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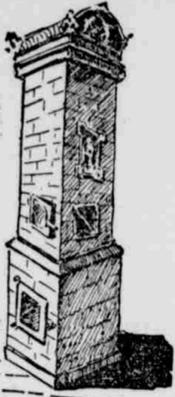
Student Life in the Old Saxon City and How to Get a Start in It.

From Hollow-Mockery Stoves to the Grim and Soldier-Like Police.

Women and Dogs Worked Harder than Men—How the Hackmen Look.

BY ANDREW STEWART.

It was a disagreeable November morning when I first saw the spires and the rising smoke of the old Saxon city, Leipzig, assuming something like definite proportions, as the little hand-box cars dashed and swayed on through the early mist. Emerging from the Magdeburger Bahnhof, or railroad station—I trudged



BERLINER OFEN.

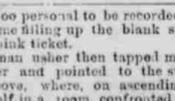
hotelward through a fine cutting drizzle, making my first acquaintance with a genuine German winter climate—dull, damp, chilly, and altogether unlovely, with an occasional rain and an occasional freeze. The sun is usually of duty, the pavements wet and muddy, and rheumatism and catarrh flourish.

I soon found a home in what is called, after the French, Garçon Logis, meaning lodgings without meals, or, technically, students' lodgings. One should secure such in a good, central locality for the moderate sum of 25 or 30 marks per month, including rolls, coffee and the very necessary blacking of shoes, in the morning. Fire and lamp are extras. The students' apartments are generally room-sized and furnished after one model. A writing cabinet of veneered rosewood and a wardrobe of the same, a mirror, a large round table, washstand, washbasin, sofa, some wall pictures, chairs, a bust of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, a coffin-like bed and a mattress of a stove.

The latter stands, tombstone-like, in the corner and has an air of loneliness and monotony that actually preys upon the mind. It is generally nine or ten feet tall; sometimes of iron, painted and gilded, but more generally of porcelain, when it is called a "Berliner Ofen"—a hollow mockery. There is no more heat in a German stove than in a raw oyster. However, it burns little fuel, and is so constructed that every particle of heat is utilized, small though it be. Before becoming acquainted, and while undergoing that process, an American must practice the art of sleeping under German bed clothes. The bed fits the body with accuracy and is room to spare, and when wishing to change the position of the body one must get out. The furnishing consists of two feather beds with a wedge of tick beneath, to raise the head, and couple of limp pillows. To get under, the upper feather bed—the only covering—is the great feat, and, as it is about the size of an overgrown napkin, much dexterity is required.

Having arranged my domestic affairs satisfactorily, the next move was to inquire regarding the special part of the university I desired to join, or matriculate for—the chemical department—to ascertain if I could find room, etc., in the laboratory. I applied to our Consul here, Dr. S. K. Miller, of Virginia, and I shall never forget his kindness to me, a perfect stranger. I found him a courteous and cultivated gentleman, with a Heidelberg Ph. D. after his name, an ornament to the position he holds and a fit leader of the American society of Leipzig. He is the comfort and joy of Americans, in trouble or out, and many Europeans have reason to remember him with gratitude.

One morning at 10:30 o'clock I stood in women's wear before the great Reichler, or university judge, in the auditorium—college headquarters. The dignitary's grave "guten morgen" returned, his countenance disappeared behind the leaves of my passport and the diploma from my alma mater. Soon he filled in a blank, signifying his approval of my papers, dashed some sand over it by way of blotting, and again said "guten morgen." I bowed myself into an adjoining room, where a clerk took the blank, my name, and asked me many



BARBER-SHOP SIGN.

questions, too personal to be recorded, at the same time filling up the blank space of a little pink ticket.

A gentleman usher then tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the stairs leading above, where, on ascending, I found myself in a room, confronted by a brace of clerks, grown old in the service, mildly staring at me over two very high and uncomfortable-looking desks. To one of them I paid 21 marks for matriculation, and to the other 47.50—45 for the laboratory fee and 2.50 in contribution to

the students' hospital fund—receiving a little blue book with my course, etc., inscribed, together with a list of regulations. In completion of the ceremony I was led into the presence of the Rector, or President of the University, who took my hand and presented my certificate of membership to me.

The German university course is divided into terms, or semesters, of six months each, with two or three weeks' intermission, and matriculation means enrollment for a year or more. The little pink ticket—called a legitimations-karte—is invested with great influence, and must be carried constantly—to avoid a fine of two marks—being displayed on the demand of any college official. It procures for the student a reduction on prices of books at the shops, and insures him against arrest by the police. Should he break the peace the officer merely asks to see his ticket; word is sent to the Reichler, by whom he is tried, and if found guilty, fined, or incarcerated in the college prison.

Having completed my business at the auditorium, I was free for a time to view the sights, so with an American friend—also a student, who has been here some time—I started for a walk, he officiating as pilot.

Leipzig, on the Elster and the Pleisse, is the center of the world's fur trade, and has a publishing business ranking third. Its Conservatory of Music is the best in the world, and its university is unequalled. The city is not large, though rapidly growing, with a population of about 18,000. The original Leipzig, though the business center, is quite a small part of the present Saxon city. Its old meat is filled in and forms two of the largest streets, and possibly the largest plaza, to wit, Bahnhofs-Strasse, the Promenade, and the Rossplatz.

Leipzig has several large parks—Rosenenthal, Nougé, Scherber Holz, Johanna, and Johanna'sthal—in which are wild fowl and herds of deer. In the immediate vicinity lie the villages of Ghösel, Plagwitz, Cannowitz, and Renditz near the scene of Napoleon's terrible defeat. The towns are soon to be incorporated in the one city. Each day as 12 m. approaches the street becomes alive with people on their way to the noon meal, dinner, students with small black oilcloth portfolios, containing lecture notes, merchants and other business men, school children, etc., and all places of business are closed until 2 p. m.

Dinner is the principal meal; breakfast is a mere form, and supper is a hollow mockery. Students generally take rooms such as mine and eat at the cafes most convenient to them, offering the best for the price. These cafes, or "restaurations," as they are sometimes called, serve good, substantial meals of three courses. Beer is the usual beverage dispensed, but occasionally the kellers, or waiters, are supplied with orders for coffee or min-



PEASANT WITH PANNIER.

eral water. It is only a waiter of nerve who can stand such a shock to his German system.

I was amazed to see how far the craze for uniforms is carried. To a stranger they all look pretty much alike, and one is difficultly distinguishing a field marshal from a high private, or the latter from a postman, a postman from a street porter, and so on. After the official uniforms come those of a private character. The hotels uniform their servants, and many business firms follow suit. The students' clubs or "vereins"—some for singing, others for dueling, and others for the prevention of fermented accumulations, wear absurd little uniform caps, each variety having a certain recognized color—some pea green, some violet, some yellow, purple, etc.

I noticed over the doors of a number of shops, little polished brass plates strung along iron rods, and was puzzled as to their meaning, until the words below, "Tobacco, Cigars, and Haarschnitten," informed me I might be shaved and have my hair cut and dressed within. I concluded from the number of such signs that barbers have a monopoly of Leipzig's business.

The city is policed by men, half soldiers half peace keepers, uniformed in dark green, with glistening brass-trimmed, and spiked helmets of putty leather. Besides this force, the barracks contain several regiments of infantry, authorized to act as police in case of disturbances—this is anticipation of so-called "the outbreak." Leipzig being just now a hotbed of socialism. Many of the soldiers are young gentlemen who have gone through the gymnasium or high school successfully, and are, therefore, permitted to cut down the inevitable military servitude to one year, at the same time being allowed to attend the university; such young men are called "single-free-willigen, or one-year's recruits." The theory is, if they are bright enough to pass the gymnasium examinations—though ones they are—they will learn the drill and military details in one year, while their duller companions must study and practice them three.

A German soldier must appear in uniform, with side arms, on all occasions. His dress and trappings—that is, in the infantry—are plain, serviceable and modest, fitting snugly and showing off to advantage the broad shoulders and muscular limbs, sound and hard with athletic training.

FOR THE LADIES.

A Couple of Columns Devoted to the Fair Daughters of Eve, Embracing a Few Seasonable Hints About the Latest Styles in Dress.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

Let us take as long a look ahead as possible at women's fashions. In doing this we cannot have a certainty of visage, because in this matter man proposes and woman disposes. That is to say, men employed in the business of designing and producing the fashions are never sure that what they offer will be accepted. The pictures in this article, unlike the actualities usually illustrated in this correspondence, are merely strong probabilities. It is true that the shapes may be taken in all faith as those which will prevail next October and afterwards. The outlines of the late fall and early winter garments are already fixed definitely enough, and some of them are shown in these sketches. This is particularly true of the ball costume, with its slightly peculiar draping of armholes and bosom. It is as to the material that the writer would not like to stake her reputation as a prophetess. Manufacturers of silk and cotton velvets, in this country and abroad, are fully determined that their regally rich fabrics shall be fashionably worn for the ensuing season, and the dry goods dealers of New York acquiesce in this. Therefore, considerable stocks of velvets in all imaginable colors and qualities, and ranging from the plain piles to elaborately embossed surfaces, have been ordered, and everything has been made ready to duplicate these investments in case stylish women accept velvet as a favorite fabric. Already velvets are seen by piecemeal in the very newest costumes ordered for wear in the cooler mountain resorts and at the seashore. The second fashion plate shows how velvet is made up in a vest, to be worn under a white jacket. The next portrayal reverses the order, and produces a house dress of velvet with a soft white frontage to the waist. One thing to be said in favor of the probable preference for velvet is that, while wealthy belles may find goods costing as much as a hundred dollars a yard (so fine and intricate is the hand clipping and embroidery), tolerably good imitations of the plainer kinds of silk velvet are cheaply procurable in cotton, which will not retain its color or gloss



A DROSCHKE DRIVER.

bound with astrachan, they sleep away the days and nights at their posts, appearing to be almost permanent fixtures. The carriage fares are quite cheap. One may engage a rig for an hour and ride in style for about 30 cents.

In Quito, Ecuador.

Architecturally, Quito is not unlike other Spanish-American towns, except that it is dirtier and a little more dilapidated. There is not even an excuse for a hotel, and private hospitality is restricted by the poverty of the people. Few travelers ever go there—only those who are compelled—and the demand is not sufficient to justify the establishment of a hotel. One-fourth of the entire city is covered with convents, and every fourth person you meet is a priest, or a monk, or a nun. There are monks in gray, monks in blue, monks in white, monks in black, and orders that no one ever heard of before. There are all sorts of priests, and the jolly or grim old fellows one sees in Vibert's pictures are found on almost every corner in Quito. If it were not for the climate Quito would be in the midst of a perpetual pestilence; but notwithstanding the prevailing filthiness there is very little sickness, and pulmonary diseases are unknown. Mountain fever, produced by cold and a torrid liver, is the commonest type of disease. The population of the city, however, is gradually decreasing, and is said to be about sixty thousand. There were five hundred thousand people at Quito when the Spaniards came, and one hundred years ago the population was reckoned at double what it now is. Half the houses in the town are empty, and to see a new family moving in would be a sensation. Most of the finest residences are locked and barred, and have remained so for years. The owners are usually political exiles, who are living elsewhere, and can neither sell nor rent their property. Political revolutions are so common, and the results are so disastrous to the unsuccessful, that there is a constant stream of fugitives leaving the state. Although Ecuador is set down in the geographies as a republic, it is simply a Popish colony, and the power of the Vatican is nowhere felt more completely. The return of a priest from a pilgrimage to Rome is as great an event as the Declaration of Independence; and so subordinate is the state to the church that the latter selects the Presidents, the Congress, and the judges. A crucifix sits in the audience chamber of the President, and on the desk of the presiding officer of Congress. All the schools are controlled by the bishops, and the children know more about the lives of the saints than about the geography of their own country. There is not even a good map of Ecuador.

At the Stamp Window.

A lady approached the stamp-window at the postoffice, and, handing the clerk a postage-stamp, asked to have it exchanged, as there was no mutilage on it.

"We never exchange stamps," said the clerk, politely. "You have moistened the stamp too much is the reason it does not stick."

"No, I didn't," replied the lady. "I know how to put on a stamp. I've put on more stamps than you ever saw. Are you going to give me another stamp?"

"I told you we didn't exchange stamps."

"Well," snapped the overheated lady, "I should think Uncle Sam would take his own money back at this office. I had a lot exchanged at Duluth. You put on entirely too many airs for a clerk. There! You know what I think of you."

Knowledge is Wealth.

Language Professor—"To what do I owe the honor of this call?"

Stranger—"I understand that you can talk in forty languages, yet the college pays you only \$100 a week for your services."

"That is correct."

"I have come, sir, to offer you a position at \$500 a week."

"My, my! What do you want me to do?"

"Tend bar at my palace saloon in Chicago."—Omaha World.

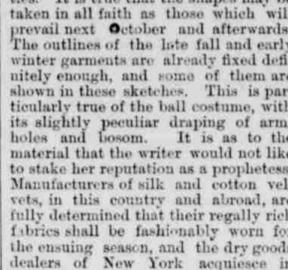
A SIMPLE formula for the preparation of ketchograph ink is given by a competent authority. Take one part of aniline, of the color desired, dissolve in about seven parts of water, and add one part of glycerine.

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VELVET IN VOGUE.

very well, but which for awhile has a perfect semblance of the richer originals.

Autumn Styles.

WHAT are known as Tosen parasols have handles of extreme length.

COLOMBE, a soft dove color, will be much worn this season. It harmonizes very effectively with the popular green shades.

The edelweiss, the blue cornflower, yellow carnations, chrysanthemums, and fleur-de-lis are the favorite designs in enamelled jewelry.

RED and blue surah, blocked or plaid, and black or white checks and plaids are in high favor for the silk blouses so much in vogue.

BLACK armure grenadine is favored for summer dresses. Lace flounces and a profusion of narrow moire ribbons are the accepted garnitures.

AMONG the prettiest fabrics imported for fall wear the fine cashmere is one of those which take the popular fancy and will be very fashionable. The coarser qualities will not be used for the costumes, and only those of high grade are woven in the desirable shades.



AS SHE WILL BE.

large buttons of Directorate cloaks are of colored metals, cut steel, tinted pearl, and also of velvet. Long cloaks are of figured cloths, with velvet Directorate revers, and some have sleeves that extend to the foot of the garment, and are bordered there with velvet or with fur. Bears' fur and others of long fleece that is almost shaggy are fashionable trimmings for winter cloaks, and the outlook is that outer garments will be even more diversified and elaborate than ever.—Chicago Ledger.

Better health is coming from man's deeper study of the atomic empire. The body and the mind are not threatened by earthquakes and cyclones only, but chiefly by the invisible atoms. Men are often afraid to cross the sea because of the storm that may come, but the tempest in a glass of whisky is ten times as dangerous, because the body and soul are more at the mercy of atoms than of shipwrecks and tornadoes. Men who dare danger on the battlefield and outlive a long and bloody war, where cannon balls and musket balls were the enemies of many a day and many a night, often are thus led to lose sight of the enemy which wears the wreaths of Bacchus, he seems such a pleasant friend of the way.

Each mind feels a certain wave of unhappiness when it looks in upon itself and marries how many wheels must be in perfect order to secure what is called sanity. In such moments of introspection the thought comes that not only is the thinker crazy but all men and women are not a little crazy; that perfect sense is impossible. A professor in a Chicago college walked into a canal in broad daylight. He was thinking of something else than the canal and of his good black suit of clothes. He enjoyed his scientific reverie, but he got wet. He had to retire to his home and change the external wrappings of his wise, pompous soul. The man who was telling this story of the unfortunate professor walked out of a railway car at the next station and left his valise in the rack to go on and on and never to be found. Thus, while the canal wet the clothes of one rational being, the railway carried away all the clean shirts of another. A third man got off at the first station to wait for the next train to bring him his railway ticket and his bunch of keys. In an hour the ticket and keys came, but his big valise had been left behind and the trunk was not locked.

The persons designated as insane are a little less rational than the average, but in each person in the circle of nations there is going on a perpetual struggle between what is called the vital principle and the millions of atoms—the atoms being liable to stampede like a herd of wild cattle.

If the physical condition of man is improving in the civilized lands, much of that advance comes from the new importance that is attached to the small things in the material kingdom. It was once thought that air was air, whether the thing was found in a basement and breathed over and over a hundred times or was sucked in in the mountains. Some people still think so, and four of those rational beings will ride five miles in a close carriage with the windows all down and will attribute their sleepy condition to the tameness of the country along the road. There is, however, a large multitude of persons who know that not all the substance breathed is always air. Air may be converted into some mixed gas, just as a glass of water may become mixed with arsenic or morphine. With the air thus mixed, to breathe is to die as surely as not to breathe.

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GATES were taken by Abraham, B. C. 1892 (Gen. xxi, 24), and authorized 1491 B. C. (Exod. xxii, 11). The administration of an oath in judicial proceedings was introduced by the Saxons into England.—Repin. That administered to a judge was settled 1344.

A BLIND man died recently in Chester Workhouse, England, who had been an inmate of that institution for seventy years. He entered at the age of nine and passed his whole life there.

DELICATE MACHINERY.

BY PROF. DAVID SWING.

In the departments at Washington can be seen the implements which exact measure, superficial or solid, can be made and by which weights can be determined. When land is cheap a squatter can mark out a farm by streams or hills or clumps of trees, and he can guess that it is a mile and a half to the blacksmith shop, but when the Government wishes to find a base-line from which to start out upon a survey of coast or prairie it must have a most exact mile or ten or twenty mile datum. No ten-foot pole or tape-line will meet the demand, because an error of a foot in ten miles would become a serious deviation before the engineers had passed along from Maine to California. The poles which the Government uses for making such exact measurements are made for meeting all the demands of temperature, and would fill a circus-wagon with their bulk and numbers.

Wonderfully delicate are the balances which are for weighing precious metals and stones and the instruments for finding the exact size of a ball or cylinder.

All these instruments and machines are made necessary by the fact that man dwells not only in a great coarse world eight thousand miles in diameter, but by the fact that he belongs to a planet in which there is an infinite smallness as well as an infinite largeness. Man must compass not only the great oceans and mountains but also the atoms which are in the air he breathes, the water he drinks, of which atoms, if any are absent, his cheek will grow pale and his body will tremble. He must move out in his career as the survivors for the Government move out to their task—with mind fully fixed upon the value of atoms as well as of great bulks.

No two faces are alike, because nature cannot arrange countless millions of atoms twice in one form. If the little bits of glass in the instrument cannot fall twice alike, much less can the microscopic parts which make up a tree, or a face, or a human form, assume twice the one exact image. Hence, no two minds are alike. The passions and logical forces, the gradations of energies which combine to create a Webster, or a Lincoln, or a De Stael, or a Carlyle, will meet only once in the entire history of man. None of these great ones will ever come back to the earth, because the parts which combine to make a Byron or a Virgil are numerous as the army of Xerxes, and will no more assemble again than that exact kind of army will at some time invade Greece again led by a duplicate Xerxes.

Each mind feels a certain wave of unhappiness when it looks in upon itself and marries how many wheels must be in perfect order to secure what is called sanity. In such moments of introspection the thought comes that not only is the thinker crazy but all men and women are not a little crazy; that perfect sense is impossible. A professor in a Chicago college walked into a canal in broad daylight. He was thinking of something else than the canal and of his good black suit of clothes. He enjoyed his scientific reverie, but he got wet. He had to retire to his home and change the external wrappings of his wise, pompous soul. The man who was telling this story of the unfortunate professor walked out of a railway car at the next station and left his valise in the rack to go on and on and never to be found. Thus, while the canal wet the clothes of one rational being, the railway carried away all the clean shirts of another. A third man got off at the first station to wait for the next train to bring him his railway ticket and his bunch of keys. In an hour the ticket and keys came, but his big valise had been left behind and the trunk was not locked.

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