HISTORY OF ANCIENT FASHION.

Princess de Metternich's Curious Album of Toilettes She Has Worn.

COLLECTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Coiffures a la Belle Poule, Montgolfier, Necker and d'Estaing—The Grotesque Ideas of Former Times. A New Departure—French Mammas Teaching Their Daughters American Fashions.

Special Paris Correspondence to THE SUNDAY CALL.

PARIS, May 14, 1890.—The Princess de Metternich, whose taste and elegance are proverbial, has had the curious idea of forming an album with drawings of all the toilettes she has worn since her debut in society. Not only has the Princess made the drawings, but she has accompanied them with descriptions of material, arrangement and accounts of the receptions, dinners and balls where they

1866.

were worn. This album is very amusing, for there one reads the history of fashion. We are obliged to exclaim, however, "Is it possible that such hats and such wraps made sensations at the Tuileries—such gowns were admired at Compiegne?" And how strange that in a half century there will be the same exclamations about the toilettes worn to-day with so much pride and pleasure!

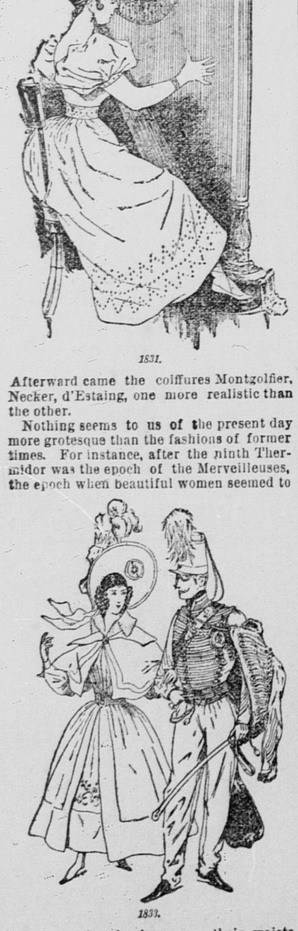
1819.

Figaro has just published a curious collection of illustrations, representing the history of fashion during the last century. One hundred years ago every prominent event was the signal for a new fashion. Then there were coiffures a la Belle Poule, and on the head of each elegante was seen a whole frigate, with masts and rigging.

1831.

Afterward came the coiffures Montgolfier, Necker, d'Estaing, one more realistic than the other.

Nothing seems to us of the present day more grotesque than the fashions of former times. For instance, after the ninth Thermidor was the epoch of the Merveilleuses, the epoch when beautiful women seemed to



1833.

be enveloped only in gauze, their waists under their arms and their hats, immense, covered with feathers and ribbons. Under the Consulate we see that materials were less transparent; but when Napoleon became Emperor he wished a brilliant court, and then there were costumes called parures and demi-parures. Skirts were shorter than under the Consulate, silken hose were liberally displayed, and corsages were more than

1814.

decollete. In some cases the gown began at the waist line, and a long scarf of gauze or cachemire was carelessly thrown over the shoulders. Then hats were replaced by enormous bonnets of the most bizarre shapes.

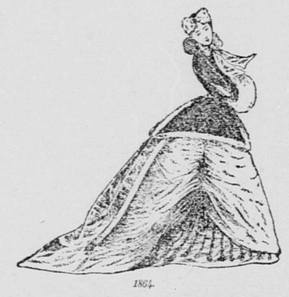
In 1815, with the Restoration, were introduced Prussian, English and Russian fashions, but these were again replaced by political styles like Bolivar hats, etc., and in 1824 appeared for the first time mutton-leg sleeves. With Charles X came small delicate hats and the corkscrew curls so

1829.

unbecoming to our grandmothers, and Louis Philippe's reign inaugurated wide skirts forerunners of the crinoline.

After the Revolution of 1848, the only marked change in costumes was the complete abandonment of feathers, once so necessary to ornament the immense hats.

The first great event in the fashionable world, after the marriage of Napoleon III, was the advent of the crinoline, and the Empress Eugenie was one of the first to wear this horrible object, made first of horsehair, then of whalebone, then of steel. The court ladies wore crinolines, sometimes twenty-five feet in circumference, and their chignons were large in proportion. When, in 1868, the crinoline was abandoned, there



1864.

was a revolution in costume, but in the sad days of 1870-71 little attention was paid to fashion.

The year 1876 brought narrow skirts into vogue. These were followed by full skirts, these by overskirts, draperies and the tournure that ranks with the crinoline as to ugliness.

The fashions of to-day are certainly the most becoming of all those in the past century and artists announce that they are perfectly satisfied with the the grace ful inventions of Dame Fashion.

It is very amusing, while studying the history of the toilette, to study the fashion of mammas. If men have not always the same mammas, they certainly always have mammas.

For instance, snuff-taking is now abandoned to people in the lower classes of life, but there was a time when the greatest of

1899.

the earth took snuff, and as much taste was displayed in snuff-boxes as is now seen in bonbonnieres and vinaigrettes.

Catherine de Medici was the first celebrated snuff-taker, and in the Louvre and Cluny museums are a number of her snuff-boxes and pulverizers. In her day it was the mode for each snuff-taker to pulverize the tobacco, and the little pulverizers were made of gold and ivory and set with precious stones.

During the reign of Louis XIV snuff-taking was most in favor, but the monarch himself had a perfect horror of tobacco in any form. To his courtiers Louis made all kinds of presents, jewels, arms, tapestries—everything but snuff-boxes. Only two courtiers, the Duke d'Harcourt and the Marshall d'Huxelles, had the courage to take snuff before their sovereign; but among the ladies noted for their love of the brown powder was the Duchess d'Olonne, very prominent at court. One of the chroniclers of the time says that her face always bore traces of snuff-taking.

In 1712 Marechal de Villars offered to Mlle. Antier an opera star, a magnificent snuff-box—the most suitable present in his opinion.

When Mme. de Pompadour died she left to each one of her friends a beautiful snuff-box.

It was Louise de Bourbon, Duchess de Chartres, who made the fortune of a tobacco merchant, in buying from him snuff for herself and her friends.

Voltaire was a snuff-taker; in school his snuff-box was confiscated and restored only after he had written a poem demanding its return. The courtiers knew how to take snuff most gracefully, how to sneeze with charm and how to dust their laces with haughty disdain.

The number of snuff-boxes owned by illustrious people is astonishing. Prince de Conti left 800, and Frederick the Great possessed more than 1500. Napoleon I carried always a tortoise shell snuff-box lined with gold, so the legend of the conqueror's search in his pockets for snuff is without foundation.

1887.

A little while before Bismarck's resignation Emperor William offered him a splendid snuff-box, perhaps one of the 1500 belonging to the great Frederick. In any case Prince Bismarck is worthy to figure in the list of celebrated snuff-takers.

A subject that interests me perhaps more than any other is the influence exerted by Americans on French society—above all on the education of the French girls. For the French girl is really becoming an object of interest, and this fact is due entirely to her frequentation of American society. The mothers of these young Parisians discovered that marriageable men deserted their daughters for the Americans in the Champs Elysees quarter—a quarter inhabited by emigrants from Fifth and Madison avenues. These anxious mothers asked for information. They did more—in their turn they mingled with this rival society, and soon discovered that there are manners and customs on our side of the Atlantic

1899.

worthy of importation. The training of French girls has changed completely. They do not yet go out unaccompanied by mother or maid, but a thousand little liberties, unheard of before, are now tolerated. When at balls, they go to the buffet escorted by the gentlemen with whom they have danced, and often walk around the room, once, twice, perhaps three times, before resuming their seats beside their chaperones. Will the French girl follow the American to the extreme limits? will she, like her sister beyond the Atlantic, the day of her marriage, say "adieu" to her admirers? "Marriage ends all," says the American. Will the French girl who begins so well be anxious to finish so quickly? That is the secret of the future.

BARONESS ALTHEA SALVADOR.

CAREY DISCHARGED.

Judge Joachimsen Dismisses the Charge of Murder Against Him.

Judge Joachimsen yesterday dismissed the charge of murder against John Carey, who was accused of causing the death of Thomas Yelverton. The men quarreled in a saloon on the Mission road and Yelverton drew a knife, whereupon Carey grappled with him and shook him. A few days afterward Yelverton died and Carey's arrest followed. It has been shown since that Yelverton was suffering from hernia and that the excitement attendant upon the quarrel caused a rupture, followed by blood poisoning.

A Blythe Contract.

The Supreme Court yesterday ordered a new trial in the case of Mattingly against Phillip Roach, administrator of the estate of Thomas Blythe. In 1882 Blythe agreed to give Mattingly the right to sell the Blue Jacket mine within a certain time, at the fixed price of $300,000, and to allow Mattingly as commission all he could get for the mine over that sum. Mattingly went to Europe within the time set and negotiated the sale at a price of $425,000, but Blythe refused to sell. Mattingly brought suit for $125,000 damages. The Supreme Court held that the court below erred in instructing the jury to return a verdict for the full $125,000 or nothing.

A Much-Assigned Case.

The Supreme Court yesterday, in the case of Uhlhorn against Goodman, executor, etc., affirmed the judgment of nonsuit of the court below. J. H. Goodman had given P. Rothermal the sole right for thirty days to sell 12,800 acres of land in Fresno County. Rothermal subcontracted to sell the land to H. V. Burner. Burner assigned his contract to J. W. Pearson, and Pearson assigned to J. F. Uhlhorn. Meanwhile J. H. Goodman deeded the land in question to H. V. Hooper and afterward died. Uhlhorn brought suit against George E. Goodman, his executor, for damages, with the result as above.

Railroad Notes.

The rate war is ended. At a recent meeting in Chicago the officials of the Western lines succeeded in patching up a peace, and on the 9th of June cases will be restored to the former tariff. It is not known by any of the agents of Eastern roads in this city how the Wisconsin Central road was brought into line, but the general supposition is that it was accomplished through the influence of the Northern Pacific.

E. A. Holbrook, General Traffic Manager of the Northwestern, arrived yesterday from Portland.

C. C. Crane, General Pacific Coast Agent of the Vanderbilt lines, arrived in town yesterday, after a two weeks sojourn in Tacoma.

Wallace's Condition.

John Wallace, alias Bell, who attempted to snatch a bag of gold from a collector of the Hibernia Bank several days ago, and who since his arrest has been suffering in the City Prison from hysterical epilepsy, recovered somewhat yesterday and the Police Surgeon is of the opinion that he will continue to improve and be well within a few days.

A Cruel Husband.

John Campbell was fined $40 by Police Judge Lawler yesterday for failing to provide for his infant child. Campbell is a plasterer by trade, earning $15 a week, and a few months ago married a young girl by the name of Broderick. Soon after the child was born he deserted her and has refused to support either his wife or the child.

Died of Heart Disease.

Coroner Eaton was notified yesterday that Mrs. Louisa Woodin, a widow, residing at 1222 Bush street, had died suddenly. An investigation showed that heart disease was the cause of her death. She was a native of Maryland, aged 64 years.

THE LAST LEAP OF A SAVAGE PANTHER.

How a Woman's Life Was Saved by Her Husband's Good Marksmanship.

BIG GAME WITH A REVOLVER.

A Thrilling Adventure in the Adirondacks—A Guide Recounts the Remarkable Exploit of a City Man—Two Bullets Sent With Quick and Sure Aim.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

YES, we have a large variety of people here in the woods during the year. Some come to hunt and fish, other to look over the timber and iron ore lands, and still others in the pursuit of health. I have hardly known a season when we did not have at least one or two gold-hunters."

The speaker was one of the veteran guides of the Northern Adirondack region, who made his headquarters at Star Lake, in St. Lawrence County. The guides in that section of the wilderness form a somewhat peculiar class. For many years their principal occupation during the season has been piloting parties of sportsmen on long trips through that dense portion of the North Woods. They are very important factors in camp life and associate on terms of comparative equality with their patrons. The outcome of years of this kind of association is the survival of a class of guides of much more than average intelligence and integrity. They are individually known as men of character, and at the end of one trip are usually engaged for the following season. They work in pairs, and are relied upon for the many offices which make camp life in the wilderness comfortable.

On this occasion the guide, who is among the best known of the fraternity, was engaged in piloting the newspaper man through the woods around Star Lake where he was making some mid-winter observations. The somewhat prosy remark which has just been quoted was an attempt on the part of the guide to sustain his end of a not animated conversation in the sitting-room of the hotel at the lake, after a hard day's tramping in the heavy timber.

"Do these hunters from civilization usually shoot well?" was asked.

"I don't think the deer in these woods would be exterminated very soon, if our visitors had to depend entirely on their own skill for their supply of venison," was the diplomatic reply of the old guide. "Deer have been sufficiently plenty in these woods for the past few years to satisfy any reasonable man, but you know they don't always swim up in front of the hotel to be shot, as one did here at Star Lake last fall. It takes a good deal of skill to kill our deer in a sportsman-like way, as you know from your own experience up here last fall."

The visitor from the low country winced a bit at this historic allusion to his futile attempt to bring down a buck at short range on the occasion of his last trip to the mountains, and a subdued laugh showed that others in the party sitting around the big wood-burning stove had not forgotten the incident. The magnitude of the game and an unfamiliarity with the sights with which the Winchester rifle was rigged, combined to produce an inaccuracy of aim, which saved the life of the buck and damaged the bark of a spruce some distance (the guides estimated it at two rods) away from the living mark. He hastened to change the subject by repeating his question regarding amateur hunters in general.

"The best marksman I ever saw in St. Lawrence County," the guide replied, "was a Buffalo man named Birgin, who came here a few years ago with his wife, who was an invalid. She was threatened with consumption, and the doctors had advised her to try the air of the mountains. Birgin had a neat log cabin built about two miles in from here early in the spring, and when he had furnished it handsomely he moved in with his wife and two servants. He seemed to have plenty of money, and didn't have anything to do but take care of his wife and sketch and write a little, and practice shooting with a revolver. He didn't seem to care much for hunting, and I don't think I ever saw him use a rifle.

"I never could see why he practiced so much, for he could hit everything within range that he could see. I have known a good many crack shots and seen a deal of close shooting in my time, but this city man beat them all. He didn't use any of those new-fangled pistols, but always practiced with a rather old-fashioned looking Colt's revolver. He always said he hated to kill anything. He shot to kill before he left the woods, though.

"One day I asked him how he came to be so expert. He said that when he was a very young lad he had a fancy for pistol practice. When Captain Travis opened a pistol gallery in Buffalo he took lessons of him. The Captain became a good deal interested in him and took pains to instruct him. When he went away he made him a present of the revolver he still used, and advised him to practice with nothing else. It was one Travis had had made on purpose for sharp-shooting.

"When Birgin told me about Travis he showed me a shot I would not believe could be made if I had not seen him make it three times in succession. Some hard-wood boards had been left where the floor of the cabin had been laid. Birgin took one of these boards and laid it on the ground, and leveled it up carefully with a little spirit-level. Ten paces from the plank he put a mark about as big as a silver half-dollar on a tree. Then he got back ten paces from the plank and leveled his pistol and fired at the center of the plank. The bullet glanced from the hard wood and struck the mark on the tree. This he did three times in succession. He said that was one of the shots Travis had taught him, and he had always kept it in practice. He said that some time his practice might be of use to him. And he was right about that.

"I was not very busy in the spring and early summer, and I went around with Birgin a good deal. Like every stranger, he was afraid of the woods, and he paid well for anything that looked like work.

"After a couple of months Mrs. Birgin's health was so much better that she was able to join us in short strolls into the timber, and she enjoyed them very much. She would sit on some cushions, with one of the girls, an hour or two at a time, while Birgin would ramble around and sketch and examine the rocks. When I had nothing particular to do, I used to stroll over to Birgin's cabin along in the forenoon, when the weather was fine. Then, as his wife continued to improve, I would take them farther and farther into the woods; each time in a new direction. On these trips I always carried my double-barreled muzzle-loading shotgun; and it's worth three of any breech-loaders I ever handled. In the left barrel I always had a heavy charge of powder and buckshot, and in the other barrel a charge of fine birdshot. Deer were out of season, and all we cared for was a few birds for Mrs. Birgin.

"One afternoon my boy, who was then a lad of fifteen, had been out with my shotgun. He came home at night a good deal excited. He had met some of the boys and they had told him about a panther that had been seen and heard in the neighborhood. He talked so much about the panther that he forgot to tell me he had fired the charge of buckshot and left both barrels of the gun loaded with bird-shot.

"I didn't take any stock in the story about the panther and thought the boys had been trying to scare the lad. I had never seen a live panther, and never expected to see one, at least about here. I thought so little about it that I didn't mention the matter to the Birgin people. I didn't want to alarm them for nothing and spoil their pleasant strolls in the woods, when they were doing Mrs. Birgin so much good.

"The next morning I took my shotgun and went over to the cabin. I only looked to see that it was loaded, and supposed the load of buckshot was in the left barrel, as usual, as the boy had never interfered with it before. My carelessness, for that's what it was, came very near being disastrous.

"Mrs. Birgin was feeling stronger than usual that morning, and we walked a long way from the cabin. One of the servants went with us and carried a big basket of provisions. We camped for lunch in a pretty little ravine, over near Little River. After lunch Birgin and myself crossed the little ravine and left the women sitting on the bank. Birgin had his revolver in his belt, as usual, and began hammering on a rock, looking for specimens, and I sat looking on, with my gun over my knees.

"Suddenly I heard a stir in the underbrush on the other side of the ravine. I turned my head, and you can imagine how I felt when I saw a full-grown male panther only a few feet back of where the women sat. It had probably been attracted by the smell of provisions and was making observations.

"I confess I lost my head a little, as I was not hunting for panthers. But then, did you ever happen to meet a full-grown panther in the woods? You had a touch of 'buck fever' when you were up here last fall and fired at your first deer. A panther is a great big cat, and when one is interfered with it is apt to make things lively, unless it is disabled with the first shot. Otherwise it is better let alone.

"My first thought was to give the panther a dose of buckshot, and I took quick aim and let go my left barrel, over the heads of the women. I knew by the light recoil that something was the matter with the load, but I could not understand it. I sent the other charge instinctively. The panther was less than 100 feet away.

"You can imagine the effect of the bird-shot in the face of a robust and hungry panther. It simply maddened him. The beast prepared to spring upon the women, but I could do nothing, with only an empty shotgun. At my first shot Mrs. Birgin had turned and caught sight of the panther just above her, and fell in a dead faint.

"The huge beast made the spring, but went wide of his mark, and rolled down the bank to the bottom of the little ravine. Birgin had been equal to the emergency. He sprang up instantly when I shot, and drawing his Colt's revolver sent a 38-caliber slug into the panther's right eye. A second slug caught him in the center of the forehead, just as he sprang clear of the ground. He just grazed the unconscious form of Mrs. Birgin, and was dead before he had rolled down to the bottom of the glen.

"Birgin hurried up to the bank to attend to his wife, who soon recovered, and I went to look over the panther. Its face and neck were peppered with the little bird shot, but the empty socket and the hole between the eyes told the story. While I was overhauling the panther Birgin came down and looked on. 'Now I know what I have been practicing all this time for,' was all he said. He told me afterward that he did not wait to fairly get the sights; but his long practice made it impossible to miss his aim.

"Birgin and the girl helped Mrs. Birgin back to the cabin, half carrying her most of the way. I skinned the panther, leaving on the head and claws. Birgin took the skin with him to Buffalo when his wife's health was fully restored in the fall.

"For a while the boys had a good deal to say about gunning for panther with bird-shot, but they went soon forget the two shots with which Birgin brought down the only panther ever killed in these woods with a pistol."

WALTON BOONE.

CHICKS FOR PIN-MONEY

Pleasure and Profit in Feathered Fowl—Poultry and Eggs.

"AND so you have turned your attention to raising chickens," said a CALL reporter to a young lady whom he had once known as a gay and festively inclined young school teacher.

"So I have," was her mirthful reply, accompanied by a light laugh, as if the subject might be a pleasant one; "and I can tell you that I find it vastly more agreeable than my old occupation of teaching the young idea how to shoot. I don't know which way it was; whether it was that I was in poor health and the children irritated me or because they annoyed me that I was in poor health, but, as you perhaps remember, at the time I was all run down and simply had to leave the department. To be sure, it was not fashionable as it is now to call everything 'nervous prostration,' but I guess that's about what it was. Well, as soon as we moved over here I devoted myself to the raising of poultry and I am proud to say that it has become a success under my management."

"Did you go into the project with an idea of its becoming a money-making undertaking?" queried the reporter.

"Not at all. I thought that I must do as all city people who take up a country residence are sure to do, and that is to start a chicken-yard. I became so interested, and before I knew it I was selling chickens and eggs to a restaurant in San Francisco. Last month I cleared $25 for eggs alone, and a little later in the season I shall have some fine broilers to sell. I do not see why more women do not take up the poultry enterprise as a means of making a little money. It is not hard work; it gives the out-of-door exercise that so many of us need and yet would never take unless some duty called us with more or less regularity into the outer air. And eggs have been very low this year to what they were last, and to what I hope they will be next season."

"What do you get a dozen for the eggs? Are you guided at all by the market price?" was the next question.

"Well, this restaurant man always pays me two cents less than the retail price of ranch eggs in the open market. I send a case over to him every week and he will take all that I can give him."

"You use an incubator, I suppose?"

"Indeed I do not. I am one of those who believe that mother nature is about the best way that has yet been invented. I suppose that phenomenal success may have attended some such investments, but I am sure that it would never be so with mine. In the first place I know that I should forget to look at the lamp some time and it would either lower the temperature enough to chill the life in the eggs or it would flame up and smoke and roast the chicks in their shells. So on the whole I think that I would prefer to keep to a setting hen."

"Do they ever get sick?"

"The chickens? Why, of course, and when they do it's just about useless to try to save them. I have not had any dowl with the pip for a long time. That is a funny sort of disease. The afflicted chicken runs about apparently in great distress, making a queer rasping noise in the throat, and the tongue is thrust out and covered with a hard, horny substance. I once knew an old German woman who was very fond of curing sick hens, and whenever she heard of a case of pip she would run over and offer her services, which consisted in clutching the unfortunate fowl with a terrifying grip and then cutting or scraping off this horny excrescence. Of course the chicken squawked lustily, and all the henyard joined in the commotion, but I must say that, often as I have seen this operation performed, not once can I recall its having been a success, notwithstanding the old woman's faith in her powers. But what lays them low with the greatest fatality is chicken cholera. That will go through a brood of chickens and lay them out on short notice."

"When they get sick don't you segregate the infected ones?"

"I never have, though perhaps that might be a good thing to do. But I'll tell you what I do have to fight continually, and that is chicken lice. Ugh! nothing makes me have a creepy, crawly sensation faster than to thrust my hand into a nest in search of eggs, and to withdraw it covered with the tiny little red creepers. I don't care what any one says, it is impossible to keep entirely free from them. I keep the hen-house and the nests and the roosts carefully whitewashed. I give the chickens plenty of fine ashes in which they delight to take dust baths, and I use no end of insect powder, I even puff it among the feathers of a fowl that has been scratching more vigorously than the law allows. For this purpose I use one of those cute little insufflators or powder guns, which sends the dreaded stuff well over the body. Then I give the chickens a good hot breakfast every morning of bran and meal mixed, or something else equally good, as laid down in the poultry books, not forgetting to give a dash of red pepper now and then to warm them up on a cold morning.

"It's funny, too, about chickens; they are different from other animals. Why, think how far four-footed animals will travel for the sake of licking a salt rock, the salt licks for miles being the resort of all the animals. But salt is death to a chicken. We have to be so careful not to let the scrapings from the table contain the refuse of any salt food. One day some salt mackerel was thrown into the chicken-yard by mistake and a number of chickens succumbed. I can tell you I felt badly. At another time I had been doing a little gardening and thought that the chickens might like to pick among the weeds, cuttings and other stuff which I had pulled out of the beds. So I threw it over the fence, and in less than an hour my finest brahma hen was drooping, and I took her on my lap and she died. I had thrown over a tall stalk of fox glove or digitalis, and it had poisoned her. I can tell you I just had a good cry. I was so fond of that big hen. I saw your look of surprise just now when I said I took her on my lap. That does sound rather remarkable, and I must explain it. You see I had raised a brood of brahmas from a gift setting of choice eggs. When they were little chicks, they were unusually bright and knowing. They were the first in the yard to run and meet me and they followed me about whenever they could. I often would sit down on the bench under the tree in the chicken-yard and scatter the food among them from my apron. One day the boldest, and, perhaps, the hungriest, sprang up into the folds of my apron and began helping himself. In a moment all the brood, about ten in all, had followed his example. This was the beginning. They grew so tame that they would peck the grain from my hand or mount to my shoulder and take it as I offered it.

"I like to watch the chickens going to roost. There is such a struggle for the uppermost roost. I have had nearly all my roosts made on a level, so there will not be so much fighting. Another thing—rats must be looked after. They eat any chicken they can catch."

MISCELLANEOUS.

KENNEDY'S

WE STATE MOST EMPHATICALLY!

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COLORED AND BLACK PLUSH, choice shades, fine finish, a 75c quality, **50c per yard.**

SURAH SILKS, in all the leading shades and black, extremely good value, **50c per yard.**

INDIA SILKS, in all the fashionable coloring, usually sold at $1, **50c per yard.**

Please call and examine the quality FANCY STRIPED VELVET sold heretofore at $2, now marked to sell at **50c per yard.**

COLORED DRESS GOODS.

38-inch CLARENDEN SUITING, worth 50c, **25c per yard.**

38-inch ALL-WOOL ALBATROSS, new evening shades, worth 65c, **35c per yard.**

42-inch MOHAIR LUSTRES, worth 85c, **50c per yard.**

44-inch CHECK GLACE MOHAIR, worth $1 25, **75c per yard.**

BLACK GOODS.

46-inch ALL-WOOL HENRIETTA, fine finish, reduced from $1 25, **75c per yard.**

42-inch ALL-WOOL FRENCH DRAP D'ALMA, 75c quality, **50c per yard.**

40-inch FANCY FRENCH ARMURE, **50c per yard.**

42-inch HEAVY TWILLED SARUH, a very excellent quality, **75c per yard.**

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' Reefer Jackets.

ALL-WOOL CLOTH MATERIAL, pretty shades of tan, blue and black, finished with cord and tassel, reduced from $7 50 to **$5 00 each.**

VERY STYLISH CUTAWAY JACKETS, with reveres, in fine material, striped and plain, reduced from $8 to **$5 00 each.**

ALL-WOOL CLOTH PEASANT CLOAKS, in all the newest designs, plain colors and striped, reduced from $10 to **$6 00 each.**

PONGEE SILK DUSTERS, in handsome plaits, stripes and plain shades, Newmarket and peasant styles, reduced from $17 50 to **$10 00 each.**

CHILDREN'S GARMENTS.

$5.00—CHILDREN'S CLOAKS, **Re-marked $3 00.**

$7.50—CHILDREN'S CLOAKS. **Re-marked $5 00.**

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75c—CROCHET SHOULDER SHAWLS, **Re-marked 25c.**

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25 dozen LADIES' JERSEY RIBBED VESTS, sleeveless, **15c, 25c and 35c each.**

50 dozen LADIES' JERSEY RIBBED VESTS, high neck, long sleeves, in a variety of shades, extra good value, **35c, 50c and 75c each.**

A special purchase of LADIES' SILK VESTS, low neck, sleeveless, in colors, pink, blue and salmon, **$1 00 each.**

WASH FABRICS—An Endless Variety to Select From at Reduced Prices.

PARASOLS—We Have an Endless Variety of Styles and Materials, at Prices to Suit All.

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THE CALL'S QUERY COLUMN.

Why Some Will Not Sleep With the Head to the North.

Payment of Road Poll-Tax—Madame and Mademoiselle—Congress-Made Holidays—Amnesty to Deserters.

THE CALL'S Query Column is conducted with a view to aid all seekers after knowledge of general interest.

Catch questions will not receive any attention.

No opinion will be given in this column regarding the reliability or character of any person or firms in this city or elsewhere.

Questions, answers to which are in the nature of an advertisement, will not be answered.

Every inquiry must have the full name and full name of the sender, as well as the correct residence. **Any inquiry that has not the correct name and address of the sender will be treated as if it was not signed, and the writer need not expect an answer.**

WITH THE HEAD TO THE NORTH—G. W. T., City. The belief that a sleeper must not lie with the head pointed to the north is a deep-rooted superstition, set aside by even by people living in this enlightened century. The Hindoos, for instance, believe that to sleep with the head to the north will cause their days to be shortened. There is much superstition in Hindostan as to the point of the compass toward which the head should point when in bed, to lie in the direction of the south being thought to be productive of longevity, whereas the east and west, it is asserted, are calculated to bring riches and change of scene respectively. The Japanese never sleep with their heads to the north, their reason being that the dead in their country are always buried with their heads in that direction. So particular are the Japanese in this respect that in their sleeping-rooms a diagram of the points of the compass will usually be found pasted upon the ceiling of the room for the benefit of guests. The Russians, too, dread the northern position, as they have been taught that all evil emanates from that quarter of the heavens and that by sleeping with their heads toward it they are in danger of disaster, illness or sudden death. The Hungarians and Poles have the same prejudices, the Turks, the Samoans and several African tribes have the same objections on various grounds, but all tending to the one direction—abject fear of visitation while asleep by some unknown but evil influence if the head is directed toward the north.

MA'M'SELLE—D. K. H., Montville, Cal. "Ma'm'selle" is a corruption of the French "mademoiselle," from which is also derived the corrupted word "damsel." The origin of the word "dame" is from the Latin "dominus," meaning master, and "domina," mistress. The latter was a title of honor which long distinguished high-born ladies from the wives of citizens and of the commonality in general. In the age of chivalry it was even common for a queen to be called by her chosen knight the "dame" of his heart, of his thoughts, etc. In consequence of the greater courtesy shown toward women of higher rank arose the custom of prefixing the word "ma" to "dame," which gives the French word "madame" (ma meaning my and dame mistress or lady). This was as a special proof of veneration and homage: and while originally applied to female saints and ladies of quality is now common to all married women of whatever condition. Under the old French monarchy the daughters of the King received the title from earliest infancy and were so designated, the eldest being called simply "Madame." It applied more particularly perhaps to the wife of monsieur (my master or lord), the King's eldest daughter or to the eldest daughter of the dauphin, by but one of whom, however, it could be borne at a time. The daughters of the King's younger sons and of his brothers and uncles were called "mesdemoiselles," the one taking precedence of the others in rank or birth being "mademoiselle" (mes, plural, or ma, singular, feminine), and meaning "my" and "demoiselle," young lady.

CONGRESS-MADE HOLIDAYS—W. H. S. A Vallejo correspondent has invited the attention of the Q. C. to the fact that Congress has made holidays for the District of Columbia only, evidently expecting each State to make its own. Congress goes as far as it can, perhaps, under the Constitution, and allows to all employes of the Government holidays, and also pay the same as if labor had been performed. Section 993 of the Revised Statutes of the District of Columbia names the holidays to be observed in that district, and the act of 1887-88, approved August 1, 1888, adds May 30th to the list. A joint resolution of 1886-87, approved February 23, 1887, allows the day for a holiday, and provides for the payment of all Government employes for that day wherever they may be in the country. Section 7, Civil Code of California, sets apart the 30th of May as a holiday; and so it is an established holiday, as well as the Fourth of July or any other. All of which goes to strengthen what the Q. C. said a fortnight ago concerning Memorial day.

ROAD POLL-TAX—B. H., Visalia, Cal. Section 2652 of the Political Code declares that "the Board of Supervisors may, annually, at any regular meeting held between the first days of January and March of each year, levy upon each male person over 21 and under 55 years of age, found in each road district during the time for the collection of road poll-taxes for that year, an annual road poll-tax not exceeding $3; and every such person in a road district, who has not paid the same in some other district, must pay the amount of road poll-tax so levied," or work out such tax under such commutation rules as may be established. As you cannot have paid a road tax in San Francisco, of which you are a resident, because there is no road tax here, the Q. C. cannot perceive how you can escape it if found in the district "during the time for the collection."

AMNESTY TO DESERTERS—G. D., Stockton, Cal., and J. B., City. The Q. C. has not a copy of the act of April 11, 1890, but the relief granted by the same can be obtained by addressing the Secretary of War. Upon this subject, the following dispatch was published in THE CALL:

WASHINGTON, May 27.—Secretary Proctor has issued a standing order that release from the army will be furnished upon application to each deserter coming within the provisions of the act of Congress approved April 11, 1890, amending the One hundred and third Article of War.

The Article of War in question is as follows:

No person shall be liable to be tried and punished by a general court-martial for any offense which appears to have been committed more than two years before the issuing of the order for such trial, unless by reason of having absented himself, or of some other manifest impediment, he shall not have been amenable to justice within that period.

LOS ANGELES—A. B. H., City. (1) It is claimed that there are to-day more people in the city of Los Angeles than at the height of the boom, and that the fact can be readily demonstrated, because while at the boom time the hotels and rooming-houses were crowded, there were not so many houses there by one-half. In three years the number of buildings has doubled. During the boom the population was 60,000; in 1890 it is claimed to be 78,000. (2) Property was depreciated one-third about in some cases and one-half in others, taking boom prices as a standard. As the Q. C. is not a prophet it cannot answer whether "ever the same prices will be realized?" (3) As to property destroyed during the recent floods in the county, the loss was small, less than $50,000 in crops, but including the losses on the railroad by washouts, etc.

IN A NUTSHELL—C. H., City. Before you can be admitted to citizenship you must have resided continuously within the United States for at least five years, and within a State or Territory one year at least, but must also have made a declaration of intention two years at least prior to admission. Having come under the age of 21, resided in America three years preceding the arrival at that age, and continued to do so until the arrival at maturity, you may be admitted after a residence of five years, including the three of minority, provided declaration on oath and satisfactory proof is made that for two years preceding admission it has been your intention to become a citizen.

FREE AND EQUAL—G. W. T., City. It is said of the natives of Terra del Fuego that they have neither Government, nor chief, nor property nor law. Their country is a broken mass of wild rocks, lofty hills and useless forests. The habitable land is reduced to the stones on the beach, in search of food they are compelled to wander unceasingly from spot to spot, and so steep is the coast that they can only move about in their wretched canoes. Even a piece of cloth given to one is torn into shreds and distributed; and so no one individual becomes richer than another. This perfect equality among the individuals composing the Fuegian tribe must for a long time retard their civilization.

MILITARY ACADEMY—O. T., City. The subjects of the preliminary examination for admission to the Military Academy at West Point include reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, geography and history of the United States, a knowledge of which does not involve graduation from a high school. Candidates must be between 17 and 22 years of age and free from any infirmity. Your request, "What are some of the questions that have been asked in examination for admission?" is utterly unreasonable.

COMMON-SENSE PROPOSITIONS—A. S., Colma, Cal. Stripping your query of all unnecessary verbiage and three common-sense propositions remain: (1) That B is not compelled to pay a bill unless the goods have been received; (2) that A is not compelled to make a double delivery of goods, and (3) if for any reason A has failed to make the original delivery, B should not have paid the bill unless with a memorandum of the non-delivery.

REGARDING SHIPS—E. C. J., City. (1) The average voyage of a sailing vessel between San Francisco and Liverpool, England, or Boston, Mass., is from 120 to 130 days. (2) English vessels do not employ cabin or mess boys. Some American vessels do, and boys in that capacity are paid about $15 per month. (3) There should be and is no trouble about receiving the wages at the end of the voyage.

BOOK-KEEPING—G. W. A., City. It is not the custom, when entering from the day-book to the sales journal, "to specify the town or place of the names so entered." Some book-keepers make an exception and do so in a combination day-book and journal. So being, it is unnecessary to consider the legal questions involved in your query.

ONE HUNDRED YARDS RACE—J. W. H., Napa, Cal. George Seward (England) is put down as having run 100 yards in 9¼ seconds, but the majority of sporting men no longer accept this record of a professional. H. M. Johnson and H. Bethune come next with 9 4-5; among amateurs there are fifteen who have run in 10 seconds.

NATIONAL DEBTS—C. W., City. The debt of Great Britain and Ireland (not including the colonies) is $3,398,860,174; of Russia, $3,627,629,200; of the German Empire (not including the provinces) $364,117,847, and of France $6,343,573,400.

ENGLISH SPARROWS—R. B. H. The little birds known as English sparrows have been in San Francisco about twelve years. The late Frederick McCrellish of the Alta California imported the first lot of them.

THE CHARLESTON—W. A. S., City. The Charleston is an unarmored cruiser with a protective deck, shielding the steering gear, magazines, shell and ammunition rooms, machinery, etc., below the water-line.

IN AUGUST, 1876—D. M., City. The hospital on Brannan street of the German General Benevolent Society was destroyed by fire on the 28th of August, 1876.

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