FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

CARE OF THE COMPLEXION.

Quite a discussion has been held lately, in some of the New York papers, relative to the proper care of the complexion. Advice has been given by a lot of the most prominent actresses and "beauty women," telling how to preserve or purify the skin. But they all agree on one point at least—that is, that good health is the first requisite for a good complexion. "Out-door exercise and plentiful bathing," says one pretty singer. A good many of these women, however, say that they never actually, *wash* their faces, a peculiarity we should be very slow to copy. There is no doubt, however, that to preserve a delicate bloom one should be sparing of ice-cold water, it should be tepid water; either very hot or very cold should be avoided. Rubbing a lather over the face is injurious to many delicate skins; a little in the water should be sufficient for cleanliness, and the skin is softer if it is rubbed with the hands, instead of a coarse wash-cloth.

To keep the face and lips soft and smooth, they should be annointed daily with cold cream or glycerine and rose water—a little experience will prove which is best suited to one's use. But a clear and rosy skin not only means good health; it is often the index of good temper into the bargain. Bad temper, fretting and worrying are usually quite as detrimental to the complexion as bad health. We can't all be angelic in disposition, but we can at least take life easily. Advice to the girl who wants to cultivate or to keep a good complexion may be easily summed up: Don't fret. Don't chew gum. Don't stay in-doors more than you can help. Don't drink too much tea or coffee. Don't eat all manner of trash, and too much of it at that. Don't neglect regular and frequent bathing. Don't stay up late, but have regular hours for sleeping as for everything else. Bear in mind all these "Don'ts," and you will have little use for powder.

A WARNING TO ENGLISH WOMEN.

A correspondent of a London paper writes as follows: Allow me to utter an oft-repeated and oft-neglected warning to English girls about to marry Frenchmen. It does not yet seem to be understood, as it ought to be, that though a woman may be married to a Frenchman according to all the forms of English law, she is not necessarily married in France. The French law still requires that the absurd and antiquated form of asking the head of the bridegroom's family to consent to a marriage shall be gone through; and if this is omitted the marriage is invalid. A very sad case came under my own cognizance recently. A young Frenchman, visiting in this country, became engaged to a young English lady. Enquiries were made, the gentleman's position and prospects appeared satisfactory, the affection was mutual, and the marriage was duly solemnized in the parish church and before a registrar. The latter precaution was taken because it appears to have been thought by the bride's friends that only a civil marriage was recognized in France. But nobody had thought of enquiring whether the bridegroom, a man of independent means, twenty-seven years of age, had troubled to ask anyone's leave before he got married. The man took his wife over to France, and a couple of years afterwards coolly informed her that they were not married at all! Apparently there was no redress for the unmarried wife who had to return to her relatives with this indelible stigma upon her. For the credit of human nature we may hope that such cases are rare; but English parents and guardians ought to know that it is possible for them to occur.

NEATLY NABBED.

A lady and gentleman were travelling together on an English railway. They were perfect strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said: "Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes. I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel." "Certainly, sir," she replied with politeness, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said: "Now, madam, my change is complete, and you may resume your seat." When the lady turned she beheld her male companion turned into a dashing lady, with a heavy veil over her face. "Now, sir or madam, whichever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel." "Certainly, madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied. "Now, sir, you may resume your seat." To his great surprise, on resuming seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He then laughed and said: "It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank!" "And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "I am Detective J——, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you; now," drawing a revolver, "keep still!"

NOTES.

In boas, now so fashionable, the longer they are the better. They should almost touch the ground.

A woman at Hutchinson, Kan., with fourteen children, applied to the city marshal the other day to make a split in her family as she could not support them all. She now hustles for eight.

A New York hostess marked the places of her guests at table by a single, perfect rose. Upon a petal of each was delicatele written, by means of electricity, the name of the person to occupy the place.

When Miss Fawcett, daughter of the late Postmaster General of England, applied to a famous mathematical coach at Cambridge to be taken as his pupil, she was rudely repulsed, and the ungallant tutor remarked that he "would take no tabbies." Very well. This same Miss Fawcett has been systematically beating the best men of her year in the Trinity College examinations, and will doubtless be senior wrangler for the ensuing year.

A retired Government clerk died in Vienna a few days ago, and bequeathed a considerable sum of money in these terms:—"Up a second flight of stairs there lives at door No. 63 a widow who has two daughters. I leave the sum of 80,000 florins to the one who always nodded in such a friendly way when she met me." The two sisters fell out as to which of them the old gentleman had left the money. Legal proceedings are impending, but the lawyers are said to be inclined for a compromise by dividing the money.

The White Ants of Africa.

The white ant is blind; it has many enemies, and can never procure food until it comes above ground. How does it solve the difficulty? It takes the ground out along with it. I have seen white ants working on the top of a high tree, and yet it was underground with them to the tree-top; just as the Esquimaux heap snow up, building it into the low tunnel huts in which they live, so the white ants collect earth, but for some depths underneath the ground, and plaster it into tunnelled ways. Occasionally these run along the ground, but more often mount in endless ramification to the tops of trees, meandering along every branch and twig. here and there debouching into large covered chambers which occupy half the girth of the trunk. Millions of trees in some districts are thus fantastically plastered over with tubes, galleries and chambers of earth, and many pounds' weight of subsoil must be brought up for the mining of even a single tree.

Peering over the growing wall one soon discovers one, two or more termites of a somewhat larger build, considerably longer, and especially of the mandibles. These important-looking individuals saunter about the rampart in the most leisurely way, but yet with a certain air of business, as if, perhaps, one was the master of works and the other the architect. They are posted there as sentries, and there they stand, or promenade about, at the mouth of every tunnel, like Sister Ann, to see if anybody is coming. Sometimes somebody does come in the shape of another ant—the real ant this time, not the defenceless neuropteron, but some valiant and belted knight from the warlike formicide, Single, or in troops, this rapacious little insect, fearless in its chitonous coat of mail, charges down the tree trunk, its antennæ, waving defiance to the enemy and its cruel mandibles thirsting for termite blood.

The worker white ant is a poor, defenceless creature, and blind and unarmed, would fall an immediate prey to those well-drilled banditti who forage about in every tropical forest in unnumbered legion. But at the critical moment, like Goliath from the Philistines, the soldier termite advances to the fight. With a few sweeps of its scythe-like jaw it clears the ground, and while the attacking patry is carrying off its dead, the builders, unconscious of the fray, quietly continue their work. To every 100 workers in a white ant colony, which numbers many thousands of individuals, there are perhaps two of these fighting men. The division here is very wonderful, and the fact that besides those two specialized forms there are in every post two other kind of the same insect, the kings and queens, shows the remarkable height to which civilization in these communities has attained:

These mounds are built into a mesh-work of tunnels, galleries and chambers, where the social interests of the community are attended to. The most spacious of these chambers, usually far underground, is very properly allocated to the head of the society, the queen. The queen termite is a very rare insect, and as there are seldom more than one, or at most two, to a colony, and as the royal apartments are hidden far in the earth, few persons have ever seen a queen, and indeed most if they did happen to come across it, from its singular appearance, would refuse to believe that it had any connection with the white ants. Her one duty in life is to lay eggs, and it must be confessed she discharges her function with complete success, for in a single day her progeny oftne amounts to many thousands.

Pancakes.

How dear to my heart is the food of my childhood
When poor hotel dinners recall it to view:
The chickens, the partridges shot in the wild wood
And all kinds of jam that my infancy knew.
The plump fat old turkey with cranberries nigh it,
The mince pies which often I ate with such joy,
But best of them all and I cannot deny it,
Were those good buckwheat pancakes, I ate when a boy.
Those good buckwheat pancakes, those excellent pancakes.
Those unrivaled pancakes I ate when a boy.

That old pancake griddle I hailed as a treasure,
For at noon or at night, when returned from my toil,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
Far better than food that you roast, bake or boil.
How ardent I seized them with countenance glowing,
And unto the table did bear them with joy.
And soon to my mouth mighty fragments were going
Of those good buckwheat pancakes I ate when a boy.
Those good buckwheat pancakes, those excellent pancakes
Those unrivaled pancakes I ate when a boy

How nice from the griddle right hot to receive them,
To swallow them quickly and then call for more,
Not even ambrosia would tempt me to leave them,
When once they had entered my mouth's open door.
And oft when pursuing my way through life's wildwood,
And learning a bit of it's sorrow and joy,
My fancy returns to the scenes of my childhood
And those good buckwheat pancakes I ate when a boy.
Those good buckwheat pancakes, those excellent pancakes
Those unrivaled pancakes I ate when a boy

A man dressed in Tyrolese costume entered the shop of the principal barber in Innsbruck, sat down in a chair and made a sign that he desired to be shaved. The proprietor of the establishment, seeing a rough-looking fellow clad in the national Joppe reclining on the velvet plush, requested him to "get." "We don't serve peasants here; this is a saloon for gentlemen." The stranger rose with a smile. "Very well," he said, "but oblige me, in case my adjutant should come in, by telling him that I have gone to be shaved by your rival across the street. I am the Archduke Joseph."

The Hon. Edward Blake has intimated to a reporter for a British Columbia journal that he has no thought of resigning his seat in Parliament.

Police in Japan.

A Japanese policeman was never known to smile, but when he finds it necessary to proceed to the extreme step of arresting a lawbreaker his face becomes clouded over with a pall of sorrow and solemnity that would do credit to an Irish undertaker taking the coffin measurement of an archbishop. Grasping the offender firmly with one hand, with the other he extracts from an invisible pocket of great capacity a roll of strong cord. Whispering polite and minute directions in the ear of the victim, who obeys them with scrupulous consideration for the feelings of his captor, he winds the cord several times around his waist and then attaches his wrists in optical contact with the small of his back. Six feet of cord remain; the policeman grasps the loose end, and bowing to the prisoner with an "After you, sir," the pair march away in a touching union of sadness and security. The neighborhood is paralyzed during the performance, business is suspended and traffic is stopped.

The formality of an arrest, however, is the only amusing side of Japanese justice. If you follow the white clothed policeman and his prisoner you will soon reach a police station in which sit a dozen clerks and functioners hard at work at books and accounts and reports, with nothing except their physiognomy and the little teapot and tobacco brazier beside each one to differentiate them from similar European officials. The prisoner will be taken before a superior officer, the charge against him noted down; he will be searched and then put in one of a dozen wooden cells, ten feet square perhaps, separated from the central passage by great wooden bars reaching from floor to ceiling, and making a cell curiously like an elephant house, but providing admirably for ventilation in this hot climate. At the police station he may not be kept more than twenty four hours, and then he is removed to a central station on a large scale minus the functionaries and plus the necessary arrangements for the dentention of prisoners for long periods. The courts are much like European courts.

After visiting many court rooms we reached a room where twenty particularly intelligent looking officials sat at both sides of a long table piled up with newspapers, scissors, blue and red pencils, paste pots and all the familiar equipment of the exchange editor's sanctum. I turned to my guides for an explanation, and caught them regarding me and each other with amused smiles. Then I saw the joke. It was the Bureau of Newspaper Censorship, and those gentlemen with the spectacles and scissors and paste were examining all the newspapers of Japan for reprehensible or seditious sentiments or improper criticism of ministerial and imperial affairs. I was introduced, the twenty gentlemen rose simultaneously and the laugh became general. "This," said my guide, waving his hand proudly over the piles of newspapers and the teapots of the censors, "is an institution you have not yet reached in England."

The procedure of this branch of the Japanese police is simple in the extreme. A lynx-eyed censor discovers an article which seems to his conservative notions to threaten the stability of the government, to bring a minister into contempt or to foster improper agitation among the people. He extracts it and submits it to the director of the bureau, who probably takes counsel with the higher authorities. If the censor's view is confirmed the editor of the paper is peremptorily but politely summoned—everything is done politely in Japan, and I have no doubt that the school boy is politely birched and the criminal politely executed—to appear at the department of police at a certain hour on a certain day. When that summons comes to join the innumerable caravan of martyrs to a sense of journalistic duty he knows that—in the expressive language of the Bowery—he is a "goner." "Sir," he is told, "your estimable journal is suspended for so many days. Good-morning."

The whole system of secret police is highly developed in Japan. There is a regular staff of detectives who disguise themselves as laborers, merchants or travellers, or even in case it is necessary to hunt down some great criminal, hire a house in the suspected neighborhood and live there. One of these men loses caste very much in his office, if he does not actually suffer a degradation of position, by failing to return with the information he is dispatched to secure. Besides these however, there is a regular staff of private police-correspondents in all parts of the country, and one whole bureau at the department of police is devoted to receiving, ordering, classifying these, and taking action upon them. A good deal of information must be picked up from the tea houses, each of which is a center of gossip, and in one or other of which almost every male well-to-do inhabitant of Tokio is an habitue.—[Tokio Cor. New York World.

Lord Dufferin.

The Earl of Dufferin has been made a marquis, and in future will be known as the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. This honour has been worthily won. Few men have served the State with greater efficiency. Thirty-three years have passed since he entered upon the service of his country. In 1885 he appeared in Vienna attached to the mission undertaken by Lord John Russell to the Austrian Court, a mission which proved unsuccessful. But for its lack of success the youthful diplomatist was in no sense responsible. Whatever work he has since undertaken has almost invariably been crowned with success. The noble marquis is the son of Helen Selina Sheridan, the eldest, if we mistake not, of the three famous daughters of Mr. Thos. Sheridan—ladies renowned alike for their beauty and their accomplishments. The late Earl of Beaconsfield, charmed with all of them, used to speak of Lady Dufferin as possessing even greater ability than Caroline Norton, subsequently Lady Stirling Maxwell. Both sisters were dowered with a large measure of genius: but probably Lord Beaconsfield was right in awarding the palm to the author of the "Emigrant's Farewell." In "Letters from High Latitude," Lord Dufferin showed himself at once an able writer and a plucky seaman. For a time he had Prince Jerome Napoleon as a companion in his voyage to Iceland. But the vexed ocean was too much for Jerome. The Prince preferred Paris to the North Pole, having no fancy for a home upon the deep. In Syria, in Canada, in Turkey, in Egypt, in India and in Burmah, wherever the affairs of England required special attention during the last thirty years, thither Lord Dufferin has been sent with success.

A ministry without love, however educated or otherwise efficient, is as "sounding brass."

America's Dead Sea.

Salt Lake, America's Great Dead Sea, is mysterious, because covering as it does 2 500 square miles with an average depths of forty feet, no man has yet found its outlet. Fresh streams pour into it from all sides, and yet to day it is briny as when first discovered. It is one fifth pure salt, and so dense is it that it is impossible to sink in it. It has puzzled scientists from all quarters of the globe to tell what becomes of the water that constantly flows into its capacious maw, and while some have given as a solution the possibility of a subterranean outlet, and some have accounted for its disappearance by soler evaporation, no absolute satisfactory theory has yet been assigned for the lake maintaining its average volume since its first discovery. Strange to relate, while there is no outlet to this saline mass there is yet a strong current found in two places. Old seamen who have navigated the lake for years have always held to the theory that this was the fastest water in the world for rowing, for two reasons. One of these was that the water being so buoyant a boat would naturally float higher and therefore displace less water; and the other, that the water being so dense the blade of the oar necessarily had much more purchase because of the great resistance of the heaven water. It is further argued that the greater the speed of the boat the less the displacement, and hence the faster ought to be the time made in covering a certain distance. One of the peculiarities of the lake is its proneness to sudden and totally unexpected storms. On the clearest possible day, when not a cloud can be seen overhead and the sun is shining brightly, a squall is liable to rise on the water, and the wind has been known under these circumstances to blow at the rate of sixty miles an hour. These winds come from the mountain tops and hillsides which are only a few miles to the eastward. Sometimes they rush down the narrow canons, and, stealing silently across the plains between the mountains and water, spend their force on a current of air coming across the lake from the north. At the point of contact the storm will be terrific, and then there is great danger to unseaworthy vessels.

The Coal Miner's Strike.

If the coal strike in England actually takes place, it will be the most formidable movement of organized labor that has ever occurred. It has been estimated that it would throw out of work 240,000 men and boys, representing with their families, quite 1,000,000 people. The object of the proposed strike is to secure an increase in wages of 10 per cent., this corresponding to the reduction in wages that was made three years ago. At the time of the cut down the coal trade of England was in an exceedingly depressed condition, and it was generally admitted, even by the miners themselves, that a reduction in wages was inevitable. But within the last twelve or eighteen months the coal business has improved, though the owners of the mines assert that the improvement consists in larger sales, but not in increased prices. However, there seems to be a difference of opinion on this subject, for the mine owners in Lancashire offered to increase the pay of their men 5 per cent. without condition, and even 10 per cent. if the mine owners in other parts of England made corresponding increase. But the conditions of mutual support made it impossible for the Lancashire miners to accept this proposition, though it was understood that quite a number of them were favorable to it. The trouble with coal mining in England is that prior to 1875 the prices of coal were abnormally high, which led to the opening and developing of a large number of mines, so that the average output has frequently been considerably greater than the ordinary consumption, thus leading to an inevitable decline in prices.

Fashion Notes.

Nothing so useful, and at the same time so elegant, has appeared as yet this season as the embroidered French cashmeres. They are brought out in reseda, rosewood, gold, terra cotta, pine green, olive—in short, all the newer art colours. The embroidery is worked in self coloured silks, exquisitely done, and the price of each pattern, though rather expensive at first, pays for itself in the wear of the gown when made up. These dresses are charming in appearance, they do not wrinkle or soil quickly, and can, after long use, be cleaned equal to new if desired.

For head garniture in full dress, we see visible indications of a return to narrow flower-wreaths, sometimes two and three rows of fine blossoms going round the head, after the fashion of the classic coif worn by the ancient Greeks. This, however, is a special mode, adapted to the style and carriage of but few women. But more general, and much more simple, is the fashion of wearing an osprey of delicate flowers, or one large damask rose with foliage. This is the "Jenny Lind" fashion revived, and the cluster is worn on the left side of the head, just below the bump of caution.

One of the fashions of the day which is something more than a fashion—almost a craze, indeed—is pasementerie. From plain silk cords simply tied in hard knots like a friar's girdle, to placques as intricately wrought as the richest laces, all sorts and kinds are represented. Passementerie appears everywhere, even the neck for a brooch, at the belt for a buckle, and upon bonnets, hats wraps, gowns, jackets, and even shoes. There are also imported entire skirt-front borders three quarters of a yard deep, Russian and Figaro jackets and sleeves entirely of passementerie. Nothing can equal the grace of the design and delicacy and elaborateness of the work. Beads are still intermingled in many of the patterns, and there are, among other importations, very elegant narrow panel-pieces to be laid upon wide box-pleatings, also other large devices for portions of the gown, all of nasturtiums and wall-flowers, executed in bronze, mahogany, gold, amber, and terra cotta silk cords and beads, the richness of effect of this handwork being unsurpassed in beauty and art by any of the treasured relics of the sixteenth century.

Denmark, which twenty years ago exported bad butter of $420,000 annual value, last year exported excellent butter of the value of $2,600,000. The improvement in quality has been mainly wrought by a judicious expenditure of a sum not exceeding £11,000 a year in providing the country with dairy schools, where the pupils are trained in the theory and practice of dairy work, and are taught to make butter and cheese of best quality during all seasons of the year.

The Story of the Withered Hand.

I was sitting in the corridor of the Kaiserhof Hotel one night, in Berlin, when an officer of the Guard de Corps, with whom I was acquainted, came in. He was commanding the escort of a distinguished foreigner at Berlin, who came to pay his respects to the new Emperor, Frederick. The officer sat down on a bench beside me, after sending up his card, and, learning that the Ambassador was still in bed enjoying his afternoon nap, we had a talk about court matters in Germany. It was impossible to hold a conversation of interest on any other subject at the Capital at that time. The whole civilized world had its eyes centered on the Capital of the German Empire, just as it is to day, and the English-speaking world was particularly interested in the attitude of the Crown Prince—the present Emperor—toward the people of Great Britain.

"He hates the people across the channel, does he not?" I asked.

"Hate scarcely expresses his sentiments," said the Captain, with a shrug. "It is curious, in all the delving and investigating of the newspaper correspondents that the real reason has never been published of the Crown Prince's antipathy toward the English. He is of a peculiarly revengeful and resentful disposition, and his dislike for his mother's people dates back from the moment of his birth. When it was learned that the Empress Victoria was about to give birth to a child, and to the probable heir to the throne of the German Empire, there was a great deal of excitement in Berlin. The Empress, as you probably know, is a woman of strong mind. She is the oldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England, and, over there, she imbibed all sorts of notions concerning the superiority of woman to man, and the mission in life of the Queen's daughter, and so on. The result was that, at an early period of her married life, she convinced Frederick that she must have her own way at all hazards, and when she made up her mind on the eve of the birth of her child that she must have an English physician to attend her there was a great skurrying and rushing around the palace. At the last moment an English physician was found and taken to the palace. He was clumsy and excited. The result was that when the child was born it was found that the surgical instruments had crushed his left arm and hand. From the instant of his birth young Prince William's arm was withered. He grew up a soldier in every fiber of his body—a wonderful horseman, skilful with his sword, and full of fire and dash. But, even at the outset of his career as an athlete and horseman he found himself handicapped by the awful drawback of the withered arm. He was oblized to eat with a queer sort of combination of knife and fork, which could be held in one hand, and, for a long while, it was impossible for him even to hold the reins of his horse in his left hand. By dint of continuous practice in developing the muscles that were not withered in the hand and arm he succeeded in acquiring the grip on the reins, and he has it to this day. A species of blind and angry rage possessed him that he—the prospective heir of one of the greatest empires in the world, descendant of a line of kings extending over 900 years, and the possible future master of Europe—should find himself crippled in the face of every worldly advantage. By degrees this peculiar, sullen resentment for which he is notable settled upon the bungling physician who had caused him all this trouble, and thence, by easy stages, he grew to dislike not only the physician, but also the people of his race, and this feeling extended so far that William was actually and positively antagonistic to his own mother because she was English born. Nothing on earth will ever convince him that the English are not in some way responsible for his withered arm."

The Mocking Bird on Guard.

This amusing songster, so highly esteemed in the countries to which it is imported, is almost as common in some parts of Central America as the robins are in our country lanes. Free in the woods they learn to imitate a number of birds so correctly as to deceive any one. The mocking bird is by no means weak or timid, and can defend itself against a score of other birds, as we have more than once had occasion to see. They are quarelsome, living alone, except at certain seasons when they seek mates, soon to separate again.

The mocking bird selects some tree, particularly that called palma real, or royal palm, and makes it its headquarters as soon as the fruit is ripe, appearing like clusters of golden berries beneath the broad waving leaves. The bird in possession of the tree devotes his time and attention to guarding the fruit. He cannot possibly eat it all, but will allow no other a share of it, and this is not so much because he thinks of the morrow as because he loves to dispute. He pretends to be not at home while all the time he is lying in wait. He will perch on the roof of the nearest house, or if away from habitations, on another tree, keeping as silent as a mouse does when a cat is hard by, not even indulging in "forty winks." The instant some bright winged songster alights among that yellow fruit, down swoops the watcher, and trouble ensues, generally ending in the unwelcome visitor being driven off as hungry as he came, temper and feathers both ruffled. Then back to the housetop or tree flies the mocker to await patiently another adversary.

The natives of Honduras and adjoining countries take the fledglings from their nest and bring them up on corn, boiled, ground, and mixed with water to the consistency of dough. They thrive well on it, and having had one wing clipped, are left free in house and garden, subsisting on earthworms and other insects; but they generally become in the end the prey of cats.

Love.

Do not listen to hear whom a woman praises, to know where her heart is; do not for whom she expresses the most earnest enthusiasm. But if there be one she once knew well, whose name she never speaks, if she seems to have an instinct to avoid every occasion of its mention; if, when you speak, she drops into silence and changes the subject, why, look then, for something!—just as, when getting through deep meadow grass, a bird flies ostentatiously up before you, you may know her nest is not there, but far off under distant hills of fern and buttercup, through which she has crept, with a silent flutter in her spotted breast, to act her pretty little fa'sehood before you.

The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks can never be wise.