

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES:—

"Come here's a glass to the owl and the ass,
The emblem of wisdom and patience so true."

What a life of trial and worry this life below is anyway; trials great and small beset us every day and we are supposed to summon fortitude to meet them, and how often we are enjoined to be patient? Now, while patience is well enough in its way, it is not always the right ingredient. Patience will never mend the hole in the roof where the rain comes in, nor mend the heel of Johnny's stocking. Prompt action and perseverance will do far more than patience. Patience and laziness are twin sisters, and it is only the name that distinguishes them. Patience and perseverance are said to accomplish much, but perseverance will do more alone. Why extol this so-called virtue when all nature scorns it? The brooks, the rolling waves, the winds, rain, snow, and thunder and lightning, all hurry and rush; even growth of the grass and trees all speak of hurry and perseverance. And let me tell my dear nieces that the woman who is the most patient is not the most successful after all. Never leave to time what you can do at once. Too many of the actual duties of life are slipped over or left neglected because of the exercise of patience, when we know it is only an expenditure of nerve force. The birds' nests will not build themselves if the intended occupants sit and look at the spot where they want them. No. They sensibly set to work and gather material and construct it. Give your trials just enough of thought to learn how to lessen them, then set about doing so, and you will find yourself a less long-suffering and enduring, if a less patient woman.

MINNIE MAY.

Fashion Notes.

Fabrics for dresses never were prettier nor cheaper than this season, and the styles in which they are made make them look prettier still. All colors are worn, all styles too, from the bell skirt and jaunty basque to the umbrella skirt and vest with Figaro jacket. Sleeves are large on all the dresses, the leg-o'-mutton being the prettiest, but many full sleeves end at the elbow, and a tight sleeve encloses the fore-arm, with a row of buttons on the outside. The necks are finished with standing collar, others with straight band, and others with a small turnover collar; these are usually made of another color or material to the dress, as all the costumes have two colors this season. The military cape with Derby collar is worn, if any additional warmth is needed.

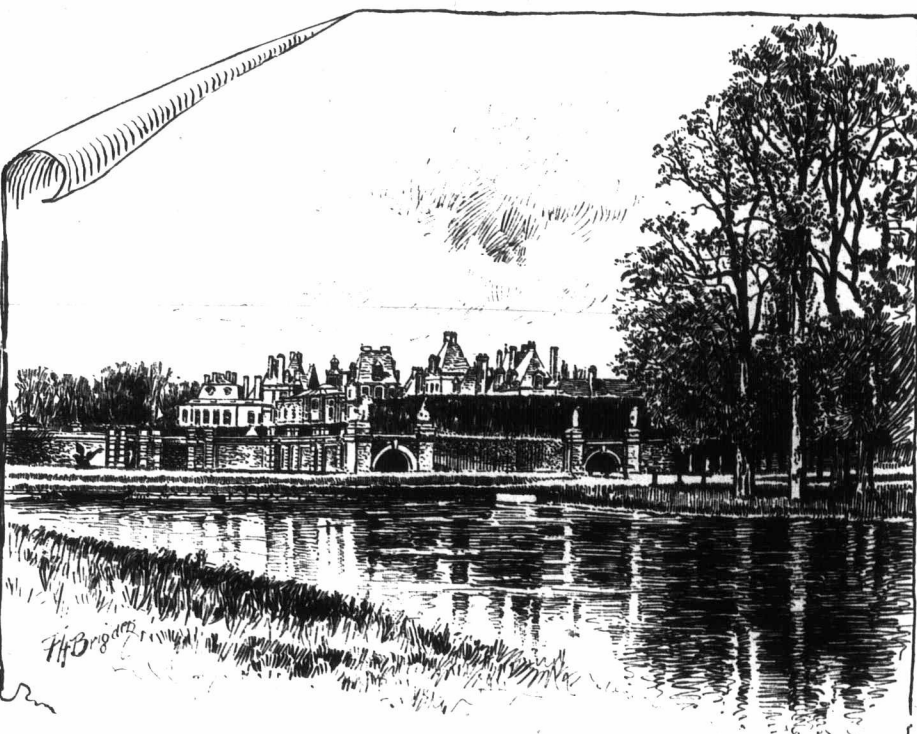
Hats are lovely dreams, suiting all faces, in all colors and in every style and at every price. Lace hats are prettiest, surmounted with a tall bunch of roses or nodding blossoms, as if they were just plucked and pinned there; veils are little worn on hats, except the Empire, but the faces look prettiest without them. Straw hats can be had in all colors to suit the costume, and no very strong colors are to be seen in the prettiest ones. Pale grey with pink, black and yellow, grey and green, green of two shades, brown and pink, are some of the most striking. Parasols and sun shades are flounced or plain just as the wearer can afford, for it is a mark of the good sense of women that they do not wear what they cannot afford, and they feel themselves well dressed in a print, if they cannot get a more expensive dress. Speaking of prints, they are just the dress for summer wear, clean and neat, as a young woman's dress should be, and pretty and dressy enough for any occasion; the patterns are exceedingly choice and the colors as dainty as chambrays.

No ten shoes are worn this year,—they never were in good taste, and girls were not slow to acknowledge it; they looked conspicuous on the foot and did not accord with any costume. Black silk petticoats are just the thing for hot summer wear; light and cool, and easily brushed from dust, the "rustler" must remain in favor. A waterproof should be a part of every girl's wardrobe, and they have appeared this year in such pretty styles and colors every taste can be suited, but do not make the mistake of buying a too expensive one; they last so long with such occasional wear that a cheaper one will answer every purpose, and can be changed in a year or two and the old one altered for the little sister, while you feel you are not guilty of extravagance in getting another.

Monday's child is sad and sad;
Tuesday's child is merry and glad;
Wednesday's child is full of grace;
Thursday's child is full of face;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
Saturday's child must work for a living.
But the bairn that's born on the Sabbath Day,
Is good and bonnie and wise and gay.

The Palace of Fontainebleau.

Fontainebleau boasts of 9,700 inhabitants. There is a viaduct of thirty arches at the station. The exact time of the beginning to build the exquisite palace is quite uncertain. Some say the first stone was laid by King Robert, in the 11th century. The name is derived from a spring of water which existed where the town is now. It was so delicious and thought so much of by the thirsty hunters of Louis VII.'s Reign, that it was called Fontaine-Belle-Eau, and so on till it became in some years after merely Fontainebleau. Philippe Le Bel died there, and his tomb is in a church in a neighboring hamlet called Avoeu. The present palace was conceived in the 14th century, by Francis I. The principal events in French history took place there: Francis feted Charles V. of Germany, and Marechal-de-Biron was arrested there in 1602, and afterwards beheaded; Queen Christine's favorite secretary was assassinated also there by her orders. The very saddest death also occurred there, that of the Dauphin son of Louis the 15th. The court soon after this death was transferred to Versailles, and Fontainebleau began to be neglected, and at the Revolution was stripped of all its furniture and valuable decorations, and fell into ruins. Napoleon partially restored it, and it once more became an eventful place. Charles of Spain, when dethroned by Bonaparte, was a prisoner for about twenty-eight days, and in 1809 Napoleon and Josephine were divorced, and again, shortly after this, Pope Pius the 7th became an inmate of the palace for one year and a half—an unwilling one, too; also at



THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

Fontainebleau, Napoleon in 1814 signed his Abdication and bade good-bye to Imperialism. In 1834, Louis Philippe commenced its restoration, the best artists were employed, and everything restored in its original style, and the furniture renewed so that all became as it used to be. The chief entrance to the palace is by the "Cour des Adieux." There are four courts: Cour de Fontaine, Cour Ovale, Cour de Princes, and the first mentioned "Cour des Adieux"—this one was designed by an architect called Ierlic. The railway separating it from the Place-de-Ferraro was erected by Napoleon. This part of the chateau has five pavilions (I mean where the four courts are to be seen); there is a room in it, completely covered with mirrors, in which Napoleon signed his abdication (mentioned above). His writing desk is still there, and a small table covered with a glass case, on which the abdication rested. The panels and ceilings were all painted by Bouchier. From the ceiling of one room there hangs a magnificent lustre of rock crystal; this particular room was begun by Charles IX., and decorated by Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. The throne and draperies were added by Napoleon. I shall only add, that in another room the Empress Marie Louise's bed is still to be seen.

A Curious Puzzle.

Open a book at random, and select a word within the first ten lines, and within the tenth word from the end of the line; mark the word; now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by five; then add twenty; then add the number of the line you have selected; then add five; multiply the sum by ten; add the number of the word in the line: from this sum subtract two hundred and fifty, and the remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word, in the ten column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.

Revised Whist Rules.

THOSE COMPILED BY A BROOKLYNITE ARE NOT IN ACCORD WITH POLE.

Among the many players of whist in Brooklyn, says the *Eagle*, is Henry Miller, of the Aurora Grata Club. He is not a drone in the hive by a long shot, and he has repaid whist for the pleasure it has given him by making a set of rules to boom the game. The rules are going the rounds of the Aurora Grata Club, and in their wake follows a wonderful revival in the pastime. The rules contain many things never heard about in connection with the sport before. Here they are, printed by consent of the author, who had them copyrighted in order that they might not go further and permanently cripple out-of-town amateurs. The rules are for professionals and are too strong medicine for lesser lights of the game.

RULES FOR PROFESSIONAL WHIST PLAYERS.

Rule 1—Never return your partner's lead; half the fun is in seeing him play against three.

Rule 2—If your partner calls for trumps, let him call, you just snicker.

Rule 3—Always trump your partner's trick. What right has he to take it? He takes it to humiliate you and show your insignificance in the game.

Rule 4—Always lead from a sneak and watch the look of contempt on your partner's countenance.

Rule 5—Always throw away from your long suit, so that your partner can't blame you for not trumping your opponent's trick.

Rule 6—Engage in conversation across the table and ascertain the high cards played in the suits.

Rule 7—Revoke occasionally, as it tends to shorten the game by giving your opponents three extra tricks.

Rule 8—Insist on looking at the last three tricks, and call your partner's attention to what has already been played.

Rule 9—After each hand is played get up a "post mortem," and show what might have happened if your partner had played differently.

Rule 10—As whist is supposed to be played in silence, be as hilarious as possible, so as to keep the minds of the players off the game.

Rule 11—If you have friends in the room, it is expected that they should look into the hands of your opponents and prompt you what to play.

Rule 12—In dealing, wet your thumb in your mouth as often as possible, so you can enjoy the feelings of the more cleanly players.

Rule 13—If you have ace and queen only, always play out your ace first. It is only good for one trick and your adversaries ought to be allowed to take a trick with their king.

Rule 14—Play second hand high on first round, and if you lose the trick be thankful you are rid of a doubtful card.

Rule 15—Always assist your adversaries in getting up a "see-saw"; it is fun to see them scoop in the tricks.

Rule 16—If your partner is strong in trumps, weaken his hand by forcing him to trump. He won't take as many tricks as he expected.

Rule 17—Any mistake that is made by your partner should be treated as downright stupidity; while your errors are only errors of judgment.

The above rules are becoming more popular every day. Professionals wishing to become amateurs can do so by consulting any of the standard authorities on whist.

Mr. Miller is a firm believer in the old-fashioned game, and has a scorn and horror of conventional signals and new-fangled methods. He contemplates preparing a new edition of his rules, amplifying and extending them so that the lead desired will be reduced to an absolute certainty. He suggests, for example, that when you desire clubs led, touch your left ear; when you want diamonds, close your right eye, and a similar kind of signal for each of the other suits.

Three volleys are fired over the grave of a soldier in honor of the Holy Trinity, just as in baptism people are baptised in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The volleys are first after the solemn words—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."