

WOMAN GOSSIP.

The Dangerous Lengths to Which Plain Women Will Go to Make Themselves Beautiful.

Worth, the "Composer" of Parisian Toilettes, and How He Became Famous.

WALFS.

THE moaning tied-married people. "Yes," he cried, passionately, "I love you so true, so true—" "Never mind, darling," said she, artlessly, "I'll have my tousseau ordered at once."

A somewhat ancient beau rehearsing his conquest to a youth: "My last flame was a blonde; her name was Angela." "What a memory you have!" said the young fellow.

A CHAT in Oregon married four wives within ten miles of each other and wasn't found out until the four happened to meet at a picnic and showed the same kind of dollar-store ear-rings.

An old gentleman, finding a couple of his nieces fencing with broomsticks, said: "Come, come, my dears, that kind of accomplishments will not aid you in getting husbands." "I know it, uncle," responded one of the girls, as she gave a lunge, "but it will help to keep our husbands in order when we get 'em."

WHILE an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover, a grizzly bear came along, and approaching from behind began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom, and so leaned back and enjoyed it heartily, and murmured "tighter," and it broke the bear all up; and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to get over his shame.

"I MUST say that I very much dislike this ostentatious furnishing," remarked the elderly Miss Pringle, as she looked about her in the new home of the Spankingtons. "Now look at that great, elaborately-framed mirror. I declare, I can see nothing beautiful in it." "You shouldn't expect impossibilities, Miss Pringle," remarked Fogg, the villain.

Sarah P., Thorp Springs: "Where should I wear an engagement ring?" Wear it on the second finger of the left hand, if everything is open and aboveboard; but if you do not want the old people to know of the engagement we would advise you to wear it on the right hand corner of an old striped stocking at the bottom of the bureau drawer.—*Texas Siftings.*

THERE seems but little chance of the aesthetic mania which now distracts England ever taking much effect in San Francisco—that is to say, if we may judge from the following conversation. One of our society belles had just returned from Europe, and though not quite "aestheticized," yet she still had that sort of regard for it which people who praise Tennyson, but cannot understand him, have for the incomprehensible. Young lady from Europe—"You may laugh, dear, as much as you like at the aesthetic school, but after all there is something spirituelle in sitting up all night with a lily." San Francisco girl, who has not made the "U-ropian" tour—"It may be very fine and what-do-you-call-it, but I'd considerably sooner sit up with a too awfully utter nice young man." The travelled one left the room in silence, and pity for the unsophisticated one sank deeply into her heart.

Thought Tunnels Were Longer.

They were married in the morning, and immediately stepping aboard the cars for a bridal tour to San Francisco. They attracted considerable attention on the way by their honeymoon actions, and created a great deal of quiet fun among the goodly number of ladies and gentlemen who were passengers. In due time the cars entered a tunnel, and for a few moments were enveloped in darkness. All too soon the cars emerged into the broad glare of the noonday sun, and our loving bride and groom were discovered locked in each other's arms, and exchanging kisses at a rate seldom seen in public. The passengers took in the situation in about a second, and a shout went up that nearly threw the train from the track, and brought the conductor to the scene on a double-quick. "Pass it around!" yelled a big man, on his way west to get his wife. "Go back to the tunnel," said another man to the conductor. As the newly-made husband settled back in his seat, he was heard to say: "Sarah, I thought tunnels were longer. Darn a railway company, anyhow!"

Not a Modern Romance.

Pogama—My dear, I must go out on business again to-night.

Regina—My dear, you didn't find it necessary to go away from me on business almost every night before we were married.

P.—No, my dear, but my business then was to marry you.

R.—And you enjoyed my company then?

P.—I did, my dear. I wasn't so sure of you as I am now, my dear.

R.—Well you're candid enough, at any rate.

P.—I am, my dear; let us be honest with each other. You see we've talked each other out. You know me all through, and I know you.

R.—And home is a dull place, I suppose. And I'm not as interesting as before you married me.

P.—You put the case disagreeably plain, my dear. There's no use serving up the truth raw in that fashion. But that's the size of it when you take the trimmings off.

R.—Very well, my dear, I'm going out, too; I'll be out till 2 A. M.; possibly till 3.

P.—Where—where are you going, my dear?

R.—To see a person on business.

P.—A person, a man or a woman. But it's a woman, of course. And why so late?

R.—It's a person, my dear. And it's business. Business is business you know.

P.—But a respectable woman has no business to be out with a person at such an hour. Above all, a wife.

R.—And why a wife any less than a husband, my dear?

P.—Because—because it ain't the thing, you know. A man's business keeps him out late. At least some men's business does.

Worth—And henceforth mine does, my dear.

Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, my dear. I'm going to see something of life. Home is dull. You're right, my dear. You were interesting before I married you. But now we know each other all through, you know. We see too much of each other, you know. Come, let's be honest with each other. Sauce for the gander ought to be the goose's sauce, hadn't it, my dear? Sauce piquante. Good-by. I'm off for the greener fields and pastures newer.

P.—No you don't, my dear.

R.—Yes, I do.

P.—You go out of that door and you don't come in again, my dear.

R.—I don't want to, my dear.

P.—What!

R.—I don't want to, my dear, I've got a thousand dollars of my own, and if your door is locked when I return I shall hire a door of my own and lock you out, my dear. Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.

P.—Oh come now, my dear; this is all nonsense. You won't do any such thing. Come, be sensible now.

R.—I am sensible, my dear. In fact, I've just got possession of my senses, as Mr. Fresh says. I can do it and I will. You know me well enough for that, don't you, my dear?

P.—My dear, I think I won't go out to-night.

R.—Neither will I, my dear.

Worth.

Thirty years ago, says a Paris correspondent, the great dress-makers of Paris were named Palmyre and Gagein and De Boissieux. At the first Paris exposition it was the second-named house that took the first prize for dress-making. The article exhibited was a robe of white silk wrought with gold. So novel and so artistic was the design that the dress was afterward purchased for the South Kensington museum, and may be seen there to this very day. It was a young Englishman, in the employ of the Maison Gagein, to whose creative brain had been owing the pattern of that wonderful toilet. Some years later the Princess de Metternich, then in the dawn of her social celebrity, recognized the remarkable talent of the young Englishman, and advised him to set up for himself. But he demurred; he was very well off where he was, and if his employers would grant him an increase of salary he would not care to move. But M. Oplgez, then the head of the Maison Gagein, was a big-headed, narrow-minded old Frenchman, who could neither recognize the great gifts of his subordinate, nor yet his right to an increased salary. Worth left his employer and set up for himself. The Maison Gagein tumbled to pieces a few years later from its own dry-rot, having existed from the days of Marie Antoinette, and the place that once knew it now knows it no more. The Princess de Metternich did not fail to aid and recommend her protegee, and Worth speedily became a power in the world of fashion, and this is the result, this vast establishment on the Rue de la Paix, up whose stone staircase have come half the feminine notabilities of the world. Queens have come here, and princesses, and famous singers, and queens of fashion, thirsting for new sensations, and dress-makers in quest of new models, the wives of American millionaires, and the daughter of an hundred kings. The coronation robe of Mercedes of Spain (destined, alas! never to be worn), and the bridal dress of her more fortunate successor, the Austrian Christine, have adorned the spacious show-rooms. Hither came Christine Nilsson to learn what she should wear as Ophelia, and the gentle Albani in quest of the court dress of Linda and the splendid costumes of "La Traviata." Strong-minded women and sternly-practical men have come here to view the establishment as one of the sights of Paris, and to such it seems almost incredible that the stout, elderly, dark-eyed man, with his languid voice and nonchalant manner, his fingers loaded with gems of price, and with two little King Charles spaniels barking at his heels, should be the soul and main-spring of this vast establishment that numbers among its employes no less a number than one thousand souls. Yet that he most certainly is. Now draping a skirt in his own private room, now pinning on lace in that graceful curve that the fingers of no sewing-girl is able to originate, now blending the silks and satins of varied tints for some costly toilet, now correcting the fit of some rebellious corsage or the sewing of some recalcitrant skirt, he is everywhere at one and the same moment, the all-pervading genius of this palace of fashion.

Beautiful Complexions.

The discovery of arsenic in the remains of the unfortunate Jennie Cramer, and the mooted question as to whether it was administered to her or whether she had not taken it herself for the preservation of her remarkably white complexion, says a New York correspondent, has revived the subject of arsenic-eating in this city. A chat with one or two prominent druggists and physicians has given me some idea of the extent to which this pernicious and dangerous habit is indulged in.

It has its foundation, of course, in the desire for beauty so natural to every woman, and how important a part an exquisite complexion plays in the general appearance is recognized when we note how easily a girl wins the title of pretty, even if her features are poor and her dress simple, if she has a pure, soft, white skin, that enables her to wear either the colors of blonde or brunette with impunity, and to defy the rough caresses of the sun and wind; while another girl with well-cut features and all the advantages of toilet is doomed to the cruel adjective of "plain," on account of a sallow or pimpled complexion, which neither powder nor rouge used in decent quantities can conceal.

To gain what nature has denied, women resort to every conceivable device, from the use of simple lemon-juice and glycerine up to the elaborate compounds imported from France, and the expensive treatment of the specialists who promise to make lilies and roses bloom on a satin-smooth skin. There are a great many Mme. Rachels on a small scale in New York, and each of them has her own peculiar receipt for beautifying the epidermis.

One woman has a place on Fifth avenue, where she gives Roman baths of asses' milk to her lady customers for the trifling sum of \$15 each, and she has enough patronage to be making money fast.

A firm on Broadway, that has the handsomest business parlors in the city, has made a fortune out of a peculiar sort of mask to be worn over the face at night. A stout dame on Thirty-third street uses the bread-and-milk poultice method, and treats her patrons in her own house. Others advertise their ability to supply a new skin, which means that they will remove the old one by powerful washes. The most "toney" of these skin doctors live in elegant style, and make a profound mystery of the lotions they employ.

Most of them are artful enough to have one or two young girls in attendance, gifted with naturally beautiful complexions, but ready to swear that they are the result of Madame's "balm" or "bloom." One of them, who has a place near Union square, employs a handsomely dressed young lady with a brilliant complexion to call five or six times a day to thank her in the presence of fresh customers for her new skin.

Yet in spite of all this the only women who have beautiful complexions are those born with them.

To say nothing of the compounds made up in this country, and which have reaped fortunes for their originators, cosmetics are imported in thousand of dollars' worth at a time through the year, and many of them contain white-lead and arsenic in such large proportions as to be positively dangerous and not infrequently fatal in their results. The worst of experimenting with the complexion is that when a woman begins she finds a kind of fascination in it that will not allow her to leave off, and the country girl who begins by daubing her forehead and chin with flour, and rubbing her cheeks with a mullein-leaf, as a city lady who winds up with Roman baths and Parisian lotions.

Genius and Youth.

For life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. Do not suppose that I hold that youth is genius; all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty. Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian Empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at 25, the greatest battle of modern times; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only 22 when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Conde and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at 38. Look at his captains: that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only 36 when he died. Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at 45. Cortez was little more than 30 when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at 32 all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, and Clive. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes, was the despot of Christendom at 37. John de Medici was a cardinal at 15, and according to Guicciardini, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Arragon himself. He was Pope as Leo X. at 37. Luther robbed him of his richest province at 35. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only 30 when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work when he was 16, and died at 37 the greatest of Frenchmen.

A RIVER MONSTER.

The Creature in the Mokelumne Which Gobbles Chinamen.

Amoder, Cal., Dispatch.

Upon the highest Celestial authority, there is at the present time inhabiting the Mokelumne River, only a few miles from this place, a short distance from the Big Bar bridge, between Jackson and Mokelumne Hill, a water monster that has spread consternation and terror among entire Chinese population. They assert that one day last week a number of them were on the river just below the old Boston mill site, when they saw what they supposed to be a large fish near the top of the water, and one of the party made a leap into the river to capture the prize. But no sooner had he struck the water than the monster turned upon its would-be captor and instantly drew him under, from whence he has not arisen at last accounts. The monster is said to have teeth like a dog, and to have powerful strength, as the man was as nothing in his grasp. The Chinamen who witnessed the tragical fate of their countryman concluded that the thing was the devil, and fled for their lives. It is also claimed that another Chinaman lost his life in about the same manner near this place several years ago, and it is thought this is the same monster returned, if, indeed, he has not inhabited the Mokelumne ever since. While we are not prepared to vouch for the truth of this story, yet it is evident that something has occurred or been seen on the river to excite our Chinese denizens and put them ill at ease.

THERE has been much jealousy about the preference for Scotland always shown by the Queen, and especially manifested in the Edinburgh review of volunteers. The Queen's partiality for "Sandy" took its rise in the journey made to the Highlands when, as a young and still submissive wife, she accompanied Prince Albert there. It was the first long journey they made together, the first time they had been able to escape from the irksome surveillance of the court, the first time they had been able to go abroad without being followed by a mob. Prince Albert then declared that the Scotch people had one great advantage over the English and Irish—they were more German; a truism which cannot be denied. The affection for Scotland became thus a double sentiment which had never decreased. As a proof of this homage she ordered the royal ensign of Scotland to wave over her head at the salutary point instead of the time-honored flag of the British nation.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Log That Went to Church.

Fido is a "Down East" dog. He is now old, dark, and brindled, but as good as he is old. He has watched the cattle, pigs, fowls the house and Charlie-boy, and kept away the "tramps" at night, for many years. He is now too old to do much. He is almost blind, and cannot wear glasses. But he tries to take care of his young friend Charlie.

Fido is a dog of good habits. He stays at home in the evening, instead of being out in the company of bad dogs, and getting into mischief. On Sundays he does not go off into the fields and woods, chasing the chickens or chasing the lambs—the little dears! Like an orderly and well "brought up" dog, he goes to meeting with the rest of the family. He seems to know when Sunday comes as well as Charlie does. He does not like to stay at home. For fear that he may be shut up in the kitchen, he is sure to be out of sight when the family get ready for church; but in a few moments after the carriage starts he comes from his hiding-place. He then trips along as fast as his aged legs can carry him, trying to keep ahead. When they get to the meeting-house—they do not have churches in the country—he walks slowly in with the rest, and lies down in the pew.

I was once on a visit to his master's house. As none of the family was going to the meeting that day, Fido and I started alone; and as I did not know the way Fido was to be my guide. We went some distance and came to where there were two roads, and I did not know which one to take, and kept on. But Fido turned, looking toward me as if to say, as dogs talk, "That is not the way to my meeting. This is the right way." I followed him, and soon he turned up a hill, and led me to the right place. Fido took me to the right pew. He went in and lay down till the meeting was done.

I will say to the credit of Fido, that when the family stay at home, as on a rainy day (Fido is not afraid of rain), he goes alone and lies in the pew, and behaves as well as any of the people. He is a dear, good dog, and knows how to set a good example to others. He proves that he has been well trained by his friend Charlie.

The Deacon and the Oyster.

It was along in the winter, and the prominent church members were having a business meeting in the basement of the church to devise ways and means to pay for the pulpit furniture. The question of an oyster party had been decided, and they got to talking about oysters, and one old deaconess asked a deacon if he didn't think raw oysters would go farther than stewed oysters. He said he thought raw oysters would go farther, but they wouldn't be satisfying. And then he went off to tell how far a raw oyster went with him. He said he was at a large dinner-party, with a lady on each side of him, and he was trying to talk to both of them, or carry on two conversations on two different subjects at the same time. They had some oysters, and he took one up on a fork, a large, fat one, and was about to put it in his mouth, when the lady on his left struck his teeth, and when the cold fork struck his teeth, and no oyster was on it, he felt as though it had escaped, but he made no sign. He went on talking with the lady as though nothing had happened. He glanced down at his shirt bosom, and was at once on the trail of the oyster, though the insect had got about two minutes the start of him. It had got down his vest, under the waist-band of his clothing, and he was powerless to arrest its progress. The oyster, he observed, had very cold feet, and the more he tried to be calm and collected, and to keep track of the conversation, the more the oyster seemed to walk around. He says he does not know whether the ladies noticed the oyster when it started on its travels or not, but he thought, as he leaned back, and tried to lose up his clothing, so that it would hurry down towards his shoes, that they winked at each other, though they might have been winking at something else. The oyster seemed to move quickly until it got out of reach, and then it got to going slow, and by the time it had worked into his trousers' leg, it was going very slow, though it remained cold to the last. He said that he done many things that required nerve, but he had never perspired so much and felt so small as he did at that banquet, between those two girls, when the raw oyster went down inside his vest, and he hailed the arrival of that oyster into the heel of his stocking with more delight than the other event of his life. "Yes, madam," said he, as the lady was going away rather indignant at the course the conversation had taken, "a raw oyster will go farther than a stewed oyster, but the last half of the distance it goes awful slow, unless a fellow can stand up and shake his trousers' leg." And the deacon took the only umbrella there was in the rack, which he knew was not his own, and told one of the younger sisters he would see her home as he was going her way, when the old rascal lived on the other side of the town, and she knew it. Oh, there is a heap of religion in all of us, if you can only get it out.

Selfishness.

In the first place, if you want to make yourself miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and your things. Don't care about anything else. Have no feelings for anyone but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather, if you should see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off than yourself; think unkindly toward them, and speak lightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful of it, and if any come near your things snap at them like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own that may not be worth a pin. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends lest they should not think enough of you; and if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct.

An old man lost his balance by kicking at his wife, in Louisville and was killed by the fall.

NEWS JOTTINGS.

VACCINATION is making gradual headway in China. The people of the interior detest the outside barbarian, but have a still greater dislike to the disease which often carries off whole tribes of them.

"THE two really great things your army has done in this century," remarked a distinguished German officer to an Englishman at the recent autumn manoeuvres, "are the battle of Waterloo and the march to Candahar."

THE growth of Irish agrarian crime during 1880 is made very plain by the recently published judicial statistics. The indictable offences which can only be tried by a jury show an increase of 1,480, or 47 per cent., over 1879, lawless as that year was.

It is remarkable that the agricultural depression so widespread in England has been little felt in Wales. The most prosperous English counties agriculturally at the present time are Devon and Cornwall, Northumberland and Cornwall. The extremes meet.

CAMELS were tried for carrying freight across the California desert, a number of years ago, but the experiment proved a failure. Some abandoned camels, however, lived and bred in the Gila and Salt River bottoms, and it is now said that considerable herds run wild in Arizona and New Mexico.

An unpleasant sensation has been caused in Bristol, England, by the discovery that a cargo of 300 tons of human bones had been landed there to the order of a local firm of manure manufacturers. The bones were shipped at Rodosto and Constantinople, and are the remains principally of the defenders of Plevna. Hair still adheres to some skulls.

THE British Consul at Kiukiang, China, says that the Chinese are too much wedded to their wadded cotton dresses to make their country a good market for imported wools. But the Government have recognized the desirability of woollen clothing for the troops, and have started a mill where coarse blue cloth is made at a rate lower than it could be imported.

In the possession of a member of the Berkeley family, of England, is a ring composed of a large emerald, surrounded by diamonds. This once belonged to the famous Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, drowned off the Scilly Islands in his war ship of 1707. On her deathbed an old woman sent for the parson, to whom she revealed that she had murdered the Admiral, whom she found in a state of exhaustion on the shore, for the plunder. The parson gave the ring to Shovel's great friend, Lord Berkeley, who was on one of the ships of the fleet when the wreck occurred.

THE new French army list shows that the French army includes a total of 48,039 officers of all arms and classes. The general staff comprises 100 Generals of Division and 200 Brigadier-Generals. The infantry has 23,011 officers, the cavalry 5,092, the artillery 5,414, and there are 1,508 officers of engineers, there are 841 officers of gendarmes, and with the officers of Customs, Coast Guard, and Forestry services a total is arrived at of 37,130 officers. The medical staff, the veterinarians, telegraph operators, accountants, and other non-combatants holding the rank of officer, number nearly 11,000, and so the strength is made to reach 48,000, as stated above.

The statistics of the railway accidents in England for the year seem to be as fixed a quantity as the number of letters which are posted without addresses. The total number killed last year was 1,136, and the number of injured 3,058. Of these 143 persons killed and 1,613 persons injured were passengers. The remainder were employees of the companies, and 447 killed and 265 injured were trespassers, suicides, and other persons. The number of persons who travelled as railway passengers last year, exclusive of season ticket holders, was nearly 604,000,000, being an increase of 41,000,000 over the number who travelled in the year before, showing that of four and a quarter million persons who travel one is killed, and more than one in every half million is injured.

DR. CREAM and Mrs. Scott were in love at Belvidere, Ill., and they concocted a peculiar plan for safely murdering the woman's husband. Scott being ill, the Doctor was called in to attend him. A prescription containing a safe amount of strychnine was sent to a druggist, and when the medicine came a large quantity of the poison was added. It was calculated that Scott's death would at once be traced to the strychnine, and that its presence in a fatal portion would be ascribed to a blunder by the druggist. The murderers would probably never have been detected if the woman had not distrusted her partner. When she heard that he had himself announced that death was the result of poisoning, she mistakenly inferred that he meant to fix the crime upon her, and she hastened to make a statement inculcating him. His trial has just ended in conviction, and she will get off with a lighter punishment, because she became a witness for the prosecution.

Temper.

Happy is he who can command his temper even under trying circumstances. The evils wrought by unbridled tempers are beyond calculation. The violent temper of a fretful and irascible man gives his friends much concern. His conduct, when under its influence, renders him very unamiable, and of course greatly diminishes their regard for him. And this is not all. If he has any real sensibility, the emotions he feels are as painful as those he causes in the breasts of others. When the calm of retirement succeeds to the bustle of company, his solitary moments are embittered by mortifying reflections; for it has been well remarked "that anger begins with folly and ends with repentance." A few bitter words spoken in anger may rankle for a lifetime. Self-command, besides preventing their utterance, enables us to maintain the dignity of our nature as intelligent beings, by establishing the empire of reason over the passions. It renders a person the master of himself under all the various circumstances of life—in prosperity, cheerful without insolence; and in adversity, resigned and calm without dejection. It gives an effectual check to all the vicious propensities of envy, malice, and anger, and in the same proportion as it restrains them, it encourages the growth of the virtues, prevents them from running into extremes, and fixes their due bounds.