

THE LADIES COLUMN.

Tricks in the Dressmaker's Trade that Enhance One's Appearance.

THE LATEST IN BONNETS.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

New Trick of the Dressmaker's Trade.

One of the new tricks of the dressmaker's trade is to baste a sheet of wadding and a thin muslin interlining under the back breadth of Empire frocks, plait all three together, and secure the lower edge of the lining and wadding to tapes sewed nine or ten inches below the waist. This makes the plaits look full and soft, and is not so obstinate as the bustle, which even in this stage of high civilization is capable of executing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as—but it is not necessary to continue the quotation. Angels are free from earthly troubles.

Matrimonial Possibilities.

Between 15 and 20 is 14 1/2 per cent. Between 20 and 25 is 52 per cent. Between 25 and 30 is 18 per cent. Between 30 and 35 is 15 1/2 per cent. Between 35 and 40 is 33 per cent. Between 40 and 45 is 24 per cent. Between 45 and 50 is 1 per cent. Between 50 and 55 is 1 per cent.

Mary Stuart's Alluring Eyes.

I was the other day looking at the various portraits of Mary Stuart, says a writer for Truth, London. Allowing that the colors have faded, and that she might have had a good complexion, it is clear, by the concurrent testimony of all the portraits, that she could not have been even passably good looking. Both her nose and her forehead are artistically ugly. "How then," I asked an artistic friend of mine, "should she have been so successful a flirt?" "It was all by means of her eyes," he said. "But her eyes do not seem to have been exceptionally beautiful," I replied. "No," he said, "they evidently were not. I was alluding to the mode in which she used them." This is probably true, and it ought to lead the plainest of girls not to despair of her power to ensnare.

Royalty in Thick Boots.

In the Princess of Wales English women have an illustrious example of courage in facing bad weather. Her hardy northern upbringing was in her favor in accustoming her to open air exercise every day. Many a younger woman is seen driving to the "Row" in a close carriage, or in an open one with herself shrouded in furs, when the graceful, erect figure of the Princess in her Victoria is to be seen immediately afterwards, dressed merely as if for walking or visiting. Her daughters the Princesses have brought up in her own natural, healthy habits. Very recently a Bond street boot-maker sent down to Sandringham for the young Princesses' walking boots and so substantial were they that they would have sent a daughter of George III. off in a faint. The ingenious manner in which an interlining made the boots damp-proof naturally added to their size, and the sturdy, broad sole, with heel rationally proportioned, gave promise of comfort in long walks, the maximum of exercise with the minimum of fatigue. The simple cloth jackets worn by the Princesses out of doors are often wondered at by young ladies of less exalted station who see no advantage of being a Princess unless the supply of new hats and handbags, fur-trimmed jackets is practically unlimited. A collar and cuffs of fur seem to content a Princess on a jacket for immediate wear when sea-sickness is too oppressive, while their contemporaries have boots, pinstripes, cuffs and linings, and as much fur as can be heaped on their clothes when they go out walking or driving.

What Constitutes a Pretty Girl.

Form is most important. Coloring and a fine skin will not make a fine face strictly beautiful unless the features are regular and the head and face of perfect contour. The eyes should be set horizontally, having neither an upward nor downward inclination, not too far apart nor too close together. The nose should be placed at an even distance between the eyes, joining the forehead in a noble curve, the lower portion straight to emphasize the surrounding curves of the cheeks and lips. The "mouth like a Cupid's bow" is very beautiful. The distance from the eyes to the tip of the nose, and from there to the chin, should each be one-fourth the length of the face. The mouth should be set at one-third the length of nose and chin; the chin should taper slightly to form an oval outline of face. Nevertheless, with features which do not come up to the ideal, a girl will be considered "pretty" if she has a smooth, clear skin, bright, animated eyes and good teeth.

How Women Hamper Themselves.

"Why don't women have pockets?" grows the growler of the Chicago Journal. "They carry their purses in their hands and their handkerchiefs in their bodies, and they carry a little bag about as big as a pint on their arms, the exact use of which has never been defined. A man has plenty of pockets; he can carry keys. A woman is always wondering where she left or hid hers. There is nothing on earth to prevent any individual woman from enjoying innumerable pockets, loose sleeves, bifurcated undershirts, short hair, etc., and all the other modern feminine improvements."

The Latest in Bonnets.

London Truth of this week says: The Rose Fenwick is a collapsible or crush bonnet. It was invented by Miss Rose Fenwick, the daughter of an admiral, and is being now taken up by the Paris milliners. Play goes who frequent the pit will have reason to bless the inventor if it proves to be the coming bonnet. It shuts up like a crush hat and when in its collapsed state looks like a fan or a fan-shaped reticule. It can be made to serve as such hooked on to a girle. When open it is like any other bonnet of the Fauchon form, but prettier. One of its virtues is that it does not require a big band box. Indeed, one might thrust it into a glove box. For matinee dances it would be ideal.

How Women Rest.

How differently men and women indulge themselves in what is called a resting spell. "I guess I'll sit down and mend these stockings and rest awhile," says the wife; but her husband throws himself upon the

easy lounge, or sits back in his arm-chair, with hands at rest and feet placed horizontally upon another chair. The result is that his whole body gains full benefit of the half-hour he allows himself from work, and the wife only receives that indirect help which comes from change of occupation. A physician would tell her that taking even ten minutes' rest in a horizontal position, as a change from standing or sitting at work, would prove more beneficial to her than any of her makeshifts at resting. Busy women have a habit of keeping on their feet just as long as they can, in spite of backaches and warning pains. As they grow older they see the folly of permitting such drafts upon their strength, and learn to take things easier, let what will happen. They say, "I used to think I must do thus and so, but I've grown wiser and learned to slight things." The first years of housekeeping are truly the hardest, for untried and unfamiliar cares are almost daily thrust upon the mother and homemaker.

Gossip About the Sex.

A Belfast (Me.) woman is learning the trade of a machinist.

A bust of Gladstone is to be made by Miss Mary Redmond, the Irish sculptor.

Miss Nellie Cushman enjoys the reputation of being the only girl mining expert in the world. She is well-known throughout all the mining towns of Arizona.

Bessie Rockefeller, daughter of the Standard Oil magnate, received a wedding gift of \$1,000,000 from her father when she was married to Charles A. Strong, son of the Rev. A. H. Strong, D. D., President of the Rochester Theological Seminary.

An English paper recently published the following advertisement: "Notice.—To ladies of position: Will any lady of good social position receive another in her house for a week during next May, and present her at the last of May drawing-rooms. Satisfactory terms to be arranged and good references given. Strict confidence will be observed."

Women are so scarce in Blaine county, Neb., that the ministers and justices of the peace vie with one another for the honor of performing wedding ceremonies. The story goes that a well-known bachelor farmer in an unguarded moment let it become known that he was daily expecting the arrival of his bride-to-be from the East. He was sorry for the slip when he learned that the whole judicial and clerical force in the county had camped on his farm awaiting her arrival.

It is perfectly true, says Figaro, that the Prince and Princess of Wales, with three of their daughters, dined with the officers of the First Life Guards at Knightsbridge on Sunday. Whether it is wise of their royal highnesses to attend big dinner parties on Sunday is a matter for their own consideration. But the incident has, of course, excited remark and some surprise. There is no reason why the Prince and Princess, like any other person, should not accept the hospitality of their friends on Sunday, but the objection is Knightsbridge barracks.

Latest Fashion Notes.

In real flowers tulips and lilies of the valley are to the fore, decorating festive boards and forming bouquets and button-holes. Choice of all is the fragrant exotic white lilac, which is in great request now blended with fern, or alone in its beauty.

That which gives great variety to modern toilet is that an upper skirt generally falls over the under donned one, in separate panels, either loose or slightly draped, fastened here and there with a bow or ornament of passementerie. Bodices are also made in very various styles; some are peaked and some are round-waisted; some are plain and others finely plaited or fully gathered. Wide sashes are draped round the waist and tied at the back or side.

Although many of the new silk and wool fabrics show quaint and rich devices, with silver, steel, copper and gold appearing in some of the Persian and old Roman patterns, and although an endless variety of stylish plaids and stripes appear, still the solid colored materials in exquisitely rich dyes and weavings, either finished with handsome Persian borderings, or made up with velvet or faille, have taken the precedence in the making of the really elegant and ladylike gowns worn this winter.

This fashion of silk petticoats allows of making use of many a demodee dress. It is easy to make them up one's self, or any lady's maid can arrange one: one has but to choose from a silk dress or tunic of a former season those widths which are still good enough, and cut them from a good pattern into an underskirt. By way of trimming, a lace flounce, or a silk one divided by strips of lace insertion, a plain band of velvet or handsome galloon, in fact anything and everything the fancy may dictate.

All our fashions are copied for children, and very prettily copied, it must be confessed. Behold them with the cape a la Paryenne; are they not charming, with the full loose mantle, puckered up all round the neck? A very dainty model of capote cloth, lined with soft green satin, a pinked-out ruche of cloth goes round the edge, and the cape is fastened at the throat with a bow of ribbon; this, with the enormous Greenaway capote in which the dainty face half disappears, forms a unique and most becoming walking attire for little ones from 2 to 4 years old.

White undershirts are by no means gone out of fashion. There are exquisite jupons of muslin or nainsook, all betrimmed with lace put on in flounces and insertions. But silk undershirts are generally preferred by Parisian ladies as both more elegant and more practical. The most useful of all is that of black silk; but for spring or summer wear that of glass silk of two shades of color, chiefly red and blue, is the prettiest to wear under light fabrics. The simpler ones are trimmed with pinked-out flounces; the more elaborate and dressy are now frequently ornamented with a deep fluting of wide open-work net, through which five or seven rows of narrow satin ribbon are run at regular distances.

An Alarming Discovery.

Mamma—"Why, Dick, you took that dose of medicine like a little hero; didn't even make a face." Little Dick—"That medicine don't taste bad at all." Mercy me! Maybe it isn't good for anything."

CURRENT TOPICS.

Said Mr. Justice Stephen, of England, alluding to the case of a defendant who sought to escape liability for certain expenditures by throwing the blame of ordering it upon his wife: "That is a very old excuse. I often felt that Adam—I mean that is—well! I have always wished to hear Eve's account of that transaction."

A freshly executed painting may have its colors presented in the mellow tones of the old masters by first covering the back with a coating of fuller's earth, which absorbs all remaining oil, and then, on removing it, covering the back with a coat of linseed oil, which the colors presently imbibe. This is the alleged discovery of a celebrated French painter.

P. T. BARNUM published in Bethel, Ct., half a century ago, the Herald of Freedom. His unqualified utterances resulted in his incarceration in the Danbury jail. A short time ago Editor Wildman, of that city, who was formerly a typesetter on the old Herald, sent the showman a cane made from a portion of the now demolished building where Mr. Barnum was "imprisoned half a century ago for publishing the truth." Mr. Barnum was so pleased with the memento that he has returned the compliment of the veteran editor with a valuable gift.

A PRIVATE residence in Providence, R.I., was much troubled by unpleasant odors and several of the inmates were sick with what the doctor said was sewer gas fever. A plumber was called in and proceeded to apply the peppermint test from the roof. In three minutes the entire house was filled with the odor, and further investigation disclosed the fact that in order to keep the cold air duct dry an untrapped drain led from it at a point under the furnace directly to the main sewer. Through this the sewer gas was drawn into the furnace, and having been nicely warmed was distributed through the house for the comfort of the occupants.

The oldest pieces of wrought iron now known are probably the sickle blades found by Belzoni under the base of a sphinx in Karnak, near Thebes; the blade found by Colonel Vyse, imbedded in the masonry of the great pyramid; the portion of a cross-cut saw exhumed at Nimrod by Mr. Layard—all of which are now in the British Museum. A wrought bar of Damascus steel was presented by King Porus to Alexander the Great, and the razor steel of China for many centuries has surpassed all European steel in temper and durability of edge. The Hindus appear to have made wrought iron directly from the ore, without passing it through a furnace, from time immemorial, and elaborately wrought masses of iron are still found in India, which date from the early centuries of the Christian era.

The Manufacturer and Builder gives some interesting information about the manufacture of toothpicks in a Michigan factory. The wood of the canoe birch is used exclusively. The logs are sawed into pieces 28 inches long, which are thoroughly steamed and then cut into veneer. The veneer is cut into long ribbons three inches in width, and these ribbons, eight or ten of them at a time, are run through the toothpick machine, coming out at the other end, the perfect pieces falling into one basket, the broken pieces and the refuse falling into another. The picks are packed into boxes, 1,500 in a box, by girls, mostly comely-looking young squaws, and are then packed into cases and finally into big boxes, ready for shipment to all parts of the world. About seven and a half million toothpicks are turned out each working day by this one establishment.

BUFFALO Courier: "It is curious," said an aged member of one of the prominent churches in town, "to note the changes in sittings made by the congregation. I have been a member of this church for years, and the movement of the congregation is as slow and gradual and sure as that of a glacier. The single young folks, as a rule, sit in the back part of the church. There you will see the lonely young men and the timorous maidens. In the course of a few years these young people marry and move up towards the middle of the church, and as families increase in numbers they take the prominent seats and occupy them for years and years. Then comes old age, when the eye is dimmed and the ear is dulled, and these hoary people move up into the front pews, where they may be seen any Sunday, white-haired and venerable, with their hands behind their ears listening to the sermon."

A COTTON fabric which has been patented in England is thus described: "It has the appearance and soft feel of chamois leather, and it is guaranteed will not lose its special qualities when washed. In making the cloth cotton yarns form the warps, these being dyed a fast color, a chrome yellow being preferred; they are sized and dressed in the usual manner. The weft is spun soft and is used in the undyed state. The fabric is woven from these yarns and is then pressed several times through cylinder-teasing or raising machines, whereby the surface is broken and a good ground nap is produced on one or both sides thereof. The fabric is then 'soap' finished, to impart to it the desired appearance and soft, cold feel of chamois leather. It is applicable for either wet or dry cleaning purposes and also as a polishing cloth, and especially suitable for underclothing and for linings of the same, and for general use as a substitute for the chamois leather now used for these and for analogous purposes. Being, moreover, of a woven texture and absorbent, it is more healthy for use in garments than chamois leather, and does not require to be perfumed. Unlike leather also, which gets stiff after washing, this improved material so produced is capable of being repeatedly washed without stiffening, and is found to retain its softness perpetually."

PROV. HURLEY denies the impeachment quoted by the Pall Mall Gazette from a Chicago paper, that he is disposed to judge spiritualism more or less favorably. He has been present at various spiritualistic manifestations, and his "deliberate judgment" is that "the mediums were each and all utter impostors, and with one exception not even clever at their shameful trade." He once sat at a table which was to be moved by spirits. There was a tall lamp on the table, and he kept his gaze fixed on a particular pattern of the wall paper, just covered by the globe. Suddenly the table moved, "and there, did you see the medium say?" and there was a general cry

of wondering assent. But the sceptical Professor had not seen the shadow on the wall move. He pointed out this little difficulty, and by dint of persistence got an admission even from the medium that there was some doubt about the matter. As to rapping, he experimented himself with such success that he could produce a series of startling raps with the second toe of each foot. He simply had to bend the toe, and then suddenly straighten it. A celebrated lady medium once informed a friend of the Professor's at a country house that the spirit of his sister Mary wanted to communicate with him. A very touching conversation followed. Afterwards the medium privately asked: "Did you ever have a sister Mary?" He—"No!" She—"I thought not."

THE PAPER AGE.

A Time is Coming When Paper Will Run the Earth.

The world has seen its iron age, its stone age, its golden age and its brazen age, says the Paper World. This is the age of paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made that is made. We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing and sit on paper cushions in paper cars, rolling on paper wheels. We do a paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them in paper money or charging them up in paper books, and deal in paper races in paper boats for paper prizes. We go to paper theatres where paper actors play to paper audiences. We elect paper men with paper votes on a paper issue to represent a paper constituency in a paper Congress, and make paper laws. As the age develops, the coming man will become more deeply enmeshed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing on his paper bed, and put on his paper dressing gown and paper slippers. He will walk over paper carpets down paper stairs, and, seating himself in a paper chair, will read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes, laid on a paper cloth on a paper table, and he will wipe his lips on a paper napkin, and, having put on his paper shoes, paper hat and paper coat and taken his paper cane, he will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will go to Europe on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons.

French Dishes.

Snails cooked in their shells form a dish which, however enjoyable it may be to the French gourmand, an American cannot relish. At a fashionable dinner the waiter got along very well until a plate of a half-dozen was set before him, but he put a bold face on the matter and tried to follow the example of the rest. The thing was coated with a nasty-looking dark greenish slime, and looked forbidding. He transferred it hastily to his mouth. The first thing perceived was an awful reptile flavor, like the scent in the neighborhood of the box constructor cage in a menagerie. He tried to bite the morsel, but it was like rubber, and tough as an old boot. It began to grow big in his mouth, until it seemed to attain the size of an elephant. He felt himself turning pale. At last he gave a hearty gulp and swallowed the whole thing. Talk of Thackeray's American oyster expert—once being like swallowing a raw baby; that French snail went down like a raw alligator; his French friend by his side observed his embarrassment with an amused smile, and, remarking that he evidently did not like snails, kindly relieved him to his own plate. The artichoke, a vegetable much liked in France, was also the writer's despair. Everybody was eating them in the restaurants, and so he thought he would call for one. He was advised to try a half one to begin on. So a half artichoke was brought, boiled, with vinegar and oil. It was like a pine cone sliced in two. The scales were like those of the pine cone, too, and there were more of them than skins to an onion. These scales were pulled off, one by one, and just the lower end, which was tender, bitten off, after dipping it in oil and vinegar. It tasted like a soaked out chestnut, with a strong flavor of burdock. But the strong point of the artichoke is the time taken to eat it. The writer consumed about half an hour and only the outer layer was disposed of. To eat a whole artichoke would take a small eternity. He came to the conclusion, finally, that American cookery, on the whole, was more nourishing than French. —Waverly Magazine.

John's Philosophy of Wedlock.

A rumor that a Chinese laundryman in the Bowery had murdered his Irish-American wife attracted a lot of reporters to the subterranean wash-rooms not long ago. They ascertained that John had merely blacked his wife's eye. The pair were ironing at opposite tables and seemed happy. The woman declared that she was satisfied to take a licking from her husband occasionally, and that nobody else had any right to interfere. A philanthropic scribe remarked to the Chinaman, "John, don't you know it is wrong to lick your wife?" The washerman stopped ironing a moment, gazed at the reporter, and said: "You got wife?" "Yes." "You no lickee her?" "Certainly not." "Well," said the Chinaman, in a tone of profound conviction, "you no lickee her, she lickee you." —New York World.

He Appreciated Them.

Chatham—How beautifully the roses bloom on Miss Sigourney's cheeks! Says Anyhow—Yes, I always did admire hand-painted flowers.

A Great Excuse.

Teacher—What made you make a face at me? Little Johnnie—Please, ma'am, I didn't think you were looking.

Johnnie (with a Sunday school book)—Say, papa, what is a martyr? Papa (cautiously)—Don't ask such questions now, my child. Wait until you are old enough to be married.

A small leasehold property in Worcester-shire, England, is announced for sale by auction "for the residue of term of 2,000 years created in the year 1600."

"The Child and the Tramp."

The following lines from Mrs. Platt's book of poems, "The Witch of Giza" (St. Paul), are supposed to be addressed by a well-to-do child, situated with civilization, to a tramp outside the window:

It's not so nice here as it looks, With china that keeps breaking so, And five of Mr. Tenyson's books? Too fine to look in—is it, though?

If you just had to sit here (Well!) In satin chairs too blue to touch, And look at flowers too sweet to smell, In vases—would you like it much?

If you see any flowers, they grow, And you can find them in the sun. These are the ones we buy, you know, In winter-time—when there are none!

Then you can sit on rocks, you see, And walk about in water, too— Because you have no shoes! Dear me! How many things they let you do!

Then you can sleep out in the shade All day, I guess, and all night too, Because—you know, you're not afraid Of other fellows just like you!

You have no house like this, you know, (Where mamma's cross, and ladies call)— You have the world to live in, though, And that's the prettiest place of all!

A Little Poet.

Out in the garden was Elsie, Was gathering flowers for me; "O mamma," she cried, "hurry, hurry, Here's something I want you to see."

I went to the window. Before her A velvet-winged butterfly flew, And the manniee themselves were not brighter Than the beautiful creature in hue.

"O, isn't it pretty?" cried Elsie, With eager and wondering eyes, As she watched it soar lazily upward Against the soft blue of the skies.

"I know what it is: don't you, mamma?" "O, the wisdom of these little things! When the soul of a poet is in them, 'Tis a pansy—a pansy with wings!"

A Tragedy of the Plinks.

My lady comes tripping lightly, Down the bordered walks, Swinging her garden scissors (We tremble on our stalks), Saying, "What shall I wear to-night?" Here's a rose, There are pinkies, Lilies, too!"

She stops and thinks, Were ever eyes so clear and bright? "What shall I wear that he loves best?" And she softly smiles and sings: "Here are roses, and lilies, too, And the pink with its perfumed wings. He loves the plinks!" she leans and lingers, Then, oh! she says! Ah, such gems!

And over our Gray-green stems She clasps her supple finger. She places us on her warm white breast— We forgive her cruel clipping. Alas! a rude step hasteneth To steal the love we are sipping— To wear the flowers he loveth best.

He comes, And stands, Then takes, Her hand— The curtain falls—you know the rest.

ENVOY.

He clasped her to his strong young breast, She no more stops and thinks, Two hearts are beating tenderly— But where are the perfumed plinks?

An Obstinate Girl.

She's an artist and she paints Like Titian, Though she won't consider sainte Her mission, She could paint a holy soul And would make the aureole Elysian.

But she thinks she can play A guitar, Or in acting imitate her way As a star, So obscure she will remain, Making all my labors vain, For she's as obstinate as Cain— Most girls are.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

Bill Nye Expresses His Opinion of the Great Boston Logician.

(Bill Nye in the New York World.) Strolling about over the Union as I have for the past four months, I have had the pleasure of seeing and communicating with a number of men, all prominent in some line, and thinking that their personal appearance, as it struck me, might be of interest to the reader, I have reluctantly consented to write some impressions of a few under the general title of "Eminent Men whom I Have Saw."

Joseph Cook, as the greatest man we have on the face of the earth to-day, according to calculations made by himself, would naturally come first. He is a grand man, engaged in thinking thoughts all the time, of which he is the theme. He occasionally takes a day off, during which he crams the newspapers in an earnest way, and then he goes back to hover over his porcelain nest-egg of thought.

Joseph Cook might have a good deal of fun if he would just oversee the universe daytimes and let some one else do it at night, but the slightest irregularity in the habits of a planet will bring Joe out of bed in an instant. He worries all the time for fear that a new-laid planet will wander away into the brush and get lost.

He dreads to die, not so much on his own account, but because he wants to be spared to those who are so poorly prepared to get along without him. When he is colicky and fretful it is not that he cares a cent about it personally, but because he is all the time afraid to die and leave the universe in the hands of the Creator. He has been accustomed for so long to go around with a long-nosed oil-can searching for a hot journal in the solar system that he actually believes himself to be largely responsible for atmospheric conditions and astronomical phenomena.

Three Thoughts on Widows.

A widow is a being who appeals to the tenderest sympathies of humanity. Bereft of her husband and natural protector the widow turns trustfully to the outside world for pity and moral support, and seldom fails to secure both.

In the breast of mankind is an ingrained feeling that a widow is a proper object of solicitude. —Indianapolis Journal.

We would like to add something to the foregoing beautiful tribute to the widow, but having once known her we are to full for utterance.

In Luck More Ways Than One.

Insurance Officer—I understand that Mr. Richman hasn't a cent of insurance on his life. Why don't you go for him?

Agent—Won't do. He was born lucky, and makes money out of everything he touches. If we should insure Richman to-day, ten chances to one he'd die to-morrow.