

## FOR THE FAIR SEX.

### Fashion Notes.

Yellow blonde hair is out of fashion. Mull fichus and scarfs remain in high favor.

Imported evening dresses have very long trains.

All very dressy costumes are trimmed with embroidery.

The new pinkish shades of gray are very popular in Paris.

A London lady had \$4,000 worth of flowers at a party.

Both square and round trains are worn in evening toilet.

Fancy feathers show the influence of the craze for plaited effects.

Some very square bonnets appear among late novelties in millinery.

A trimming much in vogue is black net embroidered with jet beads.

Irish point and church lace trim the most fashionable mull neck scarfs.

After the rage for big bonnets has subsided, the medium sizes will probably be most worn.

Bonnets, muffs and costumes match when worn by the most fastidiously fashionable women.

Feathers, birds, flowers, laces, bows of ribbon and bonnet ornaments trim the new plush muffs.

Jet or colored crystal beads enrich all the richest trimmings and embroideries on dressy costumes.

Jet, gold, amber, purple, iridescent and jewel-tinted and crystal beads trim both bonnets and dresses.

To muffle the throat in several yards of white or black tulle, a la Sarah Bernhardt, will be all the fashion.

Plush muffs are flat, and the plush is arranged in loose, irregular folds, not tight or smooth around the muff.

Crystal beads in iridescent hues, white and clear as glass, are used to excess in trimming evening dresses.

The petals of many of the new artificial flowers are made of soft plush in most gorgeous and delicate tints.

White plush bonnets, with the crowns or brims dotted with medium-sized pearl beads, bid fair to be favorites.

Cream-colored linen handkerchiefs with dress borders of embroidery in blue and gold, or scarlet and gold, are very stylish.

The first regularly educated female physician in this country is said to be a Mrs. Alexander, who settled in Boston some fifty years ago.

The most fashionable ladies in New York as a rule affect dark colors, small bonnets and plain but costly styles of dress and dress garniture.

Many of the handsomest wraps are trimmed with jet embroideries in artistic designs, set figures, bands, gimps, cords, tassels, spikes and galleons.

Black and brown beaver plush bonnets and hats are trimmed with coffee-stained lace and furnished with gold cords, which suspend them around the neck.

White plush bonnets will take precedence of all others for evening wear. They will be trimmed with feathers, flowers, and crystal bead cords and tassels.

Velvet boots are now introduced, and it is proposed to wear them on the promenade. They have, invariably, round toes, the narrow toes being less seen than during the past season and only worn on the Spanish instep boots.

Muffs of plush to match the hats are among the novelties. They are made in soft pocket shapes, are larger than those of last year, and are trimmed with feathers, birds and laces. They are very hand some made of black, white or red plush.

Fanny Davenport wears in the present latitude of her new play, "An American Girl," half a dozen new dresses that cost her \$11,000. A diamond necklace which she wears in one of the acts cost her \$22,000.

The ladies of Donaphan county, Kansas bought all the booths on the fair ground, bidding much higher than the saloon keepers, whose "bar" could not compare in size with that of their fair antagonists.

A prize was offered at the La Porte (Ind.) fair for the mother presenting the largest number of children. Mrs. John Line took the premium with nine, the ninth being born on the grounds a few hours before the award was made.

At Bilston, England, not long ago, a woman, in reply to the inquiries of the magistrate, informed him that she had been married forty years, and having been whipped by her husband every day since, had received 14,600 beatings.

Miss Sharman Crawford, an English lady, a niece of the Mr. William Sherman Crawford who many years represented Rochdale in parliament, has so far felt the injustice of the British method of farming land that she has given her tenants in the county of Waterford a lease forever of their holdings.

The richest brocades have large figures and flowers in cut and uncut velvet of the darkest shades of maroon, navy blue, plum, and bronze green on grounds of mervilleuse satin, harmonizing in color, not contrasting, such as pale rose for maroon flowers, mauve for plum, water blue for navy blue, and lilac for bronze green.

A mammoth bow of very wide satin ribbon is now worn on the left side just below the waist line. This gives a pretty finish to many simple toilets, especially when worn with a mull fichu.

Three wide loops and two short ends form this square bow.

Some of the new Oriental fabrics display a maze of gaudy flowers, yellow vines, morning-glories, dahlia and sunflowers, bees, beetles and gay-plumaged birds flying with widespread wings, beside many large leaved exotics, in designs puzzling to the botanist and wonderful to behold.

Deep-pointed girdles laced in front and back, and made of velvet to match the color of the costume, and richly embroidered in flowers or gold, are novelties of the toilet. With these are worn broad velvet cuffs to match, and Medici collars embroidered on the inside, and lined on the side nearest the dress with opaque gold satin or Surah silk.

The white bows for the throat are long enough to reach to the waist, and are made of irregular wide loops, pointed handkerchief ends, and shirred puffs of silk muslin or else of soft mull.

The Breton and Languedoc laces remain the most popular choice for these cravat bows, but the novelties are Alencon laces, point fleurette, and the vermicelli laces.

The queen of the Oakland (Cal.) gypsies is dead. In accordance with their peculiar superstitions everything she used or possessed was broken and destroyed by fire, with certain incantations. The tent she lived in, her clothing and jewels, her crockery and cooking utensils were reduced to fragments and burned.

When the modern hoop first came in, Queen Victoria and her ladies met the Empress Eugenie and her suite at the great naval festival at Cherbourg. The French ladies, although flogged to the waist, had edged every founce with marabout or other downy feathery finish, which gave them a cloudy lightness; the English ladies, on the contrary, trimmed with heavy velvets and fringe looked "like portly wine tubs."

Silk plushes, for both the costume and for millinery purposes, appear not alone with the velvet-like and furry surfaces of last year's make, but also in imitation of leopard, tiger and bear skins, and in gold-threaded and moss-like effects, glittering with metallic spirals and shining bands of silver and gilt.

Handsome Roman plushes are also seen with broad stripes of scarlet, green, gold and black, beside the "long nap" plushes, in every conceivable shade of color, many of them covered by a gem-like surface frosting or vitrification.

Brocaded velvet and plush suits are to be the ultimatum of richness in winter costumes. Plain black velvet suits are magnificent in embroidery, jet pascamentaries and handsome fringes, which are from five to twelve inches deep and are uncommonly attractive in design and quality, the heading being much finer and lighter than formerly.

Velveteens will be more worn this winter than last, in consequence of being imported in a variety of dark fashionable colors and in better qualities. It is at best not desirable for a whole costume, but answers very nicely for an underdress, and is very pretty for children's wear.

Did you ever notice the different styles of fanning affected by the people in church? There is Mrs. Placidie, whose fan opens to its fullest extent, moves back and forth with all the easy tranquility of an old-fashioned clock pendulum; while the fussy, jerky pendulum of the modern timepiece is well symbolized by the quick nervous strokes of Miss Marriot, who sits near. And just beyond is Deacon Jones, with his capacious stomach resting upon his knees. His fan is held at arm's length, his hand at a level with his eye, the palm-leaf sending its breeze waves along the entire facade of his overheated body. Miss Tuchemot's fan flutters like a frightened bird, and Miss Daintiwin holds one corner of her's pinned to her right shoulder, jealous of every particle of the little wind that her feeble movements succeed in raising. Mrs. Marriwell's fan moves with a languid grace to and fro, without so much as a suspicion of a breeze. There is no shading in her fanning. The back strokes and the forward strokes are all alike. Then there is the generous fanner, who scatters her windy favors on all about her, the sentimental fanner, who fans not at all but uses her fan as a nose-rest, and she gazes over it in melancholy resignation; and the fidgety fanner, who fans furiously for half a minute and then shuts her fan with a snap, only to begin her work again at the end of another half a minute. These are but a few of the family of fanners. Their name is legion and their methods are diverse.—Boston Transcript.

The Rev. Henry E. Johnson, of Chatsworth Independent Methodist church, Baltimore, preached recently upon "Foes to Marriage." The following is an extract from the reverend gentleman's sermon: Let us now examine some of the "foes of marriage" which either prevent its consummation or perverts it into a torture more exquisite than the brain of Dante ever dreamed of. The first of these is a false education. This often begins in early childhood when the adoring mamma impressed on the fair young Angelina's mind the following catechism: Who made you so beautiful? The dressmaker. What did she make you so fat? To have beaux. What is the chief aim of woman? To be admired. What is the great duty of woman? To make a good match. What is meant by a good match? One that will furnish me plenty of money and

nothing to do, and let me do as I please. That's right, darling; now practice what you have learned. Sometimes this education is continued during the process of veneering at the boarding school, until the girl is fully possessed with the idea, and is transformed into a hollow-hearted schemer.

### London's "Fiery Mine."

It is a "fact not generally known" that there is in London a "fiery mine" of so very excitable a disposition that no artificial light of any description has ever yet been allowed to be brought even into its neighborhood. Its product, however, is not coal, but rum.

The rum-shed, as it is called, of the West India dock, covers a space of two hundred thousand square feet, with vaults of corresponding size, all crammed with huge casks of spirit, from every pore of which—and the most carefully-closed have pores in plenty—the fiery vapor is forever streaming out into the air, only begging for the smallest chance of converting the whole area of the docks, with their two hundred and fifty odd ships, and two or three hundred thousand tons or so of cargo, and their more or less incalculable stores of tinber and tea, silk and sugar, cigars and cereals, coals and cotton, wine, wool, whisky, whale-fins, and what not, into the most magnificent bowl of snap-dragon ever imagined in infant nightmare. Into these fiery regions not even a bull's-eye lantern is ever has been allowed to penetrate.

Even the wharf along the side where the great puncheons are landed is forbidden to the approach of vessels, every cask being transferred from ship to shore in the company's own lighters.

Each cask in that vast range of dim drak vaults is marked and numbered, and on the right reading of these marks and numbers depends the efficient execution of every one of the numerous operations to which every individual cask has been subjected before its contents can go forth for the mixing of the world's grog. How any one but an experienced Japanese juggler ever manages to perform his feat in the very brightest weather by the simple aid of a little plate of polished tin artfully turned and twisted to catch the solitary ray of highly-diluted daylight which here and there filters down from the floor above, is a mystery by no means amongst the least wonderful of the many of which the visitors to this commercial paradise catches here and there a tantalizing glimpse.

### How a Snake Moves.

A snake when on the ground moves often with considerable rapidity. The head is slightly raised, and the body and tail progress by means of the peculiar grasping power of the skin and ribs of the underneath parts, which enacts consecutive contraction and elongation to occur. The movement is more or less flat with the earth, and the snake never coils upward, as is often figured in old and some new paintings and engravings. It can erect its head and much of its neck and fore part of the body, and this is also done when the creature is in horizontal coils and quiescent. On moving up a stone or tree the head, neck and much of the body may be placed against the more or less vertical object, and a small portion only of the body may be left on the ground, but in this position the snake is liable to fall sideways. On moving up a tree they do not coil themselves round and round it like a rope, but they may do this when still. It is wonderful how snakes move along and between boughs, and taking a turn round one with their tail end, swing and look for food, and also how they will make themselves up into a bunch on a fork of a tree, and remain there without falling. They swim in an undulating manner, but the body is wriggled on the same plane as the surface of the water, and not at right angles to it, but in rushing at their prey, both in the water and on land, there is more or less upward or downward bending of part of the body, and a rapid thrust of the head forward.

### The Apache Who Could Ride a "Bronco."

Tom Newland has an Indian who places a high estimate on his equestrian ability. There was a horse to be brought to town a few days ago, and the Indian was given the job. Hitching the animal to a tree, he carefully placed the sweat cloth on him; then the blanket, the bridle, and the saddle; at each performance giving voice to a satisfied "Ah, hab," each ejaculation growing intenser, till he got into the saddle. All this time the "bronco," looked as unlike Alexander the Great's war horse, Bucephalus, as a reprinter's saw-horse. The Indian started; he gained the crest of the hill where the scrub oak was thickest; he turned and gave another "Ah, hab," which was followed so closely by "whoa" that it sounded like a compound word. Then something rose a few feet in the air, went back, and rose again. There was a cloud of dust, a heap of Apache talk, a flash of bright colors, and—silence. When Tom went up, he found the horse grazing in the most orthodox fashion, and a strip of white breech cloth, and a pair of brown iron-clad shoes sticking up from the middle of a scrub oak, like a new sort of plant. Tom got him out of the brush, and when he said "Ah, hab," the Indian looked as though he wanted to go on the war-path.—Arizona Silver Bell.

## TATTOOED BY SAVAGES.

Alonso Hewitt's Strange Experience in Patagonia.

The New York Star has an account of Alonso Hewitt, an American sailor, a resident of Brooklyn. In 1865 Mr. Hewitt belonged to the crew of the ship Angelica, which went ashore during a severe gale on the Patagonian coast.

The vessel was manned by thirteen men, all of whom were captured by the savages and taken into the interior. The men were separated from each other, and given to different native chiefs as slaves. Mr. Hewitt never knew what became of his shipmates.

He was taken by a savage named Mine-hoo, and compelled to carry heavy loads of provisions and hunting materials on long journeys. At night his hands were tied behind his back, and one end of the leathern thong was fastened to a tree, so that he could not run away. No knife or sharp instrument of any kind was left within his reach, and he was as effectually a prisoner as though he had been locked up within strong walls. The whole story of his troubles and sufferings while in the hands of the savages would fill a large volume, but the most interesting portion, which can be confined to the limits of a newspaper account, is his account of the manner in which he was tattooed by the Patagonians.

Almost the entire surface of Mr. Hewitt's body is covered with indelible representations of beasts, birds and reptiles. He said that the savages occupied over a month's time in making these unique pictures. A preparation in many respects resembling india ink was used, and the method of producing the pictures was to puncture the skin with the points of small fish bones, and then to rub the ink upon the wound thus produced. The ink thus produced a discoloration of the skin that can never be effaced.

"What caused the Patagonians to mark you in this manner?" inquired the reporter.

"I presume the chief who held me wanted to disgrace me for the amusement of himself and his associates," was the reply.

"Then you do not think the chief meant to punish you?"

"Not especially. In my mind he wished to display the artistic skill of one of his young braves in the pictorial line. He undoubtedly regarded my skin in much the same light that a painter does the white canvas. I was a good groundwork for ornamentation."

"Was the chief proud of you after the work was done?"

"He was indeed. I was taken about among the people and exhibited to admiring eyes. The young men and women would point at the pictures and then look at each other and smile. Older savages would admire me by the hour, and I was one of the greatest objects of interest in Patagonia."

"Do you know the meaning of the pictures?"

"I only know that the pictures represent beasts, birds and reptiles; but why they were selected as subjects baffles my comprehension. I suppose that I am a sort of Patagonian obelisk, and although unlike the Alexandrian monolith, I am not 3,000 or 4,000 years of age, I perhaps represent religious ideas and historical facts."

The tattooed man brushed his locks of shaggy hair back from his forehead, and disclosed a blue-and-yellowish representation of a bird. Although the bird has outstretched wings and beak claws like an eagle, it is far from being a good representation of the glorious American bird of freedom. On either side of the man's face is a bird that looks more like a young chicken than anything else. Lengthwise on the man's nose is a tiny picture of a blue snake with red eyes. A red snake with blue eyes encircles the man's neck. Rolling up his sleeves and baring his arms, Mr. Hewitt exhibited to the reporter pictorial representations of more than a dozen different kinds of animals. Some of them resembled goats, others sheep and foxes. There were animals with horns and others without horns. There was a singular-looking creature, that reminded the reporter of a centaur, above the elbow of the right arm. There were more figures on the left arm than on the right one. The total number of distinct pictures on the man's body, he said, were 133. Only three colors are shown, red, blue and yellow. The inks were obtained by pressing the juice from vegetables and mixing it with fine earthy pigments. Mr. Hewitt thinks that the inks were of a poisonous nature, because they caused his limbs to swell to twice their normal size while the pictures were being made.

Five years ago Mr. F. T. Barnum, hearing of Mr. Hewitt, and thinking that he would prove valuable as a curiosity for public exhibition, offered him a liberal salary to appear in the "Greatest Show on Earth." Mr. Hewitt declined the proposition. He wrote to Mr. Barnum, saying: "I am a poor man; but all the money in the State of New York would not tempt me to place myself on exhibition."

The annual consumption of lead in the United States is about 85,000 tons. The production last year was 89,000 tons, and at the beginning of this year there were about 16,000 tons in stock. For the first half year of 1880 the production was 45,000 tons, and it is estimated that for the present calendar year the production will amount to about 100,000 tons.

Texas settled as densely as New York would contain 23,000,000 people.

## CARRIER PIGEONS.

Their Beauty, Intelligence and Wonderful Qualities Illustrated by Swift and Protracted Flights.

Mr. Van Opstal, of this city, is credited with possessing a breed of well-trained carrier pigeons, and he is regarded as an authority on such. He says that the most valuable birds at present in use are called the Antwerp carriers, which species are a cross between the owl, or English pigeon and the Belgian cumulet (or highflyer). The cumulet is possessed of great "homeing" qualities, and besides ranks high in intelligence, while the English carrier is remarkable for its staying qualities or powers of endurance. Therefore, when these desirable qualities—endurance and speed—with the "homeing" characteristic are combined in one bird, the Antwerp carrier is found in the greatest perfection.

Their training commences when the birds are about three months old. The initiatory step consists in taking them about a mile from the parent's coop and letting them loose. The distance is doubled the next time, and so on progressively. The carrier is larger than the common pigeon and measures about fifteen inches in length and weighs from one and a fourth to one and a half pounds. The neck is long and the pectoral muscles are large. An appendage of naked skin hangs across the bill and continues down either side of the lower mandible. Those pigeons are considered the best that have the appendage rising high on the head, and of considerable width across the bill, and that are also distinguished by a wide naked circlet around the eyes. In England it is usual to keep the birds in a darkened cellar, where they are sparingly fed, for six hours previous to their flight. The message is usually fastened round the upper part of the bird's leg, but care must be taken that it is not tied so as to impede the bird's flight.

For centuries the carrier pigeon served a purpose which is now served by the electric telegraph, and their usefulness has not yet entirely departed. It is known that these birds had been utilized to carry messages by the Asiatics and Romans, and during the crusade of St. Louis they were so employed. According to Tasso carrier pigeons were used in the siege of Jerusalem; and Ariosto makes the Castellan di Damietta spread the news of Orrillo's death by a messenger dove. It is well known that during the last siege of Paris these birds were employed to carry messages beyond the German lines. Long documents printed by micro-photography on films indestructible by water, and weighing only a few grains, were thus transmitted with great success. Their conspicuous utility during this memorable siege has not been lost sight of by the French government and other European powers. In the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, there are kept some five thousand carrier pigeons which are trained to penetrate into the furthest recesses of the republic. The different forts and cities are also stocked with these birds. Prussia also and other Continental powers cultivate these aerial messengers, that they may be utilized in case of war when telegraphic and other modes of communication are destroyed. It is said that the founder of the great banking house of the Rothschilds made the bulk of his colossal fortune through the instrumentality of these fleet-winged messengers. To him carrier pigeons brought the result of the struggle between the contending hosts on the plain of Waterloo. Thus he received the earliest information of the Anglo-Prussian victory and was thereby enabled to take advantage of the coming change in the money market.

These aerial couriers are brought to the greatest perfection in Europe. In 1878 a sort of international carrier contest took place in Belgium. A flock of pigeons were let loose in Rome, and the distance thence to Brussels (725 miles) direct was made in a little less than seven days. In 1879 birds were let loose from Madrid, and they traversed the intervening space to their respective coops in various towns in Belgian (computed at about 750 miles) in one week. During the present year other carriers flew from San Sebastian to Belgian towns and cities (640 miles) in a day and a half. This is considered the swiftest time for that number of miles on record.

From Lamothe, France, pigeons made their way to Antwerp in twelve hours.

In 1878 six birds, the property of Messrs. Van Opstal, of this city, and Donner, of Brooklyn, were let fly from Columbus, Ohio, and all returned home, some in good time, the others at irregular intervals. Two of Mr. Van Opstal's and one of Mr. Donner's turned up at the home coop on the second day; two others on the tenth day, and one was three weeks absent. The last bird came home wounded, it having been shot in the body.

Carrier pigeons that are remarkable for their speed and endurance command as high a price as \$300. The owner of one bird of this character refused 1,000 (\$300) for one of his pets. Mr. Van Opstal owned a bird—Jupiter—which died two years ago, and which he would not have parted with at any price. He regarded the bird as the champion long distance flyer of America. Jupiter generally carried away the first prize in all the contests of his day. He won a gold and silver medal from the Philadelphia fanciers and was equally successful in other contests. During a journey from Pittsburg to this city Jupiter was wrecked in a storm, but fought

bravely to save the gate money. When the bird, which had started on its memorable journey with thirty other competitors, arrived home it was plain to be seen that he was sick. He never rallied, and all that was mortal of the once great flyer is now stuffed and in the possession of Mr. Van Opstal.—New York Herald.

### A Mysterious California Lake.

What is known as Dead lake lies between Lake Earl and the coast, about midway on a line from the mill to what is known as Keller's pond. There are many strange stories connected with this mysterious lake, which has no visible outlet, and yet, despite the ceaseless flow of a small stream which empties into it, retains a uniform volume of water. Its depths have been sounded, and though it has been asserted that bottom was found at a depth of twenty-five feet, this must have been very near to the shore, as others who have dared to venture upon its dark waters report that there is a considerable area where no bottom can be found. There is an old Indian legend in regard to the origin of the lake. Long years ago, long before the invading feet of the white man had sought this coast, there dwelt here a numerous Indian tribe. Many summers they lived in peace and contentment. The waters abounded with fish, the forests were filled with game, and the Indian's heart was glad. But at last came the time of sorrow. One day the old chief while at council, became angered at one of the most respected men of the tribe, and struck him to the ground. This one blow forever destroyed the harmony which had until then existed. The friends of the gray-haired councilman rebelled at the authority of their chief and cried for vengeance. But the greater portion of the tribe remained loyal and were victorious, pursuing the vanquished and fleeing enemy back among the sand dunes near the coast.

The heart of the Indian god, Clut-te-nog-gy, was filled with wrath because of this discord among his people, and he determined to inflict a terrible punishment. The heavens became covered with menacing clouds of terrible darkness, and the wind swept over the shifting sands, blinding and blocking the way of pursued and pursuer. Suddenly a deafening sound broke upon their ears, and, like the jaws of a mighty dragon, the earth opened beneath their feet and they were swallowed from sight. The storm burst in all its wild fury, the torrents poured into the gaping abyss, and the rippling waters of Dead lake now lave the sides of that sepulcher. To this day no Indian can be induced to approach Dead lake. They tell the story that two, bolder than the others, conquered their dread, and building a canoe ventured upon its waters, but they were never heard of afterward. Its depths are said to be infested with reptiles of enormous dimensions, to which assertion a strong semblance of truth is given by the report of F. W. Wilson, Esq., last summer, that he saw an immense serpent in the vicinity of Lake Earl. This monster Ophidian doubtless crossed over from Dead lake, and as it has not since been seen, the probability is that it has returned to its home.—Crescent City (Cal.) Record.

### Diamond Cutting in New York.

Among the curious and interesting industrial facts brought to light during the census inquiries not the least is the fact that the recently introduced art of diamond cutting has been so admirably developed here that diamonds cut in Amsterdam are now sent to this city for recutting. Hitherto Amsterdam has monopolized the work of diamond cutting; and the aim there has been to remove in cutting the least possible weight of the gem. The American plan is to cut mathematically, according to the recognized laws of light, so as to secure the utmost brilliancy for the finished stone. The greater loss in weight, as compared with the Amsterdam cutting, is thus more than made good by the superior brilliancy of the product. From inquiries made by the chief special census agent, it appears that the average increase of value given to diamonds by the New York cutting is \$5,000 for each person employed for twelve months; also, that our dealers are receiving the best Amsterdam-cut gems from abroad to be recut here and returned.—Scientific American.

### He Was Too Young.

The moon had just bid good-bye to the Atlantic ocean, as was pushing its round, cool face above the Eastern horizon. "Ah, Clementine," said he, softly, "you rising effulgence is but a faint emblem of the depth of my affection—" "I know, you told me last night your heart was full, and the moon is just full tonight. Don't tell it all over again, please." "But, my dear—" "Yes, this is all very pretty, but mother says you're too young. There's just the nicest rich widower coming to visit at our house, and please don't come again till he goes." The young man curbs his ambition and concludes to let his mustache grow. This being called "young" is one too many for him.—New Haven Register.

A woman who kept a boarding-house in Ottawa, Canada, has recently attempted to commit suicide. In the States it is generally the boarders who feel like putting an end to their existence.—Puck.

The nations who travel most are Russians, Germans, English and Americans. The French seldom go out of their own country, and Italians, Spanish, Danes, Swedes and Norwegians are not often met with.