GREAT IS MADAME,

Who, Autocratic, Dispenses Fashion's Fabrics and Decrees.

HER VICTIMS HYPNOTIZED

At Sight of Satins Shot With Opal Lights in Sheen of Pearl.

Now Good Form Demands Both Empire and Victorian Robes—Voluminous Sleeves, Skirts Interlined with Crinoline, Debutantes Gowns, and Gay Evening Dress for Small Children are Features of the Time—Woman in Clubs, in Fiction, and in Her Fight for Higher Education—Other Interesting Information.

"Aren't you tired of trying to keep up with the fashions?" said one lady to another in Mme. Sombrely's elegant drawing room.

"Wretchedly weary. Wish I had been born a Noah's Ark wooden woman with my clothes all painted on. Actually, between the day you order a gown and the day it comes home the mode changes so that you aren't quite up to date. It was all very well in the days of the diminuendo. You could rip into a breadth, run in a gore, and be quite modish. But this crescendo is another thing. I don't think we will be able to make anything of last season's gowns. Really, if black weren't so horribly unbecoming I would

go into mourning and have a vacation. One wouldn't mind sacrificing a distant relative or two in such a case. It just makes you want to say your creed backward to be sent for to look at spring samples on a day like this. Why, I came down in a sleigh, and here is Madame writing to us that she has a full line of novelties." And then the portieres softly parted, and, to the sound of slow music, Madame made her grand entrée, followed by a little maid with boxes of goods. At least, if there wasn't slow music there were all the other features that accompany the entrance of a first-class star. Now, Madame has just been up in the work room scolding the little girls that pick out the bastings for $3 a week, because they waste so much time chattering. Madame began life herself in the basting business, years ago; so long ago, in fact, that she has forgotten it. One day she left in a huff after she learned to fit, and twisted her honest Irish name into a French quirk, and began for herself. She has forgotten that, too, and doesn't understand at all why her girls are so dissatisfied. Now she has the Prince

of Wales's crest and his motto "Ich dien," on her stationery, and with it more dignity and frigidity than a princess royal would dare to assume. Still, she is very suave and gracious this morning, for have not the samples come over from the other side? And though the goods have not been shipped, perhaps not even manufactured as yet, she will sell five or six gowns apiece to these good customers for the spring. So while the horses stamp and champ their frozen bits outside, and the coachman in his Russian furs shivers, the delicate lawns and organdies, grenadines and silks, are shaken out and talked over. Yes, Madame says there is to be a great change in styles between now and summer, perhaps greater than any we have had in a long time. The world of

fashion has been divided into two factions—one fighting for the empire modes, with their straight lines and clinging draperies; the other supporting the 1830 balloon sleeves, small waists and flaring skirts. In this country we have compromised on the empire for evening and the Victorian robes for the day. You see, the empire dress was becoming to very few women, after all. Short women couldn't wear it, and very tall women were not graceful in it. Besides, it wasn't a practical dress for anything but house and carriage wear. It needed most careful manipulation not to be grotesque and a repose of manner and deliberation in movement which the American women are not supremely gifted with. It is safe to say that the 1830 and 1845 modes will influence the coming fashions far more than anything in which Josephine and her court ladies look so lovely in the pictures. Painted women never hurry, never grow stout, never begin to grow old, never look haggard after a night out. If we could fit gowns to the women in the pictures we would have an easier time. I assure you.

About the hoops—they are just now like the hereafter. Thank Heaven, for one exactly knows what is before us. But already skirts are interlined with crinoline, ruffles inside are wired, and facings are wired. Don't you notice how the ladies smooth out the bends in the wire when they sit down? There's no use in expecting to fix over last season's skirts. The only thing to do with an old bell skirt is to wear it bravely as it is or discard it forever. Make sleeves of it for a new gown if it is very rich stuff, like

silk. Of course this extravagance seems reprehensible, but should not be wholly condemned if we would have trade flourish in the land and the dressmakers not become dependent upon public charity. I will admit that I have never seen a single woman, a married one either, that this new skirt suits. To tall women, short women, thin women, and 'chick' ones, as the Germans say, it is unbecoming, and to all is it inconvenient, for the folds around the feet are heavy, and the lining of crinoline awkward. If the skirts are off the ground they are ungraceful. If they are on the ground it is impossible to hold them up with comfort, to say nothing of grace. Concerning the length from Paris, whence the parliament of fashion issues its flats, come conflicting declarations. I must confess that things look very promising for a skirt quite off the ground and showing the ankles, especially for dancing. But the best way is to put off the evil day as long as possible, being careful to make all new skirts very full. They are easily shortened, you know. There are lamp shade skirts and all sorts of new patterns whose amplitude insures their adaptation to any style. In bodices it is best to cut the shoulder as long as they can be worn comfortably, and the sleeves want to be made fuller at the elbow than the shoulder, in Queen Anne fashion.

"It promises to be a great summer for cotton fabrics of all kinds and for light challies and crépons with Dresden china patterns. The organdies and Mousseline de lignes show bold art patterns of huge flowers in shadowy colors on striped or dotted white garments. They are copied from the old materials, and the organdies that the Georgian dames wore, you know, were patterned like the wall papers of the period. All these light materials will be made up over colored linings of soft silk, cut low in the neck and without lining in the sleeves. Grenadines, with satin figures on a lacy ground, will be greatly worn over short silk linings. Brocades of all kinds are shown among the

importations, particularly those in old-fashioned 'sheenie' stripes. But the handsomest of all fabrics, and one which is having a great run now, is the short satin, which has all the light of a beautiful opal and the sheen of pearls. The new ginghams are such close replicas of the new silks that excuse is found for their linings of silk and trimmings of velvet and satin. It will be a great lace summer. All the beautiful old patterns and wonderful webs will come in again. Flemish, and Genoese, and Venice points, all the rare and rich old guipures will furnish models for the season's imitations.

"Just now the handsomest gowns we are making are those with fur bodices for day wear and with fur trimming for evening. Nothing makes a handsome neck look handsomer than a band of soft brown sable fur, with bunches of violets nestling coslily in the fur." And Mme. Loring in the mean time inveigled the ladies into ordering five or six gowns apiece, and, feeling very gracious, touched her bell, and when the little handmaiden appeared she ordered some of the gowns in process of formation to be sent up. One was of cloth, with a glint of gold, a check of brown, and a glimmer of green in its woof, like the feathery mosses in the brook when the sun shines down through the water. Around the bottom of the full skirt were five bands of seal. The waist was entirely of the fur, with a

swarthy flaring collar standing up about the throat. Sometimes this waist has sleeves of fur as well, sometimes huge puffs of cloth with close sleeves of fur from the wrist to the elbow, and it may be entire sleeves of cloth. The skin of baby lambs, close curled and as soft as velvet, is very effective in a gown of this kind which is designed for street wear only, is accompanied by an outside wrap, but is worn over a chamois waist of black lined with thin lining silk. The muff is a band of seal or lamb, with a double frill at each end, plaited full and flaring out toward the bottom. And after this madam shook out the daintiest of débutante's gowns in chiffon of a bluish white tint sprayed with tiny rose buds and forget-me-nots in the natural colors. Around the bottom a blue satin ribbon half an inch wide was caught

in a trellis the sprays of rosebuds embroidered over and under it. The gown was most simply fashioned, with a full short gathered skirt, a chemisette waist with 1830 shoulder capes, and a sash belt of folded satin hooked in a rosette at the back. A dinner gown for a beauty famous for her slight and supple grace was of Benzaï satin, with old Gretchen blue. There was a trained skirt with a full Watteau plait embroidered on the edge in silver and crystal. The low Victoria bodice had a puffed girdle of dahlia, pointed and edged with the crystal and silver trimming, and full sleeves of the dahlia finished the artistic model. Some odd little bodices were next presented for admiration. One was in the 1845 style, a bodice and upper sleeve of brown velvet over a dull pink satin waist, the whole belted with gold; a Henri II. ball bodice of brocade, with a trimming of silk muslin and velvet; a Directory bodice of white satin had an edge of sable and violets and a jewelled silver girdle; and a full 1830 dinner gown of shot satin, with stiffened capes and a narrow velvet belt buckled with diamonds, was spread out temptingly for the last. The ladies almost doubled their orders for gowns after the display, and Madame smoothed her satin lap with her diamond ringed hands and half protested, but finally promised to take all the orders, just as if she hadn't expected them all the time.

FOR PICTURESQUE EVENING DRESS.

The Small Boy and the Small Girl Hold Close Rivalry.

Little boys' evening dress fairly rivals in picturesqueness that worn by little maids. At a recent party there appeared a coming man in a court suit of black velvet with white satin linings and cut steel buttons. The waistcoat was of white satin, too, and the cravat and ruffles of lace. Another shapely little beau wore an evening suit of dark green velvet, with a straight coat fastening in a slant from the right shoulder and finished with a

decoration of applique. A hussar ornament of cords and tassels is worn on the shoulder, a big lace collar at the throat, a belt with a gold buckle and a pouch of the passamenterie, and black pumps with silver buckles. A gentle little mother, whose prayed-for girls are all born boys, dresses the baby of the household, a little lad of five, in a prettily ornamented coat of brown with an applique of tan stitched on over green. The blouse is of fine lawn or China silk, made by

hand, with dainty devices of tucks and stitchings in finest needlework. But the quaintest, dearest, smartest thing in the world just now is the 1830 little girl. Her pelisse is of velvet, black or blue, with a tippet of ermine and a huge poke bonnet with pert tips outside and tiny rosebuds inside its important brim. The delicious dignity of the imites that are so adorned is what the mammas and pretty aunties call "just too sweet for words."

A MEDIEVAL FAVOR REVIVED.

Once More All Hearts Palpitate Upon the Fluttering Sleeve.

Sleeves bid fair to attain the magnitude and magnificence for which they were noted in the reign of that royal old maid, Elizabeth. In the old days these formidable elements of the costume lent themselves to all mahner of caprice and extravagance. They were even made quite separate from the dress and attached to the doublet or bodice with "points"—ribbons with golden tags—and we read in the old inventories of "one payre of sleeves fayrely embraudded." Quaint devices, mottoes of graceful Gothic letters enriched with interlaced curves of gold and silver thread, were wrought upon the rich velvets and satins of which the old-time sleeve was fashioned, even as it is to-day. One old court requisite is handed down to posterity as the possessor of a pair of

sleeves, down the length of which were embroidered the notes and music of a love song, the notes set in pearls on a staff of gold. Those were the days of chivalry and romance. Nothing could be two sumptuous in golden traceries set with jewels for the adorning of a sleeve which the fair lady in her bower wrought for the liege lover of her heart to wear in the lists when he fought for honor's sake and her. And for many years this name of the sleeve was given to the strip of precious stuff, richly embroidered, which the knight wore upon his shoulder in token of fealty to the lady of his heart. Alas, that the spirit of chivalry may not be revitalized with the revival of the styles!

Modistes tell us now that they make the sleeves of the gown first; then, if there is material enough, they go on and finish the gown. If not, they buy something as strikingly in contrast with the sleeve material as is possible and wed the two in incongruous but not altogether displeasing union, always remembering that the sleeve is the better half. The "chatelaine" sleeve, drooping in soft folds from the shoulder to the little flaring cuff which falls over the hand, is one of the most graceful of the prevalent styles. All sorts of variations of the mutton-leg still maintain. Every dressmaker improvises her own most novel successes. The tight sleeve fitted to the arm as far as the elbow, and met there with an enormous puff dropping from the shoulder, is almost invariably formed of two materials, the lower half silk, the upper part cloth or velvet. Just a few of the quaint 1840 sleeves are shown tucked in close about the arm at the top and flaring out in a puff toward the elbow. All manner of Empire sleeves, with a puff at the top and a close sleeve thence toward the wrist, prevail, and are very advantageous for remodelling old gowns. A very effective sleeve for demi-toilet drapes in a puff at the top and falls thence in a deep frill of lace caught up on the inside of the arms. The Marie Antoinette sleeves have lace ruffles falling from the elbow, and the Venetian sleeve has a slashed puff at the top showing glimpses of contrasting color below. The effect desired is obtained only by lining the puff itself with silk and draping it on a close sleeve lining beneath.

FIGHTING FOR HIGHER EDUCATION.

Women Are Forcing Their Way Through University Barriers All Along the Line.

Since the proposition made by President Eliot to include the Harvard annex as a part of the college proper, if sufficient funds could be raised to meet the expense incurred, and to grant the regular degree to its graduates, fresh interest centres about this institution and its peculiar relations to the famous man's university. Harvard is one of the most conservative as well as the oldest of the great educational institutions in this country. As a college founded by men for men, it was strongly opposed to co-education, and, though women were allowed to take the regular examinations from members of the faculty, and acquitted themselves creditably, the doors of the university were barred against them, and students and professors alike resisted the innovation of their presence. It is about fourteen years now since the annex was founded by friends of the higher education of women, and a class of scarcely more than a score, under a faculty of forty from the college, set the thin edge of the wedge against the barriers of conservatism.

The courses of study are, as far as possible, identical with those pursued by men in the college. The examinations are conducted in the same way. But the recognition of scholarship, the coveted degree, is still withheld, and only a certificate, stating that the graduate has satisfactorily performed the work required by Harvard College for its first degree, may be gained. Now the annex registers 260 students and has a faculty of eighty professors and instructors. The number of its directors has more than doubled since the seven women who were selected in the first year accepted the responsibilities. For the past two years the Sargent prize is offered for the best metrical version of one of Horace's odes, and which is open for competition both to the university and the annex, has been carried off by women. It was through the energy and perseverance of a woman that the observatory which at that time did not grant its privileges to the men, was opened to the annex students. So satisfactory was the work of this first woman pupil that the professor in charge decided to offer two courses each year to women. At Vassar, at Smith, and at Michigan University are instructors who were graduates of this course. Somewhat recently a young woman, desiring to study Arabic, applied to the faculty of the college for permission and received the usual answer that the doors of the university were closed to women. With the refusal, however, there came a private note from the President suggesting that if she wished to listen to the lectures as a guest both he and the Arabic professor would be happy to have her. She is now a constant guest at the lectures, with no tuition fees. What woman has done woman will do, and the venerable institution will yet welcome women, not only as guests, but as regular students. Though the trustees of Johns Hopkins University have accepted with graceful courtesy the terms and conditions made by Miss Garrett for the continuance of her gift to the institution, the resolutions passed admit women only to the medical department. It is about two years now since the trustees promised to open a post-graduate medical school at the university to which men and women should be admitted on equal terms whenever $500,000 should be subscribed for the purpose. Committees of women took the matter in hand, but failed to raise the required amount until Miss Mary Garrett of Baltimore added $393,977 to the generous fund she had contributed before, on certain conditions, which must be maintained or the money reverts to Miss Garrett and her heirs. A committee of six women, which committee shall fill its own vacancies, is to have charge of questions affecting the women medical students. The general attitude of the faculty and trustees has been to exclude women from these courses, but within the past few years a number of special exceptions have been made, in which permission was granted individually, the women thus admitted not being enrolled on the register nor admitted to the examinations. Miss Christine Ladd, a graduate of Wellesley, was the first woman admitted, and followed courses for three years in mathematics. Two other women in mathematics, one in geology, two in chemistry, and one in physics have been admitted in the past three years. Miss Bascom, the geological student last year, accompanied Prof. Williams in a part of his survey of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and a district was assigned to her five miles square, which she examined and reported with the thoroughness required of men who offer themselves for the degree of Ph. D. in the department of geology.

BACHELORHOOD MADE EASY,

With the Trained Nurse and Cooking Class for Man to Turn to, Sick or Well.

Cooking classes for gentlemen! The final blow to that honorable and old-fashioned institution of matrimony. Modern developments are in league against wedlock. Patent buttons have been fashioned that preclude the necessity of a needle. Depots of repairs are established from which issue skilled handmaidens to go into the bachelor's home and reduce the rents in hose and the fractures in linen at minimum cost. The trained nurse has monopolized the most tender of wifely devotions. Indeed, the wife is summarily dismissed from the husband's sick room if danger is imminent. And the trained nurse is a most engaging, low-voiced, gentle institution in picturesque cap and apron. Her hands are like velvet to the touch, but strong and wondrous deft. She knows how to coax and how to command, without irritation or fussiness. Obedience is delicious when in accord with her sovereign will. Her dress never rustles. She never cries over a poor fellow when he is too ghastly sick to endure it. She doesn't get her precious feelings injured when his head thumps so he is obliged to call on his Maker with undue unction and familiarity. Apartment houses and clubs galore are luxuriously appointed for the bachelor's comfort. Gentle women and fresh young maidens sympathize with his ideals and ambitions, and vex him not with tales of the cook's delinquencies or bills for millinery. The chafing dish has been evolved to give zest to his lonely estate. And now the cooking class. Receptions, high teas, and luncheons successfully given without a hostess. Beefsteak always rare and to one's liking. Quails broiled to a turn, and terrapin divinely seasoned. "All this, and heaven, too," as the old Long Island deacon said when he saw Lyman Beecher's parlor, with its rag carpet and six ornately decorated wooden chairs.

EVOLVED AT A WOMAN'S CLUB.

A Scheme for Keeping Up Social Obligations With Comfort.

A clever scheme for minimizing the effort involved in keeping up one's social obligations was suggested at a woman's club not long ago. Every one knows the apparent perversity with which the "at homes" of widely separated friends occur on the same afternoon, and despite cabs and carriages, even the democratic street car and the rapid transit, the futility of trying to drink tea with a friend in Harlem, another in West Fiftieth street, and a third in Washington square, all between 4 and 6 on the same afternoon. Now, the plan proposed is to divide the city into social districts, and have each hostess in a certain district give her weekly or semi-monthly tea on the same afternoon. Even if a lady entertained but one afternoon in the season, let that afternoon be the regular one chosen by her district for receiving. If all the Harlem ladies entertained on Monday, if the Washington square teakettles boiled and bubbled on Tuesday, if we were sure of finding our west side friends all in on Wednesday, and could entertain ourselves on the east side on Thursday, there would be less nervous prostration and insanity, more satisfaction and pleasure, and fewer sociable women wishing that, even as we have a ceremony of introduction, so might we have a ceremony of disintroduction. System is the only salvation for the overtaxed people of this overcrowded town. Soon there will be a schedule prepared for every woman of affairs setting forth certain times and seasons, hours and minutes, for her toilet and her prayers, for loving her husband and rocking her babies, as well as for her clubs, her charities, her social duties, and needful recreations.

BOTH SEXES ARE REPRESENTED

In the Club for Young People Organized by the League of Social Purity.

Significant is the fact that the club for young people organized by the League of Social Purity includes both young women and young men in its membership. The leaders of this society, who devote themselves to the study of social questions in all phases and to the investigation of preventives to social evils, are strongly convinced that the best development and protection for both young men and young women is in legitimate and happy social relations. The idea of the woman's club and the man's club as separate institutions devoted to either social pleasure or to mutual culture, according to their theories, falls short of the highest possibilities of either by the isolation of the sexes. Questions discussed by men or women alone are limited and biassed. And it is claimed by these leaders that in some women's clubs men wait outside to do escort duty when they should be invited inside to enjoy the opportunities for mutual companionship and study, for which there is often too little opportunity in the homes of the kind of young people for which this club is to be founded. An amusing incident was given in the prospectus of the club by the leader, Mrs. Grannis, which came under her own observation. A trained nurse who had appealed to the League for aid in recovering funds she had advanced to a suitor that had afterward deserted her, said that she was obliged to begin supporting herself at the age of fifteen, and, without a home or friends, she had never had any opportunity of forming acquaintance with men, and, as she pathetically put it, had never had a "lover in her life." Finally, wearying of her lonely condition and having some means accumulated, she answered an advertisement in the paper with the usual result. The man desired her money, not her affection, and deserted her before the wedding.

Allusion was made to the co-educational institutions in which the association of men and women in classes gave impetus to the best effort of both, and where marriage resulting from the close acquaintaneeship and comradeship had been singularly happy and successful. Of the many marriages between Cornell students since co-education was established, scarcely a divorce is known. However, the purpose of the club is not primarily one which will interfere with young Cupid's prerogatives, nor is marriage its aim and object. Questions of the day will be discussed in five minute talks by the members, and subjects presented that are of general interest. As a special work, the club will aid in the maintenance of one department of work carried on by the League—that of supporting young mothers with children.

WOMAN IN HER TRUE CHARACTER

Is Shown in the Masterly Delineations of George Meredith.

For masterly delineation and sympathetic comprehension of woman's character the new President of the Society of Authors in England, Mr. George Meredith, excels all writers, both men and women. His heroine is the nineteenth century woman as she is, neither exalted by mischievous sentimentality to a divinity she does not profess, nor degraded to a triviality and weakness she scorns, as in Howells's books. In defiance of tradition this faithful champion represents woman as capable of despising inconstancy, egotism, and unworthiness even in the lover whom she has loved. He exempts her from the conceit and arrogance of morality of which he boldly accuses his heroes. He suggests that the demand of a higher moral standard for women than for men has not infrequently its origin in the desire of brute force for absolute possession. His analyses of woman's motives and incomprehensible vagaries is as fine as the vivisection of a nerve, and from it he demonstrates that the virtues and vices of women are the virtues and vices of the race; that woman in her highest development is yet a little lower than the angels, and in her degradation is not worse than a brute.

His fiction is the evangel of perfect liberty for women, not the emancipation of the shrieking sisterhood, but the higher and holier right to the development and protection of her own individuality and ideals.

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

The year 1892 has been a wonderful year to the women of Great Britain. Its greatest triumphs are the opening of St. Andrew's University to women and the generosity of the faculty in offering to the women students a share of the bursaries or scholarships, one half of which is reserved for women students exclusively. The Council of the Royal Geographical Society has agreed to admit women as follows on the same terms as men: and the British Medical Association called a general meeting for the purpose of considering the admission of the 140 registered women physicians in England. The important place assigned to women at the Church Congress and the decision of the Foresters' Club to admit women on the same terms as men are striking proofs of the tendency of the times to acknowledge on the one hand women's intellectual power and capacity for scientific research and on the other their right to mingle with men as equals in the more practical affairs of life.

According to tradition, women are never ready in time, and yet the Woman's Building was the first of the structures at the White City to receive its roof and to be prepared for its contents, and so far as can be determined the women will still lead the van in all the details and ramifications of receiving and installing exhibits. The woman's department has but three rooms, furnished with mine desks and presided over by nine women from as many States, but it is the centre round which are revolving the patriotic and ambitious impulses of many lands.

Mme. Renan is obliged to sell her husband's library in order to maintain herself until the nation confers upon her a pension. Renan, with all the poet's sovereign indifference to wealth, sold all the copyrights of his books and lived upon the proceeds of his salary as professor in the College of France and his earnings from occasional writings, his income amounting to only $3,000. Naturally generous, he consumed the entire sum each year, and left nothing but an inheritance of greatness for his family.

Mrs. Lease, the famous Kansas woman whose oratory aided the Populist party so materially during the campaign, is a practising attorney in the Kansas courts and the wife of a druggist in Wichita, where they reside. She was fitted for the profession of teaching, and is well versed in Latin, French, and Greek. She is also a writer of some ability, but is best known as a political speaker and agitator of woman's suffrage, temperance, the brotherhood of man, and liberalism in religion. The working people idolize their "Queen Mary," as they have named her. One distinction she possesses never enjoyed by woman before—that of being the only woman whose name has been mentioned seriously for the Senate.

The material for the women's monument to the mother of George Washington is to be of Barre granite, and the contract, already awarded, calls for completion in 1895. This movement in honor of Mary Washington has been in the main a woman's movement, and the memorial association which has it in charge was founded at the home of Mrs. Waite, widow of the Chief Justice. This association has a Vice-President and a branch in nearly every State, but the $30,000 required for the completion of the monument is by no means subscribed.

A club of young women workers in a shoe factory at one of the New England manufacturing centres are trying a new experiment in coöperation. The members pool their earnings over and above what is needed to support them with strict economy, and invest in real estate. Their holdings are said to be quite large and profitable.

Mrs. Sumner of Florida raises her own tea, and treats her guests to cups of the home-grown article, which is pronounced much superior to the tea of commerce. It is said that the finest varieties will not stand a sea voyage, and never get further than Russia, while Mrs. Sumner's plants furnish it for her cutting at a fraction of the price set for the Eastern product, $15 a pound. So rapid is the growth of the bushes here that they are cut every four years, while in China this is done only once in seven years.

Five years ago the Empress of Austria did not know a word of modern Greek; to-day she speaks it fluently, writes it correctly, is familiar with every folk song, poem, and novel in the language, and has composed original matter in the Greek and translated three of Shakespeare's plays into the language. These results seem the more remarkable when it is remembered that the Empress is past middle age, is weighed down with great sorrow, and has no spur for acquisition save her own interest in the language and her strong sympathy with the Greek people. This royal pupil is constantly under a tutor, never misses her daily lessons, reads almost incessantly, and during her walks discusses subjects in the Greek. The Archduchess Valerie, who was generally her mother's companion, was able to understand the language after a few months simply by hearing it spoken.

Virginia Mauvais, a famous French teacher, who was educated according to the theories of Rosseau, learned to read at eighteen. At forty-five she retired from business with a property of $100,000, which at her recent death she left to charity.

It seems to be the fashion for girls to cultivate eccentric accomplishments rather than to devote their time to piano strumming. Miss Elliot, daughter of an officer in the United States Engineer Corps at Washington, has gone about with her father while he superintended Government work, until she has developed an interest in machinery, and can discuss it more intelligently than most men. A gentleman of mechanical skill knowing her propensity, took her down to inspect the engine in a steamer, and was trying to explain its workings, when he became so hopelessly entangled in his own demonstrations that Miss Elliot quietly reversed the situation, and to his astonishment and the engineer's malicious satisfaction, became the teacher herself.

San Francisco has probably more women who take "flyers" on stocks and races than any other American city. Recently the directors of a track decided that the women should not be admitted to the betting paddock, but one woman insisted on the privilege, and after being twice ejected and once arrested has won the sanction of the court to pursue her favorite occupation at the pools.

Then San Francisco has another novelty in the shape of a woman doctor who literally wears the trousers under a princesse dress reaching a few inches below the knee. Because she is a woman, and the woman instinctively hard, the trousers are pinned on with safety pins instead of being supported in the regular way. With the trousers is worn a union undergarment of wool with no bands, over this a health waist, and then the princesse, which just covers the knees as she sits down.

Miss Willard says that few forms of hypocrisy are more common on the lips of women than this: "I would on no account have my name in the newspaper." If a woman has accomplished something helpful to humanity it is just as desirable to have it known as if a man had accomplished the same. Indeed, she adds, it is more so, because this knowledge will encourage other women to lift their hands in some good employment.

A sturdy temperance woman of New Orleans recently refused $50,000 offered her by a syndicate for a small piece of land because she learned that the purchasers contemplated building several saloons upon the ground.

The New York tenement house chanter was organized during the summer and is devoted to work among the poor in various lines. The Summer Corps of Physicians sent to the King's Daughters their needy cases and a trained nurse was employed for house to house visitation. A penny provident fund and a conference of friendly visitors are also features of the work, but perhaps no more satisfactory results will ever be attained than from the meagre little yard back of the building, into which the little children are admitted to play. "If you do this or that they won't let you into 'the King's Garden,'" grows to be a common reproof from one little child to the other and a wholesome restraint on naughtiness.

A noble charity and worthy of imitation is the school of domestic economy in a Western city, where young girls are taught by practical demonstration the best methods of housekeeping in the broadest sense. Every phase of the subject is presented, from kindling a fire to cooking a beefsteak; from hemming a dish towel to embroidering a tidy. The poor are usually most incompetent housekeepers and have no idea of sewing; wasteful and uncomfortable through ignorance as well as for want of means.

Nearly 400 applications for patents were made last year by women. Foremost among the inventions are those appertaining to the adornment of the inventors or of their homes. But besides these there are new sky signs, fire escapes, cameras, balloons, and not a few conveniences for the opposite sex, in the line of improved braces, buttonhole flower holders, trouser-splash preventers, &c. Not only do the women seem able to originate the ideas, but also to exploit their patents and introduce them. Several large commercial enterprises in England are carried on by women, and in this country a lady very successfully defended her patent dress protector in open court, conducted the case herself, and came off with flying colors.

The Montana Republicans have selected a woman lawyer as counsel in their effort to secure control of the Legislature, Miss Ella Knowles, who was the Populist candidate for Attorney General and came within 1,000 votes of being elected.

A New Zealand lady reports on her experience and observation of matrimony that "Marriage is just this: You have a beautiful wreath and veil on your wedding day. The first week passes well. The second week you have your mouth full of clothes pins. The third you are trotting two miles with a basket looking for cheap meat. And after that you are looking for cheap meat all the rest of your life."

Mrs. Everett, the wife of a master drayman of New Orleans, is one of the best veterinary surgeons in the city. She takes no pay for her services, but does the work out of love for animals.

To a school teacher in England a pension has lately been voted of two shillings a week on account of old age and faithful service.

Miss M. Sturge, M. B., second gold medallist for obstetrics of the London University, has been appointed physician to the Maternity Hospital and Dispensary at Clapham.

Miss Louisa McDonald has been elected principal of the University College for Women in New South Wales.

Tale of an Inebriate Swordsman.

SCRANTON, Jan 8.—Some time ago a rustic with a jag on entered John H. Phelps's drug store at Wyoming avenue and Spruce street in a state of noiseless hilarity. He placed his plug hat on a chair, shifted his belt, and pulled out a long sword and began to go through a drill without saying a word. Mr. Phelps was interested, and, walking from behind the counter, he sat on the countryman's plug hat and smashed it as flat as a board. The swordsman became white with rage when he saw the hat, but he didn't say anything. Mr. Phelps picked up the hat, handed it to a clerk, and said:

"Take this hat down cellar, run it through the machinery, and bring it back."

The countryman resumed his drill, and in a moment the clerk returned with a plug hat that the druggist had cast aside. Mr. Phelps put it on the silent swordsman's head, and the fellow went away satisfied.

Two weeks afterward he entered the store without his jag and said to the proprietor:

"Mr. Phelps, I was on a little jamboree in Scranton the other day, and when I got over it I found that my hat had your name in it. I felt sheepish, and I want to know if I stole your hat while I was drunk."

Latest Spruce Gum Quotations.

From the Lewiston Evening Journal.

Lump spruce gum, as it comes from the trees, is worth all the way from 15 cents to $1 a pound, a very fair article selling at 40 cents a pound wholesale. Ten cents an ounce is the common retail price for good gum. Lots of "patent" spruce gum, as it is called, is made in Bangor, and more in Portland. It is a pretty good thing to chew if you must chew, and have nothing better to do. It is packed in boxes, 100 lumps in a box, and retails at a cent a lump.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

EACH spoonful does its perfect work. Other baking powders, owing to their inferior ingredients, soon deteriorate and lose their strength, but **Royal Baking Powder** is so carefully and accurately compounded from the purest materials that it retains its strength for any length of time, and the last spoonful in the can is as good as the first, which is not true of any other baking powder.

A MYSTERY OF OLD NEW YORK.

The Strange and Utter Disappearance of Ex-Chancellor James Lansing.

Mysterious disappearance is no unusual happening in any great city. The police records each year show scores of cases of men of the humbler classes who vanish utterly from their family and friends for no discoverable reason or cause. Time and again inquiries come to the New York Police Headquarters from other cities and towns asking after some man, perhaps of considerable importance in his own neighborhood, who started for New York on business and has not since been heard of. It is fair to suppose that the larger number of these disappearances is due to something in the lives of the vanished that makes them feel the expediency or advantage of a change of identity. But there are no doubt many disappearances which mean that the missing persons have died from strange accident or from foul play.

To this class belongs the historic disappearance of James Lansing, Jr., ex-Chancellor of the State of New York, one of the most eminent lawyers at the bar when Hamilton and Burr and Van Vechten were still alive, one of the most eminent citizens of this country in his time. It was sixty-three years ago Dec. 12 last that he was seen alive for the last time. His disappearance was something more than a nine days' wonder, and for at least six months the most careful search was made for trace of him. But never was the slightest clue found. His vanishing is as great a mystery as ever.

Lansing was born in Albany Jan. 20, 1754. He graduated from the King's College, and studied law under Robert Yates, and afterward James Duane. He went into the Revolutionary war, and fought with bravery and earned distinction. After the war he began to practise law, and soon gained a position next to Van Vechten, then the foremost lawyer of the State. He was a member of the Assembly several times, and also of Congress under the Articles of Confederation. And when the Constitutional Convention was called he was chosen one of New York's three delegates, Hamilton and Yates being the other two.

He and Yates opposed the Constitution and withdrew from the Convention. But this did not affect his popularity. When Chief Justice Yates was retired from the bench of the Supreme Court under the sixty-year limit, Lansing was chosen to succeed him. For thirteen years he was Chief Justice, and got for himself an unexcelled reputation as an able, upright, and learned Judge.

When Robert Livingston retired from the Chancellorship on account of age, Lansing was at once appointed to succeed him. His judgments in this court of equity made him famous as one of the three great Chancellors of the State of New York. His reputation was no less than that of Livingston, who preceded him, or of Kent, who followed him.

There was one case which came before him with which all lawyers are familiar. He arrested and imprisoned in the Albany jail John Van Ness Yates, an eminent lawyer, for bringing a suit in the name of another person, as that person afterward said, without his knowledge or consent. Yates engaged Thomas Addis Emmet to defend him, and was released on a writ of habeas corpus returnable to the Supreme Court. Chancellor Lansing disregarded the decision of the Supreme Court, and at once ordered the rearrest and reimprisonment of Yates.

Yates was again released by the Supreme Court, and then began a battle between the Supreme Court and the Court of Chancery which lasted several years. There was great bitterness on both sides, and the most eminent lawyers of the State were brought into the contest on one side or the other. Yates finally got free, but, when he sued the Chancellor for damages, lost the suit.

On Oct. 3, 1814, Chancellor Lansing, having reached the age of 60 years, was retired from his position. But he continued to be active in his profession and in politics. He was still erect and strong, after the manner of so many young men of 60 and 70 and even 80 years in this day. His eloquence was as persuasive as ever, his mind had lost none of its grasp, and his memory was as much the admiration of his contemporaries as were the brightness of his eyes and the youthfulness of his voice.

He was a Regent of Columbia College, and, having business in New York in connection with it, came down from Albany, and early on the morning of Dec. 12, 1829, registered and breakfasted at the City Hotel. This date takes us back to the New York of 180,000 inhabitants, with Union square still a meadow and Madison square a farm in the far country.

The City Hotel was on Broadway, between Cedar and Thames streets. A guide to New York, issued in 1828, has a good deal to say about the City Hotel, which was the fashionable hotel of the day. It occupied a whole block, the blocks being there exceeding short, then as now. It had 100 parlors and bedrooms, and was in the very centre of up-town New York life. The large retail shops were near at hand, and the best fashionable residence quarter, State street, fronting the Battery, was not far below it.

After dinner—dinner was still a midday meal—the ex-Chancellor received several friends, among them Mr. Robert Ray, a distinguished society person in the New York of that time. Mr. Ray invited him to dine, or rather take supper, at his house, and the ex-Chancellor accepted. Toward 4 o'clock he withdrew to his room in the hotel and wrote several letters. Some time between 5:15 and 5:45 o'clock he came down stairs and went out, presumably to keep his engagement at the house of Mr. Ray, which was at 29 Market-field street, fronting the Battery. He had on an overcoat and carried an umbrella, for it was a very stormy night, the rain pouring from the late afternoon until early the next morning, with a gale driving it after the fashion still known in New York. He passed out of the hotel door into the night and he was never seen again.

The proclamation which was issued a few days afterward described how he was dressed. "He was dressed," says this proclamation, still to be seen in the brown, dusty and musty newspaper files, "in black and wore powder in his hair. His surtout coat was made of dark mixed broadcloth. He wore an old-fashioned English gold watch, the case of which had been lost. A large white cornelian seal was attached to the chain or ribbon of the watch. He carried in his pocket a large magnifying glass, which he used in reading, instead of spectacles. His name was written in his hat and on his umbrella. His tight-bodied black coat was cut in the old-fashioned style such as the Quakers wore."

His absence from the hotel and his failure to appear at Mr. Ray's house caused no inquiry that night. But late the next morning his friends began to wonder where he was. When word came back from Albany that he had not returned there the whole city was aroused. Rewards were offered, the sewers and the rivers were examined. All sorts of theories were advanced and facts were sought to sustain each.

It was held by many that in going down toward the Battery he had lost his way in the storm and had fallen into the river. But his friends did not put much faith in this, as he was a man of singularly clear mind, and was never known to be absent-minded or oblivious of his surroundings, and he was as familiar with lower Broadway as with his own street in Albany. It was said that he had been killed and his body dragged away and hid securely. This theory had wider belief, for New York's night streets were not so safe in those days as they are now. Some people thought that robbery was the motive for the murder, while others thought that some enemy, hating him for something he had done as a Judge or in politics, had made away with him.

But it was all only theory. At first the rewards were offered for discovering him or his body. Then a large sum was offered for any trace of him. But no one ever even appl