

A Sweet Vision.

She lightly trips along the stair, No fair to see; She dances, bows and pirouettes, Treads measures from old minuetts, And with a tambourine coquettes, In front of me.

The Boston Girl Not in Luck.

I watch her each night as I sit in the car While standing she clings to the strap, And think that too bashful most young ladies are— She might as well sit in my lap. A hundred and twenty or so she may be, Which would be much of a strain, And if she would plump herself down on my knee I certainly shouldn't complain.

Woman's World.

INTERESTING BITS OF GOSSIP FOR AND ABOUT THE FAIR SEX—ENGLISH CRITICISMS OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

American ladies, graceful and tasteful as they are, can scarcely put forth a claim, out of their own country, to be considered as leaders in fashion, says the Standard. They only follow, very intelligently and very enthusiastically, the fashions set by London, Paris and Vienna—that is to say, they resort to the best known dress and mantle makers of the three great European capitals just named. In the way of bonnet building they give decided preference to Parisian milliners, and from the gay city they also draw their supply of lace, of lingerie, of gloves, and of boots and shoes, and it will generally be found that American ladies of fashion contentedly patronize the most expensive purveyors of costumes and its minor accessories. To be excellent customers of first class milliners and dressmakers, however, is a very different thing from introducing a new mode, or giving a fresh lease of life to an old one. The invention of the revival of fashions is always a strain on the energy and the genius of a very few individuals, and we mean, in an artistic or manufacturing sense, if the English had not been weavers and dyers of cloth for full 600 years, they would not be able to excel as they have always done, and they continue to do, in the confecting of garments for men in the fabric of which cloth predominates, and in what are called tailor-made dresses for women. It is not essentially imperative that the first-rate London tailor should be an Englishman. The great Stultz was a German; still the super-excellent London sartor, whatever may be his nationality, should hail from Saville Row or St. James street, or some cognate West End locality; and there will be excellent dandies of all the chief cities of the world. We cheerfully yield to the French the palm of superiority in devising full toilets for ladies for evening wear, and in only of the toilet they may be said to be unrivalled, but considering the unlimited number of first-class Parisian milliners and dressmakers whom we are glad to welcome to our shores, and looking moreover, at our own native dress fabrics, but also of the foreign silks and brocades which, thanks to free trade, can be imported without restriction, we content that a lady with plenty of money and with the taste to control the somewhat too exuberant fancy of her couturiere and her modiste, may be dressed quite as beautifully and as sensibly in London as in Paris. At the same time, while placing our faith in the English, we may be said to exuberant fancy of her couturiere and her modiste, may be dressed quite as beautifully and as sensibly in London as in Paris. At the same time, while placing our faith in the English, we may be said to exuberant fancy of her couturiere and her modiste, may be dressed quite as beautifully and as sensibly in London as in Paris.

medium height and slender, though she gives you an impression of being strongly made. Her eyes are grey and large, her complexion is clear and dark, her mouth is set in firm lines and her hair is short, brown and curly. Her expression is one of force and power.

One and perhaps the chief reason of the difference in the shape of an English and an American waist of women of similar general physique is in the shape of the corset worn says the Philadelphia Record. The American woman wears a corset which extends high in under the arms, covering and especially in fleshy women, crowding up the bust higher than is natural. Over this she usually wears a tight-fitting waist of muslin or cambric and the result is a gradual but smooth and continuous slope toward the bottom of the waist, which is like a come inverted. The English woman wears a bit of a corset not much longer from the waist up than the pointed girdles which were so stylish a few years ago, and very much shorter than our riding corset. The result is that their bodies with short darts give a very low effect to the bust, a rounded fullness of outline, and a sudden tightening in at the waist, which one often mistakes as being produced by tight lacing. No tightly fitted waist can be worn beneath the general effect possesses all the charm of a corsetless figure, with comparatively none of its disadvantages, and the beauty of their exquisitely fitted tailor dresses results largely from the fact that they are modeled by skillful tailors onto a live woman's figure and not over a stiff, unyielding armour of bones and steel.

Now the matron seeks the column— With a glance both keen and solemn— Which is headed with the legend: "Wanted— Houses," and "To Rent."

For she's caught the yearly fever, And it will not, will not, leave her— In a state of imitation base to quietly sit down.

So she starts out quite ambitious In the April days propitious, Miles and miles of stairways does she travel every day.

Till at last, with calm elevation, Hiding inward trepidation, She announces her household that they move the 1st of May.

A writer in the New York World says: "Only a few years ago society declared it had come to kiss in company. Now, if there is any one thing that women of good taste prefer to all the sweets in the domestic bonbonniere it is a dry, quick, crisp kiss, and when the edict went forth it was stubbornly resisted. By degrees and after much opposition the revolution was brought about, and the altar kiss, the kiss of peace, the kiss cordial and the kiss of friendship were banished from the scene, and the buds and belles and the dames and debutantes took to hand-clapping and arm athletics with a vigor that astounded the energetic English, from whom the greeting was copied. Everybody whom she greeted with a woman, woman and women, women and men, and girls, women and men—and the etiquette of this sudden innovation became as puzzling and as complicated as the etiquette of cards.

A very pretty and ingeniously planned orange breakfast was given in St. Augustine recently by the wife of the owner of some of the largest groves in the state, says the Illustrated American. The center of the table bore a dwarf orange tree in a tub, upon which hung the growing fruit, and around this was heaped a bank of orange blossoms. Down the middle of the table-cloth was laid a strip of orange silk, on which was painted in old German text the motto of the house of Orange, "The Orange Above." Upon the name card was set a little mandarin, tied up with narrow white and green ribbons, holding in the knot a spray of orange flowers. When these ribbons were united, it was found that it was only an emptied skin of an orange cut in lateral halves, and filled up with orange petals, in the midst of which lay a little box containing for the women a spray of enameled orange flowers in the shape of a pin, and for the men a watch chain in the shape of a tiny gold orange.

This letter from a widow of New Jersey propounds a very interesting question, says the New York Sun: "I am a widow. My husband has been dead thirteen months. A gentleman of high standing, independent position and most honorable reputation, whom I have known personally for many years, desires to pay me his addresses with a view to marriage, and has frankly asked permission to do so. Is it proper for me to consent? Or does he display a lack of courtesy and good breeding in making such advances, so soon after my husband's death?"

Under the conventional rule of society a widow may marry again a year after the death of her husband. That implies, of course, that she may be wooed sooner, and how much sooner depends on the state of her heart. It may happen, and it often does happen, that the very profundity of her grief and the depth of her attachment to the lost render her peculiarly susceptible to new demonstrations of affection. Her wounded spirit craves sympathy and consolation, and in her loneliness and despair she feels the need of a strong arm to lean upon and a trusting heart upon which to rely. Her weeps, her downcast eyes, her gentle sorrow, patient suffering and attitude of dependence makes a powerful appeal to every manly breast, especially if she is young and pretty. Such a widow is always interesting, oftentimes absolutely irresistible. Even the loveliest of maidens may well look upon her as a dangerous rival,

though she enters into no formal competition with them, and invites tender regard by reason of the charm of her widowhood only. How soon after her bereavement these evidences of her power will bring a feeling of pleasure to the mourning heart may be close at hand, and in another he may be long in coming. Mere concern for conventionality may lead one widow to stifle any new affection as soon as it has birth, while another will tend and cultivate it, howsoever great may be her self-accusation. The feeling of the duty of grief for the dead may be more irrepensible in one than another and yet the reality of the mourning in each may be the same.

Encourage the modest man too much about the right to an old garter and the right to an old paper bustle. There never was a crime committed that did not leave its mark on the face of the man who committed it. Marriage with a man is like the mouth of Mars; if he goes like a lion he never fails to come out like a lamb. When the women get together they abuse the men, but it is to the credit of the men that when they get together they do not abuse the women. There are only two kinds of women. One kind thinks her husband the greatest man in the world, and the other thinks she is a greater man than her husband. Give an extravagant woman all the money she can spend, and the harm she does is not to herself, but to the foolish women who try to keep up with her.

Dress skirts continue to be longer in all cases than they were last winter. The new English gray is a very beautiful dye, with a glow of creamy pink in its reflections. Large picturesque lace collars accompany many of the new handsome demure and demure. Julia Ward Howe is the best Greek scholar of her sex in the country. Some artistic novelties in parasols are made of shot silk, with two or three tucks and a narrow frill, pinked and set on rather full. A faint whisper has developed into a loud rumor that in certain fashionable quarters a new fashion is being made to revive the all-round crinoline. Black hose, excepting the silver and gray shades, will be worn with colored gowns of every description in preference to those in harmonizing or matching colors. Heliotrope appears to be more popular than any other color, and it is becoming more generally becoming. Mixtures of dark heliotrope with the palest tints of that color are lovely. It is said that a large proportion of the plumers worn by the ladies who attend the Queen's drawing rooms are hired from a shop which makes them with the greatest care. The feathers are worth from \$4 to \$10 and the rent of them is \$2.50 for each occasion. Mrs. Jenness Miller, in her new "School of Physical Culture," proposes to teach women to sit, stand, and go up and down stairs correctly, with the greatest ease, and to have elastic muscles and a lithe, supple and rounded figure. She will also try to educate the shrill notes out of the American woman's voice. The daughter of Maj. Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese bete noire, recently bought a box of pins in a shop at Lisbon. When she opened the box she discovered that they were English. She returned them at once to the shopkeeper. He agreed in future to label all his pin-boxes with French stamps. In Matabeland, South Africa, a wife costs five cows; this is paid to the girl's father by the happy man. The price varies with the rank of the dusky damsel, sometimes as much as fifty cows being demanded, but in such cases part of the cows are returned with the girl as dowry. Then an ox is killed before the girl's "kraal," she is annointed with the blood and a dance ensues. The English countess of Carloty recently died in Paris at the age of 70 in her room, where she lived alone and apparently in poverty. She was found lying in her chair by the janitress, and the police were summoned, as it was supposed that she was utterly destitute. In removing her from the chair a bag fell to the floor, and when the fair and ingenuous Frances Cleland came into power all the world of fashion shook hands from the shoulder. Not long ago word from the white house that Mrs. Harrison had decided to withhold her delicate, dimpled hand from the public in general and from society in common, reserving for her personal friends that time-honored salutation. And now comes the pertinent. What will the general public and society in common do about it?

Indianapolis Journal: "I don't know what to make of my husband," said a young wife, tearfully; "he begs me not to cook anything, but to allow our trained cook to prepare the meals." My husband was different, said a lady in deep mourning; "he was emphatic in his orders that the food should always be prepared by my hands." "And your husband—where is he now?" "He is dead."

A woman who knows Anna Dickinson well says that she seems to possess the secret of eternal youth. If you did not know her you would find it impossible to tell her age. In figure she is below

HOW MEN HAVE DIED

Ancient Methods of Putting Criminals to Death.

Burning at the Stake, Breaking on the Wheel, Boiling in Lard and Other Cheerful Methods. From the Omaha World-Herald. The history of the punishment of crime is up to a certain point the history of revenge. And revenge is older than love—it is as old as the instinct of self preservation.

One of the first signs of growing civilization is when the government arrogates to itself the right of revenge and proclaims that it alone shall have the right to punish the criminal. The second stage in governmental civilization is reached when the government punished, not in the spirit of revenge, but to prevent further crime. Horace discovered that this would be the true principle of punishment, but, to be sure, it has been forgotten many times since then.

There is another point—a transcendental one—at which the government strives to prevent crime by other means than punishment. That point has not yet been reached by the United States. The people of the United States know how it might be reached. It is not likely that the public will know from well authenticated sources whether or not the first state execution by electricity in the history of the world was painless or not. The idea has been in perfecting this machine of death, that in electric executions will be found the most humane, scientific, thorough and seemly method of capital punishment.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

Chief Tangle Hair is trying to create discord among the Cheyenne Indians. As a successor to Chief Tangle Foot, Chief Tangle Hair bids fair to become a howling success. Mark to the fennish yell, Mark to the umpire's shout, "All ready, now play ball!" "That 'Man's 'Out'!" "New York Herald."

To paraphrase Horace Greeley's famous sentence, all liars are not fishermen, but all fishermen are men of prodigious powers of imagination. A maiden's crown of glory Is her silken, rippling hair; We love it—aye, we kiss it, On the bonny head so fair. Yet, should that lovely maiden, In the making of a pie, One silken strand brake in it, We'd scorn and loath it. Why? "Hosier."

Ah! if the world only had more writers like Mrs. Grant. She confesses that she is writing a book of reminiscences of her famous husband, but she will not publish it! The fives and tens were crisp and new, And there were several twenties, too, When he went to play the races. He has— and screw marks his brow— A lot of worthless tickets now. With remarks on "straights" and "places." "Washington Post."

A Washington correspondent is authority for the statement that Senator Quay has distributed 75,000 packages of seed among the farmers of one district of Pennsylvania alone. This may be Mr. Quay's seed time, but his harvest will not be such a jolly affair. I pleaded long for the whispered "yes" Which she long withheld; but O, How I wish she had said "I'd bless If she'd only stuck to "no!" "July."

A Boston man whose wife was addicted to the strong-drink habit, after having tried numerous remedies and sanitariums, last week cut her throat from ear to ear. The cure is said to have worked like a charm. Now comes the heated term so dear, When men perspire together, He'll be cooler, and she'll be warmer, Will be comments on the weather. "Washington Post."

A man named Boyden died at Omaha a few days ago and an undertaking firm collected \$20 from the county for burial of the corpse. In course of time it transpired that Mr. Boyden had a wife in California—not to mention other wives in other localities. The enterprising undertaking firm addressed this California wife and asked her for \$25 for the burial of her husband. But the co-operative widow, knowing the ways of this wicked world, wrote to the cemetery company asking if a man whom she described had been buried in their melancholy precincts. The company wrote to the effect that he had not. Then it came known that the gentleman with a plurality of wives had met a fate not out of keeping with his career. He had been given or sold to physicians, and as his heart in life had been divided among several women, so in death his body was divided among several men.

"Sweet maid," said he, To fly, to fly, to fly with me, "Young feller," said she, "Now don't you be, Too fly, too fly, too fly with me!" "Terra Haute Express."

Neither the Arizona Howler nor the Arizona Kicker can produce anything more characteristic of frontier journalism and frontier life than the following bona-fide "ad" of an Arizona man: "Ah, there! J. H. Breed is again on deck at the 'old stand' with the largest and finest stock of goods ever brought into Arizona, and is prepared to give the people of Winslow and surrounding country the damnedest bargains ever heard of in this section of the world. I carry a lot of a large assortment of goods, which limited space will not allow me to enumerate here, but if you will hitch up your go-cart and call on the 'old man,' you can bet your 'whole outfit' he will treat you right and sell you anything you may want in his line. J. H. Breed, Winslow, A. T."

Equal to the Occasion. From the Terra Haute Express. "You say you stopped at the Skirate hotel all the time you were away? Wasn't the bill pretty high for a man of your means?" "Oh, not too high. I managed to jump without much trouble."

Defining His Position. From the New York Sun. "Now, boys," said the enthusiast, "let's give three cheers for the speaker and then go have a drink." "Excuse me," said the prohibitionist, "I cheer but do not inebriate."

To Peckover's for the finest brands of cigars, imported and domestic.

SPEEDING THROUGH AIR

John Gerber's Attempt at Solving Aerial Navigation.

It Will Be on Exhibition at the Next World's Fair—Clever Devices in the Vessel—How it Paddles its Way. From the San Francisco Examiner. The latest attempt to solve the problem of aerial navigation is that of Jean Baptiste Gerber, a San Francisco genius. No attempt has been made by Gerber to build his aerial ship on a large scale, and thus prove its practicability, security and cheapness. He has, however, in his shop a small working model, which works in what he declares is a most satisfactory manner and proves that his idea is entirely feasible.

Propulsion by wings is the principle on which the machine is based. Otto Lilienthal of Berlin and other experts on the subject maintain that successful aerial navigation will only be accomplished by working on this line. The vessel is shaped like a lifeboat. The material is paraffine. Gas is readily supplied to the balloon by a generator in the vessel. The balloon-parachute appendage is used chiefly in making the vessel descend to the earth from the upper air, the rapidity of descent being controlled by the emission of the gas and by the great paddle wings. The bottom of the boat is hollow and concave. As has been said these paddle wings are the principle on which the new aerial ship is made to do its work. There are eight of them, four on each side of the vessel; they are hollow shaped like a spoon, and by a simple device may be turned at any angle and may be propelled by the feet or by electricity. Two men can readily operate the eight wings. When asked what a vessel that carries a dozen persons would probably cost, Gerber said he could not tell yet, as he had been too busily engaged on developing his aerial ship, and after successive trials and experiments I have no doubt but that the time can be greatly lessened; possibly it may be done in three days."

Gerber is now busily engaged on some minor improvements which will be soon finished. As soon thereafter as possible it is his intention to build a vessel on a larger scale, and exhibit it at the world's fair in Chicago. Thus far he has made no attempt to construct any of the work of his machine, doing everything as he declares "for the good of the world and for the honor of California."

Gerber is well known for his many and varied inventions. Among them are the aerial railway, a diving apparatus, submarine wrecking boats, fire escapes and life boats. Some of the models of these have been presented to French Admiral Bugeaud, and they have received due attention. He is also the hero of the well-known picture that appeared in the art exhibition two years ago, entitled "The Lost Genius."

What "3:17" Meant. John Splan, in writing to a friend in Cleveland, says: "I have always thought I had a lively imagination, but the question I am asked daily in regard to the trotters paralyze me. Here is a sample: A lady and gentleman walked up to Mambino Sparkle's stall the other day, and after looking at her in silence for a few moments, noticed the card bearing her name and record, 2:17. The gentleman told the lady that meant she had gone two miles in seventeen minutes, but she said no, it meant that she would be exhibited in the ring at seventeen minutes after 2. Finally they asked me to decide the point, and with my usual gallantry I decided in favor of the lady, and the pair went on happily to see the other curiosities. This is a fair sample of the average Englishman's trotting horse education."

Law and Fishing. From Forest and Stream. There was a time when if a lawyer wanted to go fishing he took care to keep his angling proclivities from coming to the notice of his client. A better day is coming, when under a more worthy popular appreciation of the brain clearing effects of a wildwoods outing clients will flock to attorneys who are known as anglers, and when a lawyer sets out for his play day in the woods he will boldly post at his office outer wall the notice, "Gone fishing. Back in a month."

Her Choice. From the Chicago Times. "Is your gentleman friend reconciled to the marriage with another of the lady he so dearly loves?" "Ah, no. He worries continually." "What is there to worry about now that it is done?" "He fears that her marriage may prove a success."

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