NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Some of the Principal Characteristics of the Autumn Styles.

The printed American silks brought out this season form some of the most attractive toilets. They are made of the printed silk alone with velvet ribbon trimmings; or they form Empire gowns that open on a plain silk skirt and waist. These textiles also appear in Directoire fashion for matrons, with long straight coat-tails and narrow panels falling softly over skirts of accordion-plaited China silk. These latter gowns are usually in black and white combinations—the panels are lined with white silk, and the China silk underskirt is trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon or those of moire. The handsome toilets in black and white are always admired by women of refined tastes, and this season there has been an elegant display of dresses of this description. In full dress have appeared demi-trained princesse robes of white strewn with black outline devices of flowers and leaves. The bodice and skirt draperies are made of black point d'esprit net. Black lace over white silk forms another ideal gown, and in more youthful black and white toilets black lace over white lace has been charmingly worn. The corsages to many of these are devoid of darts. For ceremonious toilets much jet embroidery and ornaments are still as much the rage as if an entire novelty, and superb black transparent materials are profusely garnitured with ferns, flowers and foliage in cut-jet work of the most beautiful and expensive sort.

One principal characteristic of the autumn styles will be the increased popularity of the Directoire redingote, which will appear in many forms, of greatly varied materials, and with simple or elaborate trimmings to suit the various occasions in which it will be worn. This becoming overdress has gained steadily in favor, and redingote effects will multiply continually during the fall and winter seasons. It will take the place more than ever before of any other sort of street garment, as no wrap of any description is needed to accompany it, for during the cold season it will be made of velvet, heavy cloth, and costly Persian and Venetian cloaking goods. Most of the new Directoire redingotes have lost their original severe appearance by the addition of Empire inner fronts, girdles, sashes, etc. Composite fashions will still be the rule, the Empire, the Directoire, Russian elements and Grecian features, richly-bordered skirts and draperies like those pictured in the costumes of the Restoration, the leg-o'-mutton and bishop's sleeves in vogue under Louis Philippe—all of these are features of forthcoming fashions. But these details will not form independent elements in this elegant chaos of styles, for they will be utilized, merged into, and commingled until almost lost in one another. The unique manner of combining features of past eras with the more modern forms of the princesse dress, and modes of still earlier date, like Valois and Louis XVI. styles, show wonderful taste and ingenious art, which impart a genuine charm to the whole. We see Grecian skirt draperies artistically completed by Venetian bodices, with their soft, flowing laces; and quaint Russian gowns are made more graceful by coquettish French corsages, fancifully shaped and decorated. All sorts of novel fancies are indulged in, and gold and silver trimmings are still made great use of, but never with any garish or gaudy effect when manipulated by real artists in gowning.—N.Y. Evening Post.

A Complete Set of Forefathers Put Up at Auction in London.

"I went one day into the store of Agnew, the famous picture dealer, and found there the whole portrait gallery of one of the oldest families in England. The founder was ennobled centuries ago for distinguished services as a soldier, and there was his portrait and those of the Earls and Countesses and Lords, and ladies, many of the former famous in arms and statesmanship, and the latter as beauties in their time, down to the present holder of the title. It was the most brilliant opportunity ever offered for a suddenly-made rich man, who was in doubt as to the identity of his grandfather, to buy a ready-made ancestry of the purest blood. The most curious development of this unique exhibition was that the portraits of the ladies were valued at from ten to twenty times more than those of the men. While the Cabinet Minister of Lord High Admiral was prized at say $1,000, his wife, if by Sir Joshua Reynolds or Gainsborough, might be valued at $50,000.

"Some of these ancestors had served as Admiral against the Spanish Armada, as Generals under Marlborough, and as gallant officers at Waterloo, and the ladies had stood high in the favor of Queen Elizabeth, and been famous favorites at the court of Queen Anne. They were all arrayed in the costumes of their several periods, which best showed their rank and importance, and died in the belief that they would forever hold their places in the family gallery which would be continued until the end of time. It vividly recalled that incident in one of Gilbert & Sullivan's operas where the recent purchaser of an estate, pointing to a collection of old tombstones and monuments, says: 'These are my ancestors, I paid for them.' The one subject which an American, if he is wise, never starts on the other side is the question of ancestry. The nobility of all the countries of Europe reckons any family parvenu which had not worn spurs, crests and title before our American revolution, and whether we are of yesterday or earlier does not interest them. This sentiment has its compensations, because an American man or woman is valued at his or her own merit, and not on account of the distinction of some remote ancestors."

—The absurdity of applying the title "Mister" to all sorts of men, on all sorts of occasions, is well illustrated in a recent issue of a Southwestern paper, in which it was declared that "the late Mr. Hank Brown was hanged yesterday in the presence of a large and interested audience."

MONTMORENCI'S SECRET.

The Fatal Curiosity of the Wife of a Mysterious Billionaire.

I.

"And you are not happy, Hortense?"

"Happy!"

The intense scorn with which Hortense Montmorenci uttered the word can not be adequately expressed in cold, pulseless type.

"Happy!"

She moved rapidly across the great drawing-room to where her husband stood under the great crystal chandelier with its myriads of wax lights casting a soft glow over the rich furnishings of the apartment.

"Happy!"

The lovely woman looked like a queen as she stood there in her superb toilet and looked with proud disdain full in her husband's eyes.

"Happy!"

"That's what I said."

There was a suspicion of you-make-me-tiredness in Herbert Cecil Montmorenci's tone as he carelessly flipped the ashes from his cigarette upon the rich Gobelin tapestry carpet with an air of well-bred ease.

He was a tall, handsome man, was Herbet Cecil Montmorenci, and he wore his dress suit with that indescribable grace which is so characteristic of your true aristocrat and your English society actor.

There were no flies on his style and bearing.

"Have I not surrounded you with every luxury which man's ingenuity can suggest and money can buy?" he asked, with a slight sneer just playing around the corner of his well-bred mouth. "Have I not gratified your slightest whim regardless of cost? Is there a better dressed woman in all the circle of your acquaintance? Have I not built a palace for you to live in, and filled it with the richest and most beautiful works of art which the wide world could supply? Have I not surrounded you with a multitude of servants to do your slightest bidding? Have I begrudged you money?"

"Ah, there it is again," said Hortense, in a tone of great weariness. "Money, money, money! 'Tis the thought of that which so frightens me. Where does it all come from? Why, oh why, won't you tell me, Herbert? Why conceal longer your business from your wife? You can not but know that your silence upon this subject fills me with dread forebodings. Remember, Herbert Cecil, I have seen 'Jim, the Penman,' and I can not help drawing my own conclusions about how you acquire your enormous wealth so mysteriously and so rapidly. Have a care! I am a woman, and I have all a woman's curiosity. I will not much longer remain in ignorance of the matter. Herbert Cecil Montmorenci, I am not a fool."

With his face as white as that of one of his own marble statues which graced the drawing room, he answered:

"Softly, my tigress, softly! Do not go too far, or I swear to you by the rich blue blood of my ancestors, you will rue the day you ever married me. I have spoken. Good evening, madam."

With a low bow he left the room, and passing through the double row of liveried lackeys in the great hall, entered his carriage and was whirled swiftly away.

II.

It is in the private office of the great detective firm of Simpson, Ferret & Simpson. A vailed lady is engaged in an earnest conversation with the greatest detective of the age, Theophilus V. Simpson.

"And can you then discover the nature of his business?" she asks, in tones of suppressed excitement.

"Madam, I myself will shadow him if need be day and night, but I will discover all."

"Enough said. When you have obtained the information I seek come to me and I will double this sum, and with these words the vailed lady slips into the detective's hand a large roll of $1,000 bills.

III.

Again we are in the palatial home of Herbert Cecil Montmorenci, the mysterious billionaire.

Herbert and Hortense are sitting tete-a-tete at the table in the breakfast room. It is furnished entirely in light blue and white. The walls are covered with silken draperies and dainty squarelles of fishing and hunting scenes. There is an air of refinement and subdued luxury everywhere.

"Once more, and for the last time, Herbert, I ask you to tell me what your business is," says Hortense, as she toys with her golden teaspoon and glances across the table at her husband.

"And once more, and for the last time, I refuse," answers Herbert, with a grim smile, as he daintily wipes his mouth with a point-lace napkin.

"You positively refuse?"

"I positively refuse."

"Enough!"

The lady stretches forward her dainty jeweled hand and touches a golden bell. A stately butler enters with noiseless tread.

"Johnson, tell Mr. Simpson I will see him here at once."

The butler disappears and in the next moment ushers in Theophilus V. Simpson, the famous detective. He bows politely to Mr. and Mrs. Montmorenci and stands waiting in silence.

"You have followed my instructions?" inquired Hortense, eagerly, of the detective.

"I have, madam."

"And you succeeded?"

"I did."

"And his business?" she asks, rising part way from her golden Louis XV. chair in her increasing excitement.

There is a dreadful pause, and a silence so intense that it seems to fill the room to suffocation and be trying to burst the limits of the walls and escape into the world at large. This lasted fully thirty seconds; then the detective leans forward, and in a voice trembling with the intensity of his emotion, says in a hoarse whisper:

"He is the head waiter in a Coney Island hotel."

With the smothered shriek of a stifled maniac Hortense fell prone upon the Assyrian carpet.

Herbert arose quietly, calmly lighted a cigarette, and, turning to the detective, said, in a tone of cool villainy: "I have played my game and I have lost. I wish you joy of your victory."

Then pointing to the prostrate figure of Hortense, he smiled sardonically, and left the room with the well-bred ease so characteristic of the true aristocrat and head waiter.—N. Y. Evening Sun.

ROUND ABOUT WATERLOO.

Reminiscent View of the Famous Old Battle-Field.

Waterloo and the villages near by must have increased three or four fold since the Hundred Days. Progress shows her portrait in divers advertisements of sewing machines and patent fuel and infallible pills, and what not, stuck up on walls or moldering boarding. You have left the town behind you, and an awful stretch of rough paving that has wrung your ankles most horribly. The white clouds are sailing in the blue sky. The cornflowers nod their blue heads upon the bank. The tall ears of the wheat bend and nestle before the fresh breeze blowing over from distant Hougoumont. Luckily you can boast doing your five miles an hour, and so can soon outstrip the worrying crew of photo sellers that try to follow yelping and bawling at your heels. Now you are up on the top of the hill again and can look down upon the field. See to the left the modest house behind the light gate where Petit Caporal slept the sleep of the unjust the night before the great battle. The peasants brought some bundles of straw and a chair to the knoll nigh by (the butte de Rossomme), and there he sat conning the maps and questioning the old farmer who stood by him nightcap in hand. Well! well! the fight was fought and won; and the dead sleep beneath the field and the wheat grows just the same—only, perchance a little richer than it did a hundred years ago.

A pretty land, too, by the way, is this land of Brabant. Now and again red tile roofs are to be seen amid the somber slate. In the chill months teams of sturdy oxen plow the curving slopes. Yellow-haired, close-cropped little ones play in the cottage doors. And when the evening shadows lengthen, the Angelus comes stealing over the still fields, and the rough laborer lays down his spade, and, cap in hand, listens to the music with a half-murmured prayer upon his lips. It is evening now at last as you make your way down the hill into old Genappe. In the long street the children are playing. As you halt a moment to look at the quaint little shrine outside the church, the balmy fumes of incense float through the half-opened door. "Ave Maria gratia," the simple folk are singing within. You picture to yourself that day when Uxbridge's men charged down the hill and pistol shots and saber points even splintered the lattice of the humble homes by the roadside. Eh bien! that is a long time ago. Now the country is quiet enough, and the children are playing in the street. But yet a mushroom growth of star forts is rising on the frontier, and the rattle of wheels and tumbrils is heard everywhere on the roads. And who can tell what the future may bring forth?—St. James' Gazette.

IN CASE OF SNAKE-BI

Measures to Be Taken When No Help Is Near.

I am often asked what I would do if bitten while far from help. If the wound be at the tip of a finger, I should like to get rid of the part by some such prompt auto-surgical means as a knife or a possible hot iron affords. Failing these, or while seeking help, it is wise to quarantine the poison by two ligatures drawn high enough to stop all circulation. The heart weakness is made worse by emotion, and at this time a man may need stimulus to enable him to walk home. As soon as possible some one should thoroughly infiltrate the seat of the bite with permanganate or other agents. By working and kneading the tissues the venom and the antidote may be made to come into contact, and the former be so far destroyed. At this time it becomes needful to relax the ligatures to escape gangrene. This relaxation of course lets some venom into the blood-round, but in a few moments is is possible again to tighten the ligatures, and again to inject the local antidote. If the dose of venom be large and the distance from help great, except the knife or cautery little is to be done that is of value. But it is well to bear in mind that in this country a bite in the extremities rarely causes death. I have known of nine dogs having been bitten by as many snakes and of these dogs but two died. In India there would have been probably nine dead dogs.—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in The Century.

—"What do they do when they install a minister?" inquired a small boy; "do they put him in a stall and feed him?" "Not always," said his father; "sometimes they harness him to the church and expect him to draw it alone."

Ground Floor Prices.

"How much are strawberries?" she wearily asked a Woodward avenue grocer.

"Ten cents, ma'am."

"Isn't that high?"

"Well, yes, but they are certain to go higher."

"Do you think so?"

"Why, certainly. If Austria and Russia go to war, as now seems probable, strawberries will jump to fifty cents a quart in no time."

"Yes, I 'spose so, and I 'spose Charles will agree that I ought to buy now. You may give me a pint."—Detroit Free Press.

A Frank Explanation.

"Mr. Dashaway," said one of the real lady boarders, as she polished her plate with her napkin, "I hope you will pardon me for mentioning it, but we ladies have been remarking of late that you never appear at the table twice wearing the same necktie."

"The fact is, madam," said Dashaway, as he glanced grimly at Mrs. Slimdiet, the land lady, "I must have some variety."—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Fellow Feeling.

"King Milan is fearfully short of money and utterly without credit." When Brokeley read this he thrust both hands into his pockets up to the wrist, and exclaimed, melodramatically: "Now I know what it is to feel like a king!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

THE MILLER AND THE CAMEL.

The Arabs tell of a miller
Who one morning from his repose
Was wakened by hearing a camel
Through the window thrust his nose.

"It's cold out here," said the creature,
"And I wish, sir, if you please,
Just to warm my nose a moment;
It's so chilled I fear 'twill freeze."

"All right!" said the other, kindly;
"You do look pinched and thin."
"O, thank you!" replied the camel,
And his head went further in.

Soon, while the miller slumbered,
Both head and neck were through;
Then presently in at the window
The body entered, too.

Now, the room was close and narrow,
And the startled sleeper woke,
And to his ungainly inmate
At length, complaining, spoke.

"Really, my friend, while willing
To grant your first request,
My quarters are not sufficient
To hold so large a guest."

"Very well," said the other, coolly,
"If you find it as you say,
Move out—in fact, you'll have to
For I have come to stay."

How plainly this story teaches
(As you perceive, no doubt)
Wrong into the heart admitted
Will soon the *right* drive out.

And how plain it warns us, also,
At the very first to shun
The evil that seems so harmless,
Ere an entrance has been won.

—*Rev. Philip B. Strong, in Golden Days.*

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

A Party of Despondent Tourists Saved by Following Elk.

In the fall of 1879 a party of three men were sight-seeing and hunting in the Yellowstone National Park, and having prolonged their stay until late in October, were overtaken by a terrible snow-storm, which completely blockaded and obliterated all the trails, and filled the gulches, canyons and coulees to such a depth that their horses could not travel over them at all. They had lain in camp three days waiting for the storm to abate, but as it continued to grow in severity, and as the snow became deeper and deeper, their situation grew daily and hourly more alarming. Their stock of provisions was low, they had no shelter sufficient to withstand the rigors of a winter at that altitude, and it was fast becoming a question whether they should ever be able to escape beyond the snow-clad peaks and snow-filled canyons with which they were hemmed in. Their only hope of escape was by abandoning their horses, and constructing show-shoes which might keep them above the snow; but in this case they could not carry bedding and food enough to last them throughout the several days that the journey would occupy to the nearest ranch, and the chances of killing game *en route* after the severe weather had set in were extremely precarious. They had already set about making snow-shoes from the skin of an elk which they had saved. One pair had been completed, and the storm having abated, one of the party set out to look over the surrounding country for the most feasible route by which to get out, and also to try if possible to find game of some kind. He had gone about a mile toward the northeast when he came upon the fresh trail of a large band of elk that were moving toward the east. He followed, and in a short time came up with them. They were traveling in single file, led by a powerful old bull, who wallowed through snow, in which only his head and neck were visible, with all the patience and preseverance of a faithful old ox. The others followed him—the stronger ones in front and the weaker ones bringing up the rear. There were thirty-seven in the band, and by the time they had all walked in the same line they left it an open, well-beaten trail. The hunter approached within a few yards of them. They were greatly alarmed when they saw him, and made a few bounds in various directions; but seeing their struggles were in vain, they meekly submitted to what seemed their impending fate, and fell back in rear of their file-leader. This would have been the golden opportunity of a skin hunter, who could and would have shot them all down in their tracks from a single stand. But such was not the mission of our friend. He saw in this noble, struggling band a means of deliverance from what had threatened to be a wintry grave for him and his companions. He did not fire a shot, and did not in any way create unnecessary alarm amongst the elk, but hurried back to camp and reported to his friends what he had seen.

In a moment the camp was a scene of activity and excitement. Tent, bedding, provisions, every thing that was absolutely necessary to their journey, were hurriedly packed upon their pack animals; saddles were placed, rifles were slung to the saddles, and leaving all surplus baggage, such as trophies of their hunt, mineral specimens, and curios of various kinds, for future comers, they started for the elk trail. They had a slow, tedious and laborious task breaking a way through the deep snow to reach it, but by walking and leading their saddle animals ahead, the pack animals were able to follow slowly. Finally they reached the trail of the elk herd, and following this, after nine days of tedious and painful traveling, the party arrived at a ranch between the upper falls of the Yellowstone river and Yellowstone lake, on the Stinking river, which was kept by a "squaw man" and his wife, where they were enabled to lodge and recruit themselves and their stock, and whence they finally reached their homes in safety. The band of elk passed down the river, and our tourists never saw them again; but they have doubtless long ere this all fallen a prey to the ruthless war that is constantly being waged against them by hunters white and red.—*G. O. Shields, in Harper's Magazine.*

—A well-known traveling theatrical manager has implicit faith in the belief that if a deadhead is the first person to enter a theater it will bring bad luck. While on the road recently two young ladies holding complimentary tickets were the first to present themselves at the theater when the doors were opened. The manager's brow lowered when he saw the paper, and to the amazement of the ladies he requested them to wait in the lobby until some tickets had been sold at the box-office.

DEVIL WORSHIPERS.

Strange Religion of Certain Communities in Western Asia.

According to Herr Gustav Pauli, who recently made a journey from Tabriz to Lake Van, the Nestorian Christians grace with the name of devil-worshipers a number of communities scattered through Russian and Turkish Armenia and in the Valley of the Tigris down to Mosul. Near Mosul, in the outspurs of Kurdistan, lies Ba-Hasani, the holy city of the Jesids or devil-worshipers, and containing the temple and mausoleum of their Sheik Adi, and not far thence the village of Bashiyka, the residence of their civil and religious head. According to tradition, their faith had its origin in certain apostate members of Armenian Church, and their name is variously derived from Jesu or Jesid, one of their chiefs, and from the town Jezd. Their faith has probably, however, a much earlier origin, derived from the influence of all those religions successfully holding sway in those regions, from Zoroastrianism to Islam.

They address prayers to the sun at his rising and kiss the place first touched by his beams. At certain festivals they warm the fingers of their right hand at the holy taper, then draw them over their right eyebrows and kiss them. The Supreme Being they name Allah, and reverence the founder of Islam as a prophet, while they reverence Christ as a great angel naming Him Ben Isal Nurani (Jesus, Son of the Light), who one day will come to rule the world. They desire to live in good understanding with Shaitan (Satan?), the devil, and so great is their respect for him that they do not presume to pronounce his name, but call him "Melek-Taup," and pay honor to him symbolically as a light-giver (Lucifer), and in the figure of a bird. Our Thursday is their Sabbath. They fast forty days in the spring, but are not over strict in the observance of such fast, preferring rather to do it by proxy. One member of the family fasting will do for all the others as well as himself. Children are immediately after birth baptized with the water of the holy spring at the grave of the Sheik Adi. To this end that water is fetched to places very remote from the holy well by mendicant monks (Kawall,) all belonging to one single family.

The Jesids have a horror of the color of blue (flame of sulphur?), and eschew all attire of that hue. They have the reputation of being strictly honest and moral. They show great respect to women, so that a woman may acquire the priestly dignity. Polygamy is allowed only with tribal-chiefs. The common man may have but one wife, for whom he has often to pay the mother a rather high price. Priests and Kawal may not marry out of their caste. A widow dresses in white, and etiquette requires of her even to strew dust on her head and smear her face with clay. Corpses are first washed and then buried with the face toward the Polar star. In the killing of animals all the blood is drained off by cutting through the artery of the neck, as with the Jews and Mohammedans. They cling with great tenacity to their faith, but refuse the adoption of any proselytes into their ranks.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

The City Czar Peter Built on the Deadly Marshes of the Neva.

There was a sublime ruthlessness about the Czar Peter which reminds us at every step of the operation of the forces of nature. What recked he how many of 40,000 serfs, whom he impressed every year to build his city, perished in the marsh? As little as the earthquake which engulfs a city or the typhoon which desolates a province. He was an elemental force embodied in human form—and what a force! No one can properly appreciate the colossal energy of the man until he has had some acquaintance with the unconquerable inertia of the people whom Peter set himself to force into step with nations hundreds of years in advance of Muscovy. Even to this day his countrymen have not quite made up their minds whether he was a fiend or an archangel, antichrist, or a a new avatar. But surely in all history there are few more pathetically tragic spectacles than this tremendous battle with mud giants on the part of this modern Thor, a struggle constantly renewed by his unconquerable will, but constantly thwarted by that stupidity against which the gods themselves contend in vain. I suppose Mr. Auberon Herbert would see in the story of Peter's heroic attempt to knout a nation into reform a telling object lesson as to the fatuity of all efforts to force the pace of nature. But Peter himself, with his fiery energy and unconquerable will, was at least as fundamental a piece of nature as the sluggishness and superstition with which he waged so sore a war. It is true he failed in much, and many things have not turned out as he hoped. Even St. Petersburg is now admitted to occupy by no means the most desirable site on the Russian seaboard. The mortality among the levies whose labor built the city was great, but the number who perish by the unhealthiness of the site year after year, even to this day, is still more appalling. The death rate of St. Petersburg is nearly double that of London, and, even if all allowance is made for the difference of sanitary science, the mortality due to the site selected by Peter can hardly be less than 10 per 1,000 per annum. As the population of the capital is 930,000, this is equivalent to an annual hecatomb of 9,300 victims sacrificed to the manes of the Despot-Reformer.—*Contemporary Review.*

Sharpening Up.

Miss Quito—Turn faster, Billy; this is going to be a hot summer.—*Life.*

THE DOUBLE CHIN.

Philosopher Lavater Pronounces It "Reason's Own Image."

The great justification of the double chin rests, of course, on its unrivaled value as an index of character! It is not difficult to divine what Lavater thought of a double chin. He carefully points out that man differs from the animals chiefly by his chin, laying it down as an axiom that the chin is the distinctive characteristic of humanity; consequently, double-chinned people are doubly differentiated from the beasts that perish, which is greatly to their credit. He expressly takes for his model of "the thinker, full of sagacity and penetration," a man with a fleshy double chin, coupled with a nose rounded at the end. The portrait he gives is even better than the letter-press, as the gentleman is limned with at least five chins, so that his lower jaw is a vista of magnificent distances, like Washington. This happy physiognomy of the double chin coupled with the rounded nose, characterizes, he tells us, the mind which can rise to heights, and which follows its designs with reflecting firmness unalloyed by obstinacy. Let, therefore, those with double chins rejoice, whether they possess rounded noses or not, and quote Lavater in gratitude. He gives again another example of the *double menton*, and the face so endowed, he says enthusiastically, is Reason's own image. He quite revels in this feature. He takes an example of Raphael with a beautifully rounded double chin, and in criticising it he acknowledges that the profile is wanting in truth, harmony, and grace; but then, asks he, how is it it so strongly takes captive our sympathy? Where lies the illusion? Merely in the chin, he answers, and as the chin is a double one, the matter is no longer a mystery. He points triumphantly to Cicero's magnificent double chin, and in a burst of eloquence says of Wren's that, if you can find a man with (among other things) such a chin as that, without being gifted with some extraordinary talent, he renounces forever the science of physiognomy. What Lavater has thus laid down, experience simply corroborates. The double-chinned, therefore, should hold their heads up higher, in the conscientiousness of modest merit, and give free play and just prominence to their certificates of character. It is, as hinted above, rather difficult at present to tell who is endowed and who is not. Portrait-painters are craven enough to dissimulate a double chin; they leave it to the caricaturist, who seem to think it great fun for a popular statesman or poet to have two chins, whereas those appendages are the secret of their success. Some of our most observant writers have got a glimpse of the truth: Mr. Wilkie Collins, for instance. He very properly credits Count Fosco, the man of daring, resource and determination, with a double chin, to which Fosco's pet cockatoo calls public attention, by rubbing his head against it in the most appreciative manner possible. But your ordinary novelist would never have thought of that. As an Englishman, by the way, one naturally turns to Shakespeare, to see whether his appearance corroborates Lavater's views. Shakespeare undoubtedly foresaw the point, as he foresaw every thing else, but he was sufficiently artful to wear just enough beard to place it in eternal doubt whether he had a double chin or not. Thus he leaves it open to all parties, single-chinned or double, to quote him as an instance of any thing they like, which, after all, is the great use which Shakespeare has always been put to.—*London Standard.*

STRENGTH OF ROPES.

Result of Experiments Made by a French Scientist.

The quality of the workmanship, strength, extensibility and elasticity of round and flat ropes of hemp and aloe, and of iron and steel wire, have been experimentally investigated by A. Duboul, and the results of his experiments published in the Bulletin de la Societe d'Encouragement des Arts, Paris. In his experiments Mr. Duboul used a horizontal hydraulic press and a weighing apparatus consisting of a steelyard and sliding weight, by which tension of from one to 130,000 pounds could be recorded. For higher pressure a gauge on the body of the press was used. Specimens were fastened by winding each end on a grooved pulley of special construction. The usual length of specimens for testing was thirteen feet.

The results of all the tests gave for the average tensile strengths of ropes the following:

	Lbs. per sq. inch.
White hemp	10,500 to 11,900
Tarred hemp	7,700 to 8,400
White manila	9,800 to 10,600
White aloes	5,600 to 7,000
Flat, tarred hemp or manila	7,800 to 8,400

A factor of safety of 4, or even 3 in some cases, is considered safe ropes.

A rope of unannealed wire has an ultimate tensile strength of about 55,000 pounds per square inch of section of metal; when annealed the ultimate strength is reduced to about 45,000 pounds, but the elongation is nearly doubled, being 12 to 15 per cent. in annealed wire. The best wire ropes for mining purposes have a much higher tensile strength. Another writer on the same subject says that the tensile strength of a wet rope is only one-third that of the same rope when dry, and that a rope saturated with soap or grease is still weaker.—*Mechanical News.*

—"Accept my hand, Augusta." And the maiden looked at the hand, which was something smaller than the average-sized salt-fish, hesitated a moment and then said sweetly: "Isn't there a discount—something off, where you take so large an order."—*Boston Transcript.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The desire of appearing to be wise often prevents our becoming so.

—Ten people say that a thing ought to be done where one will propose to do it.

—Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there of themselves.

Black Ingratitude.

Mother—Dar, now, I done tole you not to play wid dem white childens. Dey lick all de lasses off yer bread an' den call yer nigger!—Texas Siftings.

NAVIGATING THE AIR.

Carl Myers Thinks It Will Some Day Be a Common Thing.

Carl Myers, of Frankfort, N. Y., the husband of Carlotta, the well-known feminine æronaut, and identified himself for the past twelve years with the problem of ærial navigation, who has been a guest at the Wayne Hotel during the past few days, is what a theatrical man might call an æronautic manager. He sometimes takes a little excursion up into the cold clouds to try to see if the etheral regions look natural and if things are all there, but not often. The ascensions which he himself has made number only forty-four. He has, however, a corps of star æronauts employed and contracts with county fairs and Fourth of July celebrations to furnish balloons and experienced air sailors at reasonable prices. He has also given considerable attention to the improvement of the balloon, and fine muslin manufactured from sea island cotton becomes, when treated by a process invented by him, a better material from which to manufacture air-ships than silk, and much less expensive. Anticipating the day when monopolistic individuals will control the aerial trunk lines of navigation as well as State Legislatures and slower means of transportation lower down, he has continued investing in ærial property, occasionally laying by a balloon for a rainy day, until now he is the owner of twenty-seven gas air-ships, besides a large number of hot-air balloons. His gas balloons are manned by a crew of thirteen persons, and he has a much larger number than that to run his hot-air contrivances.

The result of long study devoted to the subject and an extensive experience has been to make Mr. Myers a firm believer in the eventful practicability of navigating the upper air. He is now the proprietor of what is said to be the only balloon factory in the world, but he declares his conviction that such concerns will some day be as common as car shops or railroad yards.

"I have just perfected," he said, "what I call an air velocipede, and shall give public exhibitions of its capabilities in the near future. It is provided with a reservoir containing sufficient hydrogen gas to support the weight of one individual. There by means of a device operated by the hands and feet it can be propelled in any direction in the air desired. The experiment already made with the machine shows its practicability, and it is easier to run it than it is to propel a bicycle on land.

"The same propelling apparatus on a larger scale could, of course, be used to navigate a great air-ship, if a sufficiently powerful engine, not too heavy to overcome the lifting power of the gas, could be found to furnish the motive power. I am now experimenting with encouraging results, on a very light, simple contrivance run by successive explosions of small quantities of dynamite."—Detroit Tribune.

VERY OLD CUSTOMS.

Origin and Significance of Modern Forms of Salutation.

Most modern forms of salutation and civility are derived from chivalry, or at least from war, and they all betoken some difference, as from a conquered person to the conqueror, just as in private life we still continue to sign ourselves the "very humble servants" of our correspondent. The uncovered head was simply the head unarmed, the helmet being removed; the party was at mercy. So the hand ungloved was the hand ungauntleted, and at the present time it is an inability to shake hands with gloves on. Shaking hands itself was but a token of truce, in which the parties both held each of the other's weapon-hand to make sure against treachery. So also a gentleman's bow is but an echo of the neck to the stroke of the executioner; so the lady's courtesy is but a form of going on her knees for mercy. The general principle is marked, as one ought naturally to be, still more strongly in the case of military salutes.

Why is a discharge of guns a salute? Because it leaves the guns empty, and at the mercy of the opponent. And this is so true that the saluting with blank cartridge is a modern invention. Formerly salutes were fired by discharging the cannon balls, and there have been instances in which the compliment has been nearly fatal to the visitor whom it meant to honor. When the officer salutes he points the drawn sword to the ground, and the saluting of the trooper is even at this day called "presenting arms"—that is, presenting them to be taken.—Troy Times.

—An article in the *North China Herald* upon Chinese benevolence shows that it is very generally practiced. Whenever great floods or famines occur great soup kitchens are established. There are societies to provide coffins for those who can not buy them, for gathering human bones which have become exposed and giving them suitable burial, for distributing plasters and drugs, and for presenting "virtue books."

—The British Consul at Bussorah, on the Persian Gulf, states that since the cultivation of date and wheat has been substituted for that of rice a remarkable improvement has taken place in the climate of the country around Bussorah. He says that the malarious fever, to which Bussorah gave its name, is now comparatively rare; and sallow complexions and bad looks, which several years ago were universal, are now no longer seen. The northwest wind, which prevails in the hot weather, instead of being moist and clammy, as it used to be, is now dry and hot."

—Queen Louisa of Denmark, who is called the "mother-in-law of Europe," has remarkable gifts of fascination and diplomacy, and has brought up her children well, has personally attended to the education of her daughters, the Princess of Wales and the Czarina of Russia. She is said to have a great influence over her sons-in-law. She has steadily held herself in the direction of peace, and is said to be one of the "most successful peace-makers of our generation."