

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes.

Black lace bonnets are revived. All shades of gray are fashionable. There is an attempt to revive laced boots.

Checked wool suits never go entirely out of vogue.

New parasols are shown in all the new shades of ombre satin de Lyon.

Gold, steel and silver rival jet and colored bead embroideries this spring.

Dolman visite shoulder capes, fichus and mantles are worn for street wraps.

Plain skirt and plain corsage dresses of dark satin have smock overdresses of figured satins.

Steel thread embroidery on steel-gray costumes is a feature in spring fashions.

Soft, light, fine woolen stuffs are more used for summer toilets of ceremony than silk or satin de Lyon.

There is so much shirring on dresses of all kinds that it takes an immense quantity of material to make a suit.

Bandeaux of gold, steel, jet, silver, and plain and brocaded narrow ribbons are worn on the train for full dress.

Round waists with surplice fronts confined under a broad belt will be very fashionable for wash goods dresses.

Cloth of gold in gold-colored silk wrap, with woof of gold, forms an important item in the trimming of dressy costumes.

Sticks of parasols are most fashionable of wood in the natural state, with the bark on, but the knots cut off, showing the white wood in spots.

Some of the new parasols are of gold, silver and steel brocade, with cream-white linings and both metallic fringe and Spanish lace around the edges.

The beauty of sprays and single flowers and borders of eglantine on muslin and lawn robe dresses has been appreciated by artists in dress materials for this season.

At a late fashionable wedding in high life, in London, the bride wore a dress of white-stamped velvet, while the bridesmaids' dresses were of vignone, trimmed with black lace.

Plain satine skirts have overdresses of figured and flowered ratine with grounds of the shade and color of the skirt. The trimmings of such dresses are of figured, the pipings and cordings of plain, satine.

The richest colors and effects are obtained in new fabrics by the introduction of gold, steel and silver in combination with stripes and blocks of satin, velvet and plush gauze, of maroon, old gold, blue, dark green and dark blue; also with pale tints of color and cream and pearl white.

New linen collars are straight bands, like those worn by clergymen, but are made to lap in front, finished with a curve, and fastened by a gold button.

Black silk grenadines, in narrow satin stripes and blocks or checks, similar to the seaside grenadines, have come out in small quantities; but these cannot be accepted as finality in the way of variety of these manufactures.

The newest fichus are no longer simply folded neckchiefs, but are very elaborate, having a box-plaited standing ruff, with revers down the front. The revers are notched in directorie style, and edged with two gathered rows of lace.

Woman's Work.

"Woman's work is never done," says the old saw. Tradition has marked out the routine of her daily duties somewhat after this fashion:

Monday's work is to wash, and press;
Tuesday's work is to iron, with grace;
Wednesday's work is to bake and sew,
Thursday's work is to clean—for show;
Friday's work is to sweep, dust and brush;
Saturday's work is to cook—with a rush;
The next then comes the Sabbath day,
And then she's too tired to rest or to pray.

A Royal Wedding in Germany.
At a royal wedding in Germany it is reported to be customary for the mistress of ceremonies to cut up one of the bride's garters into small pieces, which are distributed to those who have taken part in the festivities of the day. As a large number are entitled to those fragments of this order of the garter, it is not quite clear how one garter or even a pair of garters could supply the demand. At Prince William's recent marriage the difficulty was met by using many yards of ribbon instead of the bride's garter.

Neatness in Women.

A woman may be handsome or remarkably attractive in various ways; but if she is not personally neat, she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended from a prop, is always repulsive. Slattern is written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband, he will turn out, in all probability, either an idle fool or a drunken ruffian. The bringing up of daughters to be able to work, talk and act like honest, sensible young women, is the special task of all mothers, and in the industrial ranks there is imposed

also the prime obligation of learning to respect household work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Housework is drudgery; but it must be done by somebody, and had better be well than ill done.

The Colored Surah Costumes.

The new satin surah costumes are of single color, with ombre or shaded tones of that color for its accessories, or else they are combined with contrasting stripes or Madras plaids of the same material. A dark garnet satin surah dress has the shirred sleeves and the shirred and puffed trimming around the skirt shaded from the palest to the darkest garnet. The shirred sleeves have an armor-like puff, with a cuff of velvet below. White d'Aurillac lace is laid plainly—without gathers—along the edge of the deep basque, which opens over a shirred ombre front. Another very dark red surah has the finely plaited skirt made of plaid surah showing gold, brown and red shades. The plain surah overskirt falls to the foot of the skirt in a point on the right side, and is caught quite up to the belt on the left. The back is a curved drape of many folds, formed of two narrow breadths of the surah. The over-skirt is not bordered, but has its edges turned under and sewed securely to the plaited lower skirt. The round basque of plain surah has its middle forms finished with three tiers of box plaits, while the front has the gray plaid laid in ten fine folds straight down like a vest in front until it comes to the waist line, where it is shirred, and has two bows of red satin ribbon tied across it. Some of the most stylish surah dresses have for the overskirt a single breadth of striped surah, put on like a mammoth sash around the hips, and draped in a loop behind. The stripes thus run around the figure, and there are bayadere-striped flounces at the foot. For such a dress a novel fancy is to shirr the entire skirt around from top to bottom. This is shown in a dress of the stylish combination of ashes of roses plain surah with the striped overskirt of dark green, with lines of red, pale green, ash-color and light blue. A similar dress of condor brown surah has the gay sash tied in a great bow behind in old-fashioned way, and is accompanied by a straight neck ribbon of the stripes for the only trimming on the waist.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Works Written in Haste.

In one year Dryden produced four of his greatest works: "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "The Religio Laici" and "Mac Flecknoe." He was only six months in writing "The Hind and Panther," three years in translating the whole of "Virgil," and twelve mornings in composing his "Parallel Between Poetry and Painting." The original draught of "Alexander's Feast" was struck off at a single sitting. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Sir Walter Scott's rapidity is one of the marvels of literature; he wrote literally as fast as the pen could move, and when he dictated his amanuensis could hardly keep pace with him. The original manuscripts of the Waverley novels may still be seen; they are frequently for many pages undeformed by a single blot or erasure. Beckford's "Vathek" was completed by the unbroken exertion of three whole days and three whole nights, the author supporting himself during his unnatural vigil by copious draughts of wine, and what adds to the wonder is that the work was written in French. Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," a poem of great length in a peculiarly difficult meter, was completed in twelve hours, while the printer was waiting to put it into type.

Steele and Fielding wrote many of their essays while the press was waiting. Johnson, like Gibbon, wrote at first with labor, but afterward found that, with practice, a stately and highly-finished style came as naturally as ordinary expression comes to ordinary people. We learn, for example, that some of the best papers in the "Rambler" were penned as easily as a letter—that forty-eight octavo pages of the "Life of Savage," a singularly polished work, were completed at a sitting, and that the "Lives of the Poets" cost him no more trouble than a slipshod article costs a professional journalist. But Johnson was, we may add, indefatigable in revising. Ben Jonson tells us that he wrote "The Alchemist" in six weeks; Fenelon that "Telemachus" was produced in three months, and Brougham that his Edinburgh Review articles averaged a few hours. But the most portentous example of literary fecundity on record is, beyond question, to be found in the person of Lope de Vega. He thought nothing of writing a play in a couple of days, a light farce in an hour or two, and in the course of his life he furnished the stage of Spain with upward of 2,000 original dramas. Hallam calculates that this extraordinary man was the author of at least 21,300,000 lines.—*Temple Bar.*

While at a ball in Fond du Lac, Wis., Mrs. C. M. Bowen, after dancing a few times, complained of a pain in her head, sat down and immediately expired.

How the Ancients Spent Money.

Tactius informs us that Nero, the Roman emperor, gave away in presents to his friends \$97,500,000. The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at \$1,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper \$1,562,500 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizen's supper. She was worth altogether \$200,000,000. The luxury of Pappae, beloved by Nero, was at least equal to that of Lollia. Pallas, the lover of Agrippina, left an estate in lands valued at \$15,000,000. M. Scaurus had a villa worth \$15,000,000, and this was only a small part of his immense fortune. The villa was burned by his slaves out of revenge for some injury.

The sums paid by the old Greeks and Romans for works of art make the present price appear somewhat shabby. Nicias, an artist, refused to sell one of his pictures to King Attalus for \$75,000, choosing rather to present it to his country as a gift. Nicias was a millionaire. For a single figure by Aristides, King Attalus gave \$125,000. Mueon, the tyrant of Elatus, paid \$20,000 for a small picture by Aristides, representing a battle of the Persians. Cesar was a generous patron of art. He bought of Timomachus, a painter of Athens, two figures, one represents Ajax and the other Medea, for which he paid \$100,000.

Apelles received \$20,000 for a portrait of Alexander, which he painted on the walls of the temple Diana, at Ephesus. Ptolemy paid Aratus \$200,000 for some old pictures by Melanthus and Pampilius. M. Agrippa paid to the people of Cyzicus \$50,000 for two small paintings, and it was he who built and bequeathed to his countrymen the magnificent Therme in the Campus Martius, with their gardens, libraries and porticos—one portion of which, the Pantheon, still remains. Lucius Mummius got a picture in Greece, representing Father Bacchus, which King Attalus valued at \$250,000, but Mummius said that the price was too small, and refused to sell.

The picture of "Venus Anadyomene," by Apelles, was sold for \$125,000. Isocrates received \$20,000 for one oration. Virgil, for his lines on Marcellus, was rewarded by a gift of about \$10,000. For a single dish of pottery the tragic actor of Esopbus paid \$4,500. The Emperor Vitellius ordered a dish to be made for him for which a furnace was erected in the fields outside the city, for \$45,000. The colossal statue of Mercury, made for the city of the Averni, in Gaul, by Zenodorus, cost \$1,675,000.

Nero paid \$161,000 for a carpet. For the famous statue of the Diademenos, which was a bronze figure of life size representing a youth tying a fillet round his head, Polycleitus received \$125,000. And, again, dropping art for literature, it is related that Tiberius presented to Asellius Sabinus \$20,000 for a dialogue he wrote between a mushroom, a cabbage, an oyster and a thrush. Regarding the immense wealth possessed by fortune's favorites in ancient days, the mystery is what has become of all this gold and silver, for the possessions of these rich men and women consisted chiefly of the clean metal and precious stones.

There is no accounting for its disappearance except on the theory that it passed from sight as vessels laden with precious cargoes sink to the bottom of the sea and are lost forever.

A Wonderful Land.

Captain Lawson has written a book about his journey in New Guinea. He discovered a large river flowing north, and on its shores he counted in one hour no less than 314 crocodiles. He tells us that New Guinea abounds with monkeys, tigers, deer and buffaloes (of the latter he passed a herd numbering over 10,000 head within a quarter of a mile), while it is a well-known fact that Australia and the whole of the Polynesian islands are almost solely inhabited by quadrupeds of the marsupial tribe. He is fortunate enough to kill a serpent measuring forty feet in length, and he startles naturalists by the description of a butterfly measuring one foot with spread wings, and of an elm-like tree which reached the respectable height of 337 feet, having a circumference of eighty-five feet. On a big tree a traveler counted over 1,000 birds' nests, the whole group of trees containing not less than 20,000; and, to perpetuate his name, he discovers and describes a new species of ducks, although we should consider it rather a precarious undertaking, even for ornithologists, to classify on the spot any new species of birds without having the means of referring to cognate forms. But the most marvelous feat performed by Captain Lawson is still in store for us. Leaving his camping-place at the foot of Mount Hercules (2,000 feet above the level of the sea) at 4 o'clock in the morning, he ascended the giant mountain to the height of 25,314 feet, and reached home again at 7:30 o'clock the same evening. This is smart work, indeed, considering that for 10,000 feet the traveler had to pass over snow fields.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

EUTOPEER.

The Island in the Mediterranean Where Nearly Everybody Rides the Bicycle.

It is probably not as well known to bicyclers as it ought to be that, between Turkey and Greece, the blue Mediterranean contains an island which is a perfect bicyclers' paradise, and on which bicycling has been more fully developed and popularized than in any other place in the world.

Eutopeer is an island having about the same area as the State of Massachusetts. It is hilly, rising high out of the sea, and possesses a climate unequalled in salubrity.

Rain falls in gentle showers, only during the night, and the thermometer varies only about forty degrees in the year, running from fifty degrees to ninety degrees. These conditions, and the nature of its soil, make its roads wonderfully smooth and hard, and its inhabitants being wealthy, cultivated and enterprising, it is not strange that the bicycle was early introduced; and it has grown into almost universal use, so that with a population of about 200,000, there are 53,000 bicycles and tricycles in use by all classes for all purposes.

The island is an independent kingdom, governed at present by King Cettarp, a mild-mannered man, of great intellectual attainments, beloved by his subjects, a patron of literature, art and science, and himself an enthusiastic bicyclist.

This delightful little kingdom is not widely known, for its inhabitants—direct descendants of the ancient Greeks—have for hundreds of years lived quiet, peaceful lives, undisturbed by the conflicts of nations about them, but growing in wealth and culture, if not in power.

With this introduction, we quote from the letters of two American bicyclers who are now there:

It was a beautiful September morning when our little steamboat ran into the harbor of Tunwahs, the principal city of Eutopeer, and we gazed upon a scene to make a wheelman shout. The wharves swarmed with bicyclers, dashing to and fro, or what mystified us greatly, sitting still on their wheels as easily as one would sit on horseback, watching our movements or chatting with each other. We had formed a high idea of the Owen-like skill of these people, when we discovered that from the handle-bars hung a small steel rod, on which the wheel leaned firm as a tripod. When the rider starts off, the rod telescopes up until only a foot or so in length, and it is then pushed into the hollow handle-bar. These attachments are universally used. As we neared the wharf, several fellows in scarlet uniforms wheeled up to the edge, and in a moment bags were thrown from our boat, which were caught by men on the wharf, who threw two over the shoulders of each scarlet-coated rider, who then shot away through the crowd at a rattling pace—only there was nothing to rattle. These, we were told, were mail carriers, who would have the mails at the central postoffice before the boat was fairly secured to the pier.

Almost the entire business of the postoffice department is done on bicycles. Letters are gathered from the street boxes by men on the wheel, and bicycle postmen distribute the mails into boxes placed in front of each private or business house at the edge of the sidewalk. The dexterity of these carriers is remarkable. The letters are arranged in their proper order in frames carried upon the handle-bar, and the postmen ride along near the curbstone, thrusting them into the boxes without stopping at all. All postal bicyclers wear scarlet—a color forbidden by law to all others—and they have always the "right of way."

As we landed, we were besieged by men with bicycles, who shouted: "Bicycle to the hotel!" "Have a wheel?" "Fifty-two-inch nice wheel 'er, sir," etc., and most of the passengers' rod off on their machines, which would be called for by their owners later.

The doctor took his Harvard, and I my Columbia, and mounting on the wharf, which was as smooth as a floor, we took our first ride in Eutopeer.

Such roads! Chestnut Hill Reservoir road is cobble-stone to them! And such riders! Men, women and children dash about on bicycles, as much at home, apparently, as if sitting in a chair.

The ladies—and ladies they are, too!—ride in modest costumes of the bloomer style, the full pantaloons gathered below the knee; and a Eutopeerian lady would not dream of any impropriety in displaying the limbs below the knee, either on the bicycle or on the promenade.

But you should see the children ride! Little tots, from five years upward, dash around, not on the three-wheeled things common to city sidewalks, but on regular bicycles, with twenty-five-inch wheels, and from that all sizes up to seventy-two inches are seen.

There is as much variety in styles as in sizes; and as everybody rides, from the laboring man to and from his work, to the king himself, for pleasure, you can imagine that all grades of machines are represented.

There is not a stone-paved street in Eutopeer. The roads are in charge of roadmasters, each one of whom is responsible for ten miles, and the finding of a loose stone in any one's section is punished by loss of place, and imprisonment for not less than thirty days.

Dogs are not allowed to run loose in this kingdom, but must be led by a rope or chain not over three feet long.

Horses are not allowed upon the best roads, and are seldom used, except for cartage or for agricultural pursuits. Upon telling a native—an officer of the Eutopeer Bicycle Union—that bicycles were not allowed in many of the parks of America, because they might frighten horses, he said: "But how should horses be in parks?" "Why, they drive in parks," we answered. He looked at us incredulously, and exclaimed: "What! permit horses in parks where people go for safe pleasure! What recklessness! Why, the least thing, the sudden flight of a bird, a wind-blown leaf, may scare a horse, and endanger the lives of scores of women and children. Mercy! what an idea to let horses into parks!"

They have magnificent parks here, but no horse is ever allowed inside the gates.

Esquimaux Carpentry.

The builder selects snow of the proper consistency by sounding a drift with a cane made for the purpose of reindeer horn, straightened by steaming, and worked down to about half an inch in diameter, with a ferule of walrus tusk or the tooth of a bear on the bottom. By thrusting this into the snow he can tell whether the layers deposited by successive winds are separated by bands of soft snow, which would cause the blocks to break. When the snow is selected he digs a pit to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet, or about the length of the snow block. He then steps into the pit and proceeds to cut out the blocks by first cutting down at the ends of the pit and then at the bottom afterward, cutting a little channel about an inch or two deep, making the thickness of the proposed block. Now comes the part that requires practice to accomplish successfully. The expert will with a few thrusts of his knife in just the right places split off the snow block and lift it carefully out to await removal to its position on the wall. The tyro will almost inevitably break the block into two or three pieces, utterly unfit for the use of the builder. When two men are building an igloo one cuts the blocks and the other erects the wall. When sufficient blocks have been cut out to commence work with the builder marks with his eye, or perhaps draws a line with his knife, describing the circumference of the building, usually a circle about ten or twelve feet in diameter. The first row of blocks is then arranged, the blocks placed so as to incline inward and resting against each other at the ends, thus affording mutual support. When this row is completed the builder cuts away the first and second blocks, slanting in from the ground upward, so that the second tier, resting upon the first row, can be continued on and around spirally, and by gradually increasing the inward slant a perfect dome is constructed of such strength that the builder can lie flat upon the outside while chinking the interstices between the blocks. The chinking, is however, usually done by women and children as the building progresses, and additional protection secured from the winds in very cold weather by banking up, with a large wooden snow shovel, the snow at the base often being piled to the depth of three or four feet. This makes the igloo perfectly impervious to the wind in the most tempestuous weather. When the house is completed the builders are walled in. Then a small hole about two feet square is cut in the wall on the side away from where the entrance is to be located and is used to pass in the lamps and bedding. It is then walled up and the regular door cut about two feet high and niched at the top. It would bring bad luck to carry the bedding into the igloo by the same door it would be taken out. Before the door is opened the bed is constructed of snow blocks, and made from one to three or four feet high, and occupies three-fourths of the entire space. The higher the bed and the lower the door the warmer the igloo will be.—*From an Arctic Explorer's Reminiscences.*

Words of Wisdom.

How poor are they who have not patience!

It is not only arrogant but it is profigate for a man to disregard the world's opinion of himself.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows.

Socrates said that there are two sciences which every man ought to learn—first, the science of speech, and second, the more difficult one of silence.

A desire for knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.

The Ways of Wash Lo.

To a lazy Chinaman as to a philosopher, everything is a matter for marvel. His life is wondered away by the hour. He picks up a piece of scrap-iron in the street, and first he wonders for an hour what it has been used for, and then he speculates for sixty minutes concerning some possible use to which he may turn it. You step into the postoffice to mail a letter; he follows you, wondering what you are going for; you buy a stamp, he counts the change and estimates the cost; you lick it, he is amazed at the process; you slide the letter into the box, he catches a last glimpse of the vignette on the stamp, notices a man's head with attachment of pig-tail, and he goes out and sits down on the extreme edge of the sidewalk and stares at nothing, while he wonders if that man was Confucius.

Like the proverbial country boy who has never left his home, the Chinaman is gawky and ungraceful in the extreme; but never was there a book agent, one of that class of men who travel so much, that had more of cool audacity than he. His jocosely familiarity is more than audacious at times—it is insolvent. Should you stop in the street to exchange a word of courtesy with a lady acquaintance whom you meet, John loafs along, his slovenly slippers flapping at his heels, and suddenly your coat becomes a matter of mighty import to him. So, in his innocent impertinence he walks around you and stares, studying as if he were a tailor and an artist. Then, coming nearer to examine the fabric, he does not hesitate to take the fabric in his hands, pressing it to his palm or his cheek—of which he has great quantity—in order to determine the nature of its texture. Now, such hangers on are not pleasant to have, albeit they are of celestial origin, as they boast; the Chinaman is a very good cook, but he is not handsome enough to play the valet or footman, to hold up one's skirts in the street.

Once an old and toothless child of the sun entered our camp and inquired: "Who bosses here?" It being supposed that he had vegetables to sell, he was referred to the tent of the gentleman in question. This he invaded, sidled up to the occupant, slapped him convulsively on the shoulder and said: "You bosses here? Bully! Shake hand!" And, having paid his respects in this informal manner, he seemed to have no further communication to make, but began an inspection of our camp-furniture, which task promised to occupy him the rest of the day. Thinking to entertain our high-born guest, our musical-man sang him the song beginning—and, it is to be hoped, ending also—with the following lines:
Pretty little Chinawoman cook a little chow-chow.

Live beside a little hill, in a little house,
Take a little pussy-cat and a little bow-wow,
Cook 'em in a little kettle with a little mouse.
"What do you think of that, John?"
"Heap crazy man!" was the disdainful and laconic rebuke with which the heathen crushed our minstrel.

These men are certainly of the lowest and most ignorant grade at home, and yet there are few laundry workers of other nationalities who can handle the pen as easily as they wield the brush. Take your week's linen to one of these houses, and immediately one of the inmates seats himself at a desk, dips the brush into the moistened surface of a cake of ink, and with many a dash and artistic stroke, every one of whose curves is a line of beauty, he makes out a memorandum of the articles consigned to his care. These washing-lists, looking so like the labels on our packages of firecrackers, are greatly in demand, and are carried away as souvenirs of travel in Chinatown. Absent fathers send them home to their children; humorous students on summer vacation consign them to their old professors, calling them lost manuscripts of great archaeological worth; and once there was an injudicious lover who sent one home to his sweetheart.

It was in this way. He was a practical joker, and, having one of these laundry documents in his possession, he thought he would have some fun. So he sprinkled the delicate paper with sweet essences and addressed it to his heart's own. With it he dispatched a letter, in which he said that the enclosed was a Chinese madrigal, written at his instigation expressly for her by one of the greatest of China's poets, and further, that it was to be read to slow music from the gentle tontom with an occasional passionate outburst from the gong. The lady, devoured with anxiety to learn the sweet words of this mystical message, forwarded it to a translator who returned answer, couched in all the cold precision of business, that the writing certified that this gentleman, the practical joker, had deposited with Mr. Wash Lo, washerman, one shirt, two collars, one pair of hose, et al., and that the same were to be duly cleaned, ironed and ready for return on such a day. It is said that the lady's reply to this practical joker was read without the assistance of a translator, and the tune to which he read it was a dirge over a lost love. This fable teaches us that it is well to reserve one's practical jokes on one's sweetheart till after the wedding day.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*