Je Suis Americain.*

[" When it shall be heard as the proudest exclamation of man, " I am an American citizen. '—*Daniel Webster.*]

He got to Paris late at night,
So tired he couldn't stand.
He'd three valises by his side,
A guide-book in his hand.
He singled out a hackman from
The crowd. Said he, "My man,
Just drive me to the best hotel,
Je suis Americain.

The Jehu drove him to the Grand
By course circuitous,
And charged a price which was—well, by
No means gratuitous.
The stranger paid; then registered,
And to the clerk began:
" I want the best room in the house—
Je suis Americain."

They showed him up to twenty-blank,
Upon the parlor floor;
Two candles on the mantlepiece,
A gilt plate on the floor;
But, ere he slept, he mused, and thus
His lucubrations ran:
" To-morrow I'll make Paris howl—
Je suis Americain."

And make it "howl" he did, indeed.
From Concorde to Bastille,
From Madeleine to Luxembourg.
He raced, and at Mabille
Wound up the day. But, when a fair
Smiled from behind her fan
Seductively, "No, no," said he;
" *Je suis Americain*"

Next day he to the summit of
The Arc of Triomphe hied.
" Vell, vat you zink of zis?" inquired
A Frenchman at his side.
" This? This is nothing," answered he;
" Deny it if you can;
You ought to see our Brooklyn bridge—
Je suis Americain."

Into a gilded restaurant
He chanced to drop, one day;
The waiters' jargon fairly drove
His appetite away.
"Confound your dishes, cooked," said he,
" On the Parisian plan!
I want a plate of pork an' beans—
Je suis Americain."

Where'er he went, whate'er he did,
'Twas always just the same;
He couldn't, it appeared, forget
The country whence he came;
And when, once more at home, his eyes
Familiar scenes did scan,
He doffed his hat, and cried, " Thank God,
Je suis Americain!"

*I am an American.

—*George L. Catlin.*

A NIGHT WITH THE WOLVES.

" A number of years ago," said an old settler, whom I met on my Western travels, " I took my family to Wisconsin, and located myself in the woods, about ten miles from the nearest settlement, and at least five from the nearest neighbor. The country round was mostly forest; and wild beasts and Indians were so numerous, that my friends at the East, to whom I gave a description of my locality, expressed great fears for our safety, and said they should be less surprised to learn of our having all been cut off than to hear of our still being alive out there at the end of a couple of years.

" However, I did not feel much alarmed on my own account—and my wife was as brave as a hunter; but then we had three children—the oldest only ten—and sometimes, when I was away from home, the sudden growl of a bear, the howl of a wolf, or the scream of a panther would make me think of them, and feel quite uneasy.

" For a while, at first, the night-screeching and howling of these wild animals alarmed the children a good deal—and sometimes my wife and me—especially when we mistook the cry of the panther for an Indian yell; but we soon got used to the different sounds, and then did not mind them so much; and after I had got a few acres cleared around the dwelling, they generally kept more distant at night—just as if they comprehended that the place, now in the possession of their enemies, was no longer to be an abode for them. Besides, I now and then shot one, which thinned them a little, and probably frightened the others, for they gradually became less bold and annoying.

" During the first year I had two rather narrow escapes—once from a bear, and once from a panther; but the most remarkable adventure of all was the one which happened during the second winter, and which I have always designated as a 'Night with the Wolves.'

" One bitter cold morning—the ground being deeply covered with snow, so crusted and frozen that no feet could sink into it—I brought out the horse for my wife to ride to C——, the nearest settlement, where she had some purchases to make, which she wished to attend to herself. Besides being well muffled up in her own clothing, I wrapped a large buffalo robe around her; and admonishing her that the woods were full of danger after dark, I urged her to be sure and get back before sunset, which she promised to do.

" All day long, after her departure, from some cause for which I could not account, I felt very much depressed and uneasy, as if something evil were going to happen; and when I saw the sun about half an hour high, and no signs of my wife returning, I got out my pistols, rifle, ammunition and hunting-knife, saddled a young and rather skittish colt, and bidding the children keep within doors, and the house safely locked, I mounted and rode off to meet her, which I expected to do at every turn of the horse-path. But at every turn I was doomed to disappointment; and when I had put mile after mile behind me, without seeing any signs of her, I became more and more alarmed, and dashed on still faster.

" It was just about dark when I saw the lights of C—— gleaming in the distance; but before I reached the town I met my wife hastening homeward—she having been unexpectedly detained by meeting an old acquaintance, who had recently come on from the Eastward, and with whom she had remained to gather the news and take supper—the time passing away so quickly as to render her belated before she was aware of it.

" I was greatly rejoiced to find her safe and unharmed—but not a little puzzled to account for my presentiment of evil, which it appeared to me had taken place without cause—though in this respect I was greatly mistaken, as the sequel will show.

" We now set off at a brisk trot homeward—through a dense, dark, gloomy wood, which lined our way on either side—and had safely proceeded about five miles, when we were somewhat startled by a series of long, plaintive howls, at a considerable distance, and in different directions, and which our experience told us were wolves, seemingly calling and answering each other through the great forest.

" The wolves of this region were of the larger and fiercer species; and though ordinarily and singly they might not attack a human being, yet in numbers and pressed by hunger, as they generally were at this season of the year, I by no means felt certain that we should not be molested.

" Accordingly we quickened the pace of our horses and as we hurried on I grew every moment more uneasy and alarmed as I noticed that many of the sounds gradually approached us. We had just entered a deep hollow, where a few large trees stretched their huge branches over a dense thicket, when suddenly there arose several loud, harsh, baying and snarling sounds close at hand. The next moment there was a quick rustling and thrashing among the bushes; and then some six or eight large wolves—lean, gaunt and maddened with hunger—sprung into the path close beside us.

" This happened so suddenly and unexpectedly that my wife gave a slight scream and dropped her rein; and the horse, rearing and plunging at the same moment, unseated her; and she fell to the ground, right in the very midst of the savage beasts, whose glaring eyes shone in the darkness like so many coals of fire.

" Fortunately her sudden fall startled the wild animals a little; and as they momentarily drew back, she, with rare presence of mind, at once gathered her buffalo robe, which she had dragged with her, in such a manner about her person as to protect herself from the first onset of their fangs. The next moment the ferocious animals, with the most savage growls, sprung at her, at me, and at the two horses simultaneously. Hers at once shook himself clear of his foes and fled; and mine began to rear and plunge in such a manner that I could not make use of a single weapon, and only by main strength kept him from running away with me.

" It was a terrible moment of exciting agony; and the instant that I could release my feet from the stirrups I leaped to the ground with a yell—my rifle slipping from my hands, and discharging itself by the concussion, and my steed rushing like lightning after his flying companion over the frozen snow.

" Luckily, I had my loaded pistols and my knife convenient to my grasp; and scarcely conscious of what I was doing, but thinking only that the dear mother of my little ones lay fairly beneath three or four of the furiously fighting and snarling wild beasts, I grasped the weapons, one in each hand, cocked them at the same instant, and fairly jumping in the midst of my enemies, placed the muzzles against the heads of two that had turned to rend me, and fired them both together.

" Both shots, thank God! took effect—it could not be otherwise—and as the two wolves rolled howling back in their death agonies, their starving companions, smelling and getting a taste of their blood, and instinctively comprehending that they were now fairly in their power, fell upon them with the most ravenous fury, and literally tore them to pieces, and devoured them before my very eyes, almost over the body of my wife, and in less, I should say, than a minute of time.

" Ascertaining by a few anxious inquiries that my wife was still alive and unharmed, I bade her remain quiet, and, picking up my rifle, I proceeded to load all my weapons with the greatest dispatch.

" As soon as I had rammed the first ball home I felt tempted to shoot another of the animals; but at that moment I heard a distant howling, and fearing we should soon be beset by another pack, I reserved my fire for the next extreme danger and hurriedly loaded the others.

" By the time I had fairly completed this operation our first assailants, having nearly gorged themselves upon their more unfortunate companions, began to slink away; but the cries of the others at the same time growing nearer, warned me to be upon my guard.

" I had just succeeded in getting my wife more securely rolled in her protecting robe—as the safest thing I could do in that extremity—and myself, pistols in hand, in a defensive attitude over her body, when some eight or ten more of the savage and desperate creatures made their appearance upon the scene.

" There was a momentary pause as they came into view and discovered me—during which their eyes glared and shone like living coals—and then, with terrific growls and snarls, they began to circle round me, each moment narrowing the space between us.

Suddenly one more daring or hungry than the others bounded forward and received a shot from one of my pistols directly between the eyes, and as he rolled back upon the snow a part of the others sprang upon him, as in the case of the first.

" But I had no time to congratulate myself that I had disposed of him; for almost at the same instant I felt the lacerating fangs of another in my thigh, which caused me to shriek with pain; and my poor wife, with an answering shriek, believing it was all over with me, was about to get up and face the worst, when, shouting to her not to stir, that I was still safe, I placed my pistol against the head of my assailant, and stretched him quivering on the snow also.

" I still had my rifle in reserve; and pointing that at the fighting pack, I poured its contents among them. How many were wounded I do not know; but almost immediately the space around us became once more cleared of our howling enemies—some limping as they fled, and appearing to be harrassed by the others.

" Again it appeared to me we had met with a wonderful deliverance; and though the wound in my thigh was somewhat painful, a brief examination satisfied me that it would not prove serious; and I hastily proceeded to reload my weapons—my wife meantime getting upon her feet, embracing me tenderly, and earnestly thanking God for our preservation.

" 'Oh, the dear children!' she exclaimed, with maternal tenderness; 'little do they know how near they have come to being made orphans, and left alone in this solitary wilderness! Let us hasten home to them! Oh, let us hasten home to them, while we have an opportunity!'

" 'We have no opportunity,' I gloomily replied. 'Hark! there are more of our foes in the distance—do you hear them?'

" 'And are they coming this way, too?' she tremblingly inquired.

" 'I fear so.'

" 'Oh, great God! what will become of us!" she exclaimed; 'for I am almost certain that we shall not both survive a third attack.'

" 'I see but one way of escape,' said I anxiously. 'We must climb a tree, and remain in the branches till morning.'

" 'We shall surely freeze to death there!' she replied.

" 'I trust not; but at all events, as our horses are gone, we have no alternative. I think your buffalo robe, well wrapped around, will protect you from the cold, as it has done from the wolves; and as for myself, I will endeavor to keep warm by climbing up and down, and stamping upon the limbs.'

" 'But why not kindle a fire?' she quickly rejoined, her voice suddenly animated with a hope that I was obliged to disappoint.

" 'For two reasons,' I replied. 'First, because we have not time—do you not hear another hungry pack howling?—and secondly, because we have not the materials—the loose brush and sticks being buried under the snow.'

" 'God help us, then!' groaned my wife; 'there seems nothing for us but death! Oh, my poor, dear children! May the good God grant that they be not made orphans this night!'

" I bade her take heart and not despair; and then selecting a large tree, whose lower limbs were broad and thick, but above the reach of our enemies, I hastily assisted her to a good foothold, and immediately climbed up after her.

" We were not there a moment too soon; for scarcely had we got ourselves settled in a comparatively comfortable position, when another hungry pack of our enemies appeared below as—howling, snarling and fighting—their upturned eyes occasionally glowing fearfully in the darkness.

" But we were safe from their reach; and all that long, dismal night we remained there, listening to their discordant tones, and thinking of the dear ones at home.

" The night was intensely cold; and in spite of all my efforts to keep my sluggish blood in circulation, I became so benumbed before morning that I believe I should have given up and perished, except for the pleading voice of my wife, who begged me, for God's sake, to hold out, and not leave her a widow and my children fatherless.

" Daylight came at last; and never was morn hailed with greater joy. Our foes now slunk away, one by one, and left us to ourselves; and a few minutes after their disappearance I got down and exercised myself violently; and having thus brought back a little warmth to my system, I assisted my wife to alight, and we at once started homeward.

" I scarcely need add that we arrived there in due time, to find our poor, night-long terrified children almost frantic with joy at our safe return."

" Ella Zoyara."

The death of Omar Kingsley at Bome bay, India, closes the career of one who gained a wide-spread reputation as Ella Zoyara. For years he appeared as an equestrienne under this title in almost every country on the globe, and few of those who have witnessed the graceful performance of the beautiful Zoyara dreamed that the performer was a man. Letters and lovers were abundant, and among the latter figured no less important a personage than Victor Emmanuel, of Italy, who fell in love with the dashing young rider. Soldiers and civilians figured also on the list of Zoyara's lovers, and a dispute about her among the former finally caused her or him to be placed in durance vile at Manila.

Kingsley was born in St. Louis, where his mother and sister still reside, about 1840. At the early age of six a travelling circus fired his fancy for sawdust and spangles, and he soon ran away from the parental roof. He apprenticed himself to Spence Stokes, a circus proprietor of Philadelphia. Stokes trained him to do an equestrian act, and he soon appeared under the name of Ella Zoyara. His beautiful boyish face, a profusion of rich black curly hair, and his slender form assisted the impersonation. He was advertised and rode under this name for several years, attracting no particular attention, but keeping the secret of his sex carefully concealed. He accompanied Spence to Europe, where he rode as a female in all the principal cities. In Moscow a Russian count is said to have fallen madly in love with him, and offered Stokes a large sum for an introduction to the fair Zoyara. It was in the sunny clime of Italy, however, that the greatest conquest took place. Victor Emmanuel saw him at the circus, and afterward sent for him. He attended, though accompanied by his woman servant, without whom he rarely appeared in public. Emmanuel frequently attended the performance, and Zoyara called upon him. The King of Italy presented him with a magnificent black stallion, of which Stokes immediately took possession, and afterward sold when in financial difficulties in Madrid.

When Zoyara returned to New York he was advertised as the greatest female rider that Europe had ever seen, and crowds were nightly attracted by his performances. He rode a graceful act, was more daring and brilliant than any equestrienne that had or has appeared before an American audience, while long experience enabled him to impersonate female character in a manner that almost defied detection. His sex was a secret even to many of those employed in the same establishment. He performed for one or two seasons in the eastern country, everywhere meeting with success, letters, and would-be lovers and husbands. During this time he was married to Sallie Stickney, an equestrienne, daughter of Robert Stickney, of Cincinnati. In 1863, he came to California and made his debut in this city in connection with John Wilson's circus.—*San Francisco Chronicle*

How It Was Done.

Haverly, the theatrical manager, who runs half a dozen theatrical and musical companies successfully in different parts of the country, replies to an inquiry as to the secret of his success: " First class attractions and publicity. The public require to be told what you have to give them. Advertise! advertise is the keynote which has to be played upon in every form." The veteran Barnum made substantially the same answer to the inquiry. He attributes his success in drawing crowds mainly to "printer's ink." It was by ingenious advertising that he worked up the Jenny Lind furor to such a financial success. Of course he provided a genuine attraction, in the first place, but it was requisite, secondly, that he should make the public appreciate that fact by the liberal use of printer's ink. The same fact is true to any business. First, prepare to supply a good article, and next let the public know the fact through the agency of printer's ink.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Searching Sorrow.

Oh, hands so white, wrung with such searching sorrow,
Oh, hands I smother with the kiss of pain,
And press your throbbing palms off and again!
Will ye be more to me some bright to-morrow?
And oh, to feel my spirit now so deadened!
To feel the numbness that comes with the blow!
To feel the darkness dense and dull and leadened—
To think of sunshine that comes but to go!
Oh, can the heart be wrung with deeper anguish,
Or brain be wrung to fall of sadder tears?
Can moments concentrate the pain of years—
The soul more hopeless, faint and droop and languish,
That when we clasp cold hands once all our own,
Eyes will not weep—such grief can give no moan?

—*Luther G. Riggs, in Yonkers Statesman*

Summer Fashions.

The long predicted changes in the radical forms of garments have come at last. This summer we are having new—entirely new—styles, both in materials and in the manner in which they are made up. Mummy cloths, satteens, percales, calicoes, batistes, printed linens, lawns and organdies, the grenadines, debeiges, and even the white dress materials, all come out in new forms, with new names, and in new patterns and designs. The styles, too, in which they are made up are novel and striking in the highest degree.

Basques are not abandoned, but the fashionable basque is worn over a waistcoat or has a simulated waistcoat formed by a *plastron* on the front, and has a long, double point before, tapering upward over the hips, and made either short in the back or falling in square postillions more or less trimmed. Below this basque is worn a short round skirt when the dress is intended for out-door service, and this skirt is made thus: at the bottom are placed one or two flounces, arranged in plaits, shirrings or shells, according to fancy. Above these are draperies, taking the place of an overskirt, and composed of a *tablier*, side *plastrons*, and back draperies, and these again are headed by scarfs which simulate the paniers of the reign of Louis XVI. and the days of the unhappy Marie Antoinette. When we say simulate we do not mean that they are actual reproductions of that style of dress ornamentation. As yet these paniers are in their incipiency; but before the end of summer few ladies will have new material made up without ordering these panier scarf draperies, in some form, to appear on the hips of their dresses. In Paris it is even now the fashion to wear panier draperies composed entirely of flat-lying artificial flowers on evening, ball and bridal dresses. The panier is always bunched in plaits high under the back draperies or under the postillions of the short basque.

Two materials, and frequently three or more, are used in the composition of all stylish costumes, and one of the materials is always *pekine* or striped. When these stripes are sprinkled over with flower, leaf or other designs they are called Pompadour stripes, and nothing is more fashionable than these.

Another sure indication of the change in styles are the mantles which are worn in preference to sacques or dolmans. All fashionable wraps are short in the back and on the shoulders, and very long in front. The ends in front may be rounded, pointed or square, but the longer they are the more fashionable, you may may be sure, the garment is considered. The sacque *fichu* is an example of this kind of wrap. It is really a cape falling in a point to the waist line in the back, very short on the shoulders, reaching only to the top of the arm, while the long, curved ends cross on the bosom in front, and are fastened under a bow of ribbon or silk in the back just over the *tournure*. Rich fringe, at least a quarter of a yard in depth, and composed of alternate sections of crimped tape and silk twist with strands of cut jet at intervals, trims the sacque *fichu* all around.

These are only two examples of prevaling styles of garments. The variety is endless, and never did women have so large and diversified a field to choose from what they would wear as at the present. Of one fact, however, they ought to be warned. Dress has resolved itself into three styles for three different occasions. The street or out-door dress, which is invariably short; the in-door home dress, or dress for informal and unceremonious occasions, which should be demi-trained, and the evening dress, which must be long-trained, and have a real or simulated Pompadour or low neck, and elbow or short sleeves. Again, the dancing dress for young ladies must be short, and in modified Marie Antoinette style, while matrons who dance must be content to walk through a quadrille or lanciers in their trained robes. But no matter what the age of a lady may be, she wears nowadays, if she is a fashionable woman, a short dress whenever she walks abroad, whether in the street or on her own lawn, or in the garden.

In addition to the old-time favorite sheer dress materials, the lawns, grenadines, organdies and bastites, there is a very cheap fabric that has come into use this summer. It is "cheese cloth," the identical diaphanous cotton cloth used to wrap around cheeses as they go into the press. It costs only four cents a yard, and is from thirty-six to forty-two inches wide. Twenty yards make the fullest kind of a dress, kilt-plaited flounces and ruffles, paniers, *plastrons* and all. The approved trimming for cheese-cloth dresses is cotton, bandana plaid, Madras handkerchiefs cut into bias bands, pipings and bindings. The gayer the plaid and the larger the better. The handkerchiefs are only thirty cents apiece, and it takes less than three to cut the bands, pipings and bindings necessary for a dress.

First cousins to these cheese-cloth dresses are suits for children made of unbleached domestic, and trimmed with bandana handkerchief bands. They are made up as kilt and blouse suits, and are exceedingly pretty, cheap and serviceable.

Large quantities of Madras and Scotch gingham, and checked and striped goods, are also made up for children in the same style, or in the gabrielle fashion of the last season with one deep flounce or several smaller ones at the bottom.

Color in dress seems actually gone mad this summer. All colors are fashionable, and in any desired combination Blue and green, and rose-color and blue, and yellow and red are combinations constantly met with in every shade and tone imaginable. The millinery, too, partakes of this mingling of colors and tones. Not only are bonnets and hats trimmed with several colors on the same chapeau, but the straws themselves are brought out in pure tones of red, blue, green, gray, beige, and all the yellow shades from orange and old gold to amber, canary and wax color. Then there are other straws and chips whose variegated braids give the *jardiniere* effect of the dress they are intended to be worn with. Gold and silver, and pearl and steel, and silver and crystal ornaments, and artificial flowers, lace, ribbon, silk, and feathers are all used and frequently combined in bonnet trimmings. As for the shapes of hats and bonnets, the variety defies description.

Strange to say, after all this profusion of supply of colored dress materials and millinery, nine out of every ten women that you meet in the streets, at the theaters, receptions, and in the churches, are dressed in black—not mourning, but black—the dress, wrap, bonnet and veil, all black. Moreover, there are more black laces seen on bonnets in the streets and in public places than white, and jet ornaments and black plumes or tips take the lead on Broadway, Fifth avenue and in the park. American women show good taste in this respect. They wear black when in public, but that to mark it is not mourning, the black plumes shade bright flowers placed in the back of the bonnet, and not close to the face, and their ornaments and jewelry, and a bit of lace made up into a *jabot* or cascade, show that the wearer is "in colors." Colored robes are reserved for private parties and home reception wear.—*New York Fashion Quarterly.*

Fashion's Mirror.

The new materials and fabrics for summer wear are so lovely and so varied that it is difficult to select where one has liberty of choice.

The newest grenadines have an alternating stripe, very narrow and in chintz colors, upon a fine, thin black mesh, with as narrow a one of velvet; the effect is extremely rich and novel. The "sewing-silk" grenadines appear with the addition of a tiny brocaded figure, which enriches without being conspicuous, and there are other beautiful grenadines in which a brocaded stripe alternates with one of velvet or satin. Buntings have established themselves in popular favor and are very greatly improved. The fine, soft, semi-transparent fabric which now claims to be a kind of bunting, and a secondary class rather more wiry of texture, have little in common with the coarse, canvas-like materials which first presented their claims to favor. The French buntings are fine and a little wiry. They are imported this season in very dark shades, accompanied by plaids in which the dark wine colors, navy blue, brown or invisible green of the plain material reappears. The more delicate white buntings are called "gaseline," and make lovely evening dresses when put in contrast with gold and black or blue and white narrow-striped satin. For young girls they need no such combination, and are prettiest trimmed with plaitings of the same and iron-satin ribbons.

French organdies, trimmed with lace and ribbons, and thin white dresses will be much worn this summer. The beauty of summer dressing is its freshness, its comfort and the lightness and delicacy of the principal materials used in its construction. In the obtaining of lovely summer fabrics there is no difficulty. Cottons are improved until they are equal in appearance to silk, and, made up after a pretty costume model, are as attractive looking as those that cost twice or three times as much. But then, what is the use? They are not silk; they cost more than double the price of an ordinary cotton dress, and when they get into the wash they are ruined, for if the color is not all washed out of them they are streaked and stiffened with starch, discolored, ironed out of shape, and made glossy by being pressed on the upper side, or left wrinkled and unfinished, so that resemblance to the bright, fresh, pretty toilet of a few weeks before is entirely lost. This is why black grenadine and summer silks have been so popular; both are safe and durable, and can be worn on most occasions.

Many of the new hats remind one of beautiful old pictures. The variety in shapes is very great, but the style *par excellence* is doubtless the "M'selle Prince." Some of the most elegant hats for Newport and Saratoga have been ordered from this design, and one of the most beautiful sat gracefully upon the head of a petite brunette well known in fashionable New York society. It is of fine Tuscan braid, with its broad brim lined with a peculiar diagonal shirring of satin the color of the straw. The brim was caught back with a rich steel and gilt clasp pressing from under a soft bed of pompons and ostrich tips, same shade, of the most delicate character. Just below this at the left side are a few loops of rich, soft ribbon, holding in place a single spray of exquisite flowers that partly encircle the crown and cling so closely to it that one might imagine they grew there. The roses are almost the exact shade of the hat, while the leaves only depart from it to take on a few streaks of a pinkish golden, sunset tinge. Then, again, this spray of flowers is unlike all others seen, as it presents a somewhat crushed appearance, yet it is lovely, so artistic in its decay. The summer straws, chips and tuscans, with wide, flexible or turn-up brims, are innumerable. The newest are the satiny braids, a sort of apotheosis of the Florida straws, but as greatly improved in shape as in the preparation of the fiber. The flowers were never more perfect than this season, and, though French milliners are apt to encourage the use of feathers, yet popular taste does not confirm their choice.

The rage this summer is for striped parasols. For seaside, country and mountain climbing the Pekin satine—a very fine satin finished, cotton material, showing satin stripes—is shown in the new Brighton colors, ecru and beige shades being the favorites. These are mounted on basket or whip handles, which are exceedingly nobby, and are sure to be very popular with summer dresses. This same material is shown in black as well. All the colors are made up in large sizes for men's use, and will be quite as fashionable as those for ladies.

The Japanese style, introduced early in the season, has a round, low top, and sixteen divisions, which is very inelegant for a parasol made of rich material. When the stripes are narrow and match the trimming of the dress, or the dress itself, the parasol looks very well; but when it is quite different, as it usually is, from the figure or design in the material of the dress, it looks odd and out of place.

There are very pretty sun umbrellas of polka dot satin that are light and most suitable for every style of dress, to be used upon all occasions, and these have the favorite "polka dot borders." The borders show alternate stripes of dots and plain lines, which are very effective, forming a charming finish. They are mounted on the fashionable bamboo sticks, pearl, ivory, and a variety of pretty handles.

Fancy mitts in black, white and colored silk are brought forward in so many different styles as to preclude an attempt at enumeration. A coarse mitt is, however, a very unsightly covering for the hand, and there is in a fine quality an elegance which is most desirable, while at the same time the better styles are more lasting. Fine lace gloves are much sought, and are regarded as a very pretty finish to the summer toilet.—*New York Herald.*

Stockings are not made any more lovely and delicate than were those half a century ago, which could be passed through a ring and were so minutely open worked as to be equal in beauty to the richest silk lace. But such hose are owned now by the dozens instead of by the single pair, and women wear silk and thread of expensive qualities who formerly wore cotton.

The most shapely stocking that has ever made its appearance is the silk or thread, ribbed in solid colors and open-worked in small patterns. The ribs run up the instep to the ankle and above the ankle across or horizontally instead of upright.

Lisle thread and silk gloves are introduced in great variety, in consequence of the demand for them during the warm summer months. Some pretty styles are in open-work almost up to the elbow, resembling the open-work stockings of the day. The new silk gloves, with long open-worked wrists, are the novelty in this class of goods and will be much sought after during the reign of the short sleeve now so fashionable. These silk gloves are shown in a variety of pretty colors, and those in black are very elegant for ladies in mourning. They are a choice article and can only be had from the leading glove houses as yet.

What One Lemon Will Do.

A piece of lemon upon a corn will relieve it in a day or so; it should be renewed night and morning. The free use of lemon-juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. A lemon eaten before breakfast every day for a week or two will entirely prevent the feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring. Perhaps its most valuable property is its absolute power of detecting any of the injurious and even dangerous ingredients entering into the composition of so very many of the cosmetics and face powders in the market. Every lady should subject her toilet powder to this test. Place a teaspoonful of the suspected powder in a glass and add the juice of lemon; if effervescence takes place it is an infallible proof that the powder is dangerous, and its use should be avoided, as it will ultimately injure the skin and destroy the beauty of the complexion.

A Rich Widow and Her Adopted Son.

It is better to be born lucky than rich, the proverb says, and I believe it. You may be born rich and die poor, but if you are lucky you will never want. A case in point is that of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the widow of the California millionaire. She was a school teacher in this city, and no longer a young girl, when Mark Hopkins happened at the same boarding-house, wooed and won her. They had no children, so she adopted a boy of seven years of age by the name of Tim. He is nineteen now, and a very amiable unspoiled fellow, not particularly bright, and not at all dull. His adopted mother is perfectly devoted to him, and indulges him in all his desires. She is anxious to have him love literature, and is building a magnificent library for him. During her last visit to New York she bought $7,000 worth of rare books from one importer. She buys knowingly, too. The house she has just completed in San Francisco cost $2,000,000, and Herter fitted up two floors at a cost of $200,000. "My room is magnificent," said Tim. "I just gave Herter unlimited authority, and suits of armor are hung on the walls, and he has made it look like a castle." Mrs. Hopkins travels in her own drawing-room car like a princess, with French cook and silver table service. Her bedroom has a large double bed in it, and there is a handsomely furnished parlor and kitchen besides. When she stops anywhere, the car is switched off, and waits her pleasure on a side track. The last time she was in New York it was brought up to within a block of the Windsor Hotel. I would not pretend to say how many millions that the Widow Hopkins is worth, but you may imagine from her manner of living that it is a goodly sum. And Tim, has he not been fortunate? A poor boy, picked up to be the heir to such a fortune. So I say again that it is better to be born lucky than rich, for neither Mrs. Hopkins nor Tim were born rich, but see what luck has done for them!—*New York Letter.*

An Elephant Burned to Death.

When Mr. French discovered his managerie, near Detroit, Mich., on fire his first thought was how to save the elephant Sultan. On opening the barn door he was greeted by a dense volume of smoke. He groped his way to Sultan's stall. The huge animal was perfectly noiseless, not having been heard to utter the slightest groan; but when Mr. French reached his side, and, calling him by name, placed his hand on him, the poor beast was found to be rocking to and fro rapidly, while his hard hide was crawling and rolling in every direction. Sultan, while in his stall, always had one foot chained to the framework. Mr. French stooped to loosen it. At this the crazed beast brought his trunk around with terrible force, and Mr. French was thrown about twenty feet. It was several seconds before Mr. French could realize his position, and then he saw that, to save his own life, he must get out. He felt his way around the side of the barn until he saw daylight through the smoke, and with a rush soon gained the open air. With the exception of one or two shrieks by the hyena, and a few brief, moaning cries by the lions, not a sound was uttered by the animals during the conflagration. The theory of Paul Schroff, the keeper of the animals, is that they were suffocated.

The annual crop of tobacco, raw leaf, in the United States, is estimated at 420,000,000 pounds. About two-thirds is exported.