

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### Men's Clothing on Women.

We would like to call attention to the fact that the style of dress influences the manners, the carriage, of the woman. The masculine style of dress has this objection. It is difficult to say what we could substitute for the ulster that we have all adopted. It is a very convenient garment for our streets, and for rain and mud and snow; but there is a difference in the cut of ulsters, as they should be as little like a very bad overcoat as possible. Where a young girl has side pockets, she is apt to put her hands in them, and where she adds a Derby hat, how often the swagger follows!

The Derby hat appears to have no excuse. It is unbecoming even to a man, and absolutely hideous upon a woman. It is surprising to see them adopted by well-bred ladies. They have had great countenance, to be sure, but we think that if we should hand over all the younger generation to the exclusive costume of the Derby hat, the ulster, the Jersey, and the short skirt, it would not take more than one generation to make us lose all grace of manner.—*Harper's Magazine.*

### A Court Ball at Berlin.

An American lady, describing the annual court ball in Berlin, says: At seven o'clock a stream of vehicles extended from the Brandenburg gate, at the lower end of the Unter den Linden, to the portals of the Grand Opera-House. Mounted police were stationed along the line. It seemed as though every man, woman and child in Berlin who could not afford to buy a ticket, being unwilling to be left entirely out of the festivities, was peering into the carriages to catch a glimpse of the dresses and faces. But no lounging was allowed about the doors.

The opera-house is a large building, very suitable for an occasion of the kind. The seats, like those in the New York Academy of Music, are covered at such times with a highly-polished floor for dancing; for greater safety this had been effectually tested by a regiment of soldiers. The rear of the stage was covered with a scene representing a forest, while the corridors and stairways had been hung with garlands of evergreens and festooned with green branches; at intervals along the wall were minute grottoes wherein waterfalls and fountains made refreshing music. In many of the windows opening on the corridors hung cages filled with brilliantly-plumaged birds. Across one end of the room extended a balcony occupied by an orchestra and a company of boy choir singers, while at the opposite end, and directly over the royal box, another orchestra was stationed. There were numerous mirrors, and it was a noticeable fact that the officers used them far more than the ladies.

When at nine o'clock the members of the court appeared there was hardly standing room. The emperor, empress crown prince and princess, with her daughters, occupied three of the central loges. Immediately on their entrance gentlemen and ladies in a confused mass pushed and jostled one another in an effort to see all of the royalty there was to be seen. Shortly after their arrival the grand promenades began. The emperor walked first with the crown princess, and behind came the crown prince with the empress, Prince Karl, with his daughter-in-law, Prince Frederick Karl with the Princess von Meiningen, Prince Alexander and the Princess of Hohenzollern, with other members of the court. During the promenade the orchestra played and the boy choristers sang the king's polonaise.

The emperor, who is in his eighty-fourth year, looked every inch what he is—a very handsome old man. He bowed right and left with as much grace as his son. The empress, in spite of her age and excessive thinness, appeared in a low-necked and short-sleeved white silk dress of most elaborate design, the train entirely trimmed with flowers and green leaves, while her head, instead of its natural gray, was adorned with masses of jet-black hair. Altogether, she was a most pitiable picture of decrepit old age. The crown princess looked far more queenly. She was dressed in lavender silk, covered with white lace and profusely trimmed with white roses and dark leaves. Both the empress and crown princess wore magnificent coronets of diamonds. After the promenade the royal party returned to their loges, while the emperor repaired to the box of the diplomatic corps, and entered into earnest conversation with its occupants.

The royal family left about eleven o'clock, after which the interest flagged, and the floor became less crowded. There was more or less dancing all the evening, but of a kind Americans do not care much for.

### Fashion Notes.

All poke bonnets have strings. Handkerchiefs will again be worn. Old blue is a new shade of this color. Bordered robe dresses will be much worn. Pendant lockets are no longer fashionable. Ball earrings in rolled gold are very fashionable.

Poke bonnets of medium size will be worn again.

Small women cannot wear bordered robe dresses.

Lace pins have superseded all other kinds of brooch.

White continues to be the livery of festive occasions.

Mahogany red shades prevail in the new Tuscan straws.

Very wide ribbons are used in trimming spring bonnets.

Steel and silver laces appear among new millinery goods.

Egyptian designs are preferred in millinery ornaments.

Feathers and flowers are used to excess on spring bonnets.

Small bonnets will be revived in the spring to a limited extent.

The use of gold thread in embroidery is the feature of the season.

The new millinery ornaments combine gold, steel, jet and silver.

Coral and seaweed patterns appear in the borders of new printed goods.

There is an effort made to mitigate tight sleeves with slashes near the armhole.

A large proportion of the new printed cotton dress goods are bordered on the edges.

Panaches or tufts of feathers will be more used on bonnets than long single plumes.

Handkerchief and robe pattern dresses are becoming only to women of good stature.

Long scarf pins, with rich, ornamental heads, are coming into vogue for ladies' wear.

Children's costumes are cut up into too many sections this spring to be pretty or in good taste.

English and French Lisle thread gloves will be as much worn next summer as they were last.

Flower pompons, in which a few heron feathers form the central aigrette, are seen in leading millinery houses.

Art needlework societies in smaller towns produce more truly artistic embroideries than those in large cities.

The smooth wooden or tiled floors of the French, dotted over with rugs, are coming into favor in American houses.

Peasant waists laced in the back are worn over tarlatan waists and skirts, with a tunic to match of the material of the waist.

Sphinx heads, Egyptian beetles, asp, obelisks, pyramids and lotus designs are the favorites in bonnet and hat ornaments.

The new patterns for summer suits have elaborately trimmed skirts with a small quantity of drapery, and basques of absolute plainness. The sleeves are of the coat shape.

Momie cloths come in dress patterns this year, part of the material being of a light color and part of a darker shade, with flowers strewn upon it and having a flower border.

Little boys wear the richest of lace for the collars and cuffs to their velvet suits. When they grow big enough to care about their fine feathers they are put into the roughest of rough cloth.

The old-fashioned twilled Scotch ginghams, in patterns which Lady Macbeth wore when Macbeth went a wooing, still hold their own, and apparently will until "Awe's" fierce stream shall backward turn."

### A Boy Seized by an Eagle.

While William Daniels, a youth, was eating his breakfast, a large eagle swooped down upon him through an open window and seized a fish he had in his hand, which he was about to put in his mouth. Quickly dropping that, the bird attacked Daniels, tearing the flesh from his back and face in a fearful manner. He made an attempt to defend himself, but was no match for the eagle. The boy was finally dragged out of the door into the yard, where the attack was renewed with beak and talons. Daniels called loudly for help. His father, who was in another part of the house, answered his calls, but not knowing what to make of the singular fight, as he says, thinking it was the devil, scampered away as fast as his legs could carry him. After a desperate battle of nearly half an hour the eagle finally stuck a sharp stick in its neck that was standing in the ground, and was fatally wounded—not before, however, it had administered a terrible drubbing to the boy, whom it left upon the ground, bleeding, mangled and unable to rise. The fight was witnessed by several planters on the opposite side of the river, but as they had no means of crossing the stream they were unable to give the boy any assistance. The occurrence was one of the most remarkable ever known in this section.—*Milton (N. C.) Chronicle.*

"My friends," said the political speaker, with a burst of ingenuous eloquence, "I will be honest—" There was a large number of his neighbors present, and the terrific outburst of applause which followed this remark entirely upset the point which the speaker was about to introduce.

## Getting Ready for a Fire in New York.

Engine Company 24, in Morton street, is said to be the quickest in the world. Captain William McLaughlin was found yesterday in his room on the second floor. He said, when asked how long it took him to hitch up: "Excuse me, I decline to state. Why? Because you'd think me a liar. Do you know how to use a stop watch?"

"I do."

The captain walked down-stairs to the first floor, where his men were standing about in little groups. The floor was as clean as could be. Every little bit of metal work in the engine and tender was glistening like polished glass. Within fourteen feet from the head of the shaft of the engine were two horses in stalls, directly beside the wheels of the apparatus. Formerly the horses had to run from the rear of the building. Twenty-four horses are magnificent animals. They are perfectly matched eight-year-old grays, nearly fifteen hands high, with clean, tapering legs, perfectly arched necks, small heads and fiery eyes. Yesterday, when waiting for the stroke of the gong, ready to jump forward under the harness, they were pictures of animation. Their immense strength and rigidity seemed to melt away, and they became as lithe and agile as kittens, paving the floor, throwing their beautiful heads high in the air.

"They know there's something in the wind," muttered the captain; "mighty clever beasts." The captain handed a watch to the reporter, saying: "That watch belongs to Captain Eustis, the carman. It was used by William B. Curtis to time Courtney and Hanlan at Washington. It registers an eighth of a second. When I strike the gong, you push that little knob. When the driver shouts 'Ready!' you push that one. If you hear a click or see any part of the outfit unclamped, don't stop the watch until it's remedied. I am going to hitch up ten times."

The reporter stepped within a little inclosure on a line with the end of the pole. The harness, already attached to the engine, was suspended by a system of pulleys over the places where the horses were to stand. The collars were hinged at the top, but were open at the bottom, and they hung like a pair of open scissors. When the horse's neck is beneath this collar it is only necessary to let it drop and close it around his neck, when it clasps automatically. With the same movement the reins are clasped to the bit, which the horse always has in his mouth, and as the whole harness falls upon the animal, at the clasp of the collar he stands completely harnessed.

The captain approached the gong. The firemen were all on the floor. The horses were on the alert.

"Clang!"

The watch was started; the horses, whose halters were unhitched by the same current of electricity that rang the bell, leaped forward, and stood like rocks under the harness, with their necks held up ready for the collars, which two firemen sprang forward and seized. There was a quick click, click, the driver vaulted into his seat, seized the reins, and shouted "Ready!"

The watch was stopped. The horses were examined, and found to be perfectly harnessed and ready to start. The captain asked the reporter:

"How much?"

"One second and five-eighths."

"If I'd said that I'd been called a liar," said the captain.

The horses were released. They ran back again to their stalls and were unhitched. There was another trial, and the team was hitched and harnessed in one and one-half seconds. This made the captain smile. The time occupied by each of the other eight trials was expressed in seconds, as follows: 2, 2, 1 7-8, 2, 1 7-8, 1 7-8 and 1 1-2.—*New York Sun.*

### A Rival to Kerosene.

M. Kordig, a Hungarian, has been lately performing some experiments at scientific meetings in Paris, with a volatile combustible liquid, which is offered for lighting purposes. Having arranged on the table several lamps in which the fluid burns with a beautiful bright flame, M. Kordig states that the substance presents no danger of fire or explosion, and gives the following tests: He pours a quantity of liquid on the hat and lights it, whereupon a long flame springs up to the ceiling. He puts his hat on his head and waits till the flame goes out, and the hat is then shown to be intact. Next he pours some of the liquid on the floor, and on a handkerchief, and lights it; the floor and handkerchief are noways damaged. Some drops may be put in the hollow of one's hand and burned without producing appreciable pain. These facts are readily explained. M. Kordig's mineral essence boils at about thirty-five degrees C, and the tension of its vapor is considerable, so that it is not the liquid that burns but its vapor. The new liquid is said to be obtained from natural oil beds recently discovered in Hungary. It has a slight smell of petroleum, and produces on the hand a cold sensation like ether.

A matchless story—One in which there are no weddings.

## THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Some Queer Superstitions Concerning It—Magic Mirrors, Etc.

As a piece of furniture the looking-glass is most necessary, and its very importance is among the chief reasons why superstitious fancy has invested it with those mysterious qualities which certainly do not belong to chairs and tables. A chair, however beautiful and costly in its manufacture, may be cruelly broken with perfect impunity; whereas, if some wretched, dilapidated mirror is accidentally cracked, such an event is sure to be followed by misfortune of some kind or other. Most readers are, no doubt, acquainted with Bonaparte's superstition on this point. During one of his campaigns in Italy he broke the glass over Josephine's portrait. So disturbed was he at this, as he thought, ominous occurrence that he never rested until the return of the courier whom he had forthwith dispatched to convince himself of her safety, so strong was the impression of her death upon his mind. In Cornwall, breaking a looking-glass is believed to insure seven years of sorrow; and a Yorkshire proverb informs us that such an unfortunate occurrence entails "seven years' trouble, but no want." In Scotland to smash a looking-glass hanging against the wall is regarded as an infallible sign that a member of the family will shortly die. Grose, alluding to this superstition, says it foretells the speedy decease of the master of the house.

In the south of England it is regarded highly unlucky for a bride on her wedding day to look in the glass, when she is completely dressed, before starting for the church. Hence very great care is usually taken to put on a glove or some slight article of adornment, after the last lingering and reluctant look has been taken in the mirror. The idea, we are informed, is that any young lady who is too fond of the looking-glass will be unfortunate when married. This is not, however, the only way in which superstition interferes with the grown-up maiden's peeps in the looking-glass. Thus Swedish dancers are afraid of looking in the glass after dark, or by candle light, lest by so doing they forfeit the good-will of the other sex. On the other hand, in our own country, the looking-glass occasionally holds a prominent position in love divinations. In the northern counties a number of young men and women meet together on St. Agnes's eve at midnight, and go one by one, to a certain field, where they scatter some grain, after which they repeat the following rhyme:

"Agnes sweet and Agnes fair,  
Hither, hither, now repair;  
Bonny Agnes, let me see  
The lad who is to marry me."

On their return home it is believed that the shadow of the destined bride or bridegroom will be seen in a looking-glass on this very night. Hence, for many an hour together the young inquirers sit up watching the looking-glass, before which they not unfrequently fall asleep, mistaking the visions that have appeared in their dreams for actual realities. Belgian girls who desire to see their husbands in a dream lay their garters crosswise at the foot of the bed and a looking-glass under their pillow; in this glass, they believe, the desired image will appear. The practice of covering or removing the looking-glass from the chamber of death still prevails in some parts of England—the notion, according to some, being that "all vanity, all care for earthly beauty are over with the deceased." Mr. Barrington-Gould considers that the true reason for shrouding the looking-glass before a funeral was that given him in Warwickshire, where there is a popular notion that if a person looks into a mirror in the chamber of death he will see the corpse looking over his shoulder. A similar superstition prevails in some parts of Devonshire.

If the looking-glass is associated with marriage and death, so it is with infamy; for, according to a piece of Durham folklore, a boy or girl should never be allowed to look in one until a year old. In days gone by, too, it appears to have been customary for both sexes to wear small looking-glasses—a fantastic fashion ridiculed by Ben Jonson and others of his time. Men even wore them in their hats. "Where is your page? Call for your casting bottle, and place your mirror in your hat, as I told you." This, we may suppose, was the very height of affectation, by the manner in which Ben Jonson introduces it; but there can be no doubt, to use the words of Mr. Gifford, that both men and women wore them publicly—the former as brooches or ornaments in their hats, and the latter at their girdles or in their breasts, nay, sometimes in the center of their fans.

Brand informs us, in his "Popular Antiquities," that looking-glasses were formerly used by magicians in "their superstitious and diabolical operations." He quotes an old authority, who says: "Some magicians, being curious to find out by the help of a looking-glass, or a glass full of water, a thief that lies hidden, make choice of young maids to discern therein those images or sights which a person defiled cannot see." Potter tells us that, when divination by water was performed with a looking-glass, it was called "catopromancy." Sometimes our ancestors dipped a looking-glass into the water when they were anxious to ascertain what would become of a sick person. Accordingly as he

looked well or ill in the glass, so they foretold whether he would recover or not. In the list of superstitious practices preserved in the "Life and Character of Harvey," the famous conjuror of Dublin (1728), "with fortune-telling, dreams, visions, palmistry, physiognomy," etc., there occur also "looking-glasses." It is curious to find this species of superstition existing among the Africans of the Guinea coast. They believe in a particularly hideous devil, but say that the only means of defense they require against his assaults is a looking-glass. If any one will only keep this preservative at all times beside him, the devil cannot help seeing himself in it, which causes him at once to rush away terrified at the sight of his own ugliness.

Another source of ill luck consists in seeing the new moon reflected in a looking-glass, or through a window pane; and Mr. Henderson, in his "Folklore of the Northern Counties," relates the case of a maid-servant who was in the habit of shutting her eyes when closing the shutters, for fear she might unexpectedly catch a glimpse of it through the glass. Once more, it was once customary in Scotland on Allhallows Even, to practice various kinds of divinations, among which Burns mentions the following:

"Wee Jenny to her grannie says,  
"Will ye go wi me, grannie?"  
"I'll eat the apple at the glass,  
I gat frae Uncle Johnnie."

The custom here alluded to was this: The young woman took a candle and went alone to the looking-glass, where she either ate an apple or combed her hair all the time she stood before it; meanwhile the face of her future partner was said to peer in the glass, as if peeping over her shoulder.—*London Queen.*

### Human Noses.

A writer in one of the English newspapers says: Francis Grose, in his appendix to Hogarth's "Elements of Beauty," delineates eight typical noses. There is the angular, the aquiline or Roman, the parrot's beak, the straight or Grecian, the Bulbous or bottled, the turned-up or snub, and the mixed or broken. Of the latter, by the way, the noses of at least two illustrious men may be taken as illustrations—Tycho Brahe and Michael Angelo, the latter of whom owed his ungraceful appendix to a violent blow from a companion with whom he was at variance, and who thus disfigured the great artist for life, and instantly fled. To these may be added the orator Cicero, upon whom nature seems to have bestowed a nasal organ of a type decidedly "mixed," if not broken. Plutarch, in his life of the querulous Roman, says that he had a flat excrescence on the top of his nose in resemblance of a vetch—cicer in Latin—from which he took his surname. Pliny says, with more probability, that the name originated in an extensive cultivation of vetches, just as others had previously been surnamed from crops of other kinds. However this may be, the fact of Cicero's snub nose may no doubt be accepted, and it accords with the traditional belief that this description of nose is usually indicative of a fiery, quick, impetuous temper, Cicero having possessed this characteristic in a marked degree. Horace seems to regard the short nose, with a little turn-up at the end, as the mark of a person given a good deal to jibing and jeering. Martial calls it the rhinoceros nose, and says that it was highly fashionable in his day, everybody affecting this kind of proboscis as an indication of a satirical humor. The "angular" nose, as Grose calls it, is the long, clearly cut, pointed organ, and was, no doubt, the type to which Horace alludes when he says it is indicative of satirical wit. The "parrot peak" is the nose with which Mr. Punch usually adorns his caricature of the sultan or khedive and is akin to the typical Jewish nose all over the world. The eight types given embrace every description of the feature, and students of caricature are strongly recommended in the treatise alluded to make themselves perfectly familiar with the simple lines by which these curiously comprehensive sketches are effected. A very singular fact has been observed with regard not so much to the shape of the nose as to the setting of it in the face, so to speak. To be strictly correct, from the artist's point of view, the nose should be accurately in the middle of the face and at right angles with a line from the pupil of one eye to that of the other. As a matter of fact it is rarely ever found thus placed. It is almost invariably a little out of "the square," and the fact of its being so is often that which lends a peculiar expression and piquancy to the face. A medical writer points out that there are anatomical reasons why a slight deviation from the true central line may be expected, and that the nose which is thus accurately straight between the two eyes may be considered an abnormal one, and that the only absolutely correct organ is that which deviates a little to the right or left.

Begging, as a profession, pays even in England, where it is prohibited. At the Surrey sessions recently a young man was convicted of begging. He made on an average six dollars per day, besides spending from one dollar to two dollars and a half for liquor. He had been convicted sixty times before of begging, and on this occasion was sentenced for one year, with twenty strokes of the birch rod.

## CURIOUS FACTS.

Fifty years ago tomatoes were called love apples, and were considered poisonous.

It is calculated that sixty tons of steel are annually consumed in the manufacture of steel rails.

The canons of South Utah abound in Aztec picture writing of a curious and remarkable character.

There is a kind of lemon which grows in Southern Europe as sweet as an orange, but all other species of lemons are intensely sour.

The game of backgammon is the oldest we know of, and was common a thousand years before Christ's time.

The water of the sea and rivers contains more animal life than exists on the land, if we can believe scientists.

According to Dr. Edward Smith, an egg contains 15 1-4 per cent. of nitrogen. Another writer estimates that the value of one pound of eggs as food for sustaining the active forces of the body is to the value of one pound of lean beef as 1,584 to 900. As a flesh producer one pound of eggs is about equal to one pound of beef.

Storm warnings are a distinct branch of the forecasts of meteorology. Their object is to give to seamen notice of an approaching gale. They have been now in operation for more than ten years, and during that period at least seventy-five per cent. of the warnings issued have been justified by the gales or strong winds which followed.

### Tear Bottles.

In Persia they bottle up their tears as of old. This is done in the following manner: As the mourners are sitting around and weeping, the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cottonwood, with which he wipes off his tears. This cotton is afterward squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man after every other means has failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. This custom is probably alluded to in Psalm lvi, verse 8: "Put thou my tears into a bottle."

The practice was once universal, as is found by the tear bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb, for the ancients buried them with their dead as a proof of their affection. The body is neither buried, as was practiced by the Greeks and Romans, and is still done by the Hindus; nor is it embalmed, according to the custom of the Egyptians, which was often done by the Hebrews. His best clothes are put upon the body of the dead, and it is laid, not in a coffin, but on the open bier, fully exposed to view. The Greeks adorn it with flowers, especially in the case of young people of both sexes. The funeral procession is silent with the Turks, while in a Christian burial the priest softly hums prayers on the way to the grave.

Both Christians and Moslems repeat prayers at the grave. Every valuable garment or other article is then taken off the body, and it is buried within a coffin, in a shallow grave, and covered over with soil. The women of the household do not accompany the procession on its way to the cemetery; they merely set up the tahill as it leaves the house. They afterward visit the grave from time to time in order to weep and pray; the priests are hired to do the same. The family and relatives of the dead observe mourning by wearing their oldest garments or clothes of dull colors, and by laying aside their ornaments. Among some Armenian Christians a sacrifice is offered, which is distinctly stated not to be propitiatory, but an act of charity to the living for the benefit of the dead.

### Mark Twain's Advice to Scribblers.

Here are some words of sarcastic advice from Mark Twain which are often put into an editor's head by matters not wholly unconnected with the contents of his letter-box: Don't write too plainly, it is a sign of plebeian origin. Scrawl your article with your eyes shut, and make every word as illegible as you can. Avoid all painstaking with proper names. We know the full name of every man, woman and child in the United States, and the merest hint at the name is sufficient. For instance, if you write a character somewhat like a drunken figure 8 and then draw a wavy line, we know at once you mean "Samuel Morrison," even though you think you may mean "Lemuel Messenger." How we do love to get hold of articles written in this style! And how we should like to get hold of the man who sends them—just ten minutes—alone—in the woods, and a revolver in our hip pocket!

### Largest Organ in the World.

The little city of Freyburg, in Switzerland, has the largest organ in the world. Its builder was a poor man, Alonzo Moser, who devoted his life to its construction. Without assistance or suggestion from others, he persevered for years, in defiance of opposition, poverty and ridicule, until his task and life were ended. The mighty organ stands among all similar works like Mount Blanc among the mountains, peerless, alone. It has seven thousand eight hundred pipes, and when in full play shakes the walls and foundations of old St. Nicholas church, in which it stands.