The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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PERSONAL.

It was lately announced of Gen. Sir Hudson, Napoleon's custo- Helena, whose wife was one of the New York De Lancys.

GENERAL GARFIELD's youngest son, Abe, is quite an artist. One of his favorite drawings is a train of cars, in which everything is so faithfully represented that even an expert would find no part omitted.

MR. LONGFELLOW can take a worthless sheet of paper and by writing a poem on it make it worth $50. That's genius. Mr. Vanderbilt can write fewer words on a similar a sheet and make it worth $50,000,000. That's capital.

GOLDWIN SMITH, in the five years of his Oxford University course, won the Hertford, the Ireland, a first in "Greats," the Latin verse, the Latin essay, the English essay, and to crown all, a fellowship of the University. He remained an Oxford man for twenty years, and in 1858 was made by Earl Derby Regius Professor of ModernHistory, with a salary of £650 a year.

THE Czar is supposed to be suffering from a diseased spine. His sons, who left Russia indignant with his marriage, are to be summoned home to pay their respects to the new wife, who is said to be a woman of ability, a firm friend, and a vindictive enemy. The Czar has given her jewels, belonging to the late Empress, worth more than a million and a quarter of dollars. She was in debt, they say, when she first attracted his notice, for a five-rouble silver ring!

COLONEL FORNEY, in the last number of *Progress*, has this paragraph: "I have just heard a good piece of news about my dear friend Jay Cooke, the philosopher, who, while as a marvellous leader as a banker, had to yield temporarily to misfortune, and to postpone the payment of his obligations. He is now on his financial feet again, and will soon be able to pay all his debts. Considering that he went down in the crash of 1873, this is quick and honorable redemption."

THE house of Rothschild has recently been reorganized with a capital of $10,000,000. The financial head of the house, and director in its large operations, is Baron Alphonse Rothschild, who is also head of the house in Paris. He is a man of indefatigable industry, simple in habits, and proverbial as a pedestrian, one of his chief pleasures being a walk through the streets of Paris both before and after dinner. Baron Alphonse and Gustave and E. Rothschild each furnish a third of the capital. The registration of the deed of partnership cost $12,400.

"WHY are we brokers?" may be answered by the fact that the business is so remunerative that last week Mr. Metcalf, a partner of Mr. Ives, the president of the Stock Exchange, bought the seat of Mr. George Chapin for $20,500, and paid $1,000 admission fee to the Exchange in addition. The value of seats has of late appreciated more rapidly even than the price of stocks, for it is only a year or so since Mr. James Gordon Bennett paid out $10,000 for a seat, which he presented to his friend Mr. Lawrence R. Jerome. At the rate paid by Mr. Metcalf, the 1100 seats of the Exchange are worth about $22,000,000. One of its advantages is that at the death of a member his family or estate is entitled to $10,000.

THE new hotel of Baron Rothschild in Paris was formerly the property of the Marquis of Pontalba, who had repaired the fortunes of his family by marriage with a very rich creole of New Orleans. A capricious passionate woman, she led him a life which he patiently endured until she one day, in a pet, sneered at his poverty, and reminded him that the splendid mansion they occupied was hers. The Marquis said little, but presently with his children withdrew to a modest lodging, where they lived in the simplest manner on his own small means, in spite of the lady's entreaties for his return. The hotel was brought, stone by stone, from the Faubourg St Honore to its present site. It is a beautiful edifice. All the Rothschilds are invited to the house warming.

How to Act in Case of Fire.

(American Builder.)

Better than all the elaborate and costly apparatus for extinguishing fires are constant care and watchfulness, and quick and intelligent action on the part of those who first discover a fire in progress. The fire which at its beginning could be smothered with a pocket-handkerchief, or dashed out with a bucket of water, neglected a few hours, lays in waste millions of dollars worth of property. If there is any time in which a person should be cool and calm, in perfect command of himself, it is when he discovers a fire that threatens the destruction of life and property. The first thing to do is to learn precisely where it is; the second, to consider the chances of extinguishing it. Of course, in cities, an alarm should at once be sent out, but at the same time a vigorous effort should be made to put out the fire with the means at hand; for sometimes what the fire engine is unable to accomplish when it reaches the scene, can be done by one or two persons who act promptly before the flames have had time to gain headway.

First, then, do not be alarmed on account of smoke. Frequently there is a great deal of smoke before the fire has made much progress. Remember that one can pass through smoke by keeping his head near the floor, or by enveloping it in a wet woollen cloth. On entering a room to fight down a fire sinleg handed, keep the door closed behind, if possible. A pail of water and a tin dipper, in the hand of a resolute person, can be made to work a miracle at the beginning. If the fire has progressed too far to admit of this course, and it is necessary to depend entirely on outside help, then see to it that every door and window is closed. By so doing, where there is a fire engine in the neighbourhood, it will often be possible to confine the fire to one room.

Every person who stops at a hotel should take special pains before retiring to note the location of the stairways, so that in case of an alarm he can find his way out, even though the halls are filled with smoke. Never leave a room when there is an alarm of fire without first securing a wet towel, or, if possible, a wet sponge or piece of woollen cloth, through which to breathe. If escape by the stairs is cut off, seek an outside window and stay there till help comes. Above all things be cool and have your wits about you. When a lady's dress takes fire, let her fall on the floor at once and call for help, in the meantime reaching for some rug or woollen cloth, with which to smother the flames. There is nothing new in this advice. It has been repeated in one form or another hundreds of times; but it will bear repeating thousands of times.

The Load of a Freight Car.

A rapid increase has been going on during recent years in the amount of freight regarded as the maximum load of a car. formerly 20,000 pounds was the limit; now according to the Western Weighing Association, the average of the different classes of freight, as determined by the weights of 50,000 cars weighed during a period of six weeks, was from 23,750 for machinery to 29,925 for ore, the maximum in nearly all cases exceeding 30,000 pounds. Certain classes of freight reached, respectively, as high as 35,000, 37,750, 39,3000, 39,600, and even, in the case of ore, to the enormous weight of 48,500 pounds, or more than 24 tons. The superintendent of the association is satisfied that the various articles of freight enumerated, 23 in number, will average fully 27,000 pounds per car. The fact that such loads can be safely carried now is due to the vastly improved condition of tracks as well as to the heavier construction of the car.

LORD WENLOCK, who has just died suddenly, was a near connection and intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone, and exercised great influence on Yorkshire politics, being Lord-Lieutenant of the East Riding.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

The Coquette.

After birth on blooming roses I was lain,
Mother's petting, nursing me, was not in vain.
Men from three big towns to woo me never ceased.
And I only flirted with them,
Teazed and fooled them,
Chose among them,
As I pleased.

Rock-a-By Baby.

Rock-a-by baby upon the tree top,
When the wind blows—confound it, do stop.
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
Jerusalem crickets! what a temper you've got;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
By thunder! you young 'uns do nothing but squall.
Now, baby, go by-by; go hush-i-ty—hush;
Shoo, shoo, shooy, shooy, hush, hush i-ty—hush;
If you ain't asleep this minute, now, now, rock-a-by.
Well, hang such a young one, that does nothing but cry.

The Wax Doll.

Boxed up so carefully,
Banged flaxen hair,
A new-fangled foundling,
Just left in our care;
Like Flora McFimsey—
With nothing to wear.

We'll robe her in silks,
In laces straightway,
Then pin a big price on her
For some Crœsus to pay.

These feet, so frigid like,
And these limbs rigid like—
Bronze slippers and hose for them.
But her eyes? Close them,
Staring so blindly, so dreadfully staring,
With blue-eyed impunity.

Hear her say "Papa,"
Hear her say "Mamma;"
Has she a sister?
Has she a brother?
Why didn't they teach her
To cry for her lover!

Take her up gingerly,
"Handle with care;"
Constructed thus fearfully,
She's wax, so beware!

Fashion Notes.

WORTH continues to make basques.

BAYADERE striped silks are revived in Paris.

CLARET-coloured kid gloves are among the novelties.

MASCULINE styles for ladies' street costumes are still popular.

SHIRRED waists are very much in favour with young ladies.

OLIVE is the rare shade to find in plush, as in hose or gloves.

WIDE velvet collars bordered with fur are very stylishly worn.

QUILTED satin, lined with flannel or chamois skin, are the latest luxury in petticoats.

PINK jackets are very stylish for wear with any handsome skirt to the opera, theatre, or for full-dress visit.

NEW cloak clasps are of passementeries, to match the new cloak trimmings—jet, jet and gold, steel and jet, pearl, etc.

LARGE bouquets of flowers are now placed in the centre of the bodice, somewhere about the sixth button from the top. This is the very newest caprice.

BRILLIANT beetles decorate one stylish bonnet and another has gold-headed pins half buried in the plush. Whole sets—muff collar and bonnet—in cream plush are very stylish.

THE Rob Roy or baker's caps are now dignified by the name of Leonard da Vinci turbans, being similar in shape to the head-dress worn by the renowned painter while at work.

A SUPERB evening dress for a young lady is a combination of gold brocade on ground of satin in cream-white, and plain lilac satin of a delightful pale shade.

AMONG the many fancy feathers are butterflies; some formed of brilliant tropical plumage and others of tiny cock's feathers tipped with gold, the bodies in both cases being formed of tinsel beads.

"SHRIMP" pink is a colour in satin much used in Paris, in combination with the brilliant shade of light blue; the garnet velvet is much employed for trimming white evening dresses, either of satin and brocade or of the new striped gauze.

A VERY elegant opera cleak was of antique silk, lined throughout with turquoise silk and trimmed with wide bands of white fox. The cloak was in long coat shape, with angel sleeves and a round cape of white fox completed the wrap.

OPERA bennets are of plush in the cream shade so becoming to all complexions. Pokes, capotes, Clarissa Harlowes and Spanish caps are the shapes, while the trimmings are long white plumes, heavy ostrich tips, pearl beaded lace and ornaments.

SOME very pretty toilet sets are of satin in various colors, hand-painted and trimmed with lace—a long mat for the dressing-case, an elegant pin-cushion, and a pair of perfume bottles covered with satin and having a plaiting of satin around the base, which answers the purpose of a mat.

A SUPERB black satin de Lyon is heavily trimmed with wide bands of cocks' feathers tipped with gold, a pink satin is decorated with rich embroidery in beads and chenille, while the plush walking suit has the collar, cuffs, pockets, and border of leopard skin selected with especial care for the purpose.

EMBROIDERY of the most exquisite workmanship is seen upon white evening dresses. It is also worked upon silk, satin, and velvet. Jets and beads of all kinds, gold, silver, cashmere, pearl, and chrystal are also employed. The patterns are very beautiful, and are in copy of Grecian, Byzantine, Renaissance, or purely fanciful design.

GLOVES are now worn with short sleeves, to come up a good deal higher than the elbow. Portebonheur bracelets in plain or open-work bands, are worn upon the wrist over the glove, and also the serpent-like gold and silver bracelets coiled around the arm. To these it is now fashionable to add at least one massive bracelet at the top of the arm.

SILK plush has conspicuous places in all dresses intended for ceremonious wear; wedding robes are even relieved in some manner by appliances of plush, or show plush in combination; and plush gives distinctiveness of style to a great many of the most elegant of the dinner and reception robes.

Two young Philadelphians recently appeared in gowns which looked as if woven from sunlight and moonlight. One was of cream brocade wrought with gold thread, and was made with a box-plaited train and a baby front embroidered in gold and pearls; and the other was of silver cloth with front and side breadths of white satin, embroidered in white chenille and pearls.

Waifs.

SOME men are called muffs because they are used to keep a flirt's hand in.

WHEN the baby cries for "bread" it is the most natural thing in the world for the mother to give it a rock.

FASHION says: "Gathered waists are still very much in favour with young ladies." They are with the young gentlemen also.

"ALL seems to hinge on this," remarked the lover when he proposed to his sweetheart while swinging on the gate in front of her house.

JONES thinks a man is fortunate who has the will contested after death only. He says the will has been contested ever since he married Mrs. Jones.

At the ball: Grace (whispering)—"What lovely boots your partner's got, Mary!" Mary (ditto)—"Yes, unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."

THE census shows something like twenty per centum more females than males in the country's population. Well, we can't have too much of a good thing.

DEAF Lady—What's his name? Young lady—Augustus Tyler. Deaf lady—Bless me, what a name! Busthis Biler. Eliza, you must be making fun of me.

SHE—"Mr. Slow, are those two men that have just passed brothers?" He—"I—aw—know that one of them is; but I'm—aw—not quite sure of the other."

MISTRESS: "Mary, this venerable goose is tough enough to break one's teeth." Maid: "Yes'm; didn't you tell me, ma'am, that you wanted it for *piece de resistance*."

A MURRAY HILL, New York, girl has had one of her shapely feet modeled in marble, and has presented it as a birthday present to her affianced husband for a paper-weight.

"How shall I have my bonnet trimmed," asked Miria, "so that it shall agree with my complexion?" If you want it to match your face, have it plain," replied hateful Hattie.

A RETURNED Australian found the baby he left at home a miss of five summers. One day he offended her, and she fretfully exclaimed: "I wish you had never married into the family."

BOY (to a lady visitor): "Teacher, there's a gal over there a winkin' at me." Teacher: "Well, then, don't look at her." Boy: "But if I don't wink at her she'll wink at somebody else."

MISS Made-up Old Girl: "Yes, I love the old oak; it is associated with so many hours spent beneath its shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when——" Young Foodle—"When you—er—planted it."

DRAWING-ROOM episode: Affable duchess (to amateur tenor, who has just been warbling M. Gounod's last)—"Charming! charming! You must really get somebody to introduce you to me!"

A SLIGHT misunderstanding: "Do you ever *wink*, Miss Evangeline?" "Do I ever *what*, Mr. Smythe?" "*Wink*?" "What do you mean, sir?" "Well, skate, if you pwefer the expression!"

"EUGENIE, Eugenie, will you still insist on wearing the hair of another woman upon your head?" "Alphonso, Alphonso, do you still insist upon wearing the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

"KISS," said young Charles, "is a noun, we allow; but tell me, me, my dear, is it proper or common?" Lovely Mary blushed deep, and exclaimed: "Why, I vow, I think that a kiss is both proper and common."

SCENE—A trysting-place. Roger (who was kept waiting some time)—What came ower ye? Dae ye ken ye've kept me waiting mair nor half an hour? Peggy (whom he has courted for more than eight years)—I couldna help it. (After a pause)—Look at the time ye've kept me waiting, and I'm share ye never heard me once compleenin'.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL evidence: "Who's that frizzly, black-haired woman talking to my husband on the ottoman?" "She's a Mrs. Cadogan Smythe." "Indeed! She's good at flattering people, I should say, and knows how to lay is on pretty thick." "Ah! you infer that, no doubt, from her attitude and expression?" "Oh, dear, no, from my husband's."

SHE was a big, buxom lass, and when her small beau called one evening she said: "Good evening, Lily." "I'm no lily," he replied, surprised at the idea; "you're the lily; men are never lilies." "Yes, sometimes they are, and you eepecially are a lily." "How's that?" "Lilliputian." He then looked as if he wished he were an elephant.

A GENIAL mistake: New Beauty (unversed as yet in the mysteries of high life)—"Who's that wonderful old gentleman?" The Captain—"Sir Digby de Rigby, a Hampshire baronet, one of the oldest in England; James the First's creation, you know." New Beauty (determined to be surprised at nothing)—"Indeed! How well preserved he is! I shouldn't have thought him more than seventy or eighty!"

"THE Young Lady's Friend" is the title of a work on behaviour. It tells the young ladies that they must not stand on their heads in company; that it is highly improper to put your hand towards your face in spread eagle fashion; and gives various other valuable hints, all of which should be heeded by our young ladies.

FASHIONABLE emulation; Lady (speaking with difficulty)—What have you made it round the waist, Mrs. Price? Dressmaker—Twenty-one inches, ma'am; you couldn't breathe with less. Lady—What's Lady Jemima Jones' waist! Dressmaker—Nineteen and a half just now, ma'am; but her ladyship's a head shorter than you are, and she's got ever so much thinner since her illness last autumn, Lady—Then make it nineteen, Mrs. Price, and I'll engage to get into it?

Children's Quaint Sayings

A CHILD seeing a bill on a telegraph post: "Oh, mamma, look! A message has fallen down."

TOTTIE—I wonder why dolls are always girls, Tom? Tom—Because boys hate to be made babies of.

LITTLE boy, learning his catechism from his mother: Q. What is a man's chief end? A. His head!

A LITTLE girl, aged five, going to bed one night, and kneeling down to say her prayers, said: "O, mamma, may I only say amen to-night? I am so tired."

SMALL boy, watching his sister iron a piece of work with a bird's nest of eggs done in crewels on it—I say, sister, if you keep the iron so long on those eggs you'll hatch 'em.

JACK (aged four, taking a walk)—What becomes of people when they die? Mamma—They turn in to dust, dear. Jack—What a lot of people there must be on the road, then.

MAMMA—And David was able to kill that great big man Goliath because God helped him. Harry (aged six)—Well, I I don't call that fair, mamma; that's two on one.

A LITTLE girl had a penny given her to put in the collection box at church. When she dropped in the coin she exclaimed: "That's the way the money goes, pop goes the weasel."

GIRL (yawning over lessons)—I'm so tired; I should like to go to sleep. Boy—I'll tell you what to do, then; get up early to-morrow and have a good sleep before breakfast.

A LITTLE girl, seeing two love birds billing and cooing, was told that they were making love. "Why don't they marry?" she asked; "then they would not make love any more."

THE clever paper, *London Truth*, advertised recently to give a prize of £2 2s. for the quaintest saying of a child. Several hundred contributions were sent in, of which the following are the most pointed:

"LITTLE baby is very ill, Charley; I am afraid he will die. "Well, if he does die, mamma, he won't go to the bad place." "Why, Charley, how can you know that?" "Oh, I know he can't mamma; he's got no teeth to gnash."

A FOND mother said to her little son: "Tommy, my dear, I am going to give you a little companion soon; which would you prefer, a little boy or a little girl?" "Well, mother," replied Tommy, "if it is all the same to you, I would rather have a little donkey."

The Garland Toilet.

This is the kind of gown in which one entirely anonymous Frenchwoman goes to a dinner. It is made of heliotrope satin *meveilleuse*, but these simple words convey no idea of its appearance. The material is drawn together in such a way that it looks like a garland of violets. How it is done French dressmakers only know, but it is done and is placed in a deep band around the lower part of the skirt. The front of the petticoat is slightly puffed and trimmed with Alencon lace. The waist opens like a kerchief in front and has large plaits behind. The sleeves are trimmed with three rows of lace and fastened up with bows of satin, and a dog collar of violet velvet and a Russian chain of chased silver are worn about the neck.

An Indian Ball.

Monday, says *The Yellowstone Journal*, a novel and interesting performance in the shape of a dance was enacted on Main street, by over one hundred Sioux and Cheyennes, who were accompanied by about twice as many squaws and papooses. The warriors were grotesquely dressed in styles which would have been decidedly cool even in summer; as it was, the day was quite chilly, and the dusky braves had to keep up a vigorous dance to feel at all comfortable. The ceremony commenced by their all squatting on the ground in a large circle, when Hump, who seemed to be the leader, struck the drum a few taps; they all jumped up, and commenced circling around, shaking the sleigh-bells with which they were all ornamented in a very lively manner, making a pleasing accompaniment to the thumping of the drum, which by this time was beat by over a dozen Indians, all, however, keeping a monotonous time to which the dancers kept step. All of the participants in the dance, had their bodies painted various hideous colours, some being green, red, blue, black, and many parti-coloured, with their faces painted in many colours, and looking very ugly. Most prominent among them all was painted a number of horseshoes, which represent the number of horses owned by each individual. At each of the stores above mentioned barrels of crackers, caddies of tobacco, and large quantities of sugar, and gay printed calico were given, which pleased them greatly. The dancing was kept up for several hours, and was witnessed by many ladies and citizens to whom it was very interesting. After getting all they could from the stores, they disbanded and dispersed to their camp, the other side of Fort Keogh.

Three Wives.

Three men of wealth meeting not long since, says an exchange, the conversation turned upon their wives. Instead of finding fault with women in general, and their wives in particular, each one obeyed the wise man's advice, and "gave honour unto his wife."

"I tell you what it is," said one of the men, "they may say what they please about the uselessness of modern women, but my wife has done her share in securing our success in life. Everybody knows that her family was aristocratic, and exclusive, and all that, and when I married her she had never done a day's work in her life: but when W. & Co. failed, and I had to commence at the foot of the hill again, she discharged the servant and chose but a neat little cottage, and did her own housekeeping until I was better off."

"And my wife," said a second, "was an only daughter, caressed and petted to death; and everybody said: 'Well, if he will marry a doll like that, he'll make the greatest mistake of his life;' but when I came home the first year of marriage, sick with the fever, she nursed me back to health, and I never knew her to murmur because I thought we couldn't afford any better style or more luxurious."

"Well, gentlemen," chimed in a third, "I married a smart, healthy, pretty girl, but she was a regular blue-stocking. She adored Tennyson, doted on Byron, read Emerson, and named the first baby Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the second Maud; but I tell you what 'tis," and the speaker's eyes grew suspiciously moist, "when we laid little Maud in her last bed at Auburn my poor wife had no remembrance of neglect or stinted motherly care, and the little dresses that still lie in the locked drawer were all made by her own hands."

It is not very easy saying what men and women who have long seemed respectable will do in certain circumstances. Every now and then there are persons who have for forty, fifty and sixty years borne good characters, and then *presto*! off they go, and not only make fools of themselves, but disgrace their families, and make people believe that they have all along been hypocrites and knaves. Just let anybody look at that man Card's case, and say what can be made of it. And still more, what is to be said of Mrs. Snider? No doubt her husband was a drunkard, and that goes for a good deal. But here is a woman of thirty-three, buxom, good looking, and the honoured member of a large circle of friends and acquaintances who makes bad ten times worse, and goes off with an old rascal who might have been her father—a married man to boot, with any number of children and all that. I declare it is a mystery which "no fella" can make out. It seems Card, to his other iniquities has added that of forgery, and may very likely before all the play is played out, have to cool his heels for a considerable time in the Penitentiary.

THE Princess of Wales, having visited Kensington Palace to advise on the fitting up of the apartments allotted to Princess Frederica of Hanover, was fascinated by Greuze's charming portrait of the Pompadour, who is depicted in a flowered silk dress, with lace fichu gathered up at the top of the bodice by a bow of ribbon, striped carmelite and white; upon her head is carelessly thrown a fanchon of lace, loosely fastened under the chin with a bow of the same striped ribbon. The whole toilet is as simple as possible, and in the most elegant taste. The Princess was immediately struck with the ease and grace of the coiffure, which, instead of depriving the countenance of all shadow, as is the case with the mob cap which has been the fashion so long, throws a shade becoming to every complexion over the face. The fanchon is consequently to become the fashion.

Highly Interesting Intelligence.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE LATEST FASHIONABLE DANCES.

What masks, what dances
To wear away this long age of three hours.

There are about ten teachers of dancing in Toronto and some three or four schools and academies where the science of rythmetic motion is expressed in chalked circles and heel and toe movements, and where awkward youths go through agonies of bashfulness with their eyes glued to their feet and their elbows balanced at right angles like the wings of a trussed fowl, for dancing is no longer a mild and swaying motion to the sound of slow music or rapid whirl-about, in which the dancer spins like a top. The new dances demand an immense amount of energy, hard work, and dislocation of all the members, so that a good dancer of modern dances has all the accomplishments of a contortionist and the grace and flexibility of a Græco-Roman wrestler. Indeed, it is only those who are elegant dancers of the round dances who can acquire with any degree of proficiency the new glide steps of the ripple, raquet. Sallie Waters, Rockaway, cradle Knickerbocker, and new glide. There is a peculiar swaying to one side, which is caused by extending one foot sideways and balancing in that direction, then recovering by bringing the truant foot back with a step that is very hard to acquire, but when once acquired is the very poetry of motion. The much talked of raquet is a society dances that amonground dance takes the lead. It is very attractive eye, and those who dance it well form the best picture ever seen on a ball room floor. The movement, which is only to be described by the rocking motion of a cradle, is the ideal of grace, but, naturally, cannot be acquired easily by persons who are unable to bend sideways. The swaying motion is continued through the entire figure, and the further the couple can lean over and the quicker they gain their equilibrium, the more expert and accomplished they are.

The Sallie Waters is a hop, skip, and jump step, with a jig attachment, and a clog dance combination in the heel tap. It derives its name from a recent song called "The Babies in Our Block." The expression of the music is in 2-4 time, and it is very pretty with a waltz movement and a spring step, and is slow or fast. The song runs like this:

Little Sallie Waters
Sitting in the sun,
Crying and weeping
For a young man,
Oh! rise, Sallie, rise,
Wipe your eyes with your frock,
That's sung by all the babies
That are living in our block.

The cradle is one figure of the raquet, the swaying motion like the rocking of the cradle—and is a pretty and poetic as a picture. The Knickerbocker is in 1-2-3-4 step from side to side, and is too tiresome to last long.

A new quadrille is called "The Polo," and will be popular this winter. There is more balancing in quadrilles than has been the fashion of late years and less stately walking about, after the style of the old minuets of Washington's day, but whether it is an improvement or not would be hard to say. The practice which some young people seem to patronize of clasping each other round the waist or shoulders with a vigorous grip in which the hands looks muscular and obtrusive, does not seem to be quite necessary, any more than it is to clutch the fabric of the dress as if holding on for dear life. It is noticeable among neophytes that the gentlemen are more embarrased than the ladies, and what they lose in self-possession they make up in vigor; but it is the inelegant dancers who pound the hardest and are tired out the soonest.

The Rockaway is a long slide step heel and toe, the old polka step with variations and the conventional slide steps. The ripple calls for special music. It is a very pretty dance, and less tiresome than any of the others; but it requires a graceful, slender figure and flying feet.

The old polka has gone out, by name, at least; so has the redowa, and the mazurka, and the Highland schottische, and the waltz as it used to be. The walking step is much faster in the glide than formerly. Dancing to be anything now, is fast and furious, and not the slow promenade it has been for some years. The side motion is decided innovation. Dancers do not hop up and down with the springy motion of the knee, as in the old waltzes, when people went bobbing and courtesying about like Dutch dolls, and the gentleman held his partner discreetly at a distance with his extended arm. Now he and his partner are one and indivisible as they whirl like teetotums to the music.

The prairie queen is left of the old quadrilles, and the lancers are as popular as ever, and so also is the german. It is the fashion now for influential ladies to get up a class of young people who are all acquainted, and have them attend a dancing school under the name of "Mrs. ——'s class," where they learn to dance the german. The great objection to teaching this elegant dance is that only persons known to each other can enjoy it. For the benefit of the non-dancing community we will give a description of some of the figures, there being at least a thousand different ones. One of the prettiest is the Looking Glass. A lady seats herself in the dance, and her maid hands her a mirror in which she sees, one by one, the faces of the gentlemen who come and lean over her chair—when she sees the right one she turns the glass down. He leads her out and dances with her, presenting her with a "favor," which may be a fan, bouquet, or anything he has selected—candy or ornament, "Faith, Hope, and Charity" stars and pyramids are all beautiful and attractive figures in this medley of beauty and grace.

It is not the young people only who are learning to dance, but grandames and grandsires, who like the amusement and think it is not too late to learn. Occasionally some old widower, who is going to marry a society miss, takes private lessons, but one turn at raquet usually gives his rheumatic old limbs such a jolting that, with many an "oh" and an "ah," he is forced to acknowledge with Solomon that "there is a time to dance," and also that he has outlived it. But for the supple limbed girls and boys who can spin round on their toes, laughing defiance in the face of time, that season seems a long way off. Their motto is:

On with the dance, let joy be unconfined.

Dens of Vice.

(From the Toronto Truth.)

A thoroughly false impression prevails amongst our people, to the effect that if a man has an ulcer which is eating his life away, he has only to hide that fact from the world, to be as if he were entirely sound. Now, if that man instead of concealing the fact, allowed doctors to treat him, he would not only benefit himself, but he would probably aid the researches of science, and then prove a blessing to some other sufferer.

If this be true, of a man then, is it not equally so of a community? And if we have sore places in our social system, is it not the duty of every good citizen to expose them, so that the at once cruel, and merciful knife, may be brought into play, and these excresences on our social growth, be either removed, or at any rate, greatly ameliorated? Now reader, if you have come to the conclusion that I am right, I will take you with me into a few of those

DARK PLACES

of which Toronto is full, places which are known by the police to exist, places where greedy vampires batten on the poor deluded creatures of both sexes, who are unfortunate enough to be enticed into these lairs of iniquity, and you and I will, each of us, do our best to save the youth of our beautiful city, each in his respective sphere, by pointing out the hideousness of vice, and the certainty with which it leads to ruin.

The first place we visit is a cigar store. Not very much harm in that, you say; wait a moment, and I think you will alter your opinion We stand up by the counter, and you want me to "stand" the cigars, but I object; being the conductor, you are my guest. Holloa though! here is the way to settle it! Here is a cigar lighting apparatus with a small *roulette* box in the centre. Now then, which is it?

RED OR BLACK?

Black? You've lost, my boy, it's red! But stop! How many young fellows have lost their dollars in that identical box, just as easily as you have lost your ten cents. Let us wait awhile and see what goes on. The first one who come in is generally known about town as a "hard citizen," and in my reportorial capacity I frequently meet him at boat races, horse races, &c., where he is usually considered one of the knowing ones, and where his "look" is eagerly copied by those who wish to be thought "sly." With him is a slim young fellow not more than eighteen or twenty years of age, who is decidedly under the influence of "budge." Let us follow them into the back room. But where have they gone, do you say? Come right through. Now mind these stairs, they are rather steep and narrow. Here we are, at the top at last, but the door's locked, and you wouldn't easily get in there without my help. But give one scratch, and rattle the handle twice! Now, do you see? Here we are, in a

PLAINLY FURNISHED ROOM,

with a small stove, which serves the double purpose of warming the room and boiling water. There is a dissipated looking young fellow leaning his chair back against the wall and reading the *Clipper*. Two others are holding a conversation in low tones in a corner. One is a common looking lad who is evidently new to the scene by the way he gazes around, and the other,—let me see—Oh by George, I remember him now, he is an "actor" (heaven save the mark) in a low Variety Theatre which we will "take in" some other night. Presently the semi-silence is broken by the "actor" who says, "Jimmy, set up warm budge for the party, Mr. Jones (motioning the green youth) is doing it." He of the dissipated air gets out three whole tumblers and one cracked one, produces from some place or places unknown a common black bottle half full of a fiery fluid (which he is pleased to call whisky), a piece of lemon, and a teacupful of white sugar. We (of course) decline to drink under the plea that we have sworn off, but the rest of the party swallow their liquor with an easy grace which says more plainly than words

"I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE."

All excepting him who has been denominated Jones. Poor lad, he tries to swallow the stuff bravely, but it is too much for him and he has to content his pride with a very small sip once in a while.

Meantime you will notice that the crowd are directing some very meaning looks at you my friend. But I will make that all right. There: I have spoken to the "Hard Citizen" and he invites you to join the game. Better go in for an experience while I look on.

THE GAME IS POKER,

five cent ante, and dollar limit. All are playing save Jones and myself. I stand behind the H. C. and looks into his hand, and it seems marvellous how skillfully he bets, only taking risks occasionally, and then winning without an exception. You wonder too, don't you? But it is easy enough to understand if you look into it. Jimmy "stands in" with him and signals him, after seeing the other hands what to do. Quite simple isn't it? And always successful! But let us leave. Surely we have seen enough to convince us that appearances are very deceitful and that the innocent looking cigar store may be far worse than the lowest licensed tavern in the city.

What a relief it is to be out once more in the open air, and to feel that all that vice and subsequent misery, is left behind. Now my dear friend (for I hope we are friends by this time) let us look this thing squarely in the face. The place we have first left is far

WORSE THAN A LICENSED SALOON

for many reasons. In the first place gambling is *openly* carried on among the frequenters of this "boozing ken" as its familiars call it and although the stakes are very small they are in reality large, when it is considered by whom they are lost and won, young boys of from sixteen to twenty as an average. In the second place respectably connected youths can drink themselves out of their senses if they choose without any risk on being seen by their friends or acquaintances, as they would be if they were imbibing if a regular licensed house. and, in the third place, they know perfectly well that they are breaking the law, which certainly result in

A TASTE FOR CRIME,

as is easily proved by the hard swearing which occurs every time a liquor case is tried by the magistrate.

Let these places be rooted out and the sooner the better. Too many difficulties are now placed in the way of those official, who wish to do their duty not only to their fellow citizens, but to their own consciences, and if these difficulties come from defects in the laws regulating such places, then let the laws be simplified, say I,

Yours,
SAVED.

DURING the siege of Candahar meat and water were plentiful, but beer and Scotch whiskey were more precious than rubies. At the sale of Gen. Brooke's effects a bottle of the former was knocked down to a thirsty lancer for eleven rupees, and the mountain dew fetched over fourteen rupees a bottle.

MATTERS DRAMATIC.

SALVINI smokes only Italian cigars—long "stogas," made of a straw and a splint of broom corn, round which strong leaf tobacco is wrapped.

THE advertisers of Sarah Bernhardt in Boston seem to have gone too far in announcing that the poet Longfellow would sit for the actress to model a bust. Longfellow makes a denial.

A LIVE baby is used in a play now on the road, and this fact is turned to profitable account by the manager of the company, which appears in the play. In every city he advertises for a baby, and hundreds are offered. This makes a novel baby show, the reporters describe it, and much attention is thereby drawn to the performances.

THE London journals account for what they call "the Sarah Bernhardt craze" by saying that the New Yorkers are more than half Parisian. They like England's old world relics and antiquities, cathedrals, rivers, and Stratford-on-Avon; but Paris has their heart. They visit the tomb of Shakespeare and wander about the haunts of Dickens and Thackeray, but it is from Paris the American lady gets her dresses, and the millionaire his furniture, decorations, and pictures.

MISS MARY ANDERSON purchased recently at St. Louis a diamond necklace and pendant for $5,000. The necklace is composed of nineteen very large and beautiful diamonds, all first-quality gems. From the necklace is suspended a pendant of exquisite beauty and workmanship, which is one mass of diamonds. In the centre, and directly above it, are two very large solitaire diamonds of five carats each, surrounded by seventy-seven smaller diamonds, so arranged as to give the appearance of one immense solitaire of great value.

IT is a mistake to suppose that the histrionic profession is treated in England or France, with more social honor than here. Rachel was in 1841, when she came first, received in London with great distinction, but on her second visit, when stories got abroad about her, the drawing rooms were no longer open to her. She was not again the guest of the soverign; the royal duchesses held aloof. Sarah Bernhardt had to repeat the same experiences, and London followed the example of Paris, where the stateliest ladies of the Faubourg first sought her then turned coldly from her. The Theatrical profession, with rare exceptions, is not received in fashionable society in England or France.

SALVINI believes that Shakespeare intended Othello to be a Moor of Barbary, or some other part of northern Africa. "I have met several," the tragedian says, "and think I imitate their ways and manners pretty well. You are aware, however, that the historical Othello was not a black at all. He was a white man, and a Venetian General named Mora. His history resembles that of Shakespeare's hero in many particulars, Giraldo Cinthro, probably for better effect, made out of the name Mora, moro, a blackamoor, and Shakespeare, unacquainted with the true story, followed this old novelist's lead, and it was well he did so; for have we not in consequence the most perfect delineation of the peculiarities of Moorish temperament ever conceived?"

Sarah Bernhardt and Abbey Striking a Bonanza.

Sarah Barnhardt has brought her wonderful engagement to a close. The united efforts of herself and Mr. Henry E. Abbey have made it the most remarkable ever known in the annals of theatrical entertainment. For his share of the four weeks' business, Mr. Abbey has netted $40,000 (about $15,000 of which have gone in the Passion Play), and Sarah Bernhardt has made about the same amount. The extent of her receipts, compared with those she has abroad, may be gauged in the simple statement that in three weeks here she made as much as she ever made in a year and a half of her previous career. During the last week of her engagement, the sum she received was more than her salary in one year at the Theatre Francais. It is not necessary, here, to descant on the fact that more meritorious attractions, taken as a whole, have not attained to a tenth part of this wonderful result, and there is this to say also, that whatever we may think of Mr. Abbey in this course regarding the Passion Play, he has shown consummate skill regarding Sarah Bernhardt. With a less able man she would have made much less money, but the tact and shrewdness that have directed this whole affair reflect the highest credit on the management. Now, Mr. Abbey takes his star elsewhere to coin money. The "take" in Boston even surpasses that of New York. The advance sale here was about $40,000 before she opened and that was for four weeks. In Boston the advance sale is about $45,000, and it is for twelve performances only. Two extra performances will be given there and will add materially to the receipts. The whole engagement in America will net Bernhardt about $150,000, and Mr. Abbey the same.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

ALL who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.

IF men would spend in doing good to others a quarter of the time and money they spend in doing harm to themselves, misery would vanish from the earth.

IT takes four things to be a gentleman—you must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tastes, a gentleman in your manners, and a gentleman in your person.

NOTHING is so good or wholesome as the simple truth; and he who helps us to find out a single real thing about ourselves does us a far greater service than he could by indiscriminately undervaluing us.

THERE is only now and then an opportunity for displaying great courage, or even great wisdom; but every hour in the day offers a chance to show our good nature, charity, and kindness of heart.

SYMPATHY.—He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, perhaps himself enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by all the folly of others, has perhaps attained the soundest wisdom.

ONE of the lessons which young people have to learn by experience is the power, as well as the enduring quality, of deeds and words, and that they cannot talk idly as the wind whistles, or do carelessly as the reeds float, with no effect produced and no impress made.

THE truly hospitable host sets his guest at ease by being at ease himself; he gives him the best he has without fuss or flurry, or undue expense, always remembering that the best thing he can offer him is himself, unfretted by care, unwearied by labour, fresh and free for social converse, or sympathy, or counsel, as