THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Eye-Tickling Sights on Rotten Row when the World is Abroad.

VOWS AT THE ALTAR.

Latest Fashion Frolics and Household Ornaments.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Gowns That Act.

There is one thing about these Parisian dresses that has never been noticed, even at the North, where the critics are anxious to discover something new, and that is the remarkable dramatic quality of the gowns which Worth gets up. Put a woman in one of Worth's gowns and place her on the stage, and she is bound to act. The gowns themselves do the most of the work. They pose, they gesture and they speak. They draw tears from the eyes of the highflyers, and cause the gallery to cease eating peanuts. What greater victory could they have? —*Atlanta Constitution.*

Before the Marriage Altar.

"Doctor, I feel miserable in mind and body—what shall I take?" asked an old bachelor patient of his physician. "Take a wife," answered the doctor gruffly. "Many are the men who have profited by taking this prescription," says the author of "How to be Happy, though Married" in his new book, "The Five Talents of Woman," just published by the Scribners. "Before marriage they were worth little, after it worth much. Man never appreciates his inferiority to woman so thoroughly as when he stands before the altar in the presence of an audience of friends and hears the clergyman make him husband. Nine out of ten men in such a position tremble as if they were about to be arrested for murder, while nine out of ten women go through the ceremony as gracefully as if it were an every-day occurrence. And it is this timorous creature in a dress suit that promises to protect the calm and placid angel whose orange blossoms are his aureole. What delicious sarcasm there is in the thought! And in after-life, when the husband gets torn up by care, and when a little trouble comes to steal away his peace of mind, how is it then? The woman whom he promised to protect becomes his protector. She sees sunshine through the clouds. She smoothes out the wrinkled brow of care. She props up his flagging spirits. She puts new life into his bosom, new hope into his soul, and he goes forth in the morning with new strength and new zeal to wrestle with life and its responsibilities. Woman may be the weaker vessel, but she isn't broken up and doesn't go to pieces as soon as a man."

Should a Girl Dress Quickly?

Between the brisk young woman who can dawn upon the breakfast table neatly and completely dressed in 10 minutes after her [illegible] awakening to the [illegible] sight of a new day, and the leisurely damsel who requires 15 minutes or an hour for the same operation, there is a whole gamut of feminine variations. The close observer of these varying types of fair dressers finds each possessed of interest. There is the honest, candid girl, who confesses that it takes her an hour to assume the raiment of the day and to do full justice to the mysteries of the dressing bureau and the bath. She takes her hour and no one expects better things. There is the girl's opposite—yet counterpart—in the equally truthful young woman who says she can make ready for breakfast or the walk in ten minutes, and who does so in nine cases out of ten. Then comes the host of erratic ones. The girl who will be "ready in a minute," only to keep up expectancy on the part of the waiting one twenty times the minute. There is the fair one whose voice cheerily rings out a statement that she has only her bonnet to put on, or a bow to pin, who apparently devotes more time to that simple operation than to the varied operations of appareling. The art of getting into one's daily habiliments with rapidity, and yet with neatness, is possessed by the minority of Eve's daughters only. Let this trait of rapidity in dressing should be of honest acquisition, and through heredity, for of a surety Eve was not given to spending much time at her toilet, and yet her fair descendants do not inherit their remote ancestor's traits.

Beauty's Home in London.

Here is an extract from a London letter in the Cleveland Leader: London is a great centre, to which much of the female beauty of the world gravitates. A morning in Rotten Row at "beauties' hour," between breakfast and luncheon, when the sun shines brightly and society is sauntering up and down the bridle road which extends from Apsley House to Kensington Gardens, is a sight as well worth seeing before dissolution as the Bay of Naples. At first the eye is almost dazzled by the brilliancy of complexions and the costumes. Here, for instance, trips along a dream of loveliness in a fawn-colored gown, with a profusion of frills of creamy lace, and such cheeks! Another beauty of the purest Saxon type wears one of the prettiest of hats of a yellowish tint like honeysuckle, with bows on either shoulder. Her black, clocked stockings and low shoes and black gloves contrast delightfully with the rest of the costume. These dark "fixings" extending to black silk underwear, I am told, *le dernier cri*, or the last perfection, a bit of Parisian [illegible]

How to Shampoo One's Own Hair.

To be sure of having the hair washed is to have some one do it for you. In England, in the [illegible] a department of hair dressing, an accomplished barber, [illegible] for showering and [illegible] of ladies for one [illegible] a good shampoo [illegible] is a large sum [illegible] After combing [illegible] braid it loosely [illegible] rubber elastic band. [illegible] and first wash [illegible] castile soap; [illegible] water, soap it [illegible] ward thoroughly [illegible] a towel. Wipe [illegible] and brush out, beginning at the lower end, when it will not tangle. Let the hair loose in the sun and air and it will dry in less than half an hour. A woman's hair should be washed at least monthly if kept fine and healthy.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Brilliant Costumes From France.

Here from the New York *Herald* is a description of some of the costly costumes worn on the stage of that city this week by Mme. Jane Hading. One gown (as *Clare*) is a bridal dress of white satin, covered entirely with duchesse lace and caught up with pearls and orange blossoms. The pearls are as large as the flowers, and are fastened in garlands. The bodice to this dress is extremely decollete, and some beautiful diamonds are to be worn with it. A second gown is of ceverte, or "faded rose," pink silk, and has a short train. The front from the shoulders to the hem of the garment is covered with cut beads of many colors formed into a diamond-shaped passementerie, and a third is of pearl gray faille silk, trimmed with bands of Honiton lace, with a girdle and collar of black moire.

Plush and Satin This Season.

"Plush," says the New York *Sun* in its foreign budget, "will be much used this season for tea gowns and *robes de chambres*, and also for evening reception and dinner dresses. More satin also will be seen than usual."

Secrets of the Family.

Use a warm knife in cutting warm bread and the like.

A paste of whiting and benzine will remove spots from marble.

A salt ham should be soaked over night in plenty of soft water previous to boiling.

After washing a wooden bowl, place where it will dry equally on all sides, away from the stove.

Fruit-stains on white goods can be removed by pouring boiling water directly from the kettle over the spots.

Hive syrup is good for croup or inflammation of the lungs. It must be kept in a cool place, for if it sours it is very poisonous.

If you want poached eggs to look particularly nice cook each egg in a muffin ring placed in the bottom of a saucepan of boiling water.

A creaking hinge can be cured by the use of a black lead pencil of the softest number, the point rubbed into all the crevices of the hinge.

Corks may be made air and water tight by keeping them for five minutes under melted paraffine. They must be kept down with a wire screen.

For cleaning brass use a thin paste of plate powder, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol. Rub with a piece of flannel. Polish with chamois.

Suet should be cooked before it is stale. Boil for two or three hours, then strain through a linen cloth. One fourth of this fat and three-fourths lard is a good mixture for frying doughnuts.

Be very particular about disinfecting the kitchen sink. Washing soda, two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water, makes an excellent wash to pour hot into the sink at night after you have finished using it.

Novelties in Bric-a-Brac.

For fancy tables brass and onyx in plain designs are the fashion.

Flower vases in cut glass of the finest crystal are growing in favor.

The latest table lamps are of oxidized silver in antique design and of gold and silver combined.

A serviceable hand-glass, with bronze frame of rustic work, is ornamented with hand-painted field flowers.

A convenient cologne case has three cut-glass bottles of varying sizes, with gold stoppers and a lizard-skin case.

For decorating Worcester ware, hand-painted floral designs seem to be selected in preference to landscape scenes.

Odd candlesticks of majolica ware, representing Turkish pipes, folded newspapers and clowns' heads, shells, etc., are much admired.

Half Dozen Fashion Notes.

This is a gold and silver braid season.

The bustle is not moribund. It is dead.

Gobelin blue remains a very fashionable color.

Brick red or Venetian red shades are in favor.

The sleeves of all wraps are made looser and more flowing.

Fringes, which for some years have been neglected as trimmings, have again been taken into fashionable favor. So says the New York *Sun*, which furnishes five more notes, as follows:

Wanted—Well-Trained Mistresses.

They tell me that the great want of the age is well-trained servants. I think that well-trained mistresses are wanted. My experience has been that if a servant be well treated the mistress will be well served. Never let her feel degraded because she waits upon you and does your work. Let her understand that you sympathize with her in all her joys and sorrows.—*Women's Journal.*

The Leading Lady Bustleless.

The latest novelty in clocks is of onyx. French marble is also made into beautiful, rich designs. Gold finish adds to their ornamental properties.

A fancy wall-pocket in majolica is a folded handkerchief to imitate a cornucopia. Other designs of the same material have been appropriated for holding flowers.

At the new play at the Paris Gymnase the leading lady wears a dress in which the "tournure," "strapotin" or "nuage," as they call it, the bustle in our tongue, is absolutely lacking.

Noah's ark seems to have been drawn upon to supply eccentric designs in paper-weights. The latest importation of bronze ware includes designs of every animal known to creation.

A very eccentric receptacle for flowers on the breakfast table is an imitation napkin of majolica carelessly bunched together in the form of a lunch-basket. From between the folds peep the head and tail of a turkey. —*Jewellers' Weekly.*

Colors That Harmonize.

Red and violet do not accord well.

Orange and yellow accord incomparably better than red and orange.

Black never produces a bad effect when it is associated with two luminous colors.

Green and blue produce an indifferent effect, but better when the colors are deep.

Blue, when placed by the side of orange, increases the latter's intensity, and *vice versa.*

Green and violet, especially when light, form a combination preferable to green and blue.

Red and blue accord passably, especially if the red incline rather to a scarlet than a crimson.

When two colors accord badly together it is always advantageous to separate them by white.

While grey never exactly produces a bad effect in its association with two luminous colors, yet in most cases its assortments are dull.

Red and yellow accord pretty well, especially if the red be a purple red, rather than scarlet, and the yellow rather greenish than orange.

Yellow and green form an agreeable combination. The arrangement of yellow and blue is more agreeable than that of the yellow and green, but is less lively.

LONDON STREET VIANDS.

The Sensible English Belief that One Sleeps Best on a Full Stomach.

As liquor is abundant and good, so is food, cooked and on sale. For a penny the London beggar may buy a bowl of beef or pea soup and a large piece of bread, enough to keep off starvation for a day. The spoon he eats it with and the bowl he eats out of are chained to the table. Nothing is left lying around loose in that style of restaurant. Two kinds of soup constitute the entire bill-of-fare for the penny soup-house. For a halfpenny there is always a hot roasted potato ready on the sidewalk. These potato-roasting ovens are trundled about on wheels, and are built to resemble a small locomotive. They are known as "Murphy Busters." Another style of street kitchen deals in kidney and eel pies, smoking hot and twopence each. The "ham and beef shops" are ready with their cooked wares at noon—corned-beef at twopence, for the lowest amount weighed out; and for a ha'penny each a paper cone filled with freshly-boiled potatoes or turnips. "Winks," a species of salt-water snail, are boiled in quantities and sold on the streets. The fried-fish kitchens about 10 at night are filled with people, plate in hand, waiting for the well-browned sole from the great frying vats at fourpence the plate, with a generous quantity of fried potatoes added for a ha'penny. Sixpence buys the supper for a small family, and twopence more pays for the inevitable pint of porter. The 10 o'clock supper is the Englishman's most enjoyable meal, and twenty odd millions of people over there eat it and do not suffer so much from indigestion as we do. It looks odd at first, though, when you make a call, to see at 10 o'clock the table spread as if for dinner and the roast beef hot from the oven brought on.—*New York Star.*

Their Names and Pseudonyms.

Josh Billings—Henry W. Shaw.
Andrew Jack Dowling—Seba R. Smith.
Artemus Ward—Charles Farrar Browne.
Bill Arp—Charles H. Smith.
Gath George Alfred Townsend.
Fat Contributor—A. Miner Griswold.
Hawkeye Man—Robert J. Burdette.
Howadji—George William Curtis.
Ik Marvel—Donald Grant Mitchell.
James Yellowplush—Wm. M. Thackeray.
John Paul—Charles H. Webb.
John Phœnix Capt. George H. Derby.
Mark Twain—Samuel L. Clemens.
Max Adler—Charles H. Clark.
Eli Perkins—Melville D. Landon.
Petroleum V. Nasby—David R. Locke.
Bill Nye—William E. Nye.
Nym Crinkle—Andrew C. Wheeler.
Old Si—Samuel W. Small.
Orpheus C. Kerr—Robert H. Newell.
Pelig Wales—William A. Croffut.
Peter Plymley—Sydney Smith.
Miles O'Reilly—Charles G. Halpin.
Peter Parley—H. C. Goodrich.
Ned Buntline—Col. Judson.
Brick Pomeroy—M. M. Pomeroy.
Josiah Allen's Wife—Marietta Holley.
Q. K. Philander Doesticks—Mortimer Thompson.
Mrs. Partington—Benj P. Shellabar.
Spoopendyke—Stanley Huntley.
Uncle Remus—Joel Chandler Harris.
Hosea Bigelow—James Russell Lowell.
Fanny Fern—Sarah Payson Willis.
Grandfather Lickshingle — Robert W. Criswell.
M. Quad—Charles B. Lewis.

Rome's Welcome to William.

Here is a literal translation of the song that the Italians sang for His Majesty Emperor William on his entrance into Rome:

"Hurrah! Let our trumpets give forth their most joyous blasts, for the flight of an eagle strikes the air! Hurrah! Let our seven hills repeat the echo of the acclamations!

CHORUS OF MEN.

"To thee, O son of the strong, to thee the strong we give the salute of Rome, of Rome resuscitated in her liberty! One day our two peoples in battle fought against their true destinies. But our two flags shine in the sun, brothers, to-day. The Tiber salutes them and the Elbe responds. The hands that an evil hour divided are clasped in joy!

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

"We raise toward thee the silvery voice of our concert, toward thee, the friend of our people, the guest of our King! Thy rays of glory which so brilliantly rise from the horizon, we salute in our songs, a messenger of happy days! To thee, Lord, be the glory and the love of nations. May history write one day thy name in her book of gold.

ALL TOGETHER.

"Let hymns burst forth before him who clasps the hand of Humbert! Hurrah! Let the trumpts sound loudly, while civilization caresses with its rays the colors of the two standards! Hurrah!"

It is no wonder that the youthful Kaiser has a pain in his ear.—*New York Sun.*

The large plaster centre-piece fell in the East End Methodist Church, Kingston, during the service on Sunday evening. In its descent it smashed the circular reflector over the chandelier, and the whole mass fell amongst the worshippers. The largest fragment broke the back of a pew, but singular to relate only one gentleman was slightly cut on the head by a piece of the reflector. There was considerable alarm for some time among the congregation.

HARSH TAILORS.

Their Treatment of Pretty Young Gentlemen Devoid of Cash.

("Observer" in Toronto Globe.

I hear some serious complaints against the tailors. It seems that several of the prettiest young gentlemen of the community actually have been refused credit by paltry, common tailors on Queen and Yonge streets. What are they to do? They must have new suits. Is not the winter almost on us, with balls and parties and operas that cannot go on except these pretty young gentlemen are present? Is society to suffer for the contumacy of these wretched tailors? Are our sweetest young gentlemen to go with threadbare garments for the want of a little vulgar cash? Wasn't it enough that these drawing room lilacs should descend to the indignity of patronizing a tailor off King street, where, to be sure, their credit was exhausted? But that's no concern of these miserable needle-shovers on the second-rate streets. Their business is to clothe the pets and let society go on in a whirl. The tailors have to live! Don't we know it? But haven't the darlings to live also and to keep society alive, too; and is the whole social structure to go down in ruin just because a lot of pestilent tailors insult the finest gentlemen in the land by insisting that they must descend to the vulgar practice of paying for their own clothes? The winter won't wait. The tailors must. How could the young gentlemen have money? Hadn't they to take a month's holidays last summer. No, not two weeks! A month! Why, even a tailor takes two weeks' holidays. You couldn't expect the pets to run with the tailors. Then there was ice-cream to be supplied to a colony of fair admirers, and picnics to organize that you couldn't get on [illegible] you know, like you could your clothes, and betting to do on the races and baseball and lacrosse and the other games, and all this that had to be settled for in beastly cash, and still the presumptuous tailors expect the pretty ones to pay for their clothes! It's downright stupid, you know. The vulgar tradesmen ought to be proud to make clothes for the fine young gentlemen and ask no questions. If this sort of things goes on the beastly practice of paying for things may become common, and actually these fine fellows will have to put into clothes, just simple clothes for wearing, the money that belongs to the clubs and opera and balls and parties and the other events that are never complete without the pretty young gentlemen.

Temperance Notes.

No boy will be admitted to the Chambersburg (Pa.) Academy who uses tobacco in any form, on the ground that tobacco produces baneful effects on the minds and health of the students.

The W. C. T. U. of Calcutta has had printed and is circulating two leaflets written by Mrs. Leavitt. Two successful public meetings have been held, and signatures to the pledge and the World's Petition are being secured.

According to the statement of the ex-Mayor of St. Louis, the revenue from saloons was over $2,000 less than the expenses with which they taxed the city. This exclusive of the poverty resulting to homes and individuals.

A Bill appropriating $80,000 for a home for Mormon women has passed the United States Senate. This work has been accomplished through the efforts of Mrs. Angie F. Newman, National W. C. T. U. Superintendent for work among Mormon women.

The fourth week of November is set apart by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars as Missionary Week throughout the Order. Each lodge is urged to hold an open meeting and to do all in its power to advance the interests of the organization.

Miss J. Armenia Ackerman, of California, who has recently been in Alaska on an organizing trip for the National W.C.T.U., has remarkable powers of indurance. During the past year she has been able to work without a week's rest, and on one trip spoke 97 consecutive nights.

As an outgrowth of the W.C.T.U. lately formed in Paris, France, a Loyal Temperance Legion has been organized among the children of the orphanage connected with Miss De Broen's Mission. The temperance work is spreading fast among the poor. At a late meeting of the union thirty-nine signed the pledge.

It is stated on the authority of the Russian physician and publicist, Portugaloff, that strychnine in subcutaneous injections is an immediate and infallible remedy for drunkenness. The craving for drink is said to be changed to positive aversion, and after a treatment of eight or ten days the patient may be discharged. The establishment of inebriate dispensaries in connection with police stations is recommended by Dr. Portugaloff.

"Keep It Tae Yersel,' Jock."

In a school in Aberdeenshire one day a dull boy was making his way to the master for the third time with an arithmetical question.

The teacher a little annoyed exclaimed: "Come, come, John, what's the matter now?"

"I canna get ma question richt," replied the boy.

"What's wrong with it this time?"

"I've gotten auchteenpence ower-muckle."

"Never min," said a smart boy in a loud whisper, with a sly glance at the master; "keep it tae yersel,' Jock."

Making Marriage a Common Affair.

A gentleman who had had the misfortune to lose three wives within a few years showed his continued confidence in the fair sex by taking unto himself the fourth. At the wedding some one having asked his 15 year-old daughter who had performed the ceremony she innocently replied: "Oh, Dr. Moore, I guess; he generally marries papa."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The man who sang: "The dearest spot on earth to me is home" must have had a very extravagant family.

John Wanamaker, the great Philadelphia merchant, is said to be the most heavily insured man in the country. The policies which he carries on his life aggregate more than $1,000,000.

The Mikado of Japan is said to look upon it when it's red about as often as any ruler on the billiard ball.

AN ENGLISH MAYOR'S IDEA.

A "Battle of Flowers" Makes a Very Lively Carnival Time at Blackpool.

The summer resort town of Blackpool, England, recently had a novel fete, called a "battle of flowers," devised by the Mayor and carried out under his superintendence. A mass of flowers weighing eight or nine tons, including dahlias, chrysanthemums, marigolds, marguerites, sunflowers, asters, gladioli, ferns, laurel and myrtle, were distributed free among the owners of licensed carriages. Owners of private carriages were also invited to take part in the festival, and many did so. There were 150 carriages in the parade when it started. The houses along the principal streets were decorated with flowers and evergreens, many of the devices being unusually large and fine. Great crowds came from all the country round and by special trains from the cities to see the carnival. The Mayor's carriage was first in the line, covered with pink and white asters and ferns. His four daughters, each with a party of friends, occupied the four following carriages, and beamed from among perfect bowers of flowers and ferns. All of the carriages were similarly decorated. The drivers all wore white coats and straw hats, which had been presented to them by the Mayor. Several bands of music accompanied the procession. At a given point the carriages drew up and the occupants began to pelt each other with small bouquets, a large stock of which had been loaded into each vehicle. All the way back over the route this new war of the roses continued, and the people along the streets joined in heartily, pelting those in the carriages with the blossoms and being pelted in turn. The fun was furious for two hours, and generally good humored, although some of the gentlemen in the carriages became indignant at what they thought was undue vigor on the part of those along the street. They were merely laughed at, however, and pelted.—*New York Sun.*

TALKING 90 MILES.

Successful Test of Telephoning from Buffalo to Boston and New York.

The Buffalo *Evening News* reports that the new long-distance telephone, which is soon to be put in operation there, was tested by the officers and directors of the Bell Telephone Company on the 14th inst. The connections had been put in at 5 p.m., and communication was at once opened between Boston, Springfield, New York, Troy and Buffalo. The wires worked well, and conversations between the most distant points could be as easily carried on as if both parties were within a block or two of each other in the city. The line belongs to the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, of New York, and is 800 miles in length, going through Troy down to New York, thence to Boston via Springfield, Mass. The test shows that the problem of long-distance telephoning has been solved, and all interested were congratulated on its success.

In this connection the Times learns that the Bell Telephone Company of Canada is now building a line of the same character between Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Ingersoll, Woodstock and London, and propose to give those of its subscribers who have a large business between any of these two points, a perfect means of communication, free from all disturbing sounds on other lines. The instruments used in this system are more powerful than those in ordinary use, and each conversation requires the use of two complete copper wires for the whole length of the line. These instruments, and the method of securing the above wonderful result, are of course patented by the Bell Company. It would only be necessary to build a line of the same sort from Hamilton to Buffalo to enable Toronto and London to be put on direct with New York and Boston, and the company would of course undertake this if sufficint business for such a line could be relied on.

Told by the Teeth.

The shape and placing of the teeth are not without significance in the character given by the mouth. When the upper gum shows above the teeth directly the lips are opened it is a sign of cold and phlegmatic nature. Short, small teeth are held by the physiognomists to denote weakness and short life, while rather long teeth, if evenly set in the head denote long life. The more the teeth, in point, size, shape and arrangement, approach to those of the carnivorous animals, the more violent are the animal instincts in the person; while the more human teeth in shape and position approach to those of the graminivorous animals the more placid is the character. White, medium-sized, and evenly set teeth, which are seen as soon as the mouth is open, but which are entirely exposed—that is, do not at any time show the gums—are a sign of good and honest natures. Projecting teeth show rapacity; small, retreating teeth, which are rarely seen unless in laughter, show weakness and want of physical and moral courage. The lower teeth projecting and closing over the upper range are indicative of a harsh nature.

The Laws of Heredity Illustrated.

Grigson (who has tripped up his friend, Prof. Grampson's, campstool just as the latter was sitting down on it)—"Hi! Don't! It's no good cutting up rough you know—I inherited a tendency to practical joking, and can't help it—you said so yourself!"

Grampson—"Quite so, my dear fellow; you're not to blame a bit! But I've inherited a tendency to kick practical jokers, and can't help it either." (Kicks him.)—*Punch.*

After the great fire in Chicago, a firm on Madison street bulletined their removal by means of a signboard erected like a guide board over the remains of their old establishment:

Moore & Goe,
House and Sign Painters.,
Removed to 111 Desplaines Court.
Capital. $000.000.30."

Magistrate (to baseball umpire, charged with being drunk and disorderly)—It is simply outrageous, young man, the condition in which you are brought before me. You are a disgrace to the great national game.

Umpire—Wh-a-at! That'll c-h-ost you twenty-five (hic) dollars, judge. No back t-talk (hic) t-to me, or I'll fine you the limit.