

LATE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Paris Correspondence of Land and Water.

Are we to dance this winter! This has been a *question brûlée* for various ladies of late, but I think it is answered now, and answered in the affirmative. Already several official *fêtes* are announced, and Madame Thiers' *salons* are expected soon to be opened, but whether in Paris or Versailles is not yet known. Let us hope that it will be in Paris, for it would be rather too much to have to travel twenty kilometres for a dance, although special trains, all warmed and wadded, were organized for the occasion. *Outre*, Monsieur Thiers, the Ministers, one and all, are to dazzle us with the brilliancy of the entertainments with which they contemplate overwhelming us. In fact, Versailles is to see once more the splendours it witnessed during the reign of the "Foi soleil," as the French sometimes style their "grand monarque." But in Paris, also, we are anticipating to be gay, and already a few of our most noted *salons* have commenced their weekly receptions. At present, however, there is only conversation and music, but dancing will begin ere long. The Princess Metternich is also once more among us, and where she is there is always charm; and the Marquise de Chasseloup-Laubat, one of the queens of Parisian high society, will soon receive; and, lastly, though by no means least, the Duc d'Aumale is announced to give perfectly royal *fêtes* at his hotel in the Faubourg St. Honoré. It is to be a succession of balls, banquets, concerts, etc. If the duke wishes to be popular he cannot do better than open his doors as soon as possible, the sooner the better. Unfortunately, we shall not have so many fair Americans at our *réunions* this winter. These young daughters of Columbia, whilst Republicans at home, are not satisfied with anything less than a real monarchy abroad; and a word or look from a king, be he ever so small, is worth more to them than all the compliments of our President, be he ever so great;—*ergo*, to love royalty we must be Republican.

But for all these *fêtes* in prospect we must have some dresses, *n'est ce pas?* And for this I have consulted with the best *artistes de modes* in Paris, and this is what they tell me. The general style of dinner and morning dress will be a train and body of colour, over an under dress of white satin, silk, or lace. Some ladies will adopt the Louis XV style, some the Médicis. For ladies of commanding stature and features the Médicis will be more suitable, but for a bright, sparkling, little woman, the Louis XV is preferable. Elderly ladies, however, should wear a toilette of only one colour, with lace trimmings and tunic; but in no case must any lady, whether young or old, wear a dress of more than one colour. White, of course, is not included in this rule, and is allowed with every colour. For quite young girls there is not anything like white, whether tulle, muslin, or gauze, which can be relieved with coloured ribbons and flowers, or be worn over coloured silks, according to the complexion.

And, here, before adding another word, I must tell you all, ladies, that not only is crinoline entirely abolished, but even stiff under-skirts are dispensed with. No more starch, nor cracklings of starch, but everything to be as soft and flowing as possible. At the same time, trains are increasing in length if not in width, and are becoming more and more pointed. Once we thought we could not walk without a crinoline; now we cannot walk with one. It is strange how soon the eye becomes accustomed to change in fashion, for positively our ladies look more graceful now in their snake-like folds than ever they did dressed as balloons.

And now I will endeavour to describe some of the dresses which I have lately seen at our early *réunions*. The first is a dinner dress of most exquisite taste. It was composed, first, of a white gros silk dress, with a deep kilt plaiting in front, reaching nearly to the waist, over this a train of white velvet trimmed with a founce of white Alençon; the body was square and the sleeves puffed to the elbow, with a deep lace frill, to fall over the arm. The train was looped up at the side with cerise velvet bows, and cerise bows at the elbows of the sleeves and in front of the body; a cerise bow in the hair.

Another dress, seen at the first performance of the "Trône d'Écosse." A train and square body of green satin, over a white muslin skirt; a Charlotte Corday fichu, crossed in front and tied at the back, with long flowing ends, and a little lace puff in the hair.

Another dress, of the same evening. A pearl-grey *crêpe de Chine* train and body over a pearl grey satin. This train was looped up at sides with pink moire ribbons, with same on body, sleeves, and in the hair.

Nearly all the opera cloaks were braided and trimmed with gold, and in every case the chaussure was of the same colour and material as the train.

Spanish mantillas have for some time been much in favour with Parisian ladies, but now they are likely to be more than ever in vogue, and that on account of the great success of the play, "L'Article 47," in which the heroine, to hide a scar on her face, always wears a lace scarf folded round her head and neck, and wearing it so gracefully that all the people in Paris are going wild about it. A Spanish mantilla at the theatre is the most charming head-dress a lady can wear, especially with a bow of ribbon or a flower at the side of the hair. Every lady who wishes to be pretty (and who does not) should wear one.

The greatest novelty in ribbons for neck, hair, or waist, is the *mouiré*. It is richer and firmer than *crêpe de Chine*, and keeps its shape better when made into a bow or sash.

A word on under-skirts to be worn with train dresses. The last shape is very long and full at the bottom, but gored at the top. Three narrow flounces at the bottom, with another very deep one over these entirely covering them, and at the top, at back, three other flounces, to form tournure; but nothing on the hips. This skirt will be found ample for the present fashion of long serpent trains.

And now, in conclusion, I will just put in a word for the economical—how to wear a white silk dress whose first freshness is *passé*. I have seen one thus arranged, and it was most elegant. It was a white silk train dress, and on this were sewn lengthways rows of black velvet ribbon scarcely an inch wide. I suppose it must have taken three or four pieces of velvet to complete the dress; the cost, therefore, was trifling, whatever the trouble may have been, and the effect was charming.

Many ladies complain of being compelled to wear corsets, since custom demands it, and they must submit, whatever discomfort they may have to suffer. However, I think I may be able to advise them how to unite comfort, ease, and usage,

and that is by wearing "ceintures" only. I do not know whether these can be obtained in England, but in Paris they are to be procured at Mesdames Vertues, Sœurs, 27, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. They are called the *ceintures régentes*, and are made in white coutil or coloured satin. By sending the size of waist, chest, and hips, and length of waist under the arms, a correctly-fitting "ceinture" can be secured; and any lady who tries one will vouch for its comfort and elegance. I can say no more.

CONSUMPTION OF GAS IN LONDON, 1870.

According to official reports of the thirteen gas companies of London for the year 1870, the following were the

RECEIPTS.		
For gas.....	£9,045,313	0 6
Rent of meters.....	31,558	2 4
Sale of old materials.....	5,766	5 4
Products.....	424,952	5 11
Miscellaneous.....	11,649	15 11
Total.....	£2,519,239	10 0
EXPENSES.		
Coal.....	£1,004,300	0 7
Purifying materials.....	22,235	16 7
Wages of workmen.....	224,432	3 10
Repairs.....	185,431	6 7
Taxes.....	63,172	2 1
Salaries.....	24,808	3 0
Commission of collectors.....	27,035	18 9
Offices expenses.....	17,600	19 10
Directors.....	22,565	1 9
Auditors.....	1,314	60 0
Gas pipes.....	127,249	8 1
Gas meters.....	32,884	15 11
Lawyer's fee.....	3,653	16 9
Miscellaneous.....	29,736	11 2
Total.....	£1,786,409	16 9

Excess of receipts over expenditures £722,829, 13s. 3d. The active capital and loan of the thirteen companies is £8,272,816; the receipts thereof exhibit an interest of 8.86 per cent. on the capital stock. The private consumption of gas was 9,122,113,853 cubic feet; for the street lamps it was 1,500,000,000 cubic feet; the total consumption of gas in London for 1870 was therefore 10,522,000,000 cubic feet, which is double the consumption of Paris. Total quantity of coal used in making gas 1,225,839 tons, and the average cost, including cannel, was 16s. 4½d. per ton. In New York the annual consumption of coal by three gas companies is 200,000 tons.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Charles Reade has in preparation a new novel, to appear in *London Society*.

Browning has a new poem ready for the press, which will be published this month.

The proud possessor of the name of Agapius Honcharenko, publishes the *Alaska Herald*.

An official of the French Foreign Office, hearing in dictation the name "Lord John Russell," wrote "*For jaune ruisselle*."

A man from San Francisco who had not heard of the Chicago fire arrived there last week. After looking at the ruins he turned to a stranger and asked: "How long did the earthquake last, old sport?"

In case the Grand Duke cannot visit the oil regions, the *Titusville Herald* proposes to send on a tank of crude oil and sprinkle the contents around him, so that he can get an idea of how those regions smell.

The police officers of Saratoga talk of naming their new lock-up after the first victim who will have the "honour" of getting in "quod," and, consequently the Saratogians go away from home to enjoy their spree.

Rocheport's occupation at Fort Bayard is that of writing the history of Napoleon III. The title of the book will of course be cuttingly insolent; it is, in fact—"Histoire du Bas Empire, ou, les Aventures de Robert Macaire."

"When a distinguished American dies," said a shrewd and sarcastic observer not long ago, "his admiring friends and countrymen immediately resolve to build him a magnificent monument, and then—they don't build it!"

An exchange spoke of an eminent citizen as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State," which neat little compliment came from the compositor's hand reading, "a nobby old burglar, prowling around in a naked state."

A very wicked Connecticut man, being recently taken ill, and believing he was about to die, told a neighbour that he felt the need of preparation for the next world, and would like to see some proper person in regard to it, whereupon the feeling friend sent for an insurance agent.

On the road between Meriden and Hartford there is a saloon where decoctions of benzine are passed over a rickety bar, at the small price of five cents. Directly opposite is a country graveyard where the country for a few miles around bury their dead. The hostess of the saloon has an unfeeling signal on the door as follows: "Key to the cemetery gate within."—*Danbury News*.

A doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party; "it has been announced in the newspaper." "Ah!" said the doctor, stretching his neck importantly; "pray in what terms?" "Well, as well as I can remember, in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven deaths less than the week before!'"

The new hat just brought out in Paris is called the *casserole*, being exactly of the shape of a copper saucepan, or something like the helmet worn by the Knights Templars of old. The hat has not the smallest symptom of brim, and the crown is ornamented to the very summit with alternate bands of velvet and satin. A tulle aigrette is placed in front, and adds to the fierce aspect of the whole. With the short cane, which it

has become the fashion to carry in one hand, while the tiny muff is held by the other, the ladies of Paris look really quite prepared to meet attack at any time.

A Danbury man saw his daughter into the cars and passed round to her window for a parting look at her. While he was passing out the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a prim looking lady who occupied the seat with her moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change inside, our venerable friend hastily exclaimed, "One more kiss, sweet pet." In another instant the point of a blue cotton umbrella caught his seductive lips, followed by the passionate injunction, "Scat, you grey-headed wretch!" and he 'scattered.'

There is a woman in Snyder county, Pa., who is too much of a utilitarian to be regarded with admiration. When her husband died, it seems that she had him buried without his shin-bones, which were extracted and sent around to be worked up into knife-handles and suspender-buttons, so that she could go to housekeeping properly when she marries the second time. It really seems as if some women must have an object around which to cluster the sweet and tender memories of the past. There is a love which lives beyond the grave, and finds joy even in bone buttons and knife handles.

Much has been said among the critics of the apparent error of Joaquin Miller in "Kit Carson's Ride," in making him dash off on a bareback horse, and afterwards "rise in stirrups." One critic, more charitable than the rest, suggests that "the chief beauty of the poem is that the poet leaves to the imagination of the reader the fact that Carson stopped at the first house he came to and borrowed a saddle." All of this discussion might have been saved by a more careful examination of the poem, which would have revealed the fact that the adjective "bare" in the poem belongs grammatically and constructively to the rider and not to the steed.

A clergyman was recently annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave, for this reason. Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused, and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot.' Since that I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot." During the rest of that service at least there was good order.

FIREPROOF ROOFS.—A wash, composed of lime, salt, and fine sand or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of whitewash, is said to render shingles fifty fold more safe against taking fire from falling cinders, or otherwise, in case of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expenses a hundred fold in its preserving influence against the effect of the weather. The older and more weather beaten the shingles, the more benefit derived. Such shingles are generally more or less warped, rough, and cracked. The application of wash, by wetting the upper surface, restores them to their original or first form, thereby closing the spaces between the shingles; and the lime and sand, by filling up the cracks, prevent the warping.—*Fireman's Journal*.

TIT FOR TAT.—Medford and New Bedford, although their names rhyme, occasionally don't quite harmonize, as witness the following. The Medford editor perpetrates this:

There was a fair maiden of Medford,
Who was "smashed on" a youth in New Bedford:
But he smelt so of oil,
That his suit it did spoil,
Oleaginous chap of New Bedford.

To which a New Bedford editor responds:

There was a fine lad in New Bedford,
Fell in love with a lady in Medford;
But she smelt so of rum,
He was quite overcome,
This prohibitory youth of New Bedford.

AN IMPUDENT TRICK.—A Pittsburgh paper gives the following: "A rather funny story is told of Rudiger, one of the parties sent to jail to await trial for feloniously entering Force's tobacco store. It is said that a few days ago he went to a rag warehouse on Penn street, and, passing around to the rear where was a vast collection of rags in crates and loose piles, he rolled one of the crates on to the scales. Then stepping to the back door, he called to the book-keeper, who was the only person in the store, and requested him to weigh and pay him for that crate of rags. The unsuspecting clerk carefully weighed the rags and paid the fellow the full price for that which already belonged to the firm. Two or three days afterward, according to the story, Rudiger went back to the place and repeated the performance in part. One of the proprietors of the place was called out this time to do the weighing, and immediately recognized the crate as one he had received, paid for, and marked the day before. Rudiger protested that this was not the case, and said that if the proprietor would wait there a moment he would bring a man to prove his ownership of the rags. The proprietor waited, and Rudiger went after 'that man' and did not come back."

NEW STORY ABOUT DEAN RICHMOND.—Some one was telling me, the other day, a new story about the late Dean Richmond, who was known far and wide for his profanity and gruffness of manner. Richmond was here at the time, and my informant, who was then a boy working in a printing office, wished to get a pass over the Central Railroad. With the purpose in view he entered the office where the magnate was, fearing that he would be rudely rebuffed when he made his mission known. After a moment's hesitation he said falteringly:

"Mr. Richmond, I believe?"

"Yes; what do you want of me?"

"I should like, sir, to get a pass from Albany to Buffalo, as I can go up on the boat for nothing."

"On what grounds do you ask for a pass?" (This with a rising and very rough voice.)

"On the grounds, sir, that I don't want to pay my fare."

Richmond, without another word, wrote out a pass and handed it to the applicant.

The boy took it, saying: "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Richmond."

"You needn't thank me, youngster. I'm d—d glad to accommodate you. You are the first person I've ever known, by G—, to ask for a pass on the right grounds."