there's a style about Cecini's tables that nobody else can get up; and Ernest Coplands is such a judge of little things."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Clifford. "And now about the dress. Your blue silk will do, of course, with a little freshening up."

But Kitty resolutely shook her head. "I must have a new one, mamma—rose-colored silk, made low necked, and short sleeved, with puffings of pink crape, and an overskirt edged with white silk fringe. I saw the loveliest idea at Dardanelle's the other day, and I can easily make it myself, with a little help from the seamstress."

"Yes; but Kitty—" The young girl put her hand laughingly over her mother's lips.

"It will be so much prettier, mamma; and pink always was my color, you know. Just you sit down and write to Uncle Joshua, while I make out the memoranda for a shopping expedition. Wouldn't the dear old backwoodsman be astonished, if he knew what his money was going for—decollate dresses, champagnes and camellias!"

And Kitty danced merrily off. Mrs. Clifford looked after her, half proud, half perplexed, as she drew out the writing-desk and laid forth a sheet of fresh paper.

"It's a bold undertaking," she thought; "but then they say that 'faint heart never won a fair lady,' and Kitty certainly has always proved herself an excellent manager."

The money came back by return mail—a crisp, rustling check for five hundred dollars. Mrs. Clifford's letter-writing was undoubtedly well done.

"It seems almost wicked to impose upon poor dear Uncle Joshua so," said Mrs. Clifford.

"He'll never know it," said Kitty saucily.

The low red sunset glared over the sunny fields and ravines; the wind howled sadly down the aisles of white pines and leafless beeches and elms that clothed the rugged heights above Joshua Whitbeck's farmhouse, on the last evening of the old year.

It was a low, old-fashioned dwelling, such as our grandfathers used to build—a house with a huge chimney stack and low eaves, and windows that hardly seemed to belong to the same fraternity with the glittering sheets of modern plate glass that adorned our city blocks of brown stone.

"My brother!" echoed Mrs. Clifford, turning pale.

"Yes, it's me," said Mr. Whitbeck. "Guess you didn't expect to see me. All this 'ere must ha' cost a sight o' money. I don't wonder you was so put to it for five hundred dollars."

And the old man turned and stalked indignantly out of the room. Mrs. Clifford followed him, vainly trying to mollify his wrath.

Kitty put the best possible face on matters. "It's my uncle," said she. "He's—he's very eccentric."

"I should think so," said Colonel Coplands. "But I must go, after I have disclosed the real object of my visit."

Kitty smiled and colored; her heart beat high. Was the long delayed proposal coming at last?

"I am to be married next month to Laura Delamarde," said the Colonel. "As one of her intimate friends, she especially wishes you to know."

The gas-lights grew dark before Kitty's eyes; the carved cornices seemed to swim round her; but she maintained her self-possession until the false colonel had bowed himself out. Then she went slowly up stairs to find her mother in hysterics, and Uncle Joshua gone.

Mr. Clifford failed the next week. Mrs. Clifford opened a boarding-house and Kitty is teaching school. It is not probable that she will "receive" next New Year's Day.

Receipts.

INSECTS ON PLANTS.—To exterminate the insects, mix one ounce of carbonate of ammonia with a gallon of water, and with this fluid water the plants.

TO MEND INDIA-RUBBER BOOTS.—A cement made by dissolving rubber cut fine in benzine, may be used to mend rubber boots and shoes. This cement will firmly fasten on a rubber patch.

TO REMOVE TAN.—Mix magnesia in soft water to the consistency of paste, which should be spread on the face and allowed to remain a minute or two. Then wash off with castile soap-suds, and rinse with clean soft water.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—Take one drachm of finely powdered alum and mix thoroughly with the whites of two eggs and one teaspoonful of fresh lard; spread on a cloth and apply to the parts burnt. The application should be changed once a day.

WATERPROOFING FOR CLOTHING.—Boiled oil, 15 lbs.; bees-wax, 1 lb.; ground litharge, 13 lbs.; mix, and apply with a brush to the article, previously well washing and drying each article before applying the composition.

REVIVER FOR GILT FRAMES.—White of eggs, 2 oz.; chloride of potash (or soda), 1 oz.; mix well, blow off the dust from the frames; then go over them with a soft brush dipped in the mixture, and they will appear equal to new.

TO RENEW OLD SILKS.—Unravel and put them in a tub, cover them with cold water, let them remain an hour; dip them up and down but do not wring; hang up

to drain, and iron while damp, and it will look beautiful.

PAINT—TO MAKE WITHOUT LEAD OR OIL.—Whiting, 5 lbs.; skimmed milk, 2 qts.; fresh slacked lime. Pour upon the lime a sufficient quantity of milk to make a mixture resembling cream; the balance of the milk is then to be added; and lastly the whiting is to be crumbled up.

EVERTON TAFFEE.—To make this favorite and wholesome candy, take 1 1/2 lbs. moist sugar, 3 oz. butter, a teacup and a half of water, and one lemon. Boil the sugar, butter, water, and half the rind of the lemon together, and, when well done, which will be known by dropping into cold water, when it should be quite crisp,—let it stand aside till the boiling has ceased and then stir in the juice of the lemon. Butter a dish, and pour in it about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The fire must be quick and the taffee stirred all the time.

COMPLAINTS are constantly made of the breakage of lamp chimneys, and a remedy is asked for. The remedy is simple. When you get new chimneys, put them in cold water, let the water come to a boiling point, and then take the vessel off the fire and leave the glasses in the water until cold. After this you will not complain of constant breakage of lamp glasses.

ALL SORTS.

Gold! Found by the K. D. C. Company the Dyspeptic's Gold Mine—K. D. C. Dyspeptics invited to test quality. Free sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

Miss Vasser: "Don't you think Miss Springrove is a charming poetess?"

Uncle Solomon: "Oh, yes, a very sweet poetess, and her Cousin Miss Chalmers is a charming paintress, and her Aunt Lucrece is an excellent sculptress, and her mother used to be an excellent dishwasher and—"

Unique—K. D. C. is not advertised to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but it is especially prepared for the cure of dyspepsia or indigestion. Cure guaranteed. Try it!

Good luck makes us look at all things cheerily. The man on the mountain top can see the silver lining of the cloud.

Jones: "Was it not disgraceful the way in which Smith snored in church yesterday?"

Brown: "I should think it was. Why he wakened us all!"

A King appointed by acclamation! Having been tested and proved worthy of the highest place K. D. C. has, with shouts of acclamation been acknowledged the King of Medicines. Dyspepsia cured or money refunded.

He: "To spend life at your side darling, I would give up everything—parents, title, property."

She: "But, my dear sir, if you sacrifice all those, what would be left for me?"

When the hair begins to fall out or turn grey, the scalp needs doctoring, and we know of no better specific than Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Judge: "And so he called you a thief?"

Prisoner: "He did, sor."

Judge: "Did you attempt to defend yourself?"

Prisoner: "Did I? You ought to see Duffy."

When King James the first, wrote his "counterblast to tobacco," the royal pedant knew nothing of "Myrtle Navy." If he had, instead of wasting his brains over his curious production, he would have filled his royal pipe with it, and would have taken a royal smoke, he would have been prepared to admit that with regard to the injurious effects of tobacco, it depended on what tobacco you smoked.

How a Woman Should Speak of Her Husband. One of the questions that a married woman often finds herself uncertain upon is just how she should speak of her husband by name to others—when to speak to him as Mr. Jones, when to use his first name and when to give him his title.

Instinct will usually guide aright any woman of gentle breeding. Most women may be trusted for example, never to use their husband's Christian name in speaking of him to any one except a near relative or a very dear friend of both.

as gravely regarded here as the omission of the "h" there.

In speaking of her husband a woman never makes a mistake if she calls him "Mr." or "my husband."

It is sometimes difficult to decide when the husband has a title just what the wife should do with it. This is the severest rule.

In speaking of her husband she should not say "Gen. A." or "Dr. B." but "Mr. A." and "Mr. B." No matter what he is—judge, governor, captain—to her he is and should be plain "Mr. A."

The one exception to this rule of ignoring her husband's official or professional title is when the wife presents him to any one else.

Then she says, "my husband, Senator Smith," or simply, "Dr. Jones."

The reason for this is evident. It gives the proper clue to the stranger, who would wish of course to address the new acquaintance with the proper title.

Last of all, let any wife take heed how she wears her husband's title and allows herself to be spoken of as "Mrs. Governor Jones," or "Mrs. Secretary Smith."

No matter what title her husband has, she has no more right to wear it than she has to wear his shoes.—Helen Watterson.

Prepared for The Grip. A Wabash avenue doctor: I have a young woman patient who has made all arrangements whereby she will know when she reaches the grip, or when it reaches her. She has been studying up the symptoms, and these she has written out and hung in her room. The list is in paragraphs, as follows:

- Backache. Headache as if you had been out all night. All the bones ache. You can't see. You can't smell anything. You can't hear anything. Your eyes run water. So does your nose. Ditto your mouth. Don't care for anybody on earth. Nobody seems to care for you. You are glad of it. All these are the grip. Every day that young woman examines herself, and if she has any of the symptoms set down in the foregoing list she checks off the same and then her mother sends for me.

China. The writer heard an interesting paper read lately at the Victoria Institute by the Professor of Chinese at Oxford; and, until he heard it, he never realised the full force of the ingrained conservatism wherewith China opposes the innovations of Western civilisation.

Ancient institutions breed conservatism of this kind; but there are no institutions in the world that are half so ancient as those of China.

Rome, reckoning from the founding of the city to the fall of Constantinople, existed as an Empire for only two thousand years; France, as a monarchy, lasted for only about one thousand years; but the conservative forces of China have behind them the stereotyped habits and prejudices of fully five thousand years; and we have Chinese historical records that are quite trustworthy and consecutive from the year 2,400 B. C. to the present time.

In the year 2,400 B. C., history, as we know it, had not begun, save in China, and, perhaps, in Egypt. Since then all other lands have changed; but China has not. There have, of course, been alterations of laws, and even of dynasties; but the Empire which stood then stands still—a survival from the far ages in which the rest of the world was a savage waste, peopled only, except in one or two spots, by beings who, though human, can have been in manners and customs very little superior to the original ape.

Saved from the Robbers. Some years ago a prominent railroad builder of Warsaw, Poland, experienced one of the most remarkable "narrow escapes" on record. He was employing several thousand men along the line of railway then under construction, and as there were few banks in the provincial towns of Poland in those days, he was compelled to carry with him large sums of money from headquarters on his regular trips, to pay off the hands. He usually drew the amount he needed from the Bank of Poland on the day before his departure, keeping the money over night in his own safe, which he considered a perfectly secure depository for these funds as the art of "safe cracking" was not yet known very extensively at that time.

One afternoon, as he was engaged in counting and arranging the money he had just drawn from the bank, some one called into the outer office on some business. Mr. — threw a newspaper on

the banknotes which he had spread out on his safe, and stepped out expecting to be back directly. On his return a few minutes later he very carefully locked the safe and went home.

When he entered his office about six o'clock the next morning to get the money from the safe, he was terror-stricken on finding that the safe was broken open and its valuable contents were missing. Detectives were called at once, but when they arrived and started to make a careful survey of the premises, they found all the money lying intact on the safe, still covered with the newspaper which the contractor had thrown over it the day before.

He had forgotten to put the money into the safe before locking the latter, and the burglars never thought of looking anywhere else for valuables, but took the few hundred roubles they found inside and departed. His forgetfulness saved the contractor about eighty thousand roubles.

Economy is Wealth. A capricious young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat astonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she had returned to her first love.

"Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry."

"I know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me, and offered to sell me the ring for half its cost. He said you liked it very much and it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, eh?"

The young woman is again disengaged.

Shall We Exterminate the Fish? [Boston Herald.] It is a proverb in Nantucket that a native never sees a tree without having an irresistible desire to cut it down, and the result is that the trees in Nantucket are like the snakes in Ireland. They do not exist. The cupidity of the fishermen along the Atlantic coast is rapidly destroying almost every kind of sea food upon which the people have been accustomed to rely.

The complaints of the men who control the fish markets are long and loud that the supply of fish is much less for this season than it was the last. The lobster factories on the Maine coast are all closed, and one has to go down as far as P. E. Island to find a lobster with a shell on its back at a fair price. The herring factories have begun to exhaust the immense schools of herring that gather around Grand Manan and work their way into the Bay of Fundy. The mackerel have been so scarce during the season, from the wholesale destruction of schools, that a single mackerel today is more expensive than a pound of beef. The bluefish are still plenty, but there are signs that even this species of fish is beginning to be preyed upon by the methods employed by fishermen in catching them. The fishermen say they are obliged to use these destructive methods in order to protect themselves from the encroachments of those who refuse to keep the old methods, and so the wholesale destruction goes on without restraint. The time has come when, if the sea is to yield us much longer the delicious food which makes life on the Atlantic coast a delight to the people of the West, as well as to the natives, different methods of catching the fish, and a protection for them in the close season, must be established by law, for which proper enforcement must be arranged. The necessity is urgent. There is not now a single species of fish for the table which is not in great danger of extinction. The salmon and shad have been protected, but the protection is equally demanded for cod and herring, the lobster and mackerel.

A Bear Story. A little girl named Fleming, whose parents live in northern Michigan, being missed one afternoon, her parents tracked her to some bushes in the field, about 40 rods from the house, at which point the child's tracks disappeared and those of a large bear were found leading into the woods. The horrified father aided by neighbors, followed up the bear which had carried off the child, as fast as possible; but night set in, and they were obliged to wait till morning when the pursuit was recommenced. In a short time, as the pursuers were passing a swampy spot, they heard a child's voice calling aloud. They rushed forward, heard a splash in the water and soon saw the child standing on a log stretching over a pond. The bear, the child said, was carrying her across the log and had just jumped into the water and swam away. The bear had not hurt the child in the least, but had been caressing in its manner and had laid down at night with its arms around the little one, as if to shield her from harm. The bear had just lost her cub and seemed to wish to adopt the child in its place.