FOR FEMININE READERS.

A Word to the Ladies.

Jane Eyre says: "I know that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking they must act and look like marble or clay—cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into an attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well-meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves because if you showed too much animation some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to devote your life to his inanity."

Wall Pockets of Fans.

A somewhat novel fashion for utilizing the Japanese fans for decoration is to trim them up to serve as pockets or bags to hang against a wall, and they are really ornamental if well done. The leaf of the fan is first covered over smoothly with a plain piece of the material selected for the pocket, then a larger piece is cut to allow of the necessary fullness of the front of the pocket; in this a cord is run, or three gathering threads, a heading being both at the top and bottom, the threads being lastly drawn up, and the piece sewed on to the front of the fan. The material may be embroidered or painted, if the worker likes, but if this is done it should be afterward stiffened over cardboard that the pattern may be seen; in this case there will be no fullness, but it will be cut out to shape. Yet another plan is to box-plait the material, leaving headings at the top and bottom as before. Soft balls of silk are fastened at intervals round the bottom edge, and are much prettier than ball fringe.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Some Famous Kisses.

It may not be generally remembered, but one of our best-known verses had its spring in the pensioning of Thomas Carlyle. Mr. Carlyle was too sturdy a man to write so as to attract the attention of the gentlemen who held the strings of the nation's purse; but Leigh Hunt undertook the task, succeeded in getting Carlyle a pension of £300, and, when he came with the good news, Mrs. Carlyle was so overjoyed that she kissed him. It was the occasion for Hunt's well-known improvisation:

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me.

No doubt the kisses of the young lovers taste better than any luxury yet discovered—they must be spooney, and innocent, and untutored—for kisses, like other nectar of the gods, lose their flavor in time.

They stood above the world,
In a world apart.
And she dropped her happy eyes
And stilled the throbbing pulses
Of her happy heart;
And the moonlight fell over her,
Her secret to discover,
As though no human lover
Had laid his kisses there.

While the hero of Locksley Hall said:

Many an evening by the water did we watch
the stately ship;
And our spirits rushed together at the meeting of the lips.

The dramatic kiss has attracted considerable attention. The way in which Emma Abbott kisses that handsome Castle, who plays "Paul" to her "Virginia," is too much, too much. It is recorded variously as "emotional," "paroxysmal," "spontaneous," "absorbing," and everybody wondered when little Emma learned to kiss in that way. Sarah Bernhardt makes a little rush at her vis-a-vis, and kisses him behind the ear before he knows what it is all about. Mary Anderson's kisses remind an actor who plays with her of the time he put his tongue to a frozen lamp-post when a boy, and now all the old boys are looking for lamp-posts to kiss. Here is a daring bit of sentiment:

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis grows,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.
To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time:
Ah me! It was he that won her,
Because he dared to climb.

A Venetian Wedding Day.

A Venetian festival is a synonym of all that is magnificent and romantic. From the earliest history the fetes have been events of the greatest popular interest and importance. They have been celebrated most frequently to perpetuate the memory of some triumph of the Venetion army, and the patriotism of the people has been kept alive by these fetes quite as much as by the consciousness of commercial importance and power. For centuries the Marian festivals were the most important holidays of the year. It was a custom introduced early in the tenth century to select from the different parishes of the city twelve poor maidens, distinguished for virtue and beauty, who were provided with a dowry at the cost of the State, and fitted out with wedding trousseaus from the treasury of St. Mark. The girls were dressed in long robes of white, with loosened hair interwoven with threads of gold, and in a rich barge were carried to the church of St. Peter, followed by a cortege of gayly decorated gondolas, with music and singing, the doge and signory accompanying the procession. Each maiden bore in her hand a small box containing her dowry, and met her appointed husband in the church. Mass was celebrated, and the bishop officiated in the marriage ceremonies. This was the beginning of the fete, which lasted a whole week. With the growth of luxury and laxity of morals the festival lost its original character, and it became necessary to limit its observance, and during the Genovese war, in the fourteenth century, the celebration was neglected and fell into disuse. An incident which happened in the tenth century during the observance of this festival has long been a favorite theme of artists and poets, and illustrates too well the spirit of the day and the isolation of the new republic to be omitted here. The Trieste pirates long watched an opportunity to rob the festal barge of its treasures, both human and monetary, and one fine morning of St. Mary's eve they burst open the doors of the church, surprised the congregation and escaped with the brides and the treasures. The doge, who was present, urged immediate pursuit. Every boat capable of carrying rowers was manned and put to sea in the greatest haste. Venice rose as one man to join in the pursuit of the pirates, and to assist in the recovery of the brides. The enthusiasm of the Venetians was so irresistible that the pirates were overtaken and beaten in one of the entrances to the lagoon. Not a pirate escaped, such was the fury of the pursuers. The brides were recovered entirely unharmed, and the ceremony of marriage took place with increased pomp the same evening.

Fashion Notes.

Hats and bonnets are faced with bright red, golden brown or black.

The hair is worn higher and higher on the head from week to week.

Draperies raised with tabs or rosettes of large blossms are much in vogue.

The latest cut pompadour neck is much wider than the one formerly worn.

Pearl bead embroideries and fringes make the decorative parts of many ball toilets.

The cashmere broches brought on this spring are among the prettiest goods of the season.

All repped silks are in favor, especially what is called gros faille with flattened reps.

Watered silk is again in vogue as a combination with cashmere and camel's hair fabrics.

The trimmings for black silk are flat passementeries, corded and chenille ornaments and lace.

The fashionable buttons are either coin or bullet shape, made of dull vegetable ivory to match any shade.

The gilt-embroidered surahs for evening dresses are beautiful in cream white, pink, pale blue or lavendar.

Scallops are liked on the lower edge of plain or full tabliers, and rest upon a narrow protective plaiting.

A closely-woven fabric is called tricotine satin. It has the slight ribbed effect familiar in jersey cloths.

A fringe of delicate, pendulous flowers is worn around aprons, panniers and low neck bodices of full dress toilets.

Brown, gray, black and blue promise to be used for dressy wraps, trimmed with lace, passementerie and feathers.

A pretty skirt is make of gros-grain silk laid in wide kilt plaits, pointed on the lower edge and falling over a lace ruffle.

For evening dresses no color is more popular than a peculiar shade of blue which Parisians style *bleu de ciel* (sky-blue).

Embroidery of all sorts seems to be running wild. An exaggerated soutache braid, fully a quarter of an inch wide, is among the novelties.

Among the prettiest and most artistic of the new woollen costumes are those which are embroidered in chenille shaded in several colors of the wool.

For elaborate spring toilettes second skirts of woollen lace are worn over a silk skirt of a different color. The lace second skirt is mounted on a short round skirt of silk, plain on the front and trimmed at the bottom with several ruffles, the lace skirt reaching to the first of them.

Ribbons are much wider than any used of late. The gauze ribbons striped with velvet or dotted with chenille are the novelties for summer bonnets, while for trimming spring hats and bonnets there are many plaid and striped ribbons of soft silk and etamine, through which threads of silk and dull gold are drawn.

Opiates.

The first indulgence is in some sense legitimate; is almost enforced, either by acute pain or chronic insomnia. The latter is perhaps the most dangerous. The pain, if it last for weeks forces recourse to the doctor before the habit has become incurable. Sleeplessness is more persistent, and to most people a much less alarming thing; and it is, moreover, one with which the doctors can seldom deal save through the very agents of mischief. Neuralgia, relieved for a time by chloroform or morphia, may be cured by quinine; sleeplessness admits of hardly any cure but such complete change of life as is rarely possible, at least to its working victims. And the narcotist habit once formed, neither pain nor sleeplessness is all that its renunciation would involve. The drunkard, it must be remembered, gets drunk, as a rule, but occasionally. Save in the last stages of dipsomania, he can do, if not without drink, yet without intoxicating quantities of drink, for days together. The narcotist who attempts to go for a whole day without his accustomed dose suffers in twenty-four hours far more cruelly than the drunkard deprived of alcohol in as many days. The effect upon the stomach and other organs, upon the nerves as well as the brain, is one of indescribable, unspeakable discomfort amounting to torture; a disorder of the digestive system more trying than sea sickness, a disorganization of the nerves which after some hours of unspeakable misery culminates in convulsive twitchings, in mental and physical distress, simply indescribable to those who have not felt it. Where attempts have been made forcibly and suddenly to withhold the accustomed sedative they have not infrequently ended in a few days in madness or death. In other cases the victim has sought and obtained relief by efforts or through hardships which, in his or her best days, would have seemed impossible or unendurable. One woman thus restrained escaped in deshabille from her bedroom on a winter night of Arctic severity; ran for miles through the snow, and was fortunate enough to find a chemist who knew something of the fearful effect of such privation and had the good sense and courage to give in adequate quantity the poison that had now become the first necessary of life. In a word, narcotics, one and all, are, to those who have once fallen under their power, tyrants whose hold can hardly ever be shaken off which punish rebellion with the rack, and with all those devices of torture which mediæval and ecclesiastical cruelty found even more terrible than the rack itself; while the most absolute submission is rewarded with sufferings only less unendurable than the punishment of revolt. De Quincey's dreams under the influence of opium were to the tortures of resistance what the highest circle of purgatory may be to the lowest pit of the inferno.—*National Review.*

A Vegetarian Argument.

Count Ferdinand DeLesseps, the projector of the Panama Canal, believes in more bread and less meat. He says that one pound of dry wheat is worth more than three pounds of wet beef. Scald a pound of flour and you have a gallon of mush which could not be eaten in three days. It takes eight pounds of grain to make a pound of meat. One acre of cereals in France will support five men while it would take two acres to support one steer, and in the end one man would eat the steer. The steer is an unnecessary tramp DeLesseps thinks it strange that our Southern States have thrown away barrels of cotton-seed oil while buying unhealthy pork and lard.—*Health Monthly.*

REMARKABLE DOGS.

Stories of Intelligent Animals that Deserve Remembrance.

It is to be hoped, says *Chambers' Journal*, that the animal scale of morality is not so low that when a brute acts honestly it does so only because honesty is the best policy. There are many instances known of animals acting honestly when the slightest promptings of instinct would have shown that it was more politic to act otherwise. Self-denial and self-sacrifice have been frequently needed of animals, and in the hour of temptation they have not succumbed. Quite recently the Canadian papers reported an anecdote of canine fidelity which, had it been told of a Roman soldier or a Hindu nurse, would have been bruited throughout the civilized world as an instance of humanity's supremest devotion to duty. The story as told to us is, when nearing Montreal, the engine-driver of a train saw a great dog standing on the track and barking furiously. The driver blew his whistle, yet the hound did not budge, but crouching low was struck by the locomotive and killed. Some pieces of white muslin on the engine attracted the driver's notice; he stopped the train and went back. Beside the dead dog was a dead child, which, it is supposed, had wandered on to the track and had gone to sleep. The poor, watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop, but, unheeded, had died at its post, a victim to duty.

This is no solitary specimen of canine integrity. The author of "Salad for the Social" tells of a dog whose master deposited a bag in one of the narrow streets of Southampton, and left his dog to guard it, with strict injunctions not to leave it. The faithful creature was so staunch in the fulfillment of duty, that, rather than forsake its trust, it actually allowed a heavy cart to drive over it and crush it to death.

It is not merely momentary impulse or ignorance of the effects of this steadfastness—as some may imagine—that prompts animals to act thus faithfully. There are numerous cases on record to prove that they will sustain hunger, endure pain and fatigue, and withstand temptation at the dictates of duty as gallantly as any human being. Youatt is the authority for the following remarkable instance of canine integrity:

An officer returning from a day's shooting deposited his spoil in a certain room, in the custody of his dogs. He locked the door, put the key in his pocket and departed. Soon afterward he was called away upon urgent business, and during his absence of several days forgot all about his big game and dogs. When he returned home he hastened to his room and there found both dogs dead of hunger. Not only had they refrained from touching the game, but they had also kept quiet, having neither barked nor cried, evidently fearing to betray the trust they deemed their master had confided to them.

In his interesting "African Travels," Le Vaillant details how he missed his favorite setter. After a fruitless search and the repeated firing of his gun to guide the animal, he sent an attendant back by the way they had traveled to try and discover the lost favorite. About two leagues back the dog was found keeping guard over a chair and a basket which had been dropped unperceived from the wagon. But for this fortunate discovery the dog must have perished by hunger or from beasts of prey.

In Taylor's "General Character of the Dog" is given an account of one these faithful animals which daily carried to a laborer in the Portsmouth dockyard his dinner. Trusty, as the dog was rightly named, had to take the basket containing his master's midday meal upward of a mile, so that he had frequently to rest on the journey. He was very careful as to where he deposited his load, and would not allow anyone to come near it. When he reached the dock gates he often had to wait until they were opened for the admission or egress of anyone, but the instant he could effect an entrance he ran in with his charge and carried it to his master, who, after he had partaken of his dinner, re-delivered the empty basket to his faithful servitor to carry home again.

In his "Essay on Instinct," Hancock tells of a dog belonging to a Glasgow tap-room keeper that was accustomed to carry its master's breakfast to him in a tin can between its teeth. When the family removed the dog changed his route and never went wrong. It could not be induced to accept a favor when on its master's errands, and carefully avoided any of its own species. This incorruptible servant, which, by the way, understood Gaelic as well as English, often carried home meat to the weight of half a stone, but never attempted to touch it. Dogs, indeed, rarely attempt to touch food belonging to their owners. One very remarkable instance is recorded by Jessie of a dog that accompanied its mistress when returning from market with a basket of provisions.

They were overwhelmed by a snow-storm, and not discovered for three days; the woman was found to be dead, but the dog, which was lying by her side, was alive. The honest creature, however, had not touched the eatables in his mistress' basket, but, as neighboring villagers remembered, when too late, had been endeavoring, on the evening of the storm, by whining and signs they could not comprehend, to induce them to follow it to where its mistress was.

In his "Anecdotes of Dogs," Captain Brown speaks of a mastiff that was locked up by mistake an entire day in a pantry where milk, butter, and meat were within reach. The hungry dog did not touch any of these things, though it ate voraciously as soon as food was given to it.

Colonel Hamilton Smith is our authority for the anecdote of a dog that followed its owner, who was on horseback and who contrived to drop some cakes from his basket as he cantered home. On his arrival he found that his trusty follower had gathered up some of the lost cakes and carried them home, and had gone for the remainder, which it duly returned with untasted.

"Dogs," says Colonel Smith, "have an instinctive comprehension of the nature of property," and it is really most remarkable, considering that they have not human speech, how frequently and how well they make us understand their views on this point. The colonel alludes to the case of a lady at Bath, who was somewhat alarmed by the behavior of a strange mastiff that seemed anxious to prevent her going on. Finding she had lost her veil, she turned back, the dog going before her until she came to the missing article and picked it up. As soon as the dog saw she had regained her property it scampered off to its master.

Dr. Jacoby, of New York, says that children grow taller during an acute sickness—such as fever—the growth of the bones being stimulated by the febrile condition.

Partial Loss of Memory.

Sick persons have been known to lose all remembrance of what has happened to them during their sickness, and sometimes, stranger still, of the period immediately preceding their sickness, while easily recalling what went before and followed afterward. The brain plays odd tricks with us at times, especially when it has been subjected to a sudden shock; and scientific men, who think that its various convolutions are the seats of various faculties of the mind, derive some confirmation of their theory from the fact that the power of memory may fail in part without any failure of general intelligence, and may fail in part without being altogether impaired. A notable instance of this last mentioned peculiarity occurred about a dozen years ago. A lad in the country was accused of throwing another into a pond, and he was put on trial before a bench of magistrates. His elder brother, who bore a high character in the village both for conduct and mental shrewdness, had seen the struggle between the lads, and he was called upon to give evidence. He declared his belief that the fight was perfectly fair throughout, and that the immersion in the pond was an accident. Questioned as what occurred afteward, he could not speak of a single circumstance.

"Did the prisoner make an attempt to rescue the deceased?"

He could not say.

"The bench understands that you leaped into the water and recovered the body."

"They tell me so," he said, "but I have no recollection of it."

"The constable has told us that you dived twice, brought out the body, and carried it to the parents' house."

"I have not the slighest remembrance. I only know that I was at home in bed at eight o'clock—six hours later—and the last thing I could remember was seeing poor Smith fall over the edge.

There could be no doubt that the witness was telling the truth. The shock which he had received on seeing the fatal result of his brother's quarrel had paralyzed his brain; the memory was interrupted for those few hours, though in all other respects he had acted like a man in full possession of his senses.

Bits for the Babies.

Gifts made to the baby who is yet too young to appreciate tokens of affectionate regard, are of course welcomed by the mother. Simple and inexpensive gifts of this sort are the little bibs of fleece-lined pique. The edges may be buttonholed in scallops, with white or with the scarlet or blue working-cotton, which is warranted not to fade, and which really will not do so; or very pretty ones are made of thick muslin, two thicknesses, with a thin layer of cotton between; quilt these in small squares or diamonds; in the centre leave a space large enough so that if you choose you can embroider the word "baby," or the initial of a name, or a flower. The edge may be scalloped in buttonhole stitch, or a durable edging may be sewed on. The dauntiest socks now made are of silk, knit just as the little worsted ones are; they are not so serviceable for cold weather as the worsted ones, but to adorn a baby-basket no prettier object can be devised; a little very soft cotton should be stuffed in them, so that they will stand upright, but do not let it show to the top, or above where the tassels are tied.

A lovely blanket is made of soft white flannel, with a narrow hem, to which is sewed an edge knit out of split zephyr. In each corner of the blanket some figure is embroidered in the delicate outline stitch; it is a pretty fancy, in two corners, in soft blue silk, to work figures of the Kate Greenaway style and in the other two to put sprays of flowers. Make use of the color only in the embroidery and trimming of the blanket.

A Novel Cure for Drunkenness.

In Australia a medical practioner had surrendered himself to the demon of drink, and his poor little wife found all expostulation useless. From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, whether patients crowded his study or left him lamenting the dullness of business, it was all alike—he was in a state of chronic and most pronounced fuddle. At length he jocosely promised his better half that if she could once succeed in getting him sober he would join the Blue Ribbon Army. Shortly afterward the medico disappeared from public view, and was not seen for nearly a week. He then presented a very sober and sorry aspect. When questioned he explained the cause of his enforced retirement to a confidential friend. After a very heavy bout he regained consciousness only to find the soles of his feet deprived of their cuticle and left raw and sore. No one could afford him any explanation of the circumstances, and he was left helpless in bed for six days without even the consolation of a nobbler. He expressed his belief that his little woman, in order to keep him at home, had during his sleep applied strong blisters to his feet of mustard and vinegar, and thus placed him completely in her power.

The Industrious Bee.

No wonder the bee is such an indefatigable worker. Each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower-tubes, each of which contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-hundreth part of a grain. The proboscis of the bee must therefore be inserted into five hundred clover-tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are seven thousand grains in a pound, and, as honey contains three fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents two billion, five hundred thousand clover-tubes sucked by bees.

A Question of Fact.

A consequential attorney once took strong exception to a ruling of his court that certain evidence was inadmissible. "I know, your honor," said he, warmly, that it is proper evidence. Here I have been practicing at the bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I am a fool?" "That," quietly replied the court, "is a question of fact and not of law, and so I shall not pass upon it, but let the jury decide."

His Interpretation.

As illustrative of the healing power of air and exercise, the story is told of a patient who was directed by his physician to take one pill three times a day in any convenient vehicle. The dictionary showed the word vehicle to mean "carriage, buggy, wagon, cart." Thereupon he concluded to ride out every time he took a pill, and the result was that he improved wonderfully.

A Chancellor's Opinion.

Hon. James Harlan, ex-Vice Chancellor of Louisville, Ky., a brother of Justice Harlan, U. S. Supreme Court, says of St. Jacob's Oil: "I use it, and I know full well whereof I speak in pronouncing it a most extraordinary cure for all that is claimed for it by its proprietors. Every family should have it.

A man is never so fortunate or unfortunate as he thinks.

Above all other earthly ills,
I hate the big, old-fashioned pills;
By slow degrees they downward wend,
And often pause, or upward tend;
With such discomfort are they fraught,
Their good effects amount to naught.
Now, Dr. Pierce prepares a pill
That just exactly fills the bill—
A Pellet, rather, that is all—
A pleasant Purgative, and small;
Just try them as you feel their need,
You'll find that I speak truth, indeed.

Hope is grief's best music.

The Morning Dress.

It is said that a lady's standing in society can easily be determined by her dress at the breakfast-table; an expensive, showy costume indicating that the wearer has not yet learned the proprieties. But no one need be afraid of being called "shoddy" if her loveliness is as apparent by daylight as at the hops. Perfect duty is never the attendant of disease; above all, of those diseases peculiar to women, and which find a ready cure in Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

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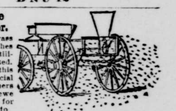
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All other preparations of Iron cause headache, and produce constipation.

Brown's Iron Bitters is the ONLY Iron medicine that is not injurious—its use does not even blacken the teeth.

It not only cures the worst cases of Dyspepsia, but insures a hearty appetite and good digestion.

THE BEST TONIC

Brown's Iron Bitters is the Best Liver Regulator—removes bile, clears the skin, digests the food, CURES Belching, Heartburn, Heat in the Stomach, etc.

It is the best-known remedy for **female infirmities.**

The genuine has above trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by

Brown Chemical Co.,
Baltimore, Md.

Office of the City Auditor,

Richmond, Va. Nov 15th 1884

Messrs Lyon & Co
New York

Gentlemen

On Saturday last 8th inst my Son, a Youth of 17 years, was badly burned on the Hands & Face by an explosion of powder while assisting in firing a salute in honor of the election of Cleveland & Hendricks.

I at once commenced the use of Your Mexicane Mustang Liniment, and by Saturday Nov 15th he is almost entirely well. His Hands & Face were nearly scaled I have used about 10 Bottles 25¢ size, and he commends it has completely healed the burns without leaving a scar.

I have no doubt you have any number of testimonials as to the efficacy of your liniment but I cannot refrain from adding my testimony with many thanks for the great benefit my Son has derived from its use.

I trust you will continue its Manufacture, that all suffering humanity may be benefitted. It is worth its weight in gold many many times over.

I may add that no Doctor was called in or consulted at any time during the accident.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment did the work entirely.

Respectfully Yours
Dr J Hawthorn
Surg
Richmond City Gas House

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