WOMEN GOSSIP.

Meet me in the moonlight—
Meet me in the dell;
If the stars behold us,
Will they ever tell?
Though the moon be bright, love,
Never heed the skies!
Need we gaze at heaven—
Are they not your eyes?

Let the gentle breezes
Whisper as they fly;
Still they cannot echo
All that we may sigh.
Who shall ever listen?
Who shall ever tell
We were in the moonlight.
Kissing in the dell?

Fashion Notes.

Vandyke red is to take the place of cardinal.

Iron rust is the latest shade of brick-dust red.

Yellow will again be fashionable in the spring.

Violets are the flowers of the passing moment.

Ecru and drab kerseymeres will be much worn.

Ginghams plain and plaided will be worn again.

Black lace and white lace are universally becoming.

The popular border for dark percales is the daisy chain.

There will be a run on Roman striped goods this spring.

Bonnets are large and worn projecting over the forehead.

Stewart's counters are already bright and gay with spring goods.

Muslin fichus showing the throat are to take the place of linen collars.

Shirrings will be used to excess on cotton and linen dress goods suits.

No young girl should dress in velvets, laces, and jewels fit for a dowager.

New cotton dress goods show a repetition of the colors of the passing season.

Pale, invalid women should not wear diamonds nor flashing jewelry ornaments.

Linen Scotch plaid ginghams will be the popular novelty of the coming season.

Heavy surfaced camel's hair goods, kerseymeres and serges will again be fashionable.

No radical changes are observable in the new plates sent out with spring goods from Paris.

Do not emphasize the large stomach of a little two-year-old child with a broad sash tied around it.

Red or blue woollen sword sashes will be worn over spring dresses by small children of both sexes.

Two fine rings on the fingers of one hand look better than both hands loaded with flashing diamonds.

Jersey-shaped wants, low enough in the front of the neck to show the throat will be worn next season.

Beiges and chestnuts in gray, drab, and tan shades and mixtures are shown for early spring travelling suits.

Tight lacing and tight shoes will destroy the most radiant beauty faster than opium, hashecsh, or absinthe.

Some of the new goods show before them plaids of indigo blue with bright flowers and small fruits scattered over them.

The latest novelty in black kid gloves for evening wear is a lining on the back of the arm with gold cords and tassels.

Shaded flounces, stripes, and plaids in one color running through all its tones, are a marked feature in new light woollen dress goods.

The American printed lawns in delicate colors and designs imitate the force of goods to perfection, and they are sold at 12½ cents a yard.

Turquoises, moonstones, velvet surface finished amethysts, and pale, pink corals are the ornaments for delicate, pale and slender women.

The new cotton satteens, momie cloths, and percales have both light and dark grounds, on which are borders and figures in Oriental and floriated designs.

Waifs

Women of letters Real-estate agents' wives.

"You will love only me, George, darling?" "Sometimes," he said.

The Boston *Courier* gives the following wise piece of advice to its bachelor readers: "Never marry a girl unless you have known her at least three days and a picnic."

Extract from a letter from Angelina: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By-by, Henry."

When you hear a young lady very carefully say "I haven't saw," you may be quite confident that she is a recent graduate from one of the most thorough of our numerous female seminaries.

"My wife won't even hear of my going to the theatre with another lady," said Gallagher. Ragbag didn't seem to construe Gallagher's remarks aright, for he said: "Won't eh? Don't you be too sure of it. I thought my wife wouldn't, but she did, and I had a fearful time about it."

Johnny came home from school the other day very much excited. "What do you think, pa, Joe Steward, one of the big boys, had an argument with the teacher about a question in grammar?" "What position did Joe take?" "His last position was across a chair, with his face down."

"Have you the End-man, by Beaconsfield?" said a lady to a bookseller. "Yes-s!" said the rather puzzled clerk, as he handed out "Endymion" to the purchaser. "Was Beaconsfield himself the End-man?" said the innocent lady, who evidently was familiar with minstrels. "Yes, madam," said the clerk, bowing her out.

Men, Women, and Suicide.

Men are everywhere becoming more weary of the burden of light. Authorities on sanitation and vital statistic tell us that of later years life, the average human life, has been considerably prolonged by greater attention to the means of preserving health; yet, concurrent with this improvement, there are a greater impatience of life itself and a greater desire to escape its burden. Women are less prone to commit suicide in Europe than men, and extensive investigation on the subject has convinced Signor Morselli that the tendency to suicide increases with age more strongly among the unmarried and widowed than among the married, of both sexes. The following table curiously illustrates this fact: Among a million of persons of each class in Europe generally, in so far as the results enabled him to compare them, the following numbers committed suicide:

Married men with children	265
Married men without children	470
Widowers with children	526
Widowers without children	1,004
Married women with children	45
Married women without children	158
Widows with children	104
Widows without children	238

Women cling to life much more strongly than men, and that under the most wretched conditions. A childless widow would appear to be far more desolate in the world than a widower similarly situated; yet she bears her loneliness better—doubtless from religious restraints, or from possessing a larger measure of that hope which springs eternal in the human breast.

Men and Women.

The genders or sexes we know are three, —masculine, feminine, and neuter,—or, as Sydney Smith said, "Men, women, and clergymen." The men Charles Kingsley aptly divides into—(1) Honest men, who mean to do right, and do it; (2) knaves, who mean to do right, and do it; (3) fools, who do wh ever is pleasantest. The old women, over 60, Coleridge conclusively disposes of by dividing them also into three classes—(1) That dear old soul; (2) that old woman; (3) that old witch. But the younger and more numerous portion of the community appears to defy philosophy and epigram, and is generally handed over to the poets, who are, as a rule, not particularly good at logic, and content themselves with such vague assertions as, "Woman's at best a contradiction still," etc., which can hardly be said to conclusively settle anything. An eminent astronomer insists "that all women should be divided into (1) sunny women, and (2) mooney women." That both classes exist there is, I think, no doubt, and the marks of the species are clearly recognizable. The sunny girl brightens our daily life; there is a sunny warmth about her, which all, from peer to peasant, who approach her, are sensible of. The mooney girl has a brightness of her own indeed, but it is visible to the few and not to the many; besides, the sun always turns his full, glowing face to us, the moon is only in its full radiance thirteen times in the year. Lovers and poets may dream of the moon, but the work of the world must be done in the sunshine. "Which is very romantic, my dear Prof. Stargaze, but not exhaustive," says Mr. Countup, Professor of Mathematics at Omnium College; "men and women are merely plus or minus quantities, or married or single. Two minus quantities equal to one plus quantity,—an axiom in mathematics, my dear sir;" which also is true, but not certainly conclusive for, take the married only, and you might as well call fish a specific term for all the inhabitants of the sea, as apply the same term *old maid* to the whole class of single women. While, illogical as it may appear, there are many women in my own acquaintance, with all the most striking attributes of conventional old maidism most strongly marked, who have by some strange freak of nature, a husband attached. Signor de la Cherde, too, strikes in: "The poets are nearer than you all," he cries. One of them says: "For beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face." Your good and fair women are good and fair because they are harmonious; your bad women are discords. Every variety has its counterpart in music. Some women are bright and rippling little fantasies, fascinating at first but tiresome as soon as one has learned the air. Some are symphonies full of deep and hidden meaning, and rounded with perfect art in every phase of their character. Some are like a Scotch jig, which makes one's bones ache with weariesome repetitions and endless iterations. Some women are musical scales, conscientious, but monoton us, in the major key always on the strain of effort, in the minor key always dissolving in tears. Then again we may classify characters according to colors. Thus we find blue women, drab women, and pink and white women. The first are learned in blue books, blue china, and blue stockings; the second are hard-working and conscientious; and the third are for show and not for use; intellect subordinate to complexion and health to fashion. Combine these in varying proportions and you have all known hues of character.

The Ladies Wanted Some Breakfast.

A few years ago a steamer drew into the bay of Naples with a lot of passengers, among whom were a large party of Americans. The night had been rough and the ship was behind time. It was ten o'clock already, and no breakfast. The stingy captain had resolved to economize. A stout, quiet man, with a stout hickory stick, went to the captain and begged for a little coffee, at least for his ladies. The captain turned his back, fluttered his coat tails in the face of the stout man, and walked up his deck. The stout, quiet man followed, and still respectfully begged for something for the ladies, who were faint with hunger. Then the captain turned and threatened to put him in irons, at the same time calling his officers around him. The stout man with the stout stick very quietly proceeded to thrash the captain. He thrashed him till he could not stand; and then thrashed every officer that dared to show his face, as well as half the crew. Then he went down and made the cook get breakfast. This was an old Californian, Dave Colton, as we used to call him up at Yreka. Of course, an act like this was punishable with death almost. 'Piracy on the high seas' and all that sort of offence was charged; and I know not how much gold it cost to heal the wounded head and dignity of the captain of the ship. But the Californian neither knew the law nor cared for the law. He had a little party of ladies with him, and he would not see them go hungry. He would have that coffee if it cost him his head. Dear Dave Colton! I hear he is dead now. We first got acquainted one night in Yreka while shooting at each other.

Can't Do Without it.

The following correspondence over the telephone wires yesterday is a further proof of the fact that no one but a bald-headed man could do without one:

"Hello, central!"

"Hello!"

"Connect me with the signal bureau."

"All right—go ahead."

"Hello! signal!"

"Hello!"

"Is it going to thaw to-day?"

"Yes, there are indications."

"How's the wind?"

"Getting around to the south."

"Do you think I can safely have my hair cut?"

"Wait a minute until I consult the barometer, thermometer and wind-guage."

(Silence for half a minute.)

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Yes, you can go ahead. There won't be any change to speak of for the next twelve hours. There is a cold wave moving up the Ohio Valley, and a snowstorm is reported at Cheyenne, but if I were you I'd take my chances on the hair cutting and get my neck shaved to boot."

"All right—much obliged."

"Good-bye."

The Russians in Central Asia.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

The news of the capture of Geok-Tepe will be received with much satisfaction throughout Russia. The desperation with which the Tekkes defended their stronghold is almost unparalleled in the annals of Central Asiatic warfare, and it is indeed fortunate for us that the Afghans were made of stiffer stuff than the Turkomans of the desert, over whom Gen. Skobeleff has at last achieved a hard-fought victory. The most satisfactory feature of the victory is that it affords the Russian Government an opportunity of abandoning the Turkoman country. They have vindicated their prestige, captured the stronghold of their enemies, and they can now follow our example in Afghanistan by abandoning a territory which would be even more costly to hold than to conquer. Gen. Skobeleff, whose brilliant career this victory crowns with fresh laurels, is said to have declared that the whole of the Turkoman territory was not worth buying at the cost of a single rouble. The evacuation may be delayed, but for the sake of Russia we hope that it will yet be accomplished. The Russians, like the English, have too much good work in hand already to have any strength to spare for the establishment of a civilized, and therefore costly, government over any more barbarians in the remote and well-nigh inaccessible regions of Central Asia.

A MOUNTAIN OF SILVER.—The captain of a whaling vessel just returned from the Arctic Ocean says that, while the vessel was lying in a small bay at the mouth of one of the rivers which empty into the ocean on the coast of Alaska ice, one of the mates and four men, went up the river to catch salmon. At the foot of a hill, bordering on the river, they commenced fishing. While the sailors were engaged in this work, the captain and mate ascended the mountain, which appeared to be about 400 or 500 feet high. Arriving at the top, they found what seemed to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and around were evidences that at one time there had been a terrible eruption. In the crater itself the captain noticed that the rocks resembled congealed lava, after it had been melted, and made took to knock off a piece, but could not do it, as it seemed did not break with his repeated blows with the head of a boa-axe. He then struck it with the blade of an axe, and it partially chopped it off. He saw that the substance was as soft as lead, but it did not shine. He determined to bring it to San Francisco and have it assayed. One of the natives also brought a piece of rock about 12 inches long by 6 inches thick, which weighed 48 pounds, and sparkled with gold, saying that he had found it near another hill further up the river and that such rock was plenty there. When the vessel arrived at this port, the captain told his story to a gentleman living on Oakland, and the specimens were handed over to him for the purpose of having proper assays made. This was done, and the piece which the captain chopped off the top of the hill with the axe went $6 000 per ton in silver, and the loose rocks picked up on the side of the hill went as high as $275 of silver per ton. It seems, then, that this hill is a mountain of silver, and that it is only the beginning of vast discoveries which will soon be made in Alaska, which may yet become the El Dorado to which thousands will rush. The Oakland gentleman spoken of immediately formed a partner Company, which has chartered the whaler to take a trip to the scene of the remarkable find as soon as the season opens.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Referring to trade marks, the *Carpet Trade Review* says that Guttenberg won a suit about one, and that the English Parliament authorized them as early as the thirteenth century.

Michael O'Shaughnessy's Funeral.

There is not much mock-solemnity about the poor Irishman's funeral. The hearse, mourning-coaches, and other usual paraphernalia give place to a train of open carts, on the foremost of which is laid the coffin; the length of the whole procession varying with the popularity of the deceased. But there is no want of feeling in the simplicity; and such a procession usually possesses a natural solemnity of its own, as it slowly passes, for miles perhaps, by mountain and moor until it reaches its destination, in some lonely but too often neglected burial-ground.

But if the generality of funerals among the poor Irish are not remarkable for an appearance of mock-misery, that of Michael O'Shaughnessey the cattle dealer had none of any kind. It went to the other extreme; it was a very chapter of accidents—a very joke at death, though not altogether an unsuitable way for so merry a fellow to go to his grave. Mike was dead, waked, and lay in a coffin on a cart at his cabin door, whence his funeral was about to start. The widow O'Shaughnessy was very sad; for Mike, for five-and-twenty years, had been a good husband to her; but most of her groaning and wailing had been exhausted at the wake; and it was with a respectable subdued grief, a sense of proud proprietorship and conscious dignity, that she took her seat in the cart on the top of Mike's coffin. Every face she saw round her, she knew; every eye looked sympathy; and the widow's frame of mind was more complacent than it had been since Mike's death. It was a fine winter morning; and the procession, which was nearly a quarter of a mile long, started early, as there were five miles to be passed at a walking pace between the village and the burial-ground. The cart bearing the body of Mike was drawn by his own horse Shoneen, and driven by Daveen, the youngest, but only son then left at home; and Daveen could not suppress a smile of triumph at the dignity of his post.

The procession started, and passed safely and steadily out of the village; and steadily and solemnly it continued for something like a mile; but it was the calm that comes before a storm. A gentleman of the neighbourhood, one of the race of improvers, had established on his farm a steam-plough, a contrivance hitherto unknown in that part of the world; and it so happened with him that he was making a first trial of it on this particular morning. It was therefore hardly to be wondered at that, when our mourners came to the field in which the engine was at work, Shoneen should show his disapproval of such a foreign institution by shying at it. Daveen did his best to "soother" his astonished and indignant steed; but his efforts were in vain; Shoneen took fright, broke into an uneasy trot, and from that into a runaway gallop. Daveen stood up on the coffin, to get more command over him, and pulled with all his might; but it was of no use. The widow screamed, but kept to her post, clinging on to the sides of the cart. Shoneen was tearing along like the wind. The whole train of carts behind followed—a quarter of a mile of them—at the top of their speed, in the chase of the runaway. The hunt continued, growing keener and more exciting every minute. Those behind were striving who should come up first. The whip was laid on unsparingly. They shouted, gesticulated, and encouraged each other and the horses. Ragged urchins, beggars brandishing sticks, boys on donkeys, every one they came up with joined in the pursuit, and all enjoyed it.

'The hounds are out to-day,' cried one; 'but 'twill be a good fox that'll give them such a run as Mike O'Shaughnessy's giving us this day.'

'Faith, 'tis more like a drag-hunt,' cried another.

'Hurry on, boys,' from a third; 'let's be in at the death.'

'Arrah,' from another, 'tis Micky himself would have liked to have been out of his coffin this day—'twould just please him.'

And so on, as field and common and hill were left behind in turn; Daveen doing his best, as he could not pull in, to guide his horse, as he dashed over the rough roads, over steep bridges, apd through the brooks that ran across their path, a hundred times narrowly escaping an upset. The widow in terror would fling her arms about wildly, which those behind took for signals of encouragement, and redoubled their efforts to come up with them. The joking continued all the while. 'I often heard tell of a runaway weddin',' said one; 'but bedad, who ever heard tell of a runaway funeral before?'

It did not last much longer, though, for the cavalcade came up with a drove of pigs, which it could not pass, and then Shoneen suddenly halted, nearly jerking the widow and her deceased lord into their midst. With the recovery of her breath, the widow turned to Daveen. 'Ah, Daveen'—very reproachfully—'was that any way at all to be driving your poor misfortunate dada to the grave? Shame, Daveen! If it had been an exoiseman now, or a Prothesant itself—but your own dada!'

'Not a step farther,' replied Daveen, much crestfallen, 'will I drive Shoneen this day. The divil himself is in him—so he is.'

They were waiting in the road for the stragglers, some having been left behind in the chase; and even the presence of the widow could not now check the fun among the people.

'Well, I done, Daveen!' said one; 'you dhrav your dada in great style. 'Tis this very way he'd choose to go to glory himself; he always had a great mind for a hunt.'

'Tis the way,' said another. 'Shoneen knew 'twas the last time he'd be carrying the ould masther; he was jist showing how willing he was to the work.'

'He knew we were late,' said a third; 'and he wouldn't be kaping his Riverance's dinner waiting.'

'O Micky, Micky!' cried the widow, apostrophising her deceased lord, 'you were an onaisy creature in your life, and you can't go to the grave—God bless you!—like a decent Christian. Here, James Barry, come and dhrive Mike to the grave; I won't thrust Daveen again with the reins.'

Again they fell into order, and got underway, traveling slowly, to make up for the dignity lost by their late speed. But the fates were against the widow; and Mike was not to be buried without another mishap. They were about a mile and a half now from their destination, passing along a lane with high banks on each side, as quiet as they had previously been boisterous; but the merriment, though subdued, was ready to break out again on the least provocation. The widow had resumed her seat on the coffin, and James Barry, a middle-aged man, had taked Daveen's post. As they slowly and peacefully passed down the long lane, a shrewder woman than Mrs. O' Shaughnessy would not have pictured any near misadventure; but it so happened that the foxhounds were out that day, and that a certain Major, a dark and fierce-looking man, was riding a black horse, and riding hard, at a little distance from the rest of the 'field.' The land on one side of the lane along which the funeral was passing was above the level of the lane, there being a high bank on the side next the lane, and only a moderate fence towards the field. Over this land came the Major, riding hard; and coming to its end, saw what he thought an easy fence, little dreaming that, between, was a lower level—a road—a funeral. Over he went—over, and alighted on the top of the first cart, sending the widow and the coffin flying into the ditch. Oh, the confusion of that moment! The widow in the ditch had flung her arms around the coffin, and shrieked in terror. 'Merciful saints!' she cried, 'tis the divil himself come for Micky!' and the sudden appearance of the stranger on the black horse certainly looked suspicious. 'But I won't have you, Mike O'Shaughnessy; I'll stand by you to the last!'

The widow was not the only frightened one—an awful whisper went from end to end of the procession that his Satanic majesty had appeared on a black horse, and was to take part in the ceremony! But in another minute, seeing the unfortunate Major trying to pick up himself and his horse, their momentary fright was gone, and gave place to shouts of laughter. The widow all the while hugging the coffin in the ditch, kept glancing in terror at the mayor, who, covered with mud from head to foot, began to look human.

'Tim's the divil at all, Biddy,' cried one; 'divil only an army Capt'n.'

'Faith, and that's a moast the same,' exclaimed another.

Biddy started up; her fear and grief were lost in indignation. 'Arrah, bad scran to you!' she cried, shaking her fist at the Major, 'you thafe o' the world—you ould black-garred! Oughtn't you be ashamed of yourself, to be distroying a poor widdy woman going paceably with her husband to be buried! What harrum did Mike ever do you, that you should dhrive his corp and his widdy into a dyke? May yourself fare worse, when 'tis your own turn to be buried! Oh, wirra, wirra! you've destroyed us both!'

'My good woman,' said the Major, choking with laughter, 'I hadn't the least idea that'—

'You hadn't the laste idea! I know well you did it for the purpose. 'Tis a purty thing for a fine gintleman like you to be coming over from England to play off your jokes on the widdy and the fatherless, lepping unknownt on top o' them, and skatterin' a dacent funerial into a ditch.'

'Be aisy, Biddy,' said a bystander. 'Twasn't done for the purpose at all. I know his Honour well, and often see him go to the barracks. He's a good gintleman, and I'll go bail he's as vexed as yourself about it.'

'Maybe,' said another, with a grin, 'his Honour will stand the price of a new coffin.'

'What would be the good of a new coffin?' said the Major. 'You couldn't take him out of the old one and put him into it.'

'I didn't say to stand a new coffin, your Honour, but the price of one.'

The Major took the hint, and gave the widow a sovereign, which restored peace.

'Long life to you, sorr! and may it be many a day before your Honour's coffin has to travel, and may it never lie graceful in the bottom of a ditch!' said one.

'And may the fox lade in the opposite direction from your road to the cimith'ry,' cried another.

And so on until the coffin was replaced in the cart, the mud scraped off, and the widow reseated on it; and with many a blessing on the Major, the procession set off again. There was no further accident. Mike was buried at last; and a merrier day, his friends said, they had never spent. Requiescat!

In a Captive Balloon.

This is almost my first introduction to captive work, and the sensation is most decidedly not too pleasant or reassuring. The great balloon above tugs and struggles, as if perfectly conscious of a humiliating state of captivity, and longing to be free. This is especially the case whenever a gust of wind puts a considerable extra strain on the guy rope. The latter, as I have said, is fastened to the hoop above one's head. But it rides against the light wicker work of the car, which creaks and groans in response in a doleful and somewhat distressing manner. Were it not for a powerful spring of india rubber, which checks the oscillations of the guy rope, and tends to steady the balloon, the effect on one's nerves might be much than it is. But, fortunately, there is not too much time for noticing these matters, for there is a constant necessity for letting go ballast, to meet the continully increasing weight of suspended guy rope below, or the balloon would soon cease to rise. At last the ballast is all expended, and the guy rope is paid out no further. The wind has caused the balloon to drift off to a considerable distance horizontally from the point of departure below, and she now settles into a condition of approximate equilibrium. The height above the ground is shown by the barometer to be about 1,000 feet. The long guy rope hangs in a graceful curve below. The portion next the balloon, for hundreds of feet, is nearly vertical, and that near the ground almost horizontal. But of this I see little. One or two timid glances are quite sufficient, for one's head, naturally a very indifferent one where it is a question of looking down from giddy heights, is not yet acclimitized to the situation by practice in balloning. So I cannot look at the ground under, or nearly under, the balloon without a shudder and a decidedly creepy sensation. Above all, one must avoid looking down the guy rope, for this, in its long certenary, extending far below, reach after reach, and ending almost in a vanishing point, gives a measure to the eye of the giddy height. And to look along it makes one's brain reel—far worse, as I afterward find, than looking down from thrice the height in a free trip where there is no guy rope. For military purposes, for reconnoitering that is, there can be no question of the value of such a suspended point of observation as this. Every detail in the innumerable buildings below—the workman going to and fro in their work, the ships passing and repassing on the Thames, the Beckton gas-works on the further shore and lower down the river, the artillery exercise ground on Woolwich Commons, the Herbert Hospital and other buildings further away—everything is seen, and in the clearest possible manner. For there is a very sensible advantage in the clearness of view from a balloon as contrasted with that obtained on the ground level, even where the latter is perfectly free and unobstructed by obstacles. It is well known to astronomers, and to all who have to make careful observations of distant objects, that the vision in a horizontal direction is greatly interfered with by the unseen exhalations from the ground, and the varying density of the lowest strata of air at and near the ground. Whereas, at a high angle, as here from the balloon, the rays of light have only to traverse a very limited amount of light of these disturbed strata, and are consequently much more unimpeded and reliable. But the day is wearing on, and I want to get away as early as possible for a free run, so I signal with a flag to lower. The drum is set in motion, and the Sappers below apply themselves steadily to wind the talisman down. This is rather a long business, and the oscillations of the rope which it causes give rise to sensations which remind me very unpleasantly of the rolling of a vessel at sea in a ground swell. It is not without much thankfulness that at last *terra firma* is reached. The talisman has lost some considerable amount of gas in the captive ascent, owing to the expansion due to the diminished barometric pressure at 1,000 feet from the ground.

How They Learn to Cook.

(New York Hotel Mail.)

The Australian lady of station who does not know how to cook, one may almost say does not exist. Every detail of the cuisine she is acquainted with. A story is told by Austrian ladies of another who, having neglected her education, allowed, at a great dinner party she gave, two dishes of the same color to be served in succession, a fault for which she was hardly to be forgiven. The Princesses of the Royal households attend a course of lectures from a chief entirely upon the order of serving. Young ladies do not learn the art of cooking at cooking clubs, or from public lessons as here in America, and they rarely learn in their own kitchens. It is the custom to go to some great house, the house of a Princess, or at a very rich banker's, where there are famous chefs, from whom they learn. When a chef engages to cook for a great house he stipulates that he is to have the privilege of teaching as many young ladies as he chooses. These young ladies need not even know the mistress of the house, and they make their arrangements with the cook only. For a course of lessons lasting through the winter each pupil pays the cock 30 guldeo, about $15. This includes instruction in every particular. If a banquet is to be given, a grand breakfast, or an elaborate supper, the young ladies are notified, and are there to see the dishes decorated and to learn the order of serving. They watch every process. Were you to descend to a kitchen at such a time you would no doubt find these girls suffused with blushes; for these lessons always foretell marriage, and are the last and finishing touches of a maiden's education. But it would be a breach of etiquette for any member of the household to trespass in that department, which belongs to the cook and his noble young pupils. This is very much as if the cooks of the Astors and Vanderbilts were permitted to receive a half dozen young ladies from Fifth Avenue on the occasion of a very grand dinner party and explain to them the mysteries of each dish as it left their hands. Since young ladies must be in the dining-room themselves on such occasions in their own households, it follows that these processes they cannot watch at home, never mind on how grand a scale things are. And so in Austria all noble young ladies learn these things in another kitchen than their own.

The Poet and the Engraver.

I am reminded of what I heard yesterday anent a literary veteran and a famous old artistic engraver. The literary man is Dr. Holland and the famous artistic engraver the English Linton, long resident in New York. He was engaged for the illustration of Dr. Holland's "Katrina"; one day he was summoned by the publishers and shown the blocks, which outmeasured the page, and asked to refit them. "Oh, no!" he couldn't do that. But he must; there was no alternative.

"Oh, yes, there was!"

"What was that?"

"Cut off a few of Dr. Holland's verses,—they would never be missed!"

There was a slight unpleasantness for years between the Doctor and Mr. Linton, for this and similar slips of Mr. Linton's tongue, but they made it up not a great while ago, and the old artist engraver now holds a discreet and respectful silence where he once held forth to the amusement of his auditors.

The uncertainty of meal taking brings with it a craving for stimulants.

MATTERS DRAMATIC.

"THE Danites" had its thousandth performance a few nights ago in Philadelphia, and is worn out. The Rankins, to whom it has brought a fortune, intend to try another mining camp play next fall.

Classic Tickets.

Common in classical antiquity were the tickets of admission to circuses and amphitheatres. These are frequently little "squeezes" of baked clay, the material having been pressed into moulds bearing the effigies appropriate to certain stages, as tiers of seats in the theatre, or such as were proper to the city to which each belonged. For example, an elephant stood for one place or tier, an eagle for another. On the back of many of these tickets are to be seen the imprints of the thumbs of the makers, veritable signs-manual of classical antiquity—marks of thumbs that perished 2,000 years ago.

What Caused Sothern's Success.

The late Edward A. Sothern once said that he owed his success on the stage chiefly to earnestness "doing as well as I knew how," he added, "never acting on the impulse of the moment, and thoroughly understanding what I had to do. I owe much of my success to the elder Wallack and to Rachel. Wallack showed me the necessity of conveying at a rehearsal what you intend to do at night, and the importance of paying strict attention to the minutest detail. He was one of the most thorough stage managers I ever met. We were like a set of school-boys under discipline. We had to give a reason for everything, and therefore to study hard."

Pinafore's Successor.

Pinafore is to have a successor. A new nautical comic opera is soon to invade this country. Its title is "Billee Taylor." He P. Stevens, the writer of the libretto, is a clever man, though this is his first success. The music is by Edward Solomons, and is light and catching. The story of the opera is founded on the old song of "Billy Taylor," a well known mariner's ditty, and the authors, in order to preserve the copyright of their work, spelled the name differently. It now reads "Billee." The time of the action is 1805, when the press gang was in full sway. The first act opens with a view of Southampton Harbor at the old inn of the Royal George, where the villagers have met to rejoice over the approaching wedding of Billee and Phebe, a charity girl. Two years elapse before the second act begins. The scene represents Portsmouth Harbor. Ships are coming and going, while the sailors and their sweethearts sit around the docks watching some seamen dancing the hornpipe. In Pinafore there are "the sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts;" in the Pirates of Penzance there are the twenty-four charming daughters of the Major-General; and in "Billee Taylor" there will be an array of charity girls and another set of peasant girls. It requires sixty persons to produce the opera.

Stage Ghosts.

We fear the ghost of the stage has by no means the awe-inspiring effect upon the youthful play-goer of the present day that it once had. We remember many a gear ago how even amidst the primitive surroundings of Richardson's show the appearance of the ghost deeply moved our juvenile hearts. There was a sort of creeping, shivering sensation combined with the expectant mystery that we should not altogether object to feel again; for instance, when the ghost revisits the glimpses of the moon in "Hamlet," or comes to young De Franchi in his Corsican home with that strange warning of what is taking place in Paris. The pleasant writers of those agreeable essays recently published under the title of "Free Lance" have some amusing speculations upon the ghost theory, and possibly they are right in supposing that some respect for ghosts yet lingers in the minds of a few, especially in a lonely, remote, shadowy, old houses with avenues of trees leading up to the front door where in the autumn shadows it would not seem unreasonable to conjure up ghostly voices from the rustling of the crisp withering leaves, or to fancy a spectral shade floating in the evening dust from the dim distant meadows. In many old houses too there are legends and strange traditions of strange noises and unexplained tones, which amongst the imaginative easily suggest supernatural visitations. There are various degrees of ghosts. Some are altogether of so shadowy a kind that, beyond a passing feeling of strangeness when they are referred to, they leave but a faint impression upon the mind; but the stage ghost is generally of a substantial kind. In "Hamlet" he has a good strong voice, not at all affected by the chilly atmosphere of the sepulchre, or rendered husky by the warmer place, where, for a time he is supposed to have been immured. He walks about the stage with a firmness of tread altogether different from the kind of ghosts we read of in romances. If any reader would experience the old fashioned mysterious feeling about ghosts he should read the stories of Charles Brockden Brown, the American novelist. They were once popular in England, but appear to be now utterly forgotten. Yet Mr. Wilkie Collins himself hardly tinges our nerves to the extent that Charles B. Brown does in some of his descriptions. We remember a scene in one of his novels where he describes with astonishing force the effect of hearing somebody or something pacing the floor of a room overhead, where the listener feels it impossible for any human creature to be concealed. Our modern novelists would find it difficult to reach the power displayed in this scene. But the writer has the advantage of being able to work upon the feelings and to appeal to the imagination of the reader. There is not the same difficulty there is upon the stage to awaken an interest in the ghost. The supernatural visitation in the novel is only described, and therefore, the reader can give it any shape or horror he pleases. But there is always the danger on the stage that familiarity will breed contempt. According to the modern plan we are too much at home with the ghosts. We lose sight altogether of their shadowy attributes. We remember reading a letter by Dickens describing the first representation of Gounod's "Faust." So carefully had all the stage been contrived that Dickens says it give him quite a weird sensation. The lurid glare we are accustomed to see whenever the Fiend appears, was cleverly contrasted with the tender, soft, ethereal bluish color surrounding Marguerite, and giving the heroine an appearance of delicacy that threw into stronger relief the figure of the Tempter. We wish the stage had preserved to a greater extent some traditions of the past. For instance, we have read that in Marlowe's Faustus, the audience was deeply impressed by the appearance of the demon. When the modern version of Faust is played little attempt is made to give him a supernatural character. The Prince of Darkness is, in fact, a "modern gentleman." But since there are plays, operas, and tragedies, in which ghostly personages have to appear, it might be well for our stage managers to consider whether they could not make them a little less real. Play-goers are willing to lend themselves to the illusion of the stage, but the stage should lend itself to the imagination as well. Surely it need not be so difficult to get some new ghost business so as to make "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Richard," and other grand plays in which spectral figures appear more effective than under the ordinary conditions.

CULINERY GEMS.

The stew is the great dish of the future.

Stews should not be cooked too long, as then they evaporate valuable particles.

It is impossible to get warm in cold weather with undigested food in your stomach.

Fish should never be boiled but steamed, so that no fine properties are dissolved in the water.

Exclusive diet on peas, beans and lentils, do not develop the brightest and quickest tone of mind.

Food is only coarse when coarsely cooked, as the plainest materials contain nutritious and dainty elements.

It's a great mistake to eat half raw steaks on a cold winter's day. Half raw meat yields much less nutrition than well cooked meat.

Vegetables are the life and soul of healthy living, and should not be neglected at any meal.

If meals are kept irregularly in youth something creeps up in adult age which shows dimiciished vitality.

The want of a warm meal in the middle of the day is to people who have had perhaps but a slight breakfast and have been in the cold winter air the cause of disease and want of vitality.

British Bobbies.

AN INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE GREAT POLICE FORCE OF THE ENGLISH CAPITAL.

(New York Times.)

Perhaps nothing more clearly shows the devotion with which the English people adhere to the old forms of government than the story of the police systems of London. Systems is the word used, for there are two separate and distinct police forces for the metropolis of London. The city of London, as is well known, constitutes but a small part of the metropolis, and in the heart of a great community, swarming with people and crowded with buildings, its few squares and small population after business hours, still maintain a local government of lord mayor, aldermen, magistrates, and police as well. To speak more accurately, the city of London, with an area of 688 acres, and a population of 74,897, (males 36,459, females 38,438,) is situated in the centre of a metropolis containing an area of 78,868 acres, or 123 square miles, with a population of 4,534,040. These figures are from the metropolitan police district census Dec. 31, 1878. Nor need we look for a comparison beyond the city of New York, which has drawn into its folds towns which lie in the county of Westchester. The subject can easily be made plain to the reader. Suppose, as an illustration, that, notwithstanding the growth of New York in bricks and mortar, it should still, as a corporation, remain bounded by the East and North Rivers, the Battery, and Canal street, its limits half a century ago. That little nucleus of the great city would hold to the whole about the same relation in extent that the city of London does to the modern Babylon. There have been frequent efforts to change this anomalous condition of affairs, but the "city" of London, governed by its ancient charters and special acts of parliament, thus far has been able to resist successfully the various measures aimed at uniting the corporation with the metropolis which surrounds it and joins it. In 1830, Sir Robert Peel (it is from this gentleman's connection with the constituting statute of the London police force that the officers were nicknamed "bobbies" and "peelers") obtained the passage of an act which created the present police force of London. It does not include the city of London. An attempt was made by Lord Melbourne, in 1839, to unite the city with the metropolitan system, but so powerful an opposition came from the corporation of the city of London that the measure was abandoned, and rather than accept the share which would fall to the city for the payment of its police, if in the metropolitan system, the corporation spurned the sum (about £40,000, or $200,000), and resolutely taxed the rate-payers to pay their own police. Under the metropolitan act the British treasury, out of the consolidated fund, defrays one-fourth of the cost of the metropolitan police, the other three-fourths being raised by taxation. In old London every citizen was liable to be called upon to do police duty in the district where he resided. He might employ a person to do the work, although he became responsible for the deputy's misdeeds. In the time of Queen Elizabeth beggars and vagrants had so increased that beadles were appointed to assist in clearing the streets. They in turn were succeeded by city marshals, who remained in power down to 1839, when the new police acts went into operation in the city of London and metropolis.

THE CITY OF LONDON POLICE.

The following is the present organization of the city of London police: Col. C. B. Frazer is the chief commissioner, with a salary of £1,800 ($9,000) per annum, the Mayor Bowman, chief superintendent, who receives for his services £820 $5,000 per an. The police force of the city of London is under the commissioner's command, and it consists of inspectors who receive about $18 per week on an average; 12 detectives at 51s. 3d. each ($12.81). 64 sergeants, whose pay, according to grade of service, ranges from 38s. 11d. each ($9.97) down to 36s. 10d. ($900), and 391 policemen (constables), who receive weekly 32s. 3d. each ($8.06); 320 constables at 28s. 8d. ($7.16); 110 constables at 24s. 7d. ($6.39), making with the services of an assistant superintendent at 137s. 7d. per week ($34 75), a police surgeon at £600 per annum, ($3,000), and three clerks at £250 per annum ($900), a total force of 826 men, who cost the city of London, as is contained in the estimate for 1880, £100,100, or $500 000 to maintain. There are 61 men on private service at the postoffice, the Bank of England and other banks, telegraph offices, and stores. The yearly pay is £95 a man ($475), and the department receives £5,873 yearly for their services or ($29,365). The system of payment of pensions to policemen who have been rendered unfit for duty after long and honorable service has been in force in both this and the metropolitan departments for many years. The city chamberlain of the corporation of London paid to superannuated policemen in 1880, £19 311 17s. 7d., or $46,555. This amount was raised by the fines for assaults on policemen, which amounted to £121 2s., or $605, and by the amount received by the detection in the pay of the police for misconduct, sickness, etc. Col. Fraser the commissioner of the city police, was appointed by the common council of the city of London in 1863, and is considered an able officer. Mayor Bowar, the assistant commissioner, was also appointed by the common council, and has long been connected with the force. He is a man of middle age, with military bearing. George B. Childs, F. B. C. S. E., was appointed by the police committee of the common council in 1844. He has therefore, been connected with the department thirty-six years.

The uniform of the police of the city of London is very nearly the same as that of the metropolitan police, save a slight variance in the formation of the helmet and the cuff-band, which is a red and white stripe instead of the blue and white of the metropolitans. There are 520 public-houses and 147 beer and wine houses in the district. The police force of the city of London is formed into six divisions. The headquarters are in the Old Jewry, and there are six station-houses