

BELLES OF THE TURF.

The Horsey Side of New York Feminine Society—Kissing the Winner.

It has been very amusing to witness at the races this year the changed attire and manners of the New York society girls who have attended them. The costumes seen, when not concealed by an English cover coat have been strikingly mannish in cut and material. Stand-up collars, with edges turned slightly down, cut-away coats, leaving exposed a small expanse of shirt bosom, regular men's cravats, with little horsey pins and cuffs with link sleeve-buttons completed these costumes. Before the races these sporty young ladies invariably visited the saddling paddock, investigated the steeds that were to run with seemingly practiced eyes, and loudly criticised their points with the nonchalance and apparent knowledge of professional jockeys.

Another noticeable feature of this year's races has been the open manner in which the society girls present had indulged in betting upon them. Since New York society began to consider it a fashionable thing to attend the races its feminine members have wagered more or less on the sly, but up till recently it has not been considered "good form" to place any more substantial stakes upon favorite steeds than the always desirable gloves and the toothsome candies. But all that is changed, and at the Cedarhurst races this spring young girls, maidens, and matrons could be seen on all sides "making books" among themselves or sending obedient swains to buy \$5 tickets for them in the French pools, and their pleasure when they won and their chagrin when they lost was in no way concealed. The chief topic of discussion among them going to the races were the chances of this and that horse and the amount of their losses or gains on their return home.

The lunch is of course an important feature of a day at the races, and the parties who drive over from Hempstead in four-in-hands find an especial enjoyment in this part of the day's proceedings. Champagne is never as sparkling as when served on a coach-top after a dusty drive, and with the accompaniment of a jolly party of friends and chicken salad, ices, and other concomitants of an elegant repast such as a coach lunch provides, are always particularly enticing at such times.

The trip to the races is not complete to the minds of most of the society girls who attend them, without a visit to the stables to inspect the winning horse, and frequently when one of these young ladies has won any considerable stake on any one racer she does not hesitate to kiss the successful steed. By next year it will probably be in order for these sporting maidens to embrace the jockey also, but thus far she has drawn the line at the horse. In consequence of the adoption of this custom the stables near the club-house at Cedarhurst have more or less the appearance of a reception for an hour following the races. From present appearances the prediction might safely be made that the feminine portion of New York society will have a race-course and contests of its own some day.—New York Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Messenger Boys and "Overs."

A bright and ruddy-faced messenger boy swung himself on to a Seventh avenue car at Park place and a reporter questioned him about his work. "I like it pretty well," he said. "The pay is not big, but the 'overs' are immense. Don't you know what overs are? Why, it's when a man gives you half a dollar and the charge for his message is only twenty-five. O, my, that's nothing. I had a man give me a dollar the other day for a 35 cent message. You see it was to his girl, and he told me particular not to give it to anybody but her, and he told me she was expecting me, and would wear a blue ribbon on her neck, and if anybody came for the message who didn't have a blue ribbon I was not to give it. Say, that was funny, though. When I got up to the girl's house she came to the door. My but she was a stunner, all silk and lace, but narry blue ribbon. I asked her name, and she said that was her, and I looked right sharp at her neck and said there must be some mistake. She put her hand up to her neck and flushed. Then she said: 'Excuse me a moment,' and away she went. She came back presently with a blue ribbon on, and a quarter in her hand. We make about \$5 to \$7 a week, on the straight. My 'overs' last week were \$11. It's only 11 o'clock now, I guess, and I've made 90 cents to-day."—New York Tribune.

The French Marriage Market.

Among the upper classes in France there is a notable stagnation just now in the marriage market, the supply of marriageable girls being altogether in excess of the demand. What are the causes of this? The Figaro of course makes the republic responsible. Young men of good family have no longer anything to do—for they will not serve so "low" a form of government. Besides, most civil service appointments are now entirely closed to the Conservatives. In France, unfortunately, the aristocracy has not taken to trade, as in England; while the bar and other learned professions are overstocked. French mothers, meanwhile, are too wise to give their daughters to idle men, and many of them, therefore, never "go off" at all. Not, however, that the young ladies themselves are entirely free from blame. The French girl of the period is too fond of luxury and comfort, and does not care to leave the parental nest of roses for the struggles and trials of married life. When we were young, young folks were less calculating, and knew better how to love. We were sometimes deficient in foresight, but youth and love balanced our budgets.—Cor. Figaro.

Col. "Bob" to the Hotel Man.

Col. "Bob" Ingersoll has never been a hotel clerk, but he seems to understand what every traveler demands of the much abused attache in the office of the inn. In sending his regrets to the dinner of the Hotel Men's association he wrote: " Hoping that the inventive genius of the country will finally build hotels with only front rooms with southern exposure, raise cattle entirely composed of tenderloin, chickens all breast, and fish without bones, produce eggs that grow fresher as the years roll by, and, in addition to all this, put in operation some scheme for funding bills on long time at a lower rate of interest, with breakfast, dinner, supper, and lodging coupons attached. I remain, and always have been, yours R. G. Ingersoll."—Chicago Tribune.

An Explanation to the Policeman.

A small Waterbury lad said to a policeman the other day: "If you see a ladder up to my bed-room window to-night please don't say anything or take it down. A lot of us boys are going to sleep together to-night and get an early start to see the circus come in town, and I want to get out of the house on the sly." The policeman is said to have been worthy of the confidence thus placed in him.—Chicago Herald.

How a French Reporter Interviewed.

You know that M. de Blowitz is declared advocate and practitioner of interviewing, and, by the way, for this very reason it is that some of his critics are so hard on him. "Do you know M. de Blowitz's plan for interviewing?" "Well, he studies thoroughly the whole subject that the interview is to bear on and then he does all the talking himself. The personage who is being interviewed simply says yes or no to the questions and statements of the interviewer, and when the conversation appears in print the latter puts his own language into the mouth of the former.

I remember being present at M. de Blowitz's famous interview with Omer Pasha. The general scarcely said a word from the time we entered his presence until we left him, but the correspondent's tongue was not idle an instant, and his sharp eye and keen intellect marked every token of assent or dissent that fell from his interlocutor's lips or was revealed by the motion of the head or the expression of the face. A few days afterward I was astonished—this was the first time I had seen M. de Blowitz at work—to read The Times an account of this interview and to find that the taciturn pasha had been as communicative as the voluble correspondent, in fact had plagiarized the latter's very language."—Paris Cor. Inter Ocean.

Beginning of M. Zola's Career.

Zola is the son of a Lombardian engineer, but born in Paris. He is claimed by the Italians and adored by the Russians, especially the nihilists. At the age of 18 he began his struggle for life, and for two years he lived in abject misery. One winter his parents sent him some olive oil, and that, with bread soaked in it, was his diet for months. Zola keeps some of that oil as a curiosity. When he succeeded in entrapping a sparrow, he roasted the bird with a curtain rod for a spit. When he pawned his coat, he had to stay indoors for days, wrapped in a blanket. He called this "doing the Arab." He never lost courage, and when very hungry, he wrote poetry, but, knowing that was not his forte, he returned to prose. A situation in a publishing house was the beginning of a new career for him. Then he became a journalist and critic. "La Confession de Claude" is his autobiography. There he describes what he has experienced. Those who rage against society are usually the ones who understand the bitterness of life, and Zola paints wicked and brutal people well—too well. Now that he is rich, and his books reach their hundredth edition, and that he may be called the foremost author in France, he turns his back upon the society which neglected him in his unhappy days.—Paris Letter.

Death Under Street Car Wheels.

A man who has kept "tab" on the subject told me the other day that there was only one man in Chicago who had survived the accident of street car wheels. "There is something in a street car wheel," he continued, "which is deadlier than the apex tree. It kills with a certainty that is almost terrible. People are thrown down embankments in steam cars, run over by engines, cut by buzz-saws, and blown up by dynamite, and then manage to creep through wearisome days and nights and die of old age. But it is rare that one survives a street car wheel. I do not pretend to say why this is so, but I have the figures to prove it. You remember, perhaps, the long list of dead ones which is charged up to the South Side Cable company. It became so appalling that the company finally had to put guards before the wheels of the cars. The street car wheel mashes the bone and shocks the system, and the victim dies a death almost as horrible as that of hydrophobia. The exception I have stated is still living in this city, but his life is a burden, and he has told me that death would have been preferable."—Chicago Herald.

Noteworthy Observations of Tree Life.

The department of agriculture, in its forestry division, has prepared a schedule for observation of tree life; and accompanying it, of weather conditions, for the purpose of aiding an interest in forestry work; and to arrive at certain results explained on the schedules. It is desirable that these observations should be noted by a very large number of persons; and everybody interested will be welcome to apply for the blanks to the department. As the season is rather advanced, not all the points required may be taken this year, but even a partial report will be acceptable.—Detroit Free Press.

The Probable Origin of Amber.

Prussian botanists claim to have discovered the different species of trees from which the various kinds of amber once oozed. From their researches it is now apparent that once upon a time the land which is now the Baltic sea was a superfluous forest of conifers, some of them those giant trees that are to-day the pride of California, others the cedars which still tower supreme in the east, together with the firs, spruce and cypress of England and other countries.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Grief Was Doubly Poignant.

"It's awful—awful," groaned Smith, with despair in his voice, "note due to-morrow—\$200—can't pay it. What on earth I am to do is more than I know." "Why not let the other fellow walk," inquired Brown. "Let the other fellow walk?" "Certainly. Why not?" "Why not?" repeated Smith, striding up and down in great nervous excitement. "He is walking. I'm the other fellow."—Puck.

The Street Railways of Glasgow.

The fourteen miles of street railway in Glasgow, Scotland, are owned by the city, and bring to the treasury a rental of \$75,000 annually. There is no uniform rate of fare, but a penny a mile is charged, with reduced rates morning and evening, when the working people travel. The original purpose of the tramway, in fact, was to enable the workmen to inhabit the suburbs.—Chicago Herald.

Where Bancroft and Bismarck Graduated.

George Bancroft, the historian, and Prince Bismarck graduated at the same university—Gottingen—about the same time. When Bancroft was United States minister to Germany, during the period of the Franco-Prussian war, he and Bismarck were intimate friends.—Chicago Tribune.

Nerves of an Actress and Statesman.

Clara Morris says: "Mr. Pidden and I have jointly made just about the most thorough study of nerves and their disorders that can be imagined. We have learned everything concerning diseases except how to cure them."—Exchange.

Time to Start in Late Autumn.

George Augustus Sala made the mistake of going to India a month too late, and was forced to beat a retreat from the climate, but he says he will not begin next November.—London Letter.

MAKING MEXICAN GOLD-BUGS.

Unprecedented Demand for the Insect—How the June-Bug Is Utilized.

A short time ago the small boys of Evanston were thrown into a state of great excitement by the appearance of a strange old man in the town. The mysterious individual, clad in a linen duster, carrying a gingham umbrella, and wearing green goggles, was not long in gathering the entire male population about him by reason of the astonishing offer which he made. He agreed to pay 5 cents each for large-sized and well-formed June-bugs. If a firecracker as large as a flour-barrel had exploded in the school-room it would not have created near as much excitement as the offer of the strange old man. Not more than half of the youngsters went back after the noon recess, and a grand June-bug round-up was instituted. After school-hours the youngsters who hadn't played "hooky" joined the other hunters, and the result was a terrible shaking-up of June-bugs.

The mysterious stranger kept his word, and paid 5 cents apiece for all the able-bodied June-bugs which had not been maimed or injured in the excitement of the chase. At nightfall he went back to the city carrying a cigar-box full of the finest June bugs in the land, while all the little boys in Evanston revelled in taffy.

The stranger with a penchant for June-bugs was found to occupy a little room on State street, which is strewn with bric-a-brac and articles sold by street-peddlers. In a glass case were the June-bugs, and on a little oil-stove a pot of fine shellac was kept in a liquid state. On some cotton-battling on a table were several magnificent golden beetles with golden wings and delicately shaped claws and nippers.

"Where did you get these?" queried the visitor. "They are Mexican gold-bugs, ain't they, and are worth considerable money?"

"Mexican gold-bugs? Why, there can't any bug that ever buzzed match those fellows. I sold three of those to-day for \$16, and the man that got them wants me to make a contract to furnish no one but him with them. I've got a bonanza here."

"How's that?"

"Why, haven't you heard about the gold-bug that Miss Folsom wore back from Paris. They are all the rage. Well, I put something on the market which discounts the genuine article."

"Under a pledge of secrecy I'll let you into the scheme, but it doesn't matter much, I guess you have got it already."

With that the man picked up a June-bug, fastened it in a steel bodkin, and then suddenly plunged it into the shellac. Reaching into the drawer, he drew forth a pad of lamb's wool, dashed it over the gummy June-bug, and in an instant there was a startling transformation. Writhing on the end of the steel bodkin was a golden beetle. He had washed a June-bug in gold dust.

"I make two kinds," continued the inventor, gazing at his handiwork admiringly, "the animate and inanimate. When I make the animate article I merely dip the wings and back in the shellac, which, by the way, is prepared especially for this purpose. It has to be very fine and just so thin. The inanimate specimens are made by plunging the whole body into the shellac. It kills them instantly and covers every speck of their bodies. Then I put on two coats of gold-dust and they are practically embalmed. They will last a life-time with proper care, and when I put them in front of jewelers they think they have struck a magnificent piece of jewelry work until they handle them. The weight gives them away then. I'm thinking of burying a buckshot in every June-bug, and then they'll weight up to the standard. I don't suppose the live-bug craze will last much after the Folsom boom dies out, but the dead bug will become a fixture. I'm going to get a patent on the process. There are good American dollars in it."

Gold-bugs are in great demand just now and the mysterious man on State street is very busy. The American June-bug is certainly superior to the insect imported from Mexico. If the little boys of Evanston don't corner the market on June-bugs, Mexican gold-bugs will be cheap in a few days.—Chicago News.

Type-Setting Without Copy.

This has always been thought to be a difficult feat, and one to be classed with chess playing when the board is removed from sight, as Morphy and others have done, yet there are a good many proofs that it has been accomplished, and that repeatedly. The author of a "Typographer," printed in Cincinnati more than twenty-five years ago, composed the entire work without a scrap of copy, except that part which showed the imposition of forms. James F. Babcock, for many years editor of The New Haven Palladium, in his younger days used always to turn his thoughts into metal, without intervening paper; Horace Greeley did the same thing, and it was a common practice with Thurlow Weed.

There is not, when the practice is examined, anything of inherent difficulty in it, except how to keep the mind constantly upon the subject. Type-setting, after a practice of several years, becomes mechanical; there is no effort of thought required to punctuate, capitalize, or divide, for these problems have been determined by custom, and the only danger a compositor labors under is in having out or doublets. A fluent or verbose writer usually will see an advantage in adopting this method, while a man whose thoughts come slowly will have time enough to turn them and enlarge their expression. It is doubtful whether any time is thus saved, as the compositor works more slowly. In country newspapers, for one reason or another, this is frequently done, but in the present day of division of employments the editor rarely gets to the composing-room, much less sets type.—American Bookmaker.

Cure for Pimples on the Face.

The cure consists in changing the diet, improving the habits, cutting off the "supplies" for these eruptions. Never check the necessary discharge, the purifying effects, but prevent the necessity for such an escape of putrid and offending matters. Eat less grease, butter, pastry, which is made specially unfavorable by the use of lard, with a diminished use of the sweets in general, particularly dark molasses. As a general principle, these pimples are most abundant in warm weather, the cold weather actually burning the carbon of the system, thus sustaining the animal heat, which must be kept at about 98 degrees Fahrenheit, or death would result. If you do not like to have these about the face—as a young man—you can divert to some other place, running the matters off by producing "counter-irritation," irritating with mustard, or a common blister, or a sore, promoting the discharge by applying wet cloths.—Dr. Hanford in The Householder.

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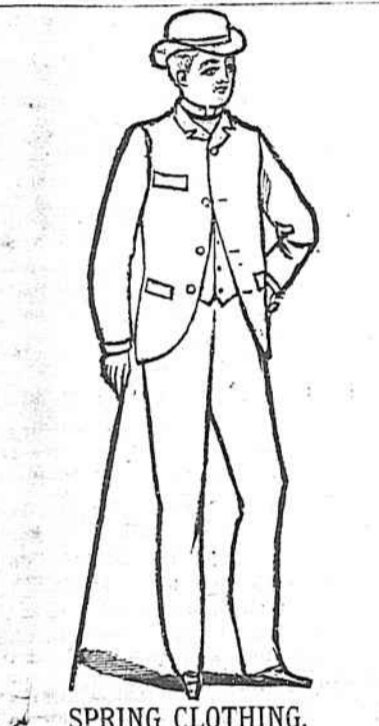
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