

DOINGS IN WOMAN'S WORLD

Bits of Life and Color Visible in the Feminine Domain.

FASHIONS, FADS AND A FEW FANCIES

Physical Beauty Reduced to Figures—A Recent Test of Woman's Constancy—Light on a Domestic Topic—Doings of Noted Women.

History is full of instances of women whose best qualities appear when those whom they love are in trouble and danger, and Mme. de Lesseps, the wife of the venerable canal digger, once known as the "great Frenchman," furnishes a new illustration of this constancy.

She has from the outset asserted that the man whom she loved and admired so much as to marry him when he was nearly three-score, and to whom she has since borne eleven children, could not himself be guilty of dishonesty.

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the beautiful young Creole bride aided her husband in doing the honors of receiving at this castle his cousin, the Empress Eugenie; but she is still as fresh and blooming as in her youth.

Yet she has one daughter who was married two years ago, and another who is just entering upon her sixth year.

Would it not be some exercises in the mysteries of money were added to the curriculum of every girl's studies? A boy finds it all out by actual contact with the public as soon as he is out and a part of it; but a girl, says Harper's Bazar, may become a mature woman, shrinking then through the habit of long protection, and be thrown on the mercies of the world with her money to fall the prey to the first cheat and cozen.

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flush," added the incorrigible boy in the corner.

"There was a lull and the pretty, dark-eyed girl said slowly:

"A wife is the envy of spinsters."

"One who makes a man hustler" was the next suggestion.

"And keeps him from making a fool of himself," put in another girl.

"Some one for a man to find fault with when things go wrong," said a sorrowful little maiden.

"Stop right there," said the pretty school teacher. "That's the best definition."

Later the sorrowful little maiden sidled up to her and asked:

"Aren't you going to marry that handsome man who calls for you nearly every day?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, "but with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself."

When the Sheriff of Wazan married an English woman with which kind of her own he courted the faith that actually befell him.

His imported wife declined to live in the harem with the other spouses of his highness, declined to become a Mohammedan, insisted on bringing up her children in the way she thought they should go, and in all other respects comported herself as the equal of her lord and master.

The sheriff did not seem to mind it much, though the lady's declaration of independence was a severe trial to the other women of the household.

A number of visitors to Morocco have described the phases of family life, very unusual in Arab households, which this lady introduced, and the picture of the buxom, good-looking woman has adorned more than one periodical.

Now that the sheriff has departed this life and has been succeeded by the son of one of his native wives, an effort is being made to deprive the English widow of a share in the old gentleman's estate unless she adopts the faith of Islam.

She flatly declines to do this. If she does not come out ahead in the struggle it will be her first decisive defeat.

An ideal wedding dress was worn recently by Mme. de Guyon on the occasion of her marriage with one of the noblest scions of the French aristocracy.

It was made entirely of plain white silk velvet, the short bodice being out of blouse-fashion and fastened at the waist with some soft folds of imperial satin.

The slightly puffed sleeves were adorned on the shoulders with two "hockeys" of old guipure lace and a band of the same fabric encircled the throat.

A novel and dainty way of disposing of the obligatory orange blossoms were the four coronals of buds and half-opened flowers intermingled with a few green leaves, forming straight lines from the waist to the feet; and the somewhat commonplace wreath had been replaced by a mere pompon of buds fastening the long tulle veil above the brow.

The people of Wyoming who permit women to vote are apparently not in sympathy with the English bachelor of long ago, who got himself into a controversy on the subject of women's rights with his vis-à-vis at dinner.

After the evening and a few minutes, the lady asked, "Candidly, sir, why do you oppose giving the franchise to women?"

"You will excuse me for saying it, madam," he replied, "but I have not sufficient confidence in their capacity to conduct government affairs."

"But what evidence of woman's mental inferiority to man can you advance?" persisted the lady.

"The bachelor thought a moment, and then answered, slowly, "A simple fact is enough to satisfy my mind, and that is the frightful way in which they do up their back hair."

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Kate Field use phonographs instead of dictating their matter to stenographers.

"Ouida" thinks that the shake-hands, as she terms it, is the most vulgar form of salutation.

Amelle Rives has passed the last two months at Warm Springs, Va., for her health, which has been much benefited thereby.

Mrs. Virginia Thompson, ex-postmistress of Louisville, says that women are peculiarly fitted to conduct postoffices, and that this fitness ought to be recognized.

Donna Isadora Cousine of South America, who is claimed to be the richest widow in the world, has an income of \$80,000 per month from her coal mines alone.

A number of leading women of Kansas city have agreed not to wear out doors any dress or garment that does not miss the ground by at least three inches.

Empress Eugenie spends two or three hours daily on her memoirs, which are not to be published until twenty-five years after her death. She will not allow anyone to have a glimpse at the manuscript.

Mrs. Edward Lloyd, who died in London the other day at the age of 90, when a girl helped to entertain Blucher on his arrival in England after Waterloo, and was present in Westminster abbey at the coronation of George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria.

Susan B. Anthony wrote to Governor Flower a short time ago expressing her opinion that a woman should be appointed in the executive department of the State Industrial school at Rochester, N. Y.

The governor thought so, too, and Miss Anthony will accept.

Mrs. Florence Woodward Tibbets, a successful lawyer of Chicago, was sworn in as a lawyer before the court of appeals in Frankfort, Ky. She has no practice in Kentucky but is a native of that state, and being on a visit to her former home, had herself admitted there.

The late General Robert E. Lee's daughter, Miss Mary Curtis Lee, who is visiting friends in Baltimore just at present, spends little of her time in America. She has twice made the journey around the world and starts in a few days for Calcutta, where she expects to spend the rest of the winter.

Mrs. E. G. Plank of Hannibal, Mo., while engaged in making baskets was struck directly in the right ear by a rebounding withe. Since then Mrs. Plank has been unable to speak above a whisper.

Mrs. Plank has received over 2,000 letters from anxious husbands inquiring into the details of basket making.

Miss Hulda Frederichs of the Pall Mall Gazette is the first woman to be taken on the regular staff of a London paper. Although of German nationality she can both write and speak English fluently and knows French, Russian and French sufficiently well to act as special correspondent in St. Petersburg or Paris as needed.

While the queen regent of Spain was out driving recently her carriage ran down an old woman who was trying to throw a petition to her. As soon as the carriage could be stopped her majesty got out and helped into it the injured woman, whom she had driven to a hospital and supplied with every attention. Next day she visited the hospital and left a comfortable sum for the poor creature.

The betting woman has put in an appearance in Australia and was numerous represented on the grand stand as a taker and a layer of odds and intimately acquainted with the practice of hedging. The costume adopted by the women bookmakers is decidedly obnoxious and the antipodeans are usually tolerant of innovations however startling, has issued a vigorous protest against the new departure.

Fashion Notes.

Pink heather is now an extremely fashionable table decoration, but it comes exceeding high.

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The gown which Miss Rehan wears as Letitia Hardy is a veritable antique of the date of 1760, which she found in one of the quaint little shops on the Quai Voltaire, in Paris, last summer.

The waist has not been altered in the least, and fits Miss Rehan with the same ease and gracefulness it may have encircled the bodice of a grand dame of the court of the Bonapour. The sleeve alone has been redraped.

The latest in jewelry.

Pearls of the latest colors are popular in combination.

White leather pocketbooks are apparently mounted in old iron; in reality it is silver.

The flowers applied on ladies' leather pocketbooks, cardcases and diaries are pretty.

Large perforated silver bowls with fanciful curves have been introduced for dessert.

Silver knitting balls, silver knitting needles and silver knitting needle cases are for the industrious.

In watches old styles are reproduced. They are little flat time-pieces with rings of pearls and enameled pictures on one side. The other is open-faced.

That pins have become so elaborate that they are almost unrecognizable. Numerous instances have occurred of women's hats being rifled while they were on their heads.

A new chatelaine pin is an enameled sword with a jeweled hilt, which passes through the dress. From the sword a chain hangs on which swings the watch.

The bonbon spoon is perforated silver and silver gilt has grown into a great shovel-like ladle for serving nuts and raisins at dessert. These are wonderfully decorated.

A new souvenir ladle is a fac simile of that used by Washington, and bearing his crest. The head of Washington is on the handle with dates of his birth and death. On the reverse side is Washington's autograph in ink.

Jeweled and enameled swords and daggers of gold representing the weapons of all nations, flowers in natural colors with or without gemmed centers, and still later a thistle of white enamel, are designs for hat pins.

Where Parrots Come From.

On a New York elevated train the other evening was a short, thin man, tanned evidently by exposure in the tropics. He carried, covered with a blue gingham apron, a small, well-fashioned cage in which there was a fine young, green parrot.

"This parrot," he said to a Tribune man, "is a young bird, and as you see, well trained. There are two ways of getting these birds, by trapping and by catching the young birds in the nest. A trapped bird is wild and it takes two weeks to train it, for it bites and fights like a 'soger.' This young one was trained in twelve months. Every six weeks I go to Venezuela on a sailing vessel and try to bring back fifty parrots with me. The Indians catch them up the Orinoco river, and whenever a vessel comes into port there is a lively scramble on the part of the natives who have parrots or anything else to dispose of. The training of parrots is a regular business for many of the natives in the seaport towns of Venezuela, and whenever I have touched at the ports of Brazil or Colombia I found it much the same, except the Brazilian parrots are harder to get along the coast. Indians do nearly all the trapping, far up in the interior.

"This parrot is for a friend of mine in Forty-ninth street, to whom I have promised one for two years, but never could pick up a really fine one. When I am in port I have so little time that I have to take such care as I can afford. If I were going to sell this one I should ask \$10, although my regular price for a young bird is \$5. That is what the bird fanciers pay me for them, and they cost me \$4; that is what I paid for this one six weeks ago at La Guayra. He speaks Spanish, of course, and answers like a trooper in a dialect of Indian and Spanish; his last owners in the city of La Guayra taught him all of the latest slang they knew."

"Yes," he continued, "\$1 is all I make on one of these parrots, while on a lot of them I lose only about 50 cents. I buy them for \$2 or \$2.50 and sell them for 50 cents advance. They get awful seasick on even an ordinary voyage and require as much attention as a sick baby, and many of them die on the voyage, and I am sure up alone in the hold that they die of a broken heart, it seems to me.

"Oh, how easy they die," reflectively sighed the man. "On one trip I was bringing up seventy fine parrots and three weeks ago they were all shipped. I began to take sick and die. The ship's doctor said it was a kind of infectious pneumonia. At any rate, they all died but two. That was a bad voyage for me."

Cappa's Pranks.

Many good stories are told of Cappa, the dead bandmaster. While a young man at the musical academy he formed the acquaintance of a shoemaker, who was a sort of seer in the little Italian town. They were together a great deal. The shoemaker had a habit of playing practical jokes upon his friends. He made an appointment with young Cappa to meet him at a certain tunnel in the outer limits of the village at 11 o'clock at night. Cappa went at the hour agreed upon, but the only thing he saw was a figure in white, which he took to be a ghost and which caused him to run back toward the academy as fast as his legs would carry him. On his way he met a fellow student, who told him that the identity of the ghost and the shoemaker was the same. Then he hit upon a scheme for returning the joke which had been played upon him. He put on a mask, got a brace of pistols and held up the ghost for every cent it had in its pocket. At the end of the week the young musician returned the purpose to the shoemaker, with a word or two of advice about ghosts.

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