WHO BUY THE FINE COMBS.

What an Inquiry at the Leading Stores Revealed to a Reporter.

"Are fine combs as much bought as ever?" was the rather startling question addressed to the head of one of the best known dry goods stores in the city. The questioned one looked serious, then a broad smile of amusement spread over his ample countenance and he answered slowly:

"Well, they are not falling into disuse by any means. We sell as many as a hundred a week."

"I suppose the trade is confined to a certain class of people, is it not?" ventured the seeker.

"No, indeed, that's where people make a mistake; all school girl suitors contain a fine comb, and it is the same with boys when they are sent to boarding schools. So we have quite a trade with mothers who pack up this 'unsentimental' with fans and sachet of every description. One would be astonished to see an elegant looking woman in velvet and furs walk up to the counter, buy four or five bottles of the most expensive perfume, and finish by adding to her purchases an ivory fine tooth comb; but such is the case. Don't look down on that article of toilet. Some of our very best customers buy them, as well as the frowsy gentry who come Saturday nights for Sunday dress up effects, such as ribbons and corsets and clean collars."

"Well," began the head and proprietor of an up town store where more business is done in half a day than some more pretentious stores do in a week of Mondays, "we keep on selling our fine combs at a pretty brisk rate. We sell a good many to some of our nicest customers. Some people think combing the hair with a stiff, fine comb gives life to the hair and invigorates the scalp. That is most likely why the sale in that line does not decrease. But it is a mistake. Fine combs create dandruff. Let people wash their heads well and there will be no use for them at all."

Notwithstanding this, some of the fine combs are quite high priced at times, some being real tortoise shell, and some of the daintiest and most expensive toilet sets contain a thin little fine comb, with as many sharp teeth as Argus had eyes. The best are of ivory, and cost from $1 to $1.75. The tortoise shell combs cannot be cut in such fine teeth without breaking, so, necessarily, they are coarser and less desirable.

But there is one thing good to remember, the most complete toilet sets have them.—New York World.

A Notable Hitching Post.

Many curious things have been done by absent minded or thoughtless persons since the world began, but it was only recently that a man hitched his horse to a train of freight cars which had stopped momentarily during the process known as "making up trains." The author of this new idea of hitching had gone to East Buffalo to draw a load of hay. Arrived, he looked for a hitching post or a stationary object of some kind which would answer the purpose, but seeing none noticed the motionless freight cars near by, and without further ado tied his rig thereto.

He had gone but a short distance when the cars started up and took the rig along with them. Their speed was not great, however, and after a little stroll with the train the horse was loosened and taken back to its driver.—Buffalo Express.

The Blackbird Days.

Jan. 30, 31 and Feb. 1 are famous in the neighborhood of Bressia, Constantinople, Piraeus, Sulina, and along the Danube and the Rhine, as the "Blackbird days." A curious mediæval legend says that originally all species of the grackle (blackbird) were of a creamy white color, that it became black because during one year in the Middle Ages the three days above mentioned were so cold that all birds in central and southern Europe took refuge in the chimneys. At Bressia, Mr. Swainson says, the three days are celebrated with a feast called "I glorni della merla," meaning the feast of the transformation of the bird.—St. Louis Republic.

Hogging Money and Living Hogs.

There's a man at the Auditorium who two days ago paid gold for an up a day room, and today is digging post holes on the lake front for the World's fair buildings. His appearance, if not eccentric, at least attracts a vast amount of attention around the excavatory on Michigan avenue. He is tall and spare, wears his hair and beard long, and his khaki pants tucked inside of his coarse rawhide boots. He is nothing if not independent, and walks around the rotunda as if he owned the block. He walked into the dining room on the first floor, and sat down for his breakfast, but a waiter was instructed to ask him to step into the cafe. With smiling face he complied, and ordered a pot of coffee, which was served only after he had deposited twenty-five cents with the cashier. In reply to the question if he thought dining at the Auditorium and digging post holes was good policy he said:

"Well, I have lived here before, and why can't I do so now?"

His story is somewhat disconnected, and he gives evidence of being mildly insane. He claims that his name is Will Graham, and that he owns a house and lot on the north side worth $2,000, and that he has just come from Colorado, where he has been for some time. Yesterday morning, after drinking his coffee, he took a five cent piece that he had been holding in his mouth and left it on the table. As he went out of the door he turned and said to the bartender, waiters and cashiers: "Boy, you fellers, there's a tip you can wrangle for among you. Good day."

A Doubtful Female.

LAWYER (to female witness)—Will you please tell the court and jury what your age is?

Elderly Female—What's the use. They wouldn't believe me if I was to tell them.—Texas Siftings.

Not a Wreck.

It is not often that a ship abandoned as a wreck reaches port in safety. But this was the case with the ship Nathaniel Hooper, of Boston, which struck on the south shoal, off Nantucket, July 8, 1836. To lighten the ship Capt. Bogardus threw overboard several hundred boxes of sugar, but she remained fast, and as she was pounding heavily he abandoned her. Nearly one night go to pieces.

All hands put off in boats for the nearest shore, and as soon as he was on land Capt. Bogardus hurried to Boston. It was twenty days before he reached the office with his bad news.

"Why, captain," said the owners, "you are drenching. The Hooper is safe at India dock."

"Impossible!" cried the captain.

"Go and see," said the owners.

Down to the dock went Capt. Bogardus, and scarcely could believe the evidence of his senses. He rubbed his eyes and took a second look. Yes, there certainly was his ship that he had left aground on South Shoal with a storm coming up.

Immediately after the crew had left the vessel the wind changed and blew her off the shoal. She drifted until the next morning, when a thunderbolt struck fell in with her, and with the hope of salvage the crew boarded her and made for the port of Boston.

Capt. Bogardus was too good a seaman to hesitate, and after some pretty severe hustling the owners again gave him command of the Hooper.—Youth's Companion.

Foolish Saving.

Men go into trade and industry tricks, and women, wherever they can, a profit. They will, with equal self gratification, dine at another man's expense, and turn off, to face the workhouse, "in hand" who is gnawing unless from having consumed his strength and vigor in their service. The women darn dishcloths, and patch muslins and window curtains, lack up eggs and skim the cream off the milk themselves from a similar motive.

Their instincts "make" money, they "save it" and both succeed. Gradually the hoards increase; at first slowly and with pain the nucleus is formed. For years the nest egg is small, but a moment comes after which it accumulates with rapidity. The income has become considerable, but the outgoings are as meager as ever—overplus income becomes capital every year. The ebon habits which created the fortune are continued to preserve it, and the incongruity is presented of external display and internal pinching. Children are born in the meantime, and inherit their father's or mother's niggardliness as surely as their features.—New York Ledger.

Guests at Sorosis' Annual Dinner.

All the professions were well represented by the men who were guests at the recent Sorosis dinner, but the clergymen predominated. Two of the best addresses of the evening were made by Rev. Dr. Cuyler and Phelps. Among the other speakers were Judge Noah Davis, Dr. Ellis, Mr. Simon Cohen, Mr. Maurice Conway, Mr. A. M. Palmer, Mr. Murat Halstead, Mr. Mckelway, of The Brooklyn Eagle, and Mr. E. A. Dithmar, of The New York Times. Miss Kathryn Kidder recited charmingly, and there were addresses by the president of Sorosis, Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, and by the heads of the various committees of Sorosis. Conspicuous among those for its excellence was the address of Dr. Jennie T. Lozier, chairman of the committee on philanthropy.—New York Letter.

"A Nine Days' Wonder."

The memorable origin of Lady Jane Grey is said to have given rise to the phrase, "A nine days' wonder." Lady Jane was proclaimed queen of England July 10, 1553, four days after the death of Edward VI. After the lapse of a period of nine days, on July 19, she relinquished her title to the crown, thus terminating her reign in the short space of a week and a half. A noted English historian says, "Thus we come to the end of the diary of that short and troubled reign that from its length is said to have given rise to the new (1620) popular phrase, 'A nine days' wonder.'"—St. Louis Republic.

Are You in Correct Form?

The present fashionable walk affected by New York girls is decidedly tiresome, and it is very amusing to watch some well built tailor made girl, when she takes to one of the side streets, allow her arms to swing and her body relax, and apparently take some comfort in moving. The equilibrium just requires the body to be carried perfectly erect and stiff, the arms held at the side, with elbows turned out and the hand slightly open. The arms must be held perfectly steady if one desires to be thought in correct form.—New York World.

Little Lamp Tables.

Tables are now bought on purpose for the lace lamps, which are so much used. Which, round tables, about knee high, are used for the delicate colored porcelain lamps, and ebony tables are used for the various kinds of iron lamps. Some of these tables have a space underneath for a piece of brickabrac.—New York World.

Permission by Postscript.

"Ma, can I go over to Sallie's house and play a little while?" asked four year old Nellie.

"Yes, dear, I don't mind if you do."

"Thank you, ma," was the demure reply. "I have been."—New Haven Register.

Washington's Home Discussed.

Mrs. Catherine Darville, of Washington, has since the death of her husband lived here years ago, served on his bureau of pensions, and is now supporting and educating her four little boys. Mrs. Darville is said to be a thoroughly practical woman and pays her employes whole pension. She has done work for some of the finest stables in Washington, including that of Senator Leland Stanford and the sergeant-at-arms Capt. Valentine awarded her the contract for the clean of work for the United States senate.—Women's Journal.

Which is the fakir, a coin or a city?

Which is the swindler, a penny or a dear? Why is a penny worth having in Milwaukee? Because it pays and pays.

Fancy a flower market that when I spend 5 cents for a bouquet I get a dozen? Nolly, you charmer. I have 5 cents, and I'm off for Milwaukee.

That's right, young man, marry the girl you love, by all means, if she's here from Milwaukee. It's much economical that way. Never fear after marriage, remember that she is a Milwaukee woman and knows how to economize, so instead of your income going further it will go less, by the sum of which Mr. Nolly's 5 cents has proved to be an investment of a substantial character.

Hop, skip and jump, "cash or credit, dear," introduced Gardner, Milliken, Wolf, Wolfenstein, Wolfenstein, Wolfenstein