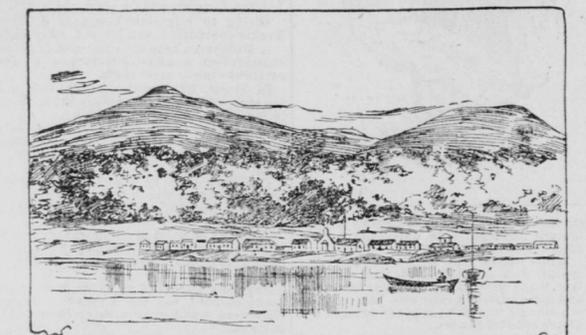


VISITING THE PATAGONIANS.

The Strange People Who Live in the Southernmost Town of the World.

Wishing to see something of the people whom history and tradition have reported as giants we sailed from Buenos Ayres down into the Straits of Magalhans...



THE SOUTHERNMOST TOWN OF THE WORLD.

church and a postoffice, and at the latter all travelers who come this way drop letters to far-away friends because they will bear the postmark nearest to the south pole.

About this time Port Famine, on the straits of the Federal Government precipitated revolt. So many reinforcements had been added to the original number of educational politicians...

But Chile suddenly took a new interest in her now prosperous colony, and paid it so much unnecessary attention that the privileges of the industrious exiles whom she had left to starve were more and more restricted.

After this no more convicts were sent to Punta Arenas. New and better houses were constructed above the ruins of the old, and the Government invited immigration to the place by making liberal grants of land.

Three hundred settlers came in one "batch," bringing building timber, tools and plenty of supplies, and the traffic of the straits grew apace.

During the war with Peru (1883), when Chile found herself in need of all the soldiers she could muster, the guard was withdrawn from this old convict station, and every prisoner who would consent to fight the Peruvians got an honorable discharge...

to get, cannot be bought for money—nor are they gotten rid of at any price. As you may imagine, the objects of most interest to us in Punta Arenas are the parties of Indians which struggle in daily life at this time of year to exchange their furs and ostrich feathers for provisions and the glass beads and other worthless trinkets their souls delight in.

The term "Patagonian" is entirely unknown among these Indians. Their true name, collectively and individually, and by which all the tribes call themselves, is Tsonacas. The word Patagonians (meaning "duck-footed" men) refers to their peculiar footgear.

They were never cannibals in their wilder days, and were probably never of extraordinary height. Their fashion of wrapping themselves up in a long, straight robe of guanaco fur, hanging in unbroken lines from shoulder to heel, increases their apparent height, as the Caffres in his "kross," and the Pawnee Indian in his

below the knee, and the fur, passing over the top of the foot and around the heel, leaves the toes sticking out. The "uppers," extending loosely across the top of the foot, exaggerate in breadth by the long hair on the edges of the fur, and give the wearer the appearance of having paws, or "pates," as the Spaniards say.

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A Patagonian Belle.

robe of shaggy buffalo hide, looms upon karo or prairie much larger in appearance than he really is. And the once-stout Patagonian, like his far-away cousin, the North American, seemed to have acquired all the vices of civilization, but none of its virtues.

The demands of fashion are as imperative with the Patagonian as with the New York belle, and in his costume there is never the slightest variation. A large square rug of guanaco hides is fastened, fur side outward, around the body under the armpits and hangs to the top of the fur boots.

"Twelve years do not mean much in the life of a man. They pass almost unnoticed. One follows upon the other, slowly, yet swiftly. Each is long, yet soon at an end. Although they multiply rapidly, they leave but a few memories behind, and wash so completely that when one looks back upon them there is nothing left to remind us of their flight, and age creeps on without warning.

"One day last spring I went to dine with friends at Maitson-Lafite. Just as the hour was about to pass a party man entered the coach I occupied, accompanied by four little girls. I could not help looking curiously at this large, rotund, motherly creature, whose face was like a full moon.

"I hesitated. It seemed to me that I had seen her face before, but I could not tell what it was. She had a look of familiarity about her. 'Yes—and, no—I certainly know you, but I cannot recollect your name.' 'She blushed a little.' 'Mme. Julie Lefevre.' 'The story linked to the long ago, for a moment the earth seemed to reel around me, and a veil was rudely torn from my eyes which made me see things with terrible, heart-rending clearness.

"I looked at the child and discover in her some of the old charms of her mother, indefinable as yet, and formed and in the bud, and I seemed to me nothing more than rapidly passing time. We arrived at Maitson-Lafite. I kissed my old friend's hand and parted from her with a few trivial phrases. I was too deeply moved to speak.

"In the evening when I was alone I examined my face a long time in the mirror, and ended by recalling to my mind the picture of myself as I had been in bygone days, with brown mustache and black hair, and young fresh face. But now I was old. Farewell!

"I never forgot Bill Timmins," said the man who used to live in the far North-west, to a Washington Star reporter. "Bill was as game a man as ever lived, and too generous to take advantage."

"Isn't he living now?" asked the listener, who had been a good deal impressed by the sadness of the narrator's tone. "No, I was on the Coroner's jury that looked after Bill."

"What—er—what was the verdict?" "Died of carelessness!" "Carelessness! How?" "Got into a fight with a gun on him."

"Men are not to be trusted," she remarked to her younger and more successful friend. "Oh, my dear, said her friend, sweetly, 'has it taken all these years to teach you that?'"

FAREWELL, DEAR.

Seaside Romance By de Maupassant.

The two friends had finished their dinner. From the windows of the cafe they overlooked the boulevard, which at this hour was crowded with people.

"I have often been in love, like all men, but once in my life I was quite hard hit. 'I met her at the seashore—Eretat—about twelve years ago, not long after the war. There is nothing more delightful than that beach in early morning at the bathing hour. It is not very extensive, is curved like a horseshoe and encircled by tall white cliffs, pierced with singular bay called 'Gates.' One of these cliffs is enormous and stretches its gigantic length to the water's edge.

"The first time I saw the young woman of whom I have spoken I was carried away by her charms. Few women possess such a beauty. Her eyes were so brilliant and overpowering at the first glance—that seems to me as if he had suddenly met the creature he was born to love. I experienced that sensation and the shock of a new love at once. Her look, her smile, the little tendril of hair around her neck, ruffled by the breeze; every line in her face, her slightest movement, captivated my senses and enraptured my mind.

"I hesitated. It seemed to me that I had seen her face before, but I could not tell what it was. She had a look of familiarity about her. 'Yes—and, no—I certainly know you, but I cannot recollect your name.' 'She blushed a little.' 'Mme. Julie Lefevre.' 'The story linked to the long ago, for a moment the earth seemed to reel around me, and a veil was rudely torn from my eyes which made me see things with terrible, heart-rending clearness.

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"The white House carpets. If any ocular proof of the persistence of office-seekers is needed, it exists in the fact that the white House carpets are so old that they could never be made to suit Main, says Kate Field. The one on the stairs leading to the office best shows what the impatient feet of the 99,000 would-be Government employees have accomplished. It is a heavy Axminster, held in place by

long nails with big steel heads instead of stair rails. The nail is fully three inches long, but since the rush there is a decided scarcity of the shining heads, and the tread of the office-seekers has pulled out even these great spikes, and a couple of dozen of them have been picked up and put away. The carpets look as if a regiment of giants had been executing a double shuffle on the stairs for the last month. Any extra demand for stair carpet at the White House ought to be granted without demur by the Congressmen who have brought the office-seekers along and helped add to the wear and tear."

"What nonsense this all is about men getting on their knees when they propose to Mrs. Parslow to her friend. 'My husband didn't do any such absurd thing when he asked me to marry him.' 'He did when he proposed to me,' said the dear friend, without thinking—Harper's Bazar.

ONE EPOCH IN WOMAN'S DRESS.

The Fashions of 1893 and the Fashions of the Year 1830—Styles of the Past.

By certain characteristics we recognize an epoch of woman's dress. Paniers belong to Louis XV, the crinoline to the second empire, but manches a gigot, or mutton-leg sleeves, take us back to the end of the reign of Charles X, and the beginning of that of Louis Philippe. Full sleeves, round skirts and berthes date from 1820; the sleeves larger and larger until a fashionable woman could hardly pass through an ordinary doorway. The material was stiffened with whalebone and filled with down, so that the mutton-leg sleeves became monstrosities. With them were

gowns were always elegant in their simplicity. At the opera her Royal Highness wore white organdie, low in the neck, but no ornaments, and a high tortoise-shell comb completed a graceful coiffure. In those days nearly all the ladies were seen at the opera with bonnets. These were in rice or Italian straw, ornamented with plumes and ribbon. The Bibi was of watered ribbon and the ruffles and replaced strings. The capes, placed one above the other, so a la mode to-day, were worn then and were often seen on satin redingotes. The most beautiful costumes then, as to-day, were seen in the races, theaters and court balls. Each new play gave a name to some fable of fashion, and each actress of distinction was a model for the temes du monde.

Then, unlike to-day, society went to the opera balls and Musard, called the "Paganini of the Dance," conducted an orchestra of 200 musicians. Never before nor since has such eccentric music for the dance been heard. At a given moment, and in measure, chairs were broken or pistols fired, and the dancers, excited by this magical music, carried the conductor on their shoulders around the room, while the spectators exclaimed, "Vive Musard!"

Young dandies were made commissaires of these balls, and their chief duty was to lead the ladies by the hand as they entered the ballroom. Men wore blue, brown or black swallowtail coats, very tight fitting, with full skirts and broad revers. The velvet collars were very high, trousers tight, and short enough to show the stockings. Evening coats were blue, with gold buttons, satin or silk revers; vest and trousers of white or black casimir, embroidered white stockings, and shoes lined

worn bell-shaped skirts, feather and fur boas, ribbon belts, ornamented with diamond buckles and cashmere or barege scarfs. Corsages were cut low in the neck, and the shoulders were always visible. This fashion began during the reign of Louis XVIII, for it is said that this monarch was an admirer of beautiful shoulders.

To-day we see the sleeves, berthes, round skirts and boas all copied from the fashions between 1820 and 1835, but baptized by our modern fashion rulers—"Modes of 1830." Every fashion plate of that time has been bought by the great dressmakers, and every woman who aspires to the title of elegant has her gowns modeled carefully after these plates. We must acknowledge that our grandmothers were more graceful than we are, but short skirts, sandals without heels and white

with satin. When they left a soiree black capes with gold brandebourgs and fur collars. Nothing could have been more uncomfortable than the shirt collar, which was so high that the throat was imprisoned. A man displayed his wealth in the number of times his cravat was wound about his neck. There were professors employed for the purpose of teaching the various ways of tying a cravat. "Le Franchise," "a la Cosaque," "a la Malibran" and "a la Romantique." Hair was arranged en coup de vent, and after 1830 every man wore a toupet. Following is the description of a fashionable man's dress: Chicory green coat, red casimir vest, black trousers, with three buttons at the bottom and silk straps around the feet, inside the shoes, silk hat lined with white satin. The women of the reign of Louis Philippe were not noted for a remarkable taste in dress, but the leader of fashion was the beautiful Countess Merlin, wife of General Count Merlin. Maria Merlin, the daughter of a fashionable man's daughter of General Count de Jaruco of Spain and Cuba. She was born in Havana, and by her beauty, wit and grace became a star of first rank in Parisian saloons. A devoted friend and patron. The memoirs of Countess Merlin are very interesting.

Paris, August 15, 1833. SEA-BATHING A LA MODE. The Interior of a Lady's Bathhouse at Long Island. As we all know, decorous Britishers of both sexes refuse to frolic in the big sea informally and in jovial fellowship as do the unconventional American "brethren and sisters." Mr. and Mrs. John Bull or the Misses Bull have little movable rooms, inside of which are the conveniences we enjoy in our seaside bathhouses, says Demorest for September. The rooms are on wheels. Enter Mrs. John Bull with her little feet from her room to the water as far as he can go, is unlatched and trotted back to the shore. Out then, by the back door of her little room, comes Mrs. John Bull, arrayed for the sea, into which she plunges, and so long as she wishes to enjoy a dip, the bath over her enters her wheeled room, the pony is sent down and hitched on, and the protean mermaid inside is brought back to terra firma. When the bath is over again she is clothed in the common garb of civilization.

Now this whole idea so pleased a friend of the Van Kloridas, who went abroad for the first time last summer, that on settling down in her Long Island home she quite made up her mind to have a bathing-machine like those at Brighton. She had a little table-roofed box built about 5 by 3 feet and on four wheels. The interior is painted a clear sea green and it is swung on two big black wheels. There is a window in the roof and a door and a pair of steps at the back.

In the bathing-machine has worked wonders that would make Mrs. John Bull turn green with envy. The interior is all done in snow-white enamel paint, and one-half of the floor is pierced with many holes, to allow of free drainage from wet fannies. The other half of the little room is covered with a pretty green Japanese rug. In one corner is a big-mouthed green silk bag lined with rubber. Into this the bathers' feet are thrust when they get out of the bath. When the mistress steps out of this bathing machine her maid dresses and airs it, then 'tis securely locked and wheeled back to dry behind the humble bathhouse of ye vulgar American.

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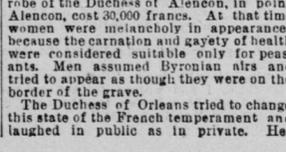
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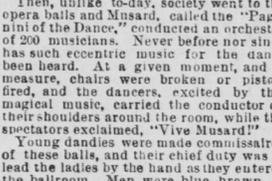
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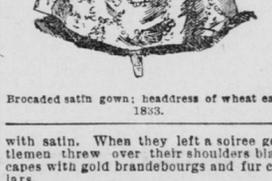
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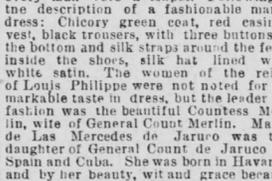
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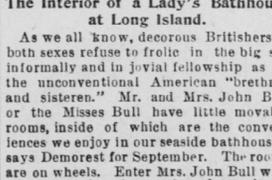
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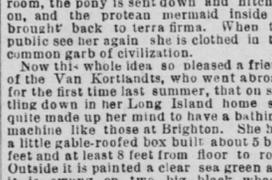
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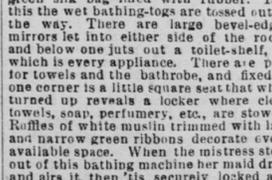
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