

SOCIETY IN MANHATTAN TOWN.

Superstitions of the Wealthy—Dames of Fashion Who Are Famous Waltzers—Priceless Collections of Lace.

(New York Correspondence.)

The Neapolitan charm against the evil eye was first worn as a pretty ornament by Mrs. Burkard, who ordered one of gold. It is in the form of a tiny human hand, the left hand, and has the first and fourth fingers pointing like a pair of horns, while the second and third are folded into the palm. Mrs. Burkard's golden charm is bound by a wee bracelet of brilliants at the wrist, and those who saw the trinket and heard of its supposed virtues bought copies of her watch charm, more for hard, every-day service, however, than ornament.

One of the most uniformly luck-bringing charms is highly valued by Miss Richard—a bit of mosaic jewelry that has been blessed by the people; and the young Duchess of Marlborough attributes no small amount of her married content to a little heart of gold she ordered made and cut half in two. The day before her wedding one-half of the heart was given her fiancé, the other half she hung around her neck by a fine gold chain, and from that day the young couple have worn their portions of the gold emblem in the belief that to lose or mislay one of the parts would bring them dire distress. But wearing efficacious talismans is not the whole of the fashionable woman's superstitious creed. Her sharp eyes look out for accidents that might cross her luck. She will put herself to infinite pains not to let any of her hats turn upside down, to thereby indicate she will never walk abroad again; if she dreams of fishes she will refuse to cross the water for a twelve-month; but most carefully does she guard against the common blunder of turning her back after her foot has crossed the threshold. If on her way to a ball she finds she has forgotten a fan, or gloves, or whatnot, she will either go boldly on without the desired articles, or, on turning back, enter her own home and deliberately remove her toilet, or sit a while in the hall, in order to pretend to the fates that she never really started out at all. It is not uncommon in New York for an elaborate dinner to slowly burn to a crisp while some unlucky guest sits solemnly a whole precious fifteen minutes in a distant hallway, doing penance for the crime of turning back in her tracks.

Whoever loves to see exquisite dancing can satisfy their appetite at any one of the cottage colonies where New York women congregate, or in New York itself during the winter. There is, in fact, not another city in the world, except Vienna, perhaps, where so many faultless waltzers can be found, and the peculiar long, gliding step of the fashionable woman from the big city on the Hudson can be identified at once in a crowded room at Hamburg, Newport or in London.

one of her peculiarities is that when she dances she never talks, and when her dance is over she is no more flushed or breathless than if she had slowly crossed the room.

The very finest art of the New York rules of good waltzing are displayed by Mrs. Oakley Rhineland. In her set she is famous for her beautiful poise, and a swan gliding down stream moves no less majestically than this tall, slim young woman, whose expression when she dances is one of dreamy content, like that of a musician listening to perfect harmonies. She is somewhat less languorous than Mrs. Tomney Tailor, a trifle more stately than Mrs. Greenville Kane, and her closest rival is Mrs. Jack Astor, who, however, is not fond of this form of exercise.

To waltz with divine deliberation is what the New York woman prefers chiefly at a ball, but she has taken kindly enough to the balmoral schottische, because the men like it, and the most elaborate cotillon is invariably concluded by a vigorous Virginia reel. That, too, is because the men like it, and though the New York man does not dance so well as the women, there are those, like Alexander Hadden, Langdon Irving and Harry Lehr, who do this gay exercise with wonderful finish. They are the men who have made it a rule for their set and sex to carry several pairs of white kid gloves to a ball, and never approach a delicately arrayed woman save in kids as immaculate as new-fallen snow. They, too, have introduced the new and very greatly improved method in dancing of taking a woman by her right wrist instead of her right hand, and invariably holding her arm at length, but only

satisfying any longer to the woman whose husband has silver to spare, and one of the feminine ambitions, old as the hills and never fully satisfied, is to possess rich lace. Mrs. John Jacob Astor made the first great collection of valuable laces in America, and for many years the Astor laces, now an heirloom in that family, were unrivaled. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt made the next best collection, that on her death was also divided among her



ON THE BEACH—A CONVERSAZIONE.

children; but since Mrs. Astor's and Mrs. Vanderbilt's day New York society has become possessed of some much more valuable and beautiful examples of rare and antique needlework.

Not many years ago Mrs. Wolf surprised her lace-loving friends by paying \$1,000 in Florence for one antique flounce, and then she willingly paid prices in proportion for any rare antique piece she could find. Old lace was her gentle mania, but her limit has been easily overtopped by Mrs. Victor Newcomb, who cares not if lace be new or old, provided it is the most perfect point d'Alecon in the market. At one purchase she secured the whole

point owned by Mrs. Thorne. When in Italy Mrs. Thorne found and paid a big price for the lovely piece, draped them over a silk gown, and wore it all triumphantly to an ambassadorial function in Rome. Lovely as her gown was, it excited something more than mere admiration, for all at once a guest at the reception fell on her knees before the astonished American lady and began to bestow humble kisses on the rich ornamentation of her gown. In the commotion created, explanations came forth to the effect that Mrs. Thorne's lace had once been precious church property, and worn by a famous Italian cardinal, and, therefore, in the religious Roman man it inspired as reverential emotions as if he had seen a famous relic. Thereafter, when in Rome, Mrs. Thorne forbore any use of her lovely lace.

MRS. GRANT'S HOME.

The General's Widow as Vigorous as When at the White House.

Washington Cor.—New York Mail and Express: The home of Mrs. U. S. Grant, situated in the picturesque part of Washington where Massachusetts avenue merges into the hills of the Rock Creek National Park, is one of the most interesting private dwellings and full of historic memories. Mrs. Grant, although nearly 80 years of age, is still active, mentally and physically. Of late years she has been losing her sight, but otherwise she is the same vigorous woman who presided in the White House. Nothing gives her so much pleasure as to show her household treasures to her friends and to explain the pathetic little histories connected with each. She has in this palatial mansion most of the furniture with which she and her illustrious husband started housekeeping nearly 60 years ago. The accumulation of gifts and souvenirs presented during General Grant's long official life are also plentifully scattered throughout his home. In fact, every chair, table, picture and book has some association which Mrs. Grant charmingly relates. In the great entrance hall is a magnificent Turkish rug, given to the general by a merchant prince of Damascus. "We went to his store," says Mrs. Grant, "to buy some rugs and souvenirs for ourselves and our children. We bought three or four and gave our hotel address to have them delivered. We were astonished to find when the package arrived this rug, with a gorgeously embossed letter from the merchant, asking him to accept this gift, as it gave him the greatest pleasure to offer the finest of his possessions to the

IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

Arizona's Petrified Forest—Extraordinary Surgical Operation—How Squirrels Live in Winter—Battle of Reptile and Fish.

The Old Hunting Coat.

A thing of stiff canvas, dirt spotted and torn; Soiled corduroy collar; huge pockets that tote The game; and its fabric is crumpled and worn; Yet memories cling to the old hunting coat.

Its color of tan with the ground smoothly blends And frights not the timid and sharp-sighted game; By delicate thread its lone button suspends, Untouched by the hand of the unseeing dame.

On the sleeve a light feather seems destined to stay; The scent of burnt powder around it doth cling; And its pockets conceal but a motley array Of pipe and tobacco, shells, matches and string.

And many a night it has pillowed the head That rested in peace 'neath a sheltering tent; That on some stream's banks, tree-protected, was spread, Where few but Dame Nature's wild creatures e'er went.

Ah, if it could speak! It would eagerly tell Of long, breathless chase through the thicket and thorns In pursuit of the elk that fought nobly and well, But whose antlers the old hunting coat now adorns.

Or perchance it would whisper of morning's sharp chill And rush-hidden boat in some lake at daylight.

And speak of the silence, and e'en of the thrill That it felt when the canvasback started the flight.

Or yet it could speak of the favorite camp, Where the brook makes sweet music and soft breezes blow; And the odor of fern and of wild flowers, dew-damp, And the leaping of trout where the slender weeds grow.

The broadcloth may scorn it, the woolen may sneer, Aristocrats there, keeping always remote; Yet none of them offers the comfort and cheer And happiness found in the old hunting coat.

—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Arizona's Petrified Forest. One of the most interesting and impressive of natural wonders is the great petrified forest of Arizona, which covers nearly 100 square miles. The government explorers have christened it Chalcedony Park.

The surface of the ground for miles and miles around is covered with gigantic logs three or four feet in diameter, petrified to the core. Many of them are translucent. Some are almost transparent. All present the most beautiful shades of blue, yellow, pink, purple, red and gray. Some are like gigantic amethysts, some resemble the smoky topaz, and some are as pure and white as alabaster. At places the chips of agate for the trunks that have crumbled, lie a foot deep upon the ground, and it is easy to obtain cross sections of trees showing every vein and even bark.

A bird's-eye view of the petrified forest on a sunny day suggests a gigantic kaleidoscope. The surface of the earth resembles an infinite variety of rainbows. The geologists say this great plain, now 5,000 feet above the sea, was once covered by a forest, which was submerged for ages in water strongly charged with minerals, until the fibres of the trees were thoroughly soaked and transformed into eternal stone. Many of the trunks are still packed in a deposit of fine clay, which was left by the receding waters, but the erosion of the wind has pulverized much of the clay and carried it off in the air, exposing the secrets that nature buried under its surface. One great tree spans a deep gulch forty feet wide. It lies where it fell centuries, perhaps ages, ago, and is a most beautiful specimen of petrified wood. The rings and the bark can be easily traced through the translucent agate, and it is firm enough and strong enough to last as many centuries as it has already spent in its peculiar position. It is undoubtedly the only bridge of agate in the world, and alone is worth a long journey to see. The Indians of the southwest used to visit the petrified forests frequently to obtain agate for their arrow and spear heads, and the material was scattered over the entire continent by exchange between the different tribes from the Isthmus of Panama to the Behring Straits. The great deposits here explains where all the arrowheads of moss agate came from, and other weapons and implements of similar material that are found in the Indian mounds and graves of the central and western states. In the stone age the agate of the petrified forest was the very best material that could be obtained for both the implements of war and peace of the aborigines. A scalping knife could be made very easily from one of the chips of agate and could be ground to a very fine edge. Many crystals were used for jewelry and ornaments also.

How Squirrels Live in Winter.

If one asks a hundred school children—and grown people, as well, for that matter—how squirrels subsist in winter, nine out of ten will reply that they eat the nuts they gather in the summer and fall. This is partly, but not wholly true. Their food is widely varied in the course of a year, especially in the spring and summer. Indian corn in the milk suffers

more from squirrels than from raccoons or muskrats, which are proverbially so fond of it. In places on the western frontier an extensive system of watching has had to be maintained at times against this pest. One dainty in late summer is the mushroom, of several varieties of which they are fond, and this reminds me of a bit of unexpected sagacity in one of the western chipmunks lately spoken of in my hearing by the artist and author, Ernest Seton Thompson. It appears that this chipmunk depends for its ordinary fall and winter fare upon the seeds of the pinon pine, which it preserves by storage in its holes in decayed stumps or underground. It happened lately, however, that in a certain area of the northwest the pinon crop was a complete failure, and the ground squirrels were compelled to find something else for their subsistence and winter stores. In this extremity they turned to the mushrooms, everywhere abundant, and were busy during all the late autumn in gathering them. They were too wise, however, to store them underground, where they would soon have rotted, but instead deposited them in notches and crotches of the lower branches of the forest trees, where they dried in the open air and so kept in good condition to be eaten. Their shriveling up and the shaking of the branches by the winds caused many to fall, and these the squirrels industriously picked up and tried to fasten more securely to the branches. This method of providing themselves with winter food implied the necessity of their coming forth from their underground retreats, no matter how cold and snowy the weather, whenever they wanted something to eat, instead of having their larder indoors, as is usual with them, and it would be interesting to know whether they actually did so or whether they failed to profit, after all, by their seemingly sagacious prudence.

Battle of Reptile and Fish.

From the New York Press: That mooted question of whether a good healthy water snake can cope successfully in mortal combat with a pickerel has been decided by a battle in Lake Pennesseewassee, of which William Gary and Kenneth Gurney were witnesses. The lake waters abound in large-sized pickerel and there is no other body of water in Maine where the water snakes are so huge. They are harmless, but if forced to a fight with man or fish can put up a good scrap. Their bite, while not poisonous, is extremely painful and everyone gives them a wide berth. In hot days they crawl to the branches of the low bushes on the shore of the bogs and sun themselves in contentment. Many of the reptiles will measure over ten feet and few of them have ever been captured. If a person approaches them while they are apparently sleeping on the bushes and attempts to hit them with a stick or stone they fall quickly into the water and escape harm. One day this summer, while the weather was extremely warm, Gary and Gurney were on the lake trawling for salmon from a canoe. The boat had just passed the edge of the bog where the snakes have their headquarters, when there was a splash in the water and a churning that attracted the attention of the men in the boat. They backed water with the oars and floated up to see what was the trouble. They were surprised to see a huge black coil of shining skin writhing in the water and went closer to investigate. They found that a water snake nearly eight feet long had a pickerel in his grasp. The fish must have weighed in the vicinity of three pounds and a fight was on. The snake slowly uncoiled his body, when the pickerel darted out and quickly turned, making a swift lunge for the snake. The latter, however, grabbed the fish by the head and held him fast. In the course of three or four minutes the snake again uncoiled his body, and the pickerel, with a few faint motions, came to the top of the water for air. The snake lay still, but as the fish showed signs of returning life he again grabbed him by the head. Then the body of the fish began to disappear slowly, and at last there was no more pickerel in sight. The next day Gurney and Gary were on the shore of the bog for frogs to be used for bait, when they found the dead body of a big snake. They cut the reptile open and found about half way down the throat the body of the pickerel. The snake in swallowing the fish had rested for a breath of air, when the fish again came to life and, spreading his belly fins, had choked the snake to death. However, the men declare that the snake won the fight, but was too anxious to celebrate his victory, and thereby lost his own life.

Extraordinary Surgical Operation.

In May, 1890, one of the most remarkable surgical operations on record was performed by Dr. Lavelangue in the Children's Hospital at Paris. It was the case of an idiot child. Its head had stopped growing since it was four years of age, and was only one-third the normal size. Believing that the idiocy was due to compression of the brain, the doctor divided the skull longitudinally, and kept the edges of the bone from uniting. Fresh deposits of bone took place, and the skull gradually expanded to almost its proper size. Then the intellectual facilities, which had hitherto been those of an infant, grew stronger and stronger every day, till at last the child was as intelligent and healthy as any other in France. Some of the most remarkable surgical operations have been performed in connection with the brain which is now so accurately mapped out that a surgeon can tell exactly where the seat of mischief in the brain lies. Should there be a tumor on the brain, its exact situation can be located, and then the skull is opened and the morbid growth removed.



THE LOST CHARM

KEEPING HER LUCK FROM BEING CROSSED

THE NEW DANCING POSITION

The smart New Yorker waltzes with her delicate feet and supple ankles, holds her body erect, with gracious stateliness, her head is so carried that her eyes glance freely around the room; her left hand is poised, not leaning on her companion's shoulder, and

a few inches away from her body. With her hand thus left free to carry any small belongings or her train, a woman is comfortable and yet feels quite secure as she moves.

set of marvelous laces owned by the Princess Clotilde, and under that princess' matchless Alencon wedding veil Miss Newcomb was married.

The hearty admiration of all the lace lovers goes out to a remarkable set of three-deep flounces of the richest Ven-

great American warrior; and he further added that his nephew had fought in the armies of the United States under General Grant.

Of No Commercial Value.

Savannah, Ga., News: Charles Nelson, a farmer of Floyd county, Iowa, is endeavoring to raise coffee. His plants, grown from seed put into the ground last spring, are now six inches high. Out of an acre he expects to get five pounds of coffee, which making allowance for the time and labor expended in the cultivation of the berries he calculates will cost him about \$18 per pound. Farmer Nelson's experiment in coffee raising in Iowa reminds us very much of the tea raising experiments in South Carolina. Eliminate the question of cost in each case and there is no doubt that coffee can be produced in Iowa and tea in South Carolina.

A WAITER'S PRACTICE.

Never Takes a Glass from a Person's Hand.

"Give me a glass of water, please." The request was made to a waiter behind the marble-topped lunch counter of a well-known restaurant in the central part of the city, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. "All right, sir," was the waiter's reply. "I will just as soon as you put your glass down." The man looked first at the empty glass he held in his hand and then at the waiter.

Then his cholera began to rise at what he considered an unwarranted piece of impertinence. The waiter evidently saw the outburst of wrath that was coming. "No offense meant, sir," he hastily explained. "You see, it's just this way: The first thing a waiter learns, and he learns it by dearly bought experience, too, is never to take a glass from another person's hand. Why? Because if he does the chances are about even that the glass will fall and be smashed in the transfer. This is particularly true if the top of the

table or counter happens to be of marble, as this one is. You probably understand that when a waiter breaks anything in a hotel or restaurant he has to pay for it, and you probably now understand why it was that I would fill your glass as soon as you put it down so that I could pick it up myself."

A man who praises himself meets with general denial; a man who decries himself finds plenty to agree with him.