

LADIES' COLUMN

A Gymnasium for Girls.

There is a swell gymnasium for women, writes Clara Belle from New York, and I suppose men would laugh at the exercises, but they are heartily done when a girl attempts to throw a ball. The exercises consist largely of calisthenics—wheeling, dumbbells, percussion, and the like. The dumbbell exercises are vigorous and graceful. As a piano gives the measure and a drum the particular emphasis, the gymnasts perform difficult figures with union and precision. The scull phalanx, a novel movement, is formed by double circles of girls advancing toward the centre until a close body is formed, the girls being united in the smallest conceivable space, and there performing gymnastic posturings. Such a lump of acrobatic loveliness would make a man's eyes glisten; but no masculine gaze is permitted. The percussion exercise is odd. The rows of performers are divided into groups of two, and each one of the two percussed the other on arms, legs, breast, and back with quick, decisive strokes to the music. Indian-club swinging is a snapping, seam-opening sort of exercise, and only a few of the girls are adepts at it. At a class exercise I saw seven of these fair athletes lightly dancing around the room. Stopping for a moment to take full breath they then swung the clubs with remarkable strength and ease. Running jumps are only possible to a few. I have, however, seen the bar raised to a height of four feet, and lightly cleared. Others easily made their way through the air by the means of suspended rings. The woman professor in charge of the gymnastics teaches the pupils how to walk. There is a style of walking sanctioned by fashion, the same as there are rules in dress. Instead of assuming a languid, willowy movement and inclining the body forward, which used to be the style, the New York girls are going to the other extreme by imitating the walk of our English cousins. This form of Anglomaniacism is confined to the adoption of the erect position, throwing the shoulders well back. But we are sensible to stop short of the long strides and bobbing up-and-down peculiar to the English. The use of the low-heeled walking shoe has considerable to do with this unadorned, sensible style. With the French heel it was only possible to walk in a constrained way of walking on eggs. Another characteristic motion was the rolling from one side to the other, which was doubtless necessary to relieve the pressure on the foot as much as possible. The aim now is to march like diminutive grenadiers.

Awkward London Ladies.

"In former days," says a correspondent of The St. James's Gazette, "deportment was a part of every young lady's education; it was even considered a most important part, but it is quite clear that we have now changed all that. In my rambles about the west-end of London I rarely see a woman with a graceful walk, or one who seems conscious that there is such a thing as grace of movement. Of course the dressmakers are against them; but that does not account for everything. To see a lady enter a room, and be sometimes to see something almost ludicrous. And yet formerly the art of getting up and out of a carriage was a part of a young lady's teaching, an old yellow chariot being sometimes dragged out for the purpose three or four times a week. Of course this is a far country, and ladies may do as they please; but in this particular they are not so pleasing to others as they might be."

FEMINE SPARKLES.

"I've got this thing down fine now, Mildred," said Amy to the Boston high school girl. "Don't say 'got it down fine,' Amy, that's a dear; say 'reduced it to extreme tenuity.'"

There are two colored women lawyers in the United States, and when one of them gets to talking the court hears more black's tone than it ever dreamed could be utilized in practice.

A Maine woman offered her husband an auction and no one bid. Then she put up a billy goat, and \$12 was offered. Ever since, in talking with the former, she puts this and that together.

"The dynamite party!" exclaimed Mrs. Shoddy, who was reading over the papers. "Dear me, Augustus, we'll have to give one right away before those Smiths hear of it. I wonder what it's like?"

The following beautiful description of a sunset in Georgia is from the Macon Telegraph: "The rosy heels of the day, as he takes down the western turnpike, have been greatly admired by the ladies lately."

I threw you a kiss, my pretty Louise. I threw you a kiss at the door. But your father's stern bow did the business for me. For I couldn't turn round to throw more. A woman who is kissed by mistake in the dark always screams and makes a great row about it, but one can wager she is provoked in another way when the man commences to throw excuses and says he wouldn't have done it if he had known whom it was.

An Indianapolis woman is suing for divorce because her husband muzzled her with a base ball mask, and yet if base ball masks were fashionable she would have married the life out of him in her endeavors to persuade him to buy her one. This is a world of queer contraries.

A trade circular, under the title, "What will the Coming Girl Wear?" contains a description of the articles like to constitute the wardrobe of the future. It is a description sufficient to convince anybody that what the coming girl will chiefly wear is a hole in the pocketbook of the man who supports her.

Miss Elith (aged 6)—Mamma, they say the Gibbess have come into a whole lot of money. Ella Stanford says they are real common and vulgar, but I think we had better be very nice to them, as there are two boys in the family about my age, and

when I grow up something might come out of it, you know.

Oh, horror! It is reported that an English nobleman is about to take steps to get a divorce from his American wife. After all the trouble that the dear old lady has been to secure titled spouses, it is really too bad if they are going to lose them through the vulgar instrumentality of the divorce court.

"I was to be married you know," said Blooms to his friend Clark. "But I guess it's off, you know, for g-good." "How is that?" asked Clark. "This way," replied Blooms. "She s-said she'd marry me, you know, when all impediments were removed." "Yes," "Well, I asked her last night if they were not all aw-removed, you know, and she said 'no—I s-still s-stutter!'"

Miss Upper Ten, an ultra fashionable young lady, was called to be with a sister who was dangerously ill in a western city. "What can she do for anyone ill and perhaps dying?" inquired a neighboring acquaintance who had heard of her departure. "She might give information as to which side they'll be most likely to wear harps on this season," said one of the company dryly.

At an inn in the neighborhood of Paris a dog lay stretched at full length in the middle of the hearth. Four travellers were seated around the fire. They were soon joined by the landlord. "What a fine dog! Is it yours, sir?" he said, addressing the first traveller. "No, sir," "Splendid creature! I suppose it is yours?" he asked the second. "No," "What a beautiful head! You must have given a good price for it?" he said turning to the third. "It isn't mine." "A magnificent animal!" continued the innkeeper, speaking to the fourth traveller, "you must be very fond of it!" "The dog doesn't belong to me, landlord," "What!" suddenly exclaimed our stupefied panegyrist. And giving the unlucky dog a tremendous kick, he said: "Get-out, you dirty brute!"

A GHOST STORY.

Remarkable Incident at a Halloween Gathering—Dread Fulfillment of a Promise.

An incident of a rather peculiar nature occurred in Montreal on last Halloween which has given rise to considerable conjecture and surmise. The facts, as obtained from one of the participants by a representative of the Gazette, briefly stated are to the effect that seven young ladies, all of Montreal, at a Halloween gathering ten years ago agreed to meet again on the same evening, ten years after; the stipulation was "dead or alive," the young lady who made use of that expression reminding the other six of their agreement a short time after by sending them each an invitation for Oct. 31, 1883. This lady was evidently the originator of the little reunion, and laughingly promised to be present, even if dead, and it was all possible for her to do so. About four years ago this lady died very suddenly. She is described as having been of a quiet, religious disposition, and very tall. The remainder of the ten years rolled by, and the time for the reunion came. Accordingly, on All-Hallow eve the six met at the house of two of their number, who were sisters, for tea; but, according to the original agreement, a chair was left vacant for the missing one. This chair was draped in black, while in front of it were some withered flowers, gathered from the grave of the deceased. Nothing remarkable occurred during the repast, save that the young lady next to the empty chair spoke of a strange nervous sensation, but this was not thought of at the time. After tea they started to the parlor, immediately adjoining, the young lady mentioned leading the way, and carrying in her hand the bunch of withered flowers. The parlor was quite dark, and the light which streamed in from the dining-room as she opened the door. At that moment she cried:—"Look! look!" and pointed into the parlor, where three or four of them saw distinctly a tall white figure standing at the door leading from the parlor to the hall. She who had first seen it retreated quickly, and was just leaving the dining-room by the door from that room to the hall when she again saw the figure, and her cry brought three of the others to the door, and all saw it glide quickly along the hall from the parlor door to the door leading to the street, which seemed to open of itself and close after the figure had passed through.

Only one of the six failed to see the figure at all, she having in both cases been foolishly, consequently she was very dubious, and believed the apparition to be merely some kind of a practical joke, and at once went and inspected the door of exit, but this was always kept locked and latched from within, and was found to be still secure, so the trick theory was apparently out of the question as a solution of the mystery.

On informant saw the figure twice, and describes it as being "just the right height"—that is to say, very tall, and wholly draped in white; no hands nor feet were to be seen; and the face was concealed; it seemed to glide rather than walk, and moved very quickly; it did not touch the door at all and did not appear to pass through it, but the door seemed to open of itself and close behind the figure. The sensation produced by the figure was, if it were chocking to itself on having kept the promise to be present, and laughing at the scare produced—at least our young lady in-scarce states such to have been her sensation in so far as she had any apart from the dominant sense of fear.

Such is the story, and we give it for what it is worth without attempting to offer either explanation or comment.

Two do it.

The Christian at Work has an article entitled "How to Make a Wife Inseparable." We have not read it presuming the method given to be of course either to come into the house with mud on your boots, or to forget to bring home your wife's bonnet for her from the milliner's on Saturday night.

Neuralgia Treated by the Tuning Fork.

Dr. Rasori applies the tuning fork, while vibrating, over the course of the painful nerve. The sitting usually lasts about half an hour, and the patient is generally relieved without further treatment. He records his method in the Cinn. Lan. and Clin.

Motors for Sewing Machines.

Mr. Watkins, a Clerkenwell, England, manufacturer, has lately completed an invention for driving sewing machines, and which can be applied equally well to every kind of machine. It is contained in a box about 15 inches cube, which supports the machine, and is itself supported by legs like those of the ordinary table, but with no crank, treadle, flywheel, or strap. The box contains a length of steel tape, which is wound up to serve as a coiled spring for use, and is prevented from releasing itself by the usual ratchet and click arrangement of clocks. The chief merit of the invention is in a method of compensating the action of this tape in such a way as to make it drive the machine as fast and with as much power at the termination of the run as at the commencement. In Mr. Watkins' spring motor there is a contrivance which causes the tape, as it is wound up to form itself what he calls a "parabolic spiral"—an arrangement by which as it unfolds it compensates its own action and drives the machine steadily throughout its run. The box contains also, a drum on which the chain is wound, a series of multiplying wheels, an instantaneous brake, which is worked from the immediate vicinity of the needle above, a flywheel, and the connections with the sewing machine. The contrivance can be stopped instantaneously by the brake, or gradually by the regulator; and the action is so completely under control that, although when at full speed the needle attains a rate of between 900 and 1,000 stitches a minute, it can be set to work so slowly that the machine scarcely moves. The power of the motor is such that the thickness of the material sewn is of little importance, for the speed of the needle is but slightly reduced by passing through ten or twelve layers of unbleached calico or two of leather. The inventor claims that the apparatus can be applied to any existing machine at moderate cost, and that the working parts are calculated to last for years with reasonable treatment.

The Manufacture of Beads.

Beads are largely made in Venice, where glass-making has always been the principal industry. It is said that the invention of beads dates from the thirteenth century, and is due to two Venetians, Motti and Imbriani, who were urged to make experiments by the celebrated Venetian traveller, Marco Polo. Under the Venetian Republic, and for some years after its fall, says our Consul at Venice, the exportation of beads had not reached the importance it has now attained. This was, perhaps, owing to the smallness of the furnaces, and to the difficulty and length of the technical processes required for the composition of the paste. The Morelli, however, who in 1670 were the principal bead manufacturers, had four ships at sea, carrying beads to the East on their own account; they had become so rich that in 1686 they entered the rank of the Venetian nobility on payment of the sum of 100,000 ducats to the Republic. Since 1815 this industry has become so important as to give, at the present time, employment to about 15,000 persons. The traffic is carried on with all the world, but the principal exportation of beads is to the ports of Asia and Africa. An extraordinary stimulus was given to this industry a few years ago by the prevailing taste for beads for trimming ladies' dresses. A great extension of the manufacture took place, and labor was paid so high that all who could do so, gave up their usual trades for bead-making. But when the demand for beads declined, most of the workmen who had been allured by fancy wages to the bead manufacture, were thrown out of work and compelled to return to their former occupations.

Whatever be the cause, bead making has always been the special privilege of Venice, in spite of all foreign attempts to manufacture this article elsewhere. The wages in glass works are for a first master about eight francs a day, for a second master, four and one-half francs, and for the ordinary workmen, from two francs to five francs a day. During the last five years the average annual exportation of beads has been 25,000 quintals, of the approximate value of 5,500,000 francs.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Englishman's Grave.

Winnipeg has been "boomed" in England by interested parties, and the result is that there are today numbers of Englishmen scattered throughout the Northwest. Some of these Englishmen are in a bad way. There is in this city of Winnipeg at the present moment an ex-captain of one of Her Majesty's regiments, who has not tasted food for five days. I think that, my lords and ladies, I think that you might Reverends and Honorable Members of every kind. Not a morsel of food for five days, and if this gentleman, born and bred, does not get employment shortly he threatens to blow out his brains. There is to day in this city another Englishman lying at the point of death in a city hotel, and he has neither money nor friends. There is another Englishman who has sold his clothes, his jewelry, his souvenirs of home, in order to procure one meal a day, and now he is at the end of his tether; and what next? In conversation with a member of the staff of this journal, a young educated, well-bred Englishman remarked, "Winnipeg is the Englishman's grave." Few of you who read this item know anything about the distress that exists in this wonderful city to-day, and few of you care. Who is to blame for it? Who is responsible for bringing out these young men on the strength of lying and exaggerated promises? First and foremost, the press of Winnipeg, which has lied about the condition of things in the Northwest, and which continues to lie. Go down to the C. P. R. depot any time you like and see the number of men out of employment. Ask the general superintendent, ask the heads of the Post Office, Custom House, and of our leading business houses, how many applications they receive for employment, and then reflect if all you read about this overrated country is true. "The Englishman's grave," that is the name that Winnipeg is receiving, and God knows that things are bad enough in it.—Winnipeg Siftings.

Standing Bear's son proposes to redress the wrong of the red man. He is studying to be a pumber.

"Talk about pitchers with curves" remarks an eminent base-ballist, "there's no curve like that of the little brown jug."

Chinese Peasant Life.

A writer in the London Times gives this as an example of the condition of the Chinese peasant: A family consisting of eight persons owns an acre and a half of land. The land was bought by the grandfather of the present head, and has never been subdivided since nor added to. He grows about seventy bushels of rice and thirty-five of wheat, and some vegetables and cotton beside, worth altogether in money about \$50. He has two nephews who work outside and bring home something to help, and in that way they get along, but they are very poor. He and all his neighbors wear native blue cloth, spun and woven in the family, by the women, from cotton grown by themselves. He never wore foreign cotton. The coat he had on (a well worn affair) had been made two years previously, and it would last two years more. It served him at night as a coverlet, and at day as a day.

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