

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Quickly Married.

A man from Syracuse, N. Y., wanted to hire a married couple at the Castle Garden, New York, emigration bureau. The commissioners happening to be just at that moment quite out of married couples, the superintendent ordered up two young Wurtemberg emigrants of the opposite sex, who had made one another's acquaintance on the ship coming over, and married them with little ceremony. They never expected affairs to go as far as this, but on being promised a good situation and supplied with a little money for a marriage festival, they fell into line with great gaiety and haste.

Fondness for Dogs.

It is a sign of the degeneracy of the times, says a Brooklyn *Eagle* writer, that the fashion of carrying poodles and lap dogs in the street has returned. A woman cannot make a more disgusting exhibition of herself than when she trundles a poodle dog along by a ribbon, guarding it from harm with maternal care, and tenderly lifting it over puddles and gutters in the street. To see them fondle these nasty little pets in the cars and stages is positively sickening. Nobody can object to a woman's love for a dog, if he is a dog of any size or breed, but to make a display of affection over a woolly and sleepy poodle or a stupid and over-fed pug is entirely without reason. It is a pity this form of idiocy has again become prevalent.

The Japanese Way.

On Monday last, says a paper printed in Japan, the marriage of Miss Inouye and Mr. Katsunosuke Inouye was celebrated at the official residence of his excellency Inouye, minister for foreign affairs. The ceremony was conducted in Japanese fashion and attended only by the near relatives and intimate friends of the family. The wedding presents were displayed in an upstairs room and, of course, attracted much attention. With few exceptions the Japanese gifts, though costly and attractive, were intended to express a sentiment rather than to serve any useful purpose. Most prominent was a mountain formed of rolls of floss silk, white and crimson. Each roll was bound with strands of parti-colored twine, the ends not brought round into a bow, as is usually the case, but tied in hard knots, emblematic of the indissolubility of the marriage tie. The floss silk was intended to typify gentle yet enduring constancy, the strength of its skeins offering a noted contrast to their softness and flexibility. Round the base of this mountain were disposed a number of ornaments of fresh rice straw, plaited into the forms of storks and tortoises, emblematic of longevity, of the pine, bamboo and plum, of perpetual bloom, while into the loops of the plaits were thrust pieces of dried bonito, a favorite accompaniment of wedding presents, its name (katsu-wo-boshi) being a homonym for the three Chinese characters signifying victorious, manly and brave.

Fashion Notes.

Plaid skirts with plain corsages will be much worn.

Jersey waists are more popular for children than ever.

The Jersey is destined to great popularity this season.

Black lace bonnets are restored to their former popularity.

Old gold, shot and barred with blue, appears in many fabrics.

The shade of lilac known as Ophelia is revived in veilings.

Smoky pinks, greens, blues, and various neutralized tints are in high favor.

Spanish laces are not so exclusively fashionable this season as they were just.

None but tall and slender women can wear large square and large plaid fabrics.

Blue and colors, shot with tints to produce opaline effects, bid fair to be much worn.

White cashmere serge dresses, worn without a touch of color, are stylish for the house.

Cachemire des Indes is the high novelty fabric for parts of or entire costumes and entire visites.

Large squares and plaids are made up in combination with plain goods, showing the same base of color for the ground.

A Paris correspondent says that in an hour's walk in the Bois de Boulogne, at the fashionable hour, one sees more than a hundred different new costumes.

A most charming costume is made of Brussels net over satin, the net being tufted with large roses in bright shades and centered with gold.

All-wool diagonals, silk warp Henriettes, taffelalains, cashmere Foules,

tricotés, plain lace buntings, and nun's veilings are select mourning fabrics.

Wrappers with trains are made in the princess style, the fronts opening over puffings of Surah or pleatings of lace, and where something more simple is desired the plain flannel matinee is selected.

Embroidered gauzes, brocades in Persian designs, and those covered with garlands of flowers, are now combined with the leading shades of changeable lilac, blue-green, morning tint, and marine pearl.

In the seasonable fabrics, patterns in the French mousseline, Foulard-cambries, Swiss-ginghams, batistes, Scotch-zephyrs, French-sateens, French-albatros, linen lawns, and seersuckers can be seen in great varieties.

New handkerchiefs are of fine linen batiste, with borders of fine tucks, the monogram being wrought in lace effects. More dressy styles have a center of sheer linen lawn with a smooth border of rich lace set on and covered by soft buttonhole and cord work. A lace thus used has small scallops and picots on the edge. For plain handkerchiefs with deep hems, the initials in either a "giraffe" letter, or there is an interwoven design composed of the owner's initials in rustic lettering. These are embroidered, and the arrangement of the letters is in the perpendicular, after the fashion of Chinese writing.

A Prophet.

Artemus Ward was something more than a sparkling humorist. He was a man of character and principle; there was nothing of the adventurer, very little even of the speculator, about him. Even in the depths of comedy he was always on the side of justice and virtue, and not with the big battalions. "I ax these questions"—about Louis Napoleon—"my royal duke and most noble highness and imperials, because I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart. He's cunning, he is long-headed, he is grate, but unless he is good he will come down with a crash one of these days, and the Bonnypartes will be busted up again. Bet yer life." These comic but prophetic words were written when the late emperor was at the climax of his power, and about the time it was the fashion to call the second empire a perfect success. His devotion to his old mother was very strong; her happiness was constantly uppermost in his mind. At one time he wanted to get her to England—alas, it would only have been to weep over his grave! At another he thought of going home to live with her after he had made a fortune. His fame he valued quite as much for the pleasure it gave the old lady as for the cash it brought him. He was the natural foe of bigotry, Pecksniffianism and immortality of every kind. He often hit shams, hypocrites and scoundrels; but throughout the whole of his works you will not find one sneer at virtue or religion, and in spite of a few broad jokes not quite in European taste, there is not really one loose or unguarded expression. "I never stain my pages with even mild profanity; in the first place it is wicked, and in the second it is not funny," writes Artemus.

The Telegrapher's Pest.

A paper has been read before the electrochemie society of Berlin, giving some interesting particulars relative to birds and telegraph wires. In treeless districts the smaller birds in Germany are very fond of roosting both on poles and wires. Swallows frequently build under the eaves where wires run into telegraph offices, and actually stop work by causing contact, between the wire and some neighboring body which will carry the electric current to the earth. Contacts with a like result are often caused by large birds alighting on the wires and causing them to swing together and touch. Woodpeckers frequently peck holes through the telegraph posts, and no kind of preparation of the wood seems to stop them from doing so. Sulphate of copper, corrosive sublimate, chloride of zinc and other poisons have been applied to the wood as preservatives against rot; but the birds peck away at them all the same. At the recent electrical exhibition at the Crystal Palace a part of one of these pecked posts was shown. The theory was then broached that the woodpecker mistook the vibration of the attached wires for the hum of insects, and attacked the post with the notion of getting at them. This theory is now combatted on the ground that dry poles are frequently infested with insects. But wood saturated with the poisons named above must certainly be excepted. The woodpeckers have evidently not yet found this out.

WAR HEROES.

Men Who Calmly Faced the Enemy's Bullets.

A small flag had been set at the side of a rock standing near the flank of one of the French trenches before Sebastopol. No one knew how the flag had come there. It was remarked that cannon-balls and shells had fallen into the trench with fatal effect, as if there had been an enflaming fire. A sudden light broke upon the officer in command. The flag was a point to aim at from the rampart, and the rock sent the shot by ricochet into the trench. He called for a volunteer to take away the flag. There was no reply. In the French army it is not enough to give a word of command, which has to be explained before it is obeyed. The officer went to a private soldier by the name of Victor Picault and asked him to go. The man answered that he would go if he knew why. The case was then made clear to him. He sprang out of the trench and ran to the flag under a shower of rifle bullets. He pulled it down. At the moment it fell a whole battery discharged grape-shot at him. He threw himself upon the ground. Both the French and the Russians thought he was killed. He suddenly jumped up, unharmed, and ran to the trench with the flag in his hand. He received non-commissioned rank and the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

An incident displaying the coolest courage was next related. I am sorry not to have noted down the name of the young lieutenant alluded to. A small detachment of infantry under his command had been sent out of one of the French trenches to attack a Russian rifle-pit with the bayonet as soon as the fire, directed upon it from the trench, should have ceased. Shot and shell were meanwhile discharged at the detachment from the ramparts. Some of the men remarked to the young officer that by staying there they would soon all be hit, while they might reach the cover of the trench in time to return at the cessation of the firing from it. The officer answered that they had been ordered to stay, and that being under fire was no reason for their running away. At that moment a shell fell at his feet, and he thanked the Russians, touching his cap to them, for sending a light for his cigar, which he pulled from his pocket. He bit off the end of it, lighted it at the fuse of the shell, and held out his cigar-case to the soldiers, asking if any of them would like to smoke. The shell burst, and strange to say, neither the brave youth nor any of the detachment was injured by it. The soldiers were thus shamed into standing by so self-possessed and gallant an officer.

A gunner was then praised for his courage and strength. During an attack on one of the French batteries he remained alone to defend it, all his comrades having been killed or wounded. He brandished one of the levers of his cannon like a quarter-staff, striking down five Russians with it. He received two bayonet thrusts in his shoulders, but still had vigor enough to wrest a rifle from one of those who had wounded him. He shot the one with it, and knocked the other over with a blow on the head from his stock. Some Zouaves came to his assistance, and saved him by charging the Russian line of attack. They carried him in triumph to the commander-in-chief, who was at breakfast. On hearing the report given of the affair, the great general made the gunner sit down to share his meal. When he was withdrawing a Cross of the Legion of Honor was pinned on his breast by the general himself. The gunner offered his humble thanks, and asked if he might go to have his wounds seen to. Intense was the astonishment of the officers present. Among them was a staff surgeon, who was ordered to examine the man at once. The two wounds were pronounced by him to be very serious, but not mortal, and the happy gunner was sent to the ambulance.—*Temple Bar.*

Tit for Tat.

A Philadelphia fish-dealer departed for a railroad station a few miles out to spend Sunday with some friends. After the cars had started he found on looking at his return ticket that "in consideration of the reduced rates," etc., the ticket was good only until the day following; so on his return on Monday he had to buy another ticket to come home on. A day or so afterwards, a leading official of the company bought a couple of early shad of him. They were delivered, and on opening the bundle was found a card stating that "in consideration of the low price charged, the shad would not be good after two hours." The fish had to be thrown away and that official has been in a brown study ever since.—*Philadelphia News.*

THE SONG OF SONGS.

The Meaning of This Noted Biblical Poem.—A Scriptural Love Story.

Ellie Hopkins, in an article in the *Century* on the "Song of Songs," which is Solomon's says: It has been reserved for modern Hebraists to restore this lovely little epithalamium to its proper place, and, scraping away the accumulated whitewash and plaster of ages,—the mistranslations and misunderstandings of centuries,—to reveal it as it is, an exquisite little shrine of the affections, embedded in the very heart of our Bibles, adfush with passionate color, but pure and chaste and enduring as sculptured marble. The plot or argument of the poem is this: King Solomon on one of his numerous pleasure excursions, accompanied, as usual, by his court, is passing through the north of his kingdom,—a land rich in vineyards; and fair pastoral beauty,—when they perceive, in a neighboring nut-garden, a beautiful girl, singing and dancing to herself in the joy of the spring.

She has come down to the garden to look at the tender opening buds, and in the gladness of her own opening life and the happiness of first love she has thrown aside her veil, and is singing with the birds and dancing with the dancing lights. They watch her, lost in admiration, when, suddenly perceiving that she is observed, she makes a shy movement of flight, arrested for a moment by the entreating voices with which they call her back. The king, at once deeply enamored of the beautiful stranger, leaves orders that she shall be transferred to his harem, her denoting that she was unmarried and unpledged. On inquiry it is found that the maiden—the Sulammite, as she is called throughout the poem, from her native village Sulem—is the only daughter of her mother. Her father is dead, and her step-brothers, the sons of a former marriage, exercise his authority in his stead. They treat her with great harshness, and make her the keeper of one of their vineyards. There she meets with a young shepherd and keeper of gardens like herself, on whom she pours out her "forgotten heart,"—a love which he returns, but without, as yet, having gained the consent of the brothers to their betrothal. They, on the contrary, very much prefer the advantageous offer of the king, and she is at once transferred to the harem at Jerusalem. There the great king wooes the simple village maiden, and she has to endure every seduction that wealth and luxury and rank can bring to bear upon her. But she remains faithful to her shepherd-lover, preferring true love to worldly advancement. Finding her obstinate, the king at last resolves to pay her the highest honor of all. He resolves to marry her and make her one of his queens; but with no better result. His advances are always stopped by her flitting away with the despairing cry on her lips: "My beloved is mine, and I am his." Till at length, since the worship of Jehovah puts bounds to even the passions of a king and forbids the use of violence, he suffers her to depart to her shepherd-lover. The poem ends in the gardens of the north, with the reunion of the lovers and their approaching marriage, and with the great unveiled utterance and key-note of the poem, "Love is as strong as death" and "many waters" (even the deep waters of trial through which the Sulammite had passed) "cannot drown it," followed by a little mirthful song of triumph on her part, and a mocking allusion to the failure of the great king to bribe her from her faithfulness.

With regard to the approximate age of the poem, the data are more satisfactory. The poem itself is sufficient to prove that it was not written by Solomon. The great king would certainly not have satirized himself so severely.

A Terrier Saves a Baby.

A woman left her baby, eighteen months old, on the floor of the front room playing with its toys and a little terrier dog that is its constant companion. The mother was away just three minutes, but when she came back and opened the door, her infant's head, arms, and shoulders were hanging beyond the stone sill of an open window, and near it, with its feet on a chair, stood the little dog, holding on to the child's dress for dear life. Her child, unconscious of any danger, was crawling at some object in the yard, while the dog, holding on the dress, looked a mute appeal for haste and help. In an instant she was by her baby's side, and the danger was passed. When the dog had been relieved of his burden he pranced around the mother and child with a delight that was almost frantic.

The Queen of England's private debts cost the English government \$108,000 a year.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

California's imported ostriches lay eggs weighing 3 1-2 pounds each.

Among the early Christians Sunday was called Dies Dominica, on account

A lump of coal weighing three tons was recently mined at Trout Run, Mercer Co., Penn.

Nine thousand Marshal Niel roses on one vine is the record for one year made by a grower in Newport, R. I.

A watch made entirely of iron and in perfect running order was exhibited in a Worcester'shire (England) fair recently.

Three places claim to have given a name to tobacco: Tobago, one of the Caribbees; Tabacco, in Yucatan; and Tobacco, on the Gulf of Florida.

of the Saviour's appearance on that day after his resurrection. The first civil law issued for the observance of the day combined it with the seventh day Sabbath and other festivals.

In many parts of Spain farming operations have made little or no progress since the expulsion of the Moors. The same sort of plow is now used as then, oxen tread out the corn after the ancient Oriental fashion, and women separate the chaff from the corn by tossing the grain up in the air during a breeze of wind.

The *Mechanical Engineer* tells a strange story of the effect produced on a wrought-iron forging by a human hair. The forging was in a powerful cold press for finishing the forging after it is shaped. It was put between two hardened steel dies and subjected to a pressure of 100 tons to the square inch. A hair taken from the head of a bystander was placed on the face of the forging and the full pressure applied. The result was that the hair was driven into the forging and imbedded in it, the hair itself remaining uninjured, and being removed intact.

It is said that the gigantic statue of Germania to be placed at Niederwald, near the Rhine, is to contain forty-five tons of metal. The blade of the sword alone weighs one ton. On the tip of one of the fingers of the left hand of the figure is the imperial crown of Germany, and the body is clad in chain armor. A figure of the Moselle is to stand opposite; another, representing the Rhine, at the foot of the statue, and each of those will be eighty feet high. Different portions of this bronze Colossus and its attendant groups are being cast in Berlin, Dresden, Nuremberg and other places.

Odd Notices.

□ A gentleman near Winchester made a rockery in front of his house, in which he planted some beautiful ferns, and, having put up the following notice, found it more efficient and less expensive than spring-guns or man-traps. The fear-inspiring inscription was:

"Beggars beware, Scelopendriums and Polypodiums are set here."

The wall of a gentleman's house near Edinburgh some years since exhibited a board on which was painted a threat quite as difficult for the trespasser to understand as the preceding: "Any person entering these inclosures will be shot and prosecuted."

An eccentric old gentleman placed in a field on his estate, a board with the following generous offer painted thereon:

"I will give this field to any man who is contented."

It was not long before he had an applicant.

"Well, my man, are you a contented fellow?"

"Yes, sir; very."

"Then why do you want my field?"

The applicant did not wait to reply.

Headed Another Way.

A tender-hearted clergyman, who resides in a town adjoining Hartford, was about to give a trapped mouse to the cat when he caught what he thought was a beseeching expression in the little fellow's eyes and he relented. The mouse was so innocent and pretty, and the cat so eager to seize it, that the minister told his wife he would not sacrifice it. He took it down in the lot and set it at liberty. His wife told him that he had done a very foolish thing, as the mouse would get into his barn and then back into the house again. "I guess not," said the minister, "I headed him towards neighbor B's barn."

A Storm Prophet.

"He's a long way ahead of Wiggins," said Melancthon, to one of Mr. Marrowfat's guests, as they were examining the pictures in the parlor after dinner.

"Your father is a very clever man," politely observed the gentleman to whom their remark was addressed.

"Yes," continued the garrulous boy, "he can tell when there's a storm coming every time, just by looking in man's face."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Hardy and Fearless.

At Neah Bay, around Cape Flattery and down the coast from Tatoosh to Gray's Harbor live various tribes of Indians, who, as hunters and fishers, are as hardy and fearless as any race of aboriginal men in the known world. While the writer was at Quillute, the Indian village forty miles below Cape Flattery, last fall, a whale was sighted off the beach, and four canoes at once started toward him. Soon we were upon the monster, who, lolling lazily along, paid no heed to the demonstrations of his puny assailants, but he was rudely awakened. The foremost canoe darted forward, and "thud!" went the harpoon into his broad back, buried nearly to the shaft. The canoe was stopped and suddenly backed, and none too soon, for, with a sudden and terrific smash of his flukes on the water, barely missing the nearest canoe, he sounded. A number of sealskin bladders, fast to the harpoon-line, were thrown over, and each canoe, in turn as it came up, made fast with a line to the foremost canoe. Up came the monster, and with a fearful lurch all four canoes were dragged through the water at a fearful rate as he started for the ocean.

Four or five miles was run at this rate, when his pace slackened, and the hindmost canoe was hauled cautiously past the others and another harpoon was dexterously planted, and this canoe assumed the front place in the procession; with the others bringing up the rear. Another wild rush, but shorter than the first, and a repetition of the performance, until there were half a dozen harpoons affixed and double as many sealskin bladders drifting around the exhausted monster, preventing his sinking or sounding. Finally, after hours of a prolonged fight for his life against his relentless foes, the coup de grace was given with the lance, a final plunge and he was ours. Three hours of padding and a nasty little swell on and the whale sunk beneath the water was the hard task before the whalers before the prize could be beached and fairly called their own; but gallantly they buckled to it, keeping time to their work with a high-keyed, monotonous chant, and an occasional ear-piercing, blood-curdling yell injected into it that was calculated to raise a casual spectator's hair on end.

On the beach the entire remaining population of the village were awaiting around huge bonfires the return of the hunters, but by no means in silence, for the yelling, whooping, singing, crouching, dancing, dusky, half-naked figures, as they plunged in and out the ruddy blaze of the huge drift-wood fires, reminded one of descriptions of infernal regions. The canoes are safely beached, the whale hauled up as far as strong hands can drag him, and left till the outgoing tide exposes his full proportions on the beach, when knife and axe and saw do their work till of the huge animal naught is left but a few well-stripped bones, on and over which the village dogs feed and fight and snarl till the incoming tide covers them with a layer of sand.

The carcass is divided among all concerned in the capture then and there alike, except that the honor piece, extending entirely around the animal and including the dorsal fin, is the property of him whose lucky harpoon was the first to strike the whale. For many days, feasts, songs and small potlaches celebrate their lucky capture, and the village finally assumes its normal condition.

Simple Cure for Dyspepsia.

A gentleman who is in business in this city has cured himself of a chronic and ugly form of dyspepsia in a very simple way. He was given up to die, but he finally abandoned alike the doctors and the drugs and resorted to a method of treatment which most doctors and most persons would laugh at as "an old woman's remedy." It was simply the swallowing of a teacupful of hot water before breakfast every morning. He took the water from the cook's teakettle, and so hot that he could only take it by the spoonful. For about three weeks this morning dose was repeated, the dyspepsia all the while decreasing. At the end of that time he could eat, he says, any breakfast or dinner that any well person could eat—had gained in weight, and has ever since been hearty and well. His weight now is thirty or forty pounds greater than during the dyspepsia suffering, and for several years he has had no trouble with his stomach—unless it was some temporary inconvenience due to a late supper or dining out, and in such a case a simple trial of his anti-breakfast remedy was sure to set all things right. He obtained this idea from a German doctor, and in turn recommended it to others, and in every case according to this gentleman's account, a cure was effected.—*Hartford Courant.*