AN ARTISTIC CLUB HOUSE.

The Unique and Luxurious Home of the New York's Most Exclusive Clubs.

The new house of the Century is built a mile and a half farther uptown than its old one, occupying a space 100 feet square on the north side of Forty-third street, a little distance from its junction with Fifth avenue, at the point where the prosaic dwellings that stand end into a shopping street seem for the moment to have passed. Its style is that Italian Renaissance brought into such vogue of late years for both public and private buildings. The material is a pale brick, in color a little warmer than gray, rather redder than yellow, somewhat rough to look, but presenting smoothness with time and relieved over much of its surface with terra cotta ornamentation of a harmonizing tint.

It rises to the height of three stories, the lowest one linked in dressed gray stone dressings by narrow horizontal bands of terra cotta, forming each an elevation so to serve for a massive base to the whole structure, and each of the upper ones gaining in height upon the one below it. The entrance is through a graceful and stately porch of gray stone, jutting the two lower stories, and supporting at the base of the third a broad entablature crowned with an capitals crowned fagals, which, after the Florentine manner is open to the air, and with which the dining room projects. Low pilasters, parting the window bays, rise on each side, relieve the flatness of the front and bolster spaces enriched but not crowded with wreaths and other decorative forms in terra cotta. The effect yielded by the single contour, pure lines and large treatment of surface of the building, aided by its color, is that of blended dignity and delicacy.

The interior arrangement preserves throughout that sense of large commodious space which made so agreeable a feature in the old building. At the rear of the ground floor, given to offices and strangers' rooms, a broad stairway mounts on each side to a platform, midway of the height of this story, giving access to the gallery, detached from the main structure, built nearly across the width of the ground, and lighted from above and on three sides. The billiard room is below the gallery.

Turning again toward the front, the double stairway rises to the second floor, divided into spacious halls for meetings and conversation, and, gaining the third floor, leads to the library and the dining room and smoking rooms. Following the plan of all modern clubs, which civilization is strangely slow to adopting in private homes, the presence and odors of cooking are confined to the region just below the roof. It is curious that the ridgepole and the hearth, both of which were once synonyms for the home, should at length have met in one place.

An air of severe simplicity relieve in these marble lined halls and oak wainscoted apartments, relieved by color of onyx panels, by graceful curves of classic chimney pieces, by columns of dark wood and veined marble, and by the gilding of capital and baluster. So free are the spaces that from almost any point there opens a striking perspective of arch and pilar and stairway. The many members who have surveyed the world of clubdom from Calcutta to San Francisco pronounce the Century's new home to be, among buildings so occupied, unique and complete.—A. R. Macdonough in Century.

Preservatives of Iron.

After a series of laborious investigations into the effect upon iron of the various preservative substances, Professor Lewes has come to the conclusion that preservatives of the class of tar and its derivatives, such as pitch, black varnish, asphalt and mineral waxes, are among the best. The small quantities of acid and ammoniacal salts which frequently occur in tar and tar products must, however, be removed. If, in addition to this, the class of substances mentioned is applied hot to warm iron an enamel is formed on the surface of the iron, which is not like other coatings, microscopically porous, and therefore previous to water.

Spirits or naphtha varnishes are condemned by Professor Lewes; varnishes to which a body has been given by some pigment, generally a metallic oxide, are preferable to the last class if the solvent used is not too rapid in its evaporation, and if care has been taken to select substances which do not themselves act injuriously upon iron, or upon the gums or resins that are to bind them together.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Title "Esquire."

Little more than half a century ago the title of esquire still had a distinct meaning and importance of its own, which were clearly understood by the majority of Englishmen, simple as well as gentle. Its conventional as well as its true significance has all but fallen into oblivion during the present reign, which has witnessed a greater development and wider generalization of democratic sentiment than any other historical period of like duration chronicled in the annals of this country. Nowadays the assez of "esquire" appended to a man's name on the back of a letter or a printed subscription list is freely conferred by "tradesfolk," and is therefore no longer distinctive of "somebodies." It is the custom in writing to sundry tradesmen, whether he have retired from business or not, to an actor or public singer, playwright or novelist, shop keeper or vestryman, to address him as esquire.

The title is applied without the least discrimination to all sorts and conditions of men so long as they are tolerably well off. As far as its application is concerned at the present day, in slightly nine cases out of a hundred it is an anachronism, or, more properly speaking, an anomaly. It may be described as a relic of the age of chivalry, grotesquely out of keeping with modern institutions and tendencies, and possessed no one exactly can tell why.—London Telegraph.

A REAL PARIS MADE LADY.

Her That Did Not Prevent the Floor Walker from Showing Her the Door.

"Here, you get out of this! Don't let me catch you in this store again!"

A little feminine shriek followed this rough admonition.

I turned and beheld a beautiful and fashionably dressed young lady in the clutches of a tailor made man. Her hat torn upon a little bundle which she had just removed from the package desk, and forced back her money into her bosom, and with cheeks ablaze, she now was hurrying her to the door. The face of the young woman was a picture. She looked like an angry queen. Her eyes were half affame and half drowned in tears. Her nostrils went back showed through the rolled lined of lips, and her clear complexion was the marble tinged with the fine scarlet of flowers.

I was tempted to interfere, but having heard tales of Kleptomania and other strange things in those great bazars, and knowing the man beside to be a gentlemanly floor walker—for this drama was taking place in one of the most fashionable stores in the city—I silently turned back.

"Do I know that lady?" said the floor walker, with a laugh. "I should say I do! She is a very grand lady, indeed. By dear sir, she is one of tricks of the trade.

"That best-looking lady in Paris made gown and imported bonnet is a salesgirl in the store of our enterprising neighbor on the next block. She gets $11 a week. She came down here disguised as a customer, bought a dozen handkerchiefs as a blind, and proceeded to place a number of our goods in which our enterprising neighbor suspects we are undersellng him. This is so as to give him a tip how to mark his goods.

"In short, she is a spy, and as we are not permitted to hang spies in this warfare of trade all we can do is to escort them to the picket line and let them go. Now that the young lady has been discovered her occupation in this particular line of confidence is gone; but our neighbor will have another shipped up to her from our store. Eternal vigilance is the price of under selling."

"But do all the big stores keep these spies, as you call them?" I asked.

"Well," said the magnificent floor walker, with a sly wink and smile, "they all do their do but ourselves."—New York Herald.

Douglas Jerrold.

His countenance was open and bright and showed nothing of that satirical bitterness for which he was so eminent. Leigh Hunt, in proposing his health on one occasion, called him "the bitter Jerrold, with honey under him." I once ventured to tell him that several members of the club were afraid of him and his bitter tongue and—(and conversation with him on the occasion, when he said to me with great energy, "Sidney, I have never in my life said or written a bitter thing of any one who did not deserve it."

And I need say that I have frequently heard him speak of persons and things in the most exquisite and beautiful and even feeling language—metaphor following metaphor, quaint conceits, graceful images, beautiful ideas and thoughts, all expressed in one continued flow of eloquence from a fountain inexhaustible. In the winter Jerrold always took a chair close to the fireside, where he sat with his cigar, and whence he heard his witticisms in his dry and amusing manner keeping on all in a continuous state of spreadeous laughter.—T. Sidney Cooper.

A Curious Freak in a Stone.

One of the strangest lapidarian freaks that has ever come within the knowledge of diamond experts is at the Home hotel in Kimberly, South Africa. The stone is in shape and size like a pigeon's egg, of a dark brown color externally, and at first sight opaque. If viewed in a dark place, with candle or other light so placed that the rays pass through the stone before falling on the retina, however, one sees distinctly the image of a man from the waist upward. Turning the pebble, he sees at another point a woman's face, partly concealed by heavy tresses, and yet, again, on another portion of the surface being applied to the eye, a moonlit cloud sketch is clearly delineated.

The stone was found in a debris wash up, and $50 have been refused for it. A Mr. Bergman, a debris washer, was the finder of the remarkable stone.—Jeweler's Weekly.

A Turkey Roast.

Thomas Cranane, an ex-tramp, says: "I think that tramps are never so happy as when having what they call a 'turkey roast.' It consists simply of this: When they steal a chicken or hen they carry it into camp with its neck well wrung and at once prepare a fire. The feet is first well coated with soft mud and poised on a couple of sticks over the fire and allowed to dry. In fact, the 'bake' is not taken down till the mud has been well burned, after which it is smoked upon. The feathers adhere to the mud, having the chicken nicely cooked. The children then follow, and no birds ever enjoyed a banquet as do they. Turkey roasts are most frequent in the spring and fall, simply because fowl are easier to get."—Boston Globe.

Reduced to Small Coffee.

Learned Rabbi—Hills, Jim, as you're in town, sho. Where are your quarters?

Impecunious Wanderer—Nowhere. Tom. I live jes' lak a dime to my name.—West Shore.

Of most interest to people in this country are the sponge grounds of Florida, which cover the reefs along the south end of that state, extending up the west shore as far as St. Mark's and Apalachee bay. These grounds have a total area of 2,500 square miles, and sponge fishing is carried on all over them by a large fleet of vessels, which rendezvous chiefly at Key West.

SPEED OF CANVAS DECK DUCKS.

Birds That Can Fly Two Miles a Minute and Can Keep It Up for Hours.

Dr. Charles Marion is a wealthy retired physician of Portland, Ore., who for the last three years has devoted his time to hunting and filling and writing stories for sporting papers. The doctor has made a study of the speed of the duck, and says the canvas back and fly faster than any other member of the duck family.

"The canvas back can distance any other duck," said the doctor. "It can fly two miles a minute, and keep it up for hours. The mallard is the slowest, but with a fair wind gives mile and a half. The gadwalls duck is not found in the east often, but is numerous in Oregon. The members of the family can travel eighty miles an hour. The beautiful duck is almost as swift as the canvas back, but cannot keep the pace as long as the other.

"You may think that goose fly slower than mallard duck. This is not so. With the slow movement of their big wings they do not appear to be flying rapidly, but they travel from eighty to ninety miles an hour, and keep it up for a day.

"The doctor tells some interesting stories about his hunting experiences. When hunting near Madison, Wis., he had a narrow escape from being killed by the body of a duck which had fallen at his feet from the air about 200 yards above him.

"A duck sometimes when wounded will circle around in the air and try to get as high as possible," said he. "I had wounded a big mallard, and it had circled around and poised directly over my head. I had a charge of buckshot in the other barrel, and before it got out of range I fired. One of the bullets must have struck a vital part, for it came down instantly. It was directly above me, and had I not dodged my head just in time its body would have struck me square upon the head. It whizzed past my ear with terrific force and fell at my side. There was not a bone in its body that was not broken when I attempted to pick it up. I am certain the bird would have crushed my skull had the body struck me on the top of the head.

"A friend of mine named Bancroft, wheelbock hunting in Florida, also had a close call. It was just getting dark, and we were waiting in our boats behind a pile of weeds for the ducks to appear. We heard something come hurtling over the tops and my friend suddenly raised himself in his boat to see what it was. It was a teal duck. The bird must have been going at the rate of 150 miles an hour. Just as Bancroft raised the duck struck him in the forehead and knocked him over into the water. The blow was so hard it stunned him, and had I not been there to pull him out he certainly would have drowned. The blow killed the duck. When I fished it out of the water I found the bird's breastbone broken.—Chicago Tribune.

The Champing Sleeper.

The Liverpool Post tells of a strange adventure of a venturesome small boy. It appears that he played truant and failed to return home at night. Somehow he managed to get into the station yard at Chorley with the intention of passing the night in one of the passenger carriages, but failed to gain access, the doors being locked. He then crept under the guard rails, between the axle of the wheel and car floor, and between which the brake rods pass. In this position he went to sleep, and at 5 o'clock a. m. the train started for Wigan. The lad was actually brought to Wigan and again taken back to Chorley, still fast asleep and clinging the rods. When discovered, after the train had returned to Chorley, he was still asleep. When awakened and told of his perilous eighteen miles' journey he was inclined to disbelieve it, and only laughed at the frightened look on the face of the railway employes. Had he made a single movement while on the journey death would have been certain.

Not As Very Green After All.

A couple recently married by a Catholic priest in this city made some fun for the grave clergyman who tied them together when they came to him to get married. The groom didn't know which finger to place the ring upon, and he apologized to the priest for his awkwardness by saying:

"You must excuse me, father. I was never married before, and am a trifle green at this business."

When the ceremony was ended and the pair pronounced man and wife the groom gave the bride a great big "smack" her full upon the mouth.

"Well, my good man," said the astonished priest, "you don't seem to be very green at that."

"Oh, no, father," smiled back the happy groom. "I've had plenty experience at that."—Lowell Times.

How to Wash a Lace Curtain.

Men in the trade do not do that sort of a thing but as many a retailer has lost a customer through the customer's ignorance of how a lace curtain should be laundered the knowledge is worth acquiring. The washers of nine lace curtains a class of labor quite by themselves, and few people have an idea of the amount of labor involved in the cleaning operation, and of the skill and knowledge required. The labor, of course, comes in chiefly in drying, for the washing is but a simple thing in comparison.

A table is cushioned and covered closely with a spotless cloth, and on this the lace is stretched with an intricate care that is amazing. Through every mesh a pin is placed to hold it in place, and the whole pattern is then pressed out till every leaf and spray and sprig is firmly fastened, so that it cannot shrink or contract, a whole day being sometimes used up in preparing a single yard of the lace, so that when dry it is lifted off soft and perfect and unimpaired in the design.—Dry Goods Economist.

That Tired Feeling

is experienced by almost everyone at this season, and many people resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla to drive away the languor and exhaustion. The blood, laden with impurities which have been accumulating for months, moves sluggishly through the veins. The mind fails to think quickly, and the body is sluggish to respond.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is just what is needed. Read what is said by Mr. G. Parmelee, 343 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "I take Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring tonic, and I recommend it to all who have that miserable tired feeling."

"For years I was sick every spring, but last year took Hood's Sarsaparilla in February and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. BLACK, Milton, Mass.

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