

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### A Combination Desired.

Wanted—A wife who can handle a broom, To brush down the cobwebs and sweep up the room; To make decent bread that a fellow can eat—Not the horrible compound you everywhere meet! Who knows how to broil, to fry and to roast—Make a cup of good tea and a platter of toast; A woman who washes, cooks, irons and stitches, And sews up the rips in a fellow's old breeches; And makes her own garments—an item that grows Quite highly expensive, as every one knows; A common sense creature, and still with a mind To teach and to guide—exalted, refined; A sort of an angel and household combined.

### A Russian Bridal Tour.

Count Sheremetieff, a Russian, is celebrating his honeymoon for all there is in it. He married not long ago the Countess Heyden. He hired the steamer Oleg, which is now taking them up the Volga. The Drulina steamboat company, to which the steamer belongs, receives a payment of \$150 a day. In return for this sum the count may travel when and where he pleases. Many wedding guests accompany the Count and Countess Sheremetieff, and there are also on board the Oleg a band, twenty singers, a photographer, a physician, men and women cooks and a numerous staff of servants.

### What Gloves Are to a Woman.

A critical observer makes this sensible remark: "A woman's glove is to her what a vest is to a man." Precisely. When a man is agitated or perplexed he at once attacks his vest buttons, thus giving occasion for a certain very expressive slang phrase. A woman's vest does not admit of this sort of "pulling down," but her glove is always a source of inspiration and a refuge from any embarrassment. She smooths on the fingers, rearranges the buttons, drags out the wrinkles—looks critically at the fit, and does a dozen little things with her glove that betray or allay nervousness and quite sustain the truth of the above quotation.

### Fashion Notes.

Sleeves grow tighter. Bustles continue to increase in size. All shades of red and pink are fashionable. Olive and tan shades are exceedingly popular. Very little lace is seen in bonnet garniture. Moon figures are found among the late designs in silk. Humming birds now loop the drapery of many Parisian dresses. Puffed sleeves in Queen Mary style are seen upon new French dresses. Narrow brims and short backs prevail in many of the new style hats. Tapestry or brocaded silks form parts of the richest velvet costumes. New round hats have stiff, high crowns and straight or rolling brims. Colors as well as materials contrast in the combinations of Paris costumes. Strong contrasts that are in harmony are the features in winter millinery. Draperies are being caught up high on the sides and finished with cascades of ribbon. No woman of taste now wears artificial flowers. They have gone entirely out of style. Combinations in two materials are largely employed in fall and winter costumes. A very select garniture for dress trimming consists of embroidered velvet ribbon. It is predicted that velvet and mole skin will rule out the long-nap plush of last season. The fancy of the moment is to tuck the front of the bodice in the form of a square yoke. Embroidered lady's cloth costumes are as popular, and almost as costly, as those of velvet. All drapery, both at the front and back of the coming costume, is exceedingly bouffant. Many new buttons glitter like jewels, being made of colored pearl and colored metal. The blouse-jackets and baby-waists remain in favor; the latter being neat, simple and attractive. Astrakhan plush and beaver in its natural color are the preferred trimmings for winter wraps. Fancy aprons are made of all sorts of materials, lace, velvet, silk, satin, tulle, and fancy gauzes. New brocades in velvet have indented brocaded figures of brilliant colors on a somber ground. Winter cloaks will be very long, high on the shoulders, fitting close, and with small ottoman sleeves.

Surplice folds and pointed waists will be worn even in the thickest fabrics, such as cloth and velvet.

Strings are used a little wider but not as long as formerly. Velvet faced with satin has the preference.

Popular dress trimmings are velvet in the piece, velvet ribbon, applique embroidery, braids and galloons.

A strikingly military effect appears in the new plain coat, rolling collar and cuffs and large metal buttons.

Twine netting is becoming fashionable, not only for ties but dresses. The netting is made to admit of ribbon being run through it, and the effect is happy.

### Dates Worth Remembering.

Plays were first acted at Rome twenty-three years B. C.  
Horse shoes of iron were first made A. D. 43.  
Stirrups not made until a century later.  
Saddles came into use in the fourth century.  
Pens first made of quills, A. D. 635.  
Glass windows were first used in 1180.  
Linen first made in England, 1235.  
Chimneys first put to houses, 1235.  
Lead pipes first used for conducting water, 1252.  
Tallow candles used for light, 1290.  
Paper first made from linen, 1302.  
Woolen cloth made in England, 1341.  
Introduction of the art of printing in oil, 1420.  
Printing invented at Meiz by Guttenberg, 1450.  
Printing first introduced into England, 1471.  
Watches first made in Germany, 1477.  
Movable types used in printing, 1540.  
Telescope invented by Porta and Jansen, 1590.  
Jupiter's satellites discovered by Jansen, 1590.  
Tea first brought to Europe from China, 1601.  
Theatre erected in England by Shakespeare, 1603.  
Clocks first made in England, 1608.  
Thermometer invented by Sanctorius, 1612.  
Circulation of the blood discovered by Harvey, 1619.  
Coffee first brought to England, 1621.  
Wine made from grapes, 1695.  
Bricks first made of a moderate size, 1625.  
Printing in colors invented, 1626.  
Newspapers first established, 1629.  
Shoe buckles made, 1630.  
Pendulum clock invented, 1630.  
Sugar cane cultivated in the West Indies, 1641.  
Barometer invented by Torricelli, 1643.  
Variations in the mariner's compass first noticed, 1650.  
Bread first made with yeast, 1650.  
Fire engines invented, 1742.  
Steam engines invented, 1749.  
Steam engines improved by Watts, 1765.  
Cotton first cultivated in the United States, 1759.  
Animal magnetism discovered by Mesmer, 1783.  
Daguerreotypes made by Daguerre in France, 1839.  
Telegraph invented by Morse, 1842.  
First trans-Atlantic telegraph cable laid, 1858.  
Commencement of war in the United States—first gun at Fort Sumter, 1861.  
Centennial celebrated at Philadelphia, 1876.  
The electric light chiefly developed by Edison and others, 1870-1877.  
The telephone invented by Bell came into use, 1878.  
The Brooklyn bridge opened for traffic, 1883.

### Life in San Francisco.

The people of this city, like those of Paris, live largely at restaurants, says a San Francisco letter. The number and variety of eating houses are remarkable. They are on every street, and of all grades and finish. The proprietor of one of the largest told me they were furnishing from 4000 to 4500 meals per day. I know of no American city where one can live so cheaply so far as eating is concerned as here. Housekeeping is more expensive than in the east, as rents are very high. But restaurant living is reduced to the lowest possible cost. The result is that hundreds of couples together with much of the single element, hire rooms and then take their meals at an eating-house. At the "Poodle-Dog," a dining-room patronized by wealthy people and those who desire to be numbered among the "dinner" ones, it is very easy to run a tonny up to \$2 or \$3, but at most of the first-class restaurants a good dinner can be had for from two to four bits, (a bit is five cents) according to the variety of dishes desired. A lady told me her breakfast usually cost her five cents.

## Oath Taking in India.

Many of the most vivid of my recollections of my boyhood relate to the trials of prisoners. I remember I used to watch with rapt interest the administering of oaths. Some of the methods were very remarkable, and I was always eager to see the various witnesses sworn. The Christian, whether Protestant, Roman Catholic or Armenian, would, of course, kiss the Testament. But there was the Mohammedan, sworn by the usual invocation of Bismillah, or Rahman, or Rahmaan ("In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful"), with the sacred Koran, wrapped in cloth placed by the attending moollah (mosque official) in his extended palms; the Hindu, by fixing his eyes on some water in a small brass vessel placed in a like manner by his guru (family priest), containing water which did duty as Ganga-pani (water of the Ganges), inasmuch as some mantras (prayers) had been pronounced over it by a Brahmin; and the Chinaman, who was sworn by burning at a taper a narrow slip of paper on which were written "characters" containing, as I understood, an appeal to his deceased ancestors. I have the impression that the Parsee when dealing with Parsees, also swears by fire, but in a British court he is put upon his oath by kissing the Zend-Avesta, his sacred book. I am not sure, but I believe that I am right in saying that I also occasionally saw a man put on his oath, as is done among the hill tribes of India, by crushing in his hand a leaf from a tree sacred as the dwelling place, among its branches of sylvan deities, who are thus invited to crush him and those belonging to him should he speak anything but the truth. These reminiscences belong to the Straits of Malacca, but there is now throughout India proper, one established form of legal oath. This arrangement is based on the assumed fact that in all its religions there is a recognition of a supreme deity. With the more intelligent Hindus it is well known that the multitudinous divinities acknowledged are really but various forms of the one and only God—Isvara or Deva. The oath differs, however, in the form of its commencing attestation. All persons professing Christianity, whether native or foreigners, "swear," while others "solemnly affirm."

The following is the oath: "I swear (solemnly affirm), in the presence of Almighty God, that the evidence I shall give in this case shall be true; that I will conceal nothing, and that no part of my evidence shall be false." This is regarded as more explicit and complete than the ordinary form in our English courts, and as specially meeting the particular directions in which eastern witnesses escape from the obligations to be truthful; but I believe the general impression among English officials is that the oath as such has only in the case of a small minority any power in insuring true evidence.

### Farragut's Self-Conquest.

Admiral Farragut's own story of his self conquest is exceedingly interesting. "When I was about ten years old," he says, "I accompanied my father as cabin boy to New Orleans, with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Aaron Burr. I had some qualities which I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old sailor. I could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had sailed round Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gambling in every shape." After dinner one day the father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said: "David, what do you mean to be?" "I mean to follow the sea," was David's reply. "Follow the sea?" exclaimed the father. "Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land." Young Farragut was sobered. After a moment's reflection he said: "No, I'll tread the quarter deck, and command, as you do." "No, David, my boy; no boy ever tread the quarter deck with such principles and habits as you have. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man." "My father left me and went on deck," said the great Admiral Farragut in after years, as he told the story "I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with shame. A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast! kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble; and, as God is my witness, I have kept these three resolutions to this hour."

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

An Indianapolis inventor is trying to perfect an electrical headlight for locomotives.

A new rifle, capable of discharging three projectiles at a time, has been made in France.

Some German chemist is at work on a substance which he claims will supersede gutta-serena.

From experiments at Caracas, Venezuela, M. Marcano concludes that the sap of tropical vegetation circulates completely through the plants within a period of twenty-four hours.

A shark of the genus *Syemnus* is according to Weidemann, phosphorescent on its whole under surface, with the exception of a black stripe on the neck. Its back is non-luminous.

A curious fact has been observed by Profs. Ayrton and Perry: Soft iron when heated between a red and white heat ceases to be attracted by a magnet. When soft iron is bent between red and white hot iron it ceases to be attracted by a magnet.

Under experiments made by a French chemist it was found that trichinae in the superficial parts of hams, etc., maintained a very prolonged existence under circumstances which would be thought likely to destroy life.

M. Pastner believes that cholera is pronounced by minute organisms of some kind, but the germs have never yet been discovered. He has recommended the French government to send a special mission to Egypt to study the generation of this dreaded disease.

However beneficial as exercise, no amusement is free from drawbacks. In a paper entitled "Remarks on One Form of Tennis Knee," Dr. C. Mansell Moullin, assistant surgeon to the London Hospital, shows that lawn tennis players are liable to peculiar forms of knee sprains, which may be painful and difficult to treat.

Cracked earthenware should never be used for domestic purposes. It is a safe rule in good housekeeping to break any fractured stone-ware to pieces and render them unfit for any employment as utensils. In a paper read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, M. E. Peyrusson demonstrated very clearly how the germs of cholera, typhoid fever, and similar diseases may be preserved and communicated by even the slightest crack or fissure which may be caused by very trifling accidents to crockery and faience.

### Buying a Cottage.

"I bought a cottage over there, once," remarked Jay Gould, as we sighted a cluster of toy villas close to the shore. "It was of the Queen Anne order, furnished, even to the cricket on the hearth, the builder who sold it to me asserted. The plumbing was especially perfect. It had, in addition, all the modern improvements, hot and cold water, gas, stables, graveled walks and the green grass kept growing all around by a movable fountain, where a fine rainbow played, for two cents an hour, I think. The lawyers said the title was perfect. The deeds were passed and I entered into possession on Monday."

"Tuesday, a New Jersey plumber presented a bill for his work and the improved fixtures. I naturally told him it was all paid for with the house, and showed him my deeds. He displayed a mechanics' lien, which the builder had given him. I refused to pay, and he came at me with a sheriff. I saw his sheriff, and—well, I paid Wednesday, the gas-fixture man came. He brought his sheriff and went away with his money. Thursday brought the furniture dealer. He had been informed that I had refused to pay any more liens on the house, and he carried the sheriff in his wagon to help load up the things."

"Of course I paid him. I didn't want to see the sheriff of a great state handling a lot of furniture like a common truckman. Well, to make a long story short, all that week and part of the next my cottage was besieged with carpenters and workmen, from the man who built the gravel walks to the negro who put down the green grass. They all had mechanics' liens. The sheriff lived in my front door-yard, and I lost more credit with neighbors than I have ever since been able to regain. Did I pay them? Well, yes, somebody had to. But I drew the line on the movable fountain. I said they could move that back to the store. I said I didn't like its shape; I wanted a different make in fountains. So the sheriff took it away. And that is one reason, I suppose," the master concluded, musingly, "why my green grass all got gray and died in the next two days."

## BUFFALO BILL'S DUEL.

The Noted Scout's Bloody Encounter with an Indian Chief.

One of Bill's comrades tells this story of the noted scout's duel with an Indian chief: "It was just after the massacre of Custer," he said. "Bill was with Gen. Miles at the head of the scouts. They were trying to cut off Yellow Hand from Sitting Bull. Early in the morning Yellow Hand rode up at the head of a war party, and challenged Bill to an open combat. Gen. Miles and others tried to dissuade Bill from accepting the challenge. He replied that a refusal to accept it would ruin his prestige among the savages, and that was something he could not afford to lose. He told Yellow Hand that he would fight him. The two armies were ranged less than a mile apart. Six mounted scouts accompanied Bill, and six mounted Brule Sioux rode forward with Yellow Hand. They were to open the fight on horse back with rifles. Their escorts drew aside, and the combatants dashed forward. Yellow Hand began to spin around Bill in a circle, and Bill began to circulate on a circle himself. Around and around they went like swallows in the air. Both white men and savages were eager spectators. Each combatant had his leg over his horse's fore shoulder, and each was swinging head downward, awaiting an opportunity for a fatal shot. They fired so close together that it sounded like the crack of one rifle. In a twinkling both horses were biting the dust. Bill was as spry as a cat. He was on his feet before his horse struck the ground. Yellow Hand was partly pinned to the earth by the weight of his pony. The two men were not over seventy feet apart. Before the chief could extricate himself, Bill had shot him through the body. It was, however, a flesh wound. Yellow Hand gained his feet, drew his scalping-knife, and went for Bill like a demon. The Indians were yelling like hyenas, and Miles' troopers were sending the air with their shouts. Yellow Hand's knife went through Bill's hunting-shirt, barely scraping the hide. There was a quick struggle, some labored breathing and grating of teeth, and Bill's knife slid between the chief's ribs, and pierced his heart. He fell lifeless on the plain. In a second Bill encircled his topknot and yanked the scalp from his head. With fiendish screams the Indians poured down on him. But old Miles' troopers were there on time, and there was as lively an Indian fight as was ever seen in the Big Horn country. Yellow Hand lost his scalp as well as his life, and his soul never reached the happy hunting-ground."

### The Jumbo of Crickets.

Throughout the whole territory of Utah the cricket is one of the common objects of the country, but there are crickets and crickets, and it is just a well when in search of the best article to "see that you get it." For a consideration, therefore, I will put the speculator on the track of some of the grossest locusts that ever devoured green stuff—locusts, moreover, that squeak when pursued. Poets (American poets especially) are very partial to what they are pleased to call the cricket's merry chirp. But the poet's cricket is the insect of the domestic hearth, a pale-colored ghost of a thing, all voice, and with an irregular midnight appetite for the kitchen cloths that are hung out to dry before the stove. The "Plutes" cricket is very much otherwise. It is the Jumbo of crickets, and just as black. It lives on the slopes of the Utah hills, among the sage-brush, and when alarmed tries invariably to jump down-hill. But being all stomach, and therefore top-heavy, so to speak, the ill-balanced insect invariably rolls head over heels, and every time it turns a somersault it squeaks dismally. To walk down the hill side, driving a whole herd of these corpulent crickets before me, used to amuse me immoderately, for the spectacle of so many fat things simultaneously trying to jump down hill, simultaneously rolling head over heels, and simultaneously squeaking, was mirthful enough to drive the dullest care away.

### The American.

In the early days of the country, the colonists used various designs as an ensign, but usually the regiments of the colonies carried the flag of the colony they represented. June 14, 1777, congress provided that the flag consist of thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, with a blue union bearing thirteen white stars. By the act of January 13, 1795, the flag was altered and made to consist of fifteen stripes, but in 1818 the original number of stripes were adopted, while the field was to contain twenty stars, with one to be added upon the admission of any new state. This is the flag now used as the national ensign.

## A Baby's Death.

The little hand that never sought Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands, What gift has death, God's servant brought The little hand?

We ask; but love self-silent stands, Love, that lend eyes and wings to thought To search where death's dim heaven expands.

Ere this perchance, though love know naught, Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands, Where hands of guiding angels caught The little hands.

—Swinburne.

## HUMOROUS.

When the head of the family accidentally backs into a tub of hot water he can be said to be p-a-boiled.

It must not be supposed that the members of a brass band are all truth-tellers because they have no lyres.

Mary had a little bang,  
Its color was rufous;  
Now Mary's heart is truly sad,  
For bangs are on the fence.

The young men who are on the lookout for a "soft place," through dislike for honest, hard work, can find one—under their hats.

A bright girl, born and raised in Virginia, saw a church covered with vines, and remarked: "That's what I used to be." "What's that?" inquired her obtuse escort. "A Virginia creeper, of course."

One of the saddest sights in these hard times is to see a woman with a five-foot husband trying to alter his pants to fit her six-foot son.

"Pa, what is a fool?" "A fool, my son, is a man who tickles the hind leg of a mule." "Does he ever find it out, pa?" "No, my son; he never has time."

"Tis ever the way of the foolish fair to die for the one who does not care," sings Ella Wheeler. Yes, Ella and it is often the same way with the big brothers of the foolish fair. Week after week they go down to the barber shop and "dye for the one that does not care." Such is life.

"I tell you," said the bad boy, confidently, to a group of youthful friends, "my mother may seem small—don't believe she'd weigh more than I do, in her stocking feet—but her slipper is heavy, though, you bet!"

A bright little girl was sent to get some eggs, and on her way back stumbled and fell, making sad havoc with the contents of her basket. "Won't you catch it when you get home, though?" exclaimed her companion. "No, indeed, I won't," she answered. "I have got a grandmother."

Young lady (just from boarding school, at dinner table)—"Please, papa, I'd like a leg of the roast chicken." Papa—"You have had one, my dear, and your brother had the other." Young lady (in a sprightly manner)—"Oh, sure enough! a chicken has only two legs. It's a duck that has four."

### Infamous Hoaxes.

Hoaxes as a rule are hateful things which exhibit maliciousness rather than the intellect of their perpetrators. A writer in a recent magazine mentions two conspicuous for their malignity:

A young couple about to be married at the synagogue in Birmingham were startled by the delivery of a telegram from London running:

"Stop marriage at once. His wife and children have arrived in London, and will come on to Birmingham."

The bride fainted; the bridegroom protested against being summarily provided with a wife and family, but had to make the best of his way, a single man still, through an exasperated crowd, full of sympathy for the wronged girl. Her friends found upon inquiry that they had been duped—probably by a revengeful rival of the man whose happiness had been so unexpectedly deferred.

A more curious and more malignant hoax—for the perpetration of which the author, if discovered, would have been branded with infamy—was practiced, apparently "for the fun of the thing," upon a Parisian lady whose husband had gone to China on business. One day she received a letter dated from Old China street, Canton.

"Madame," said the writer, "I have to announce a mournful event. Your husband, taken prisoner by Malay pirates, has been burned alive and his bones calcined to powder. I have been able to procure but a few pinches of this powder, which I enclose."

As she opened the box, a strange idea came into the head of the distracted widow; and sending for some snuff, she mixed the powder with it, piously determined to inhale all that remained of her lost spouse. The first pinch, however, brought on such violent bleeding, that a doctor had to be called in; but the lady died in a few hours, shortly before the arrival of a letter from her husband, proving that the story of his capture and calcination was the cruel invention of some unknown enemy.