ESPECIALLY FORTHELADIES

Sugestions for Those Wno Laughor Cry. -Home Tollet.s-A Beautiful Woman .- Chit-Chat.

A Beautiful Duchess.

The best sketch of the "beautiful duchess of Devonshire" when she was in all the bloom of baauty, in 1791, is given by the vivacious Fanny Burney, whose admirable and lively and most dramatic scenes and portraits are scarcely appreciated as they deserve to be. She was paying a visit to Lady Spencer, then living in Bath, during

the season:
"Presently followed two ladies. Lady Spencer, with a look and manner warmly announcing pleasure in what she was doing, then introduced me to the first of them, say ing 'Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Burney. She made me a very civil compliment upon hoping my health was recovering, and Lady Spencer then, slightly, as if unavoidably, said, 'Lady Elizabeth Forster.'

"I did not find so much beauty in her as I expected, notwithstanding the variations of accounts; but I found far more of manner, politeness, and gentle quiet. She seems by nature to possess the highest animal spirits, but she appeared to me not hap-py. I thought she looked oppressed and py. I thought she looked oppressed and thin, though there was a native cheerfulness about her which I fancy scarce over deserts her.

"She now conversed with me wholly, and in so soberly, sensible, and quiet a manner, as I had imagined incompatible with her powers. Too much and too little credit have variously been given her. We talked over my late tour, Bath waters, and the king's illness. This, which was led to by accident, was here a tender subject, considering her heading the regency squadron. I fancy that no one has just in the same way treated it with her grace before; however, she took all in good part, though to have found me retired in discontent had perhaps been more congenial to her.'

The lady who was with her, and her bosom friend was a person of no ordinary attractions. Indeed, she was so alluring that Mrs. Gibbon declared that no man could withstand her; that she could make the Lord Chancellor come down from off his wool-sack, This lady was destined to take her place and to succeed her as Duchess of

Devonshire. The poor beauty was at one time drawn into a strange entanglement which had wellnigh produced the most serious family confusion. She had two little girls, and was eager for a son and heir, and it has been often repeated, and there seems little reason to doubt the story, that she arranged with her friend to exchange children, and the duchess to receive her friend's boy.

That some such story was connected with the late Duke of Devonshire is well known. It is public property that the perpetual cefibacy of his grace was the result of an arrangement by which he was to wear the ti tle by consent for his life, it then passing to his cousin, the rightful heir. Lady Char-lotte Campbell Larned: "The present Duke of Devonshire appeared for a length of time to have a strong aversion to his mother-in-law, the sometime Lady Dover, and one day, when she hung over him and kissed his forehead, the duke turned away as though he had been touched by a basilisk. But, subsequently, after his repeated visits to her when she resided chiefly at Rome, his manner entirely changed, and he evineed the utmost pleasure in her society and the greatest affection for her person. It was said that this change in his feeling toward her was wrought by the duchess having declared to him the secret of his birth, and his being her own child. It is also said that this great man can not marry. Rumor says the duke is only suffered by the rightful heir to enjoy the title and estates for his lifetime, in order not to disgrace the family by his disclosure of the truth. But possibly the whole of these suppositions are false, and perhaps the duke has never married because he would not be espoused for the sake of his great name and fortune. This romance in real life was once dramatized under the title of 'The False Friends,' and that by a friend of the Cavendish family; yet, strange to say, the authoress of the play did not incur their displeasure."

Home Toilets.

Special attention has this season been observed in the artistic construction of toilets intended for home wear and for the various social entertainments, such as lunche; and teas, from which gentlemen are generally excluded While these dresses or gowns can be duplicated in inexpensive fabries, the model garments are of very handsome materials, most elaborately garnished with rich laces, ribbons, and other decorative articles.

In a recently-completed home toilet the skirtis of turquoise blue silk and a fine woolen fabric. It is trimmed with three deepplaited flounces and a deep gathered rufile, headed by two deep puflings, the top of one being finished by tiny shirrings. The over-garment is of foulard silk, with rich cream ground, covered with bright hued, varieg atground, covered with bright fued, variegited flowers. It is made in the Watteau style, with full plait in the back, which forms the graceful drapery, while the front is slightly pointed. The collar is in coatshape, turned down, and the sleeve is finished with a gauge and frilled cuff. This graceful overdress can also be made of sating graceful overdress can also be made of satin or velvet.

Rather more original is a dress of dark rich crimson velvet, combined with a soft brocaded silk in one of the mode tones, with illuminated floral figures in olive and erimson. The lower edge of the velvet is fluted, while the skirt above is arranged in box-plaits composed of the two materials. brocade is raised out on the velvet and secured like a long puff about the eighth of a yard from the end of the silk, giving the plaited effect at the lower portion. The tunic also of the brocade is draped and raised high on the left side beneath a silver buckle. The velvet bodice is tight-fitting, pointed and short in the hips. The collar pointed and short in the hips. The collar is turned down and a cravat of the brocaded silk is passed under it, arranged in full puffs over the bust, with the ends pointed and fastened down on the corsage beneath crimson roses with olive green leaves.

An elegant tea gown is a combination of copper-colored plush, salmon pink satin, and cream lace. The drapery is short on one side, is caught up with a satin bow far back on one hip, letting the plush fall particular contents. ly over the satin, while the satin falls over the lace; and on the other side the satin is arranged in perpendicular plaits, which meet the plain falling plush. The waistcoat of cream lace half conceals the satin and is caught together with satin bows. The petticoat front is of satin, covered with lace and trimmed with satin bows.

Most becoming is a simple morning gown of cuir-colored cashmere, trimmed with a deep ruching of blue-corded silk. This trimming is passed around the skirt and twice up the front. A broad sash of the blue silk, which is satin finished, is folded and so arranged that it shows across the right hip and front, then is hidden among drapery until it again appears as a large bow and ends on the right hip. Lace finish in neck and sleeves.

A Queen's Birthday Party.

On the birthday of the queen of Pertugal a ball took place at Lisbon, in a temporary ball-room, on a terrace fronting the sea. was hung with red and white striped cloth, and decorated with suits of armor and banners. Baskets filled with flowers and vines hung from the cornices, and the walls were festooned with vines, interspersed with dahlias of every conceivable hue, while large vases of flowers were placed at intervals around the room. The prevailing flower was the dahlia, which in Portugal attains to a size, beauty, and perfection of colors unknown in colder climates. The queen wore a scarlet corsage and train, the latter over a pettiof white watered silk, richly embroidered with silver. She wore a girdle of silver cord, finished with two large tassels. Her diamonds were of great size and beauty. The dress was made high, on account of her delicate health. Owing to this the ladies present all wore high-necked dresses. The ball did not break up till half-past 4, as the queen wished to see the comet, and no guests left till after their majestics. The ex-king was present. His second wife, and consequently the stepmother of the present king, is an American lady, formerly Miss Elise Henssler, of Boston, who made her debut as an opera singer some thirty years

The Cigarette Young Ma Talks.

A eigarette young man writes to the Philadelphia Times about the girls: "As for their not kissing a fellow because he smokes cigarettes, let me give as my opinal ion that the girls are about as ready and eager to kiss a good-looking young man, cigarette or no cigarette, as the young men is to have them. If the young man would stop the kissing until allowed to smoke anything from a rank pipe to a first-class eigar, they would not have to wait very long until the girls would say: 'Smoke, do anything bad you choose, only kiss me.'"

CHIT CHAT.

The shorter the tunnel the sweeter the

kiss. "Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.

A South end woman keeps only one servant to do her work instead of two. She says help is always leaving, and when you are left alone it's much easier to do the work of one servant than two.

"What kind of a picture would you prefer, miss?" inquired the photographer of a young lady custom r. "Well," was the reply, "take me with an expression as if I

were wri ing a poem on love. "Julia, my little cherub, when does your sister Emma return?" Julia-"I don't know." "Didu't she say anything before she went away?" Julia—"She said, if you came to see her, that she'd be gone till doomsday."

A very pretty girl prevented a collision by waving her apron. Had she remained out of sight the result would have been the same, however, as then the engineers would have been watching the track instead of looking at the pretty girl.

From singing-school the lover comes.
His girl upon his arm,
And sitteth by her father sfire,
And waiteth to get warm,
A foot at helf-past one is heard,
The swain doth quickly scoot,
For fear of being too well warmed
By her fond parent's boot.

When Mrs. M.—gave a package of patent French coffee to Bridget, the cook, she said: "Remember, Bridget, that two boils are necessary to make it right." Bridget retired to the kitchen, but came again within a few minutes to Mrs. M—:n an apparent state of excitement. "Sure, mum," she said, "an'it's insulted I am! I never had a boil in my life, and I don't intend to have two ivry mornin, jist bekase yees wants yer patent French coffee."

The Countess de C., who regrets her young days, conceals her age as much as possible. Not only does she have recourse to all the contrivances of art, but each winter she calls herself one year younger than the preceding year. She betrayed herself however, at the opera the other evening by one of those expressions which are so common. Meeting Mme. R. the countess said to her:
"Ah, how are you? It is a century since I have seen you." "You see," said one of her friends to another in a low tone, "She acknowledges her age new.'

Mr. Wake, engineer of the River Wear Commissioners, and Mr. Irish, manager of the Northern District Telephone Company, in England, have made some interesting experiments in the use of the telephone by divers. The length of the cable connecting the receiver in the diver's helmet with the transmitter above water was 600 yards. It was found that the diver could converse with ease, and ask for tools in any position in which his work might require him to place

How to Mesmerize.

A recent writer on the mysteries of mesmerism says: "I lav it down as a matter which can be verified by all who are curious enough to try it, that the mesmeric conditions can be produced without the supposition of a subtile fluid, without the use of cabalistic passes of the mesmerist, without the bouquet, the magnetic rod, or any of the mysterious means employed by the pro-fessionals to heighten the effect of what would be too simple and too unattractive if performed straightforwardly. The directions are these: Place the person to be operated on naturally in a chair. With your left hand suspend by a string, about a foot from the eyes, some small object, a dark marble, or a bright steel ball, or a diamond—it matters not what, though something bright is, perhaps, preferable. Direct the subject to fasten his eyes and contentrate his attention on the object. Slowly raise your left hand until the object is as far above the eyes of the patient as is compatible with his gazing steadily at it. Watch his eyes. At first you will see the pupils contract, but after a few seconds they will expand rapidly. When they are at the point of greatest expansion, move the first two fingers of your right hand from the object directly toward the eyes, the fingers being separated, fork-like to embrace both eyes. As the fingers approach the eyes will close, and the subject will be unable to open them. After a quarter of a minute the subject will be thoroughly under control so that the operator may make him believe whatever he tells him. Left quiet the subject will sink into a profound torpor, during which his cars may be pierced, his check sewed to his nose, and even a finger cut off without pain. To arouse him—and this is an important step—wind, either from a hand-bellows or a fan, should be directed against his eyes, or else his eyes should be tickled with a feather. The rationale of the method is simple. The fixed stare of the subject fatigues his retinal nerves, and, when the operator's fingers approach the eyelids close, as eyelids always do when the eyes are threatened. But the fatigue of the nerves has produced muscular fatigue as well, transient paralysis in the cyclids has resulted, and they cannot be opened. The eyes being then closed, the delicate frontal nerves being exhausted, and the mind made vacant by monotous attention to one subject, the patient is in a condition to fall asleep—and he does fall asleep. He is now ready to dream. The only thing remaining to do is to make him dream. But how is this to be effected? Dreaming, as has long been determined, is the result of external suggestion. Dr. Gregory, to illustrate, having been thinking of Vesuvius, went to bed with a jug of hot water at his feet and dreamed that he was climbing the sides of the burning mountain. Dr. Reid read a book on the Indians, put a blister to his head on retiring, and thought in his sleep that he was being scalped. Both of the dreams, as all others are, were caused by suggestions offered externally. These suggestions, being received while the directing power—the common sense of the mind-was in abeyance owing to sleep, were interpreted very erroneously, yet according to plain laws of association. The hot water in the one case called upon the previous subject of thought "Vesuvius; the stinging blister, in the other, the equally stinging scalping-knife. It is now easy to see how the sleeping subject may be made to accept as truth whatever he is told.

A Night's Adventure.

One cold, stormy night, about twentyfive years ago, a tremendous ringing was heard at the door of Dr. J., just as he had composed himself to sleep after an unusual busy and fatiguing day.

On opening the door, a man appeared outside evidently greatly agitated in his mind.
"Doctor," said he, "I want you to come to our house just as quick as you can. Our little gal is awful sick. I dunno but she'll die. She has swallowed a brass thimble, at least we think that is what is the matter. The thimble is lost and she is dreadful sick. You'll come right off, won't you doctor?"

"Where do you live?" queried Dr. J. "Land! I s'posed you knew me," was ne reply "I live over the hill beyond the reply Squire Benton's. It's about four miles over

The kind doctor hastily dressed, and or-The road to Tim Jones' was a very bad one, and the horse, already tired, seemed little disposed to enter upon the journey with spirit. A dismal and tedious hour passed before the doctor, benumbed with cold and almost exhausted, drove into Tim Jones dooryard. There was no friendly light at any of the windows. All was darkness and silence. With some difficulty the doctor succeeded in fastening his horse in a shed, and making his way to the door through the muddy dooryard, hoping to find a comfortable fire inside, by which he might prepare himself to endure the jaunt home.

"No answer was given to his knock, and while he waited in the blustering wind and sleet upon the door-step, he began to think there might be some mistake about the house, when suddenly a window opened

over his head, and a voice said:
"Oh, doctor, is that you? Well, they found the thimble afore I got home, and the gal seems well enough now. She's asleep now and it's a pity to wake her. guess she's all right. I s'pose there isn't no use in yer comin' in. The fire's out and we've all just gone to bed.'

The doctor turned to unfasten his horse and take his weary way home. Just as he was driving from the yard the window opened again and Tim's voice was heard shouting; "Halloo, doctor, see here, you won't charge me nothin' will you, seein'

yer didn't come in?" The reflections of the doctor as he drove home may be imagined, for I am sorry to say, this is a true story.

The Western Editor.

A Western editor received a letter from indignant subscriber, who said: don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor mildly replied: "That is To all right. I wouldn't make it any longer if you did, because in that case I should have to buy a new press. The present length just suits me, and I am glad it suits you." It is to be hoped this "soft answered turned away wrath."

The Eridge on the Ythan.

The most appalling accident that has hap-pened on the Great North of Scotland Railvay since it was opened has occurred, says the London Telegraph, on the Macduff and Turiff branch of the line. The accident occurred at a point on the line two miles from Auchterless station, and about the same distance from Fyvie. The custom of this railway is to run mixed trains of wag-gons and passenger vehicles, and the train which left Macduff at twenty minutes past four, due in Aberdeen at six o'clock, was of this description, there being three waggons in front of the carriages. After leaving Auchterless the train passes through a level country for about a mile and a halt. At this distance there is a level crossing called Gate-house. From this crossing the line rises till it reaches a bridge over the Ythan, a river about thirty feet wide. A few hundred yards further on there is a bridge across the Tu iff turnpike road. It is an old structure built more than twenty years ago. It is made of iron, with wooden crossbeams, and there was no railing at the edges of it. height is about eighteen feet from the 'evel of the road, and its length about forty feet.
The train came to grief at this point. Telegrams from the spot state that the engine of the train and the guard's van had passed over the bridge in safety, but when the three waggons were crossi g the bridge gave way and the vehicles were precipitated on to the road beneath. The carriages, in which there was a considerable number of passengers, were pitched by the force of their motion into the chasm, amid a scene of confusion and terror which it is impossible to describe. The vehicles were piled in a heap. One third-class carriage remained for a considerable time on the brink, but ultimately fell on the top of the debris. vehicles thus thrown on the read were two third-class carriages, a van and three wag gons. The only first class carriage in the train remained on the line, owing mainly to the fact that the vehicles in front had filled up the gap. The engine remained on the rails about two hundred yards forward from the bridge, but the force of the falling wagscene of suffering and horror that was witnessed by the engineman and surviving passengers when, amid the confusion, they had sufficiently collected themselves, was heartrending. Mangled bodies were seen among the debris, and the cries of the wounded for help were piteous to hear. The more so that succor was not at hand. The spot was in the midst of a rural district and only a few scattered houses were within a couple of miles. Information was at once wired to Aberdeen, and as speedily as possible a special train was sent out with medical men, the manager of the line and his assistants and a number of persons to attend to the A California Tree.

There was recently felled in Sonoma County, California, a tree which cut up as follows. The Petaluma Argus says that the details can be relied upon. The standing height of the tree was 347 feet, and its diameter near the ground was 14 feet. In follow the terms of the tree was 14 feet. falling the top was broken off 200 feet distant from the stump, and up to the point of breaking the tree was perfectly sound. From the tree saw-logs were cut of the following lengths and diameters: 1st, 14 feet long, 5 feet diameter; 2nd. 12 feet long, 8 feet diameter; 3rd, 12 feet long, 7 feet 7 inches di ameter; 4th, 14 feet long, 7 feet 6 inches diameter; 5th, 16 feet long, 7 feet diameter; 6th, 16 feet long, 6 feet 10 inches diameter 7th, 16 feet long, 6 feet 6 inches diameter 8th, 16 feet long, 6 feet 4 inches diameter 9th, 16 feet long, 6 feet 3 inches diameter 10th, 18 feet long, 6 feet diameter; 11th, 12 feet long, 5 feet 10 inches diameter; 12th, 18 feet long, 5 feet 6 inches diameter. It will thus be seen that 180 feet of this remarkable tree was converted into sawlogs.

Firing of a Gun Loaded with Kattle snake.

Cosmus Eckenrode, who lives on the Blue Mountains, was out hunting on Monday last. As he was crossing a small clearing he laid down his gun for a while to gather some Blue Mountain tea. Shortly after he picked it up again and was startled to hear very close to his ear the peculiar whirring of a rattlesnake, and saw the tail of the snake protruding from the muzzle of his gun. He dropped the gun quickly, but instead of coming out his snakeship crawled oin After frui nto the barrel to dislodge him Mr. Eckenrode resolved to fire the gun, which was loaded with powder and shot. This plan was very succeasful, and the snake, after taking a trip in the air came down badly used up.

Matrimony.

The essence of matrimony of the period, according to Joaquin Miller is; llove you, Love: I love you, Love; But, Oh! you must have money.

This is pure cynicism—that is, for the lower lake region. There may be more truth than poetry in it for people neither very rich nor very roor, who are so unfortunate as to be obliged to live in New York City. But then, Joaquin Miller has had hard luck in matrimony himself, and is not a generous matrimony himself, and is not a generous witness. Whatever the proportion of truth in his gibe, we don't like his bald way of putting it. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" hit it off better when he made some body say; "Don't marry for money, my boy, but—be sure the girl you fall in love with has money."

A Steam Balloon.

The centenary of Montgolfier's first bal loon ascent at Avignon was celebrated on Nov. 18 by two banquets, representing the two sections of French aeronauts. One of these inclines to the discovery of apparatus imitating the flight of birds; the other to the steering of balloons. The former section is mostly composed of engineers; the other consists of disciples of the late M. Giffard, who succeeded, by a screw worked by a steam engine placed in the car; making the balloon deviate slightly from the direction of the wind. But though pressed to continue his experiments, he always postponed them, and died some months age without even leaving any of the fortune acquired by his patent director to the furthering of balloon experiments. An immense balloon, however, is now being constructed wih a steam screw, and will shortly be sent upon its trial trip. Two of Montgolfier's descendants were present at the banquet of this

American Fables.

A Fox who had gorged himself with three Fowl was sitting in a fence corner with a disgusted look on his Face when along came a Peasant, who said:

"The only thing I have against you is that you steal my Fowls."

"If that's all we can be Friends," replied the Fox. "How?"

"Why, I am ready to promise that I will ever again disturb the peace of your Hen-

"Honest?" "Honest Injun," said Reynard as he laid

his paw on his stomach. Two days afterwards the Peasant was crossing his Fields when he suddenly came upon the Fox devouring one of his finest

"Ha! but it is scarcely forty eight hours "Yes, I know," replied Reynard as he gulped down a leg; "but just then I was stuffed with Chicken and could hold ro more.

Don't expect that what a man promises on a full stomach will be carried out on an empty one.

LOSS OF CONFIDENCE.

A Shepherd was cating his dinner besid a Spring when a Wo f walked out of the Forest and coolly inquired:
"Well, how is the Wool and Mutton bus'-

ness?" "Pretty fair," replied the astonished

Roost.

Shepherd. 'I have come to tell you," continued the Wolf, "that the Hyenas have formed a plot to break into your Sheep-fold to-night, and to offer my services as a Private Watchman." "You are ever so kind to give me this

warning."

"And you just leave the gate open and go to bed feeling perfectly safe. The first Hyena who comes fooling around your Matton will find his heels breaking his neek."

After some further cooversation it was agreed that the gate should be left op n and that the Wolf should stand guard.

Darkness was scarcely an hour old when a great outery was heard at the Fold and the Shepherd ran out and discovered the Wolf in a Trap he had set within the Pen.

"Is this the kind of confidence you had in me?" howled the Wolf as he struggled to

"Thad plenty of confidence in you," replied the Shephesd, "but more in the Trap! Pre-pare to die!"

MORAL:

Don't lend both horse and saddle to the same person.

Garibaldi's Dream.

Perhaps Garabaldi's dream, just now published for the first time, may be interesting to those readers who are collecting remarkable dreams. It is extracted from Guizoni's "Life of Garabaldi:" "I was ill with rheum atisms, and in the midst of the storm fell asleep in my cabin, having lain down over the coverlid. In sleep I was transported to my native place, but instead, of the heavenly air of Nice, where everything bore a smiling aspect, I found myself in the gloomy atmosphere of a cemetery. In the distance I perceived a melancholy procession of women carrying a bier, and they advanced slowly toward me. I felt a fatal presentiment, and struggled to approach the funeral train, but, could not move. I seemed to have a mountain upon my chest. The cortege reached the side of my couch, laid down the bier, and vanished. I sought in vain to raise my-self on my arms. I was under the terrible influence of a nightmare, and when I began to move, and feel beside me the cold form of a corpse, and recognized my mother's blessed face, I was awake, but on my hand there remained the impression of an ice-cold hand. The mournful howling of the tempest and the groans of the poor Carmen beaten unmercifully against the shore, could not entirely dissipate the effects of my terrible dream. On that day, and in that hour, I lost my parent, the best of mothers .- Letter to he London Spectator.

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The Land of Mzab.

The land of Mzab, which the French have just annexed, is situated in the centre of Sahara, about 250 miles from the Mediterrancan coast, to the southeast of Algiers. consists for the most part of arid and rocky hills and ravines, the only fertile region being the valleys watered by the Oued Mazab, the cultivated part of the country being a strip of land about twelve miles in length by one or two wide. The Mzabite population, numbering about 40,000 in all, lives in seven villages and towns, the chief of which is Gurdia, with 12,000 inhabitants; and the chief of the country is a Djemin, who has the management of public affairs almost unrestrictedly in his own hands. The Mzabites, who are descendants of the schismatic Mohammedans who were driven out of the States of Barbary many hundred years ago, are very unfriendly to strangers, none of whom have been allowed to stay a night in any of their towns. As in all the other cases of Saharah, the cultivation of the palm tree is the principal occupation of inhabitants; and 180,000 trees grown in Mzab yield in a good year about \$150,000 worth of dates.

A Deadhead's Scheme.

A young man of Providence has returned from a two years' trip in the West. The peculiarity of his travel was that he invariably refused to pay fare. He usually rode on the express trains, because they make fewer stops, and he rarely found a conductor who would delay to put him off between stations. His appearance was rather effeminate, and he made it a strict rule never to talk back, so that he escaped the rough usage most men would have received Occasionally he would have to journey in freight cars, and even on the trucks underseath; but generally he suffered no discomfort, and was able to save all his money for food and lodging. But on a Mississippi steamboathe met with less success. Resolutely refusing to buy a ticket, he was made to walk a plank which he supposed would bear him to the shore. On one end sat several negroes, to hold it in place, but when he got to the other they arose, and he dropped into mud and water at the edge of an uninhabited island, from which he escaped fter two days

of starvation.