EVENING GOWN OF NEW SILK AND CHENILLE FABRIC.

The skirt is of pale blue satin, the black chenille describing a raised network, tiny yellow spots looking like pin heads at all the angles of the netting. Skirt and top of bodice bordered with pale blue feather trimming. Drapery in front of jetted net.

STYLE IN COIFFURES.

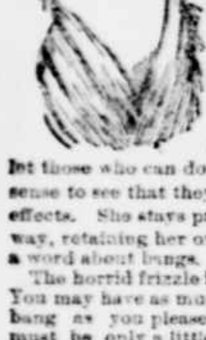
Girls to Whom Bangs Are Becoming Should Wear Them.

HOW TO ARRANGE THE HAIR.

The Different Kinds of Bangs—Moderate Use of the Curling Iron—Types of Metropolitan Style—Young Women for Whom Greek Fillets Are Not Intended.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, January 13, 1893.



AFTER ALL THE TALK about fillets, coronets and Greek "parts" and so on is over it will still remain a fact that the girl to whom the bang is distinctly becoming is and always will be, as she always has been, a very pretty kind of girl. Incidentally, she is apt to look badly in a Greek part. If she is bright enough to know it and smart enough the bang style of girl is always smart—to pointedly stick to her bang, and let those who can do it, or who have not the sense to see that they can't, wear their Grecian effects. She stays pretty in her own particular way, retaining her own dear bang. So, here a a word about bangs.

The horrid frizzle is, let us hope, gone forever. You may have as much or as little hair in the bang as you please and as you can, but there must be only a little curl and no side bang at all. That was an ugly style, too. We who wear bangs may congratulate ourselves that the present bangs are each and all examples of the survival of the fittest. If your hair is very thick at the forehead you may make just a little fringe. Curve it down in the center, for now no bang is ever cut concave. Let it be a genuine fringe that shows the clear color of the skin where it lies over the forehead. This fringe is not curled at all, though, of course, it is not exactly straight. It has a turn in it. If it has it naturally you need not bother about what sort it is, but if you have to "do" it, don't risk more than one-half turn of the irons. The hair at the sides and top of the head back of the bang may be waved and for two reasons. For one, it is more dressy, and, besides, if you have put back part of a previous bang, in favor of the present fringe, you will find the hair very rebellious unless it is waved. Then, too, maybe your hair is not very thick at the forehead, in which case the waving makes it seem so.

ARTIFICIAL.

This fringe is as becoming today to young girls, or to the older faces that have the girlish look, as it ever was, and if yours is a face to which the style is becoming don't let the talk about new hair adjustments bother you. The girl with a bang has been much talked down. She is readily imagined as either a school girl of the "what-der-yer-soy" type or a most frivolous and artificial creature. But that need not worry you. Your bang is not that kind. A thoughtful, girlish face of delicate oval wears the fringe charmingly. Such a head dress as I have just described goes with downcast lids and wistful mouth very sweetly. Even the very prim girl suits her style of bang and looks the more quaintly prim and sweet for it. She may not wish to adopt a Greek head dress and a Greek part. Perhaps her hair will not part, some hair doesn't, you know, and may be she looks like the mischief with her hair parted. Besides, being just a quaint, prim girl, she does not want to peel her hair straight back and look like an uncompromising bluestocking. The bang is a happy compromise, so she cuts a tiny bit of fringe, then another above, its end just covering the part of the first, and perhaps another still above. Each row gets its own half turn on the irons. There is just the needed "relief" to the line of the brow, the contour of profile is softened, and the bang in no way takes from the charm of the precisely poised head and the demure coil at the back. This sort of girl is always daintily attractive. She has bright, clear complexion, a good figure, well rounded neck and shoulders and she wears pretty gowns, and all with an air from the top of her moderate bang to the sole of her moderate shoes of not bothering or caring desperately about her dresses or get up, anyhow. Now, how would that type of girl be improved by a change in her head dress?

FRIVOLOUS.

There, too, is the pretty girl who is a bit frivolous. She is naturally and unconsciously frivolous as a butterfly is light hearted. Would you spoil her pretty face by putting classic touches to her head and parting her hair, or would you abolish her bang and leave her with straight back hair? Such a girl will cut a bang away back to the crown of her head, thereby getting rid of a lot of hair and making the coil at the back smaller and less calculated to interfere with the graceful outline of her head. The first two or three rows of the bang are tiny short lengths and those further back are longer, so that they will not stand up and spoil the outline. The first fringes are slightly burned by the iron and those nearer the top of the head are almost straight that they may lie more closely to the head. She is thus as sweet and delicately pretty as she can be and a Greek coiffure would not suit her half so well.

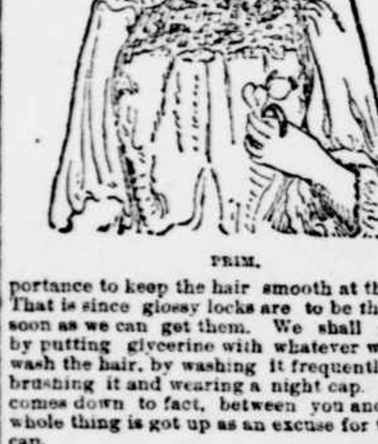
I might go on and quote any number of types that should stick to the bang. Some women may dignify their faces by parting the hair at the forehead, but for most of you, don't do it! Fashions are not made to adapt yourself to, they are made to be adapted to you. They are not made to rule, but to serve, and if it suits your beauty you may consider them. If not, make up a fashion for yourself, or take one from some other period, or stick to an old one like the bang, and continue looking well in your own way.

SEDATE.

The women with long, heavy hair had better cut the lengths off. Shoulder length is the most convenient. It knots on the top easily and is easy to keep curled and clean. Then, too, you are much more apt to have nice heavy hair when you get old and need a few charms to help you to live. Above all you will be more in the present mode. Very heavy and long hair is more of a nuisance than anything else. There is no way of doing it up and you can't always be pretending Ophelia or Judith and let it hang.

What has been written concerning the coiffures of the fashionable women is illustrated in the accompanying pictures. It may be added that these sketches were made at the great annual charity ball in this city last week and that they are portraits of five belles of the four hundred, drawn from life in the Madison Square Garden, exactly as the original girls appeared as they posed unconsciously for the pencil of the artist. Not only are the faces of this quintet of swell girls shown with truthfulness, wearing the transient expression of the moment, but feminine readers will find in the corsages a clear notion of the new styles in low-necked gowns as seen at this notable yearly exhibition. The subjects of portraiture sat regally in boxes, for the McAllisterian "exclusives" make it a point to sit and beam on the assemblage at the charity ball without mixing much with the affair. Tickets are sold, you know, to whomsoever will pay $10 apiece for them, and that makes the occasion miscellaneous. Our imitation aristocracy attends this annual ball for sweet charity's sake, but really cannot, you know, condescend to be anything further than patrons and patronesses.

We are to wear night caps again. Not content with attacking our husbands and the world at large with the new and confusing modes of long ago, we are going to carry it further and wear night caps. The result, mark my words, will be a lot of fires. Out into the night will rush little screaming figures with mob caps on their heads and their tresses streaming down their backs. That is the modern modification of the old and somewhat ugly night cap. The modern girl has discovered that the cap is merely to keep their hair smooth at the roots, and that it is very unhealthy to have all the hair confined. One should let the long ends down the back just as usual, and have the cap tied under the chin, set back of the bang, and with a ruffle all around the face and a bow under the chin. No fireman will have the presence of mind to carry a creature so gotten up down a ladder, or I don't know anything of human nature. As a matter of fact it is of importance to keep the hair smooth at the roots. That is since glossy locks are to be the rule as soon as we can get them. We shall get them by putting glycerine with whatever we use to wash the hair, by washing it frequently and by brushing it and wearing a night cap. When it comes down to fact, between you and me, the whole thing is got up as an excuse for the night cap.



PRIM.

The Costliest Book in America.

The most expensive illustrated book yet made is said to be a Bible now owned by Theodore Irwin of Oswego, N. Y. It is valued at $10,000, for Mr. Irwin paid that sum for the work. The original was in seven volumes, 16 mo., and by the addition of drawings and engravings it was enlarged to sixty volumes, each 16x24 inches, which occupy 17 feet of space on the shelves. This remarkable book contains 3,000 pen and pencil drawings, etchings, engravings, lithographs, oil and water color paintings and mezzotints. Among the illustrations are parts of the "Great Bible of Cranmer," printed in 1533; parts of "The Bishop's Bible," printed in 1568; of the Nuremburg Bible, the first illustrated Bible published, printed in 1476, and of "Luther's Version" and the "Breeches Bible." The extender has brought together not only all that could be found of the best and rarest efforts at illustrating the text of the Bible, but also the art of modern painters and engravings, making it the most complete and valuable copy of the Bible in existence.

ONE PARIS STREET.

It Gathers Up Much of the Flavor of the French Capital.

HISTORIC RUE LAFFITTE.

It is Short, but It Contains Some Notable Buildings, Among Them the Banking Houses of the Rothschilds and the Maison Doree—Picture Dealers and Curiosity Shops.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, Jan. 1, 1892.

IN PARIS THERE IS a street that runs but for two squares, and yet, in that short distance, gathers up much of the flavor of the Paris of today and yesterday as well. This short street the present writer knows better than any other; he has lived on it more years than one and has always returned to it after temporary absences.

The Rue Laffitte branches directly off the Grand Boulevard in its central quarter—the Boulevard des Italiens. It is therefore in the northern part of the city and close to the heart of cosmopolitan Paris. It is within easy distance of the opera, which is the central point for tourists, of the Gare Saint Lazare, which is their railway station, and of the great shops, cafes, restaurants, theaters and newspaper offices. At one of the corners which it makes with the boulevard is the Maison Doree, with Tortoni's alongside, points so often mentioned by "The Englishman in Paris," and on the other corner lives Lady Richard Wallace, whose husband is supposed to have given the material of those gossipy memoirs. She is now old and her friends have died or moved into new Paris, but she is unwilling to quit the central animation of this place, to whose noise long years have accustomed her.

ANCIENT CHARACTER OF ITS HOUSES.

The noise, the continual rattle of cabs, omnibuses and wagons of commerce over the old-fashioned stone roadway is the most serious drawback of this street. It has a second disadvantage in the ancient character of most of its houses. Many of its large offices and apartment buildings were originally great private hotels from the time of the first Napoleon down to the middle of the century. From such a house, of the famous banker Laffitte, it has its present name with its peculiar spelling. This is repeated in the race coursing suburb of Maisons-Laffitte, which is due to the same financier along in the thirties. Even in the first years of Louis Napoleon it was one of the fashionable streets, and amid all its present decay the tradition remains of the Empress Eugenie and her court coming in the summer evenings to the late garden parties of the Turkish embassy, whose gloomy palace stands idle and vacant now for many years. The Rothschilds then lived here beside their bank, and across the street the witty Madame Emile de Girardin, better known as Delphine Gay, had her salon of literary and political celebrities. Her house is now a modest hotel and the remaining grandeur of the street has subsided in like manner. It could not endure after Baron Haussmann had been set by the emperor to blasting boulevards in wide straight lines through ancient Paris and thus transforming it into the new and splendid city of today.

The buildings of this street are therefore old, and the street itself is narrow in comparison with the boulevard, where it begins, and with the commercial Rue Lafayette, which runs across its center. In these old buildings the long French windows, which reach nearly to the floors of the upper stories, are far from airtight, and let in the cold wind when it blows furiously up the narrow street. But there are many bachelors' apartments here for men who wish to be at all times in the very center of Paris, and there are several hotels of decayed and unpretentious comfort. For both these purposes and for its own peculiar trade the street is really but a single square long. This is between the boulevard and the Rue Lafayette. The square beyond is occupied mainly by the small burgeoisie, and northward toward the hill of Montmartre the street ends before the little church of Notre Dame de Lorette. This neighborhood was never choice, and at one time it was celebrated for the sprightliness of the working girls, who lived around the church and obtained the name, famous in the literature of Bohemia, of Lorettes.

In the chief square of the street, however, there is a little world that still shines, though with the reflected light of the Grand Boulevard. In the bright winter afternoon you escape from the thronging Boulevard des Italiens, with the ladies in their latest street costumes, with gentlemen in curious hats, with the brawl of the afternoon newspapers just out and the complaints of loud and quarrelsome cab drivers, and turn aside to the quiet sight-seeing of the Rue Laffitte.

THE MAISON DOREE.

Beside you, on the corner, is the Maison Doree. This restaurant was at one time extremely famous; and it still has the distinction of using butter at 60 cents a pound for all its cooking purposes. Down the broad but winding staircase on the Rue Laffitt, Lord George Hamilton in other days fell headlong and broke his neck, after having enjoyed the cheer too freely. From its portal at 3 o'clock one summer morning there issued the lovely form of a celebrated danseuse, who for a wager essayed to pass Godiva-like across the deserted boulevard and back. But an accidental policeman threw his coat around her and marched her off to the station house. On another occasion a gentleman who had dined too well made a running leap from what we should call the second-story dining room, smashed through the Venetian blinds, and alighted on the roof of a newspaper kiosk in the street below with no other damage than a broken leg.

These are the tales of the past. One who passes here day and night for month after month can still remember times when loud laughter and gay greetings are heard from the private supper rooms of the Maison Doree's second story, but the ordinary life of this one-time resort of gilded debauchery is now quiet to the verge of melancholy. Not many new people learn to frequent its expensive tables, and the life of Paris which made it possible has broken into a hundred cliques. I doubt if the Maison Doree pays at all at present, except perhaps that the wholesale wine trade of its cellars, which still retain their prestige, may make up for the losses. The world now gravitates to more democratic places, like the Taverne Pousset, a square below along the boulevard. This is in the very heydey of its success; loud, busy, bright with electric lamps and with gay colored panels on its walls. Bavarian beer and hearty food are served and are growing strangely in favor. It has the notorious Frankfort sausage, and it makes a specialty of onion soup and steaming crabs, shining, red and juicy. A glance along the boulevard at midnight will show where the late restaurant patronage of Paris is going. There is a solitude before the Maison Doree, but you may see 100 cabs huddled in front of the Taverne Pousset, where it belches forth light and noise and the gay conversation of parting customers.

A NOVELIST'S BLUNDER.

A successful young American writer of short stories, who is at his best when he writes on subjects with which he is familiar, blunders curiously with regard to Paris life along this line. He puts into the mouth of the wife of a struggling New York artist—she must have received her data from her husband—a desire to have a studio at Montmartre and to dine each day at Bignon's. Now Bignon is well down the Avenue of the Opera, a long walk or ride for any hungry pair from Montmartre, and the Bohemians of that quarter smile at the thought of dining habitually at the one pretentious resort in Paris, where only strangers are habitually taken in and done for. If one really must get rid of his money he had best chance the Maison Doree after all, but no Montmartroise would think of either in connection with the man she loved.

The Rue Laffitte is the direct road to Montmartre. As you turn your back on the boulevard and walk up its narrow length by night, you see, high above the Church of Lorette, the lanterns which light the steep flight of steps up to the very top of the great hill overlooking Paris. When the new church of the Sacred Heart, which is building there, is lit up as it was on the 14th of July with a splendid cross of light above its unfinished dome, the lamps appear like stars and the cross like a miracle in the sky. I do not know any place in Paris from which you can get the same impression of the height of Montmartre and the splendid situation of the enormous church, which is one of the new sights of the city. It was up this opening of the Rue Laffitte in 1871, after the disastrous siege, that good Parisians watched with dismay the maneuvers of the communists who had seized on Montmartre to prepare their famous insurrection. In fact, the church has partly been built as a monument of reparation for those impious days. It was also around the corner of the Rue Laffitte, on the Rue Lafayette, that two notable barricades were struggled over when the communists were driven back.

Like nearly all Paris streets, except in the richest and newest quarters of residences, the ground floors of the houses which line the Rue Laffitte are occupied by shops and offices. Under Lady Richard Wallace's fine apartments there is a shop of the boulevard, and there are only two exceptions to the rule along the whole street. One is the old Turkish embassy, which goes begging for a tenant, because no one would now think of keeping up so great an establishment in this part of the city. The other is the banking house of Rothschild.

THE ROTHSCHILD'S BANKING HOUSE.

Rothschild's is made up of Nos. 19, 21 and 23 of the Rue Laffitte. No. 19 is the entrance to the old mansion, now long abandoned as a residence. Behind it they still keep the beautiful old garden, with its forest trees, which runs back, forming a terrace along Rue Lafayette—a curious sight in this heart of bustling Paris. The exterior appearance of Rothschild's is quiet and grave beyond the imagination of Americans. There is no sign, not even a door-plate, no plate glass windows and no especial mark of notability. It is a row of dull-looking yellow fronts in stucco, without ornament, and with small iron bars at the windows, which have cheap green shades. There is usually a number of handsome private carriages in front; but this is its only sign. It might be passed repeatedly and never noticed.

In the possession of such a neighbor as the Banker Rothschild the dwellers on the Rue Laffitte have one advantage which is at the same time a result of a most decided disadvantage. It is not known whether the anarchists hold the Rothschilds in particular detestation, but the great bankers for a long time have employed special police officers to patrol the Rue Laffitte in front of their establishment. To have two officers near at hand on a dark, narrow street is a considerable safeguard in Paris, where night attacks are frequent and sometimes occur on the grand boulevard itself. The continuation of the Rue Laffitte beyond the church of Lorette is called the Rue des Martyrs. Here a few weeks since a young man returning from the new skating rink of the Pole Nord was stabbed to death at an early hour of the morning. His mistake was to walk alone in Paris during the late night. But this portion of the Rue Laffitte is made safe from bandits and robbers by the presence of Rothschild's private police.

All this is in the night time; but there are other unsuspected robbers on the Rue Laffitte by day, from whom the police, regular or irregular, offer no protection. They are so numerous that they give the street its peculiar character. They are the picture dealers and the curiosity shops.

PICTURE DEALERS AND CURIOSITY SHOPS.

It is from these shops—some very great and rich and honorable—that the American taste in painting is largely decided. The picture dealers of the Rue Laffitte have a special faculty for cornering the floating works, sketches, experiments and the like of lately deceased painters with great names, and then of booming the market consistently until they have disposed of them to regular patrons at a good price. Only a short time ago it was Millet, of whom you could find specimens in profusion, often mere studies, but rated at prices which the painter never received for his best works when he was alive. Last winter it was the turn of Corot, and many a pale study of monotonous tint, with a deadly yellow glaze like oilcloth, was set up in an expensive frame to tempt the lovers of a great name. Year after year new picture dealers set themselves up beside the old ones, hoping to catch the accidental trade of passing strangers, who remember that somewhere on the Rue Laffitte there are dealers in masterpieces.

Their near cousins, the curiosity dealers, are even more dangerous to tamper with. They show you antique snuff boxes, watches with curious dials, all of the last century, clocks, furniture, tapestries, armor and every other thing. They peculiarly affect old miniatures, which they unblushingly attribute to Boucher, Fragonard and artists of that character and time. It is quite fair to say that one must have a knowledge of antiquities to cope with these polite dealers. There are also here dealers in remarkably fine prints, especially of the early times of engraving, and sellers of costly antique books, and there are the usual shops which handle modern expensive editions de luxe and engravings. It is these shops which determine the character of the Rue Laffitte to the ordinary visitor of Paris.

There are, however, two other kinds of industry on this street. The first gives a group of hotels and the second a few wholesale wine houses. The latest addition has been to the latter class. It is the agency of a Malaga firm, where every species of Spanish wine is sold—sherry cheaper than in Jerez, Malaga at better bargains than in its native city, not to speak of port and Madeira, which are not Spanish at all, and of Manzanilla and the other rank table wines of Spain. Then there is a number of minor champagne houses. Each month a new brand is put on the market, for which great things are claimed—you can have a large bottle as cheap as three francs. Perhaps the less said about these cheap champagnes the better. They are of the class that is now and again exploited in America, at prices nearly as high as the well-known labels. Immense discounts can be given on them to the wholesale dealers who can afford to keep in their pay impecunious young men that once were rich and have now prestige enough to introduce the wine into clubs and to society.

THREE SMALL HOTELS.

The small hotels form the last of the industries of our little street. There are three of them, all much patronized by foreigners—one by Italians and South Americans, another by English and Americans and all by provincial Frenchmen. Their usual price is ten francs, or $2, a day for room and board complete. Their table d'hote is the resort of people who wish to eat a great deal for a small sum, and it is really as cheap as anything in Paris. In one of them, at least, there is a curious sliding scale of prices for every room in the house, with board, without board, single meals, weekly table board and wine, all graduated according to the age, nationality, sex and external appearance of each applicant. Ordinarily four francs is charged for the regular dinner of the hotel, including a half bottle of wine, soup, fish, entree, vegetable, roast, salad, dessert and cheese. If the stranger argues for a while he will have the lunch at three francs and the dinner will remain firm at four. If he has a friend among the habitues of the hotel both meals may be reduced to three francs and he pays when he eats. If he eats two meals a day for the term of two weeks the price will come down to two francs for each meal, and I even know of one young Frenchman who has complete board and lodging at the hotel for five francs a day—that is, an exact dollar, and this includes service and butter with his morning coffee.

For myself, I long since learned to dread the ordeal of table d'hote, terrible alike to nerves and stomach. But the liberty of restaurants is near at hand, and for one who likes the real Paris, with all its flavors of art and historic gossip, there may be a far worse home than a bachelor's apartment in the dingy Rue Laffitte.

STERLING HEILIG.

Empire Toilet.

Gored skirt hemmed with black velvet and edged with sable. Seams covered with silk cord and sleeves and bodice of patterned satin figaro and lower sleeves of velvet.

FOR a clear head and steady nerves Take Bromo Seltzer, 10c. a bottle.

HOW TO GATHER BUGS

Lots of Fun for Amateurs in the Collection of Insects.

ENTOMOLOGY AS A FAD.

Hunting Small Game in Meadow and Forest—Some Bugs of Great Interest—How to Gather and Preserve Them—Rearing Them by Hand.

IT SEEMS DISCOURAGING to consider the fact that there are at least 10,000,000 species of insects in the world. Those of them which are commonly considered to be the most disagreeable are the ones which have stings. It is always the females which possess these weapons, the abdomen being armed with a lance that is connected with a poison reservoir. The males have no purpose in living apparently save that of reproduction, and they are stingless. With some varieties, as in the case of the drone bee, their mating is immediately followed by their death; they are obliged to give up their own lives for the sake of perpetuating their kind.

Notwithstanding their poisonous weapons the stingers are the insects which chiefly are of use to man. Not only do they furnish mankind with honey and wax, but they play so important a part in the destruction of other species injurious to vegetation that they may be looked upon as divinely appointed guards over the vegetable kingdom. By carrying pollen from plant to plant they insure the fertilization of some and the cross-fertilization of others.

Nevertheless, in the popular mind the best known and understood insects are the beetles, which compose an order of great importance, outranking any other in the vast number and diversity of species. The National Museum has just published a little book, written by United States Entomologist C. V. Riley, which tells about the beetles and how the amateur should go about collecting them. Instruction is also given as to the best methods of making and preserving collections of other kinds of insects, such as the "diptera" or two-winged flies, for example. This order includes an enormous number of species, many of which are enemies to man. The mosquito, the buffalo gnat and the gad-fly bite him and his domesticated animals, while his corps are injured by the Hessian fly, the wheat midge and the cabbage maggot. In the same category come the fleas. Everybody is supposed to be familiar with the appearance of the flea, its bloodthirsty propensities and amazing muscular power; and, while every one may not have the leisure and means to experience the exhilarating chase after larger animals, there is nobody, be he never so humble, who may not indulge in the hunt after this small game.

A GREAT FAD AMONG AMATEURS.

Entomology is becoming steadily more popular, and amateur collectors are constantly writing to the National Museum and to the Department of Agriculture for information as to how to collect, preserve and mount insects. They also want to know how to pack them for transmission through the mails, how to rear them in confinement and about many other points. Beginners commonly supply themselves with all sorts of appliances advertised by natural history furnishing stores. Many of these are soon abandoned as useless when it comes to practical field work, and the most highly skilled expert will be found to employ the simplest apparatus. An all sufficient equipment on a collecting trip consists chiefly of a cotton umbrella, a strong and narrow steel trowel to dig with, a haversack slung across the shoulders, a cigar box lined with sheet cork, and a small knapsack attached to a waist belt, which girds a coat of many pockets.

The umbrella is not only useful as a protection against sun and rain, but opened and held inverted under a bough with the left hand while the right wields a beating stick it receives many a choice specimen. The trowel is valuable for prying off loose bark from old trees and for digging into the ground or into decayed stumps. The haversack is for carrying nets and tin boxes, the latter intended to hold larval and other forms which it is necessary to bring home alive for breeding purposes. The knapsack, of stout canvass or leather, is to hold bottles and other small appliances, for which purpose it should be partitioned and furnished with pockets on the inside. The cigar box is for the reception of pinned specimens. But the most essential requisites in collecting are sharp eyes and ready hands.

However, a few traps are of material service. One of the most important is a hand net. Then one should have a coarse sieve for special occasions, which used together with a white towel or sheet will be found of great service in the spring, when the search for minute insects under old leaves or for chrysalids around the butts of trees is contemplated. With the sheet spread on the ground and a few handfuls of leaves and leafy mold sifted over it many a minute specimen will be separated from the coarser particles and dropped to the sheet, where the eye may readily detect it. The collector should never go unprovided with a small box full of different sized pins—a corked cartridge tube makes a good box—a pair of forceps, a pair of scissors and a little mucilage. The forceps are indispensable for extracting insects from cracks or from their burrows in branches and stems of plants.

WHEN YOU FIND TROUBLE.

There are certain rare beetles which are found among white ants under stones and in old trees. Owing to the pugnacious character of some of these ants it is not always an agreeable task to examine a colony of them, but the collector must not mind being bitten and stung by the infuriated denizens of an ant hill which he finds it his scientific duty to dig up. Excellent opportunities for collecting beetles are sometimes found along the shores of the oceans and great lakes, where during the early summer untold numbers of bees and other insects fall into the water. If the tides and winds be favorable they are washed ashore by the waves, often forming winrows several inches in height and width. If the amateur is lucky enough to be in the right place on the right day he has then the opportunity to pick up hundreds of rare species within a very short time and without any trouble. Many of the specimens thus washed upon the beaches are dead and decayed, but the majority are alive and in excellent condition. On the beaches night flying insects can be captured by lights, while in cities the electric lights attract multitudes of beetles of various kinds.

During the latter part of spring and throughout the summer every possible collecting method can be pursued with success. There are stones to be turned over; old logs, stumps and hollow trees to be investigated; newly felled trees to be inspected; here a spot favorable for sifting claims attention; meadows and low herbage in the woods invite the use of the sweeping net; living or dead branches of all sorts of trees and shrubs can be worked with the umbrella; the mud or gravel banks of ponds, lakes, rivers and creeks afford excellent collecting places; numerous aquatic beetles are to be got from the water itself and the dung beetles are to be extracted from their unsavory habitations. In the evening the electric and other lights are to be visited, the lightning beetles chased on meadows and in the woods, and the trees and shrubs are to be beaten after dark in search of May beetles and other nocturnal leaf-feeding species which cannot be obtained in the daytime. In collecting from beneath stones the amateur should carefully replace the stones, especially those under which he has found rare specimens. The neglect of this rule is one of the principal reasons why certain scarce species have become extinct in the vicinity of cities.

HORRIBLE LOOKING WORMS.

Among the most interesting insects to be found in summer by the amateur collector are of the order "neuroptera," including the hellgrammite fly, the ant lion and the caddis fly. The hellgrammite larvæ are horrible looking carnivorous worms to be discovered in streams and under stones. Perhaps the most remarkable creatures of this class are the caddis flies, the larvæ of which construct peculiar and very beautiful chrysalids. They breed in ponds and lakes and the larvæ can easily be reared in confinement. Beetles and many other kinds of insects, as well as the larvæ of all sorts, may most easily be killed by putting them into alcohol, a bottle of which should be carried by the collector.

Pins specially made for the purpose in Germany should be used in mounting insects for a collection. Being japanned they will not corrode. Large larvæ may be satisfactorily preserved for exhibition by stuffing them with cotton, a little powdered arsenic being put in with the cotton for a preservative. This method is a desirable one in the case of large-bodied insects like big moths and grasshoppers, which, if mounted and put away without such preparation, would be likely to decompose. The boxes or cases used to keep insects in may be of any convenient size, say 12 by 16 inches, and not more than 2¼ inches deep in the inside. The bottoms should be lined with something which will hold the pins, and the whole inside covered with white paper. Unfortunately, dried insects are liable to the attacks of various pests, the most troublesome of which are themselves insects. Unless precautions are taken, the collector will discover after a few months that nothing is left of his rare specimens but a few fragments. Dealers in entomological supplies sell little cones of naphthaline which, stuck on pins in the boxes, keep away such enemies.

The philosophic study of entomology requires much more than the mere collecting of specimens, and one of the most profitable as well as fascinating phases of this branch of science relates to the life history and habits of insects. Accordingly, the amateur collector should rear specimens for his cabinet from eggs and from larvæ. Much of the breeding of insects can be done with the simplest apparatus. For example, for the keeping of cocoons and chrysalids of small species nothing is more convenient than medium-sized test tubes of glass, the ends of which may be plugged with cotton. For larger insects one may employ a breeding box with glass sides, a zinc pan filled with sifted earth or clean sand for a bottom, and a top of fine wire gauze.

Written for The Evening Star.

"As Cold as Charity."

WE of the younger generation find that, as a rule, all the qualities of old age appeal to our sensibilities very strongly. In a street car a head covered with silky white hair attracts more attention than any with blonde locks, and the owners of those respective heads, if they be men, are quite differently treated in the matter of being offered seats.

* * * * * * *

She was not attractive, with her deeply lined face, her scant hair, mixed white and black, straggling a little over the ears and severely parted and smoothed back from the brow, but in an artistic sense she compelled notice, such notice as perhaps we would give to an old tree that the lightning had struck and blackened, but which still stood erect, defiantly, yet with a dignity born of the memory of past days of strength and usefulness, and a suggestion of tenderness for the little vine climbing up on the still live side.

She sat erect and stiff in the corner of the room, her thin, square shoulders unbending and her feet firmly planted, the poor old head never sinking toward the withered bosom, although the tired eyelids closed and the irregular, almost gasping, breath told of excessive fatigue, caused, as we knew, by travel and much walking and hunger and worry. She had such a sad story. She and her husband had started from Tennessee to visit friends ("his people," she called them) in Alexandria, and on the way he had died and been buried, leaving her, besides his blessing, only a little black dog, to which he asked her to transfer the love and faithful attention that had cared for his weak body during the last three years.

She and little black "Gypsy Daisy" continued the journey, united inwardly by bonds of protective love and fidelity and self-sacrifice on the one side and perfect confidence and affection, nay devotion, on the other, that if introduced into the hearts of Chicago married people would soon win for that progressive city fame far wider and greater than she now possesses—and united outwardly by a string tied to the apron of the protector and the collar of the protected. The least thing sometimes expresses the most pathos. That little string itself, made of short strips of old muslin tied together, with a finishing piece of cord on the end, told a story of poverty and of ties of love stronger than any wedded chain.

The unbending figure sat erect in the straight-backed chair and the dear old wrinkled hands were quietly clasped over the sleeping body lying so confidingly in her lap, while the knotted white string hung fantastically over the prim black apron. The thin lips parted slightly as if to show that the great fatigue must express itself in some little way, and as I looked I was reminded, with a pang, that she had had nothing to eat that whole day, and after coming to us "was too tired to eat." Merciful God, and she so old!—"Past seventy," she said. The clock had struck 10, but she could not lie down because she was to sleep on the sofa in the library, and there was a visitor there. At last she stirred wearily and said: "Has the woman gone to bed?" "Not yet," I said. "She seemed mad at me for coming back here. Do you reckon she would care if I fed Gypsy Daisy here? I saved a little bit of bread all day in my satchel. A piece of paper was put over the carpet and the crust laid down, but it was too dry even for that little half-starved stomach, and so was carefully replaced in the worn satchel.

Was she somebody's mother? I do not know. I cannot tell you whether she ever found her friends, but am afraid to think about it, because I only looked at her and wondered and said no word of sympathy. The good people of Washington would have provided her a home in any one of the charitable institutions suitable for her, but they could not take her dog and she would not be separated from it.

And the tears come to my eyes and I am touched with great compassion. Now that she has gone out of my life and I cannot help her, as I strive so ineffectually to banish the picture of the erect black-clad figure sitting so unbendingly on the straight-backed chair in the corner, the tired eyelids closed, the exhausted feet unmoving and the withered hands clasped lovingly over the little companion from which she would not be separated. God forgive me that I simply looked at her!

UNRECOGNIZED ENGINEERS.

What the Ex-Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy Has to Say About His Profession.

Benj. F. Isherwood in the Engineering News.

"Although engineering is the most important profession, engineers being the great captains of industry, it is the worst rewarded of all the professions and its most expert practitioners are far from receiving the recognition either in fortunes or prestige which their services deserve. Though they have created the rich man's table, they are begrudged the crumbs that fall from it. They remain unnoticed while rank and consideration are showered upon mere figure heads who appropriate what they have not earned and occupy places they cannot fill. This error of society is a consequence of its ignorance; it is mole-eyed and unthinking, meaning to be just, but unable to properly discriminate; it bestows where there is no desert and withholds without intelligence. It blindly gropes its way, making many mistakes and only convinced by the long and expensive tutorship of experience. There must be a campaign of education, and many of them, perhaps, for the proportion of leaven is very small to the immense mass of dough. Patience, perseverance and ability will do much in the future as they have done in the past. The inexorable logic of events will convince those who cannot be otherwise convinced; privilege, inefficiency and false pretense cannot last forever, even among the most stupid, and the world will, after a time, discover what its true interest is, and that discovery once made the future of the personnel of engineering is assured."

Empire pelisse of beige cloth, finished with machine stitching. Collar and cuffs of garnet velvet.

PEOPLE will have Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

VENEZUELAN AFFAIRS

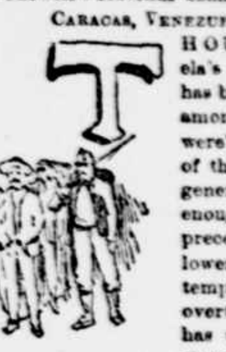
The Condition of Things Since the Recent Revolution.

GENERAL CRESPO'S REGIME.

His Personal Appearance and His Characteristics—Some of the Horrors During the Rebellion—The Former President's Lack of Tact—The Hall of Congress and Other Public Buildings.

From The Star's Traveling Commissioner.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA, Dec. 1, 1892.



THOUGH VENEZUELA'S latest revolution has been some months among "the things that were" and the regime of the victorious rebel general is now old enough, according to precedent, for his followers to begin the contemplation of another overturning, tranquility has not been fully restored nor is life and property by any means secure, especially in the rural districts and distant provinces. Dynamite outrages, like those which lately spread consternation and death among the citizens of the capital, are no longer the order of the hour; but the prisons are full of political offenders, many of whom are ignorant to this day of the alleged crime for which they were incarcerated; and several of the private houses which Palacio, the late dictator president, seized and converted into jails, are still used for that purpose.

During those fearful days, when the rebel generals, Crespo and Guerra, were closing in upon the capital with their hordes of plundering "patriots," and when the dictator sat trembling in his palace, thousands of men were imprisoned on the slightest pretext or on no pretext at all. They were brought in by car loads from other cities and marched in chains through the streets of Caracas—many of them men of wealth and prominence in their respective localities, on the mere suspicion, by government spies or personal enemies, of a secret leaning toward the revolutionary movement. After Crespo and his followers had

IN THE COURT OF THE PALACIO FEDERAL.

taken triumphant possession of the capital and the late dictator had gone to join a long line of predecessors in ignominious exile, the same scenes were re-enacted, though on a greatly modified scale, at the instigation of the new powers concerning suspected adherents to the old regime. Night after night during Palacio's time drunken soldiers made raids on the houses of unoffending citizens on various pretexts, but with plunder for the real object. Rooms were searched, plate and money seized, women insulted, and whoever dared protest were led off to prison.

WHOLESALE ARRESTS AND PLUNDER.

Day after day fresh explosions of dynamite struck terror to the hearts of the people and furnished the government with more excuses for arresting innocent men. We find traces of those explosions all over the city, in the partially shattered walls of the catheral, the military academy, the government buildings, &c., and in the cemetery are scores of graves where lie the victims—people who happened at the moment to be passing. The condition of the rural districts was miserable beyond description, and although there has been great improvement within the last three months, it will require years to regain the prosperity of Dictator Guzman Blanco's time. During that reign of plunder the troops of President Palacio and those of the rebel generals, Guerra and Crespo, alternately raided, intimidated and impoverished the smaller communities, kidnapping women, murdering their would-be protectors, running off sheep, horses and cattle, laying waste fields in wanton sport, firing buildings and appropriating all valuables—in the name of "patriotism" generally, but all the same consigned to the raiders' pockets. During the latter half of the year no effort was made to cultivate fields, for no man could be sure of harvesting his crops or of being allowed to keep them if matured. Merchants fled, either hiding their money securely or taking it with them. The few manufactories were closed, the workmen having all gone to fight on one side or the other, and commercially the country just about gave up the ghost. But one banking house stood unshaken through it all, the "Bank of Venezuela." It is composed of the wealthiest merchants of Caracas, and the failure of a few of them, or even of half their number, could not seriously injure it. During the early days of the revolution this bank advanced to the government the sum of $4,500,000 on condition that those interested in the loan be allowed to collect a certain per cent of all imports.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

President Joaquim Crespo, the successful rebel leader, is far from being a handsome man or even what is termed "fine looking." One cannot have everything in this world, you know, and he is not only the most powerful

PRESIDENT PALACIO.

personage today in Venezuela, but one of the wealthiest, and this veteran warrior is said to wax jovial on occasion, and even chummy amid kindred spirits, and to be as true and generous a friend as an implacable foe. In age he cannot be far past the forty-fifth mile stone, though like the celebrated John Rogers, the father of "nine small children, one at the breast." Their proud and happy mother, the Senora Crespo, is about the most husband-worshiping little lady it has been my pleasant fortune to meet. Gen. Crespo has long been prominent in Venezuelan affairs, once a staunch supporter of Guzman Blanco and then largely instrumental in driving that uncrowned monarch out of the country. He has been president of the republic before, his former term expiring in 1886.

PALACIO'S LACK OF TACT.

The deposed Palacio is much more prepossessing in appearance, and the time has been when the latter was the idol of the people, though just now, in his night of adversity, there are none so poor as to do him reverence. His greatest crime seems to have been an utter lack of diplomacy and that dictatorial spirit which affects most South Americans and renders a little brief authority doubly dangerous. The beginning of his downfall came one day when he mislaid his temper on account of an action of the supreme court and caused the whole august body of judges to be clapped into prison because the court had rendered a decision declaring that certain acts of the president were illegal. Having adopted a policy, however ill devised, Palacio was not the sort of a man who could gracefully back down or retrace his steps; he must fight it out to the bitter end. So he took the unfortunate course of Chile's late president—that of resorting to extreme measures to compel recognition of his power, and like poor Balmaceda came speedily to grief. The church complicated the struggle somewhat, being divided among its ranks. Soon as Palacio learned that some of the priests sympathized with the revolutionary movement he ordered the archbishop to make them cease their opposition to the goverment on pain of divorce between the church and state.

THE CAPITAL CITY.

The city of Caracas is a federal district, like Washington, D. C., whose ruler is appointed by the President. The capital of Venezuela, known as "El Palacio Federal," is a high quadrangular structure occupying an entire square. Though composed of brick and stucco, barely two scant stories high, it is the tallest building in earthquake-haunted Caracas as well as the most imposing. It is built around a beautiful circular court yard, containing fountains, flowers and statuary, reached by grand archways on either side. A carriage road, closed by enormous gates of bronze, runs directly through the edifice from street to

SOME OF CRESPO'S PATRIOTS.

street, and outside it is surrounded by broad avenues, containing double rows of trees, after the manner of Paris boulevards. At one end of the vast Palacio are the halls of congress, two lofty barn-like apartments, each about sixty feet square and entirely innocent of any attempt at decoration, except the portraits of Bolivar and Blanco on glaring white walls. The members sit in ordinary cane bottom office chairs, which have rather wide arms, in lieu of desks, and the presiding officers are perched aloft in little pens high up on the walls.

THE VENEZUELAN CONGRESS.

Congress assembles every year on the 20th of February, and its first duty is to elect by ballot from among its members a council of sixteen. This council selects the president of the republic, with two vice presidents, from its own members. It also elects the federal judiciary and confirms the appointment of the president or vetoes his acts at discretion, although he cannot veto theirs. They have authority to remove as well as to appoint judges and to enact legislation during the long recesses of congress by issuing "decrees of the council." In short, this body, which is perpetual and supposed to be always in session, is the highest power in the land, one of its constitutional duties being to serve as a check upon the president whenever "vaulting ambition" gets the better of him. However, a wise and wily president may easily manage all this after the fashion of the dictator Diaz of Mexico and control the council by himself nominating the senators and members of congress and seeing to their election. Then he has only to make out a list of candidates whom he desires for the council, and his wishes are carried out to the letter. Thus, as in the sister republic of Chile, the president virtually appoints his own successors, though by a slightly different method, and the "dear public" have nothing to do about it.

THE PALACIO PROPER.

Directly opposite the legislative halls is the "Palacio" proper, an enormous reception room of elliptical form, 200 feet long by from 40 to 100 wide, with floor of inlaid wood and chairs and sofas upholstered with red, yellow and blue brocaded satin. The long windows are hung with red and yellow silk, and bear the Venezuelan coat of arms, exquisitely embroidered in a variety of gay colors. Official balls and receptions are held in this gorgeous room, and it serves also as the national picture gallery, having the portraits of about sixty Venezuelan "heroes" hung upon its ghastly white walls. These pictures date from Bolivar to Blanco, from the first revolution down to the last, and though military celebrities are mostly represented there are also statesmen and men of science and literary attainments.

The federal palace also contains the supreme court, the departments of war and interior and many offices of the government. This "Palacio Federal" occupies a little more than two acres of ground, and is one of the most elegant buildings in all South America. It stands upon the site of the oldest and largest convent of the country, whose massive walls did not suffer a fracture in the great earthquake of 1812. Blanco banished the nuns and monks to parts unknown and pulled down the old-time cloisters, to make way for his alleged improvements. The president's official residence fronts the Plaza Bolivar, and is known as the "Yellow House." It is a gaudy, two storied, but nearly useless affair, having only a dozen rooms, including a magnificent state dining room, four official parlors, servants' quarters, &c. Being too small to contain the large family which bless most Chilean presidents, it is nowadays used for little but the giving of official dinners and swell receptions held in the parlors of state.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Written for The Evening Star.

City Coasting.

The snow comes down in feathery flakes,
When earth looks melancholy;
I am glad it comes because it makes
The boys and girls so jolly.

And those even in the city pent,
Their toes no longer toasting
At registers, hie out content,
And down the street go coasting.

I praise not now the sleigh-bells' tin—
Fine tintinnabulation,
But the blithe ring of voices in
This downhill recreation.

Gay crowds I hear, though chill the night,
With shouts rush down the steepy,
Smooth streets, while I my briarwood light—
Perchance am waxing sleepy.

Well, let them down like lightning glide,
With spice of danger, maybe;
The self-same sport myself oft tried,
When I was young as they be.

Our rude, old-fashioned home-made sleds
Would sometimes break and leave us
Sprawling in snow, but, with sound heads,
The fall not much would grieve us.

In these progressive latter days,
When everything is finer
Than then, they've better, stronger sleighs
Than I had when a minor.

They are artistic, and of steel,
As smooth as glass, the runners;
In colors bright, from head to heel,
Are painted—regular stunners.

Especially when, swiftly, like
Small shooting stars down dashing,
A crossing vehicle they strike
And halt with sudden smashing!

I sometimes feel as I'd enjoy
A slide, a lass behind me;
A lass! I am no more a boy—
Now soberer joy's assigned me.

On head and beard time's snow is rife,
And age's aches—I've got 'em;
I'm sliding down the hill of life—
Shall reach ere long the bottom.

But for the snow hurrah! I say;
To mope indoors were folly;
Enjoy the snow while yet ye may—
Ye girls and boys, be jolly!

Your blood's now warm; the time will come,
When youth no longer boasting,
Like me you'll love to sit at home,
And go no more a-coasting.

—W. L. SHOEMAKER.

January 7, 1893.

His Only One.

From Truth.

Mr. Munn (to his daughter)—"I suppose this foreign suitor of yours hasn't a cent."

Miss Munn—"Oh, yes, he has, pa. He has a lovely English accent."

Slay Belles.

From Life.