

ESPECIALLY FOR LADIES.

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

Chat-Chat.

Poor Sophie Galitzin.

A short, sensational and sorrowful life was brought to a close recently when the Duchess of Chaumont (nee Princess Sophie Galitzin) died at the age of 25 in a humble cottage in La Vilette. She was married, in 1875 to the Duke of Chaumont, 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.

It is not quite a year since the "duel of the duchesses" scandalized French society. Had they been fishwives instead of representatives of two of the great families of France and Russia, they could not have abused each other more gently, and whichever side was to be believed, the revelations of aristocratic life were even less savory than those that cross-actions for assault and battery are accustomed to provoke in a police court in a disreputable neighborhood.

A Man Tries Tight Lacing. Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the well-known lecturer on astronomy, once tried the experiment of wearing a corset, and thus describes the 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 of 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.

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 chateaines. The courts sustained the allegations of the grandmother and gave her the custody of the children. Since that time but little has been heard of the young duchess whose life has just gone out. A Parisian chronicler 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 Chaumont had a perfect mouth she would be a woman of rare beauty. It is not ugly. The lips are red and fresh and not too white. But the expression is silly. Anyone who has gone through the world and has an eye for physiognomy would know before she spoke that her conversation is disjointed, precipitate and monotonously rapid. 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 palace de justice they were artificially encircled with luster 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 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 it 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 been."

"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 pleasure?"

"The longshoreman said he would like to 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 my bow and retire, hoping my remarks will elicit no curses. I have not exaggerated nor been untruthful in the least degree."

History Re-written.

As Queen Elizabeth, attended by Sir Walter Raleigh and a retinue of gilded courtiers, was one day walking through the streets of London she came to a particularly muddy spot, which she hesitated 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 that her majesty had the smallest feet and neatest ankles in the world, and that the calumnious report that she wore elevenes 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 her sceptre under the nose of the Spanish ambassador, demanding of the astonished diplomat with a royal oath: "Are they elevenes, you Roman dog? Are they elevenes?"—G. T. L., in Life.

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A Society Woman's Blunder.

Mrs. Comissaire, 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 Levesseire, 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. Levesseire?" "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. Levesseire?" she asked, before she thought. "She is still dead, madame," replied the grave commander, his eyes twinkling with something like merriment at her vexation.

They Meant Business.

A gentleman of Sioux City, Iowa, 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 bachelor, owner of 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 her 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 hat.

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 neighbor.

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 foreground to a comedy.

A young woman in Arden, 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 thou have this woman," etc. The man stared in surprise and replied: "Ay, suely! 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 now.

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, 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 Agrippina, were valued at \$2,764,880, not 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 was.

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 savior, 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 a millionaire because his name happens to be Damrich.

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