

THE ART OF "MAKE-UP."

Donn Piatt, describing a visit to a cosmetic establishment in New York, says:

"What," we asked, "are the articles that go to make the beautiful woman?"

"Well, first of all is our vegetable enamel, perfectly harmless, that gives the most delicate white—I may say dazzling—complexion known to the female world. See," he continued, taking a china pot from the counter, "this is put on easily with a small sponge. Permit me, madam; it is soon removed and leaves no trace," and saying this, he applied a small quantity to the forehead of my companion. The result on the face of a clear brunette was startling. The marble smoothness, and at the same time the satiny texture, if we may use such an expression, was marvellous. Then he took another sponge and applied a most beautiful blush, a rose colour, upon the white, that was perfectly charming in its natural and soft flush.

"And now," he went on, "here is an exquisite instrument with which we trace the delicate blue veins that, when done, defy the microscope of science."

"But how is it possible to make the new face and the old shoulders match?"

"By making all new. The face, neck, shoulders, and arms have to be treated all alike."

"And does this artificial process end here?" we asked.

"Oh, not at all; we are only just beginning. The eyelashes and eyes have to be treated. The eyebrows receive especial attention. We cannot illustrate with you, madam; nature has done so much."

He might well say this, for it is only once in a million such beautiful eyes, eyelashes, and brows are given a woman. He called to a young lady of the establishment and said, "Miss Blank, will you permit me?"

She pleasantly assented, and taking a small ivory tablet he placed it under the eyelashes of one eye, and then touching them dexterously and at the same time with the most delicate art, he made the lashes so decided, so pronounced, they seemed to actually grow. He then pencilled the brow, and when done the effect was most decided. The young lady was a blonde, and with one eye treated and the other not treated the result was very decided.

"Certainly this is all," we said.

"Not at all. We give a delicate tint to the ear, a rosy, steel colour to the nails. We have powders for the teeth; we leave nothing uncared for that goes to make perfection of a beautiful woman."

"And are these things in general use?"

"Certainly; you cannot find a brilliant complexion that has not been made so by art. We read with great pleasure of the beautiful women of the fashionable circles of Washington and the summer resorts, for we know where they come from."

DRAMATIC "COLLABORATION."

A writer of a sketch on "Collaboration" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "M. Poupette is that elegant writer whose sweet 'Giroflée' produced so much emotion in Parisian drawing-rooms last winter; and M. Victor Cocasse is the renowned author of the 'Sardine à l'huile' and 'Le Pêché de Madame.' Between them there is little in common, for M. Poupette is the bard of home joys and M. Cocasse a dramatizer of questionable episodes; but M. Cocasse has reached a time of life when ideas begin to fall him, and he is constantly on the prowl after young and rising authors with whom he may strike up a collaboration—they furnishing plots and he the dramatic ordonnance of the same. The bargain is quite a fair one; for to a man having no knowledge of the stage a good plot is of little more use than a block of stone to one who is no sculptor. Now, there is no writer on the boulevards who can chisel a stone into shape as M. Cocasse can; not one who can better trim a dialogue, contrive effective situations for the close of each act, and send his audience home with their ears tingling. He is a stout and jolly personage, with drooping gray moustache and imperial, a broad hat-brim, and with the forefinger and thumb of his left hand browned to a walnut colour by the moisture of countless cigarettes. He looks like a pensioned gendarme in easy circumstances, and he rather startled rosy, yellow-haired M. Poupette when he button-holed him at the Français and proposed that they two should mount a 'machine' together. M. Poupette had never heard any work of literature described as a 'machine,' nor had he ever met a man of letters so uncommonly shrewd in all the business details of authorship as M. Cocasse. This gentleman made little use of the terms 'one act,' 'three acts,' 'five acts'; he talked of two, nine, and twelve per cent. pieces, alluding thereby to the amount of profits which a dramatist is entitled to levy, and he was particularly luminous about the extra gains to be made out of Belgian and provincial managers. Such as it was, though, his talk was not wholly unpleasant to M. Poupette. The poet had long cherished a notion of writing a comedy, and had only been deterred by the recollection of two tragedies in five acts which he had sent to the Odeon in the days of his literary novitiate, and which had been thankfully declined. He had sense enough to suspect that he was wanting in the dramatic knack, and he well knew that M. Cocasse possessed this knack to the full. On the other hand, M. Cocasse, glancing at M. Poupette's brow, which bulged out like a football, and at his eyes, which glowed in the depth of caverns, felt that there must be a stock of ideas in this youth that would yield like a mine if worked judiciously. So the two very soon came to an arrangement in the *café* of the Français, drinking beer, and before parting that night M. Cocasse stipulated that they should address each other as 'tu' thenceforth for greater familiarity and convenience. A fortnight later M. Cocasse, in a suit of yellow nankeen, and M. Poupette, with a panama thatched over his fevered pate, started for Dieppe; and on the road from Dieppe to Treport by diligence the poet first broached his plot for the intended comedy. The flat, dusty road lay straight for miles before them; the three horses, two brown and one white, jogged placidly along, switching flies away with their tails; the coachman, in a blue blouse, winked to Norman fish-girls passing with hampers on their heads; and the pair of authors, perched under the hood of the *impériale*, would decry an unbroken expanse of beetroot fields and willow stumps stretching around them as far as the eye could gaze. It was under the inspiration of this fine scenery that M. Poupette exclaimed: 'The play must treat of a bride brought up amid touching rural life, and coming to Paris lose her illusions.

We will call it 'La Chute de Madame Virginie.' 'Les Chutes,' answered M. Cocasse, accentuating the article in the tone of one who should offer a gentle reproof; 'we have seen plenty of solitary *chutes* in recent pieces, and the public wants novelty. Virginie must lose her illusions several times.' 'Very well,' agreed M. Poupette pensively; 'but we must show her retaining her innocence of soul in spite of all.' 'Yes, that will be new,' said M. Cocasse, 'and we must bring out her husband in strong colours; yet he mustn't be a naval captain or an engineer, because those professions have been overdone.' 'I was thinking of making him a German,' rejoined M. Poupette. 'Yes, that will do, because he can be killed if needful without exciting any sympathy,' observed M. Cocasse sagaciously; and about this time the diligence rumbled past the mediæval church of Treport towering above its flight of 120 steps, jolted over the smooth stones, and past the snowy villas of the Parade, and drew up before a queer little hotel facing the sea."

LITERARY RECORD.

Mr. W. Allingham has succeeded Mr. J. A. Froude in the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*.

The Lord Chief Justice has not so much as commenced his much-talked-of book on Junius.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis is gathering materials for a new novel in North Carolina.

A new addition to Petrarch literature in France has been the publication of M. Albert Maurin's work, entitled "Les Amours de Pétrarque et de Laure."

A second edition of Major Evans Bell's "The Oxus and the Indus" has just appeared. It contains a new preface of much interest on the Afghan question.

The August number of *Fraser's Magazine* contains an article entitled—"Who wrote Shakspeare?" The writer gathers up the various arguments and proofs in favour of Lord Bacon being the author of the immortal dramas which William Shakspeare was permitted to father.

Seven days before his death the late Dr. Beke had written a new preface to his work "Jesus the Messiah," and prepared to reissue the book with a fresh title-page, as an answer anticipatory to the work "Supernatural Religion." The reissue has now appeared, with a melancholy interest derived from the author's sudden death.

We understand that the new tale which Mr. Wilkie Collins is now writing is entitled "The Law and the Lady." It will be published weekly in the *Graphic*, commencing on September 26th. The story may be looked forward to with more than ordinary interest, as this will be the first important work Mr. Collins has written for nearly two years.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon is spending some weeks in Germany studying the latest facts of those politics on which he has been invited to lecture in the United States. His two lectures, which he will first deliver in New York, are entitled "The New German Empire" and "Russia under Emancipation." During his stay Mr. Dixon will pay another visit to the Mormons, and also to California. He will write home letters, which will afterwards be republished in a volume.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

It is reported that Tennyson has nearly finished the tragedy of "Boadicea" which he is preparing for the stage.

The 1874 meeting of the three choirs was to have been held at Gloucester this week.

There are four large theatres at St. Petersburg, yet there are complaints of insufficiency.

Voltaire's play of "Zaïre" has been revived at the Théâtre Français, Paris.

Rubinstein's new opera for St. Petersburg is entitled "The Demon."

Melba and Halevy are going to create a new one-act piece, "Le Passage de Venus," *à propos* of the coming transit of Venus.

Madame Balfe has received royalty on upwards of 16,000 copies of the score and detached pieces of "Il Talismano."

The "Carl Rosa Opera Company," whose operations were brought to a sudden close last winter by the untimely death of Madame Parepa-Rosa, has been reorganized.

Mme. Camilla Urso has engaged Miss Clara Doria, Mr. Wm. H. Fessenden, Mr. J. F. Rudolphson, and Mr. August Sauret, a brother of the violinist and a highly endowed pianist, for her troupe for the coming season.

The man and dog fight story has been dramatized for the Hanley Theatre. Local enthusiasm is being aroused by pictures posted all over the district representing the fight with the man and dog chained to opposite walls.

Albani and Capoul will play the leading characters in Mascé's new opera of "Paul and Virginia," shortly to be brought out at Brussels, (not St. Petersburg, as previously reported.) Patti was offered 100,000 francs for twenty performances.

"Martin et Bamboche; ou, les Mystères des Enfants Trouvés," is the title of a drama, drawn from a novel of Eugène Sue, which is about to be given at the Théâtre du Cluny. Since 1847 this piece has been under interdiction.

Mlle. Thalberg, daughter of the famous pianist and composer, Sigismund Thalberg, has been secured by Mr. Gye for the Royal Italian Opera. This very young lady is said to possess musical endowments of a phenomenal kind, and it is asserted by her friends that she will be able to replace Madame Adelina Patti a few years hence. *Qui vivra verra!*

M. Offenbach has published a letter in which he announces his intention of instituting two annual prizes of 1,000f. each, one for a comedy in one act, and the other for an opera comique, the libretto of which will be provided. The successful works are to be played at least three times, so that the public may judge of their merits, and other managers see whether the productions are likely to suit them.

The following, reports *Ireland's Eye*, are Mlle. Marimon's terms for a Russian engagement: 1. No commission to agents. 2. Twenty thousand francs per month. 3. Ten appearances monthly to be guaranteed. 4. Never to sing on two consecutive evenings. 5. The choice of characters to be left entirely to myself. 6. Travelling expenses for two persons. 7. Two benefits—one at St. Petersburg and one at Moscow. 8. Costumes, which must be prepared in Paris.

How long an operatic artist takes to learn his or her part is frequently a subject of discussion, but we question whether all singers would accept the following conditions, copied from the engagement of a French artiste: "M. X. undertakes to learn one act of an opera or operetta in a week, two acts in ten days, three acts in twelve days, four and five acts in a fortnight." Fancy learning the part of Raoul, in the "Huguenots," in a couple of weeks!

GROTESQUES.

"Oh! ma. There's an angel with wings." "Pshaw! that's only Louisville girl with her ears spread."

To obtain a postage stamp at a Niagara hotel requires a five minutes struggle with two negroes and a bald-head book-keeper.

"Ha! you, sir," said Henry Erskine to a dilatory carpenter, "been there to build the ark, we should not have had the flood yet."

A Broadway girl has just rejected a suitor because his arm wasn't long enough to go round her. She said such a suitor did not suit her.

When a Chicago man can't lie on his back and go to sleep without dreaming of his mother-in-law, it is considered a sufficient ground for divorce.

"You hear me" is going out of fashion. "That's me that's coughing" is the absolutely latest way of emphasizing and calling attention to your remarks.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A minister once prayed: "O Lord we thank Thee for the goodly number here to-night, and that thou also are here notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather."

Noble lords are scarce at the watering-place hotels, and a cruel Western man accounts for it on the ground that it is not time for the barbers to take their summer vacations.

When they told an Indiana woman that her husband had been sliced up by a reaper, she impatiently replied: "Well, take the pieces to the barn; I can't leave the gooseberry sauce just now."

A good way to restore a man apparently drowned is to first dry him thoroughly inside and out, and then clap a speaking-trumpet to his ear and inform him that his mother-in-law is dead.

One reason why Wisconsin hired girls get four dollars per week, is because they have to go down stairs at midnight to investigate strange noises, while the man of the house takes up a position under the bed.

When a Portland woman chases her boy with a broom, he runs down on a wharf and jumps into the water. When he comes out his face is washed, his mother does not know him, and he is safe.

Terre Haute Express—"Look 'ere, now, Salusba," yelled a Clay County woman to the oldest girl, "don't bend over that well so fur. You'll fall in there, some of these days, and then we'll have to carry water!"

When a Tennessee husband will horsewhip his wife for washing potatoes in his Sunday plug hat, it is time to inquire whether this generation of men isn't getting to be too confounded high-toned for the age of the country?

Mrs. Tracy, of Missouri, had been sick a long time, and Tracy had her coffin in the barn. When she died the coffin was found four inches too short, and the neighbours wouldn't even let him saw four inches off the body to make a fit.

An interesting little boy, timid when left alone in a dark room, was overheard recently by his mother to say in his loneliness, "Oh, Lord, don't let anyone hurt me, and I'll go to church next Sunday, and give you some money."

Because the authorities of Cedar Rapids, in Iowa, won't sprinkle the streets, the Cedar Rapids *Times* has got its back up and refuses to publish anything about the Beecher business. Nothing like independent journalism for bringing people to their senses.

At High Falls, New York, the other day, a young lady, while crossing a field was knocked down by a ram, and the next time the damaged damsel saw her lover she informed that astonished youth that he might go about his business, as she was disgusted with the sex.

If the left ear of the "coming girl" is larger than its mate, the fact may be ascribed to the extra chance for development afforded it by the style of looping the broad brimmed hat up on that side, and allowing the sun to abase on the other.

A Kansas man who was fatally shot in a row recovered consciousness just before death and asked what kind of a weapon did the business. On being informed that it was a silver-mounted seven-shooter, he gasped, "Glory! I was afeared it was one of those boss pistols!" and then died happy.

They occasionally get hold of the wrong man in Kansas when they are hunting for a horse thief, but they do the fair thing with the widow. They give her a lot in the graveyard, buy the coffin, and march in procession, singing "John Brown's body." After that they make up a purse, buy her a shot-gun and two dogs for her to make a living with.

"Would my little Ezra," asked a fond mother, "like to be a missionary and go, and preach to the suffering heathen?" Tears, bright, pearly drops of feeling, glistened on little Ezra's eyes as he murmured, "No, I wouldn't; but I'd like to be on the perils long enough to put a tin roof on the big lummax that stuck shoe-maker's wax on my seat to-day at school."

"What is this for?" asked the coloured porter at the Hotel, Long Branch, the other day, holding out a twenty-five cent note given him by the gentleman addressed for carrying up his trunk. "That," said the gentleman taking the note and putting it back in his pocket, "was for your trouble and this is for your impudence," and he kicked him eleven feet, nine inches and a half into the hallway!

"They parted in sorrow, they parted in tears." The husband was to remain at Bordeaux, for he had a situation there: the wife was to go to London as a governess, and they filled the railway station with the noise and sorrow of their parting. "Do not cease to love me, and do not forget that you are the wife of a decent man," said the husband. "Never, never," said the wife, and she pulled out her handkerchief and tied a knot in it, that she might remember.

An exchange says: "Old Skinfint, with a speckled hen, was down to O'Brien's show last Thursday, and hitched his team to a fence in the rear of this office. Pulling an old ten-pound sack from under the seat, he proceeded to feed the horses. What on earth the hen was for we could not imagine, until, just before hitching up to return, he tied one end of the string attached to the hen's leg to the hind wheel of the wagon, and the mystery was solved—he had brought along the hen to pick up the last oat left by the horses, that nothing might be lost."

An Aberdeen banjo-player on his return home from conviviality serenaded the upstairs object of his affections. She opened the window and replied with—"Is that Joe?" "Yah, yah! I am Joe," said the facetious gentleman, in the nigger style. The descent from paths to fun soured the sweet one. "Yer rains in my boo-ooms," continued the serenader, striking several chords on the banjo to the words. The lady could stand it no longer, and emptied a wash-hand-basin on to him, exclaiming, "There's the rain in your bosom, yer wretch!" She shut the window, and shut out Joe from her heart for ever.