THE ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS.

HATS FOR EASTER

New Shapes and Fancies Decreed by Dame Fashion.

VARIED SHADES AND WEAVES OF STRAW

"Razor Toe" is the Description of the Stylish Shoe.

SOME PRETTY WAISTS

THE ROSEBUD garden of girls which will bourgeon and bloom next Sunday will set the millinery fashions for the spring; will set them, that is, so far as imitation goes. Really, though surrounded by all the secrecy which human ingenuity can devise, the fashions were set long ago, in Paris mainly, though London contributes to the kaleidoscope of color a few jarring and inharmonious tones.

It has been settled in the councils who sit at the birthplace of fashions that there shall be this spring:

Hats like butterfly bows, the bows formed of stiff narrow ribbons;

Hats of the poke, coaf scuttle or Salvation Army shape, but trimmed out of all likeness to their plebeian forbears with flourish of feather and pert arrangement of figured ribbons;

Toques composed entirely of circlets or corenets of flowers, with rank grasses upspringing behind;

Toques trimmed with bows of ribbons and with wreaths of flowers;

Picture hats with hour-glass crowns, their bright brims massed beneath with clouds of tulle and towered above by nodding ostrich plumes;

Close toques with almost the solidity of turbans, formed of fold on fold of plain Dresden or figured silks, and bearing on their substantial fabric plumes and great ribbon bows upheld by bony structures, which the Roentgen ray photograph would reveal to be frameworks of close set wire;

Sailor hats with high crowns, but with brims narrow or wide to suit the taste and face;

Picture hats down-drooping at a gentle slope to shade the face in front, but in the rear towering high with trimmings of Persian ribbons, gay quills, parti-colored wings garnished with spangles, or green sprays glittering with paste gems like the dew.

There are hats that are beautiful and there are freaks.

There are plain derby hats, which are very English, of course, turned high at the sides and low at the front and back, as is the unvarying custom of the derby of '96, but decked, as fortunately is not the unvarying custom, upon the left side with huge wings. An inspired ugliness is apt to hail from London.

What words of mine can give the faintest idea of the sea of color which will surge up and down in the Easter parade? There will be straws in all the varied shades, from heliotrope to green, from blue to butter, and

New Easter Hats.

from brown to ecru; straws in stripes, straws even checked or hit-or-miss, or forming in their cunning weave strange patterns in mosaic. There will be trimmings of light green poppies, of violet and pink plaids and checks.

One beautiful example of Lenten millinery is a picture hat in continental shape, fashioned of black horse hair in close weave, with a full roll of white chiffon above the medium-high crown. Its tulle rosettes on either side glitter with rhinestone ornaments, and five ostrich tips on the left side, with mottled aigrettes, and a large bunch of pink roses and leaves at the back complete the ornamentation.

Another prepared for an Easter Monday diversion is a large white Leghorn hat, whose brim is tilted low over the eyes and turned heavenward from the coiled locks of the wearer, whose crown is a mass of pink crushed roses, between whose dainty petals no glimpse of the material of the frame can be caught, and over the brim a fluff of white tulle is softly drawn.

Another, a small Paris hat, one of those shapes for which there is no descriptive name save "Frenchy," is rendered glittering to the eye by the plumage of the bird of paradise, which perches upon it, as if restrained from taking flight only by a natural desire to remain as near as possible to the pretty face above which it broods.

After the hats, and a long way after, come the shoes. The little birds in the stores say that the extreme pointed toe of the 1895 styles will be, if anything, outdone in the styles of 1896. The shoe which was for sharpness called the toothpick, is now announced as a razor toe, and razor itself seems like to be refined into a point of the keenness of that of that scimitar wherewith, in the Stockton story, the oriental executioner so deftly beheaded his victim that he knew not the loss of his head until he sneezed.

In other words, shoes will be sharp. The tan shoe, hated by the makers, beloved by the summer girl, will give heed to its lovers rather than its haters. We shall have it again. It is worth noting, too, that American shoemakers, the most successful in the world, are turning out ready-made shoes so excellent in design and so careful in finish that he would be an excellent critic indeed who should tell them from the custom made.

The new woman, it seems, has been in the ascendant long enough. My lady is fitful, and, lately pliant, will now have none of her. For this season the word has gone forth that bifurcated underwear need not be worn; that when it is worn there must be, besides, the fluff and flutter of silken petticoats, the swish of dainty lingerie of finest lace. There is a combination petticoat which will be much in favor, whose texture to the knees is silk of dainty figure or narrow stripe, while all below undulates with the billowy fluffiness of shirred lace with figured edges.

And there are also gowns, in whose fashioning much cloth of green and gold will be used, upon whose waists colored ribbons, flower ribbons, checked ribbons and self ribbons will flutter in the wind.

The extreme wide belt which was last season a freak of a day, has not yet returned. On the other hand the very narrow belts, this season, a freak of another day, are going out in deference to the foreseen dominion of the shirt waist. A pretty novelty is the spangled belt of different colors with a large enameled buckle set with rhinestones and fair gems.

Yes, the waist is everything. A pretty one is made of black chiffon over old rose silk, with sleeves of Persian silk of light green and rose, and a full yoke of ecru insertion. At the waist a black velvet bow lined with rose. At the bottom of the basque a bias band of black velvet. This pretty waist rejoices also in a soft, black velvet collar more easy to wear certainly, even more easy to look at, than the high stock.

Another style of waist is builded of dark green crepon, with full front and mutton-leg sleeves of Persian silk, colors green and brown, small green satin girdle, with loops and Dresden buttons at back, and revers of white duchess lace. This is the newest I have seen fresh from the dainty fingers of the couturieres.

And speaking of collars, there are dainty ones of grass linen, whose yokes are embroidered with tiny silk rosebuds in all colors and edged with full cream lace about five inches wide. ELLEN OSBORN.

BEFORE THE WEDDING

And After the Engagement is Formally Announced.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT EVENT

What is Regarded as Proper in an Up-to-Date Affair.

BRIDE AND GROOM

THAT DELIGHTFUL interval for the engaged couple which follows the marriage announcement and the wedding day is also a time full of trying responsibilities, as well as opportunities for the display of great executive ability. Jack and Nell need a chaperon no longer for their walks and drives. Nell is an object of consuming interest, not only to her own family, but to even the least known of her acquaintances. She receives the sweetest little attentions from friends, and foes, too. In this latter category are the girls who wish they were enjoying her honors. The wedding day is announced, wedding cards flutter around and the next act finds her hugging herself with delight over the wedding presents. For every new parcel she opens she immediately indites a pretty little note of thanks, until the nearness of the wedding day and the multitudinous duties it brings with it make it simply impossible to spend two minutes undisturbed at her desk. So, at last, it is all pushed aside until she returns from her wedding trip. The trousseau, which is one of the important features of the wedding preparations, can be made either an occupation of months or weeks, precisely as one's tastes or finances will allow. In all the history of weddings you never hear of one postponed because the bridal gown was unfinished. It would indeed be a dressmaker with a heart of flint who could cause such a disappointment as that.

Farewell to Bachelor Days.

Jack, on the other hand, is taking leave of the frivolities of single blessedness. His friends have a cheerful way of insinuating that any special extravagance of which he may be guilty should be condoned, for his chances in the future will not be numerous. He has his wardrobe to replenish, and to choose the men who are to stand by him on his wedding day. His attentions to Nell must be redoubled, or he is likely to hear what we have all heard dozens of times, "Oh, yes! He takes her pretty cool, now that she is not likely to get any attention from other men." He gives considerable time to getting acquainted with the relatives and intimates of his wife-to-be. The fashionable engagement does not last over six weeks, but may stretch over three months. During this period the tokens proper to lay on the shrine of love are flowers, fruits and sweets, both in words and in fine French confectionery, especially the latter. A man with a standing credit at his florist's gives that personage an order for a bouquet of violets, or whatever else flower Nell favors, to be sent her every day. At this idyllic time it is simply heartless to say that a couple should not exchange costly gifts until the very eve of their wedding day, for the reason that in the case of a rupture it is not only embarrassing, but something of a hardship also, to send them back.

One of the interesting functions of an up-to-date betrothal is a shopping expedition, participated in by the couple and their respective parents or guardians. A broom, a carving knife and fork, a salt cellar, a Bible, a brass door knocker, a candlestick and a pair of bellows are bought and presented to the couple. This is a revival of an old German custom of presenting the young pair with what were considered the seven emblems of those virtues which go to make up a perfect household. The expedition must be finished up by a lunch party, at which the bridal attendants might also be present.

Wedding Gift Exhibition.

As a sort of a compromise between making what some people imagine is an ostentatious display of the wedding presents and the other extreme which hides them entirely from view, is an afternoon reception two days before, or perhaps on the eve of the wedding. It makes a pleasant finale to the rehearsal, which is also an important feature of the wedding preparation. At this reception the presents are exhibited, instead of showing them at the wedding reception or breakfast. It will be remembered this sort of entertainment preceded the Marlborough-Vanderbilt nuptials, as well as the Whitney-Paget marriage, last fall in New York. At the wedding reception there was nothing to distract attention from the couple, their attendants, the guests and the breakfast. The wedding gift exhibition, however, has not as yet obtained very much popularity in this city. At the Leiter-Curzon wedding breakfast last spring the gifts were displayed in a strong room, the jewels, etc., in locked cases and well guarded by picked servants. At the last wedding in the family of the chief justice of the Supreme Court the presents were not shown at all, unless to intimate friends. So that a present exhibition reception on the part of coming spring brides would be a distinct innovation and a genuine novelty.

They Are in Evidence.

Years ago it was the correct thing for a bride-elect not to be seen abroad after the wedding cards were sent out. These were the days evidently when "blushing brides" were the ideals. They would never be recognized in the matter-of-fact individual of today, who, no matter how madly in love she may be, never gives any public manifestation of her tender regard for Jack, and never lets the fact of the approaching wedding cause her to omit any social duty. They rather like the momentary fame they are enjoying and dislike to drop out of the public eye for even a day. There have been brides and grooms who attended large social affairs the night before their wedding, and one of the former, contemplating a long absence from this city, found the occasion a good one on which to bedeck herself with as many of her wedding gifts as it was possible for her to wear in the way of ornaments. The young lady has never, it is needless to say, been commended for either good sense or good taste. A short period of seclusion from social affairs, excepting, of course, the family hospitalities in honor of the couple, would seem to be in good form.

The arrangements for a wedding are always mainly in the hands of the bride and her family. Church arrangements should be attended to several weeks or a month in advance. The clergyman should be given timely notice of the date when his services will be required. There are always favorite churches and favorite clergymen—and it is only courteous that their attention be called to proposed arrangements before they are definitely settled. Embarrassing changes have sometimes been necessary in the date after the wedding cards were sent out because of failure to acquaint the church authorities.

The bride's parents bear all the expenses attendant upon the hospitalities of a wedding—the reception or wedding breakfast. Naturally, this includes the cost of the invitations which go out in their name. The bride presents her bridesmaids with the dresses, hats and gloves worn by them at the wedding, and gives them, besides, little souvenirs of the joyous occasion in the way of stick pins or brooches.

He Foots the Bills.

The groom's only expense, so far as his bride is concerned, up to the happy moment of their union, is her bouquet. She selects the flowers of which it will be made, and the florist makes it in whatever style may be popular. The groom pays for it, and the bouquets which the bridesmaids carry and the boutonnieres with which the ushers and best man are adorned. If he is doing the thing regardless of cost, he also sends a bouquet to the bride's mother, as well as his own and other near relatives on both sides. He provides the gloves and the neckties for the ushers and best man, and presents them with souvenir scarf pins. He pays for the carriages to convey the entire wedding party to and from church, pays the organist, the sexton and the minister.

With these preliminaries all faithfully looked after, the couple may start on their wedding journey with the knowledge that everything was done in the best up-to-date method.

The latest wedding cards are almost square sheets, 5 by 6, folded and inclosed in an envelope 5 by 3. Church cards and the cards for the wedding reception or breakfast are usually separate, although an English fashion permits the use of but one form to the ceremony, "and afterward at No. 1 Quality square."

For spring and early summer weddings the bridesmaids in organdie dresses and flower-decked hats, make such attractive spectacles with the dainty street toilettes of the other young lady guests that daylight weddings are most in favor. Noon events have the most fashionable prestige, and are followed by a large or small breakfast.

At a wedding where only the relatives and the intimates of the couple are present, announcement cards are sent out immediately afterward—the same day, if possible. It is understood that the bride personally sees to the preparation of these missives, and with the idea that not only none of her own acquaintances may be omitted, but that all of the friends of her household, are made aware of her change of name. The same scrupulous care is given to the list of the groom's friends, which he supplies.

A feature of the late international weddings, and of some others, where the details were unusually elaborate, was the signing of the marriage register. No one signs this imposing reminder of the event and its witnesses unless asked to do so by the bride or groom, or their parents. Amusing, but somewhat embarassing, mistakes have occurred, where this rule was thoughtlessly disregarded, but were no more annoying blunders than that made in allowing one person to sign the names of a half dozen others.

Dress enters largely into the question of a wedding. The white satin bridal dress is more in vogue than ever, for good style. Some think it a foolish extravagance, and select traveling dresses instead. All wedding dresses are high-necked now, no matter whether they are worn at noon or at night. For a day wedding, bridesmaids wear hats, whether the ceremony is in church or at home. For evening weddings low-necked dresses are not uncommon for bridesmaids, but no hats are worn. With the pretty flowered organdies now so fashionable, and poke bonnets, the possibilities in the way of bridesmaids' adornment for the spring and early summer weddings never seemed better, in a picturesque sense.

While it is currently supposed that nobody looks at the groom, they do observe the ushers. The correct morning dress of the time, Prince Albert black frock coat and dark gray trousers, is the wedding uniform for both the happy man and has supporters on these occasions. Their neckties, of the Ascot type, are white, and their gloves are light gray.

ABOUT "NOSE HATS."

What They Are and How They Are Worn.

There are two features of the coming season's fashions which are particularly objectionable to the artist. "It is too bad," says the lover of beautiful curves, "to cover the prettiest part of the face with those abominable hats that are worse than the bangs that we have only just got rid of; and then, those coats that hide the line of beauty at the waist—why will women never learn to make the most of what charms they have?"

That is the artist's view of the case, but this is the society girl's view, as gathered from her advice to a girl friend who was not quite sure of herself:

"You simply must have one of those nose hats," she said. "Everybody is wearing them; I look like 'a guy' in them myself, but then it's the style, and that settles it."

"Nose hats" is a term which suits the headgear referred to admirably, for the new-fangled hat is tilted at an angle of thirty degrees with the level of the top of the head—way up at the back and way down over the nose in front. It is a fashion that will be welcomed by the tall girl or the unfortunate damsel who is possessed of a high forehead. These are the girls who appear to advantage with their hats on. It is the short maid who looks best in no hat at all. Headgear of any kind makes her appear topheavy. She may delude herself with the idea that a high hat makes her look tall, but it more often has the suggestion of half-and-half about it—the girl forming the lower half.

The characteristic hat trimming this season is tulle, which is used indiscriminately on all kinds of headgear. It forms the crown or drapes the brim, or is puckered into loops to take the place of ribbon. It is used for ties on any kind of hat. When the hat has been covered with leaves and flowers and it would seem that nothing else could be added, a fluff of tulle is allowed to settle down over the whole like a tinted mist.

The most exquisite example of the use of tulle is in a hat that has already made its debut, so to speak. The wire frame is wound with violet stems and flowers. The brim rolls up an inch or two in front and loses itself at the back. On the side are some dead white roses, resting upon a fluff of violet tulle which falls down in loops over the hair. Standing up at the side of the front are some lily of the valley leaves underneath a bag of tulle. This hat was marked $15 at the store and has attracted more attention than many a $50 bonnet.

NINETY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

The Embarrassing Failure of a Magician's Elaborate Trick.

From the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Carl Hertz, the illusionist, was talking of some of the accidents that sometimes spoil the art of the conjurer.

"It was in Nashville," he said, "that I experienced a real knockdown blow. I was performing the well-known trick of passing a marked coin into the center of an uncut orange; at least that's what a good many people thought I was doing. I used a silver dollar, and emphasized the trick by passing the coin into the pocket of some boy whom I had enticed on to the stage.

"I will openly confess that the boy had to be a confederate, and that the marked dollar had its fellow in one previously prepared by me. One night as I was entering the theater I looked around for a likely youth to aid me in my double dealing. I picked a boy and promised to pass him in if he would follow my instructions.

"'I am a conjurer,' I said. 'I want you to put this dollar in your right-hand trousers pocket. I'll get you a seat in the front row. When I ask for somebody to come on the stage, you must come. Then I will ask you to produce the dollar.'

"The boy promised everything, and, after making arrangements for him at the door, I left him. When I was ready for the dollar trick, I saw my young confederate sitting open-mouthed in the front row. I had prevailed upon another member of the audience to lend me a dollar marked exactly as was that I had given to the boy.

"I passed that borrowed dollar into the orange, cut the fruit open, and out dropped the coin. Then I went on:

"'And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will perform a still more difficult feat. I have passed that dollar into an orange. Now I will ask some member of the audience to step on the stage, and, without going anywhere near him, I will pass the same dollar, marked, as you have seen, into his trousers pocket.'

"True to his bargain, the boy stepped to the stage. I stepped opposite him and asked:

"'Now, sir, have you ever seen me before?'

"'No, sir,' was the answer.

"'I have here a dollar,' I continued. 'I am going to pass it into your right-hand trousers pocket. One—two—three—go!'

"I made the proper magician's pass and smiled confidently upon my audience.

"'Now,' I said to my assistant, 'put your hand in your right-hand trousers pocket and give me the dollar.'

"The boy looked a bit sheepish, but he dived his fist down. Then, to my unutterable horror, he produced a handful of silver and said:

"'I've only got ninety cents of it left, sir.'"

Written for The Evening Star.

Resignation.

The sun of all my hopes went down,
And naught remained but darkest night;
Then one by one Faith's stars came out—
Dear tokens of the great God-light.

—FANNIE H. ANDERSON.

Resentful and Sensible.

From Harlem Life.

Mrs. Firn—"I think you do be lookin' illigant, Dalia, dear.

Delia (just from a seminary)—"You should not say 'do be,' mother. It is awfully Irish."

Mrs. Firn—"And ain't I Irish?"

EASTER IN PARIS

Some of the Joys and Delights of the Gingerbread Fair.

WHERE PARISIANS GO FOR A FROLIC

Odd Features of the Various Shows and Attractions.

BUT ONCE A YEAR

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, March 17, 1896.

EASTER TIDE IN Paris is marked rather by gingerbread pigs than by hard-boiled eggs. They are smooth little pigs stamped out of spicy dough and baked a tender brown. You have your name embroidered on them with pink sugar while you wait; and it is a custom of the amorous spring to trade pigs with your best girl and to hang them around your necks. They are more non-committal than engagement rings, but cause great pleasure while they last.

This takes place at the gingerbread fair, which opens its delightful revelry on Easter Sunday and runs through the month. In the east end of Paris, where three great streets—the Boulevard Voltaire, the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Antoine and the Boulevard Diderot—meet like a tripod, the great round Place de la Nation gives on a park-like avenue that leads out to Vincennes, beyond the city limits. The Place de la Nation is better known in history as the ancient Place du Trone of bloody memory, where the guillotine once worked. But long before that time it had a brighter reputation with Parisians, and the reputation rests, well-founded, to the present day. For full 500 years its wondrous fair of gingerbread has drawn all Easter-celebrating Paris annually to the round place and park-like avenue. Once, doubtless, it was country, or, at least, suburban; now the city is built up beyond the barriers, out to Vincennes itself. The country has changed into city; but the country fair remains.

It is a country fair on a gigantic scale, and yet all Paris runs to frolic in it. Its vogue is so great that each spring season sees the booths and tents encroaching further toward the center of the capital, down the Boulevard Voltaire and Faubourg Saint-Antoine. These avenues and streets and squares of busy commerce are given up in the most extraordinary way to merry-go-rounds, menageries, side shows, tents and barracks, swings and Ferris wheels—and they call them "hygienic swings!"—with circuses and moving theaters and Punch-and-Judys. The folks who live along these streets see and hear from their windows and balconies, night and day, an arena of diabolical confusion. But instead of complaining to the board of health they think that they are lucky to be near such a delightful racket. And they are envied by their friends who come to visit them with enthusiasm.

Forms of Amusement.

In the broad and open Place de la Nation the confusion is ten times worse confounded. Wild shrieks of melody from the brass throats of calliopes played without ceasing mingle with the thin but penetrating wails of lost children; and they are answered by the roars of performing lions and the appeals of traveling showmen on their platforms.

The proprietors and performers form a separate old-fashioned Bohemian class. Most of them live in their traveling wagons and are on the move constantly from one part of France to another. One lion tamer, Bidel, with three splendid full-grown animals, could get flattering European engagements if he would quit his roving life. There is another, with trained monkeys, who has been familiar to Parisians for twenty-five years at the gingerbread fair. No one has such monkeys. All the great French wrestlers have graduated from the fair booths, and there are swordsmen in these troupes who could give points to swell "masters-of-arms." Therefore, the shows are respected, for there is a deal of merit mingled with their ludicrous trash. The Paris papers give them individual notices and criticisms. And the fact that they are rude, old-fashioned and country-fied is in their favor rather than against them.

To have a just idea of what the gingerbread fair is like, imagine a very wide and dusty street. It is so dusty that the tender green of the freshly opened horse chestnut leaves is already powdered an ugly white. There are two roadways in this street for vehicles; but its center is a long, bare park-like promenade fringed by two rows of trees. Beyond the trees on either side is the roadway; beyond the roadway the sidewalk; and then tall rows of apartment houses. Along both sides of the central promenade, which answers to the middle of the street, are arranged the show things of the fair.

Between them, for almost two miles, there jostles half of Paris, stopping, talking, pushing, screaming, laughing, flirting, guying and being guyed, hustling and being hustled. Ladies who come in their varnished carriages with powerful horses shaking silver chains, rub elbows with bloused workingmen; they buy and bite into the traditional gingerbread pigs; they attempt to throw iron rings over knives stuck into a board; they throw tennis balls at the wooden figures of the "massacre;" they ride from the flying horses; they buy pig-balloon, gamble for dabs of ice cream, shoot at targets for the drinks, and have their fortunes told. You can get rid of a deal of money at the gingerbread fair.

"Ten dollars gone already!"

Some of the Attractions.

Although it is called the gingerbread fair, that is only a name. Other fairs sell as much gingerbread, and the gingerbread fair deals in the specialties of all the others. In this loud avenue there are booths for the sale of sausages left over from the ham fair of March, sausages of Lorraine, of Arles, of Strasbourg, of the Moselle, from Savoy and the Jura. There are traders in the country produce of the department of the Meuse, from Alsace and all the east of France. There is cider from the Norman orchards, and there are Breton women baking batter cakes. You may buy and eat hot, fried potatoes, and you may drink and pay for licorice and water or cheap absinthe.

The peep shows and other shows are numberless and terrifying in the grotesqueness of their imaginations. "The Funeral of Pasteur," "The Assassination of President Carnot"—good; but "English Generals in Hell" and "The Rain of Frogs"—what do you think of them? One of the theaters has a melodrama called "The War in Madagascar," where an Amazon prisoner captivates a French officer of high rank by her noble sentiments, so that it ends in marriage. One of the shows, certainly a survival of the middle ages, is called simply "Hell."

The "Theatre Archiartistique" offers "twenty-five minutes of spectacle, represented by men, women and children of the most splendid beauty, with magnificent accessories, each belonging to its own age of the world. 'Cupid and Psyche,' executed by the celebrated Phidias for the Gardens of Versailles; 'The Venus of Milo,' which is due to Michael Angelo; 'Susanna and the Elders,' painted by the illustrious Rembrandt for the Chicago exposition; 'Napoleon at Waterloo,' attributed to Leonardo da Vinci; 'The Last Survivors of the Deluge,' from a contemporary photograph."

Ambitious Young Man.

At the great Museum of Progress "metempsychosis takes place every ten minutes." At the Panopticum the celebrated Kabowis drinks eighty glasses of beer in fifteen minutes. In his tent an Arab boy sticks long nails up his nose and needles in his eyes. A sailor has a devil fish in a tub. A half dozen "Cafes of Death" dispute the attractions of the original establishment of the Boulevard de Clichy. You may see ballets, and there are anatomical museums with "no specimens made in Germany."

The innocent brag of the fencers and wrestlers is delightful.

Any spectator with sufficient confidence may get down from the audience and wrestle with the champions; and it is a favorite practice for girls of the people to send down their young men to show them off. Then, if you were near enough to the struggle, you might hear a whispered conversation between the straining, twisting professional and amateur:

"Two dollars if you let me throw you!"

"No."

"But my girl is here!"

"You all have girls."

"Three dollars!"

"Word of honor?"

"Word of honor."

And so Suzanne has her wish, and every one applauds her Gigolo, but at what price!

A Variety of Pleasures.

Close by the gingerbread fair, to catch the overflow, is the entrancing forest park of Vincennes, with its green, slimy lake nestling lugubriously in a trampled wood, whose tree trunks have the same unhealthy and forlorn hue. It is the springtime, when Parisians are gay and vigorous, the ladies skittish, the men conquerors, and the children and the little dogs will prance and yelp for joy. The fair is an excuse to go rowdying in the Bois, and the Bois is an excuse to go gaping at the fair. The wood is gay with nursemaids and soldiers, with red trousers and blue blouses; the nursemaids bright in their new Easter ribbons, the soldiers neat as pins, the workingmen with their ears washed and their mustaches newly curled. Family parties eat their Easter Sunday lunch upon the ground.

Others patronize the small cafes, where they will buy only wine and a big tureen of soup. They have their own food in their baskets, and the management will lend them plates, knives and forks. They make a deal of merry noise, their dogs fight, their children lament and rejoice in turn, the young man sings his song and the old man tells his tale, as they sit in the rickety arbors and devour cold veal and onions with their gingerbread and garlic sausage.

"Oh!" exclaim Americans, who would disdain such common joys at home, "how French, and how delightful!"

It is early evening, in the long spring twilight of the north. The sun is setting in a dust of gold. The fair booths are in long lines, furiously painted, humped, uneven. Sharp odors float through the air, sharp music beats against one's ears. The grinding organ of the flying horses takes one's soul away and leads it dancing. The cry of the hot waffle merchant and the tum-tum of the oriental stomach dance mix with the tooting of gazoos. Over all there is the mixed perfume of wild animals, fried messes, burnt gunpowder, lilac blossoms and the flavor of ten thousand perspiring human bodies. The Parisian swims in the tide, his eyes and nose and ears delighted. Easter Sunday comes but once a year.

STERLING HEILIG.

REFRIGERATING FLOWERS.

A Means by Which Plants Can Be Made to Bloom Out of the Season.

From Chambers' Journal.

Quite a revolution in horticulture has been in progress during the past decade, although, owing to the secret manner in which the experiments leading up to it have been conducted, comparatively few persons have been aware of the new departure. Every one knows that flowers, as well as fruits and vegetables, are forced, so that those who are rich shall have the use of them before unaided nature brings them to maturity. This forcing business is an expensive one, requiring constant attention and skilled labor. Many attempts, therefore, have been made to get at the golden eggs by cheaper means, and as a result of many trials the opposite process to forcing has been adopted with success.

The system consists in retarding the flowering of the plant by refrigeration and is, of course, only applicable to those which are hardy in this country, by which we mean those which will stand several degrees of frost. The lily of the valley is one of them and it is much in request for purposes of decoration. Under the old forcing conditions only about fifty per cent of the buds treated could be induced to flower, but by the freezing process an average of ninety-five per cent can be secured from the end of summer up to Christmas. It will be noted that the process cannot be applied to evergreens of any kind, and it would certainly be death to camellias and probably hyacinths and tulips. It is said that near Berlin three growers alone have nearly three hundred acres of lily of the valley under cultivation, and that they have adopted the refrigerating method with great success. It has long ago been proved that the plant can be cultivated in England with equal success, and we trust that the new method will soon be tried on an extensive scale in this country.

When Easter Bills Come In.

From the Chicago Record.

I love that penitential look
On my dear wife's face;
It gives her such a lovely mien
Of sacrificial grace.

But when this Lenten time is o'er,
And she in gauds doth shine,
That martyr look will leave her face
And spread itself on mine.

Gray's Elegy.

From the Boston Budget.

A school teacher some time ago gave her pupils the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" to study; and when they had presumably studied it, she gave them a written examination.

There is one boy in the class who is more given to ingenuity than to study. When he came to the question, "What is a 'storied urn?'" his teacher saw him pause and scratch his head. The question "Explain the meaning of 'unlettered muse'" seemed to cause even more bewilderment. Nevertheless, he answered all the questions after his own fashion. "'Storied urns,'" he wrote, "means a tall urn, several stories high."

"'Unlettered muse,'" he commented further on, "refers to the well-known fact that one of the muses was an ignoramus."

CHINESE NEW YEAR.

An American's Account of Its Observance in Hong Kong.

John A. Cockrill, N. Y. Herald.

The Chinese celebrate the opening of the new year very much after the manner of their neighbors over in the Rising Sun. To be exact, their new year begins on the 13th of February, but the jollification begins about two days earlier. It keeps up for an entire week.

The Chinaman settles all earthly affairs on the eve of his New Year. If he doesn't pay all his debts he "loses his face," as the vernacular hath it. If he be caught stealing or committing any criminal act which he cannot deftly explain and excuse, his face is no longer recognized, and so if he fails to clear off his financial slate at the end of the year his face departs from him and he is no better than an outcast.

For this reason the night before New Year day in Hong Kong I found to be a night of forced sale. In one Chinese street every merchant had his goods exposed in front of his shop. They were spread out on the ground, and the whole street was lighted with lamps and torches. Bargains were abundant. If you asked the price of a gimcrack you were told:

"Five dolla; how muchee give?"

Fifty or twenty-five cents would be sure to secure the coveted article. Oh, the mercantile sacrifices! This street bazaar was thronged with people. Many were there to enjoy the spectacle, but the merchandising was vigorous. All this went on amid the crackle and boom of firecrackers—a fusillading which made the memory of pitched battle and rifle firing quicken.

The Hong Kong firecracker is about three times as large as the common Fourth of July pop used in our country, and five times as vicious and demoniacal. The natives here know how to produce the greatest amount of deviltry with their crackers. They perch on the porch of a two-story building, and there weave a dozen or more packs of crackers into one long string. Throughout the string they insert the large explosives known as cannon crackers. This web of the inferno they attach to the end of a bamboo pole, light the lower fuse and swing clear. Then the trouble begins. Some of these strings are ten feet long. They produce a snapping and bombing which is distracting, deafening and demoralizing. When fifteen or twenty of these collocations of deviltry are at work on one block the street becomes impassable. The air is filled with explosives, smoke, flame and red paper.

Throughout New Year day proper I saw scores of men going about the streets and lanes sweeping up the red paper resulting from the cracker explosions and lugging it away in great baskets. The firing intensified at night and lasted throughout all the hours. This is near the 18th, and the roar of the crackers is still in my ears. It will not slack off for at least a couple of more days, I am told. As far as inducing a Chinaman to work at his vocation during this week of jollification, that is absolutely out of the question. Even that patient, laborious, frugal industrian, the laundryman, is on a pleasure strike. Neither love nor money will persuade a laundryman to do up a shirt, and the traveling public is greatly embarrassed. The washboard hangs pendant on the wall and the washman is swimming in somsu and toying in fuliginous dens with fan tan. I am coming to like the whole souled, earnest way of whooping up a holiday. It means something. I am moved to say that when the Asiatics go in for a spree or celebration they throw their concentrated energies into it and they get something out of it.

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NOT MULTIPLYING RAPIDLY.

The Seminole Indians in Florida Have Strict Laws About Marriage.

From the Florida Times-Union.

Dr. J. E. Brecht, superintendent of the Florida Indians, with headquarters at Fort Myers, arrived in the city yesterday from Tallahassee, his mission there being to purchase lands with the appropriation of $3,000 now annually set apart by the general government for the Seminoles. Heretofore the Seminoles have been homeless, so far as ownership of land is concerned. The doctor has located and surveyed all of their habitations, and his endeavor now is to pursue the work of securing deeds in the names of the individual owners.

"The Indians," said Dr. Brecht, "are not multiplying rapidly. This is due to physiological and social reasons. Still, there has been an increase. In 1859 there were but 112. Now there are something over 500. The chief social reason for their slow propagation is the custom of countenancing no marriage of persons who have a drop of the same blood in their veins. This is sometimes hard on the girls. One leader I know has two beautiful daughters, who cannot get married because the eligible young men are almost all akin to them. Very often the custom causes strange alliances, and I know of a number of instances where young bucks of twenty have squaws of sixty. The reason for a lack of increase is the dearth of knowledge on the part of men and women of physiology, sanitation and hygiene. The mothers, although intensely fond of their offspring, will allow them to stuff themselves with food and trash in the shape of sand, charcoal and clay. Many deaths occur during the first three years. If a child lives to be five, you can't kill him with a lightwood knot.

"If the parents knew more of diet the race would rapidly increase, for a stronger, sounder people are not to be found on the earth. Their women are the purest of the pure. A whole realm cannot change them from the path of virtue. Lewdness is an unknown sin."

Honors to Franklin.

On Sunday, the 8th instant, a plaque placed on a wall in Paris in honor of Dr. Franklin was unveiled. It bears the inscription:

"Ici s'elevait un pavillon dependance de l'hotel de Valentinois: Franklin l'habita de 1777 a 1785, et y fit placer le premier paratonnere en France.—Societe Historique d'Auteuil et de Passy."

The ceremony took place out of doors under an awning, the chair being taken by M. Eugene Manuel, inspector general of secondary instruction, and addresses were delivered by M. Faye of the Academy of Sciences, and M. Guillois of the historical societies which arranged the affair. The American ambassador was present, and several other Americans, among them Gen. Meredith Read and Mr. Moncure Conway. The house in which Franklin resided at Passy (Rue Singer) disappeared in 1830, and the marble plaque is fixed in the wall of the College des Freres de la Doctrine Chretienne.

The Modern Athletic Club.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

"I suppose you are gratified that your son has joined an athletic club. There's nothing like athletics for young men."

"I suppose so."

"Is he in training?"

"I guess so."

"Has it strengthened him any?"

"Well, I believe he can carry a billiard cue longer than he could before, and I think he brings home a bigger load at night."

Why Small and Select.

From the Detroit News-Tribune.

First Citizen—"Grand opera does not seem to take."

Second Citizen—"It tries to take too much—$5 a seat."

Not as a Sister.

From the Louisville Courier.

"Do I love George?" mused Clara, softly, "or is it simply a sister's affection that I feel for——"

Just then Bobby burst noisily into the room and interrupted her sweet meditations.

"Get out of here, you noisy boy!" she shouted, and, seizing him by the arm, she shot him through the door. "Ah, no!" she sighed, as she resumed her interrupted train of thought; "my love for George is not a sister's love. It is something sweeter, purer, higher, and holier!"

HER TURN.

How a Wife Contrived to Cut Short a Lecture on Extravagance.

From an Exchange.

"I was down town shopping with Mrs. Dwindle today," said Mrs. Hilber to her husband.

"Get anything?" asked Hilber.

"Oh, I had to get a few little things for the kitchen! Really, dear, some of the old utensils were not fit to use."

"How much was the bill?"

"Eight dollars. Then I saw the loveliest lot of china, just for every-day use, and I simply couldn't resist it. Only $18 for the lot."

"Umph! Anything else?"

"Some of the loveliest books! I had a dozen of the latest novels sent. Just think, they were so cheap! Only $14 for all of them. Would you believe it?"

"Ah, indeed! I suppose you bought yourself some clothes?"

"Only a few little things I had to have, dear. A hat, I think, for only $18. I know you will like it. Some shoes for $7, and eight yards of the loveliest dress goods you ever saw. Only $2 a yard."

"Is that all?"

"Oh, there were a few more little things of no particular consequence. Necessities, of course, but of trifling cost."

"Madam, do you know what you have been doing?"

"Why, wh-what do you mean?"

"You have been ruining me. Do you realize that I have to toil and slave to make the money necessary to keep the roof over our heads. And now you inform me in the coolest possible manner that you have been buying without my consent what you are pleased to term a 'few little things.' Bah!"

"But, my dear——"

"Don't 'my dear' me. Did Mrs. Dwindle, who was with you, spend anything?"

"No. She said she couldn't afford it."

"Precisely. What man in moderate circumstances can afford it? Have you any idea, madam, of how much the 'few things' amounted to?"

"I have. Here is the memorandum. Just $120."

"And do you know, madam, what that sum represents?"

"I do, my dear. It represents the sum Mrs. Dwindle says you won from her husband at poker last night."

A Horrible Outlook.

From Puck.