

'ADIES' DEPARTMENT

The Darned Net Craze.

The "darned net craze" just now affects a large part of the feminine world. It is a coarse lace work wrought on lace netting with darned or knitted cotton, though much of it is done in linen floss, and it can be made as fine as the finest lace in the market. Still, for the most part, the numbers eight and ten are the cotton used, the lace netting, being bought by the yard and of a size of mesh to suit the cotton. The materials are not dear, but the working of them up into the figures and patterns that please the fancy is difficult and tedious, and the finished work, on this account and the time occupied in completing it, comes rather high.

A great many patterns are produced, but those known as the star and fern leaf and the five-three-two stitch seem to be the most favored. One lady living not far away has fifty different patterns worked by herself; and the one most liked is a vine pattern, and it is the one most easily learned and worked.

In every direction we find ladies at work trying to learn the art of teaching it to friends. Some acquire the art with great ease. One young lady, self-taught, is wearing a lace sack of darned cotton, and of a most elaborate pattern, made by her own hands.

Laughed Out of Fashion.

Great manufacturing interests sprang in France and England out of the revival by the Empress Eugenie of hoop petticoats. In a day they collapsed. The industrial crisis which the fall of "crinoline" brought about was indirectly due to M. Rochefort's theatrical fellow-worker, a confectioner of the Rue de la Paix. He placed in his shop window two large dolls. One was the first Cousine, (afterwards Empress) Josephine, in the slim elegance of the Year I. She was attired in the pseudo-Greek fashion, which she had divested of its original meagreness, into which she had infused a peculiar grace. The other doll was the Spanish lady who had been elevated by Napoleon III. to the imperial throne. She was robed in crude Metternich green, trimmed in a geometrical pattern with purplish magenta red. The bonnet, parasol, and mantle were in the same tone, and crinoline gave wide expansion to the skirts. Caricature lay in contrast. All Paris went to see the two dolls, and was amused by the ingenious manner in which M. Rochefort's friend attacked the empire. The court people enjoyed a laugh as well as those who were in opposition. At the next Monday evening dance the empress and her ladies were all in limp toilettes. Crinoline was at once shelved, and cries of distress were sent up from St. Etienne and Birmingham, which manufactured steel hoops, slender and elastic, for petticoats. The fashionable whim by which gentlemen in the evening appear in society un-gloved has latterly destroyed all the finer kid manufacturing for men's wear. The masculine hand is now only gloved in the morning and at race courses. A strong kind of old-fashioned cavalier glove is alone permissible.

Fashion Notes.

A new style of hair-dressing makes the head appear small.

Cockade bows are all the fashion. They are employed on bodice, coiffure and bonnet.

Belts of pig's skin are much worn. They are said to be made of alligator's skin in the stores.

The hat of the passing moment for young ladies is trimmed with white mull and yellow buttercups.

Fancy headed pins are used in place of brooches or lace pins to fasten the collar and lace jabots at the throat.

Escorial lace remains in favor and is found exceedingly appropriate for trimming velvets and heavy fabrics.

For full-dress occasions are satin parasols, worked in gold twist and silks, in Japanese style, with ten ribs.

Point lace, while not considered appropriate for young girls, is fashionably worn for wedding flounces and veils.

The popular colors for evening mitts and gloves are pale pink, pale blue, flesh color, mauve, cream and pure white.

Butterflies are popular as ornaments; they are employed on bonnets by milliners and are a favorite design in embroideries.

Lace woven silk gloves and mitts with ribbed tops and lace trimmings come in both Bernhardt and mousquetaire shapes.

Changeable silks are as much favored as the Foulards, Taffetas, and Surahs; they combine most effectively with plain goods.

Jerseys for evening wear are made of pale silk and are one mass of beads. They are not pretty and resemble a coat of armor.

Light lap robes for babies' carriages are of linen scrim, with borders of drawn work and a scant ruffle of Irish point on the edges.

Black velvet collars with very deep white lace around the edges and jabots down the front make a stylish finish for light colored dresses.

A new dress-trimming is a reproduction of piece net with the designs darned in and then studded with beads, pearls or pendants.

The same styles of hats appear for children as are worn by older people. Many of them resembling the Capotes-Fanchons and Greuze bonnets.

French dresses are the adopted styles for little ones. These neatly and simply made robes are especially favored where wash material is selected.

Yellow is a fashionable color, and it is becoming to many people, but it is also a warm color, and therefore to be used judiciously during the dog-days.

Fancy finger rings take the form of serpents, gypsy, bangle, and gemel or triple rings having for the top two golden hands clasped over two golden hearts.

Costumes for the country and sea, side are made of short length, with plaid or checked skirts and tailor-made jackets, of cashmere or light cloth, or worn with jerseys.

The only wraps which young girls wear are the pelerine pelisse, the paletot, and the Carrick, which last is a double cape with a ruche around the neck, and fastened with a bow of ribbon.

Little girls of from four to eight frequently wear the Louis XV. jacket with large revers forming a collar, and pockets in the same style. Under the loose waistcoat is worn a pleated skirt.

The Parisians have given up the little knot of hair twisted tight in the nape of the neck and now twist all the back hair into a thick torsade in the shape of a figure 8 on the top of the head; in front the hair is waved in bandeaux.

The English Royal Family.

The list of members of the royal family of England is as follows: Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, was born May 24, 1819, was married Feb. 10, 1840, to H. R. H. Francis Albert, Prince Consort, who died Dec. 14, 1861. There were nine children. The eldest child is Victoria Adelaide Maria Louise, Princess Royal, married to the Crown Prince Frederick William, of Germany Jan. 25, 1858. Her eldest son, the second child, is the Prince of Wales, Albert Edward, heir-apparent to the throne; married to the Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of the King of Denmark, March 10, 1863. Her third child was Alice Maud Mary, married to Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, July 1, 1862; died Nov. 15, 1878. Her fourth child is Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, married Jan. 23, 1874, to the Grand Duchess Maria of Russia. Her fifth is Helena Augusta Victoria, married July 5, 1895, to Prince Frederick Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein. Her sixth is Louise Caroline Alberta, married March 21, 1871, to John, Marquis of Lorne, present Governor General of Canada. Her seventh is Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, married March 13, 1879, to Princesse Louise Margaret, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. Her eighth is Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Albany, married April 27, 1882, to the Princess Helen, daughter of the Prince of Waldeck. Her ninth is Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, still unmarried.

Attending to Kerosene Lamps.

Kerosene oil is generally used for lights in the country, and the cleaning of lamp chimneys is quite tiresome, but must be attended to every day. The burners often get out of fix and it is very vexatious to keep them in running order. When they are clogged and will not turn up or down, and are all covered with soot and gum, do not throw them away, but take a little iron kettle and put in a pint of wood ashes and a quart of water; put in the burners and set them on the stove and let them boil five or ten minutes; take them out, and with a soft rag wash them, clean and dry them well. They are as good as new, and will do another six months. It is very little trouble to do it, and saves much vexation. After one has tried it once she will not be apt to forget it. Nice-looking, clean lamps, are quite ornamental, while a smoky chimney and bad-smelling burners are not agreeable.—*National Druggist's Journal.*

THE NEW BABEL.

The Strange Commingling Presented in Life at San Francisco.

Here are airs of Marseilles and of Peking. The shops along the streets are like the consulates of different nations. The passers-by vary in feature like the slides of a magic lantern. For we are here in that city of gold to which adventurers congregated out of all the winds of heaven; we are in a land that, till the other day, was ruled and peopled by the countrymen of Cortes; and the sea that leaves the piers of San Francisco is the ocean of the east and the isles of summer. There goes the Mexican unmistakable; there the blue-clad Chinaman with his white slippers; there the soft-spoken, brown Kanaka, or perhaps a waif from far-away Malaya. You hear French, German, Italian, Spanish and English indifferently. You taste the food of all nations in the various restaurants; passing from a French prix-fixe, where everyone is French, to a roaring German ordinary where everyone is German; ending, perhaps, in a cool and silent Chinese tea-house. For every man, for every race and nation, that city is a foreign city, humming with foreign tongues and customs, and yet each and all have made themselves at home. The Germans have a German theater and innumerable beer gardens. The French fall of the bastille is celebrated with squibs and banners, and marching patriots, as noisy as the American Fourth of July. The Italians have their dear domestic quarter, with Italian caricatures in the windows, Chianti and potenta in the taverns. The Chinese are settled in China. The goods they offer for sale are as foreign as the lettering on the sign-board of the shop; dried fish from the China seas; pale cakes and sweetmeats—the like, perhaps, once eaten by Badroubadour; nuts of unfriendly shape; ambiguous, outlandish vegetables, misshapen, lean, or bulbous—telling of a country where the trees are not as our trees, and the very back garden is a cabinet of curiosities. The joss house is hard by, heavy with incense, packed with quaint carvings and the paraphernalia of a foreign ceremonial. All these you behold, crowded together in the narrower arteries of the city, cool, sunless, a little moldy, with the unfamiliar races at your elbow, and the high musical-sounding of that alien language in your ears. Yet the houses are of Occidental build; the lines of a hundred telegraphs pass, thick as a ship's rigging, overhead, a kite hanging among them perhaps, or perhaps two, one European, one Chinese, in shape and color; mercantile Jack, the Italian fisher, the Dutch merchant, the Mexican vanquero go bustling by; at the sunny end of the street a thoroughfare roars with European traffic; and meanwhile high and clear, out breaks, perhaps, the San Francisco fire alarm, and people pause to count the strokes, and in the stations of the double fire service you know that the electric bells are ringing, the traps opening and clapping to, and the engine, manned and harnessed, being whisked into the street, before the sound of the alarm has ceased to vibrate on your ear.—*Magazine of Art.*

Telling Where His Trout Came From

"Where'd'y get 'em?"
"Well, I might a ketch'd 'em in the Sawkill or the Raym'skill, or the Capow. Or I might a yanked 'em out o' Gordon's mill pond. I didn't though. But I've got 'em."

The Pike county small boy knows that if he brings in a nice mess of trout before any one else has had good luck on any of the streams, he is of as much importance as a circus procession. He had a basket of trout that set every one crazy. Some New York fishermen were stopping at the hotel, and the landlord was anxious to find out for their benefit where the trout had been captured.

"Do you want to sell 'em?" asked the landlord.

"Yes, I'll sell 'em," said the boy; "but the price I've set on 'em mebbe won't suit you. They'm sixty cents a pound, these."

"I'll give you seventy cents a pound if you'll tell me where you got 'em," said the landlord.

The boy scratched his head. He looked his trout over, as if he was pondering the question as to whether or not it would be a good stroke of business to sell his secret with them. Finally he said:

"If you'll make it seventy-five I'll go you."

It was a bargain. The trout were weighed, and the money counted out to the boy.

"Now then, where'd'y catch 'em?" said the landlord.

"I said I'd tell you where I got 'em" the small boy replied, as he walked to the door. "I didn't ketch 'em. I traded six fly hooks an' that Ches'nut fish pole o' mine to Bill Smith's boy for 'em."—*N. Y. Sun.*

BABY.

He Went Down Town With Grandpa, but Won't Go Any More.

Grandpa loved the baby. The baby is three years old, with the prettiest big blue eyes, the plumpiest, reddest, cheeks, the dearest, dimpled mouth, and the cunningest ways in the world. Baby has sturdy little legs, and restless, strong little arms, and is an example of perpetual motion. Baby's grandpa accompanied him on various walks, but grandpa's ambition was to take baby down to the store, where the boys could see what a phenomenal child he is, and what cunning ways he has. One morning grandpa dressed baby up, and when he started away with grandpa he looked, with his wavy golden hair, bright eyes, and little brown cloak, like one of Kate Greenway's creations imbued with life. When the passengers in the car smiled at baby and remarked how sweet he was, grandpa was happy, and chuckled as he thought of the enjoyment of having baby with him at the store. Once at the store, baby was the centre of an admiring crowd of grandpa's business companions. Baby was shy at first, and one fat list was pushed into the little mouth, while baby's eyes were cast upon the floor. Pretty soon, though, baby regained his usual spirits and started on a tour of investigation. His first venture was to pull over a lot of ledgers and account-books that had been undergoing an investigation, and on top of this pile he poured the contents of a big bottle of violet ink. Pursuing his investigations further, baby found himself in the office where the brightly varnished safe, with its impossible landscapes, at once attracted his attention. The heavy iron door was closed, and baby, by standing on a chair, could just reach the combination knob, the brightness of which had caught his eye. He played with the pretty knob, turning it round and round over so many times, and laughing to himself. But the man who came to open the safe, and who was in a dreadful hurry, didn't laugh, for the lock had been worked for years on a part of the combination and baby had destroyed it completely, and three hours were required to find it again. Out in a back room baby found a hammer and some tacks, and filled some new desks full of pretty tin tacks. Then following the promptings of his busy little mind he pulled a piece of string to see what was on the other end of it. There was a mantel ornament belonging to one of the boys on the other end, and when the baby pulled the ornament tipped over and was shattered. Baby was frightened at the muss he had made, and hid himself in a box that stood on end near the door, and that had been used to hold soft coal during the winter. Grandpa found him there, but in what a plight! His little face and hands and his beautiful white dress were begrimed with the nasty coal-dust. Grandpa brushed him off and washed his face and hands, and made him somewhat presentable, after which he set him down in a big chair, and told him to set still. Baby sat still about a minute and then slid down out of the chair, and wandered away into the back room, where he suddenly spied a little dog curled up asleep on the top of a box. Baby stood on his toes, got a good grip on doggy's tail, and pulled. The dog woke up. And the next minute baby's little legs were working for dear life as he fled towards grandpa's quarters. Grandpa met him, kicked the dog, and quieted baby, tried to patch up the places in baby's dress where the dog's teeth had made ragged rents, and began to club himself for bringing baby down town. Finally baby capped the climax by upsetting on himself a can of lard oil, and grandpa quit work for the rest of the day, wrapped the baby in thick brown paper, tied a string around him and took him home. It will be some time before grandpa will take his pet down town with him again. Baby had a good time, though.

The Great Pork Speculator.

P. D. Armour is of sturdy Scotch Presbyterian stock. He was born in one of the central counties of New York, on a farm among the hills. It was the highest ambition of his boyhood days to earn money enough to buy the farm adjoining his father's. When the gold fever broke out he was still a mere stripling; but, full of youthful enthusiasm, he started for California, driving a wagon across the plains and mountains. He remained there three or four years, and in that time saved a few thousand dollars. He had cash enough to buy that farm and settle down. He had no sooner reached home than he experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. The streets of the village looked narrow, cramped and dull; the house appeared mean and dingy. He only remained on the farm two or three days, and

then betook himself to Cincinnati. Later he drifted to Milwaukee, and at the close of the war he sold a great lot of pork at \$40 a barrel, and bought it again at \$18 to \$19, realizing a profit of about a million. To-day he ranks as the wealthiest man in Chicago, being rated by those who know something of his business at \$25,000,000 or \$30,000,000. His transactions are colossal. His firm employs between 5,000 and 6,000 men, and on his pay rolls are about fifty men who receive salaries of \$5,000 and over. He is not yet fifty-five years of age.

MASSACRE OF THE CANINES.

Remorseless Waves Engulf the Dogs Who Have no Homes—Scenes at the New York Pound.

A New York reporter describes the method by which the unmuzzled dogs caught in the streets are killed at the pound, on the East river. Ninety-two dogs were disposed of on the day of the reporter's visit. During the forenoon a number of people called at the pound to claim their animals lost the night before while dissipating on the streets. While the weather was yet in that uncertain state between a heavy downpour of driving rain and a separation of the clouds for the admission of sunshine, an old gentleman in a linen duster and a tall hat, with a blue gingham umbrella in his hand, was described by the keeper peering anxiously over the outer wall. When questioned he admitted that he was in search of "Frank," who had mysteriously disappeared from home. It required a good deal of persuasion to induce the old gentleman to enter the door over whose portals might be appropriately inscribed, "Who enters here leaves hope behind." Once inside, he kept very close to the side of the keeper and was very reluctant to survey the pens in which a number of restless and protesting dogs were confined. Finally, when half-way through the yard, he recognized his pet spitz shut up with half a dozen ragged and dissipated-looking canines, among whom he was killing in utter ignorance of the fate he was barely escaping. He sprang about the pen in great delight when he saw his master, and when the latter had paid the \$3 necessary for his redemption, he accompanied him up the street with his tail elevated in triumph at the successful rescue.

While a dozen or more were saved from an unhappy fate by thoughtful masters, the others did not fare so well. About two o'clock in the afternoon a large iron cage four feet square was wheeled into the inclosure, and the door unlocked. A number of dogs who had watched the proceedings with tongues protruding through the bars of the pens evidently began to suspect the approach of a violent death, for they set up a lugubrious howling, and communicated their terror to their companions. In an instant the yard resounded with weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. A black and white spitz was first seized by the legs and thrust into the cage, lamenting the error of his ways at the top of his voice. A poodle followed him with piteous yelling protests, and then half a hundred curs of mongrel breed were sent to join their company. The spitz seemed to resent his forced companionship, and engaged at once in a pitched battle with a big yellow dog, whom he drove into a corner, where he licked his wounds and howled dismally for succor.

When the cage was filled it was wheeled along a short railroad track to the water's edge, where it was attached to a large crane. An executioner stood at the crank, and when the signal was given, he let go his hold and stepped back upon the platform. The cage swung out over the water and descended amid yells of rage, cries of fear and barks of derision. As it began to sink the dogs fought desperately for the upper places, and it disappeared with the disreputable spitz at the top of the cage, battling fiercely with a black-and-tan who disputed his supremacy. A choked wail floated over the white-capped waves, and the checkered career of the unfortunate canines came to a sudden and unexpected termination at the bottom of the East river, amid the sea-weed, pebbles and fishes.

After the lapse of a few minutes the cage was raised and the wet, limp bodies thrown into a waiting cart. The unhappy dogs who had witnessed the departure of their comrades from their pens in the yard were then taken out and treated to a similar exit. One of these that wore a huge Spinola collar snapped viciously at every dog as he was put into the cage. Another went at his antagonist savagely, and they sank beneath the restless waters locked in a fierce and passionate embrace. When the pens had been emptied the carcasses were taken to Barren island where they will be boiled down and converted into soap and phosphate.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

"Every Inch a Man."

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.
That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving
Hearts,
Since time and earth began!
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every inch a man!

Crocodiles and Alligators.

Alligators and crocodiles are reptiles.

They are not only reptiles, but ugly reptiles—very ugly. Ugly in looks and worse in disposition. They do not seem to know what gratitude is, and will kill and eat a benefactor as quickly as an enemy. In Egypt, where the great Nile river is, there are very many large crocodiles. As the crocodile, like all other reptiles, has cold blood, instead of warm blood such as we have, he is very fond of basking in the hot sun. He drags his great ugly body out of the water and lies on a sand-bank.

The crocodile lays her eggs in a hole in the hot sand and then goes away. The eggs may be broken, or destroyed, as they often are by a little animal called the ichneumon; but Mrs. Crocodile cares nothing for that. The little ones may hatch out and get to the water as best they may.

It must be said that the alligator, which is found only in North and South America, is a better mother than her cousin, the crocodile, which is found in this country, but is most common in Africa and Asia.

The alligator goes to her eggs about the time she knows they ought to hatch, and when the little ones come out of the shell she leads them to the water and feeds them. Although a very stupid creature, the alligator in some parts of South America knows that it can produce heat by putting damp leaves and other vegetable matter together. A sort of fermentation is produced in this way, and the inside of the heap of leaves will become very warm. And this knowledge enables it to hatch its eggs.

There is one respect in which the crocodile has the advantage of you. He never has the toothache. This is not because he does not eat candy, but because he never keeps his teeth long enough for any ache to catch them. His teeth are shaped like a cone, or sugar-loaf, with the part that sets in the jaw hollow. In this hollow place a new tooth is always growing, ready to be used as soon as the old one falls out. A dentist would have a very poor business among crocodiles.

Crocodiles usually live on fish and such other animals as are found on or under the water; but when driven by hunger they will attack any creature that comes near them.

In one case a party of hunters had camped out and built a fire to cook their supper. The fire was burning finely, and the supper was cooking and sending out a most savory odor, when one of the party who was standing over the fire putting on some more wood was suddenly thrown to the ground; the fire was scattered in all directions and the supper overturned into the mud.

The fire had been made on the back of a sleeping alligator, who had at last been roused by the extreme heat and had created all the commotion in his efforts to escape the torture. As he was as frightened as the hunters he made no attempt to revenge himself, but scuttled off as fast as he could, leaving the hunters staring at each other in astonishment.

There is one result of this habit which is most singular. While the alligator is buried in the mud, seeds will sometimes fall on his back and sprout and take root there, obtaining a firm hold in the creases between the small plates that form the skin of the back. The growth of vegetation is very rapid in these warm countries, and consequently it will come about that the shrubs and plants will become thick and high.

By-and-by when the warm weather comes and the rivers fill up, the alligator, still very stupid, will rouse himself and go to the water, on the surface of which he will float for a long time before seeking food. Then it is that birds will settle upon these strange islands and pick up the worms and insects that have, unluckily for themselves, gone there to live.

Mr. Bryant, the poet, is to be honored with a statue in Central park, New York. The statue will be in bronze, life-size, and will cost \$20,000.