

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FASHION NOTES.

Mrs. J. J. Skelton, Editor. Sets of jewelry consisting of brooch, earrings, necklace and bracelets are not as arbitrarily the fashion as formerly.

Long lace mitts, white, black, or colored, to match the dress, are as much worn with ball toilets as long kid gloves.

Gold brocade, with white, blue, rose and old-gold-colored silk and satin stripes, is much worn in Paris.

Plush and velvet are in demand, since the cold weather began, for trimmings, in the place of moires and Pekins.

Paniers are certainly coming in vogue, but as yet the panier is not the Marie Antoinette version of that style of dress.

Amure satin is a beautiful fabric, and will make up dressy winter toilets. It is particularly lovely in shades of bronze, olive or sea-brown.

The favorite plaids are those of large designs in blue and green, with tiny streaks of crimson and yellow. The esquin is worn by ladies of elegant figure, with a belt of crimson gros-grained and nickel clasped, with a crevasse to match, and the costume is trimmed with a profusion of nickel buttons.

In the street, scarfs of India wool bordered and trimmed with Breton lace are used instead of furs and are nearly as warm; and it requires some taste to arrange them becomingly, high collars and small ties are preferred.

A maulleuruff, that is to say a triple standing ruffle of crepe lisse is liked by many ladies for home wear, but young girls prefer chemisettes of tucked muslin and thick ruffles of Brussels net.

India muslin ties, collarettes, and neckerchiefs are trimmed with Breton lace arranged in double rows, the upper one closely and the lower one loosely plaited. Some very elegant ties are made of satin embroidered in colors, and others of loops of satin ribbon and Breton lace.

The last named can be easily made at home, but the others may be bought at such a very small advance on the cost of the material that it seems foolish to spend one's time in making them.

Complete suits of pale pink and blue flannel underwear are now imported from Berlin, but are not liked so well as white by ladies of taste.

The newest hosiery is of spun silk with embroidery of contrasting colors. Lace medallions are now laid on the instep of the stockings intended for evening wear instead of forming a part of them, and the effect is far better.

ABOUT CLOTHING.—Clothes should vary, not only according to the weather and temperature, but according to the active or passive state of the wearer. Heavy and cumbersome clothing should be avoided.

Overshoeing in this way produces feebleness and delicacy, induces too excessive and constant perspiration, and is the cause of colds and lung diseases. Moderate warmth is the grand object of all clothing.

The color of clothes is very essential, and should never be a matter of indifference. Those who are acquainted with the laws of color will be surprised to find that an effect different colors have upon the feelings and disposition of wearers.

White and light-colored clothes reflect the heat, while black and dark colors absorb it; hence it is that in the summer we wear light-colored clothes. But after all, light colors are best for all seasons, for, though black and dark substances absorb heat best, they also radiate or give it off soonest.

Heavy head-dresses, bandages around the neck—where all the great blood-vessels have their course, and where pressure ought especially to be avoided—tight stays, belts, bands and braces are all destroyers of health.

Any article of dress so fastened as to prevent a free return of blood to the heart causes serious trouble, and sooner or later injures those following such silly customs.

HOUSEWIVES CORNER.

EGG BAKES.—Two hard-boiled yolks of eggs; mix with the raw yolk of one egg a little flour; roll the size of a hazel-nut.

EGG SOUP.—Boil a leg of lamb about two hours in water enough to cover it. After it has boiled about an hour and when carefully skimmed, add one-half cup of rice, and pepper and salt to taste.

Have ready in a bowl two eggs well-beaten; add the boiling soup, a little at a time, stirring constantly. Serve the lamb with drawn butter, garnish with parsley and hard-boiled eggs cut into slices.

BOILED FISH.—For four or five pounds of fish, nearly cover with water and add two heaping table-spoonfuls of salt. Boil thirty minutes, and serve with drawn butter.

PICKLING FISH.—Spice the vinegar as for cucumbers, put your fish in and let them boil slowly for a few minutes, until the water is nearly evaporated; then strain them away for several weeks, and the bones will be entirely dissolved.

OSTER POT-PIE.—Have ready nice light-raised biscuit dough, cut into small squares, season the oysters well with butter, pepper and salt, and thicken them with a little flour; drop in the pieces of dough and boil till done. This may be baked in the oven in a pudding-dish, allowing the dough to brown on the top.

PICKLED OYSTERS.—Take two quarts of oysters, put them in a saucepan, and if they are fresh, salt them; let them simmer on the fire, but not boil; take out the oysters, and add to the liquor in the saucepan a pint of vinegar, a small handful of whole cloves, quarter of an ounce of mace, and when the oysters are cold in the jar, pour the liquor on them.

BEEF OMELET.—Three pounds of beefsteak, three-fourth of a pound of suet, chopped fine; salt, pepper and a little sage, three eggs, six Boston crackers rolled a make into a roll and baked.

POUNDED BEEF.—Boil a shin of twelve pounds of meat until it falls readily from the bone; pick it to pieces; mash gristle and all very fine pick out all the hard bits. Set the liquor away; when cool take off all the fat; boil the liquor down to a pint and a half. Then return the meat to it while hot; add pepper and salt and any spice you choose. Let it boil a few times, stirring all the while. Put into a mould or deep dish to cool. Use cold and cut in thin slices for tea or warm it for breakfast.

PRESSED CHICKEN (OR VEAL).—Boil three chickens until the meat comes off the bones, then removing all bones, etc., chop, not very fine; add a piece of butter as big as an egg, salt and pepper to season well. Have about a pint of the broth, into which put one half-gallon gelatine until dissolved; then put back the chopped chicken and cook until the broth is evenly absorbed. Press under a weight in a pan until cold.

JELLED CHICKEN OR VEAL.—Boil a chicken in as little water as possible, until the meat falls from the bones; chop rather fine, and season with pepper and salt; put in a mould a layer of the chopped meat; then a layer of hard-boiled eggs cut in slices; then layers of meat and egg alternately until the mould is nearly full; boil down the liquor left in the pot one-half; while warm, add one-quarter of an ounce of gelatine, and when dissolved pour into the mould over the meat. Set in a cool place overnight to jelly.

FRANCE AND IRELAND.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR OF 1870.

BY A. M. SULLIVAN.

From the Catholic Herald.

PART II.

Meanwhile a terrible overhrow awaited the Irish faith in the invincibility of France. While bonfires were being prepared and flags got ready for that glorious French victory, which we all regarded as a simple certainty, came one morning the news that in the first great encounter of the war the French had been utterly defeated, and that the vanquished corps was MacMahon's!

I shall ever remember the way in which the intelligence of this, and of the other French reverses was received in Ireland. Stupefaction, incredulity, grief, dismay, anger, came in turn. At first, the somewhat similar incidents occurred at various places. Excited crowds surrounded the newspaper offices, waiting for the afternoon bulletin. When it appeared telling of some new disaster to the French cause, a groan of anguish, or a cry of wrath, burst from the assemblage. Strong men have been known to weep like children, reading the placards which announced the surrender of the Army at Sedan. On the day the news of that fatal blow reached Dublin, I drove home in a cab, accompanied by some members of my family. I noticed that at first the driver seemed a little dazed, and did not start very readily. "So on driver?" I asked. "He looked at me as if there was something on his mind, but eventually drove off. As we were ascending the hill door step at Belfield, he suddenly, in quite an eager voice said:—

"Beg your pardon, sir, but is this news true?"

"What news?" "Oh, that the emperor and the army is all taken!"

"Yes," I said, my voice betraying my own emotion. "It is all quite true."

He absolutely leaped with a spasm of passion. With eyes flashing he glared at me as if he hated me for speaking the words, and exclaimed:—

"Great God! You don't mean to tell me we're beat like that!"

And he turned away, and raised the cuff of his coat to wipe away the tears that coursed down his cheeks!

All over the country it was the same. Some of the ebullitions of popular feeling were not without a touch of the grotesque or comical. Outside the door of the *Cath Herald* office the usual throng of men, women and children, were one day discussing and bewailing the dreadful news set out on the bulletin board. A young man, who had turned the hurler burly to his own account and seized on Rome.

"Oh, Mrs. Mulligan, Mrs. Mulligan!" exclaimed one female citizen to another, "what is to become of us, at all, at all; we're beat in France; and now here's our Holy Father robbed and killed by the murdering villains out there. One would think that Almighty God himself was turning Protestant!"

In the same city a curious case came before the Police Court Magistrate. Mr. Mike Crowley, fish-seller, summoned Mrs. Ellen Leary, retailing hardware, for abusive language tending towards a breach of the peace, and so forth. Mr. Crowley told his story. A little exchange of epithets had been going on between the parties on the Coal Quay. Mrs. Leary called him a crooked face old blackguard; which was quite a title. He retorted, however, by Mrs. Leary's spouse, at the very moment, was in the hospital, bearing marks of her affectionate attentions in the shape of a ground plan of the walls of Troy, in sticking plaster on his head.

The defendant, now thoroughly aroused, called the plaintiff a notorious robber, which parcel him by like the title wild; "a public, notorious murderer;" but this also he explained to the Bench, he was able to bear with equanimity. At last, working herself up to the climax of feminine wrath, she rushed up to him and finishing a volley of scathing epithets, screamed out, "You son-of-a-bitch, you old Protestant, you God-forgive-me, for such a word!"

Mr. Crowley could not possibly stand this. The line should be drawn somewhere. He had borne patiently being called a blackguard and a robber, and a murderer; but a *Protestant!* He rushed up, and summoning Mrs. Leary, he said, "I will have my infinite disgust, instead of getting seven years in Spike Island, was let off with a caution."

The enterprising manager of an evening newspaper in Dublin, the *Evening Post*, noticing the incredulity and displeasure with which news of Prussian victories were received, conceived the singular idea of getting up a circulation by "special telegrams," of Prussian defeats. One evening he started the city with a wire from his "own correspondent," announcing that Prince Frederick Charles' army had been taken prisoner. The paper sold in thousands, the paper was abundant. When the *Evening's Journal* was found not to contain the news the paper was torn to pieces by the indignant purchasers in the street. Incredible as it may appear, the fact stands that for several weeks the *Evening Post* flourished on a systematic manufacture of Prussian victories.

It is a singular fact, that the country news-agents reported that the people now hated to read or hear any news at all.

Ever yet the worst had befallen the French arms, and while all eyes were turned on the French assembling at Châlons under MacMahon, I was sitting one day in the *National* office when word was brought that "a foreign gentleman, wanted to see me." He was shown in.

"Pardon, Monsieur; but my business is of exceptional importance. I bring you letters which I must destroy the moment you peruse them," and he handed a packet, containing what it all meant.

The letters were from one whom I knew to be high in the confidence of the Emperor, and accrediting the bearer Colonel MacAdams, as a gentleman who wished to lay before me and others some matters on which it was desirable to learn our opinions. Could volunteers for France be raised in Ireland? I could not bring myself very readily to a proper estimate of my visitor. However, I made not the slightest disguise of the pleasure it would afford me to see an Irish Corp of twenty thousand men serving under the great Franco-Irishman, Marshal MacMahon. In any case, I said if once it became known that an Irish legion was in course of enrollment in France, not any human power could stop our people from rushing thither in one way or another.

As to further particulars of his mission I intimated that I should require a day or two for consideration; meanwhile he could see others to whom also he brought letters.

That same evening came the news of Sedan. Two days subsequently the Emperor was a fugitive and the Emperor of the whole struggle, was established in Paris; but France would fight on all the same."

"But," I replied, "I can assure you I am not at all the same with us here in Ireland. The men who have done this deed in Paris, the men who saw in the hour of their country's agony, only a gladly welcomed opportunity for furious vengeance, and triumph, these men will be executed in Ireland. It is not that we are, as regards French affairs, either imperialists or legitimists or Republicans. To France, the Nation, in whatever form organized by its free choice, our friendship will always turn. But the Reds of Paris are not France. We hate them."

In fact, I refused to stir a finger till I saw further as to affairs in Paris. A few days subsequently Colonel MacAdams waited on me for the last time, and I gave him fully the conditions upon which alone, under the new circumstances that had arisen, I would consider the possibility of my going to Ireland. He might happen to possess, in Ireland, he lent to the project of a Franco-Irish military force. I am sure he felt hurt at my change of sentiment; and thought he could find ready co-operation elsewhere. He tried; but the result was eminently unsatisfactory.

The Irish Ambulance Corps was never reached. Have that it broke up into sections; one forming into an Irish Company of the Line, under Captain M. W. Kirwan; the other remaining under the Geneva Cross. These Irishmen fought bravely through the Ambulance Committee presented their final report, and Count Flavin, who was rapturously received, made a very graceful speech, conveying the thanks of France to Ireland for "services never to be forgotten."

A public banquet, a visitation of the public institutions of the city, and an excursion to the Bangor Powerscourt, Glendalough and Glencree, in the county of Wicklow, all under the auspices of the Irish Committee, occupied the week, in the course of which, moreover, the Delegation were entertained at dinner by the Lord Lieutenant at the Vice-regal Lodge.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLIVE.—This plant is named in the earliest account of Egypt and Greece; and at Athens its cultivation was taught by Ceres, 1534 B.C. It was first planted in Italy 562 B.C.

A GIANT TREE.—A patriarch of the forest has been lately felled in California, and the greater portion of the wood taken to San Francisco. It was known by the epithet of "Old Moses." It was nearly a century of age, and from the number of its rings, it must have been 4840 years old. Its capacity is said to have been so great that 300 persons could find room within its trunk.

CATS IN HOLLAND.—These animals are largely cultivated in Holland, especially for their skins. The fur of the Dutch cat is very long and soft, compared to that of the English cat, the fur of which is hard and wiry. There is some secrecy as to how the cats in Holland are fed; Mr. Buckland states that it is possible that they are fed on fish. The best Dutch cats are grey. A good skin of jet black color is worth half a guinea.

ADVICE TO STUDENTS.—A medical journal, advising students to take care of themselves, says: "Sit up to the table when you read; easy chairs abolish memory. Do not read the same book too long at a sitting. If you really weary of one subject, change it for another. Read steadily for three hours a day for five days in the week. The use of how to read. Test the accuracy of your work as soon as you have finished it. Put your facts in order as soon as you have learned them. Never read after midnight. Do not go to bed straight from your books. Never let your reading interfere with exercise or digestion. Keep a clear head, a good appetite, and a cheerful heart."

SUCCESSOR A CANDLER ON THE STAGE.—Dumaine, as a pirate in *Le Fleau de Mer*, was wont to excite the wonder of the spectators by extinguishing a candle with a pistol-shot. The trick was done by placing the light on a table near a small round hole in the "cloth" behind it, through which the promoter blew out the candle. The use of this device, however, is all the more astonishing, inasmuch as the actor on one night covered the hole with a gold-beater's skin, and when the pistol fired and the promoter blew, the candle flared away in triumph. Dumaine drew another pistol from his belt, but before he could pull the trigger, the malicious jester had gone off, and by blowing through the hole made the candle go out, apparently of its own accord, while Dumaine was mentally abusing the innocent promoter for his pet point not coming off as usual.—*Chamber's Journal.*

FRANCE PROGRESS.—England will have to look to her laurels. Hitherto she has looked upon as the richest nation of the world. She is no longer. The *Statist*, comparing the English capital as of 1860, with that of France, as given in the official *Bulletin Subvention*, finds that, whereas, in 1820, France paid subsidies and legacy duties on 85 millions; in 1876, France paid on 188 millions, whilst England only on 146 millions. This is a wonderful stripping on the part of France, and is all the more astonishing, inasmuch as the English capital as of 1860 was being drained to pay the expenses of the Franco-Prussian war. Comparing France with France in 1820 (before the war), she paid duty on 145 millions, whilst in 1876 (after the war), she paid on 188 millions. This is recuperation with a vengeance.

A PIECE OF ELEPHANTINE SUBTERFUGE.—During a storm one morning a large lantern on the top of an elephant house in an American Zoological Garden was demolished, and pieces of the heavy glass fell into the cage occupied by the elephants. The female elephant, in walking around the inclosure, trod on one of the fragments, and, being in her bare feet, received a painful wound. She set up a howl that made the rear of the storm seem the sighing of a cyclone, by her contact. Her companion was found to be consoled by her as well as he could by trying to roar louder than she did, and by letting a half-pint tear of sympathy now and then run down his trunk, which was wound tenderly about the wounded leg of the prostrate beast. Dr. Henry C. Chapman, surgeon to the Zoological Society, was summoned. She was secured by ropes and thrown on her side on a bed of straw—treatment which evoked from her some extra efforts in the roaring line. When Dr. Chapman began to probe softly around the wound with a lancet, however, she showed an elephant's instinctive respect for a friend by ceasing her yelling and holding the injured foot perfectly still. Dr. Chapman successfully removed the fragment of glass, stopped the flow of blood from the wound, and in a few minutes, the huge beast was again on her feet, looking as amiable as a lamb.

A MAN-EATING ALLIGATOR.—A correspondent writing from Chandally to an Indian paper, gives some particulars of a man-eating alligator. "The river of Orissa are infested with alligator, and every man and woman of these creatures acquire a reputation as a man-eater, and is then hunted down. Early this week information was brought by Mr. Chapman, police director at Chandally, that a poor fellow was lying in his boat with his feet lunge brought up, I shall try to drive days to gonads these points, but I shall eventually decide for the blainff."

boat and set off to the Damrah river, some miles from Chandally, in pursuit. After several hours' search the nigger was seen crossing the river, and was allowed to gain the opposite bank. After crawling up the bank it proceeded to make a meal of its victim, and while so engaged was by a lucky shot killed on the spot. The inspector had it cut open, and there were found in its stomach 25 pairs of brass anklets, and bangles weighing no less than 14 seers. There were also two sets of gold earrings, and a number of lozings. It is supposed that this alligator must have devoured four women, five children, and an unknown number of persons who wore no jewellery. Mr. Chapman deserves credit for his promptness."

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.—The great difficulty in America is that the people have no time for anything. The very walk of an American shows that he is in a hurry. An Englishman but shows his coat and goes to work as deliberately as he goes to church. An American business man flies after the car, struggling with his coat-sleeves as he runs, plunges in headforemost, and plunges out at the other end, without regard to his neck. Chief among their accidents stands those which occur because people jump upon flying trains or departing boats. To wait ten minutes is something not to be thought of. Dinner is not eaten, it is swallowed whole; and when one comes to the dessert, he finds the fruit was picked before it was ripe. Everything is hurried through, from the building of a house to the curing of a ham. The women who work on sewing machines stop before they come to the end of the seam. The dressmaker sends home your dress with basting threads in it, and no loops to hang it up by. There is none of the slow, sure completeness of the old world about anything, and even fortunes are generally made in a hurry, and lost in the same way. If any man you know is getting rich by the slow and patient process of saving, be sure that he was not born upon that continent. Yet people live as long there as anywhere else, and the days are the same length. Why is it that Americans have no time for anything?

During the siege of Lyons, France, in the first revolution, the Post Fontaine had been shut up with his family in the midst of the city in ruins. Full of alarm for the safety of his young wife and infant, he resolved at all risks, to escape if he could.

Having obtained a passport, a difficulty arose as to how he could carry away some plate and other valuable articles, then considered quite anti-republican. Among these was a chalice, a present from a sovereign, on which an able artist had engraved the arms of the King of Sardina. Fontaine greatly dreaded lest the chalice should be discovered, being a vessel used in the service of the Church, and bearing the arms of a king, it would be a threefold proof of aristocracy. However, he decided on taking it, and hastened to the house of a friend, who had been a nursery-gardener.

The next then laid aside all his feudal ornaments, and set about exchanging his clothes to give him another appearance.

Having dressed himself in wide pantaloons, and shoes that stuck full of hard mud, his hair cropped, and every grain of powder removed, he emerged from the gardener's house in the character of a hand-pierced porter, with a heavy basket of clothes on his shoulder—the plate and chalice carefully packed under the linen. His young family followed a few paces behind him with the passport, but they had to pass close to the terrible instrument of death; for these it stood always ready for service. Fontaine was awfully! But reason and necessity urged them on. Fontaine resolved to act a decided part. He walked up in front of the guillotine, grasping the basket firmly with his hand, and loosening the leather straps as it to ease himself the looked steadily at the scaffold.

A man of ruffianly appearance, who attended as if he were a guard of the guillotine, came up to him.

"Are you afraid?" said he to Fontaine, "that you look in this way at the national razor?"

"Afraid!" said Fontaine. "Who do you take me for, a Federalist, that I should be frightened at the sight of a guillotine? Look at me; do you see anything like an aristocrat in my face?"

"What are you?" cried a second interrogator, addressing Fontaine.

"I am a blacker and scouter."

"And this good woman?"

"What question?" said Fontaine. "Look at the little one—don't you see the likeness? Long live the republic!"

"Al! that's right!" said the miscreant; "you're a good one! Bona with the aristocrat and aristocrat! Long live the Republic! and the guillotine for ever!"

Fontaine could not join in this sanguinary cry. He saw his wife tremble and shook her hand.

"Gone, wife," said he, "let's have a song."

"Ay, and a dainty, too," said the barbarian who had first spoken; "so down with your basket, my jovial fellow!"

"But I—"

"Nonsense! nobody will run away with your basket; down with it, I say! Why, what is the matter? It is glad to your neck?"

Fontaine objected, and insisted for a while, but was soon obliged to submit; and, wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead, in a state more dead than alive, was relieved from the burden of his basket. He saw it placed on a heap of stones, and feared everything would be turned topsy-turvy.

Oh! the fatal chalice! All hope of safety was gone; he was on the point of delivering himself up, and, in a moment of compassion for his wife and child, in the hope that they would be allowed to pass, when, happily he raised himself, clasped his hands and assumed a joyful attitude.

"Hullo! my friend," cried one of the fellows, "you're wonderfully merry all at once!"

"A thought has struck me," said Fontaine; "a bold idea. You see my poor wife? I know the Carmagnole always raises her. Come, my good fellows, let us dance it!"

His wife gazed at him with a look of despair, as he snatched the child from her arms.

"What now? Don't make a wry face, wife!" said he. "Excuse her; she's young and timid. Come, let us put the little one on the basket—there he lies, on the top of the linen and sleeps soundly. Wife, you see! Now, the ring—the republican ring. Come, friends, join hands for the ring—the patriotic dance!"

Madame Fontaine now comprehended what her husband meant. She tripped lightly around the ring, and danced in the chorus of the Carmagnole. When the dance was over, she took up her child; Fontaine was assisted in replacing his basket on his shoulder. He made his wife lead the way, and walked off after her, whispering the Chant du Départ. And so they escaped.

We hear of a young lady so pious nice that she never alludes to that lunatic animal by any less refined title than "shoot-john." She would die before she would say "jack."

It was a very honest old Dutch judge, in Schaarbeek County, New York, who listened for several hours to the arguments of counsel, and then said: "This case has been very ably argued on both sides, and there have been some fine points of law brought up. I shall try to drive days to gonads these points, but I shall eventually decide for the blainff."