A PLEBEIAN PRINCESS.

A DRESSMAKER'S DAUGHTER THE FRIEND OF ROYALTY.

Paris, September 6.

On Sunday last occurred the funeral, at the little church of St. Honore d'Eylau—near where Victor Hugo used to live—of a woman whose career had been of the most remarkable and romantic nature. Of humble birth and origin she had been treated for many years by several of the crowned heads of Europe as a near and dear member of their family. But, during the latter portion of her life, she was pointedly ignored, slighted and even proclaimed as an impostor by all her formerly so-friendly royal relatives, whose animosity toward her even went so far as to allow her to suffer downright want. In the recent editions of the Almanach de Gotha her name figures as the Baroness von Rutenstein, of the Kingdom of Bavaria, but both her late husband and her surviving son, as well as many persons of high rank and standing, claim that she was entitled to the style and dignity of Princess Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Kohary. The members of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha have always been remarkable for their matrimonial alliances. And while some, such as the late Prince Consort of Great Britain and King Leopold I of Belgium, have acquired niches in the history of the world by reason of the splendor of their marriages, others, such as King Ferdinand of Portugal and Prince Leopold, will remain on record for the inferiority of the social classes from which they selected their brides.

While the charming wife of King Ferdinand of Portugal was nothing more than the daughter of a Boston cobbler, the consort of Prince Leopold was the only child of a Viennese professor of music named Geiger, who considered that he had attained the highest pinnacle of fame and fortune when he was selected to inculcate the rudiments of the pianoforte into the somewhat dull brains and unmusical ears of the young archdukes and archduchesses of the imperial family. At an early age his daughter, Constance, developed signs of an extraordinary talent for the piano, and she soon came to be regarded in the light of an infant phenomenon. As such she was occasionally asked to play in the presence of the whole court. On the death of the professor his widow opened a dressmaker's shop, her talented daughter occupying the post of head saleswoman of the establishment. One of the principal customers of Widow Geiger was the wife of M. Haupt, the proprietor of the Golden Lamm Hotel, which at the time was noted for the excellence of its cuisine. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who was an enthusiast upon the subject of music, used frequently to dine there, and would often enter into conversation with the jovial landlord concerning his favorite theme. It was during one of these discussions that Herr Haupt found occasion to mention the name of Constance Geiger, and to describe not only her successes while still a child as pianist at the imperial court but also her altered circumstances. Much interested, the Prince persuaded Herr Haupt to make him acquainted with both mother and daughter. Notwithstanding the difference in rank and social standing he became a frequent visitor at the Geiger house and shop, and finally, in the autumn of 1861, all Vienna was stirred almost out of its senses by the announcement that the popular and chivalrous Prince Leopold had contracted a marriage with the attractive and captivating daughter of the dressmaker Frau Geiger. The dismay of his royal and imperial relatives was increased by the discovery that instead of marrying her with his left hand, and thus rendering the union a merely morganatic one, he had actually tendered her his right hand before the altar of the famous old Schottenkirche, where the wedding ceremony was performed by Cardinal Archbishop Rauscher himself. Prince Leopold's explanation of this was to the effect that he had no right or power to form a morganatic alliance since his mother, the heiress of the Hungarian magnate Kohary, was not of royal birth, and he himself, therefore, not—strictly speaking—entitled to the style of Royal Highness. This theory, though logical, was contested by his relations, and principally by his brother, who was the father of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the husband of King Louis Philippe's daughter, the clever Princess Clementine. In deference to the wishes of the family, Prince Leopold's bride refrained, during the lifetime of her husband, from making use of the title of Princess, and contented herself with that of Baroness von Rutenstein, conferred upon her by the ill-fated King Louis of Bavaria.

As Baroness Rutenstein she made the acquaintance and carried on correspondence with Queen Victoria, the Royal family of Portugal and Belgium and with the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Although she frequently visited Vienna, yet she mostly resided in this city, where there was less distinction made between her rank and that of her husband than at etiquette-bound Vienna and Berlin. A more devoted couple it was impossible to conceive, and their charming house here, on the Rue Spontini, near the Bois de Boulogne, was noted for its magnificent hospitality. Subsequently, toward 1875, the Prince built in the Rue Pergolese a lovely little palazzo, to which he gave the name of Villa Constance. Members of the dramatic and operatic profession were among the most honored guests of the Prince and his wife, at whose table the two Coquelins, Sarah Bernhardt, the Viennese actor Gerardi, Christine Nilsson and several other leading stars were to be met mingling with a host of royal and titled personages of both sexes. King Ferdinand of Portugal and his American wife, the Countess Edla, were likewise frequently entertained both at the house of the Rue Spontini and at the Villa Constance. Indeed, they were in the habit of making Prince Leopold's residence their headquarters whenever they visited Paris. The only members of the Coburg family who maintained an unfriendly attitude were the Prince's sister-in-law, Princess Clementine, and his nephews, the Princes Philippe and Ferdinand.

About five years ago Prince Leopold fell ill while on a visit to Vienna with his wife, and died rather suddenly at the same hotel—Golden Lamm—where they had first become acquainted with one another. It was now that the troubles of the unhappy woman began to crowd upon her. Like many others of his rank and great wealth the Prince had been thoughtless enough to neglect to make any special testamentary provision for his wife and only son, Francis, being convinced that no one would venture to contest her marital rights to his fortune. In this supposition, however, he was mistaken. For the last breath had scarcely left his body when his effects and property were seized in behalf of his sister-in-law and nephews. The elder of the latter, Prince Philippe, had married a daughter of the King of the Belgians, and as brother-in-law of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Austria was influential enough in Vienna to enable his legal representatives to ride roughshod over Prince Leopold's widow. The validity of the marriage was contested, and she was subjected to countless humiliations and insults. All the members of her husband's family espoused the cause of Prince Philippe and of his mother, the old Princess Clementine, against her, and it was only with extreme difficulty and after a disagreeable lawsuit that she was able to force the family to make a small provision for her son, whom the "Almanach de Gotha" describes as the Baron Rutenstein, but who styles himself Prince Francis of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha-Kohary. The family expressly stipulated that the annuity should be made in favor of the son, and not of the widow, the validity of whose claim to consideration they declined to admit. The only offer which they made to her was one of about $2,000 down if she would leave Vienna and abstain from all further attempts to secure any share of her husband's fortune. It is probable that a large portion of it has been spent during the last four years by Princess Clementine in consolidating her younger son Ferdinand's position as Prince of Bulgaria.

After obtaining the small annuity for her son, the widow returned to Paris, where it was not long before she was forced to dispose of her home in the Rue Pergolese, and also to sell by auction at the Hotel Dieu her splendid collection of jewels and pictures. The proceeds, however, did not last long. For the kind-hearted woman had no idea of the value of money, and was unable to realize that she could no longer be as munificent in her charities, in her gifts to her friends and in her hospitalities as in the days of yore. With a view of creating further resources, she announced her intention of writing her memoirs and those of her husband, and of publishing them under the title of "Reminiscences of Princess Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha-Kohary." She likewise gave it to be understood that she would publish therein a number of letters in the most familiar terms which she had received during the lifetime of her husband, from Queen Victoria, the royal families of Belgium, Brazil and Portugal; and from the reigning Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Horrified beyond all measure by the bare idea of such a thing, her illustrious relatives caused it to be announced in the public press that the so-called "Princess" was a mere impostor and that her memoirs were likely to be as untrustworthy as the title which she had assumed. Undaunted by their statements she, however, set to work, and her book was on the eve of completion when she suddenly expired ten days ago at Dieppe of congestion of the lungs. It is satisfactory to know that during the last two years of her life she was placed beyond the danger of any actual want by the generosity of the Countess Edla, the American widow of King Ferdinand of Portugal. Her funeral was attended by a number of prominent people, including Prince Hohenlohe, the Duke of Vallombrosa, the Prince of Valori, General Caslagnier, M. Lipmann, the son-in-law of Alexander Dumas, and last but not least by the phenomenally fat Prince Giedroye.

The latter, who has recently been the hero of a kind of burlesque adventure in Bulgaria, a country from which he was expelled by Prince Ferdinand's police, is one of the queerest of the many queer creatures who constitute the foreign colony at Paris. He is popularly regarded as a member of the secret police of the Czar, and, although he holds the honorary rank of a Chamberlain to the Emperor, he is treated with scant consideration at the Imperial Embassy here, and has never yet been pressed to proceed to St. Petersburg for the purpose of taking part in any of the festivities or functions of the Russian Court. In fact the Czar appears to prefer him at a distance, and, curiously enough, no Russian order figures among the host of third-class decorations with which his portly frame is literally plated. Of Polish birth, his rank of Chamberlain was conferred at the time of the last Polish insurrection, when he threw in his lot with Russia against his relatives and countrymen.

It is to this peculiar readiness on the part of the Prince to sacrifice even his nearest and dearest friends to the Russian Government that must be attributed his notorious connection with the secret service branch of the political police. It cannot be for the sake of money, for Prince Giedroye is very wealthy, having married the painfully deformed heiress of a contractor for the Imperial Army.

THE MYSTERIOUS FUNERAL GUEST.

A SURPRISE FOR ONE WHO WAS NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE DANGER ATTENDING OPEN DOORS IN A GREAT CITY.

A young reporter, who had come to New York from a Western town and was not accustomed to the ways of the metropolis, was assigned, as his first piece of work, to report the funeral of a wealthy but not exceedingly prominent man, who lived uptown in a lavishly furnished house. He found the house jammed to the doors with people and was unable, without making a nuisance of himself, to make his way any further into the crowd than the newel post of the great mahogany staircase. His editor had warned him of the necessity of getting a large number of the names of those who were present and of the enormity of the crime of having even one of them incorrectly spelled. But here the raw reporter was, hemmed in immovably on all sides by people who looked horrified if he ventured to address them. He asked several of them for their names, but they either refused to give them or failed to understand what he wanted them for.

"These people can't amount to much, anyway," he said to himself, "or they would show a little more familiarity with the ordeal of giving their names for publication"; so he cast his eyes around for some person of seeming importance. He soon spied a distinguished looking man, faultlessly dressed, with a military carriage and of aristocratic appearance. He replied to the reporter's rather timid questions courteously, gave the names of a number of people of some importance whom he could see from where he stood or had noticed entering the house. His patience even outlasted the reporter's importunity and the latter decided that the man was a trump of the most thoroughgoing kind.

Finally the reporter said: "And your own name, sir?"

"Oh, never mind me," was the reply. "You don't want my name."

This was a disappointment and the reporter's face showed it. "I should like to have it most of all," he replied.

"Well," said the man, "I'm J. B. Jenks, of the Metropolitan Police Force."

The reporter was a little staggered, but he thought to himself "An inspector, I dare say, or a captain at least," and added aloud, "What title? Cap—"

"No," said the officer, with a quiet smile, "plain patrolman. I see you're surprised. Didn't think a policeman could look so much like a gentleman, eh?"

"Not at all," replied the reporter quickly. "I only wondered why you were here. Relative of the dead man?"

"No, no such luck!"

"Friend of the family?"

"Altogether too swell for my blood."

"What are you doing then among a houseful of such eminently respectable people as these?"

"Watching to see that none of them steals the bric-a-brac?"

"Come off, old man, you're trying to kid me!"

"Fact!" and the officer turned away to scan with piercing looks a gentlemanly looking old man who was making his way out of the house with tears in his eyes.

AN OLD CALIFORNIA HERO.

From The Pittsburg Post's Pacific Coast letter.

Twenty-five years ago, when the Josephine quicksilver mine in San Luis Obispo was being worked, the owners hired Mexicans mostly, and they were a set of cut-throats who would kill a person for a dime. An old fellow named Humphreys moved into the district and opened a saloon about a mile from the mine, in a gulch near the main road. He kept money on hand more or less, and the Mexicans determined to rob him. One night when he was sitting alone in his saloon five of them entered and called for drinks. They paid the money and stood up at the bar. Then, when Humphreys sat down at the end of the room, near the stove, one of them locked the door and all five surrounded him. The leader drew a knife, and told him to give up quietly and he would not be hurt. Humphreys, rising to the emergency, seized this leader and threw him out of the closed door into the gulch. The door was an ordinary panelled one of white pine, half-inch panels set in inch frames. Humphreys at once seized the next Mexican by the head and threw him against two of the others, flooring them; he then began throwing the men out of the broken door, and in a few minutes the last of his assailants lay bruised and defeated in the gulch below. For weeks the front door of the saloon remained a mere frame, with a hole in its middle three feet across, and the Mexican miners as they passed would cross themselves and pray to be delivered from that "Diablo Don Miguel Humphreys."

I was interested in the story, and a few years later picked up what I could about the hero of this little frontier episode. He was a Tennessean, born about 1798, and therefore sixty-seven years old when he whipped his Mexicans. But he took no pride in the affair, for it was infinitely less than some of his earlier feats. He had been a "fighter an' 'rastler" all his days and no one had ever mastered him, either in strength or in skill. Rude, uneducated fellow though he was, the old man was always "square on the deal."

One cannot but think that this fighting man of the backwoods was worthy of a larger field. In him, as in the other men I have described, one was instantly impressed by a total indifference to all standards, except his own. He was like a California grizzly—he would not go an inch out of his way to start a fight. "Never dared a man in my life," was his own terse phrase. "Never failed yet whip what dared me."

THE NEW-ENGLAND SHOE MARKET.

From The Boston Advertiser.

The sharp advance in the cost of leather has already had considerable effect on the boot and shoe market, and present appearances indicate a still greater effect on the manufactured product before prices for spring goods have been fixed. The fact that the value of leather advanced after the price for heavy fall goods had practically been fixed has made the struggle a hard one for manufacturers to get their orders out at the cost of production, and this has only been done where they were able and had confidence enough to go in the market and buy the leather before the full advance had taken place. As shoe buyers for many years have had practically their own way in making the price of the goods each season, it is a bitter pill for them to swallow when they find that conditions are now so much against them. They struggled hard against paying any advance for the duplicate orders placed later in the season, and in some cases were successful in getting the same prices, although this was accomplished generally at the expense of the quality of the shoe. The demand during the fall season has been principally for a shoe at a price, and by working in an inferior grade of leather manufacturers have been able to get through the fall business without materially advancing the price of the shoe, although the quality has suffered to some extent.

With a moderate advance in the cost of leather, or had the advance been confined to some special grades, the cost of the shoe would not have been so greatly increased as to require the general marking up in price that has taken place. This was not the case, however, as the advance takes in all grades—sole, uppers and linings, and this forces an advance that cannot be overlooked. During the last half dozen years the decline in leather has been so gradual that any attempt to maintain the price of footwear has met with failure. The situation during that time encouraged the advent of numerous manufacturers who would take orders below the ruling cost of leather and trust to the future to get the material to make the goods at a profit. By these means the price of leather was forced down to so low a basis that many tanners were obliged to retire from business bankrupt, while boots and shoes were being sold on a basis corresponding to the cost of leather.

The spring sale for boots and shoes is about to open, and now it is that the struggle for price will be made. The advance in the cost of men's low grade shoes is estimated to be about 15 cents per pair, but buyers are backward about leaving their usual orders at this advance. There are already a fair sprinkling of Western and Southern shoe buyers in the market, and they will look over the situation very closely, as they fear that leather will break. It now looks as though a compromise would be effected by the buyer paying part of the advance in the price of the shoe and having the balance taken out of the quality.

HOUSEHOLD TALK.

INTERESTING NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and the little puffings and quillings of the last French frocks lead us to believe that the exclusive reign of the slender young person is coming to a conclusion. How arrogant she has been! And how merciless! Does she realize the mortification she inflicts upon the young-old matrons who are, perforce, bidding good-by to youth and figure when she descants upon the horror of "fat people"? "What difference can it make what a stout woman wears?" said a tall, lily-like girl, scornful alike of feelings and grammar, at a dinner last week. A listener pondered and wondered if the fair young person was to be spared the sorrow of a middle-aged waist. Probably retributive justice will be dealt out even to her, charming boaster though she was, and happy will she be then if Messrs. Worth, Pingat and Rouffe have grown tired of the present day styles. One of the unlucky fat ones—a lady well-known in society—received a large box of summer toilettes last spring. She took them out one by one, each skirt more straight, more uncompromisingly severe than the last, she looked, sighed, and hopelessly laid them back in the trunk where they lie still untouched awaiting the seven-year spell which is said to bring all things round to renewed utility and beauty.

The latest importations show a marked tendency toward fulness on the hips. The panier seems to be inevitable in the near future. A pretty demi-toilette worn recently at a dinner party in Newport was made of delightfully quaint figured gray silk, like some of the patches in one's grandmother's quilt. The neck was cut in a round V-shape and trimmed with a Marie Antoinette fichu—very full—while round the bottom of a longish basque was an equally full flounce of yellow lace made to stand out by an under flounce of yellow mousseline de soie. Paniers, puffs, drapings, we hail you! Come and welcome! You will assuage many minor miseries of life to the army of sisters who are battling now unsuccessfully with the great enemy called avoirdupois.

For the country and seaside the autumn girl is still the tailor-made girl. Over her cheviot shirt she has buttoned a warm double-breasted vest, but the straight

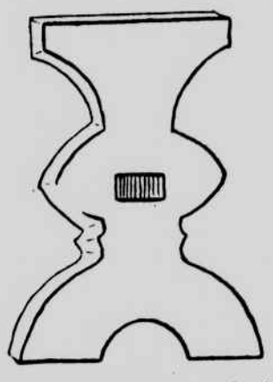
skirt and cutaway coat are the same. One is quite sure to be "correct" by adopting English fashions for outdoor wear, and French for house and evening gowns.

Perhaps it may interest our feminine readers to hear the statistics of those of their own sex that go in for the higher education. Since the very pronounced movement a number of years ago to enlarge the bounds of woman's education, and bring it to the standard required for men, enough time has elapsed and a sufficient number of fair girl graduates have passed into the arena to fight the battles of life, to enable us to determine more or less how it was affected two very important things—their health and their marriage. The statistics of the latter are decidedly low. Whether these young ladies' lives have been too full to admit of the ordinary efforts to attract the opposite sex, or their standard has been too high, or whether it has rather frightened the contemporaneous young man, it is hard to say; the result remains the same—it does not seem favorable to matrimony. As far as health goes, however, the advanced education does not apparently affect the girl student any more than the opposite sex. A delicate young person, be it "she" or "she," is apt to break down if overworked; while the strong body supports the strong mind to a successful goal. The statistics show no reason why on that score the girls should be debarred from enlarging their minds and their spheres.

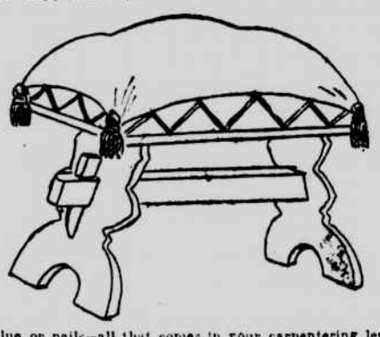
As far as the other matter is concerned, again our statistics come forward and show that, although there are fewer marriages, the children of those who do marry are healthier and more intelligent than the majority, thus proving that to elevate the woman is to lift mankind.

To descend from the intellectual to the practical, and yet to what is development, too, in the right direction, we wish to ask why girls should not learn the practical use of tools as well as their brothers. To know even the rudiments of carpentry would be of the greatest convenience sometimes to many a housekeeper if only to direct others particularly on a country place. Besides, it would help to counteract the general feebleness of the majority of women in all matters of practical utility barring, of course, cooking and sewing about a place. There is a move in this direction nowadays, just as there is in higher things, and we heard the other day of a girl—"Boston, of course"—who built herself a village cart, and with the help of the village blacksmith on the iron part, had a gay little yellow vehicle at a minimum of expense. It would be rather hard to emulate this damsel; but as it gives interest to any work to feel that it is "good enough to keep" we add a couple of simple designs for a table and a bench, so that while the young carpenter is learning the use of her tools she can feel that she can carry home the proofs of her skill to astonish her father and her brothers.

In the first place you must discover a carpenter's shop; this is easy enough in a country village, but in town you must know where to look; but by searching



about a bit one will be easily found. An hour's lesson several times a week with the use of the tools would not cost much. Of course you would either have to take a maid or form a small class—for the latter, two or three would be quite enough on account of the room, as for such work you cannot be crowded. For your own little sitting-room suppose you try a table or piano bench, the patterns of which are given herewith. The shaping of the two supports for each piece you need not do yourself. Draw working patterns, that is, of the sizes you wish, on brown paper, and take them to a steam mill and you can have them cut in any kind of wood in a few minutes. If you do not know where to go your coal man will take them for you to any of the sawmills in his vicinity. As for the construction, the bevelling your table boards, and bolting your braces with wooden bolts—which, by the way, makes genuine honest furniture with no



glue or nails—all that comes in your carpentering lessons, and can be taught you by any intelligent carpenter if you show him these designs and give him the pieces you have had sawn out. Both of these models were very successfully carried out by young boys in an industrial school in which the writer was interested.

One word to girls who wish to be popular—not to great beauties or heiresses upon whom favors are thrust, but to ordinary every-day girls who come into the kingdom of society to make or mar their chances of belleship: An accurate observer and critic declares that a sympathetic girl takes first place, the girl who has a knack of entering into other people's interests; who will listen patiently and intelligently to stories, however dull; and who will heartily appreciate any and every good thing that comes in her way—especially a girl who will say nice kind things of everybody. It is not wise to be witty or funny at other people's expense. No one can afford it. Nor on the other hand is it necessary to be steeped in dulcet sweetness or to be absolutely all things to all men. A wholesome, cheery, kindly way of discovering the good that is in everything and everybody will be found a good investment in the bank of worldly success, to say nothing of the true admiration and sincere friendship which are sure to be gained thereby.

The choice of going to market and selecting food or dealing with the market boy at the door, giving him the order and apparently saving one's self further trouble, is offered to every housekeeper whose custom is considered by the dealer worth having. One certain thing is that the average grocer prefers to have an order given at the door. He is then secure against "haggling about prices"; if he has an inferior quality of goods, he can apologetically send them and be sure that in nine cases out of ten they will be taken. In the case of the direct marketer such poor goods would rarely find a purchaser, because having the choice of the market before her, she would turn naturally to something else that was good rather than take perhaps an inferior cut or quality of meat or fruit or vegetables that had passed their freshness.

There is no doubt that a table can be supplied with much better, fresher, and a more tempting variety of food at the downtown markets in this city at an average of at least 20 per cent less than from an order given to an uptown store; but the time lost and the cost of getting material uptown in most cases overbalance all these advantages. The plan of co-operative marketing has more to commend it than have some other forms of co-operation in housekeeping by which home life and individual tastes are disregarded and the home table supplied from a grand hotel kitchen. It is doubtful if the co-operative kitchen will ever gain a welcome among any Anglo-Saxon people, who are proverbially jealous of the least infringement upon the life of the home. The plan, however, of a number of families buying food supplies from the downtown markets, through an experienced and trustworthy agent, presents too many advantages to be long neglected, and it is strange that some enterprising woman has not long ago sought a livelihood in this way. Such a marketer would settle a vexed question in many households—whether it is wiser to bear the extortion and imposition of the uptown grocer or seek the downtown markets, and waste time, which no one can spare in a busy city.

The wearing of a wedding ring by husbands as well as by wives is not a new thing. The pleasant custom of the newly made wife presenting her husband with a quaint ring for the signet finger has been in vogue to a limited extent for some time. These rings are often of iron or some other metal than gold, but are curiously inlaid with gold in designs copied from old Italian rings, and are engraved with an Arabic sentence, "May God protect the wearer," or something of similar import. The rings are set with sapphires and other stones, which gems, according to cabalistic lore, are credited with the power of shielding the wearer from harm.

Even persons who ordinarily dislike the common fiery chow-chows find the following recipe for French chow-chow peculiarly appetizing and delicious. A chow-chow is a peculiarly English dish borrowed from India. As it is often made, it is simply a pickle strongly flavored with mustard. There is no excuse for a dish like this. All Indian chutneys contain sugar, and a chow-chow should always contain some sugar to soften it and give it tone rather than sweeten it. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of obtaining only the best ingredients in pickling. Some pickle makers think any quality of fruit will do for pickles, and in consequence they produce very inferior results. The mustard and the tumeric used in this recipe should be procured of trustworthy druggists or special dealers in spices, rather than from an ordinary grocery store; only the best cider vinegar should be used. For the materials of this chow-chow select a quart of large, firm, green cucumbers, cut in rather thick slices and cut across in half once; a quart of small gherkin pickles or small cucumbers not over two inches in length, a quart of white button onions, and a quart of green tomatoes sliced and cut in pieces. Measure the sliced cucumbers and green tomatoes after they are cut up. Heap up the quart measures of button onions and tiny cucumbers, and add to the whole one large cauliflower divided up into little flowerlets, and four large green peppers cut up in coarse bits. Lay all these ingredients in a brine made in the proportion of a cup of salt to a gallon of cold water. Soak the pickles in this brine for twenty-four hours. Then scald them up in the same brine and drain them. Make a paste of a cup of flour, six tablespoons of ground mustard and one of tumeric, with a little vinegar. Add a cup of sugar and enough vinegar to make two quarts in all. Let this mixture boil up till it is smooth and thick, stirring it all the time, as it is very liable to burn. Add the pickles to it while it is on the stove, and the chow-chow is done. This chow-chow is delicious the day it is made, but it is even better the day after it is made.

An English chow-chow in which all the ingredients are chopped fine, is made as follows: Select two medium sized heads of firm, white cabbage, half a peck of green tomatoes, two quarts of firm, ripe tomatoes, half a dozen green peppers and two red peppers. Chop all these ingredients as fine as you can, and pack the mixture in layers of salt. Put it in a coarse bag of burlaps or some similar material, lay it across a rack improvised of slats of wood, arrange over the top of some barrel or keg into which it can drain. Put a heavy press on top of it and allow it to drain for twenty-four hours. All green vegetables which are pickled should be soaked in brine or put through a similar press with salt, in order to extract the strong acid juice, which would otherwise render them unfit for use. Pickles are occasionally made without this process, but they are a sorrow to the partaker. When the chow-chow is thoroughly drained, it can be removed from the press. A pint and a half of sugar, half a cup of grated horse-radish, half a tea-spoon of ground black pepper, half an even tea-spoon of ground mustard, an ounce of white mustard seed, an ounce of celery seed, a tablespoonful of ground mace, and finally a gill of Dutch mustard, must all be added to the other ingredients.

There is something exceedingly amusing to a practical housekeeper in the elaborate directions given for making duster-bags out of satin and silk elaborately ornamented with embroidery. The first essential of a bag that holds the duster is that it, like the duster, can be laundered. It is a very convenient and neat practice to keep on hand a supply of well-hemmed dusters of cheese-cloth, or some other soft cotton material. A pretty bag of colored linen, red satine, or any other washable material is suitable for the making of duster-bags. A spider, weaving his geometric web, or any other appropriate design may be used to ornament it. It may be decorated in various South Kensington designs, making it a veritable thing of beauty. There is no necessity for resorting to such unsuitable material as satin or silk. Even a ribbon is unsuitable in a thing of this sort; it should be hung up by a ring of wood or gilt.

At this season when peaches are scarce, fruits which at other seasons would be rejected are often used because they are all that is to be had. A very excellent spiced fruit is made of sliced peaches. In this way inferior fruit, which would not otherwise be used, can be cut up and parts unfit for slicing thrown away. Weigh out seven pounds of sliced peaches, and add three and a half pounds of sugar; measure out one pint of vinegar, and boil all together till the peaches are tender. Add an ounce of cloves and two ounces of cinnamon, and cook the whole for twenty minutes longer. This should make a rich spiced pickle.

The game season was fairly opened on September 1, although no game will be in prime condition, except woodcock and some small birds, until the weather becomes a little colder. There are two ways of cooking woodcock. The most ordinary is to split the bird open at the back, skin the legs and head, removing the eyes and cutting off the feet. In spite of the epicurean idea to the contrary, woodcock is generally drawn in this country. The neck of the bird is drawn back when it is trussed, and its long bill acts as a skewer to hold the legs against the sides. To broil it, the bird is rubbed well with butter, dredged lightly with flour, and broiled for ten minutes over a clear fire, being turned frequently. Serve it on delicately-browned buttered toast with a garnish of watercress. To roast a woodcock, open it as usual; skewer the legs to the side with the bill; lard the breast with fine strips of salt pork like matches; rub butter thickly over the bird, having previously sprinkled it with salt and pepper, and lay it on its back in a dripping-pan to cook for fifteen or twenty minutes. If the oven is very hot, fifteen minutes will be enough. Have ready chopped fine the liver, lungs and other trimmings of the woodcock; mix them with two tablespoons of butter, and spread this over the breast of the roasting bird five minutes before it is taken from the oven. When the birds are cooked undrawn, the crops only are removed.

A month or two later will be heard the yearly cry from the children, "What shall I make for Christmas presents?"—a cry wildly puzzling to mothers as well as to the young people themselves.

We may help you, dear children, by calling your attention to the quantities of lovely things around you now—things which you can convert by your clever little fingers into many a pretty souvenir which will cost you next to nothing and yet will be all ready when the time comes, which is such a comfort. If you are in the mountains a birch-bark book-cover, a pretty present, becomes possible. Cut the cover the

size of your opened book, allowing for the edges to turn under; line it neatly, and then sew another piece of your lining on the outside edge, half way on either side of the inside of your cover, making a pocket wherein to fix the paper cover of a book. You might paint some ferns and berries on the bark cover in brown sepia, and you have a very pretty cover to slip over the last new book and give to your elder sister.

A cornish thermometer is very easy to make, and is useful and effective. Get a bright red or yellow ear—any farmer will give you some to choose from—then remove two rows of the kernels, leaving a place the exact size of a small thermometer, which you can buy at any shop where they sell materials for fancy work. Tie

the stem with a bow of ribbon to match and you have another present ready.

A frame of cardboard can be made quite artistic by covering it with prettily arranged pressed ferns, grasses, dried berries and some lichen covered sticks. The sea side children have opportunities to manufacture innumerable presents with their shells and seaweeds. You all know the pretty pincushions that can be made with the brightly colored scallop shells by finding an exact pair of large shells and making a pincushion the same shape. After covering it with velvet or plush glue the shells firmly on either side. Another pair, with holes bored in the ends and tied together with a ribbon, with leaves of paper cut the same shape, make a very pretty little album for seaweeds.

Buy a common mirror from the village "store" and cover the frame with all the queer things you find on the beach—starfish, shells, anything that can be dusted. These are only a few suggestions. Look about you and you will find many more for yourselves.

QUITE ANOTHER MAN.

From The Chicago Tribune.

"Are you the editor?" inquired the tall, cross-eyed woman with the wart on her nose.

"I am," answered the man in the chair. "What can I do for you, madam?"

"You published an item this morning about the arrest of a man named Gabe Plunkett for stealing a sack of flour, didn't you?"

"It was among the police items, possibly, but I assure you madam——"

"And you said it was pleaded in his behalf that he had a helpless family at home and was out of work and was desperate?"

"Likely enough, but of course——"

"Well, my name's Plunkett, and my husband's name is Gabe Plunkett."

"I am very sorry, my dear madam, but of course you understand——"

"There are two Gabe Plunketts in this town, our mail is always getting mixed. It wasn't my husband that was arrested."

"In that case," said the editor, cordially, "we shall be happy to make a statement to that effect."

"That's what I want. I want you to say to-morrow morning that the Gabe Plunkett that was run in for stealing a sack of flour for his family was not the Gabe Plunkett that lives at No. 614 Poverty Alley."

"No. 614 Poverty Alley," repeated the editor, making a memorandum.

"Got that down?"

"Yes."

"That the Gabe Plunkett who lives in that alley wasn't out of the house at all yesterday. Got that?"

"Yes."

"And that he hasn't energy enough to steal a sack of flour. Charge anything for putting all that in?"

"No, madam."

"Much obliged. Good morning!" And she went out with a quick, soldier-like step, leaving the astonished editor gasping helplessly in his chair.

A GERMAN WOMAN'S KNITTING.

From The Lewiston Journal's foreign letter.

If I were asked to present in one word the characteristics of the German women, I should employ the word—knitting-work. A drive through the German country on Sunday afternoon reveals rows of women sitting on benches in front of the cottages, knitting. The men drink beer and cultivate idleness, while the women knit. Children of ten years also sit in the doorways and knit.

ALEXANDRE CHATRIAN.

SAD END OF THE POPULAR AUTHOR.

Paris, September 9.

Strangely slight attention has been paid to the death of M. Chatrian, of the famous literary firm of Erckmann-Chatrian. A few years ago the event would have plunged France into mourning. To-day it passes almost without notice. The scandal about Boulanger and the Royalists completely overshadows and eclipses the death of one of the most popular writers of the century; a writer, moreover, to whom an incalculable debt of patriotism was due. Why this is so is hard to tell; or rather, it is too easy to tell. For there are many reasons that are obvious. A sufficient one is this, that the Erckmann-Chatrian style of literature is no longer popular. It has given place to that of M. Zola and M. Dumas. Doubtless in the provinces the fervent patriotism of Erckmann-Chatrian is still considerably cherished. But Paris worships at other shrines. Not that patriotism has declined. It has not. But one cannot always be in a white-heat of wrath against the enemy. One cannot every day be marching in uniform and singing the Marseillaise. When next there is a call "pro patria," Paris will be foremost to make response. Until then, she wisely prefers to think of other things.

There is another reason, in some respects more potent still. M. Chatrian's fame has been injured by his quarrel, less than two years ago, with his old partner. Frenchmen did not like that quarrel; and they laid the blame of it chiefly upon M. Chatrian. It was he who began it, in accusing M. Erckmann of seizing more than his share of the profits on their works. Nor was that all. He charged his partner with treason to France, in that he continued to live in Alsace under German rule, thus recognizing and sanctioning Germany's seizure of the two provinces. These were hard things to say about the partner of a lifetime, but M. Chatrian said them, and said them publicly, and in the harshest and most offensive manner possible. To say that France was shocked is to put it mildly. M. Erckmann promptly began a suit for libel against the paper which had published M. Chatrian's outburst, and won it; in course of the trial completely vindicating himself, and proving that M. Chatrian himself was guilty of at least a part of the indictment. That set the tide of popular opinion overwhelmingly against M. Chatrian. People said, "He has sinned greatly. But we cannot punish him, because his good works also have been many. So let us forget him." And they have done so.

There is an excuse for M. Chatrian, however. Perhaps the general public does not know it, but M. Erckmann does, and it led him to forgive his old partner and become personally reconciled to him before he died. It is simply this, that M. Chatrian had lost his mind. Two or three years ago he showed symptoms of intellectual decay. His faculties became clouded; his perceptions were dull; his suspicions were keen. His whole nature seemed warped. He sought relief and restoration in retirement at his pleasant country home, but in vain. His brain was hopelessly diseased. When he made his attack upon his old partner he was not responsible for his conduct. Thereafter the progress of the malady became more rapid and more deadly, and at last it has killed him. No one more sincerely and broken-heartedly deplores his loss than the partner whom he wronged. M. Chatrian was a handsome, distinguished looking man, whose high forehead and penetrating dark eyes marked him even at first sight as a man of note. He lived near Paris, in a charming little suburban town called "Le Rainey," and his home was a large comfortable house, embowered in clumps of greenery, and reached from the grassy road by a long avenue of overarching trees. There, when he got home in the evening, his greatest delight was to play with his "boys" in the garden, or, clad in his blue blouse, and clattering with his wooden shoes like one of his own Alsatian peasants, to tend, with his wife and old gardener, his flowers and plants.

The joint fame of M. Emile Erckmann and M. Alexandre Chatrian began about thirty years ago with the publication of a rather fantastic story, "L'Illustre Docteur Matheus." M. Erckmann was then thirty-eight years old, and M. Chatrian thirty-four, and they had been working together more than a dozen years without being able to make a hit. M. Erckmann was the son of a bookseller, and was destined for the bar. M. Chatrian's family were glass-founders, who, being ruined, were greatly pleased at securing for their son a well-paid clerkship, with prospects of becoming partner in a glass foundry of Belgium, and immensely disgusted when he threw up his good place to devote himself to literature. Literature had, in truth, a bad name then in country districts, and especially in Alsace, where the friends were both born. It was in Alsace that Victor Hugo, being invited, whilst in the zenith of his reputation, to dine with some honest folk of his acquaintance, found himself an object of suspicious attention on the part of the servant. This nihilterary domestic set him down as a Bohemian, kept an eye on his movements, and when the time came for pouring out the champagne, asked aloud, and with great reluctance: "Shall I give any to the man of letters?" M. Erckmann, who, like M. Chatrian, could not be brought to apply himself to the career his friends wished, was also the victim of hearty family reprobation; and it was this that first contributed to establish a link between the young men. They were introduced to each other by a professor of the College of Phalsbourg, where M. Chatrian had obtained an usbership pending the time when his pen should support him, and at once they became friends, and put their brains as well as their purses in common. They toiled twelve years without success or profit. They wrote short tales which were not appreciated, novelettes which were rejected or laid upon shelves to be printed only many years after, and dramas which were either refused, or, as happened once with a too patriotic play of theirs called "Alsace in 1814," banished from the stage by prefectorial edict at the second performance. One of the circumstances against them was that they began at a time when politics left men too little leisure to think of literature; and later, when the total cessation of home politics under the Empire brought novels into demand again, it was not novels of the kind they could write. After writing themselves down to a state of indigence bordering on penurilessness, the pair of friends were on the point of giving up the struggle. M. Chatrian, who had abandoned his usbership, solicited a railway clerkship at $300 a year, and M. Erckmann started for Paris to continue the legal studies he had begun just sixteen years before. It was then that is, at the time of the Italian campaign that the public, in one of its capricious moods, took a fancy to their "Docteur Matheus," bought three editions of it, and gave the authors that name which is destined to be immortal in the literature of France.

IT WAS HARD ROWING FOR THEM.

A number of amateur oarsmen who were out on the Harlem recently furnished a deal of amusement to a crowd which had gathered to watch them at Kingsbridge. There is a bridge there over Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and the frantic efforts of the rowers to take their boats under the b