

THE STAGE

WHO REIGN SUPREME.

Schevrel, Purny, Leclerc and Others Who Have Won Fame and Fortune with Their Faces—All Have but Meagre Talents.



THE Gallic woman relies less upon the natal endowments of physical attractiveness, than on the charm she can acquire by studied vivacity.

There is, after all, nothing that calls so soon on admiration, not to say affection, as a beautiful body devoid of mental charm. It is like serving "yarb"



Schevrel.

tea in a Satsuma cup. Such ill-supported beauties are like those limited editions de luxe of intolerably empty literature published in velvet and gold at the author's expense.

I am very far from meaning to say, by all this, that beauty is vanity. Every fair face, every symmetrical form, is a benison to thank heaven for.

As men have the cursed craving for gold, so the feminine characteristic is pulchritudinis sacra fames.

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Purny.

hear, is the stage. Here beauty, with the minimum support of ability, will speedily afford her opportunities.

same if she is blest with unusual beauty. This is not, after all so lamentable as some would have us believe.

If it is a virtue to hide away a noble poem or a superb novel in perpetual manuscript, or in an expensive or limited edition; if it is one of the humanities, to lock up art treasures in private galleries; if it is generous to build high fences around flower beds and parks; if it is benevolent to keep music imprisoned in the hush of a grim library, and to allow no street pianos down the aisles of tenement forests, then it is not miserly or churlish to hide beautiful woman away from the benediction of grateful eyes in the jail of a seraglio, and send her forth only under heavy veils.

When I said that actual physical attractiveness is rarer among French women than their general effectiveness would lead one to believe, I had no idea of denying the existence of such beauty altogether.

Modern France is not without heirs-esses to the feminine beauty that has always played about her history with a flame too frequently baleful.

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Leclerc.

successive rulers of a court as any Mlle. de la Valliere, Marquise de Montespan, or Mme. de Maintenon.

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The French themselves, admit the superior beauty of the American girl, even though they may be horrified at the freedom of her life and her ignorance of the shoulder shrugging nuances deemed the end of all refinement over there.

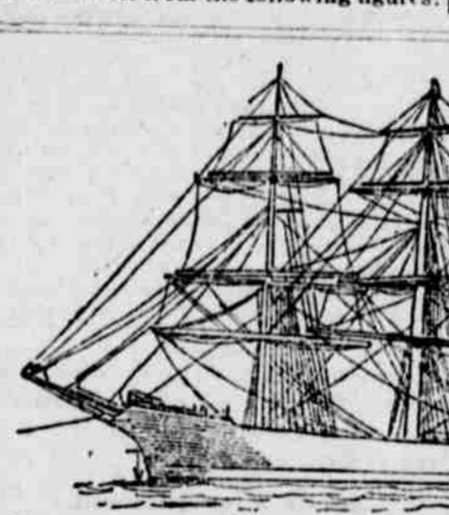
A NEW LEVIATHAN.

LARGEST SAILING VESSEL NOW IN COMMISSION.

A Full-Rigged Sailing Ship with Five Masts—Four Hundred and Twenty-six Feet Long and Fifty-two Feet Over Beam.



LITTLE more than three years have passed since the proud German five-master, Maria Rickmers, started from an English port on its first voyage, from which it never returned.



THE POTOSI, LARGEST SAILING VESSEL ON THE OCEANS.

5,511,500 pounds of iron were used in its construction, and the vessel, which will make regular trips to the Western coast of South America for saltpetre, can carry about 13,227 bags of this salt.

The Potosi carries 39 sails, that are made of canvas nearly two feet wide, and if all of these pieces of canvas were sewed together they would make a strip nearly one and one-half miles long.

Beauties of the Material Life.

All the hymns, all the prayers, all the scripture reading are as nothing unless you make their beauty come into your daily life.

The cable was once the medium for a lovers' quarrel, which took place between a lady in New York and a gentleman in France.

LINCOLN AND MATRIMONY.

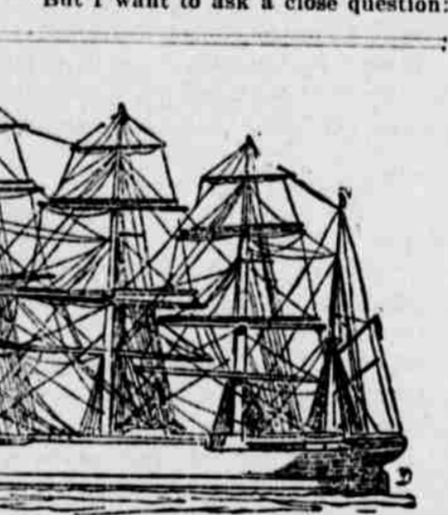
Apprehensive That the Pathway Was Not One of Flowers.

Letters from Lincoln to his closest friend, Joshua Fry Speed, subsequent to the latter's marriage, betray an anxious and impatient desire to learn if marriage is a pathway of flowers and sunlight, and not of darkness and pain.

"It cannot be told how it now thrills me with joy to hear you say you are 'far happier than you ever expected to be.'"

Eight months after Speed had married Mr. Lincoln wrote him: "But I want to ask a close question: 'Are you now in feeling as well as judgment glad that you are married as you are?'"

Mr. Lincoln's object in asking this "close question" is manifest.



THE POTOSI, LARGEST SAILING VESSEL ON THE OCEANS.

"Are you now in feeling as well as judgment glad that you are married as you are?" From anybody but me this would be an imprudent question not to be tolerated; but I know you will pardon it in me.

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Ducks That Won't Swim.

Boston Journal.—Many things are said to be as natural as that ducks take to water.

A Brown Leaf.

In the woods today a leaf fluttered down, it was wrinkled and old and bent and brown.

And I could but wonder, when time and grief Should have made me old and bent as the leaf.

On a Roof Garden. She (dreamily): "Meyerbeer always brings such sweet recollections to me."

The Color-Bearer. Whene'er this man was angry He patriotic grew;

Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan; The proper study of mankind is man.

THE STAR OF CHRIST.

IT MAY BE SEEN AGAIN BEFORE END OF YEAR.

The Event Promised by the World's Greatest Scientists Is Close at Hand—Conditions of the Heavens Favorable to the Beautiful Visitor.



WILL the star of Bethlehem, which guided the "wise men" of the Bible, appear during the closing years of this century?

There have been altogether twenty-six historical accounts of the appearance of strange new stars in the heavens.

During the last year unusual disturbances and appearances in the heavenly bodies have been noticed by the scientists, as if they were somewhat affected by the attractive force of another body not regularly acting upon them.

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A QUEER SHAMPOO.

A Whiskerom Boy Got His Instructions Badly Mixed Up.

From the Buffalo Express: In one of the hotel barber shops a small Italian boy named Joe officiates with the whisk broom.

"You tell her," said the barber, "to take half a teacup of the shampoo and put it in two teacups of water and apply."

Joe took the shampoo and went up to the housekeeper with it. In a short time he came back, and the barber asked: "Give it to her all right?"

Joe told me you said to tell me to take a cup of tea and put it in the bottle and lie about it!"

Summer Love.

Ah, me! Now when fond memory brings My thoughts back to the past I see that, like so many things, It was too good to last.

No peace nor ease the heart can know Which, like the needle true, Turns at the touch of joy or woe, But, turning, trembles too.

THE LATEST STAR.

Utah to Become One of the Richest of the Mining States.

Utah's Constitution has been framed; her people will adopt it in November, and soon thereafter the President will issue his proclamation, and the great Territory—the history of which so well illustrates the potency of patience, persistence and faith, and within which was first raised on the Western Slope the standard of civilization—will be admitted to all the privileges of a sovereign state.

It will be a happy day for Utah—a happy day for the nation—the day Utah shakes from her supple limbs the trammels of Territorial life, and with her dowry of wealth and brains is received into the family of states.

Utah has 250,000 people trained and disciplined to the tasks of industry. Utah has a chain of fertile valleys extending from Idaho to Arizona under a system of irrigation as perfect as any in the world—valleys rimmed by treasure-filled mountains, and checkered with little farms, whereon, in many instances for nearly half a century, has been exemplified in the perfection of husbandry.

Utah has mines—the mere mention of names of which compels the attention of the whole mining world. Take for instance, "The Onabrio," it has paid \$13,175,000 in dividends, or the "Horn Silver," dividends, \$5,147,500, or the "Daily," dividends, \$2,850,000, or several others that are a neck or two over the million mark.

Utah has pastoral resources of unlimited possibilities. It simply asks the people to demonstrate it. No overflowing, bounteous, golden fields, or heavier-laden vines and fruit trees ever gladdened the heart and pocket of sun-browned husbandman than the hundred fold harvests of this fair land.

Utah has other things, a climate incomparable, a marvelous "Dead sea," numerous curative mineral springs, coal measures inexhaustible, mountains of iron, sulphur, salt and asphaltum, and a capital city, the like of which for beauty of situation and environment, the world does not possess—a capital city with the great temples and structures of the Mormon people, with miles and miles of shaded, brook-lined streets, with stately business blocks—a capital city where a healthy people do a healthy business, and the arms of its trade reach out over an empire greater in area than all of the New England and Middle States, an empire of whose Salt Lake City is the railroad, financial, educational, religious, commercial and social center.

If all of these possessions are factors in the growth of a great state, then the new State of Utah may face the future without a tremor.

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