

The Girls of Long Ago.

Ab! where are the girls of long ago, Like our mothers must have been? Where are the honest, faithful souls That won the hearts of men?

DUELING FOR MONEY.

Shortly after the memorable three days of July, 1830, the floating population of Paris was modestly increased by the arrival in that city, from his native province, of Symphonien Balleveau.

Having arrived at this conclusion, M. Balleveau impatiently awaited an opportunity of testing the correctness of his idea, which very soon came.

"You think so? Well, your wish can be easily gratified, for I happen to have my tailor's card in my pocket. Here it is."

"Extremely obliged. May I ask if you have also the address of your bootmaker?"

"Nothing could be better," thought Balleveau, as, after exchanging a polite bow with the stranger, and paying for his bavarose, he strolled leisurely along the boulevard; "impossible to settle a little affair of the kind more pleasantly. My adversary is a gentleman, there is no doubt of that. By the way, I may as well see who he is."

attendance at the hotel where he was staying. On their appearance, within a few minutes of each other, he adopted the conciliatory plan of giving them a far larger order than they were in the habit of receiving, even from their most extravagant customers; and when the necessary details of measurement had been completed, he astonished them still more by desiring to know the amount of his debt, as he wished to settle it beforehand.

"That may be," he replied; "but I am. I have a duel this afternoon with Mons. Roque; and although I am no novice in such matters, and have brought down a swallow on the wing before now, still with so dangerous an adversary one cannot be quite sure of what may happen."

"The more reason for putting my affairs in order," quietly remarked Balleveau. "Here are 2,000 francs. If matters turn out badly for me, and there is anything over, you can account for it to my heirs."

"I have none as yet," replied the young provincial. "I shall probably take the first two soldiers I happen to meet; any one, in short, I have no acquaintance in Paris to whom I can apply."

"Then, monsieur," said Staub, "I may venture to make a proposal. Whenever I have a leisure moment I am generally to be found at a shooting gallery where some of the best marksmen are in the habit of practicing, and I am not altogether a tyro myself. Therefore, as you are unprovided with seconds, if you will condescend to accept my services and those of M. Sakosky."

"You have anticipated my wish, and saved me an infinity of trouble." Three hours later, the two adversaries and their seconds arrived punctually at the spot fixed upon for the encounter. At the sight of his tailor and bootmaker, Roque stared in amazement; and, advancing angrily toward them, inquired what business they had there.

"You are a sharper fellow than I took you for," he said. "In what way?" asked Balleveau. "You know how to get out of a scrape without compromising yourself. Tell me, what made you so bent on a duel last night?"

strangers whispered to each other, and glanced at him with respectful admiration. "At last," he said to himself, when he had strolled for the twentieth time from the Rue Grange-Bateliere to the Chausse d'Antio, and vice versa—"at last, I am somebody!"

Alas for the instability of human felicity! The hero of the hour had not counted on the proverbial fickleness of the Parisians. Next day a heavy fall took place at the Bourse, and on his appearance on the boulevard in the afternoon "a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream."

"The use of coffee is general in all civilized countries, but its preparation and consumption vary considerably. Among the Arabs it is universal, whether in such centers of civilization as Cairo, Alexandria and Algiers, or in the desert. The only exceptions are caused by the poverty which prevents the purchase. In France it is the favorite beverage, though tea is growing in power. The social and commercial effects in that country of its sudden annihilation can readily be imagined. Tens of thousands of cafes and a million of people would find their occupation gone, and several millions of Frenchmen would be seen wandering about after dinner in an utterly homeless and distracted manner. In England tea still disputes the supremacy of the Arab berry. In Germany it divides the honors with beer, and in Austria, Spain and Italy it is a source and inspiration of the people in town and city. There is no European city so small, its village so contemptible, that it has not its cafe modeled, though it is often an exceedingly weak imitation, on those of the Paris boulevards.

In the United States its use varies in different localities. A quarter of a century ago it was the ordinary accompaniment of the first meal of the day, tea being generally served at the evening repast. In the eastern states this practice continues. In the western and southern states coffee is more esteemed, and in the rural districts is considered absolutely necessary to the three meals a day of the farming classes. In large American cities where there is a late dinner, in the French fashion, coffee is either served at table or in the drawing room immediately afterward.

In all countries, even in France, good coffee is the exception rather than the rule. The visitor in Paris drinks "real French coffee," technically so called, at certain places only on the boulevard and here and there in other parts of the city at hotels and restaurants. In England poor coffee is the rule, following in this respect the general inferiority of the British cuisine. In Germany coffee is generally good at restaurants and railroad buffets, while at the principal cafes of the great cities of Austria—Vienna, Prague and Buda-Pesth—it is excellent and often served with cream. At the great cafes of Italian and Spanish towns it is rarely more than fair.

In England and American coffee is usually made by infusion; on the continent almost always by filtering boiling water once or twice through the powdered berry. The Arabs at Cairo and elsewhere preserve their old fashion; that is, they simply pour boiling water on to the powdered coffee, and after a minute or two's summing serve with the grounds. The pot, which is not covered, is of copper or brass, tapering toward the top like a tin teapot and having a long handle. The berry has been previously roasted and brayed in a mortar. It is never ground. Brillat Savarin, in his learned work, "The Physiology of Taste," says that coffee powdered in this manner is the best, and he adds that, having a quantity of the roasted berry, he divided it into two equal parts, one of which he brayed in a mortar and the other ground in a mill. The coffee was made by filtration, and a company of connoisseurs to whom he submitted it all declared that best, which they were afterward told had been powdered in the mortar.

The Arabs employ wooden pestles, which, after long use, are sold at a high price. Five or six minutes are all that are necessary for the Arabs or Turks to prepare their coffee after it is once roasted. All that is necessary in the simple machinery described—a brass pot, a handful of charcoal in a window seat on the ground, and the beverage is promptly made and served. Travelers invariably speak of Arab and Turkish coffee as excellent, but among civilized nations the presence of the grounds is always considered objectionable, and some means of clarification are invariably used, such as the patent pots for filtration or the white of eggs, where the process is by infusion. Brillat Savarin, after having tried all methods of making coffee, declared that the most efficient for preserving the aroma and avoiding the extraction of the poisonous principle was by filtration. But he always speaks of coffee as a beverage to be used discreetly by adults and forbidden to children. In small quantities and not too strong, it is a healthy stimulus to the nerves.

Used in excess, it produces disease and sometimes deformity. He once saw in Leicester square in London a man who, by its immoderate use, had become a cripple. He had lost all sensation in his limbs—had ceased to suffer, but still continued to drink it to the extent of five or six cups a day. Every person should be governed in its use by its effect on himself. As a gentle inspiration it is valuable. It may sometimes be safely drunk as an aid to intellectual labor. Taken at the proper moment, it will prevent a headache resulting from nervous depression. Properly used after dinner, it aids the digestion and counteracts the heavy effects of wine or other stimulants. But if it is found that it prevents sleep when taken late in the day, or that it is an absolute necessity at certain hours to prevent a nervous reaction or mental dulness, its use should be discontinued for several days, or until the system is restored to its normal condition. It must never be forgotten that sleep is the great stimulus of the body; is tired nature's sweet restorer, and that other stimulants, though sometimes useful, are like medicines, temporary remedies—that is to say, they are usually to be regarded as a choice between two evils. Coffee is a beverage of great power. A man might drink two bottles of good red wine a day, and live long. Should he drink the same quantity daily of good coffee he would become an imbecile, a cripple, or die of intestinal or lung disorders.

John Lyons, a well-known citizen of this county, while at work in the shaft of his mine near Tres Alamos, had just put in a blast and lighted the fuse, when, on reaching the top of the shaft, he beheld four mounted Apaches rapidly approaching. As they saw him emerge they increased their pace, and their fiendish yells relieved Mr. Lyons of all doubt as to their intentions toward himself. For an instant he was paralyzed with terror. Being entirely unarmed, resistance was not to be thought of, while escape by flight was equally impossible. His first impulse was to hurl himself into the shaft and be blown to atoms by the explosion of the blast rather than perish miserably at the hands of the remorseless fiends who had him at their mercy. These reflections occupied only a moment's time, but the Apaches were almost upon him. Suddenly, with the instinct of despair, Mr. Lyons threw himself behind a rock close at hand, and at the same instant the blast at the bottom of the shaft exploded with terrific effect, throwing a shower of rock and debris high in the air, which was followed by a dense volume of smoke rolling up from the shaft. The Indians, who were now sure of their victim, halted at a momentary suspension, then with a yell, not of triumph, but of rage, mingled with terror, wheeled their horses and galloped off in the direction where they came.

Mr. Lyons could at first scarcely realize that he escaped almost miraculously from a horrible death, but as soon as he had recovered from his amazement departed for Tres Alamos, meeting on the road a party of neighbors going out to search for his remains, they having seen the Indians heading in the direction of the mine, and not doubting Mr. Lyons had fallen a victim of savage ferocity.

It is in Holland that one first becomes aware how thoroughly a woman is a beast of burden in Europe. We met the milk women going home after their morning rounds, some of them with big shaggy dogs drawing their little carts themselves, and well broken to harness they seemed, with their doglike hopeless faces and their patient steady gait. Some of the women carried fish on their heads in creels, and rattled along most skillfully in their big shapeless sabots. But by far the greater number of them were fitted with yokes. There was even an aristocracy in yokes, for while many of them were of plain heavy oak, others were gorgeous with green velvet and brass furnishings, which latter had been scoured till they glistened in the sun like flashing mirrors. A yoke on a woman is a sad sight at best, but there was something absolutely painful in the graded sizes of these yokes, so little girls of 10, 12 and even tender years, could be fitted one upon another. They jogged along contentedly enough, knowing no other life, and there was not one of them whose white cap was not a miracle of cleanliness and clear starching, and fixed to their temples with the great brass spiral pins which are almost all that is left of the distinctiveness of a Holland peasant's dress.

Mr. H. C. Linfield, the inventor of a flying machine conducted an experiment with his invention between Conbrook and West Drayton. The apparatus, which is described as a steam sailing machine, is constructed of light wood and is shaped like the frame of a four-wheeled carriage, with two large wheels in front and two small ones behind. Motive power is to be obtained by steam, which will work a nine-bladed screw, and the inventor's idea is to propel the machine by steam on land until it attains a speed of thirty or thirty-five miles—a velocity which he calculates will be sufficient to lift the machine in the air when it will be navigated by means of the sails with which it is fitted. From the result of his experiment he is confident that it is possible to fly in the air at the height of a mile. By the permission of the Great Western Railway Company the experiment was made on the newly-finished portion of the railway to Staines, between Conbrook and West Drayton, and the inventor was accompanied by Mr. Trevithick, the Locomotive Superintendent of the company at Paddington. The machine was placed on a truck and connected with an engine, whence the steam was derived, and the gearing was manipulated from another truck. The operator succeeded in getting the machine lifted from the truck into the air and expressed himself fully satisfied with the result of the trial.

Ed Corriean's Irish Pat has been fired and turned out.

FASHION NOTES.

A new dress frilling is made in all colors of fine crepe, with a narrow satin border. It is finely plaited, and is altogether substantial and durable. Of course, the frilling for dresses can be had in all tones also.

Among the fashionable little pins and brooches for bonnets are the most faithful copies of grasshoppers and flies. All these small adjuncts fairly come under the heavy trimmings, for they constitute the true and most desirable finish of dress.

Some new cheap bullet buttons to match the new materials have been placed through, so that the shank cannot come out. A coin button of the same material has been cut after the fashion of the best steel buttons. They are made of a composition to resemble stone.

Very high bows of pleat ribbon remain the general fashion for trimming hats and bonnets, and the object of the milliner is to arrange these in various odd ways, such as plaited half-wheels made of tri-colored ribbons, the looped edges showing from the front, instead of the entire width of the bows. Forked ends and cockade bows closely tied and densely clustered form another style, and such colors are chosen as salmon, goblin, blue and Roman-red, rosewood, peach-blossom, pink and cel-blue and like odd combinations.

Only very handsome fringes, with long tags appear to find favor, or a close shower of beads in graduated lengths, or close set, heavy drops. They are in nearly every case prepared for mantles, but what are new and original are the ruches used principally for mantles, but also for dresses. They were introduced with a long and more shaggy surface a year or two ago; the present ones are formed of narrow braid curled in ringlets, as close twisted as it is possible, or they have a velvet center like chenille, with the fringed edges of looped braid. They are superseding the astrakhan cloths of the best mantles and jackets, but where expense is an object the so-called curled cloths are much used, they closely copy astrakhan, and are to be had in every color.

Jackets for the present season, to be worn on cool days throughout the autumn and until late in November, are made of Queen's tweed, Irish blarney, pilot cloth, camel's hair, fancy Meltons and Lincolnshire suitings. The jacket of this year is not of any fixed shape, for there are jackets and jackets, worn at all times and in all countries—Turkish, Spanish, Russian, Persian and Moorish, plain and severe, in tailor style or displaying many coquetries. They are high, open, long and short, single and double-breasted, to suit the wearer. Stylish coats for young girls are shown a la Russe, made of park material, and having the form of an extra long cassaque. These are trimmed with cream-white silk cord passementeries, and a little pointed hood, lined with cream-white silk falls on the shoulders. Polish coats of Roman red pilot cloth, and those of red and black striped Jersey cloth, made in tailor style, will be worn over skirts of black satin and lace, and also over thinner dresses of velveteen, albatross, and other light fabrics, during the entire autumn season.

Velvet and felt will be the favorite materials for hats and bonnets; the trimmings being feathers, short ostrich tips are specially preferred. The fantasies in feathers are wonderful, and the ingenuity with which feathers are dyed, arranged, and made to appear what they are not, is marvelous. The shapes of bonnets are exceedingly varied this season, but still there are three or four leading forms that are certain to be well worn. First, there is the moderate Directoire, which is made in plain velvet, and has flowers beneath the brim and resting on the hair; its low crown is encircled with a narrow ribbon, and ornamented with a small panache or feather tips; it has ribbon strings, and, by the way, the ribbons are magnificent this season. Secondly, the capeline hat, in both felt and plain velvet, its flat brim diminishing in size toward the back; the trimming a tuft of feathers, fastened either in front or at the back. Thirdly, the round toque, decidedly English in style; the flat crown is embroidered in felt, and the border is velvet; a feather or a bird at the side; and, lastly, the capote, made in velvet, plush and felt, and trimmed with either vulture or cock's feathers.

HORSE NOTES.

Edwin Hart has bought a bay mare, 15 1/2 hands high, which, it is said, can trot in 2.30.

The New York Driving Club will offer three silver cups to be competed for by members' horses.

J. A. Bailey has decided to sell Tony Newell; 2.19 1/2; Florence, 2.23 1/2; Hattie C. and Charley Smith.

A J. Welch, of Hartford, Conn., has purchased from Mr. Matthew Riley, of New York, the ch. g. Dan, 2.24 1/2, for \$2500.

William B. Jennings has sold to James Rowe, the trainer, for \$10,000, the 2-year-old bay colt George Oyster, by Voltigeur, dam Amanda Warren by Marion.

William McKay has purchased for \$1200 a 4 year old sorrel gelding that has shown a trial in 2.41. Parties from near Baltimore were the former owners.

William Marks has exchanged a bay mare, 5 years old, and given some money to boot, for Edwin Hart's chestnut mare, which has shown a mile in 2.40.