

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Black-Faced Woman of Alaska.

At Juneau, says a correspondent, the women and children tripped down in their bare feet, and sat around on the dripping wharf with a recklessness that suggested pneumonia, consumption, and all those kindred ills from which they suffer so severely. Nearly all of the women had their faces blacked, and no one can imagine anything more frightful and sinister on a melancholy day than to be confronted by one of these silent, stealthy figures with the great circles of the whites of the eyes alone visible in the shadow of the blanket. A dozen fictitious reasons are given for this face blacking. One Indian says that the widows and those who have suffered great sorrow wear the black in token thereof. Another native authority makes it a sign of happiness, while occasionally a giggling dame confesses that it is done to preserve the complexion. Ludicrous as this may seem to the bleached Caucasian and ladies of rice powdered and enameled countenances, the matrons of high fashion and the swell damsels of the Thlinket tribes never make a canoe voyage without smearing themselves well with the black dye that they get from a certain wild root of the woods, or with a paste of soot and seal oil. On sunny and windy days on shore they protect themselves from the tan and sun-burn by this same inky coating. On feast days and the great occasions, when they wash off the black, their complexions come out as fair and creamy white as the palest of their Japanese cousins across the water, and the women are then seen to be some six shades lighter than the tan-colored and coffee-colored lords of their tribe. The specimen woman of Juneau wore a thin calico dress and a thick, blue blanket. Her feet were bare, but she was compensated for that loss of gear by the turkey-red parasol that she posed over her head with all the complacency of a Mount Desert belle. She had blacked her face to the edge of her eyelids and the roots of her hair; she wore the parure of silver nose-ring, lip-ring and ear-rings, with five silver bracelets on each wrist, and fifteen rings ornamenting her bronze fingers, and a more thoroughly proud and self-satisfied creature never arrayed herself according to the behests of high fashion.

How Ladies' Handkerchiefs Came Into "Style."

A wart on Anne Boleyn's neck made a certain neck-lace fashionable; and now we are just told that Josephine's poor teeth introduced nice white handkerchiefs to the *beau monde*. A correspondent of the *Paris American Register* writes: I have so often heard French persons criticize the unwillingness of English and American ladies to name certain articles of the feminine toilet that I was delighted, a few days ago, in pursuing some old chronicles, to find out that it was possible for the French to be quite as prudish as we. Until the reign of the Empress Josephine a handkerchief was thought in France so shocking an object that a lady would never have dared to use it before any one. The word, even, was carefully avoided in refined conversation. I doubt if even to-day French elegantes would carry handkerchiefs if the wife of Napoleon I had not given the signal for adopting them. The Empress Josephine, although really lovely, had ugly teeth. To conceal them she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs adorned with costly laces, which she continually raised gracefully to her lips. Of course all the ladies of the court followed her example, and handkerchiefs have rapidly become an important and costly part of the feminine toilet; so much so that the price of a single handkerchief of the trosseau of the Duchess of Edinburgh would make the fortune of a necessitous family.

Fashion Notes.

Charles IX and Louis XI shoes are worn with dressy house toilets.

Crepere veiling is a new crape-like wool fabric for evening wear.

There is an effort on the other side to revive alpaca as a dress fabric.

Gloves in shades of brown and tan will be worn with all sorts of dresses.

Buckles are very much admired when used with straps for fastenings.

Cloth is combined with velvet and velveteen for tailor-made walking suits.

Black velvet is worn to excess for carriage and afternoon reception toilets.

The marriage bell is displaced for the floral umbrella at fashionable New York weddings.

Bridemaids must for the present dress all in one color, pale rose being the favorite hue.

Brocaded velvets for children's spec-

ial wear come in small figures and narrow stripes.

Ball and aigrette pompons of silk and chenille figure among the novelties in millinery.

Very elaborately trimmed skirts are most frequently worn with decidedly plain jackets, and for fine figures the effect is very good.

Due attention must be given to the contrasting of colors for effective toilettes, and it is essential that each costume have a hat to correspond.

In velvet costumes the skirt is no longer of brocaded velvet, but the figured material is used to make the long basque or Louis Quinze coat, and the skirt is plain.

Straightcoats in old surtout style are shown, made of black satin sublime lined with ruby plush, and trimmed with chenille applique bands and brandebourgs.

The Moliere waistcoat of soft silk, belted at the waist line with a velvet belt and pearl buckle, or a heavy cord and tassel, appears on many rich imported costumes.

The lower skirt of all new street costumes is full. Such skirts have a slightly gored front breadth, two very narrow gored side breadths, and two or four breadths, according to the width of the goods gathered or pleated to form the back drapery.

Trimmings for wraps are exceedingly varied and beautiful, including magnificent designs in applique, of velvet, chenille, and plush, costly black laces in Spanish, Flemish, guipure, and purely fanciful patterns, rich and elaborate passermenteries, silk cords, tassels, pendants, and buckles and slides of innumerable sizes, qualities, shapes and prices.

How She Got Him.

A very amusing story is told in the (*Paderborn*) Germany papers. A rural couple in a village near that place had taken out their license for marriage. Being well known to the officer who had to unite them in the holy bonds of matrimony, he, in order to facilitate matters, made the entry in the register before the knot had been tied. Very soon after the happy couple appeared on the scene. The official went to work with alacrity. He put the well known question, "Wilt thou take so and so," and was dumfounded to hear a "No" ringing from the lips of the groom, who explained this by saying that he had heard something about his bride. Remonstrating with the hard-hearted groom was of no avail, and the couple left. The official was in a quandary what to do with his register and how to get names erased therefrom without mutilating his records. The girl, after leaving the official's presence, upbraided the fellow soundly, and told him that he had acted mean, very mean, toward her; that it might be easy enough for him to get another wife, but that after what he had done would become public, it would be a hard matter for her to find another man who would be willing to become her husband. And she followed up her argument: "If you would go back with me now and give me a chance to say no, also; then, of course, people will not think so hard of me, and I might find a husband afterwards, too." The mean fellow became mollified and assented to her proposition. So they wended their way back to the official. The official was glad to see them, and said so, when he heard the groom say, "We have changed our mind." So again the fatal words were put: "No, wilt thou," etc., etc., and "yes" came from her pretty lips. "No, no," said the groom, "that is against our understanding." But the official, happy to know that his record would not now be mutilated, without paying any attention to the wailings of the groom, pronounced them man and wife. The sequel of this story has not yet been told.

Aged 123 Years.

In a hut on a narrow street in the French village of Auberine-en-Royans lives a woman whose age is declared on evidence which the London *Lawet* accepts as authentic to be 123 years. Her marriage certificate shows that she was married one hundred years ago last January. She has no infirmities except slight deafness, and she is comparatively erect. She was a "cantiniere" under the First Empire and lost two sons in the wars. She is supported entirely on the alms of visitors who come from great distances to see her, and in her household work she is assisted by her neighbors. She lives almost exclusively on soup made with bread and containing a little wine or brandy. A Dr. Bonne, who practices in the neighborhood, says that she is never ill. Moreover, she is not one of the prodigies who thrive in spite of the prodigies who thrive in spite of the dirt and neglect, but is of scrupulously clean habits.

A SAVAGE CORONATION.

Horrible Practices at the Installation of an African King.

When a king of Dahomey dies the head of the deceased king is immediately severed from the body and placed in a vessel containing palm oil, salt and peppers, where it is retained, usually for years, until required for ceremonial uses pertaining to future coronations. The tongue of the deceased king is removed from his mouth at the same time and placed with the head, where it is reserved for another purpose—namely, the form called "eating the king."

These preliminaries over, the number of slaves required for sacrifice, and the amount of money for the rum, gin and tobacco to be consumed, are collected. When all is thus ready, a deep grave is dug under a tree possessing a low branch overhanging the spot selected for the grave. A slave is then brought forward and placed in a basket with a cover to it. In this cover is an aperture through which the head of the deceased victim appears when the top is closed down. The slave thus enclosed is forced to sit in a cramped position, his knees being forced up well to his chest. At the bottom of the basket is a loop or hook.

A signal is then given, and the basket is turned upside down, and a rope having been attached to the hook or loop, it is hauled over the branch referred to above to such a height that the executioner can sever the protruding head from the victim's body. The head thus falls into the grave beneath. The basket remains suspended as long as blood flows from the body, and eventually the decapitated contents are carried to a place in the forest close by, where they are thrown, to be quickly torn to pieces by the wild beasts and vultures.

Similar sacrifices are repeated from time to time until the bottom of the grave is literally paved with heads and saturated with blood. In this condition it forms the foundation on which to place the dead and headless body of the deceased king, wrapped in eight sheets of various hues. His predecessor's head is then brought from the vessel in which it was placed and put on the headless trunk. Afterward the grave is filled up with the heads of more murdered slaves. Thus ends the first part of the coronation. The deceased king being thus put under ground, his successor has something more to do ere he can reign. The institution called "Je Oba" has to be performed, "Je" meaning to eat, "Oba" the king. To perform this, the vessel of palm oil, salt and peppers containing the tongue of the deceased king is brought to his successor, who takes the tongue out of the vessel and eats it in the presence of a large assemblage. Having eaten his predecessor's tongue, he has virtually "eaten the king," and has thereby completed the ceremonial necessary to make himself king of Dahomey.

Other cruelties follow under the very eyes of the king, the form of torture and death being varied to please his savage taste. Thus a tree of great height and destitute of branches with the exception of a few small ones at the top, is climbed by a man with a rope in one hand and a sword in the other. Upon reaching the top he cuts off the soft green top of the tree, and then cross-slits the stem longitudinally downwards to the extent of about one foot, so that the stem opens. He then secures the rope to the top of the tree and descends. The rope is hauled until the tree is so bent downwards that its top is close upon the ground. The victim's head is then placed in the slit in the stem, and securely fastened there with rope and string, and when the king is ready the rope which binds the top of the tree to the ground is cut away, causing the tree to spring back into the air to its original position, carrying the unhappy victim with it, who is suffered to perish up there by the slow process of starvation.

All these barbarities are practiced in a country in close proximity to the British settlement of Lago, yet nothing is done to prevent such an awful condition of things.

Tar and Feather.

This phrase, which distinguishes the most ignominious of punishment for offenses usually against society, is of considerable antiquity, as is the invention itself. It had its origin in Europe. One of Richard Cœur de Lion's ordinances for seamen was, "that if any man were taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he should have his head pulled, and hot pitch poured over his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he might thereby be known for a thief, and at the next arrivals of the ship to any land be put forth of the company to seek his adventures, without all hope of return unto his fellows."

PYRAMIDS AND OBELISKS.

Are the Great Egyptian Monuments a Mass of Stone or Concrete.

It would be a singular outcome if it be eventually demonstrated that the pyramids and obelisks of Egypt are only masses of concrete. A writer in the *Scientific American* asserts that the mass might be concrete, the coarse portions being pulverized granite. The idea that the pyramids might be concrete was first suggested by a peculiarity of the hieroglyphics which have the appearance of being moulded instead of being cut. The column was then tested and found to be composed of hydraulic cement and powdered granite. It is the opinion of the correspondent, who has a practical knowledge of cements, that the obelisk was moulded in an upright position, the moulds producing the hieroglyphics being cut in wood and forming part of the retaining box, as the concrete was laid up layer after layer, as rapidly as it set.

A recent writer claims that the vast stones of the pyramid are blocks of concrete. If this is true it settles the vexed question in mechanics as to the method of raising such enormous stones to the height of the great pyramid. A company of hod carriers by a single journey could carry to the summit sufficient to make one of the immense blocks. Taking this view of the matter the vast inclined planes which have been constructed in the imagination of engineers to carry aloft the huge stones would be unnecessary.

It is a fact that the ancient world made a building cement which was as hard and durable as stone. The cement in the structure of ancient Rome sufficiently indicates the superior skill of the ancient masons. No cement equal to that of the ancient times has yet been manufactured.

The hydraulic cement of ancient times, stiffened with pounded and sifted granite, would prove very durable under the rainless skies of Egypt. In no other country have ancient monuments such a lease of existence as in Egypt. Rain water is a corrosive force and it slowly disintegrates the hardest rocks. When frost is added, the force of disintegration becomes so potent that the destruction is very marked. In Egypt there is neither rain nor frost, and the monuments are only worn away by storms of sand. The impact of sand will eventually level the monuments of Egypt, if they are not first burned by it. The pyramids show the waste of the ages, and whether they be built up of concrete or fashioned from granite blocks, they must eventually crumble.

Stealing a Grave.

The Washington correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* says: The regiment of the army of the Cumberland, known as the Indiana Jayhawkers, was about as proficient as any we had, but the Eighth Missouri, which was commanded by General Morgan L. Smith, certainly beat anything I ever met. They would steal anything, and it did not make any difference whether they had any use for it or not. When they were in front of Vicksburg they actually stole a grave, and it happened in this way. The Eighth Missouri was encamped alongside of my command. One of our men died during the night, and I gave orders that a detail be sent to dig a grave. The ground was of hard clay and it took the men some time to complete their work. They returned to camp, and we took the dead soldier to his last resting place. When we arrived we found the grave filled and a mound showing that somebody had evidently been there. Upon investigation I afterwards ascertained that one of the Eighth Missouri had also died during the night and they had waited until my men had finished their work, when they actually stole our grave. Why, these men would steal anything—even a march on the enemy, and endeavor compels us to say that they were particularly good at it.

Thrilling.

"Do you think that Prof. Buncombe will have a large audience at his lecture this evening?" inquired a gentleman from San Antonio to his traveling companion.

"Hardly think he will," answered the other, "for I see by this bill here that it is stated he carries his audience with him." Must be a boy who trims the lamps."

"O, no, you are mistaken. That statement about carrying his audience with him means that his lecture is so thrilling that his audience follows him with the closest attention. Ever hear him?"

"Yes, I heard him once, and one part of it was exceedingly thrilling."

"What was that?"

"When I was obliged to yield up a half dollar at the door."—*Siftings*.

Sketching With a Hot Poker.

"In 1845," said a Fifth avenue, New York, art dealer to a *Tribune* reporter, "there lived in the city of Boston a worthless vagabond named Halden, a man who had seen better days. He was an artist—had wonderful talent, and during his periodical sprees would devote himself assiduously to his peculiar work, though he was never known to do anything while sober. A wealthy banker, who had known him in his younger years and knew of his genius, would indulge him in the prosecution of his work and aided him in many other ways. He was also acquainted with Halden's peculiarities and knew the fit of application never came over him when sober. Indeed, on several occasions he had gone so far as to treat him to a drink in order to get him to work. Halden's portraits were the best specimens of his art, and they were marvels of correctness. They were generally burned on a thin board of bird's-eye maple, with a red-hot poker of the ordinary shape, after which they received two coats of varnish which was put on to preserve them, and set in deep, heavy frames. He called them 'poker sketches,' and on the back of each was burned this inscription: 'This sketch was burned with a poker—Halden, sculptor.'"

"His likenesses were striking, and the three of them now in existence, although executed from memory, are perfect in every respect. He had seen Webster only once in his life, but the portrait which he burned with his hot poker has been pronounced one of the truest likenesses ever seen of the great statesman. Webster's strong features and dark complexion admirably suited the character of the work, which has a peculiar brown appearance when finished. His picture of Clay is owned by his banker friend, who also once owned the other two, but presented them to some southern friends. One of them, Shakespeare, is in the possession of Francis Fontaine, commissioner of emigration of Georgia. Webster was presented to a humorous writer of the same state, and now hangs in his parlor, an object of wonder and admiration to visitors.

"Poker sketches are durable, and will last for centuries. In doing them it is literally a case of 'burn while the iron is hot.' One mistake of the poker ruins the board; there is no erasure, no wiping out. A board so spoiled, the only remedy is to begin on another and do the whole thing over again."

A Mineral Curiosity.

At the Herald office is a curious specimen of ore that excites peculiar attention. It is a rock strongly impregnated with petroleum, iron, and gold. This mine is in Los Angeles county, about eighty miles north of Los Angeles city, and is a most remarkable combination. The sample shows rich iron ore with freckles, and a strong smell of petroleum. How the rock is to be reduced we are not prepared to state. It is a question whether the ore, if put in an ordinary furnace, with the presence of petroleum in the rock, would not destroy the iron before reducing the ore. It may be that a moderate roasting of the ore would expel the petroleum before placing the ore in the furnace. The combination is so peculiar and unusual that the ordinary process will probably not apply, and some new method of treatment will have to be devised. From the character of the country, and the vast deposit of petroleum that exists beneath the mineral rocks to the north of this city, it is evident that a large amount of the mineral-bearing rock is impregnated with oil, and experiments should be made to ascertain how this reduction should be carried on. In the north part of the county is a vast amount of this kind of ore, rich in gold, and it may be impregnated with petroleum.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald*.

Changes in the Earth's Surface.

Attention has been called by M. J. Girard to the supposed changes of level of the earth's surface in certain parts of Europe. Villages in the Jura which were hidden from each other no longer than forty years ago have gradually risen in sight, while in a village in Bohemia the inhabitants now see half of a distant church spire of which only the top was visible thirty years ago. The apparent rising of these places must, it is thought, be a result of the warping of the solid crust of the earth. To detect further changes in the Bohemian locality a line of levels has been run.

Slightly Sarcastic.

Brides, as a rule, find it a new and rather unpleasant sensation to accept money from their husbands immediately after marriage. But an all-wise Providence provides for such matters, and in the course of time this feeling gradually wears away.—*Philadelphia Call*.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

A man's ruling passion is the key to his character.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

Make your enemies transient, and your friendships immortal.

Practice flows from principle, for as a man thinks, so he will act.

There is a certain dignity to be kept up in pleasure as in business.

Love not thy own for lack of asking for it. It will bring thee no thanks.

The best education in the world, is that got by struggling to get a living.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for your new ones.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross there is in our composition.

A man never knows what a weak, fickle and uncertain master he has in himself until he is at liberty to govern his own life as he pleases.

Some people carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart, yet both actively working together.

The truly great and good in affliction bear a countenance more princely than their wont; for it is the temper of the highest heart to strive most upward when it is most burdened.

The Marbles of Ancient Rome.

Profuse as were the ancient Romans in their general expenditure, upon no objects did they lavish their wealth so extravagantly as upon their favorite marbles and precious stones for the decoration of their public buildings and their private houses. No effort was spared that Rome might be adorned with the richest treasures of the mineral kingdom from all parts of the world. Slaves and criminals were made to minister to this luxury in the various quarries of the Roman dominions, which were the penal settlements of antiquity. The antiquary Ficoroni counted the columns in Rome in the year 1790, and he found no less than 8000 existing entire, and yet these were but a very small proportion of the number that must once have been there. The palaces and modern churches of Rome owe all their ornaments to this passion of the ancients. There is not a door-step nor a guard-stone at the corner of the meanest court in Rome which is not of marble, granite, or porphyry from some ancient building. The very streets in the newly-laid parts of the city are macadamized with the fragments of costly baths and pillars. I took up one day, out of mere curiosity, some of the road-metal near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and I identified in the handful no less than a dozen varieties of the most beautiful marbles and porphyries from Greece, Africa and Asia. And when we remember that all these foreign stones were brought into Rome during the interval between the end of the republic and the time of Constantine—a period of between 300 and 400 years—we can form some idea of the extraordinary wealth and luxury of the Imperial City when it was in its prime. Where is there any modern city that can show within it a hundredth part of the same architectural splendor? Notwithstanding its unparalleled wealth and luxury, and its command of the commercial resources of the earth, were all the public buildings of London to be destroyed, they would not yield in their ruins as many columns of marble and granite, worthy of the name, as one ancient Roman place has left behind.

Women of China.

Of all women in the world the ladies of China are probably kept in the closest bondage, for, while they are compelled to render to their parents an obedience more absolute than is practiced in any country, with the acquisition of husbands they find themselves committed not only to a complete acquiescence in the wills of their lords, but also to a veritable bondage to their fathers and mothers-in-law. This last consideration, coupled with the inevitable doubt whether each will be the only star to shine in her new sphere, deprives matrimony of that charm which generally surrounds it in the eyes of maidens. Such a reversal of the common order of things could only exist in a country where the needle points to the south and where men wear petticoats.