

THE BRITISH COINAGE.

Provisions for the Designs of Pieces, New and Old.

Queen Victoria's proclamation as to the new coin states that it has been thought fit to order that it be called a double florin, that it should be of the standard weight of 340,000 grains, and of the fineness of thirty-seven fortieths fine silver and three fortieths alloy, and should pass and be received as current and lawful money of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland at the rate of 4s. or one-fifth of a pound; and that every such coin should have the same obverse and reverse impression and inscription in all respects as the florin, with a graining upon the edge. The proclamation ordains that the said pieces of money, so coined and to be coined, shall be current and lawful money of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The proclamation further contains a series of provisions determining the designs for the several coins. Every 45 piece, every 22 piece, every sovereign and every crown is to have for the obverse impression the royal effigy, with the inscription: "Victoria D. G. Britt. Reg. F. D.," and for the reverse the image of St. George armed, sitting on horseback, attacking the dragon with a sword, and a broken spear upon the ground, and the date of the year, with a graining upon the edge. Every half sovereign is to have for the obverse impression the aforesaid effigy, with the inscription "Victoria Dei Gratia," and for the reverse the ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom contained in a garnished shield, surmounted by the royal crown, with the inscription "Britanniarum Regina Fid. Def." and the date of the year, with a graining upon the edge. Every half crown is to have for the obverse a similar impression and inscription to that on the half sovereign; and for the reverse the ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom, contained in a plain shield surrounded by the garter, bearing the motto: "Honi soitt qui mally pence," and the collar of the garter, with the inscription: "Britanniarum Regina Fid. Def." and the date of the year, with a graining upon the edge. With regard to the florin, the obverse impression is to be the royal effigy, with the inscription, "Victoria Dei Gratia," and for the reverse the ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom contained in four shields arranged crosswise, each shield crowned, and between the shields four sceptres surmounted by orls, a thistle, and a harp, and a star and garter in the centre, with the inscription, "Britt. Reg. Fid. Def." and the date of the year, with a graining upon the edge. There are other regulations determining the designs of the smaller coins. The proclamation came into operation on the 13th ult.

He Swallowed Forty Knives.

In one of the two museums at Guy's Hospital is a little glazed frame or box, in which, says The Hospital, are contained some scraps of rusty iron. They are associated in a very intimate degree with the personal history of one John Cummings, an American sailor, who at the close of the last century, and at the age of about twenty-three, went ashore on the coast of France with some of his shipmates. They went to a fair, where they saw a mountebank amusing a company by swallowing pocket-knives. They were simple souls, those sailors, Yankees though they were, and never a doubt had they, apparently, that the mountebank's performance was a genuine one. When they got back to their ship Cummings seems to have pool-poled the achievement of the Frenchman, and vowed he could do the same if he liked; whereupon his shipmates dared him to try. Not liking to back out of it after his boasting, and "having a good supply of grog inwardly," he at length took out his own pocket knife, and slipped it down his throat with the greatest ease. Partly by its own weight, and partly by a little hydrostatic pressure, which Cummings naturally encountered by more grog, the knife made its way down into the stomach, and no particular uneasiness was experienced. Proud of his shipmates' admiration, the reckless tar declared that he was ready to swallow all the knives on board ship, and three more were instantly produced, and it is stated that he actually belted them all. For six years he made no more experiments of the kind, but later on he repeated them frequently with the utmost unconcern. At length he had to seek medical advice. The doctors at first refused to believe the story, and looked upon him as a monomaniac. When they were induced seriously to examine him, they clearly detected a metal point projecting through the walls of the stomach. His state was at once pronounced hopeless, and he died, and from his ill-used stomach were removed the forty or fifty scraps of metal displayed here at Guy's.

Origin of Honeymoon.

It may not be generally known, says a writer in the Epoch, that the word "honeymoon" is derived from the ancient Teutons, and means drinking for 30 days after marriage of methaglin, mead or hydromel, a kind of wine made from honey. Attila, a celebrated King of the Huns, who boasted of the appellation, "The Saviour of God," is said to have died on his nuptial night from an uncommon effusion of blood, brought on

by indulging too freely in hydromel at his wedding feast.

The term "honeymoon" now signifies the first month after marriage, or so much of it as is spent from home. John Tobin, in "The Honeymoon," thus refers to it:

Thus truth is manifest—a gentle wife
Is still the sterling comfort of a man's life;
To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who wisely keep their honeymoon.

FUN THAT IS RISKY.

Young Women Who Have Very Impoverished Photographs Taken.

Here's something that we've all known right along, but we've all hesitated to acknowledge we know, writes a New York correspondent of the Baltimore American. Now that somebody has said it, and especially since that somebody is the bright, clever author of "Bab's Babbie," why, there's no harm in repeating it: "The newspapers are making a great row about some not very nice photographs that were taken of some very foolish schoolgirls. The Society for the Suppression of Vice would open its eyes if it could see some of the photographs taken by the amateurs. Women not in the swim may be donkeys to risk going to a professional, but Mlle. Prudence, who drops her eyes so prettily and looks so shy, has the wisdom of this generation. Her own most intimate friend—a woman, of course—will take her with or without any amount of costume she may desire, give her the negative, and there is not the slightest danger of any trouble afterward. Mademoiselle may think she looks her best in a tight fitting silk vest, a Gainsboro hat, a black lace umbrella, silk stockings and high-heeled slippers. The amiable friend will take the photograph in this costume. Mlle. Prudence is delighted, the friend is given some little bijou or made one in a pleasant party, and a couple of years from now Mlle. Prudence will show Tom, Dick or Harry, whichever one she may choose to marry, this delightful picture of herself, and assure him that his eyes are the first that have ever rested upon it. This may be true. Mlle. Prudence may have had her little laugh all to herself, or it may not be true, and if Tom, Dick or Harry belong to a club among whose members mademoiselle had an extensive acquaintance, the husband may trouble himself to find out what degree his sweetest one had fibbed to him. It is a little way woman have. Men know they do to every other man, but no one likes to discover that he has been deceived. If Mlle. Prudence would take advice, she would wait until she is madame, and then let monsieur take her photograph. Though, by the by, they say that a divorce is being got for this very reason; that monsieur had a weakness for taking madame in a costume peculiar to the Garden of Eden, and that after a while madame kicked. How little sense she showed! If monsieur had the photographing craze, it is much more moral to take his own wife as Eve than to ask this favor of somebody else's, and really I feel as if that woman had absolutely taken a stand against good morals."

English Fashions for June.

Old pink—according to "Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion"—is the most fashionable colour for bonnets, and is used in ribbons, gauze, flowers, feathers and crepe, either as the foundation or for the trimming. A good model is a small flat-crowned capote covered with gold embroidered lace, a pleating of the lace forming a crest up the centre of the back, and a fan pleating in front falling over the centre part of a folded brim of dark old-pink velvet, which rests on the hair. Very ladylike hats are made of Leghorn straw with tall crowns, and brims bent in various directions, and covered and lined with drawn black lace. The trimmings are a plume of small feather tips in straws or any other light colour, falling in front from the top of the crown, and two or three detached butterfly bows of narrow ribbon velvet.

Examine, and other openwork and transparent fabrics, are worn in all shades, but beige is by far the most fashionable color. Striped tannine and voile also made up with plain faille or sicilienne. Flounced skirts, in lace and in silk, are growing in favour, and the flounces are either carried all round the skirt or placed in front only.

Amongst the prettiest and most practical of the prevailing modes are the coquettish little jackets and open bodices made of all kinds of material, and worn with skirts made of entirely different fabrics, but with which the most harmonious. These bodices are worn with morning and with evening toilettes, but although little difference is made in the materials employed, the styles adopted for the two occasions vary considerably. The jacket worn at the breakfast table is frequently loose in shape, while that intended for evening wear fits the figure closely and is more like a bodice. Two colours are often combined in these bodices; thus a jacket of wallflower-colored surah has pale-blue embroidered revers, and opens over a chemise of pale-blue crepe lisse or of white lace.

In many houses in this city bathrooms are dependent for light and ventilation upon small windows opening into hallways and corridors. There is not, it is believed, at present any law which can reach "this atrocious structural blunder." There certainly ought to be one.

RICH, BUT UNHAPPY.

Some Wealthy Men Whose Lot is Not Envidable.

I believe that there is more deception about the happiness of the average millionaire than the most skeptical of us imagine, writes Blake Hall. Last Sunday I went to a Baptist church presided over by an old-fashioned clergyman whom I heard first when I was six years old. He isn't exactly the fashion, but he preaches sermons of the good old, orthodox style that are to me more acceptable than the vain frippery and resonant conceit of the town preachers. The usher took me half way up the aisle, and I sat down behind a man who was perhaps 48 years of age. He wore the conventional frock coat. I was struck first by the magnificent contour of his head. It might have been modelled after that of the greatest of the Caesars. But he looked very much out of health. His skin was colorless, his eyes heavy and his brow wrinkled. From every quarter of the church eyes were trained at him from time to time. What struck me particularly was his restlessness. It seemed an utter impossibility for him to remain quiet, even for an instant. He shifted his seat, twisted his head and twitched his fingers all through the service. I have no doubt he would have resented say that I pitted him—and, between you and me, it's an exceedingly pleasant thing to be able to pity a man who is worth \$100,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller is the head of the Standard Oil Company, and one of the rich men of the world; but I would not take his nervousness, responsibility and ill-health if the capital stock of the whole of the big monopoly went with it.

Another millionaire who is somewhat known sits about in hotel corridors and, lonely, crabbed and curd. One after one his friends have left him, till now not even an old school-fellow looks at him as he passes by. He is a rank drunkard, and nothing more. The vice has brought out all that is repulsive in his character, and driven even his family from him.

Russell Sage entered an elevated car the other day and sank into a seat near the door, looking like a frowzy and ill-kempt farmer. I wondered at the time if the valley of ill-natured remarks that greeted his arrival reached the old miser's ears.

Perhaps poverty has some advantages after all.

COLLARS.

How a Man Goes About Buying Them and the Fuss he Makes.

They say women make a great fuss about their shopping. Well, they do. But how about this sort of thing?—and you can hear it any day in any haberdasher's shop:

Man (entering, and gazing vaguely about him, as if he wondered where the rhinoceros was kept)—I—I—

Clerk (affably)—Yes, sir; anything to-day, sir?

M.—I want "a [long pause]—want a collar.

C.—Yes, sir. Stand up, sir?

M.—Eh?

C.—Stand up or turn down, sir?

M.—Oh, stand up, I guess. Yes, stand up.

C.—(Running his hand over a wall of green baize.)—Which, sir?

M.—Eh? Whichever?

C.—What size, sir?—sixteen?

M.—Sixteen? No—that ain't my size. Lemme see—fifteen-and-a-half, I guess. Fifteen-and-a-half or fifteen—or maybe it's sixteen. I never can remember.

C.—(Measuring him.)—Sixteen, sir; I think you'll find that's right.

M.—Suppose I ought to write that down. That would be a good scheme, wouldn't it?

C.—I should think it would be a first-rate idea, sir. Tain't much to remember, though, when you come to think of it. Any particular style, sir?

M.—Yes—now—oh, pshaw! what is that name, now? I can't remember.

C.—The "Gladiator"? Very popular just now, sir.

M.—"Gladiator"? No—that ain't it. Something like a fish, the name was.

C.—"Mastodon," maybe?

M.—No, not "Dolphin," exactly. More like Megatherium, or something.

C.—"Mastodon," please?

M.—No, I guess not. Began with A.

C.—"Asterisk," wasn't it?

M.—(Brightening up)—"Asterisk"—yes, that's what it was. "Asterisk"—or—now oh, yes, I've got it—the "Aspasia," yes, I remember now.

C.—All out of "Aspasia," sir—haven't handled that style in six years, sir. Guess I was mistaken. Whotter you got there?—Le's see.

C.—(displaying collars)—Here's the back, but it goes.

M.—(recovering himself)—It don't go with me. I ain't a lamp-post. Show me a collar. I don't want a Japanese screen.

C.—How's this—the "Mikado"?

M.—Ah-h-h—chestnut!

C.—Here's the "Swivel"—know why it's called so?

M.—Nah.

C.—Cause of the flip. Turns over in front—see?

M.—(sternly)—Turn it over that side of the counter.

C.—Yes, sir. How does this suit?

M.—A? Is kinder? I don't want to show my chest-protector. Haven't you got anything higher than that?

C.—Here's the "Opera." That comes perfectly high; but we must have it.

M.—(grimly)—I ain't letting out space for advertising on my collars. Gimme something to put around my neck.

C.—How'll this sucker?

M.—Too Bowersy, altogether! I don't wear a red shirt and one suspender.

C.—It's called the "King of the Dudes"

—one of the latest things we have in stock.

M.—Oh, well, I don't want to be always trying these new things. I like to get a collar that I can stick to, and wear right along. Something I can get every time I call for it.

C.—Yes, sir. You don't remember the name of any particular style, that used to be such a do you?

M.—Well, I've been hunting for the sort of thing I wanted for years—never got just the sort of collar I wanted, yet. Hi, there—that's a good one! Lemme see that one.

C.—This? That's the "Criterion"—same one you looked at a while back.

M.—Is it?—guess that wasn't the one I meant. No—there it is. Why didn't you show me that one before? Now, that's a white man's collar—neat and quiet—just what I wanted.

C.—Nice collar, sir. How many?

M.—Eh?

C.—How many, sir? Dozen?

M.—Dozen? No—guess I don't want a dozen, Lemme see—oh, well, gimme one, just to try how it goes with the boys. Then, if I want more, I can come back and get 'em. Whotter's the name was?

C.—(rolling one collar up)—"King of the Dudes"—fifteen cents, please. Cash!

M.—(mechanical producing a quarter)—What's that?

C.—Kinnerthodees. Thank you, Cash! Fifteen [Curtain.]—Puck.

A Woman in Man's Clothes.

That distinguished novelist who wrote "Indiana" and "Cousin" (says a Paris correspondent) was fond of walking about Paris attired in man's clothing. It was a weakness to which no one paid attention, as Georges Sand was an erratic woman of genius, and geniuses have a free charter to do things which would cause the social ostracism of minor mortals. The conduct of the celebrated writer has lately been imitated by French women, who have rather scandalized even easy-going and unpuritanical Parisians by appearing in public clad in masculine costume. The greatest sinner in this respect has been a Madame Dieulafoy, a lady who was not long ago decorated with the Legion of Honor for her intrepid travels and explorations, in company with her husband, in the East. She appeared in a fashionable theatre the other night dressed as a fearfully and wonderfully got-up "dude," with Mephistophelian boots and a pair of inexpressibles made according to the latest spring fashion. To complete her personal misadventure she wore the ribbon with which she had been recently decorated. Rumor has it that the Prefect of Police, shocked by the prevailing taste for trousers evinced by the fair sex—a taste which reached its apogee when the lady alluded to posed as a supercherie in the theatre—has furnished up an old legal weapon which was first manufactured in the ninth year of the First Republic, and improved upon in 1857. This empowers the police to arrest any woman found wearing male apparel, out of Carnival time, unless she be in possession of a certificate signed by the proper authorities to the effect that she uses man's costume for purposes of health. Madame Dieulafoy may have had such a permission as a traveller, but she was sadly to blame for making herself so conspicuous by appearing in a box at the theatre arrayed like a ultrachic.

The Shoulder and the Calf.

Of late years our eyes have grown accustomed to the manly calf which has been covered for a half a century. A "fine leg" used to be a very essential part of gentlemanly perfection, and we find it dwelt upon in old plays and romances as the mainly counterpart to feminine beauty of face. Perhaps the age which in reviving many sports, has brought back the higher type of physical perfection—lost in half a century of effeminacy—will see the revival of the old style of dress. When men or women are well developed, despite the law given to Adam, they are apt to show it. Our great-grandmothers did a deal of work at spinning and mending, in the kitchen and dairy—even at the wash-tub. Our great-grandfathers rode horseback, walked, hunted, and fished. So the plump dames were very decollete, and the tight silk stockings exhibited the swelling limb. Then came the degenerate period of inactivity. Work was no longer necessary, the excitement of active sports had not been discovered by our new civilization, and the physical decadence was felt by the fashion-makers; up went the tucker over gaunt shoulders; down came the trousers over pipe-stem legs. How would the young men of the feeble sort, which was the fashion five-and-twenty years ago, have been able to sport inexpressibles and hose? Now we have polo and tennis and cricket, rowing and racing, hunting meets all the season, toboggan and rink for men and maids. The fair shoulders burst forth again, the knickerbocker exhibits the stalwart muscles once more.

A Matter of Life and Death.

"You are very late, doctor," said the sick man, feebly. "I expected you an hour ago. I am afraid the delay may prove serious."

"I am very sorry," responded the physician, "but I got into an argument over the relative merits of the old and new school of medicine, and couldn't get away."

A new fashion in gloves is a gant de Suede, which is of a deep, soft red called sang de boeuf, with the stripes between the fingers of white kid. Others in heliotrope are made in the same way and the latest addition in the color of gloves is the tint called honeysuckle.

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