The Domestic Troubles of a Young Duchess-Living on Ten Dollars a Week-A Man Tries Tight Lacing-Small Talk for The Ladies.

Chit-Chat.

Poor Sophie Galitzin.

A short, sensational and sorrowful life was brought to a close recently when the Duchess of Chaulnes (nee Princess Sophie Galitzin died at the age of 25 in a humble cottage in La Villette. She was married, in 1875 to the Duke of Chaulnes, and their feeble little children are the last survivors of the great house of Luynes, the foundations of whose fortunes were laid by d'Albert, first page to Louis XIII., afterward constable of France He and his two brothers were compelled to make their visits to Court semi-weekly because they only had one gala costume between them. A little while later and each was the husband of an heiress and had been adopted into a family of the ancient nobility. The matrimonial successes of the Luynes are chronicled by Saint Simon and other writers of his time. Of late years the hand of death and misfortune has been heavy on the family. The Duke of Chevreuse was killed by a fall from his horse in 1854. His elder son, who had served in the pontifical zouaves, was killed while leading a battalion of mobiles in the war of 1871. The younger son, whose widow had just died, never recovered from the effects of the same severe campaign, in which he was wounded. Their sister died suddenly. Their mother, the Duchess of Chevreuse, who still survives, is an energetic, ambitions, and implicable little woman, a devotee in religion, and perhaps also slightly deranged through her misfortunes. Her son's marriage with the beautiful and dashing Sophie Galitzin, a daughter of the Prince Auguntin, who sacrificed auestate of \$140,000 a year by abjuring the Greek faith for the Catholic, was a sore trial for the duchess. Two women could not very well be imagined who were less likely to get on together. The bride was gay, -almost wild, -high-tempered, fond of society and hunting; the mother-in-law austere and impatient of opposition. As for the nusband, the last spark of his ancestral energy seems to have burned itself out during the campaign against the Prussians, and he has been represented as so lazy that he took his meals and was shave tin bed, and only abandoned the blankets to go to chapel under his mother's watchful eye.

It is not quite a year since the "duel of the duchesses" scandalized French society. Had they been fishwives instead of reprecentatives of two of the great families of France and Russia, they could not have abused each other more lently, and, whichever side was to be believed, the revelations of aristocratic life were even less sivory than those that cross-actions for assault and battery are accustomed to provoke in a police court in a disreputable neighborhood. The Duke of Chaulnes had iie i, and the custody of his children had been intrusted to their grandmother. For their possession the widow contended, alleging a series of persecutions and outrages that did not yield in their romantic and thrilling character to anything recorded in the literature of the inquisition. The young duchess alleged that she was shut up in a country mansion and nagged perpetually; that when sick it was not her mother-in-laws tault it she recovered, and that the elder lady, maddened at her son's marriage, inflamed his mind with suspicions and did her utmost to compromise her daughter-in law. The duke was induced to depart on the alleged voyage which has furnished an incident for the plots of how many novels and dramas, and returning unexpectedly atnight proceeded to "draw" his wife's apartments, accompanied by all the inmates of the chateau, guests and servants, afterward compeling her to appear in the hall and upon her knees confess her infidelity and plead for the forgiveness of which she was unworthy. On another occasion the young duchess was awakened from her beauty-sleep to behold the alarming spectacle of one priest at the head of her bed and a second at its foot. They duly prayed over its startled occupant, and stood aside while the old Duchess produced a paper and bade her sign or die. Mme. de Chaulnes sprang from her couch and fled toward the door, but her husband appeared at the portal to cut off her retreat with a cocked revolver, and she had to sign the document and declare herself unworthy to have the charge of her children. And when her husbard was dying, despite his wishes and her frenzied pleadings, she was refused the last sorrowful privilege of closing his eyes, and thrust from the gates penniless and friendless. The young duchess did not deny having signed the compromising documents, but insisted that her will had been forced by threats of death, and she gave the final romantic touch to her case by attempting the abduction of her children. Aided by a gentleman who was said to have declared his passion for her and to have received the promise of her hand and heart as soon as he had compassed the rescue of the little ones from their gorgon grandmother, she provided a faithful maid-servant, and a retainer, shrouded in an ample cloak, to steal his children, a closed carriage with relays of horses being in readiness, and a fishingsmack awaiting the party's arrival at the seashore. The plot, however, miscarried. One story is proverbially good until an-

other has been told, and when the Duchess of Chevreuse came to put in her evidence she alleged the existence of an altogether different state of things. She insisted that the young duchess was too much occupied with her numerous lovers to pay any attention to her children, and that one of these levers had been chased by the servants, but had escaped through his fleetness of foot. He was a prudent swain, as appaared from the fact that he rigged a rope to the window of the chateau so as to escape the more readily, and that he put on a pair of rustic boots that his footsteps on the snow might not betray him. His gloves, handkerchief, and love-letters, however, remained as trophies. The young duchess was described as "knocking her children about," and even turning them out of bed to make room for her dogs; she was accused of consuming great quantities of opium and regarding the

fevered dreams of her sleep as things that had really happened. Her misconduct killed her husband, and he died cursing her name and imploring his mother to keep his children from contamination by their mother. Altogether, whichever story was to be believed, the meanest and most miserable woman of the countryside had no reason to

envy the life of the rival chatelaines. The courts sustained the allegations of the grandmother and gave her the custody of the children. Since that time but little | that her majesty had the smallest feet and has been heard of the young duchess whose life has just gone out. A Parisian chroniqueur thus described her at the time of the trial in May, 1882: "She was in deep mourning. Her golden fleece of hair hung down her back in a long, loose net of yellow silk, hardly distinguished from the burnished mass it contained. If the Duchess de Chaulnes had a perfect mouth she would be her sceptre under the nose of the Spanish a woman of rare beauty. It is notugly. The ambassador, demanding of the astonished lips are red and fresh and not too white. But | dipiomat with a royal oath : "Are they elevthe expression is silly. Anyone who has $|\cos$, you Reman dog! Are they elevens:"-G. gone through the world and has an eye for | T. L., in Life. physicgnomy would know before she spoke that her conversation is disjointed, precipitate and monotonously vapid. She might, her teeth being clinched, insert her forefinger between the upper range-which is white and even—and the under. The eyes are of opal gray. At the palais de justice they were artificially encircled with lustre which gave a languid, suffering air, and by force of contrast blanched the fair complexion."

Living on Ten Dollars a Week.

"A Buckeye Girl," at Cleveland, O., takes a hand in the controversy recently published in the New York Sun as to the possibility of a man supporting a family on an income of \$10 a week. She says: "I am the wife of a man who has a salary of only \$10 a week. I am not a household drudge. On the contrary, I haven't enough work. We have a comfortable home of four rooms, nicely furnished. We dress well and have plenty of good food to eat. I am a musician, so we rent a piano, and indeed I felt quite | vexation. like a lady until I was sneered at by those having more money than we. But they cannot make me discontented. I have always been satisfied with our small salary, though before my marriage I was accustomed to an elegant house and wealth. We have no children, but my sister is living with us. We feed, but do not clothe her out of our \$10. We pay \$3 a week for our rooms. Our table supplies do not cost over \$4 per week, and generally less. We do not eat as many beans as James and Jennie, but we eat considerable oatmeal and cracked wheat, not from necessity, but because we are very fond of it and know i to be healthful. We generally eat oatmeal, with milk and sugar, for breakfast, and have coffee, bread and butter, and cake. For dinner we have vegetables, meat often (not always), bread, butter, and for dessert, pie, pudding, or cake. Supper's bill of fare is the same as for breakfast, with the substitution of cracked wheat for oatmeal, and the addition of sauce.

"I do not know whether living expenses are lower here than in New York not. I fancy there is not much difference. Rents and eatables of almost every description are astonishingly high here at present, and have

"I wish to describe my wardrobe to further show these unbelievers in what a genteel manner two can live on \$10. My best dress is a complete suit of black satin stylishly made. I have, besides four or five good suits, for which I paid from 50 cents to \$1.50 per yard. Some of them I hired made ; the rest I made myself. I am always well supplied with kid gloves, hats, shoes, and wraps, and never look shabby when dressed for company, calls, or the street. "How now, tailor? You dare not tell

me I haven't told the truth. I am curious to know what you will say concerning my statements. Shall I have the pleas-

"The 'longshoreman said he would like to ground to a comedy. shut James Short up and feed him on his own bill of fare for six months. I dare say James would be perfectly willing to be treated so, provided Jenny could be the cook. A great deal depends on the cooking of eatables, cheap or expensive, as to whether they are satisfactory.

"There is one thing I forgot to mention. I get my washing and ironing done every two weeks for \$1. I never do my own washing. I guess now I have said enough, and will make mybow and retire, hoping my remarks will elicit no curses. I have not ex aggerated nor been untruthful in the least

A Man Tries Tight Lacing.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the well-known lecturer on astronomy, once tried the experithe result: "When the subject of corset wearing was under discussion in the pages of. the English Mechanic, I was struck," he says, "with the apparent weight of evidence in favor f tight lacing. I was in particular struck by the evidence of some as to its use in reducing corpulence, I was corpulent. I also was disposed, as I am still, to take an interest in scientific experiment. I thought I would give this matter a fair trial. I read all the instructions, carefully followed them and varied the time of applying pressure with that 'perfectly stiff busk' about which correspondents were so enthusiastic. I was foolish enough to try the thing for a matter of four weeks. Then I laughed at myself as a hopeless idiot, and determined to give Aggripina, were valued at \$2,764,880, not that superabundance of fat on which only starvation and much exercise, or the air of America, has ever had any real reducing influence. But I was reckoning without my host. As the Chinese lady suffers, I am told, when her feet-bindings are taken off, and as the flat-headed baby howls when his head-boards are removed, so for a while was it with me. I found myself manifestly better in stays. I laughed at myself no longer. I was too angry with myself to laugh. I would as soon have condemned myself to using crutches all the time as to wearing always a busk. But for one month of folly I had to endure three months of discomfort. At the end of about that time I was myown man again."

History Re-written.

As Queen Elizabeth, attended by Sir Walter Raleigh and a retinue of gilded a millionaire because his name happen to be courtiers, was one day walking through the Damrich.

streets of London she came to a particularly muddy spot, which she hehitated to cross. Raleigh was about to throw down his cloak before her in order that she might cross dry-shod, when he reflected that it was of costly velvet, lavishly ornamented with old lace, and so would infallibly be spoiled. Accordingly, with great presence of mind he whispered loudly to Sir Christopher Hatton that he had always contended, and would with his heart's blood maintain neatest ankles in the world, and that the calumnious report that she wore elevens was a malignant invention of the Spanish court. Nor did the ruse fail of its effect, as the Virgin Queen, lifting her royal skirts with almost exaggerated enthusiasm, went through the puddle with characteristic resolution, and halting on the farther side shook

A Society Woman's Blunder.

Mrs. Commissaire, says a Washington letter, is a very intelligent society leader, who, in the wild race for social popularity, tries to be able to make some appropriate remark about the family affairs of everybody she meets. Last winter she sat just across the board from Commander Levvessaire, of the navy, at a large dinner party. She had her question ready, and as soon as they met afterward she said to the commander, whom she had not seen for some time: "And how is Mrs. Levvessaire?" "She is dead, madame," solemnly replied the bereaved husband. Madame turned off her blunder as smoothly and quickly as possible, and bit her lip savagely on the way home. The other night she met the sorrowing commander for the first time since last winter. "And how is Mrs. Levvessaire?" she asked, before she thought. "She is still dead, madame," replied the grave commander, his eyes twinkling with something like merriment at her

They Meant Business.

A gentleman of Sioux City, Icwa, who was snow-bound for six days in Morgan township, tells the following incident of life in the country. There boarded with a farmer in Morgan a well-to-do bacheior, owner o a team and other property, named Philip Rabel. Philip wanted a wife, and made no secret of his desire. The farmer with whom he boarded being at the house of a neighbor across in Monona county, mentioned Philip's longing. The Monona countryman said that there was in his house a young lady, Miss Matilda Woodfork, who was likewise anxious for a life partner. The farmer said he would mention it to Philip. He did, and Philip went right over, proposed without waste of words, and was accepted in the same practical spirit. Philip gave his betrothed \$5, "to bind the bargain," as he explained, and within a day or two the couple went to Onawa and were married.

CHIT-CHAT.

Homely girls, it is said, are resorting to magnetic belts to draw admiration.

A young lady when presented with a pair of opera-glasses asked: "How in the world am I to keep them on ?"

The poetical expression, "Riches have wings," must have been suggested to the author by seeing the wings on a woman's

When you see a sour-faced woman sifting ashes on her icy sidewalk, it is difficult to tell whether she loves the human race or hates the new carpet of her next-door neigh-

To Joseph Jefferson is attributed the remark that, although the late lamented duchess of Gainsborough's hat may form a fine background to a lovely face, it is a bad fore-

A young woman in Ardon, Ill., crazed by religion, imagines herself an angel. It is better for a young woman to retain her mental balance, and let the young men in the neighborhood imagine her an angel.

Standing before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked: "Wilt theu have this woman," etc. The man stared in surprise and replied: "Ay, surely! Whoy. I kummed a-pup-pus!"

Sedalia, Mo., has a billiard saloon for ladies only, and the proprietor already thinks of taking out the tables and allowing the fair creatures to play right on the floor, where a good deal of carroming is done

Old Mrs. B. came to town last week from Indiana on an excursion, and when she was asked why she was in such a hurry to leave, ment of wearing a corset, and thus describes | she replied : "I've got to go; you see as how I came in on an exertion train, and my ticket perspires to-night."

Women are called "the weaker sex," and yet, up to the hour of going to press, not one of her sex in this country has shown enough intellectual weakness to embark in the weather-prophet business, or attempt to eat sixty quail in thirty days.

You can't calculate upon what girls will do in an emergency. The New York boarding-school misses who pitched upon a burglar and held him until the police arrived, would, doubtless, jump upon the sofa and scream if a mouse entered their room.

The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of up the attempt to reduce by artificial means including her jewels, which cost as much more. It has slipped our memory whether Miss Paulina was the daughter of a plumber or an editor, but our impression is that she

> A woman who had been dumb for fifteen years recently fell from a chair and the shock restored her speech. The next day her husband stumbled over the same piece of furniture and broke his arm. He then gave the chair away to a bitter enemy.

> We see it announced that Ottoman poetry has "a subtle esoteric spiritual signification," which announcement will touch a grateful chord in the bosom of many a young lady who has occupied an ottoman with her suitor, and never knew before what sort of a fulminating compound it was that hysted the poetry out of him.

A Mobile merchant objects to being called



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