

OUR PARIS LETTER.

It is a great error to suppose that only young ladies should be interested in the "fashions." When a woman has reached middle age, and no longer possesses the fascinating charms of youth, it is then that she has the greatest need of all the arts and inspirations that only a modiste can give her.

Very few women know just when they should cease to dress in a youthful manner, when they should give to the style of dressing their hair, their costume, their carriage, that quiet plainness which inspires respect and homage.

As one advances in age an increase of coquetterie is quite permissible, but this coquetterie, it should be remembered, is not that belonging to the maidens of twenty; it should consist chiefly of a minute care of our person and a research for that daintiness and elegance in dressing which makes us prepossessing and agreeable to behold.

How ever talented a woman of middle age may be, if she dresses herself like a girl of twenty she makes herself an object of ridicule, and considered twenty years older than she really is, because it is difficult to tell just how much this paint and gay attire is designed to conceal.

But it is women who have scarcely passed their fortieth birthday who powder their hair with warts to simulate premature threads of silver, who pose proudly as grandmothers and whose bright eyes, clear color, and vivacity of movement give to them a charm, an attraction, a piquancy which renders them a hundred times more charming than many younger women.

The great secret of these old-young women is that of knowing how to dress themselves marvellously well, therefore we will try to describe some of their costumes. A robe worn by one of gray cloth combined with heliotrope faille. The skirt of faille was striped with bands of velvet of a deeper shade. A redingote of cloth opened over the faille skirt and had its front edges bordered with a narrow band of black velvet.

The entire front of the corsage is of grey peau de soie which is itself covered with a second front of heliotrope faille. This second front is cut so as to display a centre plastron of the grey peau de soie and also two oblong designs on each side. The sleeves of cloth are trimmed at the top with puffs of velvet outlined with revers of heliotrope faille and are close at the waist. A band of velvet outlines the long corsage. A pretty capote of jet placed flat on the head and a roche of gray velvet around the neck completed this charming in-door toilette.

A visiting costume was in blue cloth, that pretty, new shade of blue which resembles neither sapphire blue, nor French blue but is the exact exquisite



No. 959. No. 960. No. 961.

shade of the pretty flowers of the meadows.

The dress was in princess shape trimmed with fine cords of jet falling from the shoulders on the skirt in graduated lengths and confined at the waist line. Pretty designs in jet were placed between these cords forming a rich embroidery especially around the waist when it took the form of a corset-let. The sleeves, full at the shoulder, were richly embroidered nearly down to the elbow. The back of the corsage was simply trimmed with a cord of jet designing a V. The designs which ornamented the shoulders extended over on the back of the corsage. The bonnet was a capote of black lace trimmed with a bandeau of jet and a cluster of corn-flowers, with strings of velvet ribbon to match.

For ladies of a more advanced age are seen long, half-fitting jackets. A dress of deep olive green satin is trimmed with a broad flounce of black Chantilly lace; the half long jacket has a yoke of jet passementerie, and a flounce of the same lace as trims the skirt edges the yoke forming a berthia around the shoulders. The edge of the jacket is ornamented with a trimming of fine jet passementerie. The capote worn with this is of lace trimmed with an aureole of jet and a cluster of green velvet bows on the crown.

The long redingotes, pelisses with yokes and half capes are all suitable for ladies of middle age. The beautiful Louis XIII jacket, in black velvet embroidered with jet, or of colored cloth embroidered with applications of velvet or of simple soutache, is elegant and comfortable to wear, and not too old in appearance, but to escape the look of a dowager it is necessary to avoid garments having an old look as marles trimmed with deep flounces on the edge, or loaded with passementerie.

From the numerous and varied styles now shown it seems impossible for any lady, no matter what may be her age, to fail to dress becomingly, that is with due regard to her age and station, if she will but call to her aid a little of the spirit of independence and a generous share of good sound sense.

FELICE LESLIE.

SPRING HATS.—No. 959. This toque for a young girl has a crown formed of three lengthwise puffs of pleated, maize-colored ribbon with a border of black feathers. In the back is a clus-

ter of black ostrich tips and in front a knot of maize-colored velvet with tips. No. 960. Our second model is a hat of tobacco colored straw with rolling brim and trimming of tobacco colored ribbon; dotted with bronze chenille. The ribbon passes round the crown and forms loops combined with black ostrich tip both in the front and back.

No. 961. The third design is a capote of rose-colored crepe with border of gold passementerie and fine pearls. A cluster of maize-colored feathers with black agrettes is placed in front. Strings of black velvet ribbon.

No. 962. AFTERNOON GOWN.—The model is of white wool self-striped. The clinging bias skirt is draped slightly at the front. The bodice has a plain back with the stripes meeting in V's at the middle; the front is in diagonal stripes, and is draped on the right shoulder and under the left arm. Above the draped part is a half gipine composed of bands of ribbon and lace. The lining fronts of the bodice are fastened on the shoulder on the right side and under the arm on the left. Best of light blue velvet ribbon; collar and cuffs of lace over ribbon.



No. 963.

No. 963. POLONAISE GOWN.—The model is of light gray camel's hair with sleeves and high collar of gray bengaline. The polonaise is made with a separate, foundation skirt and a princesse over-dress in one piece. The front of the princess dress is drawn in folds toward the left hip; while the back hangs in straight pleats. From the neck down the front edge is a narrow vine of embroidery in gray silk and silver forming a corner at the foot and extending across the bottom of the front. At the front edge and around the neck is a narrow band of gray ostrich feathers. Lace frills finish the plain sleeves.

MISS GRACE DODGE has organized a new department of the Working Girls' Social Association, which is known as the "Brides, Wives and Mothers" branch. The new society is founded on the same principles and is subject to the same regulations as the Working Girls' Club, and will be supported by monthly dues from its members. Its object is to broaden ideas and educate the members in practical matters pertaining to household affairs. The subjects of the evening talks are simple cookery, the care of the sick, what to do in emergencies, house-furnishing, accounts, etc.

A CONTRAST.

Two men tolled side by side from sun to sun, And both were poor; Both with children, when the day was done, About their door. One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud And shining moon; The other, with his head in sadness bowed, Made night of noon. One loved each tree and flower and singing bird On mount or plain; No music in the soul of one was stirred By leaf or rain. One saw the good in every fellow-man, And hoped the best; The other marvelled at his Master's plan, And doubt confessed. One, having heaven above and heaven below, Was satisfied; The other, discontented, lived in woe, And homeless died. —Ovid in a life.

WHIPPING OUT THE DEVIL.

An Instance of the Dire Consequences of Heathen Superstition.

A strange case of superstition was recently investigated before the coroner of Bombay. A Hindoo mill hand, says the London Times, named Rmija Baji, had for some time been suffering from swollen knee-joints and pains in various parts of the body. He went to the mill to get some wages due to him, and on his return was taken ill on the road. He was brought home on the back of a friend in an almost unconscious state, and was placed in a sitting posture, being held up by his father.

A man named Deo, who was present, suggested that he was possessed of a devil, in order to expel which Deo waved himself about in front of the sick man, seized hold of his hair, and demanded of the devil who he was. Not receiving a reply he struck the deceased violently with a ratan, when the latter fell back in a dying condition; but before his death another friend took the ratan and beat the deceased, both men waving their bodies to and fro and professing to be possessed with the spirit of a god. The flogging was intended to drive out the devil. Daji died almost immediately without a complaint. The widow narrated all these facts to the coroner and described both floggings as being very violent. The medical evidence showed there were several bruises on the back and an abrasion on the right hip, but that the cause of death was hæmorrhage from rupture of the spleen, which was probably not due to the flogging. The jury found a verdict accordingly, adding that there was no evidence to show how the spleen became ruptured.

DRAW WATER DAY AND NIGHT.

How the People of Tripoli Keep Verdure Green in Dry Weather.

The Friday market in Tripoli, held in the oasis a little distance from the town, is picturesque in the extreme, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine. On all sides the exasperating grating of well-pulleys produces a motif too Wagnerian for uneducated ears, in a pastoral symphony played by a full orchestra of buzzing insects, grasshoppers, whirring shrikes, and the scorched palms crackling their dry branches. In each garden rise the two arms of a well, between which an enormous leathern bag mounts and descends on a rude wooden pulley, the chief instrument of the above mentioned music discharging at each trip a flood of water.

The negro laborer uses a camel, an ox, sometimes his wife to give the motion to the machine by going up and down an incline plane. The movement does not stop day or night during the nine months of the dry season, and it is thanks to that water, which is life, thanks to constant care, that the verdure of a semi-tropical vegetation bloom gayly in the sand. Under the protection of pomegranate, fig, orange, lemon, and banana trees, through whose heavy foliage the sun percolates, flourish maize, and wheat, vegetables and flowers of all sorts. Above it all the stately palms balance their heads in the superheated atmosphere.

AMERICAN PLUCK.

A Boston Naturalist Interviews a Mexican Volcano.

A dispatch from the City of Mexico states that William B. Richardson, the young Boston naturalist, has succeeded in reaching the top of the Volcano Colima. The feat was a daring one. Richardson pitched his tent at the upper line of pine trees and just below the lower line of ashes and lava. The trees above had all been burned, and it was impossible to walk in the deep bed of ashes. From this point Richardson and his Indian followers could hear the sound of air from numerous rents in the side of the volcano. The Indians were much terrified, and could be induced to remain only by the earnest persuasion of the naturalist. One night during the eruption they could distinctly see the deep red glow of molten lava as it ran down the line, a fiery stream, burning itself in ashes, trees, or in beds of brooks and older beds of lava. One dense cloud of ashes covered the party thickly and drove birds lower down.

A Prayer.

Father of light, if we could only know! In surety that the little good we do Served in its way to help some other soul, And that our pitious habit here below Of hoping what our aching hearts want true, Would some time bring us to the longed-for goal. Then would our way seem hopeful, clear and sweet, And we would journey on with willing feet. Is it so much, this guerdon that we ask! No fear so heavy as new-broken wings Hangs on us, lest we do unconscious wrong; But if it help us groping out our way, Came the clear light that this assurance brings. There would be comfort for us sweet as there, And radiance, and the breath of peace be there, Like soft leaf-whisperings echoing every where. —Francis E. Sheldon.

He Couldn't Say.

"Who's running this hotel, anyhow?" asked a landlord of a traveling man who wasn't disposed to accept the situation as meekly as he might have done. "Who's running this hotel?" "That's what I said." "Well, I can't say. I haven't made up my mind yet whether it's the cock-roaches or the nocturnal insects that make sleep nothing but a fantastic dream of hope. You'll have to figure it out for yourself." —Merchant Traveler.

A Financial Discontent.

Chronicle Borrower.—Can you send me twenty dollars for a few days? Weary Friend.—Why don't you paw your watch? "Because it is a keepsake from my dear mother, and I don't like to part with it." "My money is a keepsake from my dear father, and I don't like to part with it, either." —Philadelphia Times.

A ROYAL BATTLE.

Fight Between a Tiger and an Alligator.

A small party were on a trip through the Sunderbuns. It was a hot, sultry day; in fact, a regular griller. As they went on in their boat they had observed during the morning a large number of alligators asleep on the shore. As the day rose higher the numbers gradually decreased, till at length only one or two solitary ones were to be seen. The tide turned and the party anchored out in the stream, there being too little water to come close in. The shore for some distance was sandy and bare, but about half a mile in the interior the thick jungle reared its myriad boughs to a cloudless sky.

Opposite where they were one huge alligator, stretching out its scaly length on the sands, lay fast asleep. They had observed it for some time, when one of the party, touching his friend's hand, pointed to the jungle. Slowly issuing from the close brush was seen an immense tiger. Softly and with silent steps it advanced, raised up one foot, poised it some time in the air, then quietly lowering it, raised the other, crouching till its belly nearly touched the ground. In this way it advanced, exactly as a cat when stealing upon a mouse. Having come to within its bounding distance it rose, lifted its tail and then, lashing it on the ground, leaped. The next second it was on the alligator's back and holding on by the nape of the neck. The monster of the deep, thus rudely shaken from his midday slumber, opened his terrific jaws and tried to seize the tiger in vain. It then employed its sawlike tail and lashed the sides of the forest denizen, but still the tiger held on.

The contest thus kept on some time. At length the efforts of the alligator became weaker and weaker, till at last they ceased altogether. Still the tiger held on. After some time he let go his hold, got off the brute's back, and seizing it by the body, dragged it some distance on the shore, and there sat over it exactly (to return to my former simile) as a cat does over a mouse. For a while it sat thus, then, rising, dragged it into the jungle. But the strangest part is yet behind. About an hour after this what should be seen but the poor alligator crawling toward the water much lacerated, but not killed, a proof that the tiger does not kill simply because he is hungry. —London Globe.

SHE DID NOT ENAMEL.

How a Noted Society Belle Proved that Her Complexion Was Real.

Here is a good story from the Epoch: The Hughes-Hallet controversy receives many reminiscences of the time when Mrs. Hallet—Emily Schomberg was the most famous society woman of her day. Her beauty was of a striking order, but her manifold accomplishments made her even more distinguished. Cosmetics were by no means so generally used in those days as now, but so marvellously perfect was Miss Schomberg's complexion that a whisper went around to the effect that she had been enameled, a process which frequently defies description, although it makes washing or dampening the face difficult. Knowing this, a party of young people who were going to a Seventh Regiment ball at Cape May contrived to give Miss Schomberg a seat where the cinders flew freely, that they might decide for themselves whether she was willing to bathe her face before arriving at Cape May. To the surprise and perhaps discomfiture of some present, Miss Schomberg calmly took out her cologne bottle and generously applied the contents to her brow and cheeks, after which there was no further question in her coterie as to the genuineness of her bloom.

The World's Most Powerful Tribunal.

The highest court of the United States, whose centennial commemoration is at hand, hold a unique place in our form of government and one not found in any other governmental system. It wields a power greater than is exercised by any other judicial tribunal in the world. In no country of Europe or the east has any court authority to make or unmake the supreme law of the land, to limit the prerogative of the sovereign, to control the powers of the legislature, to shape the form of government. These functions are exercised by the supreme court of the United States. It holds a power above that of the chief magistrate of the nation, superior to that of congress, higher than that of any state, and equaled only by that which made or can amend the constitution. It can change the relations between the state and the nation. It can extend or restrict either the central power or state sovereignty. In short it can make or unmake the constitutional law of the country. —Forum.

Poe's Last Love.

Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, the last love of Edgar A. Poe, was a woman of exquisite beauty, whose face was a poem, and whose life was a romance. She mourned her poet lover for more than thirty years after his death, and devoted him from first to last, with all a woman's deep faith and undying love. His friends were her friends, his enemies her enemies. He was an idol, enshrined in her heart of hearts, to be worshipped there forevermore. In her latter years, she always dressed in white, with a veil of the same color thrown over the back of her head, and she sat in a room lighted with alabaster lamps, whose shades were lined with rose color.

Do Not be Surprised.

If you happen to be a visitor at a Mexican "balle," quietly sitting on a bench, do not be surprised if some bewitching senorita with raven hair and roguish eyes trips lightly up to where you are sitting and unceremoniously smashes an egg over your head. This curious action is merely to show her preference for you and means an invitation for you to get up and dance with her. —Philadelphia Times.

EFFECTS OF CHLORFORM.

A New Theory as to the Action of the Sleepy Drug.

A Commission of experts of the highest standing employed by the Nizam of Hyderabad to investigate the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic has just made a report, in which it declares that the danger from the chloroform is not to the heart, as is generally supposed, but to the lungs. It says: "However concentrated the chloroform may be, it never causes sudden death from stoppage of the heart. * * * Chloroform has no power of increasing the tendency to either shock or syncope during operations. * * * The truth about the fatty heart seems to be that chloroform per se in no way enlarges such a heart, but, on the contrary, by lowering the blood pressure, lessens the work that the heart has to perform, which is a positive advantage." The practical conclusions of the Commission are that the safe administration of chloroform depends on careful attention to the respiration. Care must be taken that it is not interferred with, and if by accident it stops artificial respiration must be instantly begun. Rules on this subject are given, by constant attention to which the Commission asserts that chloroform can be given with perfect ease and absolute safety.

NEVER GOT TIRED.

An Indian Who Gave Himself No Chance to Get Fatigued.

Among the early American settlers there was an impression that the Indians had intelligence or craft in their relations with the white men. The latter soon found, however, says the Birmingham Post, that this was not the case. Some of the farmers attempted to make farm servants of the Indians, but discovered that they had a propensity to "get tired" so soon after they began to work that their services were of little value. One day a farmer was visited by a stalwart Indian, who said, "me want work." "No," said the farmer, "you will get tired." "No, no," said the Indian, "me never get tired!"

The farmer taking his word for it, set the Indian to work and went away about some business. Toward noon he returned to the place and found the Indian sound asleep under a tree.

"Look here—look here!" shouted the farmer, shaking the Indian violently. "You told me that you never got tired, and yet here you are stretched out on the ground." "Ugh!" said the Indian, rubbing his eyes and slowly clambering to his feet, "if me not lie down me get tired like the rest."

A Case of Conscience.

After a short but nose-to-the-grindstone life of usefulness a world-weary editor was about going to meet his reward. Before departing, however, he wished to make a clean breast of the few mistakes he had made in the course of his busy career.

"I once used an item without giving the credit," he said, with an inward struggle that showed how the memory of his terrible crime jarred on the noble mind.

"Is that all you have upon your conscience?" suggested his confidant, in surprise and admiration.

"That is all," he murmured gratefully, thankful to be relieved of the heavy load of anguish he had carried for years. "Certainly I have killed my quota of spring poets, but you cannot expect an editor to make trifles like that a case of conscience."

Chief Justice Chase's Zeal.

When Chief Justice Chase chose to amuse himself he could be witty as well as wise. At a social gathering in his house when he was secretary for war, the subject of taxation having been mooted, a distinguished naval officer present said he had paid all his taxes except the income tax. "I have a little property" said he, "which brings me in yearly rental, but the tax-gatherers have not spotted it. I do not know whether I ought to let the thing go on that way or not. What would you do if you were in my place, Mr. Chase?" There was a merry twinkle in the eyes of Mr. Chase as he answered: "I think it the duty of every man to live unsupported as long as he can." —The Law.

Calling Up Another World.

He was one of a number of drummers sitting in the hotel office and he stepped up to the telephone with the remark that he was going to have a little joke on the girl at the central office. "Hello!" he called through the phone, "give me St. Peter, please." Then he listened, and as he listened his face took on a queer expression. After a minute he signalled that he was through with the wire, shrugged his shoulders and then sat down. "What did St. Peter say to you, Bob?" asked a friend. "She didn't give me St. Peter," said Bob; "she gave me the devil." —Puck.

Clothing of Glass.

An inventive genius now comes to the front with a machine and process by which glass may be manufactured into a fine textile fabric. The process has been put to test and has exceeded all expectations. The fabric is incombustible, will wash, can be manufactured in any color, and is softer and more elastic than silk. Accounts of this invention do not state whether the cloth will so far retain the nature of glass as to be transparent or not. On that point will rest to a great extent its utility in ball costumes.

Progress of Cremation.

There are now thirty-nine crematories in various parts of the world. Italy has twenty-three, America has ten, while England, Germany, France, Switzerland, Denmark and Sweden have one each. In Italy there were two cremations in 1876; the number rose to fifteen in 1877, and in 1888 the number was 226. Since 1876, 1,177 cremations have taken place in Italy, while the combined numbers from all other countries brings the total only to 1,369.



No. 962.