

ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

Pretty Frocks That Were Worn in Honor of a French Bride.

She Had Two Wedding Gowns—The Civil and Religious Ceremonies and the Toilet Which They Respectively Require.

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A young French girl with whom I became acquainted when she passed through New York on her way to the world's fair in Chicago was married yesterday, and some account of the wedding festivities may prove interesting. Not that marriages in France differ notably from marriages in other parts of the civilized world, but because in one essential the likeness is so strong—the occasion calls for a great display of pretty clothes.

French women have two chances at wedding dresses, for they are twice married. The civil ceremony requires discretion in the choice of a gown. The importance of the function must be recognized by a toilet fresh and charming, but there are many modifying considerations. The prospective bride is still a "jeune fille," and so by French custom must put on nothing of any great state or richness. On the other hand, she is about to be transformed into a "jeune femme," and must look forward to her coming privileges. A quiet dress of some dignity, yet youthful-looking and modest, is the ideal aimed at for the ceremony at the mairie. As the gown is apt to be used afterward for visiting, it may be measurably like an English bride's "going away" dress, which is more decorative than a simple traveling gown. At times it approaches afternoon or quiet reception dress more closely. Everything depends, of course, on the means and position of the bride.

The guests at the civil ceremony keep their finest clothes for the religious ceremony and then dress as beautifully as they can.

The young girl of whose frocks I am going to tell you wore at the mairie a very charming gown. She has the clear, pale skin and delicate features that one learns to look for in Paris, with very pretty and abundant dark hair.



A GROUP OF GOWNS AT A FRENCH WEDDING.

She could not have chosen a color that suited her better than the old rose silk of quite a new shade, of which her plain long skirt was made. Her full bodice of white chiffon was just the right thing for her slim figure, and over it she wore a bolero of old rose silk like her skirt, daintily but not showily embroidered with gold. Her sleeves were of drawn chiffon, fitting the arm closely, with drooping puffs of silk at the top. Some fine lace at the throat and a folded belt of silk gave the finishing touches. She dressed her hair in its natural everyday fashion and covered it with a large hat of dark green velvet with old rose and white plumes. She wore trim high shoes. The detail is of no consequence, except that in Paris it is held to be bad taste to wear slippers at one's civil wedding. High shoes are prescribed as giving some touch of businesslike seriousness.

Having already said that the witness save newest and choicest for Part second of the wedding, I shall omit all other toilets except that of the bride's toilet cousin, who was present with her own sweetheart in a dress of sapphire blue silk with Louis XVI. coat and white brocaded waistcoat with gold buttons. A little toque of lemon-colored velvet, veiled with point de Venise and trimmed with ostrich plumes, was more jaunty than anything the bride was allowed to wear.

Part II. was a different affair. Twenty-four hours after the first ceremony, the bridal white went on. The bride's white was of very rich ivory satin, which is even more generally used this winter than in past seasons, and indeed almost shuts out other materials. The dress was at once youthful in look, and stately. The bodice was still that of the young girl; the sweep of the skirt and the train befitting the married woman. The skirt was cut rather scant in front, all the fulness being thrown back into the round train. It was edged all the way about with garlands of orange blossoms, and the same flowers ran up the side seams. The bodice was cut with a blouse front of white mousseline de soie gathered under a broad corset of the satin and partly covered by a bolero of point d'Alecon lace. The high, wired Medici collar was of the same lace, as was the wrist garniture finishing the sleeves. Knots of orange blossoms were fastened upon the corsage and caught the veil to the hair. Not a jewel of any kind was to be seen. The tulle veil was worn quite off the face, hanging down upon the train behind. To cover the face, or partly cover it, is the fashion this winter, but to throw the veil back is regular enough also. The white gloves

were short, as demanded by the season's long sleeves. White slippers were worn and a look of beauty. A bride is not supposed to look pretty, but this bride was an exception. Perhaps the difference in her favor was the look of beauty.

Fashion puts no limit to the number of bridesmaids. In this case there were six, two little tots and four young girls, educated in the same convent with the bride. The little tots, who were seven years old, possibly, wore very short frocks of white liberty silk, with drawn yokes and sleeves of white chiffon and chiffon ruffles about the hems. They had pale blue sashes edged with chiffon frills, and big hats of blue velvet with white plumes.

The grown up bridesmaids wore gowns of ivory satin with plain skirts. The bodices had sashes of pale blue velvet swathed round the figure and fastened with graduated paste buttons. They had very pretty fichus also, that you should look at in the picture, of fine white mousseline de soie, edged with lace and held in place by brooches of pearls and turquoise. They had cavalier hats of white velvet with long blue feathers and paradise plumes. French bridesmaids do not always dress alike. By falling to do so they spoil the picture, but there was no such drawback on this occasion.

I am not going to talk trousseau, because trousseau garments are all for one woman and one figure. It is more profitable to pick out a few of the prettiest frocks I saw at the ceremony.

The mother of the bride wore a very handsome princess costume in lilac moire. The bodice was finished with a guipure plastron and a bolero of amethyst velvet, from which two square tabs hung below the waist line. A Medici collar of fine old lace and some artistic buttons were the garnitures. Her capote was a pale blue satin with bouquets of violets. She carried a muff trimmed with violets and an air of content and satisfaction.

A conspicuous figure at the reception after mass and ceremony, was a graceful young woman all in green. Her trim bodice was of very rich velvet and apparently seamless, opening invisibly upon the shoulder and under the arm. The very high corset was rounded in

FILLING A DOG'S TEETH.

Difficult Operation That a Scranton (Pa.) Dentist Performed.

A powerful and ferocious bulldog, owned by Dr. Ward, of Scranton, Pa., enjoys the distinction of having a big gold filling in one of his incisors, and a good many citizens who have caught a gleam of the gold in his mouth wonder how the filling was done. Some think it was done through hypnotic influence by the doctor over the dog, while others insist that it was through the dog's implicit obedience to his master's command.

The bulldog's name is Gem. He is as ugly in appearance as a prize winner in a dog show. His nose is a mass of wrinkles, and his eyes have a wicked gleam for anyone but his master and Mrs. Ward. His affection for them, however, knows no bounds. When Gem was discovered one day clamping his muzzle between his paws, rolling over and over on the floor, and moaning, his mouth was examined, and it was found that there was a big cavity in one of the incisors. It was decided that a dentist should be consulted. The dentist found that it would be necessary to use a rubber dam, and he promised to fill the cavity provided Gem was etherized. This was done, and the operation was considered a successful one, although Gem evidently thought otherwise. Some time afterward the filling came out, and Gem's last state was worse than his first, for he refused to submit to another operation with ether. At the first sniff of the anesthetic he not only added a score of wrinkles to those already in his nose, but showed his teeth in so dangerous a way that the dentist refused to proceed. Dr. Ward insisted that he could make Gem stand on the table and have the tooth filled without wincing. The dentist was dubious about trusting his hand between the brute's jaws, but finally consented to try.

Gem was put on the table and his master stood in front of him, kept his eyes fixed on Gem's, and told him to open his mouth. Gem did so and a rubber dam was soon adjusted in place. The dentist set to work with the instrument of torture called a burr, and one of Gem's ears went down in a threatening way, while the other remained cocked. The doctor held one finger raised and kept his eyes fixed on Gem's that never wandered from his master's gaze. The attitude of Gem's ears proved a barometer of his sufferings when the burr touched a spot close to the nerve. When both ears went down the dentist knew he had gone as far as the dog's nature would let him go. Gem's eyes never wandered from the doctor's in the hour and a half the dentist was at work. Gem stood the final polishing, and when his master gave the word for him to get down from the table Gem danced with demonstrations of joy at his release. Since that day he has no trouble in masticating the biggest beef bone.—N. Y. Sun.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

Brass Buttons and a Uniform Will Usually Turn Any Girl's Head.

Ordinarily she was a calm, sedate maiden who was shocked at rude speech and worshipped what people are pleased to call propriety. The mere suggestion of appearing unaccompanied by a chaperon in company with a young man would have brought blushes to her cheeks and pain to her pure, tender heart. She was, indeed, a very model of virtue.

But here she was, dancing about in a very frenzy of excitement. There was a wild, careless look in her eyes, and she seemed to have forgotten all her old reserve and maidenly dignity. It seemed as if she had suddenly undergone a mental transformation.

"Come on, girls," she cried, "or we shall be too late. Both the chaperon. We don't need one. We can take care of ourselves, and no one need know anything about it."

There was a vexatious delay of two minutes, and she became almost angry. "I know we shall be too late," she exclaimed. "What makes you so slow? Oh, I never felt so giddy in all my life! Isn't it glorious! Won't we have a jolly time? Come on, or I shan't wait. Dear me! My nerves are all in a flutter. Do I look all right? Is my hair becoming, done up this way? John! Oh, who cares for John or what he will say, if he doesn't like it let him do the other thing. Say, girls, I'm not going to wait another minute. I'm going alone if you don't come right now."

But they were ready at last, and away they went, chattering, laughing, shrieking, and unmindful of what the world would think.

They had seen some young men in brass buttons and gold braid, and well, enough has been said.—Cleveland Leader.

Two Smart Geese. A gentleman living in eastern Georgia owned a pair of geese and some half-grown pigs, all of which resorted to a small plum thicket on the hillside to pick up the fallen fruit. A branch of one of the trees hung near the ground, and the geese had discovered that by catching this branch in their bills and thus shaking the tree, they could bring down the plums. The pigs, however, got the best of the downfall, devouring the plums greedily, sometimes swallowing every one before the geese were ready to eat. Greatly exasperated at this selfish conduct, the geese finally seized a pig, each taking an ear, and marched him to the top of the hill, meanwhile beating him with their wings. After serving several pigs in this way, it was noticed that they left an ample supply of plums on the ground for the rightful owners.—Golden Days.

An Eagle's Long Fast. It is recorded that an eagle kept in confinement has been known to fast for three weeks, those who have had charge of it having forgotten to provide its usual supply of food. It soon, however, recovered its strength, and did not appear to suffer from its extraordinary abstinence.—N. Y. Sun.

SEALS AND THEIR SKINS.

The Supply Will Be Exhausted Within a Few Years.

How the Harmless Creatures Are Lured to Death—Processes of Curing and Dyeing—Significant and Discouraging Figures.

(Special San Francisco Letter.) Few people who wear the fur of seals know how and where the furs are obtained, or of the manner of curing them. The belle of fashion gives little thought to the fact that to gratify her vanity the life of a noble animal has been sacrificed.

The furs worn in this country are mostly from the "rookeries," on the islands of St. Paul and St. George, the largest of the Alaskan group. It seems that the seals migrated to these islands as their final retreat from the Russian seal-hunters. The Russians



A MALE SEAL.

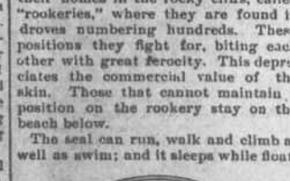
had been carrying on the business for about a century before the United States bought the islands.

The price paid was \$7,000,000, which, at the time, was thought to be an exorbitant price for huge icebergs, islands of rock and the fisheries. Perhaps it is. A company was granted the monopoly of seal hunting, paying therefor a stipulated sum, and a royalty on each seal shipped, amounting to about \$300,000 a year. It was stipulated that not more than 100,000 seals should be killed yearly. How many seals were really taken will never be known, outside of the corporation. The members became immensely wealthy, as did some of the government officials and congressmen. A few years ago, another company, with headquarters also in San Francisco, became the successful bidder. Within the past 23 years nearly 3,000,000 seals have been taken from these islands—according to official figures. It is estimated that only about 500,000 remain, including old and young of the two sexes. It is expressly stipulated that only males between the ages of one and five years may be killed. The females and the older males are reserved in order that the supply may not become exhausted. Besides, the skin of the old male is too tough for use.

Whether these regulations are observed by the contractors is not known; but it is known that the number of seals has been gradually diminishing for years, for when these islands were purchased there were about 2,000,000 seals in the Alaskan waters. This decrease is doubtless largely owing to British and Russian poachers, and frequently American freebooters are overhauled by government revenue cutters. At this rate of decrease the supply will become exhausted in a few years. The seals found elsewhere in America are not of the fur-bearing species; hence the necessity of the restrictions. The fur-bearing seal is found off the coast of California, and sometimes comes as near as San Diego, but they are merely on an excursion from their Alaskan "rookeries." They prefer those "rookeries."

These islands are rugged and steep and almost inaccessible to the sealers, many of whom fall from the rocky shores in their hunt for the seal and are killed by others in the waters below. Seal-hunting is a dangerous occupation, especially on these barren rocks, amid dense fogs and almost perpetual snows. On these islands the seals make their homes in the rocky cliffs, called "rookeries," where they are found in droves numbering hundreds. These positions they fight for, biting each other with great ferocity. This depreciates the commercial value of the skin. Those that cannot maintain a position on the rookery stay on the beach below.

The seal can run, walk and climb as well as swim; and it sleeps while floating on its back. It is frightened and stampeded easily, and two or three natives can drive a large number before them as a flock of sheep. At night, while the seals are sporting in the water, and some asleep with just their noses sticking out above the surface, a few natives will walk out on the shallow beach and stealthily get between the shoal of seals and deep water. Then the natives will begin shouting and hooting, and firing pistols. The panic-stricken seals will run in the opposite direction and toward the shore. When upon the shore they are partly surrounded and prodded with sticks to keep them in line and to hurry them along to the killing ground. Those that had their noses turned seaward when the stampede began escape, for they were too much frightened to be turned in their course,



MOTHER AND YOUNG SEAL.

and frequently run over the natives, knocking them almost senseless. At the killing grounds the seals are driven into line, as men condemned to be shot. The executioner has a sharp-edged club which he wields with remarkable dexterity and force. He strikes the seal a well-directed blow on the back of the head, killing it instantly. When the blow is not of sufficient force the roar of the dying seal is both loud and pitiful to hear. Firearms are not used, for the skins must be free from holes.

The skins are then taken off. They are immediately salted, folded and piled in bundles, to be sent to the curing establishment for further treatment. The meat of the seal is eaten by the natives, and also shipped to the United States and other countries. The lubber is the main diet of the natives. Most of it is exported to Russia.

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Quite a number of skins are damaged, and some ruined, during this process. The skins are afterwards stretched for the drying process, a solution of alum being applied to the flesh side to prevent them from spoiling. If not to be immediately shipped they are sprinkled with camphor and stowed away in a dry place. Once a week they are unfolded on the ground and men beat them with long poles. This knocks out the dirt and softens them. Then they are shipped to market.

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THE GYMNASTICS OF REST.

A Scotch Physician's Suggestions to Alleviate the Vital Waste of Hurry.

In his Edinburgh health lecture Dr. George R. Wilson, medical superintendent of the Edinburgh Asylum, on "The Gymnastics of Rest," says it is the unfortunate habit of our times to measure the welfare of the people only by their material prosperity and to ignore their mental distress. The waste of human material is greater than ever, the tear and wear of men's minds increased, and now, in spite of all our inventions, nay, because of all our inventions, the world is more than ever in need of rest. The nervous system is contrived so as to thrive in an atmosphere of mild impressions, not in one of constant shocks and jars. True, we could become accommodated to shocks, to noise and din, but we become accommodated to them only by using up energy. It would repay us to get away from noise and din even for a short time. Just as noise is to the ear, dinginess and the dull gray atmosphere of cities are to the eye; our eyes and our brains are adapted for richer colors than the life of cities afford. There is, perhaps, a greater evil which city life brings upon the eye. The eye itself, and its nerves and muscles, are so contrived that in the natural state, in the state of rest, we look at a distance, but by constantly looking at objects close at hand we never give the eye rest.

It is not easy for older people to learn new ways, but the children should be taught, whenever a glimpse of distance can be had, to let loose their eyes upon it, to turn to the horizon and rest. One of the first steps to mental rest is the ability to perform the feat of looking at a distance when there is no distance to look at, and resting the eye on an imaginary picture of the horizon. A second step toward rest is the relaxation of that tension in the muscles round the eye, and especially in the muscles of the forehead, which characterize men of the city and busy men everywhere, when they are attending intently to something which they consider important. A third step is the teaching of the muscles round the mouth to "stand at ease" rather than "at attention." This threefold process he calls "expansion of the attention." It is a mistake to suppose that this whole subject is stupid; nothing is more evident in this bustling age than that most men and women have not the most remote notion of keeping their minds at rest. In play and at work alike we are "pressing"—to use an expression from the language of golf—nearly all the time, anxious-minded and strained. Passing on to the subject of "hurry," the lecturer notes that there is a world of difference between promptness or quickness and hurry. The difference is that when we hurry we are anxious minded—we are "pressing;" and the excessive tension discords our activities. Next, speaking of panic, the lecturer offers various hints for "squandering the attention" by way of minimizing the effect of shocks. Closely allied to panic, but more lasting, more chronic, is the vice of the mind which we call worry. Worry is an inability to withdraw the attention from unpleasantness. It is a vice which is rampant among us; a most reprehensible vice, because so unnecessary and so easily evaded. If we practice what he has called the gymnastics of rest we would never worry. We would feel pain and distress often enough, but our mind would not dwell on the feeling of them.—Scotsman.

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ON THE TOLSTOI DUNE.

that of the sea otter are the only skins that can be dyed successfully and retain their gloss and original color.

Furs are worn by semi-civilized and savage and all civilized people in very cold climates. The Chinese and Japanese have worn furs as articles of display for more than 3,000 years. And the demand for fine and beautiful furs for ornament and luxury is increasing in this and in all other countries. Before the purchase of Alaska, mountain trappers mainly supplied the country. Furs of the seal were not in such general use, being far more high-priced than they are now.

The great industry of trapping in the southern states and in the Rocky mountains has decreased immeasurably since the purchase of the seal islands. Yet there are not more beautiful skins than those found in Florida, the Mississippi and Louisiana swamps and in the Rocky mountains.

The first great fur establishment in America was founded at St. Louis more than a century ago by Laclede, Maxon & Co., and the business continued until the beginning of the late war between the states. Auguste and Pierre Chateau were employees of the company for many years. Subsequently, they formed an independent company, the business of which was interrupted by the war of 1812. The business, however, was resumed by their descendants, and continued for many years.

About the beginning of this century John Jacob Astor formed the American Fur company and established stations from Astoria, Oregon, to St. Louis, trapping throughout the west and northwest. British raids on the northwest interfered with the business and headquarters were removed to St. Louis, and his field was confined to the Rocky mountains. J. M. SCANLAND.

Somewhat Overstated. "I would dare anything for you, George," she said as she looked up into his eyes with a glad smile.

"Really?" he asked. "Really and truly," she answered. "I would hesitate at nothing." "Will you elope with me to-night?" he inquired. "Willingly, if—if it doesn't snow," and she looked anxiously out the window.

Of course the line must be drawn somewhere, even in what a woman will dare for the man she loves.—Chicago Post.

His Opportunity. Mrs. Benham—Cigarettes are bad for the lungs. Mr. Benham—I'll buy you a box to-morrow.—N. Y. Tribune.

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