MAKING PAPER PATTERNS.

How Women Who Live Away From the Centers of Fashion are Able to Cut Their Garments as Stylishly as Those in the Big Cities.

One often hears of the severe fashions of "ye olden times;" of plain skirts and bodices, fine in material but simply constructed, even for "the Sunday best," and we can but look in astonishment to see the contrast a few years have brought about. Wondering how this great revolution had taken place, a reporter called on a large fashion-house to make inquiries. Having stated his object, he was conducted to a suite of rooms, each occupied by a number of pretty girls, all busily engaged in cutting and folding papers.

"When dresses became more elaborate, people in moderate circumstances, little able to afford dressmakers' bills, and who yet wanted to keep up with the fashions of the day, were at a loss to know what to do, till the inventive genius of man came to the rescue with paper patterns. This idea gave rise to a large business, which was taken up by a few companies, generally in connection with the sale of sewing-machines, thus combining the advertising power needed for the two departments. Since then several houses have started independently, and one large firm has even given up the machine department, paper patterns having absorbed all the capital, time, and attention of the company.

"Will you telll me how the patterns are made?"

"When a design has been submitted—designing styles is a profession by itself—either made up from paper or shown from a French drawing or plate, and has been approved, competent fitters imitate the design in cheap muslin, simply basting the parts together, yet being extremely careful to obtain a perfect and well-fitting model from which the pattern may be copied. These models, to insure a sure and stylish figure, are fitted to a live model, who wears the ghostly dress till every plait is properly adjusted and the garment made to compare exactly with the original design. This cloth model is then sent to the description-writer, who carefully rips it apart, at the same time marking each portion that it may be exactly replaced from the directions she writes to accompany each pattern. Next comes the grader, who takes the dissected garment and cuts an exact pattern of each part, putting in all the notches and perforations as marked upon the cloth by the description-writer. The latter by this time has sent the directions to the printer, who is fast making ready the envelopes to hold the pattern when completed."

"How are they made to fit different persons?"

"The grader, who has a system of measurement known only to the profession, prepares separate patterns or duplicates of the garment properly enlarged or diminished to suit both great and small. He sends these paste-board patterns of the different sizes to the cutters, who stand before large tables with immense sheets of tissue paper in layers of fifty spread before them. The pattern is then marked upon them and cut with large shears, and then is handed to girls, who with trained fingers rapidly fold and place them in the envelopes now in waiting.

"Much art work is required in an establishment of this kind, as the cloth model, after fitting, has to be sketched by skillful artists, who are to bring out in the most graceful manner the curves, folds, and various novelties represented in the fashion, to make as acceptable a wood-cut as possible to use in the illustrated catalogue, upon the envelopes and other advertising mediums. Most houses issue a fashion paper, a few spicy and catching notes from the outer world helping the circulation of what without these would be a pure advertising sheet."

"Are these patterns much sought after?"

"Over a million of patterns are sold yearly by one house, agencies being established all over the world, though it is conceded that the most substantial orders are from the growing West and from towns where the facilities for obtaining reliable styles are few and feeble. A love of being a la mode lies either latent or expressed in the heart of every woman, and to the favored ones living in the city a walk down the leading street or avenue brings to the mind of both young and old some new idea of dress, with which the country girl can only be blessed by the advent of a city visitor or by the fashion papers brought by the kindly mails. These papers are eagerly waited for and grasped on their arrival. Each new style is conned and criticised, and the want of the heart filled and happiness made complete by the knowledge that a few cents will bring the requisite pattern and full directions for the making of the garment desired."

"How many new styles are brought out a month?"

"From fifteen to sixty new styles are manufactured monthly, and these sometimes form a nucleus for a two hundred-page magazine partially made up of stories, articles on art decoration, practical housekeeping, etc., forming still another solid medium for farther circulation of the styles manufactured. Twice a year styles are "killed" in order to keep the stock reduced to the proper number. The undesirable fashions are easily detected on examining the orders, which reveal sometimes a fickle and changeable public taste. A stroll through an establishment like this described is interesting as illustrating a manufacture well repaying the happy invention of the discoverer of a want long felt and supplied with the little oblong envelopes containing the mysterious angles, curves, and curious shapes of brown tissue, dotted and notched, called paper patterns."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

AN ASTONISHED CAT.

How Poll Parrot Frightened Puss and Saved Her Own Life.

Gautier, the French writer, had a cat which slept on his bed of nights, on the arm of his chair in the day, followed him when he walked, and always kept him company at meals. One day a friend left his parrot in Gautier's charge during his absence. The poor bird sat disconsolate on the top of his stand, while the cat stared at the strange sight. Gautier followed her thought, and she seemed to be saying:

"It must be green chicken."

Thereupon she jumped from his writing table, crouched flat, with head low, back stretched out at full length, and eyes fixed immovable on the bird. Parrot followed all the movements, raised his feathers, sharpened his bill, stretched out his claws, and evidently prepared for war. The cat lay still, and seemed to be thinking:

"No doubt, though green, the chicken must be good to eat."

Suddenly her back was arched, and with one superb bound she was on the perch, when the parrot screamed out:

"Have your breakfast, Jack?"

Pussy was almost frightened out of her wits. She cast an anxious glance at her master, leaped down and hid under the bed, from which no threat or caress could bring her out for the day. —*Our Dumb Animals.*

—Athletes, professional trainers, hunters, mountaineers, all physically strong and perfect men, habitually breathe through the nostrils. This is claimed to be the reason for their freedom from colds.

A STRANGE PHENOMENA.

What an Eye-Witness Has to Say About the Underground Fires Now Raging in Highland County, Virginia.

Among the recent arrivals in the city was Mr. Edward B. Elder, of Highland County, Virginia. Of late there have been reports from that section of the country of a strange phenomena which was said to have been witnessed in the mountains a few miles from Monterey Court House, Highland County, where the earth was said to be one burning mass. The fact that Mr. Mulhatton was known to be in another quarter of the globe gave the story some credence, and more especially so as it was vouched for by responsible men. A reporter, learning of Mr. Elder's arrival, went in search of him last night to see if he knew anything concerning the matter. He was found comfortably ensconced in a cushioned chair at the Galt House, talking to some friends. When asked if he had heard of the strange performance nature was said to be guilty of, he replied:

"It is certainly true, and is the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. From present indications I should say that we are likely to have another edition of Mount Vesuvius produced in the mountains of Virginia. The phenomena consists of fires which seem to be raging under the earth, on top of the peaks in Highland County, and the ground for a considerable distance seems to be a smoldering mass. The first heard of it was a report brought by a boy who claimed to have walked over the place which was on fire. The country around is almost inaccessible, and it is very seldom that any one ventures so far up on the mountains, therefore it was only by accident that the discovery was made. A few days ago the boy, who was in search of some lost sheep, wandered on foot among the hills, until he got several miles from home. All at once he felt the air grow warmer, and experienced a strange sensation, as if some burning substance was beneath him. He was on an elevated plateau, probably a quarter of a mile square, on the top of one of the small mountains. At first he was greatly alarmed and started to run away. His curiosity overcame his fear, however, and he stopped to see if he could find the cause of the unusual warmth. He stooped and placed his hand on the earth, and was startled to find that it was so hot as to almost blister his flesh. He did not pursue his researches any further, but proceeded at once to his home, where he told of the strange occurrence. No faith was put in the narrative, and it was thought by the neighbors that the youth was going crazy.

"The news finally reached the town of Monterey, and some scientifically-inclined persons determined to investigate. Procuring the boy for a guide, they went to the place and found that all he had stated was true. When they returned they told even a more wonderful story than that told by the boy. This produced a great sensation throughout the immediate country, and a great many persons were nearly frightened out of their wits. The superstitious were of the belief that the day of judgment was close at hand and began to make preparations to respond to the call of the trumpet, which they momentarily expected to wake the silence of the mountains. I lived some distance away, but when the news reached me I determined to satisfy myself. After nearly a day's travel over the rough mountain road, which wound around cliffs at the foot of overhanging rocks, I arrived within a short distance of the region. I here left my horse, and, together with a couple of friends who had accompained me, proceeded as best I could to the place indicated. I had heard exaggerated stories, and was almost prepared for anything, but I must confess that I was greatly startled. The earth for yards around seemed to be a smouldering heap and was as hot as an oven. In places a hard crust had formed over the clay, and large fissures made by the heat. The air seemed very dense and foggy, and in many places a bluish smoke broke through holes in the earth and spread over the mountain tops. We dug down to the depth of probably three feet and came to a yellowish sort of clay which was almost as soft as putty. When a shovelful was thrown out on the ground it smoldered like a heap of ashes, and a quantity of smoke seemed to rise from it. It was very hot, and glowed with a strange brilliancy, which lasted for hours. We tried the experiment of digging down in a number of places, and always with the same results. The deeper we went the more pronounced was the phenomena, and we found it difficult to stand over the opening. How long this has been in progress no one knows, and the most learned are baffled for a reason. It looks as if a volcano was at work and ready at any moment to burst an opening through the earth and throw out its volume of smoke and fire. Hundreds of people have visited the place, and all have come away more mystified than ever."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Life in Florida.

The native Florida "Cracker" keeps up on salt pork, sweet potatoes, grits (prepared from corn), corn bread, coffee, and for a relish, sugar cane syrup; and he eats, if he can get it, fully one-third more at a meal than the laboring man of the East, North or West. The result of this gross living is an unhealthy disposition of body, a bloodless face, and children the color of death with unnatural appetites. I have seen them chewing and eating clay, mud, cement and other things, and it is not uncommon for death to be caused from such practices. Many are too poor to live even as well as this. The pork not imported is obtained from the "razor-back" hogs, which run almost wild in the country, and are as big a nuisance as can be imagined. They are an inferior breed descended, it is said, from old Spanish stock, and are seen in droves tearing through the woods, breaking into plantations and doing more damage to property than they are worth. They have long gaunt bodies with a head like a monster pike, and each one bears on the ear the owner's 'mark," which varies from a fine pointed star to a peculiar slit. It would be a good thing for everybody if the legislature should pass a law banishing them altogether, or prohibiting them being allowed to run at large.—*Cor. Detroit Post.*

Analysis of Soil.

The fertility of the soil is governed by the proportion of fine impalpable powder which exists in it, this powder alone acting directly upon vegetable growth, which it does by entering the roots in solution with the water and acids with which it comes in contact. Put into a large (about a foot and a half long) glass tube the soil to be examined, the sample to be all the soil removed in digging a hole two inches square by eight inches deep in any part of the land to be tested, then fill the tube half full of water and vigorously shake the whole until the contents are well mixed, and afterward allow it to settle. The heavy grains sink first, layers will be formed, the most fine and impalpable being nearest the top, the amount of which will of course govern the degree of the fertility of the sample, and an intelligent inspection of the different layers will allow any one to form a pretty accurate analysis of the soil from which the sample was taken.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A HUMAN BAROMETER.

An Old Soldier's Ability to Foretell Storms Through an Injured Leg.

The surgeons of the Jefferson college hospital in this city, writes a correspondent from Philadelphia, have been very much interested recently in a somewhat unusual case that has been in their hands for treatment. It is that of a man who may be described as a human barometer. So far, however, from boasting of his power to foretell changes in the weather, the patient, whose name is Frederick Guyer, went to the hospital in hopes that the surgeons might cure him of his malady. During the war Guyer was Captain of Company D, Ninth New York Volunteers. Early in the morning of the second day's fight in the Wilderness he was struck by a Minie rifle ball, which penetrated his right leg three inches above the knee. The engagement was so hot at the time that his comrades could render him no further attention than to place him under a tree somewhat out of the direct line of fire, and there he remained for thirty-six hours, when a change of front by the Federal lines left him in Confederate territory, and he was taken prisoner. The rebel surgeon into whose hands he fell insisted upon amputating his leg, and the operation was roughly performed by candlelight, the limb being taken off at the thigh.

"Six or seven days after that," said Captain Guyer to the *Times*' correspondent this morning "I began to feel severe pains in the stump, and have never been wholly free from suffering since. The sensation is apparently in the foot. I have never felt any pain that seemed to come from the thigh, or, indeed, from anywhere above the ankle. There is usually a twitching sensation, such as a man experiences in the electric bath, at the point where the great toe joins the foot. Sometimes there is a similar feeling in the little toe; then, again there is a burning sensation across all the toes, and occasionally a pain in the heel. Before my treatment in the hospital I could always tell by the increased severity of the pain when we were going to have a storm. It was especially severe just before a north or a northeast wind began to blow, but when there was a big storm coming my toes would begin to ache three or four days in advance, and as the storm approached the pain would become so intense as to almost set me crazy. You remember the big electric storm we had three years ago, when the aurora filled the sky at night, and all the telegraph wires were disarranged. I was living then in West Twenty-eighth street, New York, and felt the storm coming three days before it appeared. I suffered more at that time than on any other occasion. The pain grew more severe as the storm approached, seemed to vary with its distance and its fluctuations, and reached a climax just before it broke. Then the painful sensations began to pass away, and in a few hours, while the storm was still raging, I was at ease again. I could always foretell any change in the weather, either from fair to stormy or from stormy to fair, and could also tell its severity. A local storm or one of light magnitude affected me but slightly, while a general storm was announced by its unpleasant forerunners according to its magnitude; and, similarly, I knew by the relief from pain when clear weather was coming. Since leaving the hospital I have been comparatively free from pain, though I still feel occasional twitches."

The operation performed on Captain Guyer was as remarkable as his disease. It consisted of the removal of a number of large bulbous formations from the stumps of the nerves. Bulbs about the size of the middle finger of the average man's hand and nearly an inch long were cut off from the greater and lesser sciatic nerves, and smaller formations were removed from other nerves. In all six of these abnormal growths were found and removed. The patient was kept in the hospital four weeks, and was discharged about two weeks ago, though he still reports periodically for examination and treatment. The wounds made by the scalpel are healing nicely, and the doctors think that when the inflammation subsides no more pain will be felt. The patient is about forty-five years of age, of slender build, and, aside from his peculiar malady, is in good health. He has never worn an artificial leg, but has always used crutches. Dr. John H. Brinton, the operating surgeon, is preparing a monograph on the case for publication in a medical journal.—*N. Y. Times.*

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

How Faithful Michael Told the Bad News to His Young Master.

A young scion of our financial aristocracy, who had been on an extended yachting tour in the South seas for several months, and out of reach of all telegraphic and epistolary communication, returned home the other day. He was met by an old and faithful employe of the house.

"Well, Mike, how goes it?" said the young man.

"Bad enough, Master John, for your poor jackdaw is dead'.'

"Is he, indeed. Poor Jack! He has gone the way of all flesh. How did he die?"

"Well, they don't rightly know, sir; but they think he must have overeat himself."

"The greedy fellow. What did they give him so much for?"

"Well, sir, it seems he must have got to the place where the dead horses was lying——"

"Dead horses! What dead horses?"

"The carriage horses. It was a very bad day and a heavy road, and they were kept standing."

"When? What day? What road?"

"The road to the cemetery, sir, and the day of the funeral."

"What funeral?"

"Why, the mistress's, sir."

"Not my mother's!"

"The same, sir, rest her soul. She took the master's death so much to heart that she did not live three days after him."

"The master's! Heavens, Mike; do you tell me I have lost both my parents!"

"The poor ould master took to his bed when he received the bad news, and niver left it, sir, till they put him in his coffin."

"What bad news? What was the intelligence that afflicted the old gentleman so deeply?"

"The run on the bank, sir, which has stopped payment. The credit of the house is gone, and you are not worth a dollar."—*The Judge.*

A Hint to Dudes.

"This life is horwibly dull, Angelina," he observed, as he drew his seat closer to her. "I am boahed to death, I assuah you, 'pon honah."

"I am very sorry that you find life so," she said.

"Everything is so beastly dull, yaw knaw; nothing going on."

"It is very sad."

"It is, I assuah you. I feel as if I had dwank the cup of life and got down to the dwegs. There seems to be nothing in the world to engage the mind."

"O, yes there is," she said with animation. "You go and hunt around and get the mind, and when you have found it come to me and I will suggest something that will engage it."—*Boston Courier.*

—The *Druggist* estimates that the annual production of canned goods in the United States equals 500,000,000 packages, or ten for every person.

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

A Race of Savages without Hope of Redemption—Horrible Tales of Crimes and Superstition.

Sir Spencer St. John has just written a book on the Hayti savages. He says the inhabitants were and savages they are likely to remain, indulging in all the horrible rites and acts of cannibalism. There are many restrictions which the whites have to contend with in all commercial transactions, besides the unfairness of the laws; in brief, there are no laws framed that afford protection to the white. This rule is carried to such an extent that Judges are afraid to give a verdict in favor of a foreigner, no matter what crime the black may have committed. The dreadful massacres that took place during the revolution are related with minute accuracy, and the only man who had any humanity in his composition was Toussaint, the hero of the time, who with the true instinct of a General, foresaw that his undisciplined forces could not cope with the perfect discipline of the European troops. He, therefore, in 1795, formed four regiments of two thousand men each, whom he had drilled daily by French soldiers, his former prisoners. "During the continuous fighting, which occupied a considerable period, Toussaint showed great magnanimity and control, and what was of great importance to the unprotected, when his word was once pledged he never broke it." Passing over this busy period, we can not find as the years roll on that the brutal nature of the Haytians had changed one iota, and it is difficult to decide which are the most bloodthirsty—the negroes or the mulattoes. "When the decree was issued by Dessalines that mulatto children should inherit the estates of their white fathers, two young men met, and one said to the other, 'you kill my father, and I will kill yours;' which they accordingly did, and took possession of the estates." Now for a black example. "A negro General, grandfather of a lady I knew in Hayti, went to Dessalines after the appearance of the decree, to murder the white French left in the island, and said: 'Emperor, I have obeyed your decree, I have put my white wife to death.' 'Excellent Haytian,' answered he, 'but an infernal scoundrel. If ever again you present yourself before me I will have you shot.'"

No portion of the book is more striking and so likely to prove the retrograde condition of the people than the revolting custom of the voudoux worship and its attendant horrors of cannibalism. The obscenity of the rites and the hideous practices are best described in the author's own words: A child has been stolen for the purpose of making a feast. "She was thrown on the ground, her aunt holding her by the waist, whilst the papaloi pressed her throat and the others held her legs and arms; her struggles soon ceased, as Floreal had succeeded in strangling her. Then Jeanne handed him a large knife, with which he cut off Claircine's head, the assistants catching the blood in a jar; then Floreal is said to have inserted an instrument under the child's skin, and detached it from the body. Having succeeded in flaying their victim, the flesh was cut off from the bones and placed in large wooden dishes; the entrails and skin being buried near to the cottage. The whole party then started for Floreal's house, carrying the remains of their victim with them. On their arrival Jeanne rang a little bell, and a procession was formed; the head borne aloft, and a sacred song sung. Then preparations were made for a feast. * * * Jeanne cooked the flesh with congo beans, small and rather bitter (pois congo), whilst Floreal put the head into a pot with yams, to make some soup. While the others were engaged in the kitchen, one of the women present, Roseide Sumera, urged by the fearful appetite of a cannibal, cut from the child's palm a piece of flesh and ate it raw (this I heard her vow in open court). The cooking over, portions of the prepared dish were handed round, of which all present partook, and the soup being ready, it was divided among the assistants, who deliberately drank it. The night was passed in dancing, drinking and debauchery." In another case a French priest said to a mother: "How could you eat the flesh of your own children?" She answered, coolly: "And who had a better right?—*est ce que ce n'est pas moi qui les ai fait?*" —*N. Y. Truth.*

TURKISH WOMEN.

The Relations of Females in Turkey Towards the Opposite Sex.

On the street the women are models of propriety, They never speak to a man on such occasions, though they will stare at a foreigner with simple and child-like curiosity. Fiances are allowed to walk and talk together, and it is the correct thing for accepted lovers to serenade their dulcineas in the evening with a guitar. The latter custom seems to be in the nature of a final test of the strength of the bride's attachment. Certainly from what I heard, if she can stand his music with composure, there are few trials as bad that will come to her in after life, unless he sings again. There has been the same loosening of rigidity of late years in the matter of women going abroad alone as in other lines of Turkish conduct. To read the old statutes one would think the lines very hardly drawn, Thus in the time of Mourad III. the women were forbidden to wear bright colors, or sail in a caique without their husbands, and if a woman was found in the streets alone it was the duty of every good Mouradian to stop her, reprove her, and order her to go home. To-day the statutes are less severe, but in dead earnest as far as they do go. But the women are more careful, and though they are seen everywhere, riding in the cars, buying in the bazars, and lunching quietly in the cemeteries, they never venture to speak to a stranger in the street.

ANIMAL ECCENTRICITIES.

Queer Habits of Some of Our Four-Footed Friends.

If a man begins to save against his old age, we call it thrift, and praise him as a small capitalist who is giving hostage to fortune; but if a dog accumulates a store of bones or food, we look upon him as indulging in dangerous caprices. which may end in the necessity of putting a bullet through his head. There may be exceptions here and there. Sometimes you will find an old lady who will protect eccentricity in a parrot, a magpie, or a jackdaw, as a bird that has a right to a certain freedom of movement in return for its entertaining attempts at conversation. But, on the whole, there is no sterner standard of conventionality than that which we enforce on our domestic animals. Pet dogs become perfect bigots in favor of the usual, and persecute any attempt to deviate from it on the part even of a more powerful and less favored colleague, as the Inquisition persecuted heresy, or as the court of Russia persecutes Nihilism. There is nothing equal to the indignation of an in-doors dog at any invasion of the privacy of the drawing-room by an out-doors dog, and nothing more melancholy than the servile apologies which the big dog will make to the little one, for even proposing to break through the animal etiquette of the house.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

—In the Himalayas there are six meals a day—hazree, chatie, hazree, tiffin, lunch and dinner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Cleveland lady promenaded the streets for two hours with a card on her cloak reading: "Former price, $20; marked down to $12 to close out."—*Cleveland Leader.*

—The Chinese soldiers' uniform consist of a blue tunic and as many more duds as he feels like getting inside of. A good many of them use their shoes for breast plates and stuff cotton in their ears to keep from being scared.

—The first case of painting the town red in this country was when the earliest Aztec settlers from Mexico celebrated the completion of their first village this side of the Rio Grande with an orgie of red-berries, red-paint and red-eye This should end all argument.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A maiden lady of Philadelphia was a witness in court the other day, and when sworn was requested to kiss the Bible. She refused, saying it was so long since she kissed anything that she had forgotten how it was done. This is a strange and interesting case.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—To those are constantly expecting a serious decline in the price of beef we may say that the population of the world is increasing much more rapidly than the number of cattle. This is specially true of our own country, where the cattle trade is pursued under the most favorable auspices.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Not long since a durable monument of cement was raised on the site, in the Island of Hawaii, on which the famous Captain James Cook fell in 1779. It is the custom among sailors to inscribe their names upon small pieces of copperplate and nail them to the trees in the vicinity of the monument.

—When Colonel Chaille Long, who accompanied General Gordon to the Soudan in 1874, visited King M'Tesa, his appearance upon a white horse, something that had never been seen there, threw the King's subjects into the wildest panic, as they believed the horse and its rider to have come from celestial regions.

—In the Agricultural Department at Washington 160 women are employed in putting up seed, and fifty-eight men are also engaged in the same work. The men get $150 and the women $125, although the work done by the women is identical in quantity and quality with that done by the men.—*Washington Post.*

—The volcano Kiiawea, on the Island of Hawaii, is 14,000 feet high and is said to be again showing a bad disposition. Five years ago it gave the town of Hile a free show, which it ended by running down the curtain of oblivion on the town itself. The mass of lava was half a mile in width, thirty to fifty feet in thickness, and buried Hile much as Vesuvius did Pompeii.

—The "City of Churches" is Brooklyn, N. Y.; the "City of Masts" is London; the "City of Monuments" is Baltimore, Md.; the "City of Refuge" is Medina, Arabia, where Mohammed took refuge when driven by conspirators from Mecca; the "City of the Sun" is Baalbec; the "City of the Tribes" is Galway, Ireland, the residence in 1235 of thirteen tribes who settled there; the "cleanest city in the world" is Broek, in Holland, and the dirtiest city is —.—*Chicago Herald.*

—"I can always tell the nationality of an engineer by the complaint he makes," said an engine builder and repairer in one of our contemporaries. "The Scotchman is always worried about the 'bock losh;' Englishmen and Irishmen are always fighting 'the thump,' which they firmly believe was left there for them to remove; the German is very much concerned about 'dem valves,' while the Yankee has a hard time to 'keep her from chawin' too much steam."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—It seems, from all that can be learned from the fair sex, that Worth and his compeers in Paris charge a round hundred thousand francs, say twenty thousand dollars, to outfit a young lady for the matrimonial voyage. For this she is equipped from top to toe; everything is of the best and in the latest fashion. Of course this is not the limit. Ladies in Paris occasionally spend two hundred and fifty thousand francs for their trousseau, and are heard to complain, a few weeks after marriage, that they have nothing to wear.

—A few days since, as workmen were removing old ice from Ober & Co.'s ice house, in Dresden, Me., says a correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, they found a large frog between two blocks of ice that were frozen together solid and had been in the house two years. A number of heavy blows were required to separate the blocks, when on being released, his frogship stretched himself a few times to get limbered up and then hopped away as lively as ever, apparently none the worse for his frigid imprisonment.

A LIFE OF HARDSHIPS.

A Providence Boy's Experience as a Deserter from the French Army.

The *News* printed, on Saturday, a story of a boy who enlisted in the French army and deserted three times. The names were withheld because the parents desired to keep to themselves the greatest trouble of their lives. But now as they have decided to appeal to the Secretary of State for assistance in getting their son out of the army, it were better that the names be given, that they may have the sympathy, at least, of those who know the facts. The father's name is Simon Herion, a Prussian, who came to this country about fourteen years ago. He is employed in the Wanskuck Mills, is a citizen of the United States, and is highly esteemed for his industry, his Christian character and worth. His wife is a Swiss, who lived on the French side of the Confederacy. Hence, the father speaking German and the mother French, the boys (Henry and John) became fluent in the use of both. It is unnecessary to repeat the story of the boys' wanderings. It closed with the fact that Henry, the elder brother, had been recaptured after his third desertion and led back to prison. News has been received that he was sentenced to fifteen years' hard labor with the chain-gang. There are three French military posts in Algeria. At one of these Henry is held. They live in tents, and the fare is wretched. The guard has orders to shoot any one who attempts to desert. But every one of them can be bought.

When Henry was recaptured after one desertion he was kept 120 days in an underground dungeon, given only bread and water, and a little dirty soup once a week. The hardships through which he has passed seem almost incredible. When John reached Algeria he went into the country to find the farmer for whom Henry worked. The farmer was away on a two days' journey. John waited for his return, and learned that Henry was in a place near the coast through which John passed. As he stated in the other account, John reached this place to see Henry led away by a French officer. If he had not lost two days waiting for the return of the farmer, he would have found Henry before the officer discovered him, and he might have escaped. John at once started for home, and is expected every day. Henry Herion is a minor, not twenty years of age, and on this ground an attempt will be made through the Secretary of State to effect his release.

Since writing the above it has been learned that the son John has this morning reached his home in Wanskuck. He left Algeria on November 22.—*Providence News.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Unitarians are moving for a Church Building Loan Fund

—John Wesley's copy of the Bible was in use at the recent Centenary Methodist Conference in Baltimore.

—The pastors of the churches in Pittston, Pa., have united in a card against Sunday funerals.—*Pittsburgh Post*

—A. P. Myers, a York county, (Pa.) school teacher, who lost both hands, holds a pencil between the stumps and writes better than the average.

—The oldest church in New Jersey, the Church on the Green, at Hackensack, belongs to the Reformed Dutch Communion. It was organized in 1686 with a membership of thirty-three persons.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Episcopal missions to Italians in New York has been quite successful the past year. The Sunday school has numbered 18[illegible], there were 52 candidates for confirmation, 94 baptisms, and about 500 communicants.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Bishop Hurst, of the American Methodist Church, has had a private conference with Alexander I., Prince of Bulgaria, in which he explained fully the object of the mission there. The Prince is a Protestant, and the new constitution gives equal rights to all denominations.

—A strong effort is making in Massachusets to improve the night schools which, under the law of the State,, form a part of the public school system. As history tells of so many great men who were forced by poverty to gain knowledge in their youth by the light of pine knots, it must seem that the night school has a special reason for its being.—*Current.*

—The Yale College catalogue, just out, announces that the vacations are to be on a new plan. The summer vacation of 1885 will be for thirteen weeks instead of twelve, postponing the opening of the next college year until September 24. The Christmas vacation this year will therefore be only two weeks—from December 22 until January 6—instead of three, as formerly. The total number of students in all departments is 1,086, to a corresponding total of 1,092 last year.

—It is reported that Mr. Ira D. Sankey, Mr. Moody's associate, has decided to use a portion of the profits accruing from the sale of "Gospel Songs" in erecting and furnishing a public library building in New Castle, Pa., Mr. Sankey's home. The profit from the sale of the books has been very large, but the evangelists have refused to apply a cent of it to private ends. The fund is used to found or maintain religious institutions, as the evangelists may direct. In New Castle, with its large manufacturing interests, there is great need of such an institution as Mr. Sankey proposes founding.—*United Presbyterian.*

* * *

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Quickness ain't no sign o' sense. De trout snaps at de hook sooner den de catfish, but he doan lib so long.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Roses killed in the garden by cold weather come again on the cheeks of the dear girls who are wise enough to romp and walk in the open air.

—A recipe for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—It is said that Mark Twain rewrites every article eighteen times. This is done in order to keep the paper and pencil makers from shutting down and throwing men out of employment.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"O, dear, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Silvadollar; "we were obliged to remain at home this year. I did so long to see dear Paris again; but paw said he wouldn't think of it while the epidermis lasted."—*Boston Transcript.*

—The banner Democratic counties of the North were New York and Kings, which gave 58,939 Democratic majority; while the banner Republican counties were Philadelphia, Allegheny and Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, giving a Republican majority of nearly 60,000.—*Chicago Times.*

—A little boy in one of the city German schools, while engaged in defining words a few days since, made a mistake which was not a mistake. He said: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, wine, gin, whisky, or any other kind of intoxicating liquor."—*Washington Post.*

—Once in a Lifetime:

Her cheeks are flushed, her eyes are wet,
She heaves a gentle sigh,
Her hair is mussed, she scarce knows yet
What's best, to laugh or cry.
What makes her blush and tremble so
With mingled joy and fright?
The first time in his life her beau
Has kissed her sweet good-night.
—*Boston Courier.*

—"I am afraid that George is giving too much attention to the classics," remarked an old lady. "Why do you think so?" asked the old gentleman. "Because when he was home the other day I overheard him tell young Smith he played base-ball a great deal, and that his studies were mostly all Greek to him. But I am glad the poor boy plays ball occasionally."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"I don't see," observed Mrs. Grap, "why, when they are giving away all them offices they don't let women hold something." "They would, my dear, but the women won't do it," answered her husband. "Well, I should like to know, John Grap, what they'll let them hold?" He took his hat, looked to see that the hall door was open, and in trembling accents murmured, "Their tongue, my dear."

—An epicurean bishop was neatly taken in by a smart boy at Banbury. Being desirous of tasting the famous cakes, he beckoned to the lad to come to him to the window of the railway carriage, and asked the price of the cakes. "Three pence each, sir," replied the boy. Giving him six pence, the bishop desired him to bring one, and added as he was running off, "Buy one for yourself with the other three pence." Presently the boy returned, munching his "Banbury," and, handing three pence in coppers to the bishop, announced in the most ingenuous manner, "There was only one left, sir."—*London American Register.*

* * *

Every Point in Her Favor.

It was in an East Boston ferry horse car. She was slight, delicate and standing up. He weighed over two hundred pounds, and was sitting in the corner by the rear door. Suddenly he jumped from his seat to ask the conductor a question. She (innocent, unthinking creature) thought he meant to leave the car, and so she slid into the seat he had just vacated. Soon he concluded the interview with the conductor and began to slide back into his seat again. The little woman saw the proportions of the bulky form gradually assuming frightful magnitude and a very alarming proximity. Quickly digging her elbow into the ribs of her neighbor, whose head and beard looked like a bundle of saffron, she interested him sufficiently in the jeopardy of her situation to induce him to raise his colossal fist and "fend off" the settling monster. Words can not picture the look of horror upon the man's face when he received a vigorous thrust in the small of his back, and turned and saw this little wee woman in his seat. "Great Scott, ma'am! Yer a pretty hard hitter, ain't yer? I hain't had such a clip as that since I was struck by an ice boat. O, don't move, ma'am; be just as easy as yer can. You've ev'ry point in yer favor.—*Boston Globe.*

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