

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Dress Reform.

Some time ago a number of German women met in Stuttgart and resolved to commence a reform in the prevailing dress customs which they deemed unwholesome and extravagant. As a basis of reform, they agreed on these points:

1. That nothing be declared "old-fashioned" which has been found useful, appropriate and becoming.
2. That nothing new be adopted, unless it is found to be both to the purpose, and answering to the demands of good taste.
3. That all garments and objects of toilet that are hurtful to health be put away.
4. To inquire whether a large saving might not be effected in dress, so that the expenses might be more appropriate to the income.

Elastic Undergarments.

Silk underwear, says Clara Belle, is very expensive, but it is supposed to have great recuperative powers and is especially recommended for rheumatism. Lisle thread is a somewhat new departure for underwear, and for persons of full habit or those who feel the heat very much there is nothing better. It is elastic, but at the same time offers a healthy friction.

"I shall be able to waltz hours this summer," said a frivolous young thing, "where last summer I could only keep it up for minutes."

"How is that?" I asked.

"You've heard of Spring-heel Jack? There was something or other about his shoes, if I remember rightly, that helped his gait so much as to make him a wonderful runner. Well, consider me mechanically improved all over in that kind of way. I've got on an elastic, eel skin sort of a combination suit. It keeps me at a tension, and makes every nerve and muscle feel capable of unprecedented activity and endurance. A girl who couldn't waltz continuously under such conditions would be a rarity."

How to Select a Husband.

The Cleveland (Ohio) *Farmer and Manufacturer* says: It has been profoundly remarked that the true way of telling a toadstool from a mushroom is to eat it. If you die, it was a toadstool, if you live, it was a mushroom. A similar method is employed in the selection of husbands. Marry him; if he kills you, he was a bad husband; if he makes you happy, he is a good one. There is really no other criterion. Some young men that seem unexceptionable, indeed very desirable, when they are single, are perfectly horrid as soon as they are married. All the latent brute there is in the heart comes out as soon as a sensitive and delicate being seeks her happiness in his companionship. The honeymoon lasts a very short time, the receptions and rounds of parties are soon over, and then the two sit down to make home happy. If she has married a society man, he will soon begin to get bored; he will yawn and go to sleep on the sofa. Then he will take his hat and go down to the club and see the boys, and perhaps not come home until morning. If she has married a man engrossed in business he will be fagged out when he comes home. He may be a sickly man that she must nurse, a morose man that she must sit for, a violent man that she fears, a fool whom she soon learns to despise, a vulgar man for whom she must apologize—in short, there are thousands of ways of being bad husbands, and very few ways of being good ones. And the worst of it is that the poor, silly women are apt to admire in single men the very traits that make bad husbands, and look with contempt and ridicule upon those quiet virtues which make home happy. Men with very little personal beauty or style often make the wife happy, and sometimes quite the reverse. The number of ways of being a bad husband is almost as great as the number of ways of being ugly. No one can tell from the demeanor of a single man what sort of a husband he will be. However, she must marry somebody.

Fashion Notes.

Flower bonnets are again in high favor. Pretty dresses for young girls are of gray-blue lawn, with fichus to match. Fancy woollens are in general more popular than cotton goods this summer. Chicken-down yellow is announced as a later tint of that shade than primrose. Large fans and large sunshades are made of figured sateen to match costumes. Shot glaze silks of medium or light shades are worn for summer dinner dresses. Escorial is the most fashionable lace,

and is very appropriate for trimming velvets.

All kid gloves are now worn under the sleeve, and contrast with the color of the toilet.

Long pelisses and raglans, proof against rain and dust, are made of fine grass mohair.

White Danish kid gloves, decorated with lilies of the valley, are worn by bridesmaids.

Chenille fringes of two kinds, the rat-tail and the fluffy, are both very fashionable.

Veils of gold and colored spotted net are not becoming, but they are worn for all that.

Wash goods and fine wool stuffs are used for children's dresses. Silk is used only under sheer muslin and lace dresses.

Organdie square kerchiefs for the neck come in blocks of fine buff, pink, and pale blue, with rosebuds printed on each block.

Bulgarian linen scarfs, with gay Turkish embroidery on each end, are used by milliners to trim rough round hats and small capotes.

The fringe of which straw fringed bonnets are made has uncut loops, and comes in natural straw color and shades of lavender, olive, blue and red.

The most fashionable stockings are of black, strawberry, or primrose, silk, or lisle, in monochrome; stripes and checks being only second in popularity.

Remarkable toilets made by Worth are of bouillonne tulle over satin, with violets and pansies fastened separately, leaving the stalks and leaves visible in the folds all over the skirt.

Tussore silk parasols have long sticks of bamboo, to be used as an alpenstock in country rambles. Bright red silks with white rings, and blue silk with double rings of white, red and gold are the newest colorings.

Young girls wear large, white rough-and-ready straw hats of fantastic shape, with puffed mull inside the brim, and a wide scarf around the crown. Some white ostrich tips and a bunch of forget-me-nots, or rosebuds, are added.

Trained skirts are now seldom seen except for the elaborate dresses worn at dinner parties. The straight, full demi-train is worn by young ladies, and is caught up in thick, irregular puffs on the top, or is drawn into a single large cluster, of gathers and attached to the back of the basque. If worn with a pointed corsage, a full puff of the material is sewed on the edge of the waist.

Condensed Milk.

"I suppose that 240,000 quarts of milk are condensed and canned in one day at this season of the year," said the foreman of a large establishment in Westchester county when asked about the extent of the business. "The business had its origin just before the war. The army created a great demand for it, and improved methods have given it a permanent place in the family. In early days the milk was evaporated in open pans. Then one of the most successful men in the business invented evaporation in vacuum pans.

"The process is very simple. The cooled milk is brought here in forty-quart cans by the farmers. It is measured and run into open pans, where it is heated until it boils. Then it is drawn into the vacuum pan. This pan is in shape like a farmer's milk can. It is about five feet in diameter. It is made of copper. A coil of steam pipe in the bottom furnishes the heat. An air pump exhausts the air inside until the pressure on the outside is about twelve pounds to the square inch. The temperature is usually kept at 140 degrees. The capacity of the pan is about 100 forty-quart cans. When the milk has been reduced to one-third or one-fourth of its original bulk, it is sweetened with about a pound of sugar to a quart of milk. It is then put in the little tin cans in which you see it on the grocery shelf and is hermetically sealed. Some of it is not sealed up, but is sold in bulk on the city streets. That kind is not sweetened."

"What do dishonest condensers put in with the sugar?"

"I do not believe they adulterate. A little glucose may be used. The lumps which you find in the bottom of your coffee are not adulterations. The manufacturer used stale or impure milk. Some manufacturers make two grades. They are proud of one grade. Much condensed milk is imported into this country. On the other hand, there is an enormous export trade."

"Does the business pay?"

"Very fair profits are made where a man has good luck with his milk."—*New York Sun*.

Connecticut was the first state in the Union to coin money.

JAPANESE ARTISTS.

The Wonderful Facility and Quickness of their Work Described.

The Japanese have a great advantage over the Europeans in being obliged from infancy to learn the use of a brush. Their alphabet is in fact a series of exercises in free-hand drawing. Not only is it composed of an immense number of complicated devices, but thousand of characters borrowed from the Chinese are in daily use. A boy who can write a letter has already unconsciously acquired the precision of touch of a trained European artist. In writing the paper is laid upon the left hand, instead of a desk, as is the custom also with the Arabs. Facility of motion is thus acquired alike for shoulder, elbow, and wrist. Then, too, the paper is of a peculiar quality, which at once absorbs the ink, and it requires a great precision of touch to produce an even outline. This early training accounts for the marvelous dexterity which shows itself in the commonest and roughest pieces of decoration. There is always a certain freedom of touch rarely acquired by our best artists. Dr. Dresser gives an interesting account of a treat prepared for him by Sir Henry Parkes. Five of the most celebrated native draughtsmen were invited to the embassy for the purpose of practically exhibiting their method of working. In the middle of the room was spread a breadth of felt, on which was placed a piece of paper, held down by weights. Each competitor had a long, slender piece of charcoal in a bamboo holder, some broad, flat brushes of deer's hair, and round ones made of vegetable fibre. On a slab was a quantity of Indian ink. The first artist came forward, bowed, and knelt down before his paper, considering it attentively for a minute or two. He then made a few almost imperceptible dots with the charcoal point, and with a flat brush full of Indian ink formed a large irregular mass in the centre, and with a small brush a few feathers and the end of a pendent branch. Then, beginning at the top of the paper, he worked downward, and in a quarter of an hour produced an admirable representation of a cock and hen and the branch of a tree. The body of the hen was skillfully left out in the painting, so that it was formed merely of the uncolored paper; but against the dark background, and with a few touches to indicate feathers, it was entirely satisfactory and thoroughly decorative.

A flower-painter next made his bow and knelt down. He, too, began with a few dots to guide him in the disposal of his masses. Taking a large brush full of green pigment, he made one leaf with each sweep, varying the shades in the different leaves, but each leaf being of an even color. With another brush he formed a peony flower, shading it by merely putting a little water on quickly before the red was absorbed. The colors of his palette were indigo, gamboge, crimson lake and red earth. The Japanese attach much importance to the art of composition, and always carefully arrange in their mind's eye before beginning any design exactly how they will produce balance without uniformity. One of the fair sex next tried her skill. She was flower-painter to the empress, and chose as her subject a simple little plant resembling our winter aconite. It was represented as if done up for sale with the root and a piece of paper round it. The fourth competitor took one of his broad flat brushes, dipped it in water, and squeezed it nearly dry. He then made it take the form of a crescent, and dipped the middle part in a dark solution of Indian ink, leaving the outside of a lighter shade. A few hairs were separated at one side and dipped in the darkest shade. By a dexterous movement the artist produced at a stroke the shaded body of a duck and an outline. Afterward he added the neck, head, feet, and tail feathers, and a flying duck was the result.

Another expert used his brush in a similar manner, producing a train of rats and a background. The bodies of the rats were left out, as in the case of the hen; but there was no doubt what animals they were intended for, though the delineation was done in this apparently hap-hazard manner. It is wonderful how the Japanese can make their animals live and move. Their birds really peck, or fly, or stand, or strike their prey. The fishes swim and wag their tails. The insects creep, or eat, or sun themselves. There is no mistaking what they are intended to be doing.—*Saturday Review*.

Cruelty to Animals.

"I feel like kicking myself over a ten-rail fence," said one broker to another, "for not taking in that stock."
"Don't do it; you'll be arrested."
"What for, I'd like to know?"
"For cruelty to animals. You know the kick of a mule is considered a deadly weapon."—*Merchant-Traveler*.

THE SILVER SLIPPER.

A Leaf from the Journal of a Forty-Niner.

Senora C— died last Wednesday in an old adobe house at the Mission Dolores, says a recent number of the *San Francisco Bulletin*. She was a Californian, and in the early history of San Francisco something of a celebrity. She was the heroine of the "silver slipper," an incident which, remembered by the old San Franciscan, is probably unknown to the majority of our citizens. Its singularity and the death of the heroine serve to bring it again to the front. One morning a monte-dealer crossing the plaza found a leather slipper lying on the ground. It was almost new and adorned with a scarlet rosette on the instep. It was also very small and had evidently belonged to a well shaped foot. The dealer, with a feeling of exaltation, carried the prize to "Long Bob Scratton," the subsequent famous bartender of the El Dorado gambling saloon, but at this time the chief engineer of a dram shop in a blanket tent near the old postoffice. Bob was a noted admirer of the sex, and when the finder laid the little slipper on the dry goods box that served as a bar, he rose from a game of "seven-up" and, settling himself six feet six inches in a pair of raw-hides, gave a yell that made every man in the tent lay his hand on a "shooting-iron" in the belief that a scrimmage was imminent. When the panic had subsided Bob called all hands to the bar and displayed the trophy.

It was only a shoe, yet it fired those strong men with emotion. It was long since they had seen anything like it. Women in those days were scarce, exceedingly scarce, and the sight of a fragment of the attire worn by one of the sex created, as Bob himself remarked, an "impression bordering upon madness." Certainly "the boys" acted strangely; Judge Bagley, the "eldest man in Fresno" standing treat, and Bob promising cigars free "for the hull crowd, and children included." There was a good blow-out that night. The news spread. Bob was said to have a woman's slipper in his saloon, and crowds of curious masculines hastened to gaze upon the honored object. In the meantime Bob's active brain was at work. He always had an idea of business, and conceived the idea that he might be able to utilize the relic. Accordingly he bought it, paying therefor an "ounce of dust and three gin slings." The slipper was lined with silver and turned into a drinking cup from which drinks were dispensed at the rate of "\$1 a tip." The idea took. Crowds of bibulous mortals came to taste the beverage dispensed by the shrewd barkeeper from the tiny cistern once encasing the foot of beauty. Bob coined money. The furor lasted some time—so long, in fact, that Bob was able to lay by a plum large enough to buy an interest in the "El Dorado," and pave the way to a fortune. In the midst of success he did not forget the fair owner of the slipper. He inquired diligently, but his search was long unavailing. At last, a detective who "passed over to the majority" a few weeks since, discovered the fair one in the person of a California girl residing at the Mission. Her name was Adelia—one-half must suffice. She was unmarried, pretty, the owner of a pair of black eyes that sent a pang through Bob's heart the first time he looked upon them. In fact, he became enamored of the fair Senorita, whose solitary prunella had placed him on the roll of financial success. But he had called too late. The lady had already placed her affections on a savage-looking vaquero, and rejected the barkeeper's advances. Finding that he could make no impression upon the dark-eyed Californian, Bob retired from the field, giving her as a dowry half a dozen "onzas" which she utilized in the purchase of a wedding attire. Bob took the disappointment a good deal to heart and tipped a good deal from the silver slipper; in fact, laid the foundation for that love of stimulants which ultimately reduced him to poverty.

That was thirty years ago, and time has not been idle. The silver slipper was destroyed in the May fire of '52 when the El Dorado was laid in ashes, and Bob, endeavoring to save his relic was severely burned. With the loss of the relic his fortune and energy vanished, nor was it long before he also turned to ashes and found a transient resting place under the scrubby oaks of Yerba Buena. Since then his remains have been scattered to the winds and "no man knoweth where he sleepeth." Many of the hilarious spirits who sipped the stimulating nectar from the silver slipper have also fallen asleep, the vaquero is dead, and the heroine herself has succumbed to the inevitable law of mortality. Such is a brief history of a circumstance once sounded by every tongue, as showing

what absurdities the minds of men could entertain in the halcyon days of the Golden State.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Where the Prominent Surviving Southern Officers are to be Found.

A writer in the *Washington Sunday Herald* says: Of the five field generals of the Confederate army, J. E. Johnson and Beauregard survive. General Johnson is the general agent of a prominent New York insurance company, and General Beauregard is the adjutant-general of the State of Louisiana (where he has created the finest body of military for its numbers in America). He is also one of the commissioners of one of the old Louisiana State banks, besides which he has other important business connections. There were twenty-one lieutenant-generals in the Confederate army, from first to last, and all of these were from the United States army but four, viz., Richard Taylor, N. B. Forrest, Wade Hampton and John B. Gordon. Of them the following are living: D. D. Hill, who is in North Carolina; Stephen Lee, Early, Buckner, Wheeler and A. P. Stewart, besides the two not from the old United States army mentioned above. Gustavus W. Smith is the ranking major-general living, and is state commissioner of insurance in Kentucky. W. T. Martin lives at Natchez, and is a railroad president. C. W. Field and L. L. Lomax are in Florida, and both are in the employ of the United States corps of engineers. Marmaduke Johnson is in St. Louis, and is wealthy. William Preston lives in Kentucky, and has a fortune he inherited. Humes lives in Memphis, Tenn.; Wirt Adams is an agent for Mississippi, and lives at Jackson. Frank Adams lives in St. Louis, and is connected with the Gould system of railroads in the southwest. Churchill was governor of Arkansas, and lives at Little Rock. Colquitt was governor of Georgia, and is United States Senator-elect from that state. Colston has returned from Egypt, and is living somewhere in Virginia. Dibrell is a member of Congress from Tennessee. Lyon, who commanded one of Forrest's divisions a while, lives at Eddyville, Ky. I do not know what Mackall, who was a brigadier-general, and chief of General Bragg's staff, is doing, but I believe he lives in Georgia. McGowan is a member of the supreme court of South Carolina. Miles, W. R., is a cotton-planting magnate, on the Yazoo river, in Mississippi. R. A. Pryor, is a prosperous lawyer in New York. Ripley, "Old Rip," as he was called, is in London, the agent of an American rifle company, and Roddy is there with him. John G. Walker is in Mexico, and is getting rich in silver mining, and Holmes is his partner. William C. Wickham is a prominent railroad man in Virginia. Of the three Lees who were generals, Custis, who was Mr. Davis's chief-of-staff, is president of the Washington and Lee College, in Virginia; William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, generally called "Runcy," is a planter, and is prosperous on a fine estate; and Fitzhugh Lee, cousin of the others, and a famous cavalry officer, owns the "Ravenswood" estate on the Potomac, about fifty miles below Washington, where he is living like a fine Virginia planter of the olden time. Robert Lee, the general's youngest son, who served in the ranks a greater part of the war, lives on the James river, and owns a handsome estate there. Longstreet lives at Gainesville, Ga., and he is United States marshal. General Early practices law at Lynchburg. Lieutenant General A. P. Stewart is president of the University of Mississippi, at Oxford, and Lieutenant-General D. S. Lee is president of another institution of learning. R. H. and Patterson Anderson are dead. General B. Frank Cheatham is the superintending commissioner of the Tennessee penitentiary. General Bate is governor of Tennessee, and W. H. or "Red" Jackson, one of Forrest's division commanders, is living near Nashville, on a magnificent plantation. General Wheeler who commanded all of General Johnson's cavalry, is a planter in North Alabama. General Lawton, the quartermaster of the Confederacy, is a leading member of the Savannah Ga. bar, and General Gorgas, the Confederate chief of ordnance, died recently in Alabama. Cockrell, the ranking Confederate general from Missouri, is a United States Senator.

A curious advertisement appeared in a late issue of the *Liverpool Mercury*. It read: I lost my purse containing two guineas and a sixpence. The finder can keep the gold if he will return the sixpence, as it was the amount of damages I received from the Midland railway for breaking my leg. The bit of silver cost me £210. George Amesbury.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

There are only eight cases of suicide mentioned in the bible—Abimelech, Samson, Saul, his armor bearer, Ahithophel, Zimri, Razis and Judas Iscariot.

Russian men are, as a rule, handsomer than Russian women. The Russian women have loud ways and a loud, unpleasant voice. She almost invariably smokes.

Baron Rothschild's carriage at Vienna is lighted by electric light. The apparatus is beneath the coachman's seat, and the light, which will burn 100 hours, within ordinary carriage lamps.

During the cyclone in Mississippi a turtle weighing sixty pounds was blown out of the Pearl river and landed in a cotton field some distance away. A flock of geese in an adjoining county was completely stripped of feathers, and many of the more tender ones were killed by being blown against rees and fences.

A species of spider has been discovered on the African coast the long, firm web of which very closely resembles yellow silk. It is said to be nearly as good as the product of silkworms. The filaments have been examined by Lyons silk merchants with favorable results. There seems to be nothing to prevent the acclimatizing of the insect in France.

Tattooing an Eye.

Several years ago there was a brilliant journalist in St. Louis, one of whose eyes was affected by a "pearl," which consists of a pure white, often brilliantly glistening, film, which completely covers the pupil and iris and gives the owner a very peculiar and not very desirable appearance. It was a very large and bright one, and, as he was often called upon to speak in public, it became a great annoyance to him that among his audience he would find people humorously criticizing his ocular peculiarity instead of devoting their attention to his utterances. Tired at last of thus holding his audiences "with his glittering eye," after the fashion of the ancient mariner, he came to me and I tattooed it for him.

"Tattooed his eye?"
"Certainly; a very simple operation, with an eye of that kind as a subject, though, of course, a healthy eye could not stand such treatment. The tattooing differed in no way from the common process as applied to the skin, except that it was done with a very delicate instrument and with the greatest possible care. The result of the operation, which I have performed in several other cases, was to thoroughly darken the white film, and after this was done the oratorical journalist, need his audiences without annoyance."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

A Mental Phenomenon.

In some cases of fever the patient is surprised to find how active is his memory. Even trifling events, long forgotten, pass before him. A similar phenomenon was recently seen in Adrian, Mich.

James Sword, who had long been dangerously ill, suddenly roused from a stupor, and said, "Sixty-four years ago to-day I was knocked down by a cannon-ball at the battle of Orthez while serving my gun; eight men out of eleven at my gun were killed or wounded. We were under Wellington; the French were commanded by Soult."

It was no news to those who listened to the old man that he had been one of that grand army, but none who heard what he said supposed that he had given the date correctly. But it was so.

The battle of Orthez or Orthes was fought Feb. 27, 1814. The Anglo-Spanish army was commanded by Wellington; the French by Soult. Wellington was victorious, and it was in that battle that James Sword served as an artilleryman and was knocked down by a cannon-ball precisely as he stated.

An Interesting Relic.

George Washington's carriage is now in a rather dilapidated condition. It is much larger than the carriage of the present day. The front wheels are very small, while the hind wheels are unusually large. The body of the coach is of a light cream color, while the upper part is black. Green blinds are behind the windows, and old-fashioned lamps are on each side of the driver's seat. It was built for Gen. Washington by a builder in Philadelphia named Clarke, and Washington always rode it out in the height of style with six cream-colored horses and postilions and outriders. When in the spring of 1791 he visited the Southern states he made the whole journey, 1300 miles, in that coach.