

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Queer Head-Pieces.

The gold and silver head-pieces which the Friesland women wear so universally are of two kinds, one being a skull cap divided down the middle and closely covering the hair, the other side pieces, consisting of little disks, elaborately chased, and often of really beautiful work. The skull cap is made of thin gold or silver, and the prices of these necessary ornaments run very high, a gold skull cap costing from 300 to 400 guilders (a guilder being equal to thirty-eight cents), while the silver prices are from fifty to seventy guilders. The greater number are heirlooms; and in cases where this cannot be so, the first duty of a Frisian woman is to save up until she can decorate her head as a Frislander should.

Colored Women and Kisses.

A Kentuckian tells a reporter of the Louisville Post that colored women never kiss each other, and the reporter adds they seldom shake hands. The first may be true, but the last certainly is not. The Kentuckian says:

In all my life I have never seen two genuine negro women kiss, and I have often heard my father remark the same thing. He was over sixty years old, and frequently told us that it was a tradition through all his family the negro women never kiss'd. A friend of mine, who has been a great traveler, has visited Africa and Hayti, has remarked to me the strange fact that negro women never kiss. Why is it?

In social relations there is less deception among the blacks than among the whites. They are too full of nature to pretend to what they do not feel. Scandals, divorces and other iniquities that flow on from deception, are of seldom occurrence among them. The subject of negro women not kissing has often been discussed right here in Kentucky, where the customs and the habits of the negro should be known and understood, and old men who have been surrounded by negroes all their lives declare that they never heard of negro women kissing.

Advice to the Girls.

When a man chooses the profession of law he does not expect to be a musician and a journalist also. He knows that if he would succeed he must devote himself to the one chosen calling. When a woman marries she realizes that in order to reach lofty heights in wife and motherhood she must sacrifice lesser aims. She must be willing to lay aside the delightful occupations which have made her girlhood pleasant. She must know that from the hour her baby is laid in the cradle, dressed with loving forethought, to that darker hour when the mature man lies down in his last sleep, that she will give full meaning to the words, "Constant care." That her mind once unfettered will be at liberty no more, but is bound by ties stronger than life or death to those who have come to her from out of the great unknown. Wait awhile, girls; think it all over before you promise to become wives—to take these duties and burdens upon you. Sweet and satisfying as are the obligations of wife and mother, they are not to be taken lightly. A husband must not be looked upon as a sort of perpetual beau, and children as extremely uncertain and improbable adjuncts. Unless, like Wilhelm Meister, your apprenticeship ended, you reach out of yourself and ask for larger duties, for a wider field of labor, you had better stay at home with father and mother, dignifying the relations of daughter, filling the old-established home with a mild radiance which would seem but a dim light in a new one.

Fashion Notes.

The only small imported hat seen as yet is a turban.

The rage for Spanish lace has not in the least abated.

New wall papers imitate gobelin tapestries admirably.

Beaded plush bands will trim handsome heavy wraps.

With black scarfs or fichus no white is worn around the neck.

Copper and brickdust shades are as fashionable as terra-cotta.

Small hats and bonnets begin to appear among imported shapes.

Puffed sleeves are seen among a variety of novelties in this line.

Quantities of bangle bracelets are worn over mousquetaire gloves.

Standing high collars and rolling low collars are equally fashionable.

Cheviot mixtures in what are termed heather shades will be much worn.

Even elderly women look well in white or cream-colored all-wool dresses.

Large metallic hook-and-eye fastenings for cloaks and wraps are revived.

Velvet and plush will be the high novelty dress trimming materials of 1881.

Tunis lace is a new effective heavy lace used for linen collars and pillow cases.

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grown girls, matrons and elderly women.

Pale shades of pink and cream color are the favorite hues for artistic aesthetic dresses.

Plush stripes on wool satin grounds are seen among other novelty trimming materials.

Basques of moire, black and in dark rich colors, will be worn with skirts of various kinds.

Zouave turbans of red and blue fine wool, with red tassels, are much worn by little girls.

Little owls in black metal, with diamond, ruby, or emerald eyes, are favorite ornaments.

Eight or more bridemaids, one-half being little girls under twelve, is the latest style in England.

Floral decorations for wedding, dinner, and reception tables are more profuse and eccentric than ever.

Short dresses continue in vogue on all occasions, and there is no indication that there will be a change in respect to length this season.

The latest style of new shoe has a heel of the dice-box order, poetically called Louis Quinze, and has a lattice work of straps across the instep.

Lawn handkerchiefs, with blue or pink borders, are often worn around the neck in place of collars, the end tucked in the folds of the surplice waists.

Satin cords in passementerie are the features in dress trimmings. They add the luster that all dull silk passementerie need for trimming silk fabrics.

In artificial flowers there is a great vogue for cut silk blossoms, the blue-bell, geranium, hyacinth and polyanthus being all reproduced in this manner.

Pink gingham has been worn to such an extent in London that the good-natured Princess of Wales has been forced to fly to the rescue and wear blue.

Ancient Elections.

As hitherto, so again, we must go back to the beginning to take up the clew. Out of that earliest stage of the savage horde in which there is no supremacy beyond that of the man whose strength, or courage, or cunning, gives him predominance, the first step is to the practice of election—deliberate choice of a leader in war. About the conducting of elections in rude tribes travelers are silent; probably the methods used are various. But we have accounts of elections as they were made by European peoples during early times. In ancient Scandinavia the chief of a province, chosen by the assembled people, was thereupon "elevated amid the clash of arms and the shouts of the multitude;" and among the ancient Germans he was carried on a shield. Recalling, as this does, the chairing of a newly-elected member of parliament up to recent times, and reminding us that originally among ourselves election was by show of hands, we are taught that the choice of a representative was once identical with the choice of a chief. Our house of commons had its roots in local gatherings like those in which uncivilized tribes select their head warriors.

Besides conscious selection, there occurs among rude peoples selection by lot. The Samoans, for instance, by spinning a cocoon, which on coming to rest points to one of the surrounding persons, thereby single him out. Early historic races supply illustrations; as the Hebrews in the affair of Saul and Jonathan, and as the Homeric Greeks when fixing on a champion to fight with Hector. In both these last cases there was a belief in supernatural influence; the lot was supposed to be divinely determined. And probably at the outset, choice by lot for political purposes among the Athenians, and for military purposes among the Romans, as also in later times the use of the lot for choosing deputies in some of the Italian republics, and in Spain (as in Leon during the twelfth century), was influenced by a kindred belief; though doubtless the desire to give equal chances to rich and poor, or else to assign without dispute a mission which was onerous or dangerous, entered into the motive or was even predominant. Here, however, the fact to be noted is that this mode of choice, which plays a part in representation, may also be traced back to the usages of primitive people.—Herbert Spencer.

Quick at Figures.

The Syracuse (N. Y.) Courier alludes to a youthful prodigy who is an inmate of the penitentiary. His name is James Nolan, but is better known as "Jimmy the Bootblack." "Jimmy" is a lightning calculator. Although possessing little or no education, he is as much at home among figures as a fish is in its natural element. In this respect the boy is a wonder. A glance over a column of figures is sufficient to enable him to give the footing. If standing before a blackboard, while another person is putting down figures, he will be ready with the sum total when the last stroke is made, no matter how rapidly one may make them.

"DELMONICO'S."

Stories of a Celebrated Restaurateur.

Of the late Lorenzo Delmonico, the best known restaurant keeper in the United States, the New York Herald, in its obituary notice, says:

Head and front of the entire mechanism, controlling all the business of all the houses, was Lorenzo Delmonico, with a capital of \$500,000 invested, with an expenditure of over \$1,000,000 a year, and always with his balance on the right side of the ledger. Siro and Charles were like the sons of the Biblical woman, one on his right, the other on his left, forming a trio of restauratory excellence to whom New York is largely indebted. When Alexis was here, he being a sailor, it was deemed the correct thing to dine him. The jolly tars of the New York Yacht club got together and resolved to invite him to their quarter deck, sling the hammock of courtesy in their forecastle, and overwhelm him with the binnacle of their hospitality. They did it. He came, they ate, and the entertainment in honor of the Russian grand duke was one of the most elegant of its kind, gotten up in Delmonico's best style. For \$5,000 Delmonico could make fifty people quite gastronomically comfortable. When Charles Dickens was here he made his home further up town, but was a frequent visitor at the Fourteenth street house. He was a heavy eater and a heavier drinker. Two bottles of champagne at lunch were a mere trifle to him, but his favorite gargon was brandy. "Give me a thimbleful of brandy," said Dickens, as he was about driving to the Lecture Hall. A bottle and a tumbler were produced, and considering the size of the "thimble" and the fact that it was literally "full," it may be said that he took a tolerably good drink. The Press club of New York gave Dickens a dinner there, presided over by Horace Greeley, and the speech of the occasion was made by Henry J. Raymond. All the press nobles were there, and a very jovial evening was passed. When General Grant was general he breakfasted in the smaller room with Horace Greeley, and subsequently A. T. Stewart, Edwards Pierpont and other disinterested patriots gave him a grand dinner and reception. At the reception, which was very high-toned, there was a dais at one side of the saloon on which the general stood to welcome those who crowded in to do him honor.

On one occasion Mr. Delmonico talked freely with a representative of the Herald, who said:

"What wages do you pay, Mr. Delmonico?"

"Ten thousand dollars and more the first of every month."

"What rent?"

"All told \$100,000 a year. You see, besides our houses we have three great wine cellars downtown. We get wines and liquors by the 100, 200, 300 casks at a time, and can buy direct much cheaper than any dealers here can afford to sell us."

"Do hard times affect you any?"

"Yes, indeed, and mainly in wines. I remember the time when I walked through the rooms and saw from one to three bottles of wine on every table. Now if we hear a cork pop we turn to see where it is—and then it's generally a bottle of Bass."

"Some of your orders are silly, I suppose?"

"Yes, indeed. We often give dinners that cost \$100 a head. Why, sometimes the flowers for each cost \$20, and I have paid as high as \$20 for each and every bill of fare! You know the mottoes they have for the ladies. Well, there are people who pay as high as \$10 each for those things. So you see it does not take long to run up to \$100 in that way."

Delmonico got up many a dinner for A. T. Stewart, but no matter what temptations were prepared for the guest the invariable dish for the host was a simple chop, with possibly a plate of chicken broth. Mr. Stewart dined many noted people, among them often General Grant. When the late Andy Johnson was swinging around the circle he was festively dined at Delmonico's, and after dinner held a reception. He was full of fun, at all events, and kept his friends in roars of merriment. After they were all gone he called to his servant to "Come to bed." Mr. Delmonico told the President that after his servant had undressed him the waiter would show him his room. "No, he won't," said Andy; "I'll undress myself, but that boy sleeps in my room and nowhere else tonight, and that I tell you." That ended it, and the colored attendant shared with his master the best room in the house. Among the regular patrons is counted "Sorosis." Not that Sorosis spends any considerable amount of money at its little luncheons or even at its annual festivity; but Sorosis is a feature of any place it makes its home. College boys like the hospitality of Delmonico's, and at certain seasons of the year many a hardened ear in the dining-room below is pierced by the jolly shouts of the undergraduates upstairs, and many a hardened heart is touched by the memory of days and

nights—mainly nights—gone by, when the same songs and the same hurrah-boys choruses were the regular thing with them at Harvard, Yale or Princeton.

The late Colonel Fisk was not a regular patron of Delmonico's. He went further uptown, but now and then he spilled over from his bowl of bounty there. On one occasion, at half-past 4 P. M., he called at the office. "Charlie," said he, "I want a tiptop stand-up lunch, with flowers and all that sort of thing, served in the Erie building for 150 men at half-past six."

"That's two hours from now."

"Well, a great deal can be done in two hours."

"All right, colonel, I'll do it, but it will be an expensive job for you."

"Who said anything about the cost? You do it and I'll pay for it."

Of course the lunch was served and equally of course the \$1,500 bill was paid.

At another time, when Fisk was working up the Ninth regiment, a ball was given at the Academy and Fisk was anxious that Delmonico should furnish the supper. They declined on the ground that there was no profit in it.

"How much guarantee do you want?"

said Jim. "A thousand dollars," said Delmonico. "All right," replied Fisk, "I'll take five hundred supper tickets," and he did.

The Ring potentates never favored Delmonico's uptown house much, but spent thousands of dollars in the Chambers street place. Peter B. Sweeney used to go there when he wished to be quiet and by himself.

When Tweed's daughter was to be married the old man called on Delmonico two months in advance, and without mentioning terms, simply said: "I want a supper, good one, for my daughter's wedding; 500 people. Good day." The day after the supper was served he called and paid for it.

"Do you keep your people a long time?" Mr. Delmonico was once asked.

"Some of them."

"The cooks—how about them?"

"Well, I pay the present head cook \$4,000 a year; his predecessor, \$6,000. The other cooks get from \$15 to \$30 a week."

"What do you give the head waiter?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars and his board and lodging. The table waiters get \$30 a month, and average \$60 in fees. I wanted to transfer one of them from the saloon to the bar, raising him from \$30 to \$60, but he wouldn't go because he made \$90 where he was."

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Home Life for the Blind.

In an address before the College for the Blind, at Upper Norwood, Henry Fawcett, the blind postmaster-general of England, said that, speaking of his own experience, the greatest service that could be rendered to the blind was to enable them to live as far as possible the same life as if they had not lost their sight. They should not be imprisoned in institutions or separated from their friends. Few who had not experienced it could imagine the indescribable joy to them of home life. Some persons hesitated to speak to the blind about outward objects. There could be no greater error. The pleasantest and happiest hours of his life were those when he was with his friends, who talked about everything they saw just as if he was not present; who in a room talked about the pictures, when walking described the scenery they were passing through, and who described the people they met. When with the blind people should talk with them about and describe everything they saw. The speaker concluded by remarking that there was plenty of good-will to assist the blind, but what was required was better organization.

Our earth is moving through space with a velocity of nine miles a second.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Many of the recent emigrants from Germany are young men under eighteen, who thus escape the long and burdensome military service. Were they to remain after reaching their eighteenth year, their emigration would not be permitted. Bismarck is reported not to like their departure at all.

There are 311 cities in this country, with an aggregate population of 11,596,558, having a net indebtedness, exclusive of sinking funds, of \$593,344,518, or \$51.17 per capita. New York city leads with a debt of \$99,000,000. Just when this stragling indebtedness will be liquidated no one pretends to know, though the comptroller of New York city thinks the debt there will be wiped out in twenty years.

The annual product of gold and silver in the world varies from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000. In 1853 the total was \$285,000,000; in 1863, \$271,000,000, with a decline from that time until 1877, when the tide turned the other way. The product last year was \$118,000,000 in gold, \$94,000,000 in silver. Nearly one-half of the gold and about three-fourths of the silver was mined on the continent of America.

That European nations are gradually learning from America something about comfort, convenience and safety in traveling, appears in the facts that sleeping-cars on the American plan are now run on most of the principal railroads of the continent, and that there has just been introduced into Berlin what an English newspaper correspondent terms "the American system of luggage transportation to and from private residences, thereby enabling the traveler to take his place upon the car without concerning himself in the least about his baggage."

Few people know that in bad seasons honey is apt to be poisonous. This arises from the fact that in such seasons the bees have to gather it from poisonous flowers. Great care should be taken to remove all poisonous plants from the neighborhood of hives. A specimen of honey from Trebizond, gathered from the *rhododendron ponticum*, which is common in that neighborhood, was sent in 1834, by Mr. Keith E. Abbott, to the Zoological Society of London, and in 1859 it still retained its poisonous qualities. In 1790 a great many people in Philadelphia died from eating honey gathered from the flowers of the *kelonia latifolia*. In good seasons the bees avoid poisonous plants.

There are a great many people in the world, it is true, but this little planet is very far from overcrowded for all that, and there is yet plenty of room for humanity to spread itself. In this country alone, exclusive of Alaska, where we have large possessions, we have 710,668,000 acres of available land not yet surveyed, open to settlement, and 734,951,000 acres surveyed but not yet taken up. And yet, Great Britain has more virgin land than we have. In the Australian colonies she has 2,000,000,000 acres of land never yet touched; in Cape Colony 52,000,000 acres all ready for settlement but with no settlers; in Natal, Ceylon and the West Indies 14,500,000 acres, and in Canada probably something like 1,500,000,000 acres of unoccupied and very fertile lands. All this vast territory of unused land is enough to give a farm of 160 acres to 31,325,000 families of five persons each, or to 156,625,000 persons.

A contributor to the New York Tribune furnishes that paper some information about the manufacture of cigars in New York which can hardly be agreeable reading for smokers. Five-eighths of all the cigars that are sold in New York city, he states, are made in East-side tenements by Bohemian families, who perform all the various processes of manufacture in their dirty rooms, where they not only work but also eat and sleep. The tobacco is wet down and spread upon the floor over night and is trodden upon meanwhile by the family in the pursuit of their domestic occupations. In the morning, while it is yet damp and soiled it is stripped from the stems by the children, while the women make the fillers and the men of the family roll and trim the cigars, turning out several hundred in a day, which are duly branded with some high-sounding Spanish name and sold for an imported article. One feels not so much sympathy for the people who smoke them as for the children who aid in their manufacture. For fourteen hours a day they are kept steadily at work, inhaling the poisonous nicotine, while at night they sleep in the same polluted atmosphere.

Brother Kimball, the great church-debt extinguisher, says that there are three standing calamities of churches. The first is a fund for the support of the preaching, so that the people who go to church need not pay. The second is the presence of one or two rich men on whom everybody leans, and whose property the church feels at liberty to appropriate. The third is a

debt, whether of the mortgaged or "floating" sort. Comparatively few churches are endowed with such a fund as Mr. Kimball mentions. When there is such an endowment, its operation is almost uniformly, as he states. In a certain church, whose endowment is so great that the highest pew rent was only \$4 a year, the members became so spiritually lazy that they had either to go to sleep or to quarrel. Rich men are more plenty than endowments, and are bonanzas to churches which properly use them and teach them how to give. For every church which has either rich men or endowment, there are twenty poor ones which have nothing but a debt. Kimball thinks all the churches ought to do business on a "C. O. D." basis, and then there would be no church debts.

The celebrated French aeronaut, M. Eugene Godard, and three companions, narrowly escaped a tragic ending of a balloon voyage, near Vienna, a few weeks ago. An auspicious start was made from the pleasure gardens of Schonbrunn, and for an hour the sail through mid-air was a pleasant one. Then the huge craft floated into the midst of a violent storm, and the terror-stricken voyagers were surrounded by flashing thunderbolts. M. Godard alone retained his presence of mind, and endeavored to rise above the storm by emptying the sand bags. Finding this impossible, he decided to descend at once. The balloon was then some 3,000 feet high, and moving at the rate of thirty-four feet per second. The gas-pipe was opened, and the balloon began to descend with fearful rapidity. Suddenly M. Godard exclaimed, "We shall fall into the Danube." A fruitless attempt was made to use the anchor, but the trees were too far below and the speed too great. At any moment it appeared they might be engulfed in the stream, whence, owing to the storm, all escape would be impossible. M. Godard hereupon cried out, "Gentlemen, we are one too many!" But as none of his companions appeared disposed to withdraw he threw overboard twenty-five kilograms of rope, and, with the anchor attached to the remainder, endeavored to catch the brushwood on the river edge. This, fortunately, succeeded, and the car was secured within a few feet of the water.

A preposterous story is published by a French periodical which, from its name—*Siecle Medical*—ought to rise superior to such temptations, of a man who, desiring to commit suicide, drove a pointed up to the hilt into his head with a mallet. To his surprise and mortification, so far from falling dead in his tracks, he experienced no disagreeable sensation whatever. Realizing that discovery would be embarrassing, he endeavored to pull out the point, but it would not yield to his efforts. At last he was compelled to summon physicians, but neither singly nor altogether could they start the dagger, which was so firmly wedged that the would-be suicide was easily lifted from his feet by its hilt. The man was ultimately taken to a workshop in the neighborhood, accompanied by the medical gentlemen, and there he was seated on the floor, held down in a sitting posture by two persons, while mechanical force was used to draw the weapon from the skull. The operation was no sooner over than the patient rose to his feet, thanked the doctors for their attention, and prepared to take his leave. But for fear of subsequent complications, he was sent to the hospital and kept there for a week. Nothing ensuing to cause alarm, he was sent home, leaving scientific men to rack their brains over the problem his singular case presented.

Where Poker Prevails.

Poker, whatever that may be, is all the rage at Hot Springs, Ark. A correspondent says: It is played in the hotel parlors, bedrooms and offices, in fact almost everywhere. Day and night parties may be seen. Doctors and lawyers play in the back offices; all classes are at it, from the nabob to the waiter of the dining-room. Boys are often seen at a quiet game of "draw." In short, it is an epidemic. As to the gambling houses, they are open day and night, Sundays included. All banking games are in full blast, from "faro" to "chuck-a-luck." Twelve tables are run in one house, and it is difficult for a player to succeed in placing his money on a card or figure, so great is the crowd around the tables. "Faro," "hazard" and "roulette" are the most popular games.

A Burlington man looked into the garden hose to see why the water didn't come, just as his son turned the water on at the hydrant, and when the doctor came the stricken man told him that he saw the fellow climb over the fence, but didn't see his revolver until just as he was shot. And then he wanted to know how long he had to live and said he was not afraid to die. But when he got at the true inwardness of it, he hunted for that boy nearly three hours, with a piece of lath and a skate strap to hold him, and then didn't find him.

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