

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Winter Bonnets.

Gold enters largely into the materials of millinery this winter. It is seen in the cisele velvets as a background for black, red, or olive raised figures; in cloth of gold for crowns; in gold ribbon for strings; threads of gold are wrought on satin in rich brocades; a great deal of gold galloon is used again; and there are gold beads on all parts of the bonnet, the small ones being wrought in net on the crown, while large faceted gold beads edge the front of the brim. Gold lace is also used, but less than the other gilt garnitures. There are few gold brooches or similar ornaments, except the long nail or other long pin used as a bonnet rest. Dark velvet, plush, and brocade bonnets worn in the daytime for visiting, at church, or at afternoon receptions, are most often trimmed with gold. Silver trimmings, and the darker steel bead ornaments, are most effective on pale blue and black bonnets, and are seldom combined with other colors. For full-dress white bonnets the beads most used are opal tinted—not pure white pearl, but iridescent—and these are on wide laces for strings and for covering brims, while the crown is wrought in set figures with these beads, and even the marabout pompons stuck low on the left side are tipped with iridescent bits of pearl. The small close shapes that do not conceal the hair are preferred for dress bonnets, while a poke front, especially the new shape that pokes down rather than upward, is chosen for general wear in the long fur beavers or plush fabrics. Opal-tinted and white plush bonnets are chosen for full-dress receptions, the opera, etc. A new fancy for colored dress bonnets of light blue, pink, or cream-color is to almost cover the bonnet with the smallest ostrich tips, having a row pointing forward on the brim and a similar row turned downward on the crown; then, to keep these in place, the whole is veiled with tulle, either pink, blue, or cream, whatever color prevails in the bonnet, and this tulle extends down each side to form strings. There is also an effort to revive the flowers that have been banished for awhile. These are finer than usual this season, and are principally made of plush foliage and flowers that have silken petals. The silken roses in variegated wreaths, or in different shades of red, are very handsome when covering the brim of the bonnet that is finished on the opposite side by a long plume. For instance, the brilliant new red tint, which is bright cardinal, is chosen for the plush crown, large red roses cover the right side of the brim, and a demi-long plume, shaded from cardinal to pale pink, trims the left side. For more quiet colors young ladies choose black beaver or plush bonnets, edged on the brim with large faceted jet beads, and the entire trimming is a wreath of crushed roses without foliage, varied through red, yellow and pink; this passes across the top from ear to ear. Smooth broad crowns prevail, but there is also a fancy for shirred crowns of light materials, such as Surah satin, and there are other full crowns that are broadened to form the scarf which trims the brim; this scarf is sometimes fastened by a gilt hook and eye, or else it is shaped into a very long and flat Alsacian bow. Strings of ribbon are very much enriched by being bound with plush on one side only. The youngest ladies now wear bonnets, as they are quite as youthful-looking as round hats; indeed, the only round hats that receive much favor are the beavers with long nap and flaring brim surrounded with long plumes, or else trimmed with several short nodding feathers. Importers of London hats for ladies show many fur bonnets in small sizes, with gay plaid satin or velvet crowns, while the brims are of seal or other fur. There are also many large pokes and Gainsborough hats of seal skin that are found to be very becoming to young ladies. The novelty of the season, however, is the leopard skin bonnet, made close-fitting, and for its only ornament a leopard's paw with gold claws. The most popular seal-turbans have dented crowns and rolling brims, and are nearly as large as those worn by gentlemen.—*Harper's Bazar.*

News and Notes for Women.

Queen Victoria danced several reels at a recent ball at Balmoral.

The husband of the lovely Jersey Lily, Mr. Edward Langtry, is now in this country on business.

In the sums which she receives from her books Miss Braddon ranks among the half-dozen best-paid writers of fiction.

The queen of Italy is much more popular than the king, and the people have made the marguerite the national flower in deference to her name.

Miss Kellogg was called before the curtain at the Imperial Opera house, in St. Petersburg, one evening, twenty times, and in order to empty the house it was found necessary to turn out the lights.

In the reopening of a church in Mansfield, England, which had been closed for repairs, twenty-four women, who were unable to give money, contributed thirty-five days of hard labor in cleansing the church.

A favorite paragraph with Lucretia Mott, when her photograph was asked for albums, was: "In true marriage relation the independence of the husband and wife is equal, their dependence mutual and their obligations reciprocal."

The law of California provides that the same pay shall be given for similar work whether done by men or women; and,

as a consequence, the women vice-principals in the San Francisco schools receive as much pay as the male vice-principals.

A large gray wolf made a raid on the chickens at Captain Sim Green's, near Greenland, Col., and the captain's daughter, Miss Jessie, went to the rescue of the poultry, revolver in hand, and put five bullets through the wolf in quick succession.

Three ladies in France wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honor—Mlle. Dodes, who cut the telegraph wire in 1870; Mme. Abicot, wife of the mayor of Oson, who defended her house against the Prussians, and Rosa Bonheur, the artist. Five other ladies, all of them Sisters of Charity, possess the decoration.

Miss Jennie Hogan is creating somewhat of a sensation in Washington as an inspirational poet. She hails from Vermont, is a brunette of ordinary height, small features and a face with a bright expression, though she is not prettily. She gives exhibitions of her talent and rhyme on the slightest pretext.

Anger.

The Emperor Nerva died of a violent excess of anger against a senator who had offended him. Valentinian, the first Roman emperor of that time, while reproaching with great passion the deputies of the Quadi, a people of Germany, burst a blood vessel, and suddenly fell lifeless to the ground. "I have seen," said Tourtelio, a French medical writer, "two women perish, the one in convulsions, at the end of six hours, and the other suffocated in two days, from giving themselves up to the transports of fury." The celebrated John Hunter fell a sudden victim to a paroxysm of this passion. Mr. Hunter, as is familiar to medical readers, was a man of extraordinary genius, but the subject of violent anger, which, from the defect of early moral culture, he had not learned to control. Suffering during his latter years under a complaint of the heart, his existence was in constant jeopardy from his ungovernable temper; and he had been heard to remark that "his life was in the hands of any rascal who chose to annoy him." Engaged one day in an unpleasant altercation with his colleagues in the board room at St. George's hospital, London, he was peremptorily contradicted; he immediately ceased speaking, hurried into an adjoining apartment, and instantly fell dead.

When the fit of anger is of long continuance, or frequent recurrence, it frequently lays the foundation of some most serious and lasting afflictions; thus many cases of palsy, of epilepsy, of convulsions and of madness may be traced to violent anger and ungovernable temper. Dr. Good cites the case of Charles VI., of France, "who being violently incensed against the Duke of Bretagne, and burning with a spirit of malice and revenge, could neither eat, drink nor sleep for many days together, and at length became furiously mad as he was riding on horseback, drawing his sword and striking promiscuously every one who approached him. The disease fixed upon his intellect, and accompanied him to his death."

Creeping Things.

The sight of certain creatures is enough to give us a "crawling" sensation. Bare memory of them must be enough to any person who has traveled in Australia. Jesse Young, the explorer, talks very coolly, however, about the bug and snake creation in that queer clime. He says:

The reptiles are really very beautiful; crocodiles in the North, and snakes, lizards, scorpions and centipedes in the South. I shall not readily forget the sensation I experienced when one night a huge black centipede, eight inches long, crawled upon my neck with his horrible sixty-four legs, and made his way to my feet leisurely, much to my disgust, and though he was probably only a few seconds, I thought him slow. He is in the museum at Adelaide, with all the whisky he can drink.

Insects are wonderfully prolific—mosquitoes and flies being particularly abundant. The native children are sometimes hardly recognizable, so completely are they covered with flies, filling their eyes, noses and mouth.

When eating it requires a dexterous maneuvering to get a piece of meat into one's mouth without its complement of flies.

Spiders are very common, as also are ants, the tarantula being the most formidable of the former, and the bulldog ant the worst species of the latter. These ants are an inch or more in height, and about two inches long. They all fight fiercely, and their sting is not at all so desired. They catch hold of your skin with their nippers, bend the body under like a scorpion, and put the sting gently in, leaving the venom, and sometimes the sting itself. When camping near a nest of them, we generally thrust a fire-stick in the hole, which has the effect of keeping them at home.

A Youthful Warrior.

The youngest soldier in the Union service during the war was doubtless the only son of Jacob W. Messick, now member of the legislature of Indiana.

He enlisted as sergeant in Company A, Forty-second Indiana, and took with him his son Johnnie, then but nine years of age, as drummer boy. The lad was present at every action in which the regiment was engaged, and was at the last duly mustered out at the mature age of twelve years.

The Seven Chums Who Became Senators

Seven young men, early in the war, says a Washington letter, were boarded at the Burnham house in Omaha. They were all pushing, driving men. Six of them were inseparable companions. The entire company separated in the early days of the war, only to meet afterward as members of the United States Senate. The six companions were William Pitt Kellogg, Spencer, ex-Senator from Alabama, Saunders and Padlock, prominent Senators from Nebraska, and Hitchcock and Merrill, ex-Senators from Nebraska. The odd man, who was also a boarder at the same house, was Tipton, also ex-Senator from Nebraska.

At the time of the breaking out of the war, Saunders was governor of the Territory, Kellogg was chief justice, Padlock was secretary of the Territory, while the others were interested in various ways in the development of the Territory. Nebraska raised a regiment at the outbreak of the war, and Merrill was its colonel. There was great trouble about appointing a chaplain. Tipton, who was afterward Senator, was a candidate warmly pressed by a band of devoted friends. A slight-of-hand performer, a local humorist, was also a hot contestant for the place. Saunders, the governor, who had the power of appointment, finally, to avoid embarrassment, left the decision to the Federal officials. They assembled with Pitt Kellogg at their head. These lively young men decided to have the two candidates preach sermons in a competitive examination. This was done in the presence of a large crowd. Tipton preached half an hour against an equal time by his opponent. There was no real contest. Tipton was really a pious man, while the other was a charlatan. Tipton secured the award. Through his services during the war, and his careful nursing of sick and wounded soldiers, he so endeared himself to the people of Nebraska that they made him United States Senator after the war closed.

A Volcano by Night.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives an account of the eruption of Mauna Loa, the only active volcano of the Sandwich islands: Describing the striking scene by night, he says: A great smoke, highly illuminated, was ascending over the southern slope of Mauna Loa, in the direction of Kilauea. The clouds to the west of the mountain were almost aflame with light reflected from the Kau flow, which could not be seen from this point. Right in our faces, with not a cloud to obstruct our view, was the burning mountain side. In the summit crater the dense smoke, glowing with the light of the molten material, was surging back and forth like billows of fire, while now and then a small fountain of lava would be thrown above the level of the brink, showing what a boiling, seething mass was below. Lower down were immense pits and openings, in which the liquid lava itself could be seen moving, a though endeavoring to break down the walls between, and rather its forces for more destructive work; while in various directions deep fissures could be marked by the spots of light that were probably openings in the crust above the fissure. One of these was particularly striking, it being a long line of faint lights from the summit, terminating in a great ball of burning lava, as though an evil eye from the infernal regions were glaring at us across the black distance. Still lower down and moving along the flank of the mountain, at a very slight angle of declination, was a moderately-sized lava flow that has since attained considerable proportions. It was without doubt five miles in length, and as the lava seemed to accumulate in a small lake, I watched it all night, thinking it might burst out in a large stream directly down the mountain side. But my vigils were futile, and the day came, and with it a hard tramp across the old lavas to the new flow.

Words of Wisdom.

A man of courage never lacks weapons.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

Without the company of fools a man of wit would often be embarrassed.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not fit to be trusted with the king's.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.

No man is born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor; though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.

No man possesses a genius so commanding that he can attain eminence, unless a subject suited to his talents should present itself, and an opportunity occur for their development.

Turn the point of thy curiosity upon thyself and thine own affairs, and thou shalt within doors find matter enough for the most laborious inquiries.

The cause of virtue and liberty is confined to no continent or climate. It comprehends, within its capacious limits, the wise and good, however dispersed and separated in space and distance.

"Doctor, my daughter seems to be going blind, and she's just getting ready for her wedding, too! Oh, dear me! what is to be done?" "Let her go right on with the wedding, madam, by all means. If anything can open her eyes, marriage will."

Sunlight.

The sun, if you will only open your house to him, is a faithful physician, who will be pretty constant in attendance, and who will stand in no bills. Many years ago glass was something of a luxury, but now we can all have good-sized windows, and plenty of them, at moderate cost, and there is no excuse for making mere loopholes, through which the sun can cast but half an eye, and from which one can gain only narrow glimpses of the beautiful outer world.

I am sufficiently acquainted with the conservative character of many country people to know that expressions of disdain will come from some quarters when I mention bay windows. Nevertheless bay windows are a good thing. Their effect is very much like letting heaven into one's house, at least ought to be like that, for it is nothing but absurdity and wickedness to darken such windows with shutters or heavy curtains until only a straggling ray of sunlight can be seen.

If bay windows are too expensive a very desirable substitute can be had by placing two ordinary-sized windows side by side, with a wide, capacious ledge at the bottom for seats or for plants. A room with a window like this can be cheery, and its effect in a simple cottage house is quite sumptuous. There is likewise in its favor the fact that it is less exposed than the deep bay window to outer heat and cold.

In a kitchen, or a child's bedroom, or in an attic where the walls are low, two half-windows set side by side, and made to slide or to open on hinges, admit a broad, generous light, and give an apartment a pretty and pleasing rustic air.

Let the builder endeavor to have all rooms in daily use, especially bedrooms and sitting-rooms, well-lighted by the sun. "To sleep in unopened rooms is the unrepented sin of half the nation," vigorously affirms a prominent writer. But this should not be said of that part of the nation living in the country, far from those towering brick walls whose steps take hold on basement kitchens and in whose depressing shadows many lives must necessarily be spent. In the country, with a whole sky to draw from, let there be light! If any rooms in the house must look solely to the north for illumination, let them be the parlor and spare chamber. People who come and go can be cheerful for awhile in a north-windowed apartment, but the constant dwellers in a house need its sunniest rooms.—*Farm Homes.*

An Artist's Death-Bed.

John Pope, the artist, died in New York a short time ago. His death-bed scene was remarkable. His wife was watching by his side when suddenly he said: "Quick! give me my palette and brush. I must paint. Don't attempt to stop me now, for I have just discovered the art through the influence of visions of exquisitely graduated music. It is plain as day at last!" His wife, alarmed at his excitement, made a weak attempt to dissuade him, but as opposition only increased his excitement, and it was evident that death was very near, she humored him. His palette, brushes and canvases were brought to him, and his tearful relatives arranged the coverings of the bed so that they would look more like the drapery of his studio. He began his work with a haste amounting almost to frenzy.

"At last, at last," he cried, "I have found the beauty which all my life and over all the world I have been struggling for." He painted faster and faster, evidently believing that the canvas would show the beauty that he conceived, although it was in truth a sad realization of the conception. It was late in the day when he began his death-bed picture. It grew darker and darker as he went on, and his sorrowing family sat around him powerless to ease his last moments. At last it grew so dark that even he in his excitement noticed it. "Let us go to the studio," he cried, suddenly. "No, no; not to-night. Wait until to-morrow." "We must go to the studio," he exclaimed, making an effort to rise to his feet. The tax upon his strength was too great; without another word he fell back on his pillow, dead.

Please Stop My—What!

"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—please stop my"—whisky? "Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that yet. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my"—tobacco, cigars and snuff? "No, no, no; these, but I must retrench somewhere; please stop my"—ribbons, jewels, ornaments and trinkets? Not at all; pride must be fostered, if times are ever so hard, but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction—please stop my"—tea, coffee and needless and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no, no; not these, I cannot think of such a sacrifice; but I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs a few cents a week; I must save that. Please stop my paper. That will carry me through the panic easily! I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brains."

"What is mother doing to-night?" is the title of a new song that will soon be popular wherever there is a girl and a piano. While a fair flower was singing it to her Adolphus, the other night, the old lady walked into the parlor and remarked, "Well, if you must know, I'm a darnin' your stockin's."—*Middleton Transcript.*

The Georgia "Crackers."

A letter to the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution says: In several issues of your paper of late you have had occasion to use the word "Cracker"—"Georgia Cracker." It would be interesting to some of your readers to know the origin or derivation of this epithet as applied to native "indigenous" Georgians. It certainly belongs to the country in contradistinction to town folks, and is of ancient origin, coming down from the first or earliest history of our State. It certainly began in the city of Savannah immediately after the war of 1776 and was used, if not in ridicule, for some distinguishing habit or feature of our ancestry who traded in that city—as it is now, "the crackers have come to town." The children even recognized and used the word when wishing to bandy an epithet of ridicule, or to call attention to their own importance over the country boy or girl: "You are a Cracker." Probably a little sting of this kind (when quite a child) best indelibly impressed upon my mind, led me often to inquire the derivation of the word. One would say it was because the country people, in coming to town with their wagons and teams, used long whips which they crack to the disturbance of the city people. But this was not the origin of it, and I have found no clew to the word save in Rev. W. B. Stevens' history of Georgia. And I think it is explained in that work, though he does not refer to it or use the word. In describing the extreme destitution of the few "whigs" who held out in that struggle, how about 350 men in Burke and Wilkes counties were kept from their homes, scouting about to avoid the Tories (for Savannah and Augusta were in the hands of Tories and British, and the whole State was overrun) the women and children remained in the secluded forest, at their little huts, and cultivated with much difficulty small patches of Indian corn, their only means of food. There were no mills to grind their corn, and they parched and cracked it best they could, and ate it. "They ate parched corn," and were emphatically "corn crackers." An old citizen of Revolutionary fame here has been heard to relate the description his mother gave him of dividing a crop of corn among some sisters who made it, she covering her pile with a cowhide until she could get some place to store it; the men not being able to build pens or barns. When the war closed and the singular people visited the "celestial city" of Savannah to trade, they must have presented a striking contrast to the more fortunate colonists, who were well fed and clothed with British goods, and it was a good appropriate epithet to call them "crackers." If this be the origin of the word, it points a period of self-sacrifice and suffering, of heroic endurance and devotion to principle, evinced by a people, and parents of whom Georgians need not be ashamed.

Rum Made from Old Shoes.

Speaking of the industry statistics, says a New York letter to the Springfield (Mass.) Union, reminds me that several curious businesses have been discovered by the census deputies, of which so far no newspaper has given an account. The superintendent of the Brooklyn census was much puzzled some weeks ago upon discovering that there was some use made of old shoes, which was not known to any of the deputies in his employ, and could not be discovered. It was found that old shoes were collected in large quantities by ragpickers and junkmen, and sold to certain mysterious persons, for what purpose no one could divine. It was well known that Prussian blue is made of old leather, but the persons engaged in that business were perfectly willing to have their works inspected. After much inquiry and investigation it was found that the old shoes were made into Jamaica rum. When they came from the ragpickers the good pieces were cut out and sold to small cobblers for patching purposes. The rest was distilled with spirits, colored with burnt sugar, and sold as Jamaica rum, and the most singular fact about the business is that it is bought, not by saloon keepers, but by druggists, who pride themselves on the purity of their articles. Many industries were found in which, though the value of the product was considerable, no value was attributed to the raw material. One man who made tomato catsup acknowledged to making \$18,000 worth of catsup every year, but said that his raw material cost nothing. When pressed for an explanation he sent to the factories where tomatoes are canned big tubs into which the peelings and trimmings of the tomatoes were thrown by the men who prepared them for canning. This material he got for the trouble of carrying it away. He ground it up, flavored it, and sold it as catsup to the extent of \$18,000 a year.

Associated Press.

"The Associated Press is a great boon, is it not?" said a young man to a beautiful Boston girl, full of sentiment and oysters, as they were returning from the theater.

"It is, indeed," she replied, in soft tones; "George and I had one last winter, but papa came in one night before George could take his arm away and acted dreadfully. Do they have them in New York?"

"I should blush to murmur," responded the untutored Gothamite, as he measured her suncircle belt with his strong right arm.

Not Vanquished.

In darkness and in storm my spirit stands,
And doubt and desolation round it lie,
And somber clouds have hid the distant sky
And cold, bleak hills girt all the dismal lands,
I feel the grasping clutches of ruthless hands,
And hear the surging winds keep drawing
nigh,
While down their rushing fury sounds the
cry
Of souls that sink to death amid drear sands.
Yet there are stars, and suns, and fragrant
blooms,
And days of rest, and still seas bright and
vast,
And grand old forests tall of wind-made
song,
The lily opens in night's deepest glooms,
The fierce storm passion will not always
last,
And triumph comes to those whose hearts
are strong.

—Thomas S. Collier.

HUMOROUS.

Always in working order.—Yeast.
A good prophet—One hundred per cent.

A calico wrapper—The dry goods clerk.

Epitaph for a cannibal—"Oae who loved his fellow men."

Bad for authors—Only men who can't write make their mark.

Ten cents in the pocket is worth a dollar paid for beer.—*Derrick.*

Firemen as well as other people, like to talk of their old flames.—*Pleasure.*

"Come! come! rest in this bosom," as the shirt said to the flatiron.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Bluebeard managed women so well because he always got ahead of them!—*Philadelphia Item.*

A man advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds that "it will be highly lucrative to the undertaker."

Eighty million dollars' worth of live and dressed hogs have been sold to Europe in the last year. Uncle Sam is putting on lardy airs.—*Free Press.*

She—"How do you like my new belt?" It was of shining yellow metal. He—"Well, I approve of a little music at an evening party, but isn't a brass band rather too loud?"

Beaconsfield ascribes all his greatness to woman. Adams laid all his trouble to the same source. Adam, we are ashamed of you! Beaconsfield, you are a gentleman.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I'll take a roll," said the saw-log to the baker as it went down the hill.—*Steuven's Herald.* "And I'll take a loaf" the saw said, while they were rolling it back.—*Breakfast Table.*

A young man may look very nice! But if he happens to fall on the ice, He drops all his airs, curses and swears, And if any one laughs, oh, how he glares!—*Springfield (O.) Sunday News.*

"Good morning, Smith," said a man in a shoe store the other day; "what's this pair of boots sold for?" "What are they sold for? Why to keep the snow out and the feet in."—*Marathon Independent.*

Mattilda: We have your poem, "Give me back my ice-cream freezer," sailed down. It will appear at the proper season. "Give me back my old coal-burner," would be more appropriate just now.—*Koosak Gate City.*

"Old Woman, how do you sell beets?" asked a loafer of an old vegetable woman in the market, and she replied. "I just tell 'em I'll trust 'em, and then give 'em stuff that looks all right and ain't good for nothing. They don't like the sell either."

One evening at a Paris cafe a group of idlers were discussing politics and people who change their opinions. "Well," said one, "I've never cried, 'long live anybody.'" "Quite so," remarked one; "but then you're a doctor."

"You are in time," said the pedagogue to one of his pupils, who entered as the last stroke of the bell was dying away. "Bad grammar," said the lad, "and bad spelling, also; for there is no 'u' in time." And now, that boy is having a bad spell also—but not likewise.—*Meriden Recorder.*

The husband of a scolding wife on Vermont street stood gazing long and earnestly upon her photograph in a frame upon the wall. When she sharply asked him why he stood staring at it like an idiot, he replied that it seemed so strange to see her in a position where her chin was in calm repose.—*Moderns Argo.*

"THE IDOL OF HIS SOUL."
Now the husband, still a lover,
And his wife, so true and tried,
O'er the dying fire hovers,
Listening to the wind outside.
And with smile and cheering laugh, he
Calls her "idol of his soul."
Till he makes her, through his "tally,"
Bring another hod of coal.
—*Bloomington Eye.*

If there is anything that will make a man rip stavin', roarin', bilin' mad, it is to have the cook appear before him at breakfast with the announcement that the two pounds of lamb chops purchased by him the evening previous, during the wee small hours disappeared down the capacious maw of the family Thomas G. cat.—*Lockport Union.*

HOW IT WORKED.

There was a man in our town,
He was so wondrous wise,
He thought his business would run itself
And he didn't advertise.

Well, business was dull at first,
But better times came, and it's queer,
One day with a rub he sold all his stuff,
But the sheriff was auctioneer.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*