

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes.

Jersey waists continue to be worn. Bridesmaids appear for the most part in bonnets.

Black matelasse is much used in mourning dress.

Sicilienne warmly wadded is chosen for redingotes.

The hair may be arranged either high or low, as suits the face.

Heavy ribbed silk is the most elegant material for wraps for old ladies.

Myrtle, white roses, lilies and lilacs divide favor with orange blossoms as bridal flowers.

The adoption of velvet for evening dress has led to its being used largely for bridal toilets.

Lace ruches, high in the throat, remain the favorite lingerie of ladies with long, slender necks.

Full and bouffant trimmings, ruches, shells, and puffs, adorn the bottom of many fashionable skirts.

Black lace ruches and cascades and black lace draperies for skirts are much in favor for elderly ladies.

The most fashionable slippers have very short toes, and straps high on the instep, which tie with very broad ribbon.

Rag-carpet bonnets appear among the late styles. The plush in this style of goods is mostly used for the small bonnets.

The most stylish round hats are tipped over the forehead, the Langtry and the odd-looking Phrygian cap being favorites.

Kilt and box-plaited velvet skirts are worn, although the plain skirt with heavy ruche at the bottom is more generally accepted.

Surah satins, with grounds of pale primrose, brocaded with four-o'clocks, are much used for matinees, made up in Louis XIV. style.

The regular brooch is again in style. In these round pins flowers are imitated both as regards color and shape, in tinted gold and enameled metals.

The new shakes of blue, electric, cobalt, royal, drake's neck, sapphire, hussar, gentian, and Presbyterian are all to be found in gloves and hosiery.

Wide, straight-brimmed sailor hats of plush or velvet, having the crowns completely covered with short, fluffy ostrich tips, are very much worn by young girls in their teens.

The plain waists and sleeves of dresses, which have been so long admired and universally adopted, have given way to immense frills, shirings and puffs.

The ruffs which are so generally worn at present were in fashion in the time of Henry III. They were then an adjunct to masculine dress; they now hold their place in a lady's wardrobe.

Little girls' velvet costumes are made with very full plain skirts gauged deep over the hips and a blouse waist. These waists are fastened down the front with straps and buckles.

Lace jabots are worn around the neck and down the front to the bottom of the bodice. They are caught at the neck with a diamond pin, and to the left is clustered a huge corsage bouquet.

Pale women of small stature, if they do not wish to appear absurd, should avoid flashing diamonds and wear pearls, turquoise, opals, green chalcodony, amethysts or even amber, any of which as ornaments will be found far more becoming.

A very pretty walking dress is made of dark green repped goods of soft wool. The skirts are attached to a jersey bodice, the front of which is braided in military style in a raised design, which is broad just below the throat and then narrowing gradually until it reaches a point just below the waist. Here it meets with a wide design in the braiding, which extends from hip to hip. The effect is very becoming to slender figures. The bodice buttons down the back. The close sleeves are braided nearly to the elbow. The skirt is edged with a wide ruche, above which are broad, upright box-plaits long enough to reach to the scarf of twill, which is draped just beneath the braiding above described.

Royal Cradles.

The lately-born infant of Spain, Mary Theresa Ysabel, sleeps, wakes and cries in a cradle shaped like a conch-shell and lined with the palest of pink-satin. Her tiny form is covered with point d'Alencon lace, specially made from a pattern designed by the Queen of Spain's mother, in which the arms of Spain and Austria are gracefully blended. She has a couvrepied and tiny pillow, on both of the lilies of the house of Bourbon and the Y of her pretty name, Ysabel, are laced and interlaced. The other new royal baby, the young hereditary prince of Sweden, has a much less delicate cradle, as becomes a hardy young Norseman. It is shaped like a swan, the wings coming up, if wished, and sheltering the

little prince, and is well provided with down-stuffed accessories.

Winning a Bride.

So late as the seventeenth century it was customary in some parts of Ireland for the bridegroom's friends to receive those of the bride with a shower of darts, carefully directed so as to fall harmless, and Lord Kaimos, who died in 1872, deposes that the marriage observances of the Welsh of that day were significantly symbolical of marriage by capture; the respective friends of the bride and groom meeting on horseback, the former refusing to deliver the lady on demand and bringing about a sham conflict, during which the nearest kinsman of the bride, behind whom she is mounted, galloped away, to be pursued by the opposite party, until men and horses had had enough of it, when the bridegroom was permitted to overtake the pretended fugitive and bear her off in triumph. The Berriours of France are the only European people among whom this form of capture still survives. Upon the day of a wedding the doors of a bride's house are closed and barricaded, the windows barred and her friends mustered within. Presently the bridegroom's party comes, asking admission on one false pretense after another. Finding speech of no avail, they endeavor to force an entrance, with no better success. Then comes a parley; the besiegers proclaim that they bring the lady a husband, and are admitted within doors, to fight for the possession of the heart, win it and the bride with it; the couple being forthwith united in the orthodox fashion.

Women in Wall Street.

Says a New York correspondent. Wall street is overrun with women—women who are old and women who are young; women who are poorly clad and women in rich attire; women who talk patly of the market and can ring the changes on the stock exchange's melolious lingo; women attractive and women repulsive—all with an eye single to gain. They are wild with the speculative craze. Their ambition is "fliers;" their methods most childlike and bland. In the list of these new habits of Wall street are embraced members of some of the first families of the city, so far as wealth or social connections go. The popular actress abounds and is petted; ladies who wear crepe veils in memory of departed lords are numerous, and she who could find no profits in engineering a boarding-house helps support the broker. Motley regiment they are, but they have the credit of operating boldly, and taking risks that would drive the masculine speculator wild. It is rather difficult for the average member of the stock exchange to refuse advice to a pretty woman, and, everything being even, the information so put forth is quite up to the standard of Wall street reliability and accuracy. Secrets are sometimes obtained by women which the ordinary man could not discover in a lifetime, and for some inscrutable reason they flourish occasionally where men fail.

A Joke on the Artist.

There is an eminent painter in Paris who is economical and sententious. The other day one of the students broke a pane of glass in the studio window, and replaced it temporarily by pasting a sheet of paper over the aperture. When the painter came down next morning he thrust his cane through the makeshift with the remark, "He that breaks pays." None of the class, however, took the hint, and next morning another sheet of paper was pasted across the window. It met the same fate. And so on the next day, and so on the fourth. On the fifth day, when the artist came down, there was the paper as before. Fire flashed from his eyes, and roaring "He that breaks pays!" he drove his cane through the paper—and through the pane of glass behind it that had been put in by the students, and then carefully pasted over with a sheet of paper.

The Biggest Organ.

The largest organ in the world, according to the *Leipziger Zeitung*, is being built in Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart, for the cathedral at Riga. Besides being the most elaborately designed instrument existent, it will contain all the most modern improvements. It will be so constructed that it can be played from an upper gallery or from below. The whole upper portion is to be blown by gas motors, and the lower part by hand. Thus two people will be able to play at the same time, one playing the solo, while the other plays the tutti. It is estimated to cost 90,000 marks (\$22,500).

The key of a safe in a railroad office at Joliet, Ill., was lost, and, there being no honest locksmith in town of sufficient skill, a well-known bank burglar was employed to pick the lock.

Cattle trains should not be run without cow-catcher

Icelandic Farmhouses.

The farmhouses (Bae) differ materially from those of the town, being built of lava blocks, with a turf covering for the roof, secured by flat stones to prevent displacement during the violent winter storms. A bae is about twelve feet in width by twenty in length, but the larger ones comprise several of these buildings joined together, then including out-houses for the storage of cattle, fodder, fuel and produce. The low entrance at the gable extends through the length of the building, terminating at the kitchen, where a raised hearth, about three feet high, supplies all the artificial heat. The chimney, simply a hole in the roof, allows part of the smoke to escape and admits a few rays of light to that end of the building. Alongside the fireplace the unfortunate chickens roost and the store of peat and the few culinary utensils occupy the remainder of the limited space. On either side of the passage-way there are generally two rooms, one side being used for storage purposes, the other for a sleeping apartment. These rooms have a bed or bunk on each side, raised about two feet above the hard ground floor, each bunk accommodating several persons. A hole cut through the wall, opposite the only window and stopped by a plug, is intended for ventilation, but they told us that it is seldom used, the great desideratum being heat at the smallest expenditure of fuel. What these huts must be when the drifting snow compels the occupants to close all the openings, and the stifling smoke, such smoke as only peat can make, combines with the odors of live stock and dried fish, may better be imagined than experienced. Turf, the only fuel, is dug in all parts of the surrounding lowlands, sometimes from the surface, but often from a depth of ten or twelve feet, evidenced by the deep pits along the roadside.

"Darling Nellie Gray."

A Cincinnati correspondent says: There are few persons in the South who have not heard and admired that charming melody, "Darling Nellie Gray," and at one time it stood in the same rank with "Old Kentucky Home," and others of that class. It is less known now, but in certain southern sections "Nellie Gray" is a household word, and in every list of plantation songs it has an honored place. But to come to my story. I was talking the other day to a musically-inclined gentleman, whose practice on the violin in a room near my own keeps me constantly striving not to do anything of a riotous nature, when we mentioned the old song incidentally, and he told me the author was his cousin, and that it had a little history.

The song writer was B. R. Hanby, of Westerville, Ohio, who was also a painter, a musician, and a poet. When he was about twenty years of age he sometimes jotted down melodies which struck him, and on one occasion the notes of "Nellie Gray" went on paper, and he afterward wrote the words. He had never published any music, and this was put aside where he could use it as the fancy struck him.

One night at a little company at his house, the song, among others, was sung, and a gentleman present, being struck by the air, made some inquiry about it, and the facts were given him. He at once asked the young composer what it was worth, and Mr. Hanby not being posted, put the figure at \$5 and the trade was made. The new owner set about having it published; and when it appeared it struck the popular taste, and over 200,000 copies were sold. Another case of the history of composers repeating itself, or rather of one story, with the names changed, being narrated of many.

"Bell of Justice."

In one of the old cities of Italy, a bell was hung in a tower, which any one was at liberty to ring who had been wronged and by it summon the magistrate to see that justice was done him. It was called the "Bell of Justice," and the following beautiful story is connected with it:

When, in course of time, the flower end of the bell-ropes rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and trying to eat the vine, rang the bell.

The magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found the old and starving horse.

He caused the owner of the horse in whose service he had toiled and been worn out to be summoned before him, and decreed that as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice" he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.

The men who learn endurance are they who call the whole world brother.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A Nevada man, who has been very deaf for years, was recently so severely burned about the face and neck, and afterward found that he could hear perfectly well. He attributes his cure to the shock, but it is too violent a remedy to be generally accepted.

Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, leads off in the pardon business. During his administration of four years he has pardoned more than 1,500 criminals, remitted fines of more than \$2,000,000, and granted respites to other fines to the amount of some \$1,000,000.

It is proposed to hold at Paris, next year, an exhibition of recently devised appliances for lessening the frequency and dangers of railroad accidents. To judge from experience, says the *American Machinist*, there is need enough of bringing such appliances into use; and, if the proposed exhibition results in the adoption of the unknown good ones, its value will be apparent. The opportunity to exhibit may be improved by inventors, who claim that, after working out something useful in this direction, they are unable to bring it to the attention of railroad officials—much less to secure a trial of its merits.

Mr. Goldwin Smith disagrees with Herbert Spencer on the subject of Americans over-working themselves. It is not over-work so much as over-worry. But the special need of this country is, in his opinion, the preaching of the "gospel of contentment, indifference to inordinate wealth, and the peace of mind bred by the possession of moral treasures, not affected by the price of stocks." To which the *Detroit Free Press* cynically adds: "So long as the continuous prosperity of the country allows the sudden accumulations of enormous fortunes and tempts to their acquirement such a gospel will fall on deafened ears. It is only during 'hard times' that the gospel of contentment in this world, of a hope in the next, gets a hearing."

The Territory of Arizona has always borne a rather unsavory reputation, and a year ago it seemed to be going from bad to worse. Its proximity to the wildest section of Mexico invited the presence of outlaws from that country; the native "cowboy" vies with the foreign "greaser," and lawlessness of every sort was encouraged by the disgraceful weakness of the local government. The good news comes, however, that the past year has seen a great change for the better. Soon after Governor Tittle's appointment, he saw that the task of restoring order was too great for his unaided powers, and he invoked the assistance of the Federal government, which promptly responded by placing General Crook in charge of the department. The civil and the military authorities have since then worked in harmony, and the active campaign which they have waged against evil-doers has already produced its effect in transforming what was but recently the outlaw's paradise into a territory where crime meets its due punishment in the courts. The Arizona of old discredited the whole country, and the whole country may therefore rejoice that it is being converted into a law-abiding community.

Space in the Universe.

The nearest of the fixed stars is twenty trillions (20,000,000,000,000) of miles distant from us. The next in distance is four times farther removed. If we attempt to fix an average distance for the surrounding group of fixed stars nearest our system, we could not safely give it a radius of less than four hundred trillions of miles. Yet what does this involve. Light, which reaches us from the sun in eight and a half minutes, would take seventy years in its journey across this vast domain of space. If the value of space included within our solar system were occupied with one huge sphere of 5,600,000,000 miles diameter, even such a mighty mass would be but as a floating feather in its marvelous spread of empty space surrounding. This space would contain twenty-seven hundred trillions of such spheres, and would contain the material of contents of our solar system a number of times indicated by the figure 5 with twenty-two ciphers annexed.—*Philadelphia American*.

A Clattering Conscience.

One of the neatest stories is that of an early judge, an archbishop, who, in denying an accusation, said, striking his breast: "By my conscience, my lord, I know nothing of it!" The blow made his shirt of mail rattle, which brought the caustic rebuke, "My Lord! your conscience is not good; I hear it clattering." He had to flee with his clattering conscience, and seek safety disguised as a shepherd in tending sheep on the mountain side.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

METHODS OF TORTURE.

On Ex-Sailors' Blood-Curdling Reminiscences—Horror of Keel-Hauling—Chinese Crucifix.

Speaking with a St. Louis policeman in one of the stations, a reporter ventured upon the subject of corporal punishment, when the policeman suddenly became interested and said: "Oh, hanging don't amount to anything. I've seen men killed in manners far more horrible. I've seen them die all sorts of ways. I will only say in what manner I have seen men punished for crime. When very young I entered the Danish navy, and remained in the service until I was thirty-nine years old. During all the time I was cruising mostly in the East and about the coast of Africa, I was young, and having an uncle in the Admiralty, I always had such voyages as I liked them. One of my earliest cruises was along in 1834 along the Chinese coast. On that voyage I witnessed my first flogging, and saw several subordinate seamen keel-hauled, two or three of them being killed by the punishment. Keel-gauling is gone out of fashion now, but it used to be quite common. A line was passed from the keel to the stern under the vessel. The sailor was fastened to one end of the rope and dragged him out on the other side. This was often repeated two or three times. If the sailor who was being keel-hauled was a good swimmer he would not be badly injured by the punishment; but if, as often happened the sailor, could not swim and the gang pulled the rope taut, the sailor was often pulled up dead. The vessel's bottoms were lined with copper, which chipped off and stuck out from the bottom. The sailor being dragged against these sharp points was often terribly lacerated, if not killed.

While in China I witnessed some very horrible executions, and was the means of saving a native of the Celestial Kingdom soundly bastinadoed. In business, trickery and scheming the heathen Chinese certainly is peculiar, and it was in those early days I landed at a small town on the coast; and desiring to purchase some curiosities went into a store, where I picked out a number of articles and turned over the necessary money in silver to the Chinaman. Then I started out, when the Chinaman demanded the full price of the goods. I informed him that he was paid, but he said no, and putting his hand into his money-box, laid my money upon the stand and called for his goods. I gave him his goods, took the money and, walking out, went into a store near by and bought some more goods, turning the money over to the store-keeper. He looked at the money, and then a soft grin spread over his features. "No good," he said. What I said wouldn't look well in print, but I maintained the money was good. I was convinced that I was in error, however, when the store-keeper threw three dollar pieces down upon the counter and they shivered to pieces. Then I realized that the first Chinaman had exchanged my good money for counterfeit, and I immediately laid the case before the Mandarin; in fifteen minutes the swindler was before the Mandarin; in fifteen minutes more he was tried and bastinadoed, and limped away to his shop after having paid me my good money.

In another part of China I witnessed the execution of a number of rebels who had been captured some time before. Some distance inland from the town there was an open piece of ground, and one condemned criminal was taken out there. A hole about five feet deep was dug near an ant-hill, and the man was placed in the hole with his arms tied to his sides. Then the dirt was thrown in and patted down around him. He was completely buried up to the chin. When buried a gag was placed between his teeth and his mouth kept wide open. The inside of his mouth and far down his throat was then thoroughly smeared with a sweet, honey-like substance, and he was left alone. Immediately the ants perceived the smell of honey they started from an adjacent hill in a swarm and went in a stream down the throat of the victim. He was devoured by the ants, and his sufferings cannot be described, in fact they can scarcely be imagined. Another execution I witnessed was nearly as bad as the one I've just told you. This victim was condemned for I don't know what. He was tied to a post with his face toward the blinding sun, and while tied there slackened lime was thrown into his eyes, and they were burned out of the sockets. He was then left tied to the stake, and must have died of starvation.

"The neatest executing I think is done by guillotine, although some very neat decapitation is done by the Danish executioners with an ax. The ax is very broad and very heavy at the end. It is kept sharpened as keen as a razor all the time. Near the end of the blade of the ax-blade is a hollow opening in

the steel, and this is filled with quick-silver. The criminal puts his head in an arrangement much resembling the pillory. The ax is raised but a slight distance above the neck, and then is drawn across the neck. The sharp edge cleaves through skin and bone very smoothly, and lacks much of the objectionable noise of the guillotine.

Eggs as Food.

The *Journal of Chemistry* says that eggs, at average prices, are among the cheapest and most nutritious articles of diet. Like milk, an egg is complete food in itself, containing everything necessary for the development of a perfect animal, as is manifest from the fact that a chick is formed from it. It seems a mystery how muscles, bones, feathers and everything that a chicken requires for its perfect development are made from the yolk and white of an egg; but such is the fact, and it shows how complete a food an egg is. It is also easily digested, if not damaged in cooking. Indeed, there is no more concentrated and nourishing food than eggs. The albumen, oil and saline matter are, as in milk, in the right proportion for sustaining animal life. Two or three boiled eggs, with the addition of a slice or two of toast, will make a breakfast sufficient for a man and good enough for a king.

According to Dr. Edward Smith, in his treatise on "Food," an egg weighing an ounce and three-quarters contains 129 grains of carbon and seventeen and three-quarters grains of nitrogen, or 15.25 per cent. of carbon and two per cent. of nitrogen. 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 1584 to 900. As a flesh producer, one pound of eggs is about equal to one pound of beef.

A hen may be considered to consume one bushel of corn yearly, and to lay ten dozen or fifteen pounds of eggs. That is to say that three and one-tenth pounds of chemistry corn will produce, when fed to a hen, five-sixths of a pound of eggs, but five-sixths of a pound of pork requires about five pounds of corn for its production. Taking into account the nutriment in each and the comparative prices of the two on an average, the pork is about three times as costly a food as the eggs, while it is certainly less healthful.

Paper in Japan.

Paper is an article of great utility to our sisters in Japan. Not only do they use paper fans, paper pouches and paper lanterns, but also paper pocket-handkerchiefs, paper umbrellas, paper walls, paper windows and paper string.

The Japanese obtain it from a different source from our own. Instead of old rags being converted into clean paper, they make use of the bark of the Broussonetia papyfera, stripped, dried, and then steeped in water till the outer layer comes off. It is cheap, four sheets of the ordinary quality being worth about one farthing. It is paper that does not tear evenly; some kinds are tough—more like cloth. When required for string, it is deftly twisted into a strong twine, which in some cases is made of part of the paper forming the wrapper.

When oiled, it is made into waterproof clothing, or stretched on a neatly constructed bamboo frame and used as an umbrella. One kind is manufactured to assume the appearance of leather, and is made into tobacco pouches, pipe and fan-cases. The connoisseurs use a kind of white tissue paper in the famous butterfly trick, when a scrap, artistically twisted, hovers over a paper fan with all the fluttering movements of the living insect.

Does the World Miss Any One?

An exchange gives the following truthful and beautiful answer to the above question: Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of man in a few months, or, at the furthest, in a few years after the grave is covered over the remains. We are shedding tears above a new-made grave and wildly crying out in our grief that loss is irreparable; yet in a short time the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports and we no longer miss the one who is gone. So passes the world. But there are those to whom a loss is beyond repair. There are men from whose memories no woman's smile can chase recollections of the sweet face that has given up all its beauty at death's icy touch. There are women whose plighted faith extends beyond the grave, and drives away as profane those who would injure them from a worship of their buried love. Such loyalty, however, is hidden away from the public gaze. The world sweeps on beside and around them, and cares not to look upon unobtruding grief. It curves a line and rears a tone over the dead, and hastens away to offer homage to the living.