

beg pardon for the trouble she had innocently caused him.

The unhappy girl that suffered so fearfully for her kind act was the niece of Adeline von R., bore the same name, and was the same age.

This lady herself I never met, but who can doubt how fearful a shadow this trial cast over her whole future.

### THE COLORADO CANON.

A LADY'S RIDE ON THE ENGINE THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN GORGES—A SCENE OF WILD GRANDEUR.

DENVER, Col., October 10.—We were in the observation car, sweeping rapidly down the steep grade of this latest miracle, the Colorado Central Railway. From side to side we went, catching a glimpse of some picturesque gulch or striving to look up to some towering height, when my escort asked,

"Did you ever ride on the engine?"

"Never; it must be frightful to see nothing before you and to feel the swift rush of the air!"

"No, indeed! It is delightful, and it is the very place where you can see the canon as you ought. The engine backs down, we can have a seat across the 'cab,' and I know you will like it."

Making our first stop, my friend interviewed the engineer, found that "Barkis" was extremely "willin'," and I walked forward.

Now, these comical little narrow-gauge engines are utterly unlike the ponderous locomotives on standard tracks. They have no tender, avoiding such a necessity by most ingenious arrangements for coal and water on each side of the boiler; and from the back of the "cab," where our perch was fixed, the view was wonderful.

I confess to a little thrill of terror when we darted round the first sharp curve, and I discovered my centre of gravity to be a most uncertain locality; but, soon becoming accustomed to the swaying, swaying movement, I could keep my place and use my eyes.

There was no steam used, but we ran with fearful speed; the grade in some places is 211 feet to the mile, and in many others 175 feet, while all the straight track in the whole route measures only 1,100 feet.

The rails were bent by machinery just where they were to be placed. The mountains meet one another like fingers interlaced. Round these sharp points, Clear Creek, for ages, has forced its way, and, following its course, the early settlers pierced the heart of the range, discovered the secret hoards of precious metal, built their rude roads, and patiently endured their comparative isolation. No one ever dreamed a railway possible in such a place; but the dauntless pluck of a successful engineer, seeking for new triumphs, dared to consider the defiant proposition. The story of its beginning—of the sneering unbelief he everywhere encountered—is already stale; but Mr. Sickles knew what he wanted, and he fully measured his scientific resources. His surveyors scrambled over the crags, ran their lines in almost impregnable places, and then, with indomitable energy, the building began. They wailed the creek with solid masonry round every curving turn; they spanned it with strong, graceful bridges here and there, and when before them there interposed a precipice too abrupt, they blasted from the massive granite the roadway they were determined to secure; and now the eager tourist rides at his ease through such scenery as cannot be found east of the Yosemite. It is grand beyond all imagination, and beauty is never wanting, though just now October has ripened into glowing scarlets and vivid gold every leaf and vine, making the enchantment more perfect. Can you fancy our ride through it all? Can I make you see the turbulent waters that rushed beside us, as if angry at human intrusion? Can any words picture the granite, lifting into the upper air its crags fifteen hundred feet high? Not the cold, gloomy gray of Eastern ledges, but mountains of rock so softly, warmly brown, so veined with wavy lines of pink and white and blue, so clad with gray-green mosses or crimson woodbine, so covered and fringed with sturdy pines, that one would need to color words to reproduce the picture. Then between these giants there are rifts that climb in zigzag course to their very summits, showing vistas of beauty where the blue sky only terminated the view, or sometimes these showed grander heights beyond. It was very like flying to sit there, rushing through all this with no visible source of motion before us; and hereafter we shall envy the engineer whose duty gives him so much more than the passengers can claim.

Almost all travellers prefer the summer months among the rocks, but unless you desire to climb the snowy range, the late autumn is far preferable. You have no rains; there are no raw easterly winds, and the cold mornings only brace one; hotel rates are lower than during the regular season, and old inhabitants aggravate you by telling you how all through December they sit with open doors and windows. Where I in New York now I should doubtless be hovering near some glowing grate, but here, through my open window, the sunlight streams on my paper, while the delicious, inspiring air fills all the room. We have had four weeks of cloudless skies; four weeks where every day was crowded full of delight, and we only grumble at Fate because we can't stay longer.

Through Clear Creek Canon you attain Black Hawk and Central City, with their curiosities of mining, or you go by another branch to Floyd Hill or Idaho Springs, and thence to that wonderful Georgetown nestled down in the narrowest

possible cleft between the loftiest heights. The scenery will perpetually enchant you, while, if you mingle with the people, you will catch many a queer expression, listen to many a strange "yarn," and learn "tricks and manners" of which you never dreamed. The mountain phraseology is as "peculiar" as that of "the heathen Chinese," while at Cameron's gulch you may see a patient army of the real Celestials busily digging for the gold which shall enable the owner to revel through the winter months. Cameron owns three miles of one of the richest gulches in the territory. Every summer it yields him fifty thousand dollars, and when the next spring comes he has nothing. Gambling and carousal are his only sources of enjoyment, while his family inhabit a cabin little better than those of the Chinamen. He was offered once half a million for his claim. "No! I reckon not, stranger! You see, it would only last me one winter anyhow, and I know it's good for fifty thousand every summer!"

We stopped at the Chinese cabins; saw Chun Lin Son, with his frame of sliding balls, eclipse all lightning calculators; heard the queer sing-song jabber, saw their arrangements for eating and sleeping, ate some of their queer dishes, inspected their costume and offered our dress to their criticism; and then, returning to our engine, we fled onward, fixing eagerly in our memories every incident of our marvellous ride, determined, if possible, to tempt our friends to a similar enjoyment. ANNA S. D.

### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NAMES.

The significance of names is as variable as the clouds, depending on conditions too delicate to be defined. Still, names have what might be termed a quality of average association, which translates them to the mind in not materially different hues and forms. Nobody considers Jerusha fascinating or Mabel repulsive. Sibyl suggests softness and fineness, and Angelina mawkish sentiment. Blood and breeding seems to lie in Edith, and inelegance and rusticity in Priscilla. Mary, whom bards have made tuneful in many tongues, has lost such savor as she might have had from excess of handling. We think of her now in connection with almost anything else than grace and loveliness. Kate is interesting, though she conveys a certain impression of wildness approaching holdenhood. Pauline is lackadaisical, pretentious, and shallow. Ruth is simple, genuine, winning, full of modesty and merit, and stirring to the core. Ada and Ida show gentleness without strength, and delicacy without discernment. Alice is what circumstances make her—pretty and spoiled, needing trial for development, adversity for elevation. Amy is a child always, even after maternity and maturity and nothing can render her otherwise. Formality, self-consciousness, and angularity emanate from Arabella; and Augusta should be consequential and inflated without desert. A certain hot-house air might surround Blanche and Bertha, and they should be kept there if it be desirable to preserve their freshness and their fragrance. Clara, not to belie herself, should be pure, affectionate and free, carrying with her the form and daintiness of distinction. Eliza is plain, but profound, and Ella a slender echo of what she imitates.

When the average man seeks for a wife, despising romance and discarding the ideal, he should sue to Esther, who will perform all she promises, becoming the most conscientious of housekeepers, the most devoted slave of the nursery. A thorough scatter-brain is Fanny when trouble spares and adversity does not touch. Helen is precocious at sixteen, a coquette till five-and-twenty, and an ambitious and match-making mamma, while she absents herself from home to discharge her duty to society. Isabella should be tall and dignified and clever, laughing at what she most sincerely believes, and wounding with Parthian arrows her well-guarded heart. Julia has a tendency to be in love with herself, undisturbed by rivals. She sees in her mirror the beauties others fail to discover, and her much-proclaimed righteousness is but a phase of her conceit. Jane is likely to suffer from lack of appreciation, for she wears her jewels out of sight, and is content to be misunderstood when understanding demands any betrayal of herself. In sentimental woes Leonora is ever bound; is most happy when most distressed. Louisa has a spice of affection, but is engaging at first and enchanting at last to those she admits to the sanctuary of her sympathy. The image of Madeleine is shown in the strictest conventionality. She is a well-bred automaton; dresses admirably, talks faultlessly, acts becomingly; is, in a word, a reflection of her surroundings because she has not sufficient force to vary from her pattern.

### PARIS UNDER THE REGENT ORLEANS.

About this time Canillac originated public balls. The Opera-house was built in the garden of the Palais Royal, and a private door afforded direct communication between the two buildings. The Regent frequently attended these balls, and through this entrance sometimes brought a company of the maskers to supper. Then strange, noisy groups would gather pell-mell round the luxurious tables, and greedily devour the costly comestibles and choice wines; grisettes, danseuses, noble ladies in the motley attire of Chinese, bayaderes, nuns, fairies, Circassians; sacrilegious jests and wild laughter, a Babel of tongues, disputes, quarrels, sometimes blows; delicious mirth, oaths, blasphemy, bac-

chanallan songs, poses plastiques, unbridled license of all kind, stupefaction, swinish sleep, and a mass of human clay scattered, amid other remnants of the feast, over satin couch and gorgeous carpet. More than once death joined the party, and clasping some victim in his bony arms, spread shrieking horror and dismay among the revelers. One of the wildest of these bacchanals was the Regent's daughter. Married at a very early age to the Duc de Berry, a good-natured but weak-minded prince, who was desperately fond of her, but whom she despised and hated, her whole life—it was not a long one, only twenty-four years—was a horror of immorality. She was only nineteen when the Duke died, undoubtedly of poison; but by whom administered it would be difficult to say. Passionate, haughty, insufferably arrogant, she pretended to the rights of a queen. She was accompanied, when she passed through the streets, by the band of the musketeers, by the music of trumpets and cymbals. But with all that she was the slave of a little pimple-faced man, the Comte de Riom, to whom she was at length secretly united. One might have imagined him to be the avenger of the dead husband, he treated her with such utter and capricious tyranny; he ordered her toilet, her dresses, her every movement, and compelled her for the lightest offence to kneel at his feet and ask for pardon. Her summer residence was at La Muette, in the very centre of the Bois de Boulogne; for amid all her dissipation she had a love for trees and solitude, and the simple pleasures of country life. At times a sense of her enormities would overwhelm her; more than once she fled to the Carmelites of Chaillot to weep and pray, racked by a terrible remorse. But after a time her fierce passions would once more master her, and drag her back to the saturnalias, where all her past was quickly forgotten, until wild gaiety lapsed again into wild despair. At length her health began to sink, but her dissipation only increased, until death closed her terrible career. Her death was a great blow to Orleans, who was passionately attached to her.—Temple Bar.

### EQUINE COURTSHIP AT THE CAPE.

Mr. G. Gerard, now of Philadelphia, but formerly American Consul at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, communicates to the Press of the former city the following amusing reminiscence of his African consular experience:—"There is a very singular custom among the farmers—how to get a wife. If you desire to get married you should first make inquiry whether the lady you love has a horse; if so, you must ask her whether she has a horse for sale. If she says 'No,' then you had better quit the house at once. She does not like you. But if, on the contrary, she says 'Yes,' it is a good sign, but she will ask you a very high price. If the amount named is paid on the spot, the engagement is concluded, as fully as if marriage was consummated by the parson.

"On my arrival at the Cape, I did not know of this custom. I wanted to purchase a horse, and I was informed by an old Dutch resident that widow — had one to sell. I followed the address given, and soon arrived at the door of the widow (who, by the way, was not bad looking). I asked her whether she had a horse to sell. She looked at me very sharp; then she asked me whether I had some letters of introduction. I said that I was the American Consul and would pay cash for her horse. 'In this case,' said she, 'letters are not necessary.' I paid down the sum demanded; then, after taking a cup of coffee, she sent her horse by her groom, and both accompanied me home. On the road, the groom asked me a thousand questions. 'Master,' said he, 'will my mistress go live with you in town, or will you come live with us? You will love my mistress, for she was very kind to my old master' (laughing). 'Where will the wedding be?' (looking at me and laughing). 'Truly,' I thought, 'the poor fellow has drunk too much, or he is an imbecile.' I felt sorry for him. When I arrived home I found many people at my door congratulating me, not for the horse, but for the acquaintance of the widow. 'Truly,' said one, 'you have been very successful.' 'She is very rich,' said another. I really did not know what it all meant, and I began to be very uneasy, when, to my very great surprise, a lady alighted on my steps, and at once I recognized the widow! She very coolly asked me when I desired to have the ceremony of the wedding performed. Then, indeed, I fully perceived the scrape in which I was, and I told her frankly that it was a horse I wanted, and not a wife. 'What,' she said, 'do you mean to act thus to a lady like me? If so, I shall send back for my horse, and will repay you the money.' In a few hours her groom was at my door with the money. I gladly gave back the horse, thankful to have thus escaped. A few weeks after, however, the widow was married; a more ambitious man had bought her horse."

### PAPAL ROBES.

"The Pope's constant daily dress," writes Anna Brewster from Rome, "is a long white soutane, made of a special kind of white cloth, very soft and fine, and without lustre. I had one of these in my hands; its texture to the touch resembles very fine, delicate peau de Suede. The winter ones are, of course, heavier than those for summer, though of the same stuff. These soutanes are made with a pelerin or small, round cape, and they reach to the feet. The

sleeves are loose, lined with silk, and turned back as a cuff at the wrist. Each one costs about \$80. His Holiness uses five of them in a year, on account of their being soiled by the snuff which he takes in large quantities for hygienic reasons. They are white, and the snuff of course drops on the fronts and moon spots them. The Pope is cleanliness itself; unlike most Italians, 'cleanliness is next to godliness' with him, and he will not wear a soiled garment.

Besides these soutanes he wears a large round crimson cloth mantle; this is a very rich and handsome article of dress, and costs \$180. The Pope's tailor is Raffaele Ghromin, Via Cesarini, No. 92. His shoemaker lives in Via Governo Vecchio. I forgot his name. Each pair of shoes, or "mules" as they are called, costs from \$25 to \$30. They are also of red cloth, are bordered with gold, and a cross is embroidered, en bossa, or high relief, on the front, in gold. His Holiness uses six pairs a year. In summer and autumn the Pope wears fine cotton stockings; in winter his stockings are of cotton and silk spun and woven together, and are worn without the overstocking. These mixed stockings come from Flanders, and cost from \$5 to \$6 a pair, and they are made expressly for the use of his Holiness.

Let it be known that the silk umbrella is to the alpaca and gingham what the nobleman is to the middle or poorer classes; and just as there are seedy noblemen, so there are seedy silk umbrellas—umbrellas which "have seen their best days," which "have been in better circumstances," which have been accustomed to genteel society, but which have "fallen from their high estate," and are now considered as a lower class than the despised gingham: their owners being reckoned less reputable than the umbrella less heathen. There is much of moral and religious improvement to be gained by the studious contemplation of a fallen umbrella. How may we learn the mutability of all things earthly when we gaze upon the shabby silk, the worn-down ferule, and the broken ivory handle! And how may we moralize when we remember that that relic of forgotten greatness has once stood on an earl's mat, or ensconced itself with proud exclusiveness under the arm of some city millionaire.

The owner of an alpaca umbrella may generally be described as a man of the middle class, comfortably situated as regards this world's goods, but dependent upon his own exertions for his position. He may also safely be set down as forty and married; exemplary in the matter of social virtues, and the father of a respectable family. For it is an undoubted fact young unmarried men of the "quiet" order are almost invariably the possessors of cheap silks; while their flashy brethren more frequently carry little sticks, the use of which is less obvious than the absurdity of their owners. It must be acknowledged that, although the alpaca does not indicate wealth or rank, it is as closely connected with moral rectitude as the silk, and may be always taken as a sign of probity and propriety. We should like to know who ever saw a pickpocket or a burglar carrying an alpaca.

Gingham is the lowest class, and shows the hard-working man, who is determined to have badge of repute, though his poverty is thereby advertised to the world.

SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE COLOUR OF HAIR.—Two sudden changes of the colour of hair from black to white are reported in a foreign medical magazine. It appears that a physician of Berlin, a strong, healthy, and less than middle-aged man, sent his wife and one daughter to spend last summer at a watering-place. The day that he expected a letter informing him of their arrival, there came one saying that his daughter had been taken very sick suddenly, and was already dead. The shock was terrible, and instantly his hair became entirely grey. He had to visit some patients that same afternoon, and they scarcely recognised him. Their peculiar actions revealed the change to him. The other case was that of a man 35 years old, living in the Netherlands. He was one day passing the canal in Rotterdam, when he saw a child struggling in the water. He plunged in and brought it to land, but it was already dead by the time he had rescued its body. Bending over to try to restore life, he discovered that the dead child was his own son. The blow, so sudden and unexpected and coming upon him when he himself was so much exhausted, turned his hair entirely grey, and left him scarcely recognisable.

The modistes have returned from Paris with the announcement that Fashion has ventured still farther into the past, and abandoning the styles of le Grand Monarque, has chosen as a foundation for new costumes the dress worn in the time of the foppish Henri Trois, his mother, Catherine de Medici, and her contemporary, Queen Elizabeth. For instance, we observe the Henri Trois basque, smooth, shapely, and fitted like a corset; the Henri Trois toque, with erect pompon in front; Catherine de Medici sleeves, that look like armor, close-fitted, with stiffly pleated puffs; the aumoniere, or reticule, swung low from the belt, from which the chateleine dispenses her aims; the Medici fraise; and the Elizabethan ruff. When all these are well reproduced in combination with some of the Directoire styles of a later period, a most stately yet picturesque attire is obtained, far better suited to the gentlewomen of to-day than the girl-of-the-period costumes lately in vogue.