WOMAN GOSSIP

Changes of Fashion Which have Cast Fairy-Like Blondes in the Shade.

Some of the Tortures of Being in Style—Calcutta Women—Waits, &c.

Tortures of Fashion.

Fashion is pitiless in putting clothes on women. The comfort of the wearer is never taken into consideration. She must make her body conform as far as possible to the shapes of her garments, and never mind the pinches, distortions, and exposures. To have her waist compressed and her abdomen held back, is too common to excite any protest; she endures those things as a matter of course. Tight and high-heeled shoes are also an ordinary torment; and it is unjust to say that she might wear loose ones if she would, for it must be borne in mind that neat feet are expected of her. Men's feet are partly covered by their trousers, and therefore do not show the full size; but women's have no such advantage, and when visible are seen for all they are worth. It will not do to enlarge them for the sake of ease; nor to lower the heels, for no device that improves them must be neglected. Going to the other end of a fashionable woman, we find her head covered or uncovered to suit the passing caprice of style. In the present cold weather, if she wears a bonnet, it is a mere strip across her back hair, affording not the slightest warmth. She goes with her brain chilled and her ears aching alongside a male escort which is muffled warmly from neck to pate. He condescendingly asks her if she is cold, and she replies, "Oh, no; I'm as warm toast," being careful not to let her teeth chatter. All along the whole length of herself, betwixt head and feet, she is subjected to tortures of dress. Pins stick into her in places that she cannot reach at the time; garters are too tight, and stop the circulation of blood in her limbs; corset-steels break, and the sharp ends prod her sides; changes from the flannels of every day to the barences of evening costumes give her fully in spots when elaborately done up; she is covered with contrivances of ornament that a man would not bear the annoyance of, like tight gloves, heavy earrings, and uneven fastenings; and, above all, she is sure to itch in numerous places. I have known moments when I would have given my purse and contents for a good claw at the calf of my leg. Man grumbles at the slightest inconvenience in the way of dress; but woman

"Must sit on her style,
And continue to smile,"

though a bent pin is at that very moment under her. I mention these things so that the husband or father, when he sufferingly pays the bill for a fine female costume, may understand that the wearer is incidentally punished for her extravagance. Those "Olivette" ballet girls at the Fifth Avenue theatre looked free and untrammeled in their tights and jerseys; but some of them were tortured by stays, bandages and paddings into shapes which were handsomer than nature had given them, though not one-tenth as comfortable. An expert was employed in the symmetry department, and his treatment of the girls was with an eye single to the glory of the show. They were a great hit in their seeming freedom of attire, however, while those Nautch dancers at Daly's theatre, in all the real unrestraint of mere gauze, were pronounced unsightly and a failure.

It is a beautiful woman, indeed, who can let nature take the place of art to any great extent in her fashionable make-up.

Calcutta Women.

The women of Calcutta are, as a rule, very beautiful, in so far as we can reconcile beauty with the olive complexion, but fade rapidly after reaching the age of maturity. It is not infrequently that we see women at the age of 25 with furrowed jowl and crow's feet visibly encroaching the corners of their large, lustrous, black eyes, and at the age of 30 may have a decided stoop and decrepit gait. The early decline is due to two causes. The very early and tender age at which nuptials are performed, and the destructive influence of the climate. Barring that relic of barbarism, the nose-ring, there is no creature more comely, more lovely than a "mem sahib" of Bengal, between the ages of 12 and 18. Cleanliness is their constant care, which is a virtue to begin with. A figure somewhat below the medium height, and unhampered by corset or weighty skirt, arrayed in a loose, flowing robe of white, the upper portion of which is thrown carelessly over the left shoulder, exposing to view the swelling bust and well-rounded arm. The upper portion of the body is encased in a sleeveless jacket, generally of some brilliant colour, and tastefully worked with silk, or gold and silver thread. The arm is bare from shoulder to wrist, which is encircled by many bands of either silver or gold. The lower part of the ample robe is drawn tightly over the hips and looped at the left side, defining boldly the contour of a faultless figure. These ladies, in the matter of stockings, are not desultory, as they wear no shoes, and, consequently, no stockings, and little of the ankle is visible between the borders of their robe and the curious little mirrored toe-rings and resonant bells. The luxuriant black tresses are parted in the forehead and combed in thick folds behind the ears, which are pierced in many places and studded thickly with jewelry, and fall in close braids over the shoulders.

Waits.

It is possible for three people to keep the same secret, but only after two of them are dead.

"Downy" way of putting it: Men are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

A young bride being asked how her husband turned out, replied that he turned out very late in the morning and turned in very late at night.

A tax on matches is to be repealed, so the attacks on the Bernhardt will now cease. They cannot speak lucifer any more.

Japanese kettledrums, with Japanese decorations, young ladies in Japanese dress, and Japanese articles to sell, are the new amusement.

Dreamy young lady in a railway carriage to cheerful and exceedingly healthy-looking young man: "Oh, sir, are you æsthetic? "No, ma'am; I'm a butcher."

Mr. Beadle's envy: "What a lucky man Jones is!" exclaimed Beadle. "He is an A. B., A. M. and an LL. D., and I see by this card that he is now an R. S. V. P. He's a lucky dog!"

College wit: "Yes," said the school girl who had risen from the lowest to the highest position in her class, "I shall have a horse-shoe for my symbol, as it denotes having come from the foot!"

The latest *chic* is for gentlemen to wear in their shirt-bosoms for evening dress buttons of mother-of-pearl, traversed with solder threads, as they were sewed on with threads of gold. Sleeve-buttons are similar.

A soft voice in woman always goes with a gentle spirit. A gentleman sitting in a friend's parlor engaged in conversation with him was startled by a noise down stairs, and paused to ask: "What's that—a crash of crockery?" "No; that's only my wife calling to me."

A little girl in Boston calls one of her dolls, a jointless creature, "her woman's right doll." "But why do you call her so?" asked her aunt, a lecturer upon that much-discussed question. "Oh, 'cause Aunt X," the child answered, "she's just like you, she can't ever sit down and be comfortable."

Adele Terchout, a beautiful girl who flashed through Paris in the last year of the Second Empire, under the title of La Comete, with dresses from Worth, portraits by Cabanel, sonnets from Theophile Gautier, offers of marriage from ancient dukes, mansions in the Champs Elysees, equipages, and diamonds, died a week or two since, of a lupus, in a hospital.

Society note: "Miss Diffenback, the accomplished and beautiful cantatrice of West Hill, slapped her mother over the head with the dish-rag last Tuesday evening, because the old lady wouldn't let her go down and sing in a Dutch chorus at the masquerade in Bogus Hollow. Miss Diffenback has the true temper of a lyric artist, and our city will yet be proud of her.

A grand ball: They had a grand ball at Leadville to celebrate Washington's birthday. Overflour hundred were present, six barrels of liquor were consumed, and seven men killed at a free fight, which was excellently managed. The whole affair was very recherche, and will be remembered as one of the most delightful social affairs that ever was enjoyed by the best society of Leadville.

Lovely woman: "My wife got mad—terribly mad at me last nigh," said Rogbug. "Was threatened to leave me and use for a divorce." "Oh, my Jove, I was awfully scared, for I think she forgot it." "But I made her aware of mind. I said I hoped she would, begged, implored her to so, and then she

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manage, anyway."

Cuzzo's twists and turns: "You," said old Mr. Rich, "I'm bound my son shall marry old Mr. Wealthy's daughter, and, therefore, you must make love to old Wealthy and win her, if you can. We'll make you rich, and then you can marry, with codicils giving it to them anyway; these codicils only to be produced after they've eloped and married."

Two country gentlemen were stopping at a friend's house in Boston after the pleasure of a scientific lecture. They occupied the same dormitory, and shortly after midnight one of them started up, and, awaking the other, exclaimed in great trepidation: "Betsey, I believe there is a man under the bed!" Betsey merely raised her finger in an admonitory way, and replied: "Don't make a noise then, Jane; you might scare him away."

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QUEER PERSONS WHO THINK THEY POSSESS DRAMATIC TALENT.

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"But there are some funny instances of persons of more mature years trying to learn elocution. Persons who have had little or no education in school, who can neither read or pronounce, to whom a proper name is an insurmountable obstacle and a word beyond the commonplace, a Rubicon, think they can be fitted to shine in elocution. Those persons always trip up on pronunciation. They make the most ludicrous blunders without the faintest conception why they are laughed at. You may say that we ought not to try to teach such persons. You might as well say that a dry-goods merchant should not sell unbecoming goods. Here is a young fellow who is doing moderately well in business. He goes into company and finds that elocution is all the rage. He sees others brought into prominence by readings and recitations. He thinks that he can make his mark, and he comes to me or some other professor to get instruction. I had a young grocer who took a notion to read Shakspeare pieces. He tripped over every unusual word, he stumbled over every proper name, and he absolutely fell down on the point of memory. It was only by dint of hard hammering that I could get him drilled into one twenty-minute reading. Finally I got tired taking his money, and had to send him away.

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On the west-bound Union Pacific train on yesterday was a newly-wedded pair, who were as loving and tender as people in that interesting condition of life usually are. They had a section in a sleeping-car and were on a bridal trip to the Pacific coast. Near Sidney a wheel on the sleeper was broken, and the train stopped at that place about an hour to put on a new pair of wheels. Here, during the delay, Mr. Goodwin, who is the bridegroom alluded to, got out to kick up his heels and look around, and while he was absorbing the beauties of nature and some other things about the town, the train, which is one of those things that doesn't wait for time, or the "tied," quietly pulled out, leaving Mr. Goodwin, and bearing away his bride. Then there was consternation in Sidney, and on board the Pullman. The bride was in a state bordering on distraction because of her lost liege, and vanly, though frantically, did the groom put in his best locomotion to catch the retreating train. As he and the bride were one, with a very clear case of "a passenger on board that was left behind" it was fun to everybody else except the two most deeply interested. Failing to catch the train on foot, he clambered into the cab of a locomotive which happened to be puffing about the place, and urgently solicited the engineer, a rough-hurled man with a tender saw how it was, and proceeded to obtain proper authority as quickly as possible, and started with Mr. Goodwin on a stern chase after the flying train, that was trying to make up an hour of lost time, and which was proud of a new pair of wheels. Away the swift locomotive speed, on the wings of love and sympathy and steam. Goodwin petted the engineer and fireman, and helped to shovel coal, and at Antelope, thirty-seven miles west, the wild-eyed, panting husband overtook the heartless one that had run away with his hand and with, and soon they were blissingly happy again in each other's arms.

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS—SINGULAR WORK IN HUMAN BONES—A PALACE OF DEAD MEN'S BONES—THE SKULLS ARRANGED

PARIS, JUNE CATACOMBS, BY MIDNIGHT.

THE SKULLS ARRANGEDTO

JOKES.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

Venice are no match for Paris in practical phenomena. The Venetians make some show of using the dead men's bones. When they are through with them, and they have passed through the dissolving of a few years' burial, they go down into the catacombs, and shortly after midnight one of them started up, and, awaking the other, exclaimed in great trepidation: "Betsey, I believe there is a man under the bed!" Betsey merely raised her finger in an admonitory way, and replied: "Don't make a noise then, Jane; you might scare him away."

A sad case: Two loving beings that had plighted their truth some years ago, and were about to be married, are separated forever. They were sitting together one evening, going on about as usual, when she observed to him rather pettishly: "Gadsey, you don't understand anything about hugging; you haven't got the knack of it." "Indeed," he replied in a disheartened tone, "that's very strange, for I've been practising on two or three other girls for several months."

Elocutionary Aspirants.

QUEER PERSONS WHO THINK THEY POSSESS DRAMATIC TALENT.

"There are some queer persons who try to learn elocution," a well-spoken professor said. "It is really surprising to see with what persistence those who are positively disqualified will strive to acquire the declamatory art. Public school education is responsible for a good deal of this. Take a class of college boys; they are almost men, marked. It is obvious that some of them have no aptitude for elocution. Their voices are inadequate; their action is irretrievably bad. Yet the curriculum requires that they should declaim regularly. No amount of natural disqualification relieves them from the duty. The result is that they only furnish sport for their companions, and go through the college course with twice a perfunctory performance of this part of their duties. Of course, this is in direct conflict with the most advanced thought on the subject of education. Both common sense and science dictate that it is a waste of time to try to teach some persons some things. Vast sums of money and long periods of time might be saved by refraining from attempts to perform the impossible in teaching.

"But there are some funny instances of persons of more mature years trying to learn elocution. Persons who have had little or no education in school, who can neither read or pronounce, to whom a proper name is an insurmountable obstacle and a word beyond the commonplace, a Rubicon, think they can be fitted to shine in elocution. Those persons always trip up on pronunciation. They make the most ludicrous blunders without the faintest conception why they are laughed at. You may say that we ought not to try to teach such persons. You might as well say that a dry-goods merchant should not sell unbecoming goods. Here is a young fellow who is doing moderately well in business. He goes into company and finds that elocution is all the rage. He sees others brought into prominence by readings and recitations. He thinks that he can make his mark, and he comes to me or some other professor to get instruction. I had a young grocer who took a notion to read Shakspeare pieces. He tripped over every unusual word, he stumbled over every proper name, and he absolutely fell down on the point of memory. It was only by dint of hard hammering that I could get him drilled into one twenty-minute reading. Finally I got tired taking his money, and had to send him away.

"Then I had a fat, fussy little fellow, who took a notion to play Hamlet, with a dramatic association. I told him frankly that his physique was not fit for the character. Imagine the melancholy Dane with a paunch! I had a big butcher once who wanted to play Claude Melnotte. He was better fitted to lug a side of beef than to toy with Pauline. It seemed wrong to take his money, but I was afraid to tell him the truth. I believe the audience cured him at his first and last attempt. But the climax of absurdity was a little bantam fellow, who took a fancy for heavy parts. He wanted to play Coriolanus, or Richard III., or other parts that require voice and action. I never saw him trying one of those characters without thinking of the fable of the toad and ox. His tragedy was always very funny. When I first began teaching I used to try to get these fellows to listen to the truth. I got no thanks for my honesty, and only lost my customers. Now, when any one comes to me to be taught I do the best I can to teach him. I never get tired taking their money as long as they don't get tiredpaying.

"Some of the toughest customers we have are the young women. They think that if they are healthy and good looking they have a good capital for the stage. As a matter of fact, some of the most successful actresses have not been by any means good-looking women. Charlotte Cushman was by no means handsome, and Sarah Bernhardt has been the butt of ridicule for her lack of what are usually called personal charms. But there are hundreds of young women, with capital to back them who think they can be fitted for the stage in a few lessons. They have no previous education or training. They are trying to read without learning their letters. They can only look pretty. They cannot comprehend why a word may not be pronounced one way as well as another. They take a correction as a personal offense. As for the properties of time, place and circumstance, they know them not. These young women are the bonanza of professors of elocution. Every season finds them in the field. They get their admirers to hire neglected theatres and give them a chance. They struggle manfully or womanfully with Pauline or Ophelia, or some one of the characters in society plays. Each part requires special teaching. Of course if we should advise them as we know, we should say to them: 'You had better abandon the stage and save your money.' As it is, we merely say: 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians, for by this craft we have our wealth.'

"Other pupils are the infant phenomena. They are the most vexatious. It is well known if a man is tall he tries to appear taller; if a woman has a small foot she tries to make it smaller. So if wealthy persons have a youngster who shows a talent for spouting they try to develop it. It always makes me sad to see a stripling spluttering and struggling with some terrific effort of declamation when he ought to be playing tag or hop scotch. But there would be no use in my telling the parent that. They would only go to some other professor. So I just take their money and send the youngsters away with a flea in their ear. I delight in giving it to some poor folks that rich folks will spend their money foolishly."

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