

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Scenes of Beauty and Splendor at Buckingham Palace During the Queen's Recent Drawing-Room.

A Voice Full of Melody—The Fluffy Angel Waifs, &c.

Waifs.

A fashion item says the "Dickens" is the name of a new bonnet. It reminds you of an old curiosity shop.

Miss Brownstone says that it she has a dog she wants one of those great Sarah Bernhardt dogs that dig those dear old monks out of the snow in Switzerland.

Scene at the college.—Prep. (to servant at the door)—"Miss—?" Servant—"She's engaged." Prep.—"I know it; I'm what she's engaged to."

After supper at a ball—He: "Without joking, Elsie, I do adore you. When I look at you there's such a commotion in my breast." "And in mine, too, Henri; it must be the lobster salad."

"You are fond of the British poets, Miss C.?" "Oh, awfully so!" "Have you read Lamb?" "Yes; and with such pleasure?" "Are you fond of Hogg?" "Yes; but I so dread trichiniasis!" Curtain.

Monsieur F. Mathieu, with a tone of conviction: "Yes! I am so sorry that I scolded my niece just as she was about to leave me. It made the poor child cry so that I was obliged to lend her my handkerchief, and she has never returned it to me!"

A regular bonanza: Her hand was evidently not on good terms with soap and water, but was heavily loaded with jewellery. "By George!" whispered Fogg, "there's some rich digging over there. I should say that dirt would assay a dollar an ounce."

Fashion item: "Which had you rather be, a twinkling star in the heavens or a comet that, with its broad train of fire, sweeps in majestic course through unknown space?" "I should prefer by all means to wear a train," said she; "but not in unknown space. It would never be described in the newspapers."

A pleasant little girl: "So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes! And do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully, and sister said it looks exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the evening parties."

Her lips were so near

That—what else could I do?

You'll be angry, I fear—

Well, I can't make it clear,

Or explain it to you,

But—her lips were so near

That—what else could I do?

Unfortunate frankness—They were touching up their toilets preparatory to the afternoon promenade: "Cicely, my dear, do you think I need any more color in my face?" "That depends. If you only want a delicate blush you have it just right. But if you want your complexion to match your hair put on a little more vermilion." Do you suppose they walked together that afternoon? Not any.

A young man who lives in Hamilton, and whose mustache is, like faith, "the evidence of things hoped for, the substance of things not yet seen," called on his prospective father-in-law, and gave notice that he intended marrying the old gentleman's daughter at an early date. "It had better take place on some Saturday, so that it will not interfere with your school hours," sarcastically remarked the old man.

Wife, just returned from a shopping tour—"Come and see what I have brought for you, Eugene." Eugene—"Ah, just like you, darling; always thinking of me!" He advances as his wife removes the wrapping, and exposes some fine drawings from a neighboring marble-yard. Husband starts back, and exclaims, excitedly: "Gracious, Laura! what did you bring these things here for?" Thoughtful wife—"Well, Eugene, I heard you complaining of feeling unwell this morning, and I thought you'd like to look at some tombstone patterns."

Two lovers were out for a morning walk in the leafy aisles of a forest. The birds sang blithely upon the boughs. The early sunshine quaffed the dew from grass and petals, and all nature seemed to rejoice like a bride on her wedding day. The maiden gathered violets, arbutus, and cowslips, while he gathered what he supposed to be a white kitten that had taken refuge in the hollow stump of a long-departed tree. Miserable fate! Strange catastrophe! Unhappy man! Referring to the incident afterward in a letter to a friend, the maiden wrote: "If George were boiled for a thousand years in the hot springs of Iceland, I don't believe he'd ever smell sweet again."

Splendid Petticoat.

The subjoined has been forwarded to us, say *The London Post*, as an authentic description of perhaps the most remarkable costume won at the last drawing-room. "Lady Archibald Campbell wore a dress of blue and black Lyons velvet, which was (to use the modiste term) cut a la princesse, and relieved by a slashing on the left side of the skirt in silver-grey satin, the corsage garnished with black Chantilly lace of a rare pattern; a band a la gibeciere of black velvet bearing small ecus on shields, united by Gaelic knots in gold, traversed the bust of the habit, and was secured en traverse by a silver fish—one of the Campbell badges. The shields on the band were charged alternately with the cognizances of the Argyll Campbells and the Callanders of Ardkinglas and Craigforth in their proper heraldic tints. A besace, or satchel, of a shield shape emblazoned with the quarterings of the Argyll Campbells and the Callandas of Ardkinglas and Craigforth, was secured to the left side of the dress by the badges of the fish and the bog myrtle. The satchel contained an antique lace handkerchief en jabot. The train was of silver-colored satin suspended from the shoulders and attached to the dress by the badges. On the train was embroidered, en applique, the ancient and well-known coat of arms of the Campbells of Argyll in subdued colors; the shield five feet long, supported by its lions (gules, argent), was surmounted by the wild boar's head (proper), and beneath was the device, "Ne Obliviscaris," in sable letters, on a silver-grey phylactery. In the antique cloth of gold of the gyronny and in the cloth of silver on which, as if on a sea, "floated" the galley of Lorne, there shone a

lustre like the tints of an opal. The whole design was evidently conceived and executed after the style of the heraldic "achievements" of the fourteenth century. The lions were indeed lions, and bore no resemblance to the mawkish "poodle dog" of the Georgian period of heraldry. Every part of this dress was executed with the same skill, even to the dainty slippers embroidered with the shield (in miniature). The fan of silver-grey and black ostrich plumes was mounted on an antique silver poniard, "skeandhu," which served as a handle. The bouquet, so obligatory in all modern full dress, was of tawny-red girofles and silver-grey girofles, carrying out the color of the supporters and that of the "field" of the banner. We believe that this is the first instance since the end of the fifteenth century, of a lady appearing in a court ceremony such as a drawing-room with her heraldic cognizances forming the ornamental part of her dress.

The Pompadour.

When we cast back our glance up the vista of time, says *The Argosy*, and fix our gaze on the picture of this great woman and mark the one black shadow which rests upon it, we must not judge her by the light of our own day. We must look at her impartially among the social circumstances which, in the France of that age, surrounded her. Conjugal fidelity was a thing utterly unknown in the land among the higher classes. The lover, "l'ami intime" as he was called in polite French parlance, was an indispensable part of every fine lady's household. It is true that both the fair dames and their cavaliers were frequently seen at mass and at all sorts of religious ceremonies, but they went back again to the *salon* to flirt and make love quite as briskly as ever. The king's "maitresse en titre" was paid full as much respect by every one about the court as was the queen, and the queen never dreamed of presuming to dispute her rival's rights; the whole public opinion in grand circles would have been against her if she had. We must recollect all this when we think of Mme. de Pompadour, and be thankful that we have fallen on times when purer manners reign, at least in outward things. We must admire the real nobility of the woman's nature, which could not fail to shine out even in her equivocal position, and strive in our generation to do as much for our country and our fellow-men as she did for hers. Louis XV., according to the fashion of sovereigns of the day, made short work in the appropriation and exaltation of his favorite, M. Le Normans (d'Etioles) was civilly told that he was no more wanted in France, and Jeanne was made Marquis de Pompadour, the name under which we know her.

Not Generally Known.

The use of orange flowers at bridal is said to be derived from the Saracens, or at least from the East, and they are believed to have been thus employed as emblems of fecundity. The introduction of the orange into England was not subsequent to the days of chivalry. There is clear proof that orange trees were growing in England in the reign of Henry VII. French milliners would not, I think, have selected the orange flower. It is not a beautiful flower, certainly inferior to white roses, lilies of the valley, snowdrops, and other things which may be regarded as appropriate. It was a universal medieval custom to wear flower at weddings, and very natural it would be in the south of Europe to use the orange blossom for the purpose. The flower and its use were both probably introduced into this country together.

A Musical Voice.

This little story about George Eliot is told by a Maine lady, who met the novelist at a hotel in Switzerland, just after "Romola" appeared. One day Mrs. Lewes was reading aloud in French to a little girl in the garden, and the American drew near to listen to the musical tones. Presently Mrs. Lewes glanced at the intruder and said: "Do you understand?" "I do not care for the matter," answered the American; "I only came to listen to your sweet voice." "Do you like it?" said Mrs. Lewes, with some surprise. The American warmly expressed her admiration, and George Eliot's face lightened with pleasure as she took her hand, saying: "I thank you. I would rather you would compliment my voice than my 'Romola.'"

Proof of Animal Life in other Planets.

From the London Telegraph.

Two interesting problems which have long perplexed the scientific world appear to have been at last definitely solved by the eminent geologist, Dr. Hahn. These questions are, first, whether or not celestial bodies, other than the earth, belonging to our solar system are inhabited by animate beings, and, secondly, whether the meteoric stones from time to time cast upon the surface of this globe emanate from incandescent comets or from volcanic planets. That they at no time formed a part of the earth itself has been conclusively demonstrated.

Dr. Hahn recently completed a series of investigations upon some of the hundreds of meteoric stones that fell from the skies in Hungary during the summer of 1866. Thin laminae of these mysterious bodies, subjected to examination under a powerful microscope have been found to contain coralline and spongy formations, and to reveal unmistakable traces of the lower forms of vegetation. All the organisms, animal and vegetable, discovered by Dr. Hahn in the delicate stone shavings he has thus dealt with indicate the condition of their parent world to be one of what is technically termed "primary formation." But the presence of water in that world is proved by the fact that the tiny petrified creatures revealed by the magic of the lens one and all belong to the so-called subaqueous classes of animals. They could not have existed in comets, at least if the assumption be correct that these are in a state of active combustion.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Once give your mind up to suspicion and fear, and there will be sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the ear that is resolved to listen.

It is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power, but reconciliation of his will; and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt than in a power that cannot. The power is not so apt to tempt, the will is studious to find out means.

Eating too Much.

Excess in eating is quite as bad as excess in drinking, and gluttony is even more grave and mischievous as a social evil than drunkenness. This may appear an exaggerated, as it is undoubtedly a startling assertion, but it is susceptible of proof; and the fact is one which ought, in the interest of the public happiness and prosperity, to be more generally recognized than it now is. Much of the food we eat is eaten to waste. The absolute quantity of food appropriated by the organism is surprisingly small as compared with the quantity rejected. Making the largest allowance for the difference between the actual bulk of what we eat and the measure of its nourishing properties, it will be found that the average feeder consumes an aggregate quantity greatly in excess of what he requires. The first cause of this waste is doubtless the needlessly bulky form of the foods on which we chiefly rely. In the endeavor to procure what is termed light aliment we squander the elements of nutriment. It is deemed a triumph of the purveyor's skill to provide the public with

FORMS OF NUTRIMENT

of which much can be consumed with impunity. No provider has yet achieved or seriously attempted the feat of supplying us with food so concentrated that the wants of the body can be met with the smallest demand on the digestive and assimilative powers of the organism. Because man can take a great deal into his stomach, it is assumed that he ought to do so, and the tendency of modern enterprise in the matter of food is to extend rather than to diminish the total bulk of the material by which the losses of the organism in heat production and exercise are to be compensated. If it were otherwise, the net result would not be very different, for, the habit of life being to live to eat rather than to eat to live, if nutriment were furnished in every compact form and bulk, the glutton would hail the boon chiefly as affording increased facilities for the indulgence of his appetite.

There is, however, another cause of the practice of excess, which is perhaps even more potent. We do not eat by any rule of judgment, but in obedience to a craving which is commonly misinterpreted. When a man is hungry, he eats until his hunger is appeased. Now, in the nature of things, this cannot be until he has overloaded his stomach.

THE FOOD IS NOT DIGESTED

and assimilated the instant it is eaten; an interval must elapse between the taking of material containing the elements of nutrition, and the application of these elements to their designed purpose. As a matter of fact, probably little of the food taken at a meal is appropriated by the organism until an hour or more after it is consumed. The sense of repletion, therefore, is not, in any physiological sense, the result of nourishment, but the crude physical effect of filling the gastric organ, and setting the processes of digestion in operation. Hence it must be obvious that the sense of satiety which warns an eater to desist from the pleasures of the table affords no measures of the extent to which he has provided for the actual wants of his system. If he consumed only a twentieth part of his ordinary meal, and waited an hour, probably he would discover that he was quite as well fed as he is after eating as much as his stomach would hold, and desisting only when the mechanical effects of loading the apparatus of digestion and material became inconvenient. It must not be assumed, because we habituate ourselves to

EAT TO REPLETION,

and do not commonly suffer severely in consequence of this clumsy mode of procedure, that we are not guilty of waste. Nature has provided the organism with the power of rejecting what it does not require, and the large proportionate waste of ordinary life is the witness at once to the need and efficiency of the safety-valve with which the system has been furnished; but it is at the same time a perpetual testimony to the crude and unscientific way in which we misunderstand our actual needs and abuse our appetites.

The great majority of the ills which affect us and the diseases from which we suffer, causing us pains and shortening our lives, are the fruits of the excess we practice in feeding. Gout, rheumatism, the various forms of indigestion, and the many known and recognized results of excessive or disorderly feeding are only the coarse and more evident consequences of overfeeding. Underlying these, and unnoticed by the victim of this common error, are the multitudinous forms of organic disease and disturbance. In short, the human body encounters more risks in its daily struggle to live and grow and discharge its functions under the burden of food forced upon it than it runs by exposure to the contingent danger of infection; while as a matter of fact, nearly all the morbid poisons that assail it from without are either generated from or by the decomposition of food, or conveyed into the system under one of its guises. We give the machinery of life an almost supernatural task to reject the harmful substances imposed on it, and then complain because it breaks down or does its work imperfectly. It is difficult to make this plain without burdening our page with details that would be unintelligible; but our failure to convince the reader's judgment will not alter the fact. There are great practical difficulties on either side—to obtain sufficient nutriment without an incumbrance of adventitious materials which cannot be used, and must be rejected, and to avoid the error of loading the system with food which is unsuitable and excessive.

A Girl who Swept the Corners.

The Contemporary Review.

There is a story, of no very ancient date, of a servant girl who came to see her spiritual adviser, and informed him that she considered herself a converted character. The minister asked her by what signs she was made aware of the inward change she spoke of. She replied that she now swept out all the corners of the rooms entrusted to her care. On being further questioned as to the performance of her daily duties, it soon became apparent that there was still great room for improvement in matters of cleanliness; so she was told to go home, to be still more conscientious, and to return at some distant period, when she could report further progress in the reformation that had just begun, and then she might be admitted to a full participation of church privileges!

How Japanese Fans are Made.

A British consul in Japan gives the following particulars touching the manufacture of folding fans at Osaka:

As in many other branches of industry, the principle of division of labor is carried out in the fan-making trade. The bamboo ribs are made in Osaka and Kyoto by private individuals in their own houses, and combinations of the various notches cut in the lower part are left to one of the finishing workmen, who forms the various patterns of the handle according to plans prepared by the designer. In like manner the designer gives out to the engravers the patterns which his experience teaches him will be most likely to be salable during the ensuing season; and when the different blocks have been cut, it still rests with him to say what colors are to be used for the two sides of each fan. In fact, this official holds, if not the best paid, at any rate the most important, position on the staff in ordinary. When the printed sheets which are to form the two sides of the fans have been handed over to the workmen, together with the sets of bamboo slips which are to form the ribs, his first business is to fold the two sheets of which the fan is to be composed, so that they will retain the crease, and that is done by putting them between two pieces of paper, well saturated with oil, and properly creased. The four are then folded together and placed under a heavy weight.

When sufficient time has elapsed the sheets are taken out and the moulds used again, the released sheets being packed up for at least twenty-four hours in their folds. The next process is to take the ribs, which are temporarily arranged in order on a wire, and "set" them into their places on one of the sheets, after it has been spread out on a block and pasted. A dish of paste then gives the woodwork adhesive powers and that part of the process, is finished by affixing the remaining sheet of paper. The fan has to be folded up and opened three or four times before the folds take the proper shape; and by the time the fan is put up to dry it has received far more handling than any foreign paper could stand; indeed, foreign has been tried, and had to be given up as unsuitable for the work; but with great care the Osaka fanmakers have been able to make some fans with printed pictures which have been sent over from America, though they were invariably obliged to use one face of Japan paper. The qualities of native paper now used are not nearly so good as those of which the old fans were made, and, in consequence, the style of manufacture has had to be changed. Instead of pasting the two faces of the fan together and then running in pointed ribs, the ribs are square, and are pasted in their places in the manner described above. The outside lacquered pieces and the fancy work are all done in Osaka and Kyoto, and some of the designs in lacquer on bone are really artistic; but the demand for the highly ornamented description of fans is not sufficient to encourage the production of large quantities of first class work. When the insides are dry, the riveting of the pieces together, including the outer covering, is rapidly done, and a dash of varnish quickly finishes the fan.

A London Corporation Dinner.

It is not the good fortune of every ordinary mortal to possess sufficient interest in high places for a ticket to one of these banquets, but he who has been thus favored may write the experience down as one not easily to be forgotten. Yes, sit down and prepare as if for combat; for, look you, this *menu*, light and sparkling as it reads beneath the French disguise, is no frothy bubbling matter, but a stern list which must be attacked and conquered at any cost—at least, so seems to think the good hosts who convene the banquet. The most appetizing of soups, the rarest of fish, the daintiest of entrees and side-dishes, the noblest of joints, the most delicate of feathered rarities, follow each other in swift, silent succession, washed down or titillated by hocks and sherries of the oldest and purest and most extravagant vintages. Then, after he has dipped into a dozen dishes of sweets, fruits, and preserves, let him clear his mouth with an olive, the shape and almost the size of a Rugby football, in preparation for the aftermath. The aftermath consists of a prolonged dally with wines of rarity and purity unknown to three-quarters of the poor fellows who, from ten to five, every day struggle for their daily crumbs, close by these very walls; of a half-sleepy enchantment of admirably rendered music; of a continual glow of patriotism and self-applause; occasionally by speeches from gallant soldiers and sailors, impressive bishops, and well-satisfied statesmen. Only a good cigar is needed to make the position Elysian; for the grand charm lies in the fact, that at these big dinners we are such atoms, we are so independent in our humility, we are so contented to have everything done for us, and so delighted in comparing the positions of the bustling waiters with that of the "nobs," upon whom falls the onerous duty of speaking and universal congratulation. Right well contented do we rise when we begin to experience a feeling of weariness, don our overcoats, receive at the hands of a gorgeous official a splendid Henry Clay, and a case of variegated sweets, known as a "hush box," and turn homewards, brimful of kindly thoughts towards mankind in general and City Companies in particular.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

USEFUL industry does not so much consist in being continually busy, as in doing promptly those things which are of the first importance, and which will eventually prove most profitable.

In middle life, says Celia Burleigh, we hesitate to sit in judgment upon anyone; we read slowly and reverently the untranslated scripture of another's heart; but in youth we are confident, and assign motives and intentions as glibly as children pretend to read nursery tales which they have learned by rote.

A Foolish Habit.

There is no occasion for swearing outside of a newspaper office, where it is very useful in proof reading, and indispensable in getting forms to press. It has been known, also, to materially assist the editor in looking over the paper after it is printed. But otherwise it is a very foolish and wicked habit.

EARTH MOVE.

An Account of Some Curiosities of the Wind by a Philosopher on the Roof.

"Would you like to feel the motion of the earth whirling on its axis just as you feel the motion of a buggy by the air driving against your face?"

The man who asks this singular question looked both sane and serious. As he spoke he touched with his fingers a small globe which, with the slight impulse thus communicated, began to revolve smoothly and swiftly within a brass ring and a broad wooden zone, on which were pictured the odd-looking figures that represent the twelve signs of the zodiac. The green painted oceans and variously tinted continents on the little globe blended into a confused jumble of color with the motion. Europe and America, the Atlantic and the Pacific lost their outlines. Greenland made a dark circle about the pole like the streaks on a boy's top.

"You know the earth is whirling like that—many times faster than that" said the philosopher, "and if the atmosphere did not partake of the same motion there would be a constant hurricane blowing at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. Most persons accept the explanation that the atmosphere revolves as fast as the solid ground without enquiring further and so they lose sight of one of the most startling facts in nature. Just step up here."

The reporter followed the philosopher to the flat roof of his house.

"Don't you feel that?" asked the philosopher, putting his hand to his cheek.

"I feel a wind from the northeast," replied the reporter.

"Well, that's it, then," said the philosopher. "As the surface of the earth revolves eastward, it meets a current of air flowing from the north, which has not yet acquired a velocity of rotation equal to that of the ground it passes over. So objects on the earth are driven by the earth's motion through air that is moving more slowly to the eastward than they are. The result is that the wind which started to blow from the poles toward the equator, instead of moving straight from the north to south appears to come from the northeast. The reason of this will be plain the minute you look at a revolving globe. You see that close to the poles the revolution of the surface is very much slower than at the equator, just a point on the hub of a wheel moves more slowly than a point on the tire.

"You must not, however, suppose that every wind from the northeast is the result of this curious law. In fact, in this latitude it is very difficult to say when the true wind of revolution, if I may speak of it, is felt, because there are so many local causes that govern the direction of the wind. Nevertheless, whenever a current of air starts from the far north toward the equator this phenomenon will be experienced in all the places it passes over, although it is very often obscured by the changes of direction caused by ranges of mountains, great valleys, and local temperatures. But the curious fact remains that we can feel in the wind the whirling of our globe almost in aris. In the tropics this phenomenon manifests itself perfectly in the famous trade winds. In fact the west, and southwest winds that prevail here a large part of the year are the returning trade winds. In this case the air, moving from the equator, where the revolution is fastest toward the poles where it is slowest, has, as it advances, a westward motion greater than that of the surface over which it passes. So marked is the prevalence of this wind that sailors call it 'down hill' from here to England, on account of the easy sailing with the wind. So, you see, that although the winds alone would never have enabled us to detect the fact that the earth revolves, yet now that the fact is known, we see in them one of its most striking results."

Hotels in India.

Hotels in India are worth nothing. The first with which I made acquaintance was at Vizagapatam, kept by one Baboo Krishna Ghosal Bhat. It was a very fair sample of native hotels in India. Something like a Pompeian house, composed of pillars, half-roofs, peristyles, atriun, &c., furnished with punkahs and kus-kus tatties. (i. e. mats made of fragrant fibre, hung against open windows and doors; in the hot winds they are wetted, and the draught blows through them cool and refreshing.) There are no furniture to speak of, save two lame tables, three bottomless chairs, and plenty of dirty whitewash and cobwebs, relieved by some colored German prints, such as are purchasable at the Nuremburg fairs for a few krusers apiece, "Pegs," i. e. brandy and soda-water, were procurable and drinkable; but eating was out of the question, everything was so abominably filthy. I was rescued starvation by a friend who lived some three miles distant—at Waltair—or I should have had to perish from hunger or nausea. In travelling up country in India, people always take their servant to cook for them, unless they can depend upon the hospitality of a friend. They also take bedding with them, which is arranged on a sort of horizontal harp, supported by four legs, called a "charpoy." This last precaution is very necessary, as a charpoy *au naturel*, as used by the natives, would not be considered comfortable by Europeans, who prefer mattresses to knotted cords, which, to say the least, are calculated to impress a pattern on the flesh of whoever reposes thereon. The worst feature of Indian hotels, however, is that of the inner-man administration. It is impossible to give an idea of the monotony of the bills of fare. Every dish, whether boiled fish or roast joint, omelette or curry, chop or vegetable, tasted of and was impregnated with *ghee*, which is about the most disagreeable description of grease with which I am acquainted. It is worse than the bad oil in Wallachia. It would be vain for me to attempt to describe the distaste with which I approached the table, or the disgust with which I left it.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

Libraries.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a recent letter about the public libraries, says: "When a library is once fairly begun, it becomes more and more valuable every year, as a matter of course, for it grows like a rolling snowball. Such a library is as necessary to a town as a nest is to a pair of birds. Scholars are sure to be hatched in it sooner or later, and in all such institutions, you will see a good many old birds love to nestle and find themselves very warm and comfortable, whether they breed and sing or not."