FOR THE FAIR SEX.

The Begonia and Cashmere Shawls.

About two centuries ago a French navigator named Begon brought from Asia a new plant, which is still called after him, begonia. Few readers would suspect the part this plant plays in the production of the handsome shawls so prized by ladies. The best by far of these are made in Cashmere, a beautiful district at the foot of the Himalaya mountains. The material used in their manufacture is the finest down from the Thibet goat. Every one has probably remarked the singularly graceful patterns with which they are ornamented, and perhaps wondered whether they were studies from nature or the production of the artist's brain. They are the former. Nature in the East supplies admirably graceful leaves on which the sun designs delicate ornaments, and the workmen of Cashmere imitate them, as the Grecian sculptors copied the curves of the acanthus in the Corinthian capitals. These leaves are those of the begonia. When the French arrived in Egypt, at the end of the last century, they were surprised to see the Orientals wearing costumes, shawls, turbans, sashes, etc., of beautiful cashmere work. They greatly admired these dresses, which fell so gracefully on the human form. When the conquerors of the pyramids returned to France they displayed their rich booty, which immediately came into fashion among the ladies. From that period they have constantly remained in high favor. Their prices vary from $200 to $400. Under the empire, no lady with any pretension went without a cashmere shawl. The taste for these articles, although not so great as formerly, has not entirely ceased. However, it is very rarely now that a person wears a real Indian cashmere; the articles in general use are the product of French manufacture.

Fashion Notes.

Lace is not worn with the velvet collars and cuffs in the dauphin style.

The prettiest bags to wear with dresses are finished with three tassels.

Puffings of white lace form the upper half of sleeves for evening dress.

Stripes of colored gauze bordered by satin are made up into pretty ties.

Boots buttoned very far back at the sides are the next novelty, it is said.

Sultana shoes, laced on the side to show the stocking, are in favor in Paris.

Heavy black silk are preferable to the satin finished stuffs for half mourning.

The Princess of Wales is wearing waves instead of little curls on the forehead.

Very few basques are left plain in front. Some are cut into points and some into curves.

Elbow sleeves are now made with a cuff covered with white lace and slightly projecting.

Side draperies are very slightly puffed when worn, and are fastened in a large bow in the back.

Instead of alternating the satin and cashmere plaits in a skirt, they are now set in groups of three.

Brooches of tortoise shell and feathers in the shape of fans are pretty and fashionable.

Kid shoes laced by ribbons embroidered in gold, are worn over bright-colored Lisle thread stockings.

Colored chemisettes with black dresses, and black or white chemisettes with colored dresses is the rule.

The large bows of satin fastened at the left side of the belt supersede the belt bouquets with many ladies.

Sets of colored silk cuffs and collars trimmed with gold braid are sold to wear with dark dresses.

The most fashionable fans now carried in London have shell sticks and mounts of dark green feathers.

The new blue has a decided tinge of purple in it, and is very rich in velvet and plush. It is called Maletot.

Gold braid embroidered on black, dark green and plum color is the trimming of many elegant costumes.

Embroidered China crape is a favorite material for evening overdresses. It is worn either with velvet or silk.

Brocade with velvet figures in lozenges, half moons, or vermicelli patterns is liked as a trimming for black dresses.

White gloves embroidered with colored silk and entirely covering the arm have superseded the long black gloves.

Porcelain buttons, with small landscapes painted upon them, are used to fasten the waistcoats worn with marquis coats.

A Great Compliment!

Edwin Booth says that the most genuine compliment he ever received was on the occasion of his playing Iago in "Othello" for the first time at Grass Valley, Cal., then a new mining camp. The audience, who had not seen a play for years, were so much incensed at his apparent villainy that they pulled out their "shooters" in the middle of the third act, and began blazing away at the stage. Othello had the tip of his nose shot off at the first volley, and Mr. Booth only escaped by rolling over and over up the stage and disappearing through a trap door. A speech from the manager somewhat calmed the house; but even then Mr. Booth thought it best to pass the night in the theater, as a number of the most elevated spectators were making strenuous efforts to induce the vigilance committee to lynch "the speaking cuss."

IN A LUNATIC'S CLUTCHES.

A Lady's Startling Adventures in a New York Studio.

A New York correspondent says: A few days ago, while a lady of our city, of artistic tastes and habits, was walking leisurely along Fifth avenue, she noticed a sign of an artist's studio, whereupon she entered an open door, ascended one flight of stairs, rapped at the artist's door, heard the words, "Come in," and entered a spacious room, elegantly furnished. Its high windows were richly draped with heavy curtains, fine pictures were hung upon the walls, and standing on the floor was an easel, after the fashion of most artists. In the room sat a man alone, with overcoat and hat on, immovable, and with eyes glaring fiercely on his visitor, as if enraged at her intrusion, but not uttering a word. A few moments passed; she made a casual remark in regard to some picture, when he suddenly jumped from his seat, rushed upon her, seized her by the throat, his eyes glaring wildly and his features indicating the fiercest excitement, and exclaimed, madly: "Now I have you! I have been looking for you for the last ten years, and now I have got you at last, and I'll kill you." At first the shock to her was terrible and overwhelming, and she became quite unconscious; but recovering herself a little, she struggled, screamed, and entreated, but to no purpose. He clung to her throat with one hand, and with the other tried to fill her mouth with her clothing. Finally, having loosed his hold, he rushed to the door, locked it, seized a large knife, and began to sharpen it on his shoe, telling her that her time had come and she must prepare to meet her God; that he was going to cut her into inch pieces. She fell upon her knees, prayed, entreated, told him of her husband and child, and wept in the wildest agony, fully believing that her time had come, that she must die, but with no avail. He continued to make his preparations in the most violent excitement. He told her that he should put her body in the large stove in his room to burn it up. Finally, overcome by excitement, she sank upon the floor. At this the rage of the madman seemed to subside a little. Still, he continued his threat and preparations. After having recovered a little from her exhaustion, having now been in the clutches of the lunatic for over two hours, during which time she had suffered untold agony, she now entreated him to give her some food or something to revive her. It was now about six oclock in the evening. He then went to the door, saying that he was going to get something for himself, unlocked it, opened, went out, and locked the door behind him. Alone in the room, she screamed, to the top of her voice, hoping she might bring some one to her rescue, but to no avail. He soon returned, still threatening her with instant death if she was not silent. The fiend seemed to have no other purpose but to torment her or to take her life. Finally he told her that if she would take his arm and go quietly down-stairs she could go. Hope now dawned upon her. She told him she would do anything. He accordingly made her walk down with him to the street. She felt inexpressible relief, having got out of prison. Here she strove to extricate herself, but he threatened to dash her brains out against the walls of the building unless she went quietly. She told him she wanted to take an "uptown car." He said: "I'll go with you. I'll follow you to the ends of the earth." He entered the car with her, sat down by her side, and apparently perfectly sane. He paid her fare, and never uttered a word till she got out of the car. He followed her, and on arriving at her residence, said to her: "You must be at my place to-morrow at eleven o'clock. I shall follow you. You can't live without me." She then opened the door and closed it upon him with unutterable relief; thus she was once more free from the clutches of a maniac, and had escaped impending death.

The affair occurred near the Fifth Avenue hotel. The man was thin and spare, above the medium height, of sandy complexion, bald, wore a mustache—she thinks—was richly dressed, wore diamond bosom studs, and nicely-fitting buff gloves. These he put on carefully whenever he went out.

The European Plan.

He wasn't an old man, but he had an ancient look around the eyes, and the moss had got a good start on his back. He put up at a down-town hotel on the European plan, and was assigned a room and forgotten. He came on Monday. In the evening he took a few turns around the office, looked hard at the clock and hungrily at the clerk, and went to his room with a pocketful of apples. He was seen several times next day with that same hungry look on his face, and about seven o'clock in the evening he carefully approached the counter and said to the clerk:

"Say! I'm gettin' all-fired hungry. Isn't it about time you had supper?"

"Supper? Why we don't have any supper here."

"Then I guess I'll square up and quit. I didn't expect much on Monday because it was wash-day, and I let you off to-day because I thought the women folks might have a big ironing; but I've got so hungry now that I must find some tavern where they hain't so infernally busy that they can't set out at least one meal a day!"—*Wall Street News.*

Chased by Bloodhounds.

Apropos of the death of "Old Mountjoy," a well-known English pedestrian, a correspondent of a London newspaper related a story he heard from Mountjoy's own lips, a story so discreditable of one of the chief actors that it were to be wished that the other labored under a delusion. Hearing Lord W. boast that his bloodhounds would track any living thing, by scent alone, Colonel A. wagered a hundred guineas they would not track a man, and asked Mountjoy to win the wager for him, assuring the startled pedestrian there was no danger of the dogs catching him, as they were slow runners, and he would take care sufficient start was allowed him; the object being simply to test their power of scent. The trial duly came off over three miles of ground round Hampstead Heath. After the dogs had sniffed at Mountjoy's legs, he made his way leisurely for half the course, when the flag was dropped, and the hounds set loose. They tracked their quarry splendidly, but were six hundred yards behind when Mountjoy reached the inn at the end of the course, and shut the door upon them, outside which they howled their dissatisfaction until removed by their keeper.

Disbelievers in the bloodhounds' scent were still unconvinced, averring that they had sighted the man for part of the journey at least; and to settle the point beyond dispute, another match was made, to be run at night, the distance this time being but a mile and a half. Unsuspicious of foul play, Mountjoy went gayly on his way, but had not accomplished more than two-thirds of the distance allowed him by the conditions when his hair stood on end, as the baying of the dogs, hot upon his trail, reached his ears. They had been purposely slipped before the proper time, without any warning. "For one second," said he, "I stood stock still as if I had been frozen, and then dashed away and ran as I had never done before, and have never done since. I was in perfect training and condition, but the cold sweat broke out from every pore and poured down my body, while my legs seemed like lead, and trembled all over. Still I kept desperately on, while nearer and nearer came the deep, hoarse bay of the hounds as the scent grew warmer, and they knew they were running up to their prey. I thought I was lost. Those few seconds were like weeks, and I wondered whether they would grip me first by the leg or fly straight at my throat. Luckily, I did not lose my head, and after the first mad burst I settled down and raced away at a pace which I knew would last the distance; but still closer and closer came the horrible cry, that sounded like my death-knell; and, in sheer desperation, I put on all the speed I could. At last I saw the lights of the lonely little inn, and my heart rose within me, but at that very instant the brutes broke out into a fierce, savage yell, that told me that they had sighted me at last. There was a small garden in front of the house, and as I flew up to it I saw the gate was shut. How I did it I never knew; but, blown and exhausted with terror and the pace as I was, I cleared it, darted through the door, which fortunately stood open, and slamming it to, stood with my back against it. The lock had hardly closed, when bang! bang! against the panels came my terrible pursuers; and then they lay down and yelled savagely at finding themselves baulked of their prey."

As soon as he felt himself safe, rage took the place of fear; and seizing hold of a bottle, Mountjoy swore he would brain Lord W. if he entered the place; a threat he would have fulfilled had not those present got him out of the room in time to prevent most justifiable homicide.

The Territory of Alaska.

The report of Ivan Petroff, supervisor of the census of Alaska, gives the entire population of Alaska as 30,146, of which 330 are whites. Of the total number of Indians, those in the northeastern portion are estimated at about 5,000. Counting whites and creoles and all who might become Americans, Mr. Petroff estimates about one citizen to every 1,000 square miles of territory. The southwestern portion of the Territory from Mount St. Elias is about 300 miles long and from fifty to sixty miles wide, measuring in outlying islands. That portion of the Territory is 18,000 square miles in area, and has a population of 5,000 Indians and 500 whites and creoles all combined. This, Mr. Petroff suggests, is just about enough of population for one small county in a very large area. It is also practically disconnected from the western portion of the Territory, which contains 550,000 square miles, and which latter portion, immense as it is, contains only 139 whites, including four women and four children. Of the white population of Alaska about 200 are in Sitka.

"Matrimonial agents" do a very good business in Paris, and some of them have accumulated large fortunes. It is stated that some of these owe their success to "liberal advertising." One, for instance, advertises a "large selection of widows" and "eligible maidens" with fortunes varying from $40,000 to figures well up in the hundreds of thousands. It is actually reported that some of these brokers have feminine attractions on hand with fortunes well nigh a million, who have been obliged to seek this method of getting husbands.

All the year round—The earth.

"Johnny Tuesday."

A bareheaded man, with his thick, gray hair matted into a tangled thatch, dripping with wet, walked through Fourteenth street. He had his hands deep in the pockets of his greasy-kneed-ragged pantaloons, and a tattered coat was buttoned across his chest, with the tail of what had once been a dress coat protruding from beneath it. Whatever other covering his feet had was concealed under a pair of immense arctics, which, as he tramped along, sent the slush flying as the tread of an elephant might. This character saluted the policeman at the corner of Fifth avenue with a sharp nod, and the officer responded: "How de do, John; and how does this weather suit you?"

John moved on toward Broadway without replying, and the *News* representative asked the policeman who he was. To which the officer replied with some astonishment: "Why, it's Johnny Tuesday, to be sure. Everybody knows him."

The reporter humbly acknowledged that he was nobody, and prayed to be enlightened, whereupon the municipal official condescended to impart to him these curious facts:

Johnny Tuesday has for the past ten years been a familiar figure of our streets. He is demented, and believes that he is under bonds to a divine power never to wear a hat, because our Savior did not affect that article of headgear. During all that time he has been before the public here, in rain or shine, winter or summer, he has never covered his crown with any but the hirsute shelter provided him by nature, and which he never cuts or trims. It is in odd contrast with this queer mania that he is scrupulous in keeping his face shaven, carrying a razor and a little chunk of soap about with him for that purpose.

Our station-houses occasionally provide Johnny Tuesday with a shelter, but as a rule he finds a place to sleep in some stable or warehouse, whose watchman has a heart and compassionates the wanderer. In the same way his food is furnished him by the humble charity of the poor, among whom he is well known. He never asks alms, and when money is given him, as it frequently is, he accepts it and lays it out in candies and cheap cakes, which he distributes among the youngsters of the west side—where he spends most of his time. He does not talk much, and what little he does say no one can make much of. But he is always cogitating profoundly, and conversing with himself on the grave topics the vulgar world could not comprehend if he did lay them before it.

Where he comes from and what his real name is no one knows. When he made his debut as a metropolitan curiosity some newspaper man wrote a squib about him, and christened him in it Johnny Tuesday, the name being suggested by that of George Monday, a historic Philadelphia eccentric now deceased, who for many years traveled about the Quaker city without a hat, proclaiming some Bedlamite doctrines about the regeneration of mankind. Johnny Tuesday accepted the name conferred on him, and it has stuck to him since.—*New York News.*

A Change of Opinion.

While a New Yorker was at Mt. Clemens, Mich., last fall to try the effect of the mineral waters on his rheumatism, he was one day approached by a young man who asked:

"Are you not Mr. ——, of New York city?"

"I am," was the reply, "but I do not remember of having met you before."

"Probably not, I am Smith, the comedian."

"Smith—Smith."

"Oh, you needn't try to remember me. Four weeks ago I flattered myself that all the world knew me and admirer my acting. I came West with a combination that busted in Wisconsin, and after a walk of 610 miles across the country I have come to the conclusion that I never amounted to two shillings as an actor."

"I presume you desire my aid to reach home?"

"Naturally I would, but if you will see that I have dinner I will let you off. Fact is, I have been bitten by dogs so often, chased by farmers so frequently, and been obliged to outrun so many constables that I have lost all ambition. Once I wanted thunders of applause at every hit. Now, when I do a good thing in the way of eluding a sheriff and his posse, I'm perfectly satisfied with even pancakes and thin coffee as a reward."—*Wall Street News.*

The Poem Kept Him Warm.

The French Canadian poet Frechette tells a story of how a single line of one of his early poems kept him and his chum warm during a cold Canadian winter. He and his friend were living in the attic of an old Quebec house, and depended on a stove-pipe passing through the floor from a lower apartment for artificial warmth. It was not strange that a short poem written in this apartment should contain the line, "Shivering in my attic poor." But when his landlady saw it in a local newspaper her good heart got the better of her pique, for when the young men came home on the following day they found a stove in the room, and were lectured as follows: "Gentlemen, we are very indulgent, considering your noisy meetings. We are not very particular when rent day arrives, and if you shivered in your room it would have been better to have said so privately than to have complained of it in the newspapers."

A Fearless Snake Catcher.

Signor D'Albertis, a recent explorer in New Guinea, is a remarkably bold seeker after snakes. In an account of his travels he says that at Yule Island the natives had found a large snake under a tree, and all ran away from it, crying out. "At last I went to the natives," he continues, "and tried to ascertain the cause of their conduct, and they made me understand why they had fled. I then returned to see the snake myself, which in fact I did, although two-thirds of its length were hidden in a hole in the earth. His size was such that I concluded he could not be poisonous, and I at once grasped him by the tail. While dragging him out of his lair with my two hands I was prepared to flatten his neck close to his head with one foot the moment he emerged, so that he should not have the power of turning or moving. While my plan succeeded perfectly, and while the snake's head was imprisoned under my foot, I grasped his body with my hands, and, as though I had vanquished the terrible monster, turned toward the natives with an air of triumph. They, struck with terror, had looked on the scene from a safe distance. I must confess that the snake offered little resistance, although it writhed and twisted itself round my arm, squeezing it so tightly as to stop the circulation and make my hand black. I remained, however, in possession of its neck, and soon secured it firmly to a long thick stick I had brought with me. I then gave the reptile to my men to carry home." This serpent was thirteen feet long. It was kept alive and became quite tame, and when the natives saw D'Albertis kiss its head and let it coil round his legs, they howled with amazement and admiration. Six weeks after the capture he writes: "My snake continues to do well; it has twice cast its skin, is well behaved and tame, and does not attempt to escape, even when I put it in the sun outside the house; and when I go to bring it in it comes to me of its own accord. It never attempts to bite, even when I caress it or tease it. While I am working I often hold it on my knees, where it remains for hours; sometimes it raises its head and licks my face with its forked tongue. It is a true friend and companion to me. When the natives bother me it is useful in putting them to flight, for they are much afraid of it; it is quite sufficient for me to let my snake loose to make them fly at full speed." He kept this serpent for nearly six months, and latterly another of the same species with it, till at last both escaped, and he mourned their loss as of dear friends, adding, "for I loved them and they loved me, and we had passed a long time together."

A Turn in Fortune.

Down on a small truck-patch in the neighborhood of Sixteenth and Dickinson streets, Philadelphia, a family named Glen have had as much as their hands could do to support themselves. A short time ago the wife received advice indicating that she is the heir of a fortune of $1,500,000. The man who died possessed of this large sum of money, and yet who could not find his daughter to enable her to enjoy his fortune with him while living, was named James Boyle, and thirty years ago he was a peasant farmer in county Donegal, Ireland, unable to support his family on the meager yield of the poor soil.

When he emigrated to Australia, a baby, Mary, was left with the grandparents. Boyle prospered, and, after the death of his wife and child, gave up farming and prospected for gold. Prosperity attended him in his venture, and when he died in 1880 he was worth £285,000. The baby left in Ireland had in the meantime grown into womanhood, corresponded with her father, married and moved to America. Owing to both herself and father moving at about the same time and a miscarriage of letters, they lost trace of one another, and as letters sent to the old address were not answered, each person thought the other dead. Mrs. Glen was informed of her good fortune some months ago by an uncle living in Ireland, and steps were at once taken to secure possession of the money.

Winter Pickerel Fishing.

Winter fishing through the ice on the different ponds in Kennebec county, Me., is growing in importance every season. Hundreds of pounds of pickerel are taken weekly by the local amateur fishermen. Holes are chopped through the ice, little steel rods, with red signals flying, are placed by the sides, with a line attached. A great fire is kindled by the shore, which sends its crackling, flaming columns up against the dark evergreens. The anglers gather around and relieve the monotony of watching their lines by telling stories and an occasional nip from pocket flasks. It has already become quite a business to supply these disciples of Izaak Walton with "live bait." Shiners, chubs and red-fins are the food to attract the fastidious and voracious pickerel. These diminutive fish are caught by the peck in Ballard's Brook, and in the river above the dam. These gather in holes, generally where a live spring gushes up from the bottom, and are captured with dip-nets and kept in half hogsheads in cellars. One store has over 5,000 shiners in two capacious tubs in the basement. A stream of running water flows continually through the tubs, and the fish are fed regularly with a flour paste.

Three or four ounces of oil can be extracted from one hundred pounds of water

Forgotten Officials.

A writer who has been giving reminiscences of life in Washington says: Before this house (the one occupied by Mr. Seward when he was attacked by Payne) for several years afterward a sentry paced night and day, even when Mr. Seward had moved away and gone out of office. The same building was once used as a club house, and from it Key just issued when he was shot by Sickles. This lonel sentry, still at his post long after he had been forgotten at the war department, and allowed to remain, I suppose, because no one thought it was his duty to relieve him, reminds me of several similar incidents that are related in Washington.

The great falls of the Potomac are about sixteen miles above Washington, and during the war there was a station for the collection of provisions for the army on the bank of the canal near these grand cataracts. The road between Washington and Great Falls was several times raided by the Confederates, and a block house was erected by the Federals at a point three or four miles above Georgetown to prevent parties of Southerners from passing up and down the road. At the close of the war the defences about the capital were one after another deserted, but nobody seems to have remembered the corporal's guard stationed out there on the Aqueduct road, and they remained on duty for a year or two. After they were relieved, the block house was set on fire by tramps or boys, and only a few blackened posts now mark its site.

A still more remarkable case was that discovered by General B. F. Butler, about ten years ago. He was nosing around among the appropriations, one day, when he discovered an officer in the capitol whose duties he did not understand. He was "watching crypt." An investigation showed that many years ago it was proposed to deposit the bones of General George Washington beneath the capitol, and a crypt was prepared for that purpose. When it was completed a public officer was appointed whose duty it was to watch this crypt and prevent its desecration, and there he had been ever since, growing gray in the service, and while Congress had appropriated money to pay his salary year after year, nobody had thought it worth while to inquire how he earned it.

Men With Coats of Hair.

A short time ago a man a little over forty years old went into a New York museum and asked for an engagement. He said that he was a native of Warsaw, in Russian Poland, and had been condemned to the mines of Siberia for being a nihilist. A peculiarity of the atmosphere in the Redan gold mines, near Tobolsk, where he was confined for fifteen years, he said, was that it in time caused a thick growth of hair on the bodies of the exiles, who, in the warm temperature, fifteen hundred feet below the surface, worked nearly nude.

Nihilists being now somewhat in vogue, especially when hairy, he was engaged at a small salary, decked in a fanciful mediæval costume, and seated on a platform with Barnum's veteran "What Is It," and the Spotted Boy. He gives his name as C. Ivanovicz, and says that while a medical student in Warsaw in 1862 he was sent to Siberia for disaffection toward the Russian government. After a weary march of several months he and his companions reached their destination, and were required to labor eleven hours a day, with black bread and salt for their food and water for their drink. To avoid scurvy, onions and other vegetables were sometimes given them, but meat was allowed only once a year, on the birthday of the emperor. Rude Cossack soldiers were their guards, who spoke with invariable roughness, and freely used the lash if offended. Silence was enjoined during working hours, but not strictly enforced. When at leisure they were not allowed to collect in groups for conversation, lest they should hatch schemes for escape, and when not eating they generally found refuge from their weariness in sleep. Ivanovicz found over two hundred medical men in the mine, together with a number of Russians with titled families.

The hair on his body reached its present thickness, he said, in four years, but others did not acquire a growth so speedily. He and eight others escaped in 1877, on the birthday of the emperor. The guards on that day were supplied with liquor, and they became intoxicated.

Restoring the Dead.

Professor Fort has presented the question of premature interments to the French Academy in a paper on artificial respiration. One fact he mentions is, that he was enabled to restore to life a child three years old by practicing artificial respiration on it some four hours, commencing three hours and a half after apparent death. A similar case is reported by Dr. Fournol, of Billancourt, who reanimated a nearly drowned person after four hours of artificial respiration. This person had been in the water ten minutes, and the doctor arrived one hour after asphyxia. Professor Fort advocates also the utility of artificial respiration in order to eliminate the poison from the lungs and glands. The length of time it is desirable to practice artificial respiration in any case of apparent death from asphyxia may be said to be several hours.

North Carolina has fifty-seven cotton factories in operation.