

## HEADGEAR OF ROYALTY.

A Parisian Milliner Recalls the Fancies of Her Titled Patrons.

I number a great many royal ladies among my customers. For instance, I have furnished for years past the hats and bonnets worn by the Princesses of the Orleans family. The Comtesse de Paris dresses in a severe and simple style, and always wears round hats—never bonnets. Her hats are small and of a special variety of the toque shape, which is prepared purposely for her. Dark brown and black are her favorite colors. Her married daughter, the Duchesse de Braganza, shares her mother's simplicity of taste. The Duchesse de Chartres, the sister-in-law of the Comtesse de Paris, is one of the most elegant royal ladies in Europe. She is famed for her graceful carriage, and it has been said of her that to see her sit down was in itself a lesson in grace. Her usual style of headgear is the capote bonnet in black and gold or cream-white or red, all of which colors, or combination of colors, are very becoming to her. Her daughter, the Princess Waldemar of Denmark, prefers a style of headgear which is gotten up especially for her. It is of the toque shape in front, curving down at the back in something of the capote form. She likes straight high trimming set in front of the crown, never wears strings, and particularly dislikes hanging ends, whether of ribbon or lace. As she has a fresh, fair complexion, she delights in delicate shades of pale blue or silver gray.

The Empress of Russia has been for some years past one of my customers. Like her sister, the Princess of Wales, she never wears high-crowned or large-brimmed hats, which, indeed, would be unsuited to the delicate type of her beauty. Every thing must be small and neat and compact, whether hat or bonnet. Her favorite colors are pale blue and mauve, and several of the new shades of green, such as Nile-red and vernal-green, which last is the newest color yet produced this season.

Her sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who was a Princess of the ducal house of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is one of the royal leaders of the European fashion, being extremely stylish in manner and possessing infinite taste in dress.

I have just carried out for her an idea of her own, which was to combine in a toque a crown in real seal-skin with trimming of white silk gauze. This union of the fur and gauze, of dark brown and white, was daring and novel, and perfectly successful. She delights in wearing flowers, her favorites being chrysanthemums and violets.

The wife of her second brother, formerly the Princess Elizabeth of Saxe-Weimar, also has much taste in dress. Just at present she is restricted to black and white, as her husband is cousin of the Emperor of Germany, and she is still in slight mourning for the Emperor Frederick. She wears compact capotes, with close bordering and strings, the bow under the throat being very becoming to her. When she was married three years ago I furnished the bonnets and hats of her household, comprising some thirty in all. Every costume was made with a hat to match, and every carriage, or reception, or theater dress had the bonnet to correspond in material as well as in color.—Paris Letter.

## How Tea is Tasted Nowadays.

The art of tea-tasting in commercial houses, which formerly proved detrimental to the health of so many men, has now been reduced to such accuracy that the tasting part of it has been practically eliminated in all but the name, and the tea is tested now by sight and smell. Boiling water is first poured on an accurately-measured portion of the leaves. In a few minutes the liquid shows some tint of green or brown, and the length of this time and the shade of the color produced are important elements in the test. The taster then, with the aid of a spoon, inhales the rising steam from the mixture. This is called "getting the aroma," and is the most important part of the test. He may, perhaps, in some cases actually taste the liquid, but this is no longer generally done. Color, aroma and the "liquoring" qualities of the tea are sufficient grounds to judge by. The old-time tea-taster was a high-salaried expert, who frequently ended his career with heart disease or fits, the result of slow poisoning from the quantities of adulterated tea he tasted, but now, as a rule, every merchant tests his own tea by the recent and approved method.—N. Y. Tribune.

## Progress of Women in India.

The Government's endeavor to promote the study of medicine by women is proving most successful," says the correspondent of the London Times at Calcutta. "At the last examination of students in Calcutta ladies carried off numerous prizes and honors. A native girl, Rajni Mitter, ranked highest in the first M.B. examination, and carried off two prizes; Misses Sykes, Dissent and Pereira obtained certificates of honor in surgery; Miss Woods a special certificate of honor in anatomy; Miss Mitchell secured the Viceroy's medal, a certificate of honor in ophthalmic medicine and numerous prizes; Miss Muller took a gold medal in materia medica against all competitors, and a special certificate in anatomy; Miss Smyth won a gold medal in dentistry; and Miss Fox a certificate of honor in anatomy.

## OUR DARLING BABIES.

How They Should be Dressed During the Heated Term.

One can not walk a half mile in any part of town at this time of year without meeting babies, and babies of all kinds. Poor little three-week-olds smothered in flannels until they can hardly breathe, and little toddlers pale with the effort to cut their eye-teeth and breathe city air at the same time. A baby of any age needs air at this time of year. The long cashmere cloaks that strain the necks of babies under four months are barbarous, and yet half the mothers in town use them. From sunrise until sunset, while the thermometer is up to seventy-six, a baby just born or under three months old needs only a little flannel skirt, high in the neck and long in the sleeves, a flannel band, knitted and put on loosely; a napkin, soft woolen socks, one long flannel petticoat and one muslin slip.

Do not put any thing else on the poor little helpless thing. A knitted jacket and a white muslin cap are sufficient for outdoors, except when walking in the wind or driving; then a soft shawl or cape is best. The cloaks with sleeves should not be used until a baby is old enough to put out his hand for his rattle. Then he is old enough to hold up his head without support from the hand and can better bear the weight of the cloak.

Don't keep the baby bundled up all day. After his mid-day nap and meal place him flat on his back in the center of your bed, turn his long frock up and let him kick and crawl. It will help him to grow and will strengthen his back and legs.

If it is very warm and the baby is fretful give him a mid-day bath in tepid water, and another one at sundown if he needs it. Very little babies should not be put in the water but once a day, but are easily sponged off, and are generally quiet and sleep well after a bath. A little vinegar added to the water will allay the itching from prickly heat.

Changing often comes with June weather, and it is very painful to the baby. To prevent it baby should be sponged off and powdered a half dozen times a day. Fuller's earth is used when powder is not sufficient. The former is a very fine dust-colored powder and can be obtained at any drug-store.

Don't put the baby to sleep on a feather bed, and use a very thin little feather pillow for his head. One of the best summer cradles has a bottom of wire-screen, and on this is placed a four-fold quilt lined with cotton, and a small soft hair pillow. A single elder-down spread is used.

## THE AUTOCRAT TALKS.

O. W. Holmes' View of a Phase or Two of Literature.

"The question is, will this country ever see another such group of remarkable men as Boston has produced. In history there are Prescott, Motley and Parkman. In theology, Theodore Parker and Dr. Bartol; in oratory, Wendell Phillips; in philosophy, Emerson; in poetry, Longfellow and Whittier; for the latter, if not an actual resident of Boston, must be regarded, nevertheless, as belonging to the Boston literary guild.

"There is Lowell, also. Others might be mentioned in addition to those already named. For real intellectual force take the old Chestnut Street Club, or the Radical Club, as some choose to call it. Where will you find its equal? We have never had any thing like it in this country since. Indeed, the literary outlook seems hardly encouraging. I sometimes feel that poetry will become a lost art with us. To be sure we have a large number of writers of verse—I refer to the rising generation of writers—and it is very good verse, too, but very little—very little—of it rises to the scale of real poetry. It is not sufficiently striking to impress itself upon the world to endure. The disposition is to indulge in fanciful triquet and the roudou, all pretty enough in their way; but very few poems of this character have ever become immortal.

"For example, the sonnet is one of the most mechanical and artificial forms of verse there is. To be sure, Shakespeare's sonnets are excellent, as they do not conform to the established rules governing the construction of the sonnet. If one is to succeed in poetry he must give free rein to his sentiment and imagination in the more simple and natural forms of verse. Take for instance, Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'; the form is simple and easy. This is a great poem and will live. Still, from these observations, I would not seek to discourage any young man from seeking to be a poet if he really feels the divine instinct within him.

"But I would urge him by all means to adopt the most natural way of writing, and not by any means depend on poetry or literature, in any sense, for his bread and butter. Let him have something else for a staff; it is absolutely necessary, unless one be a genius, and even then it is far safer. Poe was a genius, yet his case ought to prove a warning to all who aspire in literature. I in my own case have had a professorship, the work of which has not always been congenial; nevertheless, it has proved a good staff."—From an interview in Boston Journal.

## POVERTY IN INDIA.

A Country Where Able-Bodied Men Work for Six Cents a Day.

I had always looked upon India as a rice-eating country. I find that a great number of the people here eat wheat and grain. In Northwestern India only about ten per cent. of the people eat rice, and in the prison at Agra I found that the prisoners were fed upon grain. Everywhere the mass of the people seem to be underfed and the leanest, scraggiest specimens of humanity I have ever seen I find in this rich valley of the Ganges. Where nature has done every thing the people are starving, and you can have no idea of the skin and bone men and boys whom I see daily by the thousands. The costume of the people is such that the arms and legs and often the breasts and waists are bare. There seems to be nothing but skin, bones and sinew, and the average thigh is not bigger than a muscular American biceps. There are no calves whatsoever, and the joints at the knees and ankles are extraordinarily large. Nearly every man you meet, if he be poor, has wrinkles in his belly, and at every railroad station you find gaunt, dark-faced, piteous, lean men, who slap their bare stomachs to show that they are hollow and ask for backshish. Wages are miserably low. Farm laborers get from six to eight cents a day. Even travelers who have to pay the highest wages, can get good English-speaking servants who will travel with them and feed themselves for thirty-three cents a day, and less than that if taken by the month.

This valley of the Ganges has more people than it can support, and it is probably the most densely populated part of the world. The people live in villages and the average country town consists of one-story mud huts, too poor and ill-ventilated for American pig-pens. You would not think of having such outhouses as the residences of the majority of this vast population would make, and in a large part of India, and especially in the best part of this Ganges country, the holdings average from two to three acres apiece. At four to the family this represents a half acre per person, or over 1,200 persons per square mile. When it is remembered that these people live by agriculture it will be seen that this condition is far worse than that of China or any part of Europe. And still the people are bright. They are brainy, too, and you will find few sharper business men, better cut faces and more polite people than these people of India. Their faces in this part of India have much the same characteristics as those of the Anglo-Saxon. Those of the higher castes are more like those of the Greeks, and I see faces every day which, if the skin were white, any American might be proud to own. They belong to the same race germ that we do, and under the same training and Christian influences they would be strong competitors with us. But what can a man do on six cents a day, or how can a man learn when he has to struggle to exist. The population of India is continually increasing. England cuts the lion's share of the products of the country, and though the people are perhaps better off under her government than they have been in the past, it is the same old story of her wealth going to the rulers and the people working their flesh off their bones to support them. The Governor-General of India, who, by the way, is the rich Marquis of Lansdowne, gets \$10,000 a year. Quite a contrast with the wages of the masses at six cents a day, isn't it?—Frank G. Carpenter, in Boston Globe.

## WORK DELIBERATELY.

The Man Who Can Do It Is the One That Will Be Successful.

There are some things which must be done in a hurry, or not at all. Catching a flea is one of the best examples apropos to this. But as a rule, it is safe to say, the man or woman who works deliberately accomplishes the most. The deliberate worker is the thoughtful worker, with whom the habit of system become second nature. Any one may cultivate it who will take the trouble to try; and the most unsystematic, spasmodic worker will realize with amazement how easy it is to go through an allotted task in half the time it formerly required by planning it all out before entering the office, workshop or kitchen.

The hurried worker is the one who fancies he is an uncommonly busy man. True, he is; so is the man who tries to bale out a leaky boat with a crownless hat; and in proportion to the energy expended, very often, the one accomplishes about as much as the other. The busiest men we have known were those who never seemed to be in a hurry, and they accomplished more in a given time, and were less worn out when their work was done, than many who accomplished half as much and almost ruptured themselves in doing it.

Think of your work before beginning it, then go at it deliberately. It will save wear and tear of nerve and muscle, you will accomplish more, and what you do will be better done.—Manufacturer and Builder.

## IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

The Growing Popularity of the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Every summer hundreds make the excursion along the Norwegian coast to the North Cape, where the midnight sun is witnessed and the night is as light as day. The inhabitants of the Arctic regions seem to enjoy life as much as those in lower latitudes. They would not exchange their country for any other. The Icelanders do not want a better country than that found in the island which is surrounded by ice half the year. A few emigrate because otherwise the population would over-take the island. But the natives of high latitudes never seek warm countries. The Norwegian immigrants take kindly to Wisconsin and Minnesota. They want frost, snow and ice. If the lakes and rivers are not sealed up half the year it is not a good country for Norwegians. A few years ago some of these people made explorations in Alaska with a view to settlement. The winter climate is milder than that of Norway. Of course these explorers did not find a country more attractive than the northern parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota. They found a country where the waters abounded in fish and there were vast forests. But these advantages are found in the Northwestern States and Territories in addition to cheap and fertile lands.

Dr. Nansen, who made the journey across Greenland, was compelled to spend the winter at Godthaab, on the western coast. He found winter life enjoyable. The permanent white settlers did not need any sympathy on account of the rigors of the climate. Upernivik in Greenland is the most northern hamlet in the world. A Danish doctor who had spent most of his life there proposed to go back to Denmark and end his days. But having been gone twelve months he returned to live in the town within the Arctic circle, declaring that it was a good enough place for him after having seen something of the rest of the world.

Arctic explorers who are not broken by the hardships of the first voyage are ready to make another. Life in these high latitudes has a fascination for them. Whalers go far up into the Arctic Ocean year after year. Captains of whaling vessels rarely retire from business so long as they have sufficient physical stamina. These high latitudes deal kindly with them. In Sweden, the terminus of the most northern railroad in that country is on the line of the Arctic circle. How far will civilization yet push into Arctic regions? Railroads may finally reach the Arctic circle by way of Alaska. Life has been found tolerable in winter even at Point Barrow, the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

The summer tourists are now on their way in greater numbers than usual to the high latitudes of Alaska. Those who have made the excursion to the North Cape and have since made one to Alaska, declare that scenery along the coast of the latter surpasses in grandeur and beauty that along the coast of Norway. The passage through narrow waterways, the placid waters, wooded islands, landlocked bays, fjords, majestic mountains, and forests coming down to meet the sea, and further north the glaciers, are some of the attractions of this summer excursion in high latitudes. At no distant day, probably, these summer excursions will be extended to points where the midnight sun will be as visible as at the North Cape. Where the present excursions terminate there is only a brief twilight during the twenty-four hours. An old whaling captain, being interrogated about the appearance of the midnight sun in the Arctic Ocean, declared that the sight was not at all equal to the spouting of a good-sized whale.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## She Owned the Earth.

She held up her hand to the conductor to stop the car, but he was in no hurry about it and waited until it reached the crossing.

"Didn't I signal you to stop the car back there?" she demanded.

"You did, madam."

"Then why didn't you stop it?"

"Against orders, ma'am; we stop only at crossings."

"Who gave those orders?"

"The manager."

"Is the manager on the car?"

"No, ma'am."

"And I can't see him?"

"Not unless you go to the office."

"Very well. I withdraw my patronage from this line. Just inform the manager of this fact, will you, and suggest that he call and apologize. The car can now proceed."

And the car, strange to relate, did proceed.—Detroit Free Press.

## Not Very Far Advanced.

Dinguss—Mr. Snip, have you finished that suit of clothes I ordered the other day?

Tailor (well acquainted with Dinguss)—Why, no, Mr. Dinguss. It isn't exactly finished yet.

Dinguss—I suppose, then, it is pretty well advanced by this time?

Tailor—Er—no. It's the advance I'm waiting for, Mr. Dinguss.—Chicago Tribune.

—Mr. Kohms, said Mrs. Hashcroft, looking into the little boarding-house parlor, "will you be kind enough to step into the back room for a moment?" "Certainly," said the consumptive-looking boarder. "It's funny," he muttered to himself, "that every time any body comes here to apply for board she hustles me out of sight."—Terre Haute Express.

## THE LADY OF LYONS.

To Deceive Hostile Critics the Play Was First Produced Anonymously.

I am not old enough to remember the publication of the early novels of Edward Lytton Bulwer, and consequently am unable to speak of their reception by the public press; but when that gifted gentleman took to writing for the stage I perfectly recollect the savage attacks that were made upon his dramatic attempts.

There is no doubt that Bulwer had, in some way or other, made himself personally offensive to the critics; but, whether or no, he became fully persuaded that no play written by him, however good it might be, would be allowed to succeed upon the stage.

Acting upon this conviction he, in counsel with Macready, who always played the hero in his pieces, determined to produce his next dramatic attempt anonymously. Happy thought! The subject fixed upon was "The Lady of Lyons," and when the play was produced—about the year 1842, I think—the authorship was known to two persons only—Macready and Bulwer. Dickens was the intimate friend of both actor and writer and on invitation of Macready he took his place among the audience on the first night, in total ignorance of any thing and every thing connected with the play. The curtain fell to a storm of applause. Dickens went delightedly behind the scenes to congratulate the great actor on a well-deserved success.

In Macready's dressing-room Dickens found Bulwer, looking, as he thought, a little disturbed.

"A capital play! good idea—well and dramatically worked out. The author, a young fellow, I suppose, has been looking a little at our friend here," indicating Bulwer. "If this is his first work I predict a fine future for him; as for you, my dear Macready, you are in for a long run, depend upon it." Then, turning to Bulwer, Dickens said: "Did you see the play from the front? I did not notice you among the audience."

"No," said Bulwer, "I saw quite enough of it from the wings."

"Well," exclaimed Dickens, "you are not satisfied with it?"

"Not a bit of it," said Bulwer. "It was capitally acted, fortunately for the author. Without our friend here it might have been a hideous failure."

"My dear Bulwer, if I did not believe you to be free from the slightest tinge of jealousy of other writers, what you have just said would make me uneasy. The fellow has written a bright, capital play, and you should be the first to acknowledge such."

"Not if I don't think so, I suppose," said Bulwer with a smile.

In telling this anecdote, as well as I can remember, I have used Dickens' expressions as I heard them from his own lips.

## BETLES AS CHARMS.

Queer Discovery Made by a Reporter in a Gotham Jewelry Store.

An industrious Mexican beetle in the window of a jeweler on upper Broadway furnishes amusement to large crowds almost every hour of the day. It is a curious looking insect, and even persons well versed in natural history are unable at first sight to tell exactly to what variety it belongs. It looks like a cross between a big black spider and a tumble bug.

The beetle has a velvety blue black, with the legs of a spider. Around the neck is a gold band attached to a thread that holds the insect to a miniature human skeleton. The beetle crawls up and down the skeleton with the regularity of clock work. So precise are the movements that nearly every one mistakes it for a mechanical toy.

The other afternoon Walter B. Price and Senator Stadler spent some time pondering over the beetle. "I don't believe a piece of mechanism could be as perfect as that," exclaimed the Senator.

Mr. Price, who is a great student of natural history, insisted that nature had never constructed such a looking insect, and as a result of the difference of opinion a wager was made. I accompanied the two gentlemen into the store to decide the wager. The jeweler said that it was a live Mexican beetle.

"It is a most curious insect," he said, "and it is as busy as a bee. We have put on a false back of blue velvet to give it a brilliant appearance. We do quite a trade in them. Ladies wear them as charms to their chains. The Baroness Blanc set the fashion to wearing them here in New York. I don't know just how long they will live, but I know of several that are over five years of age."

"I am at a loss to understand how they exist, for they never eat or drink. We keep them in a show case with our watches. Some of them are very intelligent, and one of the clerks trains them to do a number of cute things. If he whistles they will come and crawl up his arm. They are as cunning as 'possums. They turn on their backs and pretend to be dead when they see a danger. They sell for five dollars and upwards, according to their education."

Five dollars sounds rather cheap for a beetle trained like a circus animal and dressed up like a Haytian field marshal, doesn't it?—N. Y. Herald.

## SEEKING INFORMATION.

The Sweet Little Girl at the Railroad Ticket Seller's Window.

When one is in a hurry and has to wait time passes slowly. A gentleman rushed into the Omaha ticket office yesterday and wanted to know at the earliest possible moment when he could catch a train for some point out along the road. A lady was just ahead of him at the ticket agent's desk and there was no other employe of the office there. She was such a sweet little thing, with pretty eyes and brown hair.

"Just wait a moment," said the man at the desk as he turned to answer the lady's questions. Apparently she was in a hurry, too.

"When can I go to Duluth?" she asked. And the clerk told her the hour.

"Can I go from Duluth to Buffalo?"

"You can," said the clerk.

"How do I go?"

"The boats run regularly."

"Are they nice boats to travel on?"

"Comfortable."

"How long would it take me?"

"Several days."

"Longer than it would by cars?"

"Yes."

"Would it be cheaper?"

"I think so."

"What time do the boats leave?"

"The best boats are Tuesdays. I don't know just the hour."

"Tuesday morning or Tuesday night?"

"At night, I think."

"If I went from Fargo to Duluth what time would I get to Duluth?"

The clerk looked up a Northern Pacific time table and told her.

"I'm thinking some of going to Fargo first," she said by way of explanation.

"O, yes," said the clerk.

"How long does it take to go from West Superior to Duluth?"

"Only a few minutes. The trains are running every little while."

"Because I have friends in West Superior that I would like to call on."

"O, yes."

"I'm a stranger in Duluth and I didn't know how far it was from West Superior."

"They are practically one."

"If you were going to Buffalo would you go in a boat or the cars?"

"Both are good ways to go."

"When can I start for Duluth?"

"This evening."

"O, I don't want to go as soon as that."

"You could leave Monday and then get there in time to take the boat Tuesday."

"O, I can't leave before a week from Monday, anyway. But I thought I'd ask you about it to-day."

"Did you want to buy a ticket now?"

"O, no. I am not sure I'll go at all, but I wanted to find out about it. It wouldn't be any use to buy a ticket until I found I was sure of going, would it?"

"O, no," said the clerk, with a smile.

"Thank you," she said, as she smiled and went out. She was such a sweet little thing.—Minneapolis Tribune.

## GERMS OF CONSUMPTION.

A Resume of the Results of Recent Scientific Investigations.

The report of the pathologists of the Board of Health concerning the manner in which tuberculosis is transmitted from animals to man and from one human being to another deals with a subject to which the attention of sanitarians and physicians in all parts of the civilized world has recently been directed. We have frequently spoken of the remarkable discoveries made in the last few years by bacteriologists with respect to the minute organisms that are the cause, either directly or indirectly, of infectious diseases. Among the diseases that are transmitted by means of a characteristic bacillus or microbe is this dreaded malady, consumption, to which are due one-seventh of the recorded deaths in this city.

The board's pathologists declare that tuberculosis is a "distinctly preventable disease," that it is not directly inherited, and that it is acquired by the direct transmission of the tubercle bacillus or germ from the sick to the healthy. The occurrence of several cases in one family is to be explained, they say, not upon the theory that children inherit the disease from their parents, but by the fact that the disease is transmitted from those who have it to those who are constantly associated with them by means of those infinitesimal germs that may be taken in the lungs with the air. It has been held by some that while a majority of cases are caused by a direct transmission of the microbes, entering the system with food or air, others are really inherited. The board's pathologists do not seem to admit that in any instance the malady is inherited, and this conclusion is in accordance with the recent tendency of research in this field. The introduction of the disease depends largely, however, upon the physical condition of those who are exposed to infection, and it should be noted that the children of tuberculous persons may be peculiarly susceptible to infection because of inherited physical weakness.

It is pointed out that the mortality due to tuberculosis may be decreased by thorough disinfection and by measures taken to prevent the pollution of the air by the germs of bacilla. As it is well known that the germs may be transmitted to human beings from tuberculous cows and beef cattle in meat and milk, it is shown that for the protection of the public there should be a most rigid official inspection of such animals.—N. Y. Times.