

coming the prosaic tendency of the English hexameter.

From **LORING**, Boston, through **PORTER & COATES**, Philadelphia:—

A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE, *Medusa, and Other Tales*. By Mrs. Adelaide (Kemtle) Sartoris. A delightful book for summer reading, which it is just possible some of our readers may have met before, but which will bear to be looked at again.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—In this number we present our subscribers with a Scriptural design, representing the bringing of Joseph's coat to Jacob by his brethren. On page 265 will be found a short poem by Rev. H. H. Weld, suggested by the plate.

"The Sixteenth Amendment."—Our wood-cut engraving. The idea of this design was taken from the arguments of those who contend that when woman is given the political rights that at present belong solely to man, her household duties will be neglected, and her husband be compelled to take her place, or starve.

The fashion-plate is well designed and colored. The work-department contains many useful designs.

In the October number **Marion Harland** will contribute a story upon the woman question. Her last story, "Wall-Flowers," we have reason to know has met with a warm reception everywhere. The incidents and history of the principal characters were readily recognized in the locality where the scene was laid.

GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, *Watkins Glen, Watkins, New York*.—This delightfully situated house is open for the season. A more romantic spot is not to be found in this country. The glen was never in so safe and good a condition to visit as at the present time. Its staircases, pathways, and bridges have been greatly improved, and a person is employed to keep everything in perfect order. The new **Glen Mountain House** is pronounced by tourists to be one of the most beautiful connected with any scenic summer resort in America. It is commodious and airy, and is a home of rest, refreshment, and recreation.

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

The *Philadelphia Bulletin* says, "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for July should be taken into the confidence of every lady who is making up her wardrobe for the summer's rustication. Its hints on dress are as sensible and reasonable as they are tasteful."

PICNICS.—The glad eagerness with which everybody joins a picnic party seems to indicate something more than a universal "proclivity" towards jovial idleness and an aboriginal condition. Is not the variety introduced into life by such excursions a great part of their charm? They break into the steady-going monotony of our ordinary existence. Change is welcome to all who have not become, from unnatural habits, morbidly averse to it. It is medicine, food, life to spirits stagnating amidst the dull proprieties of polite society, or the wearisome routine of shops and offices. Happily, change can be had more easily now than was possible in former days. Cheap railways and steamboat excursions convey us in a few hours from smoky to still, sylvan retreats or wild sea-coasts. And thus the wearied workman and the harassed clerk have a chance of breathing something purer than the carbonic acid from other people's lungs, and of seeing trees and rocks instead of factory chimneys. Wholesome change, not restless fancy, should regulate the diet of both body and mind, our social habits, and the spirit of our public institutions. There is a refreshing absence of restraint, a return to natural simplicity of manners, about picnics, which, to our mind, is not their least pleasing feature. People do and say very much as they like, without being haunted by the suspicion that it may not be in perfect accordance with the rules of that hydra-headed tyrant—Society. How artificial and constrained is the talk of most persons, except in their own homes, or with their most familiar friends! How unnatural and uncomfortable are the attitudes and deportment which we are expected to assume in company! What wretched mockeries of social intercourse are our formal morning calls, our oppressive evening assemblies! At a picnic there is a piquancy which arises from every individual feeling at perfect liberty to be natural and rejoicing in the brief freedom. And the happiness of thus indulging our personal tastes should induce us, not indeed to vulgarly parade our peculiarities, but to infuse into our intercourse with others more of the genial freshness of hearty, natural conduct.

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By **DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE**. With Papers, Recollections, Anecdotes, and Letters, by "Boz," never before collected. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 305 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have in press, for immediate publication, *The Life of Charles Dickens*. It will contain, beside a full history of his Life, his Uncollected Pieces, in Prose and Verse: Recollections and Anecdotes, as well as Letters never before published; and will trace the entire career of the great Novelist from the time of his birth and first connection with journalism as a reporter, to its unexpected and lamented termination on the 9th of June, 1870. By **DR. R. Shelton Mackenzie**. It will also contain a new engraved likeness of Charles Dickens, taken from a photograph for which he sat a few days prior to his death. The whole will be issued in a large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, uniform with "Peterson's" various editions of "The Complete Works of Charles Dickens." Price \$1 50. Agents wanted everywhere to engage in its sale. Advance copies will be sent to any one, post-paid, on receipt of price.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS' SAPOLIO.—This article is the best that has ever been brought before the public for polishing steel, iron, brass, tin, and copper. It removes instantly all stains, rust, dirt, or tarnish of any kind. Indispensable in the kitchen. No family should be without it.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for September is now ready, with the usual diversified table of contents, including songs, polkas, transcriptions, etc. All lovers of music should send for a copy of this, the best of all the musical monthlies. Price 40 cents, or the last three numbers for \$1, and three stamps for postage. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—Charles W. Harris, New York, publishes Angels Calling, pretty song and chorus, 30 cents; Give, song by Dempster, 40; Like Yon Bright Bird, concert song for good florid voice, 50; In Heaven I Wait for Thee, song and chorus, 30; My Love Annie, pretty song by Dempster, 40; Year After Year, Dempster, 40; song by Bassford; and two sacred songs by Muller, Come Unto Me, 40, and O Jerusalem, 35. Also two pretty songs for the guitar, Jenny Who Lives in the Dell, and Let the Angels In, each 30. Orders for any music published promptly attended to. Address orders, as above, to J. Starr Holloway.

PRACTICAL JOKES.—The point at which practical joking becomes a serious offence is where it passes from the category of boyish fun to that of intentional personal annoyance. It is because practical joking among grown-up people seldom can be anything else but this latter that it ought to be, and as a rule is, discounted among them. The rule, however, is not inflexible, and there are degrees of latitude which may be recognized in its application. A practical joke is occasionally the only way of exposing ignorance, or vanity, or vulgarity. When this is the case, it amounts to a *jeu d'esprit* at the expense of some social pretender who can only be punished in some such way, and nobody would feel inclined to judge it very harshly. Many amusing literary productions have been practical jokes of this pardonable kind.

THE PRINTER'S CIRCULAR.—R. S. Menamin, editor and publisher, 515 Minor Street, Philadelphia. We have received from the publisher a neatly-bound volume of this useful and attractive monthly. From a perusal of its pages we incline to the opinion that there is no other work in the country that contains such an amount of interest beneficial to members of the craft. It is recognized as the official organ of the International Typographical Union.

A TRUE MAN:—

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
A true, and brave, and downright honest man!
He blew no trumpet in the market place,
Nor in the church, with hypocritical face,
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still!
And while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply doing good.
So calm, so constant, was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know his worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth!

PENCIL WRITING may be fixed almost as indelibly as ink by passing the moistened tongue over it. Even breathing slowly over the lines, after writing, renders them much less liable to erasure than when not subjected to that process.

A DANDY:—

A dandy is a thing who would
Be a woman if he could;
But, as he can't, does all he can
To make folks think he's not a man.

CHEAP LUXURIES FOR THE PEOPLE.—Opportunely, at the time when the cost of living is enormous, a new article appears in the market, affording an unprecedented amount of delicious and wholesome aliment, almost for a song. We refer to the patent **SEA MOSS FARINE**, which is now, by virtue of its extraordinary cheapness, taking the place of all the gelatinous articles of food manufactured from maize and grain. The raw material of this nutritious and fattening agent is the free gift of nature—a marine moss growing in prodigious quantities on the Irish coast, and known as Carrageen. Cleansed, desiccated, concentrated, and reduced to powder by a patent process, this wonderful plant yields a larger quantity of pure, palatable aliment in proportion to its weight than any substance produced from the great agricultural staples. Artistic cooks pronounce it the finest article for Custards, Puddings, Creams, Soups, Sauces, etc., that has yet been discovered, and the **SEA MOSS FARINE CO.**, of New York, who own the patent, find it all they can do to keep pace with the demands for the new staff of life.

We copy the following from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:—

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The promises of additional attractions to enhance the value of this old favorite have been more than fulfilled, and GODEY'S may now be pronounced the leading lady's magazine of the day. The fashion pictures are so profuse as to be almost bewildering, comprising an illuminated plate; an extension-sheet, with twenty-nine pictures; patterns, plain and in colors; and a large number of wood engravings, representing the latest styles of coiffures, basques, mantillas, and children's dresses. The literary department is well cared for. Marion Harland presents another new story, and there are contributions, prose and poetical, from nearly all the favorite old contributors. The "Editor's Table" is heaped high with entertaining and instructive articles. "Godey's Arm-Chair" is, as always, well filled. The venerable and genial editor has just returned with his estimable lady from Europe, where the benefit of relaxation and travel has had the effect of rejuvenating him; so that, from present appearances, Godey will be able to be heard from in the year 1909, and the magazine will be in its *eightieth year.*"

DRINKING AT MEALS.—When fat meats, or sauces composed partly of butter, are taken, and cold drink directly after, the butter and fat are rendered concrete, and separated from the rest of the aliment. This congealed oily matter being then specifically lighter than the remaining contents of the stomach, swims on the top of the food, often causing heavy, uneasy, painful sensations about the cardia and breast, and sometimes a feeling of scalding and anxiety; at other times, when the stomach regains its heat, the fatty matter is rejected, by little and little, from weak stomachs, in oily regurgitations, which are very disagreeable. In such cases a little compound spirits of hartshorn, with a glass of warm water and sugar, will convert the fat into soap, and give instant relief.

THE LIFE OF FLOWERS.—Why does not everybody have a geranium, a rose, a fuchsia, or some other flower in the window? It is very cheap, if you take it from slip or seed, and it is a beauty and companion. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with Nature and innocence, and is something to love. If it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter an ungrateful thing even for neglecting it; for, though it is all beauty, it has no vanity; and living as it does, purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how can you neglect it!

Who can speak all languages? Echo.

We published an article upon the subject of answering letters, acknowledging receipt of money or anything that represents it, and of gifts. Here is something more on the subject from the *Mercury* of this city:—

"That the receipt of a communication imposes upon the recipient the obligation of an early answer is not generally understood in this polite world of ours. Most certainly our forefathers were most punctilious in this respect. They acknowledged—and that too without unnecessary delay—the receipt of the most trivial mission from high or low, rich or poor; and even now a-days, among ladies and gentlemen of the old school, any breach of this act of common courtesy would insure well-merited censure. Have we, then, so retrograded in respect for one another that it is considered no longer necessary to answer queries because they happen to be written instead of verbal communications? What would be thought—even in this degenerate age of chivalry—of the man or woman who would turn a deaf ear to our inquiries, or otherwise treat us with indifference? Such conduct would be considered boorish; but not one whit more so than for one of either sex to receive a communication requiring an answer, and then to deliberately pigeon-hole it, cast it aside, or consign it to the tender mercies of the flames. We have been led to these remarks by the too common and decidedly ill-bred practice of not answering letters, or, at least, acknowledging their receipt within a reasonable space of time."

"**CASHMERE BOUQUET**" is the charming name of a delicious new soap lately issued by the celebrated manufacturers, COLGATE & CO. It is softening and beautifying to the skin, and in its pretty receptacle is a very beautiful as well as a most welcome addition to summer toilet preparations.

READING IN BED.—Reading in bed is not a custom to be commended. The brain should not be exercised when the rest of the body is giving itself up to repose. This rule applies especially, of course, at night, after the labors of the day, and when the brain is in a state of weariness. We apprehend that this is the point of the injunction not to read in bed. The mere recumbency of posture while reading is not calculated to injure the brain. There is one qualification of the rule against reading in bed. In some persons, and in certain states of the brain, of mingled exhaustion and excitement, a little easy reading in bed has a soothing effect, and favors the coming on of sleep; but this condition of the brain at bed-time is not a normal one.

KENTUCKY.

MR. GODEY. SIR: May I be allowed to trouble you with a few lines? We have to thank you very much for some of the contents of your number for the month of June; for instance, "A Gossip with the Girls," by an Old Maid, a piece *beyond price*, and which ought to be written in letters of gold, and hung up beside every young girl's toilet-table. Also we were charmed with the "Valedictory Address," by Ann Preston (or rather by the extracts from it). Mr. Godey, you are a *benefactor to society*. Your *LADY'S BOOK* I have been in the habit of reading for twenty-three years. E.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES:—

I can inform any one interested of *hundreds* of **WHEELER & WILSON'S** Machines of two years' wear that to-day are in *better working condition* than *one entirely new*. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in Sewing Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest test for durability and simplicity.

GEORGE L. CLARK. *Lyndeville, N. Y.*

In a law case in this city appeared as plaintiff "Bonaparte Shoe." Now who is responsible for this? The sponsors in baptism. We have seen some queer combinations. One is "Cæsar Augustus Gustavus Adolphus Mark Antony Timothy Keating," by occupation a dancing-master; and "Terence McNoggin McFloggin McDooly O'Slack," by profession an Irishman; but we think "Bonaparte Shoe" equal to these.

"I SAY, did you see it done?" "No, I was not an eye-witness, but an ear-witness." "A near witness, and not a night witness! That's what I call a distinction without a difference."

A NEW COTILLON.—In these times, when a *cotillon* is the usual complement to a ball, it is curious to read the description in a French magazine of one danced at a Berlin ball, and which leaves all Parisian artifices in utter darkness. The ball was given by a Mme. Hoffman in honor of the pupils of her husband, an eminent chemist, and the *fête* was organized in most brilliant style by the students of the laboratories of the Berlin University. The *cotillon* was, in the first place, original from beginning to end. When figure after figure, as new as they were complicated and graceful, had been danced, a table heaped up with bouquets of white flowers and piles of spotlessly white favors was placed at one end of the great room, while at the other was a fountain spouting jets of perfumed water, which fell sparkling into a crystal basin adorned with flowers. The waltz was now resumed, and as each couple approached the table the lady took a bouquet, and the cavalier a knot of ribbons; on went the waltzers towards the fountain, where the *dansseuses* held their flowers, and the *dansseurs* their ribbons, beneath the sweet-scented spray; and instantaneously the bouquets became of every brilliant hue—red, violet, blue, gold, and some untinged several colors in their variegated petals; while the favors became of every color of the rainbow. The bouquets and ribbons of the same shades now sought each other, and "the new couples formed by the influence of the magic colors whirled in merry surprise through the room." A word for the uninitiated: the aniline coloring matters, reduced to the finest powder, had been sprinkled over the flowers and ribbons, in no way impairing their whiteness, and the contact of the alcoholic liquid, prepared and perfumed, instantly produced the richest aniline dyes.

PERSONAL.—A clergyman in a town in Maine had just finished the preaching of an eminently practical discourse, in which he stated that persons afflicted with the dyspepsia were guilty of the violation of the laws of God and nature, and deserved to be punished in this life and that which is to come. A lank, dyspeptic-looking specimen of humanity arose in one of the aisles, his face flushed with anger, and said that he had no doubt the speaker referred to him, "as he happened to be the only person present who was troubled with the dyspepsia!" He thought the preacher had no right to make such personal allusions, and the next time he undertook to preach, would thank him to select some other individual for the foundation of his remarks.

A WITNESS in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very *retaliating* disposition—that she "retaliated for every little thing." "Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, sir, often." "Well, what did she do on such occasions?" "She always retaliated, sir."

THE Paris Journal Figaro, commenting upon the great "execution" of the unfortunate Derby betters who backed Macgregor, tells its readers that there was something wonderfully appropriate in the name of the winner, "because Kingcraft in English means Jack Ketch!" The *Figaro* mistakes "Kingeraft" for "Calcraft!" Another mistake was also made in announcing the co-respondent in a divorce case as the correspondent, also stating that they thought it hard that every correspondent should be made a defendant.

LET THE CHILDREN ALONE.—Let your children alone when they gather around the family table. It is cruel to hamper them with manifold rules and regulations about this and that and the other. As long as their conduct is harmless as to others, encourage them in their cheerfulness. If they do smack their lips, and if their sippings of milk and other drinks can be heard across the street, it does not hurt the street; let them alone. What if they do take their soup with the wrong end of their fork! It is all the same to the fork; let them alone.

Suppose a child does not sit as straight as a ramrod at the table; suppose a cup or tumbler slips through its little fingers and deluges the plate of food below, and the goblet is smashed, and the tablecloth is ruined; do not look a thousand scowls and thunders, and scare the poor thing to the balance of its death, for it was scared half to death before; it "didn't go to do it." Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers since you were grown? Instead of sending the child away from the table in anger, if not even with a threat, for this or any other little nothing, be as generous as you would be to an equal or a superior guest, to whom you would say, with a more or less obsequious smile, "It's of no possible consequence." That would be the form of expression even to a stranger guest; and yet to your own child you remorselessly and revengefully and angrily mete out a swift punishment, which for a time almost breaks its little heart and belittles you amazingly. The proper and more efficient and more Christian method of meeting the mishaps and delinquencies and improprieties of your children at the table is either to take no notice of them at the time, or to go further, and divert attention from them at the very instant, if possible, or make a kind of apology for them; but afterwards, in an hour or two, or, better still, next day, draw the child's attention to the fault, if fault it was, in a friendly and loving manner; point out the impropriety in some kindly way; show where it was decidedly wrong or rude, and appeal to the child's self-respect or manliness. This is the best way to correct all family errors. Sometimes it may not succeed—sometimes harsh measures may be required; but try the deprecating or kindly method with perfect equanimity of mind, and failure will be of rare occurrence.

MISSIONARIES WANTED.—The receipts of the United States Government from the manufacture of whiskey, for the year ending June 30, 1869 amounted to \$45,000,000, and from tobacco, to \$23,600,000. The Emperor of China, when advised to cease his efforts to prevent the English from forcing opium upon his country, and to impose a heavy duty upon it, and thus replenish his empty treasury, replied that he would see his empire perish before he would derive a revenue from the vices and miseries of his people. But the Emperor of China is a heathen! We send missionaries there to teach them Christianity. "Would it not be well," asks an exchange, "for them to send missionaries to us to teach us political integrity?"

THE GREASE TREE.—In China there is a tree known as the grease tree. It is said that large forests of this vegetable lubricant are to be found there, and they form the source of a considerable local traffic. This tree, not long ago, was imported into India, and it is said that the experiment of cultivating it there has proved quite successful. The grease thus obtained forms an excellent tallow, burning with a clear, brilliant, and white light, and at the same time emitting no unpleasant odor or smoke.

HONESTY AND INDUSTRY.—Let honesty and industry be thy constant companions, and spend one penny less than thy clear gains. Then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules, and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind, and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the sons of fortune walk at thy right hand; for independence, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and places thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh! then be wise, and let industry walk with thee in the morning, and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—*Franklin.*

THE number of visitors to the Public Ledger building since its opening amounts to 100,000. The names of the visitors are recorded in a book.

TWO CHARMING PICTURES.—Hundreds of our subscribers have already availed themselves of our special arrangement, by which we can send them, at \$1 each, copies of "*The Angel of Peace*" and "*Bed-Time*," two large and choice steel engravings that cannot be purchased from any print seller at double this price. In every case they have given the highest satisfaction; and all are delighted with their excellence and beauty. For one dollar each we will mail them to any address.

"*The Angel of Peace*," writes a lady, "exceeds my highest expectations." Another says: "It is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, and I am so enamored with it, that I inclose one dollar for another copy." And another writes: "It is so charming, I am entranced with it; and it seems as if I could never be satisfied looking at it."

"*Bed-Time*," the companion of "*The Angel of Peace*," is also a great favorite. A lady writes: "I have received '*Bed-Time*,' and find it perfectly charming. My little ones are especially delighted. Many thanks for the pleasant scene; which will help to make the real bed-time a happy season, full of love and kisses and sweet good-nights."

PRINCE OF VICO VARO.—Does anybody know of this person. He was recently married to the daughter of a New York millionaire. How delightful to have a daughter whose title is princess; but it is very expensive to papa. Vico Varo—isn't it a pretty name?

PLANTING.—If people planting orchards would give orders to mark the north side of trees with red chalk before they are taken up, and when set out to have the trees put in the ground with their north side to the north in their natural position, a larger proportion would live. Ignoring this law of nature is the cause of so many transplanted trees dying. If the north side is exposed to the south, the heat of the sun is too great for that side of the tree to bear, and, therefore, it dries up and decays.

EXHIBITION OF FANS.—At the South Kensington Museum, London, there has been opened to the public an exhibition of fans. From the interesting introduction to the catalogue, compiled by Mr. Samuel Redgrave, is gathered that the dress fan of a high character is now exclusively made in Paris. In no other city does a modern fan command a price of \$500, and the makers may well claim to have made all Europe tributary to them, admitting, however, that they cannot rival the cheap and remarkable quality of the Chinese fan. This pre-eminence, which we readily grant, is evident in the present collection. It depends upon a combination of skill. The fan-maker (*eventailiste*) calls himself the inventor or designer, and he well merits the title. He employs able artists to paint the principal decoration for the mount, and to carve and decorate the stick. These parts, which are produced under his direction, he combines and fits up, exercising a controlling taste, which gives a name and individuality to the works of the chief Parisian makers. Thus the fan, like the pin, is a work of many hands—the painter, the carver, the gilder, and the jeweller, with several inferior artisans. In some instances the complete fan is the design of an eminent artist, who thus gives to it a uniform, harmonious character.

Some interesting facts relating to the Paris manufacture of fans appear in the report of the Déléguations Ouvrières, Paris Universal Exhibition, 1867. It is stated that the fan stick is specially made in the Department of the Oise, and that mother-of-pearl, ivory, bone, sandal wood, and other domestic and foreign woods are used, the manufacture in mother-of-pearl being carried on at Andeville, and in other materials at St. Genéviève. The work is chiefly domestic, the artisan, his wife, and children taking a share in it, and frequently attaining great skill by their own untaught industry and talent. The finely-painted mount is exclusively Paris work, the most esteemed artists being frequently employed. The fans thus produced are made under the direction of the principal dealers in Paris, and are of the highest quality, usually representing some speciality which belongs to their producer. In England the trade has not found such development, and its future extension would seem to depend upon the uprising here of men of taste and capital, who, as producers and sellers, shall occupy the place of the Paris *eventailiste*.

Among the more curious of the fans exhibited is one dated 1650, the mount of which is a landscape and figures embroidered in silk. Some of the carving of the mounts is exceedingly delicate. A fan, one of the wedding presents of the Empress of the French, is especially noticeable for its display of fine open cutting in so brittle a material as mother-of-pearl. Some of the fans possess historic interest, two or three being associated with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, contributes sixteen examples; Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of the French, thirty-five; and Her Royal Highness of the Princess of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, Her Royal Highness Mme. la Comtesse de Paris, are among the exhibitors.

A great feature in connection with the exhibition, and, considering the objects for which it is held, perhaps the most important feature, is the immense range of material that seems suitable for fan making and decoration, and the way in which the simplest and homeliest materials may be used with advantage. One fan mount is entirely of cut paper; but paper cut with such delicacy and careful design as to produce a very high artistic effect. Putting on one side the sticks and guards, it affords hope for the success of the attempt to provide a further and profitable employment for women. Those implements and materials which come most handy to their use are capable of producing good results—the needle and thread, the pencil and palette. Paper, silk, feathers, spangles, cloth, beetle's wings, photographs, all may be made use of, but need artistic skill and taste in their application and arrangement. In proof of this, it is only necessary to point to the tambour-work, and the paintings of lace and embroidery, and the charming paintings, exhibited by Mlle. Alida Stolk, of Paris. It is a matter of satisfaction that most of the exhibits will be open for the use of those who desire to study or copy them.

A SUBSCRIBER wishes a receipt to make good English *chow chow*.

FANCY FASHIONS.—"There is no knowing, in these days of restless luxury," says an English writer, "what fashion may not revive. Powder is already much used this season in Paris, probably it will not be long before it blows over here; and as for paint, it has been looking up for a considerable time. In the abstract, nothing, it must be confessed, seems more absurd than to conceal the golden sheen or silky blackness of women's hair under a snow shower of scented flour. But in practice the result is far from unpleasant. Go into a flour-mill and see a robust young miller at work; you will then at once observe what a value the rose-color and healthy carnations of his complexion gain from the whiteness of his hair. Certainly his eyes look richer and darker from the contrast, and the result is an æsthetic gain. At all events, powder is better than the gold-dust used to spangle the hair of French ladies some seasons ago. That fashion savored too much of the days of the Roman empresses, when careless slaves were sometimes thrown into the tanks to feed the lampreys. Gold-dust! Why, the glistening of a tress of golden hair, untempered by any such sophistries, excels metallic glitter as much as a sunbeam transcends a streak of yellow paint.

"There is no knowing what may not be revived. Perhaps the peacock doublets of Raleigh's time, the sleeves hung with gilt bells of Richard the Second's period, the tight-fitting cote hardies and broad jewelled belts of Edward the Third's barons, or the cocked hats and three-tier wigs of the Georgian era. The Greeks had other views about these matters. They never changed their style of dress. The plain robe and tunic of Phidias resembled the robe and tunic of Demosthenes; the pepulum of Helen hung in similar folds to that of the pepulum of Aspasia. The Greeks never grew tired of the simple folds and the stately curves of the simple dress their first sculptors had immortalized. What would they have said to the 'Grecian bend,' that last distortion of folly and affectation? The purest ideal of the way a woman should walk is the manner in which a milk girl carries her pail—erect, buoyant, elastic, the bosom thrown forward, the head up. Put such a child of nature, Irish or Welsh, beside a young lady walking in the absurd way now fashionable. It matters little whether the modern belle tries to walk so, or whether high-heeled shoes produce in her that Chinese helplessness. One would think she was trying to play a sort of feminine pantaloons, as she minces forward with pretty helplessness, some form of spinal disease being induced by every step. Farewell to what French cynics call 'the grenadier stride' of Englishwomen. Women totter forward now, they do not walk. The French shuffle and the Spanish glide are divine compared with such a style of walking as the Grecian bend produces. The 'bend' is ungraceful, unnatural, and unhealthy. But it is useless to remonstrate or revile. What did Punch do against crinolines! No folly in dress was ever laughed down. What did Hogarth do against the absurdities of his day? Nothing. It is supposed that women's fickleness in dress arises from a desire to please man. If it does, how is it that a folly in dress never alters one hour the sooner for all man's ridicule or dislike?"

Men may ridicule as much as they please; if it is the fashion, women will adopt it no matter whether it suits their figures or not. We saw a lady a day or two since who, if she had been asked to carry that load on her back, would have scanned the proposition. A curious object, in one of the street cars, was a lady with a very long neck, red hair, spectacles on her very large nose, and a brigand hat. If she could have seen herself as others saw her, she would have reformed her dress.

JEAN, the official fool of King Charles, of France, came to the palace one morning, exclaiming: "O sire, such news! Forty thousand men have risen in the city!" "What?" cried the startled king. "Why have they risen?" "Well," said Jean, "they have risen probably with the intention of lying down again at bedtime."

A GENTLEMAN received an unpaid letter, commencing: "Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose: "Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE other day a wealthy French countryman, whose son was studying law in Paris, paid a visit to his hopeful scion at the capital. After dinner, father and son took a stroll through the streets, looking at the various the buildings. Finally, they stood in front of a very remarkable and characteristic building. "What building is this, my son?" inquired the father. "I don't know, papa," replied the son; "but I will ask the Sergeant de Ville, who is standing behind us." The Sergeant de Ville informed them that it was the law school, where the young man was believed to have attended lectures for a year past.

He was almost as good a boy as the one who wrote his father from New Orleans that he had put his money in a religious bank—the fero.

PRINCESS METTERNICH lately appeared at a ball in black tulle, with the very fashionable scarf sash of black *gros grain* thrown over the skirt much below the waist. In her hair a diadem of diamond leaves, with a touquet of black velvet; a white and black plume down the back of her hair.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, SR., says, in one of his latest *feuilleton* articles, that, when he was at St. Petersburg, many years ago, an *attaché* of the French legation introduced him at a court ball at the Winter Palace, to the Emperor Nicholas. "Ah!" said the czar to the French romancier, "I have heard a great deal about your book, 'The Wandering Jew,' as soon as I have sufficient leisure I must read it." Dumas says he was so much taken aback by the words of the grim Nicholas that he did not venture to tell him that not he, but Eugene Sue, was the author of "The Wandering Jew."

THE Empress of Austria the other day was promenading in the suburbs of Vienna, when she met a poor woman with a child in her arms. The empress stood still and looked at the little babe, which was a remarkably handsome one. "When was your little daughter born?" she said to the poor woman. The reply was that the child was born on the same day as the youngest daughter of the empress, and that at the baptismal font she received the same names as the little princess. The empress was delighted when she heard this, and, taking the child in her arms and kissing it, she said to the poor mother that she would amply provide for her and her daughter, and when the latter was old enough she would have a good education given her.

THE French Prince Imperial is said to manifest every day more and more aversion to military pursuits. His character is that of his mother rather than that of his father. Like the Empress Eugenie he is impulsive, headstrong, vindictive, yet easily pacified, and likes to be familiar much beneath his station in life. He is very lavish with all he has, and he often gives to his servants presents which have been sent to him by foreign potentates. Some time since the Austrian Crown Prince presented the son of Napoleon with an immense box of toy soldiers. When the empress, a few days after her son had received the box, inquired in his rooms what had become of it, he said he had given it to his lacquey, who had told him that his little boy was sick. It cost the emperor one thousand francs to get the box back.

WHEN that little marvel, the portrait of a *condottiere* by Antonello de Messina, which is now in the *salon carré* of the Louvre, was put up at the Pourtales sale, the combatants were France and England. People were not much astonished when offer after offer was made, and 7000 guineas were proffered for a panel not more than twelve inches in its largest measurement, and representing a man's head and shoulders. The interest grew painful, even to picture-buyers, when the limit of the wildest ideas was passed, and France got the work at a prodigious price. Englishmen grumble, and still grumble, that their country hesitated to give 10,000 guineas for the Antonello. It is now understood that France would not have yielded at less than that sum. Such was the case in this great struggle—the most momentous of recent picture-buying feasts.

AT the second sale of the San Donato collection, in Paris, on the 26th February, so enormous a sum as 5000 guineas was bid by the Marquis of Hertford for "Broken Eggs," by Greuze, which is known by Moitte's engraving, and measures seventy-three

centimètres in height by ninety-four centimètres in length. This fact passed all expectations. In this picture a young woman is seated on the floor in a cottage, with her hands locked, finger in finger; near is her panner of broken eggs. A lad endeavors with indifferent success to assuage the wrath of an old woman who complained bitterly of the mishap. The composition is unusually complete and elaborate for Greuze, and the whole may be described as one of his best, if not his best work.

ANOTHER picture at the same sale demonstrated the modern rage for Greuze. "The Damsel with the Dog," which sold for 3550 guineas, is an oval, showing the head and one shoulder of a young woman who caresses a little querulous lap-dog, only the face of which is seen from the draperies which envelop her arms. Her face is charming, and exquisitely characteristic of Greuze. "Le Matin," sold at the same time, is likewise characteristic. It shows the head and shoulder of a young woman who sits in a chair and looks at us, the face three-quarters to our left, with a very open and innocent expression—at least, as we should rather say, she looks innocent in the Greuzean sense of the term. At the same sale was disposed of "The First Cradle" (Eve with her children), by Debay, well known from the plaster casts; and Pradler's group, "Satyr and Bacchante," sold to the Marquis of Hertford.

A CURIOUS scene was seen lately in one of the fashionable quarters of Paris. A great *nouveauté* house held a grand exhibition of spring materials—of course, of all novelty, beauty, and cheapness—and, moreover, every lady received a small bouquet of Parma violets, 25,000 of which had been sent from Nice for the purpose. Large bouquets of roses, camellias, and violets bloomed at the entrance, and over the whole establishment, outside beneath its portico, on the pavement, down the street, poured and pushed a number of customers such as few shops have dreamed of in their most golden dreams; while the now plaintive and now shrill and imperative demands of the ladies to be served, the excitement of the assistants, and the frequent downfalls of pyramids of stuffs, produced a glorious scene of confusion, the description of which is fairly embodied in the assertion of an assistant, who averred that his and all his colleagues' coats bore ruinous testimony to the supplicating grasps of the lady customers.

A WEDDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A wedding of a novel description took place lately at St. Nicholas Church, Newbury, England. The bridegroom, whose name is James Farr, living in Back Street, had seen sixty-two summers, and was in such an infirm state of health that he had to be conveyed to church in a Bath chair, drawn by his intended wife, a buxom woman about forty years of age, named Bailey. The Bath chair was drawn into the church as far as the font, when the bridegroom was assisted out of the chair, and with the help of the bride and sexton he managed to reach the chancel. The Rev. Charles Boyd performed the ceremony. At the conclusion of the service the bridegroom was again placed in the Bath chair, and drawn home by his wife, another woman pushing behind. Neither of the pair were able to sign the parish register.

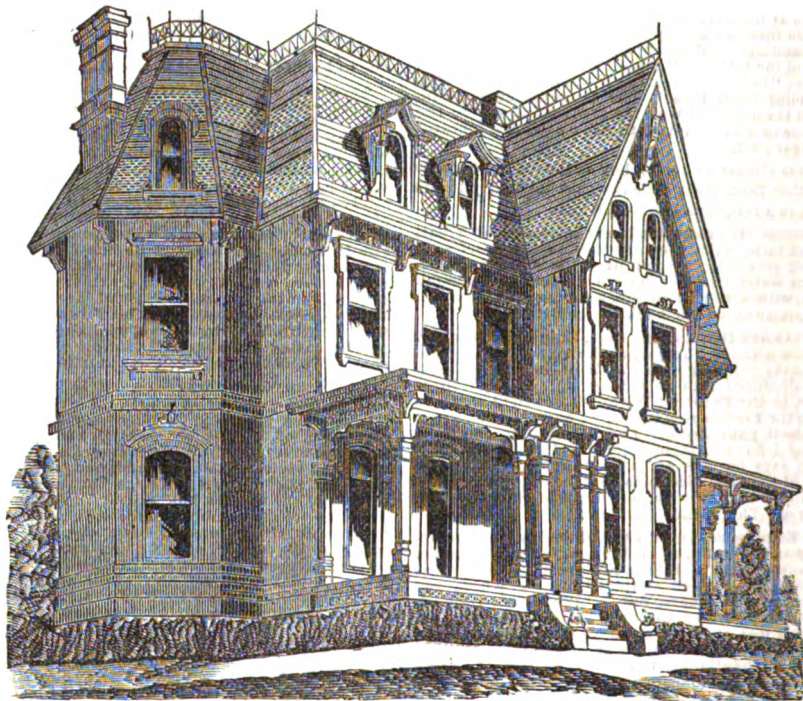
"Mlle. DEJAZET has given her farewell performance in the theatre bearing her name, in which she has played for the last eleven years, and which soon will exist no longer. But Virginie Dejazet will not be able to leave the stage entirely; it is her second nature. And through how long a lifetime! I know that in ordinary life she is very near seventy, but on the stage she is young and graceful, and it is there that Dejazet is a great deal more herself than when the curtain has fallen. She has been before the public for more than sixty years. At five years old she made her *début* in Paris, at the little *Théâtre des Capucines*, long ago consigned to dust and oblivion; at nine played the *jeunes amoureuses*. Mme. Perronnet had written some graceful farewell verses for the occasion, but Mlle. Dejazet was afraid to speak them, feeling very uncertain that she would not break down before the end."

Mlle. D. is now over seventy, and is celebrated for her performance of boyish characters.

AN experienced old gentleman says that all that is required for the enjoyment of love or sausages is confidence.

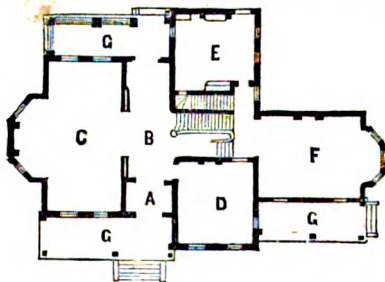
A MODEL RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



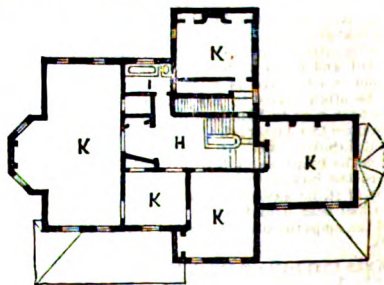
THE above design was drawn for Mr. S. G. Coffin, Alleghany City, and was built, last year, at Edgewater, on the Alleghany Valley Railroad. The building was designed to suit a sloping situation upon the side of a high hill. It has given great satisfaction, and those who have seen it think it the finest in the vicinity; it cost, complete, \$9000. The inner accommodations can be seen by the plans; being convenient, commodious, and admirably adapted to

First Story.—A vestibule, 5 by 8 feet; B hall, 8 feet wide; C parlor, 12 by 24 feet; D sitting-room, 14 by 14 feet; E kitchen, 12 by 14 feet; F dining-room, 14 by 18 feet; G porches.



FIRST STORY.

the position. We will state here that we are constantly designing new and improved buildings for almost every part of the United States, and have always on hand many new designs, that will suit in price as well as style any who may wish to build. We have been uniformly very successful in suiting our customers with a design; we have pleased many, who have been unsuccessful with others in procuring what they desired, with the first sketch made for them, and we know of no instance, where the parties have any knowledge at all of what they want, that we have made the second drawing, except it was to bring the cost down to meet their desire of expenditure.



SECOND STORY.

Second Story.—H stair hall; I bath-room; K chambers.

Our printed blank bills of quantities and specifications, which we send upon the receipt of \$2, are in considerable demand, as they afford a very great facility to mechanics and others who wish to fill them up to suit their ideas, and prevent any of the various details, necessary in the construction of a building, from being omitted, which is often the cause of disputes, extra charges, and law-suits.

SHREWDNESS AND POLITENESS.—"Here, Alfred, is an apple; divide it politely with your little sister." "How shall I divide it politely, mamma?" "Give the larger part to the other person, my child." Alfred handed the apple to his little sister, saying: "Here, sis, you divide it yourself."

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

We are reminded of the season for planting by the appearance of DREER'S *New Illustrated Catalogue of Bulbous Flower Roots* for planting in the autumn; also list of plants suitable for the house or conservatory for winter blooming—roses, choice hardy flowering shrubs, small fruits, grape vines, etc. Nothing can be more beautiful than a fine bed of Hyacinths, Tulips, and other bulbs in bloom during the early spring months. One of the most attractive features of our beautiful Fairmount Park, during the past spring, was the magnificent display of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, etc., which were furnished to the Park last autumn by Mr. Dreer. There is no class of plants which will give such satisfactory results, for the small outlay of money, as the bulbous-rooted section, as they are easily cultivated, and bloom at a season when flowers are appreciated. They are the first harbingers of spring. Some of the varieties, like the Crocus and Snowdrop, opening their blossoms with the first warm days of spring, often before the disappearance of snow.

For house culture and blooming during the winter and early spring months the Hyacinth has become a general favorite, from the facility with which it may be forced into bloom, either in pots or in glasses filled with water. Nothing can be more delightful, either for beauty or fragrance, than a stand of these lovely flowers in the parlor or drawing-room window during the winter months. Mr. Dreer's catalogue, not only gives a list with prices of all the different varieties, but also directions how to plant, the kind of soils required, and their proper management.

The following assortment will be found desirable, and includes the choicest varieties for indoor and garden. This assortment will be sent to any address (post-paid) upon the receipt of Ten Dollars, or one-half the assortment for Five Dollars and a Half.

- 12 Choice named Hyacinths, for forcing.
- 6 Mixed double Hyacinths, for garden.
- 6 " single Hyacinths, for garden.
- 6 " Tulips.
- 6 " double Tulips.
- 6 " parrot Tulips.
- 12 Early Duc Van Thol Tulips.
- 50 Crocus, assorted colors.
- 12 Iris, "
- 6 Jonquils.
- 6 Polyanthus Narcissus.
- 12 Narcissus.
- 12 Snowdrops.
- 6 Ranunculus.
- 6 Anemones.
- 6 Lily of the Valley.
- 2 Japan Lilies, spotted.
- 2 Golden Japan Lilies.
- 2 Crown Imperials.
- 2 Frittilaria.

All who are interested in flowers should send for DREER'S *Bulb Catalogue*, which will be mailed to all who inclose a postage stamp. Address

HENRY A. DREER, *Sedsmen and Florist*,
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A MATCH for the Boston dressmaker:—

"A few days ago the papers were giving the account of an action brought against her *faisceuse* by the Comtesse Rapp. It is true that the countess and her daughter dress in a style which is extremely rich and elegant; but the bill having risen to 200,000 francs, \$40,000, the countess, after paying three-quarters, had at last shown resistance. One item in the bill was a dress, the material of which had cost \$14, and the making up \$120."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

VOL. LXXXI.—19

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

- Miss J. L. T.—Sent article July 9th.
- Miss P. S.—Sent lead comb 2d.
- B. H.—Sent lead comb 2d.
- Mrs. H. L. R.—Sent lead comb 2d.
- Mrs. J. H. L.—Sent pattern 2d.
- Miss E. A. M.—Sent stationery 2d.
- Mrs. S. S. W.—Sent article 2d.
- Mrs. J. A. A.—Sent article 2d.
- Mrs. E. B. M.—Sent article by express 16th.
- Mrs. J. V. W.—Sent pattern 16th.

Mollie.—1. Never heard of the article, nor cannot find any person here that has; shall have to ask an explanation of you. 2. Don't think it is practised here, never have met with an enamelled lady. 3. It is a sort of church of his own—an outsider; people go to it to be amused.

Country School Girl.—We cannot answer your question, and from this time out shall cease to answer all such.

A Subscriber and a Former Subscriber.—One person under two signatures. We cannot supply you with understanding. Your education has been sadly neglected. Mention the unfinished stories.

We cannot make out the name of the inquirer to which this is an answer. The left hand glove is removed to put the ring on the finger, and left off; the other is kept on.

L. T.—"Drifting on the Tide." Cannot find any article bearing that title.

L. F. Mower, author of "Silver Wedding." We addressed a letter to you at Cincinnati, and it has been returned to us, "No such person to be found."

Gertrude.—It is considered that there is more attention paid to the education of Japanese women than in any other Eastern country. Even for the lower classes there are schools where boys and girls are taught together. When they are old enough the boys are taken to separate schools, where they go through a proper course of study to fit them for their several vocations. The girls are instructed in domestic matters. The higher classes of women are taught the accomplishments of painting, and music, and poetry. There are also dramatic, historic, and poetic works written by women, which command as much attention as those produced by men. This will show that the Japanese women are not neglected in their mental culture, but that they are, if not quite, nearly equal to the other sex. The power of the literary composition of the Japanese women is of very ancient date, for we find poems written by them amongst some popular collections which go back to very ancient times.

D. W. E.—Archangel Tar is not mentioned in the books. A Russian province of the name may produce some tar, so giving the name, but it possesses no peculiar properties, or it would be described in the books of reference.

Fernery.—In order to convert an aquarium into a fern-case, lay pieces of crock and moss (to serve as drainage) at the bottom of the case, and build up a little rock-work in the centre, which can be formed of cork and pumice-stone. The prepared mould for ferns can be bought at any florist's. A piece of glass should be placed on the top, but it is not necessary for the case to be air-tight. A little water (not cold) should be squirted over the ferns occasionally. If after a time slugs are found in the case, a piece of potato with a little dripping on it should be kept in it to catch them.

Alice.—Put your rose-leaves in a card-board box, sprinkle a little salt over them, and keep in a dry place. By this means they will retain their freshness and fragrance.

A. C.—You are mistaken. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat.

Juliet.—Poetry requires not only thought, true poetic feeling, and a desire to achieve something noble, which you have; but also great culture, true poetic education, and much practice, which you have not.

A. S. T.—As you were a perfect stranger, she no doubt considered it would not be right to take any notice of your letter.