# SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

### BEAUTIFUL LINES FROM THE PEN OF GEORGE ELIOT.

#### The Recently Expressed Views of Heber Newton—Faithfulness to Life's Duty is God's Service.

In a recent letter by Rev. R. Heber Newton, of Garden City, L. I., to the New Haven *Morning News*, a brief synopsis of the seven discourses recently delivered by him upon the Bible, its inspiration, revelation and its uses, is given. As the reader is aware, the position taken in these sermons is regarded as radically at variance with the general tenets and beliefs of the Episcopal Church, the clergy of which Mr. Newton is a member, as well as of the Churches generally, and is considered by the religious world as an entire breaking away from orthodoxy, rather than the expression of the most advanced liberal and modern thought. The letter of Mr. Newton is long, but extracts from it cannot fail to be of interest. He says:

In the first sermon I stated the popular notion of the Bible as a book of which God is "the author," as the Westminster Confession says, a book let down from the skies, all of a piece, the work of God, and having his imprimatur, an authority, oracular and infallible on all points of which it treated. This theory, I sought to show, could not be received for the following reasons, among others: "It has never been properly authenticated by the voice of the church general through her church councils; it was not claimed by the Holy Scripture for itself; it was disclaimed by Holy Scripture in its palpable indifference to historical accuracy and in the plain literary character of its writings, as brought out especially by later criticism; it was to be traced by its growth in the Jewish and Christian mind, and accounted for on natural grounds.

In the second sermon I sought to shape the view of the Bible held by scholars in increasing numbers; a view which preserves all that was essential to our reverence for the Bible. The Bible is a series of books, the extant national literature of the Jews, the Apocrypha being included, and the literature of the Christian church in its creative epoch. As literature these books are most of them noble and worthy of immortality, and have been the chief source of inspiration to the mental and moral life of Christendom, worthy to be called sacred books. They are in a still deeper sense our sacred books, as the literature of the people of religion, the race to whom God gave the unique mission of evolving ethical religion, whom He had endowed with a specialty for religion and trained by singular experiences for its normal development, and from whom, as an historical fact, had issued the one religion which might claim to have the future in its hands, the one Man who historically embodied the highest human conceptions of man and God.

In the third and fourth sermons I proceeded to apply this general conception of the Bible negatively, in the pointing out of certain wrong uses of the Bible. Of these I enumerated and illustrated the following: The indiscriminate use of the whole Bible for all classes and ages; the indiscriminate use of the words of the Bible as the words of God; the indiscriminate use of its words as historical truth; its use as an oracle to determine our judgments; as an oracle to predict events of history; as an authority in any sphere save theology and religion; as an authority even there of equal rights in all its parts; as an authority even there which is to be resorted to in the "proof text" manner, or in the use of its language otherwise than as in other literature; as an authority, even in theology of a fixed and final form.

In the fifth sermon I presented the intellectual use of the books of the Bible as literature. As such we should have these books issued like real books, separately, properly paragraphed, poetry appearing as poetry, etc., and all in a case together; we should study each book as a whole, critically; place it in a proper historical position; know its divisions, where composite, and be able to assign them to their several historical places; and recognize through all the writings the work of the many hands which have labored over them.

In the sixth sermon I presented the proper intellectual use of the Bible, on the foundation already laid, in order to construct that faith which has always been the essential of Christian belief—the faith in a providential preparation for the divine mission of Christ. Thus I gave a bird's-eye view of the real movement of Jewish thought and life, upward toward the Christ, through its various stages, from the germ of ethical religion, bodied in the ten works of Moses, according to our latter criticism—showing a real evolution in the organic life of the nation. This placed the religion of the Christ in its old position of commanding authority, and in the new and necessary position, not of an exception to the general order of nature, but of that very order itself in the sphere of the soul. Thus the foundation is laid for the conciliation of science and religion in the true religion of the Christ-evolution, which is the outworking of an ideal, quickened of God.

In the last sermon I considered the right use of the Bible for the culture of personal and social character, as the providentially prepared hand-book of ethics and religion, or rather of ethical religion. It teaches not knowledge, but wisdom. It quickens aspiration and turns it into the worship of the God who is the source and standard of all goodness. It presents every phase of wisdom, and in its stern, ethical spirit keeps the core of religion sound. It shows us the prudential virtue that our age loves, but lifts these laws of life into laws sacred and mystic, substantial and real; the laws at once of nature and of the soul; laws which are none other than the shadows of the One Living Lord of Life, the God who finally speaks to us in A Man—the human ideal, the divine image.

#### The Choir Invisible.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of these immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the nights like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven;
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor, anxious penitence is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air;
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw rather
A worthier image for the sanctuary
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow.

May I reach
That purest heaven—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—[George Eliot.

#### Life's Duty is God's Service.

In a recent article by Rev. Dr. John Cunningham, published in the *Christian Union*, that divine presents the following thoughts in defense of the nobleness and divine appointment of all rightful labor, and as corrective of the view of what constitutes man's duty. In the article he says:

Bear in mind that, whatever the work is you have to do, that work is given you by God. Are you a shopman? Well, behind your counter sell your goods and do your work as if it were God's work. Are you a lawyer? Well, work on in love to the great Lawgiver, defend the right and defeat the wrong, remembering that your calling is divine. Are you a laborer? a plowman? a weaver? Well, steadily use your shovel, merrily drive your horses to the field, cheerily make your shuttle fly till the pattern stands out before you in the web, remembering that you are engaged in a heaven-appointed task. You have a Master in heaven. If it were so, would not all trickery disappear from trade, all quirks and quibbles from the law, all eye-service, all unfaithfulness, all discontent from the ranks of the laboring population! Depend upon it, we in general take too low a view of our calling. We look upon our labor as merely drudgery; well, it may be so, but it is a divine drudgery. While we work we are doing good, and everything that is good is God-like. Such a conception as this ennobles the meanest toil, and raises the poorest mechanic, the humblest tiller of the soil, into a servant of Almighty God.

I am afraid that some men—even good men—are discontented with their lot, and fancy that they are piously and properly discontented. They think they could do God's work better if their lot had been different. They think, perhaps, that an occupation so menial as theirs cannot possibly be the work of God. How can the loom, they may say, be connected with religion? How can a man by breaking stones on the roadside be promoting the glory of God? The poor man wishes he were rich, just that he might employ his wealth in the promotion of piety. My dear friend, let me ask you: If liberality be the virtue of wealth, are there no virtues peculiar to poverty? And were it not better for you to cultivate the virtue of the station which God has assigned to you, than vainly to pine after another station, which never can be yours? Again, some people foolishly think that clergymen alone are the servants of God; that their calling alone is divine; that they only, and such as they, promote the glory of God. But I tell you, my friends, I believe that many a poor artisan who industriously and ungrumblingly plies his trade, that he may honestly support a wife and family, or that he may keep an aged parent from the parish, is more effectually promoting God's glory than many a pompous preacher of the Word. There is an eloquence in the pious resignation, the contented looks, the busy fingers of the one, which is not to be found in all the bombast of the other; and no man of this kind can calculate the influence for goodness and for God which he may exercise on society.

I know nothing which has exercised a more pernicious influence on religion than that unhappy divorce which has been effected between religious duty and the every-day duties of life. When a mother is faithfully tending her children, and making her hearthstone clean and her fire burn bright, that everything may smile a welcome to her weary husband when he returns from his work, it is never dreamt that she is religiously employed. When a man works hard during the day, and returns to his family in the evening to make them all happy by his placid temper and quiet jokes and dandlings on his knee, the world does not think—perhaps he does not think himself—that there is religion in anything so common as this. Religion is supposed to stand aloof from such familiar scenes. But to attend the church, to take the sacrament, to sing a psalm, to say a prayer, is religion. Now God help this poor sinful world if religion consists only in these things and not also in the other. We have devotional feelings, and by all means let us give them exercise and utterance; but have we not other feelings and other duties as certainly as these assigned us by heaven? Why should we count the one religious and not also the other? Is religion to be shut up in the church, and not allowed to visit the house? Is she to attend us only when we sit at the Communion-table, and not also when we stand at our counter or sit at our desk? Why should we not think that everything we do is done religiously if it be done well?

### THE BLIND IN FRANCE.

It is estimated that there are about 28,000 blind persons in France, and comparatively little has been done for them. Some 400 blind children receive professional education, half of them in the National Institution for Blind Youth, and the other half in a few charitable establishments due to private initiative. The Hospital National des Quinze Vingts maintains 300 pensioners, and distributes some aid to others, but at least 27,000 blind are without resource. This is the picture presented by M. Lavanche Clarke, who has recently been urging the amelioration of the lot of the blind. A society was formed in 1881 to create workshops for blind persons, where they might find the means of existence. A little money having been collected, the first workshop (or school) was opened in January last year. Failure was predicted by some cities, but a recent report states that twenty-five blind persons were being instructed and several hundred applicants had to be rejected for want of space. After six months' experience it is affirmed that never perhaps have workers more rapidly justified what was expected of them. For several the apprenticeship had already terminated, and the committee were in a position to supply chairs (stuffed or cane), brushes of all kinds, brooms, baskets, tool handles, etc., made by blind persons, who in January last had not a notion of the work. After learning the art the blind person gives place to a new-comer, and goes to work at home (the society helping him to dispose of his productions if necessary), or, in some cases, to a workshop with normal work people. So long as the work of a blind person in the professional school is not sufficiently remunerative, his efforts and his time are paid for just the same. In a few months he learns to work, and can be paid by his pieces. Brush-making is the principal work. It is stated that many purchasers of the articles made have testified to their superior quality; the reasons being that the blind person must, of necessity, press as close as he can the straw of his chair, the osier of his basket, the bristles of his brush, as the sole means of controlling the good execution of his work. A new branch, that promises to be particularly fruitful, is the making of mats and carpet brushes of esparto grass. With regard to women, the society has not been able either to admit them to the school or to create a special school for them, but provides knitting, netting, crochet work, etc., for them at home. Nearly all the great hotels, it is stated, have tried the brush work from the schools, and promised further orders. The chairs in public gardens, churches, shops, etc., have been largely supplied from the same source. The school is situated at No. 11 Rue Basfroi, Passage Rauch.—[Inter-Ocean.

Concerning the operation of woman suffrage in Wyoming Territory, the Laramie *Sentinel* says: "A smaller percentage of women than of men stay away from the polls; they are less persistent office-seekers than the men, but when elected to office they have in every case done their duty satisfactorily; they are accorded entire liberty of action—frequently a wife votes in opposition to her husband, and it has even happened that wives have worked and voted for one ticket when their husbands were candidates on the other."

WHEN you feel out of sorts, have the blues, melancholy, etc., it must be indigestion that ails you. Brown's Iron Bitters cures it.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."—15 cents. Ask for it. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

# FOR THE LADIES.

### ADVANCE HINTS FOR THE COMING SPRING WEAR.

#### Something to Wear—A Chapter of Feminine Gossip and Facts—Stray Hints for the Household.

Early spring costumes have already appeared, and among these are the stylish and serviceable tweed suits made up in a number of different ways. First are those with a plain skirt, trimmed around the foot with a ruching pinked out on each edge, and over this skirt is to be worn a "redingote john" of the same goods, fastened with gilt buttons, and also trimmed down each side and around the lower edge with a narrow pinked ruche. Next are kilted skirts of tweed, joined to jersey bodices of a monochrome color, with a scarf drapery of tweed covering the joining of a skirt and bodice. Over the shoulders is a pelerine of the tweed, lined with surah the shade of the jersey. Lastly are the jaunty styles designed for young ladies who aspire to the natty and the picturesque. Here is a model of one of the latter description. The pattern is a plaid in light and dark green, with intersecting hair lines of dark cardinal. The skirt is arranged in three flounces, laid in flat box pleats, with hem turned up on the right side, and finished with a piping of cardinal silk. Over this is a very graceful Hungarian tunic, also piped with cardinal. The tweed coat is in Louis XIV. style, with waistcoat of cardinal. At each side are wide pocket-flaps. These flaps and the front of the waistcoat are brightened by large silver and enameled buttons, the design being dogs', foxes' and deers' heads. Around the edge of each button is a narrow rim of dark cardinal enamel. The cuffs of the jacket are piped with cardinal, and are three in number, placed one above the other. For the promenade or traveling wear is added a long pelisse made of the tweed and lined with cardinal; the sleeves are made a la Mother Hubbard, and at the throat are wide ribbons of Ottoman silk, of dark green faced with cardinal; these tie in a large bow, the long end falling nearly to the bottom of the long pelisse.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Belts, to which are attached dainty bags of velvet, plush or satin, vinaigrettes, and chains or chatelaine watches, will be much worn with spring costumes, especially after outside wraps are dispensed with. Some of the newest vinaigrettes and tiny bags for holding change are of gold or silver, set with half-precious gems, and exquisitely carved. Others are of fine Russia leather or cream-tinted kid, delicately hand-painted and mounted with chased gold. These range in price from $8 to $25, according to the amount of gold used and the quality of the bag itself. The most expensive vinaigrettes are of fine hammered gold set with real gems. These are shaped like the Greek amphoræ and are attached to the belt by link-chains of fine gold. Roman pearl beads have never been more fashionable than at present. The newest strings show delicate and beautiful tints of palest pinks, shading to a most delicate mauve, which is only seen upon the edges of a sea anemone. Other beads show a combination of the softest tints of rose, gold, pearl, and palest sea-green. Necklaces of Florentine and Cloissonee beads are also much worn. Some of these are encrusted with tiny stars and dots, which sparkle like gems in the gaslight. Transparent French mull is much used for handkerchiefs, decorated with tied work and simply edged with a slightly gathered ruffle of Oriental lace. In one corner is a finely-embroidered wreath of white silk roses, and in the center of this wreath is the initial, which must be worked very small, as large kerchief monograms or initials are out of fashion and now only considered appropriate for marking bed or table linen.—[New York Post.

The French descriptions of the costumes worn at the Paris opera this season read as if they had been written by a Balzac. The other evening one Countess wore a dress of tea-rose satin with a wreath of dark-red roses crossing from the left shoulder to the point of the waist, and a knot of the same flowers in her hair, together with a diamond and pearl butterfly. Around her throat was a dark-red velvet ribbon, from which hung a square sapphire locket set in diamonds. Her skirt was embroidered to the knee in pearls and chenille; but this was not elegance enough for one box, for another Countess sat next her, wearing dark-blue satin studded with blue crystal stars, a diamond locket hanging from a dark-blue velvet ribbon, and a diamond snake outside one of her long gloves. In the next box sat sweet simplicity in a white satin skirt and a Louis XV. waist of crimson velvet embroidered with gold. The Princess Mathilde wore black velvet with a black plume fastened in her hair by a great diamond, and the Viscountess de Courval wore a high white satin dress with ten rows of pearls about her throat.

Arabian saddle-bags, resembling Smyrna rugs, the loosely-woven Decca and Bombay shawls, and heavy Turkish wraps of all kinds are now utilized as drapings to low easy-chairs and sofas, table-covers and scarfs, and also for lambrequins, sofa cushions and tidies. These wraps are now selling at greatly reduced rates, and a "Bagdad" shawl from Lowell, Mass., made into mantle lambrequin, table scarf and tidy, with fringe or braid for the edges included, will cost no more then a lambrequin alone bought ready-made of the same Bagdad material as the shawl.

Very pretty evening dresses are made of the white llama lace shawls and bournouses that were once so fashionable, by covering a short tinted silk skirt and square-necked corsage with these dainty wraps cut to suit the exigencies of the costume. Every portion of the silk must be veiled by the lace, or the charm of the dress is greatly lessened.

#### Feminine Gossip.

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thought, and lose her pure estate;
But for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity.

—[Charles Mackay.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott prints a card in the Boston papers to "set herself right" on the woman suffrage question. She says: "The assertion that suffragists do not care for children, and prefer notoriety to the joys of maternity, is so fully contradicted by the lives of the women who are trying to make the world a safer and a better place for both sons and daughters, that no defense is needed. Having spent my own life, from 15 to 50, loving and laboring for children, as teacher, nurse, story-teller and guardian, I know whereof I speak, and value their respect and confidence so highly that, for their sakes, if for no other reason, I desire them to know that their old friend never deserts her flag. So far from losing interest in this question, every year gives me greater faith in it, greater hope of its success, a larger charity for those who cannot see its wisdom, and a more earnest wish to use what influence I possess for its advancement."

Miss Edmonia Lewis, the colored sculptress, who lives in Rome, has finished for a Baltimore church a large bas-relief in marble, showing the adoration of the infant Christ at Bethlehem by the Magi. The Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin is an Episcopal church for colored people, and Miss Lewis has made the African Magus more prominent than him of Caucasia or of Asia Magna. The three kneel on the right before the Virgin and the infant, while Joseph stands at their back. Miss Lewis has recently modeled a statue of the Virgin Mary in marble for the Marquis of Bute, the famous convert to Catholicism.

The Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, London, have received an addition to their collection of very particular interest. This is the portrait, by Frederic W. Burton, of George Eliot (Mary Ann Cross), which was exhibited last summer at the Grosvenor Gallery. The portrait has been presented to the nation by J. Walter Cross and Charles Lewes. The face, seen nearly in full and the size of life, is drawn in red, black and white chalks on gray paper. The etching done from it by M. Rajon is well known.

It was Miss Bayard, it is said, who thus astonished Oscar Wilde by her keen repartee to a patronizing remark: "Are you going to the german, Mr. Wilde?" she asked on the night of his lecture in Washington. "Yes," drawled the esthetic, "if my lecture does not fatigue me too much. Are you going, Miss Bayard." "Yes, if your lecture does not fatigue me too much."

Some of the Easter "cards" are a large plush panel on which is fastened effectively a bunch of artificial flowers tied with a bow of satin ribbon of a color to harmonize with the plush. These cards come in boxes, on the outside cover of which is a printed sentiment appropriate to Easter day.

Miss Mary Dickens, a granddaughter of the late Charles Dickens, having adopted the stage as a profession, recently made her debut as Susy, the host's daughter at the village inn, in the third act of "The Silver King."

Madame Janauschek is in poor health, and there is a report that she may be unable to act next season.

Dion Boucicault's daughter will appear in "Esmeralda" in the St. James' Theater, London.

#### Household Hints.

The plaid flannels which are offered at surprisingly low prices at this season of the year make desirable covers for comforters. They are so firm that they do not need to be tacked very closely, and can be easily ripped apart and washed when it is necessary. Although one would prefer to be engaged in sewing on muslin and summer garments, it is nevertheless true that it is a good time now to consider the needs of another winter. A frugal housewife of my acquaintance says that every year about this time she makes two pairs of sheets, four pairs of pillowcases, and one or two comforters, and then she is never in need of these things, and making so few at a time it does not appear like much of a task to replenish her stores. Another feature of this case might be regarded by some women: it is often far easier to pay for two pairs of sheets at a time than for a dozen, the outlay of money as well as time being of importance to the great majority of housekeepers.

An old-fashioned looking-glass, with a frame of brown wood, was improved the other day by an ingenious one covering it in this way: She bought some pale yellow tarlatan of sufficient length to allow it to be fastened to the top of the mirror and then to hang at each side of it in graceful folds; the ends were crossed at the bottom and fastened with a loose knot, and behold the unsightly frame was hidden, and the appearance of this necessary article of furniture was much improved.

A little magnesia and water will sometimes correct the acidity of a child's stomach, and render unnecessary any stronger medicine. Powder a teaspoonful of the magnesia, and put it in half a glass of water; it will not dissolve, of course, but will mix with the water so that an infant can swallow it. Give a teaspoonful of this three times a day until indications warrant you in discontinuing it.

If infants' bands knit of Saxony yarn are knit with the old-time "garter stitch," and then when of the desired length are sewed together, they will not shrink when washed, or at least will not be so likely to shrink much. Be careful to make a very flat seam where the ends are joined.

### FOREST AND STREAM.

The Boston market has recently been flooded with quails and also prairie chickens, frozen to death in the northern latitudes by the hard winter. The esthetic population at the Hub are having a fine thing of it.

English fishermen in Canada complain of the scarcity of salmon. The absence of fish they think is due to over-netting. The following extract, taken from the London *Field*, explains the cause for some of this grumbling: "The principal rivers are all leased, chiefly by our American cousins, to whom money is no object. * * * * When they take a fancy to a particular river there is no mistake about it, they will have it."

The losses of the Gloucester fishing fleet have been uncommonly severe this year, and the whole statistics have not yet been completed. The heavy gale of ten days ago will probably add to the list of disasters. So far thirteen vessels are reported as lost, with a total of 949 tons, valued at $80,000, with 115 lives. In examining the table of losses, those of 1882 have been greater than during both 1880 and 1881. Looking at the sacrifice of life in the last seven years, including 1882, the sad total is 779. The insurances on vessels cover about 75 per cent. of the losses.

The catching of smelt in the provinces is assuming important dimensions. The season for capturing smelt in New Brunswick is limited by law from November 15th to February 15th. The method employed is to cut a hole in the ice of the river and to use a small scoop-net. Nets are lowered and lifted, and on the Miramichi the average catch of a single man in a night is over 1,000 pounds. Occasionally an expert will take as much as two tons. The Montreal *Gazette* cites eight tons as having been caught by a man and his boy in a week. These fish are shipped in large quantities to New York and Boston. At present there is something like a monopoly in this business, and the price of smelt has been enhanced beyond its true value.

The proprietor of a well-known Paris restaurant was prosecuted for allowing a dish of *perdrix aux choux* (stewed partridge, with cabbage, bacon and sausage) to be served out of season; and though he proved by the evidence of several witnesses that the partridge used in this dish was taken from a tin in which it had been preserved, and though this was allowed to be the case by the public prosecutor, the Court nevertheless found him guilty of the offense, and in the course of a long judgment (which I need not give at length) laid down as the law that it was as much an offense to sell preserved or even potted game as that which had been freshly killed out of season.—[The London Field.

A correspondent writing from Rutland, Vt., says: "In conversing with gunners as to the velocity of the different birds in their flight, I find quite a difference of opinion. If you or any of your readers can throw any light upon this matter it would be of considerable interest." A series of calculations on this subject was made some years ago by our valued correspondent, D. W. Cross, of Cleveland, O., the results being published in his "Fifty Years with the Gun and Rod." For the flight per hour of birds in full plumage and at highest rates of speed, he gives the following estimates: Crow, 25 to 40 miles; mallard, black duck and shoveler, 40 to 50; pintail, 50 to 60; wooddduck, 55 to 60; widgeon and gadwall, 60 to 70; redhead, 80 to 90; blue-winged and red-winged teal, 80 to 100; bluebill, 80 to 110; canvas back, 80 to 120; sparrow, 40 to 92; hawk, 40 to 150; wild geese, 80 to 90. The distance traveled by birds in ⅓ second is as follows: At rate of 5 miles per hour, .92ft.; rate of 10 miles per hour, 1 83ft.; rate of 12 miles, 2 2ft.; 20 miles, 3.66ft.; 30 miles, 5.5ft.; 40 miles, 7.33ft.; 60 miles, 11ft.; 80 miles, 14 66ft.; 90 miles, 16 05ft.; 100 miles, 18 33ft.; 120 miles, 22ft.; 150 miles, 27.5ft.—[Forest and Stream.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.—Dr. W. S. Wood justly deserves this title, being the originator of Dr. Wood's Liver Regulator, a positive cure for indigestion, dyspepsia, sick headache, bilious fevers, etc. This favorite remedy has many friends here. Druggists.

# FREEHAND NOTES.

### LENTEN AND SPRING BREEZES FROM THE BAY.

#### Approaching Orange Blossoms—Ten Bridesmaids in Ruffled White—The Dude—Accidents at Balls—Etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 1883

The last week in Lent, and the first event to take place after Easter will be the marriage of Miss Maggie Eyre and Richard Donald Girvin, first and foremost of that wondrous clique known to fame as "the Englishmen," and sometimes, in sweetly affectionate moments, as "the English boys." The wedding will be next Tuesday, the 27th of March, at Trinity Church, at half-past 11 in the morning, and there are to be six or eight bridesmaids. Miss Blanding will have ten in her "bevy," as Anthony Trollope has dubbed the wedding suite in "Marion Fay," and these ten are to be attired in thin white material, ruffled to the waist. This manner of fashioning the gowns is by the bride's own ukase, and while the bevy do not rebel, they still do not conceal fears that the style will be "trying," especially when multiplied by ten. By the way, who reads the *Nation*? A profound sensation has been created here by that article in the March 8th number called

"THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE DUDE."

Any one reading the name in the table of contents would think it was a province in Nubia, or a study in pathology at least, and it turns out to be a variety of civilized man. The name is said to have originated in London music halls, but the thing has a soul infinitely above music halls. The dude's mission is to oppose himself to the cad; his unobtrusive neckties to the cad's audible ones, his melancholy quiet to the cad's hilarity; and yet we read that the dude "bangs" his hair and parts it in the middle. What is it? The San Francisco girl yearns to see a dude, as the New York *Nation* understands it; an illustration so much more potent than columns of definition. It cannot be that in a city replete with samples of every stage and graft of civilized society there should be no dudes. Yet, if there are none, some public-spirited person with a bank account should "send East and get one," as people are constantly doing for articles of far less value than a man of perfectly good style, no conversation, melancholy gentleness and "bangs;" a species apart, whose only doubt is whether he shall wear white gaiters or not.

WHITE SLIPPERS—CHORAL SOCIETY.

As to white gaiters, when they first became possible, a youth who, like Lewis Carroll's "Jubjub," was "ages ahead of the fashion," saw fit to embellish his faultless attire with a pair of white gaiters upon an occasion when he designed to walk with a lady. She is very stately and fastidious, and he desires to seem above all worldly considerations when in her presence, but the gaiters were destined to spoil all. A malevolent hoodlum accosts the pair with mock conscientious concern: "Mister, Mister, your stockings are coming down!" No man can hear that his wife has run away or that his bank has broken without betraying some emotion, it is said, though he has schooled himself to the greatest outward stoicism, and for my part I should also forgive the dandy of the gaiters for wincing a little at the cry of the unpleasant young Arab.

A choral society has been formed under the auspices of Miss Tobin. Most of the members are young ladies who attend Saint Mary's Cathedral, but there are also a few Protestant singers among the number, since voices are of no sect. Miss Sanderson, Miss Casserly and Miss Berreda are among the sopranos. The society meets for practice on Tuesday afternoons at the Cathedral. Going home we were.

TALKING ABOUT ACCIDENTS AT BALLS,

Not accidents like the case of the young woman who expended all her economies on a wonderful pair of slippers, and then through absent-mindedness or inefficient aid in the dressing-room, wore felt overshoes all through the german, nor yet such suspicious accidents as that which always happened to the beautiful Consuelo Yznaga, now Lady Lister-Kay, whose wonderful hair always escaped from whatever pins, combs or daggers she made a feint of securing it with, and towards the end of the fourth waltz came showering down to her feet in a magnificent brown mane—not such accidents as these, but mishaps where some one is to blame; and the question was, how may a lady treat the offender. Of course a debutante is obliged to be pleased with everything. The more she resembles the man all tattered and torn the more positive proof she gives those beholding that she has been frequently asked to brave the terrors of the dance, as it were—as it *is*, indeed—for as some one has justly remarked, unless there are too many people at a ball there are not enough. But if a lady who does not dance, or who has finished dancing, takes advantage of the dispersion after a waltz to cross the ball-room, her train arranged exactly as she means to drag it after her, and finds her progress impeded by a heavy weight upon that well-adjusted train, and turning perceives

A WRETCHED MAN PREPARING TO REMOVE HIS MALADROIT FEET—

And probably several feet of satin and lace of her flounces also—may she, if she prizes the dress and cares nothing for the man, receive his apologies coldly, and if she is married may she relieve her feelings by telling him that he is very awkward? The twelve-year old was with us, and she listened most intently to know how much one may scold in the world, so we all said that the sweet smile and, "It is nothing," or "No damage too great for repair," was the only permissible manner under the most trying circumstances. The most serious accident I ever saw at a ball also gave rise to the prettiest pose I ever saw in the wearisome commonplace of most dances. The heroine was the most beautiful woman who has ever been in San Francisco—she with the statue's face, do you guess? Perhaps if she had been ugly the tableau would have been less effective. Her partner, a good dancer, by being jostled by another couple, committed that

LAST SOLECISM OF AN AWKWARD DANCER,

He trod heavily upon the lady's foot. She stopped dancing and drew away from him. "I hurt you," he said remorsefully. "You did!" she responded trenchantly, but she smiled, too, and, drawing back her dress, advanced her foot. Not only the satin boot but the silk stocking was cut; ah, and the poor little foot, too, and there was a bloody rim on the instep. "Dress heels" are sharp, it appears. There was just that look in the man's face, and just that droop of his figure that made me wonder if he would fall on his knees and kiss the little foot. He didn't; perhaps he never dreamed of anything so unconventional, but it was a pretty picture all the same. The last engagement talked about is Miss Belle Wallace to Mervyn Donahue, son of Peter Donahue, of gas fame. Miss Wallace is Judge William T. Wallace's second daughter.

PHILIP SHIRLEY.

Mrs. Langtry's husband is a man of remarkable nerve. He owns some property in Ireland, and it appears that his agent wrote to him saying that his tenants demanded lower rents and had threatened to shoot him if they were not given. With great presence of mind Langtry seized a pen and paper and wrote back as follows: "Dear Sir: You may say to my tenants that any threats to shoot you will never intimidate me."

INTOXICATING GRASS.

It appears that the genuine good name of the Grass family for innocence and sobriety does not extend to all its members. There is a "Drunk Grass," so-called by the Dutch colonists, a species of Melica, which in some parts of South Africa "intoxicates" cattle to an alarming extent, and the evil is spreading with the increase of sheep-farming; the sheep, we believe, sorting out the other grasses, while they totally abstain from this. The account is given by Dr. John Shaw, in the *Journal* of the Linnæan Society, vol. 14. In Trimen's *Journal of Botany*, Dr. Hance—a well-known botanist resident in China—describes another grass, a new species of Stipa from Mongolia, which intoxicates horses. A French Roman Catholic missionary and his party, making an excursion into the Aladian mountains, north of the Great Wall, one morning found their horses dreadfully debauched—indeed quite *hors de combat*—through partaking freely of this grass. On appealing to a family of Mongols encamped in the neighborhood, the missionary was told the proper antidote was vinegar, followed by a broth made of a goat's head. No vinegar being at hand the missionary administered sour milk as a substitute, while the goat's head was cooking; the broth completed the cure, and the party returned safe and sober to Pekin, bringing some of the grass, which Dr. Hance christened *Stipa inebrians*. The intoxication and poisoning of cattle, horses and sheep, in California and Nevada, is said to be caused by some species of the Pulse family, which is generally thought to be as harmless as grass.—[Villa Gardener.

At the recent Medical Congress in Seville, it was stated that the excessive death rate in Spain is owing to poor alimentation and uncleanly habits. Thousands of Spaniards, said the speaker, have never washed since they were born.

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# MISCELLANEOUS.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

**Beginning with Disgust at His Dinner, He Ends with a Proposition to Harmonize the Party.**

"John, I'm afraid you'll have to put up with a poor dinner to-day," said a patient wife to her husband, who had come in at noon, with a long appetite and a short temper.

"Why, what on earth's the matter with you now? Seems to me you're always out of sorts lately. Wish to gracious I'd known you had no constitution before I was fool enough to marry you," growled this bear of a man, with the perfect selfishness of fatigue and hunger.

"Not always, husband; you know better than to say that. But the housework has been pretty hard for some weeks, and that old pain in my back has troubled me a good deal. To-day I can scarcely walk on account of it."

"Beg your pardon, wife; I do know better than to talk so, and, besides, I know how good a wife you have been for many years, and how hard you have worked," said John penitently, as memories of the past arose and softened his heart, in spite of his empty stomach. "What was the name of that plaster that cured you so quickly when you had the same trouble a year or two ago?"

"Oh, I remember what it was now," said the poor woman, brightening and laughing. "I am not likely to forget the name of the only thing that brought me relief after so many days, during which I lay hel