

WOMAN GOSSIP.

A Beautiful Home—The Right Kind of a Girl—A Youthful Bride.

Mrs. Disraeli's Romantic Life—Absurdities of Fashion—Straits—Chit-Chat. Waifs.

"Only in Fun."

He knelt at the feet of his charmer
And clasped her soft hand in his own;
He talked in a way to alarm her,
Or love, but her heart was of stone.

Her "nay" to his suit was surprising,
For he had considered her won,
"Ah well," he exclaimed, quickly rising,
"You know I was only in fun."

And shortly he left, when she, sighing,
Said slowly, "Ah! what have I done—
Come back, oh, my love, I am dying—
'Twas I, not thyself, was in fun."

Waifs.

Women who have not fine teeth laugh only with their eyes.

It must be an extravagant woman who "beggars description."

When a woman is seen chasing a street-car it is a certain sign that she has an ambition to mount the platform.

A new floral device for weddings is a bouquet of fern leaves and rosebuds twined with sprays of ground pine.

A French *mot*: The orange flower is an ironical emblem of marriage. The blossoms are white, the fruits are yellow.

A young man was found hanging to a gate in this town, Sunday night. He was cut down by an irate father's boot.

A Brooklyn fashion paper stated that "maiden's blush" was a fashionable color, and none of the readers had any idea what it was like.

Sad case: The girl who was locked in her lover's arms for three hours explains that it wasn't her fault. She claims she forgot the combination.

An Eastern paper says "it is Mrs. Carlyle who should have the monument for the fortitude she displayed in living so many years with such a man."

Matilda—No. Mrs. Burnett's story. "A Fair Barbarian," does not refer to the young woman who asks you to "take a share" in the sawdust pincushion.

Perhaps there is no sadder sight than to see a maiden lady of the age of 40 or thereabouts sneak off by herself for the purpose of rocking an empty cradle.

A lady physician says: "The prime cause of weakness and disease among our women and girls is owing to errors in dress and lack of physical exercise, in fact, utter laziness."

A fashionable married couple, whose drawing-room is adorned with a handsome motto of "There's No Place Like Home," have just started on a trip to Europe, to be absent one year.

"My dear," said an anxious matron to her daughter, "it is very wrong for young people to be throwing kisses at each other." "Why so, mamma? I'm sure they don't hurt, even if they do hit."

To those who have wondered why artificial currants were made both of jet and silk, the information is given that the former are to represent ripe and the latter unripe fruit; so states a Parisian authority.

A young man who had begun telling a spinster what kind of tea he liked best, said, "I have loved Oolong." The maiden turned scarlet, and declared that she would not be made the subject of puns at this age of life.

Last summer she was gnawing green corn from the cob, when her teeth got entangled with a corn-silk. "Oh, dear," said she, impatiently, "I wish when they get the corn made they would pull out the basting threads."

The gentle swaying to and fro of the fan by the women of the world, if harnessed into one grand hurricane, would set every windmill in creation running at such a lively rate that all the corn and wheat could be ground into flour by them.

Ex-queen Isabella of Spain leads a gay life in her Parisian exile. The Corps Diplomatique pay her court, and are only too glad to attend her dinners and receptions. The Parisians love her, for she is gay and liberal with her money.

Faint Praise: Aesthetic Lady—"Is not that Mrs. Brabazon, whose photograph is in all the shop windows?" The professor—"It is. She is handsome, is she not?" Aesthetic Lady—"Well, yaas,—a—essentially a woman of the nineteenth century."

Blotches—"Why do you put your portrait in your window?" Snobs—"Well, opposite is a young ladies' institute, and as I am obliged to be away from my window all day, attending to business, I leave the poor things my picture to comfort them."

"Ned," she said to him pensively, in a tone implying total lack of confidence in herself, "I don't think I can ever be to you what your first wife was." "Great Caesar, Mary," was the enthusiastic response, "if I thought that I'd marry you tomorrow."

A pretty feature of a fancy ball given last month in London was hanging the reception-room with blue and white striped cloth, and dressing the waitresses in blue and white Dresden china costumes of chintz, with mob caps. All the service was also blue and white Dresden.

Fiji fashions: The spring opening in Fiji shows quite a revolution in the fashions there. Shark's-teeth necklaces are cut more decollete; the mole on the back is painted red; and the green string is worn around the left ankle instead of the right, as formerly.

A very sweet agony is for a young lady to decorate a miniature broadsword and forward it to her best gentleman friend. This does not signify a direct cut. It is the old story, "No knife can cut our love in twain." How quite. How awfully quite quite.

A paper scolds loudly about "women who pay dressmakers' bills with the money which ought to be purchasing a home or paying for their children's education." Men never indulge themselves in new suits, they always save the money for a home and to educate their children.

A new book on etiquette advises girls not to be treated by their gentlemen friends to car fare, ices, or allow them to pay any trifling sum, provided it is simply a friend or chance acquaintance met on the way—and not a near relative who offers it.

In London the "Hogarth" hat is the fashion. The idea is taken from a picture called "The Forfeit." An arch looking girl has put on a young officer's hat, and the young officer bends over her shoulder and takes "compensation for disturbance." The hat is three-cornered. It will be a brave woman who will dare to wear it.

At a Berlin feather-dyeing establishment an ostrich feather dyed in shades of methyl-violet was laid upon a paper upon which some ammonia had been poured but had dried up again. After a time the feather became partially green, the green passing gradually into violet, and producing an extraordinary effect. This reaction is being utilized in feather-dyeing, and will probably be applied in the manufacture of artificial flowers.

The Italian Queen's suite of rooms are remarkable for their rich simplicity. The bed-room is furnished in pale blue satin; the mattresses are of white brocade; the bedstead is of dark wood, and over the head hangs an ivory crucifix, and a little oil painting framed in gold; easy chairs are by the fire-place, above which is a picture of the Little Prince of Naples. Adjoining this is the Queen's study, hung with cafe-au-lait satin, and beyond are the dressing-rooms, lined with mirrors, and decorated with rare china.

QUICK BREAD.—There ain't no use of trying to make bread real light by any other way than putting yeast into it and going through the regular business, which takes time. Now this here quick bread answers its purpose, and I have been asked to give it, because sometimes on a yacht fellows grumble at stale bread, and though it does well enough at sea it mightn't suit people on shore. I ain't myself much of a hand at using soda, but if you haven't yeast, nor the time to let the dough rise, you are obliged to use soda if you don't want soggy bread. You mostly have a lemon on board of a craft—what goes for lemonades or other things which is stronger. Now, take three pints of flour and mix dry into two drams of supercarbonate of soda; mix just as thorough as you can. Then take half a lemon, squeeze it, and besure to take out the pips, and mix this with a pint of lukewarm water; before you do this have your oven up to baking heat, and pans all greased and ready; now work away with your lemon-juice water into the flour, and go for just as quick as you can; put your dough in the pans and bake away; if the dough is rough atop, smooth it with your hand; if you have caught the proportions and bake quickly, you have a decent loaf, and just as sweet as can be, the lemon juice and soda just a-balancing one another. In camping out, this kind of bread is good for a change. It ain't Vienna rolls, but it ain't so bad after all. I have seen something like this in the books, with muriatic acid for lemon juice, but I don't hanker after acids in my stomach, not being porcelain-lined myself.—BOB TITE SEA-COOK.

Dolorous Dresses.

According to *Galvani*, certain Parisian ladies belonging to the forsaken, forgotten, and romantic species are beginning to dress themselves in dolorous fashion. The new spring colors are described as "discreet," one of them is called "useless regrets;" and with "vains desirs," "yeux en pleurs," and similar names, the drapers have enough to do with their "mockery of woe." Hamlet is at pains to impress on his mother that too much stress must not be laid on his "inky cloak," because men can assume such with ease, whereas genuine grief "passes show." Probably the French ladies who dress their hair "a la victime" are not so romantic as to be blind to the advantages of a becoming coiffure, or so forgotten as to be beyond the reach of reconciliation. Some of our own most aesthetic females rumple their hair in proportion as they wish it to appear full dressed, and affect tones and tints suggestive of decaying vegetation; but they have not gone so far in the absurdity of colorless combinations as to apply the vocabulary of grief to their frills and furbelows, and there is no immediate probability that any class of English women will be so foolish as to call their clothes by names borrowed from the sentiment of sorrow.

Mrs. Disraeli.

Biographers of Lord Beaconsfield have moralized respecting the marvellous fortune which raised an attorney's clerk into the most powerful minister England has known for centuries. It is not equally well known that the career of the Viscountess Beaconsfield was even more romantic. She was the daughter of a retired army captain named Evans, living near Exeter. When she developed into a handsome young woman her independent spirit led her to seek to earn a livelihood. She obtained employment at a millinery establishment at Exeter, living first at Mint lane and for a longer period in the still existing old house next to the Acland Arms, St. Sidwells. Having casually made the acquaintance of Mr. Lewis, a north Devon gentleman, her attractions fascinated him, and she became his wife. He was considerably her senior, and before long died. She was then living in London, having inherited her husband's fortune, and the fascinating widow was wooed and won by Benjamin Disraeli, then a struggling novelist. Their mutual ambition was amply justified. She adorned the drawing-room of her husband even in his most exalted station, and he never tired of eulogizing her as "a perfect wife," the "dearest of companions and the severest of critics." When Disraeli for the first time became premier her majesty made the whilom Exeter milliner a peeress, and all who knew her confessed there she had found her true level.

A Girl in Demand.

The girl after whom any number of marrying men are looking has, says *The New York Herald*, been discovered again. In other days she has written a book, or developed a phenomenal voice, or shot a number of dollars' worth of wild animals, or done something else that secured local fame and considerable money. This time she has planted, cultivated, harvested, and sold 350 bushels

of wheat. It is needless to say that the number of young fellows are wildly in love with that girl, and that the list of suitors will rapidly increase as the record of her achievement makes the rounds of the press. A great deal is said about women who marry merely for the sake of being supported, but they are no more numerous than men who long for wives who will do work enough to supply their husbands with bread and butter, cigars, and drinks. There are men in New York who would borrow their last friend's last dollar rather than do a day's work in a wheat field, yet would willingly endow the Indiana girl with half of their worldly debts, and do it with the best plain gold ring that could be bought on credit. They would also, as soon as the wheat crop was harvested, find business calling them to New York and keeping them there as long as the money lasted or an advance could be secured on the next crop.

A Child Bride.

A child bride was the feature of a recent New York Fifth avenue wedding. The bridegroom, says a correspondent, is somewhere about fifty. His name is Urman Valletti, and he is an Italian merchant, who lives between this city and Rome, making three or four passages across the ocean every year. The bride is just 13, and also Italian. Her youthfulness would be more remarkable if she were of northern birth and rearing; but you have only to go into Crosby street to find plenty of Italian wives and mothers at 13 to 15. Their defense would be, if they made any, that they were as mature as American girls of five years older. So the dark little girl who became Mrs. Valletti was not indecently young in the eyes of her country people. Her dress had been exhibited for a week before the wedding in the establishment of its maker. It was of white brocade satin, combined with white satin de Lyon. A cuirass basque was pointed in front, and had an oddly shirred lambrequin back. The neck was cut square, and turned back with revers of the satin, edged with duchess lace. The front of the skirt was entirely covered with an elegant tablier, worked with beads on a satin foundation. A heavy fringe of the same garniture followed the outline of the drapery on the skirt, and beaded ornaments adorned the sleeves back of the waist and folds of the drapery. The sides of the skirt were differently formed, the right being composed of three deep kilted flounces of the

The Famous Journalist.

London Telegraph.

Girardin had built himself, in the Rue de la Prouse, a magnificent mansion, which has been often described. He generally worked in a comparatively small room on the first floor, the walls of which were covered with nests of drawers containing the extracts on which he depended so much. His library consisted of a long gallery on the ground floor, surrounded by dwarf book-cases, along the tops of which were ranged works of art of various kinds, but all connected in one way or the other, with the celebrities of the century. Memorials of Girardin's first wife, the famous Delphine Gay, of George Sand, and Rachel, early attempts by painters since then famous, and magnificent statues met the eye at every turn. I may mention that Girardin, who was one of the most fervent admirers of Rachel's genius, told me that he had Sara Bernhardt equally high, and as if to display his opinion, the full-length portraits of the actresses formed pendants at the end of his noble drawing-room. With the exception of a picture of Descartes over the fire-place, these were the only two paintings in the room. Like the majority of active Frenchmen, Girardin used to get through the business of the day before breakfast. He did and drove constantly in the Bois, and made it a rule never to be absent from all important "premieres." He thus kept his faculties in constant exercise to the very end. He was the life and soul of a dinner party at which the writer of these lines met him recently, and last Saturday week he was at a first night at the Gymnase. But the next day I received a note regretting that a slight indisposition would prevent him fulfilling an engagement he had made. It was this slight illness that proved fatal. From an English point of view Girardin was *par excellence* the journalist of France. For, though he did but little attention to literary finish, he had all the other faculties that go to the making up of a first-rate journalist. His combative nature made him many enemies, but their animosity was amply compensated by the admiration of those whose opinion was most worth having. In appearance Girardin was not unlike the first Napoleon, cultivating with ease a certain lock that curled over his forehead, that would almost have sufficed to make him among a crowd, even to those with whom he was personally unacquainted. Since the death of Thiers, Girardin has been perhaps the best known and the most noticeable member of the French society, and his presence from all his usual haunts will create a void that will not be soon filled up.

She kept the Secret.

On one of the excursions which left Staunton in October, 1876, for the Centennial, were two passengers; one was a young lady of Rockbridge, whose bright face as well as her bright mind had made her as popular in Staunton society as at home, and another was a young gentleman of Staunton, temporarily residing in Rockbridge, who contemplated shortly removing to the far West. They were devoted lovers, and, as the sequel will show, the gentleman took such a precaution against the lady changing her mind during his expected absence as was insurmountable. Stopping in Baltimore a few hours the lady and gentleman, after the latter had procured a licence, repaired to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Murkland, the famous Presbyterian minister (the lady being a Presbyterian), and were united in wedlock. Then they returned to their respective homes and there the secret was confided to two of the groom's family and a relative in Richmond, the lady making a confident of one of her family and a devoted married lady friend. The groom went West to make his fortune, and will, in a few days return to claim his wife, who has all along retained her maiden name. Though the marriage took place nearly five years ago, and seven persons knew it, not a word has leaked out about it until within the last week, a fact that entirely disposes of the assertion that "a woman can't keep a secret," and also a fact that makes each gossip in Staunton tear his or her hair that they didn't find it out in that length of time.

When Goethe says that in every human condition foes lie in wait for us, "invincible only by cheerfulness and equanimity," he does not mean that we can at all times be really cheerful, or at a moment's notice, but that the endeavour to look at the better side of things will produce the habit, and that this habit is the surest safeguard against the dangers of sudden evils.

A woman pianist who plays with only one hand is just now the talk of Paris. If we remember rightly, the Italian organist invariably plays with only one hand. The Italian has a wonderful turn for music.

PIOUS SMILES.

An Arab came to the river side,
With a donkey bearing an obelisk;
But he would not try to ford the tide,
For he had too good an ark.

—Boston Globe.

So he camped all night by the river side,
And remained till the tide had ceased to swell,
For he knew should the donkey from life subside
He never would find it's end.

—Salem Sunbeam.

When morning dawned and the tide was out,
The pair crossed over 'neath Allah's protection,
And the Arab was happy, we have no doubt,
For he had the best donkey in all that's out.

—Somerville Journal.

That donkey was seen by a Yankee man,
Who raised his voice and loud did holler;
"How much'll you take for that 'ere beast
In gold, or silver, or paper \$?"

—Detroit Free Press.

The Arab he raised his head and looked,
And then to himself took a quiet laugh;
For he knew the man was a Yankee scribe
In search of a newspaper.

—Toronto Truth.

It is not often that a pig will let a pen holder.

The Peruvian bark is not any worse than its bite.

Always willing to give his note—the music teacher.

Purchasers of "rare old china" are often stuck-up people.

"A fare saved is a beer gained," remarked Smith as he walked into town.

Jones calls his poetry Virtue, because it is its own reward.

Wealth may not bring happiness, but it commands respect in a police officer.

A smart little boy being asked to give the name of an article of utility, replied, "an umbrella at a picnic."

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the spring fashions. She's got the delirium trimmings."

Prof. Proctor seems determined that the world is to come to an end soon, but then he has just married a widow.

When the types are made to say that an honest man is the noblest work of God, it is time to throw glass bombs into the composing-room.

Bob Ingersoll has made \$20,000 out of his lecture on hell. If there is no such place, Robert has made a good deal of money out of nothing.

Howells says writing is only remembering; but he is wrong. With some writers it is forgetting—to give credit for the paragraphs they steal.

FRIVOLITY, under whatever form it appears, takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.

QUITE A COMMON CIRCUMSTANCE.
"You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
Then why do you make me knock?"
"Oh, that was yesterday, saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!"

Nitro-glycerine is recommended by a medical journal for certain affections of the chest. Particularly those in which the chest resists the drill or the jimmy.

"Do bees think?" is the conundrum that is bothering the pates of entomologists. The action of bees is so sudden that it is impossible to believe that they think. If they considered—but never mind.

New York's latest lahdy-dah: "Do you play the piano?" "No; I don't play the piano, but my sister Hannah, who is in Savannah, she plays the piano in the most charming manner." "Haveabanaanah?"

A Nevada girl's love-letter: "Dear Jimmy, it's all up. We ain't going to get married. Ma says you are too rough, and I guess she is right. I am sorry—but can't you go to Europe and get fired down?"

"Young husband"—House-cleaning means for the women to tie towels around their heads and run the men into the street without any breakfast every morning for a week or so, while they break lamps and spill whitewash on the stairs.

The difficulty originated in this way. Said Gallagher to Ragbag: "I heard a story just now that was funny enough to make a jack-ass laugh. Let me tell it to you." "Don't you slur me by any such remark as that," roared Ragbag, angrily.

Can anybody tell us why a woman, emerging from a crowded car, always makes believe she is going to get out at one side of the platform, until two or three men have jumped off in the mud, and then steps off at the other side? She always does it; and we want to know the reason why.

The people of a certain town are so fearfully lazy that, when the wife of a minister who had just settled in that town asked a prominent citizen if the inhabitants generally respected the Sabbath and refrained from business, he replied: "Confound it, ma'am, they don't do enough work in the whole week to break the Sabbath, if it was all done on that day."

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady, one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles. "Ah!" said she, "he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

Among the inmates of the county insane asylum is a man who is often perfectly sensible, and when accosted at such times causes visitors to wonder why he is confined there. This inmate entered into conversation the other day with a caller whose dress proclaimed him a clergyman. Said the madman: "It was too bad, was it not, the killing of Grant at Chicago?" "It was," said the minister, who followed the accepted custom of assenting to the statements of lunatics for peace sake. "Hayes was assassinated at Cincinnati, was he not?" again asked the lunatic. "Yes," replied the clergyman. "And was not Queen Victoria murdered in her palace?" To this query from the madman the clerical visitor once more answered in the affirmative. The lunatic, with "damnable iteration," named one after another, a dozen living royal personages, all of whom the clergyman was led to admit had been put out of the way. Finishing his catechism, the madman turned on the clergyman and said fiercely: "Your dress shows you are a minister, but you are the worst liar I ever met."