

POPE LEO AT HOME.

Everyday Life of the Holy Father.—A Reception to Irish Pilgrims.

The *Capitan Fracassa*, of Rome, publishes a conversation which one of its correspondents had with the Rev. Philip Barry, canon of the Cashel cathedral. The canon is said to have spoken as follows:—"Leo XIII, is now seventy-four years of age. He is tall, thin, and bony. His face is of an ivory tint, and his eyes and lips are very expressive and smiling. He looks very firm. Simeoni says he resembles Voltaire, but Leo XII's smile is totally different to Voltaire's smile. The Pope wears his age well, and walks remarkably straight. He has snow white hair and very finely marked eyebrows. His eyes are wonderfully intelligent looking and his voice is extremely harmonious. He speaks several languages as well as any professor of languages. He never says a foolish thing nor does a foolish thing, like poor Pius IX., whose policy was fatal to the Pope's temporal power. He rises very early and spends the first hours of the day in prayer, and generally in his bedroom. At six o'clock he says mass. At eight o'clock he breaks his fast with a cup of chocolate, reading his correspondence all the time. At nine o'clock he receives Jacobini and those chiefs of religious societies who may demand audience. At noon he receives those Roman patriarchs who have remained true to him and the Ambassadors. At one o'clock he dines, his dinner rarely costing more than two francs, or half a dollar." "And he keeps so many cooks!" said the correspondent. "He is obliged to keep up appearances," answered the canon. "Once upon a time Popes were great eaters and drinkers, and were given to every kind of extravagance, but Leo XIII, is nothing of all this."

IN THE GARDEN.

"After dinner he takes a little walk in the Vatican grounds, or he visits the museums and galleries. Sometimes he is carried in a chair quilted with white satin. He is very fond of the garden. He frequently receives visitors in the garden and talks of flowers to them to avoid other subjects. The first and second time I saw him was in the garden. When I went with the pilgrims he was preceded by three noble guards, and at his side was Mgr. Macchi, his secret chamberlain. He wore a wide-brimmed hat and a large red cloak. We were presented to him one by one. He looked at us and scrutinized us well, I saw, he recognized me, but he treated me like the others—as if he saw me also for the first time. 'Are you all Irish?' he said; 'I am happy to receive the faithful of that nation!' He then looked again at us as if he would have read into our souls. 'Your bishop,' he continued, 'brought me offerings from a people pressed with poverty.' Then, seeing me still on my knees, he offered me his hand to raise me. 'I had thought,' he continued, 'that the offering would have decreased, but it was not so. We live on charity' (and here he smiled sadly), 'for all we had has been taken from us. Oh, these persecutions!' he cried with a loud voice. 'They purify us, even when the heaven is pure and immaculate.'

AT AN AUDIENCE.

"I seem to see him now," said the canon. "His head looked like a relief on the blue sky. The sun was setting, and he looked up to the sky, as if seeking an inspiration there. 'I have heard,' he then said, 'that, notwithstanding the general state of anguish in Ireland the churches are full of people. May the Lord be praised and blessed, and may my prayers bring peace on the people! Lord hear our prayers and judge us!' He then blessed us, and the audience was finished. I have never seen so much power united to so much sympathy. At four o'clock the Pope resumes his official audiences in the Vatican. At seven o'clock only he takes a little rest, but at eight o'clock he returns to work in his private room, where he remains until ten o'clock, when he retires for the night, not always to sleep, though, for it is during the night that he reads and writes for his own pleasure, his favorite subject being the 'Science of St. Thomas' and essays on the work of that saint, which he receives from every part of the world, whenever and wherever published."

Aimee, the opera-bouffe actress, when here before, brought her young daughters, aged five and eight, with her and placed them at school, going often to see them. A teacher in the school said a more quiet-looking mother never visited the place.

The New Silks.

Every little while there is an odd little announcement through the columns of fashion journals that plain black silk has reasserted its supremacy and acquired new and distinguished prestige. The assertion is made at regular intervals every year, and has been for twenty-five years past, and it is always funny, and simply means that the writer of the paragraph has obtained a new black silk dress and is bound to give it importance. Every good black silk always has a character and a standing of its own which is unaffected by the changes of fashion, but it addresses itself mainly to those who make no pretensions to fashion—to elderly ladies and well-to-do women who want a solid dress which looks sufficiently handsome for all occasions and is not out of place upon any. To such persons no other fabric ever takes the place of a nice faille or gross-grained silk, and every lady, whatever her pretensions, likes one black silk in her wardrobe because of its convenience.

But of late there are new styles that dispute pre-eminence with old-time favorites—the black surahs, a soft, swilled silk with a satin finish, have established themselves in a place from which it will be very difficult to dislodge them. They are not high-class or remarkable silks in any way, but they are adaptable. They lend themselves to graceful arrangement, they are supple and youthful, which "rich" black silks of the gros-grain type are not, and they are not only durable but comparatively inexpensive. No wonder they are popular—no wonder they are in demand and have forced the New York manufacturer, John N. Stearns, to produce a "winter" surah of superior quality and finish in seventy-five different shades and colors, of which the wines, the garnets, and the new reds with a copper tint in them, promise to be the favorites for the present and coming season. The difficulty with the Ottoman silk is that it is less durable than silks less distinctively marked, but it is handsome and effective, and the late designs alternate with satin stripes, which are enclosed in lines of color, and combined with a plain Ottoman fabric.

But the brocaded silks and satins are best suited for a really elegant toilet, for the designs grow constantly more striking, more artistic, better contrasted, and more tastefully adapted for the purpose of display, without vulgarity or ostentation. The finest designs are large, and show conventionalized forms of fruits with leaves, or leaves and a flower. They are in solid colors, such as evening blue, pink, cream, white, and black, and they require but little addition—for the simpler the form in which they are made the better—but the little should, of course, be of the best quality. Much of the beauty of the design is derived from the contrast in texture, and the effects obtained from the combination of armure or Ottoman in the ground, with dull satin or armure leaves, and a veining which seems to be executed in embroidery stitch. The whole ensemble is very rich, and few will believe, when exhibited on the counters of leading dry goods stores, that they are of American (and New York) manufacture, the general impression in regard to American silks having been obtained from the spun silks, which has a finish so much like the obsolete poplin.

Other novelties produced by our own manufacturers consists of stripes—"hair" stripes—in two colors, black and another, as, for example, black and mauve, black and electric blue, black and old gold, black and bronze, and man combinations. Upon these are brocaded; other designs in a third color, which is in contrast to the ground tone, but produces no violent shock. On the contrary, the effect is rich, yet bright and cheerful, and seems to suggest them as suitable fabrics for dinner dresses or evening receptions at home. The richest among the stuffs intended for suits and costumes are very beautiful satin brocades in small figures, intended for combination with plain velvet or plain satin duchesse. The grounds are dark cloth shades, the figures look like jewels, are not only small, but in high colors—old gold, ruby, and amethyst—and would have the effect of embroidery upon satin, at a little distance. Sunset silk is a rich brocade in very handsome and effective patterns in white, with blue or pink color through it, which gives it an indescribable glow—a sort of reflection of color, which is infinitely more delicate than color itself. All the new brocades have armure effects—those that are imported as well as those that are made here—and the figured plaques are re-

appearing for cloaks, and combination with a new satin that is woven with a shorter loop than satin duchesse, and is, therefore, better adapted to give good wear, while it is equally thick and contains as much silk.

The tapestried silks are yet principally used for upholstery, but some ladies are beginning to combine them with velvet, and to use them for the fronts of "picture" dresses in conjunction with Watteau trains of dull, thick satin or velvet. The silver and gold brocades will doubtless constitute an important element this season, as last, in the construction of magnificent evening toilets—but those will occupy attention later on. At present it is the forehanded—those who have only one or two new silks of a season, and who know exactly what they want—who are providing them in advance of the gay season, while the majority are occupied in settling the present more important question of autumn cloth and woolen suits, deciding whether braiding is or is not to be, and how a cloth suit can best be made to look jaunty and becoming.

Shooting a Bear.

Even the oil excitement has failed to drive all of the wild animals out of McKean county. It is but a few years since the dense forests in the vicinity of Bradford were populated by bears, wolves, wildcats, panthers, and deer. Oil and civilization have combined to drive them away, and panthers and wildcats have disappeared. There are still left, however, a few wolves, a score or two of bears, and any number of deer. Jim Jacobs, the veteran Indian bear hunter, yearly visits his favorite haunts in the wilds of McKean county. He has probably killed more wild animals than any living hunter east of the Rocky Mountains. The stories of his exciting adventure would fill volumes. Not long ago a farmer living in the eastern part of the county reported that several of his sheep had been killed by wolves. Recently John Anderson, a farmer, living on Minard Run, five miles east of Bradford, on the line of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, was awakened by the barking of his Newfoundland dog. At the same time he heard a strange scraping noise on the roof of the shed in the rear of the house. Mr. Anderson and a hired man, George Tibbitts, armed themselves with guns and cautiously crept out of a side door. They found the dog barking at a big black bear which was perched on the roof of the woodshed. Mr. Anderson's gun was accidentally discharged, killing the dog. Tibbitts kept cool, and, holding the gun within six feet of the bear, shot it in the neck. With a howl the bear dropped from the shed and tumbled off into the forest. As the night was dark the men did not care to pursue the wounded animal. Its bloody tracks were seen the next day, and several men were soon searching the forest for it.

Didn't Know Who it was.

The talk drifted from ships to boats, and an officer in the United States army attempted to enlighten the most modest looking man of the lot on rowing. He told him how to rig a boat, how to balance himself in a shell, and how to measure his stroke. Mr. Frank Mayo, who was in charge of the stranger, became silent, then amused, and finally exclaimed: "For God's sake, captain, hold on! You don't know who you are talking to."

"Well, I did a little rowing when a boy and ought to know something about boating," replied the captain, with a flush on his face.

"Well," said Mr. Mayo, "you are talking to Edward Hanlan."

The captain removed his hat, then extended his hand.

"Mr. Hanlan, I beg your pardon. I did not catch your name at first. If I had stuck to my trade and talked army I should not have made a fool of myself. What shall it be? Yellow label?"

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If any invalid or sick person has the least doubt of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters to cure them, they can find cases exactly like their own, in their own neighborhood, with proof positive that they can be easily and permanently cured at a trifling cost—or ask your druggist or physician.

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co.—SIR:—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me.

LEROY BREWER.

A Beggar With the Wrong Trade Mark.

A miserable ragged fellow was seated on the low wall of St. Paul's Churchyard. Suspended from his neck was the familiar sign, "Please Help the Blind." A young merchant passing by looked at the beggar, paused, looked again, and then walked up to him and pretended to strike him with the cane he carried. The medicant dodged the blow. "Ha! ha!" the young man almost screamed; "you dodged that just as I expected. You humbug! you fraud! you scoundrel! Now will you go about your business or shall I call the police?"

The medicant's face showed alarm, but he uttered not a sound. The angry merchant bade him speak quickly. A crowd gathered. The beggar went into a paroxysm of earnest, almost frantic, recitation. The merchant grew furiously angry, and as he stormed, and the beggar made pantomimic gestures, a policeman came up.

"What's the matter here?" the officer inquired. The medicant made signs that he did not know, and that he was ignorant apparently of everything.

"Why, the villain is no more blind than I am," said the merchant. "I saw him turn his head to look at me as I was passing by. I pretended I was going to strike him and he dodged the blow."

At this the medicant's face worked as if he were in mortal agony.

"Ooh, bad ome to it, I must shpake or I'll bur-r-rat!" he said; "I'm not blind at all, at all. And have I the blind soign on? Sure it's all a mistake intirely. I thought I had the diff-and-doomb soign on me, so I did. Please let me go, gentlemen, that I may be after finding my brother. Sure he'll be bringing disgrace on the family. Upon me word, sur, me brother is blind compleatly, and begorra he muab be astanding somewheres wid me diff-and-doomb soign hanging onto him, and him a singing out: 'Please help the blind.'"

A Wonderful Street.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Windom is now in London trying to raise money for building an arcade under the whole length of Broadway, New York. If he succeeds, that will be the most extraordinary thoroughfare known to the history of cities. The scheme is to make a new street under the present surface of Broadway, extending to the houses on each side, and lit by electric lights at night and glass reflectors in the daytime. The middle of the street would hold railway tracks, not only for city travel, but to accommodate in-coming trains from every part of the country. The traveller in San Francisco or St. Paul would not only buy his ticket for New York, but the hotel on Broadway where he intended to stop. Freight and baggage would be conveyed directly to the warehouse or be received by the express car which was to convey it to any part of the country. Then traffic of all kinds could be carried on on each side of the arcade. There would thus be a double tier of stores. Provision could be made for sewers, water mains, gas pipes, and heating tubes. In short, it would become a double street and the value of the property quadrupled along the route. Engineers say the scheme is entirely practicable. There is business enough now on Broadway for two thoroughfares.

A Big River.

Lieut. Story, who went on the last trip of the revenue steamer *Corwin*, to distribute among the Tchuckchee Indians, of Alaska, \$5,000 worth of presents, given by the Government in recognition of the shelter afforded to the crew of the steamer *Rogers*, burned in 1881, reports the discovery of an immense river hitherto unknown to geographers. The Indians informed him that they had traversed the river fifteen hundred miles, and that it went up still higher. It is Story's opinion that the existence of this river accounts for a large amount of floating timber in the Arctic, popularly supposed to come down the Yukon. The Indians stated that the river in some places is twenty miles wide. It is within the Arctic Circle, but in August, when Story was there, he found flowers and vegetation not hitherto discovered in a latitude so high.

The Queen did nobody any wrong in giving her grandson the Garter the other day, as there are an unlimited number of extra knights among the various royal families, the ordinary knights being only twenty-four in number.